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1922

KENNETH BURKE
GORHAM B. MUNSON
DANIEL DOUROUZE
RICHARD BASSETT
DUERNE

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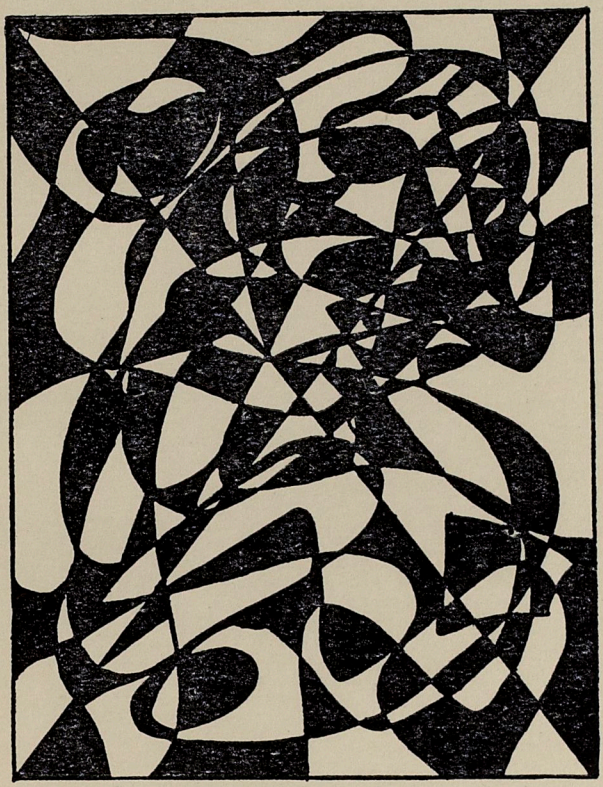

GIRL WITH ORANGE *by* DUERNE

THE MECHANICS *for* A LITERARY "SECESSION"

by GORHAM MUNSON

In the spring of 1922 I founded in Vienna, after many talks in Paris with Matthew Josephson, a small literary review named *Secession*. If this were an isolated personal venture, I should hesitate to claim importance for it. But as it was, I believe, predicated by American literary activity at large, and as it may link up with possible important developments in American letters, and as it aims to focus the energies of six or eight interesting young writers into an organ all their own, I am perhaps justified in mentioning it here.

I begin with a general call to writers to secede.

And literary secession, in the sense it conveys to me, is a calm intelligent resolute swerving aside, an unemotional sloughing-off of irrelevant drains upon our energies and a prompt deviation into purely æsthetic concerns. It is that rather than the direct violent opposition we mean by revolt.

The first requisite for a secession has been established. We have something from which to secede. The last decade has seen a literary *milieu* created in America. A corps of novelists, poets and critics has thrust up, whose members one can take as seriously as, say, Arnold Bennett or Octave Mirbeau or John Drink-

WATER or SUDERMANN or A. B. WALKLEY. That is a great advance over previous American decades. A public, numbering by the wildest estimate 20,000, has come into being for these writers. And a number, too few by far, of magazines and publishers have closed the gap between writers and audience. The bondage to a stultifying amalgam brightly named genteelness—(its constituents were a pioneer-puritan-industrialist moralism and a servility to English victorianism)—has now been shattered, for a minority anyway. Russian and French influences have sifted in. Finally, a considerable total of activity in writing, reading, publishing, collecting, gossip has been generated.

The net result may be indicated by saying that the permanent expatriate type is extinct. The act of EZRA POUND in 1908 need not be repeated. The young American can now function in his home *milieu*. If he doesn't like it, he has another and less distorting alternative than revolt into exile: he can secede.

The second requisite is, of course, the presence of bitter necessities demanding secession. And these to-day's scene, for all the nourishment it provides, protrudes amply. One of them is the æsthetic sterility of the present directions of

American letters. The counter-attack on puritanism which absorbs a number of critics is useful to an artist, as the acquisition of the means of living is useful to him. And naturalism and realism up to, but not including, DOSTOYEVSKY have received their maximum æsthetic exploitation in Europe. DOSTOYEVSKY murdered them. Possibly WALDO FRANK will perform their *coup de grace* for us. Consequently, SINCLAIR LEWIS, FLOYD DELL, ZONA GALE, SHERWOOD ANDERSON, THEODORE DREISER, *et al*, are merely giving us more or less duplicate effects: they are laboring within exhausted forms. The most interesting values of their work are social rather than æsthetic: they are a means for a candid unflinching examination by us of American life. Incidentally, Europe has been through all this: we are merely catching up. WHITMAN, like SHAKSPERE, was a full stop to a period. Both periods have passed, and a full stop bars progression and makes departure imperative. The psychological school, too, is for the most part on a barren tack, since it makes a means, psychology, into an ultimate. Social dynamics, psychological dynamics, how much of our letters they include!

The bitterest thing is the 'good taste' that has been erected on these conditions. Genius, remember, is at first always in 'bad taste'. For 'good taste' takes only the dominant literary tendencies of the day, generalizes from them, and condemns the unfamiliar. Canons based on SINCLAIR LEWIS, JAMES BRANCH CABELL, and ROBERT FROST and pasted up solemnly each week in the *New Republic* or the *Nation* recognize creation only within these canons. They concentrate (although that is not wholly the fault of Messrs. CABELL and FROST) the attention upon materials rather than presentation and upon the non-æsthetic rather than the æsthetic. Let us rather say with that tiresome ass, PICABIA, "All people of good taste are rotten". We shall be, at least, in a better position to recognize a new genius.

Another bitter necessity is the general flabbiness of American criticism. It is united and vigorous towards a stupid reactionaryism. Within its own general faction, it is too enervatingly harmonious. There is no effective pacemaking for it: there are no mortal duels fought. It has a disgusting uniformity. Its amiability, one often suspects, covers a nervous ignorance. In their lack of questioning each other, American critics reveal an

absence of a refined intensity of interest in their problems. To cap it, their audience is of unparalleled docility. It does not disturb slowness and softness. Let a critic like PAUL ROSENFELD once gain its ear regularly through the columns of the *Dial* and *Vanity Fair* and no rude voice will arise to interrupt his dreams of competence. His huge mud-bed of undisciplined emotionalism, his inflated windbag of premature ejaculations no one, apparently, thinks of dredging or pricking. Blithely complacent, he goes undisturbed. This docility does not even protest against smartish, gossipy, men-about-town journalistic critics (e. g., BURTON RASCOE) posing as 'advanced' critics: it does not flip off the froth which conceals their sub-surface sub-academicism. Truly, here is a situation which calls for the tonic injection of a little ferocity!

Finally, the aggravating thing about our *milieu* is its negative attitude towards 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 a 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 upon their endeavor to put Machinery into a positive equilibrium with man and nature.

The last requisite is a nucleus of writers who are ripe for a secession. And this nucleus, I believe, our youngest generation, the chaps from twenty to twenty-six or so, provide. They have been able to mature much more rapidly than their predecessors: they owe these a debt of gratitude for making it easy to throw off preliminary entanglements and strike out freely into immediate æsthetic interests. So that it was possible for one of them, MALCOLM COWLEY, to say: "Form, simplification, strangeness, respect for literature as an art with traditions, abstractness . . . these are the catchwords that are repeated most often among the younger writers."

Form, first. That brings in the intellect and rejects purely intuitional emotional work as insufficient. The desire for it makes it an aim to produce work that not only has an emotional appeal, but that can exhaust a surveying intelligence. It leads to research in the inherent properties of words, it sets up an expression as its desideratum that shall be purely literary and non-transferable into any other art. It says No

to MALLARME's 'musicality of literature' theory. One of the distinguishing marks of 'secessionist' writing is its cerebral quality, manifested particularly by KENNETH BURKE and MALCOLM COWLEY.

Simplification. That means the replacement of hazy vague states of mind by stark hard definition, by the accurate rendering of immediate sensations. Concretely, this is exemplified by the work of an older poet with a strong following among the young men, WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Somewhat differently, E. E. CUMMINGS also simplifies.

Strangeness. The movement away from naturalism and realism, the deliberate imposition upon a basically realistic attitude of romantic materials for the intellect to exploit and arrange. It includes the subjection of new materials such as exclusively modern sensations produced by machinery. The true meaning of romanticism is the crusade for new materials. The example is MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, who deliberately negates logic with his intellect and becomes an intellectual freebooter.

Respect for literature as an art with traditions. That is to say, the youngest writers go back of SHAW and IBSEN. Their favorite source-books

are Elizabethan. And their principal foreign influence is French in two opposed tendencies—one from DE GOURMONT, the other from APOLLINAIRE and the dadaists.

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.

Here, then, is a program in the rough. It would probably be endorsed by all the writers I have named as I thought of them exemplifying one catchword or another in a special degree. There are other ingredients. I mention two employed by individuals rather than by a group. One is a new reorganization of consciousness (that is, a new primitiveness) represented by such diverse precultural writers as WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, WALDO FRANK, and E. E. CUMMINGS. WILLIAMS I have spoken of. FRANK, more instinctive and emotional though still very intelligent, locates on the fringes of the *Secession* group. He has definitely left behind the older slope of consciousness, so gigantically summed up in JOYCE's *Ulysses*, and out of chaos is formu-

lating a new slope. CUMMINGS is a naïf boy whose 'intelligence functions at intuitional velocity', to quote his words on LACHAISE. CUMMINGS too, is the only one so far to declare himself favorably on the American language, the literary use of which is the second ingredient I had in mind.

It is for this group and kindred writers like SLATER BROWN, HART CRANE and FOSTER DAMON that I founded *Secession*. In a limited way it prints them and combats 'good taste' and wages a ferocious tangential warfare.

I invite the readers of *S4N* to partake as they see fit in a necessary movement.

Introductory Remarks *on* Art

by Daniel Dourouze

Englished *by* Richard Bassett & the Editor

For a painter to talk painting is very difficult. Painting is not expressed in words; it is felt; it affects one's whole being. And in saying what *I* think of it I risk displeasing those of you who are differently affected than myself. Yet there is a state of affairs in which we should agree that art does not exist: where there is not the quality of love; that is irrefutable.

Let me tell you, my dear friends and readers, that in art as elsewhere we suffer from too much knowledge, too much science, and we do not live simply enough in contact with nature.

Brilliant syntheses or clever juxtapositions of symbols are not needed to make a work of art. That simple profound emotion which should emanate from every artistic work cannot be manufactured; either it *is*, or it is not.

Doubtless science can be pursued with love, but the painter dominated by it can produce only cerebral art, that is to say, pick-up art.

In the midst of all these artistic bragfests, these logrolling parties—at which there is talk of art voluntary, analytical, dynamic, prismic, cubist, and God knows what else—there is a pleiade of fine young minds who have understood that they must turn rather to the great book of nature and who have supplanted every formula with love of

it, even as their great forerunner COROT—COROT whose landscapes breathe tenderness, melancholy, the charm of solitude and all its poetic mystery; COROT whose figures, meadows, humid woodlands and silent pools recur again and again in his work without the least monotony; COROT whose fluid musical landscapes evoke nature's commonplaces: spring, morning, twilight; COROT who expresses that eternal inner activity which, even in its hours of apparent repose, reveals always the living soul of the world.

To see through the eyes of love is not only the way to attain truth in art; it is also a sign of splendid intellect. For beauty is to be found in universal all-embracing love alone. Such love may well be the very source of life itself and, in fine, the real force of tomorrow—sovereign hate being but destruction and death.

The great lovers of space and atmosphere have always been great artists; for without atmosphere there could be neither sounds, colors nor forms, and consequently neither music, design, modeling nor poetry.

What are the cooked-up artificialities that we get from academic studios compared to the direct study of nature! Theory often marks the point at which art borders on insanity. What *can* we

think of the insipid adroitness of an ever-infallible brush! and how preferable is the divine awkwardness of one guided by deep emotion and without the slightest prejudice!

The painter, look you, must be free and proud, humble only before nature, giving free play to his poetic and sentimental exaltations, giving free play even to those distortions which seem so extreme but are in reality merely the result of his impulsive passion. Mechanical processes no more than academic theories should serve him as ready-reckoner and law.

Let the good public give him the benefit of the doubt in whatever goes beyond the grasp of its complacent, bourgeois, rightminded respectability. He suffers enough in being constantly and roughly reminded of life's brutal reality. To follow him instead of pooh-poohing him would be perhaps to take steps toward a better world.

SECESSION?

by RICHARD BASSETT

GORHAM MUNSON's article in this issue brings an aggressive note to the *S4N* and deserves much appreciation on that and other accounts. I object instinctively to his program, but my objections are those of an outsider not immediately in touch with the painful necessities he mentions. As a pure outsider I would challenge these necessities. Granted that conditions are as he describes them —that American literature has been pursuing a barren track, and that American criticism is spineless and unendurable—these are the conditions of mediocrity, and there is no need of a movement to secede from mediocrity. Or of a movement of any kind, I am prompted to think. For movements, so far as the public is concerned, merely substitute one form of mediocrity for another. The real need would be of a few poets of the first rank, men of genius, if you like; of a critic of infinite taste and discernment, with a tongue to wither the shabby successes of the hour. These would do far more for literature than any amount of internal organization, and I for one shouldn't care whether they were puritans or patriots or impressionists or vorticists.

These objections have occurred to me, and perhaps eventually they still hold, only of course they ignore the whole point of MUNSON's article.

They are based on the assumption that the aim of literature is to produce good writing of all kinds. MUNSON poses a more specific aim. He concerns himself with only one phase of literary activity, the æsthetic phase. This fact he might emphasize even more clearly than he does.

Now for those who consciously restrict literature to an æsthetic concern I can see the value of association, and a program, and a movement. Intrinsically æsthetic problems are often studied in common. My quarrel is not so much with the theory as with the practice. It is my own personal feeling that those artists of the present generation who band themselves together under the banner of 'Intelligence' lean toward the very thing that MUNSON deplores—a negative attitude toward modern life. They have admitted a good deal of new literary material. They may accept machinery and jazz and American slang and a lot of other things, but in their purely literary treatment of these ingredients they betray their real lack of interest in them. This may not be true of certain *Secessionists*, but it is true of the bulk of modern French painting, and largely true of the vanguard of French literature.

Opposed as he is to any such tendencies I feel inclined to approve of DANIEL DOUROUZE, who

also contributes to this issue. DANIEL DOUROUZE belongs to the older school of radical French painters, those who watched the original impressionist movement and like to associate themselves with CEZANNE. I don't relish his excusing 'the divine awkwardness of a hand guided by emotion' though I understand his meaning. Nor do I believe that the mere representation of nature is the only motive for painting pictures. But I think that his real contact with nature furnishes him with full and decent cause for painting, and such decency shows up well in any sphere.

However, it is somewhat ludicrous to mention DOUROUZE's article and MUNSON's in the same breath. I ought to apologize to both.

In so far as MUNSON succeeds in focusing the efforts of a number of 'interesting young writers' I am with him and wish him all success. There is a good place for his magazine. But I shan't line myself up with his program of 'Secession'. I don't feel the need of restricting literature or any other art to an æsthetic concern. The reasons that induce young men of this generation to write and carve and paint will not be primarily æsthetic any more than were those of their ancestors, for whom humanitarian interests, science, and religion provided their main stimulus

as often as not. We shall still have great and intelligent artists for all that.

After Hours

by Kenneth Burke

THE various arteries of the city having been loosened by the phlebotomy of five o'clock, the streets dripped profusely. The general tangle among the directions of the pedestrians gave an illusion of hastiness, as though the speed of the street were the aggregate of all the individual speeds. The vehicles also added—especially the Cross-town car which HOWARD took. He had attained this car between a channel of automobiles moving like blocks of ice. He had paid his fare behind a pregnant Italian woman who still emanated the odor of this morning's garlic, while a Jew pedler from behind had collapsed his hamstrings by the unexpected impulse of a bundle. He stepped into the orchestration of breaths, sat down, and waited.

The car tugged ahead unevenly. The car filled disgustingly. The inmates, paddled by the conductor's shouts, flowed haltingly toward the front of the car. Three shop girls entered, pushing past a fat woman who really should not ride at this time of the day. Their complexions were not yet ten minutes old, having been renewed at five minutes to five. Two girls dropped nickles; as the third paid, pennies were heard chasing one another down the glass chute.

"Hold on there," the conductor yelled unnecessarily at this third girl with the chasing pennies. HOWARD looked at her and decided that she was a war horse. "Come on with the rest o' the money."

"What do y' mean the rest o' the money?"

"I what do y' mean that y' on'y put in three cents!"

She said she put in fi' cents; the conductor said she on'y put in three; she said she put in fi'. Finally the conductor wouldn't argue no longer, and he turned the crank until all the money was out of the box. Then he held it up in his hand, and when he had taken out all the nickels and dimes, there was nothing left but three cents. He showed this to the fat woman, who grumbled with disgust, and to the two other girls, who sniggered, and to a plumber who had just got on the car and who felt embarrassed; he also showed it to two other men whose occupations were uncertain. The girl paid the two additional cents, and whenever the car stopped after that you could hear her telling the other girls that she put in fi'. All sorts of people kept glancing at her and the conductor; the plumber stayed on the platform and looked at the headlight of the car behind.

Out of the newspaper sticking upside down in the overcoat pocket of the man in front of him, HOWARD learned that

obe, Pa., Nov. 10.—A fireb̃ug
moreland County, Pa.
ee Destroyed Recently in West-
PECIALTY OF FIREBUGS
NING SCHOOLHOUSES

The damned guy moved his arm like an idiot. HOWARD fought hard over the thing, but the jerking of the car was another handicap. Then the man moved unconsciously further up the car. HOWARD observed with satisfaction that the lower half of a woman shifted into his immediate vision. He began thinking specifically of this lower half of a woman. The whole idea became preposterous: he with his head! . . . HOWARD observed with profound guilt that he was riding past his stop. After all, it was worth a gambler's chance. Her knee . . . sure enough. After one entire extra avenue, she moved away. HOWARD left the car with resignation, and walked back in the face of a cold dark wind.

AFTER eating in a chop house with steamed windows, HOWARD went on down to the Village. Finally he got to the house he wanted, went up

the stairs slowly, entered. Various hellos. HOWARD sat down. Problem: sociability. ". . .'s BAKER doing now . . . new girl . . . that so! . . . devilish cold . . ." Fire is agitated. EDNA is tweaking LYNCH's nose; they shouldn't get off by themselves that way, it breaks up the party. HOWARD and everybody took everything with silent heroism. Everybody gravely watched RAMSAY poke the fire unnecessarily. ". . .'s CHARLIE doing . . . for a coon's age . . . I don't . . ." HOWARD watched EDNA's foot; it tapped, tapped, tapped hinging at the ankle; it had nothing whatsoever to do with HOWARD: he fingered a book and said things about it. Other people answered things. Differed and agreed. Intellectual conversation. After five minutes it had petered out; two voices started up, and fell together; everybody gravely watched RAMSAY worrying the fire. The wind suddenly attacked the three inches of open window; somebody ran and closed it; somebody else said, "Whew . . . hell!" Then ENGLANDER arrived with the booze, and the evening was saved.

HOWARD felt his stomach recoil as the first slug of the vile stuff hit it. But after that the battle was won, and HOWARD poured it down without further discomfiture. The emphasis

changed; that is, when RAMSAY poked the fire once more before forgetting it for the evening, only a couple of people noticed the manœuvre, and one of these was appreciated for saying "How sadistic!"

Somebody suggested poker; HOWARD heard people shout "Yes, poker!" and "Hell with poker!" and he heard himself shout "Yes, poker!" There being a general shove, he shoved, and learned a few seconds later that he was fighting for a chair. He attained a chair, and sat down, and began beating on the table for poker. Poker came. Within two minutes the cards were sticky with port, and the banker was still distributing the chips. HOWARD won the first pot; somebody updumped the table; the game was over; it was a week later before HOWARD got anywhere near the amount that was due him. HOWARD snapped a drink into him, threw back his head with such a jerk that part of the liquid trinkled into his ear.

He swerved about the room with the subconscious realization of many things: the stove in the corner; millions of miles away, Neptune was plunging through space, cold and deserted; it was only a question of time until EDNA left LYNCH; that queer time in the street car—he

would say nothing about it; drink it slower, old man, slower. Everyone was frankly in his own orbit; they called out to each other from a distance and in haste, as though they were going in opposite directions on railway trains. They reeled within one another's recognition, and out again. HOWARD was grateful when spoken to, and answered with overflowing emotion. Frankly, he saw no disgrace in repetition. At times, however, when someone drunker than himself approached, he looked at that person and registered with clarity, "You are drunk . . . you dirty slobbering cretin, you are pig-stewed." At times he even said this, and the remark would secure him a staunch temporary friend.

EDNA came up to him. "Hello, HOWARD dear!" They began to talk. They didn't talk about much, but they talked soberly. HOWARD became embarrassed and dropped his eyes. Not because they talked soberly, but because he remembered distinctly once when they had ALMOST. Her husband was in the room now, and HOWARD had just told him he was pig-stewed, yet with this woman he had once ALMOST. He was overwhelmed by her unheard-of brass. He wanted to crawl away from her. That was why he dropped his eyes.

The independence of his orbit grew more pronounced. HOWARD went over to a window, and looked out on the street four floors below. Snow had fallen. He lived for a while in the sweetened haze of the swaying electric light on the corner, and watched the shadows adapt themselves irregularly in the snow as the light vacillated in the wind. Little strips of cold air whisked against him. He laid his hot head against the cold pane, and then took it away to observe the grease marks from his nose and forehead. He sat down on the floor, and dropped his head on the seat of a chair. He watched the left wall continually beginning to get higher than the right one. Being experienced, however, he accepted the phenomenon with confidence. He slipped full length on the floor, and felt things revolve uncertainly. Then, of a sudden, a powerful conviction came over him. He understood now that he was going to be nauseated. He left the room reeling, but with a set determination; leaning over, he suffered the fulfilment of his nausea.

THERE had been a cat. HOWARD had gone out into the kitchen, to get a drink, and seen this cat, and spoken to it without enthusiasm. The

cat had looked at HOWARD with large, moon-steady eyes. HOWARD had first spoken to the cat, and then caressed it abstractedly, and then swept it off the table. Then he had splashed water on it, and left the room.

And now it was not the *os innominatum* which those two were trying to solve. The *os innominatum* is a bone. *Os:* bone . . . *innominatum:* . . . . . The geometry proposition is *pons asinorum.* They were not trying to solve the *os innominatum*, then, but the *pons asinorum.* HOWARD lived through it all meekly. He accepted it religiously that it must be proved that a^2 plus b^2 equals c^2. ENGLANDER drew a triangle on the white woodwork of the door, and he named the sides a, b and c. Then he made little squares on all these sides. And then he stopped. *Pons asinorum;* he stopped. HOWARD labored with a half conscious anguish. What next! ENGLANDER did not know; HOWARD did not know; nobody knew. When PEARL began talking to him, he felt himself lean his body with relief to listen to her, while ENGLANDER fumbled angrily at a^2.

PEARL talked a lot of stuff. PEARL pulled things about breaking away and 'wasting yourself magnificently' and 'the good things of life'. HOWARD synthetized it thus: Once you used to

live with me; you don't live with me any more; why not live with me for tonight? HOWARD understood all this with meekness. Somewhere off on the borderline of his consciousness he debated the practicality of seeing this thing through; without perfect awareness he decided that the scheme was impractical. If PEARL's man was getting too old for service as anything but a pocket-book he, HOWARD, could not . . . He had been dropped once; it would be a lowering of his dignity now. And besides, you never know just how much of this kind of thing is real, and how much is a mere feeler to satisfy a woman's vanity. HOWARD worked at these problems slavishly, and said, "Since I have been married, PEARL, I have received another outlook on life. Tonight, you find me drunk, and therefore as I used to be . . . apparently . . . but in reality I am as different as (gesture) . . . as . . . the world." PEARL followed him. People were disturbing him by their movements about the room. But this was evidently a time for solidity. HOWARD became more staunch; "You cannot understand, PEARL. I almost love you for it, I confess. But with a man, there is always the dreadful temptation, to use your terminology, to fall into tergiversations against all that he once

exemplified. A woman is what she is; a man is a composite of what he is and the negation which that essence predicates. The more pronounced ego-centricity of the male results . . . or better, this way . . . no man is a worthy saint who has not been a hell-raiser, and hell-raising is infinitessimally insignificant except when it is found in one who has renounced the Faith. And so I have attained my apotheosis in that I am different from that which I formerly signified. And frankly it is almost pathetic to one in my situation when he finds that a person whom he once loved has not tergiversated with him." And PEARL synthetized that it was all off.

HOWARD collapsed into glazedness, still vaguely appreciative of the heavy blocks of his dictation. He weighed them all over again, one by one, and catching ENGLANDER'S eye, he smiled. He forgot the smile in the middle, although it wore off gradually, his facial muscles were so stiff with weariness. Then he got up, consciously put his hat on crooked, consciously let his coat drag, and started home.

When he finally got home, he woke his wife while crawling into bed; she cried a little, then they both went to sleep.

COMMENT
on ISSUE 20

Old New York

Had more poetry in it than all the poems combined.—Tim Coward

Francesca & Jehan

It is a bit of the folk-lore of Poictesme not hitherto, I confess, familiar to me, but bears upon the face of it all the usual marks of authenticity. I have therefore delighted in it vastly . . .—James Branch Cabell

Couldn't understand it at first reading.—Edmond A. Meras

Passed over like a threatening storm and did not drop a thing.—John Crawford

Good parody, a little long drawn out.—Stephen Vincent Benet

To Helen

Some of the best *trobar clus* I have ever seen. The first verse is a whale of a fine bit in a good lyric swing. On the whole Marcabrun himself would have been proud of it.—Ramon Guthrie

Highly amusing skit *à la* T. S. Eliot.—Stephen Vincent Benet

Rather glorious nonsense.—Emmett Dunn

Displays the finest workmanship.—O. Jenkins

Succeeds in giving a greater sense of the essence of nonsense than the author probably ever intended.—PHILIP GRAY

Do we ever get through an issue without raising HELEN of Troy in some form or other? Drat the woman! She is rapidly gaining on ARCHIE in the grand, long-distance, world's-champion ubiquitousness competition.—WILLIAM AUGUSTUS HANWAY

One word about this popular *S4N* reference to mythology and ancient history: such topics are not for America; the only HELEN the average American reader knows is the cute, bob-haired, roll-stockinged stenographer at the office; and HOMER is undoubtedly the guy who invented the four-base wallop.—OLIVER JENKINS

House Lovers

Has the strength and charm of supreme simplicity; it is elemental, thrills intellect and emotion.—POWER DALTON

Flat and trite.—RAMON GUTHRIE

Has a certain quality of beauty seasoned with salt-spray; yet somehow the third line is of too slow rhythm for a sensitive ear.—OLIVER JENKINS

Entreaty

Well spoken from a height of emotion.—JOHN CRAWFORD

Slush.—JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR

His emotion is a little too stilted, but there is a note of promise.—OLIVER JENKINS

Inspiration

A type of poem in good style, but with no genuine feeling.—OLIVER JENKINS

Atavism

Commonplace.—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

It impresses me more than *Inspiration* or *Entreaty*.—OLIVER JENKINS

Sun Spots

Well written, well observed, and sane.—RAMON GUTHRIE

A Contrib of Another Sort

Had an idea in it, a useful thought.—JOHN CRAWFORD

The most interesting thing in the issue, though fragmentary and, I suspect, not quite thought *through*.—WAYLAND W. WILLIAMS

A very fair review, and she probably came much nearer hitting the truth than any other reviewer. —Oliver Jenkins

Most fair and gracious in her comment.—Will Ransom

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