

## DADA—

“THE trouble is the *Little Review* never knows when to stop. Just now it is headed straight for Dada; but we could forgive even that if it would drop Else von Freytag-Loringhoven on the way.”—From an article by Harriet Monroe in *Poetry*.

Any one may say anything he pleases as long as he is willing to stand by what he says.

I don't think Harriet Monroe knew when to stop. But then we're different: we don't feel that we have ever suggested we were going to stop, not even at or in jail.

Harriet Monroe in a lyrical article in *Poetry*: “Renewal of Youth”: “Therefore let youth be free and strong, let it have room for its race and its shout, lest bars and shackles enslave the next age” . . . And then “bars” for Dada, “bars” for Else von Freytag—two sets of bars for the same thing! Miss Monroe should watch the poetic situation a little more carefully. The Baroness is the first American dada. We published her with joy in June, 1918. Dada wasn't so very old in Europe at that time.

The german dadaists are closer to madness than the french. The french still have expiations to make. The baroness does not belong to the german dadaists. She fails whenever she trips over her german skeleton and falls into a Goethe-Nietzsche wrestling with God. When she is dada she is the only one living anywhere who dresses dada, loves dada, lives dada.

However we do intend to drop the baroness—right into the middle of the history of American poetry!

Is Miss Monroe against dada because dada laughs, jeers, grimaces, gibbers, denounces, explodes, introduces ridicule into a too churchly game? Dada has flung its crazy bridges to a new consciousness. They are quite strong enough to hold the few in this generation who will pass over. Dada is making a contribution to nonsense.—*jh.*

## EXPOSÉ

THERE is a heavy growth of mushroom art magazines all over the place. Harvard seems to be the best spore producer. There has come into existence a purely American article of manufacture: the harvard-artist. If a man is in any way dissatisfied with Harvard, if he revolts at any of the Harvard factory regulations, at the immediate modes of dress, haircut, or dance, all he has to do is to buy a tweed hat and leap into one of the arts—or better still, start an art magazine for the “Youngest or the Pappiest.” They are artists: glands notwithstanding. *Poetry* always extends them a welcome and a word of encouragement.