

## EXPOSÉ No. 1

The *Dial* is, I suppose, generally considered to be America's leading magazine of literary expression. One critic has even called it the recognized organ of the young generation! True, there is not much competition for these honors, and the career of the *Little Review* has been sufficiently obscure for the *réclame* brought by size, money, circulation and famous names to overshadow it in public esteem. What, then, is our „leader“ like?

It boasts: „We have freed ourselves from commercialism and manifestos, from schoolmen and little schools, from a little nationalism and a snobbish cosmopolitanism“. That is, it has freed itself from a fixed point for judging, the absence of which for morality Pascal found so lamentable, but which happily exists for art. It has liberated itself from a definite direction. It feels no obligation to homogeneity. Naturally, its chief effect is one of diffuseness. It is late Victorian, Yellow Book, philosophic, naturalistic, professorial, dadaistic, traditional, experimental, wise, silly, international and nationalistically concerned in a developing literature. It prints Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, Santayana, Yeats, Beerbohm, Sherwood Anderson, Pierre Loving (!), professorial articles on German literature and Thomas Moore, Kenneth Burke, E. E. Cummings, James Oppenheim, Mina Loy, Ezra Pound, Jean Cocteau, D. H. Lawrence and an article on *Higher Education in China!* A stringent catholicity is admirable, but where is the reconciliation here? With this array of irreconcilables, it is no wonder a copy of the *Dial* gives the impression of splitting apart in one's hand.

As an intellectual cable across the Atlantic, the *Dial* has informed America that Remy de Gourmont has lived and died. The news of Guillaume Apollinaire is still \* untransmitted.

It features a wallowing ox of a stylist who retails each month acres of vague impressionistic excrement on music, painting, and books. Still, his uncouth attempts

\* February, 1922.