

CONTACT

An American Quarterly Review

EDITOR: WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Contributions by E. E. Cummings, Ben Hecht, Robert McAlmon, S. J. Perelman, Charles Reznikoff, Parker Tyler, Nathanael West, Louis Zukofsky.

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1932

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An American Quarterly Review

EDITOR: WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Associate Editors: Robert McAlmon and Nathanael West

Contact will attempt to cut a trail through the American jungle without the use of a European compass.

Volume one

Number one

February, 1932

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C O N T A C T

AN AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

Volume 1

FEBRUARY 1932

Number 1

COMMENT:

William Carlos Williams

Who has the effrontery today to inaugurate a new magazine or to revive an old must justify himself for so doing in some way above the ordinary. With the confusion there is about us and the despairing minds there are, what in the world is writing good for anyway? especially the small weighing of small virtues which constitutes the most of it. Better to say at once that there is only one species of "good writing," that which can be sold at a profit. There is also the scholarly writing which only the erudite enjoy, those who wish to link religion, science and above all philosophy in a masterly synthesis and to express it beautifully. Both miss the underlying significance of all writing which is the writing itself.

Put to its full use, writing has nothing to convey, either pungently or crassly; it is neither stream-of-consciousness or bare-bitter-truth, has nothing to do with truth but is true or not as the case may be, a pleasure of the imagination. But the moment we are cheated by an impost, "literature" among the rest, we sense it and our pleasure falls.

You might say: People are in distress the world over, writing will not relieve them (or make them worse off). Why not take the money there is for a magazine like this and give it away—as food—to the bums, for instance, living in packing cases over near the East River these winter nights?

But what makes you think money has any value? there's food enough rotting now in the world, even within sight of the place where these men are hanging out, to feed them every day in the year. Money has nothing to do with it. Bad writing has though: it's the same sort of stupidity.

What in the world good are we any of us anyhow—except hypothetically, a pure question of the imagination? What difference would it make if any or all of us die tomorrow? It would be a blessed relief if most of us did, promptly, and left the rest room—There's no sense in slobbering at the mouth over humanity and writing that way. We die every day, cheated—and with written promises of great good in our hands. To plead a social cause, to split a theory, to cry out at the evil which we all partake of—gladly; that's not writing.

The words themselves must stand and fall as men. A writer has no use for theories or propaganda, he has use for but one thing, the word that is possessing him at the moment he writes. Into that focus he must pour all he feels and has to say, as a writer, regardless of anything that may come of it. By word after word his meaning will then have been made clear.

A magazine without opinions or criteria other than words moulded by the impacts of experience (not for the depths of experience they speak of but the fulfillment of experience which they are) such a magazine would be timely to a period such as this. It can never be a question of its being read by a million or by anybody, in fact. Value for value our minds are justified when we can place over against those who are enjoying or failing beside us, words—that cannot be eaten or made into cloth or built into a roof to shelter them, but which have been nevertheless subject to the same rigors which they suffer and the same joys which they were born out of their mothers' bellies to share.

Good writing stands by humanity in its joys and sorrows because under all it is—and just because it is—so many words.

FOUR POEMS

e. e. cummings

1.

"let's start a magazine
to hell with literature
we want something redblooded

lousy with pure
reeking with stark
and fearlessly obscene

but really clean
get what I mean
let's not spoil it
let's make it serious

something authentic and delirious
you know something genuine like a mark
in a toilet

graced with g-ts and g-tted
with grace"

squeeze your n-ts and open your face

FOUR POEMS

11

2.

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MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

by Charles Reznikoff

*"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour,
and railing, be put away from you, with all malice!"*

FOREWORD

I glanced through several hundred volumes of old cases—not a great many as law reports go—and found almost all that follows. I am indebted to the reporters and judges not only for the facts but for phrases and sentences.

C. R.

Southerners and Slaves

I

Dr. Selser asked Mr. Pettit to say to Dr. Beall that his frequent visits had been annoying and that Dr. Selser would have to ask Dr. Beall not to come to the house any more. A short time after Mr. Pettit did so, Dr. Beall called on him to say that he had been to see the sister of Dr. Selser, who lived with Dr. Selser, and had asked her if she authorized the message, and she said that she had. Next morning Dr. Beall called on Mr. Pettit again and asked him to say to Dr. Selser that the whole thing was so contemptible Dr. Beall would take no further notice of Dr. Selser or his family.

Mr. Pettit urged him not to send the message and to drop the matter, for Dr. Selser himself was friendly to Dr. Beall. Dr. Beall asked Mr. Pettit if Dr. Selser had authorized him to say so. Mr. Pettit said no, but Dr. Selser had told him how he felt. Dr. Beall asked Mr. Pettit to go to Dr. Selser and get an authorized statement from him that he himself was friendly to Dr. Beall, but this Mr. Pettit would not do. Some hours afterwards, Dr. Beall called on Mr. Pettit and authorized him to carry this message to Dr. Selser: "I received the message with a feeling of profound contempt, and hurled it back on them just as it was sent. My dignity and self-respect as a gentleman forbid my taking any further notice of it one way or the other."

Mr. Pettit asked Dr. Beall what he meant by "them." It meant, Dr. Beall said, the ladies of the family. Mr. Pettit brought the message to Dr. Selser. Mr. Pettit then asked Dr. Beall to write the message: there was something about it Dr. Selser said he did not understand—he wanted to know who was meant by "them." Dr. Beall wrote: "Considering the terms of the message and the circumstances under which it was sent, I received it with a feeling of profound contempt, and hurled it back on them just as it was sent."

Monday night there was a public exhibition on a "show boat," just landed. A "side-show" was in a tent pitched on the bank of the river. The moon shone, and there were torches on the bank. Dr. Selser, Mr. Griffon, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Bedford, and Mr. Vernon, friends of Dr. Selser, were at the show together. All were armed. Mr. Griffon and Dr. Selser had bowie knives, the others pistols. Dr. Selser had on a linen duster which was buttoned from his chin to his knees; his bowie knife was in a scabbard inside his trousers.

Mr. Griffon advised Dr. Selser to have his right hand on his knife during the talk with Dr. Beall and to use the left

hand should Dr. Selser have occasion to punch Dr. Beall. Dr. Selser and his friends went upon the "show boat" first, with the ladies who had come with them, and soon afterwards Dr. Beall came alone. In a short time all left the boat. Mr. Griffon and Dr. Beall went into the "side-show." The others waited outside together. As soon as Beall came out, Selser went towards him. Barnes said in a loud voice that Beall might hear, "Do not let us go too close. Dr. Beall may think we are about to double-team on him, and someone may cry foul play."

Beall reached the top of the levee, Selser just behind him. Selser, his hands on his hips, asked Beall quietly what he meant by the message he had sent him.

"What message?" said Beall.

Selser answered, "The message you sent me by—", and Beall struck him above the breastbone with a dirk. Selser cried out, "He has a knife," and fell.

"Have you not one too?" cried Beall and fell on top of him, stabbing Selser as he lay underneath. Griffon and another of Selser's friends took hold of Beall. As soon as he got to his feet, he turned upon Griffon and stabbed him in the right side. Vernon tried to shoot Beall but the crowd would not let him. Selser with four wounds on his body lay dead and Griffon dying. . . .

Judge Hart asked Price to walk out into the yard. "Price, I thought you more of a gentleman than to act as you are—shuffling over the floor, using bad language, and getting in the way of those in the dance. Go into the house and get you a partner, and dance or act like a gentleman."

"Judge, I didn't get in the way of the dancing—and as to fighting, you can't whip me."

"God damn you, Price, I can knock you down faster than

you can get up."

"You are a damned liar, and if you think you can whip me, pitch in."

Judge Hart stepped back to get room to swing his fist. . . .

"Mr. Mosely, if you had a son, and I knew who killed him, and wouldn't tell, you would think mighty hard of me."

"I would."

"And if you know who killed Mr. Otts' son, you had better tell it."

"Mr. Kelsoe came to borrow my gun. I asked Kelsoe what he wanted with my gun. He said, 'I want to go a-hunting. I don't know what I may hunt, but I may hunt some damned rascal.' Afterwards, I saw Mr. Kelsoe and George Myers sitting on a pine log blown up by the roots. They said, 'Have you seen Willie Otts?' I went to my field. I heard the guns fire, and I said to Zade Stimson, 'There! Willis Otts is killed'." . . .

There were two cabins on Dupree's place. A colored woman, Clara, and her boys lived in one of them. Dupree was supposed to be their father, and they looked white. Clara was a mulatto; her mother was black, not as black as some negroes, but a griffe, her nose flat, her hair kinky.

Smith was a convict, escaped from the Georgia penitentiary. He was a quarrelsome and dangerous man, especially when he was drinking. One Sunday Smith had been drinking in a grog-shop about a quarter of a mile below Dupree's house. He was saying that Dupree's folks had been killing his chickens, and that he would kill Dupree's chickens, and that if Dupree said a word about it, he would cut his throat.

A boy near the house, sitting under an oak tree at the

river-landing, suddenly heard Clara's cries—screams and the sound of blows like that of a whip.

Dupree came running out of his house towards the noise. When he got within ten or fifteen steps of the cabins, he stopped half a minute, raised his gun and fired, put down the gun, then raised it again and fired, and turned and ran towards the house. Smith came running after him, ran some fifteen or twenty yards, turned round, and after walking back a few steps, fell.

He lay upon his back, his knees drawn up, in his right hand a loaded "Derringer" pistol and in his left the whip. As the boy came up, Smith said, "I am bound to die."

The boy stopped for a moment to say, "I reckon you ain't as badly hurt as that," and ran to get help to "tote" him home. . . .

Freel and Ortner had quarreled. Freel and his wife and Ortner met at the house of one Blackburn, who kept whiskey to sell. Upon meeting in the yard, Freel and Ortner went back of the house together, and, talking there for a while, made up their quarrel.

Then went into the house, Freel saying it was Ortner's treat. He bought some whiskey and they drank together. After they drank several times, Freel offered Ortner another dram, but Ortner would not drink more. Freel said that he was mad at Ortner. Ortner got up and went out of the house. Freel followed him, caught him by one arm, and Mrs. Freel caught him with both hands by the other arm, and while they both held him, Freel stabbed him eight or ten times with a pocket knife, Ortner all the while trying to get his arms loose—lifting Mrs. Freel off the ground three or four times. . . .

There was one other Jew in town, a saddler named Rosen-

baum. Rosenbaum bought some things from Gittelman. On the evening of that day, about supper-time, Rosenbaum came into Gittelman's shop and told him there had been a mistake—he had overpaid Gittelman a dollar. Gittelman tried to show Rosenbaum this was not so. He answered, "Don't come the Jew over me!" and stuck his awl, which he always carried about with him, into the palm of Gittelman's left hand. . . .

Dun had been down to a sunken boat, and was coming back in his skiff about dark when he met Broadus and Lucas. He got out of his skiff, and went with them in theirs. He came back at one o'clock and when he got into bed, asked his wife where Elizabeth was. She was in the other bed in the room, but asleep, said Dun's wife, because she had called her and she did not answer. Dun then told his wife that they had shot "Dutch," but had not killed him. "Dutch" was picking up wood when he was shot, and he ran and halloed to those in the house, and cried out, "Boys, I am shot!" Broadus, the damned fool, ran and left his hat.

Elizabeth was "setting" in the gallery with Dun and his wife, Broadus, Lucas, and a man named Curtis. They saw John Williams coming up the road with a gun on his shoulder. When in sight of the house, he left the road and started across the field. Dun took his gun and ran across the field towards Williams. Williams ran also. After a short time Dun and Williams came back to the house together, and Dun said, "By God, boys, I got a prisoner."

Williams shook hands with the company and then called for liquor, and said he was never so frightened in his life as when he saw Dun coming after him. They all drank together, and Lucas said to Williams, "I understand you have offered sixty dollars to know whose hat was left when 'Dutch' was shot."

Williams said, "I did."

Lucas then said, "Would you give it now?" Williams said no, for he had spent some of the money. Lucas then asked Williams what he would do if he knew who "done" it.

Williams said, "I would bring him to justice."

Curtis said, "By God, Dun, he belongs to the strong party."

Dun said, "Yes, we must look out."

Lucas and Broadus then began to pick a quarrel with Williams, but he said he had never had a quarrel with any man, and hoped he never should, although he was no better to catch a load of shot than anybody else. Dun remarked, "You had better take care or you may catch one before you are ready for it."

After a while Williams said that he was going to Askew's for honey, bid them good day, and started up the road. Broadus took his gun and went off in the same direction. Elizabeth was standing on the back porch, and Broadus looking round saw her. He stopped, came to the house, went up on the porch, and beckoned to Lucas. Lucas took up Dun's gun. The gun was at the door of the bar-room; Dun was sitting on the counter, his feet toward the door. Broadus and Lucas went in the direction Williams had gone, and, a little way from the house, both began to run.

Elizabeth heard a gun fire, and said to Dun, "They are killing that man."

Dun said, "No, they are only trying their guns."

Elizabeth heard another gun and again said, "They are certainly killing that man." Dun said, no, they were only trying their guns to let him know what they would do if he did not leave the neighborhood.

Broadus and Lucas were back in a short time. Broadus

came dancing around Elizabeth, who was on the porch, and asked if she thought he would kill a man. She answered, yes, she believed he would and had. He said, no, he had not and would not. Broadus, Lucas, Curtis, Dun and his wife went into the bar-room. Elizabeth tried to go in too, but found the door locked.

Soon after, her father came for her. As she was about to leave, Dun came up to her and said, "Elizabeth, if ever you tell what you have seen and heard here this day, I'll hear of it and it will not be well for you." About half a mile above Dun's they saw Williams lying on the bank of the river, moaning and screaming.

Thomas Lacy had been working in his field when he heard the firing of a gun, but he paid no heed to it. In a little while, his neighbor, Pledger, called to him to come and see a man lying near the road and making a great noise. They supposed he was drunk until they lifted him and saw two bullet holes in his back and blood on his clothes.

Williams asked for water, which they gave him, and said he wanted to go to Mr. Dodge's, who lived below Dun's and that he would give one hundred and fifty dollars to anyone who would take him there in a boat. But this no one—several others had come up—wanted to do.

Williams crawled down to the water, untied a canoe that was there, and got in. The boat drifted down the river until it was beached on a sand-bar along the other side, where no one lived, and Williams crawled out and died. . . .

John Wilson and his younger brother, Cumberland, were cutting timber on a ridge in the woods when Ballentine came up. He had a rifle and a squirrel which he had shot, said that it was hot weather for cutting sticks, and left, going over

the ridge. Later, he came out of the woods, and stood watching them.

John Wilson, sitting on the top log, turned his face to the team. The front pair of oxen had started, but the others were still standing. Cumberland Wilson was just rising to tell Ballentine good-by, when he saw him with his rifle up, the breach of it under his shoulder and the muzzle aimed at John. That instant Ballentine fired and Cumberland saw the smoke rising from Ballentine's gun. John Wilson put his right hand to his breast and said, "Lord of Mercy!" The blood gushed from his mouth and nose. Ballentine began to run away; he ran ten steps or so, stopped, and looked John Wilson in the face. The dying man bowed his head and Ballentine ran on. . . .

Landrum's house was a log cabin, with only one room, and the cracks at one end were not sealed or stopped.

All his dogs had died. Three days before, one of the dogs had fallen down in a fit and died just after Morgan Lynes, Landrum's brother-in-law, left the place.

Some liquid had been thrown on Mrs. Landrum at night when she was in bed, and the next morning she had sores on her hands and arms. In the evening Morgan Lynes was at Landrum's house. They were playing some game or other on a board. Landrum's nose began to bleed. At the suggestion of his brother-in-law, he got up and went to the hearth, and was shot in the head through a crack in the house. Morgan Lynes turned to his sister, "You cannot say I did it! I have been too good to you!" . . .

Thomas Mills saw Buzzard wheeling off, his hand in his

bosom to draw a pistol. Lacy drew his own pistol and went some steps out of the way of the women and children, who were out-of-doors. Both fired, Buzzard first, though not more than by a second. . . .

Dr. Marchand and Rector were quarreling about the ownership of a negro. As they collared each other, Shellhorn, the carpenter, came up, put his hands upon Rector in a friendly way and begged him not to strike the doctor, for he was an old man. Rector said, "Damn you, do you take it up?" and, picking up a large stone, struck Shellhorn on the head. He fell to the ground, bleeding at the ear and nose. . . .

Jones was a feeble and humble young man. Gourlay was stout and quick. After they had been parted from struggling with each other, Gourlay looked at Jones for some time and then said, "By God, I'll shoot you." He stepped back into his room, took his brass pistol, cocked it, levelled it, and shot him dead. One of the others took up the candle, standing on the table, and looked at Jones: he was shot under the left eye, near the nose, and did not stir. "Mr. Gourlay," he said, "you have killed the man." . . .

I saw from the cut of his eye that he was about to shoot. I am told you carry weapons for me. He held the knife in his hand and said that he would, the first time he saw him, stick it into Hunt's "hollow." Watkins said that he had his knife whetted, scoured, and ground for Atkins. He heard a hallooing; Nancy Williams was wringing her hands and making a mighty to-do, and he asked her what the fuss was for.

The murderer came to the house dressed in black: he had on a black frock coat and a black fur hat. The two men

were in a buggy, escaping from the murder, and they went down the wrong road; "Jesus Christ!" one cried out, "here is a creek." The tracks were not like those of others: the right foot was slewed or twisted out.

The body was in a clump of post-oak bushes, ten or twelve feet from the road, the left foot over the right one. It was on its back. From the eyes down all the face was gone, the face bones were gone, and the brains had been eaten out of the skull by the hogs. The hogs were eating the body when it was found. There was plenty of blood under the head, in the clothes, and on the ground, but no other wounds on the body, except where the hogs had broken the skin of the fingers.

II

His wife had written that she would come back to him if he would send his sister from the house. Two months later she sent another letter, and her husband answered: "In your last letter you wrote very different from what you did in the one before the last. In that one you said you would die before you would live in the house with my sister, but in your last letter you said you would be glad to hear from me and my sister and that I should tell her to write to you if she wanted to. I don't suppose she wants to, for I don't suppose she has forgotten that you said there was a hatred in you against her that would always be there. I only write this to show you how some people try to deceive again and again, but I will not be misled again by promises and sweet talk. You write that you will come back if I say so, but I will never say so, for what I have said is gone into a decree and sealed in Heaven. . . ."

Mr. Turner was old enough to be his wife's father. He had been married and a widower three times. When she married him, she brought nothing with her, but Mr. Turner's property was considerable.

Three or four years after her marriage, Mrs. Turner, on a Sunday evening, went with another lady of the family to visit a neighbor. Coming home sooner than was looked for, she found Mr. Turner and a negro woman named Sally, his slave, together on a sofa in one of the rooms.

Mrs. Turner went straight to her room and made up her mind that she could not be his wife any longer. But her husband pleading that this was the first and would be his last misstep, she thought she ought to forgive him. However, the woman Sally, who was a house-servant, was kept about the house, although Mrs. Turner asked her husband again and again to send Sally away. Once, Sally said something or other that Mrs. Turner thought insolent and she was about to strike her; Mr. Turner caught his wife's hand. Mrs. Turner struggling to free herself said that as long as he kept Sally about the house and under her management, she would whip her for any insolence. Mr. Turner's answer was that if Mrs. Turner did, he would whip her and he sent Sally out for switches, but did not use them.

Several times, Mr. Turner said that he would go to live in another state and asked his wife if she would go with him. She would answer that she would—if only he would promise not to be harsh to her and not to abandon her there. One day, she came upon a letter from his lawyers, addressed to Mr. Turner. She read it and found their opinion as to which was the better state for a divorce, Indiana or Kentucky, and the words in which he was to ask her to go there with him so that, if she did not, he might prove abandonment.

Soon after, Mr. Turner came in with witnesses and asked her the very question his lawyers had framed. She was grieved and afraid, and again told him that if he would only promise not to be harsh to her and not to abandon her, she would go with him. He said nothing to this, and again asked her the formal question. She answered, "I'm afraid. I don't know what to do," and burst into tears.

Mr. Turner turned to his witnesses and said, "You hear her say she won't go," and bid her farewell.

When she found out where he was, she sent him a photograph of herself. He sent it back and wrote her, "You did me a bad wrong, a big sin," bringing up an old slander of his that she and a negro woman Matilda were "both as thick with Jim Harris as the hairs on a dog's back." . . .

Her husband was of pleasing address to strangers; with his wife and children he was harsh and fault-finding. He used to call his wife, at home, "a damned fool," "a damned liar," "a damned lazy woman"; told her that she always went "arsewards" when she tried to do anything about the house, made fun of her dress and looks—said she was "sloomy" and looked like an "Irish biddy." He would say that he would quit sleeping with her because he was tired of her nasty babies. Once she came downstairs with a bruise on her cheek where he had struck her. Her mother, a widowed lady whose fortune had been lost, taxed him with it, and he explained that it was done playfully. . . .

They began quarreling early in the morning. Davison, either to alarm his wife or to rid himself of his troubles, at last tried to drink off the poison in a vial on the sideboard. She scuffled with him until he dropped the vial and it was

broken. Davison went off saying that he would hang himself.

Mrs. Davison wept all morning and blamed herself, but when she saw him riding up to the gate, talking pleasantly with a stranger who was coming to the house on business, she cried out, "There he is! I knew he wasn't going to hang himself—I wish to God he had!" and running out on the porch, greeted her husband with cries of "liar!"

III

A small grog shop, to which only negroes went, the owner suspected, among other things, of receiving stolen goods; gangs of negroes, from three to twenty of them, were often seen in front of his shop and on the sidewalk at the corner of the street.

A tipling house, selling "by the small," the owner's name Oyster painted over the door. There was never disorder in the house, though there was the loud talk of men drinking; but, sometimes, they came out, shouting, whooping, and skylarking—that is, feeling strong, going through the streets knocking down a signpost or a man in their way.

It was a rival tavernkeeper who said of the tavern-keeper's wife, "O delightful woman! In the first place, ladies should keep their tongues, then down with their petticoats, and pin them down—but she lets hers fly up. Young ladies had better leave off going there—they may get a bad name." . .

A young man, the son of a widow, took passage at New Orleans on the steamboat that went to Mobile. He had been to New Orleans to receive a thousand dollars of his mother's money from her agents. In the evening, while he was playing a game of euchre, with some acquaintances, Mr. Lee Mink

came from one of the staterooms. He had with him what gamblers call a "sweat cloth," and invited the young men to leave their own game; he would show them "something more attractive;" he had been given, he said, a considerable sum to divide among those who made good throws with the dice he held in his hand. At the same time another man came from the same stateroom and going up to the widow's son said, "Let us see him out."

The young man and Mr. Lee Mink went to the table upon which the "sweat cloth" was spread. Each put down a dollar and both lost. This kept on until the widow's son, greatly excited, raised his stake to twenty dollars on each throw of the dice. Mr. Mink's confederate stopped playing. One of the young man's companions tried to get him to leave off, but the gamblers persuaded him to keep on, assuring him that he would probably not only make good his losses, but would make large gains. When seven hundred and fifty dollars of the widow's money was his, Mr. Lee Mink coolly rolled up the "sweat cloth" and went back to his stateroom. . . .

Old Mr. Jones would drive his stock through the woods in the bottom, close upon someone's cows, and turn out a good fat one. He would drive her home among his own, pen her up in his cow-pen, and at night butcher her. He had killed more than a hundred that way, for ten years or so, skinned them and sunk their heads and hides in the big lake near the pen.

That night it was cold and raining. Between three and four o'clock in the morning they came from the house into the pen among the cattle—his negro boy holding a lantern and the old man with a rope and a beef knife. He tried to put the rope about the neck of the stolen cow—it was a pale red-and-white plaid cow and very fat—but could not. The boy went off to

the branch to get a pole, and came back to the pen. The old man put the rope on the end of the pole, the boy ran the cow round, and old Mr. Jones would try to fling the rope over her head. . . .

Joshua Goff, who had a small farm, was cutting and binding wheat—a negro cutting and binding after him—on Sunday. During the week Goff had "swapped" work with his neighbors, who were afterwards to help him. Goff was a poor man and had no cradle of his own and waited to get one from his neighbor. When the neighbor quit cutting on Saturday evening, Goff got the cradle and hired the negro to cut for him on Sunday. The weather was unsettled. Goff's wheat was ripe and wasting, and had been ripe enough to cut out four or five days before.

The court found Goff guilty of laboring on the Sabbath, and fined him. "The husbandman," the judge said, "should look to the ripening of his grain as an event which must happen, and should make such timely provision for the harvest as not to violate the Sabbath: this is a duty enjoined alike upon the poor and the rich."

IV

Samuel Dale was eighty-six years old. He was angry at his son-in-law Cotton. He would say, "Cotton got into the family by the back door." He would curse Cotton, who was a wandering Methodist preacher, and say there was a difference between religion and Christianity: religion was a cloak and he had no faith in it, but he believed in God and claimed to be a Christian. Whenever preachers were talked of, he would curse and rail at them and say they ought to be plough-

ing instead of preaching; Cotton was a damned preacher, too lazy to work. Now that his daughter was dead he was afraid Cotton would marry his other daughter.

He had been fond of Mrs. Cotton before her marriage, but not after. When Mrs. Cotton came to see him, he was kind to her, but railed at Cotton to her; when she died, he said he was glad of it: she would have a home. . . .

Hicks would tell how he was shot at by an Indian when he first came to the state and the ball knocked out two of his front teeth before he caught it; he put the teeth back with his fingers and they grew fast again. Once he was attacked by an Indian on foot and he charged his horse upon him until he drove the Indian into a mud-hole and he sank out of sight.

He would mount the gate-post and crow every time he heard one of Parson Moulton's Shankhai roosters. . . .

Kelly's horses were conjured so that they would not plough. He could not fish much—the witches would not let him. His gun was bewitched so that he could not shoot a squirrel. But he made a good crop, working oxen, worked eight or ten hands, and made twenty-one bales or so of cotton. He never talked foolishly about business, but he blamed whatever went wrong on witches—sickness of negroes and bad stands of cotton. He would tell of being led out of his house backwards by the conjurers. Some of those to whom he spoke would try to persuade him that all the witches were put to death by Saul, but Kelly did not believe it: the witches that troubled him, he said, were descendants of the Witch of Endor.

He was said to be a fine historian: he had read the history of the United States and the history of the world. He could

tell about King Richard—"how they used to do in their tournaments," about Richard III and Richard IV, Richard V and Richard VI, "big men and ruled over the people." Richard III, he said, rode in a tournament, but he was an old assassin, and had been the means of Queen Elizabeth's death. Kelly had fully half a dozen books. He had a Bible, but did not believe in it: said it contradicted itself about the river Euphrates.

He wrote to a friend: "The conjuring creatures have got me at such a pass that I can't go in my plantation. I have been plagued by one and overpowered by the other. Great God deliver this world of conjuring devils! You are old and heavy, but I want you to get someone to go over and see them people.

"It is locked up in perfect darkness yet, and I expect that I have spent twenty years from then till now thinking about it. The last two years the bale worm eat up my cotton; this year the grass and drouth. But, alas! she won't let me alone now night nor day, and distance makes no difference. Are there no devils left in hell?

"We have a man in Granada teaching conjure school. They say he can make a man or woman puke at his pleasure. Some of the wags say it will be a fine thing for those who have scolding wives as they can now still their tongues." . . .

A letter from the Nashville Female Academy:

"My dearest Uncle:—I have formed a firm resolution, which I promise you I will do all in my power to keep. I know you will be rejoiced to hear it. It is, that I am not going to read another novel; and I trust in that Power that doeth all things well. For I found that I cannot be a novel-reader and anything else. So great an influence have these fictitious.

tales on my mind, that I cannot be as a rational being under their influence. I would not be a novel-reader for the world. Such contempt have I for novel-readers, I intend reading all the histories that I can obtain and all valuable works of the distinguished authors.

"We have not had a great deal of fun this vacation; but, once in a while, we got a nice watermelon, and would slip off in the yard and eat it. Miss Swett does not allow us to buy things from the servants; and we have to steal off so she will not find it out. One evening we all went down to the farthest corner of the yard, where the grass is quite tall, and while we were giggling and eating three fine watermelons, we saw a snake crawling from under the dress of one of the girls. I guess we squalled then, and run.

"How my heart grows sick at the idea of leaving school in five months. Can it be possible that I am no longer to be a wild prattling school-girl? Yes, 'tis even so. I am to quit the old academy a young lady. A young lady, indeed. What foolishness is implied in that little word—lady. 'Tis all folly. Yes, all the world is folly and vanity. And all the human race are actors on the stage of life.

"I have a very dear friend here, She is a dear, sweet girl; the sweetest girl I most ever saw, and I love her better. She belongs to the Baptist Church. We are warm friends, always together. I was exceedingly amused today to hear someone hint that we must have brothers, and policy made us such friends. They are mistaken. She has only two brothers, both younger than herself." . . .

Cynthia Gage, whose true name was Sarah-Ann, had worked in service ever since she was old enough, spinning,

weaving, washing, cooking, cutting wood, and even carrying wood from the forest. Now she was married and lived in a house with a good fence that was staked and rideged. But many a young man had been seen to lay his head in her lap and she would comb it.

It had been a drizzly day, a wet day in the forenoon, showers falling enough to wet anyone, disagreeable and cold: The fire had died down after she had got dinner and she did not mend it any more. James Tiffin came riding by. There would be no fuss about it if he stayed, for she liked to hug up a man in her arms of a cold night. . . .

About two days before she died, she thought she saw her father and mother in the yard. The day before she died, she called her nephew to her bedside, threw her arms about his neck, said she was about to die, and that she wanted him to have everything she had.

Dr. Clark would not give her any more medicine. She said that if Dr. Clark would not give her any medicine, he could write something for her—some writing like her father's. Mullins and Henry Couch—the nephew—talked to him about writing a will, but he said he did not know how.

Her sister sat at her bedside and asked her to whom she was leaving her property. Sarah Couch said, To their nephew, for he was like her own son. "He will thank you little for it," said her sister.

"As much as any of you," she answered.

Hearn said that he could write the will, and he wrote: "I, Sarah Couch, will unto my nephew, Henry Couch, the following: one negro girl, named Violet, about twelve years of age, one negro boy, named Wiley, about ten years of age, also

two cows, and three calves, and one bed and furniture, and other household and kitchen furniture, too tedious to mention, and one wood clock."

He asked her if it would do. She said she reckoned it would. Hearn then told her she must sign it or make her mark to it. He placed the paper before her and the pen in her hand. She either threw the pen down or dropped it, and it was by the help of Mullins that she made her mark. She seemed careless about what she was doing. She was lying on her back, and Hearn and Mullins, watching her hand, did not know whether or not she turned her face to the instrument.

On the day she died she was heard to tell her negro to be a good boy and that her nephew would treat him well, and then, turning to a neighbor, asked her why she had not brought some of her cucumber salad.

Ballad of the TALKIES

By Ben Hecht

Come flicker forth you squawking hams,
 You pasteboard hearts and candied woes
 You little gibbering diagrams
 Of silly plot and infant prose.
 Your hour is brief, make your salaams—
 Grinning outside your crowded rows
 Lean and muttering choice God damns
 Our gallant Thespis thumbs his nose.

Your gags and wows and slapstick whams
 And all your pansy Romeoes
 And all your billboard oriflammes
 And all your Zuckors, Myers and Lowes
 Will cash in for a load of clams—
 Outside your door in threadbare hose
 A-dreaming of his dithyrambs
 Our gallant Thespis thumbs his nose.

Late weaned on penny arcade shams,
 Oh idiot child tricked out with Bows
 Whose adenoidal yapping crams
 These Paramountish pattioes—
 The ash can waits your mechanams
 Art never yet turned up its toes—
 There shivering on his outcast gams
 Our gallant Thespis thumbs his nose.

Grind out your sterile panorama
 O Camera, God of Smirk and Pose—
 Buy up the Friars and the Lambs—
 All your tarts in underclothes
 And all your bankers high film flams
 Can't change the cabbage to a rose.
 One look at you and Thespis scrams
 Into the night to thumb his nose.

Oh Prince, fear not. These squawking hams
 Will go the way of last year's snows
 Followed by your glad God damns
 While Gallant Thespis thumbs his nose.

Micky Mouse and American Art

By Diego Rivera

The other night after a lecture on The Functions of Art and of the Artists in Present Day Society we prolonged the same theme and arrived at length at the discussion of things which are not taken seriously, not even by those who make them.

I remember innumerable things made in Mexico which are destined to be destroyed—sculptures in sugar, made to be eaten; sculptures in cardboard and paper made especially to be torn to pieces or burnt (The Judases*). And those things are the ones which really possess the greatest plastic value in the art of Mexico.

If some day a famous artist were not to look for but to stumble onto the way to attain, to create one of those objects, the "world of art" would be gaping and the museums of the entire world would be offering anything to acquire the marvelous object.

But all those playthings for children and grown-ups live and die without disquieting the realm of the esthetes.

It may be that some day an esthete will "find" or "discover" the beauty of those things. The people of good taste will be astonished by them.

* (Effigies with fire-works attached representing Judas and made to burn on the Saturday of Easter-Week.)

Probably at that moment, such things will cease being produced; or will become as boring as the art of the artists.

Don't be alarmed! I do not believe that I am discovering the theory of unconscious creation; others have sought and found it long ago. I am only referring to the subject of our discussion of the other night.

If we look at the characteristics of the animated cartoons which are shown in the movies, we find them to be of the purest and most definitive graphic style, of the greatest efficacy as social products, drawings joyous and simple that make the masses of tired men and women rest, make the children laugh till they are weary and ready for sleep and will let the grown-ups rest undisturbed.

Not the style, the standardization of the drawing of details, the infinite variety of the groupings, as in the painted friezes of the Egyptians and the earthenware vases of the Greeks! And with all that, the added quality of motion!

And their representation in the movie, which according to Mr. Eisenstein is the only art of today!

If that be so, lucky for the oculist! And also for the insomniac, if he is fortunate enough to find a quiet sound film and a comfortable loge.

Let us admit that those animated cartoons express the most logical yet most unexpected rhythms by the necessity of their technique—the most direct expressions, uniting the greatest efficiency with the greatest economy.

Finally we may conclude that perhaps if the films can be preserved, the people who at last will possess a theatre, will refuse to accept the cine-dramas most admired today. The masses which will have realized by then the genuine revolution, will not interest themselves greatly in the "revolutionary films" of today. And all that, together with the pictures and statues and poetry and prose which may have survived the general cleansing of the world, will be looked at with compassionate curiosity. But probably the animated cartoons will divert the adults then as now and make the children die laughing.

And the esthetes of that day will find that **MICKY MOUSE** was one of the genuine heroes of American Art in the first half of the 20th Century, in the calendar anterior to the world revolution.

POEMS

Louis Zukofsky

(Ferry)

How many
Times around
Deck, ladies?
What says
The nigger?
"Fi' minutes
After a
Man's breath
Leaves
His body
He knows'
Much 'bout
Hisself 's
Ten years
Before 'e
Was bo'n —"
What you
Say to
That, ladies?
"The Statue
Of Liberty's
Drunk?
French!"

POEMS

41

Madison, Wis.,
Remembering the bloom
of Monticello
(1931)

No empty bed blues—
between these walls
I can lie—
your thigh, me—

"Keep in it deer,
rabbits, pigeons"—
"the figure will be better
placed in this,"—

"Form a couch of moss"—
queer guy
Tom Jefferson — all daughters
no son

Sure, if you wish
we can
turn the small Alleghenies
to upper Japan—

But if Mr. Citizen
sells apples
In New York by
the sea

Maybe that's
where we
should be—
I'll die

The heart all
 a queen's
 the brain
 Lenin's—

Empty Bed
 Blues—"keep the
 thorn constantly
 wed."

SCENARIO

by

S. J. Perelman

Fade in, exterior long shot, grassy knoll. Above the scene the thundering measures of Von Suppe's "Light Cavalry Overture." Austerlitz? The Plains of Abraham? Vicksburg? The Little Big Horn? Cambrai? Steady on, old son: it is Yorktown. Under a blood-red setting sun yon proud crest is Cornwallis. Blood and ouns, proud sirrah, dost brush so lightly past an exciseman of the Crown? Lady Rotogravure's powdered shoulders shrank from the highwayman's caress; what, Jermyn, footpads on Hounslow Heath? A certain party in the D.A.'s office will hear of this, you bastard. There was a silken insolence in his smile as he drew the greatcoat about his face and levelled his shooting-iron at her dainty puss. Leave go that lady or I'll smear ya. No quarter, eh? Me, whose ancestors scuttled stately India merchantmen of their comfits and silken stuffs and careened their piratical crafts in the Dry Tortugas to carouse with bumboat-women till the cock crew? Yuh'll buy my booze or I'll give you a handful of clouds. Me, whose ancestors rode with Yancy, Jeb Stuart, and Joe Johnston through the dusty bottoms of the Chickamauga? Oceans of love but not one cent for tribute. Make a heel out of a guy whose grandsire, Olaf Hasholem, swapped powder and ball with the murderous Sioux through the wheels of a Conestoga wagon? Who mined the yellow dirt with

the idiot's notion, not ocean's), and let loose on the whole a furred wave of a foreign ocean the tongue of the idiot rings around round a roomy rheum, racing to the ocean, to the ocean of colliding lilty loves, a loomed back and that love, a back a front a front a back and up and over and all ocean: a first foaming between idiot's tongue and loved ocean's furl before foreign but now foaming, first frees two idiots crushed into the ocean whose highward foaming to a star's sickly shining, sends to that lastward rimming of round earth's round ocean's spent running a last loving: a curved last tiptonguing of love's moon, slimmer to fuller, covered by ocean and ocean's loving: lying lost moon but idiot's harbor; dream, idiot, in a dream cave lipped by an everlipping close wave; dream, idiot, idiot of love, your last wave into the other cave, your own cave is dreamed and dreamed, loved; and loved, lipped by an idiot with a lastcoming, a still to furl foaming, an other, wave.

THE COLORED GIRLS of PASSENACK OLD AND NEW

by William Carlos Williams

Georgie Anderson came to our home in 1895, or thereabouts, when my brother and I were from ten to twelve years old. She cannot have been more than eighteen herself, a strong, slim girl for whom both of us had the greatest affection and admiration. She was full of fun, loved roughhouse games and told stories to us of her life down south before coming up to work in the vicinity of New York. Left handed, she could stand in our back yard and peg a stone into the top of a big chestnut tree two houses below us along the street. We ourselves could just about reach its middle.

Georgie was black. Sometimes they'd send her up a mess of chincopins which she said grew on bushes down in Carolina. We were much impressed.

I can still remember how in the evenings we'd rush to get through supper and pile out into the kitchen where she and her attentive admirer, Adolf, would be sitting. We could not get there fast enough for the talk and the fun.

My father's half brother, Godwin, enjoyed Georgie also—but he was more bent on teasing her than anything else. He was a little queer in the head so that the spooks of which he was continually talking became finally very real to us. But Georgie professed not to believe in such trifles. Godwin, however, enjoyed his game and kept at it for weeks giving Georgie many accounts of his prowess in the spirit world.

Once after supper when we were all sitting together, Godwin told Georgie he felt a spirit very strongly within him that night. He'd shake his head and make a growling sound with his lips saying that it was the spook trying to get hold of him. Georgie kept answering, Aw gwan, as usual, but we were all intently watching my uncle. The gas flare was as bright as always when suddenly he looked fixedly at an alarm clock among other things on the shelf over our kitchen range. Do you see that clock? said my uncle to Georgie. Yes, she answered, I sees it. Well, if I tell that clock to jump off the shelf, said my uncle, it will do so. Go wan, said Georgie, let's see you do it. Do you want me to make that clock jump off the shelf? said my Uncle. Yes, that's jus' what I want. So with that my uncle made a few passes with his hand and talked to the clock while all our eyes were fastened on it with vivid fascination. He kept talking slowly then, at the end, loudly and firmly he said to the clock, Jump! and as he raised his hands the clock leaped into the air and landed with a crash at our feet. Georgie let out a wild yell and fled through the back door into the dark. My brother and I, though mystified, were not quite convinced but struggled heroically between laughter and amazement. My father came into the room at the crash and gave Godwin a disgusted call-down after telling him he would have to pay for the clock. He had had a black thread tied from one of its feet around his right wrist.

Georgie was wild as a cat. More than once she would return at dawn from a night out and climb up over the grape arbor onto the rear roof to gain access through the bathroom window to the attic stairs and her room.

She liked my father, who knew colored people from his West Indian days, but she had a holy respect for him. He didn't say much to her but when he did you could see she felt it. One day she was late with breakfast as usual, as she came

into the room, he turned to her and said, Come on, you Virginia Creeper, get a move on you. That mortally offended Georgie; no sir, she didn't mind being cussed but no man was going to call her no Virginia Creeper. What associations the term had in her mind I could never imagine.

Girls were paid twelve dollars a month in those days. God knows they didn't deserve more. Georgie was a vile cook and a sloppy washwoman, but I imagine even my parents rather forgave her her worthlessness for the sheer vitality and animal attractiveness there was in her. She had a queer trick too which my father caught her at one day. She seems to have belonged to a religious group known as "Clay Eaters" back home. He went down in the cellar one day and there she stood calmly eating a little heap of earth which she had gathered for herself. He asked her what she was doing. She told him quite simply that she was eating dirt, that the Bible said we all had to eat a peck of dirt in our day and that she was eating hers little by little.

Naturally she was to us boys like the rest of femininity, a source of sexual curiosity. For myself, I know that I desired nothing on this earth as I did a sight, a mere sight, of a naked female. I even prayed at night for knowledge of the sort. I begged God, I pleaded, I promised all sorts of virtuous abstinences if only I could clap my eyes upon a girl naked before me. My wish went no further at that time, save perhaps that I might talk to her, stroke her, make her understand my desire.

Some of the boys at school were more daring, however. One day we had two of that sort up in the attic. It was a rainy day, we had been playing tops, slamming them down hard on the attic floor.

I remember the names of the two ring leaders: Willie

Harris and Joe Hedges. No doubt, we had been swapping smutty cracks of one sort or another, when we heard Georgie come up and go into her room. This room was made of heavy canvass only which my father had calsomined on the inside. It was our servant girl's room. There was our chance!

As it happened, Georgie had come up to give herself a bath. She knew we were there, she even spoke to us while we were up to our smart trick, I think she surely saw each eye clapped to the hole in turn but she went on with what she was doing just the same. I remember my own turn at the peep hole as if it were this morning. I suppose Georgie was the first woman I ever saw naked—the first young woman anyway. She had nothing but a china basin to wash herself in. This she had placed on the floor. She was standing in it, facing me fully naked and washing herself down with a sponge. My view was not too good, I was half lying on the floor with the others pulling at me to take their turn also but it was a thrilling picture.

I remember one other colored woman, many years later, who had come to my office for a pretended examination, stripping herself naked before me. She was built in the style of Goya's *Muja Desnuda*, but her laughter and gestures were pure Africa. Mabel Watts, her name was, she cared little for her own race, due, no doubt, to the great success she had had with white men about town. She liked me and I liked her greatly having cared for her many years through the greatest misfortunes. She would tell me "everything", always coming to me for advice and assistance when she was in trouble. She must have had a magnificent constitution for, in spite of the most harrowing experiences, she never seemed to grow older or to lose her flashing smile and good nature. My wife, too, admired her for her intelligence and ability as a maid. Her service at table was a delight, her washing which she did

like lightning, was perfect in every way. But she knew too much—and, well, she just wasn't wanted around too long where men were likely to be.

But she wasn't fresh. She offered and, when refused, laughed it off without a word. Why don't you go on the stage, Mabel? I asked her. No, I don't want to end up in a ditch with a knife in my back, was her reply. And, anyhow, it's too much work.

I delivered her of two children, a boy and a girl. She lived in a little clean house near the railroad. Her husband left her after that and she took in a boarder who gave her a venereal disease. I had her operated on for that and, after she was well, she took another boarder who, I am certain, strangled and killed her small daughter—who, he said, had had a convulsion while he was alone with her.

Mabel quit her place then and took a job in the house of a friend of mine, sending her boy to a charity school in the southern part of the state. She paid for his keep there, sent him presents and visited him occasionally especially when he would be ill. Meanwhile, when my friend's wife went west with her two children, Mabel kept house for the husband. He didn't want her to leave when the wife came back but Mabel thought it was better that she go—I agreed with her and it was so ordered.

It took her a long time to get her divorce from the man who had run away but finally she succeeded in paying a lawyer the two hundred necessary. She worked hard all the while and kept herself immaculate on the street, her aprons were like snow, her dresses, usually black, were well cut. While on her hair, which she dressed not as they do today—all slicked down—but up in some peculiar high and convoluted fashion, she would place a maid's pure white and crisply starched top piece.

Everybody knew her and liked her. She was always independent, always smiling, an individual by herself—never in the least subservient in her manner. Yet never pushing or insolent. She'd stop the policemen and talk with them but, when passing older and more decorous citizens whom she knew, she was serious and respectful.

She told me many times of being picked up by fellows in cars or on motor cycles and taken for a ride but she always had the fear of being stuck in the back with a knife and landing in a ditch so this game didn't attract her overly.

She married finally a colored minister at least ten years older than herself but I don't think she has stuck it out with him. She doesn't seem to have grown a day older during the past eighteen years—though she is a bit heavier—as she told me in the office recently.

The colored girls today have learned the trick of dress very ably. It's curious that in one generation they have changed so much but their very bodies do not seem what they were when I was a child. Perhaps it is the dress but I do not think so. Many of them have exceptionally fine features. And the vivacity, the awareness in their manner is like nothing the white can offer. The American white girl today is shop worn compared to the negress—at her liveliest. All the simplicity of mind which "virtue" should imply lies with the negress. It is not easy to give accurate values to what I am attempting.

Put it this way: About New York city the old fashioned negress is gone—or almost gone. In her place we have the wives and children of employed men who can own their own houses, often keenly intelligent individuals who live entirely apart from the rest of us. The release which the taboo against the race induces comes out sometimes in the faces of the

young girls as a princely and delicate beauty—which with the manner of their walk, the muscular quality of their contours, the firmness—makes most white girls clumsy, awkward, cheap, beside them. There is nothing much in the depths of most white girls' eyes. Colored girls—a few of them—seem a racial confession of beauty—lost today anywhere else.

I've seen tremendous furnaces of emotional power in certain colored women unmatched in any white—outside perhaps the devotional females who make up society and whose decadent fervors are so little understood. There, in the heat of "entertainments" of pleasure—perhaps the negress can be matched. Perhaps the fervent type is more accessible in the colored race because it is not removed to socially restricted areas. I don't know. But I do know that I have had my breath taken away by sights of colored women that no white women could equal.

Once I went to call on a patient in a nearby suburb. As the door opened to my ring, a magnificent bronze figure taller than I and fairly vibrant with a sullen attentiveness stood before me. She said not a word but stood there till I told her who I was. Then she let me in, turned her back and walked into the kitchen. But the force of her—something, her mental alertness coupled with her erectness, muscular power, youth, seriousness—her actuality—made me want to create a new race on the spot. I had never seen anything like it. I asked the lady of the house some time later what had become of the girl. Oh, she said, she was a married woman. Her husband is a smart caterer. They got mixed up with the law somehow, bootlegging I suppose, and had to beat it. I once caught her with her hand right in my purse. When I spoke to her, she merely closed the purse and handed it to me as if nothing had happened. There was nothing more said about it.

A wide eyed alert girl who worked for us a short time this year—another magnificent physical specimen, had recently obtained a divorce from her husband. Oh, there are too many girls after him, she told my wife. He don't have to work. She had a baby which she was boarding with a neighbor when she went out in the morning. She told of having worked in a Chinese laundry during the past year. The Chinamen had several of these girls ironing in the front of the shop behind the window facing the street. All they did was iron the shirt fronts and sleeves, the Chinamen themselves did the cuffs and collars.

But this man began to make advances to her so that she had to leave the shop one day and send her husband to collect her back pay, which he did. She said that one of her friends who had worked in the same shop had been taken ill once and that the Chinaman had taken her in a cab to New York to the Hospital—and that was the last they saw of her.

One of my patients told me that her laundress—herself a young colored woman—told her that if any colored girl in Passenack of sixteen or over said she was a virgin, you could put her down for a liar. One day this same colored laundress told my friend in the middle of the morning that she had to go home. But you can't do that, Julia, said my friend to her. Why the work isn't finished. I'm sorry, Mrs. R., but I gotta go, replied the laundress. I just had a hunch that he ain't alone in bed the way I left him this morning.

So the woman went away—nothing could stop her—and in a couple of hours she returned. Well, said my friend, did your hunch work out the way you thought it would? Yes, just the way I thought said the woman. I knew he was lying to me. What happened? asked my friend. Oh, nothin' special, only when I got there he was sittin' on the edge of the bed

with one of those girls down there I was tellin' you about. He said they weren't doin' nothin' but I know better.

And what did the girl do, when you arrived? asked my friend.

She? She didn't do nothin' said the laundress. She just set there. I told her to git on out of my house, but she just laughed at me.

What? and is she still there?

Yes, ma'm. You don't know them young colored women. They're all banded together. What they likes best is married men, the young married men mostly, and they all sticks together and, if we married women gets in their way, they don't stop at nothin'. That's what ruins husbands—when a lot a young girls just keeps 'em for their pleasure.

THE ADVANCE GUARD MAGAZINE

The commercial magazine because of an even mediocrity in the writing remains on the stands and can be sold. There is a certain virtue in this, of course. Writing of a "more advanced" sort is confined to books, occasional pamphlets and the non-commercial periodicals. A pretty essay might be written on the subject of the "small magazine" and its significance in America during the past thirty years. I shall not attempt it. This note is just to mention a sequence of names and to comment briefly on those with which I am familiar.

The great national monthlies, under which heading all commercial magazines may well be grouped, have had at least this virtue that by the disgust they occasioned in certain minds they stimulated the writing of more virile stuff than they could find it convenient to publish.

In 1902 Alfred Stieglitz inaugurated his famous quarterly *Camera Work* which while it was primarily concerned with photographic projects, had as its basis a secessionist appeal which brought together a group of writers, painters and many others soon to become known under the caption, "291".

In 1903 Michael Monahan first published his *Papyrus*, an individualistic review which never, though, seriously entered the lists in behalf of the newer writers and thinkers.

About 1908 Ezra Pound was producing verse of high quality but acceptable to no one in America. Seeking an outlet he began to look toward France and England, going to London finally where he had his first successes. The appearance of Pound's work in *The Freewoman* (London) which later be-

came *The Egoist* and in Harold Monro's, *The Poetry Review*, mark an important epoch for us.

At the same time there was the strong influence of the painters in Paris dynamizing the advance. This conjunction (between our newer literature and French painting) has remained constant to this day as the frequent reproductions of their work in our "small magazines" will testify. Stieglitz however constantly resisted the tendency toward too close a relationship between European and American painting.

But apart from the example of Europe there was in America itself the ferment to go, a desire for conscious self-expression. We were sick of our repetitious elders and their pseudo-classicism which was no more than a mask for unrepresentative or simply bad work.

Verse was to the forefront, here the first successes were established, a striking aside of the formal accented line and fixed line groups, the beginnings of a quantitative metric called, then, "free verse"—with a look toward Walt Whitman. It was at this time that Miss Harriet Monroe, in Chicago, inaugurated her magazine of verse, *Poetry*, which proved, however, a little later, almost too generous a venture for the burden it had to carry.

Margaret Anderson, associated with Jane Heap, milling around more or less blindly in search of emotional release, created an opportunity for a number of the best writers of her period, both in America and abroad. The courageous *Little Review* pushed the advance always another step ahead. The fight for James Joyce in the matter of his *Ulysses* gave America its first inkling of that formidable genius.

The Soil was an early and excellently printed periodical but did not last long enough, due to Cody's untimely death, to develop its broad cosmopolitan aspirations. Still, it was the first to reach out, for evidence of a modern, conscious and subtle expression, to the variety show, the circus, the cinema.

The magazine Others took up the burden of publishing the newest work in verse where Poetry left off. It did not, however, formulate any clear principle of versification—nor was that its aim.

The Seven Arts attempted to go on from Cody's halt. But though it wished to fuse the whole advance between two covers it never seemed to grasp any sort of leadership, never achieved much originality though it established one or two reputations.

Contact was to exploit the genius of one of its editors but that genius, unfortunately for the magazine, led him another way. This was not, however, the end of the venture.

Broom and a half a dozen other well printed efforts strove after the war to hold a somewhat quickened public for the new. It and they failed very promptly. It costs too much to print a magazine in the United States and when sales are limited by the quality of the material there is only one outcome possible under the circumstances: the editors go broke.

Many magazines publishing three or four issues now began to appear; there were the serious, anthology types (imitating the worst features of Poetry) the "it's everywhere" type. Sometimes they even achieved a small sale, if they were bad enough.

Criticism came later but turned too easily professorial or to a "system" in the manner of Mr. Eliot with his apparently well informed but rather hasty Criterion.

The Hound & Horn, beginning as a Harvard Miscellany, took the hint from Eliot in determining the tone of its material. And in the same manner turned selective to the point of an unreasoned exclusiveness. One must add however that space is necessarily very limited in a quarterly of this type.

The Dial went the same way and was earlier—trying to "bring in Europe" for our good but leaving us timidly unprinted.

Of the purely critical quarterlies The Symposium seems the least biased and has to its credit at least one essay, Notes on the Concrete as Method in Criticism, by Morris U. Schappes, meriting wide attention.

There have been many one, two, three issue publications, satirical, sophisticated, naive, self-seeking, eccentrically informed. Some have devoted more space to prose, some to reproductions, some to verse. Good writing may be subservient to photography in some, to painting in others, or to the cinema.

Transition summed up in recent years, as well as it could be summed up, the best of the new in the manner of The Little Review a decade earlier. But it hit a snag in over-emphasis of loose theories, and went down chaotically in the last issue.

Ernest Walsh's frantic efforts for the thing, the excellent thing, which all sense but none grasps, gave a red flare to his This Quarter during the last year of his life.

In all, the "small magazine" must, in its many phases, be taken as one expression. It represents the originality of

our generation thoroughly free of an economic burden. Technically many excellent services to writing have been accomplished. Nothing could be more useful to the present day writer, the alert critic than to read and re-read the actual work produced by those who have made the "small magazine" during the past thirty years.

The measure of the intelligent citizen is the discretion with which he breaks the law.

A Bibliography of the Little Magazine

published in America since 1900

Compiled by DAVID MOSS

The editor is desirous of making this bibliography a complete one and accordingly welcomes corrections, additions, and suggestions.

In a few instances there are included those English publications which have been hospitable to American contributors.

Thanks are due the following for assistance in gathering material; Sally Kamin, Jesse Greenstein, Michel Licht, Nathanael West, William Carlos Williams, I. Orleans.

The bibliography will be continued in the next issue of Contact.

- AESTHETE. A Magazine of Satirical Prose. Started 1920. Still running. (Supersedes "Reedy's Mirror.") Fayetteville, Ark.
- Editor: Walter S. Hankel. Started 1925. Discontinued 1925. (Only one issue appeared.)
- o ✓ AMERICAN AUTOPSY. A Quarterly. Editor: Harold Hersey. Started October 1931. Still running. New York.
- o ✓ AGORA. A Collegiate Magazine. Editor: Richard Chase. Started 1931. Discontinued 1931. (Eight issues appeared in all.) Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
- ✓ AMERICAN PARADE, THE. A Quarterly Magazine. Editor: W. Adolphe Roberts. Started 1926. Discontinued 1926. New York.
- ALL'S WELL, or the Mirror Repolished. Editor: Charles J. Finger.
- 1201 Esplanade And
New Orleans 16, Louisiana
(written)
6-25

ART AND LETTERS.

Editors: Frank Rutter and Osbert Sitwell.
Started 1917.
Discontinued 1920.
London.

BACHELOR BOOK, The.

Editors: Marion Thornton Egbert and Page Waller Sampson.
Started 1900.
Discontinued 1901.
Chicago.

BIBELOT, The. A Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Booklovers.

Editor: Thomas B. Mosher.
Started January 1895.
Discontinued December 1914.
Portland, Me.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Issued Irregularly.
Editor: H. W. Nimmo.
Started June 1916.
Discontinued March 1921.
Detroit, Mich.

BLAST. An Anglo-American Quarterly. A Review of the Great English Vortex.

Editors: Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, and others.
Started June 1914.
Discontinued.
(Successor to "English Vortex.")
London and San Francisco.

o ✓ BLUES. A Magazine of New Rhythms.

Editor: Charles Henri Ford.
Started January 1929.
Still Running.
Columbus, Miss., later New York.

BLUE SKY, THE. A Monthly.

Editor: Thomas Wood Stephens.
Started August 1899.
Discontinued April 1902.
(Merged into "Rubric.")
Chicago.

BOOK-LOVER, THE. A Quarterly Magazine of Book Lore.

Editor: W. E. Price.
Started 1899.
Discontinued 1904.
(Merged into "Booklovers' Magazine.")
Chicago, later San Francisco.
Numbers 11 to 28 published in New York.

BOOKS ABROAD: A Quarterly Publication Devoted to Comment on Foreign Books.

Editor: Roy Temple House.
Started in 1928.
Still Running.
Issued by University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE.

Started 1927.
Discontinued 1929.

(United with "Contemporary Verse.")
Atlanta, Ga.

BROOM. An International Magazine of the Arts.

Editors: Harold A. Loeb, Alfred Kreymborg, Malcolm Cowley, Slater Brown.
Started November 1921.
Discontinued January 1924.
Rome, Berlin, New York.

BRUNO'S BOHEMIA: A Magazine of Life, Love, Letters.

Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started September 1918.
Discontinued.
New York.

BRUNO'S. A Weekly.

Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started January 8, 1917.
Discontinued January 27, 1917.
(Supersedes "Bruno's Weekly.")
New York.

BRUNO'S REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS: A Monthly Magazine of Life, Love and Letters.

Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started November 1920.
Discontinued November 1921.
(No issue appeared May 1921.)
New York.

BRUNO'S WEEKLY.

Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started July 26, 1915.
Discontinued 1916.
(Superseded by "Bruno's.")
New York.

CAMERA WORK. A photographic quarterly Magazine devoted to photography and to the activities of the Photo Se-
cession.

Editor and Publisher: Alfred Stieglitz.
Started 1903.
Discontinued 1917.
New York.

o ✓ CARILLON. A National Quarterly of Verse.

Editors: Caroline Giltinan, Anne Robinson, Catherine C. Coblenz.
Started 1930.
Still running.
Washington, D. C.

✓ CHAPBOOK. A Monthly Miscellany of Poetry, Essays and Drawings.

Editor: Harold Monro.
Started 1919.
Discontinued 1925.
(Monthly from July 1919 to June 1923. Yearly 1924-1925.)
London.

- ✓ CHICAGO LITERARY TIMES. A Bi-weekly.
Editor: Ben Hecht.
Started March 1923.
Discontinued April 1924.
Chicago. *rupek, 1.5.*
- CLAY: A Literary Notebook
(*Mimeograph.*)
Editor: Jose Garcia Villa.
Started 1931.
Still Running.
Albuquerque, N. Mex.
- CLOSE UP: An Advanced Film Magazine.
Started 1929.
Still running.
Territet, Switzerland and London.
- CONTACT. Original Series.
(*Mimeographed and Printed.*)
Editors: Robert McAlmon and William Carlos Williams.
Started 1921.
Discontinued 1921 (5 Issues.)
New York.
- CONTACT. An American Quarterly Review.
Editor: William Carlos Williams.
Started February 1932.
New York.
- CONTEMPO: A semi-monthly review without plan or policy, provocative and complacent.
Editors: Milton A. Abernethy and Anthony J. Buttitta.
- Started 1931.
Still running.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
- CONTEMPORARY VERSE. A Monthly.
Editor: Charles Wharton Stork.
Started 1916.
Discontinued 1926.
(No. 10 was omitted in numbering.)
(*United with "Japm," the poetry weekly, to form "Bozart and Contemporary Verse."*)
Philadelphia.
- COTERIE. A Quarterly of Art, Prose and Poetry.
Editor: Chaman Lall.
Started May 1919.
Discontinued December 1920.
London.
- COUNTRY BARD. A Quarterly.
Editor: William J. Price.
Started 1927.
Still running.
Baltimore, Md.
- CRITERION. A Quarterly Review.
Editors: T. E. Eliot, Richard Aldington, Herbert Read.
Started 1922.
Still running.
(*From 1922 to 1926 Called "Criterion." From January 1926 to January 1927 Called "New*

- Criterion."* From 1927 to 1928 Called "Monthly Criterion." From 1928 on Called "Criterion." London.
- ✓ ECHO, THE.
Editor: Kenneth Ellis.
Started 1915.
Discontinued 1915.
Minneapolis, Minn.
- EGOIST: An Individualist Bi-monthly Review.
Editors: Dora Marsden, Harriet Shaw Weaver.
Started 1914.
(*Issued bi-monthly January to December 1914. Monthly 1915-1919. Supersedes the "New Free Woman."*)
London.
- ENEMY, THE. A Quarterly Review of Art and Literature.
Editor: Wyndham Lewis.
Started January 1927.
Discontinued first quarter of 1929.
London.
- EXILE, THE.
Editor: Ezra Pound.
Started Spring 1927.
Discontinued Autumn 1928.
Paris, Chicago, New York.
- EXPERIMENTAL CINEMA: A Monthly, Projecting Important National Film Manifestations.
Editors: David Platt and Lewis Jacobs.
Started 1930.
Still running.
New York.
- ✓ DOUBLE DEALER: Issued Monthly.
Editors: Julius Weis Friend, Basil Thompson.
Started January 1921.
Discontinued May 1926.
New Orleans.
- ✓ DRIFTWIND FROM THE NORTH HILLS: A Regional Bi-monthly.
Editor: Walter John Coates.
Started 1926.
North Montpelier, Vt.
- ✓ EARTH, THE. Pamantul, A Quarterly printed in English and Rumanian for expression of sublime thoughts.
Editors: Hugh Hanley, Theodore Sitea and Joseph Niver.
Started 1930.
East Chicago, Ind.

- ✓ FANTASIA. A Monthly.
Editor: ° G. Bishop Pulsifer, George Hill Hodel.
Started February 1925.
(Only one issue.)
South Pasadena, Calif.
- ✓ FIGURE IN THE CARPET, THE. A magazine of Prose.
Editor: ° Hansell Baugh.
Started October 1927.
Discontinued December 1928.
(Also known as "Salient.")
New York.
- FORGE. Midwestern Review, (Subtitle varies.)
Started 1924.
Discontinued.
Chicago.
- FREEMAN.
Editors: Francis Neilson and Albert Jay Nock.
Started March 17, 1920.
Discontinued March 5, 1924.
New York.
- FRONT. A Radical Tri-lingual Magazine. Being an international review of literature.
Editor: N. V. Servire.
American editor: Norman McLeod.
Started 1930.
The Hague.
- FRONTIER, THE. A Regional Literary Quarterly.
Editor: H. G. Merriam.
Started May 1920.
Still running.
(Began as campus literary magazine May 1920. Began as regional magazine for National Reading November 1927).
Missoula, Mont.
- FUGITIVE.
Started 1922.
Discontinued 1925.
Nashville, Tenn.
- ✓ GOLDEN GALLEON: A Quarterly Review.
Editor: Alfred Fowler.
Started January 1924.
Discontinued July 1925.
(From January to October 1924 known as "The Galleon." Succeeded "Miscellanea.")
Kansas City, Mo.
1244 Martha Custis Park, Alexandria, Va.
- GOLDEN GATE. A Monthly Magazine of the West.
Managing editor: Edward Beal.
Started May 1902.
Discontinued December 1902.
(Vol. 1, No. 8 omitted in numbering.)
Oakland, Cal.
- GREENWICH VILLAGE. A Fortnightly.
Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started 1914.

- Discontinued 1914.
New York.
- GREENWICH VILLAGE. A Monthly.
Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started 1915.
Discontinued 1915.
New York.
- GREENWICH VILLAGE GAZETTE.
Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started October 1913.
Discontinued December 1913.
New York.
- GREENWICH VILLAGER, THE.
Published Weekly.
Editor: Grand Pierre.
Started July 9, 1921.
Discontinued May 6, 1922.
New York.
- ✓ GUARDIAN, THE. A Monthly Journal of Life, Art, Letters.
Board of Editors: ° Abraham N. Gerbovoy, Madeline Leof, Abe Grosner, Herman Silverman, Harry A. Potemkin.
Started November 1924.
Discontinued February 1925.
(Ran only 4 issues.)
Philadelphia.
- GYPSY, THE. All Poetry Quarterly Magazine.
Editor: George Elliston.
Started 1925.
Still running.
Cincinnati.
- ✓ GYROSCOPE. (Mimeographed.)
Editors: Ivor Winters, Janet Lewis and Howard Baker.
Started 1929.
Palo Alto, Calif.
- HARKNESS HOOT, THE. A Yale Undergraduate Review.
Editors: Richard M. Bissell and Richard S. Childs.
Started 1930.
Still running.
New Haven.
- ✓ HESPERIAN, Issued Occasionally.
Editor: ° James D. Hart.
Started Winter 1930.
Still running.
San Francisco.
- HOBO, THE.
Editor: ° Samuel Loveman.
Started 1902.
Discontinued 1902.
(Ran 2 issues.)
Cleveland, Ohio.
- HOUND AND HORN: A Harvard Miscellany. Issued quarterly.
Editors: Leon Kirstein, Bernard Bandler II, Varian Fry, Riley

Blackmur.
 Started September 1927.
 Still running.
 Cambridge, Mass., and New York.

✓ IMPROMPTU.

Editor: J. L. Moreno.
 Started January 1931.
 New York.

101 Park Ave., N.Y. 17

✓ INTERLUDES. A Magazine of Poetry and Prose.

Editor: °William J. Price.
 Started 1924.
 Still running.
 Baltimore, Md.

INTERNATIONAL: A Review of Two Worlds.
 Started November 1908.
 Discontinued 1918.

(From November 1908 to January 1910 known as "Moods." Suspended from February to November 1910. Merged with "Papyrus" December 1916.)

New York.

✓ INTERNATIONAL ARTS: A Monthly Magazine.

Editor: °Joseph Kling.
 Started June 1925.
 Discontinued August 1925.
 New York.

✓ JANUS.

Editor: °Solon R. Barber.

Started October 1929.
 Washington, D. C.

JAPM. The Poetry Weekly.
 Started July 1928.

Discontinued December 1929.
 (Merged into "Bozart," later "Bozart and Contemporary Verse.")
 Atlantic City, N. J.

KALEIDOSCOPE. A National Magazine of Poetry.

Editors: Whitney Montgomery and Vaida S. Montgomery.
 Started 1929.
 Still running.
 Dallas, Texas.

LARUS: The Celestial Visitor With Which has been Combined "Tempo." A monthly magazine of verse, prose and reviews.

American Editor: John Sherry Mangan.

Editor for France: Virgil Thompson.

Editor of "Tempo:" Oliver Jenkins.

Started February 1927.
 Discontinued June 1928.
 Lynn, Mass.

✓ LAUGHING HORSE. Quarterly. Issued irregularly.

Editors: ? W. Johnson and Others.
 Started 1923.

discontinued 1931.

Supplementary pamphlet No. 1
has title "Ballad of Santa Fe
Sal.")
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Editors: Margaret C. Anderson
and Jane Heap.
Started August 1914.
Discontinued July 1929.
(Later issues appeared irregularly.)
Paris.

EFT: A Quarterly Review of
Radical and Experimental Art.

Editors: George Redfield, Jay du
Von, Marvin Klein, R. C. Lorenz,
W. K. Jordan.
Started Spring 1931.
Still running.
Davenport, Iowa.

✓ LYRIC: A Monthly.

Editors: Samuel Roth and F. Tan-
nenbaum.
Started May 1917.
Discontinued January 1919.
New York.

EFT WRITERS. A Magazine of
Proletarian Literature (mimeo-
graphed.).

Editor: Fred R. Miller.
Started 1930.
Discontinued 1931.
New York.

LYRIC WEST, THE. A Monthly
Magazine of Verse.
Started April 4, 1921.
Discontinued September 1924.
Los Angeles.

MADMOISELLE NEW YORK.
A Fortnightly.

Editor: Vance Thompson.
Started 1895.
Discontinued 1898.
(In all 15 numbers.)
New York.

LIBERATOR. A Monthly.

Editor: Robert Minor.
Started March 1918.
Discontinued October 1924.

(Superseded "The Masses." Merg-
ed into "Workers' Monthly,"
"Labor Herald" and "Soviet
Russia," later became "The
Communist.")
New York.

✓ MADRIGAL: A Monthly Maga-
zine of Love Lyrics.

Editor: Gustav Davidson.
Started July 1917.
Discontinued January 1918.
New York.

also Rhythmes

LITTLE REVIEW. A Monthly
devoted to Literature, Drama,
Music and Art.

✓ MANIKIN.
Issued irregularly.

144 E. 45th St. NYC.

Editor: ^o Monroe Wheeler.
 Started 1923.
 Discontinued 1923.
(Ran only 3 issues.)
 New York.

MANUSCRIPTS. Appeared irregularly. Issued cooperatively by Sherwood Anderson, Paul Rosenfeld, William Carlos Williams, Waldo Frank and others.
 Started February 1922.
 Discontinued March 1923.
(Ran only five issues.)
 New York.

THE MASK. An Illustrated Quarterly Journal of the Art of the Theatre.

Editor: Gordon Craig.
 Started 1908.
 Discontinued 1929.
(Suspended publication August 1915 to February 1918. July 1919 to 1922. Volume 13 omitted in numbering.)
 Florence, Italy.

MARIONETTE, THE.

Editor: Gordon Craig.
 Started January 1918.
 Discontinued December 1918.
 Issued by Mask Publishers, Florence, Italy.

MASSES. A Monthly Devoted to the Interests of the Working People.

Editors: Max Eastman and Floyd Dell.
 Started 1911.
 Discontinued December 1917.
(Suspended from September to November 1912. Continued as "Liberator," and later as "New Masses.")
 New York.

MEASURE. A Journal of Poetry. Issued irregularly.

Editorial Board: Maxwell Anderson, Padraic Colum, David Morton, George O'Neil, Genevieve Taggart and others.
 Started 1921.
 Discontinued 1926.
 New York.

MIDLAND: A Monthly Magazine of the Middle West.

Editor: John T. Frederick.
 Started 1915.
 Still running.
 Iowa City, Iowa.

✓ MILWAUKEE ARTS MONTHLY.

Editor: Samuel Pessin.
 Started September 1922.
 Discontinued April 1923.
(Continued as "Prairie.")
 Milwaukee, Wis.

✓ MINARÉT.

Editor: Herbert Bruncken.

- Started November 1915.
Discontinued June 1926.
(*Suspended between 1918 and 1923.*)
Washington, D. C.
- MISCELLANEA. An Occasional Periodical Devoted to Books and Prints. Continued as "Golden Galleon."
Started October 1922.
Discontinued December 1923.
Kansas City, Mo.
- MISCELLANY, THE. A Bi-monthly Magazine.
Editors: Frederick W. Dupec, Geoffrey T. Hellman, Dwight Macdonald, George L. K. Morris.
Started 1930.
Discontinued 1931.
New York.
- MODERN QUARTERLY, THE.
Editors: V. F. Calverton, S. D. Schmalhausen.
Started March 1923.
Still running.
Baltimore, Md.
- MODERN REVIEW: A Quarterly.
Editor: Fishwoode Tarleton.
Started September 1922.
Discontinued June 1924.
(*United with "S4N" to form "Modern S4N Review."*)
- Winchester, Mass.
- MODERN SCHOOL MAGAZINE, THE. A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Libertarian Ideas in Education.
Editors: Carl Zigrosser and Frank V. Anderson.
Editor New Series: James H. Dick.
Started February 1912.
Discontinued December 1919.
(*Suspended between September 1915 to April 1916, New Series started December 1931, Multi-graphed.*)
Stelton, N. J. (*Ferrer Modern School.*)
- MORADA. A Tri-lingual Advance Guard Quarterly.
Editor: Norman Macleod.
Started 1929.
Still running.
Cagnes sur Mer (*France*) and Albuquerque N. Mex.
- MUSE AND MIRROR. A Poetry Magazine of the Northwest appearing Triennially.
Editor: Helen Maring.
Started 1924.
Seattle, Wash.
- NATIVITY. An American Quarterly.
Editor: Boris J. Israel.

- Started 1930.
Delaware, Ohio.
- NEW COTERIE. A Quarterly
of Literature and Art.
Started 1925.
Discontinued 1927.
London.
- ✓ NEW FREEMAN.
Editor: Suzanne LaFollette.
Started March 15, 1930.
Discontinued May 13, 1931.
New York.
- NEW FREEWOMAN, An Individualist Review. Issued semi-monthly.
Started June 15, 1913.
Discontinued December 15, 1913.
(*Superseded by the "Egoist."*)
Oxford.
- NEW MASSES. A Monthly.
Editors: Egmont Arens, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, Michael Gold, James Rorty, John Sloan.
Started May 1926.
Still running.
(*Continuation of "Masses" and "Liberator."*)
New York.
- NEW REVIEW: Issued Bi-monthly. An International Note Book for the Arts.
Editor: Samuel Putnam, Ezra Pound, Maxwell Bodenheim, Richard Thoma.
- Started January 1931.
Still running.
Paris.
- ✓ NEW WORLD MONTHLY.
Editors and Publishers: C. A. Tacke and H. Gilfond.
Started January 1930.
Discontinued February 1930.
(*Only 2 issues appeared.*)
New York.
- NOMAD, THE: A Quarterly.
Editor: A. A. Rosenthal.
Started January 1922.
Discontinued January 1924.
Birmingham, Ala.
- ✓ 1924: A Monthly of Prose, Verse and Reproductions.
Issued irregularly.
Editor: Edwin Seaver.
Started July 1924.
Discontinued December 1924.
Woodstock, N. Y.
- OTHERS. A Monthly of Poetry and Poetic Plays.
Editor: Alfred Kreymborg.
Started July 1915.
Discontinued June 1919
Grantwood, N. J., and New York.
- ✓ PAGAN: A Monthly Magazine for Eudaemonists.
Editor: Joseph Kling.
Started May 1916.

- Discontinued January 1922.
(*Following issues did not appear March, July, August, 1920.*)
New York.
- PAGANY: A Native Quarterly.
Editor: Richard Johns.
Started Winter 1930.
Still running.
Boston, Mass.
- PALMS: A Magazine of Poetry
Issued Bi-monthly.
Editor: Idella Purnell.
Started January 1923.
Discontinued May 1930.
Guadalajara, Mexico.
- PAPYRUS, THE. A Monthly Magazine of Individuality.
Editor: Michael Monahan.
Started July 1903.
Discontinued May 1912.
(*Suspended 1906 to 1907. New Series ran from July 1907 to 1910. Series III ran from November 1910 to May 1912. Continued as "Phoenix."*)
Mount Vernon, N. Y.
- PARNASSUS: The Wee Magazine of the First National Poetry Exhibition (*Multigraphed.*)
Editors: Lew Ney and Ruth Willis Thompson.
Started August 29, 1927.
Discontinued March 5, 1928.
New York.
- PEARSONS.
Editor: Frank Harris and others.
Started March 1899.
Discontinued April 1925.
(*Partial reprint of the London edition. Issues numbers 1 to 8 are called 7 to 14 following the numbering of the London edition. From December 1922 to July 1923 known as "New Pearsons."*)
New York.
- PHANTASMUS.
Editor: J. G. Edmonds.
Started May 1924.
Discontinued August 1924.
(*Ran only 3 issues.*)
Pittsburgh.
- PHILISTINE. A Periodical of Protest. (*Subtitle Varies.*)
Editor: Elbert Hubbard.
Started June 1895.
Discontinued July 1915.
East Aurora, N. Y.
- PHILOSOPHER MAGAZINE,
The. Published monthly at the Log Cabin Shop, at the Sign of the Green Pine Tree.
Editor: William Ellis.
Started 1897.
Discontinued 1906.
(*July, August 1901, October 1904, and April 1905 issues never appeared.*)
Wausau, Wis.

- ✓ PHOENIX. A Monthly Magazine of Individuality.
Editor: Michael Monahan.
Started June 1914.
Discontinued December 1916.
(Supersedes "Papyrus." Merged into "International.")
South Norwalk, Conn.
- ✓ PLAYBOY. A Portfolio of Art and Satire.
Editor: Egmont Arens.
Started January 1919.
Discontinued July 1924.
New York.
- ✓ PLOWSHARE, THE. (Wild Hawk.) A Magazine of the Literature, Arts and Life Evolving in Woodstock.
Editors: Hervey White, Carl Eric Lindin, Allan Updegraff.
Started 1912.
Discontinued 1920.
Woodstock, N. Y.
- POET AND PHILOSOPHER. A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to Poetry and Philosophy.
Started March 1913.
Discontinued March 1926.
(Suspended between 1914 and 1921.)
Tampa, Fla.
- POETRY: A Monthly Magazine of Verse.
Editor: Harriet Monroe.
- Started 1912.
Still running.
Chicago.
- POETRY JOURNAL, The.
Editors: Edmund R. Brown, Blanche S. Wagstaff.
Started December 1912.
Discontinued March 1918.
Boston.
- POETRY OF TODAY. "The Poetry Review" new verse supplement.
Started 1919.
Discontinued 1920.
New Series 1924.
(Merged into "Poetry Review.")
London.
- POETRY QUARTERLY.
Editors: Martha Fox Wolcott, Albert Philip Cohen.
Started 1930.
Still running.
New York.
- POETRY REVIEW, THE (Poetry Society.)
Editor: Harold Monro.
Started 1912.
(Includes "Poetical Gazette.")
London.
- POETRY REVIEW OF AMERICA: A Monthly.
Editor: William Stanley Braithwaite.

- Started May 1916.
Discontinued February 1917.
Cambridge, Mass.
- Still running.
Lincoln, Neb.
- ✓ PROCESSION: A Magazine of Prose, Verse and Criticism.
Editors: Derek Fox, Harold Courlander, Peter Ruthven.
Started 1931.
Ann Arbor, Mich.
- POETRY WORLD: A Monthly.
Editors: Parmenia Migel and Others.
Started 1929.
New York.
- POET'S FORUM.
Editor: Faith Vilas.
Started 1930.
Still running.
Howe, Okla.
- POETS' SCROLL, THE. A Monthly.
Started 1922.
Still running.
Howe, Okla.
- ✓ PRAIRIE.
Editor: Sam Pessin.
Started September 1922.
Discontinued April 1923.
(Name changed to "Milwaukee Arts Monthly." Monthly from September to October 1922; bi-monthly from November 1922 to April 1923.)
Milwaukee, Wis.
- ✓ PRAIRIE SCHOONER, THE: A Quarterly.
Editor: Lowry C. Wimberly.
Started January 1927.
- ✓ QUILL, THE. A Monthly Magazine of Greenwich Village.
Editor: Arthur H. Moss.
Started June 3, 1917.
Discontinued 1927.
(From April to December 1926 and from June 1927 to end called "Greenwich Village Quill," Issue February 1927 called "Overtures.")
New York.
- REEDY'S MIRROR. A Weekly Dealing in Politics and Literature.
Editor: William Marion Reedy.
Started 1891.
Discontinued 1920.
(Began as "Mirror" September 1891. Taken over by Mr. Reedy June 1913, became "Reedy's Mirror." Superseded by "All's Well, or the Mirror Repolished.")
St. Louis.
- REFLEX. A Jewish Magazine.
Editor: S. M. Melamed.

- Started 1927.
Discontinued November 1930.
Chicago.
- ✓ REVIEWER, THE. A Semi-monthly.
Editors and Publishers: Emily Clark, Mary D. Street, Hunter Stagg, Margaret Freeman.
Started February 1921.
Discontinued October 1925.
(Merged with "Southwest Review.")
Richmond, Va.
- RYTHMUS. A Monthly Magazine of the New Poetry.
Editors: Oscar Williams, Gustav Davidson.
Started January 1923.
Discontinued June 1924.
(No issues August 1923, and April 1924. Later became "Parnassus.")
New York.
- RUBRIC. A Magazine de Luxe.
Started 1901.
Discontinued 1902.
(Merged into "Philosopher.")
Chicago.
- S4N. Publication of the S4N Society to promote open-minded consideration of theories and practices of Art.
Issued irregularly.
Editor: Norman Fitts.
- Started November 1919.
Discontinued July 1925.
(United with "Modern Review" to form the "Modern S4N Review.")
Northampton, Mass. and New Haven, Conn.
- SALIENT.
Also known as "The Figure in the Carpet."
- ✓ SATURNIAN, THE. A Journal of Art and Literature.
Editor: Samuel Loveman.
Started 1910.
Discontinued 1912.
(Ran three issues.)
Cleveland, Ohio.
- ✓ SEARCHLIGHT, THE. A monthly.
Editor: William Ellis.
Started 1912.
Discontinued 1923.
(No issue for December 1916)
Gray's Lake, Ill.
- ✓ SECESSION: A Quarterly. An independent magazine of modern letters.
Editors: Gorham B. Munson, Kenneth Burke, Matthew Josephson.
Started Spring 1922.
Discontinued April 1924.
(Started as quarterly and soon after appeared irregularly.)
Issue No. 1 published Vienna, No.

- 2 Berlin, No. 3 Reutte (Tirol) Austria; No. 4 Brooklyn, No. 5 New York.
Editor: Flora W. Seymour.
Started 1919.
(Bi-monthly December 1919 to August 1920. Quarterly November 1920 to January 1921. Monthly from February 1921.)
Chicago, Ill.
- SEVEN ARTS, THE. A Monthly.
Editor: James Oppenheim.
Started November 1916.
Discontinued October 1917.
(Merged into "The Dial.")
New York.
- ✓ SOIL, THE: A Monthly Magazine of Art (Successor to "Vortex.")
Art Editor: R. J. Coady.
Literary Editor: Enrique Cross.
Started December 1916.
Discontinued July 1917.
New York.
- SONNET, THE.
✓ Editor: Mahlon Fisher.
Started February 1917.
Discontinued April 1921.
Williamsport, Pa.
- SOUTHWEST REVIEW: A Quarterly (Southern Methodist University.)
Editors: John H. McGinnis and Henry Smith.
Started June 1915.
Discontinued July 1924.
(Became "Texas Review.")
Austin and Dallas, Texas.
- ✓ STRATFORD MAGAZINE. A Periodical for Creative Readers. A Monthly.
Editor: Henry T. Schnittkind.
Started March 1926.
Still running.
Boston, Mass.
- ✓ SYMPOSIUM. A Critical Quarterly Review.
Editors: James Burnham, Philip E. Wheelright.
Started January 1930.
Still running.
Concord, N. H.
- ✓ STEP LADDER, THE. Published for the Bookfellows.
- TAMBOUR: A Monthly Magazine (French and English.)

Editor: Harold J. Salemsen.
Started 1929.
Paris.

✓TANAGER, THE. A Bi-monthly
Review of Current Literary
Achievement.

Editors: Frank Dewey, Wayne
Gard, Boma Kauffman, Margaret
Lemley, Elenor Lowden, Harry
Mack, Loren Reid.

Started December 1925.
Still running.

*(Published for the students of
Grinnell College by the English
department. No issues during
Summer.)*

Grinnell, Iowa.

✓THIS QUARTER. An Interna-
tional Quarterly Review of Arts
and Letters.

Editors: Ernest Walsh, Ethel
Moorhead.

Editor for New Series: E. W. Ti-
tus.

Started 1925.

Discontinued 1926.

Resumed publication, New Series,
1929.

Still running.

First issued in Milano. Now pub-
lished in Paris.

✓TRAILS. A Literary Quarterly
Magazine of the Outdoors.

Editors: Frederick Lape and Lan-
sing Christman.

Started 1932.

Esperance, N. Y.

TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW,
THE. A Monthly.

Editor: Ford Madox Ford.

Started January 1924.

Discontinued January 1925.

Paris.

TRANSITION: An International
Magazine for Creative Experi-
ment.

Editors: Eugene Jolas and Elliot
Paul.

(Started as a monthly April 1927.

Became Quarterly issue No. 13

Summer of 1928. Discontinued

after issue 19-20, June 1930.)

Paris.

291. Published Monthly.

Editor: Alfred Stieglitz.

Started 1915.

Discontinued 1917.

(Ran only 12 issues.)

New York.

✓TWO WORLDS. A Literary Quar-
terly Devoted to the Increase of
the Gaiety of Nations.

Editor: Samuel Roth.

Started September 1925.

Discontinued June 1927.

New York.

TYRO: A Review of the Arts
of Painting, Sculpture and De-
sign.

Started 1921.

Discontinued 1922.

London.

U.S.A.: A Quarterly Magazine
of the American Scene.

Editors: Harold Mason, Vaughn
Flannery.

Started in 1930.

Discontinued in 1930.

(Ran only two issues.)

Philadelphia.

✓UPTON SINCLAIRS. A Month-
ly Magazine for Social Justice
by Peaceful Means if Possible.

Editor: Upton Sinclair.

Started April 1918.

Discontinued February 1919.

Pasadena, Cal.

VOICES: A Journal of Verse.

Issued irregularly.

Editor: Harold Vinal.

Started Autumn 1921.

Still running.

Boston and New York.

✓WAVE, THE: A Bi-monthly
Journal of Art and Letters.
Issued irregularly.

Editor: Vincent Starrett.

Started 1922.

Discontinued 1924.

Chicago.

YOUTH: Poetry of Today. A
Bi-monthly.

Editors: Royall Snow, Jack Mer-
ter and Donald B. Clark.

Started October 1918.

Discontinued August 1919.

Cambridge, Mass.

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A Word About Our Contributors

E. E. CUMMINGS is at present in New York. Besides his poems and paintings he is well known for his novel *The Enormous Room*.

CHARLES REZNIKOFF, besides being a writer, is a member of the New York Bar. He has contributed to *Blues, Left, Pagany* and other magazines.

BEN HECHT, newspaperman, author, playwright, and onetime editor of the *Chicago Literary Times*. He has written several scenarios and is familiar with conditions in the movie world.

DIEGO RIVERA, a Mexican, is considered one of the most important of modern artists. His recent one-man exhibition in New York attracted considerable interest.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY left the faculty of the University of Wisconsin to write poetry and prose in New York. His essay on Contemporary American Poetry appeared in a recent issue of *Symposium*.

S. J. PERELMAN is the author of *Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge* and *Parlor, Bedlam and Bath*. He has just left for Hollywood to write a new Marx Brothers talkie.

PARKER TYLER is associate editor of *Blues*. His verse has appeared in *Left, Morada, Nativity* and other magazines.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is a practicing physician in New Jersey. He has always been identified with experimental literary movements in America—and is the author of nine books of poetry and prose.

ROBERT McALMON is at present in Munich. As founder and editor of *Contact Editions* he published such important authors as *Ernest Hemingway, Ezra Pound, Dr. Williams, Gertrude Stein* and others. He is the author of several stimulating books, mostly published by *Contact Editions*.

NATHANAEL WEST is the author of *The Dream Life Of Balso Snell*, published by *Contact Editions*. The story appearing in this issue is part of a novel called *Lonelyhearts* on which he is working at present.

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ITORS: ROBERT McALMON, NATHANAEL
WEST * CONTRIBUTORS: ASCH, CALDWE
LL, CUNARD, DEJONG, HARTLEY, JOFFE,
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crache, c'est l'art!"

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CONTACT

Foreign Representatives

—
William Jackson
18 Took Court
London, England

—
Sylvia Beach
Shakespeare & Co.
12, Rue De L'Odeon
Paris, VI, France

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EDITOR:

William Carlos Williams

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Robert McAlmon
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MARY

By

NATHAN ASCH

I never saw a cow in Texas. I saw goats, sheep, oil fields, abandoned cotton land with cotton balls still hanging dirtied by the rain and dust. I saw the Alamo, and a beautiful church in the German town of Fredricksburg, and a tree in Sherman still half burned, from which the week before a nigger had hanged. I met the wife of the governor, and I drank with the legislators in Austin, and they sang old songs for me; I fell in love with a redheaded girl called Martha, and she jilted me. I drank San Antonio sugar whisky and corn made in the hills. I drove for eighty miles without seeing a house, and at one roadbend there was a mail box, and a girl was getting mail, and she said the house was twenty miles away, beyond, in the chaparral; and here was ground and cactus, and sheep, and little chaparral cocks that hopped, they call them road runners, and I saw a dead rattler. I spoke to niggers and I spoke to Mexicans, and I met Captain Tom Hickman of the Texas rangers the day he was defending the Capitol from the communists, who were a bunch of starving hill-billies whom some organiser had told before May first that the governor would distribute food, and they had trailed down from the hills (beautiful hills) around Austin, and the newspaper said it was a red riot, and brave Tom Hickman. A man, drunk, said to me one day: "If they gave me hell and Texas, I'd rent out Texas and live in hell."

But maybe that isn't true. It's journalism, getting the

high lights, low points. There are thousands, millions living in Texas; west of Dallas there is a residential section; blocks and blocks of houses all more or less alike except for what is called "architectural treatment." Of course an architect never saw the plans for those houses; they were made by a draughtsman with a flair for design, breaking his heart in a lumber mill. And the people in the houses are like the houses themselves; really not a very high grade God designed them; and nobody breaks his heart over them. There are Buicks and Chevrolets standing before the houses; and inside people are ready to go to the movies, or go to work, or go to sleep. Remember in Chekhov's *THREE SISTERS* the cry: "Oh, to Moscow!" Well here there is a cry: "To New York!" Even though the parents "wouldn't live in New York if you gave it to them." Of course this is a cry for the really exceptional ones among them; the rest work for Sears Roebuck, and drink, and pet, and the old people are not unfaithful; (they still use a gun in cases of adultery). There is a dance in the hotel, and there is the radio. But the orchestra is from New York, if they can get one from there, or from K. C.; and the radio is part of a net work. Where is Texas? (Pronounce it in Spanish with "x" soft).

Well, I don't know. Is it the "country"? No, "country" in Texas means dumb, means poor white trash; if a girl won't seduce she's "country," if a boy constantly loses his job he should go back to the country. The country is flat and everlasting and more sordid looking than I can describe. The sadness, the sameness, the everlasting flatness stretching out and out. I really prefer not to talk about it. There are people living in the country, but what people. Lord, to go out for a thirty mile drive means to come back discouraged. Maybe that is why no one drives less than sixty miles an hour. Otherwise liquor will turn sour on your stomach.

I went to look for Texas, and I spent a year there and didn't find it, but one day in a little nickel movie I did find it, but she wasn't Texas of today, but of thirty years ago, and I really don't think she was from Texas, but from Oklahoma.

In the first place, you mustn't say she isn't Texas, because I know she is, I feel she is. What you see today in the cities of Texas is not Texas, it's America as it is today. I must write platitudes because after all it was I who went to look for Texas and didn't find it. Nobody showed me Texas, because I didn't go to visit, I went to live there. I starved in Texas, and I drank in Texas, and I made love there. Maybe you can't know a place after having been only a year there, but if you can, I now know Texas.

She was sitting near me in this little movie where old films are shown, and the synchronisation isn't very good, and films break, and then the people howl; and there is a smell of unwashed linen, that if it is hot outside makes you choke and your head turns; she seemed tall sitting in the seat, and slim, and not ugly. If the half darkness of a movie helps the illusion on the screen it also makes the other spectators look more interesting, somehow mysterious, somehow exciting. And the reason that I looked at her was that she wasn't watching the screen, but instead was trying to read a paper that she held in her hand. It was one paper out of a roll, and she was reading it, although she could hardly see the words. She must have known what was written on the paper, and was just relooking to make certain it was there. After a while she asked me for the time.

Now the clock was shining right beside the screen. So she was a hustler. But she wasn't a hustler, because she asked me for the time her head straight up, and face turned straight toward me; and she wanted to know the time.

Besides perhaps she wanted to talk. I am not very sure. Only after a time we began to talk, and she wasn't a hustler.

She was twenty four years old, and her father had been the best newspaper man south of the Mason and Dixon line. She told me that. We talked about newspapers and she didn't know anything about them. She was from Oklahoma. She hadn't been home in a long time. She had been to Memphis, Kansas City, Canada, old Mexico. She'd been in Dallas a week, and she was awaiting mail that might send her, she didn't know where. She looked as if she wanted to say something, but she controlled herself.

She said that she wrote poetry; and had been rereading something that she wrote. Now I had not told her that I wrote, so that she might have thought me a salesman, clerk, or loafer. Her name was Mary. She said something about a love affair. Her father was the best newspaper reporter in the South, she repeated.

By this time the picture I had come to see was finished, and I rose to go. She said: "Call me up," and gave me her phone number. I said I'd call her up, and left.

The next day I was drunk and called her up. She wasn't in. I left my number, and she telephoned to me six times that night. She wanted to see me. She had to see me. Would I see her?

I went to see her in a little cafe that she mentioned. She was dressed in a faded, very long, pink gingham dress, maybe clean, but washed and ironed, and many faded ribbons, and a tremendous, crazy, broken straw hat; and her shoes were old, and her hands were large and red; and she was asymmetrical, with a bent face, and frightened eyes, and rouge looking sick upon her faded skin. She was the most revolting thing I had ever seen. All the darkness, all the hiding mystery of the movie had disappeared, and under yellow

electricity she was hideous. And she was young, and she was terrible. And she was afraid.

We talked. She was afraid. I said: "You want to talk about something, and why don't you talk about it? You know that it will help you." She was afraid. I said: "Would you like some coffee, or something to eat?" "No." I saw the girl was starving, but she wouldn't eat.

So I talked to her. I told her that I was a stranger, too; that I was unhappy here in Texas; that I wasn't used to it. That I found the people hard, unfriendly. She said: "You wouldn't find them unfriendly in my home town." I said: "Why don't you go back to your home town?" And I was sorry I said it. Because again she was afraid. I told her about Europe, and adventures, and queer and funny incidents. I said: "Let's see your poetry."

She hadn't written the poetry. She said she had. I said: "I wish you would be frank with me." She said she was. The poetry was cheap verse by homely newspaper syndicate philosophers.

I said: "Why don't you eat? I am a writer, too. Writers must help each other." She looked at me. I ordered food. She ate. Oh, not immediately. She had to be told to eat. I had to eat, myself. But eventually she ate. Daintily with her red ugly hands protruding, and her ugly large mouth chewing and moving. Then we talked.

Mary at sixteen had been raped by a youngster her own age, the son of the richest family in the town. In the old days the boy would have been shot, and Mary gone to a brothel. But law and order had come now into Texas, no, I mean Oklahoma. And people were proud of law and order. And law had to take its course. The parents of the boy offered to have him marry her. She had refused. Her father had refused. They had offered to give them a large sum of

money. Mary could go and forget, somewhere away. No, it was said. The law must take its course. The boy had been condemned to life imprisonment, because her father's paper had demanded it. In a famous editorial the father had written he had declared that lynch law was now over. Let justice take its course. My daughter, your daughter, it doesn't matter. The Southwest now is civilised. Her father was the best newspaper reporter in the South, Mary repeated.

Naturally she had to leave town. She may have been the innocent victim, but she was soiled. Her father, probably somewhat similar in his home town to the famous Brann of Waco, got himself shot, in an affair for which the law had no recourse.

Talk to a Southerner about the nigger question, to a Frenchman about security, or tell Mary that she was wrong! What was the use? There was Mary, what are you going to do?

She said: "If I could only find a home somewhere, to cook and keep a house, and have a room somewhere. I'm a good cook. You don't need a cook, do you? It wouldn't cost you much."

Do you know that while in Dallas she was living in a house with negroes? Do you know that she got her room cleaning negroes' houses? Do you realise she was a Southerner and can you comprehend the degradation in her mind?

She said that if she would sign the appeal for pardon, the boy would be released. And grimly she smiled. I tried to be gentle. I said: "Why not? The boy is sufficiently punished, try to imagine eight years in a state's prison." She said: "Think of me these last eight years."

I preferred not to. I was terribly broke myself in those days. I gave her a quarter for her street car fare (I had to persuade her to take that), and I left.

Two Chapters From Miss Lonelyhearts

By
NATHANAEL WEST

MISS LONELYHEARTS AND THE DEAD PAN

Only my leader was finished: "Life is worthwhile, for it is full of dreams and peace, gentleness and ecstasy, and faith that burns like a clear white flame on a grim dark altar." Although the dead line was but a few minutes away, I sat watching the rain turn the dusty tar roofs below me into shiny patent leather. I had found it impossible to continue. You can't go on finding the same joke funny thirty times a day for months on end. And on most days I received more than thirty letters, all of them alike, as though stamped from the dough of suffering with a heart-shaped cookie knife. I turned from the window to re-read Broad-shoulders' letter.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts—

Being an admirer of your column because you give such good advice to people in trouble as that is what I am in also I would appreciate very much if you can advise me what to do after I tell you my troubles.

During the war I was told if I wanted to do my bit I should marry the man I was engaged to as he was going away to help Uncle Sam and to make a long story short I was married to him. After the war was over he still had to remain in the army for one more year as he signed an agreement and I went to business as while doing this patriotic stunt he had only \$18 dollars to his name. I worked for three years steady and then had to stay home

the closet door was opened. When they came out into the room, the bedsheet was all twisted up into a kind of knot and the young filly didn't lose no time in getting upstairs where her clothes were. Jake he had told her to hurry and get dressed, because he wanted to get started with his ox-freight back to Vermont.

They started home to Vermont right away, the handsome young filly all dressed up in her wedding clothes and sitting on top of the freight-cargo while Jake walked along beside the wagon bellowing at the oxen.

When Jake came back to Bangor on his next trip, a storekeeper tried to present him a bill for a hundred and forty dollars. The storekeeper told Jake that the young filly had bought a lot of dresses and things just before she got married, and he wanted to know if Jake had married her under the shift-law. Jake just laughed a little, and started unloading his cargo.

"Well, was you married that way, or the other way?" the storekeeper asked him.

"You tell me this first," Jake said, "and then I'll answer your question. Does the State of Maine have a shift-law?"

"Well, yes. But the shift-law says that the woman has to—"

"Never mind about explaining it to me," Jake said. "If the shift-law is on the statute books, then that's the law I married her with."

Two Poems

By

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

THE CANADA LILY

To the bob-white's call
and drone of reaper

tumbling daisies in the sun—
one by one

about the smutting panels of
white doors

gray shingles slip and fall—
But you, a loveliness

of even lines
curving to the throat, the

crossroads is your home.
You are, upon

your steady stem
one trumpeted wide flower

slightly tilted
above a scale of buds—

Sometimes a farmer's wife
gathers an armful

for her pitcher on the porch—
Topping a stone wall

Against the shale-ledge—
a field full

By the road, the river
the edge of the woods

—opening in the sun
closing with the dark—

Everywhere
—Red lily

in your common cup
all beauty lies—

THE COD HEAD

Miscellaneous weed
strands, stems, debris—
firmament

to fishes—
where the yellow feet
of gulls dabble—

oars whip
ships churn to bubbles—
at night wildly

agitate phosphores-
cent midges—but by day
flaccid

moons in whose
discs sometimes a red cross
lives—darkly

the bottom skids
a mottle of green sands
backward—

amorphous waver-
ing rocks—a vitreous
body through

which the oartips—
small scudding fish deep
down and

now a lulling lift
and fall—
red stars—a severed cod-

head between two
green stones—lifting
falling.

The people, (No abstraction, I think? with their
nerves and bones)
Muted, no longer mute, heaving against the God-and-Christ
love,

Masochist, phenomena, unexplainable,
No-Sex, castrate, hydra-hysteria of "the Mystery" —
Heaving against the 'Life:Hell,' aha, and 'Death's Ineffable
Bliss . . .

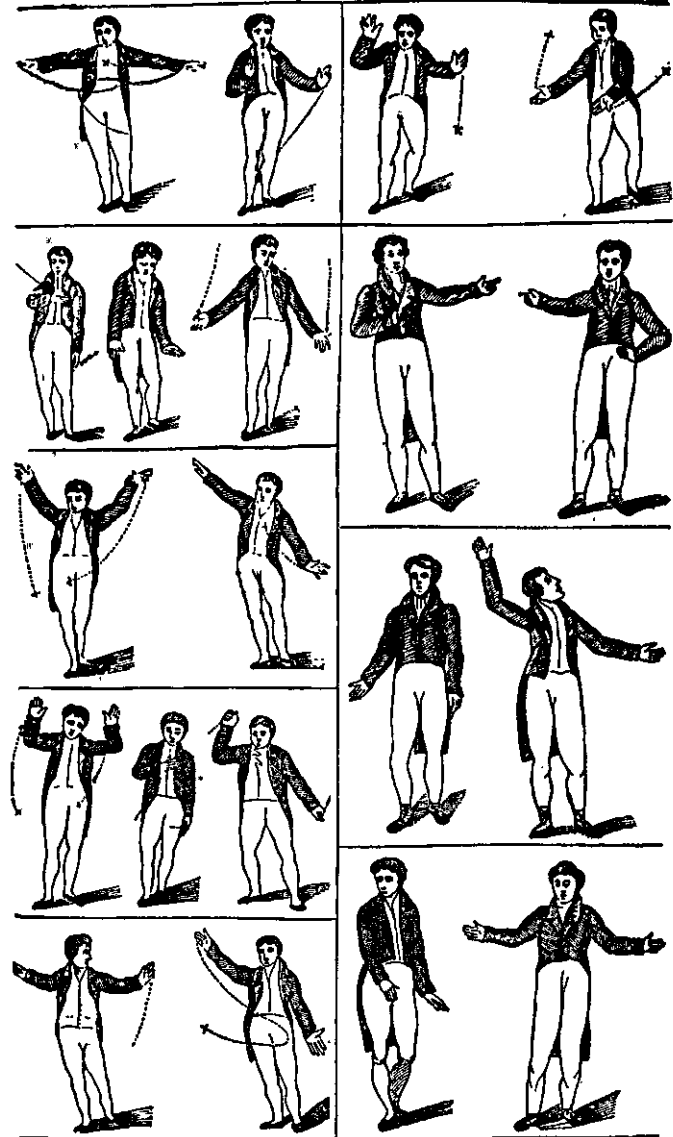
Great harm, great harm, Mary mother o'god
Pregnant anonymity, catspaw.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

By

CHARLES REZNIKOFF

ORATORICAL AND POETICAL GESTURES.



PART II

V

SIMPLE BODILY PAIN.

102. PAIN may be either bodily, or mental; simple, or acute. Bodily pain, is an uneasy sensation in the body, of any degree from that which is slight, to extreme torture; it may proceed from pressure, tension, separation of parts by violence, or derangement of the functions: mental pain—is uneasiness of mind: disquietude; anxiety; solicitude for the future; grief or sorrow for the past: thus we suffer pain, when we fear, or expect evil; and we feel pain at the loss of friends, or property. Pain, and the like affections, indicate a pressure or straining.



The play of pain
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant *laks*, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow; or the blast
Ruffles the *autumn* leaves, that, drooping, cling
Faintly, and motionless to their lov'd boughs.

lor laughed and said he had scared Ely.

Taylor bantered Ely to wrestle with him. Ely would not, but Taylor gathered him around the body and threw him down. After wrestling for some time, Ely called to Cicero to get some switches and whip Taylor. Cicero caught hold of Taylor's legs to pull him off, but Taylor cursed him and kicked him in the belly. Ely took hold of a bush and pulled himself up. They kept on wrestling until they got down a hill, when Taylor threw Ely on his face and cried out, "Come on, I've got him!"

Ned, another ploughman, now ran up with an ax in his hands. Ely cried to Ned not to kill him. Ned did not answer, but, holding the ax in both hands, struck Ely with

Ely, his master's driver, had a fish-trap. Sunday afternoon, Cicero, a boy of fifteen, and Ely went to the lake and stayed there about half an hour, fixing the trap. On the way home, about a quarter of a mile from the lake just as the negroes had passed a large tree, they heard a pistol shot. Cicero and Ely both looked back and saw Taylor, a fellow slave, one of the ploughmen, coming from behind the tree, with a blue, double-barreled pistol. Tay-

the sharp edge across the upper lip. The ax broke the teeth and left the lip hanging at one end. Ned then turned the ax in his hands and struck Ely on the back of the head with the eye of the ax and broke his skull.

Ned took up the body by the head and shoulders and Taylor by the feet. Blood was still dripping from the head. They laid it on a log beside the lake. They went along the shore for a boat, and, rowing the body out, tied a bag of stones to it and threw it into the water. Then they washed the blood from the boat and the log, and covered up the blood on the ground with leaves.

VI

Mrs. Crawford was awakened in the night by someone raising a plank in the floor. It was so dark she could not see, but putting out her hand touched a man's head and knew he was a negro, because the hair was kinky . . .

Combs had charge of a brick warehouse. Someone would break into it at night, though it had good doors and locks, and Combs, unable to catch the thief, set up a loaded gun inside, with a string tied to the trigger. The slave, in the dead of night, broke in and pushed against the string; the gun went off and he was shot. He did not die at once, but crawled along the floor in the darkness. . . .

VII

Jim went to Ranty's to get a dram and found him in his garden. He asked Ranty if there was any liquor in the house for he had chills. Ranty had no liquor. Jim then said to Ranty, "If you've got a picayune, I have another, and we can go down to old Louis' and get whiskey."

Ranty said that old Louis was saucy—said he would shoot

Ranty if he caught him about the place again; but Ranty would get the whiskey. They took a jug and a spade. Jim walked behind Ranty stepping in his tracks.

Ranty went into the store, and hit the old man twice on the head with the spade. The old man cried, "Oh, oh!" Ranty went out and got a knife from Jim to stab the old man saying he had done so much, he would do more and end it. He stabbed Louis three or four times and then got whiskey from the big jug, took some money from Louis' cap, and some from over the door, and some from under a mattress.

Ranty went through the marsh barefoot so as not to show his tracks. He stepped from turf to turf. Jim walked behind him stepping in his prints until they came to the "piney" woods.

When Jim was put in jail he dreamed a dream, and then he knew he would be hanged. He dreamed that his two hands were tied together, and were on fire, and there was a book hung before them—it had a leather cover just like the one they swore him on at the trial—the book caught fire and all the leaves were burning . . .

VIII

Walking along the road, she saw a negro, sitting near a sink-hole with nothing on. She first saw him when he called out, "Stop, gal, ain't you going to stop?" She began to run, and he ran towards her. She ran along the road, now and then looking back at him and calling for her father . . .

The negro was taken to the tracks in the field, and told to put his foot in one of the prints; doing so, he crimped up his toes . . .

The negro was put in a little room in back of the grocery,

handcuffed, and a chain, hanging from the wall, fastened around his neck. He was so frightened, as the white men of the neighborhood gathered to question him with negro whips in their hands, that his master, standing near him, could hear his heart beat . . .

The negro was taken from the house to the road, where Mr. Harley and others were waiting for him. He was struck in the face, and, turning away, tried to run from them, but was shot down.

He was put on a wagon by Mr. Harley's friends and taken to Mr. Harley's house. While lying in the wagon, one of the men put a pistol to his heel and shot him, the ball coming out at the calf of the leg. Mrs. Harley was called out to see him. She said he was not the negro who had struck her, and he was taken a little way up the road and thrown into a fence corner to die . . .

LOVE, &c.

466. Love gives a soft serenity to the countenance, a languishing to the eyes, a sweetness to the voice, and a tenderness to the whole frame: forehead smooth and enlarged; eye-brows arched; mouth a little open; when entreating, it clasps the hands, with intermingled fingers, to the breast; eyes languishing and partly shut, as if doating on the object; countenance assumes the eager and wistful look of desire, but mixed with an air of satisfaction and repose; accents soft and winning, voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical and rapturous, as in Joy: when declaring, the right hand, open, is pressed forcibly on the breast; it makes approaches with the greatest delicacy, and is attended with trembling hesitancy and confusion; if successful, the countenance is lighted up with smiles; unsuccessful love adds an air of anxiety and melancholy.



Moser, her master, seemed fond of the mulatto and was often in the kitchen with her when she was cooking, and she was often in his store. One morning, Martha Wood, the housekeeper, saw her come out of the store with some white homespun which she said her master had given her. Martha Wood went to the door of Mosser's room, and saw for the third time where two had been lying on the

bed and two headings.

Martha Wood told Mosser that she was going away. He asked her what was the matter, and she answered that Holland, the mulatto girl, would not mind anything she said to her, and sometimes Holland would not speak to her, and when she said anything was so, Holland would say it was not so.

Mosser called Holland into the house, and asked her what was the matter between her and Mrs. Wood. She answered, "Nothing."

Mrs. Wood then said that when she said anything was so, Holland would say it was not so. Holland replied that she did not say so, and flirted out of the room with a great air . . .

X

John Cunningham, Trueman's father, had hired Dave for a year from Mrs. Sarah Underwood. On a Saturday evening, Trueman told Dave and two other boys to feed and curry the horses and mules, "time for them to go and attend to their business," and rode home. Monday morning, he went to where the boys were at work getting timber for shingles, a negro whip in his hand, and, walking up to Dave, caught him by the neck-kerchief. Trueman asked him why he had not fed the horses and mules Saturday evening.

Dave answered that his master, Mrs. Underwood's son, Franklin, had sent word to him that one of the dogs had run mad and he wished Dave to help kill him.

Trueman told Dave he had to obey him and not his master or anybody else and that he was about to whip him and told Dave to drop his pantaloons. Dave said he had done nothing to be whipped for and that he would not be whipped.

Trueman ordered the other two boys, working on a log nearby, to take hold of Dave, and they started to do so. At the same time, Trueman struck Dave over the head with the butt of his whip. Dave drew out his pocket-knife—it was

open when he took it from his pocket—and, telling the other boys that if they took hold of him he would cut them, he cut Trueman's left hand, with which he was held by the collar. When Trueman felt his left arm give way, he took hold of Dave's collar with the right hand. The other boys would not take hold of Dave and said he would kill them. Trueman then told Step to take the ax and knock him in the head. Step ran and snatched up the ax and started towards Dave, but Dave cut Trueman on the breast, on the left arm, in two places on the shoulder, in the groin, and on the right hand and got away before Step could stop him.

Trueman became very weak and started for home on his horse, Step and the other boy by his side. On the way they stopped to wash Trueman's face with water . . .

320. GRATITUDE—puts on an aspect full of complacency; (see Love;) if the object of it be a character greatly superior, it expresses much submission: the right hand is open with the fingers spread, and press'd upon the breast just over the heart, expresses, very appropriately, a sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation. The engraving represents the deep-felt emotions of a noble mind.

O great Sciolto! O my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,



Sam was hired by Bondurant to Nelson for the year. On a Saturday night in April the slave wanted a pass to go to his wife's cabin, but Nelson told the overseer not to let him go until the morning, for the creek was so high it was dangerous to cross at night. Sam went without the pass.

When the overseer came into the field where the slaves were at work Monday morning, Sam picked up a club, put it under his arm and left. He went to Bondurant's. Bondurant tied him and whipped him—about thirty blows with a handful of switches—and sent him back to Nelson by a Mr. Jackson.

Nelson took hold of Sam by the collar to whip him, but Sam drew a knife out of his pocket, caught Nelson by the collar, and cut him in several places. Nelson called to his wife to bring him a rope, and she ran to help him. Sam cut her in the face with the knife, and tried to stab a negro woman who ran up. At last Nelson threw Sam down, and, in falling, he struck his head upon a stump.

The others came up, and with their help Sam was caught and tied, and then whipped in turn with a negro whip by Nelson, Jackson, and Nelson's overseer, until they were tired. Some of the blows cut his skin. Sam struggled to the last, and was insolent and rebellious after he was turned loose.

He walked about the house and yard, but said he was sick and did not work, and on Sunday morning suddenly died . . .

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Sophia had been a good and obedient house-servant, devoted to her children. When her mistress gave her time, she would make clothes and knit for them. One evening, when Mrs. Rockett, who has just been married and lived twenty miles or so away, was about to leave her mother's house after a visit, she said to her mother, Sophia's mistress, "Mother, I wish you would let me have one of those little negroes," pointing to Sophia's eldest boy, Douglass, and several other little ones.

Mrs. May answered, "Daughter, what do you want with it?"

Mrs. Rockett said, "Why, it can pick up chips and be company for me," and she took Douglass away with her.

Sophia was no longer good and obedient, and her master sold her to a neighbor. Another neighbor, Mr. Gentry, found her one day in the woods. She had run away and he took

her home. She walked slowly, but when he said he would whip her or she was afraid she would be ridden against by Mr. Gentry's horse, she walked faster. She said she had run away because she wanted to go to her children.

She would talk to herself and laugh without any one speaking to her as she worked in the fields. She was stubborn and unfriendly, and when she was scolded for it, said she wanted to go to her children; and she ran away time and again. At last her master sold her to Mr. Spencer, and she ran away again.

Spencer caught her and chained her. He asked her why she had run away, and she told him she wanted to go to her children. "I will show those legs," Spencer said, "they shall not run away from me." He had her stripped and staked down on the ground: her feet and hands spread and tied to the stakes, her face downward. Mr. Spencer was calm and took his time; he whipped her from time to time with a plaited buckskin lash about fifteen inches long. He drew some blood, but not a great deal, and then he took salt and a cob and salted her back with it . . .

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SIMPLE LAUGHTER.

485. RAillery—may signify a bantering, a prompting to the use of jesting language; good humored pleasantry, or slight satire; satirical merriment, wit, irony, burlesque. It is very difficult indeed, to mark the precise boundaries of the different passions, as some of them are so slightly touch'd, and often melt into each other; but because we cannot perfectly delineate every shade of sound and passion, is no reason why we should not attempt approaches to it.



Williams was walking in his plantation, when his dogs began a sharp barking in a thicket near by. He went there, and found the camp of what he took to be run-away slaves, but saw none. He got Jackaway, who had a pair of dogs trained to run slaves; the dogs took a trail, and followed on to near Kribs'

factory, and there Williams and Jackaway caught a negro.

They learned from him that another was with him and that they had parted at a place in the woods. Williams and Jackaway made the negro show them the place, and there the dogs took the trail and pushed through the woods to Mr. Comegys' field. Jackaway, on horseback, followed on after the dogs, but Williams went with the slave they had caught to the fence to wait for Jackaway.

There was a swamp in the field—mire and a bad thicket of vines and briars. Jackaway came up with the negro in the field and the negro turned on him with a long stick. He rode away to Robinson, got his pistol, hitched the horse, and followed the negro into the swamp. Jackaway shot him, just as the negro was turning on him. They brought the negro out of the swamp and put him in a cart . . .

The negro had been chased for two miles in a summer day by negro dogs. He was found in the bayou, up to his chin in the water, with a scythe blade in his hand. This, at the bidding of the man after him, he threw to the water's edge, and came out. As he did so, the white man struck him upon the head with the heavy butt of a whip, and the dogs jumped upon him and began to bite him . . .

COMMENT

By
THE EDITOR

In only one thing have we grounds for belief: the multiple object of our life itself.

When we are forced by a fact (a Boston, a Chicago even—provided we avoid sentimentality) it can save us from inanity, even though we do no more than photograph it.

Eye to eye with some of the figures of our country and epoch, truthfully—avoiding science and philosophy—relying on our well-schooled senses, we can at least begin to pick up the essentials of a meaning.

This primitive and actual America—must sober us. From its revealing aspects of what might be an understanding may be seized for the building of our projects.

There is nothing to help us but ourselves. If we cannot find virtue in the object of our lives, then for us there is none anywhere. We won't solve or discover by using "profound" (and borrowed) symbolism. Reveal the object. By that we touch authentically the profundity of its attachments—if we are able. But able or otherwise there is no other way for us.

But always, at this point, some blank idiot cries out, "Regionalism"! Good God, is there no intelligence left on earth. Shall we never differentiate the regional in letters from the objective immediacy of our hand to mouth, eye to brain existence?

Take verse: Certainly by inversion and cliché, bad observation and pig-headedness, we can somehow make verse look something "like" the classic. Without violence to our language, we cannot imitate those models and have what we do, anything but imitation.

But clinging first to the vernacular, we simply cannot turn out slick, clipped verses today and have them include anything of the breadth, depth, scope that we feel and know to be our lives. It is impossible; no mold has as yet been made to receive that much.

We can only, holding firm to the vernacular, seek that difficult form which cannot be an imitation, but is the new of our imperative requisites.

Writing is our craft calling for unending exertions. It needs an eye, a mind, the clean drive of inspiration—but work, work, work. Language is our concern. In revealing the character of an object, it must adapt itself to the truth of our senses. Cliches must disappear; the simple, profound difficulties of our art then become clear to us. It is to represent what is before us that dead stylisms disappear. Hard down on it—laboring to catch the the structure of the thing, language must be moulded.

By this we are able to learn from the thing itself the ways of its own most profound implications, as all artists, everywhere, must be doing.

No one expects now to go on living after death; blackguards have already traded too long on that to our confounding. Certainly Hart Crane bumped himself off with no thought of improving or marring his condition. Maybe he didn't suicide at all, maybe he was drunk and just rolled off the ship into the sea—unless he has left some record explaining the act and with which I am unfamiliar.

Perhaps he realized that he had done about the best he could do and was satisfied to let it go at that. If his work shapes up well after there has been time to evaluate it, so much the better, if not, so much the worse—not for him, but for others who may be poets and for whom it is important now to make the record of his annihilation.

CONTINUATION OF A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED IN AMERICA SINCE 1900.

Compiled by DAVID MOSS

The Editor is extremely grateful to the many interested persons who so spontaneously responded to his request for corrections, additions, and suggestions.

We hope to conclude the Bibliography in the next issue of CONTACT.

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Started January, 1932.
Still Running.
(Succeeded "Pegasus").
Springfield, Ohio. |
| Editor: Oscar Ameringer.
Started 1931.
Still running.
(Later title: "Oklahoma Weekly Leader").
Oklahoma City, Okla. | ✓ ARGUS, The. A monthly Journal of the Arts. |
| AMERICAN POET. | Editor: Junius Cravens.
Started 1924.
Discontinued 1929.
San Francisco, Calif. |
| Editor: H. S. Morrison.
Started May, 1928.
Discontinued May, 1930. (Issued irregularly).
Irvington, N. J. | ARIEL. The Conscience of Socialism. A Monthly. |
| AMERICAN POETRY MAGAZINE. A monthly. (Irregular). | Editor: George Elmer Littlefield.
Started 1905.
Discontinued 1908.
Westwood, Mass. |
| Editor: Clara Catherine Prince. | |

ARS TYPOGRAPHICA.

Editors: F. W. Goudy, later Douglas McMurtrie.
Started Spring, 1918.
Still running.
(Suspended between 1921 and 1924).

New York, N. Y.
ART. A Monthly Periodical of Art For Those Who Are Fond of Life.

Editor: Howard Vincent O'Brien.
Started October, 1912.
Discontinued February, 1914.
Superseded by The "Trimmed Lamp."
Chicago, Ill.

ARTS, The. A Monthly (Irregular).

Editor: H. E. Field.
Started December, 1920.
Still running as "Arts Weekly".
(Absorbed "Touchstone" June, 1921. Superseded by "Arts Weekly" March, 1932).
New York, N. Y.

BEAN POT, The. A Boston Monthly for Boston Men.

Started January, 1909.
Discontinued September, 1909.
Boston, Mass.

BELLMAN, The. A Weekly.

Editor: William C. Edgar.
Started 1906.
Discontinued 1919.
Minneapolis, Minn.

✓BIBLIO, The. A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to Books.

Editor: Alfred Fowler.

Started 1913.
Discontinued 1915.
(Continuation of "Ex Libris"—
Superseded by "The Miscellany".)
Kansas City, Mo.

BLACK SWAN; The Magazine of Virginia.

Editor: I. B. Campbell.
Started November, 1929.
Still running.
Richmond, Va.

BOHEMIAN, The.

Editor: Ronald Walker Barr and others.
Started December, 1900.
Discontinued December, 1909.
Boston, later Toledo, Ohio.

✓BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO, The.
A Quarterly. (Irregular).

Editor: Gertrude Perry West.
Started November, 1925.
Still running.
(From 1925 to 1926 known as "Poetic Thrills").
Wilmington, N. C.

BRADLEY, HIS BOOK.
A Monthly.

Editor: Will Bradley.
Started May, 1896.
Discontinued February, 1897.
Springfield, Mass.

BRUNO CHAP BOOK MONTHLY.

Editor: Guido Bruno.
Started 1915.
Discontinued 1916.
New York, N. Y.

BUCCANEER, The. A Monthly Journal of Poetry.

Editor: William Russell Clark.
Started September, 1924.
Discontinued December, 1926.
Dallas, Texas.

BUTTERFLY, The. A Quarterly.

Issued by a group of artists who themselves set the type, designed the page and engraved the wood-block.
Editor: Margaret Hunter Scott and others.
Started 1907.
Discontinued 1909.
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY THE WAYSIDE. The Maga-

zine with a Motive. A monthly owned, controlled, written, produced and published entirely by Wayside Shut-Ins. (Produced entirely upon a multigraph machine).

Editor: Harold C. Brown.
Started May, 1927.
Still running.
Charlotte, N. C.

CAPRICE. A National Poetry Art Magazine.

Editors: David H. Grabowsky, Easton Nahum, Yamor Ossoe.
Started October, 1922.
Discontinued May, 1923.
Los Angeles, Calif.

CARTOONS MAGAZINE.

Editor: T. C. O'Donnell.
Started 1912.
Discontinued 1922.
(Later became "Tales and Cartoons Magazine".)
Chicago, Ill.

CASEMENTS. A Magazine of Prose and Poetry. Bi-monthly.

Editor: Leighton Rollins.
Started November, 1923.
Discontinued June, 1924.
Providence, R. I.

CAXTON, The. A Monthly Magazine for Quality Folks.

Editor: Thomas Dreier.
Started October, 1909.
Discontinued July, 1914.
Pittsfield, Mass.

CHAPBOOK. A Miscellany and Review of Belles-Lettres. Issued Semi-Monthly.

Started May, 1894.
Discontinued July, 1898.
Chicago, Ill.

✓CIRCLE, The. A Bi-Monthly Journal of Verse.

Editor: Leacy Naylor Green-Leach.
Started January, 1924.
Still running.
(Suspended between 1925 and 1926).
Baltimore, Md.

✓CLAY. A Quarterly Literary Exhibit.

Editors: Alter Brody, Henry Goodman, Isaac Kloömac, David Liebowitz, James Oppenheim, James Rennel, Lola Ridge.
Started 1923.
Discontinued 1923. (Only four issues).
Brooklyn, N. Y.

COLONADE, The. A Monthly (Irregular).

Started 1913.
Discontinued 1922.
Published by The Andiron Club of
New York.

COMRADE, The. An Illustrated
Socialist Monthly.

Editor: John Spargo.
Started October, 1901.
Discontinued April, 1905.
(Merged in International Socialist
Review).
New York, N. Y.

CONSERVATOR, The.

Editor: Horace Traubel.
Started 1893.
Discontinued 1919.
Philadelphia, Pa.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY. A
Quarterly of Poetry and Dis-
cussion.

Editor: George Henry Kay.
To start, Autumn, 1932.
West Chicago, Ill.

✓ CONTEMPORARY VISION.

Editors: Ralph Cheyney and Lucia
Trent.

Started Winter, 1929.
Still running.
(Merged with Poetry World).
Philadelphia, Pa.

✓ COUNTRY BARD, The. A
Quarterly.

Editor: Clarence Alexander Sharp.
Started 1918.
Still running.
Madison, N. J.

DIAGONAL. An Illus. Monthly

Magazine Devoted to the Ex-
planation of the Rediscovered
Principle of Greek Design.

Editor: Jay Hambidge.
Started November, 1919.
Discontinued October, 1920.
New Haven, Conn.

✓ DUMBOOK, A Monthly.

Editor: David Warren Ryder;
Later: Marie De L. Welch.
Started April, 1925.
(Merged with the San Francisco
Review in 1926).
San Francisco, Calif.

EAST SIDE, The. "T'Whole
Cheese." A Bi-Monthly.

Editor: Zoe Anderson Norris.
Started 1909.
Discontinued 1913.
New York, N. Y.

✓ ECHO, The. Colorado's Mag-
azine of Comment and Art.

Editor: David Raffelock.
Started 1924.
Discontinued 1928.
Denver, Colo.

✓ EMERSON QUARTERLY, The.

Editor: Sands Chipman.
Started 1923.
Still running.
Boston, Mass.

EXPERIMENT.

Editors: J. Bronowski and Hugh
Sykes.
Started 1928.
Still running.
Cambridge, England.

✓ FIFTH FLOOR WINDOW.

Editors: H. R. Hays, Harvey H.
Foster, Marianne Parkes.
Started April 1930.
Still running.

(Three issues have already ap-
peared No. 1 and 2 mimeo-
graphed, Hartford; No. 3 in
printed form.)
New York, N. Y.

FORM. A Quarterly (Irregular).

Editors: Austin O. Spare, W. H.
Davies, Francis Marsden.
Started 1916.
Discontinued 1921.
London, England.

FRA, The. A Journal of Affirma-
tion.

Editor: Elbert Hubbard.
Started April 1908.
Discontinued March 1917.
(Suspended between Nov. 1916
and March 1917. Superseded by
The Rôycraft).
East Aurora, N. Y.

✓ FREE VERSE. A Contemporary
Gesture. A Quarterly.

Editors: Gremin Zorn and William
S. Goldman.
Started 1927.
Discontinued 1928.
Jamaica, N. Y.

GARGOYLE.

Editor: Arthur Moss.
Started 1921.
Discontinued 1921.
Paris, France.

✓ "GENTLY BROTHER." A
Monthly.

Editors: Lloyd S. Thompson and
Chester W. Vonier.
Started March, 1924.
Suspended April, 1924.
San Francisco, Calif.

✓ GOLDEN QUILL, The. A Quart-
erly Magazine of Verse.

Editor: Carroll D. Coleman.
Started Summer, 1925.
Discontinued Summer, 1926.
Muscatine, Iowa.

✓ GOLUBIAN, The. A Monthly.

Editor: Harold J. Golub.
Started June, 1931.
Still running.
Bayonne, N. J.

✓ GOOD MORNING. A Weekly
(Irregular).

Editor: Art Young.
Started May, 1919.
Discontinued October, 1921.
Superseded by "Art Young Quart-
erly."
New York, N. Y.

GREENWICH VILLAGE SPEC-
TATOR, The. A Monthly.

Editor: Roderic C. Penfield.
Started April, 1917.
Discontinued June, 1918.
(From May to November 1917
title was "The Spectator").
New York, N. Y.

GUILD PIONEER, The.

✓ Editors: David P. Berenberg, Ione
M. Sweet, Lucy C. Clelland, and
others.
Started May 1923.
Discontinued September 1923.
New York, N. Y.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS QUARTERLY.

Editor: E. Haldeman Julius.
Started 1926.
Discontinued 1929.
(Absorbed by "The Debunker"
and The "American Parade").
Girard, Kansas.

HANDICRAFT. A Monthly.

Editor: Frederick Allen Whiting.
Started 1902.
Discontinued 1904.
Montague, Mass.

✓ HARLEQUINADE. A Semi-Monthly. (Mimeographed).

Editor: F. A. Finberg.
Started October, 1929.
Still running.
Abilene, Texas.

✓ HARP, The. A Bi-Monthly Poetry Magazine (Irregular).

Editors: I. H. Newman; later M. W. Hard.
Started May, 1925.
Still running.
Belpre, Kan.

✓ HUE AND CRY. An Annual Magazine.

Editor: Frank Schoonmaker.
Started, 1925.
Discontinued, 1926.
Woodstock, N. Y.

✓ JACKASS.

Editor: D. M. Bushby.
Started January, 1928.
(Superseded by "Palo Verde" after second issue).
Scottsdale, Ariz.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN POETRY, The. A Quarterly.

Editor: Wallace Stephen.
Started Spring, 1927.
Discontinued Winter, 1929.
Charlotte, N. C.

✓ JUSTICE. The New USA Teacher. A Monthly.

Editor: Charles L. Robinson.
Started November, 1922.
Discontinued April, 1923.
New York, N. Y.

LANTERN, The. A Monthly.

Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Edward F. O'Day.
Started March, 1915.
Discontinued March, 1918.
San Francisco, Calif.

LANTERN, The. Official Organ of the American Literary League.

Editor: C. B. McAllister.
Started, 1926.
Discontinued, 1929.
(Issued irregularly).
Brooklyn, N. Y.

✓ LANTERN, The.

Editor: C. J. Kirch.
Started March, 1913.
Discontinued October, 1913.
Chicago, Ill.

LARK, The. "Who'll be the clerk?"

"I" said the lark.
Editor: Gelett Burgess.
Started May, 1895.
Discontinued May, 1897.
San Francisco, Calif.

LEONARDO: Annual Magazine.

Started October, 1914.
Discontinued October, 1917.
Editors: Onorjio Ruotolo and F. V. Roman.
Started, 1924.
Discontinued, 1925.
New York, N. Y.

LOTUS, The.

Editor: Bret Harte.
Started June, 1896.
Discontinued December, 1896.
Kansas City, Mo.

✓ LYRIC, The. A Monthly.

Editor: Leigh Hanes.
Started November, 1922.
Still running.
Norfolk, Va.

✓ McNAUGHT'S MONTHLY. An Independent Review.

Editor: V. V. McNitt.
Started January, 1924.
Discontinued August, 1927.
New York and Cleveland.

✓ MANUSCRIPTS. A Magazine for and from the Universities.

Editor: Peter Monro Jacks.
Started, 1929.
Discontinued, 1929.
Indianapolis, Ind.

MEDIATOR. A Monthly Magazine of Industrial Economy.

Editors: J. K. Turner and Newton A. Fuessle; later S. A. Titus.
Started 1909.
Discontinued 1918.
Cleveland, Ohio.

✓ MIDWEST. A Periodical of God's Country. (Issued Irregularly).

Editor: Will M. Maupin.

Started October, 1914.
Discontinued October, 1917.
(Continuation of "Will Maupin's Weekly." First issue appeared as "God's Country").
Lincoln, Nebraska.

✓ MILESTONES. A Monthly.

Editor: W. K. Towers.
Started June, 1917.
Discontinued June, 1918.
Akron, Ohio.

✓ MODERNIST, The. A Monthly Magazine of Modern Arts and Letters.

Editor: James Waldo Fawcett.
Started November, 1919.
Discontinued November, 1920.
New York, N. Y.

MOODS. A Monthly Magazine of Personality.

Editors: J. H. Donahue, B. Russell Herts, Edward Goodman, Garibaldi M. Lilla.
Started November, 1901.
Discontinued January, 1910.
(Merged with "International").
New York, N. Y.

MOTHER EARTH.

Editor: Emma Goldman.
Started March, 1906.
Discontinued August, 1918.
(Called "Mother Earth Bulletin." Oct., 1917-April, 1918).
New York, N. Y.

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY.

Historical Review of New England Life and Letters.
Editors: Stewart Mitchell, Samuel E. Morison, Arthur M. Schlesin-

- ger, Stanley T. Williams, Kenneth B. Murdock, Frederic I. Carpenter.
Started 1929.
Still running.
Portland, Maine.
- ✓NEW FORCE, The. A Monthly Magazine of Proletarian Art, Literature, and Current Events.
Editor: Robert Maun.
Started 1932.
Still running.
Detroit, Mich.
- ✓NEW JUSTICE, The. A Radical Magazine.
Editor: R. R. Bronson.
Started February, 1919.
Discontinued January, 1920.
Los Angeles, Calif.
- NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, The. Editorial Committee of Univ. of New Mexico.
Started February, 1931.
Still running.
Albuquerque, N. M.
- NEW ORIENT, The.
Editor: S. Hosein.
Started February, 1923.
Discontinued January, 1927.
(Began as "The Orient," Suspended from Dec., 1923 to Apr., 1924).
New York, N. Y.
- NEW STUDENT, The.
Editor: Norman Studer.
Started April, 1922.
Discontinued June, 1929.
(Absorbed Inter-Collegiate World Nov., 1926).
New York, N. Y.
- OPEN ROAD, The. "Not Everybody's Magazine."
Editor: Bruce Calvert.
Started 1908.
Still running.
Mountain View, N. J.
- ✓OPEN VISTAS.
Editors: Hippolyte Havel and Joseph Ishill.
Started 1925.
Discontinued 1925.
Berkeley Heights, N. J.
- OPPORTUNITY. A Monthly Journal of Negro Life.
Editor: Charles S. Johnson.
Started Jan. 1923.
Still running.
New York, N. Y.
- ✓ORACLE The. A Magazine for the Lovers of Literature and Literary Workers. A Quarterly (Irregular).
Editor: W. A. Broder.
Started 1925.
Discontinued 1928.
(Absorbed by "Bozart and Contemporary Verse").
New York, N. Y.
- ORIENT. An International Magazine of Art and Culture. Bimonthly.
Editor: Hari G. Govil.
Started 1923.
Still running.
New York City.
- ✓OUTLANDER, The. A Quarterly Review.
Editor: H. H. Lewis.

- Started 1927 (one issue only).
Cape Girardeau, Mo.
- ✓OUTSIDERS. A Semi-Annual.
Editorial Board: Ruth Heller, Edna Rosenmond, Rosaline Rosenwasser, Phyllis Barthman, Gerard D. Heller.
Started May, 1928.
Discontinued May, 1929.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
- PAGE (The). A Quarterly.
Editor: Edward Gordon Craig.
Started 1899.
Discontinued 1901.
Hackbridge, England.
- ✓PALO VERDE. Southwestern Poetry Magazine.
Editor: D. M. Bushby.
Started January, 1928.
Discontinued May, 1928.
(The first 2 issues were called "Jackass").
Scottsdale, Ariz.
- ✓PAN, POETRY and YOUTH. A Monthly.
Editors: Messrs. Phillips and McGuire.
Started June, 1925.
Discontinued April, 1926.
Notre Dame, Ind.
- ✓PASQUE PÉTALS. A Monthly Magazine of Verse, Devoted to South Carolina Writers & Readers.
Editors: J. C. Lundberg and R. G. Ruste.
Started May, 1926.
Still running.
Aberdeen, South Dakota.
- PEGASUS. A Quarterly Magazine of Verse.
Editor: N. F. Whitaker.
Started October, 1923.
Discontinued January, 1932.
(Succeeded by "Animal's Helper")
Springfield, Ohio.
- PENIEL.
Editor: Alice Riggs Hunt.
Started 1920.
Still running.
Hawthorne, N. Y.
- ✓PERSONALIST, The. A Quarterly.
Editor: Ralph Tyler Flewelling.
Started 1931.
Still running.
Los Angeles, Calif.
- PLATINUM PRINT.
Editor: Edward R. Dixon.
Started October, 1913.
Discontinued October, 1917.
(From October 1913 to May 1916 called *Platinum Print*; from May to October, 1917 known as *Photo-graphic Art.*)
New York, N. Y.
- PLAYBOOK, The. A Magazine of the Drama.
Editor: Thomas Dickinson.
Started 1913.
Discontinued 1915.
Madison, Wis.
- ✓PLOWSHARE. A Monthly Magazine of Literature, Arts and Life, Evolving in Woodstock.
Editor: Harvey White.
Started 1912.
Discontinued 1920.
(Later known as "Wild Hawk").
Woodstock, N. Y.

- POET, The. A Monthly. Still running.
 Editor: M. M. Conlon. New York, N. Y.
 Started July, 1930.
 Discontinued April, 1931.
 (Name changed to "Popular Poetry" in December, 1930).
 Cincinnati, Ohio.
- POET AND THE CRITIC. A Monthly. A
 Editor: Alan Pater. Still running.
 Started May, 1930. New York City.
- POET LORE. A Quarterly Magazine of Letters.
 Editors: C. Porter and H. A. Clarke.
 Started 1889.
 Still running.
 (Known from January to March 1923 as the "American Quarterly").
 Boston, Mass.
- POETRY FOLIO. A Bi-Monthly (Irregular).
 Editors: Stanley Burshaw and Milton Kovner.
 Started March, 1926.
 Discontinued June, 1929.
 Pittsburgh, Pa.
- POETS' FORUM. A Monthly.
 Editor: E. A. Townsend.
 Started January, 1930.
 Still running.
 Howe, Okla.
- POETS MAGAZINE. A Quarterly.
 Editor: George A. Sakele.
 Started November, 1929.
- ✓QUARTERLY NOTEBOOK, The. A Literary Periodical.
 Editor: Alfred Fowler.
 Started June, 1916.
 Discontinued April, 1917.
 Kansas City, Mo.
- ✓RAINBOW. Drama, Literature, Music, Art. A Monthly.
 Editors: Boris de Tanko and Horace Brodsky.
 Started 1920.
 Discontinued 1921.
 (Ran only 3 issues).
 New York, N. Y.
- RAVEN, The. A Monthly.
 Editor: Theodore Lowe.
 Started 1899.
 Discontinued 1906.
 Oakland, Calif.
- ✓RAY. A Miscellany of Art, Poetry and Ideas.
 Editor: Sydney Hunt.
 Started 1927.
 Discontinued 1927.
 (Ran only 3 issues).
 London, England.
- REBEL, The. Weekly Organ of the Land League of America.
 Started 1914.
 Discontinued 1917.
 (Suppressed by P. O. Dept).
 Hallettsville, Texas.
- REBEL POET, The. Official Organ of Rebel Poets, The Internationale of Song.

- Editor: Jack Conroy.
 Started 1931.
 Still running.
 Holt, Minn.
- REVOLUTIONARY AGE, The. A Chronicle and Interpretation of International Events. A Weekly.
 Editors: Louis C. Fraina and Eadmonn MacAlpine.
 Started 1918.
 Discontinued 1919.
 (Issued Irregularly.
 Absorbed The "New York Communist").
 Boston, Mass.
- REVOLUTIONARY ALMANAC, The.
 Editor: Hippolyte Havel.
 Started 1913.
 Discontinued 1914.
 New York, N. Y.
- ROON — A Modern Chapbook of Verse. (Issued Periodically).
 Editor: Ruth Mautz.
 Started 1929.
 Discontinued 1931. (Only 3 issues appeared, the first called "Carillon".)
 Stanford University, Calif.
- ROYCROFT. A Monthly.
 Editor: Elbert Hubbard.
 Started September, 1917.
 Discontinued March, 1926.
 (Successor to the "Fra". Superseded by "Roycroft").
 East Aurora, N. Y.
- ROYCROFTER. A Bi-Monthly (Irregular).
 Editors: Elbert Hubbard and Felix Shay.
 Started June, 1926.
 Still running.
 (Supersedes "Roycroft").
 East Aurora, N. Y.
- RUSSIAN REVIEW, The. A Magazine devoted to Russian Life, Literature and Art.
 Editors: L. Pasvolsky, L. S. Friedland, M. Villchur.
 Started February, 1916.
 Discontinued April, 1918.
 New York, N. Y.
- SATURDAY EVENING QUILL, Being the Annual of the Saturday Evening Club of Boston. A Negro Publication.
 Editor: Eugene Gordon.
 Started 1928.
 Discontinued 1930.
 Boston, Mass.
- SAXBYS MAGAZINE. A Monthly.
 Editor: Howard Saxby.
 Started 1892.
 Discontinued 1924.
 Cincinnati, Ohio.
- SCEPTER, The. The Arbiter of Rhyme.
 Editor: William Sawyer.
 Started March, 1929.
 Absorbed by "Contemporary Vision" October, 1929.
 (March and April issues appeared monthly. May to October issues, bi-monthly).
 Franklin, Tenn.

SEWANEE REVIEW.

Editor: Wm. S. Knickerbocker.
Started 1892.
Still running.
Sewanee, Tenn.

SMART SET, The. A Monthly Magazine of Cleverness.

Editors: H. L. Mencken and Geo. Jean Nathan and others.
Started March, 1900.
Discontinued July, 1930.
(Absorbed "McClures" June, '29).
New York, N. Y.

✓ SOIL, The. A Monthly Magazine of Art.

Art Editor: R. J. Coady.
Literary Editor: Enriquet Cross.
Started 1916.
Discontinued 1917.
New York, N. Y.

SONNET SEQUENCES. A Monthly.

Editor: Murray L. Marshall.
Started June, 1928.
Still running.
Landover, Md.

SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY.

Editors: John Spencer Bassett.
Started 1902.
Still running.
Durham N. C.

SPIDER, The. An American College Radical Monthly.

Editors: David K. Webb, Hugh Hanley, Jack Conroy.
Started 1927.
Suspended 1928.
Columbus, Ohio.

STAR DUST. A Journal of Poetry.

Editors: Edith Mirick and John Lee Higgins.
Started Autumn 1929.
Still running.
(Three issues per year).
Washington, D. C.

✓ STRATFORD JOURNAL. A Monthly Forum of Contemporary International Thought.

Editors: William S. Braithwaite, Henry T. Schnittkind, Isaac Goldberg.
Started: Autumn 1916.
Discontinued January 1925.
(New Series ran 1924 to 1925.
From 1916 to 1920 called "Stratford Monthly.")
Boston, Mass.

TALMUD, The. A Monthly Journal of Jewish Thought.

Editor: Harold Berman.
Started 1921.
Discontinued 1923.
Boston, Mass.

TEXAS REVIEW, The. A Quarterly.

Editor: Stark Young.
Started June, 1915.
Became "Southwest Review" on Oct. 1924.
Austin, Texas.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE.

Managing Editor: Edith J. R. Isaacs.
Started November, 1916.
Still running.
(Originally issued as a quarterly; became a monthly with the January 1924 number).
New York, N. Y.

✓ TOUCHSTONE.

Editor: Mary Fanton Roberts.
Started May, 1917.
Absorbed by the "Arts Magazine," Feb. 1921.
New York, N. Y.

TO-MORROW; For People Who Think. A Monthly.

Editor: Parker H. Sercombe.
Started 1907.
Discontinued 1908.
Chicago, Ill.

TREND, The. A Monthly.

Editor: "Atlas."
Started October, 1911.
Discontinued February, 1915.
New York, N. Y.

✓ TREND. A Quarterly of the Seven Arts.

Editors: Harrison Kerr, Jeanne McHugh, Samuel Loveman, Edward G. Perry.
Started March, 1932.
Still running.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

✓ TRIMMED LAMP, The.

Editor: Howard Vincent O'Brien.
Started March, 1914.
Discontinued June, 1916.
(Superseded "Art" merged with "the Dial" June, 1916).
Chicago, Ill.

TROUBADOUR. A Monthly Magazine of Verse. (Issued Irregularly).

Editor: Whitley Gray.
Started June, 1928.
Still running.
San Diego, Calif.

TWILIGHT. The Woman's National Poetry Forum. A Bi-monthly.

Editor: P. Heffner.
Started 1930.
Still running.
Edmond, Okla.

UNPARTISAN REVIEW.

Editor: Henry Holt.
Started January, 1914. Discontinued March, 1921.
(From January 1914 to June 1919 known as "The Unpopular Review").
New York, N. Y.

UNREST. The Rebel Poets' Anthology. Issued annually.

Editors: Ralph Cheyney and Jack Conroy.
Started 1930.
Still running.
(1930 issue appeared in Columbus, O., 1931 in London, England.)

VALLEY MAGAZINE, The.

Editor: Marion Reedy.
Started August, 1902.
Discontinued April, 1907.
St. Louis, Mo.

✓ VERSE. A Quarterly Review.

Editor: Mr. Tod.
Started 1925.
Discontinued 1926.
Philadelphia, Pa.

VERSE AND WERSE. A Monthly.

Editor C. A. Smack.
Started November, 1923.
Discontinued March, 1924.
Seabright, N. J.

- VOICE OF FREEDOM. A Monthly Publication for the Growth of all Phases of Life.
Started 1909.
Discontinued 1916.
San Francisco, Calif.
- WILDERER, The. A Monthly. Editors: Echel Turner and Will Aberly.
Started June, 1923.
Still running.
San Francisco, Calif.
- WESTERN RUSTLER, The. A Friendly Corral of Youthful Verse and Prose. A Monthly.
Editor: Basil W. Koob.
Started September 1929.
Suspended December 1929.
La Farge, Wis.
- WESTWARD. A Quarterly Magazine of Verse.
Editor: Florence R. Keene.
Started August, 1927.
Still running.
San Francisco, Calif.
- WHIM, The. A Periodical Without a Tendency.
Editors: Benedict Prieth and Ernest Crosby.
Started February, 1901.
Discontinued January, 1905.
Newark, N. J.
- WHIRL, The. A Monthly Review.
Editor: Richard Miller.
Started 1928 (one issue only).
Santa Fe, N. Mex.
- WILD ROSE, The.
Editor: Samuel Loveman.
Started 1904.
Discontinued 1904.
(Ran only 2 issues).
Cleveland, Ohio.
- WILL-O-THE-WISP, The. A Bi-Monthly Magazine of Verse.
Editor: Elkanah East Taylor.
Started May, 1926.
Still running.
Suffolk, Va.
- WILL O' THE WISP. A Quarterly Magazine for Intelligent Youth.
Editors: J. Gunnar Back, and C. Hjalmar Nelson.
Started 1927.
Discontinued 1928.
Madison, Wis.
- WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, A Monthly.
Editor: Henry Gaylord Wilshire.
Started 1900.
Discontinued 1915.
(Nos. 1-40 called the "Challenge").
New York and other places.
- WRITER, The. A Monthly Magazine for Literary Workers.
Editor: W. D. Kennedy and others.
Started 1887.
Still running.
Boston, Mass.
- YOUNG WORKERS, The. A Magazine for the Militant Young Workers of America.
Editor: Max Shachman.
Started 1922.
Still running.
February 1922 issue called "Youth"
Chicago, Ill.

Contributors

NATHAN ASCH is the son of a famous writer; he has had three books published: "Office," "Pay Day," and "Love in Chartres."

NATHANAEL WEST. The two chapters appearing in this issue, as well as the chapter in "Contact" No. 1, are parts of a novel on which Mr. West is working at present. Another chapter has appeared in "Contempo."

MARSDEN HARTLEY is one of the best known American painters. His poetry has appeared in many magazines.

ERSKINE CALDWELL is the author of "American Earth," a volume of short stories, and "Tobacco Road," a novel.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Two new books by Dr. Williams have recently appeared: "The Knife of the Times" (short stories), and "January, a novelette."

ROBERT McALMON. "Mexican Interval" is an excerpt from a novelette, other parts of which will be printed in future issues of Contact.

JULIAN L. SHAPIRO is almost finished with a book to be called "Adirondack Novel." His work has appeared in "Tambour," "The New Review," and "Pagany."

EVAN SHIPMAN has been printed in "Transition." He is now in France.

CHARLES K. O'NEILL is at present living in Majorca.

EUGENE JOFFE is a very young writer who resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAUL EATON REEVE has written much poetry. He is a New Yorker.

DAVID C. DEJONG was born in Holland and is at present living in Michigan. His work has appeared in "Scribners" and "Hound & Horn."

NANCY CUNARD is the director of the Hours Press, Paris. Her work has lately been published in "The New Review." At present she is visiting in America.

CHARLES REZNIKOFF. The excerpts printed in this issue are, in the main, from law reports and actual trial records. Charles Sheeler did the reproductions printed with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They come from an old American volume on Rhetoric.

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THE LONG ROAD Murray Godwin
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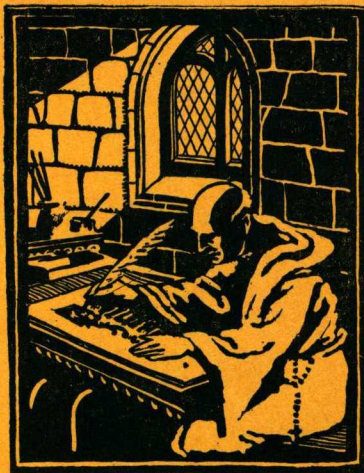
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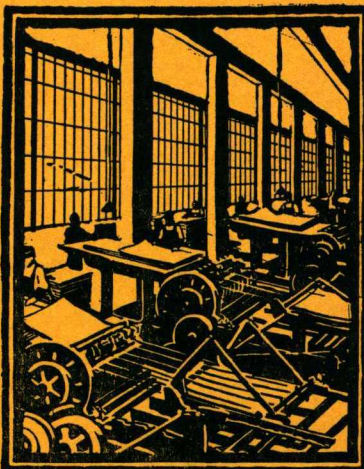
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A Painter Tries to Articulate

By

HILAIRE HILER

A friend of mine, a sculptor who executes his own designs in granite, says that the graphic and plastic arts today are like a hospital for nervous disorders in which the wards are occupied by neurotics; people with an incurable laziness, mentally deranged theorists, and in fact every sort of person who is unable to face the stern realities of life and thus forced to turn toward the dangerous terrain of the land called neurotica to pass a miserable, inhibited and futilely sterile existence.

These are the people who are supposed to provide the ideals for the human race, and if the allegation of the opening paragraph be true, what an implication it makes in relation to our post-war civilization. Certainly there are more people engaged today in so-called artistic activities than ever were before; possibly partially because of surplus leisure created by the machine, but also because the tenets of modernism have made craftsmanship no longer a necessary prerequisite to their practice.

When such authorities as Flinders Petrie and Spengler classify the artifacts of the last century as being without exception archaic, the importance of the modern movement from whatever viewpoint it is approached cannot be overlooked. Its success or failure may well contain the moral factor upon which the continuity of human institutions in their present form depends.

The ever increasing interest taken by the man on the street in modernism is well demonstrated by such facts that an exhibition held in New York in 1930 in the com-

For Bill Bird

By

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

I

It was getting kinda late. We'd been talking cars. I wanted them to come in on a new model we had just unloaded. He seemed interested but she wouldn't let him buy it. So I kept talking, stalling along hoping for a break.

Pretty soon I hears a car pull up in front of the house and stop. I thought someone was coming in. I waited a while then I ast them if they'd heard it too.

Oh, yes, she says, that's our daughter coming home from the movies.

That was all right but after another half hour and nobody comin in I spoke up again. I guess you were wrong, I says, about that being your daughter.

No, she says, she usually sits out there with her boy friend for a while before coming in. I suppose she sees the light and knows we're up.

A little after twelve o'clock the car starts up and I could hear it fade out down the street. Then someone comes runnin up the front steps. The door flings open and in comes the girl. A peach, take it from me. As soon as she sees me she stops and stands there swinging her panties around on the finger tips of her left hand.

Hello folks, she says then, and lets her underwear go onto a couch. How's everybody?

Evelyn! says her mother, I hope you're not going to bring disgrace and scandal into this house.

Oh don't worry, Mother, she says, we're careful.

FOR BILL BIRD

23

II

Gee! they'd kill me if they knew I was telling you this. You know her, don't you? Marion Emmet. Tall, good looking. You'd never think it of her. She has a wonderful figure. They come around to my brother-in-law's house to play bridge. I've been there myself. She goes into the front room and closes the door. The men go in to her one at a time.

You mean their wives are there and let their husbands do it?

Sure. After about twenty minutes one of them comes out and says, Next! and sits down and starts to play again. One after the other. Then in about an hour she comes out and plays too. Can you imagine it?

III

Everybody knows about it in school now. But he was worried, let me tell you. But it wasn't the first time for her, take it from me. I don't see how they could be so cool about it if it was — her parents I mean. They didn't want him to pay a nickel. Only her father said if anything happened to her he was going to send him up for it. But they just wanted to keep it quiet. You'd think she'd have told them months before. But they're Christian Scientists and at first the old man said, It'll be all right. God will take care of it. Yea? I said. But you better go to the midwife first. And she did. Then that damned Pollock had the nerve to tell me she'd never been to her. Can you imagine anyone lying like that? I suppose she was scared I'd be a witness against her if anything happened.

After about the second month they wanted to find out if she was that way. He had a young doctor friend in the city who told him about some test with rabbits. If she was, the rabbit would show it when you cut it open. He said if you got some of her urine and injected it into the rabbit's ear you could tell.

That's right, I said.

Well, they tried it and — you know they have to wait forty-eight hours and then kill the rabbit and examine it. Well, the first time the rabbit died next day. Then they tried it three times more and it killed all three of them. When he was telling me this he was so serious about it I got to laughing so they wanted to throw me out of the house. All the rabbits died before the time was up. So they quit trying any more.

Strong stuff, I said.

You said it. Such a lot of excitement about nothing. The Gym teacher in the High School, when she heard of it, told the mother not to worry. She said she'd have taken her to some doctor in New York. She said she'd taken lots of girls there when they needed it.

That's service, I said. One of the teachers, huh?

IV

Yes, he's a good doctor, but I don't like him. They say he's dead now, such a young man. But he didn't do the right things.

She was having pains only five hours. That's nothing. With my babies — in the old country — I was three days sometimes. But she don't know nothing about it. Only five hours — and nothing at all. Just little pains. It was just beginning.

But he said the baby was dead, something like that. He said the baby's heart was getting weaker so he had to take it.

It was New Year's Eve, that was why. He wanted to go out to have a good time. They was waiting for him. I could hear them talking, inside.

So he cut her open and he took the baby. There was nothing the matter with it. And half an hour later he was dressed up in his clothes to go out. In half an hour!

She could have gone till next day — easily. But he

wanted to make the extra money and to go sporting. That's all he thought of.

V

What a racket *that* was! They had an old place out along the River Road they'd turned into a road house. They fixed it up quite a bit, of course, had a restaurant and all that — and some pretty good booze they tell me.

Well, what that son of a gun did was to sell the suckers a week-end for two hundred and fifty dollars. And he got 'em too: a room, a girl, booze, meals — everything. And he'd guarantee the Janes O. K. to start with and take care of them afterward if anything happened.

He did business there for about a year and half before they got to him. Used to bank a thousand dollars a day at one time, I'm told.

VI

In this case the offending woman, or the most offending, was a certain Black Bess. She was a former night club prancer and real dark skinned. The man fell for her strong. He'd been running with her a long time before the wife found it out and continued to do so a long time after she'd forbidden him to see her.

He seemed to struggle hard to keep away from her but sooner or later he'd drive over in his Chevrolet and drop into the old hangout on National Boulevard. Or else it would be she who'd come to see him at his home when the wife was working. He was a fine, big specimen and couldn't seem to resist her.

The two women fought over him time and time again, real knock-down battles whenever they would meet. And that was all he needed to keep him set up. They would roll on the floor, clawing and swinging their fists, kicking, biting till both were exhausted when Black Bess would go home or the wife would leave her where she lay. But that didn't stop the carryings on.

Then one day Carrie, the wife, had an idea. She asked her madam if she could use her typewriter. On it she spelled out a letter, a letter to the Police from "a friend," telling about the house Black Bess lived in and giving full information about her husband's actions. She asked the police if they weren't interested in keeping the town clean and gave them this hint on how to do it.

But they'll know it was you who wrote the letter, said my friend to her. How they going to know that? asked the woman, I didn't sign my name.

An amazing thing is that the police acted. The very next day the husband came home earlier than usual and mad clean through. What kind of a town is this, he said, when a man can't park his car on the street where he wants to?

The police told him that if they found his car parked within two blocks of the house that had been mentioned in the letter they'd run him in. And they told Black Bess to move on. She left town the same day, for how long—I don't know.

That night the wife had it out with her husband once more, beating him up with all her strength. What do you suppose I hit him with? she asked my friend proudly. Why I don't know, said the latter. A base-ball bat. I hit him right over the shoulder.

Then there was an Italian girl in Newark the man got to going with, but the wife cut that short quick. She made him drive her right to the house, and in she went. In there she gave that girl a terrific beating, then came out and made the man drive her home. And of course that's just what keeps him where he wants to be. That's a *wife* and he's a *man*, to have the women battling over him in that way.

VII

The place was overrun with cats, we couldn't get rid of them. For a hospital, that was bad. We did everything except poison them. We were afraid of that from there being so many children around.

Those cats would climb the dumb-waiter ropes at night. That was the worst. In search of food I suppose. If it hadn't been such a poor district they mightn't, perhaps, have been so starved. And what cats! They were the ugliest, most vicious brutes I ever saw. It was no cinch to get your hands on them even after you had them cornered in a room with doors and windows closed. They went wild, ran, sprang, yowled awfully. And then fought to the end when with heavy gloves on we finally did get hold of them.

There was a standing bounty of twenty-five cents a tail on them. Some of us internes, when we had time and they were at their worst, would stage a hunt, late at night when the halls would be deserted. Once in a while we'd catch one of them and carry it into the pharmacy. There we'd soak a wad of cotton with chloroform and shove cat and cotton suddenly under the glass microscope bell. Some job with a fighting cat, that, too.

For a moment the thing would turn slowly around in that narrow space, almost filling it. Then, scenting the chloroform strongly, a sudden convulsion would seize it. Round and round it would spin in that terrible death chamber in an incredible agony of motion. Then die. We were awestruck and fascinated by the scene.

But Olaf, the engineer, the most powerfully muscled piece of old sailor-flesh I have ever encountered, looked at the cats merely as an accessory source of revenue. While we dreaded to hurt the animals and only through an excess of feeling proved so cruel to them, Olaf, when he could catch one of the vermin, would clutch it in his enormous paws—tear him as it might—and avulse its tail (in order to claim the bounty) tossing the rest of the creature into the red hot furnace. He did it with the composure of a man filling and lighting a pipe.

An odd, sluggish creature Olaf. He would come to us and say. I want some alcol to rub on my shoulder. Sometimes we'd give him wood alcohol, just for fun. He drank

it just the same and as far as we could tell it never did him any harm. He may have diluted it in some way. I don't know.

VIII

From early in the afternoon you could see her sitting there with her back to the window where there was a good light. She looked almost caucasian but her hair was short and had been, I suppose, kinky. We watched the proceeding, as we went back and forth about the hospital, hour after hour.

A man was working over her. He had started at the hair line at the back of the neck and was slowly constructing a head of long, wavy brown hair over the woman's cranium.

It was done by tying wisps of the final coiffure, one at a time, to the stubs of the original wool. Hour after hour the man worked at it with brief periods of rest slowly building up his creation. It was a beautiful thing.

IX

Up in the San Juan Hill district — 61st and 10th Ave. It happened just after supper. Yells. Shouts. People running all along the north wall of the hospital.

After a minute or two there were a couple of pistol shots and almost instantly the police patrol came clanging up 10th Ave. We all ran to the windows — naturally. But before we could see anything the emergency bell rang in the basement and I had to go.

They brought in a woman, terribly beaten up. The nurses started to undress her and then I heard a yell and out they came, both of them — half scared, half laughing.

What's up? I said.

Go on in and see, one of them told me.

There was the patient half undressed, lying on the table — almost if not quite unconscious. I looked and saw that when the girls had started to remove the underclothing they found — a young man, perfectly developed. But he had,

wound around his waist and between his thighs, an inflated rubber replica of a woman's parts.

His game had been to take men on after dark, in a doorway or anywhere like that, for two bits — but one of them had been too wise for him.

X

It was an easy going sort of place, the women would come in often during the fifth month — since they had nowhere else to go — and work for their keep. Of course there wasn't enough work for all of them — so a lot would be just hanging around in their loose wrappers. Colored or white, we made no distinctions. Miss Emerald used to say we ought to hang out a sign: Babies fresh every hour, any color desired. And a hundred percent illegitimate, she would add laughing.

The most paralyzing sight I ever saw — to me as a young man that is — was one night when I was called up to the dormitory floor — to see three of them — well advanced in their pregnancy — lying in a heap on the stone floor of the corridor.

At first I didn't know what to make of it. They were sprawled on top of each other almost motionless and Miss Emerald — who wasn't afraid of anything that wore skirts or pants — crouching over one of them. Help me, she yelled as soon as she saw me come in.

It was a fight. Not a sound. They were locked there, their hands twisted in each others' hair and now and then one would drench free and try to kick or punch the other in the stomach.

I was afraid of hurting them. So try as I would all I could do was to drag the whole mass of them three feet or so over the polished paving. Until Miss Emerald went for the ether and then they let go. One after the other. Still without a word.

Two of them had set upon a new comer. All apparently,

as I heard, having been impregnated by the same man at that time popular in the quarter.

XI

Everyone was afraid of the little bitch. She couldn't have been more than six, a solidly built little female, who screamed, bit, fought and ran for the exits as soon as the agent deposited her on the main floor corridor. The whole staff was instantly disorganized. They couldn't get rid of her — we had to keep her by law. And we couldn't take her into the ward until she had been quieted. They were afraid she'd crash her brains out against the walls so violently did she fling herself in all directions when the nurses tried to take hold of her. When I arrived the special policeman had her in his lap with both arms around her while she was trying to twist herself around to get her teeth into his face.

I told him to carry her into my office and turn her loose. I followed him, blocked her first rush, and locked the door after him as he went out. Then I sat down at my desk and pretended to read.

She took one look at me then made a rush and sank her teeth into my thigh. I pushed her away, put a blanket over my legs and sat down. She made another rush, we fought over the blanket for a moment then she stood back a few inches and kicked me repeatedly in the shins with all her strength. I found it didn't hurt over much so I let her do it talking to her meanwhile and telling her to be a good girl I wasn't going to hurt her and that she couldn't hurt me.

As I leaned over she made a quick stab at me and aiming at my eyes succeeded in striking me in the face. I wanted to annihilate her for an instant — but stopped short as she turned and dragged practically everything I had on the desk to the floor in a few lightning strokes.

Then she flung herself to the floor screaming at the top of her lungs and proceeded to crash her head against the

stone pavement. Good, I said. Harder. See how hard you can hit it. She did it again and again, with all her strength. The thud was unpleasant to hear.

This sort of thing kept on for over an hour or until finally, losing patience, I did pick her up, lay her across my knee, take down her pants and fan her a few times with plenty of steam behind it. Nothing doing. She ran around the room as if she were crazy, knocking into the furniture, falling, getting up — screaming in series of shrieks — until I became a little frightened. I was afraid, it being a public institution, that some damned fool would bring a complaint against me and have me before the Board. She seemed at that moment completely out of her mind.

I couldn't sit there all the afternoon either. I thought I was licked sure. Thought I'd better open the door after all and forget it. And I was getting tired, to say nothing of my sore shins that she kicked until she was leg weary from doing it.

In the drawer were some crackers we kept there for light lunch now and then when we were busy. I took out a few and began to chew them. The child quit her tantrums, came over to me and held out her hand. I gave her a cracker which she ate. Then she stood and looked at me. I reached over and lifted her unresisting into my lap. After eating two more crackers she cuddled down there and in two minutes was asleep. I hugged her to myself with the greatest feeling of contentment — happiness — imaginable. I kissed her hot little head and decided nobody was going to disturb her. I sat there and let her sleep.

The amazing thing was that after another half-hour — two hours in all — when I carried her still sleeping to the door, unlocked it and let the others in — she wakened and would let no one else touch her. She clung to me, perfectly docile. To the rest she was the same hell cat as before. But when I spoke severely to her in the end she went with one of the nurses as I commanded.

XII

He had the disturbing figure — when stripped down for inspection — of a man whose skeleton was too big for him — and who had grown fat about the belly on top of it. Pasty, and covered with a macula eruption which was more than likely luetic.

There is hardly a gentler creature among my acquaintances — a lover of cats and plants and one who adored the ground his old mother walked on.

At one time he had a pleasant tenor voice but now a huskiness had ruined it.

No more of this Polly Anna stuff, he told me, on the way to the examiner's. I've taken your advice (my heart sank) and seen life a good bit in the last few years. Oh, I've met some rotters, I'll acknowledge that. But also I've made some beautiful friends.

I've had a terrible itching back there, he told the examiner. It seems worse there than anywhere else. What do you think it is?

But I was sure he knew.

When we were waiting for the laboratory reply on the blood test he wrote nervously telling of various things in the immediate past which might have occasioned the breaking out — the sort of food he'd been eating, the hardness of the water where he lived — Please let me know as soon as you can, he added, for the thing is spreading and today I'm "wearing the red veil."

XIII

They say if you want to have a *real* good time you have to go to Sunset Lake at night. I went there once with my boy friend. You had to step over them. And you could see the lights of cigarettes all around in under the trees.

A girl hardly dared go in the water. They'd tear the bathing suit off you. I went in though. I had a battle to get out whole. There's no run in that sort of thing. I was

slawed across my shoulders before I could get back to the shore again.

I used to know two of them in boarding school. I saw them once nursing each other. And one day one of them tried to give me a soul kiss. I spit in her face. And then I had to stand up in General Assembly and solemnly tell the whole school about it. I felt sorry for them. Only I don't see why they had to come bothering me.

XIV

He was a great pathologist all right, but listen —

You know how they collect blood for Widal tests? Maybe they don't do it that way any more but what we used to do was to get a few drops from the patient's finger on a glass slide and let it clot there. We'd have a dozen or more loaded slides like that on the table some nights waiting for the "Wrath of God" (that's what we used to call him) to test them up in the morning.

And in the morning! — there wouldn't be a thing there but the slides. Every scrap of the clotted blood would be eaten off them by the cockroaches. That used to make "Krummy" wild.

So one night he got me to come along with him. We sneaked into the lab without lighting the lights. He had a can of ether in his hand with a pin hole in the top and he gave me another like it. When I say, Go! he said, you start to squirt the ether. So we were ready, I by the sink and he where some pipes came up from the steam room.

Go! he yells and flashes on the electric lights. And you ought to have seen those roaches run. Some of them were as big as your finger. We must have knocked out about fifty of them the first time. He was wild.

XV

Five o'clock Sunday morning the office bell rang. I went down and let in a colored boy I didn't know. He was ter-

rified, holding his right ear, almost fainting with pain or emotion — I couldn't tell which.

Anyhow, I examined him and found a bed bug crawling around on his ear drum. You can imagine his feelings. Then he told me he only had fifty cents to his name —, which he gave me promising to come back later — Later! Yes, I've heard that often. I'll come back later and pay you

XVI

As I came into the elevator to go up, I saw the old fellow who operated it to be in a sullen mood. Behind him, looking at the back of his head was the resident priest, old also. He was angry. Neither paid the least attention to me more than for the opening of the gate to let me in and its closing behind me. The priest resumed, apparently, what he had been saying:

You don't believe it. But it's true. He's out again. Lucifer has escaped and is going about in the world to destroy us. You don't believe it's the end of the world, but I tell you it's true. You can read it in the papers every day — in China, everywhere. He's out, and the world is in danger!

African Theme, Needlework, Etc.

By

CARL RAKOSI

1.

One must have sullen wits to foot the jungle
like another darkness because of heimweh
and an air spiced with big fruit.
The bamboos shiver and the tattooed bird
caws to the rose-chafer in the moon.
It's mumbo-jumbo banging a tom-tom, his black
feet straggling in the thrum of oil palms.
Ivory hunters with a tree mask
come up the river. Apes, apes.
In the tiger country beyond the grain
the black one rolls her pubes.
The continent is waterbound and one
outside the singer in the shack,
and Sambo, fat cigar in heaven, chucks
the white dice gravely with a black crow.

2.

Over the fan-tan table and the tea and noodles
one admires the return to Lisbon
of the navigator on the needlework,
who sailed the Hansa routes with linen,
point-lace, hardware, and camphor wood,
bearing private letters from the Augsburg
bankers, the owners of the ships of Ghent.
Now with his own slave and a clock
Before him coral, geese, boats,

he stands under one sail, looking home.
 and an unknown woman under a palm
 with strawberries charmingly out of proportion.

And a photograph
 of table service, bright
 as on the day it came from the factory.

Once In a Sedan and Twice Standing Up

By

JULIAN L. SHAPIRO

I was up in the Adirondacks a few years ago and stayed at Shaws farmhouse, a place outside of Long Lake and just off a piece of paved road that ran over east to Newcomb.

About eight o'clock one morning, somebody woke me up by knocking on my door. I hollered out that I was tired and didn't want to be disturbed, but a voice through the panels said it was important. When I said all right come in, the door opened and it was Mrs Shaw. I asked her what was so important and she said it wasn't about her, but the Parson was in trouble. She said deep trouble. I wanted to know what kind of trouble and she said maybe it would be better if I saw the Parson himself; he was right downstairs and if I gave her leave, she'd tell him to come up. It was curious that the Parson wanted to see me about his trouble, so I told Mrs Shaw all right and she went out of the room.

I wondered what the hell Peabody wanted to see me for. Id met him only once and that was when I tried Shaws pond for trout. The Parson had gotten a rod somewhere and gone along with me in the boat up to the old beaver dam, where he'd annoyed me by doing more talking than fishing. Id seen him again at church on Sunday, but hadnt spoken to him.

By the time Id lit a cigarette, Parson Peabody came in. Id guessed from his looks and talk that he wasnt exactly

Sonnet to the Moon

By

YVOR WINTERS.

Now every leaf, though colorless, burns bright
With disembodied and celestial light,
And drops without a movement or a sound
A pillar of darkness to the shifting ground.

The lucent, thin, and alcoholic flame
Runs in the stubble with a nervous aim,
But, when the eye pursues, will point with fire
Each single stubble tip and strain no higher.

O triple goddess! Contemplate my plight!
Opacity, my fate! Change, my delight!
The yellow tom-cat, sunk in shifting fur,
Changes and dreams, a phosphorescent blur.

Sullen I wait, who must, the vision shun.
Bodiless thoughts and thoughtless bodies run.

Chiron

I, who taught Achilles, saw
Leap beyond me by its law,
By intrinsic law destroyed,
Genius in itself alloyed.

Dying scholar, dim with fact,
By the stallion body racked,
Studying my long defeat,
I have mastered Jove's deceit.

Now my head is bald and dried,
Past division simplified:
On the edge of naught I wait,
Magnitude inviolate.

CONTACT

marched hand in hand, and many other couples did as they.

That night John whispered to Anica: "Tell me, darling, would you have walked the golden path?" She pressed him closer to herself, saying: "Would you?"

Now tufts of grass have come through the golden sand. Soon no trace of the path will remain — for never did one single person walk on it. And John and Anica are growing old in peace. Occasionally, in a quarrel of jealousy, the man or the woman will suddenly say, "Remember that golden path!" If there is gossiping it is only whispered from mouth to ear and kept covered by the ashes of caution, for they can never forget the golden path on which no one dared set foot.

Song 9

By

LOUIS ZUKOFsky

In Arizona

(how many years in the mountains)

The small stumped bark of a tree

looks up

in the shape of an adored pup

The indians do not approach it

The round indian tents

remain where they are

The tanned whites

are never seen by it

and one can imagine its imploring eyes

The skies

it seems to look up to

are always blue

The same sun that warms the desert

Warms what one

can imagine to be its ears.

Song 10

(towards Phoenix, Arizona)

arch animals
upearthed faces
dust of
their red, wrinkled

higher than the oil wells
are the rocks -
the fluted cactus, its
spiked needle locks,

rasp shard in
the blue air, blood boil
into the profitable
eiffel towers of oil

Jo-Jo

By

JAMES T. FARRELL

Jo-Jo was on one of his drunks.

His red face and over-ripe nose were dirt-smearred. His thick, square face framed a primal obtuseness. His ragged clothing was torn and stenchd.

Jo-Jo blundered, stumbled, staggered, tripped, fell, crawled, sprawled his way through the weedy vacant lot which extended away from and in back of the Standard Oil Filling Station at Thirty Fifth and Morgan, a crossing in Chicago's Central Manufacturing District.

People, passing in this lazy, dusty Sunday afternoon world paused and watched him. Strangers shook their heads, registering an internal disgust. Sweeney, the corner cop, walked along and twirled his club and smoked the cigar he had mooched from the Greek in the ice cream parlor. A few of the guys on the corner, before the Oil station, laughed and said that Jo-Jo was drunk again.

For Jo-Jo the world was all black. It was a dizzy, crazy blackness of seeming atomic energy, swooping, streaking, cometing against his alcohol-sodden body. He lurched through the world of smashing blackness. He tripped and fell face forward in dust and weeds. He lay there, alternating between dead fits of motionless, and brief sloppy spasms, punctuated with muffled groans. Eventually, he bent himself into a semi-erect position, and twisted forwards. He stumbled and scratched his cheek bone. He tripped and bruised his knee. He fell and cut his finger on a tin can. He went forwards slow slowly through the tricky darkness.

An alley, layered with black dust, ran parallel to the

things were so bad in Germany and there was no telling what might happen.

Wohlleben said there was talk of revolution and he said he was afraid he might lose everything he had made. This led to an arrangement to take the money Wohlleben had hoarded to America and invest it safely. Wohlleben said he would get it to Switzerland for them to take to America. All this was against the laws of Germany but that didn't matter. The money had to be cared for some way.

When the four people were leaving Germany Ernst had some trouble with his passport not being properly visaed and had to go back to Munich from the border to get the matter fixed up. Helen and Charley and Frieda waited for him. This was the last straw for Ernst. The way he was treated in the passport office and the trouble he had and the imagined discourtesy of the railroad officials and the beggars all made Ernst hate Germany and want to get back to America.

Crossing Lake Constance Ernst told him how he felt about it.

—I am glad I'm an American. My father was the wisest man in the world to come to America when he did. Your father made a big mistake in staying there in Germany Frieda. America is God's own country and you don't have any bother there with passports or any of this darn stupid business. I am going to tell the boys at the club just how I feel about it when I get back. And Charley we got you out of there just in time. A regular nest of thieves and no morale or anything.

Frieda didn't get it all because Ernst talked fast and was very much excited thinking about the fine speech he would make to the members of the business men's club. If she had heard it all distinctly she would have felt bad about it.

—It's too bad you had to go back for that visa, Frieda said.

Comment

By

THE EDITOR

There is a heresy, regarding the general character of poetry, which has become widely prevalent today and may shortly become more so through academic fostering*: it is, that poetry increases in virtue as it is removed from contact with a vulgar world.

I cannot swallow the half-alive poetry which knows nothing of totality.

It is one of the reasons to welcome communism. Never, may it be said, has there ever been great poetry that was not born out of a communist intelligence. They have all been rebels, against nothing so much as scism that would have the spirit a lop sided affair of high and low. The unchristian sweep of Shakespeare, the cantless, unsectarian bitterness of Dante against his time, this is what is best in communism. The same for the words of St. Francis. The spirit is one. It is also one with the imagination. It will not down nor speak its piece to please, not even to please "communism".

Nothing is beyond poetry. It is the one solid element on which our lives can rely, the "word" of so many disguises, including as it does man's full consciousness, high and low, in living objectivity.

It is, in its rare major form, a world in fact come to an arrest of self realization: that eternity of the present which most stumble over in seeking — or drug themselves into littleness to attain.

Before anything else it is the denial of postponement. If poetry fail it fails at the moment since it has not been able enough to grasp the full significance of its day. And every school which seeks to seclude itself and build up a glamour of scholarship or whatever it may be, a mist, that is, behind

which to hide, does so in order to impose itself rather shabbily on whatever intelligence it seeks most to please.

—W. C. W.

*T. S. Eliot's recent appointment at Harvard.

SOME NOTES ON VIOLENCE

Is there any meaning in the fact that almost every manuscript we receive has violence for its core? They come to us from every state in the Union, from every type of environment, yet their highest common denominator is violence. It does not necessarily follow that such stories are the easiest to write or that they are the first subjects that young writers attempt. Did not sweetness and light fill the manuscripts rejected, as well as accepted, by the magazines before the war, and Art those immediately after it? We did not start with the ideas of printing tales of violence. We now believe that we would be doing violence by suppressing them.

— * —

In America violence is idiomatic. Read our newspapers. To make the front page a murderer has to use his imagination, he also has to use a particularly hideous instrument. Take this morning's paper: FATHER CUTS SON'S THROAT IN BASEBALL ARGUMENT. It appears on an inside page. To make the first page, he should have killed three sons and with a baseball bat instead of a knife. Only liberality and symmetry could have made this daily occurrence interesting.

— * —

And how must the American writer handle violence? In the July "Criterion", H. S. D. says of a story in our first number that ". . . the thing is incredible, as an event, in spite its careful detail, simply because such things cannot happen without arousing the strongest emotions in the spectator. (Does not H. S. D. mean, "in the *breast* of the spectator?")

Accordingly (the reviewer continues), only an emotional description of the scene will be credible . . ." Credible to an Englishman, yes, perhaps, or to a European, but not to an American. In America violence is daily. If an "emotional description" in the European sense is given an act of violence, the American should say, "What's all the excitement about," or, "By God, that's a mighty fine piece of writing, that's art."

— * —

What is melodramatic in European writing is not necessarily so in American writing. For a European writer to make violence real, he has to do a great deal of careful psychology and sociology. He often needs three hundred pages to motivate one little murder. But not so the American writer. His audience has been prepared and is neither surprised nor shocked if he omits artistic excuses for familiar events. When he reads a little book with eight or ten murders in it, he does not necessarily condemn the book as melodramatic. He is far from the ancient Greeks, and still further from those people who need the naturalism of Zola or the realism of Flaubert to make writing seem "artistically true."

—N. WEST.

CONTINUATION OF A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE
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Compiled by DAVID MOSS

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We hope to conclude the Bibliography in the next issue of CONTACT.

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Editor: Lulu Frances Warner.
Started 1926.
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