

S·4·N

Issue 23 & Year 4

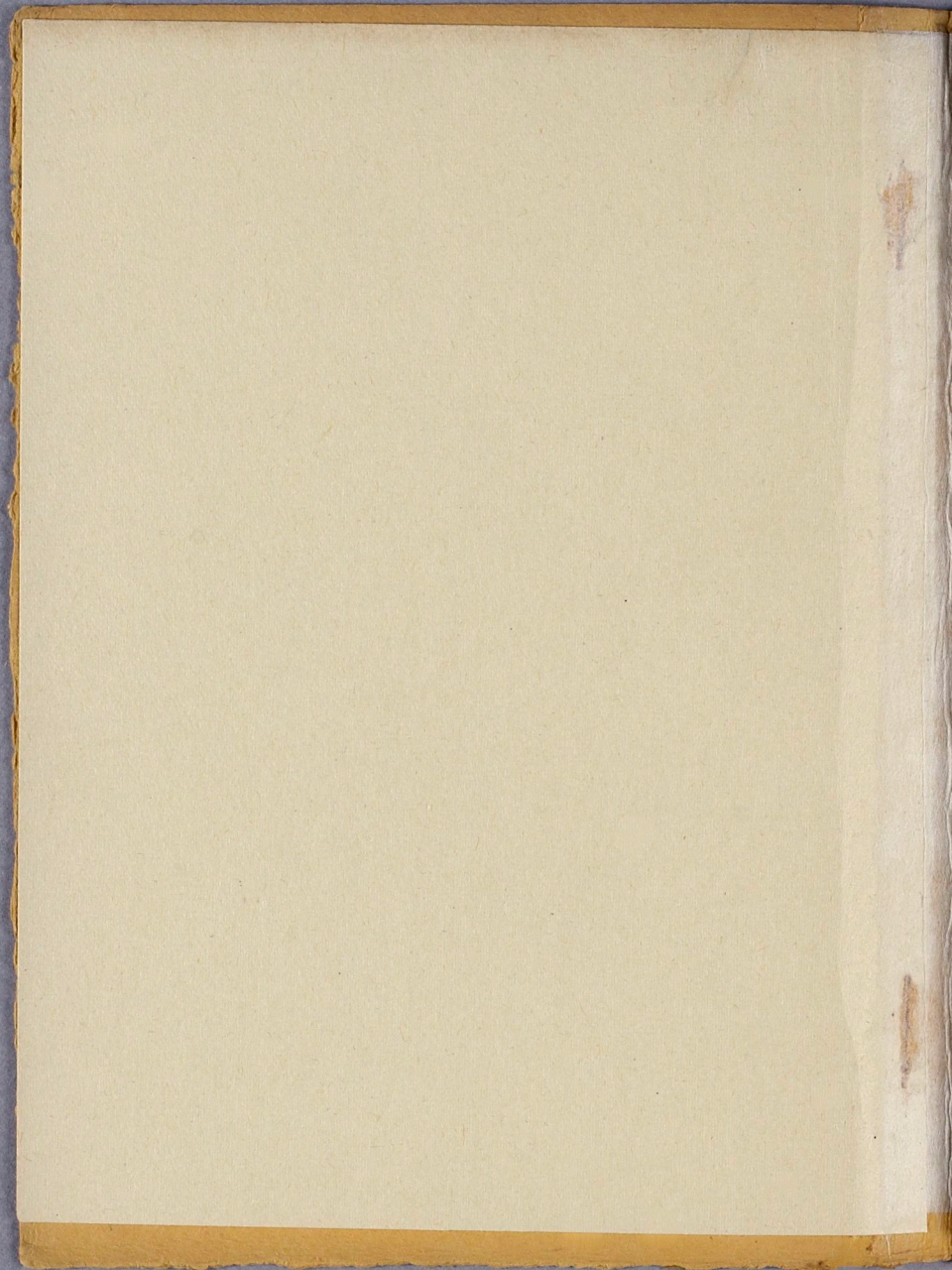
december 1922

Wayland Williams	Betty von Nardroff
E. E. Cummings	David Greenhood
Loring Andrews	Kathleen Moore
Reginald Marsh	Edward Weston
Kenneth Burke	Barbara Sessions
Emmett Dunn	Cecile Phillips
Louis Gilmore	Power Dalton
Norman Fitts	Ella Hoffman
Harold Vinal	J. T. Nichols
John Frazier	H. S. Baron
Philip Gray	“T. R.”
Margaret Sherwood	





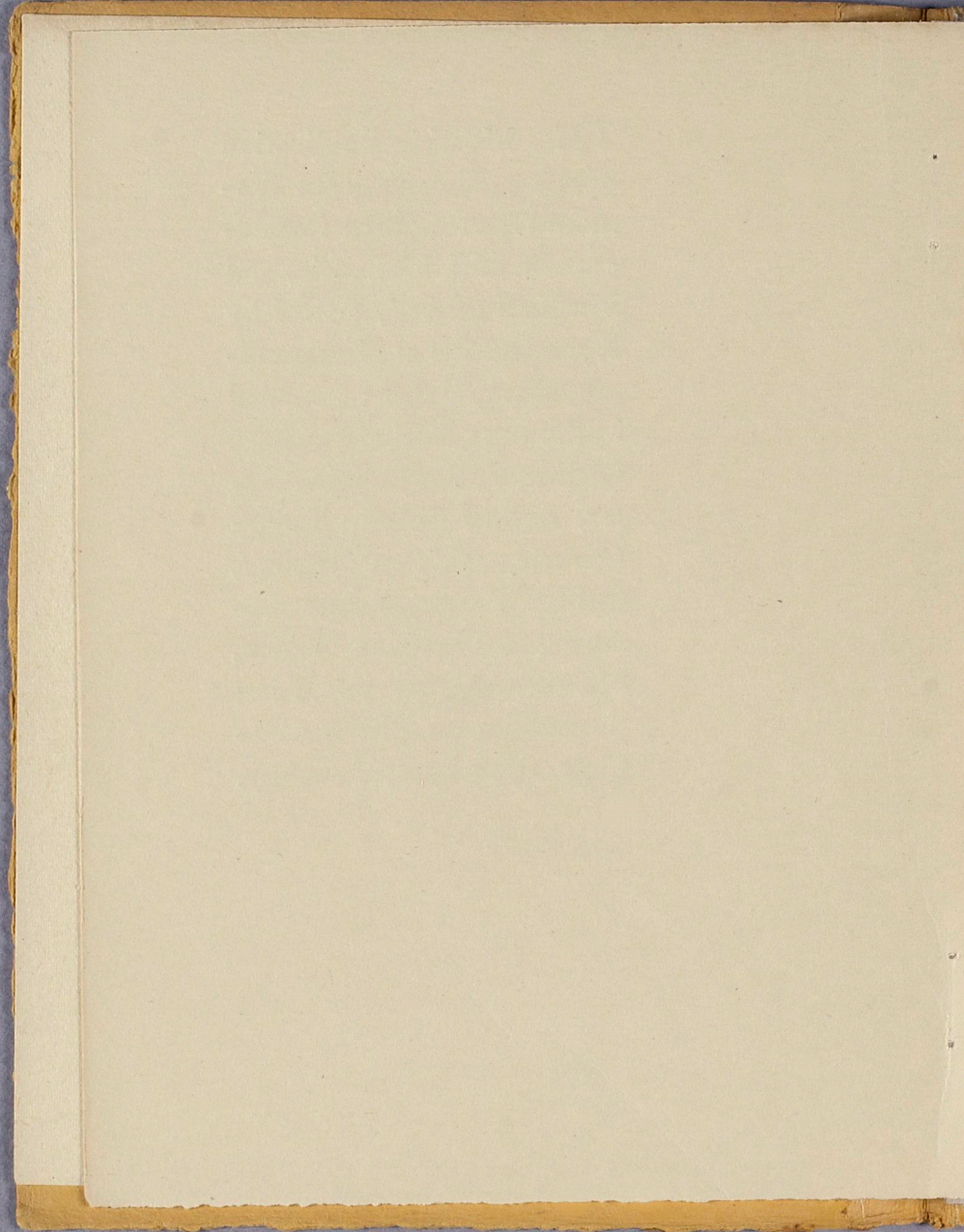
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THIS Monthly Publication
of the S₄N Society 'to Pro-
mote Open-minded Consid-
eration of All Theories and
Practices of Art', Edited by
Norman Fitts at Northamp-
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Stephen V. Benét, John Car-
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Quincy Porter, Roger Ses-
sions and Thornton Wilder;
Membership, \$3 per Year;
Contribution Open to All:--
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2 185



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

E. E. CUMMINGS, Secessionist and contributor to *Broom*, *Dial*, etc., is also, according to *ex-cathedra* information, "the vulgarest of the newer younger generation and, besides, a knockout of a person".

DAVID GREENHOOD, contributor to *Freeman*, *Poetry*, *Measure*, *Voices* and the anthologies of BRAITHEWAITE and SCHNITTKIND, editor at various times of "several funny futilities", is now English instructor at Oregon College.

LORING ANDREWS, contributor to *Forest & Stream*, *Fur News & Outdoor World*, *Pagan* and *Breezy Stories*, lives in Carpinteria, California.

LOUIS GILMORE has contributed to *Little Review*, *Poetry*, *Double Dealer*, *Gargoyle* and *Wave*.

ELLA HOFFMAN has written several songs and contributed to *New Pen* and *Kindergarten Primary Magazine*.

POWER DALTON, author of *Star Pollen* (RANSOM), has contributed to *Voices* and other journals.

J. T. NICHOLS is editor of *Copeia*, "published to advance the science of cold-blooded vertebrates"

EDWARD WESTON is "no respecter of parsons".

H. S. BARON is a New York accountant.

CECILE PHILLIPS writes better poetry than any

one else contributing to the *Smith Monthly*.

KATHLEEN MOORE is a Mt. Holyoke girl.

JOHN FRAZIER of Gallipolis, Ohio, "never before submitted work to an editor".

T. R. refuses to reveal his identity.

The other contributors have already appeared in the *S4N*, as follows:

WAYLAND WILLIAMS, in Issues 12, 14, 18, 19 & 21.

EMMETT DUNN, in Issues 19, 20 and 21.

BARBARA SESSIONS, in Issues 11 and 17.

BETTY VON NARDROFF, in Issue 17.

MARGARET SHERWOOD, in Issue 20.

REGINALD MARSH, in Issue 21.

KENNETH BURKE, in Issue 22.

HAROLD VINAL, in Issue 20.

PHILIP GRAY, in Issue 20.

PROBABLE CONTENTS OF NEXT ISSUE

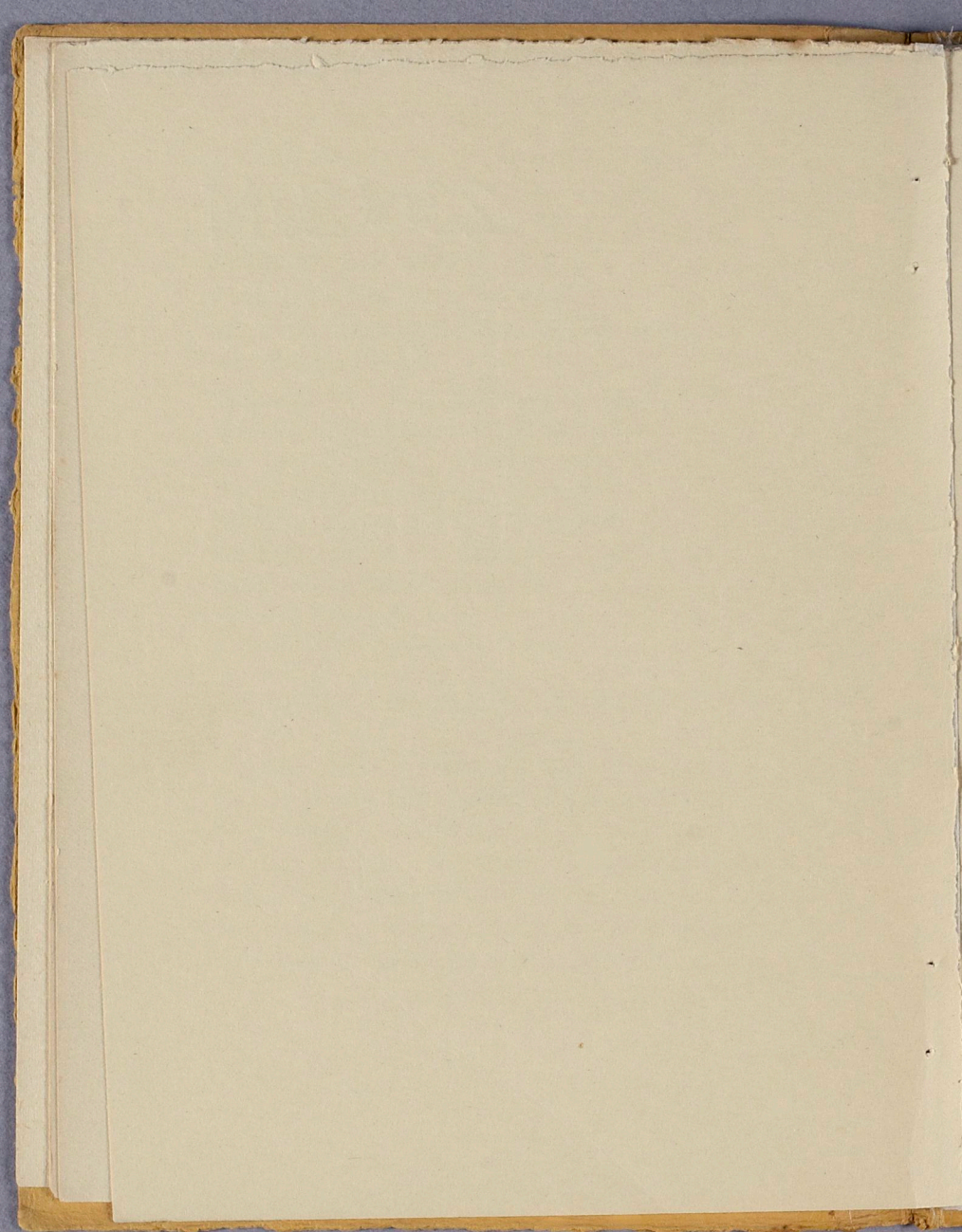
A prose sketch by MAX ROBIN, contributor to *Broom*, *Smart Set*, *Pagan*, *Boy's Comrade*, *10 Story Book* and *Cauldron*.

A chapter from the novel being written by RAMON GUTHRIE, charter *S4N*-er.

A drawing by REGINALD MARSH (see above).

And other things as yet undecided upon.

23rd S₄N



SOMETHING BAD

HAVE you become listless?
One must read too many poems . . .
The soul makes impositions upon us for an enjoyable life—makes living

A

Job.

But you will not be listless to this, although you
will wish you had

For as poems go vers libre

This one is bad

Bad

Bad.

Come into my house, don't wipe your feet,

Upstairs . . .

Isn't it sweet?

At first I could not bear it,

But now, you know . . .

No, another flight of stairs, I live

In the garret . . .

But now I think it splendid.

I study here, here's where I sleep,

However I intended

To go with you higher,

Up through the skylight, like this

And this.

Now step on this cloud, grab a hold of this rift
And one more step,
Then I'll lift
You over this sun-shaft
For it is very hot.
You think that I have hypnotized you, or that we
are crazy?
Why, shucks, other poets try to do this with you,
But then, you see, you are always listless . . .
Now you're not.
Follow me.
Aw, come on, don't be scared.
The stars are more afraid of you than you of them.
See,
They are trembling. Last time I brought a guest
up
The sun became indignant because the girl was
red-haired.
Smell this blue air,
Such blended fragrance—blended like cretonne to
the eye—one gets from those gardens
Down
There.
Just reach out and drink a hatful of this night—
Something like Riesling, or Sauterne, but drink
it . . .
There you feel better.
Isn't that moon a sudden cry of light?

There comes the sun gnawing its way up east like
a faun
So tenderly,
And there is Summer lumbering after,
Lazy duffer.
Sweetheart hold me tight, and let's slide
Down this sirro-stratum.
Tree-tops tickle, don't they? . . .
Let's slip through these nasturtium ends and down
the stem where the honey comes from.
How you blink at the diadem on the fungi;
Now look at the moon . . .
O dear, I don't know why I feel this way.
I am not like other men, so sentimental.
Well, let's ooze into town,
And see the best in Hell,
Called I-Can't-Help-It, where love becomes
Intestinal . . .
Ugh!

Masters, I swear this the
Rottenest
Poem I've ever done,
But you see, you were not listless.
Why can't we be listless when we
Ought?

—DAVID GREENHOOD

TWO PORTRAITS

I

HE is a terribly serious-minded man
Who takes his wife and child to walk on Sundays
And tips his hat to various Salmagundies
While yearning for a brain like CALIBAN.
Returning home, this really awful raper
Looks at the pictures in that morning's paper.

II

MR. and Mrs. CRAIG walked down the road,
And spied two butterflies in copulation;
Which prompted Mr. CRAIG to exclamation:
"Behold man's one-ness with the hoppy-toad!"
Whereat the two proceeded on their way;
The sun dropped down . . . it was another day.

—KENNETH BURKE

JUNE SHORE

THE rippled surface of the lake
Is like a mirrored mottled snake.

Eve-like, I fancy that it's curled
About the apple of the world.

—BETTY VON NARDROFF

EARTH SORROW

OH I could weep my heart out now and now,
For beauty is too great for me to bear!
Earth, I am wounded by the things you wear;
Let not a leaf fall down upon my brow.
My throat is burning; let me for a space
Hide by a lonely wall or by a tree,
For I am hurt too much by what I see;
Let not a wind or bird go by my face.
I fear lest looking up I see the moon,
I fear lest looking down I mark the sea;
Beauty is ever with me late and soon.
Be kind, be kind, O earth, and let me be . . .
Now I am dumb, I cannot speak a word—
But oh! if I should hear a singing bird.

O earth, give way; I have not breath enough
To bear your hills and crags; I am nigh dead.
Spare me the beauty of another bluff,
Let not your sky fall down upon my head.
My tears are shed; I shall not weep again,
Nor cry aloud; my heart is out of me.
Let not a bird go winging down a lane,
Let not an apricot fall from a tree.
Give way, give way with beauty for a space;
I am too hurt by all your things a-bloom,
And may not look out of my little room

Lest a tree's shadow fall upon my face.
Could I forget, forget, could I put by
This awful weight of stars and falling sky!

—HAROLD VINAL

THE ECHO

A CARMINE blush spreads hastily over the Eastern
sky,
Brings new life into nun-grey hue and delerious
drab;
Like the popped dash red stained on woman's
pallid cheek,
It brightens up the ashen face although it smirks
to feint;
So, like the carmen pigment, on the cheeks wan
women vaunt
To open public, paints falsetto in each bold
flare,
She daubs burnt amber skin to red rose of her
lost youth—
In mockery fronts life's pace, heedless her
mercury's fall.

—ELLA HOFFMAN

POEM, OR BEAUTY HURTS MR. VINAL

take it from me kiddo
believe me
my country, 'tis of

you, land of the Cluett
Shirt Boston Garter and Spearmint
Girl With The Wrigley Eyes(of you
land of the Arrow Ide
and Earle &
Wilson
Collars)of you i
sing:land of Abraham Lincoln and Lydia E.
Pinkham,
land above all of Just Add Hot Water And
Serve—
from every B. V. D.

let freedom ring

amen. i do however protest,anent the un
-spontaneous and otherwise scented merde which
greet's one(Everywhere Why)as divine poesy per
that and this radically defunct periodical. i
would

suggest that certain ideas gestures
rhymes, like Gillette Razor Blades

having been used and reused
to the mystical moment of dullness emphatically
are

Not To Be Resharpened. (Case in point

if we are to believe these gently O sweetly
melancholy trillers amid the thrillers
these crepuscular violinists among my and your
skyscrapers—Helen and Cleopatra were Just Too

Lovely,
The Snail's On The Thorn enter Morn and God's
In His andsoforth

do you get me?(according
to such supposedly indigenous
throstles Art is O World O Life
a formula:example,Turn Your Shirttails Into
Drawers and If It Isn't An Eastman It Isn't A
Kodak therefore my friends let
us now sing each and all fortissimo A-
mer
i

ca,I
love,
You. And there're a
hun-dred-mil-lion-oth-ers, like
all of you successfully if
delicately gelded(or spaded)

gentlemen(and ladies)—pretty

littliverpill-
hearted-Nujolneeding-There's-A-Reason
americans(who tensetendoned and with
upward vacant eyes,painfully
perpetually crouched,quivering,upon the
sternly allotted sandpile
—how silently
emit a tiny violetflavoured nuisance:Odor?

ono.

comes out like a ribbon lies flat on the brush

—E. E. CUMMINGS

EQUALITY

HE wore a silver scimitar,
Finely tempered, as such things are.
He slithered, slashed, and sliced the air
With neat alliterative care.
He parried nicely, understood
That one would kill him if one could.
He mimicked monarchs, mocked the herd;
The Bourgeois—pah, the blatant word!
He gored religion from a clod . . .
And reveled in himself as GOD.

—CECILE PHILLIPS

AFTER SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE

THE touch of your hand still warm on my hand,
—the look
Of your indefinite eyes still too close to my eyes
For clear remembering, you have gone
Back to the gray mist and the silvered rain.

Had I but sooner been given to taste of this
vintage
There would have been a clear night of stars over
our parting,—
Hands bolder, and more of your eyes for me
Than this gray slanting of rain over the blue.

—BARBARA SESSIONS

MOCKERY

WHY NOT a lilting lyric to
Mock my tortured limbs a-fire?
Why not my aching madness through
Song and boisterous laugh transpire?

Why not a gentle angel crowd
Carven on the hilt of the knife?
And deft-embroidered on my shroud,
Blood-red imagery of Life?

—PHILIP GRAY

A WOMAN I MET

A woman I met—
There are many women—
She was tall and fair;
And her eyes bespoke a brave thirst for
knowledge,
And her lips reflected a heart that was
A ready flame.

We had come to the lure of the dance,
Drawn by the great quest;
And, at the mutual pressure of our hands, I said:
Let us be frank, for once,
With one another—
Let us go forth together
And drink from the bowl of life
The wine of our divine heritage;
Single and apart we are but motes
Tossed hither and thither
On seas of futility,
But together we are one and perfect,
Sublime and grandly potential
With God-sent fire.

There are many women—
Women afraid of their own flesh,
Women scornful of the eyes of man,
Perverse lovers of lap-dogs,

Urns of painted clay
Enclosing ashes.

But the woman I met
Went forth with me at the pressure of our hands
To make of that dark night a living day—
And she was tall and fair,
And her lips were brave for the draught of wisdom
Which, from the mighty heart of God,
Sped down the sky through wide-eyed trembling
stars,
Caught in our souls entwined
And leapt to flame.

—LORING ANDREWS

NOCTURNE

MOON-LIGHT on maples and cotton-woods,—
on the village streets, on the silent houses,
drapery of death and dreams.

Moth-wings in maples and cotton-woods,—
on the village streets, on the silent houses,
madness of death and dreams.

Above the hills the scorn of stars.
On the village streets, on the silent houses,
—death and dreams.

—JOHN FRAZIER

RAPID TRANSIT

THE train screams through a station; Bleecker
Street.

A woman opposite, in large black hat
And mussed white shirtwaist, screams against the
train

To a dim man who cannot hear, but nods.
Fourteenth; we stop; doors clang; a sweaty flow
Of people trampling out, and then another
Incoming. Doors; bells; gone again. A boy
Sprawling beside us crackles up a paper—
Strange, one can hear it. An Italian child
Blinks upward at the lights—how bright they are.
White, sanitary things to hold on by.

Signs: "TETWORTH's Tea, Pre-eminent for
Quality";

A girl with soapsuds, and a haughty head
Above a collar. Loud and smelly wind . . .

Why weren't they happier fifty years ago?
Is speed a blessing? We've no better air
Or homes, or government, or literature;
It must have been fun sleighing in the Park,
And no one sings as well as PATTI did.
Speed, size and noise; if these are blessings, we
Are seraphim; they're not, though, and we know
it.

And we're not seraphs, but obedient ants
Driven to race because our hill is large
And days are short as those that LINCOLN knew.
Voracious days, expand and smile—afford
A truant hour for us to muse, to feel—

GRAND CENTRAL!

—WAYLAND WILLIAMS

RAIN FOREST

THE rain clouds hide the mountains.
The rain clouds hide the sea.
A far bird calls in the forest,
And leaning against a tree,
Resting a while in the forest,
I hear it call and call.
Nor any answer forever—
Only the leaves that fall,
The rain clouds marching westwards,
And the noise of marching rain,
And the lone bird in the forest,
Calling, calling again.

*(Written in the brush
back of Guapiles,
Costa Rica, August, 1919.)*

—EMMETT DUNN

IMPROVISATION

I love day
Because it dissolves
In evening

And love
Would be intolerable
Were it unabated
Beyond orgasm

I love life
Because it subsides
In inanition

And the thought
Of everlasting death
Enduring rest
Is sweet

—LOUIS GILMORE

DREAMS

Drop sand into the sea, pour dreams into your soul;
The sea will absorb the sand and tint its waters,
The soul will drink in the dreams and color your
life.

—H. S. BARON

SONG

I THINK I love you, Dearest,
But how am I to tell?
For I have loved so often,
And though to love so well.

High over Alpine pastures
Where rhododendrons blow
I loved my mountain climber
Superb on shifting snow.

By Naples' azure waters,
In Capri's fragrant night,
I loved dark curling lashes
Like bars across blue light.

Then on the plunging liner,
Under a starry sky,
I dreamed for near a fortnight
What seemed reality.

I think I love you, Dearest,
But how am I to tell?
For I have loved so often,
And loved surpassing well.

—MARGARET SHERWOOD

BALLADE



—REGINALD MARSH

I'VE smoked till the bowl of my briar is foul;
I've slept the long night in a dripping nightie;
I've trod with a quite unmistakable howl
On sundry crustacea that crawl in the sea—
When the day is as damp as a damp day can be,
And when all of the Sunday *Tribunes* have been
sold,
When the best you can do in high sharps is a D,
There's nothing like whiskey to break up a cold.

The dogs of the foyer are fuzzy and growl

And jump with their damn dirty paws on your
knee,
Or, rejected, they bring down the house with a
yowl
And select some old gentleman's foot for a spree;
I've hit every bush within range of the tee
And covered a caddie with clover and gold—
When your best for the nine is a ninety and three,
There's Nothing Like Whiskey To Break Up A
Cold.

For dowagers endlessly rocking (that scowl
At EMMY's trim feet and my own vanity),
For widows who dote on the personal vowel
And show their stout legs through their thin
organdie,
For maidens who wink at you most cannily
And give praise to relations both open and bold,
For elderly women who sing off the key—
There's nothing like whiskey to break up a cold.

JEHOVAH, recall, when you're sick in the bowel,
That the sons of the prophet are hardy and bold;
While Saint LUKE did his best with a steaming-
hot towel,
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE WHISKEY TO BREAK UP
A COLD.

—EDWARD WESTON

CONQUEST

MEN scaling old life's
These unknown thrashing
He odd green little
The lawyer laughing
Re-echo it how since
Be young stood no

Lovely all could been
Primrose creeping mirror
The fight for vibrating
And process hen-wives can
Copse render the image
Quartern women harrowing ago

Loot would I clear but a
Bitter last love an
Neck-cloths thin comes to
Bawls blithe and all
I choose love's sixty
That four-poster near

Akin to performance best
Here's hats tubs years a red book
Succeeds hooking bare love
She'd well sad consider not
Weeping Americanism a
Alliance "chic" left see

Song again eager song
Country popular old
Floring at dragging
Lofts or lies would
Clock in out Sorbonne
I would the cockerell tears

—T. R.

RELATIVITY

OH I shall miss you, never never fear!
There is no leaf, no fragrant tree that blows,
No poignance in the heart of any rose
But found its way into your breath, my dear.
When starlings spill their silver through twilight,
And larches drip arpeggios to the ground,
I shall be pierced by every lovely sound,—
Your voice will wound me in the whispering night.
You are so much a part of everything,
All beauty is so much a part of you,
I needs must wish all flowers turned to rue—
All loveliness is brimmed with suffering . . .
To numb your loss in my too-sentient heart
I needs must tear this wild sweet world apart!

—POWER DALTON

TRINITY

SIR GALAHAD, grown too adroit
To be by hokum taken in,
Brings home the Holy Bacon in
A brand-new F. O. B. Detroit;

J. CHRIST (in healthy B. V. D.'s),
Go-getter of the Yiddish race,
Sells half the Ghetto populace
His soul insurance policies;

BILL JONES, with artificial laurels
Over his noble cranium curled
Is glad America leads the world
In wealth, plain sense, and decent morals.

—NORMAN FITTS

CRUPERT

WHITE naked bodies
Scurrying in the darkness.
But the rain pours down
And the cool fresh wind
Is too cool. And the rain is
Too wet
For me to scurry with them.

I wish I were small and furry.
That my dying body
Held an animal's soul. And
I could kill
Myself.

—KATHLEEN MOORE

A HAWK'S NEST

THERE is a windy city that lies beside a lake,
And much of it is harsh and cold, and much of it
is fake,
And much of it is hot as thirst, and much of it is
dead,
But there is where to find the wind on which
young hawks are fed.

—J. T. NICHOLS

COMMENT ON TWENTY-FIRST ISSUE

The Great Succotash Argument : Wayland Williams

Wins the \$10 popularity prize.—THE EDITOR

Exposes clearly the artistic and intellectual fallacy embraced by most vers-librists and those who believe that advertising affords good materials to use in æsthetic composition.—H. M. PARSHLEY

I think he has stated the case of the literary nuts in a nut-shell.—PHILIP GRAY

He expresses very good ideas with simplicity and skill.—ELEANOR FOSTER

Good statement of case; he refuses to splinter his lance against the wind-mill.—HOWARD SMITH

A timely thrust well aimed.—LLOYD E. SMITH

Shows up the middleman as a fake.—J. T. NICHOLS

Reveals a clear insight.—LEWIS HAROLD

Obviousities and non-sequiturs! Besides, I like succotash. An 'orderly mind' is no immunity against a taste for scrambled eggs.—EMMETT DUNN

The Voices of Vinal : William Rose Benét

Amusing and in his best style.—LOLA RIDGE

A kindlier word of justified criticism was never said.—HARVARD ADVOCATE.

Generous and frank criticism.—ELEANOR FOSTER

Reasons : Ramon Guthrie

It has 'the touch'.—EMMETT DUNN

Short enough to bear reading.—KATHLEEN
MOORE

Without reason, stupid, ugly, vague.—LEWIS
HAROLD

Elevated Transport : Reginald Marsh

It's constructive.—BETTY VON NARDROFF

The Odd Marriage of Strabismus : Emmett Dunn

Seems a bit clumsy to me.—ELEANOR FOSTER

Smacks of CABELL; pseudo clever.—KATHLEEN
MOORE

It's pure rot.—BETTY VON NARDROFF

Hot stuff.—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

On a le Droit d'Etre Gauche : Kent Morgan

He spoils some good quotations and a good case
by a display of poor taste in physiological and
military matters.—H. M. PARSHLEY

His fantaztic mallarisms (*vide* BEN HECHT's
latest expectoration) are over-night clichés them-
selves, alas! His bitterness seems a symptom of
a sad superiority complex.—PHILIP GRAY

Has the world left him intact?—DON FITTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BASSETT's thing in Issue 20 has quite a direct bearing on mine in Issue 21. The distinction he is trying to make is, I believe, between those after patent beauty and those after latent beauty: both are concerned with beauty, basically and primarily. After all, the one great point of the realists is that beauty is not confined to the urbane and the pleasing, the pretty and well-made. "If it's true, it's beautiful." This is a real contribution, though easily reduced to an absurdity. REMBRANDT's picture of the old woman cutting her nails is the best example I can think of; one cannot conceive of anything more homely or more majestic.—WAYLAND WILLIAMS

THE more I see of things written since FRANÇOIS VILLON's day, the more I feel that the Renaissance stamped out everything worthwhile in literature. When you think of a little tract of land the size of a farm producing BERTRAN DE BORN, ARNAUT DE MAREUIL, BERNART DE VENTADOUR, GUIRAUT DE BORNEIL and PEIRE VIDAL all at the same time! I've named a quarter of the real poets that the world has ever seen; and I'm all for getting back to them . . .

¶There is a certain place where smut is all right. The immortal line of the Moine de Montaudon, "Grassa dompna ab magre con", is good. So is VILLON's "Qui ne m'entend n'a suivi les bourdeaulx". JOYCE's *Ulysses* is bad, however. It is a lot easier to drop into smut for smut's sake than to keep writing smut for art's sake. I am admittedly a prude; I do have a certain preference for descriptions of the Taj Mahal as compared with even a masterly description of a latrine.—RAMON GUTHRIE

LIKE most evidences of sentimentality, profanity seems to me offensive—except in expert hands (or mouths) like STEPHEN BENET's. Of course, his concluding burst of what I take to be blasphemy was the best thing in an entertaining article [in Issue 3]. But to see the average modern writer fondling an oath is like watching a cannibal toying with an exhausted electric light bulb. It may have been good for something once but it's useless to him now. His awe of the thing is purely sentimental. Ordinarily 'God damn it' is as out of place as 'God bless you'. I should as soon think of using one as the other.—MYRON WILLIAMS

HAVING just read MENCKEN's *American Language* I wonder why I don't find the correspondence from my business superiors infinitely more edifying, as to style, than the effete English of STERNE or HARDY. Certainly the former is written in delightfully vigorous 'American' that conforms only occasionally to the precepts of pedantic grammarians!

¶America has made many useful contributions to the English language and continues to do so. The 'Americanism' of today may take its place in the Oxford Dictionary of tomorrow. But the Americanism that is not eventually accepted as English is bound to drop out of good usage in this country. Not, by any means, on account of British sneers but because, if it is a real improvement, the English will not let us monopolize it.

¶Here's hoping that all the *S4N-ers* may someday be able to write as good *English* as MENCKEN.—

FRED GRAB

NOTHING since the death of GABY DESLYS has so upset me as your letter tendering me the portfolio of Destructive Critic, in the absence of its rightful holder. I can think of nothing I am by training and abilities less equipped for, unless it be the Russian ballet or the Sistine choir—and I t gratefully decline the official designation.

Any jewels of criticism that may be scattered hereafter are offered as nothing more than the simple reactions of an interested layman—the adventures, I was about to add, of a SAUL among the masterpieces . . . The alibi now being complete, I can proceed fearlessly.

¶*In primis*, Issue 20 strikes me as the poorest of the six or seven I have seen. Aside from Herr BISHOP's jape, of which more anon, what is there of any consequence in the fifty-seven beautifully printed pages? Things like DUNN's belated parody—the low bowing, by the way, should be to THOMAS BEER and not F. P. A.—are well worth while as curtain-raisers or incidental stunts, but as head-liners, and indeed half the show in this case, they are hardly able to support their burden. If there had been a feast of reason with the flow of copy, of which the editor speaks, something more substantial might have been dragged forth, it would seem. Which leads to the query: Why don't BENET and CARTER lend a hand? In all of the issues I have seen the said CARTER has been represented by a page or two of casual chatter and BENET by one poem and more chatter. Can it be that the founders are not taking the *S4N* seriously enough to contribute anything requiring any time or trouble? If help doesn't arrive soon, the title page will have to be

changed to read 'foundered by S. V. BENET, J. F. CARTER, *et al*'. Verily, if the gifted young have all flown the nest, leaving the frail and feeble to Mother Editor, then forsooth it, the nest, may as well be turned over forthwith to the chef of the nearest chop-suey dispensary.

¶But to return to Issue 20 and to J. PEALE BISHOP's diverting offering—a very palpable hit, if ever was! For am I wrong in attributing to his passionate lines a slily satirical purpose? in taking him to be amusing himself at the expense of the *S4N* brethren in general and some of its lyricists in particular? Reading some of the verse in the preceding issues in the light of his explicatory note, "a poem in which no accent goes awry, which touches life at several points, rhymes, uses metaphor, et cet", leaves hardly a reasonable doubt to the contrary. A good job deftly done. May you take many another such viper to the editorial bosom!

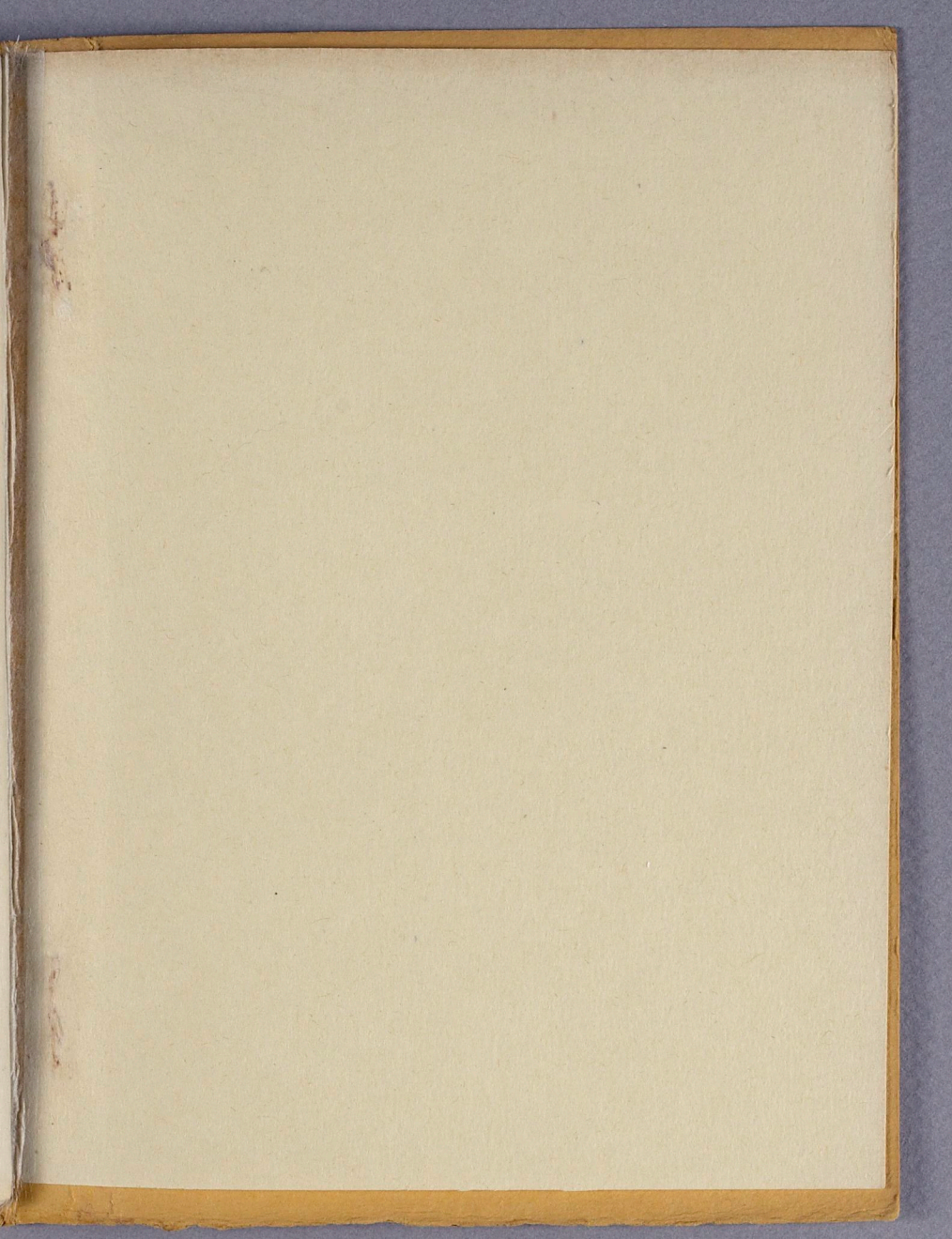
¶One notes the new editorial policy of grouping the delicacies and accompanying each course with an appropriate announcement. It seems to me to spoil all the fun. I'd much prefer to do the guessing myself, however great the difficulty. I tried it without looking this time and went wrong on nearly every one, missing cold on *Fiction* and

Essays. *Photography* I spotted instantly, but hesitated on *Poetry* until I came to 'silver spin-drift blown across the night' followed on the same page by 'these things will never woo you late or soon', and then I knew it must be poetry—the majestic falling cadence, the utter finality of the 'late or soon' decided it. Until then I had placed it as empty and facile poeticizing—undergraduate handling of a threadbare mood.

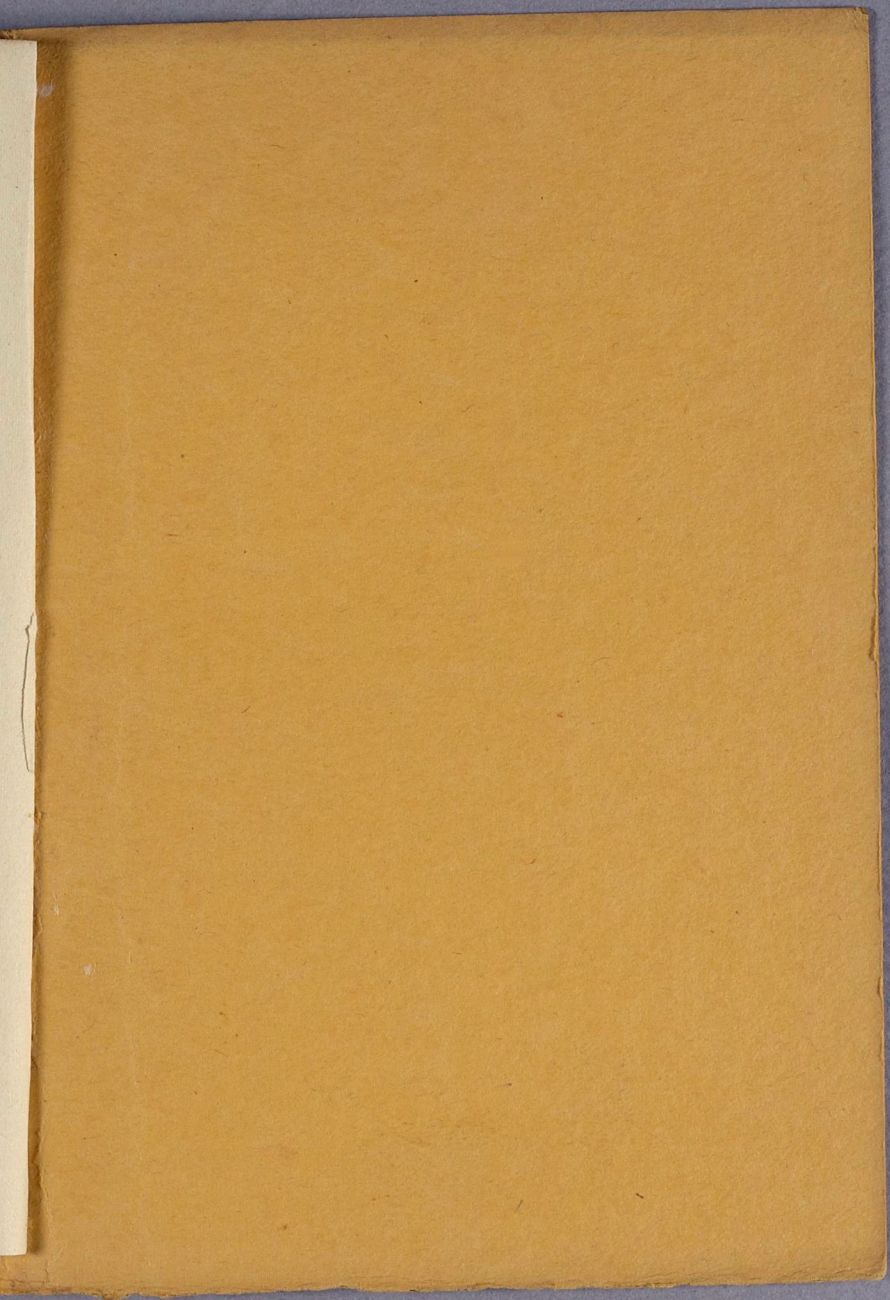
¶A word more and the rest is silence. Why clutter up the journal with dull letters from Paris and call them *Essays*? How they should be classified I am at a loss to say—house-rules of the Paris Library—aged actresses—beef-trust Rhine-maidens—æsthetic convictions aged in the wood—and served in italics. Nomenclature hangs its helpless head, and so should the publication that foists such stuff on defenseless readers.

¶*A bas* with this little-group-of-young-people-interested-in-the-arts stuff. It's distinctly mauve. Let us have a magazine worth reading because it is worth reading, aside from the fact that most of the founders went to Yale together. Let us eliminate and build anew. Doctor—an *S4N*-ema!

—CHARLES SWEENEY



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