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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.
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FRANCES ANDREE is a peasant of Luxembourg, who is not a professional writer but a farmer. He has published one slim volume, *Peasant Poems*. Continental critics have hailed him as one of the most authentic forerunners of that proletarian literature which is bound to be realized shortly.

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Ezra Pound needs no blurb from us. With his permission we are using *Kick*, from *Exile* (4) edited by him from Rapallo, Italy. His complete works with the exception of the unfinished Cantos have been collected by Boni & Liveright and titled *Personae*.

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT is one of the leading French novelists and poets of the directly post-war generation. He is a pure Parisian, and author of many novels and volumes of verse, several of which have been translated into English. He has contributed to *transition and Broom*. He was a member of the Dada movement, then founded Surrealisme with André Breton, but he quickly left these groups, still maintaining however, a distinctly experimental taste in all his work.

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RALPH CHEYNEY has contributed to *The Modern Quarterly, Masses, Liberator, and New Masses*. He co-edits *Contemporary Verse*, the second oldest poetry magazine in America, and *Unrest; The Rebel Poets Anthology*. He is the author of *Touch and Go* (Henry Harrison, New York).

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GEORGES LINZE

COUNTRYSIDE

Summer exists without lightning.

Great calm. Even the motors fit into the landscape. Their noise is a health, an optimism, a calm. What is to be done? Sure that satyrs, unoccupied workmen or bourgeois lying in wait are watching, hidden in bushes.

Is that said? Good people of the city so powerful, so full of past and future fear small truths. Gestures are made, affections, etiquettes, and life shouts, a geyser, on street-corners, in clouds, walls and bridges.

Jules and Marie cross the landscape, slowly embraced. They are at the happy age, it seems. Eyes follow them. Birds, too, see them, rapidly deformed. As for insects, blinded by size, they ignore them. The phantom of a dog has been roaming for 3 days. No one has noticed it. Only little animals have suspicious fears.

The phantom of the dog has around itself a zone of apprehension. For autos pass upon parallel roads, airplanes follow opposite horizons and all unite as if to drag an irresistible net over the country.

The young folks, arms tenderly confused. Jules feels against his hand a breast shaken by walking.

Today nothing else will satisfy the twinned desires.

Here is another day. The identical souls meet on the same path. What is the matter? The small animals of the fields run along tracks. The phantom of the dog floats over the village and evaporates.

Upon parting, folks remain attached by invisible exchanges. Oh the pretty words, the pretty looks, the pretty caresses sent unknowingly and that turn, a constellation, around lovers.

A woman died. Her life like a discharge overruns the country, clouds, matters, without anything adequate recognizing and understanding it. Solitude. Great calm. To be gotten used to.
THE MORADA

Marie has taken the deep road full of stones, among the grass, the hammocks of the spiders. She does not know a man is following her, a prudent wild beast, that he is zigzagging through nearby fields to place his views.

She is enveloped, desired, studied. Does she even know of the rapid attacks reported in papers, torn clothes, struggle, rape, flight or crime.

The man, nearer.

Into him, penetrate the insolent sun, the fullness of the thick harvests, the solitude of the moment in which epochs mix, the forgetfulness of towns, of family homesteads, everything strikes and animates him.

He starts, a living trap. The woman, unthinking, runs away, a terrified thing seemingly chased by a single avid hand. And under their now eternal race, defy the figures of Earth past and to be.

(Translated from the French by Harold J. Salemson)

C. V. WICKER

VOYAGES

Seven square sails on a gray-white horizon,
Seven white sails on the edge of the sea,
Seven small ships with adventure for cargo,
Seven far ports where I never shall be.

Wake at the dawning in Persia or China,
Spring as the hawser is flung to the shore,
Take sailors' pleasure before the ship's sailing,
For sailors may never return any more.

Here on the home-shore I dream of your roaming,
Dream of romances in seven far lands;
While at the dawning in Persia or China,
Seven white hulls lie arot on the sands.

WILLIAM CLOSSON EMORY

DIMENSION 4

Calmly, he sat there in the church. The light had the soft heaviness of eiderdown quilts. It depressed him. Through the dimness of the columned naves he could see the stained glass windows vivid with sunlight. The figures seemed to step out from their heavy, leaded frames and swim about with the flower-drifting fragrance. People came in walking noisily to their pews and speaking in loud rustling whispers. The murmurs made him think of maggots grousing over dead morsels.

Churches were places where people came to be married and where people came to be buried. He wondered how many millions of sitters-in-pews had thought that thought. There was the light streaming down from the red and yellow and green and purple and blue patterns of the windows. The lord is my shepherd. He leadeth me in green pastures like little woolly lambs.

Why was he here in church? He couldn't seem to remember. By his side sat his mother and his wife. Funny how they had gotten here. They should have been several thousand miles away. He gazed incuriously around the church. She was going to be married. That was it. It didn't matter much. Who was it she was going to marry? He wondered vacantly. Four ragged little Negro children straggled into the pew in front of him. Their rolling white eyeballs followed the wonder and magnificence of the decorations. Suffer the little children to come unto me. Now why were they here? A stout, bejeweled Italian woman wheezed in with an odor of garlic and sat down across the way. The church was full of people, this he knew without looking.

The slow notes of the organ began to roll about sensuously. Yes, she was getting married. What of it anyway? The music rose and fell, and bathed him with its heavy langour. He chatted quietly with his wife, sitting there beside him, just as if they had been living together all the time instead of having been separated for four years. The music was about them and they were in a church and somebody was getting married.

Suddenly an uneasiness arrived and seemed to be trying to stifle him. His heart began to bulge and press stiffly against his ribs. It was SHE who was being married. Here he was sitting calmly and disinterestedly watching the lights and the flowers and the windows
and the throng, and things were happening to him. It was SHE, Louise, his sweetheart, that was being married. Couldn’t he understand? She that was part of him. She that was all his was being given to someone else. Someone else who would hold the velvet, fragrant whiteness of her body close to him and cover it with kisses. Now he was convinced. A strong hand reached into his body and grasped his heart. His face grew pale. He could feel the blood receding and see the wan and pinched thing that was his face shriveling in the dull cold. He sat there.

The tones of the organ reached up ambitiously and filled the great caves of the church with stiff purplish vibrations. He saw the ragged little Negro children shivering deliciously. He remembered the garlic and the jewels of the stout, Italian woman. Now his thoughts refused to function properly. They became stiff and purple like the vibrating notes of the great organ. His brain became wan and pinched like his face. Somehow he was aware of her brother watching, with a commiserating expression, his suffering. He always wondered what her brother had thought of them. He must have guessed at their relations long years ago.

Now he was no longer conscious of his wife and mother beside him. He could not recollect the people about him. The organ was bursting into the triumphant beats of the wedding march. She was coming up the aisle on the arm of her father, a stern man with dark piercing eyes. He dared not look at her, yet he knew her dress was white. Then he saw her from the corner of his eye. She was wearing a long, white veil. This was rather a joke. Only virgins were supposed to wear veils. At least that was what he had always understood. The air throbbed with music. It was filled with the fragrance of the flowers and her fragrance. He saw her moving to the altar. Figures dressed in black were there mingled with figures in white, the bridesmaids. All that he could see were the soft curves of her form. The music ceased and was replaced by the drone of a man’s voice. The minister was speaking. If any man knows reason. God! There was reason enough but he was dumb. She was half-turned towards him. Then she raised her dark, sadly luminous eyes and looked at him. The whole church seemed to rock about him. It was over. She was no longer his. He rose as the church swirled in a kaleidoscopic whirlpool. A horrible and anguished cry burst upon him and yammered at his ears. He did not realize that it was his own self made this cry.

For some time he retched violently and the remainder of his sleep, that night, was restless and fitful.

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PHILOPPE SOUPAULT

HOLLOW HOURS

I waited for a sign
but the four thousand seconds sauntered by
and I heard only shadows
all that dies without noise
One had to turn around
and make the necessary gestures
It was not a time for despair
And the time of waiting is not yet all gone by
I have the ants’ impatience
I watch the yellow horizon
and the smoke
And now come the hollow hours
the ones that eat silence
and which re-echo the walker’s steps
these hours full of wind
these hours of rain
during which one must wait
some more
behind a pane
Till those who have had enough rise up
stand straight
and roar like all the animals of the deluge
till they refuse
protest
swear
shout
Till they renounce
at last
to wait forever without a word
and they give the signal
the big signal
THE SIGNAL.

(Translated from the French by Harold J. Salemson.)
THE BLASPHEMER

Long and faithfully had the good church folk of the little Wapsipinicon town of Ontarns labored with and prayed over old Andrew Fulton, and at last their prayers were answered; for old Andrew had not only "come out" in the revival meeting, he had been baptized in the Wapsipinicon before all the ice was out of the river that spring, and he had not missed a single Sunday at church services since.

There were certain sceptical ones who had prophesied that Andrew Fulton would not persist in this new life which he had begun to lead. "He'll have to be warmed up again next Winter", said some. Others said he could never control his fiery temper, and the majority of the loafers in the grocery store at Ontarns broadly asserted that here would be a very flagrant case of "backsliding". Andrew would never follow the rigid program of a churchman, they said.

There were grounds for these suspicions. The crochety disposition and the profane tongue of old Andrew were things the neighborhood folk had talked of for years. Everybody called Andrew's wife "Aunt Kate", but no one ever called the irritable old man, "Uncle Andrew". Many and varied were the conjectures as to why Aunt Kate ever married him, anyway.

Mild of manner, quiet and devout, the little old lady was the exact opposite of her snarling husband; but if she ever had any fault to find with him, it must have been done within her own soul, for no one remembered hearing her utter a word of complaint.

It seemed marvelous that old Andrew could discipline himself to the extent of bridling his tongue and going so faithfully to church each Sunday; and when Arch Gobel, the carpenter, told the loafers in Turner's grocery that when he built the barn for old Andrew, the old man said grace each meal, the store crowd almost changed their prophecies about old Andrew's "backsliding".

"He talks to his potatoes, eh?" queried Dick Long, the blacksmith.

"Yes", drawled Arch, "and reads the Bible mornings, and you'd better not cuss around him neither. He's as much agin' cussin' as he used to be for it."

Summer came on, and the haying season. Old Andrew had the finest field of giant red clover in the neighborhood. Loud with bees and fragrant with the rich perfume of summer, the plot of clover was the pride of old Andrew's heart and the envy of his neighbors.

There was not much carpenter work this year, and old Andrew had been able to secure the drawing Arch Gobel as a "hand" thru haying time. The first day Arch mowed the entire field. From early morning until late afternoon the lovely, blossomed waste fell before the droning sickle.

It was Thursday and noontime. Old Andrew, Aunt Kate and Arch Gobel were eating dinner. All through the long forenoon the crop of clover hay had lain beneath a sweltering summer sun. This afternoon two neighbors were coming to help haul in the crop. Aunt Kate bowed her head while Andrew said grace. Arch Gobel inclined his bald head above his plate with a quizzical grin on his thin lips.

"I don't like the looks of them clouds, Andrew," muttered Arch as he reached for the dish of fried side pork which Aunt Kate passed to him.

"I didn't notice it", said old Andrew with a note of something akin to terror in his voice.

"Have some sweet potatoes, Arch?" asked Aunt Kate gently, at the same time pushing back a wispc of grayish hair from her sweaty forehead.

Arch reached for the dish and speared a great yellow potatoe with his fork.

"Why, what's the matter, Andrew?" asked Aunt Kate, "I aint never seen you refuse sweet potatoes before."

Old Andrew did not answer but ate hurriedly, watching Arch and occasionally glancing out the window.

There was a rumbling sound.

"What was that?" asked old Andrew, a look of fear on his face.

"Thunder I guess", answered Arch Gobel, with his mouth full of sweet potato.

If the gaunt carpenter had struck the old farmer a blow there would have been no more of a pained look on the countenance of the white-haired man. He passed his hand over his forehead as if brushing away something which had settled there.

"Well, it's been so sultry", said Aunt Kate. "It's no wonder it's threatenin'."

Old Andrew looked at her and there was anger in the glance. The unconcern of her manner irritated him. Clover down and speak calmly when rain was in the skies!
There was another rumble—this time louder. Old Andrew winced. Then another rumble, more metallic and singing. It was wagon wheels. One of the neighbors and his freckled, barefoot son had come to help haul in the clover. Through the window Andrew could see the fat form of Schultz, the German farmer down the road, and, as Schultz reined in his team he pointed to the sky and said something to his son. The boy held out his hand as though to catch rain drops which might be falling.

"It'd be a shame if you'd lose that crop of clover", mumbled Arch Gobel, as he picked his yellow teeth. "It's the best field of clover in the township; bar none."

There was a sharp clap of thunder which followed a vivid flash of lightning. The room was growing almost dark. On the roof could be heard the first great drops, falling with their staccato clickings.

Old Andrew groaned. The drops came faster. Aunt Kate watched her husband with a look of anxiety.

Suddenly a torrent of rain seemed to be loosed. The fat farmer and his son had tied their team to the hitching post and now they scampered to the shelter of the barn.

Clap after clap of thunder came, and the roar of the rain grew louder.

Old Andrew suddenly leaped to his feet and rushed through the door. Outside he paused for a moment. Aunt Kate arose and went to his side, but the old farmer ran out into the downpour with his eyes toward the sky and his hands clenched.

Suddenly old Andrew stopped and shaking his fists at the sky he turned his face upward and his white hair hung in long wet strands. For a moment he beat the air impotently; then his voice boomed out: "If you want a God, be a God; don't be a damned old—!

The last of his vehement tirade was drowned out by a volley of thunder.

In the doorway stood Aunt Kate, her frail body shaken by sobs and her face buried in her white apron.
GLENN WARD DRESBACH

LEGG FLOWER

Mirages, contending with space,  
Weave fantasy over the face  
Of distance for a while.

Here affirmation, alone,  
Flames from the cracked lips of stone,  
Facing a vast of denial.

MOUNTAIN SUNSET

Who strikes, on vast blue altars  
Of each sky-shouldering height,  
The flint ... that sparks be given  
Wings in a cloud of light?

Flames run to gold and crimson  
In sunset burning high;  
Each jeweled smoked-column reaches  
Its gem-set arch of sky.

Far, on the molten silver  
Poured from the mountain springs,  
Sky gardens cloud their petals  
Brushed down by a cloud of wings...

Mortal, with young hands clinging  
Where even silence stirs  
The fragrance of light, we follow  
What shadowy worshipers?

To kneel before the altars ...  
Are reached? And who replies,  
"The heart can turn to nearness  
The distance in the eyes."

KENNETH REXROTH

SHE LEFT HIM

We tried very hard to make it what we thought it had ought: to be.  
Resilient sympathy and the hands.  
Concord and the understood.  
The green utterly beautiful twilight.

The piston rods rock and plunge, it is very white, there is an un- 
shaded electric globe and one man in grey overalls far down on a gal-

dery watches the slow movement of red and green lights across the 
board, once in a great while he throws a switch and fresh copper bars 
gleam for an instant.

The heart beating and beating, one feels it now, the diaphragm 
slapping over undulant waves as one walks. Abrupt shudder of per-
istalsis. He knows her lips, all her little nerves, and webs of capil-
laries. Her capsules of mysterious fluids.

Twilight. A number of people on a wide street. A palm turned 
upward at a table, the marble cold against the back of the hand.  
Trout swimming in a window. The gold fillings in teeth.

I get to thinking of him.  
When I see him I notice his socks need mending.  
Don’t throw the scene from side to side.  
A weep and a confused headache.

See them coming inexorably, the narrow hoofs of their horses, 
their voices hoarse with dust. Their robes spectacular in the sunlight, 
their swords whirling above their heads.

When a man has grown close to a woman. And we were so close. 
You had better ask the captain. But, his splendor terrifies me.  
He is all alone on the bridge and the wind presses against him.  
Perhaps I’ve hurt him terribly. If I could only go away I could 
forget about it. But I see him all the time and when I don’t see him 
I worry about him.

I feel as though something were striking my face with the edge 
of a hand. Vertically down the center of my face and across my eyes.  
Someone opened a door in the ceiling and poured something into 
this room  
Where is the cat. In the corner.  
There is an arrow here, pointing up those long stairs. There is 
sweat on the walls.
The old woman is a long way down the tunnel, it is difficult to see her because of the dust and the imperfect illumination, but she seems to be picking up things and she is in a great hurry. I believe you can get out to the end of it if you try. Of course it's very frail,

If I only had a little money.

His pride.

He is working across the river. I know he doesn't like his job. There was so much he wanted to do. Perhaps he can never recover a lot of the things I am taking with me. There is a lot I can never recover.

Blue veins beneath the chalky skin, the bones showing through yellow, the hair on the hands frizzled as though it had been singed.

The leaves of the madrones spin in the wind, ferry boats crawl over the water and disappear behind the islands. As the fog comes in a siren moans, then another.

Why don't you try a little harder, why do you forget the things that were so important. You used to be so careful.

I need money so badly. I could go away. As it is I'm caught out here. It costs so much to live in New York. When I don't see him I wonder how he is getting along, what he is doing now.

Maybe he is in his room reading, maybe he is walking along one of those empty streets where the railroads cross one another, walking and thinking. He needs me so much.

There is a faint odor of burning oil, the hissing and crackling of a long spark, several lids slap shut.

Stretch out your arm and strain your fingers wide apart.

The graph looks like a row of canine teeth, The gold leaf rises and falls charging and discharging. Don't worry about it. Don't think I mean everything I say. It will be alright.

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GUTIERRE DE CETINA (16th Century)

MADRIGAL

Eyes clear, serene!
If it has been
Your sweetness which attracts men's praise;
Why do I see
You dart at me
Glances that still with anger blaze?

If pitying most,
You best do boast
Your beauty to beholders' eyes,
Your fierce looks cease!
Lest they decrease
The loveliness which in you lies.

Torments of hell!
And yet 'tis well;
Your gaze can ever make me blest:
Eyes clear, serene!
In anger e'en,
Still let your glances on me rest.

(Translated from the Spanish by George St. Clair)

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CATHERINE STUART

POEM

Yucca buds
Are ladies in silver hoopskirts
Riding like clouds the wind.
Have you ever watched the blush
They wear
When Dawn Boy merges into sky?
HARRY CROSBY

SCORN

you business men with your large desks, with your stenographers and your bell-boys and your private telephones, I say to you these are the four walls of your cage.

you are tame as canaries with your small bird-brains where lurks the evil worm, you are fat from being over-fed, you know not the lean wild sunbirds that arrow down paths of fire.

I despise you, I am too hard to pity you, I would hang you on the gallows of the Stock Exchange, I would flay you with taxes, I would burn you alive with Wall Street Journals, I would condemn you to an endless round of bank banquets; I deride you I mock at you I laugh you to scorn.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA (1600-1681)

SONNET

Once Death and Love a bitter quarrel had,
Over their power; for they both could see
That from their arrows neither liberty
Nor life could live secure: thus Love was sad.
But then Love made a woman and was glad,
For there was never woman fair as she.
Then flamed his victory. But Death—ah me!—
Obscured that living sun, and on Love mad,
And over Beauty worked his will. But Love,
Almost admitting his defeat, yet saw
One fair impression Death could not remove.
So Love was crowned the victor by this law:
"Homage to Love both dead and living give,
But Death is only king of those who live".

(Translated from the Spanish by George St. Clair)

FRANCES ANDRE

FROM "PEASANT POEMS"

Wintertime had cloistered people into houses.
One of us beat rye inside his barn,
one took care of his cattle and another was sick.
Each one lived by himself, for himself, ferociously,
and happenings came over all the people,
cloistering, closing them into their homes...
For evening came fast, and snow, and wind
over words, over actions on the doorsteps
and each one crouched near the fire, sadly,
beneath the heavy load of winter on the plains.

Spring has come, birds have sung,
light has come to life, the clouds
have travelled, clear and pretty, as after a thunderstorm.
And the one who beat the rye inside his barn,
And the one who was sick, and all the others
who lived all alone, shouted to each other: hello!
from far away, joyously, on their doorsteps.
Everywhere could be heard, at the back of the stables,
the animals calling and bellowing toward the light...
And we felt that love was passing through space.

And we all go together, together to the fields,
you and me, and we all, and all our companions,
men and children, and women and old folks,
and horses, and bulls and dogs; all together
we go to the fields where nothing more is mine,
where nothing more is yours, and the wheat has grown
and has become a joy, a song in the light.
We go to the fields, to the fields, all together,
with our companions, with our sweethearts,
our hands among our hands, our hearts among our hearts...
We go, and we walk, and we sing and hope
of springtime is in us, our steps and our songs...
We all go to work, in the sun, in our fields.

(Translated from the French / by Harold J. Salemson.)
RALPH CHEYNEY

WAGE-SLAVES TO WAR-MAKERS

We have no land for which to fight
Except where Russia cracks the night.
This country is in no way ours.
We break the rocks; you pluck the flowers.
We build the roads on which you speed.
And when we strike for what we need
We learn too well it's you who own
The press, the courts and every stone
Of every structure that we rear.
Say, what invaders shall we fear?
Why should we care out on the job
If you or others drive and rob?

Russia alone for which to fight
Though all the world is ours by right.
Moreover, grimed with soot and mud,
We've lost enough and more of blood.
There's never-a skyscraper cranes its head
But is built on the bodies of our dead.
We do not want to have to kill,
For ours a kinder, harder will.
But if you drive us till we do,
It shall be you, it shall be you!

VAN DEUSEN CLARK

METAPHYSICAL

From the dust, trampled by the ages
It came fashioned by the wind
Into intricate lines
But labeled in derision—man,
The last to be created
And left to wonder at all
That came before.

NORMAN MACLEOD

MES A ENCANTADA

for Catherine Stuart.

You hear me but only the words
Cast like foam and as readily lost.
The enchanted mesa is a tombstone thrust
Into the birdlike quality of dawn.
Only for an instant do the streamers rise
And lose themselves in the folding skies.
O I will sink into death more than life
Knowing the love beyond blood,
Beyond knife.
Nothing will cut into marrow of man
As the infinity of ignorance can.

RICHARD JOHNS

DREAMS

Dreams in darkness, clear, concise and rounded,
Seem in a sterner light such trivial things,
And yet some silly dreams, but half remembered,
Shatters the light with claw and wing.
Why should a picture, or a passing face's pain,
A sinking dog, a sudden sense of hell,
Stir such abundance of hysteria and vital doubt
Of life and living? (The body and the mind as well)
Fears, deeply grounded in a lewdly moral war
Of seemliness, desire and eager half-formed dreams,
Stir with a sudden shudder through the mind
And make the body tremble against mental screams.
CHARLES HENRI FORD

SHORT POEM ABOUT A GUNMAN

when a gunman soon: will rent again this veil of lethargy
when a gunman with staccato fire or fluid
when a gunman .
I shall count again the lavish crimes and felonies
I shall whisper softly (maybe kiss
and kiss too lightly round hard lips of a machinegun)
I shall whisper gunman

gunman yours is much the least:

MARY FRANCES SIMPSON

DANSE MACABRE

Drink of the damp, woody scent of the forest,
Bathe in the rays of the sun’s vivid mellow,
Gather the fruits; suck their moist, pungent sweetness,
Dance, all spirits, for death will come soon!

Fling out your tresses, oh aspen and cottonwood,
Dazzle the world with your turbulent color,
Cover the hillsides with scarlet and amber,
Dance, all spirits, for death will come soon!

Dakin was white — had been, at least, for his fair skin had become impregnated from head to foot with that peculiar tan, the color
of iced coffee with cream in it, which is the heritage of northern-race people under exposure to the sun. His hair had bleached out almost to white. His limbs, long, slim, and shapely, had a nervous grace of outline that indicated powers of swiftness and endurance rather than of strength. Daily swimming in the lagoon, in competition, after a time successful, with the lifelong aptitude for the sport which Diamara had learned from her mother’s amphibious race, had given Dakin’s physique an enviable suppleness. This fact was readily apparent, as he had reduced his clothing, once the complicated garb of the average young American, to the simple expedient of the loin cloth. The only he had reduced his clothing, once the complicated garb of the average physique an enviable suppleness. This fact was readily apparent, as his face showed him to be youthful, meditative, and broodingly cynical. Kept visible by the ministrations of a time-worn razor, the lines of his shaven countenance. All men have their individual prejudices and young American, to the simple expedient of the loin cloth. The only prejudice they held was his clean-shaven countenance. All men have their individual prejudices and their personal dislikes, and with Dakin the distaste for bearded slovenliness was apparently the sole remaining vestige of a discarded culture. Kept visible by the ministrations of a time-worn razor, the lines of his face showed him to be youthful, meditative, and broodingly cynical.

The features which Dakin looked upon were supremely lovely. The soft contour of the cheeks was a challenge to the senses. The delicate and decisive modelling of the chin was sheer delight to con-
Dakin had married Mary Terhune at Birmingham, Alabama, when he was but twenty-two years old. He remembered her, even now, as a fascinating girl—No! an alluring girl... all too alluring! Men had fallen victims in astonishing numbers, Dakin had fallen a victim, too, but he had won her. They had been ecstatically happy for over a year; then had come quarrels over her conduct. Dakin had thought her too friendly with other men, and Mary had resented the implications which she had read into his remonstrances. She had promised, however, in a tearful reconciliation after a furious disagreement, to respect his rights. Rumors of fresh indiscretions had followed, Dakin had overlooked many incidents that hurt him; then, at the last and uncounted, certain proof had come to him of Mary's betrayal of his affections. The strange part was that, during all the misery to which she had wantonly exposed him, Mary had seemed to love him as much as ever. There had been no discernible diminution of her desire for his caresses or his consideration. Now, sprawled on a Pacific Island beach beside a savage woman, Dakin tried unavailingly to recall any abatement of tender passion in Mary Terhune Dakin's last kisses—those that had been from lips shared with other men... that had been, moreover, from lips so like to these beneath his gaze. Could these lips, too—Diamara's fervent rose-petals—lavish their wealth at random? Could Diamara, too, give all the semblance of an overmastering love, and yet be false as hell?

Mary Terhune Dakin had fallen asleep one night with the impression of Johnny Dakin's kisses still on her fragrant flower of a mouth, and she had awakened the next morning to find her youthful husband fled. There had been nothing to do but go back to her family. This she had done, never to see Johnny again; and Johnny had never known whether a single regret had preyed upon her mind.

Johnny Dakin had gone out in the world with a hundred or so dollars in his pocket. He had become a drifter, going from town to town across the United States and gravitating by irregular stages toward the Pacific Coast. His longest sojourn had been at Salt Lake City, where he had been detained by Barbara Jennings, James S. Jennings, her husband, was a wealthy Mormon. Dakin, who was then still "Johnny" Dakin, had temporarily prospered in some undertaking, had bought himself a suitable wardrobe, and had made use of a good memory to unearth a family friend. This person, at Johnny's request, had introduced him once more into the social class from which he had long absented himself. Thus Dakin had met Barbara Jennings,
tion of his state of soul. He recognized the presence in his breast of unaccustomed and tropically tempestuous emotions. Or, rather, perhaps, it should be said that he recognized the inward capacity for such emotions, since he had really no evidence against Diamara. In the event of an inescapable disclosure of guilt, he asked himself, whom would he kill? - And how many would he kill? But these queries were suspended in the air for lack of a basis in fact; besides, his reaction to the patent evidence of deception would be, in this climate, automatic and impulsive.

Idly, Dakin wondered why, in his two preceding misfortunes, he had slipped away from his betayers like a hurt hound sneaking off into the woods to nurse his perplexity and his pain. He had in those days, he judged, still nourished a faith in humankind which shrank from disillusionment. He had believed, trusted, idealized; and the blows that had shattered his dreams had found him afraid to act like a man. What he meant by the notion of “acting like a man” was mistily obscure in his mind, but it involved some confused conception of cruelty and violence. Now that he had grown close to the earth again, stripping off religion and culture, the folly of considering others had become lucidly evident. The zest of life was in obeying fundamental instincts, and in this lay the true courage and wisdom. Dakin was amused for a fleeting instant by the reflection that many of his former associates and friends, if admitted to a knowledge of his mental attitude, would have felt, and possibly said in the spirit of their feelings, that the tropics had “sapped the moral fibre of his being”. The phrase had a fulsome missionary ring to it, and one of the things which Dakin had most admired about the barbaric life was the absence of missionary cant, in word or in deed. He intended to act at least honestly by Diamara; that is, he intended to treat her exactly as he pleased, without regard for any known convention. His instincts would provide his conventions.

The hot, swift tropic sunset began to splash the sky with lurid strokes of color. Diamara’s knee increased almost imperceptibly its soft, intermittent pressure. Once she lifted a lingering glance, partly inquiring and for the rest ambiguous, to Dakin’s inexpressive countenance. What she saw there presumably satisfied her, for she again turned her eyes to the sea, then closed them.

The thoughts of the beach idler became concretely fixed on the problem of Diamara’s eyes and lips. They possessed, he decided, precisely the same general characteristics as had those of Mary Terhune and those of Barbara Jennings; their intrinsic significance was the same. The eyes expressed languor and passion, tenderness, emo-
SPANISH FOLK-POETRY

DECIMA RELIGIOSA

Aunque más reparos des
par' uno y par' otro la'o
Has de llevar vida más
'Onde la llevó el venado'.

Hombre confiesa tu culpa
Examina tu consciencia
Ante Dios y su clemencia
Será tu malicia bruta.
El pecado es una fruta
Que sí por tu alma no ves
Te advierto que Dios es juez
Y cuenta te ha de tomar
Aunque más reparos des.

Hable con toda maldad
Es para ti la ironía
Pues valete de María
Teme de Dios su justicia.
No caigas en la avaricia
Y te diga Dios enarizado:
"Vete de aquí condenado.
A los senos del olvido
Que me tienes ofendido
Por uno y por otro lado."

Un alma al infierno enviada
De Dios en su gran poder
Y la viene a defender
María siendo su abogada:
"No es bien que se pierda est'alma
Esta devoción tenía
Me resaba cada día
Y esta alma defendía yo."
Y Cristo le respondió;
"La has de llevar vida mía."

DONALD McKENZIE

Que triste va el pecador.
Cuando Dios da la sentencia
No le queda resistencia
Ni le vale defensor
Ni le valen abogados.
Porque Dios se ha olvidado
Y al infierno ha de ir a dar
Y esta alma la ha de llevar
'Onde la llevó el venado.'

(Transcribed by Arthur L. Campa)

DONAL McKENZIE

SUICIDE

O, men of America,
translucent mosquitoes
scarlet with beauty's blood—
I shall escape
into a black box
and laugh
and LAUGH'
through the unbreakable window
of your own invention.
NEW MEXICO LANDSCAPE

(Painted by Carl Redin)

They are returning • • •
These walls the ancients made • • •
Back to ochre sands,
Sagging under the span of years
Like ozen, heavy and slow.

Crumbling with a word like music
In a harmony of yellow cottonwood
Gnarled with limbs,
While winds go like the days go,
Color of indigo.

Contour of hills and mesa
You have made redolent
With the seep of ages,
Miles slip through atmospheric blues
And purples,
Over sands saturated with sun.

BOOKS RECEIVED

be still by William Closson Emory. The Lotus Press, Detroit.
One To Make Beauty by Helen Adams Parker. Henry Harrison, New York.
Children of Fire and Shadow by Lucia Trent. Robert Packard & Co. Chicago.
Red Heels by Lexie Dean Robertson. Southwest Press, Dallas.

BOOK REVIEWS HAVE BEEN HELD OVER UNTIL NEXT ISSUE

IN NUMBER 2 OF THE MORADA:

6 Poems by Harry Crosby; Portrait of Waldo Frank by Harold Salemson; Surenade An Cap by Paul Frederick Bowles; Stories, Essays, Poems and Articles by Southwestern and foreign writers.

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SANTA FE NEW MEXICO

The
MORADA

edited by
NORMAN MACLEOD

IN THIS ISSUE:
SUN-DEATH, DESOLATE, by HARRY CROSBY
TWO POEMS by GEORGE S. CLAIR
UNEMPLOYED, a sketch by JOSEPH KALAR
WALDO FRANK by HAROLD J. SALEMSON.

POEMS, STORIES, ESSAYS, BOOK REVIEWS,
by HARRY CROSBY, CHARLES YALE HARRISON, NORMAN MACLEOD, PAULINE LEADER, FREDERICK COVER, SOLON R. BABB, H. J. SALEMSON, JOSEPH VOGEL, RICHARD THOMA, GEORGE JARRODE, RICHARD JOHNS, JACK CONROY, CATHERINE STUART, DONAL MCKENZIE, SIDNEY HUNT, PAUL BOWLES, MIRIAM ALLEN de FORD, CHARLES HENRI FORD, A. T. MERRILL and BENJAMIN MUSER.

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS WINTER NUMBER
HARRY CROSBY committed suicide in New York City and the world lost one of its finest contemporary poets. The death pact was the only logical culmination of Crosby's philosophy. He was dominated by the Rimbaud psychology, anti-social, an enemy of man protesting against the materialism and the hypocrisy of this Judas Age from the depth of his lyrical pain. A graduate of Harvard and a survivor of the late World War, he was swept along with an overpowering despair after the militarist deluge. Too aristocratic to embrace a proletarian ideology and too fundamentally a lover of truth to enjoy a world of lies, he found the only way out. Jack Conroy has called Crosby "another Cummings with a finer sense of music," and Marcus Graham has named him "a rebel in the literal sense of the word." Crosby's was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful, and at the same time, scathingly denunciatory voices of the time. I rather imagine that "Target for Disgust" will be hurled at a decaying Boston more than once in the times that are to come. It seems to me to be of the utmost importance that ALL of his works be collected in a uniform edition by some reputable publishing house for the complete preservation of his works. Many of his poems are still unpublished, and some of his early work is rather difficult of access, having been published in limited editions. It seems imperative to me that this be done. Perhaps transition, to which Crosby was advisory editor, will exert its influence in this direction. Crosby was another Rimbaud, but a more engaging literary personality.

Norman Macleod.
HARRY CROSBY

DESOLATE

the coast is desolate and
encrusted with salt
the sea has encroached
far on the land
naked crags
lift themselves from a sea of grey
worn and denuded stumps
of mountains
standing for untold ages
above the sea
their shoulders are
lifted high above the
tree line
their summits stand
out gaunt and lonely
in an unbroken solitude

the season is one of rain
and the old ruined castle
stands in isolation
the blackening of the walls
from the smoke of the hearth
the rain-water from the
roof collecting in the gutters
these are the symbols
for my loneliness

when you have gone

---

What is this feverish plucking of the sheets these horizons of fire
these thunder-girls with eyes of lightning who come carromading
down the hot cylinders of my brain. They come to torture me with
thirst they squeeze clouds like oranges and drink down the juice
They rub their faces with icebergs They lie naked on frozen snow
My thirst multiplies I would give rubies for a drop of
ice-water My tongue is a fire-brand My body is the heat of a hundred
hells My eyes are red coins of burning coal My hair is a forest fire

GUSTAVO BECQUER

THE SWALLOWS

There is the roar of a conflagration Is it the echo of the sun? Is it
the thunder of the waves of the sun pounding against the ramparts of
my heart? Am I this ribbon of fire hanging like a pigtail from the
Sun crackling in a hot wind of madness?

GUSTAVO BECQUER

The dusky swallows will return,
And in thy balcony hang their nests;
Their wings will tap thy window panes,
And playfully call thy guests:
But those who checked their wheeling flight,
Thy beauty and my bliss to learn,
And those who came to know our names,
Those—will not return!

The honeysuckles will return.
And fragrant climb thy garden wall;
And sweeter still, at evening's shade,
Their flowers will open fall:
But those that bent 'neath honied dew,
Whose drops we watched, in nights of yore,
Trembling fell, like day's sad tears,
Those—return no more!

They will come back; in thy dulled ears,
Love's ardent speeches sweet will sound;
Perchance thy heart will quicker beat,
Thus wakened from its sleep profound:
But mute, absorbed, on their knees,
As one adores his God above.
As I have loved thee—think it not!
Thus they—will never love!

Translated from the Spanish by George St. Clair.
The little wife Maria, with red eyes, sits at the plain, coverless table, sipping from a glass of tea. Her forehead perspires, for it is a warm summer day and the three small rooms under the roof seem to be warmed with heat. What is going on in Maria's mind as she sits there gazing at the bare dark-orange wall? Who can tell? Maria is a resigned person, the sort who seems never to have had hopes for a better life, for a better man. She sits there, and her expression is sorrowful. At any moment one expects to see her burst into tears. But Maria seldom cries, even though her eyes are always red. Of a sudden her body jerks into an attentive, alert pose. She has heard thumps of heavy feet on the stairs outside; then silence. Maria knows what that means. Her husband Yasha is drunk. He is climbing the stairs with difficulty, and now is resting to clear his head for a moment in order to climb a few more stairs in safety. Maria knows instinctively that her husband is drunk, but fear for something else contracts her heart. What is Yasha doing here at this time of the day? Maria rocks her head from side to side. She knows that her husband has been fired, has lost another job. The door flies open and Yasha stumbles into the room. He is a giant, with a red face and dull, expressionless eyes. With a large, heavy hand firmly planted on the wall he supports himself, and stands wildly at his little wife. She stares at him too, her fingers clasped around the glass. "Ah!" Yasha cries, disgusted. He steps like a sober man across several feet of the floor, and drops heavily into a chair. Then he raises his shoulders, which had fallen almost on his knees, and brings them to rest against the back of the chair; he stares dully at his wife, who has followed him with her eyes. "Yasha!" cries Maria, in a terror-striken voice. "Yasha, what are you doing here now? You have lost your job again!" A stupid grin spreads over Yasha's face. Maria rises from her chair and stands at the table. She knows better than to approach within reach of her husband's hands. She rocks her head and seems about to burst into tears. Her little upper lips move nervously, at times exposing an upper or lower row of Yasha exclaimed "Bah!" even in the midst of affection, when he noticed her face in detail. At these outbursts of disgust, a submissive, pleading look would enter her eyes, and she would withdraw from him and turn away her face. "Yasha, give me your wages," says Maria, timidly. She knows how useless her words are. She knows that Yasha has squandered his last cent on whisky. Still she repeats her request, as she did many times before, hoping that in this indirect way she will make him realize their circumstances, and that he may awake to at least a bit of responsibility.

Yasha's grin grows wider and sillier. "Next week, Yasha, we have rent to pay," says Maria in a shaky voice. "Where will we get money? Again we'll be put out on the street. Yasha, what have you done? Why did they fire you? What did you do? Yasha, get another job ... or we'll be put out on the street again."

Yasha draws his lips together sternly. His eyes flame with anger. Waving his hand from side to side, he roars, "Maria, get away, leave me alone," and after this effort his face sinks into insipidity. "Oh, oh, oh!" moans Maria, twisting her fingers among each other and pacing about the part of the room farthest away from her husband. "He has lost his job again. Such a good job and he lost it. The drunken pig comes home at this time of the day and sits there grinning at me. Oh, oh, what will we do? Next week we have rent to pay. And what will we eat? Even when he works we have not enough to live on." Turning to him she cries, "Pig, go out and find another job. Do you hear, go out and find another job! We will be kicked out on the street again. We will starve like rats again. Fool, drunken fool, why do you sit there? Where will money come from? Oh, oh, look how he sits there and doesn't move."

Maria speaks boldly, but her eyes are frightened and she watches her husband closely. Sweat runs down her face. Her brown eyes gleam with anger; her voice trembles, filled with hopelessness. Yasha's chin has sunk on his breast. "Keep quiet," he mumbles. "Leave me alone. Get away from me."

Now that Yasha's eyes are lowered, his wife becomes bolder. She screams, "So you want me to get away from you, eh? You want me to leave you, eh? All right, drunken pig, all right. I'll leave you. And may I drop dead in my tracks if you'll see me again."

She rushes through the rooms, gathers up her shawl and her black, giddy hat with a little drooping feather on one side, meanwhile letting out a stream of wounded words. Although, on this warm summer day, she has not the least use for her shawl and hat, still she gathers them together. This gesture has become habitual; it means that she is taking her belongings with her. When she first threatened to leave him, years ago, she ran out of the rooms searching frantically for her possessions. But all she could find to take with her were a shawl and a hat.

MARIA

I.

The little wife Maria, with red eyes, sits at the plain, coverless table, sipping from a glass of tea. Her forehead perspires, for it is a warm summer day and the three small rooms under the roof seem to be warmed with heat. What is going on in Maria's mind as she sits there gazing at the bare dark-orange wall? Who can tell? Maria is a resigned person, the sort who seems never to have had hopes for a better life, for a better man. She sits there, and her expression is sorrowful. At any moment one expects to see her burst into tears. But Maria seldom cries, even though her eyes are always red. Of a sudden her body jerks into an attentive, alert pose. She has heard thumps of heavy feet on the stairs outside; then silence. Maria knows what that means. Her husband Yasha is drunk. He is climbing the stairs with difficulty, and now is resting to clear his head for a moment in order to climb a few more stairs in safety. Maria knows instinctively that her husband is drunk, but fear for something else contracts her heart. What is Yasha doing here at this time of the day? Maria rocks her head from side to side. She knows that her husband has been fired, has lost another job. The door flies open and Yasha stumbles into the room. He is a giant, with a red face and dull, expressionless eyes. With a large, heavy hand firmly planted on the wall he supports himself, and stands wildly at his little wife. She stares at him too, her fingers clasped around the glass. "Ah!" Yasha cries, disgusted. He steps like a sober man across several feet of the floor, and drops heavily into a chair. Then he raises his shoulders, which had fallen almost on his knees, and brings them to rest against the back of the chair; he stares dully at his wife, who has followed him with her eyes. "Yasha!" cries Maria, in a terror-striken voice. "Yasha, what are you doing here now? You have lost your job again!" A stupid grin spreads over Yasha's face. Maria rises from her chair and stands at the table. She knows better than to approach within reach of her husband's hands. She rocks her head and seems about to burst into tears. Her little upper lips move nervously, at times exposing an upper or lower row of Yasha exclaimed "Bah!" even in the midst of affection, when he noticed her face in detail. At these outbursts of disgust, a submissive, pleading look would enter her eyes, and she would withdraw from him and turn away her face. "Yasha, give me your wages," says Maria, timidly. She knows how useless her words are. She knows that Yasha has squandered his last cent on whisky. Still she repeats her request, as she did many times before, hoping that in this indirect way she will make him realize their circumstances, and that he may awake to at least a bit of responsibility.

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Yasha enters the corner saloon and looks sullenly at the men.
Riffraff, prick up your ears,
Bond-slaves, Indians, black men,
Who make up these rebel ranks,
I, your Sergeant, have a hint for you,
Our masters respectfully suggest we advance.
March, comrades. Lively.
There, through the woods, the English gentlefolk
With men weary and dirty like you and me
Fret to hoist us on their whetted iron.
We might as well trudge on
Nothing’s behind but unrewarded labor.
Ahead perhaps Hope smiles, for our children, not us;
Our malformed lives are tools to batter with,
No mord.
About to die I dare a dream,
Lifting my spirit like old mummied wine,
That back of the enemy trench
Rears a new state
For us, the lonely and the dregs.
March, comrades.
We heard blatter of “independence”
July last year;
The masters act pleased, boasting a saving in gold
From debts to English merchants they’ll not have to pay,
Swilling in hogsheads of blood-purchased rum.
We of the lower orders sneer at this “Declaration,” and know
It strikes not sixty seconds from a servant’s time,
Invests no tenant with farm,
Pays no Indian for the raped land,
Permits no black man to walk erect—
Keep step. No lagging.
To-day we have a span new flag.
Our masters gave it us,
I like it not, smacking of cent. per cent.,
Smuggling, indentures, and the branding-iron.
The masters rant of “Liberty” for themselves,
Rife with the spirit thereof, not the principle,
Looking on us as ordure far below
Their shining silver buckles.
They need us now, and I fight, and when it’s done—

GEORGE JARRBOE

I’ve only scholarship, no commercial instinct—
I must go back to chains in Williamsburg,
Throwing down the free man’s rifle, loaned temporarily,
To make the issue of a scented harlot
Parrot what they can never understand.
Livelier, that lagging rearmost file!
I’m Sergeant Lloyd, I can prove it with my fist.
Get on.
There’s nothing, I say, behind;
I dare believe that yonder, long miles on,
A gentle hand puts out from poor men’s hopes,
Strikes up the fratricidal musket.
Get on, men.
Now you’re ahead of me,
My compliments, comrades.
I cannot rise. Strange, but I find comfort
On the hard earth,
Only the festering brand-mark aches,
Not the seven wounds
Painting a cardinal’s robes on my humble corpse.
Pardon, masters, my assuming a fine garment.
That harlot will miss me,
The one schooled brain in her lavish house.
Well, there’ll be other wretches
Spite of that gridiron flag shaking so bravely
Lies to the stormy wind.
Once my father had gold and I went to school
With dukes and earls, in England. Now, a bond-slave,
In despised, rebel ranks,
Shoulder to shoulder with peasants and city-scum,
I fight, and lie here, knowing I shall not rise,
Gripping like a boy stuffed with sweatmeats
And hopes of more.
My comrades march, they’ve cleared the bristling trench
Streaked with bastard daylight;
With backs still bent they press on.
The red-and-silver gentles are all red;
I also in my gaudy robes,
My abdomen a tiny fountain.
They’re dying all around me.
Through splintered branches, fluttering leaves,
Past corpses, pillory, hot irons, harlot’s scented curls.
My eyes fix on a patch of farthest blue—
Yonder’s true morning!
Gods! There she is! the sapphire eyes, the sword
Dripping more than reddest morning,
THE MORADA

Pure lady of Marathon, Mons Sacra, Sempach, Long Marston.
She is not glad I am dying.
Even as she bent to Eunus, Spartacus, John Ball,
She weeps that the goal of my dream is distant—
Earth must be charnel of dregs like me.
Each time is firmly laid a stone of the new house.
Good. Sleep well. And bravo, Lloyd!
Through thinning, stinging smokes fall gentle leaves,
A free man’s cement.
Except for the battle it’s a fine afternoon,
My couch is restful, and my slavery’s passing.
I’m Sergeant Lloyd of the republican army,
Good as any man, strongfisted, ideas in my head.
Fully I live these moments, stand up, salute,
I follow, O goddess,
With bayonet ready,
Your service hard but sweet.
You stride through mansions, overseers, magistrates, huts,
Toward a new house for my people.
Your sword implacable, pointing straight;
Blinding bright through tons of shattering darkness.
Is your smile, O Liberty!
I thank you for your arms,
And the matchless pillow, your bosom,
And the beauteous lips that say:
I shall sleep in the new house.

PAULINE LEADER

MEMORY OF THE EVENING

In the washed-blue morning
my memory of the evening
is a littered ground where a circus has been;
her sounds and scents seem as stupidly unreal
as folded-up circus atmosphere.
The shells begin to hammer the trench above.
The candle-light flickers.
We look at each other apprehensively. We try to talk as though
the thing we dread most is not happening.
The sergeant stumbles down the steps and warns us to keep our
battle equipment on.
The dug-out is an old German one, it is braced with stout wooden
beams. We look anxiously at the ceiling of the hole in which we sit.
The walls of the dug-out tremble with each crashing detonation.
The air outside whistles with the rush of the oncoming shells.
The German gunners are "feeling" for our front line.
The crashing of the shells comes closer and closer. Our ears are
attuned to the nuances of a bombardment. We have learned to iden­
tify each sound.
They are landing on the parapets and in the trench itself now.
We do not think of the poor sentry, a new arrival, whom we have
left on look-out duty.
We crowd closer to the flickering candle.
Upstairs the trench rings with a gigantic crack as each shell
lands. An insane god is pounding it with Cyclopean fists, madly,
incessantly.
We sit like prehistoric men within the ring of flickering light
which the candle casts. We look at each other silently.
A shell shatters itself to fragments near the entrance of the
dug-out.
The candle is snuffed out by the concussion.
Another shell noses its shrieking way into the trench near the
entrance and explodes. The dug-out is lit by a blinding red flash.
Part of the earthen stairway caves in.
In the blackness the ripping and thudding over our heads sounds
more malignant, more terrible.
We do not speak.
Each of us feels an icy fear gripping at the heart.
Shellfire!
With a shaking hand Cleary strikes a match to light the candle.
The small flame begins to slowly spread its light. Grotesque, flut­
tering shadows creep up the trembling walls.
Another crash directly over our heads.
It is dark again.
Fry speaks querulously.
"Gee, you can't even keep the damned thing lit."
At last the flame sputters and flares up.
Broadbent's face is green.
The bombardment swells, howls, roars.
The force of the detonations causes the light of the candle to
become a steady, rapid flicker. We look like men seen in an ancient,
unsteady motion-picture.
The fury of the shelling makes me ill at the stomach.
Broadbent gets up and staggers into a corner of our underground
room.
He retches.
Fry starts a conversation.
We each say a few words trying to keep the game alive. But
we speak in broken sentences. We leave thoughts unfinished. We
can think only of one thing—will the beams in the dug-out hold?
We lapse into fearful silences.
We clench our teeth.
It seems as though the fire cannot become more intense. But it
becomes a little more rapid—then more rapid. The pounding in­
creases in tempo like the noise in the head of one who is going under
an anæsthetic. Faster, faster . . .
The explosions seem as though they are taking place in the
dug-out itself. The smoke of the explosives fills the room.
Fry breaks the tension.
"The lousy swine," he says, "why don't they come on over?"
We all speak at once. We punctuate our talk with vile epithets
belitting the parentage or sexual habits of the enemy. We seem to
get relief in filthy cus-words.
In that instant a shell hurtles near the opening over our heads
and explodes with a snarling roar. Clods of earth and pieces of
wooden supports slide down the stairway.
It is dark again.
In the darkness we hear Anderson, the ex-lay preacher. He
speaks in his sing-song voice:
"How do you expect to live through this with all your swearing
and taking the Lord's name in vain?"
For once we do not heap abuse and ribaldry on his bald head.
We do not answer.
We sit in the darkness afraid now to even light the accursed
shell. It seems as though the enemy artillerymen have taken a dis­
like to our candle and are intent on blowing it out.
I look up at the shattered stairway and see a few stars shining
in the sky.
At least we are not buried alive!
The metallic roar continues.
Fry speaks:
"If I ever live through this, I'll never swear again, so help
me God."
Anderson smiles an evangelical smile.
We feel that we will promise anything to be spared the horror
of being buried alive under tons of earth and beams which shiver
over our heads with each explosion. Bits of earth from the ceiling
THE MORADA

begin to fall...

Suddenly, as quickly as it began, the bombardment stops.

We start to clear up the debris from the bottom of the stairs.

To think we could propitiate a senseless god by abstaining from cursing!

What god is there as mighty as the fury of a bombardment?

More terrible than lightning, more cruel, more calculating than an earthquake!

How will we ever be able to go back to peaceful ways again and hear pallid preachers whimper of their puny little gods who can only torment sinners with sulphur, we, who have seen a hell that no god, however cruel, would fashion for his most deadly enemies?

Yes, all of us have prayed during the maniac frenzy of a bombardment.

Who can live through the terror-laden minutes of drumfire and not feel his reason slipping, his manhood dissolving?

Selfish, fear-stricken prayers—prayers for safety, prayers for life, prayers for air, for salvation from the death of being buried alive...

Back home they are praying, too—praying for victory—and that means that we must lie here and rot and tremble forever...

We clear away the debris and go to the top of the broken stairs. It is quiet and cool.

PAUL BOWLES

SERENADE AU CAP

A dull pearl evening presses down flat over all the land
Dimming and darkening it pushes its grey face down wide
All round upon the lavender leaves in the trees
Expressionless all dead grey in the fast twilight
It hugs the hot earth close to its face
Under the towering fir by the pool the soft earth is warm and black
A complete silence waits down across the wet terraces and moist petals
Wrinkle and fall the little diamond lights by the sea in a long
Curving line glimmer twinkle shiver on the brink of a grey eternity
The pool is still with warm dark water the masses of froth do not move
A dark form impenetrable silent in the fast twilight hugs the hot earth
Close to its face

HAROLD J. SALEMSON

PORTRAIT OF WALDO FRANK

I would like to write some large and supple phrases,
As if I never read the books he wrote,
As if I had read only all the letters we exchanged, and articles and glows on his work.
And conversations: someone speaking of him,
While I sat enchanted, listening, trying to imbibe impressions of the man. One spoke harshly, one Inscribed his book of verse to him, his friend.
Another met him in New York. A Frenchman.
Then he wrote an article about him in a small review
In French. He said: Waldo Frank est juif.
The words were dry. But all the venom that those words have carried, designating other men, was here reduced to nothing. It was just a statement. Admiration swept away all prejudice. A small mind rises to great heights, confronted by the force such writings bear.

One morning in New York, I made a visit.
My host stood finishing his dressing. He excused himself,
Because he was awaited at a literary lunch
My host was well-known in New York and elsewhere;
He too wrote, and he knew Waldo Frank.
He asked me if I'd met him. I said no. And then
He spoke about him to me. His words were these:
"He is a Messiah of the world of letters,
If you talk to him about his work upon a human plane.
He looks at you and in his eyes appears a look of pity.
Great pity does he feel for ignorance, but thinks:
They know not what they do... The look remains and soon you feel his words, as if he had spoken them.
He has been mute, but you have heard: 'Poor man, you do not know my father's business. Have you never heard of God?' He is an Atlas, bearing on his back the weight of all America's, of all the world's importance in the literary field.' My host continued:
'Do you think that he exaggerates his force?'
I did not answer and the subject changed.

Today I ran my eyes across the letters I've received from him.
He was too busy when I was near enough
And so, we've never met. But we have written to each other,
And he often asks me when I will return, when we will meet.
THE MORADA

It almost seems as though some interest in me
Has taken form within him and that he would like to talk with me.
He writes: "It is a fine day warming for spring.
If you were here we'd have a walk and talk
And it would do my parched soul good." And still,
He does not know me. At the best, he's read a few lines
That I wrote. But what are they? The sun
Would ask the stars to keep him company. O irony!

And now I have been reading in a book.
Its author is the greatest, I believe,
Our country has yet had, within that field
Of fiction. And he tells of how, before he had been crowned
By fame, an article appeared about his work.
It gave him courage, helped him persevere,
And shooed away the evil thoughts he harbored.
Then he tells the critic's name. The article
Was signed by Waldo, Frank. It's he who saved the other
From despair one day. And if he had done nothing else,
Within that act there is enough to make him known
To all posterity. But he has done much more.
I've read his books . . .

But now the time has come to stop, for I intended
To write some large and supple phrases, as if I
Had never read the things he wrote, his books
Why did I choose this mask of ignorance

CATHARINE STUART

ICEBERG LAKE

Bluer than clustered Harebells
carpeting the retreat of glaciers
your waters crack upon mountains of ice.
Down in your depths
the sun is forever a stranger;
You live in a crystal cataclysm
of shifting ice.

HARRY CROSBY

SUN-DEATH (1)

Take Nietzsche "Die at the right time. Die at the right time: so
teacheth Zarathustra.""

Take the Gymnosophists, who used to kill themselves in public
in the market-place. Take the widows of India who flung themselves
on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Take the Greeks: Diogenes,
Socrates, Demosthenes, Themistocles, and Sappho, because of her love
for the disdainful Phaon. Take the Romans: Porcia, Arria, Lucretia,
Brutus and Cassius and Cato.

Take Dido. Take Cleopatra. Take Sappho. Take the Saints and
Martyrs. Take Jesus Christ. Take the Members of that famous Suicidal
Club, who drew lots once a year to see whose turn it was to die. Take
Medici. Take Van Gogh, example of triumphant individuality,
honor winning from the topmost pinnacle, and take his death into
Sun. Go to Van Gogh. you sluggards, consider his ways and be wise
But to return to Nietzsche "die at the right time." no matter
where you are, in the depths of the coal pit, in the crowded streets
of the city, among the dunes of the desert, in cocktail bars, or in the
narrowed corridors of the Ritz, at the right time, when your entire
life, when your soul and your body, your spirit and your senses
are concentrated, are reduced to a pin-point. the ultimate gold point, the
point of finality, irrevocable as the sun. sun-point, then is the time.
and not until then, and not after then (o horrors of anticlimax
from which there is no recovering) for us to penetrate into the cavern
of the sombre Slave-Girl of Death, to enter upon collision with the
sombre Slave-Girl of Death. in order to be reborn, in order to become what you
wish to become. tree or flower or star or sun, or even dust and nothingness, for it is stronger to foundeer
in the Black Sea of Nothingness, like a ship going down with flags., than to crawl like a mollusk into
the malodorous whoresome of evil and old age.

I recall the Hollow Men
"This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends"
and Eliot is right, absolutely right, as regards the majority, as regards
the stupid Philistines, whose lives have always been a whimper, whose

(1) reprinted from Mad Queen by Harry Crosby. The Black Sun
THE MORADA

lives could never be anything else but a whimper, whose lives must inevitably end with a whimper, they who prefer senility, who prefer putrefaction of the brain, who prefer hypocrisy, sterility, imbecility, (do not confound with madness) importance, to the strength and fury of a Sun-Death; dead bodies and dead souls dumped unceremoniously into the world’s latrine.

But for the Seekers after Fire and, the Seers and the Prophets (hail to you o men of transition) and for the Worshippers of the Sun, life ends not with a whimper, but with a Bang—a violent explosion mechanically perfect (“Impertnhnthnthnthnthn”) a Sun-Explosion into Sun—while down and down downwards down below with bloodied heaviness sinks the menstrual cloth of the past (protegez-vous contre la syphilis) for the eunuchs and the sabbatarians to feed upon (how can they know the Sun, those dry trees, they of the clammy hands and the fetid breath, with their pro-cathedrals and their diplomacy). Let them dung devour, let their maggot fingers swarm over the red cloth, while we, having set fire to the powderhouse of our souls, explode suns within suns and cataracts of gold into the frenzied fury of the Sun, into the madness of the Sun, into the hot gold arms and hot gold eyes of the Goddess of the Sun.

NORMAN MACLEOD

EFFIGIES IN BAS-RELIEF

Noise renders no time reflective and cities gain what mountains never held and what I knew of quiet beyond outpouring strength of cedars gnarled but rugged still lost in a swelter of chaotic superimpositions.

Now in a golden wasteland, cathedrals to cover a category of saints.

PROCESSION

Bound with turkeyfeather rope.
The deys together
Ge with the aspect of finite variety
In a changeful weather
Cast upon the ascending slope.
The sun to tether.

50

FREDERIC COVER

BLOOD FROM A STONE

Cursing the fate
That held us to a town so dull and pale
That even love grew stale,
Where the small weight
Of ordinary duties was so great
As to distort our wills,
And all our talks
Were filled with hate
And bitterness, we took our little walks
Discussing ills.

"Why?
"Why should a host of others have the sea
Day after day
Tumbling upon the sands incessantly
Like a huge beast at play,
Washing away
The jagged edges of the sand, the pain
Of little cutting things of life, while we
Have nothing but a plain?

You would say
It was not fair, and I’d agree.

Until a day
We paused beside the tracks to watch a train
Approach and speed away
Over the plain.
And the train roared
And the trucks clanged and the wheels screamed;
A thousand faces framed in mystery,
Blurred faces, soared
Across our wakened vision and it seemed
Good to remain.
I looked at you and you looked at me,
We smiled (a little wistfully)
And gazed at the disappearing train.

51
CROSS COUNTRY: The Mexican Land

It is a high and lonely, but somehow insolent land. There is no feeling of surrender. (I saw an American throw a copper five-centavos piece to an ancient, tottering beggar at the side of the railroad tracks one day and she refused it sullenly. She would have broken her back to pick up half a peso . . . .)

It is a land born out of the union of fire and force. The sky is clearblue and the overwhelming colour of the land, of the hills, is green but you feel the burned copper and black of heat beneath the soil. Even the mountains are thrown up jaggedly and grotesquely. Sawtooth mountains, fierce and crazy in the distance.

It is a land that has bread, and breeds, angels and saints, brigands and beggars and bastards. Cripples there in the country pueblos, but not so many as in the city. The fire of the campo kills or cures them. It is a land of dark men and passionate women. But the men live on and the women are bred-out early. They do not kill their old. Half the beggars are old. But only the strong survive unmarked by disease and hunger.

It is a land of flowers and birds, this highland of Mexico. Lavender morningglories, delicate as butterflies, cluster about the roots of the maguey plants and line the sides of the canals. White flowers fringe the edges of cornfields and tiny, delicate blueblossoms grow at the base of the hills. Flashes of orangeflowers break the drab grey and tan of the land where it is drier. Every hut has its scarlet and purple climbing about the door and the churchyards are a wilder colorsong, rising, breaking, and falling. The birds sing happiest early in the morning when the dew is on the grass. As the day draws on, they find the shade and chirp sleepily and flutter among the leaves.

Herd of goats and asses and cattle graze all day on the sparse grass in the maguey fields. A peon passes, driving his donkeya, singing a Mexican lovesong. Cordwood, tied in neat bunches over the backs of burros, is carried from house to house in the villages with the women waiting in open doorways. Lonely horsemen watch the sheep on the hills. Corn sprouts from the dry soil. The great sombreros of the men are shaped like the cone of a mountain peak.

It is a land of great distances, of waiting, brooding distances. But everywhere the hills are dotted with squares of white and pink where the stone walls and houses are. Darker adobe huts are the homes of the poor. Almost all of the people are poor. The fortunate rich surround their homes with highstone walls, but the poor beat forever at the gates.

Every town has its church; in some there are many. Pink domes rise from clumps of green and the crumbling walls of churchyards once guarded the leisure and the reflection of the holy padres. The churches were rich once, but now they are poor, and churchbells yawn voiceless and the belfeords are broken. Stone—stone for the churchyards because it is unyielding, eternal. But now the stone is matched with a law and the peasants count their beads in secret and burn their holy candles behind drawn shutters.

All faces wear the print of the sun. All eyes are guaged for distance. Their muscles are the sinews of the hills and their feet know the beating of the earth's heart.

A train passes, spouting fire from the firebox, steam hissing. And the engineer smiles like a child with a toy. A ragged child comes to the coach windows to sell chokecherries. An aged woman sits by a wall that is older than locomotives. Chokecherries in the hands of children are older than locomotives and stone walls hold the learning and memories of centuries. There is no feeling of surrender, but someone is playing a holy song in the distance. Perhaps they think that, God alone knowing the secret of this land, he will provide. But the gaunt dogs know the lesson of hunger and the peones know the strength of the walls that fence the richer acres.

Sullen, sullen the land—hotly and insolently beautiful. . . .

Down through the green canons, to the sound of tumbling water. Warmer, heavier here, but the mountains still challenge the sky. The foliage is changing. The jungle is creeping in and darkgreen trees, branched wildly, crawl nearly to the tops of the peaks. Women are washing their clothes in the swift, cold streams. The wind already carries the breath of the sea. The Gulf, on the wind, reaches up through the hills and bathes the green hills.

Still high and insolent, but Mexico is breaking down to the sea and her fierce eyes are growing drowsy . . . .

It has been raining, but the corn leaves still droop with sun. It is going to rain: The buzzards are flying low and there is a grey mist over the mountainpeaks. The air seems to whisper heavily; it screamed on the highlands. The land is shading off into purple; purple is still the color of the hills.

Early morning, Veracruz. No sleep. The sound of the town, the buzzing of insects, and strange, unrestful dreams all night. Up and out before dawn. The boy rubs sleep from his eyes at the door and takes the heavy wooden planks away from the swinging doors. Out into the dark, the city drenched with tropical rain. No lights. Only one or two sarape-draped men in the streets. Dark and heavy with rain and seamist.

Cafe and pan in the small station cafe. Excellent coffee, but it is the inevitable Mexican sweetbread. They are boarding the train.
Few travelers today. But a charming Spanish girl bids her lover good-bye endlessly. They kiss, cling together. They repeat things over and over.

Out into the sand-dunes which the jungle cannot finally conquer. Everything fragrant with rain. Far in the West, the bluemountains, draped with clouds. The peak of Orizaba is cloud-covered. A wood-smoke smell from the villages. Cocks are crowing among the trees. A pig grunts in a puddle. They are selling flowers to those in the train. A little Indian boy with a saint's face and a broken arm sells bunches of white blossoms. Two buzzards, clean-necked, perch sleepily on the thatch of a hut. An old woman with rheumatism, but no shoes.

Up and always up. The mountains are coming nearer. This is the Cortes road. Four hundred years ago, over this road he marched with his men—to the Valley of Mexico—to the highlands—for God—for Glory and Gold.

Paso del Macho at the base of the mountains. We stop to switch on the electric locomotive that draws the long train over the mountains, and the eastbound train passes here. A long stop. Time to get out and walk and smell the rainsoaked air. The rain has been heavy here too. Piles of ties at the side of the track are black and heavy with water. The smell of bacon from the station restaurant. Women and girls are selling tortas, cafe con leche, cheese, boiled eggs, sandwiches, platanos, melons. Not much trade. The dogs get nothing. A hard life and a gaunt one for dogs and women and girls. The locomotive whistles, the train jerks restlessly, the dogs whine, hungry.

Now the hills are thick with darkgreen brush. We pass through a cut, lined with dense grass and flowers beneath the trees, and turn into the first arroya. The climb begins. The sun is breaking through the clouds, an hour high.

The most beautiful country in the world! As we gain a few hundred feet elevation, we see the great sand coastplain of the eastern fringes of Mexico. Forty or fifty miles away, the waters of the Gulf can be seen, green and grey. We climb through dense brush: Palm fronds, waving hands of green plantains, wild flowers, flowers of all hues. Ferns. I catch the delicate lavender of orchids back among the trees. A little stone town in the hills. Everybody is looking out of windows. The chirping of birds and the echo of crowing cocks. Someone is whistling slowly. "Platanos!" We are moving again. White turkeys roosting on a whitestone wall. A marvelous, breath-taking bursting of crimson blossoms at a doorway.

Strange that some beauty we have seen before And oft enjoyed, when suddenly again It strikes our eyes, brings with it sweetest pain, While mystic beauty grips our hearts once more. O Master, subtest of the seers, who bore Aloft Love's torch of beauty, nor in vain, Through prejudice and envy and disdain, Showered on men the treasures of thy lore; What can I say, as suddenly the sight Of thy dear Donna pierces like a dart, Filling my heart with wonder and delight! How shall I find fit words to praise thy art? Mutely I bow before thy magic might, Tears in my eyes, and sweet pain in my heart.

How truer than truth itself you bravely said: A love that has no future and no past! Never was born and never will be dead, Never will be consummated at last! We are today, our love is present tense And always must be, always so has been, A little thing immeasurably immense, The soul's divinest offering, and a sin.

How braver than bravery you truly said: Nothing is gained but loss, and loss is gain! A love that in its giving food is fed, Strengthened in its hopelessness and pain! We do not pity ourselves, we do not damn Those who would damn us, children of the dark; But all our love is, all you are, I am, Is our brave ineradicable mark.
JOSEPH KALAR

UNEMPLOYED

In the shadow of a poolhall—He stands limply. It will soon be night. Twilight now is a soft fall of grey ashes. Look: twilight is a dry fog settling on brothels, falling on blindpigs, falling on poolhalls, cigarstores, cafes. It will soon be night. Darkness creeps stealthily over the papermill, blotting piles of broken lumber, blotting boxcars, piles of sulphite screenings, blotting junkpile, ashpile, coalpile. It will soon be night. Nothing now but dull glow of windows. He looks, his body sagging limply. A cigaret glows between his fingers. He is quite alone. It is a very cold night. The people he wants to see and watch as they walk down the sidewalk are still at home eating supper. He doubts if they will come tonight. It is a very cold night and it looks like rain. The clouds have whispered it, the wind telegraphs, the smoke promises. From the papermill a vile jetting of sulphur dioxide. It burns in the nostrils, penetrates, sweeps down allies, settles on vacant lots, fills the street. Now distantly there is a throb, a muffled overture of wheels, pulleys, beaters, grinders, and escaping steam. The nightshift is at work. He is not working.

It had been done quite simply. He remembered walking over the slippery greasy floor, a thin film gliding over his eyes and a quiet calm flowing to his lips; he remembered how tired his legs were from pressing down levers and how they trembled in relaxation; he remembered words walking coldly through thin lips; remembered a small white discharge slip, his laughter by the gate, his sudden fierce anger, his clenched fist.

It was done always so simply. Words walking through thinfat lips and there tomorrow a man stands on streetcorners futile cold and hungry fingers of his loneliness reaching out to touch people hurrying by him with an icy stare, a dry fog settling down upon him a suddenly most surely a little brown dog wagging his tail asking for handpats aching with hunger wining at thoughts of tomorrows endlessly on parade.

Or Chicago. Waves smashing into splinters of green on the lakefront a cold breeze dancing over the lake the zoom of traffic roar of Levated beating upon him sitting on a parkbench watching lovers disappear into the shrubbery and he sitting there looking stupidly numb with cold. God. Or walking, for instance, over Clark St. bridge odor of roasted coffee not quite overwhelming odor of garbage pulled by puffing tugs, and a policeman dogging his steps. Or W. Madison St. smell of sour sweat thick on the air and canned heat and a man sidling to him touching his shoulder come with me dearie I will give you something to eat. God. Or watching the sharkboards hoping and not hoping wishing and not wishing wanting and not wanting, apathy and fear streaming up his legs, depressing his heart, and God how he did want to cry.

Or Cincinnati. And a small jew eyeing him coldly sneering, his eyes walking over frayed edges of his overcoat frayed trousers wrinkled the walking coldly over his face and hair cut not quite in the latest fashion and God how his soul whimpered and sniffled and crept into the dark kennels of despair to turn crouching hate flowering darkly within him hands longing to grasp the sleek throat throttling until sharkboards wanted breadlines flopjoints crumbled into dust and were one with the dark earth and beauty flowered over all the land.

Or sitting there anywhere now or then or tomorrow slowly a contraction of his Being more and more significant until he was as a flea or a paintpimple on a parkbench or a cockroach crawling repulsively over the pavement and the beautiful girls their legs always a walking away and a drawing away and he so wanting a white hand running gently through his hair.

A freight to Minneapolis, Omaha. Detroit. Cleveland. Seattle. Always boxcars rattling over gleaming rails always parallel the earth always feeling and responding always: the dark cool maternal earth. Always a magnet always calling always crying to him to speed away from his pain futile and hungry and he wanting to smash things and a cold clean wind from the east beating upon him pushing him pushing pushing right through him beyond him beyond civilization and policemen and scabs and hunger and words walking through thinfat lips beyond a tomorrow that is but the crack of a pistol beginning the march of tomorrows and tomorrows endlessly on parade.

Christ, he mutters suddenly, his fingers grasping a cigaret he has forgotten to puff. He flips the butt into the street, leaves shadows of the poolhall, and walks quickly away, his legs trembling a bit in relaxation.

CHARLES HENRI FORD

Still in the night
a star has fallen,
aping a bright
flower's pollen.

Grieve, now, grieve:
naught can restore,
nothing retrieve
a fallen star.

57
SIDNEY HUNT

TYPESCRIPT

write with kisses
on the flesh of young sphinxes
soft and occasionally
rough
hands slip over warm ice
swaying to the hesitating tune
of a thrumming body
lips in a hurry run
here and there
fly in noisy bronze to a dream
of sad knees
polished with
flowers electrically
worked
rigid
listen
for death's echo
feel the texture of music
slowing to the
comma of
spent
energy

ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

KIRIKI

Indians say that Baja Sierra Madre Mountain
Uphrust from the prickling Caliente Plain
And serrating the floor of the smothering sky
Is the first dying golden eagle's cry
Solidified to stone.
And their ancient shamen say
That on that final judgment day
When the last long-time-alone
Redman shall come to die
Will the old flint-rock mountain
Be resolved again
To a golden eagle's freedom-cry.

RICHARD THOMA

POEM FOR CECILIA

I should like to write you a poem with certain words
like bell and Chartres and magenta—but Alastair says
I am here for the words, not they for me—
so I must wait until they pierce me with their swords
on lonely, greenly magical, moonstone days
and draw, perhaps, from the wounds, brave displays of melody.

Have you ever sat by a fire, watching the flames?
washing your mind in the bright bath of the fire?
Then the words seem to drop away—the poet's lyre
beats madly in the air against closed saloons.

Chartres is such a fire. The rose window soars like a burning heart
and takes away my speech. My thick throat parches in the light
of that great, Gothic splendour—I think of Blake and tigers in the
night
and unknown words I cannot say tear my poor brain apart.

And you are as the flames that burn up all my words—
you are my Chartres—you are that tragic theatre
where poets die in a decor of exploded brains—
while seven ecstatic gramophones play blue refrains—
and there, my secret, sacred words, like burning birds
plunge into the auto-da-fe of your eyes, their dear creator.

DONAL McKENZIE

STOPPED MOMENT

darkly I roam and forever
among your shining moods
delving in mists
of you I gather stars
your words come over slowly
buried under breath
(like splendid nudes
unfolding whitely to the dawn)
your opening unreluctant lips
strike down the frantic flesh
a clanging vortex
of unutterable flame
From an extra-literary point of view, the big year of the eighteenth century was '89. For in '89, the new form of government set in, no more to be dialogued.

Still, the word "révolution," which we are accustomed to link with this date, seems to me the wrong denomination. Overthrowing of a government, yes, but not revolution. A revolution would be, such as it was 130 years later in Russia, the replacing of a wornout, out-of-date government, not by its natural successor, but by a more advanced form, perfect in its theories, but for which the mould is not yet ready. In '89, nothing of the sort happened. Corrupted, loathsome monarchy could no longer hope to remain enthroned. The entire eighteenth-century trend of thought and action proved this. One morning the people of Paris replaced it. But this was no revolution. This was evolution. Where monarchy has lived, failed, and died, democracy must naturally step in. And so it did.

However, this is political philosophy. From which I never was more remotely distant in spirit than at the present moment. Just one more word on the subject. No one has yet tried the ridiculous exploit of bringing the ideas displayed in Plato's Republic. This may come, but as yet we have spared so stupid a sight. Still, there are ideas in this Greek dialogue which, if expressed by a contemporary, would amaze us. But could we have expected, even of the most intelligent, advanced, and revolutionary Athenian, that he enter- tained the idea of abolishing slavery? This is no approach that we can address the Greeks. It is the result of circumstances which gave them no chance of even conceiving such an idea, let alone believing in it. And it would be just as bad if we were to reproach Danton and Robespierre with not having installed communism. For this reason, I find

the-Marxists quite wrong in condemning bourgeoisie as such. Whatever they may wish to call it today, I will agree with them. But it is necessary that we realize that the idea of putting the middle-class into power in '89 seemed as outrageous as it does to some for us to wish today to put government in the hands of the proletariat.

I said previously that '89 marked evolution and revolution. The natural new form succeeded the out-of-date existing one.

The same action must take place in the arts. The field is always open for experiment. But we must not confound the two forms of old art: old in age, old in value. Last year's Salon may be out-of-date because of its lack of value. Changes are it will not be much different from what is being done today. But when an old (in age) form of art or literature, begins to have little or no more value for us, we must not forget that in its day, it was quite as new as we think we are at present and, for that reason, it remains important.

In politics, one may contend that the old form, that which has today no more practical value, is useless, and that our mission is to batter it down. There can be no question as to the truth of such a statement. But even V. F. Calverton, one of America's foremost critics, who has attempted to base literary appreciation almost entirely on a politico-sociological footing, admits that the bourgeois novels of the sixteenth century were as astonishingly daring in their day, and therefore remain such, as our first elements of proletarian literature are today.

No one of intelligence will. I believe, demand that the public immediately respond to these drastic experiments. It is even natural to find distinct animosity among the lay who are called upon to appraise the new form. Were we able to force this new form upon them, we might call it revolution; but such measures are highly improbable and would be utterly useless. We must therefore resort to the calmer method known as evolution.

The doing-away with an old form arbitrarily is merely a type of dictatorship, a sort of artistic fascism. And though such a movement may remain to posterity as an amusing coup-de-main, it means no actual advance in the development of art.

I shall here give a little classification of the arts, which may help the lucidity of these ideas, if any such be contained herein:

- The Cinema:
  - Architecture:
  - Literature:
  - Sculpture:
  - Painting:
  - Dancing:
  - Music:

This arbitrary list (of course, there must be seven), I conceive in the order of "palpability." The cinema is the most tangible of the
arts, a mixture of the ideological implications of literature, the reality of architecture, the rhythmic values of music and dancing. Next we have architecture, devoid perhaps of ideology, but undoubtedly tangible, since it is the art of housing, that art which is the most practical, the most useful and the most earthly.

Literature, though offering a vast field for experiment, maintains a certain inflexibility due to its medium: the word, whose value, having a commercial use, is fixed once and for all. And, of course, in this line, the phenomenon of Gertrude Stein's work stands out as an apparent denial of the foregoing statement. Look out! That is an error. Miss Stein's art is not literature, or rather not pure literature. It is a decided mixture of literature and music. Miss Stein plays with sound, disregarding the immediate meaning of the verb, thinking only of the musical value of words. It is only in the ultimate significance which issues forth from a Gertrude Stein prose that there can be seen any real literary manifestation. Miss Stein composes; she does not write. And the actual literary importance of her work seems to me doubtful. I said actual. In itself her work is not that of a great master, but it eventually gains vast importance through its influence on other writers. For men, and women, who write what might be dry ideology or mude fiction, are seen to alleviate this by a slight musical sense of the word due to their having read Gertrude Stein.

I will not continue demonstrating the classification I made above, for the reader will see the evolution through sculpture, the human form, painting, two-dimensional, dancing, a rhythmic expression devoid of any actual logical form, to music which, needless to say, is pure emotion.

Allow me to bring Miss Stein back into the discussion.

One day Miss Stein appeared on the scene and some discerning minds, though probably not knowing exactly why they did this, heralded her as a genius. Her work was called a revolution. Que non, que non!

It would be child's-play to trace Miss Stein's ancestors in literature. We find in all great poets, phrases, words, repetitions, which, academic pedants attempt to justify reasonably but which doubtless were often employed merely for their music, their sound-value, and that is a sound value. This tendency is seen to grow as modern times are approached. Romanticism, then free verse, help it, add to it. After Poe and Whitman, after Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Laforgue, what

(2) That the writer is authorized in coining, changing, mingling and combining words, is not deniable. But his new medium, if it is to be the vehicle of a thought, must be identifiable with the existing word-values; these must serve as indices to the author's meaning. If the writing is not a vehicle of idea, the author knows no restriction; he will probably drift into sound and unfortunately produce only a poorer form of music, hopelessly limited by human pronunciational power.
deduced from conscious reality.) Still, this is no denigration of the value of Man Ray's film. I have previously lauded it sufficiently. Summing-up is often taken for innovating, and it has as much, if not even more, importance than innovation.

Paul Fejos' production *Lonesome* did last year what *Variety* had done in the past. It combined all the intervening discoveries and perfected 'and added to these a greater nudity and simplicity than had yet been seen, resulting in a final coherence which puts all previous achievements out-of-date. In this addition of simplification and sobriety, *Lonesome* derives directly from Dupont's film.

This digression upon the cinema can serve as a basis for extending the same reasoning to the other arts. Referring back to the tentative classification made earlier in this essay, we will see that the cinema comes first. It gives the least field for arbitrariness in experimentation. Then comes architecture. Unless it is to be dilettantism, an architectural achievement must conform to certain requirements, the main one being its practicality. And, since the architect is dealing with matter and not idea, there is a certain respect of equilibrium which must be maintained.

As for literature, I believe I have sufficiently gone into the possibilities and consequences of experimentation in it. But here we find the lack of restraint and the conception of a fantastic real-irreality beginning to creep in. Sculpture still has some check of the human form felt in its execution, but as soon as we strike painting, there seems to be no more actual control exerted. Here the artist—for it is understood that the reproduction of everyday reality, much more successfully achieved by photography, is to be left to that somewhat mechanical art—here, I say, the artist has free sway over the ingredients of plausibility and imaginative irreality to be injected into his production. He may go headlong into a dream-state and allow his fantasy to be unimpeded. And if he disregards the criticism of those who have not yet heard of the existence of photography, he will be no worse off, and will have achieved as great a result, plausible or not.

Dancing, except for the slight limit of human gesture, motion and rhythm, is handicapped by no catering. And music has absolutely no bounds that it cannot exceed. Pure emotion is as entirely personal matter, the affair of the artist, even if he be attempting to portray mobs in action—collectivity, and I will concede no restraint as permissible to be imposed upon the musical creator.

Whether or not the artists in these various branches ever actually innovate is another matter. It is undoubtedly a thing for personal opinion to some extent, but I do not believe it an entirely individual decision. There are precedents which must not be disregarded and, however pedant they be, historians of the arts are sometimes a help in ascertaining such opinions. That one may be sceptical as to the importance of discerning whether or not a creator actually innovates, I readily admit.

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**THE MORADA**

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Poor, conservative workmen in every field persist in producing useless out-of-date realizations and, though they are despicable, one bit of thanks is due them. They entertain the crying need for something more advanced and avoid progressive-minded men the trouble of demonstrating the emptiness of the space that they are attempting to fill.

These progressive artists, however, rarely conceive ideas which cannot be traced to precedents. Why should they? When so much has already been done in one direction, why not persevere, in adding that which conditions before our time did not permit conceiving? The man who finds something *new* is much more rare than we suspect.

The innovator is a museum specimen, of which the world is lucky to have one in each epoch (unless we are to argue that an epoch is determined by this very innovator).

But experience must be digested. This is not a matter of choice, it is an ineluctable fact. All education tends toward such a goal. There is a difference between digesting and going beyond, and digesting and standing pat.

If this be reaction, I am afraid I will have to quit the revolutionary camp.

---

**SORRY LADY**

In the stiff magnificence of death
You lie revealed.
Those eager fingers, light in daring,
Lie like helpless facts
Upon the shroud.

The countenance:
It is the sum of all you dared to dream
Yet never dared to live.
Your mouth, in *sorry* smile,
Reveals the truth;
The face, in whole, is merely that
Of a simple woman,
Dead in peace.

If you but knew your utter *candor* now!

---

**RICHARD JOHNS**

---
ESCAPE

The imperceptible fingering of time,
With silvery pencil tracing its iron nets,
Has frosted the world. But still the proud sun sets
In fire-eaten clouds over a hidden water;
And still the fragile-petalled roses climb
Age-tempered dwellings; and the night-winds utter
Around them sighings like the vanished chime
Of muted bells on ruined parapets.

On such a haunted evening came a bird
That sang in darkness near a hillbound pool,
All wood-enclosed: the heart played its own fool
To listen to such music in the quiet;
It was as if the winds grew hushed that heard
The mounting melody: another by it,
Took up its note; the rose-fragrant night was stirred
By sweetness, as the summer air fell cool.

And till night dimmed, under the soundless moon
That music thrilled, erasing the bonds of time.
The clenching years melted their ancient rime;
Youth that had been made of roses and of singing
Came back with all its dreams at their high noon
Of unfulfillment. The past released its clinging;
There were no memories but of rising June,
Of days for ever arrested at their prime.

Forgotten visions crowded that still air;
Forgotten pulses, beating like a drum,
Urged to old passions hearts long since grown numb.
Wistful the breeze arose: a joyous sorrow,
Sweet-bitter, warned the listener to prepare
For fading of this beauty in a morrow
Accustomed and accursed. All life cried there:
Bird! Sing for ever, lest the morning come!
BOOKS

Revolt


be still reveals a fine lean ironic mind with an aptitude for fine chiseled phrases and mild sardonic laughter. The title poem, be still, is excellently done, as good as anything turned out in these states during the last five lean years. CARABAS, HOLD THE THOUGHT, THE MARK OF CAIN, THEME FOR A BLUES SONG, and that dearborn independent, more than compensate for the remaining plethora of handclaps: arty ring-around-the-rose stuff, weighed down with adjectives, gaudy images, and the Baudelarian word.

UNREST as an attempt to anthologize the poetry of revolt, is more than passably successful. The vast horde of American "little" poets still warble sweetly of roses, divinely blind to the incongruity of it, while factories belch smoke and suffocate all roses, and in North Carolina awakened slaves are shot down callously, benten, and jalled; and the frame-up of labor organizers, which crucified Sacco and Vanzetti, still floursnarkly on the dungpiles of our civilization. In this they are ably abetted by the bourgeois magazines, and "critics," thus perpetuating an anemic tradition that is itself evidence of sterility. The mass of American poetry is decades behind the times. There is a militant minority that, however confused it may yet be, shows vitality, and "in that there is hope. Unrest, to the earthy chal- lenganf handfal voiced by NEW MASSES. UNREST is primarily concerned with revolt against capitalism—and as such, does deal lustily and significant blows. Among others, A. Spector, Macleod, Cheyney, Gold, Detweiler, Clements, Moyer, Conroy, Porter, Waters, and Messer contribute significant and excellent poems.

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Books

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS

Laughing Boy by Oliver La Farge. (Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston. $2.50).

Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry edited by Marcus Graham. (Graham Box 3, West Farms Station, New York, N. Y. $3.00).

It was Laughing Boy riding from the Ti- tani to the Lani, and there that he met his fate in the person of Slim Girl, a beautiful Navajo maiden. In spite of precedent, tribal disfavor and the wrath of his uncle, he marries Slim Girl and they both leave the Navajo country to live on the edge of civilization where Slim Girl enjoys a mysterious income. For almost two years they live in a blissful state of happiness that is almost eternal, serene. He plies his trade as silversmith, and she learns at last the difficult art of rug-weaving. They become comparatively rich and plan soon to pick up their hard-earned possessions and leave for the north country to live in solitude unharmed by white men and all that their civilization means. Then, inadvertently, Laughing Boy learns how Slim Girl earns her living... Slayer of Enemy Gods she had called him, and he also dispersed the clouds of impending disaster that had always hovered above them. Once again they plan to leave for the north country, and actually start. But it all avails for nothing. All through the book the materials and psychology are entirely Navajo. Only a supreme artist could have written this book, and one who was thoroughly familiar with his material. The words, the poetry, the ritual, the actions are all Navajo. From the beginning, the poetry, and the wrath of his uncle, he marries Slim Girl and they both leave the Navajo country to live on the edge of civilization where Slim Girl enjoys a mysterious income. For almost two years they live in a blissful state of happiness that is almost eternal, serene. He plies his trade as silversmith, and she learns at last the difficult art of rug-weaving. They become comparatively rich and plan soon to pick up their hard-earned possessions and leave for the north country to live in solitude unharmed by white men and all that their civilization means. Then, inadvertently, Laughing Boy learns how Slim Girl earns her living... Slayer of Enemy Gods she had called him, and he also dispersed the clouds of impending disaster that had always hovered above them. Once again they plan to leave for the north country, and actually start. But it all avails for nothing. All through the book the materials and psychology are entirely Navajo. Only a supreme artist could have written this book, and one who was thoroughly familiar with his material. The words, the poetry, the ritual, the actions are all Navajo. And "in beauty it is ended." The death scene will be remembered, once read, as long as any scene in contemporary literature. Until you rise with Laughing Boy to the peace of soul-stirring philosophy that is the Indian at the end of the book, all is the suspense of living with him a living Navajo tragedy: one that will always remain with you and temper your reaction to the Indians of the old Southwest.

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NOTES

HARRY CROSBY, a contributing editor of The Morada and an American expatriate living in Paris, committed suicide in New York City on the tenth of December. In his memory we have named this issue the Harry Crosby Number. We are publishing a trade edition (both unpublished until now), reprinting Sun-Death from his most recent book, Mad Queen. Black Sun Press, Paris and incorporating a review of his two most recent books. A short article concerning Crosby and his work will be found elsewhere in this same number.

JOSEPH KALAB is a contributing editor of New Masses and The Morada. He is a young lumberjack who lives in Minnesota.

PAULINE LEADER has published in Poetry, transition, Blues, and The Survey. She lives in New York City.

FREDERICK COVER has written some excellent poetry which has appeared in New Masses from time to time.

SOLON R. BARBER is a southern Californian. He has written several novels. Published his first book in 1926, a collection of poems, and a novel. He is editor of Janus, a magazine he publishes in Mexico City, New York, New Orleans, Havana, Nueva Gerona, Washington, and in Utah and Wyoming. He is editor of Janus.

JOSEPH VOGEL has contributed to the last two American Caravans, This Quarter, New Masses, American Speech, Blues and other periodicals. He has written several novels.

RICHARD THOMA is a young poet who lives in Paris. He has appeared in Tambour, Blues and other advance guard periodicals.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD has contributed to Poetry, Masses, New Masses, Nation, New Republic and Forum. She is Federated Press correspondent for northern California.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force when he was eighteen years old, took part in intense fighting in Northern France and Belgium, wounded and gassed, and returned from the war, he did newspaper work, feature writing, short stories, publicity. In a Dug-Out is taken from a novel (soon to be published), parts of which have been published in England, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Russia and elsewhere. He has contributed to Workers Life, Bohe Mission and is a contributing editor of New Masses.

JACK CONROY was the first to introduce Harry Crosby's work to the American magazines. He contributes a review of Crosby's work to the present issue. He has published in La Revue de l'Univers, Poetry, transition and the Play, New Masses and others. He is one of the editors of Unrest.

NORMAN MACLEOD has recently contributed to Transition (18), Pagany, Southwest Review and Folk Say: A Regional Miscellany.

GEORGE JARROD is the pseudonym of a young Irish lawyer.

SIDNEY HUNT, the editor of Bay in London, has contributed to Der Sturm, Tambour, New Age, transition and others.

A. T. MERRILL is a southern Californian.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., has spent nineteen years in educational work in the Philippine Islands. Wrote, produced and published several plays. Published a verse translation of a Pillar of the Nile epic poem. Studied in Paris and in Madrid. Professor of English and Head of the Department of English at the University of New Mexico. He is one of the editors of The Morada and Director of the University Dramatic Club.
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THE GREATER LOVE

The Major was unusually talkative that evening. A stout, florid-faced, distinguished-looking old man, with abundant, iron-grey hair, he carried his sixty-five years with a sort of jaunty ease that made us younger men look old beside him. Never a taciturn man, on this evening in question speech seemed to well up from him ceaselessly, as does a great spring in a thirsty land.

It was a dead, sultry night, the kind which uninformed people think is the usual thing in Manila. Those who have lived, however, in both this city and in New York, will tell you that sleep is much more quickly wooed on a summer night in the "Pearl of the Orient" than it is in our own steaming metropolis. But this evening the heat was overpowering. Sticky, clammy heat. Wringing, steamy heat that makes even the seasoned Manilan spend his leisure moments languidly damning his muchacho for not having more cold cerveza in the ice box. Conversation was too much like exercise: it both tired and bored one.

The heat, tho, did not seem to affect the Major, for he was at his best, his silvery tongue being well oiled by my Canadian Club, and gently loosened by generous draughts of the famed Doble Bock brand of cerveza. Nothing came amiss to him that night—passionate denunciations of the "damned Filipinos" (the Major still retained the old army attitude towards the natives); enthusiastic encomiums upon his latest mine, for the Major was an incorrigible prospector (I must be guilty of tautology here, since mortal man has never beheld a pessimistic prospector); prophecies of the wonderful future of the Islands if the "damned natives" would just let the Americans manage things for them; scurrilous jests and Boccaccian tales, punctuated and seasoned by an ear-filling profanity—all flowed from him in an endless stream of talk.

Every moment the heat became more oppressive. There was even something ominous about it. Evidently it preluded a storm. Under its influence, coupled with that of the rare, mellow old whiskey, the Major ceased his denunciations and began to reminisce in gentler tones. I feel impelled to interject here the observation, news to some, perhaps, that Manila is the only place under the American flag where one may obtain a constitutional drink. As yet the bootlegger has not crept into that paradise. Happily there is no need of him yet.

"Do you remember," the Major asked me after a somewhat long pause, "that—- typhoon that hit the southern islands in 1904, when the Leyte went down with all on board?"

I remembered it well.

"Did I ever tell you of my experience in that cursed baguio?"

Now, strangely enough, the Major had never mentioned any such experience to me, a singular circumstance, for I had thought I knew most of his stories almost by heart. Not that he ever told them twice in the same way! No! The Major possessed an infinite variety in this respect.

I must stop here to tell one of his most oft-told tales, because it helps us to understand what kind of man the Major was. It concerned a certain brush of his, during those much-talked-of "Days of the Empire," with a band of insurrectos. It was a vivid picture as the Major painted it. A revolver missing fire, a gigantic boloman brandishing his murderous blade, the Major sprinting for his life with his coat tails flying in the breeze, and then, just as he could already feel that keen knife sinking in his quivering vitals, a shot from one of his own men, sending the "damned gugu" toppling over. A great race. The Major was one of those brave soldiers who are not afraid to confess to fear.

As the Major's stories were always worth listening to, much as one might doubt their absolute truth, I assured him I had never heard this particular tale, idly wondering at the same time why he had waited so long about any experience of his. He answered my unspoken query.

"Somehow, I have never been in just the right mood for telling this story. Perhaps because it is one of my most bitter memories. But tonight—and this queer weather brings it all back so vividly. Maybe I ought to have told it before. I guess I've wronged my friend
THE MORADA

by keeping silent so long. A damned good thing it wasn't me! Say, my throat feels mighty dry. Where the devil is that lazy boy?"

After considerable difficulty, I managed to wake up my sleepy-eyed missionary and make him open a bottle of Doble Bock. Thus fortified, with a cigar to chew on, the Major began his story. The story will lose by the necessity for blue-penning the Major's expressive expressions, but what would you? Art and Life are frequently at variance, in spite of what the expressionists do to the former.

"Well," the Major began, "it was like this. You know that dirty, God-forsaken little fishing village at the mouth of the Bicol river, down in Camarines Norte. I mean three Americans, because there were six Filipinos, too, our boatmen. One of the other Americans was a supercargo in the Bureau of Education. He was a big, blond giant. We had knocked around a lot together and had become fast friends. I'll bet there's a special heaven for fellows like him. There must be."

"The other one was a little fellow who had come out as a teacher in the Bureau of Education. Say, I don't want much business monkeying with these itinerant missionarying. You know I bur,eau of Education. Say, I don't want marines? Uh-what's its name? Oh, the expressionists do to the former. What would you? Art and Life are—major's most striking expressions, but; the necessity for blue-panning the major, the name don't mean anything."

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"After all we had finished our one-course meal, the pilot came up to me."

"Señor, los hombres quien jugar monte."

"Monte! How the devil can we play monte? We haven't any money and no cards either."

"Yo tiene cutdun, señor. Do he dog up a greasy old pack of Spanish cards, and then said he would lend me the money if I would be banquero. I think he had an idea the Americans would be easy pickings. Of course I didn't like the idea of giving money borrowed from a Filipino, but we had a long evening before us with nothing to do, and we may as well get the money in hand and so I finally consented. Jones tried to argue us out of the notion. Got very insistent about it too, but as we just laughed at him, he finally got disgusted and went off and lay down on the deck in one corner of the room. I guess he put in a lot of time praying for us."

"The game began with me as banker and dealer. It would take a Rembrandt to describe that scene with his brush. There was Williams and me stripped to our undershorts, the Filipinos grouped around the rickety table, the men grave and impassive at first, the women rather anxious looking, and much more volatile; and, at one end of the table, a small coconut oil lamp, our only light. This threw into sharp relief the faces of the players, but left the greater part of the room in darkness, with strange, eerie shadows flickering in its dim corners. And in one of those corners the little missionary tossed about, doubtless trying to subdue his irritation by praying for us. But I can't paint or describe either."

"The sky looked pretty bad, and a rather stiff wind was blowing, but the pilot thought it would be safe enough, and we had to go, anyway. I mean we all sat around in the circle on the floor, and dipped our fingers into the rice. Fingers to us as forks too."

"That meal was not particularly live. The little missionary seemed to find his place in the thing more. We all became fast friends. I'll bet there's a special heaven for fellows like him. He was a rough sort of a cuss anyway."

"The other fellow had been with us a couple of times. Williams then used him out good and hard, and after that he was quiet."

"The Major paused reflectively at this point, and absent-mindedly took a fresh cigar. As he didn't go on at once with his story, but look around as if he were thinking something, I suggested a bottle of Doble Bock. The muchacho was more puffed than ever, but was finally persuaded to come to the Major's rescue, the not without something more than moral suspicion.

"Things went along right for a couple of hours. Then the wind, which had been a favor, suddenly turned and began blowing dead against us. The pilot got his head down and fell nearly nightfall, but got nowhere. In vain the piloto thought of the bamboo outriggers on the sides; You know they're not at all comfortable to sit in, even in the smoothest sea. The missionary—his name was Jones—had a hard time getting himself settled comfortably. He fidgetted around until he almost upset the entire plato. He was a rough sort of a cuss anyway."

"'Yo tiene cuidado, señor.' So he dug up a greasy old pack of Spanish cards, and then said he would lend me the money if I would be banquero. I think he had an idea the Americans would be easy pickings. Of course I didn't like the idea of giving money borrowed from a Filipino, but we had a long evening before us with nothing to do, and so I finally consented. Jones tried to argue us out of the notion. Got very insistent about it too, but as we just laughed at him, he finally got disgusted and went off and lay down on the deck in one corner of the room. I guess he put in a lot of time praying for us."

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"'Yo tiene cuidado,' he said. And cutting up, he said, 'A host's old wife brought in dinner. That is, if you want to call it that. Boiled rice in a huge plato, not a thing more. We all sat around in the circle on the floor, and dipped our fingers into the rice. Fingers to us as forks too."

"That meal was not particularly live. The little missionary seemed to find his place in the thing more. We all became fast friends. I'll bet there's a special heaven for fellows like him. He was a rough sort of a cuss anyway."

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"Monte! How the devil can we play monte? We haven't any money and no cards either."
I didn't like him. Not at all a lively bunch."

"I suppose this would be the time in the story books for a ship to heave in sight. Well, no ship came our way, we wouldn't have seen it if we had, but we did find help of a sort. You've seen those bamboo traps the Filipino fishers use, and even Williams seemed to run out of jokes. We all felt that our end was near. In fact, one of the sailors went so far as to act on impulses that many a foolish sailor had been carried away by.

"Hey, Major! Jones Look! There's land!"

"The wind and waves together had carried us close to shore."

"Yes, fellows, cut loose!" Williams shouted to us. "It's only a yard or two to shore, and you can make it."

"The piloto and I, who were closer than the other two, cut loose from our bamboo and commending ourselves to God, started in. The distance couldn't have been more than ten yards, but God alone knows how we made it. Completely exhausted, we finally managed to reach the shore. There we lay, helpless to do anything except to watch the end of our ill-fated voyage, while our waterlogged boat struck on the sand. I have no doubt he said a prayer of thanksgiving for himself as he lay there."

"But almost immediately there came a cry from Jones. Only a couple of yards from shore and the damned little fool was sinking!"

"The piloto lay there dead to the world, and as for me, I couldn't have stirred to save my soul. All I could see was the water rushing to drown him to death. He was a dead man so far as I was concerned."
MICHAEL MAAS

IMPOSSIBLE DÉEAM AT NOON DAY

Wheels of traffic cry
here in this stiff garden of tall buildings
tapering stone and iron in airy depths,
black oiled machinery turns with precise madness—
we are lost,
moving mechanical brothers,
moving in oiled unison.
Imagine if you can,
if you dare,
perfectly well-oiled automats,
Ah imagine, some hot blue noon,
the blatant awakening of our static hearts,
if one pale fern frond,
reflecting its image down through glare of light
should spawn in the sterile sponge of the brain.

RICHARD JOHNS

UNDER A TREE

"Why do you linger?" they ask me,
And what can I answer?
There is nothing left to say,
And I must go.

For days, under this tree,
We have rested;
Discuss all living quietly,
And sought out love.

There has been little ease.
We watched the others
Hastening hurriedly past
On quaint adventure.
A place among the runners
That is life:
And not such little moments
Under a tree.

B. A. BOTKIN

FRONTIER

From the wind-warped trees of mothers
Grow tall and straight
The dreaming sons and daughters
Who were born too late
To tame the land or make broken
Bodice whole
But will give to the land and the mothers
Song and a soul:

SLEEP LIKE A WOMAN

Sleep like a woman, breast and thigh,
clings to the sleeper pillowed on
her bosom; melting, he is drawn
down to her softness, cradled by
her body till she breathes through him,
kissing his eyes till they grow dim.

SHERRY MANGAN

OLIVE (SPRING BEING ALL OF A SUDDEN)

Established but of this twilight recognized
and so serenely spring again returns
beautiful so beautifully unembarrassed
by all the ways we take her name in vain
so spring surprisingly returns again
(and with it loving?) some any twilight now
and so and with it loving (love or lovers
I suppose it's quite the same to spring)
But to me how wholly different and frequently new—
no more lovers but with this new spring newly love
and at last love and loved love
and spring indifferently blessing all
why these days are halcyon
DONAL MCKENZIE

ANDANTE CANTABILE Op. 11
Tschaikowsky
you
have
bitten into a bitter
tune
The
hopeless
progressions
obstinately
unadvancing
tell me
love is a
flame of reflexive fear
And
altho
you play life
to the tune of
cowardice
and sigh into death
the
ultimate
major
I'll bet you
died
hard

RICHARD MILLER

THE MOVING DAY
Grey
threshing of it

THE MORADA

the moving day
it sweeps with me
it sweeps with me
am i not moving
hurt of all that holds me down
ties me down
to the ache
of shutters
of sad windows
flyfly
flyfly
othegraymovingday,
like wild geese
like wild geese

CLIFFORD GESSLER

"E MAU OHPA NEHENEHE ANA'E TA TANE I RAVE"

"All the works of Kané are beautiful;"
shall man therefore despise any gift of the gods?
Is it not spoken that even the lizard and the wood bee,
the centipede and the various lowly beetles
shall dwell in the shining presence of Wakea
equally with the swallow that soars into the sky
in the calm that follows the falling of the rain?

It was known to the wise men who made the ancient chants
that the union of flesh is a clean and a beautiful thing:
let it be known to us also.
The conversation of the mind is a rare fragrance;
the communion of the spirit is a gift that comes to but two
here and there, two thousand years hence.
How can it be attained without the meeting
of minds, without the intimate touching of bodies?
The road to the Living Water is a secret road,
ot to be found by all those who go seeking.
Will the gates of the mind open upon it?
Can it be entered save through the bright gates of flesh?

Perhaps we shall never breathe together the fragrance
of the hala tree that blooms in the garden of Kané,
yet believe me when I repeat the old, old saying
that all the works of Kané are beautiful.

I shall wait for you in the shadow of the hau tree
that stands at the gate of heaven.

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RICHARD JOHNS

WITH ALL TO DO
Withdrawn from thunder,
Clear and cool in passion,
Silently he waged his right
Against the world.

(the is one who may draw the simplest people
into calm conditionings of love and hate)

Preferring thus, he lived his tale,
And when at last the night
Spent wearily her dark,
The sheaf of papers sounded
Resonant with truth,
For him alone.

DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

DIRGE IN A COLD RAIN
Look on the inward rustle of leaves
that mat the grey bones and
carry them soilward in a tan cortege
while the sinews stamp and
and the after-breath snorts in the brain
and the flaked thought-gusts ooze through
each crevice and melt in the fœtid heat
that drones through the limbs and laces
the thighs, and see where on catfeet
the things recalled tread on dust
as on scarlet flames and the head
rolls with a thunder in bazan and hands
twine together and cup to a lake
wherein the whole is drowned and
the lips slake the last of wet
before a flat parched hell
and all is well
yes well.

NORMAN MACLEOD

PROLET CHRONICLE
Tom Mooney was railroaded to prison:
Let churchbells ring to the iron clink
Of in God we trust on the silver dollar.
Where the cultivated swards in California
Stretch to postcard calendar skies,
To the Golden Gate and real estate agencies
In the Land of Sunshine, in the ample playground
Of movie stars and Better America Federations,
Let all rich men conspire to keep
A governor’s vacation full of fish
And iron men, a man who in successive summers
Has promised to decide upon Tom Mooney’s
Innocence (whose innocence of guilt
Is long since proven), but never has,
For starving jobless men in San Francisco
And all of California have asked for his release,
As well as jobs ... .
Tom Mooney rots in prison:
And the churchbells ring to the iron clink
Of in God we trust on the silver dollar.

VALENTIN DE. MÁNOLL

CLICK
On the palpitating path
On the golden road of sea
Leading to the brilliant sky
On the beach of sand disturbed
By the bitter bite of waves
On the sonorous cold pier
Where the lamp of the living burns
On the balcony where eyes await
The craft of flowered sail
The eyes that seek the old philter
In intangible magic-books
On the fog-soiled horizon
On the garlands of the light
Swinging in the pit of the port
On the silence-giving night
On your ghastly face
THE MORADA

On your hands as fragile as withered leaves
On cascades of sobs
On the bench of the narrow way
Where I spy your heart revealed
To the warm breath of the pines
On your favorite caresses
Red and perfumed lips
Oh! on your body proffered and defiled
I have absorbed all—all—all—all.
(Translated from the French by Harold J. Salenson)

JOSEPH KALAR

INVOCATION TO THE WIND

O sprinting of the wind over land
like a colt galloping swift
pounding over grass neighing
to the sun snorting howdoyoudo
to the clouds with a flying mane—
O wind coming over the lean land
like a fatness of green in spring
or flowers blooming over Mojave
blow blow into all dusty corners
reach cool fingers beyond cobwebs
festooning this dark room where
throats are choked with dust and
beauty shrivels like mushrooms
in dry cellars—blow blow into
factories with windows of dust
and a shuffling of feet tired
in silk stockings and fingers
red at the tips—blow blow into
jails come like a draught of spring
water to faces hungering against
steel bars—blow blow into slums
cleave the darkness festering
in mines coal and iron glide over
pale children bowing in beetfields
blow wind, spring over the land
like a colt pounding over grass—
rattle the shutters of this dark room
where beauty whimper softly like a child—
O surely someday we’ll fill the fields
with our dancing and laughing and singing,
O wind coming over the lean brown land
like a fatness of green in spring
or flowers creeping over Mojave!

A. S. J. TESSIMOND

Words can make trickier music than music can
words can dance better blues, tangoes than feet can
words can draw men out of publichouses
into a church, brothel, under a tombstone
words can make black white and white black and both neither . . .
words stab the mind with their dull stupid bruising
(a thick heavy thumb on a half-dead insect)
words fall in silences, still pools of silence—
lie floating and turning like waterlogged beerbottles . . .
words are dead-endings, presumptuous colophons,
premature epitaphs

RICHARD THOMA

TO A SUICIDE

Nothing is so rapid as transition,
and black suns die as quickly as gold,
but you can’t buy death at the price of a pistol
and a few drinks.

Was it escape you sought?
Comfort!
Death was never concentration.
Death is a mysterious scattering of seeds.
Think of the hunted flowers you will be;
you may even feed cranes,
if you ever die.

For you haven’t died yet.
Suicide is arrested motion.
You’ve stopped going, but the urge is still there,
irrevocably there.
God pity you! Swinging stupidly
between life and death, with snapped nerves,
two of each, searing and searing your agonized soul.

Was it worth the destruction of a known care?
You were the poet of chaos, now you are its victim—
Monstrous Humpty Dumpty that all the holy words
will never put together again.
Your heritage is a terror and a strangled cry
and an unlit sky.
CATHERINE STUART

TRIPLE DIVIDE PEAK

They call you "Mother Mountain."
You feed three waters:
Hudson Bay, Mexican Gulf,
And Ocean of the Pacific.

What is it you whisper to your waters
That freezes them in your embrace,
Before you send them rushing
Over-boulder-tumbled pathways
To the sea?

EZRA POUND

I will write about communism when I
I have seen some, in the interim I will
read the reports of those who have. I
don't see how you are to have an "ad-
vanced" in social organization in the U. S. A. among a population too grov-
singly servile to maintain the status
of organism bequeathed it by its fore-
bears and too slothful of mind even to
spend the few hours necessary to learn
either the intentions of the starters of the
American system or the effect of those
aims on the actual instruments of
government.

I don't see how a "revolutionary party" or a "labour party" or what-
ever you want to call it is going to re-
form ANYTHING until they at least
learn what they are setting out to re-
form.

On the other hand, during the short
apace of fourteen years in England I
have seen ideas that were considered
too dangerous to mention in print (in
1916) openly stated in Baldwin's last
election manifesto. He was "a son of
England" and lost.

Also (as I have stated in Exile) you
are not dealing with statical "eco-
nomies" does not deal with stationary ob-
jects. The "ideas" mentioned in the para-
graph before the last were not the
phrases of oratory or even of mob prop-
aganda or of an organized party. They
were the ideas of a small group of
men who talked quietly and were trying
ty very hard to think straight and to get
their thought as accurate as a sound
operation in mathematics.

So far as this might be supposed to
have any bearing on literature? I see
a very definite lack in American liter-
ature for 1930. It is all very well to
print writing by "farmers, plumbers,
tourists, hacks, etc." and I think
them to write in any other way, who
do not think the loose use of the
words "proletarian" or "proletariat" etc.
does any good either to that
decaying section of the public or to let-
ers.

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words "proletarian" or "proletariat" etc.
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I don't think the loose use of the
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plies to that part of the population en-
gaged solely in reproduction of the hu-
man species. It dates almost from the
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worker's art—the embryonic seeds of which are already sown; it has achieved a very promising beginning in the work of Michael Gold, and its discipline promises to make it an effective and potent weapon in the future work of John Dos Passos. The proletarian writer will be in sharp contrast to the sentimental and optimistic writer that swarm over and gnaw at America's literary corpse, who play the scented whore, and civilization that was sprawled like a corpse and already giving off odors of putrefaction. War was a devastating diabolism, and Marx received a deathblow, and the futility and futility of the old literary illusions was made patent. A mind in bewilderment rushes out feverish hands to grasp whatever straws are at hand: Dada was a straw, and after Dada, mysticism. Actually, mysticism is an evasion of reality, and an evasion of reality can result only in impotence. Other writers, beginning from the ground up, became immersed in the proletarian movement that exploded into fruition in Russia and stirred and roused its chains in all parts of the world. Only in the proletarian movement there sanity, purpose, or direction. Others, like Ezra Pound, retreated into a kind of an old tune, a bunch of straws, and music and words to the exclusion of life and reality, turning out creations of undoubted beauty, but literarious beauty, drowned in their own perfume, in other words, they made art serve the purpose of the proletariat, and shutting out the distracting and irrat- ing spectator of a swinish servile humanity and its own destruction. Still others, like old ladies knitting socks against time and death and despair, make of James Joyce a complicated crossword puzzle, and of words, a pitiful parlange. Whatever validity revolutionizing the word may possess have—aside from bewilderment—the "common reader" so cordially damned, is made futile by the fact that the word is translated by our ordi- nary thought processes, which in turn are conditioned by the old stale word world that has a meaning, even for the group now its most enth- usiastic defenders, until it has been mentally rewritten on a course of imp- erialism, an openly, brutally, callously imperialist nation, and in literature, it scattered confabulation and bewilder- ment, commercialism under the guise of art, and creative sterility.

"New forms without a new content seem as worthless to me as walnut shells whose most the little bugs have gnawed away," says Michael Gold, and, it might be added, new forms without a new content are comparable to powdering and rouging the face of an aged harlot.

Ezra Pound has affirmed the vitality of the new art and thought which, quite conceivably, may be called "proletar- ian" as far back as 1927, in a footnote (Pound, "39," p. 1) saying "apart from Mr. Mencken and the New Masses, American thought is entirely covered by the Harding-Monmouth stamp!" And in the latter under consideration, in the third from the last paragraph, he has part- ially stated our aims. It is significant, however, that while Ezra Pound ful- minates eloquently on the bane of pass- parts and idiotic boorowness—his own literary writings are quite free of any "political" significance, or examina- tion, which may also be "a sign of nothing save obsfuscation and laziness."

The world war made the emancipa- tion of the proletariat more than a beautiful dream in the minds of a few romanticists, it made it imperative. The work of John Dos Passos, the prole- darian writer will be in sharp contrast to the sentimental and optimistic writer that swarm over and gnaw at America's literary corpse, and already giving off odors of putrefaction. War was a devastating diabolism, and Marx received a deathblow, and the futility and futility of the old literary illusions was made patent. A mind in bewilderment rushes out feverish hands to grasp whatever straws are at hand: Dada was a straw, and after Dada, mysticism. Actually, mysticism is an evasion of reality, and an evasion of reality can result only in impotence. Other writers, beginning from the ground up, became immersed in the proletarian movement that exploded into fruition in Russia and stirred and roused its chains in all parts of the world. Only in the proletarian movement there sanity, purpose, or direction. Others, like Ezra Pound, retreated into a kind of an old tune, a bunch of straws, and music and words to the exclusion of life and reality, turning out creations of undoubted beauty, but literarious beauty, drowned in their own perfume, in other words, they made art serve the purpose of the proletariat, and shutting out the distracting and irrat- ing spectator of a swinish servile humanity and its own destruction. Still others, like old ladies knitting socks against time and death and despair, make of James Joyce a complicated crossword puzzle, and of words, a pitiful parlange. Whatever validity revolutionizing the word may possess have—aside from bewilderment—the "common reader" so cordially damned, is made futile by the fact that the word is translated by our ordi- nary thought processes, which in turn are conditioned by the old stale word world that has a meaning, even for the group now its most enth- usiastic defenders, until it has been mentally rewritten on a course of imp- erialism, an openly, brutally, callously imperialist nation, and in literature, it scattered confabulation and bewilder-ment, commercialism under the guise of art, and creative sterility.

Dada, gorged and purposely im- beccile, was sparrowed at this time, the spiritual despair is a sort of high- strung serves, the shuddering antiix- max, the aftermath of a completed civilization with death: recovery was slow, convalescence was a time for a search- ing into and a sober dissection of a civilization that was sprawled like a corpse and already giving off odors of putrefaction. War was a devastating diabolism, and Marx received a deathblow, and the futility and futility of the old literary illusions was made patent. A mind in bewilderment rushes out feverish hands to grasp whatever straws are at hand: Dada was a straw, and after Dada, mysticism. Actually, mysticism is an evasion of reality, and an evasion of reality can result only in impotence. Other writers, beginning from the ground up, became immersed in the proletarian movement that exploded into fruition in Russia and stirred and roused its chains in all parts of the world. Only in the proletarian movement there sanity, purpose, or direction. Others, like Ezra Pound, retreated into a kind of an old tune, a bunch of straws, and music and words to the exclusion of life and reality, turning out creations of undoubted beauty, but literarious beauty, drowned in their own perfume, in other words, they made art serve the purpose of the proletariat, and shutting out the distracting and irrat- ing spectator of a swinish servile humanity and its own destruction. Still others, like old ladies knitting socks against time and death and despair, make of James Joyce a complicated crossword puzzle, and of words, a pitiful parlange. Whatever validity revolutionizing the word may possess have—aside from bewilderment—the "common reader" so cordially damned, is made futile by the fact that the word is translated by our ordi- nary thought processes, which in turn are conditioned by the old stale word world that has a meaning, even for the group now its most enth- usiastic defenders, until it has been mentally rewritten on a course of im- perialism, an openly, brutally, callously imperialist nation, and in literature, it scattered confabulation and bewilder-ment, commercialism under the guise of art, and creative sterility.

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The HOUND & HORN

Announcement

The Hound & Horn and The Symposium announce that contrary to a previous announcement the editorial and business affairs of the respective magazines have not been combined. The Symposium, under the editorship of Messrs. James Burnham and Philip E. Wheelwright, has already appeared and will continue to be published independently of The Hound & Horn.

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donal mckenzie
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A NATIVE QUARTERLY

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Number One

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morada ladet moderne dichter, verfasser, kritiker und maler ein, mitzuarbeiten. die neue proletarische kunst und das moderne radikale literarische experiment sind die spiegel unserer verwirrenden epoche.

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samuel putnam, editor of the European Caravan, is now the editor of THE NEW REVIEW, an international cahier of the arts.
frantisek halas is the editor of the advance guard review KVART published in Prag.

vitaly nazar is also connected with KVART.
bob brown is working on the reading machine he described in last transition.
He is now compiling an anthology of Readies for the Machine which will be published soon by the Roving Eye Press. He invites contributions, suggestions and criticisms in care of The National City Bank of New York, 41 Boulevard Hausmann. Paris, France. He is at present living in Nice.

robert mcalmon's poetry and prose has appeared in Exile, transition, The Hound & Horn and elsewhere. He is at present in Albuquerque, New Mex.
georges linze has just published a new book of "contes et nouvelles" - 20 ans en 1914 (La Revue Moisane). He is the editor of Anthologie.
ezra pound's prose continues to be a revelation of the constructive value of his "isolates" over translation during a period of twenty years".
constant de horion contributes to La Revue Moisane, Anthologie, & others.
eric b hurel is an associate editor of Grand'route, Paris.
ernst kammerer is the editor of Zwischenfisch, München.

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Invites contributions of modern poetry, prose, criticism and art of all camps. Writers with a proletarian viewpoint are especially urged to contribute.

desire la collaboration des écrivains et poètes modernes, des critiques et des artistes qui croient que ces jours ne sont pas perdus - et qu'il est temps que l'on doive rever a nouvelle, logique à côté de la vitesse des machines.

gardens' sopra, lago di garda, italia

---

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---
my grandfather a rebel driving great numbers of hogs and horses
across the blue ridge to the james and loving only his wife his
children horses strong drink and saying to his friends at the store
on the porch of his farmhouse on horseback over the plowed fields
or by the fireplace and logs splitting out sparks i remember one
time... with tobacco staining his white beard his breath sweet
with the odor of picnictwist or homegrown that i helped twist
browning my fingers from leaves softened by the dew of night. o
tenants o migratory workers you loved him this lusty man with
only his horse his wife and a farm that grew into weeds he grew
like a great white oak splitting the loam giving away food money
harness to his workers... his children hating his generous gifts to
poor whites... to negroes living in a board shack and walking the
red clay barefoot wanting only a little love a barrel of flour...
but my grandfather gave until even in his old age nights before
death cursing by god o by god stumbling to the outhouse noone-
stopping him and weeds in the graveyard in the orchard the workers
cut away the weeds and the lilac... under a wild growth a rebel
resting no more his horse thrilling to the sound of hounds no voice
calling go-long Dixie o the flesh decaying and breath of kine smell-
ing of grass of garlic i could not weep at his burial some say i am
hard having no tears for the dead i gave him a silent love o ten-
ants o migratory workers nothing so great as our silent sorrow or
nights on a mountain dark with the deep silence roaring in our ears.

o hot days in the orchards with children and women of work-
ers not minding the tall ladders climbing or wind blowing clothes
against strong thighs or over the sorting table bending and under
the overalls seeing the curve the rise the fall of full breasts o i
wondered at the frank talk and jokes watching the muscles moving
under the homespun apples pressed into barrels rain and the smell
of horseflesh... laurel snapping into our faces the rocks or earth
rolling in the valley poplars reaching for the sun o the johnny-cakes
spread with sorghum the hominy grits the cool damp leaves at the
ice house bottom and watermelons long after season... my feet over
the red clay gathering roots for tea smelling the loam the pine my
hands searching the hollow log at trails end o the slow words
the love of a tenant farmer's daughter the going away the interim
my grandfather wise knowing no class loving the strong limbs the
lips as red-berried glowing o my life in the city and books that i
read o the worker's daughter espousing the hill as a wild bear walks
and bushes parting... not hiding not ashamed of this clean body
o hot nights on a straw tick dreaming o the banjo in a wind-whipped
shack o the brogans stamping the thin smoke rising over the
still-house and hauling culls by moonlight... o i wanted to go to
the city taking my daughter o earth listen you o the lorgnettes
breeder of pink nosed chows this is a wife of man strong as the
grass in spring judge her as horses are judged you of the limousines... breeder of children who spring from thighs wide as the
ragged mountains mother of workers born and bearing in the stink
and stigma of toil so i would sing from the housetops over the city
the serpentine wall of the coller over the weedgrown and vacant
plantation into the ears of all.

i remember nights in Virginia knarled hands empty resting on
a porch rail watching the stars come out or the creak of a wagon
wheel turning... us resting and him asking ain't there nothing else
only this poorness and rat dung in the flour or rain falling into our
home only the three of us the old man his daughter and me or
maybe some lousy kids coughing or scratching for bugs... christ
ain't there nothing else her head resting on my knees and the old
man asking and painting the scabs on his feet with iodine... me
feeling a gulp in my throat knowing two beds for ten people in a
leaky shack me blinking at the moonlight on her hair guessing
maybe someday she'll go to town with her mom all painted up
coming back with maybe new shoes or a dollar bill o my god i
hope to christ there is something else remembering books i had
read... o workers of the South unloading bananas steel o dusky
stevedores far from the farm o ragged workers hauling clean bales
of cotton or leaning over a deck rail counting the dolphins plunging
after a flatboat's wake listen to me i have left cutting cordwood or
apples falling an old crosscut saw gummed up with rosin with
weeds and yellowjackets scratching the fuzz off peaches... i couldn't
face the old man with his christ ain't there nothing else so i came
back to the city not through the not finished but getting together
all of us a girl with windblown hair and strong joins her old man

with scabs on his feet his buggy children and even a wife blowing
out gas jets or asking fifty cents god ain't there no more to life
than this... o i know there is the books i read say so even a
jobless man on the corner speaking even Virginia even the South
all of us knowing there is but scared of the word not since 1776
you're damn right there is marching again all of us over the land our
land smelling of loam of pine of cosmetics of oil tryenstopus.

Be proud be proud whimpers
the bank be proud with
compound interest and
mortgages on farms lean
and not so lean... 
O blueprint under eyes
manifestly curves pillars
burglar alarms O eyes
warm with wine of massive
granite... 
Adding machines, ledgers,
president with black cigar,
and bookkeeper scanning
stock exchange reports have
a beauty too... 
Be proud be proud workmen
glance at surplus fund
deposits receipts with eyes
warm as eyes gliding over
what must not be said... 
Be proud be proud whimpers
the bank be proud to a bum
with crooked legs and cinders
in his eyes be proud to a bum
diffidently picking at his nose
and with blunt nails,
scratching at his ear.
The lemontrees line the harbor and the sharktooth is buried in the sand.
The noonday shore glitters and sailors enter the squalid cafes.
The whistle of a steamboat beyond the promontory is an agony
and the redhaired woman eats a tangerine.
The yellow pennant shakés in the seawind and the butcher
on the sidestreet eats his lunch.
The swans in the park croak
and barnacles are scraped from the ship's side.
The narrow streets shudder with heat and the cactus on the hillside hides the scorpion.
The mechanical piano vomits a melody. In the patio the fountain dribbles.
Stretch, cape, sixteen miles away, and stop the larger tropic waves.
The octopus is languid in the aquarium and the lizards run along the gravel by the roses.
The beggar dezes by the quay and horses stamp hungrily in the square.
The day lunges into the hot afternoon and the wind shrills angrily across the beach.
The lighthouse stands a white obelisk and urchins bathe by the causeway at the edge of the town.
The girl sobes in the courtyard and two raging cats rack the air with cries.
The wheels on the cobblestones make a presto and from the hill the mountain range is topped with snow.
And in the lazy valley there is no village.
The lumber barge had stood in the harbor for several days and I couldn't get to shore even if it was only a mile away, because the captain wouldn't let me lower the boat. He said it leaked. There was no place to land anyway as firms owning the various storehouses and docks would not permit a boat to land on their property. It would be hot in the city at best, with not much to do but tramp about the streets, since everybody I knew was out of town for the summer. One day had gone by with fair rapidity, because
that beneath her Virginia Mountain manner of silence, and austerity, was whimsicality of a sort to attract him.

This night had followed an eventless day, with no flareups between the captain and his missis about her not taking enough trouble with the meals, and no kick on either of their parts because I didn’t keep enough wood chopped.

After contemplating the statue of Liberty for a time, and reflecting on the strict limitations that there are in the concept “Liberty”, I sat down upon a hatch cover near the captain and his wife, a little uncomfortable because they signified nothing to me as persons, and I supposed I meant as little to them, so I thought perhaps they’d rather be alone. But the ocean seemed to have cut me off from all kinds of experience, I knew anything about. There was no turbulence within it tonight, only in me the consciousness of the turbulence that was a continuing quality in New York, the habitation of turbulent masses of men and machinery.

Soon the captain got up, and walking along the side of the barge, began to see what was going by on the belly of the outgoing tide. He took the boatbook, and leaned over the side of the barge to spear large pieces of wood to dry and use for firewood. Many strange things go by on the outgoing tide, intent perhaps, as I have been intent, upon merely “getting away” to taste the solitude upon the restless loneliness of ocean expanse.

“A box of whisky or I’m a sucker”, the skipper said suddenly with more excitement than I’d seen him manifest before, as he pointed at a four-fifths submerged box. “The bootleggers bring whisky in to the three mile limit line and throw it overboard in boxes, to be picked up by watchers in boats, and the watchers missed that one”. He was jumping around, having found that by no straining could he touch the box with his boathook. It went by, well out of reach of us on the barge, and he talked about it for the next three days declaring that he’d have jumped overboard and got it, had he been sure it was whisky.

Still, tonight, he did not let his brooding on that prevent his keeping a lookout for other valuable matter that the tide might drive past.

“I’ve seen as many as three dead men go by in one night!” he commented, and I listened, not skeptically or otherwise. The skipper was a great liar but for all that there was no reason to believe that he mightn’t deceive one by telling the truth occasionally, when one didn’t expect it.
dusk of early night, when there are lights inside them. Even the ones with but few lights stood out at first, but as the night deepened, they all became dim, vaporous, and unreal as a mirage.

It was useless standing by the side of the barge any longer, looking into the water, all black now, and not even to be seen except that my mind remembered that it was there. Besides the skipper had advised me going to bed as I'd have to get up early and chop wood before the heat of the day, as we'd probably be picked up by a towboat tomorrow afternoon, and there'd be little time to chop wood on the way down to Norfolk.

Anyway, I knew I'd have to spend at least a half hour killing bedbugs, and putting gasoline around the bed slabs, as I'd let a night go by without doing that. Gasoline is a less offensive odour to sleep with than the oily odour of bedbugs, which itch as well as smell. I detested, also, crushing a bedbug when it was full of my own blood. So it was up to me to use gasoline in plenty...

"Your wife recognized some of those young dead men too, I noticed," I remarked to the captain as I went up the stairs of the barge cabin to my bunkroom. The captain looked a bit as though such things had not ought to be mentioned, but vouchsafed a half grin.

wise like Lenin

Pain possessive the mountains crust
a tragic immobility
of seething earth and rock
enclosed within the slowly changing
surface that belies
the close proximity that forces mass
on mass.
Here upon this milling red milieu
of stark antagonistic peoples we believe
that order comes from chaos
and contrive

to change the semblance of a world
harmonious with sun and stars
and uniform necessities
and men that lag with old archaic orders

call us fools and years from now
will call us wise,
like Lenin...

The beautiful suicide woman
rubbing her hips pluming by steam
her soul
a necktie forlorn in the sea.

Under the diminutive lantern
the silken China
in harmony with the seasons
changes her embroidery
The little birds are ripping off a false stitch
and all the women of China are asleep
in sunflowered pavilions
without little feet
without breasts
without a dream.

When in the evening without a lamp
the phosphorescent swamp lures me
I go and pull down curtains of mine
and the eyes staring at the clock
I am waiting for you, melancholy,
for you, oh evil eyes of an invisible bird.

And when he returned
into her little room
he found a sleeping bird of paradise in ruins
all the rest turned to the dust.
(Translated by Arnost Vaneček)
Comrade Diego Rivera -
His murals speak:
Executives of industry,
Rich stone heads
Conferring at tables,
We peasants and
Workers, our faces
Becoming us more
Than frescoes of saints,
Marshal to say:
We are the
Heads over industry.
Our children, backs
Pretty as ladybugs,
Red upon gold
Soil now humbled
On stamps, grow
Up on soil
Turning black thru
Our efforts - water,
Our biceps, unspared.
Our mates, their mothers,
Shall know them -
Unflattered by dynamos -
Controlled among wheels
And controlling the
Glancing of belts

Against pulleys. Holidays -
There’ll be many -
Will find friends
Rangers among palm
Leaf and tiger
Paw.
Sunday; the
Miner’s lantern unlit,
Coal beneath sun.

Let fly your falcons,
set the most
against my foray -
Hide deep within your battlements
and gut the walls with watchers
to spy against my coming.
I warn you now
(believing you redoubtable)
it would be dangerous
for you to show yourself
to me, besieger,
for I could do no less than strike you dead
if I should see the scorn and pity
of your eyes
look down upon me
from the guarded fortress
of your face.
samuel putnam

sonnet to creation
(for maxwell bodenheim)

sling continents mould mountains gut earth haul high to a rattrap stopgap doom of womb gut earth wombgirth for a tomb
and worms for the blindman’s mickleworth o’ mirth shape rapes rape shapes bore high to a birth
spermworm wriggle to a BOOM
deciduous sweeproom from a broom whom pertinaceous violets lull with dearth
look low blow high high to a hymen ho !
nequaquam mori --
there is a core God looked and it was good
peel to a penance be jaunty suck woe slow
sloughedserpentleavings if we could we would
stainedglass and glory beighho ! high low!
glut the slut and say that God’s in rut

bob brown

writing readies

The modern-minded are now writing readies, scripts with optical eyesticking interest to be read on a reading machine. There is a stationary reading machine already in use in America. In Detroit a simple, portable electrically-driven device as compact, practical and cheap as a kodak is being perfected to present a continuous line of type in motion before the reader’s eye. When this machine is in use more words per second will be available to the reading eye, and writing will be livelier, fuller, more readable and writeable.

In an anthology of readie scripts, specially written to be read on the reading machine, thirty modern-minded writers offer snappy evidences of speeding-up for the new medium. See for yourself.

Here are extracts:

Kay Boyle in “Change of Life”: “ - accordian must-be-done-women-folks-need-lookin’ after-men’ll hafter---- Fire-some-place-big-fire-she-Mose-fighting-Granny-Ness’ dog-howlings-breasts-somebody-Mose-pushing-back-up-going-up-up----”


Don McKenzie “Madmorning in Russia”: “ Pinsky leaned forward gently mirrorface winced sweetly // Pinsky leaned harder into ecstasy but face clenched difficult bliss // it quivered; little Pinsky leaning harder in sweet orgasm of pain --- the body the OTHER’S body writhed lasciviously and Pinsky shoved ruthlessly HARDER till bleeding sun descended sky while sheep cropped lilies under moonlight.”

J. Jones “Biografica - A Earthwhorl Stori”: “early spring sunred morn junglist green monkey green liana tailswing drop green egg yellow splash green log brown monkey tenfoot drop feet hands brown monkeys shoulders jaba grins together upscramble love where safe leafs logs krokodiles warm snooze hornbills. on mountens of moon nest everlast flowers, bats lowsi lepards clipping.”

Filippo Tommaso Marinetti “Olfactory Poetry”: “Eyes shut nostrils open to wind with my striding body the ultra elastic ultra-vibrant skein of perfumeodors It is she this fragrant highly nimble ovoidal volume of cool pinkmilky perfumes with above 3,6,9 spirals of extract of vanilla.”

George Kent “Peach Pie”: “... in the black hot stove coal balls twitter ... egg balls ... likerish hot balls ... twitter... tongues lick the hot ... likerish ... lick off the pitch ... lick off the cold ... lick em pink ... lick em rose red ... um. mmm ... um... mmm... rose balls in black hot stove ... my love rolls the flesh ... flesh yaller dough ... rolls em sings ... raw peach pie into ripe pitch oven...”

A. Lincoln Gillespie Jr. “Readievices”: “clausending, inclosures, tcreate passtress (supplant Undercine) ----- wher-when Writer wishes Slowintake, marvellous Bacfirafor SPACES for omission of notquiteextlySuperWords, Emphsilence CAP-ITALS (entire syllable or word) lim acumajminor- punct-points of now-unstreaming phrases-formerly-lines”

Richard Johns "Summer Sun": "babies are red—babies are blue—I want—I want—WHAT—a baby—little babe—no—want baby-maker—want heat—want Will—stream-line Will—half-wit Will—want hands—arms—hair—here and there—want—above all want him—virgin teacher wants idiot boy—saw him swim—at the brim—hid she did—saw him swim—saw him float—dared to gloat—can’t stop now—rub breast—where’s rest—"


Walter Lowenfels writes: p I t b n h y s o r h e t y o t r i t e a p u o n h t l h r a t i e e o c y e n f r l n o p d k f i s u a o e t n l b e o t c h e a d o m n h t a s n u n i n y w t a p s o w w r b a f h i a i f o g g o t y t a u e i t h e l t s v a i l l e p z i a i s s e o k n n e g o this w


Nancy Cunard "Dlink": "I thought-basket no dink one-time/ Poem plenny drog-leg cork hat Middle ME (poem)/dark stuff Flash-gold verdigrise/ Wandy put plenny pins in thought—paddling Flick Goodman—other tr'oo/"

E. L. Meuchen says the idea is superb.

Yachel Lindsay likes it.

Upton Sinclair approves of it.

Dentists write asking the price of the machine. They want it to give further entertainment to patients in the chair. Stenographers suggest its use for rapidly reading short-hand. Poets say the readie lines may be broken up with great dippers, stars, milky ways and great bears of words.

It’s fresh…refreshing.

All the arts have been modernized; we have movies, talkies, radio and television. Readies are modernizing reading and writing, being printed on translucent tape in miniature type they are readable through a magnifying glass at the rate of two hundred thousand words an hour, and a thousand readie rolls don’t weigh as much as an ordinary novel. They offer the coming creative writer a brand-new medium, fresh, … refreshing.

You all who still do know to weep smile now over the falling leaves signed with the bloody marks of time exchange the luxury of your doubts against a hope

I’ll tell you something gloom
under the yellow heart of black sun
revealed itself a speck resembling the map of Europe

Among the belching of sonorous guns
the full bled text of the Psalms circled upward out of the towns and inside their bowels lay a tiny child of Nowadays grawn by rats
Only with the swishing of iron sounded the laughter of men resisting like the thistles full of pride and Europe growing into the dangerous age vomited the ancient History.

In the month of roses and crimes sparkled the crown of her face after the suckling of the Death dugs of her breasts have been burned down to the dust

the blackened ruins of love

Soaked with blood of foolish adventures feeling ashamed before the flashing beauty of the soldiers dead the headless birds

she constantly looked back recollecting the image of roseate days when she used to lose on her roads her lunatic bards like the signs to show her the way to return

But Death pecked them up and the roads are bordered only with the howling of screech-owls frail lace-pattern of wrinkles covered the shield of her charm the crape of shades fell on the world

Now she is running wild and waving the words like thyrsus choking with bitter memory and powders her face with thirsty loam

We love the night like a torso of the dark Venus spreckled by gold with a moderate all we share with her all love within the tide of voice the ebb of passion is setting in

The darkness is a fir torn by the flash falling with a murmur of the morning flock of birds the battery of poetry explodes

Crash by a stumping foot the charnel flowers peeping out of the soil like the knuckles of skeletons cry the bread cry the plays loving her vanity which is more than our hearts

(Translated by Arnošt Vaneček)
kay boyle

Toledo shines out like no other city
For its infernal clouds and the green of its pastures
That would bring a plague on whatever cattle or stock
grazed on them,
For the unshed rain that menaces it. Toledo is the
last town left standing
On the frontier, on the edge,
Before going over.

(As in wartime, all ways led to Washington.
The streets of that city, laid out for
the eye of a bird,
A few hills, a few red chausses, and a
wild park containing
The cages of coyotes, and buffalo in
their matted capes of darky wool;
A few peacocks tailing the mild Southern
air. The woods
In that part spring from under the stone
roots of a statue
Who has hung her head and there grieves
endlessly
For Mrs. Henry Adams, marking the sorrow
that sent him wandering.
"Strangely unlike the prayers I prayed
to you!"
Mute, across two generations.

There are the lawns of the White House,
A May-pole of eggs dyed primal colours, rolled
by the children of Washington
While the President's Lady lifts her lorgnette and
watches from the window.
The First Lady of the Land should stem from Southern soil,
Comprising all that grace and humour, that arch of neck
and craft of bosom
For which Lord Washington unbuckled sword and scabbard,
Laid off his boots and waistcoat - that Southern elegance
that chimed with music-boxes,
With his fists shaking; with his hands
covering his face and the tears on it;
With his smile twisted up like a ram's horn;
There, like no other Southerner -
(Could corn-meal melt in that mouth, or
molasses run?
Could any Southern sun ignite that heart?)

As in wartime, they all turned to Washington: Poe,
Whitman, asking a place to keep soul and body together
In the Government offices - in the Customs. "I should be
glad," wrote Poe, "if you would take an opportunity
Of saying to Mr. Rob Tyler that if he can look over matters
And get me the inspectorship I will join the Washingtonians
forthwith."

("Don't say a word about the cloak turned
inside out
Or other peccadilloes of that nature.")

"I think it would be a feather in Mr. Tyler's cap to save
from the perils of Mint Julep....
A young man of whom all the world thinks so well and who
thinks
So remarkably well of himself!"

Poe, you have disarmed me. Your
courage has taken my strength from me.
Poe, you have broken me.
There is no spirit left to me, because of you.

Don't say a word about the Mint Juleps,
Don't say a word about being sick on the floor.
Please say I'm sorry about the Don's mustaches,
The port wine, the coffee, and the barber-shop's score.
Don't let them know my wife has hemorrhages.
She strained her throat at singing was what I said.
Don't say a word about the house being buggy.
Please apologize for all the silly things I said.

Washington, you would have stepped the minuet gustily with
any woman;
Your head in its wig would have swooned for any mouth.
Toledo has made all other cities barren.
Toledo has made the Cross burgeon and bloom.
Someday, I'll be there again
By hook or crook, skittling back to you,
Down Louis the Thirteenth's hallway,
To the response and triumph of the heavens.

It is set there among all the pictures of
men's faces
The Crucifixion, with the clouds like
boulders
Knuckling Christ's head. Had you not
spoken
These things would not have been so: not
the root dug white and clear
With the smell of the earth on it,
But a slow fire in the underbrush and no
shadow of repose cast
Upon the flame that has taken my timber
as fuel.

(You have laid waste the pastures that
stretch beyond me
For I would return into the excavations
exhorting you
To speak of what lies in our stones:
Toledo, from the brush of a dead man;
Forbears, from the speech of a living.)


Baumschwamm, Baumrinde, Hanfstengel sind Nahrungsmittel; Kartoffel Leckerbissen; Fleisch und Zucker seit dem Krieg unbekannt; ein Bottich Salzwasser oder zwei Pfund Veesalz kosten einen Tag Holzhacken. Der Hunger fordert immer wieder Hunderter und Tausende von Opfern: Kranke, Irre, Tote. Es gibt fast keine Familie, in der nicht ein Wasserkopf oder Zwerg ware ...

Ab und zu schickt das Rote Kreuz ein paar Waggons Lebensmittel; viel häufiger aber sendet die Regierung Gendarmen ... denn der Bauer ist nur hungrier und arm, weil der Graf Schonborn noch immer Herr über alle Walder, Sägewerke und grossen Mühlen ist.

Der Tag ging zu Ende.

Man merkte das - so duster war es auch vorher gewesen und so langsam versickerte das wenige Tageslicht im aufgeweichten Boden.

Das Dorf lag unter dem Schleier des Regens still, farblos, ohne Bewegung wie eine Postmorr.


Auch die Menschen warteten.

Die Frauen und Kinder verstreut in den einzelnen Hütten: die Männer alle zusammen in der grössten Hütte des Dorfes, im "Haus" des Ivan Borkanuk, oben, nicht weit vom Waldrand.

Sie sitzen in der sogenannten "grosen Stube".


Es kann kein Vampir gewesen sein!" sagt Vasil Stifus in einem Ton, der keinen Widerspruch duldet (ganz so wie die Juden unten in der Stadt, wenn sie die Schweinepreise drücken). "Er hat ja nicht gewiehert!"

"Muss er auch nicht!" widerspricht ihm ebenso unfehlbar Mikula Rae, mit dem er schon seit Jahren einen Streit wegen zweier verschwundener Hubner hat. "Ja all fürchterlich in aller Breite und Ausführlichkeit die Geschichten von dem Herchoviscer Bauern, dem auf dem Einbarswegs von der Hochzeit seiner Grossnichte, ein Vampir auf den Rücken gesprungen ist."

"Der hat auch nicht gewiehert! Was muss es schon sein!"

"Stier oder Pferd, das ist schon gleich; ein Tier muss es schon sein!"
Unsinn! Was redet ihr da? In Sinevir..."

"Ach was, in Sinevir... Du mit deinen ewigen Geschichten von anderswo..."

"Willst du vielleicht sagen, dass sie nicht wahr sind? Was sagst du noch einmal"?

Die gestraubten Bärte vorgereckt, beginnen sie wild aufeinander und auf ihre Mütter loszuschimpfen. Die Gesichter werden blau und der Speichel fliert auf die Bärte.

Bis endlich jemand dazwischenfährt:

"Haltet das Maul, Bauern, gottverdammt! Man hört ja gar nicht! Eben ist einer hinausgegangen... nachschauen..."

Von Zeit zu Zeit geht immer einer "nachschauen..." Schwerfällig räkelte er sich hoch und ging hinaus in den dunklen Vorraum, wo man ihn bald, wenn es still wurde, eine Weile herumtippete und dann eine Tür aufstieß: "Na-a-a, Grossvater?"

Es ist jedesmal dieselbe Frage, die dort draußen gestellt wird und auch die Antwort ist immer die gleiche:

"Dass dich... Was fragst du? Haltet es wohl nicht mehr aus, was? Bruchst ja nicht zu warten, du..."

Die Tür flog knallend zu und zerquetschte die letzten Worte. Schnell, als müssten sie Versaumtes nachholen bevor noch der Maulwurf da ist, beginnen die Bauern weiterzuschimpfen und werden erst wieder still, wenn der nächste nachsehen geht ob draußen noch immer nichts los ist.

Draußen - das ist die "kleine Stube", jenseits des Vorraumes. Eigentlich ist sie gar nicht kleiner als die "große", nur nimmt der machtige Ofen mit der breiten Schlafstelle oben fast die Hälfte ihres Raumes ein. Deshalb heisst sie "kleine Stube".


Er ist heute früh, gleich beim ersten Schritt über die Schwelle des Hauses, einem Geist begegnet. Tritt er da, noch vor dem Frühstück, hinaus vor die Tür, um nachzuschauen, ob es immer noch regnet - und sieht auf einmal: dort auf der linken Seite des Fensters sitzt jemand! Irgend ein Geduckter, Zwerg, der aussieht wie... ja, wie nur...?

Iwan Borkanuk steht da, glotzt hinaus: Angestrengt denkt er nach: wo sieht der Mensch dort nur ähnlich?

Der Geduckte hebt die Hand, macht ein Zeichen. Er erkennt ihn:

"Heilige Barbara, Grossmartyrerin - der Vater selig!"

Erbeken, kehren, ins Haus zurückzustolpern... ist eins. Im Vorraum bleibt er eine Weile, mit zugeschnürter Kehle, die Beine wie weggenommen unter den Kufen. Dann gibt er sich einen Ruck, schüttelt sich und geht in die "kleine Stube". Dort klettert er auf die Schlafstelle und deckt sich mit allem zu, was oben herumliegt.

"Geh die Kinder holen", sagt er zu seinem Sohn Andrej, "sie sollen gleich mal kommen, ich mach's nicht mehr lang... Na, was stierst du mich an? Verstehst nicht? Ich mach's nicht mehr lang hier... ich kratze, ich... Na, versteht du denn noch immer nicht?"

Nein, Andrej mit dem Wasserkopf auf dem viel zu dünnen Hals versteht noch immer nicht. Erst nachdem er die Geschichte von der Begegnung mit dem Geduckten zweimal herauskritzelt bekommen hat, beginnt es in ihm zu dämmern. Schreiend läuft er die Dorfstrasse hinunter!

"A-a-aaaah, Hilfe! Hilfe! Der Teufel bolt ihn! A-a-aaah, a-a-aaaah...!"

Die Bauern kommen aus den Hütten herausgestolpert; rennen hin und stoßen die Borkanukhütte an.

"Wa-aaah!"

Aber nein - er lebt!

Verdutzt stehen sie da, treten von einem Bein auf das andere, schweigen. Auch der Alte oben schweigt.

Endlich spuckt einer aus und sagt:

"Verdammt, Iwan Ivanitsch, was ist denn mit dir los! Willst du vielleicht...?"

Jawohl, das wolle er. Ganz bestimmt.
f. c. weiskopf

Sogar heute noch!
Sogar vor Mitternacht noch!

Und er berichtet über das Zusammenentreffen mit dem verstorbenen Vater. Ubertreibt dabei - denn er fürchtet in diesem Augenblick ihren Unglauben fast mehr als den Geist, der ihm erschienen ist. An den Gedanken, dass ihn der Teufel holen wird, hat er sich schon einigermaßen gewöhnt. Aber dass sie es nicht glauben könnten...

Doch die Bauern hören ernst zu, bekränzen sich, pflichten bei:
"Jaja. das ist ein untrügliches Zeichen!"

Dann beschließen sie, dazubleiben. Ohnehin könne man wegen des Regens im Freien nicht arbeiten und dann... na, kurz und gut...

Da mischt sich der Alte ein:
"Wie? Was?! Wie war das: man kann draussen nicht arbeiten und dann... was, dann?!"

"Oh, nichts! So nur..."

Aber Borkank hat sie schon durchschaut. Er weiss genau, was sie sich denken ("Diese Lumpen!") Sie denken sich, hoffentlich kratzt der Teufel schnell ab, bevor noch die Verwandten da sind - dann kann man wahrscheinlich etwas mitgehen lassen, Speck oder sonst was: sicher hat er irgendwo etwas versteckt... (Diese Lumpen! Wie sie jetzt schon in der Stube herumschielen... ! Na, Gott sei Dank, das Zeug ist zu gut versteckt... und überhaupt soll'n sie sich das Maul abwischen, ohne was gefressen zu haben, diese Lumpenkerl e !")

Er sagt deshalb sehr freundlich - mit einer sanften Rührung in der Stimm:
"Das ist schon von Euch, Bauern, dass ihr dableiben wollt! Das ist sehr schön!"

Die Rührung wird so gross, dass seine Stimme ins Zittern kommt:
"Ich weiss gar nicht... Na, tausend Vergeltungsgott einstweilen und die Heiligen werden es euch lobnen!"

Und er beginnt sie nacheinander aufzuzählen: Nikolaus, der Wundertäter, und Barbara, die Grossmartyrerin, und Georg, der Siegbringer, und...

Plötzlich unterbricht er sich:
Da rede er und habe ganz vergessen, dass es vielleicht noch eine hübsche Weile dauern werde bis... das heisst... also: sie würden vielleicht noch ziemlich lang warten müssen, ganz bestimmt sogar! - Ob es da nicht besser wäre... er meine nur... na, kurz und gut: ob sie da nicht noch vorher einmal nach Hause wollten? Auf einen Sprung nur, sozusagen?..."

Die Bauern schauen einander an, bewegen die Schultern, kratzen sich, husten, aber rühren sich nicht von der Stelle. Mikula Ráč, der ganz nahe am Ofen, fast unter dem Kopf von Iwan Borkank steht, wendet sein Gesicht den anderen zu und grinst vielsagend. ("Aha, raus haben willst du uns! Da hast du dich aber geirrt, Freundchen! Daraus wird nichts!")

Dann sagt er, noch gerührter als Borkank:
"i wo denn, Iwan Iwanitsch, wir werden doch nicht...! Auf eine halbe Stunde kommt es uns doch nicht an!"

("Eh, ihr Aaskerle! Eine halbe Stunde... Na, ihr sollt euch aber schneiden."

Er muss erst ein paarmal schlucken, bevor die Flüche, die er auf der Zunge hat, hinunter kommen. Dann sagt er leise:
"Na, wenn's nur nicht länger dauert! Aber mir kann's ja schliesslich gleich sein. Setzt euch doch!!"

Sie möchten es sich doch bequem machen! Leider könnte er ihnen nichts anbieten - nicht einmal etwas zum Rauchen, es sei ein Jammer! - aber dafür werde ihnen die heilige Barbara... ("Sooo, da habt ihr's Fressacke!")

Die Bauern lassen ihn mit der Aufzählung der Heiligen, die sie für das Nichtrauchen entschädigen sollen, nicht zu Ende kommen:
"Tut nichts, Iwan Iwanitsch, mach dir nur keine Sorgen! Dann rauchen wir eben erst bei der Totenfeier. Da wird's ja sicher was zu Rauchen geben!" ("Soo, da hast du's! Geiziger Ziegenbock!")

Eine Stunde lang messen sie einander mit lauernden Blicken. Nur ab und zu werden ein paar Worte gewechselt:
"Liegst du auch gut, Iwan Iwanitsch?"
"Wird es euch nicht zu lang, Bauern?"

Dann kommt der wasserkopfige Andrej zurück und bringt zwei Vetter und Mihal, den Schwiegersohn, mit. Iwan Iwanitsch hat den Kampf gewonnen! Er setzt sich, ganz lebendig geworden, mit einem Rück auf und fliescht strahlend die Zähne... so, als ob einen Juden beim Handeln übers Ohr gehauen hätte. Sogar freigiebig wird er in seinem Triumph:
"Geh, Andrej, ich hab' nich erinnert - es gibt doch noch etwas zum Rauchen bei uns. Geh, hol' eine Schachtel voll! Du weissest schon wo..."

Andrej geht hinaus und kommt nach einigen Minuten mit einer alten Konservenbüchse zurück.
So, Bauern", sagt Iwan Iwanitsch, "da ist was für die Pfeifen. Greift nur tüchtig zu! Es ist ja genug da."

Seine trüben, verwaschenen Augen, halb versteckt unter dem Stirnknöchel und den schrumpelpigen, zu gross gewordenen Lidern, haben aus Schadenfreude etwas Glanz bekommen. In seiner Stimme sitzt das Kichern hinter jedem Wort auf der Lauer.

"Greift nur zu, es ist genug da!"


Die Bauern schieben sich in die "grosse Stube" hinein. Eigentlich könnten sie jetzt ruhig nach Hause gehen, denn zu verzinnen gibt es ja nichts mehr und überhaupt... Aber das tut sie nun gerade nicht. Der Alte soll sehen, dass auch sie verdammt hart Schädel haben!

Sie bleiben also und schleichen nur die paar Burschen, die ihren Vätern nachgekommen sind, ins Dorf hinunter: sie sollen den Frauen Bescheid sagen und etwas zu essen holen. ("Mit etwas Essbarem rückt der Geizkragen ja doch sofort heraus.")

Dann machen sie es sich so bequem wie möglich:

"Weiss der Teufel, wie Jang so etwas dauern kann?"

Sie kommen zu dem Schluss, dass man sich auf ein langes Warten gefasst machen müsse.

"Iwan Iwanitsch ist ein verflucht zaher Knochen...!"

Sie qualmen.

Die Burschen kommen zurück, bringen Fladen und getrocknete Baumschwämme mit. Gierig machen sich die Bauern darüber her.

Iwan Iwanitsch liegt steif und starr auf seiner Schlafstelle und hat die Hände um ein Kruzifix gefaltet.

Er denkt nach:
Aber das wird ja nicht gehen! Das werden die Kinder nicht machen wollen.

Und dann: wenn man schon das grösste Haus im Dorf hat, muss man auch...

"Was muss man! Was muss man! Verdammtes Hansa!"

Er wird wieder ganz wütend und muss den Körper, der sich abermals hin und her werfen will, mit Gewalt stief halten.

Endlich beruhigt er sich ein wenig:

"Na, da kann man eben nichts machen!"

Ubrigens - ihm kann es ja gleich sein, er sieht es ohnehin nicht mehr mit an...! Aber immerhin, es ist doch schade um das Schwein, wenn es auch nur, selbstverständlich, das kleinere ist!

Ein paar Augenblicke lang überlässt er sich einer milden Trauer. Dann fährt es ihm plötzlich durch den Kopf:

"Das Schwein - gut! Aber was, wenn die Steuerbeamten unten in der Stadt Wind davon bekommen, dass er gestorben ist!"

Ganz kalt wird ihm bei diesem Gedanken, denn er erinnert sich, dass in Zuben neulich die Finanzer gekommen sind, kaum dass der Bauer tot war, und das Vieh weggetrieben haben: Erbschaftssteuer!

"Was, wenn die unten schon davon Wind bekommen haben und...?"

Kälte presst ihm den Vorhang so zusammen, dass er den Gedanken gar nicht zu Ende denken kann.

Das Vieh weg! Die Kuh! - Die einzige Kuh im ganzen Dorf!

Es verschlägt ihm den Atem. Knechend liegt er da und hörcht hinaus. Rasselt es draussen nicht, als ob ein Wagen...?

Er drückt die Hände mit aller Kraft an die Schläfen, damit das Hämmer aufhört, dass ihn an deutlichen Hören hindert.

Da!

Ja...!

Wirklich!

Das Rasseln eines Wagens ist zu hören. Er ist noch ein gutes Stück entfernt, aber er kommt näher!

Mit einer jähnen Bewegung setzt sich Iwan Iwanitsch auf. Die Verwandten springen hoch, drängen sich um ihn herum:

"Iwan Iwanitsch... Alle Heiligen...!"

Die Tür wird aufgestoßen, die Bauern aus der "grossen Stube" drängen sich herein.

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*f. c. weiskopf*

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**norman macleod**

"Heiliger Nikolaus, Wundertäter, bitt für ihn! Heiliger Georg, Siegbringer, bitt für ihn...!"

"Kusch!" schreit Iwan Iwanitsch erboist dazwischen, "haltet eure schmutzigen Mäuler!"

Sie prallen zurück.

Einen Augenblick lang ist es ganz still. Das Gerassel eines heranfahrenden Wagens wird deutlich hörbar.

"Da sie kommen! Schafft das Vieh fort! Lasst mich hinaus!"

Und bevor sie noch ihr verdattertes "Wa-a-as!" hervorstöbern können, ist er vom Ofen hinunter und drückt sich durch sie hindurch.

Sie wollen ihn aufhalten, aber er stösst ihre Hände zurück und drängt sich weiter vorwärts:

"Weg! Platz! Hört ihr denn nicht! Steht nicht da wie die Klötze! - Die Finanzer kommen...! Das Vieh holen!"

Sie verstehen nicht und bleiben ihm - immer noch mit offenen Männern und herausgekugelten Augen - im Weg stehen.

Da packt er die nächsten an den Schultern und schreit:

"Hinaus! Weg! Was steht ihr überhaupt, noch da! Macht, dass ihr hinauskommt! Es wird nicht gestorben...!"

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**norman macleod**

*aus der jemez*

Weizen-blätter in einer gelben Dämmerung gemalt, bronzen gegen den harten Wind, der Weizen runzelt... und die Erde trocken als Leib, in knorrigem Wetter. Die Sonne wird in ihr’ orangen Zirkel gehen, und die Hügel werden auf die Ebene kriechen, aber der Wind führt ein weites Geschrei in die regungslosen Jahre, die Jemez decken werden... Und Weizen-blätter alle gelben.

(Uebersetzt von donal mckenzie)

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*Anmerkung des Übersetzers: Jemez heisst eine Region der wüsten Hochebene Neu Mexico, U.S. A.*
Je sais un paysan quelquepart, dans les champs,
qui rêve quelquefois derrière sa charrue
à ses frères sans nombre, à la vie inconnue...

C'est Augustin Habaru, il y a trois ans, qui nous révéla sa
présence "aux confins des Ardennes et de la Lorraine, dans un petit
village d'une centaine d'habitants".

Et c'est Jean Tousseul, au début de cette année, qui nous
donna le nom du hameau : FRATIN.

Entretemps, Francis André avait publié une plaquette de vers
"Poèmes Paysans" (1) et des critiques, des romanciers, des poètes
dit leur étonnement, leur joie, leurs espoirs, leur admiration aussi.

Nous achetâmes donc le petit bonquin et, du coup, nous fûmes
litteralement "pris". Nous étions en présence d'une poésie qui
rendait un son que nous n'avions entendu qu'une fois ou deux
jusqu'ici et notamment en Amérique, chez Walt Whitman.

Ohe ! mes compagnons, mes autres compagnons,
Ohe ! les bûcherons, les terrassiers, les vagabonds,
Ohe ! vous qui buvez quelque part dans le monde,
Dans les tavernes, dans les chaumières,
Ohe ! mes compagnons sans nombre,
Venez ! je me sens plein de folie et d'amour.
Venez ! je vois là-bas, là-bas d'où vient le jour,
Je vois monter vers nous, là-bas,
Un verre pour la soif de tous un verre immense !
Venez ! nous briserons nos salés petits verres
Et nous boirons ensemble dans ce grand verre
Plein de goutte claire et de lumière
Qui vient de se poser sur la table du monde.

L'homme qui lança ce cri, un soir d'ivresse, du fond des Ar-
dennes, n'est-il pas digne du géant newyorkais, lorsque celui-ci, par
delà les Océans, nous envoya son "Appel au Monde" ?

(1) Les Ecrivains réunis à Paris.
Tu as bien travaillé, pour toi et pour les hommes
Tu as battu ton seigle, engraisssé ton vieux bœuf
Et voici que déjà rodent autour de toi
Autour de ton labour, de ton blé, de tes bêtes,
les trafiquants, les juifs rapaces, les marchands...
Voici, comme un vol noir sur tes glèbes d'automne,
Les corbeaux sur ton champ, ta maison et ton coeur...

Le pittoresque campagnard n'existe pas ici : il fait partie intégrante de la vie du poète qui ne le remarque même pas... Mais les gens et les bêtes, le soleil, les nuages, le vent, les arbres, la forêt et toutes les choses qui peuplent l'horizon du cultivateur qui lutte avec la glèbe apparaissent en des strophes graves religieuses, où le Travail, l'Effort, la Miséricorde sont portés à la hauteur d'un Credo. Nous pourrions multiplier les citations - les 23 poèmes qui composent le livre seraient à citer - et montrer le sens cosmique de cette poésie à résonances uniques qui plonge ses racines au plus profond de l'âme paysanne... Mais Francis André, le tout premier, irait bien de nos savantes autant qu'inutiles explications, car cet isolé, si naturellement universel réalise, d'instinct, ce que Stéphane Zweig appelle "la loi profonde de l'harmonie que chacun de nous doit établir entre soi-même et le paysage pour pénétrer entièrement la nature et le monde."

Un dimanche d'août torride, nous sommes venus frapper à la porte de l'écrivain. L'homme qui ne nous connaissait pas, qui ne nous avait jamais vu, nous ouvrit bien grande sa maison et son cœur. - L'accueil qu'il nous reserva nous paya largement des fatigues qu'un voyage de 175 km en vélo, à travers les Ardennes nous avait valu.

Nous vivâmes trois jours dans son toit - qu'il restaurait lui-même, comme Bazalgette - au milieu des siens, dans une atmosphère de bonté, d'aimant, de friche camaraderie. - Pendant trois jours tant bien mal - et plutôt mal que bien, quoique nous soyons un campagnard que la faim chassa au pays des usines-voloï quelque vingt ans - nous partageâmes son rude labour dans la plaine, sous le soleil flamboyant. - Nous connûmes aussi les gens les bêtes et les choses chantées par le poète : Son vieux père de soixante ans "que la terre aimée, penche vers elle, un peu plus chaque jour" ; sa mère "vieille femme au corps lourd comme un chêne, au visage ridé comme un labour d'automne" ; la campagne cultivée qui quitte...
georges linze

poèmes

1.
Les villes approchent
une à une
comme tirée par leur horloge
- hélice lente -
Les vitres des magasins
sont d'étranges glaciers.
La machine sinue
dans avenir des tournants
sonde du vent
proie de vitesse
commencement de prophétie.
Avions autors
tueurs d'hirondelles
Ah! Ah! Ah!
simple pressentiment.

2.
Chaque mort
laisse l'univers
figé et sans visage.
La marée à beau presser
tendrement
les côtes
nos machines
franchir les nuages
les enfants
pendent
comme du lest
et l'on voit très bien
que le temps
est la tristesse
des arbres des maisons et des pierres.

eric b. hurel

masque

Béant d'orgueil : être immuable et triste
un masque exalte ses trois mauvais rêves
du bois une table au fond d'un tunnel
un oeil en verte de gris l'autre bleu pâle
et sa ficelle prête à pendre au clou
se torse de ces désirs de la nuit.
Vide de passions, voire incorruptible
pourtant peut-être encore habité d'ombres
d'inutile et de regrets furtifs
du jeune passé d'un acteur enfui
il efforce sa voix sa cave chair
sa voix étendue et l'ancienne grimace.
Il a bu le silence il est il fut
ses yeux perdus au mur horizontal.
forrest anderson

événement aride

départ pour cela de ceux d'en bas
l'absence se nomme autrement
les noms ne faisaient qu'un
mais ce que j'envoque pleure
de l'ombre une larme pour
couler au travers du branchage
innombrable

délimite la mer les
jouveneaux ont du être
autre chose

trois dans une chambre étaient deux
étant un personne de
ou sur cette chère chair
donc je me sers

frappez bas les maçons - --- serrez les pendant que
rêvont des perspectives aussi violentes que vertes

il est un lie, un monstre sensible auquel
la bonté donne l'assaut \ o vous
n'auriez jamais pu entrainer ainsi un matelot
s'il eut été en mer.

commentary

mike and other phénomena

There is nothing for the working man to do but organize and get the best
terms he can. "There is no use bothering him with intellectual abilities."

There is comparatively little sense in dilettante writers, sitting on the com-

muniste fringe, trying to pretend they are honest (or dis) working men.

If a writer is in fact a communist or syndicalist the obvious course for him
is to organize in his own syndicate and attend to the affairs which concern writing
as a function necessary to the concourse or aggregate of syndicates or the state.

There are certain topics which it is probably inexpedient to discuss in a
workingman's paper. The plebs obviously has to supply the force and that force
can probably best be supplied by conviction untempered with any uncertainty
as to its direction (even if it dont know what the direction is).

I can not however believe it does any good to ANYone to feed the working
man on bogie stories.

The intelligentsia has functioned in and before every revolution as an indis-

pensable part of revolution. I doubt if it has ever functioned enough. If it had
functioned more the word "revolution" wd. not now be so often used as a
synonym for mere explosion.

Whatever benefits have accrued from the french revolution are due more to
Voltaire than to Marat.

Whatever has been constructive in recent Russian history is due to Lenin's
lucidity and not to Trotsky's rhetoric. No revolutionary movement has ever had
enough intellect, let alone too much.

I do not believe that communism in America lies within the field of prac-
tical politics or that there is a "communist menace".

Until further proof is exhibited I shall continue to believe the American
communists is incapable of running a government or a button factory or the
sewage system or milk distribution of any town over 13,000 (say one hundred
and thirty thousand) or any other number of inhabitants.

Hence my suggestion to Mr Gold, and such writers on the New Masses staff
as have never carried a hod, and who have always had larger incomes than I
have, that they old, study a little more economics, and history and take a keener
interest in current events before turning to the metaphysics and theology of
their doctrines.
I can not believe that a more accurate and contemporary knowledge of current events, and a more searching analysis of same wd. do any harm either to that group of writers or to any group of writers or to the future working man in America or elsewhere or the present or past working man... etc....

I have yet to see any adequate proof that the American "reds" have made any adequate study (or miraculously attained any adequate understanding) of contemporary economics.

I am not saying this behind Mr Gold's back. I trust the readers of morada read the New Masses. I have never yet seen an issue of it that did not contain something worth reading.

Mr Gold's "Jews without Money" is a distinct contribution to "the subject". Whether other authors succeed in lowering the tales of the "pity" to the level or nearly to the level of Harper-Stratton sub-stuff must be left to individual analysis. Mr Gold is infinitely better at realism about New York, which he knows, than in legends from Italy.

I think his paper wd. be more useful if it included a little simple economic instruction for his readers, re/" the "problems" of credit power, credit distribution etc.

I can not see that a technical question as to whether the people be represented on geographic basis or on basis of unity of the product is a fundamental issue. Admitting that American democracy, starting in largely agricultur.al country, still uses a geographic basis, it can still be argued that an industrial community in which the industrial population (workers) understood anything whatever about economics would succeed in getting representatives into legislatures and into congress who wd. represent their interests. The trouble is, in great part, simple ignorance.

I do not believe that Lenin working in the U.S.A. wd. have proceeded in the same way that he proceeded against Czarism. So far as the facts are available Lenin seems to have been an opportunist with convictions.

This type is the most effective. The convictionist without perceptions has perhaps less effect on events.

If a man does not intend to have some effect on events he had better stay at home and do plain sewing or fancy embroidery.

It is my firm conviction that the state can not exist without good literature. Good literature can however exist without the state, the writer may waste a good deal of time being annoyed with sumofshits, fools, knaves; Wilsons, Hardings, Coolidges, Smoots, smoots etc. but he may do a good job in between times.

The state goes to hell when the language gets wholly into the hands of such people, when the language is made a mess and no word retains a clear meaning.

Everybody, even Mr Morgan and Mr Stalin ought occasionally to read something they disagree with.

A factional paper (the New Masses is a factional paper, so is the very mild "new freeman" etc.) ought not only to have in its editorial office, but ought to manifest a clear knowledge of which of its beliefs belongs to its faction alone and which of its beliefs are held by the more intelligent men in all or in most other parties.

The last man I heard say anything about the evils of capitalism was a banker. He thought the Carnegie Endowment for Peace was an evil because it was a lien on workers.

I thought it wd. be justified if Nick Butler and co made some attempt to apply the proceeds to what Andy intended.

Researolf into the causes of war could be useful. It wd. employ not philologists but bright eyed chaps who do. keep an eye on daily commerce and profits in specific and general war-goods, and so forth.

Concentration of capital is highly useful. Any party that does not recognize this fact is merely playing ostrich. In any simple democracy there is no reason why some sense of responsibility shd. not attach to those controlling a community's credit. The detail of mechanism and official title of the controllers is not the fundamental issue.

In the end it will depend on whether the Rat or the commisar or the senator or the director knows how to apply the credits at his disposal, and how to get credit in general distributed.

All this means a lot more brain work and is in general more tedious than running out yelling "SLOBODA FOR THE FISHES!"

There is to my mind no particular advantage in subscribing to Marx and Trotsky certain ideas already clearly presented by Thos. Jefferson, Adam Smith or Tom Paine.

Yet, our university system is mouldy. I have heard that the endowment of what used to be (and may be still) a fashionable ladies' college is contingent on their supporting the doctrine of protective tariff, etc. There is little effort to get active minds into college faculties. There are amiable and unamiable professors but the poor dears dont in most cases know anything about thought and in the language of I think Cervantes, you can not confer what you aint got. (aint equals are not, the purist wd. suggest here the phrase "aint got of")
ezra pound

Mr Gold, by the way, fails to dissociate a contempt for humanity from a radical disbelief that any vast mass of people will spontaneously combine into a perfectly ordered utopia, i.e. a certain scepticism as to the intensity and lucidity of the mass mind.

A people that lets an excellent system of government go to hell as the believers in Wilson, Harding and Coolidge have, lying flat on its belly and oozing flatulence for these three nincompoops is not in condition to make a new better system ab initio.

(In America this crime has not been spread over a period of centuries, it has been done in the last twenty or 25 years, by the single generation of men, from 15 to 25 years older than I am, who have held the power through that slobbery period.)

The communist party in America small as it is is certainly to be prized above rubies and above Argentine bonds; it at any rate believes something better could exist and is vociferously aware of certain defects in the general organism.

Certain defects in its ideology are ameliorated by use of C. H. Douglas and Veblen. You do not use an author by swallowing all of his doctrines in a lump. If you get six clear dissociations of ideas from sixty authors you are highly favoured by fortune.

Mr Shaw is quoted by the N.M. as saying that Marx made a man of him. The demonstration is lacking. Personally I shd. never have blamed Marx for the result by whatever title you call it. (We suppose it's like the prayers for "the Prince of Wales").

///

The American university is of small use to contemporary thought. It keeps a lot of nice boys out of the labour market but this is not an ultimate good.

The intellectual bankruptcy of the next thirty years may have to be done by pamphlet.

The greatest material obstacle to mental life in America is publishers' overhead.

The American publisher expects to keep up palatial offices on Fifth Ave and to support fat family and forty employees on proceeds of a few books. European publishers often issue their stuff from one room or from the print shop.

Difference of being able to print for 15 cents when a few hundred people are ready, or of waiting till five thousand are ready to pay three dollars.

The net result is that America is twenty years behind Europe in every branch of thought save those expressed, often quite ably, by our dear friend Henry Ford.

P.S. As to "prohibition", it may have been designed by fanatics but apart from every other abomination connected with it it has been favoured by apostles for the express purpose of gaining time and preventing thought about economics and the abuses under which labour suffers.

ezra pound

Mr Gold is one of the very few American revolutionaries that excites any interest or respect in new Russia.

///

In a perfectly governed state there wd. be some effort to ascertain how much work was needed for the general comfort, and to distribute this work among all those capable of performing it.

Certain weekly papers wd. be more interesting if they printed a few statements re/ what work actually needs doing in America.

I am profoundly ignorant on this subject, save in so far as it concerns American mental operations. American mind seems to be working at about 3/100 of efficiency.

I believe that some city streets need sweeping and that in certain districts the housing problem etc....

Apart from distributing work and credit I shd. be grateful to Mr Gold for a clear statement of the aims of his party. Why, for example, is the dictatorship of an oligarchy of unskilled "workers" to be preferred to the dictatorship of any other oligarchy?

I don't even wish to imply that this question is unanswerable.

I shd. be happy to induce Mr Gold's "circle" to think, because I believe they are much more likely to think than any other crowd in America.

If whatever I value in civilization cannot be given to the strata of the intelligentsia that is next to the bread line it will certainly go to hell, I mean it will be left as mere dust and museum pieces.

e. p.
s o l o n r. b a r b e r

m e x i c a n n o t e s

Let me tell you. I cannot write about this country as a traveling salesman would write home to the little woman in Grand Rapids. I cannot write about this country as the American schoolteacher taking a summer course at the National University would write home to her principal and her friend who teaches the 4th grade. I am not interested in the friends of traveling salesmen and gradschool teachers. I am interested in another side of the Mexican land. I am interested, just now, in Mexican street types and the way the people take their pleasure. I am interested in the buildings and the cockfights and the dance halls.

I wish some of our Nordic painters would go down below the Rio Grande and put this country on canvas with colors as stubborn and flashy and strong as the colors of Mexico are! I wish they would paint those Indians, those beggars, those dancehall girls, those bulls and ferros. I would like to see what the salesmen and the schoolteachers would say when they saw the picture of the old legless leper begging for a centavo, or the blind boy playing his guitar and singing lovesongs at the side of the railroad track in a little Indian village 40 miles out of Mexico City.

I like to spend hours watching the people in the streets. These Mexicans build their houses flush with the street so they will not waste any time getting out into the streets. Their houses sell themselves cheap to the seller. Are they a very lovely people than they are so afraid of being alone?

The artist rave about his "types". Here are these "types", all marked and labeled and classified. Exhibit A—the old man sitting against a column of a portale selling little wax figures of the Christo. Exhibit B—the big ranchero with the big sombrero riding into town for a night with the senoritas. Exhibit C—the poor. O God, the Poor! Let us all get hot about the poor. Let us all talk at once—until the cops break down the door. Hell. The Mexicans treat their beggars realistically. They actually give them something. The Nordics appraise a commission to do something about it. But when the commission desires to make a report, the Senate and the House suppress it.

I sat one early summer morning on a chair tilted back against the wall of a cantina in Calle San Juan de Letras in Mexico City and sipped a long, brown, cheap, native cigar. I sat there and thought about these people. The street was eternally alive with people—those vital, colorful people who make Mexico City the most exciting city in the world. And if I could paint, I would have put down in black and white and steel blue the tall Indian in the white shirt, stiff, black sombrero; black swag, who stood on a corner for 10 minutes without moving a muscle studying a picture of "We" Lindbergh, the "Lone Eagle". "Lone Eagle" bell!—so was the "Lone Eagle". Four hundred years of exploitation by the Spaniards, the criollos, the crooks, the rotten aristocracy of Mexico, by the Gringos had not got the better of him. He was a rawhide quirt, he was a steel-pointed arrow, he was a grim, polished pistol blue with the promise of sudden death. He didn’t spend his time psychoanalyzing himself. He knew what he wanted and he took it—when he could.

The little leathery Aztec women were endlessly passing with tireless, nervous, quick trots. Some of them were worn out with age, disease, hunger, or childbearing, but not all. Mexicans from the haciendas, with pink shirts, yellow ties, and oversized straw hats or immense gray or black felt sombreros. Little brown and yellow and black fellows under their hats as tall as a mountain peak. Spotted, decedent Mexican pimps, young men of the streets and the bordellos, the bars, the bars, the clubs. A big, blond German smoking a cigar, so obviously satisfied with himself that I wanted to tap him on the shoulder and say, "I congratulate you, sir". A couple of Americans pass. "God damn it, Fred, I don’t want to leave this here Mexico City. Greatest little old city in the world, outside of Kansas City. Say, you remember that blond in Butch’s place?" A slender little brown girl in a golden dress. Her eyes were like blobs of black paint high on her cheeks. A beautiful little thing, as delicate as one of those Mexican jenquilas or a pale blue morning glory. Her precious little breasts were 2 lyrics by Alamin. An old woman in black, wearing a gawking black veil, carrying a casket of white carnations. A group of Mexicans from the ranches, reminiscent of the crisp words of rifles fired in gold-blue sunlight. Mexican women, made for bearing children, wide-hipped, heavy-breasted, full-lipped. And always the men kept coming on: urgent as commands, proud, alert, Mexican eagles. A people of a thousand urges and a million dreams. A people who will be hard to conquer.

They knew how to live. Take the 3 beggars, old as the hills, that I saw every morning from my window. I would give them a few cents. The blind old man played a wrenched conciertina. The somewhat younger blind woman held the ragged hat. The grey, tottering, old woman—the only one of the trio who could see—led them through the streets, to their little square of pavement where they sat all 3 in a row near the door of a saloon. The price of a few drinks in that place would keep them alive for a week. I see them crossing the street: the ragged, fragile old woman leading them like blind sheep. They walk one behind the other, holding to each other’s arms. She takes a long time to decide whether to take a chance with the traffic or not. They seem to think that there is plenty of time when every tick of the clock sounds to me like tolling bells over...
a graveyard. Plenty of time, though, to sit in the street and wait for the big copper Mex. pennies to plop into the old hat. It's what they call lo flamenco down there and in the gypsy country of Spain. And children are scarcely weaned from their mothers' breasts before they must be snatched by hunger. They beg, sell lottery tickets, work when they can. They sell dulces, phosphores, puros, cigarrillos. Their streets run to life like the hot blood spurring through arteries. You can't talk about this coolly, over a mint julep. I tell you, you can't write about Mexico as you would write about chamber music. This is life spouting hot and keen from the fiery, tossing fountain that feeds the world. This is the original spawn—they don't know what it's about, and they don't give a damn. It's plenty to be alive. Take the grinning brown girls who stand all day in the dark hatches of the Zoque and endlessly pat, pat, pat the flat tortilla. So don't expect me to talk about the pretty parks of Mexico City, the rich Paseo de la Reforma and its bronze statues, the swell cafes: El Royale, El Giro, and the hundred more.

I tell you I am not interested in the American Colony when I remember the girl in the green dress one night at the second-class cabaret. I was sitting at a table near a window, smoking a Monte Carlo. It was still early, about 10:30 p.m. Not so many patrons there at the time. Just a few of us, just a few dark heads above the tables, when this green girl burst into the room—said, "dancer, noche," to the hatchet girl and the cove standing near the door—and went into the room marked "sencillez" to leave her hat and coat. She was one of the regular employees of the place. She worked there, danced, and that was her life and her place in life, she would get plenty of dances before the night was over. Then she came out and looked down the long dancefloor. And her chin snapped into the air and she took a long drag of the air like a Thoroughbred on the track. She laughed out loud. She walked down the dancefloor laughing. She stopped halfway down and stamped her foot and blurted out a long, strong HUH! This was her life. This was her place. This was her game. The music struck up one of those strange, staccato, Spanish dances you never hear played right north of the Rio Grande and our friend in the green dress was dancing.

And pretty soon I was buying co= for a Mexican girl with eyes like the waters of those black lakes they have in the cretuses down there. Her hair was very black and smelled of oranges. She could dance and she could drink. She drank a bacardi, a cognac, and 2 bottles of Carta Blanca and didn't show it by so much as a slipped word.

a review

Unrest, the Rebel Poets' Anthology for 1930, edited with an introduction by Ralph Chayney and Jack Conroy. "Studies Publications" (U.S.A.), 224 West Pennsylvania Rld., Columbus, Ohio. U. S. A. 1.00

The American mind, swaddled in prejudices, comfortably bathed with the sweet oil of conformity, is monstrously restricted in its ability of comprehending a new therefore, dangerous, idea. Capitalism has benignantly played the part of wet nurse, ministering unto walls of pain and bewilderment, with the sweet oil of a prostitute press, literature directly or indirectly interested in the maintenance of the status quo, religion, and safe educational institutions. The infant has fallen for this Christian science treatment, and with an amazing facility, has accepted the fact that America is prosperous, that unemployment, starvation, the shooting of pickets and jailing of communists, are but imaginary pains. To this end, literature has played its not at all insignificant part. Even our so-called honest literature is basically but the substitution of individualistic ashes and tremors for the more dangerous economic pains more and more certainly following in the trail of a capitalism developed, to a dangerous point. In other words, we have become oriental mystics, contemplating navels of individualistic pain chiefly to forget our non-importance as individualists and the primary basic importance of economics. To penetrate into this mass-mind fixedly following its set orbit, is by no means an easy task, but it is being done on several fronts. To the proletarian artist, however, the most difficult task has been given that of making the mass mind aware of communism, revolt, labor quietly and desperately forging the links of a new social order to blossom over this tortured earth. It is being done in fiction, and it is being done in poetry. The present collection, astonishingly superior to its predecessor of 1929, is gratifyingly successful. In this book you have no single form of poetry, no attempt to found a school of new form with an old content, but an attempt to introduce a comparatively new content in many forms, which is far more important to a healthy condition of literature than a mere abortive childish play with technique. The poetry included maintains a quite constant revolutionary ardor, and nearly all of it is informed by a proletarian ideology. The excellence of the poems, of course, varies, but is on the whole, of a very good average, with several striking poems. Most of the contributors to the 1929 collection are included with, if anything, better poetry, and several new poets are introduced. It is especially interesting and important, however, to remember that the bulk of the poetry has been written by proletarians, by clerks, waiters, farmers, hoboes, carpenters, autoworkers, lumberworkers, and others of that vast army "mulling at the garbage-pails" of the rich, which is indicative of a future literature which we may well call proletarian.


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ant honie donker

newe lyrik in holland


Wir saßen zusammen beim Feuer mein lieber Vater und ich, schweigend nur.

Mit jedem Ticken der Uhr kam seine Sterbestunde näher und näher:

Er war ruhig und gut, wie die Mutter, die ihr Kind bis nach hinten zudeckt und fortgeht, heimlich gedacht, still und erfrischt, so wusste er sein Denken und Handeln liegen unter Gottes warmer Barmherzigkeit.

Er stand langsam aus seinen Sessel auf, so recht, und stark, wie er gelebt.

Seine feine Hand hat geblendet auf meiner Hand: ein Nebel über erwauchendem Land.

Dann hat er seine letzte Schrift vollbracht: er gab mir seine Uhr, einfach, ohne ein Wort und murmelnd sagte er Gute-Nacht.


Denn mutig hatte mein Vater in meinen Händen - Abdruck von Tat und Zeit genommen.

Stolz und weinend bin ich von ihm weggekommen.

Unter den Dichtern der starken, unabängigen Gruppe in Holland ist Marsma derjenige gewesen, der zuerst weitgehende moderne Experimente versucht.

Seine erste, schwer zugängliche Lyrik war daher viel umstritten. Es ist aber, in eine Lyrik etwas da, das unsere Zeit vor allem verlangt und bewundert: Feuer und Schwung.

Marsma's Lebensanschauung ist sein Lebensstil, seine Bewältigung jeder Ungerechtigkeit und unbelehrbarem Stimmungsgemälde.


Den Doleastard ist ein heftig romantischer Abenteurer. In seinen Gedichten spannt sich ein starker, unerläßlicher Lebensdrang. Von der Romantik, die sich...
den in unserm Bewusstsein lebendigen abendländischen Künstlern eine Kunst erfanden hätten, die zufällig in ihrem Erfassen der absoluten malerischen Werte, in ihrer erlesenen Würde, für die das Wort Dekoration anzuwenden. Manstätterung wäre, und in ihrer mystischen Seelenhaltung der abendländischen Kunst gleichlaufend gewesen wäre bis auf wenige Abweichungen nationaler Dialekte. Es gab vielmehr ein goldenes Horn, aus dem über die ganze abendländische Welt die Lehren und Formen jener Kunst ausgeschieden wurden, die wir in der Arena-kapelle zu Padua ebenso gut antreffen wie in den Bamberger Evangelisaren der deutschen Kaiser des Mittelalters und anschließend auch in der Kathedrale von Mafetha in Georgien. Das goldene Horn war Byzanz und der repräsentative und jenseitige Stil, den Byzanz dem frühmittelalterlichen Europa anbot, wird "Maniera Byzantina" genannt. Das Wunderbare, Ergründende und zu Bedenkende ist, dass dieser Stil überall als die anerkannte, geachtete und allgemeine Kunst angenommen wurde. Er muss etwas in sich getragen haben, wofür die Seelen seiner schonen Gemeinde besonders bereit waren, sonst hätte er sie nicht entstehen können von den Stätten des Herkules bis an den Rand Asiens, bis nach Georgien. Und die Kraft, die das grundlose Auflassen dieses Stils beförderte, war so stark, dass sie mancherorts bis an die Schwelle des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts wirkte. So bemühten sich die Westler unter den russischen Ikonenmalern vergeblich den aus Frankreich kommenden Barock auf die Ikonen anzuwenden. Eine, wenn auch in tausend Jahren möde gewordene Jenseitigkeit, macht ihren medizinischen Wille zunichte. So auch hat Georgien nie einen anderen Stilwillen als den seiner Anfänge. Wenn auf den späteren Freikörpern die Falle und das, was an Tiefenraum vorrausgeschrittenen Art in ihnen enthalten ist, verschwindet, um vom fünfzehnten bis zum siebzehnten Jahrhundert einem fläschigen, mit romanischen Ornamenten belebten Gewand und scheibenhaften Figuren Platz zu machen, ja, wenn in der Architektur sogar persisch glitzernde Ornamente an Stellen zweiten Ranges erscheinen dürfen, so ist das ein in sich Zurückzucken des byzantinischen Stils, ein Milderwerden, aber keine Verwandlung.

Das nichtrussische Europa liest alle Formen des byzantinischen Stils durchschritten, dann aber blieb es nicht stehen wie Russland und Georgien. Russland und Georgien wiederholten feierlich, behutsam und voll Achtung, was die Väter hinterlassen. Das nichtrussische Europa verwandte sich, die Renaissance wurde geboren, ein Stil, dem die neueren Gelehrten gern einen anderen Namen geben möchten, weil sie immer lebhafter erkennen, dass er nicht Wiedergeburt der Antike schlichthin, sondern Neug.PORT bedeutet, die sich in der Zeit ihres Anfangs in ostentativer Abwendung von Byzanz auf die Antike bezog. Rechnet man doch die einundzwanzig Jahrhunderte zwischen der Antike und der Renaissance, rechnet man die Umwälzung der Welt durch das Christentum ein, so ergibt sich trotz allem eine tiefe, gesinnungsmässige Verwandtschaft, die sich ausdrückt in der freudigen Bejahung des Diesseits. Sieht man für einen Augenblick von der durch die schönen, anregende, aber misstrauische Begeisterung des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts schon länger wieder in die Achtung der Welt, dass der Barock zur Renaissance als Differentialierung und höchste Konsequenz eines einfachen Anfangs gedeutet werden wird, so muss man zugeben, dass es für die Kunst zwischen Antike und Renaissance, für das, was "nicht mehr antik", aber "noch nicht Renaissance" ist, keine so klare und zusammenhängende Vorstellung gibt, wie für die beiden grossen diesseitigen Kunstzeitalter. Da durchwandert eine Ausstellung der fremden Formen und heiligen georgischen Kunst die grossen Städte Deutschlands und erringt, dass sie aus dem gleichen Müterschoss geboren wurde wie alle frühchristliche abendländische Kunst und mit einem Mal gewöhnlichen Verbindungen im Bewusstsein geschlagen, ein Jahrtausend rückt zusammen, Gründe werden sichtbar, wo vorher nur Erscheinungen waren, ein Leib steht mächtig auf und veransammt seine Glieder von denen eines Georgien ist, und dieser Leib hat einen Namen: er ist die jenseitige christliche Kunst. Es ist einfach, liegt in der Luft und deswegen scheint man sich es auszusprechen. Trotzdem und in der Hoffnung einen Sagen zu stiften, sei es gewagt: auf dem Boden Europas sind drei grosse Kunstzeitalter gewesen, die diesseitige Kunstgegenzeit der Antike, die diesseitige Kunstgegenzeit der Renaissance und die jenseitige christliche Kunstgegenzeit des Mittelalters, die in dem, was die Kunst ansieht, in der Erregung des menschlichen Genies gleichberechtigt neben ihren Schwester steht. Es ist ein Unrecht, dass man ihren grossen Namen immer noch verschweigt. Denn alle Erkennung der Teile reicht nicht, sondern es hat niemanden, die die Teile Glieder des elben Organismus sind. Die Ausstellung georgischer Kunst hat mächtig für die Grossen dieses Organismus gezeugt, indem sie uns lehrte, dass die Spuren seiner Formen bis in den Kaukasus reichen und dass die Sprache eines Mandes noch bis ins achtzehnte Jahrhundert erklangen ist.

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