art may be the supreme hypocrisy of an information-cultured people without

Contact

justifiable perhaps if it becomes at last actually the way sensitive people live.
in the conviction that art which attains is indigenous of experience and relations, and that the artist works to express perceptions rather than to attain standards of achievement; however much information and past art may have served to clarify his perceptions and sophisticate his comprehensions, they will be no standard by which his work shall be adjudged. For if there are standards in reality and in existence if there are values and relations which are absolute, they will apply to art. Otherwise any standard of criticism is a mere mental exercise, and past art signifies nothing.

We are here because of our faith in the existence of native artists who are capable of having, comprehending and recording extraordinary experience; we possess intellect sufficient to carry over the force of their emotional vigour; who do not weaken their work with humanitarianism; who deal with our situations, realizing that it is the degree of understanding about, and not situations themselves, which is of prime importance, and who receive measure recognition.

Attainment is meaningless unless there be some basis of measurement. Wishing to be open-minded toward all experiment — ourselves feeling that many literary forms, the novel, the short story, and technical verse, are mannered, copied, and pretentious technique, — we still do not intend becoming spokesman for any movement, group or theory, and as thoroughly dislike a modern traditionalism as any manner of perceiving the arts. That artists are sophisticated beings who utilize their own contacts in art creation, and erudition incidentally as it has been assimilated, is an assumption of ours. They will be scientific insofar as medium is concerned, but their substance is no more scientific than that of existence.

We will be American, because we are of America; racial or international as the contextual realizations of those whose work we publish have been these. Particularly we will adopt no aggressive or inferior attitude toward "imported thought " or art.

Our only insistances are upon standards which reality as the artist senses it creates, in contradistinction to standards of social, moral or scholastic value — hangovers from past generations no better equipped to ascertain value than are we. Assuming sufficient insight and intellect to convey feeling valuably, we are interested in the writings of such individuals as are capable of putting a sense of contact, and of definite personal realization into their work.
Letters of Rex Slinkard

Following are excerpts from letters of Rex Slinkard, artist, to G.F. Slinkard, respectively his fiancée, and his father and friend. Rex Slinkard was born in 1887 in Indiana, but went early in his life to California with his parents, who was spent on a ranch, and making trips into the mountains with his father. He was from 1900-1911, a student at the Art Students League in New York City, following which he instructed in art in Los Angeles, which work he left in 1916 for the ranch. While in the army, during 1917-18 he contracted pneumonia and died Oct. 16, 1918.

Memorial exhibitions of his work have been held in Los Angeles, and in New York City, (January 1920). Artists and critics, of whatever school, have recognized that his was a very real and important personality, and that in spite of his youthful death, his work makes a distinct place for itself amongst the achievements of the country.

The letters are not arranged in chronological order as few of them are dated we will endeavor later to reproduce some of his paintings.

To G.F. The Ranch. I stand looking across the new, improved soil, where trees of the Peacock tail move and talk to the cool air which I breathe. Night, that I love like nothing else, I can air, night air that creeps down my breast and send cool quivers over my skin, my skin that's covered. The night that makes me feel like the breeze itself -- the air of the ground and trees, that makes me feel like my first loss. The world so large, mine, and all mine for tonight. What wonderful thoughts have. They belong to the air -- the trees, the breaths. How clean I feel of the day. How sensitive I am. How everything is banished, but Beauty.

The music of the night. I sing. I want to tell everybody everything. How wonderful I am -- how wonderful the day makes me -- but most wonderful the night.

The Great Ones are covered with snow. Wish you could see them. I like the open air, the clear air, the free air. The air between me and the snow mountains. I like the air between twa trees. The pine tree on the right and the oak tree on the left. The pine trees and the oak trees wonderful. The freedom of the open. High above the rest of things. The horses that are wild, and the wild horses that tries to tell. How wonderful I am -- how wonderful the day makes me -- but most wonderful the night.

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know how mountains grow, trees, real people. Color. How the day comes and goes. Night and rest. And all the things Great, Fine, Beautiful. I want to forget the rest. This world was for something finer than the way it's being used. Not that everything is bad. But it can't have too much good. I would like to see churches and buildings with wall space. And these spaces filled with beautiful, uplifting things. Something that would demand more than a mere glance.

Note from C.S. (Here are two excerpts from letters to G.W.:
No. 1 covering one page with a pen and ink drawing at the top,
of a young man, naked, lying on his back, head in the foreground, his body stretched out into the picture to ward the sky. In the sky one solitary sky -- dark all around. This as I remember it.)
Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash.

I'm in a place so wonderful. I'm far away where people spring from an unknown where, and glisten in the shining light where the trees are placed by the hand of a god -- by a god so young, by a youth so fair, that mortal cannot see the placing hand. And my body wanders in a blinding cave. Souffl of light, O Glistening Sun leave thy corpse behind.

To the whole world, and a summer fullspend, I love You! To the South I bend my head. My body moves, and my soul, all red, touches you, and in touching, I am born again.

(The above, drawing and writing, is it not a post mortem letter?)

Marianne Moore.

Will not some dozen sacks of rags observant of intelligence conspire from their outlandish cellar to evade the law?
Let them, stuffed up, appear before her door at ten some night and say: Marianne, save us! Put us in a book of yours.
Then she would ask the fellow in and give him oakes and war him with her talk before he must return to the dark street.

by William Carlos Williams.

*LITHOGRAPHS.*

Wallace Gould.

****

1.

I used to go early to church, there to sit in the twilight, and to watch the brother light the candles, which, as they were lighted, slowly, devoutly, one by one, twinkled about the monstrance as stars do, at evening, about the monstrance of the heart ---- the moon.

I sat once near the spot to which the pulpit was wheeled. As an old priest mounted the steps to the pulpit, I looked up under his robes. He wore a union suit that sagged.

II.

At the dance, tonight, there was the naval recruiting officer. During one dance ---- a contra dance ---- we chatted, he and I.

He is one of the lonely people. Sometimes I see him talking with loafers about the streets. Sometimes I see him at the boxing matches. Sometimes I see him tacking placards on telephone poles. During our chat, he remarked ---- "The Department allows me nothing for postage, in sending my reports, and so I put the expense under the head of tacks."

At the dance, tonight, he was a wall flower ---- blue centauresa.
These were friends of mine; they lived in a room—with a cobweb and a bed—sofa—under which they stored the family valuables; and a cardboard box full of a rich little boy's pajamas, and the photo of a gruesome wisp, their first baby—dead of starvation.

Sophia was gentle with it—but her eyes glistened to the treasure, a newspaper cutting from which she read, how her husband had hanged himself in a doorway—out down at the critical moment by the police.

"He often does that," she said proudly—"He's so neurasthenic."

At their hungriest their passion had not waned, yet she had never loved him so much as when she saw his name in print.

They passed—in the shadow of a wall, that all day long a maddened woman had leaned against—holding a knife behind her back—she was waiting for revenge to the hooting of neighbors—who refrained from other interference, being of a race with consummate social tact.

Under the incessant sun—she clung to her purpose—in a fantastic cramp.

"Is the game fair?" I wondered. "Nature umpires!"

Not till the long heat attenuated to dusk, at the hour the man she was looking for, really must come home from work—had she slunk away to the imminent maternity hospital.

In the house opposite, the carpenter stretched a lean arm across the table, and passed his young wife's breast—the table he had beaten her with the same morning—and she smiled at the alcove—and the Sun-god painted on the ceiling—darkened to the removal of the light.

While I drew in my head and pulled the English chintz curtains scattered with prevaricating rosebuds; and Beardsly's Mdlle. De Maupe, drew on her gloves at me from the wall.
Marsden Hartly

Aperitifs

To be forced to sit on the edge of the crevasse, discovering oneself perpetually, is a kind of frozen pathos yet how else is one to proceed with a phrase raison d'etre? Shed your pink tears upon this brave funeral. Asses tears are pink.

October, magisterial spendthrift of the multi-animals of fevillitons so highly praised in summer. The mind is magisterial like- wise when it chases its ashon inhibition to the moon, glad that it is rogal, because it gives the hint sublime. Shake all your leaves and prepare for the lashing of the North. The North will bite the ver- tebrase of everyone, with phosphorescent teeth. The North is always amiable.

I have been gathering simples for my long-wished for herbgot. Yoads thoughts are wrapped around the leaks tightly, as the wrapper on the cing. There is every disappointment of Papilio in the heart. If I did not care. I could not seek for cabbages in other atmospheres. The best there is in cabbages goes to white butterflies and floats away to midsummer lazy times. Something terrible had happened to the best. They would not bleed. Had they suffered premature martyrdom. I couldn't keep the beat out of the lamjoints. I had to give the pot up as a bad job. There was always too much scandal in the garden.

Marital felicity. There is the scum of saecularity. Harmony has sourced in itself. Psylognomies change as hips and abdomens change. There is the child to show the probable aspect. Sauce pi- quant is vanished. The romance under the tree at midnight. They Earth certain things thoroughly from epidermis into every sub- strate of soul. Hence no curiosity. No surprise. Only tenderness toward each other for too much of imanition. Voila, the baby's milk pasteurized.

Reverse the medal. There is the rendez-vous in the tearoom of the least and most fragrant hotel. The midnight tree is reviled. Fresh cerises are juiced in pairs. Pulses went away to the when moonlight. Letters are saved in profitable factules. Believing that the bone is expensive, as everyone knows. The long-inter- minable sit-out, each with his and her own table of solitaire. The clock does not gain as it use to do. The log sigmas with dispensers. There has been so much fog of late years, nicht war, du ezel.

The mosquito on my hand wants blood in September. Who can af- ford a needful full of blood in September? The attack was accomplis- hed in the manner of friends with excessive delicacy. The situation was therefore friendly - not economic, owing to the very attenuated costs. He did it for his delicate ideas, which is merely the etiquette of any gentleman.

At last the sunset is angular. If you had watched it in the harbor where the metier des singes is pursued, you would have seen that it was the one sunset worth watching. One sunset that did not die on one as the lady Chopin dies on one; Moussorgsky sunset shall only be allowed. The inscrutable wave of the inscrutable moon in art was sacrificed on the altar of exquisite rebellion. There is good fortune in tails. For monkeys. They may hang themselves on their own branch.

One must never quite give anything. Or else, one must give to the conspicuous and fashionable chariots. Undesirables will play and sing "party" for the benefit of the maternity ward. The art evoked will have an ambidextrous quality. Charity is in the state of shame- less nudity, n'est pas? Welches sort willst du dan.

Well, don't you like the pictures then, said the wife of the artist. Why attack me? Why not attack nature? Why submit with humble good will? Is not everything something to be met with trojan deficency? There is no such thing as an ethical picture. Night or fall - or listen to the mocking bird all the rest of one's years. Remember the mocking bird does not imitate. He listens and trans- cibes, leaving the notes different from how he found them.

The roseheart is a good heart. The cerise heart is pardon or- ving the heart that has been bitten by the glaceries' teeth. Will you drop the pill in the thin sea, watching how those fish are who comprehend its coating? Is there no belt left but the roses, or - is this why fish have bulleys? Can it be because there is so much of thickness - UNDER?

Experience is a horizontal of great serenity, crossed in the center of a paticularly vertical, with a tendency towards spiral. The rest is nerve. How do spiders get where they go across the osious vacuity? How few there are who really reverence a silk thread shimming across the useless reach of diffidence. The angle leads one away and back again. The circle keeps one as a bee at a hopeless hive. Shall we not all be happy since the illegitimate wave of rose was sunk from shore. Purpa has come for children. But their wond- rous red heads shall save them.

A Portrait

Rapture. Is the confession of the leaf - at the brave moment of trembling. The white virginal one runs long thin fingers through the mystic's fiery hair. it gives a slight twinge to the gild exi- tance of the Virgin, about to perish. This virgin is male. In the spiral eligible, when it comes too late? Take me with you, upward fire of the man - twirl me away from ethical others. Swirl me from this artist's hypothesis of the soul. I am not known there. I am not in reality known outside myself. God does not covet originality. The virgin twirled a bit of lace that envo- ked his illicit mind, and sat down to more of cynomating at the rusty gate. The university whispers the mind is carried in another bag, and weighs too easily with mystic themes on hands not made for work. The luncheon notes the bookbears fattening its lean body with the flesh of other minds. The lunch-room notes the pty of flagget-gathering brains. The classroom loves its tag and worm as much as any artist's hypothetically trophic lichen. The white hands turn the leaves of other minds and wander whitely in the world of other men's apprais- als. They never redden with their own incisions in the flesh of ground pride. A gathering of words of other foundered words be- gotten is called investigation, and this in turn is called cerebral rapture. Asceticism is a virtue in itself the bohygir virgin says. It save a lot of troubles.
Further Announcement

In the course of the next few months we will set down fully in these pages what we are proposing as a magazine. It would be idle to attempt to do so now when we have nothing to show but a beginning.

For native work in verse, fiction, criticism or whatever is written we mean to maintain a place, insisting on that which we have not found insisted upon before, the essential contact between words and the locality that breeds them, in this case America.

It is our object to discover, if possible, the terms in which good taste can be stated here. We find that whatever "good taste" is exhibited now in the one or two decent magazines we have is as a matter of fact extremely poor taste being provincial in the worse sense because wholly derivative and dependant upon nothing that could possibly give it authenticity. We call attention, at the same time, and acknowledge our debt to all importation of excellence from abroad.

We would limit our effort not only to give it force but to give it universality, that which cannot be bought by meansing a lick of borrowed culture over so many pages.

There is no money with which to pay for MSS. We want no work that can be sold to other magazines unless the artist sees an advantage in appearing upon these pages that would outweigh all other considerations. I suppose I had better add that no one need expect us to publish his things simply because they happen to have been written in United States.

What more? We intend no course in literature. Nor do we aim to make ourselves the objects of posthumous praise. We wish above all things to speak for the present.

Why not in that case have devoted ourselves to Dadaism, that latest development of the French soul, which we are about to see extensively exploited in New York this winter without there being--we venture to say--any sense whatever of its significance, and fulfill Rodker's prediction?

Here one might go into the nature of faith which we take to be no more than knowledge of the earth which in certain ages decomposes and leaves the intellect to itself, barren. And we might go on to the effect that the conventional, Teistolian, mystical concept of faith has never been more than a superficial decoration permissible in ages of great knowledge of the earth and its uses.

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We should be able to profit by this French orchid but only on condition that we have the local terms. As it is we should know what is before us, what it is and why. Or at least we should know our own part in the matter, which accounts to the same thing. Not that dadaism is particularly important but--there it is. And where are we?

We do not seek to "transfer the center of the universe" here. We seek only contact with the local conditions which confront us. We believe that in the perfection of that contact is the beginning not only of the concept of art among us but the key to the technique also.

---

Contact

with his loose world. 

......a vast discharge of energy

forced by the impact of experience into form.
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We do not seek to "transfer the center of the universe" here. We seek only contact with the local conditions which confront us. We believe that in the perfection of that contact is the beginning not only of the concept of art among us but the key to the technique also.
Those various sounds consistently indistinct, like intermingled echoes
struck from thin glass successively at random — the inflection disguised: your hair, the tails of two fighting-cocks head to head in stone - like sculptured scimitars repeating the curve of your ear’s in reverse order: your eyes, flowers of ice and snow sown by tearing winds on the cordage of disabled ships: your raised hand an ambiguous signature: your cheeks, those rosettes of blood on the stone floors of French Chateaux, with regard to which guides are so affirmative: your other hand

a bundle of lances all alike, partly hid by emeralds from Persia
and the fractional magnificence of Florentine goldwork — a collection of half a dozen little objects made fine
with enamel in gray, yellow, and dragonfly blue: a lemon a pear

and three bunches of grapes, tied with silver: your dress, a magnificent square cathedral of uniform and at the same time, diverse appearance - a spece of vertical vineyard rustling in the storm

Writing that reveals a high type of discovery is literature. Its form is of expression and conveyance rather than of structure. Some may refuse to call a work poetry because it lacks "emotion" and is analytical and intellectual. What the force is back of the intellect we cannot say if it is not emotion. We are quite ready to believe the intellect the complex, refined and proven emotion. In spite of a Whitman, windy-prairie tradition it is possible to rate a threshing machine lower than more delicate mechanisms, and to find that gusto, bigness, and splurge lack force through not being able to withstand diagnosis.

...We compliment ourselves upon publishing Marianne Moore, than whom no writer has more definitely established a form, based on perceptivity, that individualized also achieves universality.

MARIANNE MOORE reprint from Bryn Mawr Lantern.

Those Various Sculpets

January 1921 Edited by: William Carlos Williams
Robert McAlmon
25¢ ea. 6 issues $1.50 Address G.P.O.89, New York City.
of conventional opinion. Are they weapons or scalpels? Whetted
to brilliance by the hard majesty of that sophistication which is
superior to opportunity, these things are rich
instruments with which to experiment but surgery is
not tentative: why dissect destiny with instruments which
are more highly specialized than the tissues of destiny itself?

In the Days of Prismatic Color
not in the days of Adam and Eve but when Adam
was alone; when there was no smoke and color was fine, not with the fineness of
early civilization art but by virtue of its originality, with nothing to modify it but the
mist that went up, obliqueness was a varia-
tion of the perpendicular, plain to see and
to account for: it is no longer that; nor did the blue red yellow band
of incandescence that was color, keep its stipe: it is also one of
those things into which much that is peculiar can be
read; complexity is not a crime but carry
it to the point of murki-
ness and nothing is plain. A complexity
moreover, that has been committed to darkness, instead
of granting it-
self to the pestilence that it is, moves all a-
bout as if to bewilder with the dismal
fallacy that insistence
is the measure of achievement and that all
truth must be dark. Principally youth, sophistication
is as it al-
ways has been -- at the antipodes from the init-
tial great truths. *Part of it was crawling, part of it
was about to crawl, the rest
was torpid in its lair.* "In the short logged, fit-
ful advance, the gurgling and all the minute -- we have
the classic
multitude of feet. To what purpose? Truth is no Apollo
Belvedere, no formal thing. The wave may go over it if
it likes.
Know that it will be there when it says:
"I shall be there when the wave has gone by."

SIR SLINKARD.
Extract from Letters

Snowing -- Snows about the size of half dollars, a silvery gray with pines, and the white snow lining it
between, making a marvelous blue. It is twilight and the
wonderful trees look like a flock of white snowbirds. The more I see the more I think the picture of heads
in color was a find, (His picture "Reflections,*") and I want to try again, only in a land picture. The
outside is mellow, soft and strong, beautiful, blue
and in all of that wonderful red, yellow green,
purples and other colours.

Some forms look icy. Some warm, and all like a
mysterious pale child!

I am sending the drawings. They are not as alive
as the others but are notes. Some have something.
I am going outside for a few minutes. Just outside the
doors for you. (S.W.) B- back in a minute... Almost dark
now. It's not snowing. There's a new moon in an
exquisite clear sky that is around with copper clouds,
and one, and a few floating. There -- and I stand and look
into the heavens - in the cool fresh air I almost rise.

I paint again for you. I am thinking of the universe.
What a wonderful morning. Cool and gray -- with
the sun shining. Thinking of you. The birds are singing
and the Peace of this Sunday morning is Bliss. Well the
things that go on inside of me, go on forever and ever.

If I were to try and tell you in words what I most
feel -- it would be the sinking of the sun, the rising of
the moon, words smashing together and making the sun
gold instead of hot. Having the mighty Hudson run in a
mountain top and winding it around its point. Taking an
earthquake and pounding it until it quaked more, removing
the East and smothering it in the mighty West.

To C.S. Hello! I've just finished my bath. My bath of the
air. The bath of the setting sun. The bath of the running
stream, the branch of the fruit tree, loaded, the fruit
itself, turning from green to gold-red, against a blue gold
sky, with the mountains of their velvet blue gray showing
through. The bath of my dog coming through the air of the
setting sun. The air of the edges, trimmed in gold, moving
up and down as he comes to meet me. *Me*, sitting in the
orchard, of the Oasis of Brown, watching the clouds floating
through the gold, the green bug, with the gold red stripe
on a green blade of grass. The two streams of water, flowing
down the gentle slope of the apple tree. O --- f The
summer is really here. The mountains are bathed in gold
and the air is gold itself. The sun is setting. Yours G Youth,
yours, -- Slinkard.
WALLACE STEVENS

Invective against Swans

The soul, O ganders, flies beyond the parks
And far beyond the discords of the wind.

A bronze rain from the sun descending marks
The death of summer, which that time endures

Like one whoscrolls a listless testament
Of golden quirks and Paphian caricatures,

Bequeathing your white feathers to the moon
And giving your bland motions to the air.

Behold, already on the long parades
The crows anoint the statues with their dirt.

And thus she roamed:

In the roamings of her fan,

Partaking of the sea,

And of the evening,

As they flowed around

And utter their subsiding sound.

Infanta Marina

Her terrace was the sand
And the palm and the twilight.

She made of the motions of her wrist
The grandiose gestures

Of her thought.

The rumpling of the plumes
Of this creature of the evening

Cause to be sleights of sails
Over the sea.

And thus she roamed:

In the roamings of her fan,

Partaking of the sea,

And of the evening,

As they flowed around

And utter their subsiding sound.

From "Patterns" by Virgil Jordan:

There is no such thing as "life", and no such thing as "art". There is a vast discharge of energy in innumerable patterns.

The individual is not a source but a transformer of energy.

The total pattern of discharge in individual or group as a whole is such as will carry off the whole energy involved, without loss. If certain patterns or channels are not effective others will be used.

All discharge of power is a satisfaction, and patterns of discharge are types of satisfaction.

Discharges fall into two classes: creative discharges, in which resistance is overcome, form given to material, and the individual is in actual contact with the obstacle; mere transmissions, in which energy is carried off via an old pattern or type of satisfaction. In the first the creative act is completed and the energy discharged is bound up in a new form or pattern; in the second the pattern serves merely as a carrier off.

It is doubtful whether the two classes of discharges are equally effective as discharges of energy. The movement of energy is apparently toward creative discharge, and it is forced back into used channels only when the obstacle to be overcome is too great.

Most of the human discharge of power has been in economic patterns, which are part of the biologic patterns of the group... Cultural institutions, science, philosophy, art, religion, are a series of type patterns in which human energy is discharged, sometimes creatively and sometimes not, depending on the character of the discharge in biologic patterns. The importance of these "psychic" patterns varies inversely with the effectiveness of discharge in biologic patterns and are the effort of the individual or group organisms to find a way out -- to achieve its total discharge of power.

The present is preeminently a period of creative frustration in discharge through biologic patterns. The frustrated energy is discharged through a great variety of psychic carriers and behavior, most of which are old patterns. This discharge accounts in detail for the phenomena of the times.

2.

There is no essential way in which the use of words, color, form or sound can be distinguished from any other
type of human discharge of power. . . The use of art patterns is mixed up with the use of all other patterns of discharge in the individual, the group and the period in question. Art as a type of discharge may serve a great variety of purposes, depending on the situation with regard to discharge through other patterns. In most periods art is a mere carrier off of individual or group energy frustrated by biologic obstacles. In a few periods art has been the essential mode of life, the chief type of discharge.

In those periods when art is a mere carrier, . . . artistic patterns may . . . serve as patterns may . . . serve as prestige types of satisfaction for frustrated individual . . .

Such artistic discharge will use the easiest patterns and not come into direct contact with material.

In those periods artistic patterns become "art" --- a type of discharge sharply and jealously guarded against other patterns of discharge, and resulting in symptoms of behavior in artists --- sadism, arrogances, etc.; --- comparable to nationalistic group behavior in times of sensed national insecurity.

When art becomes a free and direct and not a sublimatory channel of discharge it inevitably results in patterns which are moulded to the material regardless of all other considerations of energy discharge in the group.

Art in most periods represent an effort somewhere in the group system of discharge to escape direct contact with reality. Patterns of artistic discharge based on contact develop when most of the group energy is forced into artistic patterns of frustration elsewhere. When this takes place all formal patterns of artistic carriers are found inadequate and tend to break up.

3.

For the individual nearly all patterns are acquired by chance and what patterns he shall use is largely influenced by social situation regarding energy discharge.

An authentic artistic pattern is the result of a direct discharge of energy upon material.

. . . and every man who at any point in his discharges of power meets, forms contact with and gives form to reality is an artist.

(Author's Note): This is of course unintelligible, since everything is left out but a few bones, and only Cuvier could recognize Mr. Jones by his tibia and coccyx. But . . . Sundays should be devoted wholly to phallic worship.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

A Matinée:

On the french grass, in that room on Fifth Ave., lay that woman who had never seen my own poor land. The dust and noise of Paris had fallen from her with the dress and underwear and shoes and stockings which she had just put aside to lie bathing in the sun. So too she lay in the sunlight of the man's easy attention. His eye and the sun had made day over her. She gave herself to them both for there was nothing to be told. Nothing is to be told to the sun at noonday. A violet clump before her belly mentioned that it was spring. A locomotive could be heard whistling beyond the hill. There was nothing to be told. Her body was neither classic nor whatever it might be supposed. There she lay and her curving torso and thighs were close upon the grass and violets.

So he painted her. The sun had entered his head in the color of sprays of flaming palm leaves. They had been walking for an hour or so after leaving the train. They were hot. She had chosen the place to rest and he had painted her resting, with interest in the place she had chosen.

It had been a lovely day in the air. - What pleasant women are these girls of ours! When they have worn clothes and take them off it is with an effect of having performed a small duty. They return to the sun with a gesture of accomplishment. - Here she lay in this spot today not like Diana or Aphrodite but with better proof than they of regard for the place she was in. She rested and he painted her.

It was the first of summer. Bare ass was his kind of interest in anything save the fullness of his knowledge, into which her simple body entered as into the eye of the sun himself, so he painted her. So she came to America.

No man in my country has seen a woman naked and painted her as if he knew anything except that she was naked. No woman in my country is naked except at night.

In the french sun, on the french grass in a room on Fifth Ave., a french girl lies and smiles at the sun without seeing us.

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John Dewey:-
We are discovering that the locality is the only universal.

Maurice Vlaminck:-
Intelligence is international, stupidity is national, art is local. (from The Dial)
The Blue Mandrill

is high color, harsh blue, vermillion, with liquid fire-ball eyes. He does not know Dada, but Dada should take up with him, without a doubt his grren and grasings would have greater value recorded, as art, than anybody's intellectual sterilities. He is full of passion, rage, rebellion! Paint instinct and forest memories, lightning nights, brain-taps, battles, savage warfare for preservation of self, paint kaleidoscopic half images in the evanescent shadows that the light of brute intelligence casts upon his subconscious. Poor brute. He cannot rebel against the rational, cannot be tired-minded, and know that he is weary of the tyranny of forms in nature. Poor brute! should he attempt to record his emotions he would become awkward and self-aware! The medium of conveyance would force him to selection - destroy the primal urge of vicious resentments - cripple his vigour - My God! My God! Poor brute. Ugh! Ack! Ack! Grrrrrr! Ugh! Rah! O hell! Poor Dada! I!

Superwoman

She lives at least by God, she lives at least, she has experience, goes out and has experience, she lives, she doesn't have ideas about life, she lives. She is high tension -- as is every high-strung race horse that breaks and loses every race so insensitive is he to experience --

-- she would smash carved ivory lovers - passion utilized is not to her passion

-- but everything interesting as a spectacle does not inspire intimacy --

-- she will have what she will have, wills to with all her sensual, mercenary and physical impulses --

-- and cannot understand that such will is mere adding of lusts to mind without discrimination so that actual will does not enter into the discussion --

-- there is nothing pathologic about her - a definite awareness of her desires and insensitivity to all but ultra- -- using the situation about you rather than in searching world's end for situations you can enjoy.

The penetrating eye sees colour in the sky on cold clear days -- white, being a composite colour, chemically, is more colourful than vermilion.

Civilization, never more than a system for handling group needs has now given up all pretense of an autocratic organization, and is an economically accumulated society in which various sophistications of ideas combat for supremacy.

Art, the source of which was impulse akin to the religious, and which intellectualized refined into a search for life justification other than self - and specie-preserving ones, has degenerated into a profession, into which all artists enlist to compete, or remain unknown.

Here too the warfare between sophistications of ideas is waged. More information and less knowledge about art and its images and elements are abroad today than less industrialized areas could permit. Art, particularly, literature, has developed professionally two ways: one the way of popular appeal, which we are not concerned; the other the way of schools, the product of which member's depend largely upon mere erudition and information for appreciation, and which possesses little significance to sensitive and informed beings who do not possess specified information. As with Jules Laforgue in France, whose literature has been irony and beauty, but whose force is decreased for all readers who have not read the literature of writers whom he satirizes - such as Flaubert. There can be only acceptance of any style, however mannered, provided the insight and other content of the manner is sufficient to justify its existence. No literature, however, dependent upon information that is literary alone, rather than persuasive of reality, is a clear art. Such work is a type of dedicated pessimism, and its basic element is a cleverness about ideas, rather than poignant feeling, or penetrating perception.

Such writing as Cabell displays in "Jurgen" has nothing to do with literature. This collection of literary grandiloquies, rejuvenated philosophies, and derived stylisms, mixed with cosmic thinking such as men who step seldom from their libraries always indulge in, is second hand literary furniture, upholstered. Cabell's progress as a writer is indicative of the information provincialism which so dulls the sensitivities, while informing the mind, of the average "cultured" American. It is regrettable that in America a country of young energies and unspent resource such work should be foisted upon a public soul-burdened with unassimilated knowledge.

T.S.Eliot, who before he was twenty one, had written as fine poetry as this generation has produced, is a victim of the culture via ideas regime, more insistently the autocrat of the English mind than it is of the American. A being
acute and sensitive abilities as an observer, he was at one time sufficiently active cerebrally, and artist enough, to understand within himself the impulses of art, and to discern its quality. Having however written some fine poetry, and having gained acclaim as a critic because of this, and his evident erudition, he got egotistical, and whether it be because he fears not to equal his youthful poetry in quality, has produced no poetry for several years, and has fallen to writing catalogues of literary ratings, and some small essays on "Second Rate Minds" - itself a third rate pastime.

In a frantic effort not to be caught misinformed by the English, he spends his days and nights reading, failing to realize that information is so abundant, so personally perceived and prejudiced, that the process of selection is more difficult and confusing to an impressionable being, and at the same time permits less personal conviction, than the location of judgments through one's own psychologic processes. Eliot, who once studied philosophy with Bergson, should discern that in literature as in philosophy, fashion places ephemeral judgments upon all things; and that in a world where all information is old, all discovery old or predicted, the one quality that gives any art a reason for being is the exuberance and impact behind it, of a personality discovering reality for itself, reaffirming, with the force of experience giving added conviction, if it has known, or stating with the joy of invention, if it has not known, each discovery.

T.S.Eliot will not be a critic in any worthy sense, as was Taine, or Huakin, or even René de Gourmont, for he continually relates literature to literature, and largely of the relation of literature to reality - age, age-qualities, and environment. He remains too long within his library, dividing his time overmuch upon other men's philosophies of art, which no artist needs more than to recognize in passing; his array in all art discussion is that of erudition, which it, after all, easily penetrates. Still Eliot was -- and if acclaim has not ruined him is -- as incalculable a perceiver and less a literary "clever man" than the LaForgue whose influence he wrote his best poetry under, which had quite as clout as a quality as any of LaForgues. (In France, LaForgue's forte, ideas and brilliant satires upon ideas and literary manners have the background of the country whose only evident reality has been the rise and fall of a few generations. There a tired spirited, weary-bodied culture has accepted the futility of existence with whimsical cynicism. Eliot, no American, is less a genuine being with these materials.)

LaForgue, who died at twenty seven, remains a big figure in the literary world - somewhat for what he might have done; Eliot at an age a few years in advance of twenty seven? -- Has he died a literary death? or is he slowly committing a literary suicide smothering fine sensibilities by being a professional litterateur?

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Comment:

In answer to all criticisms we find the first issue of *Contact* perfect, the first truly representative American magazine of art yet published.

I should like to make St Francis of Assisi the patron saint of the United States, because he loved the animals. The best cases to him not for meat but to bear him preach. Even the fish heard him.

The columns of the trees in his forests were a lesson to him; he looked up between them and mingled with the animals as an equal.

Now then are we to love France? There young men of daring and intelligence move into the arts as naturally as our brood moves through football into business. If we are to love or to know France, or any France, or any country it will be through the nature expression of these men in whom France has physically realized herself for better or worse. In their gaiety of the arts as naturally as naturally as when he was a cat's desk. There alre France exists in a mode capable of serving for international exchange. We may buy their pictures but money has a cat's sack. Or it wears the blank face of armies.

But in the arts the features appear full of movement and passion. France becomes a man with whom we can talk.

What then? A patron saint is one thing but in the intercommunications of art there should be something more than conversations between men on the one hand and beasts on the other. The farmer, weary of his cows, is glad when a neighbor hails him. If men are to meet and love and understand each other it must be as equals. Nor will it be as best but as our good saint turns his back, for the monkey to take up the Bible and pretend to read from it while the lion roars and the ass brays.

In the work of James Joyce the underlying fact which has impressed me is that by the form of his thought he has forced the reader into the same and special frame of mind favorable to the receipt of his discourse. By his manner of putting down the words it is discovered that he is following some apparent sequence quite apart from the usual syntactical one. That is of course the power behind all good writing but Joyce has removed so many stock encouragements that his method comes like stroke of sunlight today. He forces me, before I can follow him, to separate the words from the printed page, to take them up into a world where the imagination is at play and where the words are no more than titles under the illustrations. It is a re-affirmation of the forever sought freedom of truth from usage. It is the modern world emerging among the living and moving by paying attention to the immediacy of its own context; a classical method.

And in proportion as a man has bestowed himself to become awake to his own locality he will perceive more and
more of what is disclosed and find himself in a position to make the necessary translations. The disclosures will then and only then come to him as reality, as released. For these men communicate with each other and strive to invent new devices. But he who does not know his own world, in whatever confused form it may be, must either stupidly fail to learn from foreign work or stupidly fail to learn without knowing how to judge of its essential value. Descending each one branch man and man reach finally a common trunk of understanding.

The only possible way that St Francis could be on an equal footing with the animals was through the word of God which he preached with fervent breath of understanding. Here was a common stem where all were one and from which every paired characteristic branched. It is the main body of art to which we must return again and again. Nor do I mean to especially recorded that St Francis tried to make the Sparrows, Christians. When the service was over each beast returned to his former habits.

America is far behind France or Ireland in an indigenous art. If there is no genius who can make a sermon standing deep enough and gentleness of sufficient catholicity to include all our animals, birds and fishes than those who must write, those who will create their own imaginative world a goat running and can with what they have learned the best in Europe with invention of their own must go down into the trunk of art, which is their word of God, where conversation can take place.

In France there are special reasons for every phase of an art. Americans are still too prone to admire and to copy the very thing which should not be copied, the thing which is French or Irish alone, the thing which is the result of special local conditions of thought and circumstance. On the other hand, Ward! we fail to learn anything at all.

Yes, I prefer the man who will be influenced a trifle indiscriminately by the new, I prefer Hueser to Wells, I prefer him to the man who is too solid to that it is a common language we are seeking, a common language in which art itself is our St Francis, we all meanwhile retaining our devotional character of Wolf, Sheep, and Bear.

We, Contact, aim to emphasize the local phase of the game in writing. We realize that it is emphasized which is our business. We want to give all our energy to the setting up of new vigors of artistic perception, invention and experimentation in the United States, conscious fostered to the point of enthusiasm, will American work of the quality of Marianne Moore's best poetry come to the fore of intelligent attention and the ignorance which has made America an artistic desert be somewhat dissipated. We lack interchange of ideas in our country more than we lack foreign precept. Every effort should be made, we feel, to create among our serious writers a sense of mutual contact first of all. To this also we are devoted.

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Rex Slikard's Letters

My Dear C: It's in September. The days of the month I don't know. I'm working in a cement room 14x20 under the house— the ceiling of rafters. I've nailed some strips of wood on them and in between them I have canvasses rolled up, so they are out of the way and will keep a light. There is one or two things I am going to work on. I have several paintings, and in another corner some stretched canvases. And hanging from one rafter some Indian blankets, and some small pictures. My easel is an old dresser and two wooden strips six feet long nailed on the back. My paintboard sits on top, about three feet off the floor. (It's the best I can get now and paint all I want to. And I find it better most would be moving across and a little quiet and I can think down here.) Between the blankets, hanging and my case, against the wall I have a still life setting on a water box. There is the still life of a chineese vase, magnolias leaves green and brown—a yellow flower and an orange one, one hanging one side of the vase. The Chinese vase is Blue, Red, Red-Violet, White, and Yellow, and all a beautiful design. This sets against a green tree on a 2d picture of mine, and in all a beautiful thing in colour which I am painting. I have three canvasses going now. The still-life, one of some men and women against water and a tree beyond—this is all outside light, figures, tree, all warm colors of Orange, Red, Blue-green, Purple, Purple-blue, Yellow-green and Yellow and a rich blue sky all in design with a reflected light of Blue-violet, Green-blue and Violet-blue-green. This canvass I've been working on for six to seven days. On my easel I have a canvass 46x40. This canvass I've been working on with lashing ability that some strips of and it's general colour is Gray-green. All this green is made up of Blue, Purple, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red, and Violet. My intention in this canvass is far from my surroundings. For a long time I've realized that I am working on a flat surface. This painting is a decoration. In background—top is of green bushes, water-falls and pools, and rock. Then coming on down, more rocks, water running between the water-smoothed rocks which are overlapped everywhere—with pools of cold, clear water, some above some below one another. And all coming down and moving to the right. In the center of the canvass, moving up and down, and to the right are two white boys on two white boy-horses, then two boys most would be moving across, and a little up. And then a white deer with long listening horns, and he is listening, hesitating, and moving down, one foot to a pool of pool of water which is hesitating, but running. And then a little up, and down, a girlish boy—a back view, arms folded above his head. And a back view, arms folded above his head. And he is listening, hesitating, and moving down, one foot to a pool of pool of water which is hesitating, but running. And then a little up, and down, a girlish boy—a back view, arms folded above his head. And has turned sideways and looking directly out of canvass to the right. The legs and back are stretched up and forward. Then moving down, more rocks, water running between the water-smoothed rocks and water that are of the same quality as all above. Then comes a large pool of clear blue water and at the left a goat running and jumping the pool. And the pool has the same movement as the trees and water above. And then at the extreme left is a 3-stemmed, striped bush which takes the gesture of the girlish boy above, at the extreme right. And, you have the picture. (Your
more of what is disclosed and find himself in a position to make the necessary translations. The disclosures will then and only then come to him as reality, as joy, as release. For these men communicate with each other and drive to invent new devices. But he who does not know his own world, in whatever confused form it may be, must either stupidly fail to learn from foreign work or stupidly swallow it without knowing how to judge of its essential value. Descending each his own branch man and man reach finally a common trunk of understanding.

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CONTACT

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G. P. O. 89, New York City

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I can't find words to tell you how much I care for you. Well, S., I've got a good many canvasses since you left—and they are all different in every way. I do wish you could see them. It seems I painted them for you and G. W. She has seen them, you haven't, my disappointment. I got your letters and all your cards. Wonderful. The Beautiful is my all. I don't care what it is, only, it must be beautiful. Just now the only ones I can remember are the Puvis de Chavannes. It's just what I love in things.

Today has been Sunday. And the day has been like the Sun itself. Hot, hot! and now—the cool of the after-sundown, is the soul itself. I was under the large oak, where we painted. And I could see you in the branches, only you wouldn't answer me. The Greek Paintings—and figure in stone—Chavannes and Botticelli have one. I find more beauty in these people than in all the others put together. More than that. And, also, you're beautiful. I remember canvass after canvass of yours. I paint on Sundays—before work, and after work. And S., I've got one moonlight picture, painted out in the moonlight. Wish you could see it. It's very high in key, pink, lavender, and gold-blue. I wish you could have some of the wild flowers I have here. The most beautiful things you can think of. I do hope you feel fine and well. I feel great.

Well! You dear old fellow. A print of a string of young naked Greeks. One of the Greek Gods. A print of German. By John. A little wooden man of mine. Some heather from across the sea. And myself. All thinking of you. Night—! Finger on the same. It sounds fine. Another night. Weeks after. I've been lying here with nothing on. Looking at myself. Swinging nothing but my legs. How sincere the working. How beautiful the muscles, the bones and the running together of it all. I've been painting. I have it here before me. How I've enjoyed doing it. And with two chickens and a bug. I have it painted for months and now I'm working again. Oh! It's wonderful to work. To work with the inside of oneself. For months and months I've just thought.

Rivers! I have never been so interested in painting a thing before...I've been working on this for weeks, every day but one, from 9:30 to 4. By that time the light gets dim. Then I get out the other canvases which I am working on. These are stronger in color and which and the light doesn't bother till it gets almost dark. And at night I read, draw, go to see G. W. or maybe down to the old school once in a while.

M. sent you a card from Chicago. He wanted your address. And I've lost yours so I could not give it to him. The card is one of the Whistlers and the boys say they are going to keep it. I am going to write M. right away and tell him you are in New York. I don't know when I will get to send you this. Not till I hear from you and get your address. My last letter I sent you I addressed to Mrs. B. That was a week ago, and not hearing from you I guessed she might be out of town, or you had tried sea-going again. I often think of Mrs. B. I always will remember her as the Beautiful dear Mrs. B. and her kindness to a boy away from home. Dear Carl I love you. You're fresh air to me every time I think of you. Yours, Rex.

From Fort Niagara:—All the time the thunder outside. I have just come in. But last night, Gladys! And yesterday afternoon! About four to nine. There is a small park outside the fort, full of trees. It's a summer resort on the lake. Girls, wonderful girls, and boys, and three beautiful girls. All on the lake's bank with wild music. And Gladys, a lazy lake...
Young Rivers

and the sun setting. Lavender water, lavender sky, copper sun, and a wild land dance. With, out way out—two steamers, with their trailing smoke stringing out in back for miles—on air—Gladys, it was most wonderful. Well, so many things ran through my mind. O Damn! I got homesick, first time in my life I believe. It's getting so dark I can hardly see and thunder all the time.

Rex.

The Ranch—The out of the air made me feel as if I would like to hit something as hard as I could just to see if I could hit harder than the pain would be. I have a new job. Drilling a well. I am a helper and they have a man to do the brain work. All I have to do is sit on a plank thirty feet in the air and try to keep from being killed. Some job. It doesn't take any brain. But I must have freedom or burst. I must paint. The picture of you and the horse is beautiful. Young P. I'm trying for rich colour, and trying to keep someone to say something. I'll tell you more about that later.

To G. W.:—I don't know just what I am going to do but I must have freedom or burst. I must paint. The picture of you and the horse is beautiful. Young P. I'm trying for rich colour, and trying to keep someone to say something. I'll tell you more about that later.

Rex.

My Song

the painter out of it. That is, the brushwork, that attracts so many. And to get at facts in a simple way. To make one see this young man as he is, without regard for me. To make him a real young man. And a good one. Not too good. But good enough. The background is a large rich room with a suggestion of decorations on the walls and ceiling. And he is above, and the floor below. Am not painting along the lines of our old school. That is, the brush of the old school. Dear Mr. . . . I like him as well as I used to but his pictures are not for me. I mean they don't hold me long enough. I'll paint different. I wish he could come on the ranch. I wish he could lie on his back and look into the sky till he became sleepy—and lie there and sleep. I wish he could see the Polish boy. Kiss this little calf, and his moist hand touch its wet nose. And grab it and almost strangle it with love. Oh S.—love is the strongest thing. It makes one beautiful, and all things beautiful. Botticelli I love—and another—Teffo Tiffi—that's not right, but maybe you will know who I mean. Ill send you a print of his. Pavos de Chavanne. I love, and Arbuschavanne. These Greek things you've sent are madly loved. This Apollo, the one you mounted. I've made a few drawings lately I like. Wish you could see—after a while I'll send you some. I cannot draw it, but it's the "Tete Vieille Archipale" 3064 B. C. 

....well it's a portrait of love.

Father and mother often ask for you. Father says "a fine boy." G. W. and I are going to have a home by next year. I don't know where—but some place or other. By the way I'm sending, with drawings, one for Miss D. and one for Mrs. B—Feb. 23. I'll send your canvases right away. I've been up to the ranch. Just got back. I'll try to write sooner next time. Yours as ever, Rex.


Sunday Night

Dear, Dear C.—Dear old boy, 3300 miles apart—and still not an inch. Today has been a wonder. I've looked. I've listened—'I've longed—'I've loved. And am loved. How rich I am! And you . . . Boy of the Sun. We will not part. The colour here is beyond me. But in reach. I'm touching it. It's not too heavy—and its not too light. And I'm finding out—and in. I'm feeling fine. My mind is right. My body is not as neat as good. There's a great many things I could say but what's the use. I'm using what I have—and if a time comes when I can do—and attend to a weak spot, all the better. I'm thinking of the ones I love, and the things I care for most. If a man should paint it's you. And when you're gone, and left your works of art, you've done your part for the world. I touch you and as a man you're the warmest. And when you reach out you're like the straws. Paint. Paint, it's all yours. As you know—

the art of owning the world. G. W. sent me your letter. How wonderful you both are, and S., she's the world to me. I'll write again soon, when the right day comes.

Yours, Rex.
I've been helping those that helped themselves. For himself he went through the horse lot, and to my shack. Inside I light just a kid. He was just one child of the earth. But to that first appear seem like moles of the after. I pull time. But. I'm glad I'm out. When you want to get out, threw my energy into that school. I thought out so wish I could sing. Say-I went to the train, but you spent in the city, trying my- best to help, but the country this morning. I am writing at the Y. M. and walking a Califor- nian, lover of magnolia, and new tropical. C. W. when I gave her. She looked so warm. These are among the most beautiful things of C-W. The buildings don't make me think of the Greeks were handed to me. They were all sitting over here I looked and looked and thought of you, and over the hills, a beautiful tree here and there, with a gorgeous place in the world. I love it. I would like to think you will. When I got your letter I thought maybe some day I'll have it on canvass, of the after. I opened. New and very old ones, and the old ones of hundreds of years ago. San- francisco, California. The Ranch.

May 24th 1915. C. S.:—One and all the time, at heart a Californian, lover of magnolia, and new tropical. I feel about things here, on the ranch. I wish you could come! We're all here. The Horse Lot, my home, has beauty wherever I look. The Day's Work Done. The day's work done and the supper past I walk through the horse lot, and to my shack. Inside I light just a kid. He was just one child of the earth. But to that first appear seem like moles of the after. I pull time. But. I'm glad I'm out. When you want to get out, threw my energy into that school. I thought out so wish I could sing. Say-I went to the train, but you spent in the city, trying my- best to help, but the country this morning. I am writing at the Y. M. and walking a Califor- nian, lover of magnolia, and new tropical. C. W. when I gave her. She looked so warm. These are among the most beautiful things of C-W. The buildings don't make me think of the Greeks were handed to me. They were all sitting over here I looked and looked and thought of you, and over the hills, a beautiful tree here and there, with a gorgeous place in the world. I love it. I would like to think you will. When I got your letter I thought maybe some day I'll have it on canvass, of the after. I opened. New and very old ones, and the old ones of hundreds of years ago. San- francisco, California. The Ranch.

May 24th 1915. C. S.:—One and all the time, at heart a Californian, lover of magnolia, and new tropical.

Dear Carl! We're thinking! Yours, C. W. Rex.

To C. S.—I'm through. I'm resting. This is the most beautiful place in the world. I love it. I would like to tell you what I like about it. But I can't. It's too close to my heart. Maybe some day I'll have it on canvass, so you can hear and see too. I miss you as I would miss all that I have known. And perhaps I must get these curls of the fair youth before I leave. I guess the curls of the light-haired youth is the nearest thing to the way I feel about things here. And I'm pretty sure I would have seen C. W. when I gave her the Degas. She looked like a little child. Now!—I want to say something—No!—Ha!—Ha!

I was sitting at the dinner table when the three prints of the Greeks were handed to me. I opened. "My God!" were the words that came to my lips. And they came aloud. I guess every- body thought I'd C. W. And I'm sure they had been so near that I knew you would have distinguished the difference. You've part of you, I guess, part of your heart, you're so sweet. These are among the good things you always show me. I'm younger than you when you saw me last. But, I'm fitter, that's all. Now coming to how I get down to Los Angeles and left the Casual Home. Well! I don't know how. I can't tell you. Oh, I'm fine. And the book—well, so much like you—me—my love you, Y. M. and walking. And can fly. And the mountain will never get too high for him. He's the most beautiful young thing. I wish I could paint him. Writing is not right, . . . I don't know when you will get this. Its bedtime for me now. Dear C. S. good night.

May 3rd 1918, Camp Green, N. C.

My Dear C. —

Thanks, oh, thanks! Your drawing was so beauti- ful. The head of it was wonderful, so strong, young and fine—so young and fine and so many others—and Beautiful. I haven't written before because I've been all upset. I'm in the Casual Home Co., here now with a bunch of fellows that are now right to go with their company. Some go to farm, and others to a branch of the service that best fits them. I'm try- ing to get into the ship building campaigine. Hope I make the ship. If I can I may fly. I would rather have one of my pictures than you, Boy, you don't know how much you mean to me. I meet all people the time, but not one that comes near me. One will make a lifetime—perhaps two or one in a lifetime—then one's mighty lucky. You're too fine for a big city. The great thing is that you're you. That country there, you're all you. I mean the moun- tains and you. Don't underestimate yourself and I don't think you will. I got your letter I thought maybe you would come to California, but now I know you can't. But get out of that hell-hole. Not that a man makes fine feel tall. I made a new place and I'm young and you are not for a large city. S. don't think I'm becoming older and weak. For I'm not. I'm younger than when you saw me last. But, I'm fitter, that's all. Now coming to how I get down to Los Angeles and left the Casual Home. Well! I don't know how. I can't tell you. Oh, I'm fine. And the book—well, so much like you—me—my love you, Y. M. and walking. And can fly. And the mountain will never get too high for him. He's the most beautiful young thing. I wish I could paint him. Writing is not right, . . . I don't know when you will get this. Its bedtime for me now. Dear C. S. good night.

P. S. Your Greek God with the two fingers in the air is driving me mad. I've got to get up and go outside. I have been thinking of you and the mountain. You're my friend. I'm going for cold water.

It's almost fall and your summer letter I still have Y. M. and walking. And can fly. And the mountain will never get too high for him. He's the most beautiful young thing. I wish I could paint him. Writing is not right, . . . I don't know when you will get this. Its bedtime for me now. Dear C. S. good night.

Strength is a great thing. So is weakness.

C. W.—This morning the sun shines and at getting up time my eyes opened and G. home, C., and the others were my guests. I did not get up until later. My soul was filled full of that and you. I think of the garden, of your home life, and your family and you know how much you mean to me. As for the drawings today. You are all the time. I have been thinking of you for some time and made lots of things. I have one of America and thinking on I see three more, the last is only maybe. What I am thinking is something new. It is a large thing. I don't know when I can start or how long it will take but I believe it can be done. I'm going to try it. 


Sunday, on duty. More maps, and yet tonight more maps. Now then today, a rainy one. Ships loaded O.—my—westerners, everyone of them. Singing—Oh! such songs. You, so young, so strong, so American. An- other bunch of westerners. There goes the westerners whoop. O they are fine. My West, and you. And there, still lined up—ready for the boats. And here come the nurses. And how they sing. And how they sing. And the boys play. America—and.

P. C. Rex.

P. S. I must go. I have two things to paint. I don't know when you will get this. Its bedtime for me now. Dear C. S. good night.

This is the day of the time, at heart a Californian, lover of magnolia, and new tropical. I feel about things here, on the ranch. I wish you could come! We're all here. The Horse Lot, my home, has beauty wherever I look.
when I was in my best when in the army. I'm feeling
thing is—Wonder when things will be normal again.
carrying it and some letters of Gladys' in my
self. How I wish you could paint all the time and think
I thought maybe—and knew, you would like them. I
mind is so . . . that I am sending it back to you
of nothing else. I walked through the woods yesterday.
Saw
have got something for the beauty. But S., Dear C., my
next to my heart. But am sending it back to you this
notes of them. That's all. I am glad you like them, also
Henri saw and liked some of them. I think I know
the world is a wonderful place. I don't see why
stay that way. It's the only way. To always feel fit.
Lulu Gay
The eunuchs heard her
She described for them
with white leaf-pattern
turn again· Aphrodite with the yellow zone,
what wrack, what weal for him:
I did not know,
Laurel blossom and the red seed
Ah and my face, Aphrodite,
white as forked lightning
and father nature, full of butter
Laurel leaf, 0 fruited
branch of bay,
Laurel blossom and the red seed,
yearning to be alive
As the gum of the gum-tree.
"Ululalu." The eunuchs cried. "Ululalu."

The Armour of Jules Laforgue
Kenseth Burke
In one of those astonishing tender letters to his sister,
Laforgue tells of a time when he shrank from entering
a delicatessen shop; he saw the two cafeteria girls smiling
and talking so interestedly together that he couldn't in­
trude here where he was so evidently outside of all it.
He moved on to another shop . . Yet in his writing,
Laforgue is nothing if not "competent."
This simple discrepancy between his life and his works
is at the root of Laforgue's genius. He was a dis­
tinctly juvenile mentality, but at the same time, a
man of great spiritual depth and intensity.
In Laforgue, this is most malignantly true. In con­
trast to the highly utilitarian attitude towards women
that characterizes much intellectual classes,
Laforgue was not at all fit for the necessities of conquest
and domination. "To be loved," he found that his
posthumous fragments, "is to please, to not be re­
pected. To be loved is to be preferred before others."
Laforgue was not, as a writer and a man, the type
who seeks an unconscious flattery to other men.
Each person will thereby find friends to do the world
and all for them. Laforgue was nursed on all sides.
Thus, to a great extent, the "raving raw of world-
like" was avoided. He was not forced to "outgrow" his
supersensitiveness.
Marsden Hartley

CANTICLE FOR OCTOBER

with responses for the coming of the magical Tenth Wave.

There is piping on the hills of Caledonia,
This morning.

In the aromatic efflorescence of this clear
Warm embodiment, exists my most eminent delight.
The morning is multi-hued.
There are soft grey tavorens to sit in.
Taverns in the depths of these orbits
Where golden spots gleam through lattices,
Bound with happy vines.
I gathered up flexible baskets of the delicate
Abundance of this new freshness.
The edgelined were fresh with green leaves of heather.
There is piping on the hills of Caledonia,
This morning.

Shall the word Amour—be permitted?
A thousand annuities of praise then,
For the permission.
Love is the tallman for the unspoken blame
Between two having the signature of the daytime
Upon their highest wave.

I arrive with all the white tentacles of my mind
To wrap myself around each delicate offering
Tendered so exquisitely by one, who having locked
Into the mouth of cataclysmic ambition,
Smiles with the old cognizance of this instigant
Humanism.
Death waterfalls the steel shell struggling
With conspicuous largesse toward belief.
Dust hath for once been decent in behavior.
The plant, so avid of the aweding years, blooms
Toward the new sunlight with zest of illuminated
Impatience.
Smile then for me, cognizant one, if for no other,
Comprehensive of the immutable herosians
Heralded in their day's demense.
I would be aware of these smiles for an eternity
Of the tears of Venus With Life.
Laforgue has answered
Imperturbably.

Oh, fine linen! No one has sung of you.—To live
this way or that, to be tragic or skeptical, to go here and
there, to travel, to sirenum oneself in holes, to make stones
or suffer scenes to be made, and so forth... and
carry a cambiac handkerchief, sponge and yielding to
the flowers and the sea, and in the evening think over one's day on
a pillow of some fine streaky material, between fine sheets
and muscular sons they once brought into the
worldly and muscular seas they once brought into the
world with such a chaste melancholy!

In this verse, this tendency manifests itself in a tendency
To incorporate various voices into a poem. Sometimes
these voices are frankly labeled, like Echo, or
Choir. At other times they simply exist as a tangent,
The birches are mad with green points
This morning!

There is always the bee of heaven
This morning!

There is piping on the hills of Caledonia,
And the swallows that split the earth
In a multitude of deathless smoke.

So sings the golden chewink, upon the edges
Of a rose whose petals are part of it
With the quality of togetherness,
Which planets indicate in their manifold savannas
On a wide, cool, evening?

There is piping on the hills of Caledonia,
And the swallows that split the earth
In a multitude of deathless smoke.

I make pact with you then.
Pact for the great appointment
Upon the highest wave of the world.

Shall we ride the moment apart of it
And consume it, burning, seething—No, no, no.

Let the polished plows stay idle,
For these superior cross purposes.

Awake, with their pollen.

The world is gone, torn into shreds
Hours when the moths do not gather,
For these superior cross purposes.

I answer me. I will clutch you. I will hug your wrists to drink
I will lie forgetting the world.

Save me! The shadbush is in the edge
Of the last sunflower—emblazoned with the flame
That splits comfort, crushes my house
Into your face and force you to see me.

Answer me. I will clutch you. I will hug your wrists to drink
I will lie forgetting the world.

I would be drunk and lie forgetting all things.

Give me your wrists to drink
I will lie forgetting the world.

The circle path of inevitably repetitious convictions
To ebb into his protective doctrine of futilism,
Who will make sausages of them,

More of protective intuition
Purge his moribund spirit of pus.

Cerebral excitanates cease at last
To emanate from or dominate the cerebellum.

But without cosmopolite amalgam or emotional integrity.

And what's in our arteries—

Does not harden its subtleties of insight
For sensitivities have a suture that closes to discovery
To impale the pallid sky's vapour
That our heads so contumaciously idolize.

We are alone in this terror, alone,
And the big Swedes, brothers to us all,
Whom we will make maquis of them,
In the esoteric design
Of an acetic non-eesthetic, and—
rather protestant—monastic line.

Cerebral excitanates cease at last
To emanate from or dominate the cerebellum.

Perfumes summoned to evoke
\;
Art emotion
e

Make cutaneous incisions
But the subjective cancer remains.

Dissect our cervical cords
For sensitivities have a suture that closes to discovery
To impale the pallid sky's vapour
That our heads so contumaciously idolize.

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Whom we will make maquis of them,
In the esoteric design
Of an acetic non-eesthetic, and—
rather protestant—monastic line.
Sacred bliss; there is no Zodiakal path In the illuminated mirror, the one's foot must trod. Gaze in the polished mirror Upon your vivid zucchini When moonlight through the leaded glass Of Christ-beloved altar windows Was flitting through its vision. Perhaps, despite the tidium of any View blenphanto—towards whom since we have no religion? Field—eroticism
The acrobatic vermiculation Of your finger questioning Will yet permit you to produce Over that intensified space grown wan With the encroachment of your disrespected presence. And, juvency of impolite with you, Let you be sequitor of your ego Exalted inhalations.—

There are those who have brought into words and ideas, like the Jews, and who are able to apprise them, themselves remaining wholly detached from the affair. But actually those figures too, if they are of any importance, dwell wholly with the real literary values defined above. It is to say that the cooks too are artists and that they are known first by their choice of potatoes. It is only to prove that these men (de Gourmont) 'supported by the basic pyramid of tradition are the proof of the foundation. Those do not show the intelligence to be a disease. They prove only the existence of a structure of sufficiently healthy and often magnificent proportions. True historians, they are the infamous Pappas of us all. But what of it? They are there and we are here, in a battle arrayed, a battle that must be in the end yours, O Youth, yours!

To which the hounds will set up a howling: Verbiage! Very pretty just show us work of the quality of that which you condemn.

If "immediate" in the following sentence is taken to mean a man's object world at which he has not yet percipised we approse we are not (is not) limited to the range of his immediate contact with the objective world. We agree moreover that "this material is vast and comprehensive; it is influenced by every sentient moment; it is the aggregate of all those experiences which have formed his imagination of youth. And his pleasure in giving the rest of Mr. Craven's paragraph: "Were not it not been rigorously-wise mass of adaptable form stored in the mind, art would be a shallow and poverty-stricken affair."

Yet the artist is limited to the range of his contact with the objective world. True, in beinggeat his poem he takes parts from the imagination but it is simply that working according to what he has written his mind has drawn parallel, completed progressions, transferred units from one category to another, clipped here, modified there. But it is inconceivable that, no matter how circumstentially contact with an immediate objective world of actual experience has been, "this material is vast and comprehensive. By "artist" is meant nearly this thing alone.

But if by the use of "immediate" as understood above it is implied that contact always implies a local definition of effort with a consequent taking on of certain colors from the locality in question, and experience, and these colors or sensal values of whatever sort, are the only realities in writing or, as may be said, the essential quality in literature. We have Congress what seem to be definite exceptions to the rule: unmatched intelligence (the Jewish sphere), possibility of form a clarity. But apparently we do not work in a fluid medium.

We have not stated that an American in order to be a Bantam must either his mind let the rest of the world go hang. We see no advantage in being ill; to be a Bantam one must learn there is evidence of the critic's critical attitude toward his art of pasting; for this reason they have a distinct literary value. As criticism they prove to be more potent than in the past. And in this case it is a full release without sacrifice of intelligence. The color green is now a fresh color but possessed without the ravish hueckle of a Degas using pinks and blues. It is all very young, this man's writing about his country. But let you be sequestor of your egos as in some measure definitively and singularly American.

This same quality was the secret of Pound's early success in London with his "Percyman." God help me for suggesting such a thing.

The American critical attitude: it is that we are seeking to establish. It is young. It is necessarily inarticulate, or at least he who would have us believe, but it is necessarily young. There is no long chain of sophistication to engage us, "part of it carping, part of it about to come to an end," we are not afraid of you. Our process is the one to be followed. The music for the moment chaotic but they have the distinct advantage of being able to claim no place of rest save immortality.

Not that Americans today can be anything less than citizens of the world; but being inclined to run off to London to think it is by no means a certainty in every case they have forgotten or not known that the experience of native local contact is the only thing that can give that differentiated quality of presentation to their work which at first enriches their new sphere and later alone might even them far as creative artists in the continental hurley-burley. Pound ran to Europe in a hurry. It is understandable. But he had not sufficient ground to stand on for more than perhaps two years. And he stayed fifteen. Re-reading his first book of poems it is easy as the poet himself to feel that there is in LaForgue a something, a very simple and direct thing, without which his ironic talent would have gone for nothing. It is his clear use of sensation. It is a building upon the basis of what is observed, what is proved, what is of value to the man in the welter of things, to which he has become accustomed of late. He is the proof of his genius. Burke has taken what he wanted, and the result is he has found the writings of the same quality would have. Eliot or some others.

Unfortunately for the arts here, intelligence and training, however they will be trained, fear to believe that in the inventive intelligence of our engineers and cobblers. Nothing from abroad would have the reality for me that the inventive intelligence of our engineers and cobblers. Nothing from abroad would have the reality for me that the inventive intelligence of our engineers and cobblers. Nothing from abroad would have the reality for me that the inventive intelligence of our engineers and cobblers. Nothing from abroad would have the reality for me that the inventive intelligence of our engineers and cobblers.
CONTACT

This illustrates again what we mean by contact. The question of art, in fact, is the question of Blake, the article is a well
perfect example of our attitude. LaFarge here tells us how she has taken what she finds most suitable to her
own wants, what at least he has, and made it the thing. It is
what the man of force will always do. He can't do anything
else in America or out of it. It is scarcely a matter of
the will. It is fate. We are here under cer-
tain general conditions, from which they remain the
same no matter how we try to make the thing unity or possible
out of it. On this basis alone can we afford dispersion of
effort, the modern individualistic dispersion. We can afford it
under no other condition.

Wind and Fire

R. McKinley

Contact

Cold night, with little gusts of wins between my teeth,
gulp in my throat, cold night of wind. Cut me! Cut me!
I pierce to the heart and freeze its expected readiness.
Do not leave me wind. Do not leave me darkness.
I can never, never—but I will—I do not want to, I
shall refuse—but go back to the desultory dullness of
my warm room—and I shall not sleep. All night long
thinking will cut me deeper than my chill—and you will hear
me shrieking—I too will be shrieking—
No, I am not afraid. I have always been afraid to be
one of the timid ones, the uncertain, the cautious ones.
But hardness does not suffice—there is nothing I would
not blaspheme—but Wind, wind, what does blasphemy
have to do with it? It is scarcely under no other condition.

The saloons are all closed now. Boards are across
their doorways. Spiderwebs hang across the broken planes
of glass.

Al Wilson would not have cared though if he were
alone today. Last summer, a hunters horn, with a high yodel
and the rattle of a string of missionary teeth—all in the
high wind shriek and the moon splintered to white and
vermillion orange dripping, green swirling and a daisy
spectrum and I fainting but never fainted
what, sweet blood tattooed Jesus do we do with energy?
Drunk—out of the alcohol. They areנוע בוש 만 Black.
Jazzo, Jazzo, a half pint bottle for six—oh ho—my ances-
tors—too nice; the ruination of Al!

The saloons are all closed now. Last summer one young
woman came in during those hours of the day, and
shouted—tom tom, a hunters horn, with a high yodel
and the rattle of a string of missionary teeth—all in the
high wind shriek and the moon splintered to white and
vermillion orange dripping, green swirling and a daisy
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Young, young—well no, not youth but energy, and
what, sweet blood tattooed Jesus do we do with energy?

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vermillion orange dripping, green swirling and a daisy
spectrum and I fainting but never fainted
what, sweet blood tattooed Jesus do we do with energy?

Young, young—well no, not youth but energy, and
what, sweet blood tattooed Jesus do we do with energy?

The saloons are all closed now. Last summer one young
woman came in during those hours of the day, and
shouted—tom tom, a hunters horn, with a high yodel
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spectrum and I fainting but never fainted
what, sweet blood tattooed Jesus do we do with energy?

Young, young—well no, not youth but energy, and
what, sweet blood tattooed Jesus do we do with energy?
and all rebellions. I want to be clear with
is
one. And I?

The path follows above the gully, red in the flamma
green of the new grass. The goats are tied by long cords,
one to each of two solitary old trees at the path's end, one
to the right one to the left. The others, a white and a black
one are in the rough ground beyond. The white
one, has its teather fastened to a circular block of turned
steel with a hole in the center—the railroad is hard by;
the others is tied to an irregular brown stone.

See the nannie goats!—I approach the smallest goat
timidly. It is the one fastened to the large tree to
the left of the path. It has but small black horns.

It draws away beginning to wind its tie rope around
the tree. It's hair is long, coarse, fawn-colored, fading into
white over the face and under the belly where the under
hanger, the two pinkish teats pointing slightly forward. I
back the creature around the tree till it can go no further,
the cord all wound up. Gingerly I take it by the ear. It
tries to crowd between me and the tree. I put out my
right knee to stop it. It lowers its head. I seize a horn.
It struggles. I find I can hold it. I call the baby.

He isn't afraid. He lays his face against the goat's
hairy cheek. Ah! I warn him away watching the sharp
point of the free horn. I think of the child's moist
gelatinous eye. I look at the goat's eyes. They are
round, large and grey, with a wide blue-black slit hori-
ental in the center, the striae of the iris blended into
like threads round a buttonhole.

The child strokes the goat's flanks. The hair is not
smooth, there is straw and fragments of dried leaves be-
tween the horns, an awkward place for a goat to get at.
The nose is hairy, the nose narrow, the molt black skin
at the tip, all either side by curled nostrils, vibrates sensi-
tively. A goat.

I push the baby away and drive the goat around
the tree again until the rope is entirely unwound. The beast
immediately finds new violent green tufts of grass in
some black mud half under some old dried water-soaked
weedstems. Thrusting down her slender face she starts
to crop away unreceptively at that which a moment be-
fore she did not know how to achieve.

To the right of the path the other goat comes forward
boldly but stops short and swiftly, stretching out its neck
for the nose. It ventures closer. Gas-ha-ha-ha-ha!
(as in hat). Very softly. The small goat answers. Also
grey eyes but the body is marked in a new fashion. Zebras
like two black stripes down the two jaws between which,
tawny and black bands down forehead and muzzle. Ears
black fringed. A broad and shaggy black stripe down
the backbone to the tail. Starting down from this on
each flank a white band round and under from
side to side. Behind and in front of which the flanks
are the same tawny yellow as the face.

The baby goes up to the goat and pats its face before
I can get to him to draw him back. The goat is impassive,
her eyes fixed on me. I take the baby's hand and draw
him away. He strains to touch the goat.

The two other goats look up from time to time from
a distance then go on nibbling, pulling at the grass with
short jerks of the head.

I sit on the step of the car and taking out my clean
handskerchief I wipe his face. In the windows of the
Franco American Chemical Co. across the way six women
have appeared in two windows, four in one and two in
the other. They watch the baby, wondering if he is hurt.
They finger to look out. They open the windows. Their
faces are bathed with sunlight. They continue to strain
out at the window. They laugh and wave their hands.
Over against them in an open field a man and a boy on
their hands and knees are planting slender green slips
in the fresh dirt, row after row.

We enter the car. The baby waves his hand. Good
bye!
Contact

READ CONTACT

"AMERICA IS REVEALED IN ITS REPLIES TO MY ARTICLES"

Nujol

Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)
44 Beaver St., N.Y. City.

25¢ a copy = Advertising Number.
A moderate reform is necessary if any civilization is to be kept up. I don't care if so moderate a system as Douglas' go through in its entirety, so long as his ideas become known, and thereby act as a deterrent, i.e., prevent those who now hold the credit power, from flagrant use of it—war making, etc.

The symbolist position, artistic aloofness from world affairs, is no good now. It may have assisted several people to write and work in the 80's, but it is not, in 1921, opportune or apposite. Pour la Patrie, comme tu veux, mais pour une société anonyme de Pétrole: mourir! Pourquoi?

In a world politically governed by imbeciles and knaves, there remain two classes of people responsible: the financial powers and the men who can think with some clarity.

(Don't imagine that I think economics interesting—not as Botticelli or Picasso is interesting. But at present they, as the reality under political camouflage, are interesting as a gun muzzle aimed at one's own head is "interesting," when one can hardly see the face of the gun holder and is wholly uncertain as to his temperament and intentions.)
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

ANNOUNCEMENT AND SAMPLE POEM.

Henceforth the writings of William Carlos Williams will be offered for sale at prices fixed by the author. Prospective purchasers will apply through CONTACT which at present is the sole agent. A minimum price of fifty dollars will be charged for all poems, those of most excellence, as in all commercial exchange, being rated higher in price. Critical essays, imaginative prose and plays will be offered at prices varying according to the length and success of the work. The artist will however continue to contribute his work gratis to whatever publication, in his own opinion, furthers the interests of good writing in the United States.

ST. FRANCIS EINSTEIN OF THE DAFFODILS.

In March's black boat
Einstein and April
have come at the time in fashion
up out of the sea
through the rippling daffodils
in the foreyard of
the dead Statue of Liberty
whose stonearms
are powerless against them
the Venusremembering wavelets
breaking into laughter—

Sweet Land of Liberty,
at last, in the end of time,
Einstein has come by force of
complicated mathematics
among the tormented fruit trees
to buy freedom
for the daffodils
till the unchained orchards
shake their tufted flowers—
Yiddishe springtime!

At the time in fashion
Einstein has come
bringing April in his head
up from the sea
in Thomas March Jefferson's
black boat bringing
freedom under the dead:
Statue of Liberty
to free the daffodils in
the water which sing:
Einstein has remembered us
Savior of the daffodils!

A twig for all the dead!
shout the dark maples
in the tearing wind, shaking
pom-poms of green flowers—
April Einstein has come
to liberate us
here among
the Venusremembering daffodils
Yiddishe springtime of the mind
and a great pool of rainwater
under
the blossomy peachtrees.

April Einstein
through the blossomy waters
rebellious, laughing
under liberty's dead arm
has come among the daffodils
shouting
that flowers and men
were created
relatively equal.
Oldfashioned knowledge is
dead under the blossoming peachtrees.

Einstein, tall as a violet
in the latticearbor corner
is tall as a blossomy
peartree. The shell
of the world is split
and from under the sea
Einstein has emerged
triumphant, St. Francis
of the daffodils!

O Samos, Samos
dead and buried. Lesbia is
a black cat in the freshturned
garden. All dead.
All flesh that they have sung
is long since rotten.
Sing of it no longer.
Sing of Einstein's
Yiddishe peachtrees, sing of
sleep among the cherryblossoms.
Sing of wise newspapers
that quote the great mathematician:
A little touch of
Einstein in the night—
Side by side the young and old trees take the sun together, the maples, green and red according to their kind, yellowbells and the vermilion quinceflower together—The tall peartree with fotid blossoms sways its high topbranches with contrary motions and green has come out of the wood upon them also—

The mathematics grow complex; there are both pinkflowered and coralflowered peachtrees in the bare chickenyard of the old negro with white hair who hides poisoned fish-heads here and there where stray cats find them—find them.

O spring days, swift and mutable, wind blowing four ways, hot and cold. Now the northeast wind, moving in fogs, leaves the grass cold and dripping. The night is dark but in the night the southeast wind approaches. It is April and Einstein! The owner of the orchard lies in his bed with the windows wide and throws off his covers one by one.

It is Einstein out of complicated mathematics among the daffodils—spring winds blowing four ways, hot and cold, shaking the flowers!

MARIANNE MOORE

KORA IN HELL, by William Carlos Williams.

"The unready would deny tough cords to the wind because they cannot split a storm endwise and wrap it upon spools."

This statement exemplifies a part of what gives to the work of William Carlos Williams, "a character by itself." It is a concise, energetic digest, a kind of intellectual hauteur which one usually associates with the French.

The acknowledgment of our debt to the imagination, constitutes, perhaps, his positive value. Compression, colour, speed, accuracy and that restraint of instinctive craftsmanship which precludes anything doely or laboured—it is essentially these qualities that we have in his work. Burke speaks of the imagination as the most intense province of pleasure and pain and defines it as a creative power of the mind, representing at pleasure the images of things in the order and manner in which they were received by the senses or in combining them in a new manner and according to a different order. Dr. Williams in his power over the actual, corroborates this statement. Observe how, by means of his rehabilituating power of the mind, he is able to fix the atmosphere of a moment:

"It is still warm enough to slip from the woods into the lake's edge ... and snake's eggs lie curling in the sun on the lonely summit."

"Calvary Church with its snail's horns up sniffing the dawn—o' the wrong side!"

"Always one leaf at the peak twig swirling, swirling and apples rotting in the ditch."

"By the brokenness of his composition," he writes, "the poet makes himself master of a certain weapon which he could possess himself of in no other way."

"We do not so much feel the force of this statement as we feel that there is in life, as there is in Sir Francis Bacon—in the ability to see resemblances in things which are dissimilar; in the ability to see such differences, a special kind of imagination is required, which Dr. Williams has. Despite his passion for being himself and his determination not to be at the mercy of "schoolmasters," it is only one who is academically sophisticated who could write:"

"Fatigued as you are, watch how the mirror sieves out the extra­neous,"

and:

"Of what other thing is greatness composed than a power to annihilate half truths for a thousandth part of accurate understand­ing."

"Often," he says, "a poem will have merit because of some one line or even one meritorious word. So it hangs heavily on its stem but still secure, the tree unwilling to release it."

Such an observation certainly is not the result of pure intuition or of any informally, semi-consciously exercised mental energy.
implacable and deft. If he rates audacity too high as an aesthetic value. To the bona fide artist, affectation is degradation and in his It is not, after all, the naive but the authentic upon which he places

to threats of sand, hot ashes and the river: "That'll be ma HOME! That'll be ma HOME!"

"Where does this down hill turn up again?" he says: "Driven to the wall you'll put claws to your toes and make a ladder of smooth bricks."

Though reticent under advice, he is resigned under the impersonal, innately attrition of life.

"One need not be cast down," he says, "because he cannot cut onyx into a ring to fit a lady's finger. There is neither onyx nor porphyry on these roads—only brown dirt. For all that, one may see his face in a flower along it—even in this light. . . . Way in the curled mud crusts to one side, hands hanging. Ah well." To discuss one's friends in print may or may not be necessitated by fealty to art but whether there is beauty or not in Dr. Williams' discussion of persons as there is in his discussion of life—in citing the idiosyncrasies of friends, note his calmness:

"B. pretends to hate most people, . . . but that he really goes to this trouble I cannot imagine."

Additional marks of health are to be found in his use of idiom. He says:

"If a woman laughs a little loudly one always thinks that way of her."

"Throw two shoes on the floor and see how they'll lie if you think it's all one way."

The sharpened faculties which require exactness, instant satisfaction and an underpinning of truth are too abrupt in their activities sometimes to follow; but the niceness and effect of vigor for which they are responsible, are never absent from Dr. Williams' work and its crisp exterior is one of its great distinctions. He again reminds one of the French. John Burroughs says of French drivers of drays and carts, "They are not content with a plain matter-of-fact whip as an English or American labourer would be, but it must be a finely modeled stall, with a long tapering lash, tipped with the best silk snapper."

"It's silly to go into a 'puckersnatch,'" Dr. Williams says, "because some-brass-button-minded ninecmeepo in Kensington flies off the handle and speaks openly about our United States prize poems."

In the following passage, the words "black and peculiar" would seem to be the snapper:

"A mother will love her children most grotesquely. . . . She will be most willing toward that daughter who thrwarts her most and not toward the little kitchen helper. So where one is mother to any great number of people he will love best perhaps some child whose
of which the average person never thinks unless inescapably for humanitarian reasons. Dr. Williams is too sincere to wish to be fashionable and that one so rich in imagination should have to be thrifty in the use of poetic material is preposterous. One's perspicacity here meets a stone wall.

So disdainful, so complex a poet as Dr. Williams, receives at best half treatment from the average critic or from the ambitious critic, such untruthful, half specific approbation as, "Ah, quite deep; I see to the bottom." This is to be expected. There is in Dr. Williams an appetite for the essential and in how many people may one find it? How many poets, old or new, have written anything like "January Morning in At Que Quiere," like the second paragraph of Improvisation XVII in the present volume, and pre-eminently, the "Portrait of the Author" in a recent number of CONTACT? Withholding comment upon the title, this poem is a super-achievement. It preserves the atmosphere of a moment, into which the impertinence of life cannot intrude. In the sense conveyed, of remoteness from what is detestable, in the effect of balanced strength, in the flavor of newness in presentation, it is unique.
America, since his boyhood, had stood before the heated imagination of Evan Dionysius Evans as a virginal young woman—inclined, of course, to grant important favors to certain individuals of special distinction. She was of about his own age and appeared often to him at night gleaning and naked. To Evan Dionysius Evans America meant one thing: the United States. For her his feet touched the ground. Never once did he associate his madly erotic adventures among the girls of the seventh and eighth grades with this figure. Though baffled by stupidity and coquetry at every new sally he made, in the woods, in the eye-field—blinded by deceit, tortured by vulgarity at its emptiest, he had the hardihood to smile at the thwarting he got.

Once he saw Georgie, the black cook, through a crack, bathing before a white china basin on the floor in the attic.

At seventeen Evans was thoroughly disgusted with everything, thoroughly schooled in the dangers from syph, maternity, heart-break and the clap and wrote a long love poem, about the Passaic River and an old woman, which Orick Johns, dear Orick, called great and Ezra Pound printed in his Catholic Anthology. The Wanderer, it can be found also in my book, Al Que Quiere, Four Seas Co., Boston.

At thirty-five Evan Dionysius Evans met, in the flesh, the Old Woman he had praised. It seemed to him like the Old Testament woman of thirty-five. She was in the Tombs at the time on a charge of petty larceny and wrote to him out of a clear sky asking for help. On the day he visited her she was acquitted. He took her to breakfast at a small restaurant on Sixth Avenue just off Eighth Street. Quietly they ate their first and only meal together. As always in such places the coffee was very poor but the old creature before our hero filled his soul with a strange rest. He looked into her eyes and she into his across the Atlantic Ocean-white porcelain table while she talked to drink it in through her colored windows. She too loved the vermillion balloon through the ceiling drawing Europe and America after them. She earned a pittance rolling cigarettes in a factory, rolling out the words with a strong foreign accent. Her front teeth had been broken by a woman who had quarreled with her second husband whom she had bet her first she would get, having lost her virginity behind the scenes of a vaudeville house, not wishing to be different from the rest nor like her sister who stayed at home where the family doctor used to come and predict genius, but without knowing one cannot be a thief and get away with it, so when there is no posing to be done—America being a bastard country that knows nothing of its debt to the artist-cigarettes amuse the fingers with pennies and that's why the heavy rings, though she struck so unexpectedly, over the corpse of Marcel, who probably did it.

She lived in the most unanswerably filthy tenement in the city. Romantically, mysteriously dirty, of grimy walls, dark, gaol halls and narrow stairs, it smelt of black waterclosets, one to a floor, with low gasflame always burning and torn newspapers trodden in the wet. Waves of stench thickened on each landing as one moved up. She was a Bohemian and went by the name of La Baronne. Closes up, a reck stood out purple from her body, separating her forever from the clean muslin souls of Yankeedom. It was that peculiar, pestilential smell of dirt and sweat, strong of the armpit. La Baronne had filled her room with bits of glass, wood, metal, paper and other decorative refuse collected from the street.

There she lived with three dogs and her clean soul. Let America be damned or do better. Protended by a barrier of filth and refuse against the spilling gray bath of Methodist-Episcopal sunlight, flaming and flaring about the virginal spirit of Vesta Bottomly, given in the bonds of holy matrimony this day to Arthur J. Friggard of Sahe-nectady, N. Y. The bride lost the heel of her left shoe at the tabe station; lost, it becomes a jewel, a ruby in La Baronne's miscellany.

To the eye of Evan Dionysius Evans La Baronne had about her a strong charm. She was the fulfillment of a wish. Even the queen she held herself to be in her religious fervors of soul, so in actuality she was to him: America personified in the fifth of its own imagination.

This led to the first letter:

With a mind prone upon the sands of his native New Jersey he wrote to the poor lady: I love you.

It was his habit to do this sort of thing. Against so many he would rub his match without lighting it that at the unexpected flare he would cry out when he did. To her kind only could his mind go to be kindled. It had always been so. (See, Portrait of a Woman in Bed, in Al Que Quiere.) In the same manner he had cried out, I love you, in the direction of his own unbelievable grandmother, the wolf of the family. (See, Dedication for a Plot of Ground, Al Que Quiere.)

La Baronne gulped at his note like a church at the sunlight, trying to drink it in through her colored windows. She too loved America, sweet land of liberty, Evan Dionysius Evans licked down the fragrant poi with a huge relish. Into the pits in the ground it had gone sweet and creamy and out it had come suited to famine until the taste had superseded all others—rancid. Well, it expressed what he had to say of his own country and the more so the better. It was in any case true of La Baronne and all men seek the truth. He, Evan D. Evans, felt what it means to be happy. Everything about the other gave him joy: her broken teeth, her aphillias, every thing; it was part of it, the more so the better. She was.

One day he went to see her and said he liked peachies. She was furious but said if he would kiss her it would be alright. He did. She was very sober and breathed deep. It was the trade wind that bellied out her sails. The old sloop leaned far over once again
until her saplings were awash and began to rosin haydewy, first parrelling the sands, then jibing with a crash out to sea. Evan Dionysius Evans was conscious, on his part, of two things: the very jagged edge of La Baronne's broken incisor pressing hard upon his lip and the stale smell rising from her body. Drawing back a little he outlined his emotion in two accurate phrases. She, appearing to fall in with his desire, though confessedly afeet, agreed to hunt beside him. It was agreed.

They sat and watched a heavy summer rain fall in the paved court outside her window, making a flicker of grey, oblique lines on the brick wall opposite. To Evans it appeared that heavenly anemia flowers were falling. He, like all good Americans, was an excellent listener; he listened while she spoke long and well of her past and future.

A month later he went again to see her—for the last time. She was not in. He left a basket of peaches at her door. It was not what she wanted. She wrote him an infuriated letter. On phallic wings the letters began to rain on Evan Dionysius Evans. All soberness had left the now maddened old lady. She had suddenly become completely doubled up. Gripping her own shoulders from behind she made a ball of herself and rolled from side to side of her narrow room, bumping against the walls, meanwhile managing to seize paper and scribble down her bloodygreen sensations from awkward positions. The flux was continuous. Infused with a desperate agility La Baronne filled the mails with literature. It was indeed love. Hundreds of letters and cards attested it. But Evan Dionysius Evans opened none of them. Why should he, of all men, break in upon God's work? One cleverly disguised packet he did unseal quite unconsciously. It was a full length portrait of La Baronne in moth-eaten furs.

High into the air the old lady bounced herself, turning and turning head over heels in the dawn and at noon as at night till dripping with holy nectar from the stars, naked as the all-holy sun himself, she mocked the dull Americans. Little had Evan Dionysius Evans realized the power in one kiss of his lips but he was contented with the work he had done and stood and waited. With a terrific swing he outlined his emotion in two accurate phrases. She, appearing to fall in with his desire, though confessedly afeet, agreed to hunt beside him. It was agreed.

The final letter came long after. I want you, Evan Dionysius Evans, she had hissed. Well, you can't have me, he said, like that. Then I'll publish the letters, she whispered. Be sure you don't miss any, she rejoined. You said you loved me, she replied. What a good memory you have, he answered. It flashed across his mind that they might possibly get the set put on at The Palace. Then she bunched herself from his neck. In this way the Greek gods would sometimes get themselves created out of each other's thighs or shoulders. Ever too, from Adam's brisket.

Ah, well, sighed Evan D. Evans, it is the same old world. And he went in to finish his supper. But it's always well to find out what the woman want, he chewed, at no matter what cost. Bouncing, bouncing over the swamps and fells! Surely his desires were scattered and varied. Or is the recoil that sends the ball into the air anything more than the sphere regained? Flattened on one side by the impact of the fall it suddenly reasserts itself. And the only alternative is to fall down the watercress—Kodak as you go, he commented to himself reflectively.

Bouncing from the neck of our hero the old lady returned to a spiritual union with her first husband, composing several pretty poens to him. Deeply she regretted his death. Her desires grew even more imperious. Seizing a pen, her whole body bouncing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, her imagination bodied forth her lost, or whatever it was that moosed up out of her soul, and she called on Evan Dionysius Evans to leave the world of his private life and come to her. The stench of her chambered slum arose like the smell of a rose to her nostrils. Fifth stopped back in the pipes rose to her throat, bolted from her ears and her eyes like livid fountains from a broken sewer main. Once more, in a final outburst, she compelled her wellworn pen to set down an abusive letter to our hero, that opened and closed like a roundshell clam in the mud, throbbing, quivering, protruding and withdrawing its obscene neck—

What in God's name does Europe want of America, pondered Evan D. Evans after reading this letter. God knows, the old lady does herself credit, he continued admiringly. She knows what art means. But a great light had broken in Evan's turgid soul. Showers of yellow and purple sparks fell from him and strewed his earth for at least five minutes. A rocket had gone up and was descending. His soul had burst in midair, he saw a pair of hands dropping below the horizon, one to the east and one to the west. A phoenix was singing—

The third letter was composed in a moment: You damned stinking old woman, it ran, you dirty old bitch—or something of the sort.

At least, ventured Evan D. Evans to himself, the American hussey has a great future before her.
ALVA N. TURNER

TO TWO MOTHERLESS KITTENS.

You have slipped from the barn
Into the potato patch
To cry on my heart with hunger
While you trample my foot
And get in the way of my hoe.

I see your dead mother
At the foot of the hill
Where I left her yesterday.
I refused to bury her;
For I preferred that her grave
Be of grass and flowers and sunshine
On the brink of the waterbrook.

My hermit-home misses the presence
Of your young mother;
For she caressed the loneliness
With companionship
And became the living sound
Of a dead silence.

You remind me of her
When she was a kitten.
And I laugh at you with a sob;
For you are the comedy of a cat
And the tragedy of a man.

The sugar-water with melted lard
Which I gave you,
With a spoon,
Is not sufficient:
Your brother is already dead.
Why did God give you an existence
And deny your young mother life
And perplex you with her absence?

Why has he put you on my heart
Which was already burdened
And perplexed?
ROBERT McALMON

CONTACT AND GENIUS.

Contact, is, like most words, subject to narrow interpretations of meaning. However, it is as suitable as many another for the name of a publication. The editors of Contact can shoulder no responsibility for assumptions regarding their meaning not based on what they, with a fair degree of clarity, have said. Before a writer arrives he establishes his own particular apprehension of life which, utterly apart from his manner of writing, is strictly personal, temperamental and rooted within him as an individual so that no literary influence can obliterate it. An idea which we have held uppermost is that a man's chief significance as a writer is wrapped up in his maintenance of a conscious contact with this sense of "locality." An organism sufficiently independent to produce creative work is not partly expressed by de Gourmont, partly by Huysmans, partly by Whitman.

But having predicated the contact idea we may prefer in literature certain things: apprehensions of experience that have not the clouded exuberance, the romantic pessimism or the sentimental-intelligent quality which marks much contemporary work. Lady lyricists urged to spontaneous and inevitable expression; boys with gusto; morbid and ecstatic rhapsodists; misery howlers; grey mediocritists; tedious realists; tiredly cynical adolescents and Oxfordian but nevertheless devilishly subtle satyrisists—may or may not have established their individual apprehensions of life but one fears for many of them that they have been otherwise incapacitated. They are too interested in being poets or literary figures or keeping the public informed to have time to clarify their own perceptions. It is not improbable because of the vague psycho-analysis and the quick efflorescence of feminism—also Semiticism—many have confused sentiency and "sen­is unconsciously revealed must later be consciously apprehended and in the second use a new force enters.

There is but one type of genius which we find worth praising—the writer who is not used in any exalted sense—and that type is the genius of clearly rational ability to observe with a minimum of personal emotion other than an emotion of satisfaction in comprehension and discovery. The mystical exhuberants, the social proclaimers, the cerebral brooders, the ones intent upon mediocrity and tedium are themselves interesting and authentic phenomena but they offer nothing except to those who respond to existence in an exotic manner identical to theirs.

One cannot take it upon oneself to judge, but whether it be a social phenomenon, an after war effect, a domination of the art market by Jews, the rasp of contemporary life upon people of sensibility but no too-clear intelligence, the fact is that at the present moment, much writing, and painting too for that matter, is murky and cloying with mysticism rampant, or dumbly felt if not articulated. One can understand the intense psychologic complexity and limitations of Waldo Frank on racial grounds; of D. H. Lawrence because of sexual difficulty; but it is difficult to believe that Sherwood Anderson is not what he is more because of Whitman, and of Russian literature, than because of his having his own defined apprehension of life. The rhythm of the soil movement in America sweeps many to the apex of its wave, upon which apex they are prevented from seeing as clear-eyed as they might by the luminosity of mystical spray.

There is a tendency in America to boast of having read little. It is not a bad tendency, if writers making such a boast reveal in their work that they are feeling or thinking their own way through. But when their writing reveals them subjects to the genius method of perceiving such authors as they do read, it can be wished that they would read more, and include in their readings the works of some of the classics notable for their clarity of understanding. The quality of Voltaire, Sterne, Montaigne, many Elizabethans, and Greeks, is no less "modern" in its apprehension of life than that of Dostoevsky, Whitman, Hardy, de Gourmont, and nearer-day writers; and the quality of the former is less strictly limited emotionally and intellectually, either by hopeful-hopelessness or by too-entirely cerebral imaginings. The movement of much later day literature has been toward intensity, with a sweep that carried with it little attempt at clarification.

There is this about people who do not read, but who do write: their writing responds restrictedly to atmospheric pressure, while they overlook the fact that social intercourse is as possible in reading, as it is in a conversation over a table with persons not so acutely observant, not so keen at detecting value, as the intelligence which produced a "classic."
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

SAMPLE CRITICAL STATEMENT.

CONTACT has never in the least intimated that the American artist in preparing his position “should forget all about Europe.” On the contrary the assertion has been that he should acquaint himself with everything pertaining to his wish that he can gather from European sources. He will in fact go about where he pleases and take or leave whatever necessity guides him to decide upon.

In exploiting his position in America the artist, aware of the universal physical laws of his craft, will however take off only from the sensual accidents of his immediate contacts. This achievement of a locus, Contact has maintained, is the one thing which will put his work on a comparable basis with the best work created abroad. Before the approach to anything of a serious character there must be this separate implantation of the sperm in each case.

Nothing will be forwarded, as it is persistently coughed at us for our children to believe, by a conscious regard for traditions which have arrived at their perfection by force of the stimuli of special circumstance foreign to us, the same which gave them birth and dynamise them to-day. Paris for painting, if you will, but it is the genius of the locality; the painting which centers in Paris is French painting, no matter by whom produced, Spaniard or Greek, French painting, long implanted and constantly held to the living circumstance by men of genius. Though no painting to-day can compare with it and though all must study it who will paint, it must be understood as French, the product of a locality, before it can be fully comprehended, a thing which, by every conceivable impulse of life converging immediately upon it from the French environment, has been brought into flower. It is living evidence of the essential nature of the local contact in art.

To attempt to live and to paint in New York by force of the same impulses which animate Paris is the occupation of adulterous provincials, to speak of “art” under these circumstances is the mark of our shallowness. The profit from French work begins when the student realises that it is a special, a foreign, a peculiar growth, in its best examples every part discoverably related to some local turn of color or contour and so alone addressed to reality, able to be what it is, a living thing.

It is not art but French art that one goes to Paris to study, and one returns to Tokyo or New York to practice, not art, not French art but—to adore the gods of the locality as the French have taught one to adore them. It is this alone that could produce work of any use to Paris. African wood carving.

All that I have to say is after all just that the artist might profit largely by an American experience—if he exists. If Americans are to be blessed with important work it will be through intelligent, informed contact with the locality which alone can infuse it with reality.
GLORIOUS WEATHER—

With the spring, CONTACT proposes—a few theoretical statements and notes, upon the art of writing.

1. The object of writing is to celebrate the triumph of sense.

   Note: In a poem such as Poe's ANNABEL LEE there is a record of the best sense of the time. We insist on this practical attitude toward writing as against the front of "pure aesthetics." Dada was the small, sweet forget-me-not of the war.

   Note: Sense is the ability to set a thing up against the moment and have it escape banality. The result is not a symptom, not a synthesis of the time, but a construction that proves itself able to exist even in spite of and over against everything in its time that is deadly. Lesser work succumbs through vulnerability: lack of sense.

   It is not so much what one will do in writing as what one must do to write at all. It is a mistake to believe that there are an infinity of new possibilities in handling sounds, syllables, words. One cannot write just anything that assuming a logic within itself will be therefore invulnerable. One must write something whose form will not be out-moded when complete and so—left of sense. One must write something, even if only an arbitrary confusion of consonants and vowels, that shall be, not a mere re-shuffling, but an escape, new, an invention upon the moment.

   Everything in writing, except the writing itself, can have been appreciated without being written; but if it be written it is to celebrate its own emergence as against everything (its time) to which it stands opposed.

2. In writing, as in art generally, sense is in the form.

   Note: "Subject matter", so-called, as opposed to "form", an abstraction, is a distinction that does not exist in a work of art save as a division between types of material.
The sense is not carried as an extraneous "meaning", but is constituted by the work itself. One does not write a poem to say something, but to write a poem, and this is equally true of a disjointed dada composition and of Edmund Spencer's EPITHELEMION—a most beautiful thing, all of one piece.

Freed from a former association, "abstraction", "subject matter", word, syllable or letter, becomes formal, possessed of a new flexible sense which makes it available to the artist for use in a structural unity such as he imposes. By "form" is meant everything in a work which relates to structural unity rather than to "meanings" dragged over from former associations.

In composition, it is a question only of choice of material according to circumstances. Sometimes "abstraction" will be used, sometimes other subject matter, as one must, to succeed in his escape at the moment.

The term "significant form" is a misnomer, an unnecessary complication of the sense. Either form is significant or it doesn't exist. However, "significant form" did have a transitory if misleading use in designating a certain type of abstraction used mainly by the painters as material.

3. Forms grow rapidly obsolete and must be replaced, but the intelligence, the motive power behind all composition, seeks further for a liberation of pure forms. Everything in the development and present make-up of the art of writing has resulted from a desire, on the part of writers, to clarify the implications of pure form.

Note: Modern art has stressed abstraction as subject matter in the emphasis upon pure form—but abstractions have nothing to do with art.

What has happened has been a renewal, a reaffirmation, a reclarification of pure form in composition; a broadening of the field of choice among materials.

The thing that has been said over and over again is that whatever the material (and this is the modern variant) all in the work must tend to relate to an intrinsic unity and not to anything outside itself.

Note: What the writer attempts, at the best, might be stated to be—to present the sense of the moment, high complications of understanding, revealed in climaxes of intelligence (beauty) through continually refreshed crystallizations of form.

If the object of writing be to celebrate the triumph of sense, and if Marcel Duchamp be the apex of the modern sense, and if he continue in New York, silent...

We say only in view of Marcel's intelligent and devastating silence, etc., etc., Budapest, Argentina, Sinaloa, Siberia, West Coast of Africa—if, if, if,—etc., that there is no comment on pictures but pictures, on music but music, poems but poetry:

if you do, you do
if you don't, you don't
and that's all there is to that.

Combinations of glass are combinations of glass, without value as a critique of pigments mixed with oil and spread upon cloth—Photographic combinations, methods, modes, etc., may or may not be the facet of the moment directly presented to the light—but there is no excuse in these things for BAD WRITING
Nor does work in glass, wire, sun-prints, etc., abolish the use of other modes.

The only thing that the occasional work of such a man as Marcel ABOLISHES is bad work in every line of endeavor—BAD WRITING, senseless composition with improper use of materials out of which the sense has passed and into which a new sense must be put before THAT material can be used again.

Genius is absolute: it is the triumph of sense.

In works of art, sense is shown solely by form—Witness the idleness of Santayana's remark or reputed remark concerning Whitman—(Seligman, Manuscripts V.).

"He had no education and his natural delight in imbibing sensations had not been trained to the uses of practical and theoretical intelligence. . . Even during the civil war, when he heard the drum-taps so clearly, he could only gaze at the picturesque and terrible aspects of the struggle, and linger among the wounded day by day with a canine devotion; he could not be roused either to clear thought or positive action."

An abler commentator would have looked to the form of Whitman's work for his meaning. If the stupidities of war offered themselves to his sensibilities only as objects for pathetic solicitude, yet, his reply to everything was in the masterful comment of his poetical construction itself, in which he stood alone, the great innovator.
The word “innovation” is by this stripped of its false and lesser meaning, and rightly understood.

The “stupidities of war,” by the way,—and we are fully sensible of Hueffer’s statement that there are no employments worthy of a gentleman save war and poetry—the stupidities of war are precisely those things which are no longer in its use but which it still contains, a drain upon its resources and a deterrent to its freedom of action; those in the rear unemployed at the munitions and the provisioning, the maimed, the dissmembered, insane, unbalanced, or simply bored. When the percentage of these mounts sufficiently high, war has become—obsolete, and the stupidities of war are precisely those of Hueffer’s statement that there are no employments worthy of a gentleman—save war and poetry—the stupidities of war are precisely those which Miss Moore’s work presents—and we are fully sensible of that as of a single fish against submarine distances, its clarity in presentation of pure form.

That is why we object to such writing as—

“To read it (Many Marriages) is...... to feel cold so no fire will warm and as if the top of one’s head were taken off, that are true signs of poetry.”

These are “true signs,” if you will, but not of poetry.

When man or woman climbs into the pages of a magazine it should be with that same enlargement of the intelligence accessible to the young when they first climb into bed with each other; that time past—men feel lesser things: less important magazines—

the thing Lord Byron, prolonged into banality—

Spring
Too long
Gongola

the thing, BEAUTY: climax of the intelligence. NOT truth. The thing that linked Shelley with Byron—which he (Shelley) too failed to identify when he coined his famous hyphenate: Intellectual-Beauty.

ANYHOW—“A poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make, that is invent, hath his name for nothing.”

And—THE NEW PEARSON’S, in the current issue, heralds the most noteworthy event in the world of letters for the new year with the forthcoming

$1500
LITERARY PRIZE
CONTEST
in three branches of
literature

The contest is open to all residents of the American Continent, and the choice will be made by some of the foremost literary figures of America.

FOR THE SHORT STORY CONTEST: Floyd Dell, Edmund Wilson, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

FOR THE POETRY CONTEST: Edwin Markham, Elsa Gidlow, Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.

FOR THE ESSAY CONTEST: Carl Van Doren, John Macy, George Jean Nathan.

Je meurs de soif auprès de la fontaine.
ROBERT McALMON

GROWTH IN THE CITY

Let me think, to collect myself together.
What is the season—winter—or spring?
The trees are leafless. Then it is autumn!
But things are growing in the cold steel air.
Steel spirals and smoke stacks
Are awakening, breaking through the frost soil.
No then, no then, no, it is spring’s burgeoning,
with growing things and the smoke is blooming.

Oh, let me gather myself together.
Where are the pieces
quivering and staring and muttering
that are all to be a part of me?

Spring—it does not matter—autumn then
lies out on the sidewalks, in the frost,
trampled by feet with papers the wind has blown there.
Many things are falling down in the clatter,
steel pipes, skyscrapers, church steeples,
and wooden scaffolding are crackling in the frosty air.
So sear is the season with its wilful winds.

Yes, yes, it is spring, it is autumn.
They are here to greet us.
Let us be merry and syphilitic to greet the dawn,
Ere the fishes come to nibble and gnaw our fair bones.

King spring has come to fall.
Be blithesome all.
Join hands and sing a merry roundelay.

JOHN RODKER

MARRIED

This roof tree holds them
with trembling darkness
and a thin murmur
and a feeling of moonlight.

In ferny odors
in shadow deep deep;
the pale worm trembles
in pulpy ambrosias of candle light.

Till he throws off his large cocoon
creeping small, small
through the wet darkness
and the feeling of moonlight.
Fearful; she stiffens, then is fluid ...
(O worm iridescent)
is absorbed, is transported
in sudden gyrations.

Disembowelled
he sinks shivering
clinging close, close ...
but small and apart
and she warms him.

Permitted all, all:
and the clinging for comfort.
The tight blankets
and the long night
and the long morning.
GLENWAY WESCOTT

MEN LIKE BIRDS

elaborate kites, descend
into place; the umbrella tails,
illusory canvas, buff, pipe-stemmed,
collapse; and with yellow hands
arrest on a chip of flower
or hook of foliage, their majesty...

who flanked the ingress to god,
in drapery of light, elbow of wing
on rigid elbow of wing, tier on tier
of claws, jungle of quills,
still, scentless, cryless, public,
where daily the sun scatters
bright hypothetical seed.

From giants who climb to
invisibility and relinquish metal
clamour, three-throated, to that
red-blooded moth whose egg
"resembles an oblong pearl"—
all inexplicable,
save by their forebears, fore-being:

sublime alligator, and pin-feathered
toad, and red reptile, and turtle's
cask of petrified plumage,
and wedge-faced snake, holy cylinder—
the ruff of dry muscle raised and lowered,
and the caress of the underside
of the glazed mobile pipe,
whose twist in sleep (evolute, involute)
is the physics of life and death.

(I too inheritor; of the wit-like
anguish of Aquinas; blood-sprinkled
gilt, and the stiff of expiation,
crowned, 'twixt a woman's knees —
Christ, crystal, crystal,
grand-stands of angels with soft
aquamarine breasts;
"noli me tangere," craving theory,
in flesh paralysis.)

Antique infinite memoryless
the birds revert, without pain,
from the dogmatic ether, the apocalypse,
to squat in tin-cans and lilies;
lapping plates and wings once stacked
around god as swords in stacks,
at peace, placed in the literal.

Dew sweetens worm and kernel.
Wild slim faces vacillate. They flute
and from beaks like needles
(through the eyes of the needles) exhale
honey-slow breath.

Meran, April, 1923.
SHORE

Path of gold sand I walked, bright
Through the long blue of twilight.
An old rose moon hung
Like a dull peach. Silence sung
On the downward river ... a girl stood,
White lilacs in a lapis mood,
Leapt, a small fountain, to the blue
Water straightening; cutting through
Became a symbol. I had lost the meaning
Of progression. If I paused, she ... leaning ...
White on the rushes, jade shielding marble,
No wind blowing, no sound. I could tell
Of amazing a girl bathing. Nothing more.
The night nothing.
I could walk blind along the shore.
CRITICAL NOTE

Bon dieu, bon dieu (my mother's mother was Meline Hurrard, St. Pierre, Martinique)—criticism is one of the most difficult of forms—I refer to Wescott and Boyle—my wife's cousin has just returned from Africa and brought us a native paddle and a string of virgin beads, the girls wear around their waists (the most moral people in the world) to indicate their chastity. At the High School play, last night, they got the flowers all mixed up—at the play, which was "wonderful"—(two girls about her age, playing tag bumped into me in the market, at Freetown I think. Not a stitch on them. I grabbed hold of one of them. You should have heard the crowd kid her)—the play that Ruth Chatterton, the same that played Barry's Mary Rose so sweetly on Broadway once—COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN—all mixed up, a box of roses: some other girl got them. But after the play she found it out and got them back—Imagine.

— and afterward, you know you can't dance in the High School after twelve—some of the boys took us in their cars to supper and to dance in Newark—Oh it was wonderful! The play? Yes. No.—oh... oh, the edge, I mean, of that—what?—the scalloped edge of that African West Coast paddle, standing there, the whole cut from a tree—a medium surf paddle they call it, trident tipped. Feel the heft of it. Hold it... I don't know what to say, my relations grew sugar cane and made excellent liqueurs before Mt. Pele did for them—That which seems solid is wind; that which chips out the wood, bit by bit, hewing from the log the gross weapon against the water — slightly curved in the haft, six feet long, heavy, tapering to the tridentate spear's edge—wild niggers' work. What is poetry? What shall I say? What is their worth, these six poems in this issue judged absolutely—what? beside the cut of a West Coast nigger's surf paddle or roses to the wrong girl in a play—after the original — that was never original anyway — once

Men like birds,
elaborate kites, descend
into place;

— cutting through

Became a symbol, I had lost the meaning
Of progression. If I paused, she... leaning...
White on the rushes, jade shielding marble,
No wind blowing, no sound.

Who else prints anything?