

Pourquoi cacher le silence avec cette sorte de sonnettes et non d'autres sans équivoque? On ne peut pas toujours dormir, ni jouer au baccarat, ni collectionner les plantes alpines, ni boire de l'alcool. Cela ne fait pas assez de bruit. Et par instants... Tandis que cette tiède occupation de secrétion périodique, si naturelle, qui vient au bon moment mettre un si élégant rideau devant la personne indésirée, remplit son rôle avec efficacité: on dirait du vrai bruit.

C'est pourquoi—je ne suis cependant maître ni du oui ni du non—je puis continuer à laisser respirer ma petite lâcheté.

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ANTICOQ

“LITTLE REVIEW” is certainly the only magazine which at the present moment desires to give the public the work of men whose new quests are the aim in art—whether in painting, music, sculpture or literature. “Little Review” is not influenced by the present established conventions which are for the most part only commercial. Most of the reviews unfortunately can not live without the help of editors and galleries who seek to make a credulous public believe that their merchandise alone is interesting, the only which really has a “commercial” value. This frightful stock jobbing in pictures permits the jobbers to put over it doesn't matter what good fellow for a person of genius; we have had an example of this recently at the Kahnweiler sale where they pushed up the price to 18,000 francs for pictures I wouldn't have given 50 centimes for. As for cubist purism, don't let's speak of it! As I have already written, this cathedral has only one steeple, which is Picasso; the rest of the edifice is a shop where they should sell umbrellas and where they offer us only “Ruoltz” which they wish to pass for real money!

The heartbreaking thing, you see, is the thought that these imbeciles of picture merchants disgust painters with painting