

AMERICA

EMBROIDERY—Embroidery yarns,
Tinsel—Tinsel art needle work,
Non-curling gummed papers
Glove-fitting corsets
Venus Pencils—
Sidourney tools and cocks and valves,
Steel locks and safes and chains,
Horse-cart reels and racks and wheels!
Mason's materials
Monumental memorials
Invisible bi-focals—
Loose wiles!
Loosewiles!!

MURIEL DRAPER

EQUILIBRIUM

MAN OF LETTERS: "Don't give your stuff to the *Little Review*."

ABSENT-MINDED WOMAN *comes back and gropes for words.*

M. L. "These little rags are no *good*, you know. They do no service to *Literature*. They boast of being non-commercial—and don't pay their contributors. It's a thoroughly rotten way of doing things."

A. W. *drifting*: "It's their conscious deliberate freakishness that I dislike."

M. L. "They're quite negligible. They have practically no circulation."

A. W. *turns fully outwards in a reluctant death*. "They do pay their contributors, what they *can*. That's a good deal more, in proportion, than is paid by the commercial press. And it isn't the point. Even if they didn't. . . . Take the *Little Review*. What is the worst that can be said of it? That it is deliberately outré, and consistently vitriolic about a chimera it calls public taste. What is the best? That they give a chance to people the commercial press can't handle. Take Joyce. He has been canonised by the *Times Literary Supplement*. And now everyone is marveling over 'Ulysses'."

M. L. *is silent*.

A. W. *hurriedly*. "You're both right. It's the Church and the heretics. But why must you curse each other? Why can't you both see, for instance, that papers like the *London Mercury* whose business it is to safeguard the casket of tradition and keep the back windows open, *must* have their eyes at the backs of their heads and therefore *can't* be expected to see what is under their noses? The literary squires have always thought the literary country is going to the dogs. They look for a repetition of the past. Their feet stumble among the stones of the fabric that is abuilding. The independent press has eyes for nothing but the new. It discovers gems, lying neglected in the mud. And cherishes them. Gathering up with them much dirt and rubble." She pauses, reflecting that Saint Paul must have been unconsciously led to impose silence on women. If men are robbed of their partisanship before they are fifty, where are they?

M. L. *steers the conversation a little to one side.*

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON