

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

*Margaret C. Anderson*  
*Publisher*

JUNE, 1917

Chinese Poems

(translated from the Chinese of Li Po by Sasaki and Maxwell Bodenheim)

Push-Face

*jh.*

Improvisation

*Louis Gilmore*

Poems:

*William Butler Yeats*

The Wild Swans at Coole

Presences

Men Improve with the Years

A Deep-Sworn Vow

The Collar-Bone of a Hare

Broken Dreams

In Memory

An Anachronism at Chinon

*Ezra Pound*

Imaginary Letters, II.

*Wyndham Lewis*

The Reader Critic

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Editor

EZRA POUND, Foreign Editor

31 West Fourteenth Street

NEW YORK CITY

15 Cents a copy

\$1.50 a Year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, New York, N. Y.



Eugene Hutchinson

Photographs

FINE ARTS BUILDING,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Mason & Hamlin

The Stradivarius of Pianos

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

# The Little Review

VOL. IV.

JUNE 1917

NO. 2

## Chinese Poems

Translated from the Chinese of Li Po by  
Sasaki and Maxwell Bodenheim

### Gently-Drunk Woman

A breeze knelt upon the lotus-flowers  
And their odor filled a water-palace.  
I saw a king's daughter  
Upon the roof-garden of the water-palace.  
She was half-drunk and she danced,  
Her curling body killing her strength.  
She grimaced languidly.  
She smiled and drooped over the railing  
Around the white, jewel-silenced floor.

### Perfume—Remembrance

When you stayed, my house was filled with flowers.  
When you left, all disappeared, except our bed.  
I wrapped your embroidered clothes about me,  
And could not sleep.  
The perfume of your clothes has stayed three years.  
It will always be with me.  
But you will never come back.  
While I think of you yellow leaves outside  
Are dropping, and white dew-drops moisten the moss  
beneath them.



## Drunk

When we fill each other's cups with wine,  
 Many mountain flowers bloom.  
 One drink; another; and another—  
 I am drunk; I want to sleep,  
 So you had better go.  
 Come tomorrow morning, hugging your harp,  
 For then, I shall have something to tell you.

## Mountain-Top Temple

Night, and rest in the mountain-top temple.  
 I lift my hands, and knock at the stars.  
 I dare not talk loudly,  
 For I fear to surprise the people in the sky.

## Push-Face

jh.

I

**I**T is a great thing to be living when an age passes. If you are born in an age in which every impact of its expression is a pain, there is a beautiful poetic vengeance in being permitted to watch that age destroy itself.

What other age could have so offended? Instead of pursuing the real business of life, which is to live, men have turned all their denials and repressions into the accumulation of unessential knowledge and the making of indiscriminate things. Other ages have taken out their repressions in religious frenzies, but this age has taken everything out in motion. It is an elementary fact of sex knowledge that rhythmic motion is part of sex expression. Isn't it ironical and immoral that those nations which have prided themselves most on their virtue, and have hugged tightest to themselves the puritanic ideal, are the ones that have gone maddest over motion? America, being the most virtuous, obviously has the least sense of humor and has exceeded herself. From the



cradle to the turbine engine, from the rocking-chair to the spinings and whirlings of a Coney Island, she has become a national mechanical perpetual whirling Dervish.

The wheels became rollers which have rolled life out thin and flat.

Then Art cried out with all her voices. In the last few years we have had a return to the beginnings of all the Arts. If there ever comes a time in the world when men will give their attention to the life of Art and understand its movement, they will find it alert and inevitable. Life would follow it trustingly if it were not for the intrusions and hindrances of men. The Thing had happened: Life had made its protest through Art. But this consciousness never reached the unendowed mind. It (the unendowed mind) forced Life to avenge itself by flying into war.

## II

"I pray God," said President Wilson, "that the outcome of this struggle may be that every element of difference amongst us will be obliterated—The spirit of this people is already united, and when suffering and sacrifice have completed this union, men will no longer speak of any lines either of race or association cutting athwart the great body of this nation."

**B**UT the Anarchists, who are never agreeable or content in any country, no matter how perfect, arranged a non-conscription meeting in a hall in Bronx Park the night before registration. So "united was the spirit of this people" that no one attended this non-conscription meeting except the 5,000 who crowded the hall and the 50,000 who stood outside in the streets for several hours.

There were squads of the usual police and dozens of rough raw fellows in soldiers' uniforms to hold back the crowd and keep it in order,—a crowd that scarcely moved and seldom spoke except in low tones or in foreign languages; a crowd too full for speech, because of this last numbing disappointment in America. The only demonstration it made was to applaud when an echo of the applause inside the hall reached it. Any attempt to get nearer the hall was met with clubs and the fists of soldiers in your face. Nasty little Fords with powerful search-lights raced up and down and about the hollow square. A huge auto truck hung with red lights acted as a mower at the edges. Word went about that it was mounted with a machine gun.



As I was pushed about in the crowd I overheard always the same conversations:

"Is she there"?

"Over there where the light is"?

"Yes, on the second floor."

"Are there any people inside"?

"Oh it's full since seven o'clock."

"Oh!"

"Will they let her speak"?

"Who? Her"?

Silence.

"Will they get her, do you think"?

"Will the police take her"?

A thin pale Russian Jew, standing on a rock looking over the heads of the crowd, was spoken to by a stranger. "They'll get her tonight all right." The Russian looked over to the lighted windows of the hall and said in revolutionary voice: "She's a fine woman, Emma Goldman."

Suddenly in the densest part of the crowd a woman's voice rang out: "Down with conscription! Down with the war!" Several other women took it up. The police charged into the crowd. The crowd made a slight stand. The soldiers joined the police, and with raised clubs, teeth bared and snarling, they drove the crowd backward over itself, beating and pushing. Three times the crowd stood. Three times they were charged. Women were beaten down and run over. Men were clubbed in the face and escaped, staggering and bleeding.

How much of this treatment will it take to obliterate every element of individuality amongst us?

### III

**I**N the same week the plutocrats and artists held an Alley Festa for the Red Cross. At a cost of \$10,000 they turned the stables of MacDougal Alley into a replica of an Italian street, draped it with much color, daubed it with much paint, hung it with many lights. I hope there were pluts there; the artists we saw were not artists. You can easily pick out the pluts: they look like figures from the wax-works; but the "artists" looked like Greenwich Village. It was a bastard performance, a bastard street,



a bastard hilarity, bastard plutocrats and bastard artists, with bastard soldiers guarding the scene.

Between the acts they all congregated in the Brevoort to have drinks. The pluts foregathered,—women in up-town clothes, looking like Mrs. Potter Palmer, with grey marcelled hair and broad stiff black hats, holding the hands and looking neurotically into the eyes of young men who resembled bank clerks. Groups of artists came in, costumed like people fleeing from a fire. I believe they thought they were Neopolitans or something. They all settled clamourously at one table and fell amorously upon each other's necks. There was nothing personal, nothing unique, nothing imaginative about any of their costumes. One woman sat in the embrasure of a man's arm, sharing his chair with him. She had short hempy hair, she was dressed in street-gamin clothes, she was at least forty, and her cheek bones were on a line with her nostrils. No human head should be made that way; it's intolerable except in fish, frogs, or snakes.

The greatest American dancer came in, followed by a little girl and a train of men—*bummel-zug dritte classe*. She had draped about her a green plush toga, thrown over her shoulder in a fat knot—not apple green, nor emerald green, nor sap green, but a green and texture sacred to railroads. The only other perfect example I have seen of that color and texture was on the great chairs in the station\*at Mons. She was too-young-looking—a type much admired in my childhood when China dolls lived, with painted China hair undulating above pink and white China faces. When she looked up in conversation her profile made almost a flat line, the chin retiring into the neck as if it had no opinions on the subject, the eyes rolling up but no expression of the face moving up with them. Oh beautiful people, oh beautiful fête!

The music and lights drew the children out of the slums back of Washington Square: fathers holding babies in their arms, and strings of little children trimming the edges of the sidewalks at a respectful distance around the back entrance, were pushed in the face and told to get out, to move on, by policemen and some more rough fellows in khaki—because... this was a fête for humanity. And it's all right, this game of push-face: every one plays it. When you're little children you play it and call it push-face; nations call it government; the "people" are playing it now in Russia and call it revolution.



## Improvisation

Louis Gilmore

Your hands are perfumes  
That haunt the yellow hangings  
Of a room.

Your hands are melodies  
That rise and fall  
In silver basins.

Your hands are silks  
That soothe the purple eyelids  
Of the sick.

Your hands are ghosts  
That trouble the blue shadows  
Of a garden.

Your hands are poppies  
For which my lips are hungry  
And athirst.



## Poems

William Butler Yeats

### The Wild Swans at Coole

The trees are in their autumn beauty  
The woodland paths are dry  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me  
Since I first made my count.  
I saw, before I had well finished,  
All suddenly mount  
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings  
Upon their clamorous wings.

But now they drift on the still water  
Mysterious, beautiful;  
Among what rushes will they build;  
By what lake's edge or pool  
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day  
To find they have flown away?

I have looked upon these brilliant creatures  
And now my heart is sore.  
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight  
The first time on this shore  
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,  
Trode with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,  
They paddle in the cold  
Companionable streams or climb the air;  
Their hearts have not grown old,  
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,  
Attend upon them still.

*October, 1916.*



## Presences

This night has been so strange that it seemed  
As if the hair stood up on my head.  
From going down of the sun I have dreamed  
That women laughing, or timid or wild,  
In rustle of lace or silken stuff,  
Climbed up my creaking stair. They had read  
All I have rhymed of that monstrous thing  
Returned and yet unrequited love.  
They stood in the door and stood between  
My great wood lecturn and the fire  
Till I could hear their hearts beating:  
One is a harlot, and one a child  
That never looked upon man with desire,  
And one, it may be, a queen.

*November, 1915.*

## Men Improve With the Years

I am worn out with dreams;  
A weather-worn, marble triton  
Among the streams:  
And all day long I look  
Upon this lady's beauty  
As though I had found in book  
A pictured beauty;  
Pleased to have filled the eyes  
Or the discerning ears,  
Delighted to be but wise:  
For men improve with the years.  
And yet and yet  
Is this my dream or the truth?  
O would that we had met  
When I had my burning youth;  
But I grow old among dreams,  
A weather-worn, marble triton  
Among the streams.

*July 19, 1916.*



## A Deep Sworn Vow

Others, because you did not keep  
That deep sworn vow, have been friends of mine,  
Yet always when I look death in the face,  
When I clamber to the heights of sleep,  
Or when I grow excited with wine,  
Suddenly I meet your face.

*October 17, 1915.*

## The Collar-Bone of a Hare

Would I could cast a sail on the water,  
Where many a king has gone  
And many a king's daughter,  
And alight at the comely trees and the lawn,  
The playing upon pipes and the dancing,  
And learn that the best thing is  
To change my loves while dancing  
And pay but a kiss for a kiss.

I would find by the edge of that water  
The collar-bone of a hare  
Worn thin by the lapping of water;  
And pierce it through with a gimlet and stare  
At the old bitter world where they marry in churches,  
And laugh, over the untroubled water,  
At all who marry in churches,  
Through the white thin bone of a hare.

*July 5, 1915.*

## Broken Dreams

There is grey in your hair.  
Young men no longer suddenly catch their breath  
When you are passing;  
But maybe some old gaffer mutters a blessing  
Because it was your prayer



Recovered him upon the bed of death,  
But for your sake—that all heart's ache have known,  
And given to others all heart's ache,  
From meagre girlhoods putting on  
Burdensome beauty—but for your sake  
Heaven has put away the stroke of her doom,  
So great her portion in that peace you make  
By merely walking in a room.

Your beauty can but leave among us  
Vague memories, nothing but memories.  
A young man when the old men are done talking  
Will say to an old man "tell me of that lady  
The poet stubborn with his passion sang us  
When age might well have chilled his blood."

Vague memories, nothing but memories,  
But in the grave all all shall be renewed.  
The certainty that I shall see that lady  
Leaning or standing or walking,  
In the first loveliness of womanhood  
And with the fervour of my youthful eyes,  
Has set me muttering like a fool.  
You were more beautiful than any one  
And yet your body had a flaw:  
Your small hands were not beautiful.  
I am afraid that you will run  
And paddle to the wrist  
In that mysterious, always brimming lake  
Where those that have obeyed the holy law  
Paddle and are perfect: leave unchanged  
The hands that I have kissed  
For old sake's sake.

The last stroke of midnight dies  
All day in the one chair  
From dream to dream and rhyme to rhyme I have ranged  
In rambling talk with an inage of air:  
Vague memories, nothing but memories.

*November, 1915.*



### In Memory

Five and twenty years have gone  
Since old William Pollexfen  
Laid his strong bones in death  
By his wife Elizabeth  
In the grey stone tomb he made;  
And after twenty years they laid  
In that tomb, by him and her,  
His son George the astrologer  
And masons drove from miles away  
To scatter the acacia spray  
Upon a melancholy man  
Who had ended where his breath began.

Many a son and daughter lies  
Far from the customary skies,  
The Mall, and Eadés Grammar School,  
In London or in Liverpool,  
But where is laid the sailor John  
That so many lands had known,  
Quiet lands or unquiet seas  
Where the Indians trade or Japanese;  
He never found his rest ashore  
Moping for one voyage more:  
Where have they laid the sailor John?

And yesterday the youngest son,  
A humorous unambitious man,  
Was buried near the astrologer;  
And are we now in the tenth year?  
Since he who had been contented long,  
A nobody in a great throng,  
Decided he would journey home,  
Now that his fiftieth year had come,  
And "Mr. Alfred" be again  
Upon the lips of common men  
Who carried in their memory  
His childhood and his family.

At all these deathbeds women heard  
A visionary white sea bird  
Lamenting that a man should die,  
And with that cry I have raised my cry.



## An Anachronism at Chinon

Ezra Pound

**B**EHIND them rose the hill with its grey octagonal castle, to the west a street with good houses, gardens occasionally enclosed and well to do, before them the slightly crooked lane, old worm-eaten fronts low and uneven, booths with their glass front-frames open, slid aside or hung back, the flaccid bottle-green of the panes reflecting odd lights from the provender and cheap crockery; a few peasant women with baskets of eggs and of fowls, while just before them an old peasant with one hen in his basket alternately stroked its head and then smacked it to make it go down under the strings.

The couple leaned upon one of the tin tables in the moderately clear space by the inn, the elder, grey, with thick hair, square of forehead, square bearded, yet with a face showing curiously long and oval in spite of this quadrature; in the eyes a sort of friendly, companionable melancholy, now intent, now with a certain blankness, like that of a child cruelly interrupted, or of an old man, surprised and self-conscious in some act too young for his years, the head from the neck to the crown in almost brutal contrast with the girth and great belly: the head of Don Quixote, and the corpus of Sancho Panza, animality mounting into the lines of the throat and lending energy to the intellect.

*His companion obviously an American student.*

*Student:* I came here in hopes of this meeting yet, since you are here at all, you must have changed many opinions.

*The Elder:* Some. Which do you mean?

*Student:* Since you are here, personal and persisting?

*Rabelais:* All that I believed or believe you will find in *De*

*Senectute*: "...that being so active, so swift in thought; that treasures up in memory such multitudes and varieties of things past, and comes likewise upon new things .... can be of no mortal nature."

*Student:* And yet I do not quite understand. Your outline is not always distinct. Your voice however is deep, clear and not squeaky.

*Rabelais:* I was more interested in words than in my exterior aspect, I am therefore vocal rather than spatial.



*Student:* I came here in hopes of this meeting, yet I confess I can scarcely read you. I admire and close the book, as not infrequently happens with "classics."

*Rabelais:* I am the last person to censure you, and your admiration is perhaps due to a fault in your taste. I should have paid more heed to DeBella, young Joachim.

*Student:* You do not find him a prig?

*Rabelais:* I find no man a prig who takes serious thought for the language.

*Student:* And your own? Even Voltaire called it an amassment of ordure.

*Rabelais:* And later changed his opinion.

*Student:* Others have blamed your age, saying you had to half-bury your wisdom in filth to make it acceptable.

*Rabelais:* And you would put this blame on my age? And take the full blame for your writing?

*Student:* My writing?

*Rabelais:* Yes, a quatrain, without which I should scarcely have come here.

Sweet C. . . . in h. . . spew up some. . . .

(pardon me for intruding my own name at this point, but even Dante has done the like, with a remark that he found it unfitting)

—to proceed then:

. . . . .some Rabelais

To . . . . . and . . . . . and to define today  
In fitting fashion, and her monument  
Heap up to her in fadeless ex . . . . .

*Student:* My license in those lines is exceptional.

*Rabelais:* And you have written on journalists, or rather an imaginary plaint of the journalists: Where s. . . . ., s. . . . . and p. . . . . on jews conspire, and editorial maggots . . . . about, we gather . . . . smeared bread, or drive a snout still deeper in the swim-brown of the mire.

Where s. . . . ., s. . . . . and p. . . . . on jews conspire,  
And editorial maggots . . . . about,  
We gather . . . . -smeared bread, or drive a snout  
Still deeper in the swim-brown of the mire.  
O . . . . O . . . . . O b. . . . . b. . . . . b. . . . .  
O c. . . . , . . . . . O . . . . O . . . . . 's attire  
Smeared with . . . . .



Really I can not continue, no printer would pass it.

*Student*: Quite out of my usual . . . . .

*Rabelais*: There is still another on publishers, or rather on *la vie litteraire*, a sestina almost wholly in asterisks, and a short strophe on the American president.

*Student*: Can you blame . . .

*Rabelais*: I am scarcely . . . . . eh. . . . .

*Student*: Beside, these are but a few scattered outbursts, you kept up your flow through whole volumes.

*Rabelais*: You have spent six years in your college and university, and a few more in struggles with editors; I had had thirty years in that sink of a cloister, is it likely that your disgusts would need such voluminous purging? Consider, when I was nine years of age they put me in that louse-breeding abomination. I was forty before I broke loose.

*Student*: Why at that particular moment?

*Rabelais*: They had taken away my books. Brother Amy got hold of a Virgil. We opened it, *sortes*, the first line:

*Heu, fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum*

We read that line and departed. You may thank God your age is different. You may thank God your life has been different. Thirty years mewed up with monks! After that can you blame me my style? Have you any accurate gauge of stupidities?

*Student*: I have, as you admit, passed some years in my university. I have seen some opposition to learning.

*Rabelais*: No one in your day has sworn to annihilate the cult of greek letters; they have not separated you from your books; they have not rung bells expressly to keep you from reading.

*Student*: Bells! later. There is a pasty-faced vicar in Kensington who had his dam'd bells rung over my head for four consecutive winters, L'lle Sonnante transferred to the middle of London! They have tried to smother the good ones with bad ones. Books I mean, God knows the chime was a musicless abomination. They have smothered good books with bad ones.

*Rabelais*: This will never fool a true poet; for the rest, it does not matter whether they drone masses or lectures. They observe their fasts with the intellect. Have they actually sequestered your books?

*Student*: No. But I have a friend, of your order, a monk. They took away his book for two years. I admit they set him to hearing confessions; to going about in the world. It may



have broadened his outlook, or benefited his eyesight. I do not think it wholly irrational, though it must have been extremely annoying.

*Rabelais*: Where was it?

*Student*: In Spain.

*Rabelais*: You are driven south of the Pyrenees to find your confuting example. Would you find the like in this country?

*Student*: I doubt it. The Orders are banished.

*Rabelais*: Or in your own?

*Student*: Never.

*Rabelais*: And you were enraged with your university?

*Student*: I thought some of the customs quite stupid.

*Rabelais*: Can you conceive a life so infernally and abysmally stupid that the air of an university was wine and excitement beside it?

*Student*: You speak of a time when scholarship was new, when humanism had not given way to philology. We have no one like Henry Stephen, no one comparable to Helia Andrea. The role of your monastery is now assumed by the "institutions of learning," the spirit of your class-room is found among a few scattered enthusiasts, men half ignorant in the present "scholarly" sense, but alive with the spirit of learning, avid of truth, avid of beauty, avid of strange and out of the way bits of knowledge. Do you like this scrap of Pratinas?

*Rabelais* (*reads*)

Ἐμὸς ἐμὸς ὁ Βρομῖος Ἐμὲ δεῖ κελαδεῖν  
Ἐμὶ δεῖ παταγεῖν Ἄν ὄρεα εὐσάμενον  
Μετὰ Ναιδῶν Οἶα τε κύκνον ἄγοντα  
Ποικιλόπτερον μέλος Τᾶν ἀοιδᾶν...

*Student*: The movement is interesting. I am "educated," I am considerably more than a "graduate." I confess that I can not translate it.

*Rabelais*: What in God's name have they taught you?!!

*Student*: I hope they have taught me nothing. I managed to read many books despite their attempts at suppression, or rather perversion.

*Rabelais*: I think you speak in a passion; that you magnify petty annoyances. Since then, you have been in the world for some years, you have been able to move at your freedom.

*Student*: I speak in no passion when I say that the whole aim, or at least the drive, of modern philology is to make a man



stupid; to turn his mind from the fire of genius and smother him with things unessential. Germany has so stultified her savants that they have had no present perception, the men who should have perceived were all imbedded in "scholarship." And as for freedom, no man is free who has not the modicum of an income. If I had but fifty francs weekly . . . . .

*Rabelais*: Weekly? C. . . . . J. . . . . !

*Student*: You forget that the value of money has very considerably altered.

*Rabelais*: Admitted.

*Student*: Well?

*Rabelais*: Well, who has constrained you? The press in your day is free.

*Student*: C. . . . . J. . . . . !

*Rabelais*: But the press in your day is free.

*Student*: There is not a book goes to the press in my country, or in England, but a society of . . . . . in one, or in the other a pie-headed ignorant printer paws over it to decide how much is indecent.

*Rabelais*: But they print my works in translation.

*Student*: Your work is a classic. They also print Trimalcio's *Supper*, and the tales of Suetonius, and red-headed virgins annotate the writings of Martial, but let a novelist mention a privvy, or a poet the rear side of a woman, and the whole town reeks with an uproar. In England a scientific work was recently censored. A great discovery was kept secret three years. For the rest, I do not speak of obscenity. Obscene books are sold in the rubber shops, they are doled out with quack medicines, societies for the Suppression of Vice go into all details, and thereby attain circulation. Masterpieces are decked out with lewd covers to entoil one part of the public, but let an unknown man write clear and clean realism; let a poet use the speech of his predecessors, either being as antiseptic as the instruments of a surgeon, and out of the most debased and ignorant classes they choose him his sieve and his censor.

*Rabelais*: But surely these things are avoidable?

*Student*: The popular novelist, the teaser and tickler, casts what they call a veil, or caul, over his language. He pimps with suggestion. The printer sees only one word at a time, and tons of such books are passed yearly, the members of the Royal Automobile Club and of the Isthmian and Fly Fishers are not concerned with the question of morals.



*Rabelais*: You mistake me, I did not mean this sort of evasion, I did not mean that a man should ruin his writing or join the ranks of procurers.

*Student*: Well?

*Rabelais*: Other means. There is what is called private printing.

*Student*: I have had a printer refuse to print lines "in any form" private or public, perfectly innocent lines, lines refused thus in London, which appeared and caused no blush in Chicago; and vice-versa, lines refused in Chicago and printed by a fat-headed prude—Oh, most fat-headed—in London, a man who will have no ruffling of anyone's skirts, and who will not let you say that some children do not enjoy the proximity of their parents.

*Rabelais*: At least you are free from theology.

*Student*: If you pinch the old whore by the toes you will find a press clique against you; you will come up against "boycott"; people will rush into your publisher's office with threats. Have you ever heard of "the libraries?"

*Rabelais*: I have heard the name, but not associated with strange forms of blackmail.

*Student*: I admit they do not affect serious writers.

*Rabelais*: But you think your age as stupid as mine.

*Student*: Humanity is a herd, eaten by perpetual follies. A few in each age escape, the rest remain savages, "That dyed the Arbia crimson." Were the shores of Gallipoli paler, that showed red to the airmen flying thousands of feet above them?

*Rabelais*: Airmen. Intercommunication is civilization. Your life is full of convenience.

*Student*: And men as stupid as ever. We have no one like Henry Stephen. Have you ever read Galdos' *Dona Perfecta*? In every country you will find such nests of provincials. Change but a few names and customs. Each Klein-Stadt has its local gods and will kill those who offend them. In one place it is religion, in another some crank theory of hygiene or morals, or even of prudery which takes no moral concern.

*Rabelais*: Yet all peoples act the same way. The same so-called "vices" are everywhere present, unless your nation has invented some new ones.

*Student*: Greed and hypocrisy, there is little novelty to be got out of either. At present there is a new tone, a new *timbre* of lying, a sort of habit, almost a faculty for refraining from con-



necting words with a fact. An inconception of their inter-relations.

*Rabelais*: Let us keep out of politics.

*Student*: Damn it, have you ever met presbyterians?

*Rabelais*: You forget that I lived in the time of John Calvin.

*Student*: Let us leave this and talk of your books.

*Rabelais*: My book has the fault of most books, there are too many words in it. I was tainted with monkish habits, with the marasmus of allegory, of putting one thing for another: the clumsiest method of satire. I doubt if any modern will read me.

*Student*: I knew a man read you for joy of the words, for the opulence of your vocabulary.

*Rabelais*: Which would do him no good unless he could keep all the words on his tongue. Tell me, can you read them, they are often merely piled up in heaps.

*Student*: I confess that I can not. I take a page and then stop.

*Rabelais*: Allegory, all damnable allegory! And can you read Brantôme?

*Student*: I can read a fair chunk of Brantôme. The repetition is wearing.

*Rabelais*: And you think your age is as stupid as mine? Even letters are better, a critical sense is developed.

*Student*: We lack the old vigour.

*Rabelais*: A phrase you have got from professors! Vigour was not lacking in Stendhal, I doubt if it is lacking in your day. And as for the world being as stupid, are your friends tied to the stake, as was Etienne Dolet, with an "Ave" wrung out of him to get him strangled instead of roasted. Do you have to stand making professions like Budé?!!

Vivens vidensque gloria mea frui

Volo: nihil juvat mortuum

Quod vel diserte scripserit vel fecerit

Animose.

*Student*: What is that?

*Rabelais*: Some verses of Dolet's. And are you starved like Desperiers, Bonaventura, and driven to suicide?

*Student*: The last auto-da-fe was in 1759. The inquisition re-established in 1824.

*Rabelais*: Spain again! I was speaking of ...

*Student*: We are not yet out of the wood. There is no end to this warfare. You talk of freedom. Have you heard of the



Hammersmith borough council, or the society to suppress all brothels in "Rangoon and other stations in Burmah?" If it is not creed it is morals. Your life and works would not be possible nowadays. To put it mildly, you would be docked your professorship.

*Rabelais*: I should find other forms of freedom. As for personal morals: There are certain so-called "sins" of which no man ever repented. There are certain contraventions of hygiene which always prove inconvenient. None but superstitious and ignorant people can ever confuse these two issues. And as hygiene is always changing; as it alters with our knowledge of physick, intelligent men will keep pace with it. There can be no permanent boundaries to morals.

*Student*: The droits du seigneur were doubtless, at one time, religious. When ecclesiastics enjoyed them, they did so, in order to take the vengeance of the spirit-world upon their own shoulders, thereby shielding and sparing the husband.

*Rabelais*: Indeed you are far past these things. Your age no longer accepts them.

*Student*: My age is beset with cranks of all forms and sizes. They will not allow a man wine. They will not allow him changes of women. This glass . . . . .

*Rabelais*: There is still some in the last bottle. DeThou has paid it a compliment:"

Aussi Bacchus . . . .

Jusqu'en l'autre monde n'envoye Dequoï dissiper mon chagrin,

Car de ma Maison paternelle Il vient de faire un Cabaret  
Où le plaisir se renouvelle Entre le blanc et el claret. . .

On n'y porte plus sa pensée Qu'aux douceurs d'un Vin  
frais et net.

Que si Pluton, que rien ne tente, Vouloit se payer de  
raison,

Et permettre à mon Ombre errante De faire un tour  
à ma Maison;

Quelque prix que j'eu püsse attendre, Ce seroit mon  
premier souhait

De la louer ou de la vendre, Pour l'usage que l'on en fait.

*Student*: There are states where a man's tobacco is not safe from invasion. Bishops, novelists, decrepit and aged generals, purveyors of tales of detectives . . . . .

*Rabelais*: Have they ever interfered with your pleasures?

*Student*: Damn well let them try it !!!

*Rabelais*: I am afraid you would have been burned in my century.

END OF THE FIRST DIALOGUE



## Imaginary Letters

(Six Letters of William Bland Burn to his Wife)

Wyndham Lewis

*Petrograd, February, 1917.*

MY DEAR LYDIA:

Once more to the charge= In your answer to my letter I feel the new touch of an independent attack. Villerant comes in, but I feel this time that you have set your own dear person up for a rebuff. You have not sent me any Aunt Sally, but my Grecian wife. I will take two things and answer them.= First, you object to my treatment of the Gentleman, because you sharply maintain, more or less, that I by no means object to being a gentleman myself.= On that point, my dear girl, you have *not got* me. For many purposes, on occasion I should not hesitate to emphasize the fact that I was not born in the gutter. If, for instance, I was applying for a post where such a qualification was necessary, Harrow would not be forgotten. The Gutter generally spoils a man's complexion in childhood. He grows up with sores around his mouth and a constantly dirty skin. His eyes, unless he has them well in hand, become wolfish and hard, etc. Who would not be better pleased that he was born on the sunny side of the wall? All that has nothing to do with my argument. Those things are in themselves nothing to linger round, although the opposite, squalor and meanness, it is more excusable to remember and lament.

But in your last letter you reveal an idea that seems chiefly to have struck you, and which is at the bottom of your present obstinacy. In your letter of last month you kept it in the background, or did not state it in so many words.

(In once more reading through your present letter, I find you have not even stated it *there*. But I see, I believe, the notion that has found favour with you.) I will give you my opinion on it in the form of a criticism of an article I read yesterday in an English paper (one of those you sent me).

A Russian war-novel is discussed. The writer of the article "does not care much for Russian books," he finds that "the Englishman begins where the Russian leaves off." The Russian



book seems to deal with the inner conflict of a Russian grocer on the outbreak of War. The Russian grocer is confused and annoyed. He asks what all this bloody trouble has to do with *him*—the small grocer. He cogitates on the causes of such upheavals, and is not convinced that there is anything in them calling for his participation. But eventually he realizes that there is a great and moving abstraction called Russia—the *old* abstraction in fact, the old Pied Piper whistling his mournful airs, and waving towards a snow-bound horizon. And—*le voilà* in khaki—or the Russian equivalent. At this point he becomes “noble,” and of interest to the writer of the article—But there, alas, the book ends,= Now, (of course the writer of the article continues) *we* in England do not do things in that way. We do not portray the boring and hardly respectable conflict. No Englishman (all Englishmen having the instincts of gentlemen) admits the possibility of such a conflict. *We are accomplished beings, des hommes, ou plutôt des gentlemen faits!* We should begin with the English grocer already in khaki, quite calm, (he would probably be described as a little “grim” withal) in the midst of his military training on Salisbury Plain. A Kipling-esque picture of that: Revetting would come in, and bomb-throwing at night. He next would be in the trenches. The writer would show, without the cunning, hardly respectable, disguise of any art, how the Balham grocer of to-day was the same soldier, really, that won at Waterloo= You would not get a person or a fact, but a piece of patriotic propaganda (the writer of course being meanwhile a shrewd fellow, highly approved and well-paid).

Now glance at Tolstoi for a moment, that arch Russian bore, and at his book of Sebastopol sketches. He was an hereditary noble, and it is rather difficult to say that an hereditary noble is not a gentleman. But can the English journalist in his “*fort interieur*” admit that Tolstoi was a gentleman, all things considered? These foreign “nobles” are a funny sort of gentlemen, anyway. For let us see how Tolstoi writes of the Russians at Sebastopol.= He arrives at the town of Sebastopol. He has read in the Moscow newspapers of the “heroic defenders of Sebastopol.” His first impression is one of astonishment and disappointment of a sort. For there is nothing noticeably heroic about the demeanour of the soldiers working at the quays or walking in the streets. They are not even heroic by reason of



the ineffable "cheeriness" of the British Tommy— (No journalist would be tolerated for a moment who did not, once in every twenty lines, remark on this ineffable national heroism of humour.)=Tolstoi, that is, does not *want* to see heroes, but men under given conditions and, that is, sure enough, what he sees. He also, being an hereditary noble and so on, does not want to make his living. One more opportunity of truth and clearness! Next, when Tolstoi gets up to the bastions, he again sees no heroes with any ineffable national cachet. The "heroes" of his sketches and tales, in fact, stoop and scurry along behind parapets in lonely sectors, and when they see another man coming straighten themselves out, and clank their spurs. They kill people in nightmares, and pray pessimistically to their God. You cannot at the end apply *any* labels to them. Tolstoi's account of their sensations and genuine exploits would not strike terror in the heart of future enemies of the Russian race; it is not an advertisement, or the ordinary mawkish bluff thrown over a reality. He had the sense to see human beings and not Russians. And *Russians* are chiefly redoubtable, and admirable, because of this capacity of impersonal seeing and feeling. Where they are least Russian in fact.

The discriminating enemy in reading these sketches, would fear that more than he would any unreal or interested gush.

There always remains the question as to whether, by gush and bluff and painting a pretty picture of a man, you cannot make him *become* that picture= and whether, politically, it may not be desirable to manufacture illusions of that description. But what have we got to do with politicians?

Again, I am not saying that Russians have not a national gush. Tolstoi himself indulges in it. Everybody indulges in such things. It is a question only of the scale of such indulgence; of the absence per head in a population of the reverse.

So then, what the paper-writer's point amounted to was that only *gentlemen* (or, sententiously, *men*) were worth writing about=or only at the moment when a man becomes a "gentleman" is he interesting, worth noticing, or suitable for portrayal. We all, however, know the simple rules and manifestations of this ideal figure. There is not much left to say on the subject. Ah yes, but there is such and such a one's ineffable *way* of being a gentleman!—

In London you will meet few educated people who really are



willing or able to give Russian books their due. Dostoevsky is a sort of epileptic bore, Tolstoi a wrong-headed old altruistic bore, Gorky a Tramp-stunt bore, Turgenev, even, although in another category, in some way disappointing. —All Russian writers insist on discovering America, opening discussions on matters that our institutions, our position in society, our Franco-English intelligence preclude any consideration of. There is something permanently transcendental and disconcerting about the Slav infant, and he pours his words out and argues interminably, and is such an inveterate drunkard,—as though his natural powers of indecorum and earnestness were not already enough.

What really could be said of the Russian is this—Shakespeare is evidently better than any Russian novelist, or more permanently valuable. But the little Russian Grocer could rival Hamlet in vacillation; or any Russian, Shakespeare, in his portrayal of the *machinery* of the mind. Dostoevsky is not more dark and furious than Shakespeare's pessimistic figures, Lear, Macbeth, etc. *But we are not Englishmen of Shakespeare's days.*

We are very pleased that in the time of Elizabeth such a national ornament existed. But Shakespeare would be an anachronism to-day.

Dostoevsky and Co. were anachronisms as contemporaries of Tennyson and Napoleon III. *Had they been embedded two centuries back in Sixteenth Century Russia*, they would not be read, but would not cause annoyance and be called epileptic bores. Epilepsy would have been all right in those distances.—There is nothing *dévoué* about epilepsy to-day, any more than there is about a King!

I think I have been lucid, if rather long-winded—

How I look on these Christian Demi-Gods of the Steppes you know. I like them immensely. For a single brandyish whiff from one of Dostoevsky's mouths, at some vivid angle of turpitude I would give all English literature back to Shelley's songs. Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches* enchant me. They are so sober, delicate and nonchalant; I can think of nothing like them. Gogol's Tchichikoff is back with Cervantes, Sterne and the others who have not any peers in these days.

*Today*—the requirements of the little man, especially of this day, are a similar thing to the *Russian*, the *Englishman*, etc. We must disembarass ourselves of this fetish or gush, as of that other.—I want to live with Shakespeare and Cervantes—



and I have gone to war for good with all things that would oppose a return to those realities.

I feel you, in my absence, becoming enmeshed in environing respectability and its amiable notions. I feel that this letter may require another fervour to drive home, or excuse, its own—*A coup de poing* is the best method of enforcing an idea (or a shell)—the mouth is similarly a more satisfactory aperture than the ear for introducing a philosophy into another body. Yorke is the embodiment of my philosophy. I love Yorke in exactly the way that I love a character in Molière or Turgenev. Yorke is the only *living thing except yourself*, that I know or find alive to the same extent.

I shall stick here a little longer, and see what comes of my new venture. There have been lots of delays and difficulties which I will recite to you when we meet. I can, I am afraid, say absolutely nothing definite about my return. But I will write to you in a few days and tell you more certainly. Meantime, much love, my dear girl. I wish you were here with me. But on seeing how active the Germans are, it is out of the question your crossing the North Sea.

I am looking forward to your next letter. Much love.

Yours,

W. B. Burn.

(Next letter of series will appear in July number.)

## The Reader Critic

From James Joyce

*James Joyce, Zurich, Switzerland:*

I am very glad to hear about the new plans for *The Little Review* and that you have got together so many good writers as contributors. I hope to send you something very soon—as soon, in fact, as my health allows me to resume work. I am much better however, though I am still under care of the doctor. I wish *The Little Review* every success.

### Approval

*Alice Groff, Philadelphia:*

Never has *The Little Review* pleased me, from cover to cover, as in the May number. I cannot imagine finding any one to express me for myself, but Mr. Ezra Pound in his editorial comes the nearest possible to doing this, as far as he goes.

What he says about the Christian religion is delicious in its gentle tolerance; about organized religions, is the last word; about



"the formation of thought in clear speech for the use of humanity," a religion in itself. He utters my whole voice on "codes of propriety" in asserting that "they have no place in the arts." I would add "nor in life, other than as subject matter."

His rallying cry to *The Egoist* stirs my egoist soul to its depth. Ever since I have known this journal I have felt it to be the finest, freest, frankest, bravest avenue of expression in English ever opened to the creative literary mind, in all its variety of faculty, without having the least bias or prejudice as to any one variety. That *The Little Review* should respond to this rallying cry would add a still deeper and stronger point to my already deep and strong interest in this brave little (?) magazine.

### Fear Not

Mrs. O. D. J.:

I have great faith in the artistic life of America and I don't think Ezra Pound's notions of it are very healthy. I sincerely hope the trend of it will not emulate the "smart" or dissipated literature which seems to please London and which can hardly come under the head of "good letters." America must not necessarily be content with jejune flows of words. Really the only half interesting articles that appeared in the May number were Eliot's and Pound's—the former because it was about as good as *The Smart Set* and the latter on account of auld lang syne. My harshness is really flattering because it shows that I expect better things from the "cultured" English.

[We will take this opportunity of answering all those who have verbally or in letters expressed the fear that *The Little Review* will entirely change its nature and be influenced in the future by its Foreign Editor. I do not want to be flippant, but indeed little faith is shown in us by all those who have known our struggle to be what we believe, and our financial struggle to be at all. Fear not, dear ones. We have learned to be penny wise; we will not be Pound foolish. We agree with Pound in the spirit; if we don't always agree with him in the letter be sure we will mention it. And Pound didn't slip up on us unaware. A mutual misery over the situation brought us together.

And you, dear Mrs. O. D. J., what made you think that Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot were "cultured" English? Because geese are white and float upon water they are not necessarily swans. Pound too seems to have enough faith in "good letters" to spare a little for America and share "cultured" English with her. Healthy? The unhealth is in the artistic life of America; and whatever the ailment, bitter and acid medicine seems necessary to cure it. America must not be content for a great while with the stuff produced here—jejune flows of words about popularizing art, home-town poets and great American novelists, and never-been-abroad painters. This seems to content it well enough now.

But I congratulate you on being able to read *The Smart Set* as literature. Maybe the audience will after all produce the art. I wonder. . . ]



## A Poet's Opinion

Maxwell Bodenheim, *New York:*

Esra Pound writes in his editorial which headed your last number that "the two novels by Joyce and Lewis, and Mr. Eliot's poems, are not only the most important contributions to English literature of the past three years, but are practically the only works of the time in which the creative element is present, which in any way show invention, or a progress beyond precedent work."

It is easy to make statements of this kind, but, having made them, a critic should tell us on what he bases his dictum. The trouble with criticism of art, today, is that it isn't criticism. The critic writes statements of untempered liking or disliking, and does not trouble to support them with detailed reasons. We are simply supposed to take the critic's word for the matter. I haven't sufficient belief in the infallibility of Ezra Pound's mind to require no substantiation of his statements. I have several faults to find with his methods of criticising poetry. He's a bit too easily swayed by his personal emotions, in that regard. I happen to know that in an article of his, which appeared in *Poetry*, some time ago he omitted the name of a very good modern American poet, from the "American-Team" he was mentioning, merely because he has a personal dislike for that poet.

He has also, too great a longing to separate poets into arbitrary teams, of best and worst. Poets are either black or white to him—never grey.

In speaking of Harriet Monroe he says that she has conducted her magazine in a spirited manner, considering the fact that she is faced with the practical problem of circulating a magazine in a certain peculiar milieu. But he does not add that those are not the colors in which Miss Monroe, herself, comes forth. If she admitted that she was a practical woman, trying to print as much good poetry as she can, and still gain readers, there would only be the question of whether one believed that compromise is always the only method of assuring the existence of a magazine. But she refuses to admit that she is a serious compromiser. She stands upon a pedestal of utter idealism. Mr. Pound did not mention this aspect.

His claim that Eliot is the only really creative poet brought forth during recent times is absurd. H. D., Fletcher, Marianne Moore, Williams, Michelson at his best, Carl Sandburg, and Wallace Stevens are certainly not inevitably below Eliot in quality of work. Eliot's work is utterly original, attains moments of delicate satire, and digs into the tangled inner dishonesties of men. But many of the poets I have mentioned are as good in their own way as Eliot is in his, in addition to their being just as original as he. I have not Mr. Pound's fondness for making lists, so I'm afraid I may have omitted the names of some American poets entitled to mention, even from my own limited view point. But I will say that at least the number of poets I have mentioned are fully the equals of Mr. Pound's nominee for supreme honors—T. S. Eliot.



[I get very tired of the talk about the establishment of two autocracies of opinion, and the claim that since each is the opinion of a capable brain each has therefore the right to serious artistic consideration. Now it is a fact that one particular kind of brain can put forward this claim and establish its legitimate autocracy. It is the brain that functions aesthetically rather than emotionally. Most artists haven't this kind. Their work drains their aesthetic reserve—and they usually talk rot about art. There are thousands of examples—such as Beethoven treasuring the worst poetry he could find. There are notable exceptions, such as Leonardo, such as Gaudier-Brzeska. Ezra Pound seems to have this kind of brain. I am not familiar with all his judgments, but those I have read have always been characterized by an aesthetic synthesis which means that he can rightly be called a "critic."

To this kind of brain things *are* black and white—which means good or bad of their kind. If by grey you mean that a poet is almost good, then the critic will have to call him black, meaning that he is a bad poet. There is no middle ground. If by grey you mean that he is a grey poet doing good grey work, then the critic will call him white,—meaning that he is a good poet.—*M. C. A.*]

### Complaint

*New York Subscribers:*

We have read the first installment of the much-advertised London stuff and our comment is that unless "And..." and "The Reader Critic" are restored, and at once, we withdraw our moral and financial support.

### For the Archeologist

That great journal, *The New Republic*—I cannot say that great contemporary journal: it is here with us in the flesh, but in the spirit it abides with the Bible, the Koran, the Books of Maroni, and all great and ancient works of prophecy, truth and revelation—that great journal, mentioning even the least of us, spoke thus: "There was *The Little Review* which began in high spirits, published some interesting experiments and a few achievements, and in the course of three years has sunk to pink covers with purple labels and an issue ecstatically dedicated to Mary Garden."

When these quaverings of senility reached us we were laid waste and brought to silence. We knew not whether Isaiah or Hosea or Mohamet had spoken.

But now from the archives of *The New Republic* comes this fragment in the form of a rejection of some Chinese poetry: "Our expert on Chinese poetry does not think that these translations are .... etc." We feel that we have come upon something of great interest to archeologists and to all our readers who are excited over the Mysteries of History. Is it possible that Li Po himself may be on the staff of *The New Republic*, now too old to create but still retained on its board of experts?



## Mary MacLane's Criticism

*Mary MacLane, Butte, Montana:*

All your bits of criticism of my book are true—but didn't I say them first? Don't I say I have a conscience? Don't I say it's an exasperating book—don't I say it's all incongruous? Don't I tacitly tell you fifty times it is not creative but photographic? I call it a diary of human days: just that. Not artist days nor poet days. Human days must include the teakettle, the smoking chimney and the word Refined. Refined is not my word at all. In my bright lexicon there's no such word. I use it because I am living human days and perforce encountering such words now and again. Have you the courage, jh, to tell me I am too subtle, to sub-analytic, for you? I set apart the word Refined to show it's "their" word, not mine. Yet you solemnly take me to task for questioning the "refinement", the "sincerity," of my mountain shower-bath emotions. I don't question anything. I'm saying what "they" do: In "someway the Lesbian" chapter I maintain I doubly prove, not "refute," my analytic freedom. The book being human days includes the domestic thing. I live in a house and like it. I write as a human being not as an artist. You can't get away from your tooth-brush. "Human days" includes satyrs and sisters looked at from exactly the same vantage—unless you're a Christian Endeavor. You write justly, jh, but why label me with that "sexual"? I wrote also of my shoes: I contributed also the theory of Shoes.

[Dear "I Mary MacLane": All you have to say about my "criticism" of your book sounds just to me. Yes, you said them first and fifty times at least; that's why I mentioned them at all. I thought perhaps the reason you said them so often was because you hoped it otherwise. Perhaps you are too "subtle," too "sub-analytic," too educated for me. I am just a painter. While I know, from the aching of the heart to the sickness of the stomach, what human days must include, I haven't yet got to the point where I am willing to believe that writing a book doesn't come under the same laws as painting a picture, sculpting, or making music. If subject is not transformed into design by some inevitable quality in the artist then you have not made a book; you have merely helped to clutter up the place. I may be narrow-minded but I can't quite see any art as a common activity or a household duty, indulged in or performed as an either = or. "I will clean off the snow or paint a picture; I will milk the cow or do a little modelling." I haven't been about enough to have found it so in any families; nor have I read enough to have found it so in many families, except perhaps the Da Vinci family.

"Refined is not my word," you say. I think the book exonerates you; but why your concern with it at all was my point, not my criticism.

As to the label "sexual," I meant shoes and all,—the whole hereditary attitude, in your case intriguing because neurasthenic.

Sorry: but I did not solemnly take you to task. One must even criticize with joy.—/h.]



## From "The Dial"

"A quaint manifestation of editorial ethics crops out in the April issue of *The Little Review*. It is in connection with a *vers libre* contest, this being the issue in which the awards are made. There was a regularly constituted board of judges—three people sufficiently competent and sufficiently well known in their field; but the editor has chosen to indulge in some disclosures as to the lack of unanimity amongst her aids and even in some pointed animadversions on their tastes and preferences. Of the first choice of one of them, she says: What is there in the "subtle depth of thought"? Almost every kind of person in the world has had this thought. And what is there in the treatment to make it poetry? And the poem itself follows. Of the two chosen for prizes by another judge, she observes: 'These two poems are pretty awful'—and she prints them, with the authors' names, as before. The third judge plumped for a pair of others—'provided Richard Aldington wrote them; otherwise not. . . If he wrote them they are authentic as well as lovely; but if he did not, so flagrant an imitation ought not to be encouraged.' A perfectly sound position to take. Here again the poems follow—and they are under a name not Aldington's. Query: has the judge, whose name is given too, exactly made a friend? Then comes, of course, a succession of poems approved by the editor but ignored by her helpers. . . If such a system spreads, the embarrassments and even perils of judgeship will grow. Hereafter few may care to serve as judges, except under stipulations designed to afford some protection. And as for the poor poets themselves, such treatment should act to keep them out of 'contests' altogether."

[Here is the old *Dial* showing them all up. So there is an American editorial association just like the American Medical Association with all its crimonology of professional ethics!

We thought that the idea of that *vers libre* contest (it wasn't our idea) was to stimulate interest in and more understanding of free verse, not to offer an operation for judges nor a fee for poets. Taking it simply as a free verse contest, the editor thought the only concern was with free verse. Since when has Art to do with ethics or with taste? If the poets and judges in the contest were as impersonal, direct, and sincere in their attitude toward poetry as the editor, the fussy anxiety of *The Dial* over their plight is needless. But of course if to serve poetry is to serve yourself there isn't much point to a contest except the money. On the other hand, if a contest is to be run on the "tastes and preferences" or sensitiveness of the judges then it is clear that the neatest poem chosen by the touchiest judge should win, provided the poet who wrote it was also easily offended and needed the money badly.

"And as for the *poor* poets" there should be *something* to keep them out of contests—and also out of any other literary activity.—*jh.*]



## You Do Us Too Much Honor

Louis Puteklis, Cambridge, Mass:

...You see it is a fact that your "art for art's sake" cannot exist without supporters: nothing is free from economic conditions which are the creators and destroyers of people's tendencies and deeds.

Although I appreciate your surprising efforts, I must confess that I cannot yet agree with your dictum as to "the two most important radical organs of contemporary literature." Until you strike your roots deeper you cannot soar so high. As for me, I am in touch already with many other radical magazines in English and in other languages. Radicalism does not consist in *vers libre* which murmurs about green grass, soft kisses, clinging limbs, ecstasy and faintness, the surprises of passionate intercourse. There is too much of such sensual poetry: Solomon long ago played the changes on that theme. Such poems come perilously near the emanations of diseased sexual appetites. There is neither life nor originality in them. When I read "green grass," I know that I am close upon "clinging limbs." Drink deeper of the Pierian fount; don't disturb the grasshoppers!

I think that *The Little Review* must scatter more sensible seed in the future and throw away the tares. It will do better, I believe, to take for its province: Literature, Life, Science; all the fine arts are too much for its scope; each has its own organs.

Still *The Little Review* is doing good. Long life to it and may it do better!

[You see, we said that *The Egoist* and *The Little Review* are radical organs of contemporary literature. That's all: not economic, social, or religious. As we have stated a number of times: since all the arts are from the same source we are not getting out of our province or making our scope too wide by keeping to Art. Your advice about reducing to Literature, Life, Science, is a great compliment to our scope, but—well, for the present we can't take up such limited and special subjects as Life, or such obvious and un-taxing ones as Science.—*jh.*]





## The Little Review Book Shop

You may order any book you want from us and we have the facilities for delivering or mailing it to you at whatever time you specify.

You may come in and look over our stock and take your selections with you.

Some of the books you will want are these:

James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. \$1.50

Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror* Four volumes, \$5.00

Gilbert Cannan's *Mendel*. \$1.50

Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*. Three volumes, \$5.00

D. H. Lawrence's *Prussian Officer* and *Twilight in Italy*, \$1.50 each.

Ethel Sidgwick's *Promise* and *Succession*. Each \$1.50

Ezra Pound's *Memoir of Gaudier-Brzeska*. \$3.50

*The Imagist Anthology*, 1917. 75 cents

*Verharen's Love Poems*, translated by Flint, Arthur Symons, etc. \$1.50

Willard Huntington Wright's *Modern Painting* and *The Creative Will*. \$2.50 and \$1.50

Tagore's *Reminiscences* and *Personality*. Each \$1.50

The complete works of Anatole France. Per volume, \$1.25

The Works of Henri Fabre. 6 volumes. Each \$1.50

The Works of Mark Twain. 25 volumes, \$25.00

*Creative Intelligence*, by John Dewey and others. \$2.00

Carl Sandburg's *Chicago Poems*. \$1.25



- Joseph Conrad's *The Shadow Line*. \$1.35
- Maurice Hewlett's *Thorgils*. \$1.35
- Andrejev's *The Little Angel, The Crushed Flower*, etc. \$1.35  
and \$1.50
- Kuprin's *A Slave Soul*. \$1.50
- Tchekoff *The Kiss, The Darling, The Duel, The Black Monk*.  
Each \$1.25
- Gorky's *Confession and Twenty-Six Men and a Girl*. \$1.35
- Dostoevsky's *The Eternal Husband*. \$1.50
- Gogol's *Dead Souls, Taras Bulba, The Mantle*. \$1.40, \$1.35
- Sologub's *The Sweet-Scented Name*. \$1.50
- Artzibashef's *Sanine, The Millionaire, The Breaking-Point*.  
Each \$1.50
- The Works of Freud and Jung
- Max Eastman's *Journalism versus Art, Understanding Ger-  
many*. \$1.00 and \$1.25
- John Cowper Powy's *Confessions, Suspended Judgments*.  
\$1.50 and \$2.00
- Paul Gerald's *The War, Madame*. 75 cents
- Amy Lowell's *Men, Women and Ghosts*. \$1.25
- H. D.'s *Sea Garden*. 75 cents
- D. H. Lawrence's *Amores*. \$1.25
- W. W. Gibson's *Livelihood*. \$1.25
- The Stories of A. Neil Lyons. Each \$1.25
- Sherwood Anderson's *Windy McPherson's Son*. \$1.40 ....
- I, Mary MacLane*. \$1.40



## The Little Review

THE JULY NUMBER will have poems by T. S. Eliot; a Dialogue by Ezra Pound: "Aux Etuves de Wiesbaden"; and several other things of interest.

THE AUGUST NUMBER will have at least seven more poems by Mr. Yeats, an Editorial and Notes on Books by Mr. Pound, etc., etc.

PLEASE SUBSCRIBE and help us to make The Little Review a power.

### Subscription Form

Please send me *The Little Review* for the twelve-month beginning ....., for which I enclose \$1.50

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

THE LITTLE REVIEW  
31 West 14th Street  
NEW YORK CITY



# COLONY ART SHOP

Artists' Materials

Oil and Water Colors  
Brushes and Canvass  
Smocks to Order

Interior and Exterior Decorating  
Paper Hanging  
Polishing and Refinishing  
of Wood Work

## ADOLPH KLAFF

132 Sixth Ave.,

NEW YORK CITY

Chelsea 1285

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912. OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1917. State of New York, County of New York—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret C. Anderson, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher, Editor, Owner, Business Manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form; to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, 31 W. Fourteenth St., New York; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 31 W. Fourteenth St., New York; Managing Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 31 W. Fourteenth St., New York; Business Manager, Margaret C. Anderson, 31 W. Fourteenth St., New York.

2. That the owner is, Margaret C. Anderson.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation, has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of April 1917.

WALTER HEARN, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires March 30th, 1918.)



# THE ARTISTS' GUILD

A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION INCORPORATED ON A  
"NOT FOR PROFIT BASIS."

Paintings, Sculpture

AND

Handwrought Objects

As security for the purchaser and to insure merit, all works are  
approved by a jury.

---

Exquisite and Rare Gifts

The Artists and Craft Workers' own organization

GALLERIES, EXHIBITION AND SALESROOMS  
FINE ARTS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# THE PAGAN

is something like *The Masses* and *The Little Review* because it contains original stories, plays, essays, also translation from the Europeans; as well as drawings and etchings.

But how is it different?

Buy a copy and see. \$1.50 a year; 15 cents a copy

THE PAGAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

174 CENTER STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

TINY TIM MAKES CANDY.  
TINY TIM MAKES *GOOD* CANDY.  
TINY TIM MAKES *PURE* CANDY.  
TINY TIM *ORIGINATES* EVERY VARIETY.  
VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.

*P. S.* Mary Elizabeth, Martha Washington, Park & Tilford, Huylers, and the Mirror Stores make good candy, but they haven't any thing on TINY TIM for originality.

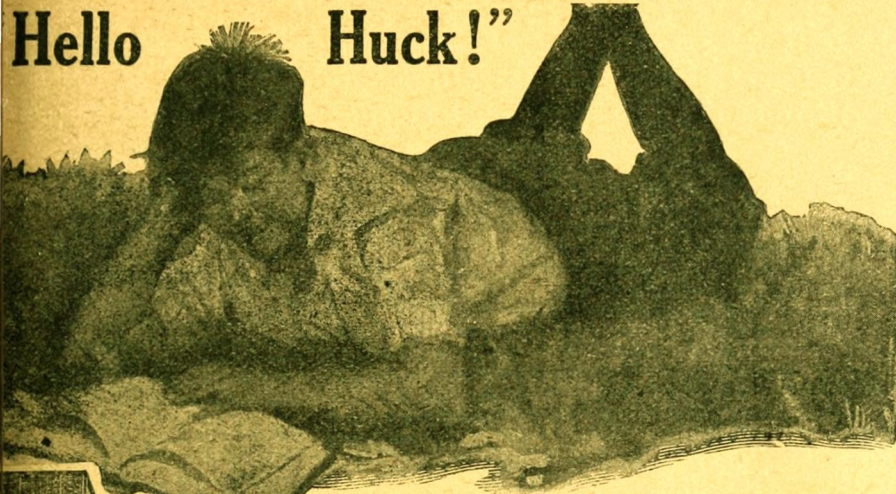
*(P. S. 2nd.)* TIM'S place is small and hard to find. It is hiding out on Sixth Avenue, on the corner of Milligan Place, between 10th and 11th Streets. If you ever find the place remember the *special directions* for opening the door. Grasp the handle firmly—push to your right steadily, NOTE: The door slides North.

*P. S. (3rd.)* TIM or Mrs. TIM and the candy will probably be there. If not, call again.



# Hello

# Huck!"



RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing. Today when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

## MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

### A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far West. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him. Then, with the opening of the great wide West, his genius bloomed.

His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

He was, of all Americans, the most American. Free in soul, and dreaming of high things—brave in the face of trouble—and always ready to laugh. That was Mark Twain.

### The Price Goes Up

**25 VOLUMES** Novels—Stories—Humor  
Essays—Travel—History

This is Mark Twain's own set. This is the set he wanted in the home of each of those who love him. Because he asked it, Harpers have worked to make a perfect set at a reduced price.

Before the war we had a contract price for paper, so we could sell this set of Mark Twain at half price.

### Send the Coupon Without Money

The last of the edition is in sight. The price of paper has gone up. There can be no more Mark Twain at the present price. There never again will be any more Mark Twain at the present price. Get the 25 volumes now, while you can. Every American has got to have a set of Mark Twain in his home. Get yours now and save money.

Your children want Mark Twain. You want him. Send this coupon to-day—now—while you are looking at it.

L. R. 5  
**HARPER & BROTHERS**  
Franklin Sq., N. Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, gold tops and untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale. Little Review

Name.....

Address.....

**HARPER & BROTHERS, New York**



## Special Offer

JAMES JOYCE'S *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and a year's subscription to *The Little Review* for \$2.50.

We are glad to announce that through the courtesy of Mr. Huebsch we are able to make the following unusual offer, open to any one who sends in a subscription (or a renewal) to *The Little Review*:

Mr. Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the most important and beautiful piece of novel writing to be found in English today, retails for \$1.50. The subscription price of *The Little Review* is \$1.50. We will cut the latter to \$1.00, for this special offer, and you may have the book and the subscription for \$2.50. Or you may have Mr. Joyce's *Dubliners* instead.

### ORDER FORM

#### "A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN"

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ cop \_\_\_\_\_ of

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN  
by James Joyce, published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch, for which I  
enclose \_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Orders, accompanied by remittance should be sent to  
THE LITTLE REVIEW

31 West 14th Street,

New York City