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BROOM

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

Editors

SLATER BROWN
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MALCOLM COWLEY
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FOUR POEMS

1

ohld song

you Know
a fly and his reflection
walking upon a mirror this is
friday 1
what
3 a fly and
her his Its image
strutting (very
jerkily) not touch-
ing because separated by an impregnable
Because (amount of inter-
-vening) anyway You
know Separated what
i Mean

(old song by
;neither you nor i and

by the way)

,which is not fly

2

i'd think "wonder
if" if
i were a
child "we can see a bat in this
twilight")

there one is

look

how it goes like a dream

(and between houses, really a kind of

mouse) but he has little wings
and here's my
hotel this is the
door (opening it i
think things
which
were supposed to
be out of my
reach

, they are like
jam on the shelf everybody guessed
was too high)
look

(it's back again there therehere
And) i say "won't you" (remembering)
knowing that you
are afraid "go first" of dreams and little
bats & mice (and

you,
you say "let's" going in
"take
hands" smiling "going up
these dark stairs.

3

if (you are i why certainly
the hour softly is
in all; places which move
seriously

Together.

let) us fold wholly ourselves smil-
ing because we love,
as doomed few alert (flowers and
excellently upon whom Night
wanders and wanders and) wanders
Or since, in air

like bubbles Faces
occur (shyly

to
one by bright
brief
one be) punc

-tured: the, green
nameless caterpillar of evening nib, ble, s
Solemnly a whitish leaf of sky.

4

Will i ever forget that precarious moment?

As i was standing on the third rail waiting for the
next train to grind me into lifeless atoms various
absurd thoughts slyly crept into my highly sexed
mind.

It seemed to me that i had first of all really made
quite a mistake in being at all born, seeing that i was
wifeless and only half awake, cursed with pimples,
correctly dressed, cleanshaven above the navel,
and much to my astonishment much impressed by
having once noticed (as an infantile phenomenon)
George Washington almost incompletely sur-
rounded by welldrawn icecakes beheld being too
strong, in brief: an American, if you understand
that i mean what i say i believe my most intimate
friends would never have gathered.

A collarbutton which had always not hurt me
not much and in the same place.

Why according to tomorrow's paper the proleta-
riat will not rise yesterday.

Inexpressible itchings to be photographed with
Lord Rothermere playing with Lord Rothermere
billiards very well by moonlight with Lord
Rothermere.

A crockodile eats a native, who in revenge beats it insensible with a banana, establishing meanwhile a religious cult based on consubstantial intangibility.

Personne ne m'aime et j'ai les mains froides.

His Royal Highness said "peek-a-boo" and thirty tame fleas left the prettily embroidered howdah immediately.

Thumbprints of an angel named Frederick found on a lightning-rod, Boston, Mass.

such were the not unhurried reflections to which my organ of imperception gave birth to which i should ordinarily have objected to which, considering the background, it is hardly surprising if anyone hardly should call exactly extraordinary. We refer, of course, to my position. A bachelor incapable of occupation, he had long suppressed the desire to suppress the suppressed desire of shall we say:Idleness,, while meanits opposite? Nothing could be clearer to all concerned than that i am not a policeman.

Meanwhile the tea regressed.

Kipling again H. G. Wells, and Anatole France shook hands again and yet again shook again hands again, the former coachman with a pipewrench of the again latter then opening a box of newly without exaggeration shot with some difficulty sardines. Mr. Wiggin took Wrs. Miggin's harm in is, extinguishing the spittoon by a candle furnished by courtesy of the management on Thursdays,opposite which a church stood perfectly upright but not piano item:a watermelon causes indigestion to William Cullen Longfellow's small negro son, Henry Wadsworth Bryant.

By this time, however, the flight of crows had ceased. I withdrew my hands from the tennis racket. All was over. One brief convulsive octopus, and then our hero folded his umbrella.

It seemed too beautiful.

Let us perhaps excuse me if i repeat himself: these, or nearly these, were the not unpainful thoughts which occupied the subject of our attention; to speak even less objectively, i was horribly scared i would actually fall off the rail before the really train after all arrived. If i should have made this perfectly clear, it entirely would have been not my fault.

E. E. CUMMINGS

MY DEAR JEAN:

This card, this picture that you addressed, I hardly know who sent them. Was it really you and did you wish me to seek your veritable face? Jean, I want to see you again. I hunt for you everywhere. I remember, and search furiously through the years as if to find a flower, a friend, a key.

You watched everything which surrounded you as if in a mirror. It rained and you were gay. It rained, you had tears in your eyes, it rained, you smiled or raged. Trees, monuments, passers-by belonged to you as sincerely as did the clocks. I can see you once more in the streets, absent-minded, happy at the least incident, marching straight in front to find you didn't know what. You recognized the house you lived in because you had seen it on a postcard. All day you thought of the stars; you spoke to the stars, and at night you forgot to see them. Sometimes you followed women with the insistence of certain johnnies; not because they were pretty, but because you had seen a spot on their coat. Your best moments, you affirmed, were the lost moments, and you went about repeating continually that you had errands to run, important engagements, a "pile" of letters to dictate, an incalculable number of telegrams to send. You smiled without knowing why, you smiled as one takes a walk, merely to stretch. You spoke without wishing, and to announce events of a very relative importance. "I saw," you would say, "an astonishing automobile: it was green and blue. The chauffeur had a huge cap and was smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. Isn't it upsetting? I met Edward. He's gone completely mad. He bought a grey hat."

You believed that everything which astonished you was of the highest interest.

You would say constantly, "I saw, I heard, I read . . ." and when your interlocutor replied in turn, "I saw, I heard, I read," you were listening no longer. Your politeness was so ingenious as to be insulting, and suddenly for unknown reasons it was replaced by the most disagreeable vulgarity. One of your dear friends, one of those who thought they knew you, was discussing you a little before your departure. "Jean," he said, "is a disturbing personage. He cannot, without fear, affirm or deny. He likes without enjoying. He lives in the same fashion that he smokes. Hardly has he lighted his cigarette when he hurries to finish it so he can light another. One day I even noticed him forget that he had a cigarette between his lips already and carry a second there. He comes and goes with a disarming candour. He makes promises and never keeps them. He keeps the prom-

ises which he never made. Jean pretends not to understand the things one says to him. He doesn't listen and yet his memory astonishes and revolts me. Most of the time he remembers only the minor details, with which he confounds you. I do not think that he is careless. To evoke a memory, any memory in front of him is to offend him surely. Memories wound him. Speaking only of the future he lives in the present, which in his case is the past of women who were once pretty. In spite of everything the moment disturbs and amuses him like the temperature. As soon as he meets some one he speaks of cold, rain, heat, but if you ask him bluntly what the weather is, he can make no answer." I have had sufficient leisure to observe you, and am not astonished when your friends make such remarks. The least things were important in your eyes. You could throw away nothing, you preferred to put things to one side, but definitely, for it never entered your head to look for anything whatsoever. You did not file away, you hid. Dust accumulated without disturbing you, without even attracting your attention. We thought to give you pleasure and only irritated. You had the manias of a collector and the disgusts of a dilettante. Certain things pleased you: newspapers, cigarettes, inkstands, racehorses, boats.

My dear Jean, I lived two years beside you, and saw you almost daily. Where are you? I can see nothing. The light is divided. It is day and night. You are there. The weather is grey, is sombre, is gay. These years are unbreakable toys, or colours without danger.

Often we walked in the streets which are dear to you, these streets of Paris where the sun lighted every shop, every tree on our path. Certain cafes, your favourites, were obligatory stops. The waiters, whom you called Albert on principle, did not like you. They knew that brusquely the desire to leave would make you clap your hands and cry out to make them rush to be paid. The uneasy proprietor grouped his general staff to satisfy you. In winter you left "your cafes" definitely at the moment when the employees of the gas company were hanging night in the streets.

We hurried through certain quarters with which you were deliberately unfamiliar, and which gave you the opportunity of being astonished at every step. In certain stationeries you demanded books that were rare or out of print, and when the stationer declared that he did not know this book, you protested energetically, accusing him of neglecting his interests. Sometimes at a hardware store you tried to buy cherries or live birds. You always chose laundries to offer oranges to

the laundresses, and you grew justly angry when the proprietor showed you the door.

These walks always ended along the banks of the Seine, and it was there only, as you watched the river, that you began to speak. "I can think of nobody more stupid than bargemen. They run after the smoke of tugboats and their shadow in the water. These people are hardly more sympathetic than crows. Often I watch them hanging out their wash and cleaning the barge. As soon as they arrive at a destination they are homesick, but for what home? They don't know how to laugh. . . . Did you see that old bird? I meet him ten, twenty times a day. He catalogues his dreams. He is a collector. . . . Every time I pass near these ambulant painters, as numerous as dead leaves in this corner, I laugh very loud to make them nervous. They become afraid that they are not copying the apse of Notre Dame with sufficient exactness. It changes colour every quarter of an hour, and the poor men can't paint fast enough. Look at that woman, look at those people . . ."

Without ever wondering if I were bored, you continued to talk about everything which surrounded you.

About six o'clock we would go to your rooms. You threw your hat on a chair, your gloves on a table, your body on the lunge and your coat somewhere else. You repeated, "Old man, I'm dead tired. Why did you make me walk so far?" The tea was served. I have always heard you say that it was the most agreeable hour of the day for you, and you hastened to absorb several boiling cupfuls so as not to interrupt too long the succession of your cigarettes, the pain of your days, the only habit you possessed.

In spite of your fatigue you leaped from your lounge to your bookcase, from your bookcase to your desk, to throw yourself back on the lounge with the brilliant ball of gas above your head. You chose a book at hazard, accompanying your comings and goings with "What trash! What an idiot!" Or again, "Astonishing! Astonishing! Read this! Read this!" Once more you poured tea into the cups, forgetting to drink as you skimmed through a magazine, a newspaper which lay there by chance. It was at this hour that you would speak of the future. I have said your conversation, so selfish and disjointed, was boring, and however, when you were thinking of tomorrows, your words as distant as stars took fire, twinkled. At the end of a day, abandoning the newspapers, you watched your hands: "The months of the past are as tragic as so many lost lives. We shall still walk proudly, a smile on the lips. I know that smiles are the true reflections

of the sun. Cold weather would suit us perfectly. There will be great shadows, great clouds, which will follow us step by step. And we shall watch the eyes of people to possess this dizziness at last. We shall find long cigarettes to gild our mouths, near trembling trees which you love, which I love, which we love. The weather will be dry, I tell you, and our steps on the sidewalk will tick off the seconds. Automobiles pass rapidly surrounded with a silence. Some one will follow us."

Why do I evoke these memories? Why do I speak of Paris which you are forgetting already? Only to recognize you, Jean, and to forget those who know you. I am surrounded by the people who did not wish to support your charming infirmities and who wonder at your absence so as not to complain of it. You must be smiling again.

Jean, you are more earnest than all of us, more gay than all of us, and you are afraid.

I am thinking of the clear days, of luncheons in the sunshine, of your headaches, old refrains which hang in your memory. Between us there is this forgetting, this deep well whose chain creaks like swallows. You do not know where you are going, red as a rooster, your eyes closed, a pipe between your teeth. Against the green and blue fields of spring, I see Jean, his hands in his pockets, stop to look at a pebble, a tree, his shoe. What is he thinking about? It is five o'clock, eight o'clock or noon? An escaped church bell makes the women hasten. The sun falls at your feet, Jean, and you descend from the hill with your hands in your pockets, pipe in your teeth, red as a rooster, your eyes closed.

You are this fat man; you rise at dawn and walk without thinking. The animals are no longer afraid of you, the trees know you. You pass these men indifferently who think themselves your brothers. You remember us no longer. Can I believe truly that so much friendship, so much understanding, lead to this silence which you now must call the future? You continue to walk in these rays of the morning, along this nameless road.

"One day," you wrote me on the back of your portrait, "an ambulant photographer knocked at my door. I opened. He resembled you and I send my best regards."

I thank you for writing these few words and now excuse myself for having replied at so great length. My memories are nets from which I cannot escape.

Affectionately yours,

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT

(Translated by Malcolm Cowley)

MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE

Ain't it awful? Ain't it?

Ain't it?

Yet who really gives a damn?

Not I:

I shall be here only some few decades more.

Robert fell mooning on the lusty legs
Of Fulbert Tanner's daughter. (This was
important).

A hundred Dantes quench a thousand fresh
Infernos

And take stenographers to wife.

A little-leather-Chaucer-done-in-prose
Is thumbed in vain—too late
Lisetta finds that it is expurgate.

Wesley stirred Hell, smeared some on a stick
And slapped it on God's face:

God laughed and wears the smirch:

Wesley lived and died ripe in honor—

“Dieu c'est moi,” he said with simple
charm.

“I see no hurt in it.”

Yesterday

A nursing mother flogged in Arkansas
Leaves an uncomprehending cub
To hate his enemies. These win
And he, being in minority, is hanged
With much decorum,
English Jehovah's human sacrifice.

Wesley pruning God in English fields,
Robert sinning in the channel cliffs,
Black blight and fertility.

Herleva caught the seed
Of twenty centuries of future wars;
In her womb

The Great Blond Fightingman crushes
His puny foe the Great Blond Fightingman,

And Anglo-Saxon comes to mean
Bastard Scandinavian and French—

Hardi nordic kings
Ruling with hand of iron—

“Our Dick,” his statue’s by Westminster
now,

Making his songs in French and Provencal
And marveling at the senseless grunting
sounds

The natives of his distant island make
In lieu of speech. He holds

That Britain is no place for men—

Right for a lady-gaited ass like Jean,
Who mopes among their fogs and even
knows

A half-a-dozen phrases in their tongue—

He disaffects the island, whining cur.

Dame! let him—simple pleasures of the
poor.

I’ve hands enough full here in France.

London I’d sell if I could find a taker.

England!

England expects every man—

England, the sun never sets—

England of Drake,

England of Addison and Sterne,

England of Mr. Gladstone,

England of Wolfe, of Washington,

England of the States — our mighty destiny — the
Star of Empire,

Star of a Falaise tanner’s discomfiture,

Fruit of Herleva’s attenuated shame.

William the Bastard proudly bears

His title and his arms to England.

The latest Kansas congressman proclaims,

“I am a self-made man.”

RAMON GUTHRIE

PRINCE LLAN

*An Ethical Masque in
Seven Parts, including
a Prologue and a Coda*

I

PROLOGUE

Logos Verbum the Word—universal brew bubbling and collapsing—then this wad of runny iron and rock settles into a steady elliptic jog—cools, crusts, that objects wriggle in the slime, and box-like things bump against the trees—heroic march of that one tender seed through groanings and agues of the earth, through steaming fevers, through chills slid down from the poles, hunger, fire, pestilence, war, despair, anguish of the conscience, lo! this clean-blooded man, this unscrofulous unsyphilitic neat-skinned gentleman, this ingenious isolated item, Prince Llan.

But where was Gudruff?

Gudruff was gone.

Why should we care where Gudruff was?

Gudruff was Prince Llan's intimate and adviser.

Where were they last seen together?

At table, drinking grog, and talking of the future.

Prince Llan himself—his mind had moved elsewhere—and when the auctioneer had shouted Who buys these women? Llan answered I buy these w—and flung down the money inasmuch as they were dear girls they were lovely girls nor were they afraid by God of him. Their breasts were tight up beneath their shoulders. Their breasts, they stood out firm like pegs. When they walked, one could note their sitters, how they undulated. And taking each girl by an arm, so that his thumbs were pressed carefully into their armpits, Prince Llan started with them out into life.

II

Lost in a forest of Siberia, cold, destitute, and rained on, the Prince found three leaves blown under a rock, and dry. With these, by rubbing sticks, he builded them a fire, and they became so warm that in time the two girls sang. Caught in an avalanche on some far-off peak, they rode laughing into the valley on a ledge of ice. He tugged them through shaking sands by the arm. He dragged them from flopping seas by the hair. Together they cooked with disease. Together they bowed down to Siamese gods. They ate yellow dogs

together. When beset by Arabs, he suddenly leapt with these girls to one side, leaving the Arabs crushed by a falling star.

"Let us have a garden," he said to them, so they grew a garden of flowers, mostly depraved. When it was trumpeting with colours and pleasant stinks, the three of them withdrew. For days he martyred himself, draining his poor body of its very marrow. Long after his groins were appeased, the itch, the erotic erethism, continued in the mind. If he had lain on his back, and made an idle half-turn, burying his nose perhaps in the rancid grease of their hair, at the odour, the odour of rotting apples, he would become alert again. If he but saw a fountain innocently playing, or a steaming kettle, it derailed him. His garden, rained on by bees, was calmly impregnated. The blossoms withered, to bear fruit; the Prince crashed a rock through their little house, and the three moved on across the face of the earth, across its nose, mouth, cheeks, and hair.

Shortly after this the Prince went alone up into a mountain with a burning bush on it—and standing, his arms Napoleon-fashion, he took stock:

"If I incline to a certain dish, it is that I like it, even before I have first tasted it, the vacuum of this as yet untasted dish pre-existing in the mind. There are vacuums of millions of combinations of organic substances pre-existing in my mind, and I shall die without quieting their pressure.

"Love, the love of one object to the exclusion of all others, enables us to thrive despite this famine. Love is a process of individualization: there is the general vacuum Love, and it is filled when one finds a specific object to adequately symbolize this general. The poet loves his material when he must have that material and none other. There are poets who may choose this or that, being interested primarily in the arrangement, and to this extent they are not filled. Similarly, these girls for me may particularize, but they do not symbolize, the general. Which is to say that I do not love them, because I ask only that they be delicate and smell right. They cannot end the famine, and I am the most forsaken of men, loveless, tossed without anchor.

"Thou shalt not commit adulteration."

III

On a screen the projection of a beating heart, the size of an elephant, convulsing irregularly. Its owner suffering some spiritual or physical torment. As they watched, a large drop of blood collected on a valve, sidled across the slope of the meat—like a tear

rolling down a cheek. The drop detached itself, and they shouted, with hell an eternity of having the finger-nails pulled out, the walls crooked. The chairs tire one's elbow, or the muscles of our necks. The lights will go out, come on again, flicker. Lewd pictures were hung, the lewdest portions obscured by splotches of ink. The floor slants, occasionally a door would open, so that a chill passed through, with the lyric cook stumbling across the room, skinny and starved. The Pontificers fought their way among the ruins of chairs and people; carried banners: Let each man build a bridge, if every man builds a bridge the world will have no time for vice, build bridges, signed, The Pontificers, the lyric cook gnawing at his knuckles. He was mumbling recipes, describing the setting of tables, rehearsing an ideal course of dishes, and in the midst of a peculiarly dull catalogue of ingredients, he will burst out with songs in praise of food.

Mine enemy was strong. He possessed the good things of this world. I was a coward, timid and lugubrious. I slunk. I slunk on my belly. I slunk with terror into her bed, taking the wife of mine enemy. When he returns, she will spew upon me, and he will beat me with a horsewhip. Ampersand placing the germs into the blood through the sucking of lice not affable skulls whom the madam lay with the man so aloof from us as he stood on stilts that passing dogs stopped to befoul them.

Euonymism holds our salvation to lie in the use of the left side. It points out that past civilizations decayed, and that they held the left side unlucky. Yes, the founder of Euonymism was here: a tailor, descended from twenty-seven generations of tailors, and they all had lifted the pressing iron with their right hands, until his race was puny on the left side of its body. He had plugged up his right nostril, and cast out his right eye, and was standing on his left leg, shouting his doctrines at the parade of Pontificers, *out of the left corner of his mouth, wiggling his left ear. That is why it is called EUONYMISM.*

(Sitting down, the chair collapsed. Stepping across to pull a lever, he was soused with water. Falling, he arose. Rising, he fell. Sighing, he threw off his clothes, finding them distressing.)

Now:

The Thirty-Three Systems strive after a synthesis. As they watch, the synthesis is attained, and the Thirty-Fourth System joins the ranks. Regardless, Euonymists and Pontificers rushed at each other, trampled down a convention of three thousand specialists on the mating habits of the female Polar dung beetle. Prince Llan

leaped up, and ran with his two girls for the shore. The ship was waiting. The mob threatened. No time could be spared. He threw them across the gang-plank as the ship commenced a yaw toward the South. SLIP THE CABLE, SET THE FORE-STAY-SAIL and the FORE-TOP-MAST STAY-SAIL. These filled with a groan, as the first of the pursuers began stringing over the hill. CUT THE SPRING; SET THE SPANKER VANGS, the MIZZEN-TRY-SAILS, the MAIN-TOPGALLANT STUDDING SAILS—the ship now moving confidently out into the water. They cast off the club-haul; next, gammoning, they gybed the boom taut with a grummet, gave a sharp bowse to the bolt-ropes, and luffed the halyards to the fag-ends of the davits. The ship scudded into a vicious head-sea, simultaneously with the clewing up of the spun-yards, while several men under the second mate went madly to work keckling the parbuckle, and marling the lazy-guy with gudgeons. The captain's voice rang out thwart ships above the gale, giving orders to loosen the crupper till it squared the jibboom—and Prince Llan knew that he was advancing into another world.

IV

(Scene: A dense grove in the midst of a rolling barren plain, rather like the pubes on a white body. The Prince's two girls sit observing the horizon. The Prince sleeps. Tableau. Music. Finally one of the girls begins talking softly.)

One of the girls: He calls us Alpha Nomega. So you, dear, be Alpha; I'll be Nomega. Or if you prefer, I shall be Alpha.

Alpha: Back on the farm; home and mother; thoughtless; happy; brute made me woman; thirteenth year; knew no better; driven away; city; loved; at times didn't love; I hate men, Nomega.

Nomega: Drunken father; invalid mother; nice man; took to room; gave candy; tickled; happened; fourteenth year; had to pay; but it died; now I am a big empty place, Nomega.

Alpha: Bring carpet slippers; sits reading by fire.

Nomega: Lean over back of chair and kiss; smile; pat cheek; both tiptoe across room; pull back curtains; smile to each other at what see there asleep.

Alpha: Tiptoe back to fire; lay on his knees.

Nomega: Look up into eyes.

(They fall silent, observing the horizon. The Prince sleeps. Tableau. Music.)

Alpha: But the Prince is good to us, Nomega.

Nomega: Too good. How can we be assured of a future with such a strange man. Look what he wrote, just before falling asleep. I watched the words forming. (*She slips a paper gently from under the Prince's right arm.*) "Taken in the absolute sense, taking old age, that is, divorced from the example of some specific old man, the loveliest life and the loveliest thoughts should be produced after the sperm is silenced. I imagine a life as broad and deep and quiet as a mountain lake, and it seems to be solely the property of old age. I am speaking, however, absolutely, without concern for examples."

Alpha (*taking up the notebook*): "Metaphysics is the yearning to see one's own eye, when there are no reflections, and when one eye cannot be taken from the head to be examined by its fellows." And he, Nomega, is the man who has crawled with us into secret places.

Nomega (*receiving back the notebook*): "True love is specific; but mine is more generalized, like that of the housefly, or the philosopher."

Alpha: Thank God he can still talk of love.

Nomega: We should have run off and hidden among the Horrors. Have sneaked behind the big screen with the heart going on it. We could have hired servants had we stayed there, and had others to tie our shoes for us.

Alpha: The hungry man would have cooked for us.

Nomega: But now we must make the best of things. We must use technique with the Prince.

Alpha: Yes, but he is becoming too forgetful. He is interested in other things. Yet such an earnest man should still be grateful for any display of science.

(*Silence. They observe, not the horizon, but the Prince. He moves in his sleep, and mutters, "Gall in the blood. The passions are like gall in the blood." He smiles, becomes quiet, and a flute bleats tenderly as they turn their eyes again to the horizon.*)

Alpha (*sadly*): But let us put this worry aside, Nomega. Let us recite.

Nomega: Yes, what should it be? Why, let us recite the First Litany of our Profession.

Alpha: Yes, let us recite the Office of the Enormous, the Mis-shapen, and the Ill-formed.

Nomega: No, dear, let us recite of that rarer movement, the Natural and the Divine.

Alpha: I shall try, although I don't remember it very well.

(They recite. And their unhappiness seems to vanish as they become engrossed in their connoisseurship.)

Alpha Nomega:

Love in the male should be subordinated to mastery, in order that the fine edge be not taken too soon from the attack.

The male strives to remain calculatory until he has reached a point whereat decision is irrevocable. Then, and only then, he must shift the direction of his emotions, and speed in arithmetical ratios of progression, like an object drawn by gravitation, towards catharsis.

Let the female remember simply that she is a flower holding up its chalice, a vase to be filled.

While that act is most efficient in which, the two phenomena having transpired simultaneously, the parts are left ticking irregularly from the repercussion.

(This seems to have cleared the air like a discharge from the clouds. Their interests have changed. They glance appraisingly at the Prince, to gauge his slumber.)

Alpha: Nomega, the cat is asleep.

Nomega: The cat is asleep,. little mouse.

(They crawl into each other's arms. But the Prince stirs and awakes.)

Prince Llan: Pathetic little girls. I have doubtless inserted many barbs into your tender minds. These barbs will rankle, until some day, when you are older, you will understand. At that time it might aid you to remember that man possesses a species of seed which, if properly laid within the soul of woman, can frequently result in her drinking poison, or falling from a bridge. . . . Now, go, little sealed things, little unplumbed possibilities, little fields unplowed. Ride off in a carriage tight shut, where no ray of sunlight can enter.

(They go, after each has received a kiss and a gift of money from the Prince.)

Prince Llan *(to himself)*: There, how gently he sent them off. And he might just as readily have driven them with clubs. He bowed them away as virgins, instead of beating them as bitches. That is better, since more proper to a parting.

(They went, and the Prince watched them mould together into a spot on the horizon.)

V.

The universal brew bubbled and collapsed; boxlike things had bumped against the trees; there had been, you will remember, war,

pestilence, and anguish of the conscience; the Prince had bought those girls; he had ridden avalanches with them; he had rushed them away during scramble of Euonymists and Pontificers; gammoning, the spanker vangs were gybed taut with a grummet; and he had become a new man; sent them away as virgins, though he might have beaten them as bitches; and he now walked with a slow tread, after all these years, thoughtfully, to himself, saying:

"A reality encompassed by intelligence falls outside the realm of a complete experience, outside the realm of an organic understanding. There is described to me, in every detail, every elbow of height and breadth, every vibration of smell, every grade of color, some place—but this place does not live for me as an immediate possession until I, too, have been there, and experienced it through the orchestration of the senses. Yet a reality so encompassed by the intelligence cannot be mistaken for any other—and when I do come upon this place I can apply my tests, and make sure whether or not it is the place intended. Or even going beyond this, I could say that the glory of philosophy lies in just such an act of intellection; in the stating by intelligence of what can never be immediately, *organically*, experienced."

Was this the man who had martyred himself? It was. Speak, that the younger may be edified. Let him hear what they already knew in their minds, but shall not know in their bodies until they, too, are tottering.

"A man, suffering from untold miseries, can go out and plunge his knife into a wild beast, or his axe into a tree, and by so much resolve his discomfiture. An act is unmistakable: this man has acted. But he cannot plunge his knife into an odor on the wind, or a sudden memory of childhood, or a vague forewarning of death. Vicariously, he has tried to slay the wild beast instead of the sudden memory of childhood. He stoops over his kill, spies a single leaf detached, on the ground, contrived ingeniously, and his misfortunes are suddenly situated elsewhere. . . . To obviate this, let him divorce himself from organic experience, and translate these vaguenesses into the certainties of the intellect. Life, established by the poets as a fever, remains a problem of distress which cannot be solved in terms of positive happiness, but may in terms of pains absent."

The Prince transcribed carefully.

"The intellect is the most advisable narcotic, since it enables us to live a waking deep-sleep, to get the completeness of the facts, but without the poignancy. By the word I create, I act—which means, I slay. Man by nature a slayer. Having become too subtle to dispose of his maladjustments by the slaying of wild beasts, he turns to the

slaying of his emotions. The intellect unites living with death, perception with immunity. Let us admit only as much emotion as will serve to add zest to our perceptions. Let emotion be like gall in the blood.

“To find that method whereby life, pressed into firm little bricks, is handled at leisure. For life to tear at our chimneys and howl faintly outside the windows. Or even better, life as a tinkling of far-off cow-bells, coming up irregularly over the low hills. This we mean by the consolation of our philosophies. We must search, not for experience, but for the symbols of experience; reason and art each aiming at a formula in accord with its particular properties, its own potentialities. Idea cuts through a tangle of emotion; emotion cuts through a tangle of ideas—and each, expressed by the formulas of art and thought, are remedies against the complexities of existing. I bare my teeth at the yapping of the senses; I devote myself, rather, to seeing how, if a given thing is so, other things follow. Yet how strange that at this point, rising as I have above my own uneasinesses, having found this rock on which to enforce myself, I should receive word from Gudruff. From Gudruff, and I once sat at table and drank grog with him. Has he, too, found fierce temperance? He writes, Gudruff writes: ‘Sweetly tired body’ . . . ‘muscles of my throat’ . . . ‘hay, cow’s breath, urine, manure, and old sun-dried timber’ . . . ‘temptationi inguinum’ . . . ‘beyond the reach of duties’ . . . ‘blessings from Gudruff.’ ”

VI

To his good Prince Llan, greetings from Gudruff, or perhaps greetings from Gudruff’s skull, or more accurately, greetings from that much of Gudruff as may still lie in the Prince’s own heart, for the rest of him may have been thrown to the winds by the time Llan receives this letter. This sweetly tired body may have been laid aside, stopped even by its own hand.

After they parted, Prince, he walked for days, eventually passing through a parched country and finding no water. His spittle was a dry pulp, a cotton wad in the mouth. He came to a stream, pushed his face against it horse-like, and suddenly the muscles of his throat began sucking in the water with a passion which astonished him. It was not Gudruff, it was his throat that was drinking, while he leaned back and watched. He threw off his clothes, he lolled in the stream. He let the sun dry him, and moved into the shade to sleep. But a change had come over him. He had learned, Prince, that one can observe with deliberation what is usually taken without thinking, that one might go through life holding a minute ear to the body.

He found that he was close to a village. It is somewhere adjoining, but beyond, the territory of the dear Prince's father. There is wealth, but not the kind to tempt a restless and grasping people. He entered, and forthwith five women and nine boys were brought to him in recognition of his station. He felt it advisable to send some of the women away, but perhaps this was due to the fatigue of his long journey. Since then, Prince, he has remained in this village, where, in his own way, he has become wealthy.

To witness: The heavy siropy smell of over-ripe strawberries; cool mint; the worminess of rich loam soaked with water; the bitter-sweet of a barn, its mixture of hay, cow's breath, urine, manure, and old sun-dried timber. This ensemble of growth and decomposition, freshened with morning. . . . He lay there in peace. And suddenly, suddenly, *plena recognitio facultatum corporis latuit subito ei; se relaxabat, est molliter lapsus contra terram, deinde se dabat suorum temptationi inguinum.* The remainder of the morning he spent in reading.

Patiently and earnestly, his dear Prince, he has gone about it since then to enlarge his knowledge. Each day, perhaps, some new pore has been opened, some new nerve stroked. As he grows old he feels creeping over him the haze of veneration. He is now a veteran, dear Prince, and he feels that he has used his intelligence nobly to heighten every channel of sensation. He is at least fortified with the feel of moral victory, of having done what *he* could to extend beauty further into the realm of ugliness. This body has not strained and fed and given off unheeded.

But now an illness is on him, and perhaps the roots are numbing. Perhaps when the Prince receives this he shall have passed beyond the reach of duties and obligations.

Good Prince, blessings from
Gudruff.

Prince Llan cried, "I am coming, Gudruff, I am coming." He stumbled forward, throwing himself heavily against the door in front of him. It was an oblong door, encrusted with minute carvings. There were houses, mountains, three peasants sitting at a table, women washing clothes, lovers kissing by a well—tiny dramas were carved upon this door, and Prince Llan shoved it open. His eyes were partly closed, glued with a heavy sleep. An ear sat between a filtering kidney and an intestine with its lugubrious burden. Parts of himself, reduplicate, lay about him. He climbed over a twitching leg. He pushed aside a piece of throbbing brain tissue to keep from crushing it under his heel. Other parts sauntered through the air like fishes. Peering, he saw a door; it wavered beyond a film of mucus, an oval door with a heavy brass knocker. "I am coming, Gudruff," he mur-

mured, as his body, dragged by unseen weights, spread over the ground like molasses. He shifted his bulk, forcing it to slope against this door, and the door budged reluctantly, allowing him, down a corridor beyond, the glimpse of a door.

VII

CODA

Joseph, singing with the birds in the morning, busying his carcass in physical toil before the heat of noon, next eats, and snoozes dog-like while the sun is most intense. When the splendour is dismissed he appears again, and returns to the fields. In time the shadows lengthen; Joseph takes food and drink which, the body having been depleted with activity, is drawn in like water poured on a desert. At dusk the muscles have been appeased; the brain speculates contentedly. Joseph lies in wait for a better understanding. We are nearing the completion of the cycle; what has gone before has sweetened the twilight. The eye flows calmly over the silhouette of the black hills. The moment has come to shut himself away. Going indoors, the hero turns to his books, confining himself within the sharply restricted funnel of his lamp's light. Ultimately, laying aside the books, he goes to his woman, and the cycle closes.

Si hortum in bibliotheca habes, nihil deerit. If, says Cicero, you have a garden and a library, you have all. If you have life (*hortus*, garden) and the contemplation of this life (*bibliotheca*, library, books). Above the molten flow of emotion, a rigid and well-knit crust of ideas, said that great platitudinarian, Cicero, that unfortunate, knowing the laws of good fortune. But you will pardon the author, dear reader, if at this point he interrupts himself. For your author is dying. I, Morducaya Ivn, the respected chronicler of these meditations and events, rose from my desk but a few moments past, laid back my head, and cast a mortal potion into the belly. Already, there is a drowsiness mounting my legs. Between me and death there are less than my fingers full of people.

There is an old Chinese woman, exhausted of a dropsy. A baby in London, deformed by its mother's corsets. Three of five drunken sailors in a brawl at Singapore. Then me.

When I am dead the boats will still sail down the river. . . . people will eat supper with their windows open . . . and doubtless take walks across the country during week-ends. I will be dead. Dead in a coffin carried through the street, and my beard growing silently.

They say the baby won't cry when it's slapped. . . . Down, you bastard! and one of the sailors is gone. . . . Now that Chinese woman

is staring: pingee, pongee, pungee, pung, yes, grandmother died of a dropsy.

I am demanded back to be remoulded. This borrowed ego returns to the great Warehouse. My collection will be scattered: this much of beef, swine, mutton, herbs, rum which, taken into the blood, became me. I could situate my elements thus, roughly, in pre-history: Twelve portions of this nose once floated in a tepid sea, the liver of a dinosaur. This mouth, or rather this eye-tooth of this mouth, was belched up in part during the ejaculation of the Himalayas; it is a relique of the earth's earlier enthusiasm. And ah! this little strip of thumb-nail, immediately within the border of the moon, who would believe that it was once included in a germ which gnawed at the brain of Jesus.

And so I am reclaimed metaphysically. Strictly to observe relationships, in the light of Jupiter, I do not matter. As I was slung together, so shall I fall apart, an aggregate of casual units, subject to the chemistry of the Law. And when the earth, the black cold earth drives on through space, drives on through force of habit I suppose, and there is left nothing but a dead worm sticking to the collected works of Shakespeare, what will it signify that Ivn perished of the nature of things, and of poison cast into the belly?

Ivn, you are dying! Not an aggregate of units, not a relative trifle in the light of Jupiter, but you, I—I—

Out of the big black hole
into my own awareness of nothing
thus from the grinding womb of the Mother Nebula

I

my heart, my fingertips,

I, the affirmation, the solely significant. . . .

Facts, tiny facts, the patient ministering to our daily needs, the balancing of hungers with appeasements. But what—that tingling in the ears; it is music, or death. I fail. I struggle once more to my feet, choking. Of a sudden I am elated with futurity. I bellow:

I have suffered the prologue. I have heard the orchestra strike up, the curtain rises, and God! I am called to go elsewhere. I saw their fat happy faces, caught a glimpse of them dining, and the door slammed shut in my face. To live among those beeves of art. And here and there little cries come up out of the earth, like flowers. When the world rises and sings—but I am dead.

(*Dies.*)

KENNETH BURKE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Of the pursuit of beauty and the husk that remains, perversions and mistakes, while the true form escapes in the wind, sing O Muse; of Raleigh, beloved by majesty, plunging his lust into the body of a new world—and the deaths, misfortunes, counter coups, which swelled back to certify that ardor with defeat. Sing! and let the rumor of these things make the timid more timid and the brave desperate, careless of monuments which celebrate the subtle conversions of sense and let truth go unrecognised. Sing! and this once let the song be an arrow through the brain. Sing and make known Raleigh, who would found colonies; his England become a mouthful of smoke sucked from the embers of a burnt weed. And if the nations, well founded on a million hindrances, taxes, laws and laws to annul laws must have a monument, let it be here implied: this undersong, this worm armed to gnaw away lies and to release—Raleigh: if it so please the immortal gods.

Sing of his wisdom, O Muse: The truth is that all nations, how remote soever, being all reasonable creatures, and enjoying one and the same imagination and fantasy, have devised, according to their means and materials, the same things.

They all have lighted on the invention of bows and arrows; all have targets and wooden swords, all have instruments to encourage them to fight, all that have corn beat it in mortars and make cakes, baking them upon slate stones; all devised laws without any grounds had from the scriptures or from Aristotle's Politick, whereby they are governed; all that dwell near their enemies impale their villages, to save themselves from surprise. Yea, besides the same inventions, all have the same natural impulsions; they follow nature in the choice of many wives; and there are among them which, out of a kind of wolfish ferocity, eat man's flesh; yea, most of them believe in a second life, and they are all of them idolators in one kind or another.

These things, still chewing, he chewed out. And as an atheist, with Marlow, they would have burned him. It was his style! To the sea, then! mixed with soundest sense—on selling cannon to one's enemies.

But through all else, O Muse, say that he penetrated to the Queen!

Sing! O Muse and say, he was too mad in love, too clear, too desperate for her to trust upon great councils. He was not England, as she was. She held him, but she was too shrewd a woman not to know she held him as a woman, she, the Queen; which left an element. Say that he was made and cracked by majesty, knew that

devotion, tasted that wisdom and became too wise—and she all eyes and wit looking through until her man, her Raleigh became thin, light, a spirit. He was the whetter, the life giver through the Queen—but wounded cruelly. In this desperate condition, willess, inspired, the tool of a woman, flaming, falling, being lifted up, robbed of himself to feed her, caught, dispatched, starting, held again, giving yet seeking round the circle for an outlet: this was, herself; but what, O Muse, of Raleigh, that proud man?

Say, first, he was the breath of the Queen—for a few years; say, too, that he had travelled much before he knew her, that he had seen the tropics and explored the Orinoco River for a hundred miles. Then say, O Muse, that now he saw himself afar, that he became—America! that he conceived a voyage from perfection to find—an England new again; to found a colony; the outward thrust, to seek—But it turned out to be a voyage on the body of his Queen: England, Elizabeth—Virginia!

He sent out colonists, she would not let him go himself; nothing succeeded. It was a venture in the crook of a ladie's finger, pointing, then curving in Virginia? It was the nail upon that finger. O Raleigh! nowhere, everywhere—and nothing. Declare, O Muse, impartially, how he had gone with the English fleet to strike at Spain and how she called him back—Sire, do you not know, you!? These women are my person. What have you dared to do? How have you dared, without my order, to possess yourself of what is mine? Marry this woman!

Sing, O Muse, with an easy voice, how she, Elizabeth, she England, she the Queen—deserted him; Raleigh for Leicester, Essex now for Raleigh; she Spencer whom he friended, she “The Faery Queen,” she Guiana, she Virginia, she atheist, she “my dear friend Marlow,” she rents, rewards, honors, influence, reputation, she “the fundamental laws of human knowledge,” she prison, she tobacco, the introduction of potatoes to the Irish soil: It is the body of the Queen stirred by that plough—now all withdrawn.

O Muse, in that still pasture where you dwell amid the hardly noticed sounds of water falling and the little cries of crickets and small birds, sing of Virginia floating off: the broken chips of Raleigh: the Queen is dead.

O Virginia! who will gather you again as Raleigh had you gathered? science, wisdom, love, despair. O America, the death-place of his son! It is Raleigh, anti-tropical. It is the cold north, flaring up in ice again.

What might he have known, what seen O Muse? Shoal water where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden; and keeping good watch and keeping but slack sail—we arrived upon the coast; a land so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflow them, such plenty, as well there as in all places else, on the sand and on the green soil on the hills, as well as every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops of high cedars, that in all the world I think a like abundance is not to be found. And from below the hill such a flock of cranes, mostly white, arose with such a cry as if an army of men had shouted all together. He might have seen the brother of the king, Granganimo, with copper cap, whose wife, comely and bashful, might have come aboard the ship her brows bound with white coral; or running out to meet them very cheerfully, at Roanoak, plucked off his socks and washed his feet in warm water. A people gentle, loving, faithful, void of all guile and treason. Earthen pots, large, white and sweet and wooden platters of sweet timber.

Sing, O Muse and say, there is a spirit that is seeking through America for Raleigh: in the earth, the air, the waters, up and down, for Raleigh, that lost man: seer who failed, planter who never planted, poet whose works are questioned, leader without command, favorite deposed—but one who yet gave title for his Queen, his England to a coast he never saw but grazed alone with genius.

Question him in hell, O Muse, where he has gone, and when there is an answer, sing and make clear the reasons that he gave for that last blow. Why did he send his son into that tropic jungle and not go himself, upon so dangerous an errand? And when the boy had died why not die too? Why England again and force the new King to keep his promise and behead him?

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

BOOK REVIEWS

Tulips and Chimneys, by E. E. Cummings. New York. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

Modern art gets much less explanation than it deserves. The artist is too busy pioneering, the intransigent critic too busy fighting his own battles. Nor does any explanation come from the critics of the older school. They have a fear of tasting anything which they cannot recognize at a glance, they refuse to understand anything which is disturbingly new. But since they are house-broken only in their own traditions and would inevitably make a mess of themselves if they wandered afield, it is perhaps fortunate for the world that they make no attempt to understand the underlying aesthetic upon which these crisp and brilliant poems of E. E. Cummings are built.

For Cummings is not only a poet but a painter. His knowledge of word value is as profound as his knowledge of color, and it is largely for this reason, because he has carried over the eye and method of art into the field of poetry, that the fresh, living, glamorous forms he has created seem so intangible. To many of those who do not understand this fact, this translation of one art into the technic of another, the poems of E. E. Cummings seem nothing more than verbal and typographical mannerism.

But it is not too unapparent in his work that Cummings' approach to poetry has been quite definitely through painting. The spatial organization of color has become the durational organization of words, the technical problem that of tempo. Words, like planes in abstract painting, function not as units in a logical structure, but as units functioning in a vital and organic structure of time. Logic and all its attributes of grammar, spelling and punctuation, become subservient to the imperial demands of form. The words must come at the *moment juste*, the spark perfectly timed must ignite them at their fullest incipient power.

while in the battered
bodies the odd unlovely
souls struggle slowly and writhe
like caught.brave:flies;

In this quotation the verbal units fall, almost as if by fate, into a sharp relentless tempo that drives each into the highest incan-

descence of its meaning. There is no waste, the skilful orchestration of tempo forces each word to the final limit of its stress.

But Cummings not only derives his technical organization from painting. The sudden and glaring accuracies of description with which his poetry abounds, are those of an amazingly adept draughtsman who has for the moment exchanged his own medium for that of words. In some cases this pictorial accuracy is that of a photograph taken with a lens of ice, brutally clear. But in many of his more recent poems, of which there are all too few examples in the present volume, this accuracy, deepened and sharpened by satire, cuts both ways. These poems, particularly the ones published in the fourth number of *Secession*, have all the quality of Daumier plus that formal significance which Daumier never attained. It is a satire both in form and import far beyond the timid and retiring ironies of T. S. Eliot; a satire which reveals Cummings as completely innoculated against that galloping stagnation which seems to carry off so many of our younger American poets.

Of the grace of Cummings' poetry much has been written. But grace is an emanation, the residue or by-product of a means which has utterly realized its aesthetic or extra-aesthetic purpose. It is an ease which springs from the perfect economy of method. But since it cannot be its own purpose, since it can only be attained by way of a technic whose purpose is not grace itself, it necessarily extends beyond the reaches of analysis. Nevertheless it may be touched by a consideration of that purpose from which it emanates, and though I may be leading myself by the nose into a very doubtful territory of assumptions, I should say that the formal grace (one might as well say beauty and be done with it) of Cummings' work is largely due to the fact that the lines of his poems are built for speed. Their beauty is that of all swift things seen at rest.

In his best work this speed is evident; there exists in them an organized direction toward which each verbal unit functions at its highest velocity. Cummings seldom attempts to achieve momentum through the utilization of mass, the violent and often painful impact of his poems is the active manifestation of speed; their formal beauty has that quality common to racing cars, aeroplanes, and to those birds surviving because of their swift wings.

But it is this speed, this sudden impact of his poems which turns so many people against them. Men do not like to be knocked down, particularly by some quality they admire. But if art is to have any of the contemporary virtues it must have speed, and though it is

perhaps more pleasant to be softly overturned by the witching waves of Amy Lowell, or knocked slowly numb by the water droppings of Georgian poetasters, it is certainly more exhilarating to experience the sharp, the living, the swift, the brilliant tempos of E. E. Cummings. And though the selection of poems in this volume is neither a sensitive nor a comprehensive one, though it contains certain poems of questionable value, it nevertheless stands as the most important work of poetry yet published in America.

SLATER BROWN

The Thomas Jefferson Bible. Edited by Henry E. Jackson. New York. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

The hard-shelled mind of the eighteenth century, that only a heavy hammer and a stone could open, speaks in this book to the paper-shelled twentieth that can be split by the pressure of a child's two thumbs.

To read the Thomas Jefferson Bible is an excursion in a closed carriage, sedately driven, to the house of a Roman tetrarch in the center of ancient Jerusalem. Outside the faiths swarm and clash and spit venom, embrace and propagate, gnaw at the ankles of the carpenter's son. Inside the muting walls the cool steel threads of logic spin from the legal lips. We listen to the last word, bow our respect, decline in moderation the closed carriage, and walk home through the clamorous streets, disarmed to fragrant partialities. For, with all respect due to the competent Jefferson, we prefer our Christ with to without, that is, decorated with miracle, like Dionysus garlanded with vine-leaves, to the bones cleaned by acid and carbolic soap.

Miracle does not decay except in closed minds. The mystic lover opens his veins and lets the sap fill the depleted channels, and green leaves shoot forth. There is a better wisdom in the perfumed chat between Jesus and the woman of Samaria, omitted in the Jefferson anthology, than in all his odorless selections lumped together.

Jefferson eliminates, and misses, the essential element of Christianity, that it is the story of a failure, or, as a disappointing contemporary has phrased it, "peace without victory." Christianity is and has always been unpopular because the world prefers success to failure, riches to poverty, pleasure to pain. It has but acquired a certain sanction from the defeated majority. When the world is turned topsy-turvy Christianity will come into its universal rule.

Nevertheless the personality of the Christ is the yeast that defies the Volstead Act and every other form of benzoate, a chemical that would, if universally administered, render the world eternally conscious of the distinction between success and failure. For the personality of the Christ is the purest embodiment of the rule of sympathy which enables the enthusiasm of the defeated to depart from itself and to partake of the joy of the victorious.

And another point missed by Jefferson is the feminity of that ruling principle. That is why the woman of Samaria got, in a casual conversation, all of importance that Jesus had to say. The Jefferson Bible is a Bible with the living yeast baked dry and ineffective. The gracious and curving feminine is left out.

The editor, Mr. Henry E. Jackson, takes up half the book with an introduction valuable, I should think, to the servant of society. He reads well for the same reason that makes it a pleasure to see Dempsey fight. And he exhibits excellent judgment in rendering the Jeffersonian selections in the fibrous prose of the Weymouth translation.

ROBERT ALDEN SANBORN

The Story of the Bible. Written and Drawn by Hendrik Wilhelm Van Loon. New York. Boni & Liveright. \$5.

"You read me the Jesus book, Daddy."

GEORGIA MARY SANBORN

COMMENT

TO THE EDITORS OF THE DIAL

GENTLEMEN:

The first year to a novelist, the second to a poet, the third to a critic . . . the fourth year to a novelist? To criticize this pattern is presumptuous. You will excuse us, however, for asking on what standard the Dial makes its annual award.

Sherwood Anderson, the first to receive it, writes by personal inspiration: good, bad and passable stories in a prose always abominable. Eliot believes in tradition, form, the intellect, everything dead: he writes well. Van Wyck Brooks is a critic who judges books by their relation to society. A prize means something or nothing. Any significance which the Dial award may possess is dependent on the qualities which these three writers share in common. But they have nothing in common: no opinions, no purposes, no common level of ability. We are forced to conclude that the Dial award is meaningless.

It might be justified on the ground of creating a public for authors whose work has been neglected. Brooks publishes everything he writes. He is a critic of integrity, and his readers are respectful and many. The service your award will render him is financial, nothing more. Two thousand dollars: the price of an automobile or a lot in the suburbs; the Dial award promised to have more significance.

We understand that your anonymous committee considered several names, among them Estlin Cummings. His public is small. He is violently attacked. To select him would have shown more courage and considerably broadened his reputation. Moreover, such a choice, following that of Eliot, would indicate a positive standard, for these two writers, although they have reached points widely divergent, started from common ground. A positive standard is what the Dial lacks.

It veers from right to left continually, and if two beliefs are contradictory, accepts them both. It prints Anderson and Eliot in the same issue; Coatsworth and Cummings; Picasso and the obscene friezes of Arnold Roennebeck. One page cancels another and the result, too often is nothing.

We have no quarrel with magazines which deliberately cater to the public. They exist; they grow; their importance is measured not by what they publish but by the number of their readers. Our respect for the Dial leads us to judge it by more difficult standards.

And for this reason we feel at liberty to protest when it becomes an international dictionary of names: George Moore! Hugo

von Hofmannsthal! Karel Capek! Ivan Bunin! Great names, repeated, are intolerably dull. The Dial has grown impersonal, inorganic, like a museum of universal archaeology. One goes wandering through the bric-a-brac of the nineties, the German naturalist school, translations from the Czech, all the materials for the snobs of culture. Against such background, Cummings is an anachronism. You say, "No new talents have developed since the founding of the Dial." Was all your money wasted?

We believe that Cummings' talent is startling and new. We believe that a new literature is developing for which there is no place in the Dial. However, we have no quarrel with you for being conservative or radical; realist, naturalist, impressionist or fin-de-siecle. We protest only because you do not know your mind.

Sincerely yours,

SLATER BROWN
MALCOLM COWLEY

BROOM AWARD

To aid the creative writer in his struggle against modern conditions: to give him leisure for work (though we realize that the sum at our disposal will make the leisure brief), the editors of BROOM have decided to make an annual award, hoping that our readers will distinguish it carefully from the "prizes" or "crowns" with which many organizations attempt to decide the leading books of the year. The BROOM award is given, without pretension, to a young American writer who, in our opinion, has done a significant service for American letters.

We announce with considerable pleasure that our \$2.00 award for 1923 has been given to

SINCLAIR LEWIS

for his work in advancing the American novel.

In choosing Mr. Lewis we were guided by the facts that his reputation is established, that his books are regularly published, and that he he could derive much less benefit from this award than could some younger writer.

Our choice will undoubtedly call forth comparison with the first award of the Dial. We face this without hesitation, for not only does Mr. Lewis need the money less than Sherwood Anderson, but he writes better prose.

THE EDITORS

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.
Of Broom, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for November 1, 1923.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Matthew Josephson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the Broom, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, The Broom Publishing Co., Inc., 45 King St., editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Harold A. Loeb, 45 King St., New York City; Managing Editor, Matthew Josephson, 45 King St., New York City; Business Manager, Matthew Josephson, 45 King St., New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Broom Publishing Company; Harold A. Loeb, 45 King St., New York City; Hannah Geffen Josephson, 45 King St., New York City; Matthew Josephson, 45 King St., New York City.

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

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

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1923.

(Seal.)

(Signed) A. G. REYNOLDS, Notary Public, New York County.

Certificate filed in New York County, No. 83.

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