

Chapter Three

The Marriage of *Rogue* and *The Soil*

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In a description of the relatively refined bohemian studio one might find oneself invited to in the Greenwich Village of 1916, *The New York Morning Telegraph Sunday Magazine* offered the following typifying appurtenances:

Blue and yellow candles pouring their hot wax over things in ivory and things in jade. Incense curling up from a jar; Japanese prints on the wall. A touch of purple here, a gold screen there, a black carpet, a curtain of silver, a tapestry thrown carelessly down, a copy of *Rogue* on a low table open at Mina Loy's poem. A flower in a vase, with three paint brushes; an edition of Oscar Wilde, soiled by socialistic thumbs. A box of cigarettes, a few painted fans, choice wines.¹

The author is Djuna Barnes, who, despite her ironies about the somewhat precious "abode," had by this date already contributed her own Beardsley-like drawings to *Rogue*. We may see, encapsulated in this tableau, any number of details, though parodic, of Village life and how *Rogue* was deemed to fit into it, or even lead it on into clearer definition. The desire to single out Loy is significant in this connection, as we today would see in her work the call to a more modernist culture than *Rogue* is remembered for, if it is remembered at all. For the moment, sitting on its low table, her poetry may not be meant, quite yet, to stand out from the general tone of decadence in the same strong way it does for us with hindsight. It plays very much the same role within the pages of *Rogue* itself. What I hope to show below for *Rogue* is something moving beyond the image we have of it as Wildean frivolity, and more precisely an attempt to use decadence as a weapon against American Victorianism. Conscripted into this battle, or skirmish, is a modernism almost entirely produced, in these particular pages, by women, and perhaps their very ability to be modern was sufficiently doubted as to make their commitment appear without great value. Subsequently, I hope an examination of Robert Coody's more aggressive *The Soil* will show it differed more in style and tactics than in actual intent, even while it seemed to propose a much more avant-garde idea of the arts. It was determined to undermine Victorianism as it was invested in the arts specifically, whereas *Rogue*, as a sort of downtown version of *Vanity Fair*, mocked the whole body of Victorian culture from within and proceeded with more tact. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note right off that, despite their differences, real or perceived, *Rogue* in its last number and *The Soil* in its first proposed to publish the same disquieting text by

¹ Djuna Barnes, "Becoming Intimate With the Bohemians," *New York Morning Sunday Magazine*, November 26, 1916, as reprinted in her *New York*, edited by Alyce Barry, Foreword by Douglas Messerli (Los Angeles: Sun & Moon Press, 1989), 242.

Gertrude Stein. Both magazines were committed to a break with a culture they felt to be suffocating new feeling, though that culture was supposed to be their own; and as small, independently produced sheets they were able to provoke their class's opprobrium on the ground, in rapid forays.

Louise Norton, founder with her husband, Allen, of *Rogue*, herself called their production "our frolicky little five-cent magazine."² Further, the magazine gave itself the moniker of "the cigarette of literature," but there is mischief in these playful roles, if we are attentive to context. There were the beginnings of danger for the proper Victorian household in contemplating so many women in print—Stein, Loy, Barnes, Clara Tice, and Louise herself thumbing their collective nose, smoking in public, and generally having a good time rather than being educational. *Rogue* seemed already to take the voting, smoking, and corsetless woman as a given, and that was regardless of whether it was a man or a woman writing. The tolerance for this new freedom for the "modern woman" and the overall tone of aestheticism no doubt both originated at Harvard, whence had come the main backer, Walter Conrad Arensberg, the editor, Allen Norton, and the most noteworthy poet contributor, Wallace Stevens. It was a Harvard that had turned its back on Boston and opted for New York, fascinated with the ideas of the new economy, though hardly free of the old. A few issues only into *Rogue's* career, Alfred Kreymborg was invited to the Nortons' and was cowed by the accent, "the languorous speech which, he learned later on, all men acquire at Harvard."³ The spirit of a "Krimmie," born and bred on the streets of Brooklyn and Manhattan, was a sort of antidote the "Patagonians" were no doubt looking for when they attempted to distance themselves from Cambridge and the rich family lives that had gotten them there.⁴ Eliot, graduating ten years later than Arensberg, was not the first to become interested in Jules Laforgue as a source of ironies that would lead beyond decadent poetry: Arensberg had already translated him, along with Verlaine and Mallarmé, and so we can expect such writers were being bruited in Harvard classrooms.

But in New York a newer cultural rebellion was already stirring, with, for example, Kreymborg's earlier series of chapbooks, *The Glebe*, and in particular its most famous number, "Des Imagistes" (February 1914), the contents of which had been mailed to him by Pound. *The Glebe* ended its short life in November 1914, four months before *Rogue* first appeared in March 1915. In July Kreymborg began his famous *Others*, with the initial backing of Arensberg, and he took over the best of *Rogue's* contributors of poetry, Loy and Stevens, to which he added Marianne Moore and William Carlos Williams. In *Others* the best new American poetry was well served, if intermittently, until 1919. More radical, and appearing in March 1915 at the same time as *Rogue's* first number, were De Zayas and Alfred

2 Louise Varèse, *Varèse: A Looking-Glass Diary*, vol. 1: 1883–1923 (New York: W. W. Norton, 1972), 126.

3 Alfred Kreymborg, *Troubadour: An American Autobiography* (New York: Sagamore Press, 1957), 170.

4 Steven Watson, in his *Strange Bedfellows: The First American Avant-Garde* (New York: Abbeville Press/Cross River Press, 1991) is particularly attentive to the Harvard "old-boy" network, which formed the "Patagonians." On page 29 he lists the relevant alumni.

Stieglitz's spectacular *291* and Man Ray's less-seen *Ridgefield Gazook*, "published unnecessarily," as it announced on page 1, and mocking "PicASSo," "A. Kreambug" and Stein's "Tender Buttons itch." While *291* sponsored the avant-garde and Man Ray savaged it, together preparing for the arrival of Dada, *Rogue* could both publish and somewhat contaminate it by embedding it in an early twentieth-century version of radical-chic. Fashion in culture was, of course, the domain of *Vanity Fair*, which had a much larger circulation. But its guiding light, Frank Crowninshield, was open to modern work which he discovered in the "Littles," and he also published Stein (in 1917). *Rogue* was at the early crossroads, its poets going off one way to *Others*, where they would keep their own company, its urbanity absorbed into mass-circulation periodicals like *Vanity Fair* and *The Smart Set*, which Mencken and George Jean Nathan had just taken over in October 1914 (yet, a month before *Rogue* debuted, they were sufficiently forward looking to publish two stories from *Dubliners*).

What remains to mention in this roughed-in sketch is politics, the "socialistic thumbs" soiling Wilde's beautiful pages. Greenwich Village attempted to mix art and politics, but not much or successfully, in its magazines. The debate probably tore *The Masses* apart at least once, in 1916, before the war finished it off. John Reed (Harvard, 1910, like Eliot) had been editor in 1913–14, and continued to contribute. In March 1915, *The Masses* published a remarkable report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations by Inez Haynes Gillmore: she observed the public performances of Carnegie, Ford, Rockefeller, Sr., and Morgan, and watched Mother Jones confront John D. Rockefeller, which put her in mind of two strophes from "The Shropshire Lad."⁵ But few in the artistic avant-garde were willing to let politics dictate the uses of poetry. Still, women's issues, including the new freedoms of *Rogue* but also prostitution and birth control were prominent in *The Masses*, and its first big run-in with the authorities was not because of socialism or the war but morals, when the Society for the Suppression of Vice pursued it for its September 1916 issue.⁶ Until we entered the war the subject of sexuality was more vividly distasteful, and more disruptive to the reading classes than Socialism, which concerned itself with gunned-down miners far away in Colorado, and thus sex was a more advantageous site from which to launch debates around changing society. *The Masses* was polemical and blunt, while the feminism of *Rogue* was arch, muted, or jocular. A big difference between the politics of feminism in *The Masses* and *Rogue* might be summarized as the difference between Emma Goldman and Gertrude Stein.

A good marker of the spirit behind *Rogue* might be, rather than Stein, the work of an almost forgotten artist who was well known in Greenwich Village at the time Clara Tice. In March 1915 Anthony Comstock attempted to confiscate her drawing at Polly's restaurant, and Allen Norton intervened, buying them up before they could be removed.⁷ While a Tice drawing did not appear in *Rogue* until the second issue

5 Inez Haynes Gillmore, "At the Industrial Hearings," *Echoes of Revolt: The Masse 1911–1917*, edited by William L. O'Neill (Chicago: Quadrangle Books, 1966), 159–163.

6 Phyllis Zagano, "The Masses," in *American Literary Magazines: The Twentieth Century*, edited by Edward E. Chielens (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1992), 192–3.

7 Marie T. Keller, "Clara Tice, 'Queen of Greenwich Village,'" in *Women in Dad*, edited by Naomi Sawelson-Gorse (Cambridge, MA: MIT University Press, 1998), 414f

for April 1, her style and subject typify the magazine. Her nudes are not prurient, but unselfconsciously luxuriating. They are rarely at rest, and their drawing shows little detail, but rushes to essentials; these svelte young women are moving into action, swinging, flying, collapsing in contented exhaustion, and most emphatically naked and enjoying their bodies' exposure. For the purposes of *Rogue's* version of revolution, the more or less undressed female body was more relevant than the vote. "Forecast for 1916. Shorter skirts and suffrage," reads a "Roguary" in the first issue. In this context, foregoing the corset was a major step, and marveling at shorter dresses, which is to say exposed legs, was another. Rather than take this as commercial, and masculine exploitation, I see it as sexual flaunting to co-opt the exploitive to the benefit of personal expression. Short skirts were frequently discussed in the pages of *Rogue* for 1916, and the corset was an object that quickly became symbolic, after Caresse Crosby invented the bra, and as witness this title for a contemporary article in *The New York Call* for May 16, 1915: "This Summer's Style in Poetry, or the Elimination of Corsets in Versifying."⁸ The bra seems little progress to us, who have burned it, but it was freedom to breathe in 1915 (for Caresse and her friends it was freedom to dance), and arguably preceded all other freedoms, including free verse. Tice had, of course, already advanced further, giving the entirely denuded body the freedom to engage, essentially, in any sort of sport, largely a man's domain, and so mere corsets were no longer an issue in her first drawings for *Rogue*. In the August 15 issue her "Virgin Minus Verse" faced Mina Loy's "Virgins Plus Curtains Minus Dots," and though without corset the figure nevertheless has a girdle and a camisole.⁹ This is not necessarily a lapse from her protesting nudes. I see it as a greater sense of realism about dress in the context of Loy's scathing poem about sequestered, unmarried women without "marriage portions." Tice's young lady is portrayed as unversed in the ways of conforming or as shedding social constraints, along with poetical ones, like Loy's girls in the poem facing.

The star exhibit for breaking with all rules, including those of comprehensibility, was of course Gertrude Stein, who initiated *Rogue's* career with a salvo that reverberated through many subsequent issues, as well as in other publications. Her "Aux Galeries Lafayette" had been offered, on her behalf, by Carl Van Vechten (a main supplier of avant-garde material from abroad, including Loy's poetry),

Running concurrently with MoMA's Dada exhibition opening June 8, 2006, the Francis Naumann Gallery showed "Daughters of New York Dada" (June 8–July 28, 2006), including Tice, Loy, and four others.

8 Francis Naumann begins his book *Dada in New York* (New York: Abrams, 1994) with a consideration of May Phelps Jones's [later Caresse Crosby] brassiere, page 8. Reference to *The New York Call* article is in his footnote 4, page 224. Crosby's patent for a bra is reproduced in her autobiography: Caresse Crosby, *The Passionate Years* (London: Alvin Redman, 1955), 352.

9 Mina Loy, "Virgins Plus Curtains Minus Dots" and Clara Tice, "Virgin Minus Verse," *Rogue*, 2, no. 1 (August 15, 1915), 10–11. See my discussion of the layout of these two pages in "dAdAmAgs," in *Making Mischievous: Dada Invades New York*, edited by Francis Naumann with Beth Venn (New York: Whitney Museum of American Art, 1996), 216–17. Further references to material in *Rogue* will be given parenthetically in the body of my text.

though Stein herself had been reluctant to be seen in *Rogue*.¹⁰ This was not her first appearance in America, but *Three Lives* had given no inkling of such experimentation and *Tender Buttons* did not have much distribution, certainly not that of a New York bi-weekly to be found on coffee tables throughout the Village. "Aux Galeries Lafayette" closely resembled her portraits of Picasso and Matisse for *Camera Work* (special number, August 1912), in their general obscurity, in what appears to be the irrelevance of their titles, and in their infuriating insistence at rewriting the single word "one." In "Pablo Picasso" the painter is "one," while all others, who follow him, are "some." In "Galeries" all and each are "one": "One, one, one, one, there are many of them.... Each one is one."¹¹ These "ones" are opposites, Picasso being unique and a leader, while those in the department store are legion, plain shoppers and/or salespersons. Such a choice of an initiatory text for *Rogue*, by Van Vechten and then by the Nortons, is remarkable precisely by its joining of the two worlds of this "Little": avant-garde writing and chic shopping. Actually, it is difficult to imagine Gertrude Stein among the counters on the rue Lafayette; La Samaritaine and Au Bon Marché stores, catering to Parisians rather than tourists, would seem more fitting subjects, as they provided recurring images in modernist Parisian painting and poetry of the time (the latter is the subject of two "portraits" by Stein: "Bon Marché Weather" and "Flirting at the Bon Marché"). But The Galeries Lafayette was better known in New York, and thus to the potential readers of *Rogue*.

In her treatment, Stein undresses dressing as ornamentation, a single word being her version of a single outfit. Shoppers are not mainly acting as shoppers but acting out an ambiguous individuation, which waxes and wanes as a crowd of "ones" circulate between "many of them" and "each." The title is provocatively gratuitous; not only is the store nowhere mentioned in the text, but there is no attribute of it to be found, there is in fact no *thing* in the text: no clothes or jewelry, no hats, no displays in windows, no windows.... The speaker may be stationed before the front doors, but there is no there there, as Stein famously said about another place, as the crowds swarm in or out in clumps or in ones and twos. Repeatedly, each one is "accustomed" to being an individual in the crowd or, alternatively, merely one of many, without worry. We imagine a world of "bourgeoises" happy to fall in with a bright, new, leveling cornucopia of unspecified goods which produce, in turn, a leveled plethora of unspecified consumers. Stein seems to marvel at the resilience of these bright shoppers trying to acquire an identity for themselves, a name of one's own with which to confront the goods; we are, after all, close to the optimistic dawn of the department store, with its promise of plenitude for every one, not only for the likes of Edith Wharton's Undine Spragg.

10 James R. Mellow, *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein and Company* (New York: Praeger, 1974), 194. Obviously she had not seen *Rogue*, but listened to rumors about Arensberg and the Nortons.

11 "Pablo Picasso," "Aux Galeries Lafayette," and two of Mina Loy's contributions to *Rogue*, "Three Moments in Paris" and "Virgins Plus Curtains Minus Dots" can conveniently be found together in Jacqueline Vaught Brogan, *Part of the Climate: American Cubist Poetry* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991).

Readers of *Rogue's* first issue did not, I'm sure, make such a social analysis out of Stein's fantasy, but the bludgeoning repetition must have conveyed a sense very critical of going all the way to Paris to become one of these ones; unless, of course, the linguistic bludgeoning was sufficient to remove from the text any impression that it represented anything at all. The Nortons used Stein to thumb their noses at their own consuming class only secondarily, possibly only subliminally; the main gesture was against that class's idea of being literate. Anticipating the response, *Rogue* threatens to publish Stein's "history of a Family which is nine volumes of five hundred pages each." For the moment, however, it more curtly follows "Aux Galeries Lafayette" with "Yes, Trousers are Handy," an amusing send-up by one Homer Croy, and then "Philosophic Fashions," a column signed "Dame Rogue" which appears in almost every issue of the magazine. Reading Stein always infects other texts; here, Croy dismisses his own plot, about how one's pants have gone out the Pullman window, to concentrate on the mind-numbingly obvious: "When there are people around it is a particularly good time to have a pair of trousers along." Stein's abstract distractedness, directly preceding Croy, seems to have engendered this haberdasher's *Bald Soprano* style of rationality. The question of clothing identity is pursued by Dame Rogue, who begins with a ditty about an old woman who needs her dog to identify her to herself after someone clips short her petticoats: "But if it be I as I hope it be, / I've a little dog at home and he'll know me." Turns out the dog does not. Louise Norton (by general agreement she is "Dame Rogue") goes on to wonder about shortened hems, and ends proposing that spats be the theme of any cubist portrait of today's woman. Thus the modern woman is undressed, then redressed for her modernist representation.

"Philosophic Fashions" is the mainstay of *Rogue*, its essentially feminine and, for the period, feminist nature, seconded mainly by Tice's drawings. Stein reappears only in the last issue, in an entirely different style from her first contribution, while an ironical, Wildean manner is sustained by Dame Rogue throughout the magazine's life, some fifteen columns in all. They are not in the least restricted to fashions in gloves and hats but, overall, read like installments in a tongue-in-cheek scholarly anatomy of fashion and its shaky reasons for being—light essays that nevertheless might have had Montaigne's in mind. There is a continuous evolution toward the modern, as when, in the September 15 issue, the writer confesses to be tired of "curves" in portraying the body, in clothes or in art, judging the *Chansons de Bilitis* "exquisite even to the most fastidiously normal, for its Lesbianism seems almost like a chaste cult of curves" (12). Referring to Schopenhauer, then Santayana, Dame Rogue comes to the defense of "the straight line," in the new art of Cubism as it is paralleled in, if not preceded by "woman's straightened purposes and the lines of her new figure": "she has begun to walk about ... and take the shortest distance between herself and her interests" (13). While it may not strike us as being the most modernist treatment to cite authorities or literary examples to bolster modern ideas, she is invading a traditionally male territory of argumentation, asserting her mastery of culture. In the August 15 issue she writes of "Beds," citing *La Bohème*, de Maupassant, Ronsard, one Robert de la Condamine, Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*, *Twelfth Night*, Fragonard, Boucher and Lancret, and Colette's *Claudine* to develop an ironic history of an object becoming too sexy for Americans: "Hygiene is the God

of Marriage now in place of hymen" (unpaginated).¹² Louise makes a practice of returning to the bed- and bathrooms, combining an exposure of places we prefer not to discuss with a critique of our efforts to sanitize them. Insightfully, she detects the sexual appetite lurking in shopping: "With me [it] was a debauch or it was a failure ... There must be something actually sexual in your desire for a thing before you buy it" (1, no. 5, May 15, 16–17). With recognitions like this along the way, "Philosophic Fashions" evolve towards an anti-fashion for the body, burying corsets for good in the penultimate issue and then any idea of the conventional body to be clothed altogether in the last. In November 1916 she declares:

Can the mind, I ask you, be enfranchised when the body is enslaved? ... They thought ... to keep us out of the polls and politics, but no, women have become wilful. Not only can they stand up against their old master, man, but they are able at last even to withstand their so subtly seductive and much more tyrannical mistress, Madame la Mode.... Ladies believe now that comfort means control and as that is what they are after, they won't be stayed. (Vol. 3, no. 2, 7)

For the final issue, December 1916, Louise contributes her droll "If People Wore Tails" to this most avant-garde number of *Rogue*, which featured Mina Loy's "Cittapapini," Apollinaire's "Lundi rue Christine," Arensberg's first radical poem, "ing," Stein's less repetitive but perfectly aggravating "Mrs. Th-----y": "A pressed egg glass is a pressure ever." Far less obscure, Louise nonetheless strikes a note of Swiftian finality. She really does mean tails: "Of course, curly-haired tails would be worn and the straight ones could be permanently waved." The misleading title conflates the highest degree of dress-up with the somewhat obscene undressable. And she may be pessimistic about propriety's ability to deal with naked body parts: "But after all, perhaps, tails like legs would be thought nude and immodest, undressed, and we would have to wear stockings on them too" (Vol. 3, no. 3, 5).

While this marks the end of *Rogue* and thus of Dame Rogue as well, in December 1916, it is fascinating to imagine this last number as a strong and early voice for radical work in New York, 291 having ended its run the previous February. In the May of 1917 *Blind Man*, five months after the demise of *Rogue*, Louise returned to her tail metaphor in her defense of Duchamp's urinal, "Buddha of the Bathroom," to demand we look at art or plumbing with unprejudiced eyes.¹³

12 Clearly well-versed in French literature, Louise went on to become an award-winning translator of mainly late Symbolist and Modernist French works. Her *Varèse: A Looking-Glass Diary*, vol. I (1883–1928) [vol. II did not appear], reveals very little about herself, though it is the source for most of what we know about her in this period. Always self-effacing, she did put her name to the important "Buddha of the Bathroom" article for *The Blind Man* for May, 1917 on Duchamp's *Fountain*, bringing her ironic citation technique (Dante, Remy de Gourmont, Gertrude Stein, Montaigne, Nietzsche) to the defense of what was surely the most radical "artistic" gesture of the time.

13 The connections between *Rogue's* last issues and *The Blind Man* are numerous. The famous *Fountain* issue of *Blind Man* (no. 2, May 1917) contains contributions from Louise, facing her article a portrait of Varèse (her future husband) by Tice, Alan Norton, a poem by Demuth who had appeared in *Rogue* parodying Stein, Arensberg for two poems, and Loy twice.

In the October 1916 issue of *Rogue* (Vol. 3, no. 1), on the same page with Duchamp's "The," appears a drawing called "Baptist Church Fiji Islands", which is the same "Buddha" shape alluded to in describing "Fountain." This foreshadowing of a mystical shape for Mutt's work, along with Dame Rogue's constant window shopping and remarkable interest in plumbing, points to a larger role for Louise in the "creation" of *Fountain*. I add to this growing file the fact that her phone number is on the submission tag of this "readymade" and that Duchamp himself wrote to his sister that a woman friend of his was the person who submitted *Fountain*, under cover of a male pseudonym.¹⁴

If Stein is curtain raiser and closer for *Rogue*, and Louise Norton is its stage designer, the strongest performer as the avant-garde writer and modern woman is Mina Loy. She, like Stein, sends her material from abroad and her appearances convey the chic, or cultural capital of that cosmopolitanism. Unlike Stein, Loy is published frequently, and these are her first publications anywhere (she had already been a promising painter, her work well received at the Paris salons). She appears in numbers 2, 4 and 6 of volume 1, number 1 of volume 2, and in 2 and 3 of volume 3—in six of the fourteen numbers, including the last issue. Without trying to analyze the high intrinsic value of one or another of these contributions, I want to underscore the overall strengths of what she brought to poetry, and to women's modern poetry in particular, at this point in New York; it is she, in my mind, who makes the decisive contribution in any claim *Rogue* might have to ushering in Modernism in America, even if she was British and living in Italy.

Loy's verse was certainly obscure enough, to a high degree, if one did not readjust one's manner of reading. She imposed a new, jerky rhythm, compressing ideas and metaphors into intellectually challenging phrases interrupted by visual pauses and messing with the easy flow of syntax:

Virgins without Dots
Stare beyond probability
[. . .]
So much flesh in the world
 Wanders at will
Some behind curtains
Throbs to the night
Bait to the stars.

(“Virgins Plus Curtains Minus Dots,” vol. 2, no. 1, 10)

At her most “poetical,” and compressing further, she can sound like Pound five years later in “Mauberley”: “She made a moth’s-net / Of metaphor and miracles” (“Giovanni Franchi,” vol. 3, no. 1, 4). Such ellipsis, or sense of powerful undertow, focusing on the simmering thoughts of women (often unwillingly virgins) as they related to men, or on the inanities of these same men as they paraded for their public,

¹⁴ See William A. Camfield, “Marcel Duchamp’s *Fountain*: Its History and Aesthetics in the Context of 1917,” *Dada/Surrealism*, no. 16 (1997), 71–2, and note 29 to an interview in which the author fails to elicit new information from Louise. As far as I know, no one has noticed the remarkable similarity of the “Baptist Church Fiji Islands” to *Fountain*.

enhanced the sense that sexual themes were hidden there—and were consequently being surreptitiously revealed, through the powerful physicality of imagery:

The first instinct first again may
renascent gods save us from the enigmatic
penetralia of Firstness

(“Giovanni Franchi”)

or:

Your projectile nose
Has meddled in the more serious business
Of the battle-field
With the same incautious aloofness
Of intense occupation
That it snuffles the trail of the female
And the comfortable
Passing odors of love.

(“Sketch of a Man on a Platform,” vol. 1, no. 2)

“The passing odors of love” might be perfume; but the edginess of this very tight “free” verse, and the attributes of this man who “snuffles,” at least aggressive if not dog-like, implicate the sexual body itself rather than the store-bought scents advertised on *Rogue*'s own end-pages. Free verse, words unadorned as it were, were soon enough to be associated, in the New York press, with a disgusting free love; Loy's “Love Songs” in the opening issue of *Others* (July 1915), were to become the prime instigation of such a connection, as the press focused down on lines three and four:

Pig Cupid his rosy snout
Rooting erotic garbage...

Yet it is not free love that Loy's verse finds disgusting but the restrictions upon women which make it so by putting her on a pedestal, clothed, lit and perfumed:

There is one
Who
Having the concentric lighting focussed precisely upon her
Prophetically blossoms in perfect putrefaction¹⁵

The ending word brings disgust to the relations of women to men with a shocking new bluntness. In Loy, *Rogue* becomes a lot more than roguish, fierce rather than

¹⁵ “Three Moments in Paris: II, Café du Néant,” *Rogue* 1, no. 4 (May 1 1915): 11. The poetry of Mina Loy can be most conveniently found in her *The Lost Lunar Baedeker*, selected and edited by Roger Conover (New York: Noonday Press (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), 1996. “Love Songs” can be found under its later title, “Songs to Johannes,” starting page 53. “Café du Néant” is quoted from page 17.

ironical, deeply angry rather than humorously defiant about the power relations in love.

* * *

I have given over a good deal of space to tracing women's work in *Rogue* as a contrast to what will appear to be the very masculine pages of *The Soil*. Loy's tough language, which Ivor Winters insightfully compared to moving "like one walking through granite instead of air,"¹⁶ puts the lie to that simple distinction, as would, for example from *Soil's* side, a poem by Wallace Stevens in the second issue, "Primordia," which may have been chosen for its earth-bound sensuousness and thus its reflection of the magazine's name:

Unctuous furrows,
The ploughman portrays in you
The spring about him:

The ending of this poem hardly conveys *The Soil's* muscular agenda, which I will be foregrounding:

What syllable are you seeking,
Vocalissimus,
In the distances of sleep?
Speak it!¹⁷

So while I admit to pressing a gendered distinction, for the purposes of this essay, I would like to warn the reader against thinking I feel I will have fully accounted for these two "Littles" with such a simplification. Obviously Stevens does not help *The Soil* to distinguish itself from the ethereal likes of *Rogue* in the manner its editor, Robert J. Coady, wished, as he makes apparent from the outset in his article-manifesto, "American Art": "The Cranes, the Plows, the Drills, the Motors, the Thrashers. The Derricks, Steam Hammers, Stone Crushers, Steamrollers, Grain Elevators, Trench Excavators, Blast Furnaces—This is American Art.... It is not a refined granulation nor a delicate disease ..." (Vol. 1, no. 1 [December 1916], 4).

Dickran Tashjian has examined in detail Coady's somewhat ambiguous argument of sourcing art in non-art.¹⁸ Indeed, the connection to what Marcel Duchamp was doing, at that very moment and in New York, is at once confirmed and denied in *The Soil's* first issue: on the one hand, there is a critical editor's letter to Jean Crotti along with a reproduction of Crotti's portrait of Duchamp and, on the other, both

16 In his review of Loy's *Lunar Baedeker*, "Mina Loy," *The Dial*, June 1926, 499. Other parts of this review and a critique of it may be found in Carolyn Burke, *Becoming Modern: The Life of Mina Loy* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1997), 323.

17 Wallace Stevens, "Primordia," in *The Soil* 1, no. 2 (January 1917), 78. Further references to materials in *The Soil* will be given parenthetically in the body of my text.

18 *Skyscraper Primitives: Dada and the American Avant-Garde, 1910-1925* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1975), 72-5.

of these are absent from the table of contents.¹⁹ Some distinctions can be made to help Coady out of his apparent cul-de-sac. He was, first of all, interested in art, that is to say painting and sculpture, and *The Soil* came out of his dealing in "primitive" and new art at his Washington Square Gallery.²⁰ In the pages of *The Soil* we follow a primarily visual debate, as opposed to *Rogue's* foregrounding of language, albeit profusely illustrated. Coady was interested in an American-grown visual world that must translate into concrete, American objects. He saw American art lacking, though potential sources abounded all around. In this respect he was like Stieglitz in his activities at 291, especially from the time of the Armory show onward, when the photographer championed American art in contradistinction to European; but Coady was unlike Stieglitz in that he had not yet found American artists he felt he could praise. Cézanne, Rousseau, Picasso are the contemporary artists featured in the opening pages of *The Soil*, and when an American appears it is to be ridiculed, as when Stanton MacDonald Wright's *Organisation 5*, along with its verbal description by the painter, are mockingly compared to a window display of men's hats (Vol. 1, no. 2, January 1917). But more avant-garde Europeans are also mocked, as Picabia, Brancusi, and Pascin (along with one American, Nadelman) are made fun of as "The Big Four," "tooted and touted up and down column after column" ("Toto," vol. 1, no. 1, 31).²¹ And yet, with his store-window of hats, Coady is anticipating, by less than three months, the debate that was to take place in April-May around Duchamp—or R. Mutt's—*Fountain*, the urinal from the Mott Company window that might be a "Buddha of the Bathroom."²² He printed photographs of huge industrial machinery

19 *The Soil*, 1, no. 1 (December 1916), 32-3. Another curious lapse: in my source for *The Soil*, a microfilm made by the New York Public Library in 1964, Gertrude Stein's "Mrs. Th-----y," which, as I have said, figured in the last issue of *Rogue* where it is credited to *The Soil*, is listed in the latter's table of contents for page 15 but is not to be found at all in the body of the issue. Page 15 has a reproduction of Cézanne, in the context of "Cézanne and Zola" by Ambroise Vollard, beginning page 13. It would appear, then, that Coady had the rights, gave permission to the Nortons, thus establishing at least the desire for some linkage, then ran out of space for himself, or changed his mind. But at least one copy of *The Soil* for this date has Stein's text, as a colleague of mine owns it. So there are two versions of the same issue.

20 See Judith Zilczer, "Robert J. Coady, Man of *The Soil*," *Dada/Surrealism*, no. 14 (special issue on New York Dada, 1985), 31-43, where she cites Alfred Kreyborg's article on the Washington Gallery for *The Morning Telegraph* for December 6, 1914, page 33.

21 Despite the polemical rhetoric, the pre-Dadaists were not at all against *The Soil*. As Judith Zilczer points out ("Robert J. Coady, Forgotten Spokesman for Avant-Garde Culture in America," *American Art Review* 2, no. 6 [November/December, 1975], 77-89), the first issue of *The Blind Man* praised *The Soil* highly, Roché writing: "Every American who wishes to be aware of America should read 'The Soil'" (6; in Zilczer, 86). But Zilczer sees stronger distinctions between Coady and the Dadaists than, say Tashjian: see her footnote 44, page 89.

22 In the public letter to Crotti referred to earlier we read: "Does the difference make you a big artist, the little artist a little artist and the plumber a plumber?" (Vol. 1, no. 1, 32). The plumbing comparison is, thus, continued from *Rogue*, to prime the ever-alert Duchamp in his choice of his most famous anti-art object and thence to feed the polemic in the second issue of *The Blindman*. See Tashjian, *Skyscraper Primitives*, 74-5.

in what he called a "Moving Sculpture Series," and a number of comparisons between machines and artwork on facing pages with captions like: "Which is the Monument?" (Vol. 1, no. 2, no page). Coady wonders why an American sculpture cannot have the power and energy of American machinery, and this strikes me as further complicating his position since his "Chambersburg Double Frame Steam Hammer," even if it is American, partakes more of an international modernity than of any specifically American one, as far as inspiring art is concerned.

A clearer contribution to a renewal of American art in Coady's *The Soil* is the discovery of American popular culture. When the "Big Four" alluded to above are attacked it is in the name of Toto the clown: "Toto is the most creative artist that has visited our shores in many a day" (31). Clowns, comedians, boxing, horse shows, sports, movies, and dime novels are the sources for art that Coady is really getting at. The machines do have new energy (albeit in the photographs that are taken of them), though their highly static influence, on Schamberg's delicate portrayals or Sheeler's cool precisionism for example, is probably not what Coady had in mind. It is in the popular arts, and in the dynamism of its performing bodies of people without pretensions to high art, that Coady discovers a fine, democratic grace of movement which may serve as a renewed source for poetry and art. Andreas Huyssen has argued that mass (not "popular," though) culture was coded as feminine because—I interpret him—the Modernist artist saw it as a threat to his male and purist artistic integrity.²³ Coady is operating in an opposed spirit, deeming that popular culture's best modes and actors constitute a male world that the high arts have emasculated and ought to relearn from. These popular arts are a part of America's modernity, but are not yet the bourgeois "commodification and colonization of cultural spaces" (Huyssen, 57) which Anglo-American Modernism is poised to react against. Alternately, we may call Coady and *The Soil* avant-garde rather than Modernist, though I certainly think he saw himself as modern. Huyssen's Modernists are elitists resisting a mass culture he analyzes as feminine; Coady is demanding that a feminized elite culture renew itself through a spontaneous popular culture at the base, a culture of mainly male entertainers which he saw as evolving in a vital, organic way in America: "The isms have crowded it [American art] out of 'the art world' and it has grown naturally, healthily, beautifully" (Vol. 1, no. 1, 4). Clowns, vaudevillians, boxers, jockeys, youthful boy detectives—all male—democratize their primarily male audiences, cutting sport and rough fun into poetic motion. Little boys at play, one might opine, while *Rogue* looked to girls dressing up, though these two groups of activity took place among quite different social classes, so that when the girls undressed it was, yet, within the context of a prosperous, worldly bourgeoisie, while the boys' games were in the streets or at the variety theaters catering to a mix of lower classes. In a

23 Andreas Huyssen, "Mass Culture as Woman: Modernism's Other," in his *After the Great Divide: Modernism, Mass Culture, Postmodernism* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1986), 53, for example. Huyssen reiterates the distinction to be made between mass and popular culture; what I am calling popular culture here, for America around 1915, has not yet, I believe, been taken over by a manipulative consumer capitalism, at least not sufficiently to contaminate its popular nature. But it is indeed the culture being rejected by the likes of Wagner, Flaubert, and others (Huyssens, 52–5).

rare contemporaneous evaluation of Coady's contribution Robert Alden Sanborn, a sports writer, wrote for *Broom* in 1921:

Bob Coady knew intimately the amusement side of his New York; he read the cartoons and sporting pages of the yellow sheets; he prowled about lower third Avenue, preferring the serials and slapstick comedies of the smelly little East Side movie theatres to the pretentious musical and feature programs of the amusement places of Broadway; ... he rediscovered the *Comedie Humaine* amongst the employees and patrons of MacCann's restaurant on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.²⁴

The Soil thus sets itself against Wildean sophistication and world-weariness, even while implying a continuation of the strongest voices of resistance to be found in *Rogue*. Its main voice and model hero exemplified, in his contributions as in his own person, the somewhat ambiguous double affiliation by being both the nephew of Oscar Wilde and a real-to-life boxer. His taken name was Arthur Cravan, and he appeared for the first time in *The Soil* (in yet another absence from the table of contents) in a little epigraph to Coady's own "American Art," the manifesto cited above:

Come now, chuck this little dignity of yours to the winds! Go and run across fields, across the plains at top speed like a horse; skip the rope and, then, when you shall be like a six year old, you'll know nothing and you'll see most marvelous things. (Vol. 1, no. 1, 4)

Later in this first issue Cravan is coupled with Whitman, whose Brooklyn ferry approach to a democratic and machine-driven Manhattan is clearly presented as progenitor of Cravan's own poetic arrival:

New York! New York! I should like to inhabit you!
I see there Science married
To industry,
In an audacious modernity,
And in the palaces,
Globes,
Dazzling to the retina
By their ultra-violet rays;
The American telephone,
And the softness
Of elevators ... (end of *Soil* excerpt: Vol. 1, no. 1, 36)²⁵

As with Whitman, the mere mention of modern places and objects is expected to go a long way in rendering them into nakedly modern poetry. Across from this excerpt Coady posed a plunging view of New York skyscrapers by the commercial

24 Robert Alden Sanborn, "A Champion in the Wilderness," in *The Broom Anthology*, edited by Harold Loeb (Boston: Milford House, 1969), 313.

25 The original of this poem, a much longer "Sifflet," was published in the first issue of Cravan's *Maintenant* (Paris, April, 1912), in French. The full text may be found in Arthur Cravan, *Maintenant*, edited by Bernard Delvaille (Paris: Eric Losfeld, 1957), 17–19. No translator is given for the *Soil* version.

photography company Brown Brothers. Whitman, Cravan, Brown together constructed a historicized, cosmopolitan, and multimedia discovery and re-creation of Manhattan's dynamism, a transmutation into art by the appearance, at least, of unaffected direct statement, a manly performance.

If Cravan appears a masculine voice, it is not raised against a feminine mass culture but rather against an overly refined higher one. He rails against the pretensions and privileges of art, at least art as he had found it in Paris. All the texts by Cravan but one are in fact Parisian, and about three years old. In Paris, he had sold his *Maintenant* out of a wheelbarrow at the exit from the circus, and he had preferred, to the Closerie des Lilas coteries, to hang out with the boxers and "apaches" at the Bal Bullier, on the other side of the Boulevard Montparnasse. When, in the last issue of *The Soil*, Coady proceeds to attack the 1917 Independents' Show, artist by artist, he imitates Cravan's outrageous March–April 1914 issue of *Maintenant* on the Paris Exposition des Indépendants, and with similar aggression (well not quite; Cravan did some time for his insults, and was on his way to a duel). Thus, art itself is brought down into the street, and its culture, and in the pages of *The Soil*, as in *Maintenant* before it, the artists do not survive the confrontations; Bert Williams, Chaplin and Jack Johnson look very noble compared to "the pretense of the dirty little misérables [painters] who ape an independence" (Vol. 1, no. 5 [July 1917], 203). Cravan's Paris affiliations were Apollinaire, Cendrars and their friends as they were to be found in *Les Soirées de Paris* (and Marius de Zayas had already communicated these materials to Stieglitz); these poets were renewing poetic diction and content through their encounters with a quotidian modernity (but the term "Modernism" was not used at the time, in Paris). When Coady ran installments of a Nick Carter novel in *The Soil*, he was following in the footsteps of Cendrars' poem "Fantômas," which cites whole paragraphs of the popular serial by Allain and Souvestre.²⁶ Such efforts to renew the epic out of popular sources, before they were to be thoroughly corrupted by consumer capitalism, were to prove useful for poets like William Carlos Williams and Hart Crane.

Nevertheless, most of the contributions of Cravan to *The Soil* evolve around the figure of Oscar Wilde, beginning with "Oscar Wilde is Alive!" in issue no. 4 (April 1917), in which Cravan, under his real name, Fabian Lloyd, is visited by "Sebastien Melmoth" on the night of March 23, 1913.²⁷ It is of course a hoax, followed by the publication of letters of Wilde, a verbal portrait of him, a drawing, and a poem in the next issue. And yet the picture of Wilde (d. Paris 1900) is not all ironies as Cravan, in search of a famous artistic progenitor, gives up his own pseudonym to confront Wilde under the latter's Parisian one, as if a new but coded message about being

26 "Fantômas" appeared in *Les Soirées de Paris* for June 15, 1914. The Nick Carter serials were by now dime novels by various hands; the genre and character had been originated by John Coryell, in his sixties at this time and an anarchist, friend to Emma Goldman and recently director of the Ferrer School, an anarchist center frequented by the likes of Robert Henri, George Bellows, Man Ray and Mike Gold. See Paul Avrich, *The Modern School Movement: Anarchism and Education in the United States* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1980), chapters 3 and 4. Also, my "Cendrars Downtown," in *Cendrars et l'Amérique*, edited by Monique Chefedor (Paris: Minard, 1989), 27–73.

27 This article appeared in *Maintenant* for October–November, 1913.

true to oneself as an artist in a difficult modern world might pass between these alternating identities.²⁸ Cravan's given name was Fabian Avenarius Lloyd, and he was born in Lausanne in 1887. His mother, Clara (called Nellie) was married to Otho Lloyd, older brother to Constanza, Wilde's wife. Fabian actually was in a position to imagine that Wilde was his real father, via various family innuendoes. However, he referred to himself publicly as his nephew, which indeed he was. The article is all admiration, despite tongue-in-cheek, but it is not so much Wildean decadence and art-for-art's-sake that is being defended, by Cravan and by Coady's use of him, as the claim of survival, underground, of a strong artist that society had to stamp out.

This issue of *The Soil* with Cravan's revival of Wilde appears just as the poet-boxer is invited to speak about art at the New York Independents' Show, the same show that will banish Duchamp's *Fountain*. Cravan's inebriated talk is thus one of the first Dada performances, meant to end in the audience's indignation, and it was largely orchestrated by the French exiles, which is to say, principally by Duchamp. The detectives were able to remove Cravan before he disrobed entirely for his well-heeled, mixed audience; it is likely he was not an easy body to dislodge from the stage. This non-, or perhaps we should say post-Wildean side of Cravan was prominent as well in the same issue of *The Soil*, in the shape of an account of his Barcelona fight with Jack Johnson, with photographic illustration for proof. Cravan had indeed been in the ring with the American ex-world champion, an African-American performer shorn of his title first by the Mann act in 1913 and then by the "white hope" Jess Willard (Havana, 1915, in 26 rounds!). In his account Cravan does not shy from admitting that the "nephew of Oscar Wilde" was a far poorer fighter;²⁹ more importantly, he ends his account with a tribute to Johnson which was a perfect fit for Coady's agenda: "After Poe, Whitman, Emerson, he is the most glorious American. If there is a revolution here I shall fight to have him enthroned King of the United States."³⁰ American poetry in sporting motion, with a complete disregard for racist distinctions.

The last issue of *The Soil* is for July 1917 and includes Coady's aforementioned evisceration of the "Indeps" à la Cravan in *Maintenant*. It continues to mix "primitive" art, showing a Congolese sculpture on the cover, earlier modern masters (Vollard or Renoir), and popular culture, with reviews of "Fight Nights" and another installment of Nick Carter. There is no special sign of *The Soil* losing momentum, but Cravan leaves New York about this time, and the whole life of the magazine appears to

28 See the articles by Roger Conover, "The Secret Names of Arthur Cravan," and Marià Borràs, "Quelques précisions à propos d'Arthur Cravan," in their *Arthur Cravan: Poète et Boxeur* (catalogue for an exhibition in Paris and Barcelona, Paris: Terrain Vague and Galérie 1900/2000, 1992), 25–37 and 39–59.

29 Cravan had once been amateur champion of France, a title he gained without actually fighting any opponents. He was no match for Johnson, though the latter was completely out of shape; both of them were in the ring strictly for the money. See the poster for this April 23 1916 fight in Borràs and Conover, *Cravan*, 77.

30 *The Soil* 1, no. 4, 162. No author is given in the table of contents, but the account is presented as first hand and in the first person, by Cravan throughout. This is the only text by Cravan in *The Soil* which was not from *Maintenant*, defunct two years before the fight, so it is quite possibly the sole product of a meeting in New York between Cravan and Coady.

be circumscribed by his presence, as he had arrived on a steamer from Spain in late December, or January 1916 (along with Leon Trotsky), and now flees New York, traveling up and down the Atlantic seaboard from July through September of 1917, to land in Saint John's, Newfoundland and thence make it to Mexico.³¹ We have nothing definite to connect Coady to Cravan at a personal level but we have to assume the art dealer was impressed by this 6 ft 4 in character hovering on the margins of the French exiles at the Arensbergs' home. And he must have been equally impressed by Cravan's departure.³² Curiously, Mina Loy had also arrived at almost the same moment in New York, in November 1916, to give in person a public body to her poetic appearances in the last two issues of *Rogue* (a poem, a drawing, and a short "play").

Loy's arrival had been announced in the November *Rogue* as if her physical appearance on the New York scene was to make a significant difference to the presence of modern, disruptive art there; and, indeed, she goes on to fill the role prepared for her of the modern woman, free versifier and free lover, which served to propagandize Modernism in the press. She almost immediately steps upon the stage, playing across from another modern poet without acting experience, William Carlos Williams, in Alfred Kreymborg's *Lima Beans* at the Provincetown Playhouse in December 1916.³³ Cravan, I feel, goes even further in putting his real self on the line, as his personal behavior becomes, in the pages of *The Soil*, the overt subject of his writing. He writes himself into spectacles where he is named at center, as Wilde comes to visit him,³⁴ and he fights Jack Johnson. At the same time that he repeats the publication of these texts in New York he reaffirms his real presence by disrupting the Indeps, insulting art and its audience. He had written in *Maintenant*: "Ah, une peinture ou une musique qui serait simplement voyou."³⁵ To illustrate and to comment upon one's own real-world violence, purposely overwhelming art with one's battling persona, was to make sure that art would be wild.

* * *

31 See Roger Conover, introduction to Mina Loy, *The Last Lunar Baedeker* (Highlands, NC: Jargon Society, 1982), xlvii–lviii for Cravan in New York and after. Cravan's wandering is charted by the post-marks of his letters to Loy (Bibliothèque Jacques Doucet, Paris).

32 See Zilzer, "Coady: Forgotten Spokesman," 88, for the personal and financial reasons that would have influenced the end of *The Soil* and of Coady's galleries.

33 A large part of chapter 6 in my *An American Lens: Scenes from Alfred Stieglitz's New York Secession* (Cambridge, MA: MIT University Press, 2005) is devoted to the poetic relationship of Loy and Williams.

34 This is not to say the text is not a complex game of mirrors, the entirely real first person of the narrative, Fabian, being unknown to readers of this writer Arthur Cravan, and the "genre" of hoax not comfortably assimilable to the genre of fiction.

35 In "Arthur," *Maintenant* (Losfeld edition), 40. "Ah, for a painting or a piece of music that would be nothing but a hoodlum." "Voyou" implies a degree of youth (delinquent, guttersnipe?). One should think of the term as describing Rimbaud and the effect he had as a young poet among the Symbolists.

This chapter has been leading to the marriage of Mina Loy and Arthur Cravan as the fruit of a woman's *Rogue* and a man's *Soil*. It is a conceit, of course. These two exiled, doubly exiled Brits arrive from warring Europe to inhabit, with their forceful personalities, the pages of two aspiring avant-garde magazines, and they bring them to life, quite literally. The magazines were searching for their own American, or modern, or modern American identities when they chose to publish this pair of "voyous," who had real modernist gifts along with their ability to shock, or inability not to. Loy asserts a femininity very much exasperated by the "feminine," not only as seen full blown or in remnants in *Rogue*, but as she detects the remnants of its power within herself. She defines herself, in part, by rejecting the pompous and narcissistic masculinity of the Futurists she had frequented before her arrival in New York. Cravan, for his part, asserts a masculinity which paradoxically manages to include both Oscar Wilde and Jack Johnson, an open aggression in the name of a heightened sensitivity to meanings in modern, popular male pastimes; his and Coady's *Soil* evolve in a world almost bereft of women altogether, certainly bereft of the special influence of the high-minded women of their Anglo-American culture. And so it is difficult to ignore the coincidence of these two remarkable though almost forgotten "Littles," much concerned with the renewal of their gendered discourses, each defining itself through one of these writers, whereupon the two fall for each other, as if seduced by the new personae their respective venues have encouraged them to express for a forward-looking public. *The Soil's* battling Cravan loves *Rogue's* defiant Loy.

By all accounts, the love between Loy and Cravan, off to a very rocky start, became an intense and profound affair.³⁶ She wrote in the beginning: "The putrefaction of nonspoken obscenities issuing from this tomb of flesh, devoid of any magnetism, chilled my powdered skin." Both still had spouses,³⁷ and Loy two children (she had lost one earlier); so romanticism was at least tempered by experience, on both sides. Their "folie à deux" came as a surprise to the dissipated group that gathered at the Arensbergs', where they met (Burke, 242, 245). When *Rogue* lapsed, Loy went to Kreymborg's *Others*; when *The Soil* folded, Cravan abandoned New York, no doubt fleeing conscription. Arriving eventually in Mexico City, he appealed to Mina to join him, and there they were married. Less than a year later, while she carried his child Fabienne, he sailed off on a small craft from Salina Cruz while she watched from the shore; he was never seen again (Burke, 262–5). Loy was inconsolable. Ten years later, to the question "What was the happiest moment of your life? The unhappiest? (If you care to tell)," she did care to say: "Every moment I spent with Arthur Cravan. The rest of the time."³⁸

36 One may read Loy's own account in the posthumously published excerpts, "Colossus": Roger Conover, "Mina Loy's 'Colossus': Arthur Cravan Undressed," *Dada/Surrealism*, no. 14 (1985), 102–119. The following quotation in my text is from page 106. Other contemporaneous materials can be found in Carolyn Burke's *Becoming Modern*.

37 It is not apparent that Loy knew about Cravan's wife in Paris, either before he disappeared or during the many years afterwards when she herself lived in Paris. There remains some question, still, whether this "Renée" was a legal spouse (Cendrars insisted that Cravan was a bigamist).

38 In *The Little Review*, May 1929, reprinted in Loy, *The Last Lunar Baedeker*, 305, 6.

Rogue and *The Soil* also had exhilarating but short lives, and, while poorly acknowledged, probably also had fruitful issue, in *The Blind Man*, *Others*, and others we might take a closer look at.