

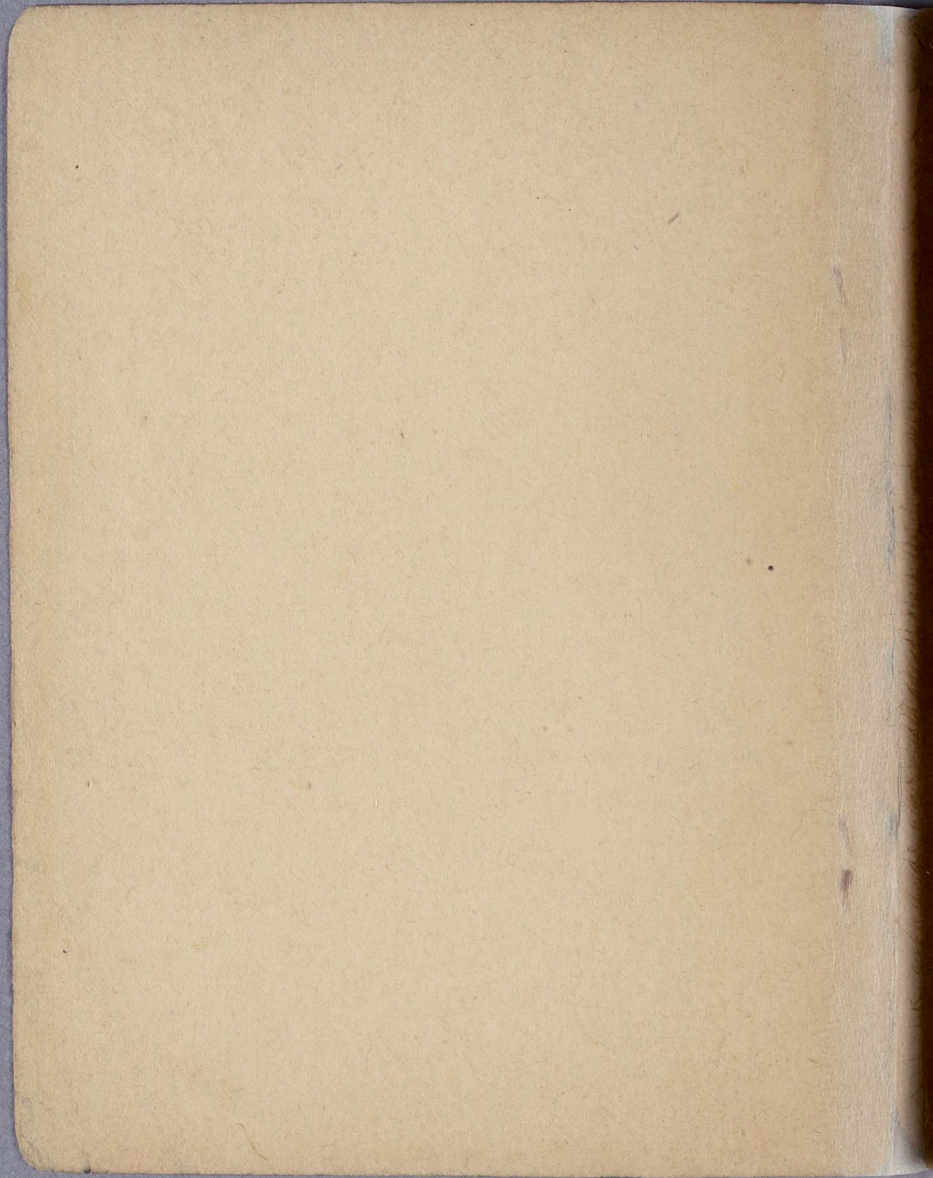
The S4N Magazine

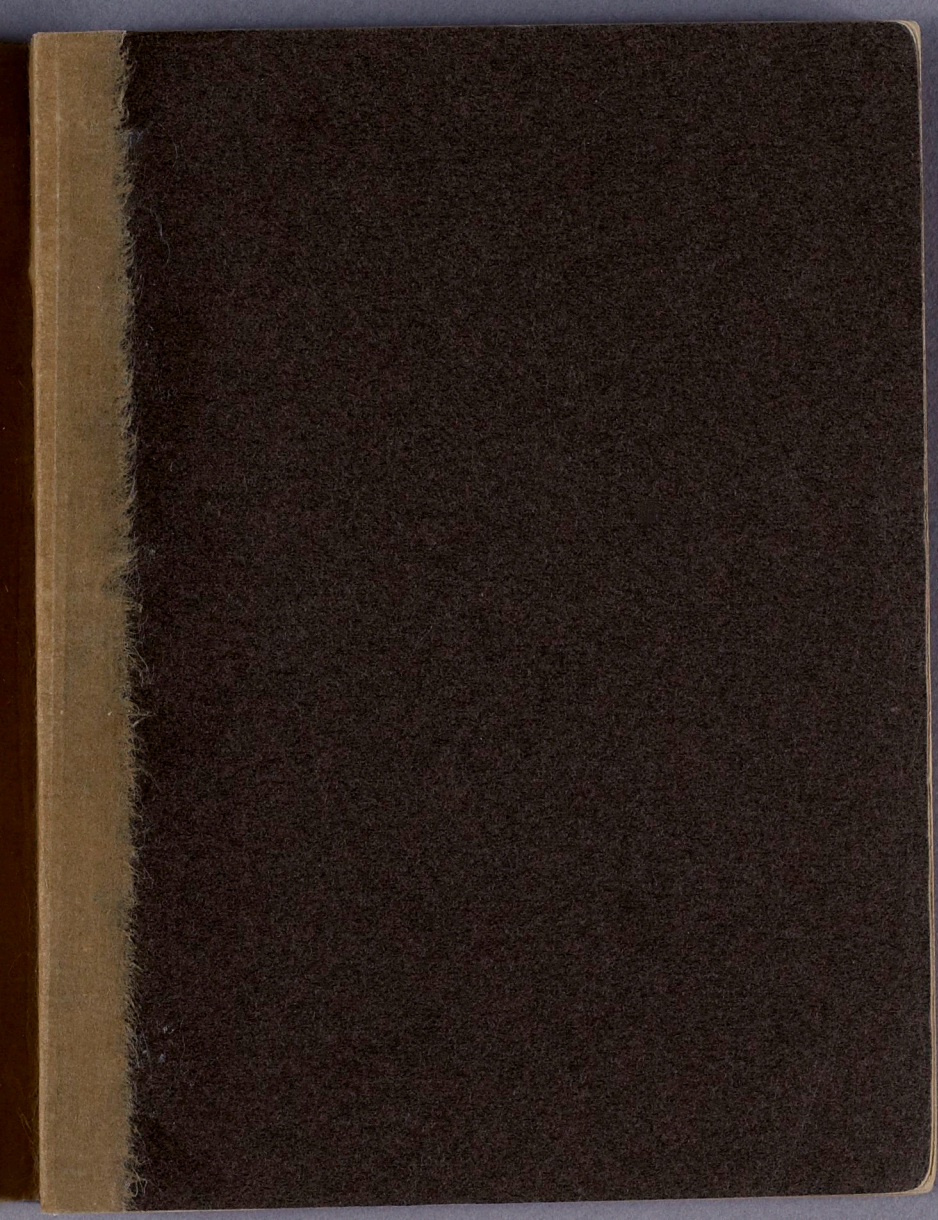
Issue 26-29 • Year 4

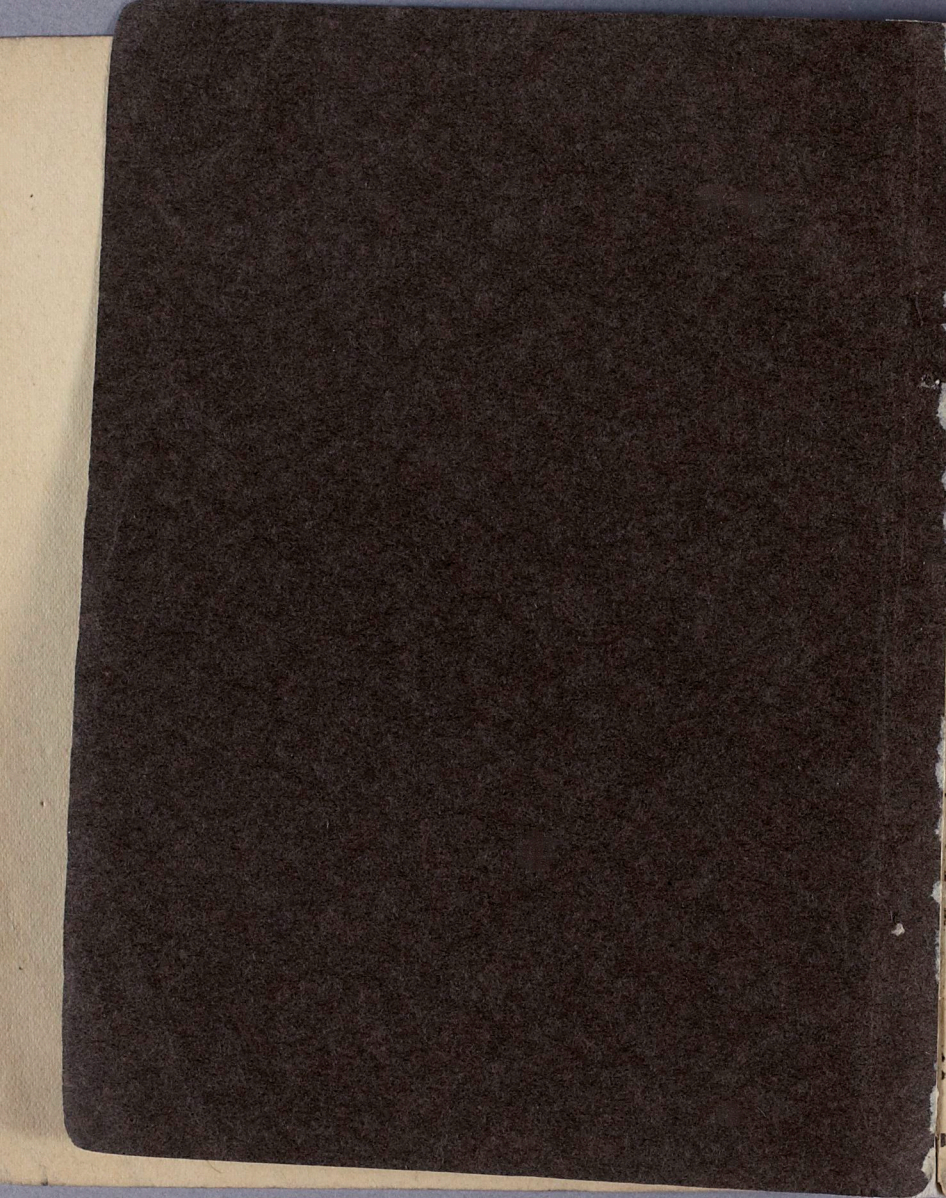
May • June • July • August • 1923

F. T. Marinetti • Arthur H. Nethercot
Malcolm Cowley • Anne Zimmerman
Lyonel Feininger • David P. Berenberg
Wayland Wells Williams • Hart Crane
Elsa Gidlow • Charl Nolan • Ottie Gill
Alfred Vance Churchill • Jean Toomer
James Daly • Friedrich von Falkenburg
John Richard Moreland • Rex Hunter
Max Robin • Peter Crool • Ezra Ounce

Helene Mullins • Lloyd E. Smith
Kenneth Burke • Marcella Moore
Eda Lou Walton • Oliver Jenkins
William Troy • Hugh MacKinstry
Pierre Loving







S·4·N

all
H. Cone

Issues 26, 27, 28, 29
(Year 4)

For May, June, July and August
1923

"To Promote an Open-Minded Consideration of Theories and Practices of Art by the Printing of Opposed Viewpoints and Examples, Subsequent Comment and Counter-Comment, Experimentations and Reactive Critiques. . . ."

Article III, Section 1, of the S4N Society Constitution: "Membership shall be open to any one in sympathy with the society's aims, and shall begin with application therefor and end with resignation." Section 2: "Membership dues (25cper S4N issue) shall be payable whenever convenient."

Copyright 1923 by S4N Society

DIRECTOR

NORMAN FITTS, 12 Bedford Terrace, Northampton, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

ADVISORY BOARD

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS, 155 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A.

RAMON GUTHRIE, care of Norman Fitts (for the time being).

JOHN PEALE BISHOP, care of Guaranty Trust Company, 3 rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

GORHAM B. MUNSON, 4 Grove Street, New York City, U. S. A.

E. E. CUMMINGS, care of Morgan Harjes, 14 Place Vendôme, Paris, France.

THORNTON N. WILDER, Davis House, Laurenceville, New Jersey, U. S. A.

MAX ROBIN, 602 East Sixteenth Street, New York City, U. S. A.

JEAN TOOMER, 1341 U Street (N.W.), Washington, District of Columbia, U. S. A.

PATRONS

RAMON GUTHRIE

THORNTON N. WILDER

SARGENT LEWIS

GORHAM B. MUNSON

Note: Contributions or comment on contributions may be submitted to any member of the advisory board, as well as to the director.

CONTENTS

YACHT RACE (woodcut).by LYONEL FEININGER

VILLAGE (woodcut).....by LYONEL FEININGER

CARNAVAL IN PROVENCE (poem)

by MALCOLM COWLEY

FUTURISM (exposition).....by F. T. MARINETTI

MEGALESIA (poem).....by ANNE ZIMMERMAN

VENUS TRANSIENS (?).....by JAMES DALY

STUDENTS: 1923 (poetry)

by ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

COAL (poem).....by CHARL NOLAN

RAMBLINGS ON THE RIGHT,

OR HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN (critique)

by WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

PSALM.....by KENNETH BURKE

COVEE (prose sketch).....by MAX ROBIN

SURCEASE (poem).....by OLIVER JENKINS

AMERICA'S PLUTONIC ECSTASIES (social criticism)

by HART CRANE

HER LIPS ARE COPPER WIRES (poem)

by JEAN TOOMER

THE SECESSION PROGRAM (critique)

by PIERRE LOVING

BOOLOOM (poem).....by OTTIE GILL

ROMEO AND JULIET, HAD THEY BEEN

D. H. LAWRENCE CHARACTERS (parody)

by HUGH MACKINSTRY



EVERLASTING HELEN (poem) by WILLIAM TROY
GEOMETRIC (poem).....by EDA LOU WALTON
GORHAM B. LESSING (critique)

by DAVID P. BERENBERG

ADVICE TO A VIRGIN POETESS (poem)

by ELSA GIDLOW

REPLY (poem).....by MARCELLA MOORE

ANNOUNCEMENT (poem) ..by HELENE MULLINS

REPLY (poem) by FRIEDRICH VON FALKENBURG

CANTO IN CANTINA (puzzle)...by EZRA OUNCE

EXCURSION (vignette).....by LLOYD E. SMITH

PERSPECTIVE (poem).....by PETER CROOL

SPRING MOON (poem)

by JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

LYONEL FEININGER (introduction)

by ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL

SINCLAIR (poetry).....by REX HUNTER

ON RUNNING A REVIEW (several opinions)

CONCERNING MODERN WRITING (more opinions)

MORE LETTERS (on sundry subjects)

MORE OR LESS IN GENERAL

(comment on *S4N* issues)

ON ISSUES 25, 24, 23 & 22 (detailed comment)

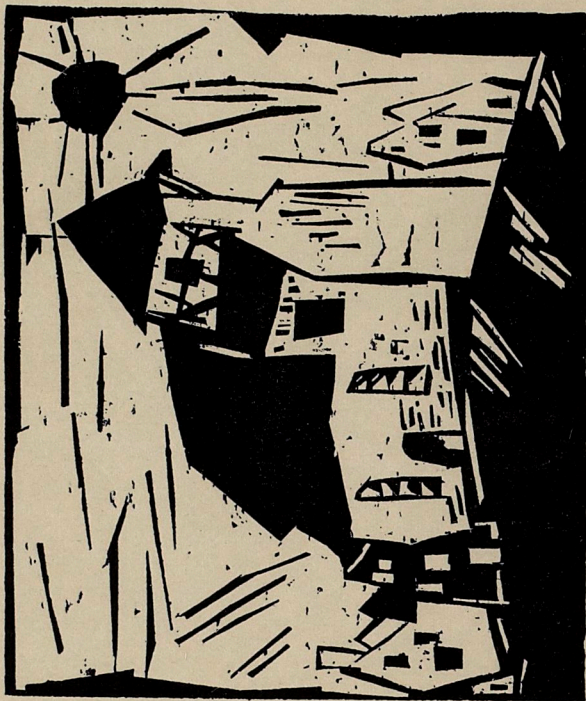
NOTES (on *S4N* matters and contributors)

by N. F.

ADVERTISEMENTS



Y L Y O N E L F E I N N I N G E R
A C H T R A N C E R



L Y O N E L F E I N I N G E R
V I L L A N G E R

CARNAVAL IN PROvence

O masked ladies excited with your dancing
exhaling *Quelques fleurs* and your own perfume
why do you thus disturb the smoky quiet
which broods above this room?

Why do you rouse the waiter without pity?
Why does your laughter make me younger and
[older?

Why do your eyes declare that they are pretty
(beauty would calm me) and why throw confetti
to settle on the broadcloth of my shoulder?

I think I was contented till you came.

Why do you stare at me
making desires appear
real under dominoes?
Why do your eyes disclose
frank lechery?
I shun their honesty.

Why do you thus disturb my meditation?
Outside a drizzle deepens into rain
go: order up a bottle of champagne
letting your masked eyes still play over me.

If once we were abandoned to each other
in some close-smelling room above the bar
we could look out the window in the evening
after the rain and see some rain-washed star
wrung clean as our exhausted bodies are.

Wisdom is passion's fruit
I am too proud, too timid
but you may feel an intimate soul expanding
beneath a business suit,
or taking its wingless flight when evening falls
out of the chatter and smoke of this café
alone, to watch the day
stretch out sleepily on the hill beyond the Public
[Garden
to watch a sunset fade on stucco walls
and twilight harden
and gaslights nod like yellow parasols
under the sycamores and bats take wing.

The equestrian statue of Louis, the Sun-King
stares at an arch erected in his honour.

MALCOLM COWLEY

FUTURISM

It is almost impossible to summarize in a magazine article the numberless manifestations of our movement, which is gaining victory after victory in its fight to revitalize the artistic sensibilities of Italy and the world, to centuply man's creative power and to champion a fruitful spirit of optimism. However, I shall do my best to generalize and at the same time leave out no important details.

From the Italian viewpoint, Vittorio Veneto's triumph and that of Fascism realize part of the futurist program launched fourteen years ago in manifestoes and art gatherings. We at that time preached: pride in things Italian, unbounded confidence in the future, destruction of the Austro-Hungarian empire, heroism in everyday life and art, love of danger in all forms, the glorification of violence as a decisive argument, contempt for diplomacy, the beauty and utility of war, the cult of speed and the new, optimism and originality at all costs, the right of the young to power; as against the archeological attitude, parliamentary opportunism, bureaucracy, academies, professors and all pessimists.

Our influence not only in Italy but throughout the entire world has been enormous. Italian futurism *per se* is nevertheless distinctly patriotic. Although it has engendred numerous foreign futurisms, it has nothing to do with their political aspects. (I allude in particular to the bolshevistic attitude of Russian futurism, become the official State art.)

We were the first interventionists; in prison for demanding intervention at Milan, during the battle of the Marne; in prison with Mussolini, for interventionism, at Rome the 12th of April, 1915; in prison, with Mussolini, in 1919, at Milan, for a fascist "attempt against the security of the State" and for organizing armed bands.

We were the preparers of the great Italy of today and are naturally glad to hear our Council President tell representatives of foreign newspapers that

We are a young people who wish to and should create and who refuse to be a syndicate of boardinghouse-keepers and museum guardians. Our artistic past is admirable. But I for one haven't been in a museum more than twice in my life.

The Glory of Geometry and Mechanics

IN my first manifesto (dated February 20, 1909) I declared: "The world's splendor is enriched by a new beauty, that of speed". After futurist art, divinely drunk with machinism, comes the

new cult of speed. Christian morality developed the inner life of man but has no *raison d'être* today, since it is drained of all divinity. Christian morality protected the body of man from excesses of sensuality. It moderated his instincts and placed them in a proper equilibrium. Futurist morality will save man from the dissolution brought on by sluggishness, dreaming of the past, analysis, tranquility and habit. Human energy, increased an hundredfold by speed, will dominate time and space.

We have already hustled through the grotesque obsequies of old-fashioned beauty (romantic, symbolist and decadent), which had for essential elements: *la Femme Fatale et le Clair de lune*, memory, nostalgia, eternity, immortality, the mist of legend produced by stretches of time, the exotic charm produced by stretches of space, the picturesque, the unprecise, the rustic, the solitude of the wilds, multicolored confusion, glimmering twilight, corrosion, patina—the filth of time, the crumbling of ruins, erudition, the odor of mold, the taste of rot, pessimism, tuberculosis, suicide, flirtations with agony, the aesthetic of failure, the adoration of death.

We are today liberating from the chaos of new sensibilities a new beauty, which we substitute for the old and which I call the GLORY OF GEOME-

TRY AND MECHANICS. Its elements are: the sun rekindled by the will, hygienic forgetfulness, hope, desire, the perishable, the ephemeral, bridled force, speed, light, willpower, order, discipline, method; man's instinct multiplied by the motor; the spirit of the large city; the aggressive optimism that one obtains through physical culture and outdoor sports; intelligent womanhood (pleasure, productivity, business); wireless imagination, ubiquity, the laconic and simultaneous characteristics of touring, big-business and journalism; the passion for success, the "world's record", the enthusiastic rivalry of electricity and the machine, essential conciseness and synthesis; the happy precision of lubricated gears and thoughts; the concurrence of convergent energies in a single trajectory.

My futurist senses for the first time perceived this geometric glory on the bridge of a dreadnought. The speed of the ship, the range of the shots directed from the commander's breeze-swept post under actual warfare conditions, the strange vitality of orders transmitted by the admiral and brusquely become autonomous and inhuman, through the whims, restlessness and imperfections of steel and copper: all that radiated a perfect geometric and mechanical splendor. I saw electricity's lyric initiative running through

the armorplating of the quadruple turrets, descending by sheeted tubes to the magazine and delivering shells and powder-charges to the breeches, preliminary to their flying out in discharge. Aiming in altitude and direction, sight, flash, automatic recoil, leap of projectile itself, shock, pounding, tumult, odor of rotten eggs, mephitic gasses, ammonia rust, etc. There you have a new drama, full of futurist unexpectedness and geometric splendor, which holds for us an hundred thousand times more interest than the psychology of man with its limited combinations.

Crowds of people can sometimes give us a few feeble thrills. But we prefer the luminous advertisements, futurist gems and face-paint, under which each night cities hide their wrinkles of age. We love the solidarity of motors zealous and in good running order. Nothing is more beautiful than a great humming powerhouse, which contains within itself the hydraulic pressure of a mountain-chain and the electric force of an entire horizon, synthesized on distribution boards bristling with switches and glittering commutators. These formidable switchboards are our only models in poetry. To be sure, we have a few forerunners: the gymnasts, equilibrists and clowns who, in the expansions, contractions and cadences

of their musculatures, realize the flashing perfection of accurate cogwheels and the geometric beauty that we wish to attain in poetry by means of "words in liberty".

Beyond free-verse, far from rhyme and stanza, without punctuation and without syntax, we attempt to express our lyric moods in essential words in liberty. We utilize all possible means, deform words, invent them, in order to arrange them with absolute typographical freedom.

My love of precision and essential brevity has naturally given me a taste for figures that, thanks to my new NUMERICAL SENSIBILITY, live and breathe on paper like human beings. Example: instead of saying, as a traditional writer would, "A sound of bells vast and profound" (of inexact and unimpressive connotation); or, as a fairly intelligent countryman, "The citizens of such and such a village hear that bell" (more specific and expressive); I grasp with intuitive precision the exact sound of the bell and determine its reach by saying: DING DONG *bells amplitude of sound 20 miles*. In this way I present an entire vibrating horizon and a quantity of distant individuals who prick up their ears at the same sound. I emerge from the unspecific, I lay hold on reality. Use of the mathematical signs $+ - \times =$ affords marvellous abbreviation and helps, because of

their impersonally coglike and abstract simplicity, to obtain the desired effect, which is that of the GLORY OF GEOMETRY AND MECHANICS. In fact, more than one page of the usual descriptive matter would be needed to represent even imperfectly the very vast and complicated battle-front whose definite lyric equation is as follows: *horizon = sun like sharrrrrrpened gimlet + 5 triangular shadows each side 1 mile + 3 rhombs of rose light + 5 hill fragments + 30 columns of smoke + 23 spurts of flame.* I use \times to indicate interrogative pauses in thought. Thus I eliminate the question-mark which tends too arbitrarily to localize its aura of doubt on a single point of consciousness. By means of the mathematic \times the dubitative pause is diffused over the entire agglomeration of words in liberty. Following my intuition alone, here and there I introduce numbers which have no significance nor direct value but which (appealing phonetically and optically to the numeric sensibility) express matter's various transcendental intensities and whatever uncontrollable responses that sensibility may give them; I create veritable lyric theorems and equations simply by introducing numbers chosen intuitively and inserted sometimes even in the middle of a word. With a certain quantity of $+ - \times =$ I give the thickness and form of the

things which the word must express. The arrangement +—+—++× serves to give, for example, the gear-shifting and acceleration of the speeds of an automobile. The arrangement +++++ represents an accumulation of equivalent sensations. (Example: *fecal odor of dysentery* + *luscious stink*, etc., in the train of sick soldiers in my work, *Zang Toumb Toumb*.)

Thus through words in liberty we substitute for the *ciel antérieur où fleurit la beauté* of Mallarmé, a geometric and mechanical splendor and a numeric sensibility.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has adopted words in liberty in the first 100 pages of his *Notturmo*:—

We go out. We chew the fog.
The city is full of phantoms.
Men walk without noise, wrapped in darkness.
The canals smoke.
Lanterns blue in the fumes.
The cry of the aerial sentinels grown hoarse from the fog.

The agitated lagoon.
Spurting water.
The Sicilian mechanician with whom I am talking.

... He goes.
The basin of San Marco, azure.
The heavens all about.
Astonishment, despair.
The immobile film of tears.
Silence.
The throbbing of the motor.
There are the Gardens.
He turns round in the channel.

I turn. I descend. War! War! Faces. Faces. Faces.
All the passions of all faces. Ashes. It is a heavy March
shower. North wind. Rain. I listen for the roaring.

*The Synthetic Theater of Surprise
& the Music-hall*

OUR Synthetic Theater has destroyed the old dramatic technique, with its straining after the lifelike, its logical order and its gradual preparation. Our theater has created new blends of tragic and comic, real characters mingled with unreal, compenetrations and simultaneities of time and space, object dramas, dramatized incongruities, surfaces of ideas and gestures, etc.

There exists today in Italy a young Italian theater that presents without too much opposition our artistic inventions of ten years ago, which won for us battles still memorable in annals of the Italian stage. And today we take another great step forward.

Our Theater of Surprise proposes to ventilate the public mind by amusing and surprising it by all means, facts, contrasts, actions, ideas which have not heretofore been staged and which are capable of gaily jogging human sensibility.

We have several times declared that surprise is an essential element of art; that a work of art, very far from being subject to what is called reality, must be independent, resemble nothing

but itself and consequently have all the appearance of a prodigy.

As a matter of fact, Botticelli's *Primavera*, like many other masterpieces, had at its first appearance, in addition to composition values, rhythms, volumes and colors, the intrinsic value of its surprising originality. Our familiarity with this picture, imitations of it and the plagiarisms that it provoked have today destroyed its surprise value. This proves that the cult of outdated works, admired, imitated or plagiarized, is not only pernicious in that it stifles creative minds, but it is above all absurd, since one can hardly today admire, imitate or plagiarize any but a part of these half-dead works.

Raphaël, having chosen for one of his frescoes a wall of the Vatican already decorated some years before by Sodoma, scratched out the marvellous work of that artist and painted his own fresco over it, without regret for the work destroyed, for he thought that the principal value of a work of art consisted in its surprising appearance.

Surprise is now more than ever an essential element of art because after centuries crowded with works of genius, all of which at one time surprised the world, it is so very difficult to surprise today.

In the Theater of Surprise the dramatic hand-grenade that the author hurls must: (1) strike the sensibilities of the audience with amused astonishment; (2) suggest a continuity of amusing ideas, just as a body of water when struck violently spurts up, gives rise to concentric ripples and rouses echoes which in their turn awaken others; (3) provoke absolutely unexpected words and actions on the part of the audience, so that each surprise upon the stage will give birth to other surprises in the orchestra circle, in the boxes, in the nigger-heaven, outside the theatre, throughout the city, the next day and the days following. In training the mind to the greatest elasticity by all these extra-logical intellectual gymnastics the Theater of Surprise hopes to wrest the Italian youth from his somber and brutalizing obsession with politics.

In conclusion, the Theater of Surprise comprises: all the physicofoolies of the futurist music-hall, with collaboration of gymnasts, athletes, illusionists, eccentrics, prestidigitators; the Synthetic Theater; a theater journal of the futurist movement; a theater gallery of art; dynamic and synoptic declamations of words in liberty accompanied by dancing; dramatized words in liberty; improvised dialogues between musical instruments (pianos, piano and voice, orchestral).

Example of a futurist object drama:—

“THEY ARE COMING”

A salon. Lighted chandelier. In back, at the left, a door opening on the garden. Along left-hand wall, large rectangular table with colored cover. Along right-hand wall, which is broken by a door, a great armchair with very high back, four chairs of various shapes and sizes on its right, four others on its left. All the chairs are backed against the wall.

As the curtain rises, a hotel-keeper and two servants enter by the garden door.

HOTEL-KEEPER: “They are coming. Make everything ready.” (He goes out.)

The servants arrange the eight ordinary chairs in a semi-circle, to right and left of the armchair, which rests in its place, as does the table. Then they go to the garden door and stand a while on the threshold, backs to the audience as if watching for the guests, leaning out. A minute of motionless silence, after which the hotel-keeper reënters, panting.

HOTEL-KEEPER: “New orders. They are tired to death. So lots of cushions are needed.” (He goes out.)

The servants pass through the door on the right and return shortly, loaded down with cushions. They place the armchair in the middle of the room and the other chairs in a circle around it, all with their backs turned to it. They arrange cushions on each chair and in piles upon the floor.

Then they go to the garden door to watch for the expected guests, backs to the audience as before. A minute of motionless silence.

HOTEL-KEEPER (hurrying in through the garden door again, out of breath): “New orders. They are hungry. Set the table.”

The servants put the table in the center of the salon. All around it, the chairs. Then they set the places. At one

place they stand a vase of flowers; at another, all the bread; at another, eight bottles of wine; at the others, the cover only. One chair has to be leaned against the table, its back legs in the air, to indicate that the seat is reserved. Then they go and watch on the threshold again, hanging out the door. Two minutes of motionless silence.

HOTEL-KEEPER (reëntering on the run): "Brrrrr-youthey newordersIneeddonot--**!!" (He rushes out.)

The servants, without in the least changing the arrangement of the covers, put the table back where it was in the beginning. Then they place the armchair slantwise before the door and arrange the eight other chairs behind it in single-file, so as to form a diagonal line across the stage. They turn out the light. The scene is now feebly illuminated by moonlight from the garden. A hidden reflector throws its concentrated rays into the room, tracing on the floor the sharp black shadows of the chairs. Gently pivoting, the reflector slowly but visibly shifts the shadows.

The servants, crouched trembling in a corner, seem to be waiting in a state of obvious anguish for the eight chairs, at the command of the armchair, to march out of the room.

[CURTAIN.]

Futurist Painting and Sculpture

IN painting and sculpture we propose abstract representation and not the symbolic value of planes and volumes. Abolition of the traditionally sublime.

"Sculpture," my great friend Boccioni, futurist painter and sculptor, has said, "cannot have for object an episodic reconstruction of reality.

It must make use of absolutely all realities in order to regain the essential elements of plastic sensibility. In consequence, the futurist sculptor, looking upon bodies and their parts as *plastic zones*, will introduce into sculptural composition surfaces of wood or metal, immobile or set in motion, in order to represent an object: shaggy spherical forms to represent hair; semicircles of glass, if a vase, for example; iron wires or lattice-work to indicate an atmospheric plane, etc., etc.

"We must destroy the pretended nobility of bronze and marble (entirely a matter of literary tradition) and deny flatly that one must use a single material only for a sculptural whole. The sculptor may use twenty different materials, or more, in a single work, provided that the plastic emotion require it. Here are only a few of the materials from which we may choose: glass, wood, cardboard, cement, reinforced concrete, horsehair, leather, cloth, mirrors, electric lighting.

"We must proclaim at the top of our lungs that in the intersection of the planes of a book and the angles of a table, in the straight lines of an ordinary match, in the sash of a window, there is lots more truth than in all the confusion of muscles in all the breasts and in all the thighs of hero and Venus that throw contemporary sculptors into ecstasies of incurable asininity.

"It is only by a choice of modern subjects that we shall succeed in discovering *new plastic ideas*.

"The straight line is the only method of approach to the primitive virginity of a new architectonic construction of masses and sculptural zones.

"There can be no renovation save in *the sculpture of milieu or ambience*, for it is only by stretching out into space to model it that the plastic art will develop. The futurist sculptor can now at last *model the atmosphere* which surrounds things, in clay.

"What the futurist sculptor creates is in a way the ideal bridge uniting the *external* and the *internal plastic infinite*. Objects never end; they intersect each other in numberless sympathetic combinations and with numberless shocks of discord. The spectator's emotion will dominate the sculptural work.

"We must destroy the systematic nude and the traditional conception of statuary and monuments.

"And finally we must refuse, whatever it cost, to execute orders the subject of which is pre-determined and which in consequence can not allow of a pure construction of completely renovated plastic elements.

"If a sculptural composition need a special rhythm of motion to augment or contrast with the

arrested rhythm of the sculptural whole (necessary to a work of art), we can apply a little motor, which will impart the desired rhythmic movement to a given plane or line.

"We must not forget that the ticking and the hand movement of a clock, the in-and-out motion of a piston in a cylinder, the intermittently open and closed meshing of two cogwheels, with the continual appearance and disappearance of their little rectangular steel tooth-edges, the mad fury of a flywheel, the whirling of a propellor, are so many plastic and pictorial elements for futurist sculpture's use. For example: a valve which opens and shuts creates a rhythm as beautiful but infinitely newer than that of an animal eyelid!"

Tactilism and the Discovery of New Senses

I AM the inventor of Tactilism, that is to say the art of harmoniously organizing tactile sensations.

I have never pretended to invent tactile sensibility, which was manifest under genial forms in Rachilde's *Jongleuse* and *Hors-nature*. Other writers and artists have had a presentiment of tactilism. Moreover, there has for a long time been a plastic art of touch. Boccioni felt tactilly in 1911 when he created his plastic ensemble, *Fusion of a Head and a Window Casement*, with

materials absolutely opposed in weight and tactile value: iron, porcelain and woman's hair.

But the Tactilism that I have created is an actual art in itself and clearly distinguishable from the plastic arts. It has nothing to do with, nothing to gain and everything to lose by association with painting or sculpture.

In drawing up tables of tactile stimuli we must to the best of our ability avoid listing color combinations likely to give plastic impressions. Painters and sculptors, being naturally inclined to subordinate tactile to visual values, will find difficulty in making significant tactile lists. Tactilism seems to me particularly suited to young poets, pianists, stenographers and all people of subtilized and powerful erotic temperaments.

Tactilism should avoid not only collaboration with the plastic arts but also all unhealthy erotomania. It should have for object, tactile harmonies alone. Tactilism will moreover help in perfecting spiritual communication between human beings by contact with the epidermis.

And Tactilism will help to reveal new human senses, the localization of which is as yet uncertain.

F. T. MARINETTI

(Translated by N. F.)

MEGALESIA

J AEL, adulteress,
Was it that you tempted him
 and he too weary?
Breasts, elaborate loins and haunches,
 He still girt in armor,
his sword
sweated and puerile in his
Hand.

 Clanking,
Glittering in the gray plain, gray
 as sheep's entrails,
A bronze coin in the dust!
LORD OF 900 CHARIOTS, deliver us.
 which failing—

Blessed among women that dwell in tents,
O LORD GOD JEHOVAH.

 Arose a mother in Israël
 A MOTHER
 in Israël.

In Harrow-sheth (of the Gentiles)
 La Trinité se passe,
 Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine,
 La Trinité se passe,
 CYBELE, NERTHUS, MARIE.

What are nine-hundred chariots of iron against
[such gynecocratic strategies?

2

Ee—ee!

Ugh, the brute!

the great bearded, sweaty brute.

Heber! Heber!

(you stump-grubbing cuckold, Heber)

Look what I have been doing
while you were out.

Guten tag, Mrs. Kenite,
any rags, any bones, any bottles today?

—Come right in, Mr.

,or should I say,

General Barak.

Blessed among women,

Blessed above women in the tents.

3

Singing on the circuit,
eighteen per and traveling expenses
Doing her act with a little jew
though.

Poor old Lapidoth himself
Staying home with the children
and getting his own meals.

She is keeping him though

so he hasn't any kick
coming.

I always said any man that. . .

On The Circuit with a Little Jew.

<i>... In the fields of Edom</i>	} To the tune of
<i>It was there we see'd em</i>	
<i>On the old road out of Seir</i>	
	{ 'On Our Golden
	{ Wedding Day'.

"lemme in on this neck's voice"

*Oh the mountains melted
As soon as they felt it,
Oh that sudden glory of the Lord.
Little Deb the Singer
Lifted up her finger
And old Jabin lost his sword.*

"hey you're queerin the ac lemme in
[on this neck's voice"]

*In the morn I rose up
And buttoned my clothes up,
And you should have heard the people yell.
Says they, "Deb's a dandy".
Says I, "Say it with candy".
I'm the ma of Israël.*

"quit your hoggin you're queerin the
[ac lemme in on the neck's voice"]

Go to hell, won't you.
You'll never be

A Mother in Israël,
you dirty little Kike.

4

Jael the would-have-been adulteress
Now
has a maid to milk the goats
in the tents of
Heber the Suburbanite.

5

Sur la plus haute branche,
Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine,
Sur la plus haute branche
Un rossignol chanta.

The late Major Sisson of the Tank Corps.
And it was only in his last letter
He said. . .

Divers colors of needlework
(the French are so clever about those things).

Now, milady, you mustn't take on so.
There are often mistakes.
Only the other day
There was the
Dear Duchess'

son. . .

Divers colors of needlework on both sides,
Meet for the necks
Of them that take the spoil.

ANNE ZIMMERMAN

VENUS TRANSIENS

I WENT through the pear-skin to the zenith. There he was, ruminating, looking through smoke-glasses at his polished hat-rim. There he was, under an apple tree. Blossoms: a few on his red hair. I whistled. "Disconsolate, she weeps alone," he murmured.

"Who?" I spoke softly, as to a phantom.

"The moon, my boy, the moon."

I saw him next through a plum-stone, dining on broiled gazelle eyes with Venus. She wore nothing, he had on trousers and a gorgeous vermillion pyjama-coat. His hat still polished covered his hair. If there were blossoms, it covered them too. I came nearer.

"Sit down, my boy." He made a gracious gesture. "Do you two know each other?" His ease flattered me. Venus, however, was piqued. Seeing this, he hastened to add: "My friend, dear love; a young friend. He has talked with poets, and indeed I have spoken to him of kindred matters: near the zenith, at the brighter core. So I thought—"

"Yes, yes, of course." She languidly held out her hand. I took it: soft—softer to hold than most hands. Stooping to it, I found myself

suddenly on a Swiss glacier. A warning? I let go. There was a burning in me as the glacier faded. I took off his hat to see if there were blossoms: they fluttered to the ground, and he laughed.

"Thank you," smiled Venus sadly. "Though red hair makes me remember."

"Does it?" I echoed humbly.

Silence.

"You may," she said. I started. "Why, you blush!" my master chided. "You may!" Her voice was willowed water, and she had guessed my thought. I kissed her navel. At each kiss she sighed.

"The cord is still in the shell, hidden away in the shell," she whispered. "My maidens cut me painlessly.—Is it sweet to kiss?"

"I am young no more. My master still my master, but I no longer young." The words came swiftly, as if spoken by another. I marveled at them as I said them.

"That is good, that is good," my master gravely pronounced. I noticed how out of place his trousers were with that flaming pyjama-coat, that red hair. And things were slowing down. Was not this Venus, were my lips not wise where the shell had lost her?

I took her to the laundry. There were six tubs, galvanized. She washed my clothes, and I wrung them. It was jolly. We hung them out at night, for we both were naked. To be in jail with Venus somehow didn't appeal. I preferred the summer grass, the starless night, the dim clunis of the sea-born. Lips having what the shell had lost.

But that was long after. Though then I knew. Then, when things were slowing down. Venus felt it too.

"You need a laundress," she cried, "not a master! You would be ashamed to undress here."

My master nodded.

That was how it came about.

And afterwards I wondered. There were morning-glories. But the sun was down, and they had closed, and my master had died. And Venus was wearing black. And she cared not for the night now, but hung out my clothes in the broad daylight. And the neighbors liked her. So I went to my books and papers, even to other hands. Still, my lips remembered. And all the time I wondered. I grew sick, and seeing her nurse me all in black only made me more sick. Had I not loved my master too?

Through the lemon-rind it was different. I pierced caves, swam suns, carved my initials on meteors, conquered comets, kicked nebulae into being, set the whole damned universe spinning. All this and more before I caught sight of my master's red hair, and fought with him till he yielded me a lock of it. Yet he was glad in the end, as glad as I.

It was not enough—I might have guessed it. She only put on a blacker shawl, and washed my shirts the harder, and wept, and scolded me for leaving her, and repeated what the neighbors—

So I kissed her lips and held her hand and made her let me tie the nipple of her right breast with a strand of the red hair. And off I went again.

Thunders. Spinning. Whirling blinding shrieking pulsing molten chaos. Through pollen of iris now, through pollen of violet and hyacinth and iris. Through many worlds, up against Aton, Jehovah, against Jesus. Then storms. Crash. Cataclysm. The Virgin herself. But I held out a red hair, held it out and gibbered. And she fainted, and I passed. Into lightning. Into many worlds. Then the plangent sea.

And there it was, an octopus coiled round it. I shrieked and dove and with a red hair cut off the

slimy living arms of death. And rose un-
harmed. Though my lips bled.

She was in the yard, hanging out clothes.
Always clothes. And she was still in black. She
looked at me tiredly.

"You have come back?"

"Eternally," I told her.

I bided my time till she was undressed for bed.
Then I brought out the shell.

The neighbors said I had murdered her. Yet
here I am: they could not prove it. The coroner
reported the print of two lips, over her navel.
Printed in blood.

They buried her in black.

I remembered through the grapes my master's
words about the moon. "She weeps alone."
And I remembered Venus, how she gave me her
hand. So I ate a grape, and bound to me by its
cord of flesh the shell I wrested from an octopus.
Keeping my overcoat well buttoned, so that all
might stare but none should see.

And tonight, with red hair in my fingers, new
blood on my lips, and a strange womb at my
throat, I shall walk deep under the ocean. . .

JAMES DALY

STUDENTS : 1923

1. *Maxine*

hudson seal silk stockings turned down goloshes
[marcelled
what shall i write About
campus-toddlng wasnt mendelssohn a Pawn-
[broker who killed
that divorce suit
i think im just an ordinary college girl
3 ordinary college
men dawdle
outside

2. *Schultz*

fat sparrow-voiced a black
haired german saponaceous
what do you think is the best line in the eve of
[st agnes
mr schultz
"The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide."
heu artists soul
question
nightly ululates
sliding
trombone
at
white city

3. *Gravy Killigrew*

stella footballiensis

16-48-9-2-shift

the gospel team will go to fort sheridan sunday
judas once Held the purse strings of the first ymca

The dark feline snappy magazine hein
oh then you might call the
birthcertificate of this story unregistered
nono

you misunderstand of
course theres nothing wrong
as you say shakspere improved romeo and juliet

4. *Vesper*

annapolis and the misses
titteringtons school for young ladies
bon homme richard constitution kearsarge
maine

merely sprouts on the family tree
spirituelle small maryland drawl
15 years show their heels to 21
but

when a freshman she
wore A high necked redflannel jacket however
after

3 years 1 sorority had forgotten

5. *Mrs. Tatsuma*

caramel olive masked epidermis
almond eyes enameled stiff rice powder
dusty thick georgette
occidental reticule in stilted slippers
jet psyche knot stabbed thru with dragon pins
josephergesheimerjavahead

6. *Mush*

campus argot lounge lizard tea hound cats pajamas
frankenstein married circe in the late
90s
weak watery weazel eyed ferret
nosed
sleek
rat
slinking
from a drain amOEba
may i hiccough the next dance
caterpillar of society with apologies to ibsen

7. *Lauramae*

Mush.

8. *Seth*

insatiable craving carven precentors
stalls ivory incense jade ikons a
lavender suede volume of arthur symons
pagan hermes tripods
sandalwood and lucullus

in translation

commencement gift the
pater furnished his room in
golden oak

grand rapids
mcmxxiii

9. *Denial Jones*

In her
Dreams she would think
Some day thru her would speak
The souls of Adelaide Crapsey
And Blake.

10. *Brzapalanska*

artists jacket pivoting on a bas
ket ball floor
hamlet harlequinade behind proscenium
the hundred in ten flat or
a set of bakst bel geddes designs
in calculus
central europe diverts 1 or 2 from
the dill pickle clubs

11-12. *Melinda and Sterling White*

lightskinned intelligence
kentucky mountains altruism schoolmaam
African nights in civilization
hear fenton johnson

different mothers one father

bell boy off hours
uniformed university club atavism
but hear
tomtoms pulsate fetid colubrine forests
freeze chant crepuscular voo doo
priests elephant tusks
pulled ear lobes
hear vachel lindsay

13. *Elin Bjorno*

baldwin cheeked svenskamissionskyrkan
skaggerack blue eyes grebbestad
one atlantic year behind pocket dictionary
Professorr
do i improve thees mont' you theenk
i lof thees cuntree

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

COAL

Coal is unromantic
nothing there is of moon mist
and moist lips
in huge piles of black coal
standing near a team track.

Coal is statistical
so many tons
so many cars
a few mines scattered
here and there
worked by white men and black mules
so many days a year.

CHARL NOLAN

RAMBLINGS ON THE RIGHT

OR, HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN

IN present company I stand confessedly and shamelessly aligned on the Right. This does not mean that I regard those who disagree with me as Wrong, but merely as Left. There is a smugness in my position which is not without its simple joys; but, to do me justice, smugness is not all that I feel. I am not infrequently asked why I maintain relations with *S4N*, and I may as well say, right now. It is because I have an inextinguishable (though discriminating) sympathy for anyone who seems to be striving for greater freedom of expression.

And so my first impulse toward modernism, imagism, secession and what not is one of curiosity, interest and a tentative friendliness. Yet almost invariably as I examine the works of their proponents, curiosity is soon glutted, interest withered and sympathy—holy fount!—reduced to a subterranean trickle. Why?

Literature, until quite recently, accepted convention for the sake of articulacy, the quality which impresses the written word on the mind, imagination and memory of a reader. The secessionists and What Nots have thrown over

convention for the sake of freedom, or sincerity, or immediacy, or something of the kind; unfortunately they have almost always thrown over articulacy as well. They work on the principle of 'Leave it to George'. George of course being the reader. He is asked not merely to read what they write but also to compose it, in large part. He is asked to make articulate for himself, as best he can, the raw material that the writer flings with divine impetuosity (or else with a conscious and intellectual obscurity, it may be either) upon the helpless paper.

George seems to be of the general opinion that it is too much. If he has to groan in labor over anyone's creations, let it be over his own. This attitude is not likely to change much, nor is it entirely without justification. The What Nots have no right to blame George when he blames them for ignoring one of the prime functions of literature. Which is—God damn it!—to be entertaining.

But the What Nots are baffling. It is hard enough to discover what they are after from their creative works; from their critical work it is simply impossible. Probably not one of them would agree with the above interpretation of their aims, not even with the suggestion that they want greater freedom of expression. More often

they seem to be striving for expressional methods which make the heroic couplet seem in comparison a field of asphodel and ease.

Gorham B. Munson has in these pages solemnly invited us to secede, and devoted some space to informing us what we may expect from secession. I would much rather he revolted. I should like to see in him a great liberating figure; even if I did not take my stand with him I might look over at him with an enjoyable respect. But he is not a liberator; he is an aestheticator—or so he intimates. It is very difficult to see just what his group has to do with aesthetics; in fact it is extraordinarily hard to glean anything like a coherent statement from him.

He is painfully given to fifth-formities of thought and expression. 'Genius, remember, is at first always in bad taste.' He might as well say: 'Genius, remember, always goes with red hair'. It may be true; generally it isn't; in either case, what of it? The two things, even if placed in juxtaposition, have no more to do with each other than cheese and cherubs. And why all this virulence against taste, good or bad? It would almost seem as though Munson had never heard that taste is a thing which cannot be argued about.

Then such jewels of exposition as this: 'Finally the aggravating' (I presume he means *irritating*) 'thing about our *milieu* is its negative attitude toward modern life. Machinery is recognized only as a necessary evil against which one is to erect counter-forms or anti-bodies, generally to the accompaniment of eloquent whines and lamentations. There is dualism here—Machinery and the values of life—which may be as pernicious as the man-and-nature dualism of the puritan. The glory of the French dadaists to my mind rests principally on their endeavor to put Machinery into a positive equilibrium with man and nature'.

What is meant by machinery? Ford cars? Syntax? Logic? Water closets? Let that go; one gathers from the second sentence that the author likes it, though 'one' (presumably most other people) does not. And here is a dualism which the writer views with alarm. But courage! salvation is at hand. The French dadaists have achieved glory by offering instead a 'positive equilibrium'. I am willing to be informed that a dualism is nasty and an equilibrium (at least a positive one; what a negative one would be like I am not prepared to say) is nice; but I should very much appreciate being informed what the difference is. The net effect of the paragraph is

to leave one in virginal ignorance of everything it talks about.

Secession, I gather, is a 'purely aesthetic concern'. That is something, and I pant for explanation. It comes. First, Form. Form 'rejects purely intuitional emotional work as insufficient'. Splendid! It sounds a little like the late Samuel Johnson, and I had some silly idea that immediacy of emotional expression was one of the things we were after; but I stand corrected. Then Simplification, which demands the 'replacement of hazy vague states of mind by stark hard definitions, by the accurate rendering of immediate sensations'. Grand! It would be a little awkward if the immediate sensation happened to be a vague hazy state of mind, as to my grovelling being it too frequently is; but apparently I was not so wrong about the desirability of being immediate. But no, a difference. One may immediately sense, but one must not intuitionally emote. One may *think* intuitionally, however; E. E. Cummings does that. But one must also be cerebral; that is a 'distinguishing mark' of secessionism. One should be cerebral in emotion but intuitional in intellect; is that right? This freedom!

Finally, Abstractness, 'the concomitant of form. Literature, while remaining representative,

must also have an abstract significance. Its parts—introductions, transitions, progressions, conclusions—must all function as such, must relate to each other with thrusts, suspensions, recoils, intersections and masses.' Certainly. It would be painful to see an introduction function as a progression, or vice versa. Moreover they should look sharp about what they relate to each other with. A progression recoiling when it should suspend, or a conclusion thrusting when it should intersect, is not a thing to be contemplated with equanimity. A writer permitting such a thing would endanger the starkness and hardness of his definitions, or if not that, his abstract significance. Carelessness might even make him fall short in the simple exercise, so enjoyed by Matthew Josephson, of deliberately negating logic with the intellect.

For some reason Cummings is mentioned as an exponent of Simplification. Let me stop a moment on Cummings. He is the only figure among the What Nots whose work I read with real enjoyment. His *Enormous Room* I thought a fine piece of work; it is alive, articulate and honest (the Naif Boy!), and entirely lacking in that whiny, self-pitying tone that made the somewhat similar work of John Dos Passos so tiresome. His poems I enjoyed less, because I am not

temperamentally fitted to enjoy such things; nevertheless I seemed to see a purpose in them, and a good measure of fulfilment. He has a sense of humor. But I should say that if there is one thing he does not do, it is simplify. Naïf as he is, his art is that of complexity. The whizzing syllables of his little poem on confetti are beautifully suggestive of silly little thoughts whizzing around in the brain. He portrays the complexity of the human mind and emotions with rare and ready tact. To say that he simplifies seems to show a certain critical opacity.

Well, as Dick Bassett indestructibly remarked, there is no necessity to secede from mediocrity. I would go farther, and say that there is not even a possibility of doing so, except by exceeding it. One may be mediocre in a somewhat different way, and that, as far as I can see, is the exact accomplishment not merely of *Secession* but of just about all of the What Nots.

And so, though out of sympathy with them on many grounds, I can always retain that simple friendly feeling for them which one mediocre person has for another. I prefer to be mediocre in old forms; the prospect does not appal me, because I have observed that no two writers using exactly the same form ever give exactly the same effect. I view with interest experiments

in new mental processes and new ways of expression, but I have an idea that there are some qualities in writing that never pay. Inarticulacy, foggy thinking, lack of a sense of balance and of humor, overfondness for novelty as such, a too lively interest in one's self—such things I hate. But I do not necessarily hate the persons possessing these qualities, for it is an interesting fact that the most splendid writers can be terrible people and the most appalling writers simply charming. I bid you God speed, Gentlemen of the Left, and only wish I knew more clearly what you are after. No, not *only* that—I wish you did, also!

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

PSALM

Like a woman whom one has played with,
So it is with the memory of God.

His promises will not relinquish us;
Nor can the feel of her, beneath garments, be
[forgotten.

Oh Lord, let me enter within Thee,
As a child that sits in the womb of its mother.

KENNETH BURKE

COVEE

I USED to see him quite often some ten years ago. We ate in the same dirty little restaurant, and it was there that I used to see him. During the rush hour he came in. But it was impossible to overlook him. The rest of the men entered in batches. He flew in all by himself. Yes, he flew in, and immediately one lost sight of everybody else. He commanded attention. He was outstanding. Perhaps he was not a man.

So he would enter, wild, rapacious-looking, and with big strides, without taking notice of anyone, he would make for a table,—any table, it did not matter, he did not look. He dropped into a chair and quickly pulled out a bundle that he carried always under his arm. Then he roared out this curt order, 'Covee!' to the terrified Polish waiter. And by the time this had been brought up, he had broken open his bundle, and out of it he had taken a large loaf of bread and some butter which a shaking of the paper would yield. At this he remained staring for a prolonged interval, a smile of savage joy playing on his insane face. And suddenly, suddenly, he attacked all three, bread, butter and coffee, at once.

I watched his every movement. His face was a study. It was irresistible. And besides I was not afraid; I did not exist for him and no one else did. He munched and swallowed. He laughed, and then his head lowered, till his nose touched the table. But once more he sat up. He was mad. His cheeks swollen, his eyes filled, he muttered unintelligibly through his teeth. And with his throat and mouth choked to capacity, he began to cough. At that moment he appeared really to be dangerous, and quietly I would stand up and slip away. But from a distance I would still watch him and hear him roar and rage and curse as no human ever did. It would give me pleasure, certainly; for as I stood and looked I smiled. A strong smile it was. I prayed for the vehement outburst to continue.

'Covee' was the only intelligible word I heard him utter. 'Covee' connected him with mankind, with life. Nothing else did. No one ever dared to approach him, and he never accosted anyone. Alone in the world was he, just one man of his kind,—and what a strange man! On leaving the little restaurant I often asked myself in dismay who he was, how he had grown up to this, whether he had had a mother or was ever a child. How can one develop into such a monster? I could not imagine him in the past, nor in the future. A

stationary existence his seemed to be. Anything else I could not understand.

I left that humble neighborhood, left the dumb brute in it. I thought of myself as better than the average. I would go and see and change. Thus man grows. Surely. I would have it better than the rest. I would live faster, see more, and be the wiser for it. And so the 'covee'-man, whom I had failed to understand, became a thing of the forgotten past.

I went through it. Ten years it took me. And when I came back to town I reminded myself of 'Covee', and a desire impelled me to see him.

Now I saw him.

I went to that little second-hand restaurant where we both used to eat. It was too early, so I sat and waited, feeling confident. 'Covee' must come.

The dinner-time factory blast blew, the batches of hungry, noisy workmen came pouring in, and among them, outside of them, my man 'Covee'.

He entered murmuring. Quickly he lisped. Then stumbling up to a chair, he moved it out and fell in with a crash. And out came the familiar, terrific order:

'Covee!'

His voice had changed. It had grown hoarse. The man too had changed, and at the sight a

pain cut through my heart. He too changes. Then all life must be transitory.

But 'Covee' did not look bad. He had grown but he looked more powerful. In an instant, as I was observing him, our eyes met and an unaccustomed sensation chilled me through. The man seemed to have recognized me. How this was possible I do not know, but I certainly perceived an expression of astonishment flit of a sudden across his countenance.

No, I was not afraid. I looked intently into his eyes. I tried to dig in there, to penetrate him. But alas! now I cannot even describe their color. I beheld, not a human being, but a ghost of one. I left the restaurant and within me I felt a great void. I shall never want to see him again.

I think now of this man in relation to life, in relation to myself, to God, to the thousand and one ideas and conceptions that we hold of this and that and all things. 'Covee' stands out above it all. Do not ask me why. It is not for me to explain. And the fault is not mine. I see only 'Covee', this man who had unconsciously made of life a mockery, a joke. I am glad; of course I am glad. 'Covee' had ignored life—the rich, big thing that we hold so precious and dear. He had lived and worked like any other animal, not con-

cerning himself with anything that is supposed to exist above him. He has lived and is still living, ignorant and impassive, in this world in which I am living. He is a fellow-human whose life looms to me like a sweet revenge. Living simply, easily, he has avenged my blunders, my rashness. He has made me look the fool. . . . Now who among us are the wise and great?

MAX ROBIN

SURCEASE

I have buried this love
In a low chest,
I am tired of loving
And would rest.

There will come darkness
To cover me,
Some swirl of anger
Out of the sea.

But I shall flourish,
Who was not brave—
God, is there quiet
Under a wave!

OLIVER JENKINS

AMERICA'S PLUTONIC ECSTASIES

[WITH HOMAGE TO E. E. CUMMINGS]

preferring laxatives to wine
all america is saying
"how are my bowels today?" and
feeling them in every way and
peering
for the one goat (unsqueezable)
that kicked out long ago—

or, even thinking
of something—Oh!
unbelievably—Oh!
HEADY!—those aromatic LEMONS!
that make your colored syrup fairly
PULSE!—yes, PULSE!

the nation's lips are thin and fast
with righteousness and yet if
memory serves there is still
catharsis from gin-daisies as well as
maidenhairferns, and the BRONX
doesn't stink at all.

These
and other natural grammarians are ab-
so-loot-lee necessary
for a FREEEE-er PASSAGE—(NOT
to india, o ye faithful,
but a little BACK DOOR DIGNITY)

HART CRANE

HER LIPS ARE COPPER WIRES

whisper of yellow globes
gleaming on lamp-posts that sway
like bootleg lickèr drinkers in the fog

and let your breath be moist against me
like bright beads on yellow globes

telephone the power-house
that the main wires are insulate

(her words play softly up and down
dewy corridors of bill-boards)

then with your tongue remove the tape
and press your lips to mine
till they are incandescent

JEAN TOOMER

THE SECESSION PROGRAM

GORHAM B. MUNSON's article in the November issue was most provocative in some ways and quite misleading and vague in others. It was misleading, I believe, chiefly in that it made use of a loose emotionalism, the emotionalism of revolt, let us say, which it pretended coldly to abjure. It outlined a meticulous program for Secession without, it seems, rendering that program inevitable. The separate items in the secessionist protocol, to be specific, were not thrown against a necessary historical background, which would have saliently brought out their pertinency and conviction.

Let me begin by saying that Secession, as I understand it, is necessary in American letters today, and, it may be, such a secession as Munson outlines in his manifesto. But the apologia or ukase for such a movement must be couched in the clearest and most unambiguous language possible and it must be, besides, closely reasoned. He, then, has merely failed, in my view, to consolidate his own fortunate position, and that of the writers he speaks for, for the half-willing sentient reader.

There can, of course, be no genuine quarrel with Munson's unchallenging acceptance of Malcolm Cowley's program for the new movement, which originally appeared, I think, in the *Literary Review*. 'Form, simplification, strangeness, respect for literature as an art with traditions, abstractness. . .' Let us examine these values each one in its proper turn, as Munson himself has done.

Form: He excludes from this value all intuitional impulse; this renders it altogether cerebral and makes it appear, though it is not, like a new discovery. This is entirely confusing and unwarranted. Form is always a byproduct of cultural activity; such things as 'introductions, transitions, progressions, conclusions', to quote Munson, are the cumulative flower of experiments by thousands and thousands of writers, known and unknown. Abstract form, then, is pure standardized technical form unless one omits the necessity of a 'surveying intelligence'; because we know quite well that content may dictate a form which may turn out to be not at all abstract. Where would abstract form be, we may well ask, if it were not for the Bible, Sophocles, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe and primitive folklore? This question should give him considerable pause.

Strangeness: This is obviously a result rather than a starting point. In fact it does not properly belong in a program, because it is a concomitant of revolution, of change; it is not something deliberately to be striven for.

Simplification: This is a very real quality, which all great poets have possessed. It is the intuitive and felicitous element in all significant writing; it is the consummate identification of the artist with the fertile life-impulse. Homer used it, for example, in the episode of Helen and the old men, just as Georg Kaiser, Franz Werfel and Walter Hasenclever seek to use it in the drama today. For myself, however, I prefer Nietzsche's term 'naive'; simplification is merely the intensification of the naive, and this, if we look into it carefully, cannot be consciously achieved. For example, in poetry E. E. Cummings has it, and so have Hart Crane and Malcolm Cowley. No amount of cerebral lucubration can attract it. No amount of thinking will bring it to birth. The younger writers may, as Munson avers, go back to before Ibsen. In Europe, however, Ibsen is accepted as a forerunner, along with Strindberg, of the present revolt in literature known as Expressionism. The Ibsen, that is to say, of *The Wild Duck*, *The Master Builder* and *Brand*; the

Strindberg of *The Dream Play* and *The Spook Sonata*.

One important element is unpardonably omitted from Munson's program, which links up his movement, or should link it up, to both Strindberg and Ibsen and so on to Goethe, Shakespeare, Dante and Homer. That element is subjectivism. Both Cowley and Munson have failed to see that simplification is merely the outcome of an intense subjectivism which flowers in ecstasy, and it is ecstasy that gives birth to the lyrical vision which probes into the core of reality. Thus, at bottom, simplification is again but a concomitant of what must be called, for want of a better phrase, the intuitional sense.

By this I do not mean to underestimate the cerebral values in great poetry. What the new movement in literature means, what Secession means, if I understand it correctly, is that the younger men are aligning themselves, as Goethe aligned himself, with that which is durable. Rather than go back for vigor and strength to the lesser craftsmen of literature, they are laudably turning to the lofty peaks. They are learning from master-creators of the past; it is so at least that I construe Cowley's phrase 'respect for literature as an art with traditions'.

Munson believes that Waldo Frank will give the coup de grace to naturalism in America. This may be so, but I am somewhat inclined to doubt it. Frank has succeeded so far, despite his intense preoccupation with form, in being only a psychologist—in fact, one of Munson's abhorred social novelists. An American James Joyce might perform the needed act were he alive; Joyce has done it, I believe, in *Ulysses*. But Joyce is at bottom a poet, and what we need now is clear-headed critics who are willing to forget the problems of 'abstract form' and conscript themselves into compelling social and literary forces, like Lessing and Remy de Gourmont, who were, each in his respective time and place, the god-fathers of a succeeding creative generation.

PIERRE LOVING

BOOLOOM

Dull mumblings well
Out of the gaunt-grinned entrance-way
To embalmed Peru's auditorium
Of eagles and of nodding pelicans on ox-backs.
Pond-frogs pendent on pell-mell leaps,
Spasms of gong-gong-gong.

OTTIE GILL

ROMEO AND JULIET

(HAD THEY BEEN D. H. LAWRENCE
CHARACTERS)

Chapter I. Rose.

IN the Capulets' drawing-room people stood about in small groups chatting with feigned interest, hiding boredom behind beaming smiles. Servants bustled about. The elder Capulet flitted officiously from one conversation to another, responsibility for the success of the evening protruding through his easy manner of geniality.

Juliet was sitting in a broad window-seat beside Romeo. She was radiant in her easy female transcendancy. Her knees crossed, her salmon-pink stockings blended almost imperceptibly into the emerald green of her garters. Her dress was of mauve silk that shed pleochroic glints in the red sunset glow. A rich yellow sash, blue-striped, was bound negligently about her waist. Outside it was not quite dark and she was gazing through the window with a look of passionate loathing upon the blear garden landscape of shameless cabbage stumps. About her conversation buzzed.

"Aren't they awful!" she whispered to Romeo.

Catching the yellow gleam in Juliet's eye, her meaning flashed like a meteor through his brain.

"You mean people. Yes. When one thinks of the mediocrity of the bourgeoisie—sans couleur—ni froid ni chaud."

"Die ewige gleich-heit," acquiesced Juliet in her fluent but, on the whole, bad German.

"It makes one want to pull out of it all like a pilgrim to satisfy his *sehnsucht* in des pays étrangers."

"Or get above the world like a saint and look down on it—or preferably not look at it at all."

"Hearing only the prayers of pilgrims."

"What are people, anyhow?" mused Juliet. "What are faces? What are names? There can't really be any ultimate finality about them. A name is not a *sine qua non*. For example, if you called a rose a skunk-cabbage it would have the same odeur—the same riech."

"No sé, cariñosa. Peut-être."

Chapter II. Bedroom.

ROMEO wandered in a vague, tense daze toward the window from which a dull light shone through the translucent opal curtain. Boldly, yet cautiously, he climbed, placing his feet in the irregularities of the stonework. Arriving at the window, he listened a moment. He heard the metallic sound of bedsprings as someone rolled over. A woman lay sleeping beneath a

saffron coverlet, a light still burning beside her, a volume of Coué lying open upon the pillow.

"Juliet," he whispered.

She opened her eyes. "Is it you, Romeo?"

She sprang up momentarily, vivified in every cell of her being. Romeo caught her in a tense vice-like grasp. Every bone of her body was broken, yet he did not loosen his relentless embrace. Their lips pressed together in a swift electric kiss. Romeo seemed to feel wave after wave of resistless, overpowering, exquisite passion surge upward through his veins from that deepest well of ever-flowing life-force.

"Mon Ange!" he breathed.

"Meine Seele!" gasped Juliet.

They swooned lifelessly upon the saffron couch. Flashing with the penetration of a Roentgen ray there came over Juliet the feeling that she must know him—know the darkest and inmost mysteries of his body. Her fingers glided caressingly over the rounded form of his loins. Her body formed itself to his with the mollity of warm, pliant, living flesh. Their touch to each other was a contact of reactive positiveness, of mystery, yet of livid reality. The motivation of nature's teleology ceased for them to be teleological. He was himself the embodiment of the cosmic urge in all its centripetal latency. His blood in its

ephasial phagocytosis rushed uncontrolled through his arteries.

Juliet quivered, electrified with the physical-mystic perception of intrinsic ephemeral permanency. With mingled sensations she felt herself the neophyte of some phallic cult and a Hellenic naiad transmuted within the rhapsodic cordon of the Niebelungen. They perceived the gnomic mysticism of all transcendent entity—the ne plus ultra of a lethargic, yet dynamic crescendo. He had felt the ever-invisible reality of her impending otherness. She had known tangibly and utterly the static mobility of his frank, vituperative being.

The narcotic glamour of the stagnant, darkish night lulled them into sense-effacing languor. The dull night-sounds pulsed on rhythmically unheeded. Then, out of the stygian, otherworld oppressiveness of obscurity the early whistle of the Verona macaroni factory shattered the stillness. Juliet was instantly awake, gazing at the transparent face of her lover, beautiful in its expressive radiance. She kissed him again and again—his nose, ears, cheeks, tongue.

He awoke with a start. "Oh, to be sure—the jolly old world. What's up?"

"It's only a nightingale, my dear."

"Sounded rather like a lark to me, you know.

—But have it your own way. I don't mind stopping a bit longer. Je m'en fou. They can draw and quarter me for all I care."

The words seared themselves into Juliet's soul, withered it, burned it to a crisp, pulvorent ash.

"Oh, darling, it was the lark. I *hate* larks, don't you?"

"Well, rather!"

Outside a voice sounded: "Julie."

"That's Nurse. Funny old thing. Been with us for ages and ages."

"Yer mom's comin'."

"All right, nurse."

Romeo kissed her dutifully.

"Au r'voir."

"Wiederschauen."

He pushed aside the curtain and climbed out into the chill of early morning. The sun seemed to stand tip-toe upon the misty mountain-tops. His mind surged concentrically. His thoughts revolved as electrons about a nucleus. He could grasp nothing—hold to nothing.

A naked dog, obscene in its wanton nudity slouched by him unobserved. He walked aimlessly past the gray forms of milk-wagons that rattled down the street. "Finality, dash it all, finality," he muttered.

HUGH MACKINSTRY

EVERLASTING HELEN

I

OH, you were such a gentle, silly thing—
Gathering June lilacs in a lilac gown
And chattering words that had no trace of sting;
You toured the universe in a walk downtown
And breathed high heaven when you heard a
[hymn.

Your smiles were simply smiles and that was all;
Your very worst was but a mood, a whim.

And yet—and yet for you will cities fall,
Crumble and fade in smoke; and one will race
Across the vast and wildly surging sea
To meet his death because he knew your face;
Old kings will lose their seats; and warriors flee
And then return to find life too has flown—
Who could have warned me? How could I have
[known?

II

Why do you come with dawn and toss your head
Laughing again and singing though you know
I shall not answer, shall not leave my bed
And dare the shadows where you lurk... It's so

You choose to come to me, elusive, fleeing.
Oh, you who never dreamed, how can you be
Yourself a dream that's felt but past our seeing?
I cannot guess what you can want of me.
Why does your vivid face flash through the night
Waving like a white flag that leads to death?
Oh, fool and madman, I suppose I'll fight
Your ghost until the last poor beaten breath.
But now while I am kind and cool and sane,
Go—and let your loveliness remain.

WILLIAM TROY

GEOMETRIC

The curve of your body to mine in sleep,
The curve of your hands to my breast,
The undulating curves of our minds
Coincident in sympathy,
These and the exquisite symmetry
Of my spirit and yours
In the vision of Eternal Trees
Taller than mountains,
More tapering than candles
Aflame with finality of sunset,
Are all my ever unfulfilled desire,
My solitary refuge from Angularity.

EDA LOU WALTON

GORHAM B. LESSING

LESSING was a German, to be sure, but the fact that he lived and died in the 18th century will perhaps take the curse off the name. I was reminded of him when I read Gorham B. Munson's apologium for 'Secessionism' in a recent issue. Munson may not know it, but his insistence that literature is an art in itself, that it should not be subordinated to the uses of science, history, religion and philosophy, or any other form of thought, is essentially Lessingism—with a difference. It is to be doubted if Lessing could understand his spiritual descendant.

There was a theory in Lessing's day against which that dramatic philosopher set his face. There were those who sought to carve music and to paint poems. There were those who held that you could dance a painting and sing a dance. For is not all art one? Are not the media of art, just media, servants to the artistic essence, eternally one and indivisible? To these people Lessing addressed the *Laocoön* in which he demolished them. The medium is more than a mere servant of the artistic essence. The art forms are not one and interchangeable. There are moods that demand one form of expression, and

moods that demand another. You cannot sing the *Laocoön*, thought you can sing about it; you cannot write the statue, and, though you may write about it or about the legend it springs from, the statue and your story will remain separate entities. Thus Lessing led his period out of insanity into the world of intelligibility.

Munson, Matthew Josephson, et al., follow his road, but into another lunacy. They would like to lead us with them. How many will go?

How many will swallow the facile logic that leads Munson to glorify form in literature for its own sake. He draws his theory from those of the cubists, imagists and colorists, who fought in the last quarter century to free painting from servitude to literature. There was a certain reasonableness in that fight. But what Munson suggests is that we free literature—from literature.

His plea for abstractness is a plea to divorce letters from thought. It can be done. It has been done. One of the difficulties in the way of the Secessionists is that their stuff is so easy to do.

Oh Magnolia blossoms dyed in blood. Why, then, little crocus blooms do you weep tears of morning dew? On the bosom of the friendly bee.

Woe woe! Frogs croak by the tombs of kings.

I admit it. I wrote that. It doesn't mean a thing, and I could turn that sort of thing out by

the mile. So can any one. I have seen it done by a chemist of my acquaintance with no particular gift for writing. He says if he could earn his living that way he would give up the test tubes immediately.

Of course Hart Crane, and Gertrude Stein (whose *Tender Buttons* have been my joy these ten years), and the Baroness, and Josephson may be talking an esoteric language to which we poor barbarians haven't the key. If that is the case a terrible fate faces Secession. In the course of time its words and phrases will acquire meaning; then they will become conventionalized; and in the end they will become universally intelligible. And then the whole job will be to do again. Secession will have created a new language. But if that is what it is after, it might as well league forces with the Esperantists at once.

Words are made to express thoughts. And, if Disraeli said that words were made to conceal thoughts, that may be accomplished only by using them to express thoughts subtly—so subtly that they mean one thing when they seem to mean something quite different. But to use words deliberately without thought is to play the goat. There is just the possibility that this interesting group of young writers is laughing up its collective sleeve at the marvellous hoax it is per-

petrating upon an easy world. That would be more plausible if I could see where the cash customers come in. So far as I can gather there are sadly few cash customers. The hoax, if hoax it be, must then have been planned for the sake of the laugh in it. That would be art indeed!

It is particularly interesting to note that the Secessionists have a profound respect for literature as an art with traditions! What traditions? My knowledge of literature may not be so exhaustive as that of even the least of the Secessionists, and it would be a boon to me, and perhaps to some others, if Munson were specific about these traditions. Off hand, the only traditions I can think of that have any relation to Secessionism go back to Unk, the caveman. But Fanny Mabel tells me that his 'Blaa! Blaa!' means something. Secession must therefore go back to something earlier than that.

What a terrific impact one gets from the sentence quoted from Remy de Gourmont, printed on the back cover of *Secession!* 'I do not permit any one, not even Elohim, to question my sincerity.' What will happen to me? I have sinned. Until the blow falls I shall have something to live for. For this I am grateful!

DAVID P. BERENBERG

ADVICE TO A VIRGIN POETESS

LAY down your passionate lute that makes lament
In languid phrase of love and love's distress.
You have but glimpsed the strange god's radiant
[face

And barely known Love's fabulous drunkenness.
Never can he be lured by lyric words,
Nor found by virgin girl who seeks a god;
Woefully mortal with grave mortal flaws
Is he, the fleet-footed, the fire-shod.
Make no light game of love, nor be content
With its more tame and barren counterparts.
O lovely Lamp that craves a virile flame!
Hornèd and shaggy Pan, loving fierce hearts,
And panther-tenderness, and daring lips,
Offers the shallow cup to him who sips.

ELSA GIDLOW

REPLY

IF I have sought a lighter unction, sly
With velvet words and insolent with rhyme,
To soothe the god, I did not doubt in time
A dry lipped penitent would come to lay
The gift of flesh upon Pan's altar. Aye,
He is a primal tyrant; but I say:

Most lonely in that hour, disconsolate
For the long loneliness where could arise
A wind of song and sweep across my lyre,
Or for some word that made articulate
An instant the drugged lightning in your eyes;
Though a craved torpor steal to every vein,
Shall thirst, forever slakeless in desire,
A pilgrim still, the hungry, mocking brain.

MARCELLA MOORE

ANNOUNCEMENT

I shall not come before you
With my body
Too-decently swathed
In banal courtesies.

When I come,
It must be in the startling nakedness
Of my unadulterated wit.

If you, misunderstanding,
Cover your eyes
Pusillanimously,
I, deeming you unworthy,
Shall pass cursorily on. . . .

HELENE MULLINS

REPLY

I shall not bow before you
With brilliant mind
Too thoroughly steeped
In tinselled illusions.

When I come,
It will be in the bleeding fleshlessness
Of my beauty-hungry intellect.

Should you, uncomprehending,
Thrust me aside,
With impatient gestures,
Shall I deem you uncaring. . .
And pass, dejectedly, on?

FRIEDRICH VON FALKENBURG

CANTO IN CANTINA

Eschewing chewing gum U. S. ab oris
(Là où qu' ouk esti sane discrimination)
Quare disjecti membra—dîtes—pectoris
Cast I nach England, France or any nation?
Por qué, en onomat' de tout in mondo?
S' i' fosse papa, sare' alor giocondo!

EZRA OUNCE

EXCURSION

A SYMBOL to millions; torch aloft, visible throughout the world's most famous harbor; Sunday afternoon, mid-August; weight two hundred and twenty-five tons, a pamphlet-vender said; the elevator suddenly desisted carrying pilgrims to the pedestal's flat top—too many wops; I doubted the vender's word that there were only a hundred and fifty-four steps; a huge Italian virago wedged her family to the helmet windows ahead of me; hot; a momentary breath of fresh air; down again; iron braces, unwieldy nuts, convolutions of dirty metal; empty bags, old newspapers, a banana peel—caught in crevices; hot; a jargon of outlandish tongues behind me; below, a Gargantuan body crammed with writhing, wriggling life—squirming maggots in a lifeless corpse—ugh; a surgical student probing the intestines of a beautiful woman finds gall bladder, duodenum, ureter; hot; out at the base—escape; again in Manhattan, my right hind pocket picked of a wallet—nineteen dollars in bills, three pennies, two Connecticut trolley tokens.

"You climbed the Statue of Liberty?" she breathed ecstatically.

LLOYD E. SMITH

PERSPECTIVE

Little gray houses
On a gray hill;
Faces of stone,
Eyes of glass,
Peering over a ruined wall
As I pass.

Eyes of glass,
Faces of stone,
And a crumbling tower
Standing alone;
And a pear tree
In flower.

And from crack and cranny and visioned street,
From earth and wall and clouded sky,

Heat—

Veiling, paling,
Urging the pulses to fever beat
As with lily odour
Or magical colour
Of orchid and butterfly.

Little gray houses that flit so fast
Till you vanish as one
With a dust-whirl under the clouded sun—
You, in yourselves immutable—
To what eternal diminished thing
Do we narrow in your fixed visioning,
In your small, changeless imaging?
We, to whom all is transientness,
 We who pass,
We, the fire and foam of spring,—
Traveler, wall, and heat and tower,
 And pear-tree in flower—?

PETER CROOL

SPRING MOON

Last night the moon
Was round and rough
Like a matozoth,
But tonight
The circle is broken
For the dark fingers
Of the shadow pilgrim
Of the shadow pilgrim
Have broken away
Part of its edge.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

FEININGER

LYONEL FEININGER is an American boy, born in Brooklyn. I say boy—well, I suppose he *is* fifty-one and his hair gray maybe; but we were together constantly as students of the Königliche Hochschule der bildenden Kuenste zu Berlin, and have exchanged many a letter since, and I am certain he is still a boy.

He is now regarded as one of the leading Cubists of Germany. His work has been purchased (more than once) for the German National Gallery; he is a professor in the Weimar Academy; and he has been talked and written of until there is quite a literature gathered about his name.

In his own country his fame has been delayed owing to war conditions. He was detained as an enemy alien in Germany during the war and has never exhibited in America (although an exhibition of his work is to be held in the near future in New York).

The nature of the woodcuts in this issue is clearly described in a letter dated Dec. 12, '22, written from the Staatliches Bauhaus, Weimar:

You take soft pine boards and cut into them with a jackknife, from the side of the grain of the wood—not into the end surface as in the wood-engraving

process, which was a reproductive one; whereas these are free compositions independent of any reproductive intention. They are all printed by hand, not in a press but by the Japanese process of rubbing over the paper after the plank has been covered with printer's ink. Some are purely dynamical, others synthetical, some decorative; but none is meant to be anything but clear, incisive, graphic—creative graphic, and not picturesque or tonal in character, as in wood engraving.

Feininger does not consider himself a Cubist. 'I deny being anything at all with an *ism* attached to it; I am a painter as God made me.' He has a hard time convincing his pupils, who look upon him as a Cubist, of the necessity of laying deep foundations in the study of nature.

They think I am going to teach them some trick or recipe for becoming a Cubist, or a process for making Cubist pictures. They believe nature is 'in the way'. So it seems until one has mastered a few thousand out of her billion moods and secrets!

One may not be able to follow the artist in everything he does. One may not believe at all in the aesthetic theory which underlies his effort. But it is impossible for one who knows his work not to recognize his gifts of color, and of form, and his seriousness of purpose.

ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL

SINCLAIR

I

Sinclair, a-swing in the long green combers,
Forgets the raucous laughter and the sneers;
His eyes stare at a wall of rushing water,
The thunder of the sea is in his ears.

He floats to shore, the wave goes hissing back.
The kind sun pours gold largesse over him.
He lazily sifts gold sand between his fingers,
Lazily stretches his body, white and slim.

The sunlight dies; Sinclair, reluctant, rises.
Huddles his clothes on, steps upon the train.
Wheels of iron grind down the sound of breakers,
The city strikes its menace through his brain.

The dark street looms, and through the gutter
[stenches
Rise howlings of the ravening gamin pack.
Sinclair goes through the city with shoulders
[stooping
As if he bore its weight upon his back.

II

The lady in the long black cape
Laughs up into Sinclair's face;
They move along the boulevard
At a drawling lovers' pace.

They turn into a darkened room,
The lady waits with upturned lips.
Her body twitches at the thought
Of love draughts drunk with sensuous sips.

But Sinclair's mind leaps far ahead,
He sees the glamour droop and die.
He feels earth's ancient weariness,
And bitter truth blots out the lie.

The lady in the long black cape
Droops in confusion at the sight
Of Sinclair who with dead blank stare
Confronts Satiety and Night.

REX HUNTER

ON RUNNING A REVIEW

An Analysis

I FEEL the younger movement in American literature is in a strange muddle, although I might say that is my reaction to all contemporary American art. I am dissatisfied (that is, satiated) with the old and not satisfied with the new. But if the *Dial*, *Vanity Fair*, or some other of such, were to print my work continuously, I should become greatly satisfied with them. I feel this is largely true of Munson and others. *They want a public.* The older magazines already have a public and writers to satisfy it. They can take only occasional seasonings of Munson, et al, which is insufficient to take care of the output: hence, dissatisfaction. No established magazine is going to ruin itself publishing whole issues of matter its readers cannot understand—poetry of Cummings as published in *Secession 2*—or that shocks their conservatism: radical ideas on religion, sex, politics, etc. So it kicks out the new, and these must establish their own printing ventures. Such a group has got to publish what it wants published and say ‘Go to hell’ to the public, realizing that among a hundred million there may be a thousand to whom the matter put forth will appeal and that

this thousand will hire it to supply an intellectual need. . . Munson's on the road of Henry James, Whistler, DeBussy and individual art, which, lacking the common humanities, is without vitality and soon perishes. Nevertheless, Burke, Carlos Williams, Cummings, Cowley, and Munson himself, all have something to them, and I'm following their development with interest. Moreover, I hail every new publication and say that, even if it goes only one issue and never sells a copy, it can't fail.—*W. C. Hunter*

A Definition and Some Advice

THE point of a review is to print stuff that would not otherwise get printed, or at least not so soon, and to get stuff written which would not otherwise be set down. There is a deal of excellent material which for some reason or other cannot be published in any of the established magazines. It's up to you to provide the writers of such with a means of publication and to inspire them with enough confidence in the *S4N* to force them to send you their best work. The field is quite open. But don't aim at the second-class stuff of writers whose first-class work is readily publishable elsewhere, rather at the stuff which, because of its bawdiness, technicalities, obscurity or what not, simply can't get a hearing anywhere else. You

are in a position to print things no other magazine in America can print. It seems to me your hunch. Everybody at some time or other has something to get off his chest that is perhaps his best stuff and for which there's no outlet. In this way I believe you could from time to time get the best of the younger writers, no matter what their aesthetic convictions.—*J. P. Bishop*

A Theory

THE only reason why there has been little literature since the Middle Ages is that since then people have fallen into the habit of writing for women. Now women as women are all right, but they will probably continue to be women for some time to come. The fact that within the knowledge of man only three of them ever slipped above very mediocre mediocrity, and that they all did it by specializing in just being women, speaks for itself.

The best work of all the real poets in America is 'male' and cannot ordinarily be published. Those reviews which are willing to publish 'unwomanly' things are usually 'a thèse': one must be a neo-pre-adamite, a hyperprismic, a gagaist or a vegetarian to attract their attention; to be just a poet isn't enough. By 'male' stuff I don't mean anything either 'bar-room' or at all im-

proper for female reading—women are more pornographic in their literary tastes, anyway, than men—; all I mean is stuff without slobber and with the necessary degree of guts. People like Bishop, Cummings, Fitts, Carter, Benét when he shakes the dust of the harem from his feet, Guthrie drunk, etc., do turn out this sort of stuff and couldn't get it published in any magazine in the world except the *S4N*, because it is too good, too delicate—women don't like nor understand subtlety—, too husky. (Of course, a woman can sometimes write such things, too. If she can, she is either physically or mentally abnormal and ought to see a doctor about it, or perhaps a priest.)—*R. Guthrie*

An Observation

THERE'S too little controversy and sense of humor in our periodicals. Most of us who still cling to nice manners and the Atlantic seem to have a sort of messianic delusion that we must write a great poem every time we attempt a little verse.—*A. Tate*

A Suggestion

WHY don't you stop your silly little magazine and become a farmhand?—*L. Harold*

An Agreement With S4N Policy

It should not be necessary for the members of each of these classes (conservative, liberal and radical) to read three sets of magazines in order to share in that cross-fertilization of minds, that wholesomely tolerant competition between divergent points of view without which a coherent national life remains an impossible achievement. This interplay of points of view should not take place *between* magazines, but *in* magazines. The ideal magazine should have no policy except a profound reverence for facts. . . the ideal editor will follow the facts wherever they lead, with the result that he is likely to be conservative in his January issue, liberal in his February issue and radical in his March issue.

—Glenn Frank, in the *Century*

Another

THE magazine in the 20th century, indeed, has suffered from undue standardization. . . It is for the new, the unproved, the controversial, that the periodical form of publication has the most obvious advantages, and in the literary field this function has been rather too much neglected.

—*Springfield Republican*

Praise for the S4N

WE do not like poetry, but the controversy is intriguing.—*Bobby Edwards*

THE air of controversy injected into the *S4N* marks a clear improvement.—*Matthew Josephson*

ENTERTAINING and stimulating. . . Has plenty of *esprit*: I enjoy it thoroughly. It is healthy to let writers have whacks at each other.

—*Elsa Gidlow*

IT is an event to receive each issue because I don't know what the hell I'm going to find in it. Therefore I read it through, registering joy, pain, amusement, disgust, delight with the rapidity of Mr. Chaplin. Dollar Topkis Is Better Than Many That Cost More.—*Malcolm Cowley*

I ENTERTAIN for you and your activities a lively sympathy.—*F. T. Marinetti*

I'D like to dig the nouveaux lits. on their witless typography—always excepting the *S4N*, which is never banal.—*C. P. Rollins*

I BELIEVE *S4N* is about the livest, most courageous sheet going.—*F. Tarleton*

As honest and sophisticated as the *Dial* without being as rigidly exclusive.—*W. Troy*

I'm very glad for what you're doing for those moderns who, though in earnest, know how to play.—*LeBaron Cooke*

A Criticism

You are doing an admirable work and the basic idea of the *S4N* is very interesting. I am heartily in favor of small specialized reviews, knowing something of the mass state of mind. However, I find your contributors, for the most part, rather too chummy and harmless. This doesn't get us anywhere. A lamentable fact: most young writers in America, save for a vague compulsion to write, seem to be heading in no particular direction, making no restrictions or discriminations. If only there were a uniformly high standard.—*M. Josephson*

CONCERNING 'MODERN' WRITING

The Typewriter Theory

THE typewriting instructor had dictated single words which his class had repeated one hundred times each on their machines.

"As the last exercise," he directed, "type any simple combination of the words you may fancy."

There was a hesitating clatter of the keys. Then the girls filed past him, each handing in her paper. He looked over the results. On one sheet he found this combination:

By the figs George buy the figs

By the crown, Sylvester has the crown

Little fool little stool little fool for me.

can you have the best figs in a servant

No eyes can make thirds and no rabbits can cheer.

He wrinkled his forehead. Suddenly an idea electrified him.

"This combination may have meaning!" he cried. "And, if it has, I'm the discoverer of a new school of expression! But wait: I must be sure."

He rushed out, bought some of the 'Art for Art's sake' magazines and conned their pages. On page v and vi of the *Little Review* he found phrases identical with the random ones of his

key-board students. It was a shock—with a pronounced effect.

“My ‘eyes can make thirds’ now,” he rambled. “‘Little fool little stool little fool for me’,” he kept repeating as he wavered down the street.

—*Ambrose Gring*

An Esoteric Snottiness

LIBERTY, Revolution, Hell! We have all the liberty in the world. A man can write a poem in algebraic signs if he wants to nowadays. But we are formulating liberty, forming cliques, making passwords. Thank God the Free Verse school is dead or dying. Guts they lacked and brains. The king is dead; long live the king, an esoteric snottiness. The one had clumsy red hands; the other is a pollywog, a bulb growing in a bowl of water, with exotic flowers and no root in the earth. Guts and brains the new writers have, but we want bones and muscles and skin. Especially skin, for the moment. Vivent Homer, Bertran de Born, Villon, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Also, vivent very heartily Fielding and —whisper it not in the streets of Ashkelon—Brooks. Dante will vivre without my special prayers, as will that digestive-apparatus of a Titan, Joyce. I admire *Ulysses* now. I hate the damned thing, but I

admire it. Joyce has done more for the English language than anyone since—since somebody whom I can't decide to name. Nevertheless, he is a Malherbe working backward, a megaphone instead of a funnel. Theories, theories, theories—and literature being made in a laboratory. The average reader kicked the artist in the stomach. The artist replies at last with an adroit coup de savate in the head. And now only clerics can read.—*R. Guthrie*

Unpunctuated Reviews

IT takes more guts to stand up and say 'Vivent the canons of beauty even if we can't be big enough to live up to them' than to write the alphabet backwards a dozen times and call it an epic poem dealing with the breeding processes of jerboas. It's a damn sight braver to come in 59th in a race with Shakespeare and Dante than to stand on the starting line, jumping up and down and shouting 'I'm too original to run in the race at all'. As for self-expression, I believe Chris Morley's humblest lilt comes nearer expressing healthy humanity as seen by the only people worth writing for than 300 pounds of so-called poems such as people who aren't poets write in unpunctuated reviews.—*R. Guthrie*

Typesetters' Despair

I AM told that Munson is overpowered by anything 'modern', that he is grounded on a fixed principle that anything causing the despair of a typesetter is a work of genius. With my careless typewriter, I think I'll let loose some day and turn out a few hundred masterpieces by trying to write 'Now is the time' etc., at high speed. If a thing is good, let it be as modern as it wants. But if it is modern without being good, it is a lot more barbant than bad literature that still respects Prof. Woolly's Handbook, because one has all the work of paleography for nothing.

—R. Guthrie

Petty Vulgarly and Nonsense

I AM no carping puritan, but I consider *Secession* a base thing of petty vulgarity and nonsense, as low as the mailing rules will allow. It is actuated by motives exactly opposite to those exalted by Daniel Dourouze on the cover of *S4N* Issue 21. Oh for some Miltons in all of the arts! They need not be quite as self-contained as that 'organ-mouthed dictator of his age' but they should hark back to the simple, unchanging composition of genuinely aesthetic minds.—L. Harold

A Stray Tomcat's Mouthing

FREE verse is said to be a striving to come out into the 'full glory of the light'. False. It is the mouthing of a stray tomcat in the dark and will die there without seeing a single divine ray.—*L. Harold*

Asses in Asphodel

Can Homer's lyre no echoes new arise?
Is high Parnassus overgrown with weeds?
Is Sappho dead in all her sisters' eyes?
Are flying horses scared of lofty deeds?
It must be so: there's silence on the mount;
That frosty peak is never scaled today,
And not a quaff is had around the fount
Of crystal thought that passes into spray.
And so we pine with hunger of the soul
For that Ambrosia that Shelley gave—
Meanwhile the bards from off their asses roll,
For asses on the mount will not behave.

—*L. Harold*

MORE LETTERS

Jester and Poet

IF only Max Stirner had written *The Beautiful and Damned!* If only the word "subjectivity" were not merely a ghost! If only opposites did not merge into each other: anarchy, the ideal, into socialism, the horrible; whim, the beautiful, into philosophy, the ugly; if only, after all, Ingersoll were not another Longfellow; Carl Sandburg, another Byron; and Aldous Huxley, another Christ! All men are the same, regardless of everything. They are the jester and the poet. If the jester predominates, they are plain damn fools and are happy. If the poet predominates, they are plain damn fools and are unhappy. And if the jester and poet struggle within them eternally, then they are insane and divine.

—*Ottie Gill*

Cummings

I WOULD like to oppose this growing "naïf boy" legend. Cummings is amusing in the way intelligent and sensitive people are, through keener faculties and swifter thought-associations. His

Poem in Issue 23 was a monumental piece of social criticism. In this vein he is shrewder than anybody else, and scarcely recalls the "soft" Cummings of Paris sunsets and Oriental love.

—Matthew Josephson

Writing Extremes

WHEN I urged *S4N*-ers (in Issue 21) to "spit in the eye of the man in the street" etc., I merely wished to line them up with the best contemporary writing practice. The ablest writers no longer try (and perhaps, indeed, never did try) to write for as large a reading public as possible, but rather for the smallest. It seems to me that either of two extremes is bad. Yet, in order the more quickly to counteract the democratic extreme so favored by most American writers I think we should go to the other. For every poison its antidote.

I am sorry that my article was voted the worst in the issue (!) but am consoled by the fact that the prize winners in the next two issues exemplified my theory.—*Kent Morgan*

MORE OR LESS IN GENERAL

On Recent Issues

FELICITATIONS are due you on the greatly bettered condition and estate of the child of your editorial conception and travail. A few months ago, along about Issue 19, it gave every indication of being in the last stages of pernicious anaemia superinduced by infantile paralysis and dementia praecox. However, it seems that you rushed in the oxygen and applied the pulmotor in time to forestall a total dissolution. The later issues unquestionably contain considerably more substantial stuff and a considerably altered tone. The publication no longer reads so much like an overflow of the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

Of course, it still contains, as most periodicals do, a very fair percentage of guano, but the high quality of one or two things in each of the last few issues has certainly justified their issuance. I have in mind particularly E. E. Cummings' annihilating assault on Sir Vinal and the swooning school of lyric honey-dumpers in general. A gem of the purest ray. In my intemperate judgment, it marks Cummings as having that rare something that makes for greatness. And, to my shame, I must confess that until now I had eyed

him suspiciously as being little more than a literary trapeze artist and a professional non-conformist. If the other Secessionists have anything of his corroding wit and blazing intelligence, let the rest of us praise Allah for our share in the mediocrity which has made them secede.

But even aside from Cummings, the all-poetry issue [23] seemed, to such a competent judge of beer as myself, the most respectable yet put forth. A good part of the stuff was fully as well done as most of the verse in, say, the *Double Dealer*—David Greenhood's, for example, and John Frazier's. The latter conveyed his sadly contemplative, moon-light mood with a simplicity and beauty remarkable for one so young as to be only now submitting his first work to editorial tenderness. Many of the other offerings, while not definitely bad enough to get excited about—Nichols', Dalton's (except for a neat line, 'larches drip arpeggios to the ground'), Williams'—were simply ordinary, everyday, undistinguished verses. As for T. R.'s gibbering and the vaporings of some of the lady contributors, one can only call upon the good old Grim Reaper with a solemn invocation to read 'em and reap!

Issue 24 is distinguished only by Herr Bishop's sound and penetrating lecture to Citizen Benét. It has often occurred to me as proper matter for

research, just how much permanent and irreparable damage is done a first-rate talent by four years at Yale—four socially successful years? What is the spiritual effect of four years of Brooks suits, Livingston collars, junior fraternities, senior societies, clean living, the good old friendships formed at Yale and all the rest of the dreadful agencies of standardization which work so amusingly to turn out the 'Yale man'—the Rolls-Royce of collegiate manhood? Do any of the published works of Yale literati, from J. Fennimore Cooper to Meade Minnegerode, even remotely concern themselves with that 'essential strength and sickness of the human soul' which Bishop says it is the business of literature to present? Waldo Frank is the exception that occurs to me, and he, his contemporaries inform me, was an outsider and a rebel and thus falls outside of our arbitrary class of the 'socially successful'. (It is interesting to note, in connection with Frank, that he never appeared in the pages of the *'Lit'*.) Of course, I am not claiming that Yale's negligible contribution to Welt-literatur up to date conclusively proves that her standardizing influence is responsible for it or that she is congenitally incapable of giving birth to dancing stars. I am simply venturing a speculation.

But to return to Issue 24—I was immensely disappointed with Guthrie's contribution. I had conceived him as a fellow with rather a flashing way with words and of a genuinely original turn, but Morbleu! it seems that he has fooled us. Whatever he may do in verse, it is certain that his prose is that of a very school-boy. It struck me as being precisely the kind I would perpetrate myself if I didn't have the good sense not to try. The writing was graceless and crude and the whole conception of *Marchand d'Habits*, the very attar of banality.

John Drury, on the other hand, is an acquisition to thank God on. I like his touch, not only in his poem, but in his comment on the Munson controversy, wherein he spake wisely and well by advising Munson to write as he damn pleases and to let others do the same. A pox of all literary evangelists and aesthetic organizers! I can't see where they differ essentially from boosters and reformers of any other variety.

—C. Sweeney

On Issue 25

A GREAT deal hotter than the average. Now that we have had some theories stated in short words, there ought to be a crop of come-backs that will make life interesting.—*Robt. M. Neal*

EXCEPTIONALLY interesting as a reaction to Cummings' poem and to the article by Munson: it was a document of the first order.

—*Malcolm Cowley*

On Issue 24

BISHOP aside, this issue is just a series of mis-carriages; incipient ideas committed to paper about six months too soon. Some are merely evacuations—there is no live substance or body to them, but dead matter temporarily vivified in type.—*J. Bradley*

It seems good to have a decent issue after Issue 23.—*R. Bassett*

On Issue 23

THE best review I have seen in a long, long while.—*R. Guthrie*

On Issue 22

I WAS deeply interested in the essays and glad that they came out of America, as one is glad when any instrument in the orchestra makes itself finely felt.—*Zona Gale*

ON ISSUE XXV IN DETAIL

Smut : Wayland Wells Williams

The chief doubt is whether Smut is a synonym for Sex. Without splitting microscopic hairs, it is still possible to differentiate between honesty and filth. Smut is a synonym for Filth. The "raw story" belongs truly enough in this class. A certain type of current newstand publications ditto. However, escape from prudery does not necessarily mean a descent into Smut. Nude sculpture or painting, quite in the altogether, is seldom smutty. Semi-draped figures published purely for their sexual lure are inevitably smutty. But Gautier's *Mlle. de Maupin*, famous for its praise of sense, can be—save by those of degraded instincts—read without any smutty connotations whatsoever. The question revolves around the point whether the matter is written for its own sake, or purely for its suggestive appeal to an erotic imagination. It is true that anything dealing with sex, however "beautiful" it may be, can be regarded as of smutty appeal, but this makes the reader and not the matter itself smutty. Oscar Wilde's poetry, and certain of Swinburne's, is voluptuous, indeed, but very little, if any, is deliberately lascivious.—*Lloyd E. Smith*

Sensible, witty, well done. Our vice crusaders ought to be presented with a reprint.

—*Elsa Gidlow*

Display of finesse of composition; apropos and relevant to the contemporaneous attempt to force "Clean Books" legislation. "A person who uses it unwisely or unnecessarily or unurbanely need never hope to stand before the world as a martyr or a savior or a knight errant of good sense" is a passage worthy of quotation.

—*Oscar A. H. Dannenberg*

Displays an enviable degree of intelligence. And his subtitle is a stroke of genius.—*Wm. R. Benét*

Unnecessary. Everybody knows that there are passages of smut, blasphemy, etc., that justify themselves and others that do not. . . The point is to get an editor who can distinguish them.

—*R. H. Bassett*

Doesn't say much. He should have read Casanova in prep. school. (I enjoyed his jumping at the conclusion that Giacomo was a gentleman!) And Rabelais is *not* smutty; he is the cleanest writer I have ever read.—*Ramon Guthrie*

Clear and correct thought (for the most part) on a shaded, not shady, subject. But why that

first, puerile sentence? And, after all, the words "smutty", "dirty", and the evident fear of "good taste" give me pause. Too bad he didn't take time to finish Casanova and think a little more before writing.—*H. M. Parshley*

The reflection of a perverted mind, or the aftermath of delirium tremens on a confirmed case of dementia praecox.—*Sam Prince*

Excellent conclusions from—to me—most doubtful premises.—*G. E. Williams*

Spoiled his article by working up a nice, open-to-criticism case and then telling us to be pure because it is expedient. Expediency is all right at the corner of Church and Chapel streets, New Haven, Conn., but in the *S4N* laboratory it goes way up on the shelf with the castor oil.

—*Robt. M. Neal*

Truetalk.—*Fred Grab*

Labored. For ease of expression let him take lessons from Shaw's prefaces.—*Ottie Gill*

So trite, so true—charming style.—*Allen Tate*

Begins like a capering school-teacher; ends unimportantly about something important.

—*David Greenhood*

Letter : Norman Fitts

Sensible, restrained and well expressed: a combination as desirable as rare.—*Emmett Dunn*

Done with dignity, pathos and justice: a damn fine piece of work.—*Ramon Guthrie*

This witty and valiant statement ought to straighten out more than one muddled commentator.—*H. M. Parshley*

A very neat statement of *S4N* point of view and policy. Its clarity will doubtless do an unheard of thing: shame the ignorance it is directed at.
—*Jean Toomer*

Glad to read a monosyllabic definition of the *S4N*'s aims. Now I think I know what it's all about, and I'm not nearly so nervous when I pick up the magazine.—*Robt. M. Neal*

It may mean nothing, but in that case it is real art.—*J. T. Nichols*

Common sense expressed in terms of practical business. "Ex nihilo nihil fit."—*Sam Prince*

Letter : Jean Toomer

I agree completely with his statement: "great design does not rise from puny matter". In

Secession 1 I attempted to formulate my attitude towards subject-matter for art, and doubtless should have done so in my *S4N* article. I therefore offer three declarations as an appendix to it. (1) Anything in the solar system is proper material for the artist. (2) Subject-matter does vary absolutely in power. That is, granted equal skill, an artist who develops a theme of love or death has an initial advantage in power and importance which the artist who develops a theme of some slight discomfort, such as the light striking of a stranger's cane against his knee, can never overcome. (3) Subject-matter does vary relatively in power, due to a law of aesthetic fatigue. That is, after a period which exploits the serious treatment of certain large mysteries in life, a reaction which exploits the frivolous and the trivial may evoke a fresher and more active response, but it cannot sustain its temporary advantage.

—*Gorham B. Munson*

A significant point that was made once before by Aristotle.—*Allen Tate*

On second thought, no! What he means by power is something that will rip through and be famous without strain—or something that will simplify for him the classification of those whom he has not time to read.—*David Greenhood*

Why doesn't he specify?—*R. H. Bassett*

Toward machines two unhealthy attitudes are on view at present: (1) revolt—the “sick soul”; (2) worship—the perverted soul. Both attach too much importance to a thing as external as socks.—*Emmett Dunn*

Machine, abstraction, digestion, power, Pierce Arrow, *art* attitude indeed! With all due respect—pish.—*H. M. Parshley*

Epithalamium : John Peale Bishop

Resists quite perfectly the corrosive acids of criticism.—*Gorham B. Munson*

A challenge to Williams' *Smut*.—*Lloyd E. Smith*

Bishop appears to have had an embarrassing experience!—*Wayland Williams*

Which bears out what I was once told by a physician.—*Fred Grab*

Poets who spend their honeymoon doing Literary work!!! “And lust dropped from me like a dampened towel.”—*B. S.*

Of course, in the event of lust dropping from him like a loosened cloth he could go right back to his literary work!—*Rafael El Gallo*

First stanza, congested; second stanza, forgettably good. The whole: the muscle-bound grace and uncrysalizing ardor of a gifted youth.

—*David Greenhood*

Rare poetic talent used very discreetly on a very indiscreet subject.—*H. C. Lasater, Jr.*

Immorally pure. Huge technique.—*Allen Tate*

First verse, pretentious trash; second, a weak imitation of Sappho.—*Elsa Gidlow*

The marriage it celebrates—between Mr. Yeats and Mr. Eliot—is a regrettable mésalliance.

—*Elinor Wylie*

By a desperate effort in the last line, to produce an austere image of chastity, he only succeeds in evoking a vision gross and lewd to the last degree.—*Ed. Wilson, Jr.*

Will the answer be published next month?

—*A. A. Rosenthal*

Coming of Cummings : Emmett Dunn

A pleasing combination of Cabell and Conrad—more Cabell than Conrad—not literally, but suggestively. May his tribe increase!

—*Ottie Gill*

There are certain people I should not care even to dispute with, such as: Mr. Vinal's friend Dunn.

—*Matthew Josephson*

No offense; purely defensive.—*David Greenhood*

Silly and irrelevant and written in an unfriendly spirit. The *S4N* provokes this sort of wordy facetiousness, but why print so much of it.

—*R. H. Bassett*

Book Review : Hart Crane

Fresh and revealing reactions, though not carried through to complete definition. I disagree with the statement that Cowley permits French and 18th century influences to intrude too notably at times, and wish that he had supported it. The best critique of the book that I have read.

—*Gorham B. Munson*

Not quite serious enough.—*Allen Tate*

Sensible review.—*R. H. Bassett*

Daughter of Herodias : Pierre Loving

If he is as I remember him, he will laugh in his sleeve at any one who seriously praises this.

—*David Greenhood*

Vague; and encumbered with a weighty dictionarism, which gives it an unhappy sense of affectation.—*Lloyd E. Smith*

Needs to study the exact science of elucidation.
Birthmarked with the *Literary Digest*.

—*H. C. Lasater, Jr.*

Why the indefinite article before “rash” (line 13)?—*Allen Tate*

An intellectual cuspidor.—*A. A. Rosenthal*

He used to write for the *Quill*.—*Bobby Edwards*

Letter : John Carter

I'd like to have ten minutes in which to knock the tar out of him for saying what he did about us.—*David Greenhood*

Mr. Jay Carter, whoever he is, went too far with his red-meat philosophy—which is quite as disgusting as the people he attacks, who take meat of another colour.—*Malcolm Cowley*

This may be a bull's eye, but in that case it is pure luck.—*J. T. Nichols*

ON ISSUE XXIV IN DETAIL

And The Sea : Thornton Wilder

Best playlet I've ever read; new, terse, it breathes the spirit of the day.—*L. Fowler*

Best thing I've read for some time.—*H. Foslen*

Excellentlly handled theme, except for very last, where forced and obvious.—*P. Gray*

Too good for the *S4N*.—*J. Carter*

Beautiful.—*O. Gill*

Thanatopsis poorly rehashed.—*J. Price*

Not as interesting as its author. Contrary to the rule, the more he introduces himself into his work, the better it is.—*R. Guthrie*

Friendless and Unfriendly : Max Robin

Reality again! How inartistic!—*G. Williams*

Doesn't flaunt and flourish.—*L. Gilmore*

Simple, sincere realism; quiet in tone, though full of significant action.—*H. Winney*

Illustrates triumph of cad over cadge.—*E. Dunn*

Why do these authors of fine little bits insist on the obvious line: like 'Maybe there was a story in his life'.—*P. Gray*

Sherwood Anderson devoid of import; dull idea, choppy style.—*H. Parshley*

A poor high-school composition.—*D. Berenberg*

There are also very poor writers among the moderns.—*H. Foslen*

Sunday School tract.—*R. Guthrie*

Lilies That Fester : John Peale Bishop

Gives Benét an excellent spanking. A precise investigation of both content and technic, plus a testing of the results by a standard of literary quality. Its method and scope ought to be studied by Messrs. Canby, Macy, Rascoe, Rosenfeld and the other gentlemen who emasculate criticism into commentary.—*G. Munson*

A devastating and fair review, which should give the errant author pause—surely with wholesome effect. Moral imbecility is the only fitting term for certain manifestations, though the psychologists use it in another, apparently contrary, sense.—*H. Parshley*

What book criticism *can* be.—*H. Foslen*

Most just.—*Marcella Moore*

Reads better than J. P. B.—*P. Gray*

Good description of John Bishop.—*J. Carter*

Festering lilies, Petronius and Benét! Are there so many ways of making Succotash?—*G. Williams*

Once I dissected a fish. I feel about this as my neighbors then felt about me.—*J. Nichols*

Biased. He forgets to state that Benét has learned to write without that smartness which characterizes Fitzgerald's work and is objectionable to intelligent readers.—*E. Leary*

Silly claptrap. I should love to read his review of Grimm's *Fairy Tales*.—*H. Winney*

Involved and snotty. But that's the way English should be written.—*R. Guthrie*

I had intended saying a few words on the book he might have written, for I do not doubt his ability to do an altogether creditable novel. I regret having had so little that was amiable to say, but I felt I must, before dying and leaving Montmartre, bear witness that certain things were not otherwise but thus.—*J. Bishop*

Marchand d'Habits : Ramon Guthrie

Rather charming vignette.—*Marcella Moore*

Deserves forgiveness even for its bad grammar—
'like you, gentle reader, and I'.—*P. Gray*

Graceful but thin; ending weak.—*J. Carter*

Childish.—*H. Joslen*

Wish he had been able to get along with less
play on Fate and Providence.—*J. Toomer*

Traffic : John Drury

Sets out for climactic sonorousness but only succeeds in trickling.—*P. Gray*

Telling rhythm because masked.—*J. Nichols*

Fine onomatopoeia.—*J. Price*

Bravo! True literature (vide Munson) is never musical.—*G. Williams*

I'll bet he's leading a wild night life. 'A trickle of futility' can only mean North State street, Chicago, at 12:30 A. M. I knew him in his better days.—*D. Grokowsky*

Heavy.—*L. Fowler*

Day by day in every way he's getting more like Maxwell Bodenheim.—*O. Jenkins*

Virtue : Loring Andrews

Your Mr. Andrews I take to be a veritable wolf
in sheik's clothing.—*C. Sweeney*

Worn theme, but clean poetry.—*E. Nardroff*

Mediocre but better than others.—*J. Carter*

Good translation of Andrew Marvel.—*R. Guthrie*

We know of lots of women who are not afraid
Of the punk musicians who would dissonate their
[wan fragilities.

And still their "nerves are twisted tighter than
[a" Psyche knot

"In the fretting of" their "perturbed slumbers".

We knew a lady who fell for that ancient line

Trolled by a vain pretender

Vaunting his adequacy.

Still her heart is "a hammer striking lonely con-
[vent chimes

On the anvils of her ribs".

Laugh, lady, laugh:

Shake them lovely bones

In single, double or treble blessedness—

Only, for God's sake laugh!

What is the matter with the ladies?

Satiation will not satisfy them.

Or are they merely choosey?

—*Bobby Edwards*

May 5, 1921 : Barbara Sessions

Colorful.—*L. Fowler*

Charming; not too original.—*P. Gray*

How do 3rd and 4th lines happen to rhyme?
Indignant!—*J. Carter*

Damn Purple Passions of violets!—*R. Guthrie*

Woman, Etc. : Reginald Marsh

If a joke, it's a joke in doubtful taste.—*E. Dunn*

Should be printed on postcards and sold to old
men and adolescent youths.—*H. Joslen*

Why draw pictures of one's friends?—*J. Carter*

The major part of my experience has not been
with American women; but, if he is a faithful
interpreter, I commence to understand the hypo-
thetical American mentality. Perhaps, in view
of the so bovinely Gothic, there were aesthetic
reasons for the late Mr. Comstock.—*R. Guthrie*

ON ISSUE XXIII IN DETAIL

Poem : E. E. Cummings

He has no reverence, and it is unfair to specify Mr. Vinal's name in a connection in which, alas, several thousand others could be used as well. Nevertheless we indorse his advice.—*Poetry*

Fancy skating with an express-train. Unlimited power, dazzling control, but absolutely no direction.—*R. Guthrie*

He wags his jaw to shock old maids.—*O. Gill*

Trinity : Norman Fitts

Smart-alecky bunk.—*O. Gill*

Poorest thing in the poorest issue.—*R. Bassett*

I admire 'J. Christ'.—*A. Tate*

Christ and Sir G. are irrelevant.—*R. Guthrie*

Improvisation : Louis Gilmore

The first time I ever thought that kind of poem was justified.—*R. Guthrie*

The Echo : Ella Hoffman

Needs fewer phrases, more connectives.—*J. Price*

Earth Sorrow

Really too drippy.—*David P. Berenberg*

ON ISSUE XXII IN DETAIL

Literary Secession : Gorham B. Munson

Reminds me of the English Liberals who, says Matthew Arnold, were interested in maintaining the 'Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion'.—*M. Goldman*

Though I don't agree with him altogether, I think he's a damn fine writer.—*F. Tarleton*

I find myself in settled agreement with that which he said of me.—*Zona Gale*

Secession? : Richard Bassett

He is increasingly right.—*M. Goldman*

A good style and promise of a continuation of independent thought.—*Ruth Sessions*

After Hours : Kenneth Burke

Same effect as when a man insists upon telling his dreams at the breakfast table.—*Ruth Sessions*

It has been suggested that I devote donated funds to prize payment. Such a redistribution of wealth seems fair. So hereafter, and until there are enough more patrons, I shall give but one \$10 prize per issue. As soon as possible I shall increase the amount.

Postal Cards

I SUGGEST that you all at least indicate a choice of best and worst contributor in each issue, with or without comment. By so doing you will not only have an active voice in *S4N* management; you will take part in forming contemporary aesthetic opinion. (I quote Guthrie:—)

“... Your idea of putting our work up before such a large jury is a great feature. It shows a writer where he stands with a select and non-clannified public. Above all let us not be given to a school. Let it be our boast that we would publish the Gettysburg speech and *Ulysses*, Gertrude Stein and Anatole France, on adjoining pages, and give Abe Lincoln ten crisp dollar bills with as much good will as if we were handing them out to Tristram Tzara. The *S4N* is there to *see*. Hattie the Harlot may be as great a poet as the late Mr. Shakespeare. Let our Board of Constructive Censorship, which is the ensemble of the *S4N* members, vote on it.”

It has been suggested that I devote donated funds to prize payment. Such a redistribution of wealth seems fair. So hereafter, and until there are enough more patrons, I shall give but one \$10 prize per issue. As soon as possible I shall increase the amount.

Postal Cards

I SUGGEST that you all at least indicate a choice of best and worst contributor in each issue, with or without comment. By so doing you will not only have an active voice in *S4N* management; you will take part in forming contemporary aesthetic opinion. (I quote Guthrie:—)

“... Your idea of putting our work up before such a large jury is a great feature. It shows a writer where he stands with a select and non-clannified public. Above all let us not be given to a school. Let it be our boast that we would publish the Gettysburg speech and *Ulysses*, Gertrude Stein and Anatole France, on adjoining pages, and give Abe Lincoln ten crisp dollar bills with as much good will as if we were handing them out to Tristram Tzara. The *S4N* is there to *see*. Hattie the Harlot may be as great a poet as the late Mr. Shakespeare. Let our Board of Constructive Censorship, which is the ensemble of the *S4N* members, vote on it.”

Fourth Anniversary

NOVEMBER marks the *S4N*'s 4th anniversary. Such comparative longevity deserves fitting celebration in New Haven, where it was founded, some late (say a Saturday) afternoon and evening of that month. Please indicate, on your return postal, the likelihood of your attending an informal get-together comprising probably tea at the Lizzy Club, supper (Dutch treat) and a short social and business meeting. I shall subsequently fix a definite date.

Special Issues

ADVISORY editors have the privilege of editing special issues. Issue 30 will be a Waldo Frank issue edited entirely by Gorham B. Munson. J. P. Bishop is preparing an E. E. Cummings number.

Bookshops

THE *S4N* is now displayed by 200 of the best bookshops in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen, Guadalajara (Mex.), Boston, Washington, Chicago, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco, San Diego, Berkeley, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Baltimore, Richmond, Portland, Birmingham, Madison, Providence, Ann Arbor, Princeton, New Haven, Newport, Champaign, Lamar, McKeesport, Cambridge, Northampton and Springfield, (Mass.). Suitable additions to this list welcomed.

Contributors

LYONEL FEININGER: see Churchill's article.

MALCOLM COWLEY is a well known Secessionist.

F. T. MARINETTI, poet, fighter, propagandist and founder of the Futurist movement, has been called "the caffein of Europe". Mussolini, d'Annunzio and he are the spiritual triumvirate of contemporary Italy.

ANNE ZIMMERMAN is a Franco-American living in Paris. Her contribution was accepted by Guthrie.

JAMES DALY has contributed numerous poems to *Broom*. His contribution to this issue was accepted by Munson.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT writes: *I am married and live domestically in a five-room 'flat', one room of which is devoted to my 'study'. I love my own wife, and no other woman. I am an accredited member of the Episcopal church—attending service at least once a month. My profession is instructing the resisting Northwestern student in as painless a way as possible. I have already published articles in Modern Philology, Modern Language Notes and the Sewanee Review, and expect to have others*

appear this year in the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America and the Journal of English and Germanic Philology. I sometimes indulge my weaker man, and write verse. It is nice verse, and entirely innocuous. It seems to please the women editors best: Harriet Monroe, of Poetry; Grace Atherton Dennen, of the Lyric West; Idella Purnell, of Palms; etc. Such poems usually deal with Beauty, Love, Religion, and so on. Occasionally I get a poem by a man: Harold Vinal, of Voices; Kenneth Slade Alling, of the Measure; and Vincent Starrett, of the Wave. I once had two plays printed by the lady editors of Poet Lore. Satire is usually quite foreign to my gentle soul—nor does it pay, as it did my in favorite New-Classical period (the field of my Ph.D. dissertation).

CHARL NOLAN of Bay City, Mich., has contributed to *Pegasus* and *Caprice*.

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS is an *S4N* editor.

KENNETH BURKE, on the *Dial* editorial staff, has previously contributed to Issues 22 and 23.

MAX ROBIN is an *S4N* editor.

OLIVER JENKINS, editor of *Tempo*, contributed a poem to issue 19.

HART CRANE made his initial contribution to the *S4N* in Issue 25.

JEAN TOOMER of Washington, D. C., is an *S4N* editor.

PIERRE LOVING was introduced in Issue 25.

OTTIE GILL, editor of the *Bard*, writes: "I have sane moments and at such times I exult in the caperings of Chaplin, the singing of hymns, the smoking of Fatimas, the embracing of women, the hurried manipulation of the basketball, and am considered a likable, human chap."

HUGH MACKINSTRY is a geologist, working in the mines at Casapalca, Peru.

WILLIAM TROY, Yale junior, has had poems 'in magazines like the *Liberator*'.

EDA LOU WALTON has contributed poems to a great number of magazines.

DAVID P. BERENBERG, instructor at the Rand School and editor of the *Guild Pioneer*, has had verse in the *Measure*, *Liberator*, *Call*, etc.

ELSA GIDLOW is the poetry editor of the *New Pearson's* magazine.

MARCELLA MOORE is one of Elsa Gidlow's discoveries and has appeared in *New Pearson's*.

HELENE MULLINS has contributed to *All's Well*, *Brief Stories*, *Double Dealer*, *Forum*, *White Plains Reporter*, *Shadowland*, *Classic*, *Snappy Stories*, *Lyric*, *Pagan*, *Nomad*, *Pearson's*, *Quill*, *Literary Review*, *Current Opinion*, *Boston Globe*, *Wave*, *Caprice*, *Lyric West*, *Poet Lore*, and *Reviewer*.

FRIEDRICH VON FALKENBURG, one-time editor of *Much Ado*, has contributed to *Smart Set*, *Pearson's*, *Jugend*, *Vie Parisienne*, *English Review*, *Pagan*, *Jewish Forum*, *Classic*, *Shadowland*, *N. Y. Call* and *Modernist*.

EZRA OUNCE, ex-American, ex-Englishman, ex-Frenchman, writes for the *hypsometopic*.

LLOYD E. SMITH has contributed to *Brief Stories*, *Grit* and *Cauldron*.

PETER CROOL contributed sketches of Poitevin folk-lore to the pre-war *Continental Daily Mail* and to a war magazine, *Resurrection*. He is author of a historical guide to Poitiers.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND of Norfolk, Va., is the editor of the *Lyric*.

ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL is head of the Smith College art department.

REX HUNTER is *Caprice's* New York editor.

—Norman Fitts

THE WAVE

is still being published by

STEEN HINRICHSSEN

AT 2316 LINCOLN AVENUE
CHICAGO

VINCENT STARRETT

is still editor

“WHAT IS THE WILD WAVE SAYING?”

The only way to be sure to find out, is to
subscribe. By the year, \$1.50 (6 numbers);
sample copy, 25 cents.

RHYTHMUS

A MAGAZINE OF THE NEW POETRY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Edited by

OSCAR WILLIAMS

¶ The poetry of line, color, sound and situation as contained in the arts of sculpture, painting, music and drama, has always been more generally accessible of appreciation than the poetry of the word in verse. ¶ Artists have long recognized this, yet in any congregation of the other arts, the existence of the poetry of the word has been more or less ignored. ¶ As a *via media* towards the appreciation of the subtler art, RHYTHMUS will present, in future issues, and by means of the RHYTHMUS RECITALS, expressions of the poetry in other arts.

RHYTHMUS: 150 EAST 34 ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

\$3.00 for 1 year

THE NOMAD

After One Year

Has published the work of more than fifty contemporary American poets

Has received favorable mention and been quoted by periodicals like The New York Times, The New York Tribune and The Bookman.

Has Subscribers in Siberia, France, Italy, Germany, India and the Philippine Islands.

Has published poems by *Harold Vinal*, Paul Eldridge, Virgil Geddes, Marx Sable, Ralph Cheyney, H. W. Masters and Joseph Kling.

Is Considered by many as one of the best all-poetry magazines Published in America.

One Dollar a Year

Sample Copy 25 Cents

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

CAPRICE

A National Poetry-Art Magazine

Edited by

DAVID N. GROKOWSKY

Lists Among Its Contributors

Lew Sarett, Louis Grudin, Milton Raison,
Mark Turbyfill, *Oscar Williams*, *John Drury*,
Oliver Jenkins, *Harold Vinal*, H. Thompson Rich,
Dolores de Rubio, Virgil Geddes, Hi Simons,
Sam Putnam, *Rex Hunter*, Jun Fujita, *John*
Richard Moreland, Gwendolyn Haste, *Jay G.*
Sigmund, *A. A. Rosenthal*, Ruth Clay Price,
R. Ellsworth Larsson, Bertha Ten Eyck James
and "Others".

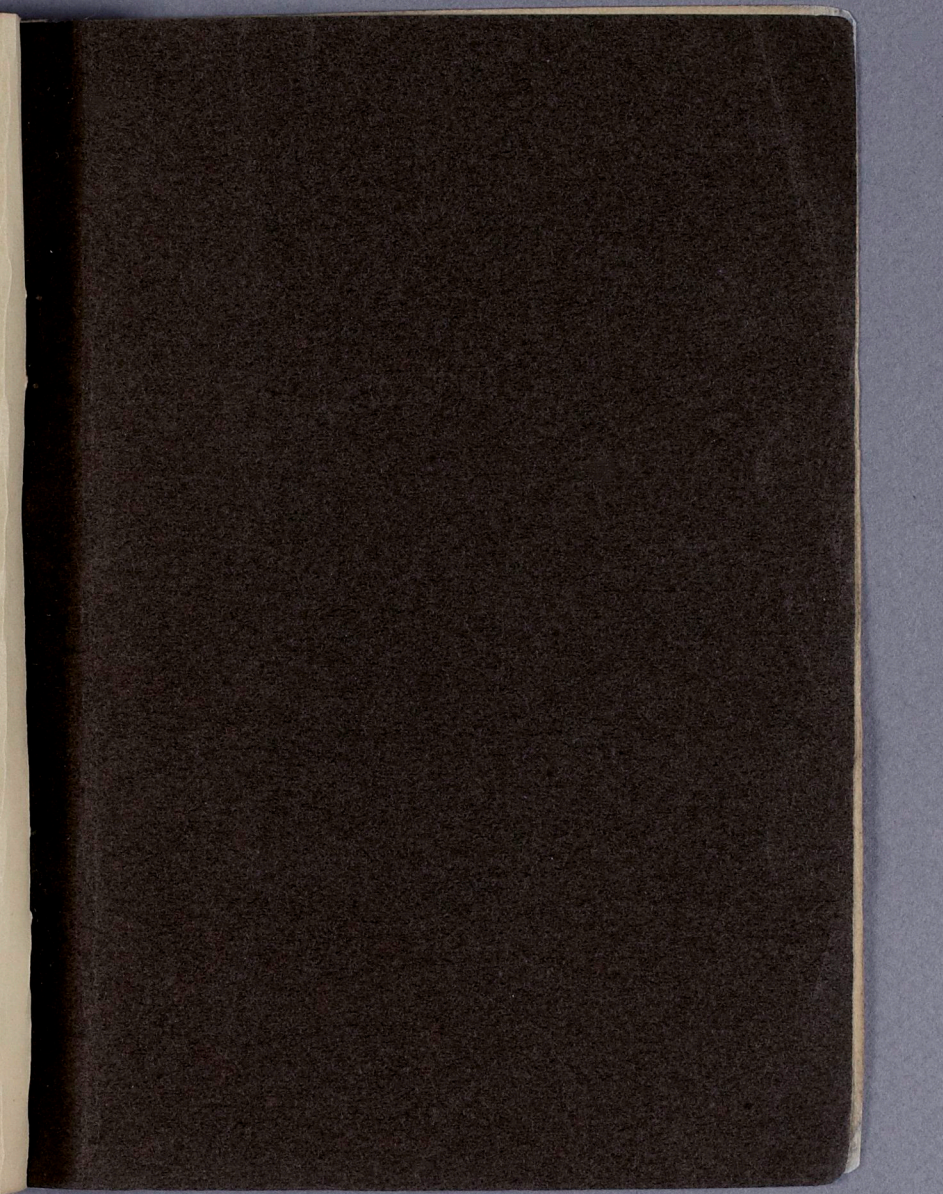
Published Monthly At

522 N. BRITANIA STREET

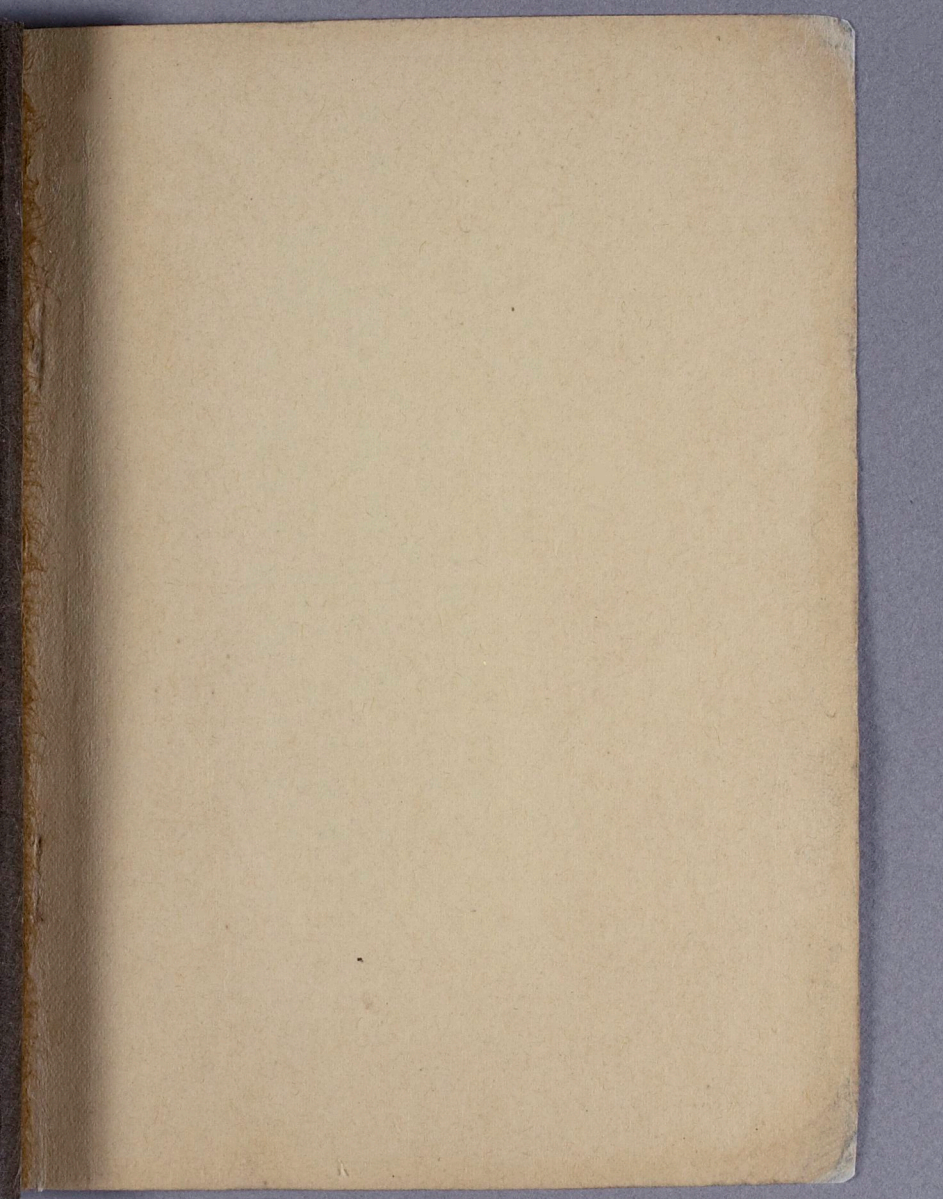
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

20 CENTS THE COPY

\$2.00 THE YEAR









Fifty-Fifty

CERTAIN short manuscripts are more likely to be printed in *S4N* than anywhere else, and it has occurred to me that there must also be many book-length manuscripts of the same type. I would like to see them. If any pleased me sufficiently, I would gladly take a chance at publishing them on a 50-50 basis--the printing and distribution to be done by myself, and all profits or losses to be shared equally.

Norman Fitts

S4N Director

Northampton, Massachusetts, U. S. A.