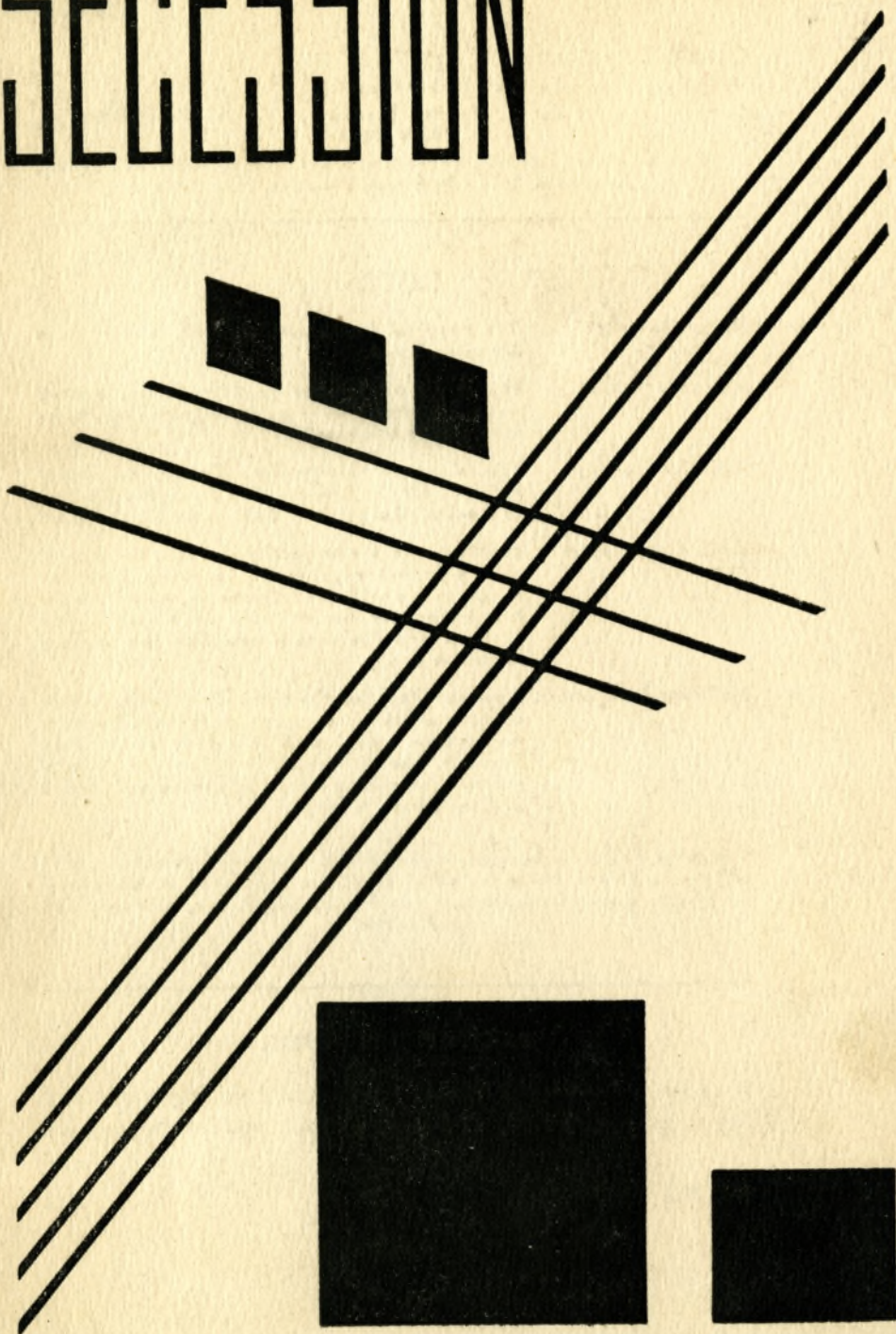


SECESSION



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NOTES

- Slater Brown:** The mayor of Imst, Austrian Tyrol, elected on a *Secession* ticket.
- Kenneth Burke:** The mayor of Weehawken, New Jersey, elected on a *Secession* issue — an investigation of American literary criticism.
- Malcolm Cowley:** The mayor of Montpellier, France, an honor accorded for the first time to a foreigner. Pledged to the *Secession* plank — Back to the Elizabethans!
- E. E. Cummings:** Candidate for the mayoralty of Paris, the present literary capital of America. Indorses *Secession* campaign against Louis Untermeyer, an anthologist best known for the omission of William Carlos Williams and Marianne Moore from his *Modern American Poetry*.
- Matthew Josephson:** Rival candidate for the mayoralty of Paris. Author of many *Secession* campaign documents. Recently wounded in a duel with Will Bray at the Parc Monceau. The duel arose, it is rumored, from a quarrel concerning a certain lady editor and poetess of Cass Street, Chicago.

The cover design is by Ludwig Kassák, a Hungarian communist and refugee in Vienna. He is the editor of *MA*, a publication in correspondence with those of the advance guard in France, Russia, Germany and America.

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FOUR POEMS

I.

on the Madam's best april the
twenty nellie

anyway and
it's flutters everything
queer; does smells he smiles is
like Out of doors he's a with
eyes and making twice the a week
you kind of, know (kind well of
A sort of the way he smile but
and her a I mean me a
Irish, cook but well oh don't
you makes burst want to dear somehow
quickyes when (now, dark dear oh)
the iceman
how, luminously
oh how listens and, expands
my somewhereallbverme heart my
the halfgloom coolish
of The what are
parks for wiggle yes has
are leap, which, anyway

give rapid lapfulls of
idiotic big hands

II.

(and i imagine
never mind Joe agreeably cheerfully remarked when
surrounded by fat stupid animals
the jewess shrieked
the messiah tumbled successfully into the world
the animals continued eating. And i imagine she, and
heard them slobber and
in the darkness)

stood sharp angels with faces like Jim Europe

III.

life hurl my
 yes, crumbles hand (ful released conarefetti) ev eryflitter,
 inga. where
 mil(lions of aflickf)litter ing brightmillion ofS hurl;
 edindodg: ing
 whom areEyes shy-dodge is bright cruMbs handful, quick-
 hurl edinwho
 Is flittercrumbs, fluttercrimbs are floatfallin, g; allwhere:
 a: crimbflitteringish is arefloatsis ingfallall! mil, shy
 milbrightlions
 my (hurl flicker handful
 in) dodging are shybrigHteyes is crum bs (all) if, ey Es

IV.

workingman with hand so hairy-sturdy
 you may turn O turn that airy hurdysturdygurdy
 but when will turn backward O backward Time in your
 and make me a child, a pretty dribbling child, a little child.
 no thy flight

In thy your ear:
 en amerique on ne boit que de Jingyale.
 things are going rather kaka
 over there, over there.
 yet we scarcely fare much better — —

what's become of (if you please)
 all the glory that or which was Greece
 all the grandja
 that was dada?

make me a child, stout hurdysturdygurdyman
 waiter, make me a child. So this is Paris.
 i will sit in the corner and drink thinks and think drinks,
 in memory of the Grand and Old days:
 of Amy Sandburg
 of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Waiter a drink waiter two or three drinks
 what's become of Maeterlink
 now that April's here?
 (ask the man who owns one
 ask Dad, He knows).

E. E. CUMMINGS

It is strange that a little mud
 Should echo with sounds, syllables, and letters;
 Should rise up and call a mountain Popocatapetl,
 And a green-leafed wood Oleander.

W. J. TURNER

Play it for me again; the theme repeated
 slips insensibly from major into minor;
 each chord, each tone drumming separately
 against taut nerves.

I have heard melodies
 that stilled the hammer of the heart against
 the boxed ribs, that played like caressing hands
 along the spine, but theirs is a facile beauty
 which you despise, whose long prehensile fingers
 grope for expression painfully along the keys.

And there are melodies which assault the body,
 entering in at the mouth and the nose and the little
 pores beneath the armpits, and having taken
 possession of me utterly, burst through
 the parchment armor of skin.

O beauty
 too great for this my body, infected
 with the venerealities of sense!
 O all-sufficient loveliness:

I cling
 vainly to the marble of your flanks
 vainly against the thighs of beauty, knowing
 before the ecstasy that my clenched fingers
 will loose their perilous grip, that I shall fall
 awkwardly to adjust myself about
 my skeleton.

But play the theme once more
 once more . . . in the pool of sense, the ripples widen
 uselessly lap the shores and die away.

MALCOLM COWLEY

POEM

One morning during Carnival they found two swans in the Public Garden, their long necks twisted, two swans lying splendidly dead under a magnolia

not yet in blossom and nobody ever knew why they were killed, whether it was a drunkard, whether an old man tired of women's bodies and wishing thus to destroy

a more impeccable beauty, or was he young (over
 them bends
 a domino, black with white moons for buttons, while the sky like a domino bends more vastly over).

It was a crime of passion; if I have read

of other passionate crimes in curtained alcoves, knife or poison, they were less splendid than these two dead swans, O less magnificent than the formal pool, empty without them, this empty pool which stares

fixedly into a fixed and empty sky.

MALCOLM COWLEY

THE BOOK OF YUL

Part One

While waiting, two men carried on a conversation that flapped and fluttered like an old newspaper. And a third was silent. Finally, the conversation gained in intensity, culminating in some disagreeable figure or image. Whereat, the third man rose and left the room. With us following, for it is he who conceived of Yul and the eleventh city. Thus:

Three men in a room, towards night. Two of them sat in the cold, sprawled somewhat, and with their overcoats on. The third was huddled in a Morris-chair, knees up to his chin, looking down over his toes at the vague carpet. „Do you think she will come?“ one of the other two asked. He swallowed, and noticed that his throat was getting sore. For a while they shifted slightly, in silence. (As the room grew darker, no one had moved to light the lamps.) The sounds outside came in dampened by the snow.

„We should have started a fire when we first got here“, the first man said, yawning. „If we're going to wait around here we might as well be comfortable.“

„Too late now, she'll be along any minute.“

The man hunched up in the Morris-chair sniffled three or four times, and then blew his nose. „Ah, what a bitter world!“ one of the others laughed. „Look, the poor devil had to move.“ . . . A heavy clock, in another room somewhere, or upstairs, or in the hall, sunk seven strokes into the room. Outside an automobile stalled. They heard the scraping of the self-starter several times before the motor began working again. Then the car jerked ahead; then stalled. After a few minutes, however, the motor thumped with a solid regularity, and the car passed on down the street. Out of the high windows the snow could be seen falling diagonally across a street lamp.

„This waiting outside the gates of Heaven is cold business.“

„Why in the name of God do you call it the gates of Heaven?“

Somebody could be heard walking. Thump, thump, THUMP louder . . . then THUMP, THUMP, thump fainter. „Probably the people in the next house.“ Listening intently, they could even catch a grumble of voices. Off up there, on the other side of the wall somewhere, people were no doubt sitting around talking, before a big fire, in a room full of light, eating, or maybe drinking something strong. Like those conceptions of perfect luxury which are inserted in the upper right-hand corner, the rest of the picture being devoted to a boy in rags, starving to death in a snowy alley.

A wind caught in the chimney in such a way as to disturb the burnt rubbish in the grate. The smell of rotten apples blew out into the room. Two girls passed outside, laughing, and hurrying with short, sharp steps. The man who had swallowed a little while ago brought up some saliva and swallowed again, to test his throat; the glands were distinctly swollen. He shot his cigarette into the dead grate; after a few moments, however, he lighted another. He said, „Damn this place for a tomb.“ A pause; then he continued, „When I stay very long in a place like this I always think, what if I were trapped in? . . . when I was a boy, I saw a crow early one spring standing bolt upright in a tree. I went closer, and he didn't fly. Then I saw that his foot had been caught in a fox trap. He flew to this tree, where the chain got caught in one of the branches. So he had been there during the winter, exposed to the cold and without food; and when he died the trap weighted him so that he stood up as chestily as the healthiest crow you ever saw. . . . When I wait in a place like this, I can't help thinking of dying that way. Can't you imagine us all sitting here in this darkness, dead, you holding a pipe, and me like this, and him over there in the corner all hunched up!“ At this point, the man in the Morris-chair got up, left the room, and could be heard immediately afterwards going down the stone stairs on to the street.

The snow was falling now in thick wet gobs. Before he had gone fifty feet it was clinging to the fuzz on his woolen coat. Big banks of cleanliness had been

stacked up. The lights of the store windows lay distinctly across the pavements. In that arc-light, in the carbon, in one molecule of the carbon, maybe, there was a little world, with planets and stars, and an infinite sky, and things living on some of the planets, and things living on those things. Someday some big hand would want our universe for an arc-light, and crunch, away it would go. „In one little corner beyond the stars, a world glowing up there all by itself, not crowded in the way ours is . . .“ God, what a night! He listened unconsciously to the different scrapings of the shovels.

He started to turn into the subway, but did not do so, since an elation was on him. Instead, he went into the park, and stamped about in the heavy snow, even walked across one of the ponds, in fact. A gust of wind hit him strong enough for him to rise up against it, and yell into the teeth of it. Then he swung his arms, and charged an embankment. When he reached the top, he looked about him, a half mile across the park to the lights of the apartments along the edge. The wind dropped away; he was almost hot after his exertion. He opened his coat and laughed a stage laugh. Then he chanted, „Sic erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in caecula saeculorum, amen. And the wind, appearing before me, spook, speak, spike, spuck, SPAKE, ‚Behold the eleventh citee‘. And I, answering unto the wind, spook, speak, spike, spuck, SPAY-ACHE, ‚Verily, verily, do I behold the eleventh citee, for there are ten others buried beneath it. Gloria!“

And then, continuing to sing-song the Sic erat, his mind wandered off to elaborate the eleventh city. „It is in the bottom of the sea“, he thought, „and lived in by extremely cultivated fishes“. But I happen to know that it is not at the bottom of the sea; or that it is not even near the sea. But it stands, bulky and dead, in the middle of a plain, silhouetted against the sky, and cold.

It is granite. Even the beds on which the people sleep are granite slabs, built in square holes carved out of the walls. For people live in this eleventh city: quiet, grey-eyed people, who slip about the stone streets, and in and out of the oblong holes which serve as

doors. But the under cities are filled with corpses, lying in rows, perfectly preserved, and without smell. The streets are long straight lines, and other long straight lines drawn perpendicular to these; the same is consistently true of the architecture.

And there was a traveler in this city, by the name of Yul. Looking ahead at the end of the widest street, he saw a break in the two walls of granite, and went towards it. It was a stairway, he found. Broad stairs, the width of a palace in his own country, led down to a platform, then down to a platform, and so on down and down to platforms. All this was lit with a uniform incandescence. While at the base of the stairs there stood two granite lamp posts, of no great size, but which he could distinguish as clearly as though they were immediately in front of him.

But Yul did not descend these stairs.

Part Two

Yul found the system of transit which had been evolved here of great ingenuity. It was composed of sixteen parallel tracks, or rather, endless platforms, which moved continually. These platforms were provided with benches, pavements, places to eat, and the like. Now, as Yul stepped toward the south, he noticed that each platform moved slightly faster than the one to the north of it; and although the change from platform to platform was hardly more abrupt than the difference between the pace of of a baby just learning to walk and the ordinary walking-speed of a grown-up, by the time Yul had reached the fifteenth platform to the south he was speeding enormously. The sixteenth platform, however, was entirely different from the fifteen preceding. To begin with, he found that it could not be boarded at any point, as with the other platforms. In front of him there moved a stone wall; occasionally, behind this wall he heard a roar, as of something which approached and retreated. And Yul, noticing that a group of grey-gowned figures had stopped near him

on the fifteenth platform and seemed to be waiting, waited as well.

Within a short time he saw a tower approaching on the sixteenth platform. It advanced evenly, floated towards them, growing gradually above them as it came. When it was only a short ways off, he also noticed that there was a break in the stone wall at this point, and that some of the figures farther down the platform were already entering there. In due time it reached him, and he stepped under the square stone arch on to the sixteenth platform. Everything was quite different here. Instead of the stone benches, pavements, kiosks, there was nothing but this lonely tower and a straight steel track that blurred away to the east and west. Like the others, he entered the tower, and found it a sort of rest room or waiting room.

Finally, above the grinding of the platforms, a far-off whirr was heard. The grey-clad figures left the tower, Yul thinking it best to follow. A line of cars shot up to the tower and stopped. Yul followed his companions into one of the cars, and they sped along the sixteenth platform. Yul sank into a stupor from this accumulation of speeds, partaking of nothing but a bitter, burning liquid which was brought to him at intervals. After another two days, Yul tired of the cars, and descended at one of the towers. Then he crossed the fifteen other platforms to the north, and found, when he stepped off the last of them, that he had returned almost to the starting point*.

He came to the wide street again, and entered one of the oblong cuts in the stone which served as doorways. Inside, there were winding stairs, lit with the same unvarying incandescence that he had noticed on the stairs leading down to the buried cities. Yul wound slowly upwards, his steps slapping back at him in a confusion of echoes. The stairs curved into a room; a large, square room, empty except for a tablet on one

* He had circled only once about the city in all this time, and that in spite of the enormous velocity with which he had been traveling; which facts, it is hoped, will tend to show the vastness of the eleventh city, and of the ten cities buried beneath it.

of the walls and a bench placed before this tablet. Yul, who could not read the tablet, noticed the firmness of the characters, and passed on into the next room. This room, too, was large and square and empty. But there was a window hewn out in one wall, oblong like the doors in the street, except that it was lying on one of the longer sides. From this window Yul could see across the plain to the even, cold horizon. It was in still another room, the third, that Yul voided.

Yul then came down from this place into the street, and walked along until he came to a larger granite entrance than was usual. He entered, finding himself beneath a balcony. He walked farther and saw a floor of white marble, dipping in a slow curve toward a stage or altar in the distance. Yul fell upon his knees and wept, this quiet curve was so soothing to him. Looking above him, he saw that here, too, there were curves; the walls reaching up thin arms of broken arches; a ceiling behind shadows, and vaulted; and thick wooden beams that worked among one another like a mass of human bodies. The church was nearly dark, while the altar glowed with a soft phosphorescence.

As he wept, Yul felt something which was like a purring of the floor, while an uncertain but penetrative odor filtered about him. The marble was warm, so that he lay flat on his back and sent his eyes into the shadows of the beams.

The odor increased, until Yul felt a restlessness come over him. He arose, and began putting aside his clothes, until finally he stood naked in the middle of the vast, empty church. Then, listening with great intensity, he thought he could distinguish footsteps. They were far away, but hurrying. They would increase, then nearly fall away completely, so that Yul began to despair. But finally they became firmer; they were advancing; they were upon him . . . and down to one side of the altar he saw a form coming toward him.

While it was still far off, Yul could already distinguish two eyes, which were like moist planets shined on by the sun. That is, they seemed to lie on the face, with an aggressive clearness, while they did not burn but had rather that quiet, steel-blue light of a

planet. Of a moist planet, that is . . . not of some dry planets which are like a copper-red spark. Yul watched the eyes, as they came nearer to him, like magnets.

And as the form stood before him, Yul saw that it was the form of a woman; and at once he loved her clamorously. But she picked up the clothes which he had thrown off and held them out to him, so that Yul put them all back upon his body. When he had dressed, he stood in front of her, and looked into her eyes. They were big and deep, like lakes, for he could see down into the rich black pupils as though they really were made of water. She took him by the hand and led him toward the altar, until Yul threw back his head and sang. But his notes began lingering and grumbling to one another among the beams, so that he quit singing. . . . He was led to the edge of the altar. Then she let go his hand, and jumped. Looking where she had jumped, Yul saw that she had leapt across a pit in the centre of the altar. He looked down into this pit; it was dark, but so far below that it made him shudder he could see the incandescence of the lowest of the buried cities. Then he jumped and followed his companion on the other side of the altar.

For a time they labored along together, down steps into cold damp places; around sudden bends into rooms which were warm and brilliant; through some narrow passage with a rough, pebbly bottom; then across a little stone bridge under which a spring flowed out of the rock and back into it. But of a sudden she stopped and opened her arms to him. Yul closed against her, looking into the roads and caverns of her eyes. She stepped away, tore back her garments with one fling of her hand . . . and Yul crumpled on the ground under the impact of his disgust. For shining out upon the hairs of the *mons Veneris*, there was a third eye, which beheld him steadily and without blinking.

. . . When Yul awoke, the woman had gone. He began working his way slowly back through the labyrinth of rooms and passages. At last he came upon the pit, and jumped across it. He saw as he went out of the church that immediately in front of it was the broad stairway which led down into the other cities.

He looked along the narrowing avenue of stairs, and at the end of them he could make out something which moved. But a peculiar sickness was on him; he longed for his own country, and dropping where he stood, he fell asleep on the first of the granite stairs.

Part Three

Later Yul returned to the stone church . . . and the assembled multitude, lifting its thin voices, chanted in unison the Litany of Error:

We shall go into the tenth city
 Glory glory unto our woes
 And take the hands of our fathers
 Glory glory unto our woes
 And kiss the nail holes in their palms
 Glory glory unto our woes
 And in the palms of our mothers
 Glory glory unto our woes
 And touch the old shells of their skin
 Glory glory unto our woes

And rejoice that now they are alive oh unfolding of the revelation oh ecstasy of blossoming into a world of eternity oh astonishment of opening their petals in the warm garden of our Maker glory glory unto the woes of our fathers and our fathers before them and whatever may befall us in our own day

The multitude, and the priest . . . they had alternated, the priest alone, standing in the glow of the altar, carrying the „Glory glory unto our woes.“ But when the lob-end of the prayer was reached, the priest and the kneeling multitude rose up, while heavy music was suddenly sprayed into the church. After the singing was ended, the music wound on for a few bars in reminiscence . . . then it suddenly regained its vigor, and while the multitude knelt again with bowed heads it repeated the entire form of the litany, growing at the last into a tangle of chromatics, with agitated notes

crawling in among one another, and accumulating fugues, while the whole jumbled mass grew more voluminous and climbed slowly up the scale. Out of it all there burst one neat, soft chord, high in the treble. This chord hung, while the rest of the music dropped away, until finally it existed all by itself. Then it, too, gradually weakened. But for a long time after it was gone entirely the multitude remained kneeling.

Now the ceremony seemed to drop more into the business of worship. At times the multitude would rise, kneel at times, while there were even times when it became prostrate on the white marble floor. Up from out of the altar, a long sermon was delivered by one of the priests. It was a well wrought sermon, by which is meant that it showed the effects of a mind which had devoted several nights to working out the arabesques of its idea. „That which is created creates in turn that by which it was created“. The voice from the glowing altar suffered its little elations, its momentary discoveries, its occasional felicities between the idea and the expression thereof . . . the words spread out over the quiet multitude, certain sounds lodging among the beams of the ceiling, others shooting straight to the ear, others floating up sluggishly . . . so that it all became slightly confused and mellowed . . . in spite of the hard little stones of the priest's inexorable logic . . . and the voice rose and fell, went slower in places for the purpose of emphasis, hurried across parenthetical explanations, paused before launching on new developments of the idea, halted and retracted a statement to a degree, dropped into a steady trot of exposition . . . the multitude, far from being disturbed that the words of it all did not reach them with clarity, rested comfortably on the dips and fluxes of the priest's voice.

The sermon was followed by a prayer . . . in trailing sentences of unequal length . . . some short . . . some stretching out to the length of two breaths . . . and at the end the multitude joined with the priest in praying . . . the frail single line of words from the altar, then the confused growl of the multitude. After the prayer, the church lay lifeless for a few moments.

Then a flash of light shot across it. The priest climbed in leaps upon the altar, until he stood looking down upon the multitude. A chord was struck, and the priest, taking his pitch immediately as the chord vanished, chanted:

LET THE NINE CHOSEN BE BROUGHT INTO
THE HOLY ARENA

And off somewhere, lost in the caverns of the church which led away to the right behind the altar, the chant was repeated in a little thread of voice:

Let the Nine Chosen be brought into the holy arena-

Then even fainter, away tho the left behind the altar:

Holy . . . Holy . . . Holy . . .

LET THE NINE CHOSEN BE BOUND UPON
THE BEAMS OF THEIR CROSSES

Let the Nine Chosen be bound upon the beams of their crosses.

Crosses . . . crosses . . . crosses of holiness . . .

LET THE NAILS BE DRIVEN INTO THE HANDS
AND THE FEET OF THEM AND THEIR SIDES
TRANSFIXED WITH SPEAR HEADS UNTIL BLOOD
MIXES WITH THE SWEAT OF THE EXECU-
TIONERS AND REJOICE THAT NOW THE ARE
ALIVE OH UNFOLDING OF THE REVELATION
OH ECSTASY OF BLOSSOMING INTO A WORLD
OF ETERNITY OH ASTONISHMENT OF OPEN-
ING THEIR PETALS IN THE WARM GARDEN
OF OUR MAKER GLORY GLORY UNTO THE
WOES OF OUR FATHERS AND OUR FATHERS
BEFORE THEM . . . AND LO! BEHOLD THEM
ENTER:

The voice stopped; the priest's arms were stretched out in imitation of the agony of the cross; music broke out, while at the same time a shrieking rose to the right of the altar; silk streamers began dropping and wisting, played upon by lights of all colors. The

college of priests hurried up before the altar, howling „Glory, glory!“ leaning forward and bearing the crosses of the Nine Crucified like banners. They stopped short before the pit; the music dropped away; the streamers subsided into a lazy billow; the lights became one penetrating reddish purple, which lay in all corners of the church like a sunset. The bodies of the Nine Crucified could be seen moving in silence on their crosses. . . . The priest, from the summit of the altar, gave a signal with his hand, and the crosses with their burdens were dropped into the pit. For a time they could be heard, scraping now and then against the sides, or colliding with one another. Finally, as they reached the bottom of the lowest city, faint thumps came up out of the pit.

The multitude huddled together, closer about the altar. It seemed to be listening. The thumps became heavier; they recurred at set intervals, like a slow treading of feet. Outside the church, beheld by no one in all this city, the march of the armless giants . . . advancing down the broad stairway which was the width of a palace in Yul's own country . . . little ripples passing along their ranks and being lost in the distance . . . armless giants, which rise up boldly out of their legs, like towers.

KENNETH BURKE

MR. AA THE ANTIPHILOSOPHER

The room was full of furniture drawn from very different periods. One afternoon as i went out, i was astonished at being made to wait at the door 2 or 3 minutes. Mr. Aa was sitting on a chest. She begged me, laughing, not to be disturbed. The chest was full of objects of great value. She said that she had not heard me knock. The coroner entered. Zounds! i cried, you are weeping, you are moved to the point of tears and you do not breathe a word to me of your troubles. The persons who attended the coroner guarded the doors. The thought of this also aroused me. The coroner was a young man. It was clear to me that some generous and ardent sentiment functioned upon his face like a smouldering fire, though whether it were of love or compassion i could not say. The coroner tapped the objects in the chest and tested their stability. I sat down at the table with a right gallant air, but by the light of the candle betwixt him and me i perceived a certain sadness in the countenance and in the eyes of my dear friend the coroner. He bent and looked down very often but said nothing. He marked out the place with silent powder and thus circumvented the danger. The coroner gave orders. These orders seemed as lugubrious to me as the perverse brilliance of this festive gaiety. He related to me that after having learned that i had deceived him, and that i had gone off with Mr. Aa, he had mounted a horse to pursue me, that he had arrived at St. Denis a half hour after my departure, that being certain that i would stop at Paris he had spent 6 weeks in a vain search for me, and that one day he had recognized Mr. Aa at the Comedy, and that he was so bravely dressed that he concluded the man owed this fortune to a new haul in scrap iron the returns of which had filled his money-bags with palliative warmth. He pulled the cord. Every other day. There i conceived a peaceful and portable manner of life. It is told that the judge was very severe. Unhappy knight, thou shalt lose all that thou hast loved in this world. Forgive me that i tell in so few words a tale which rends me. A cat forgotten by the express

company leaps out of a porcelain vase and justice is solemnly rendered. Forgive me again that i encompass in so few words a tale which pierces my heart. But the pancreatic reservoir of the kidneys and the bowels makes feasible the crossing of the desert in a sail-boat, which contains bottles of condensed farewells conservatories distilleries of gastric disgust and open pockets strewn all along way down the Mississippi.

TRISTAN TZARA

PLOTS FOR PENPUSHERS

- A. {
1. The man is motivated by his ideals, the woman by his ideals.
 2. The man is motivated by his passions, the woman by his passions.
 3. The man is motivated by his ideals, the woman by his passions.
 4. The man is motivated by his passions, the woman by his ideals.

- B. {
1. The man is motivated by her ideals, the woman by her ideals.
 2. The man is motivated by her passions, the woman by her passions.
 3. The man is motivated by her ideals, the woman by her passions.
 4. The man is motivated by her passions, the woman by her ideals.

- C. {
1. The man is motivated by his ideals, the woman by her ideals.
 2. The man is motivated by his passions, the woman by her passions.
 3. The man is motivated by his ideals, the woman by her passions.
 4. The man is motivated by his passions, the woman by her ideals.

- D. {
1. The man is motivated by her ideals, the woman by his ideals.
 2. The man is motivated by her passions, the woman by his passions.
 3. The man is motivated by her ideals, the woman by his passions.
 4. The man is motivated by her passions, the woman by his ideals.

Note: For novelists or story-tellers only a single item is necessary. For playwrights, however, the late Geo. P. Baker of Harvard University advises a swift progression by acts from one item to another. Ex. — C3 to C2 to B2 with slow curtain. (In case slow curtain is deemed inadvisable, A1 may be substituted for B2.) D1 accompanied by soft music makes very affecting climax for any arrangement of items.

SLATER BROWN

THE OBLATE

*„Les grands marais phosphorescents
font de jolis rêves et les crocodiles se
reprennent la valise faite avec leur peau.“*

André Breton et Ph. Soupault.

1.

„But no! Hear me, I beg of you — —“

Irrevocable. The man was gone in his spleen, and the door slammed behind him, while Hyacinth lingered in an arrested posture. What torture to have the door close upon one in the midst of a sentence. It were almost relief to finish the thought without an audition. Heavens! The man was like a panther: he darted calumny, abuse, derision at you, held the stump for an hour, and when you framed your defense, interrupted you and went off in a petty squall. Well, what of that? Hyacinth still owed him money. He would have to calm down and come back for it. But his methods, — were they not those of a boxer? To attack constantly both as a means of defence and of finishing the opponent.

Hyacinth's brain was an angular but smoothly functioning affair. Once under steam its glib constructions not only lulled his qualms as to his own failings but were capable of quieting those of others. It was obviously in full knowledge of this that his friend had adopted such a high-handed method of dealing with him.

How the man had ranted on! Hyacinth shuddered at the thought of what ill-mannered liberties he had borne for the past hour. He stood near his high window and looking out at the valley which lay below The Heights, reflected: women? there are millions of them down there. Strong-arm methods, a little ogling, a little of the satyr, and they are yours. It is nightfall, and everything blends into the crepuscular marmalade which so delights the feeble-minded. For me the white light of the sun still fries the Earth.

Walking with an older friend whose company was always far more soothing to him, a few moments later