

TARR. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. Alfred A. Knopf. Price, \$1.75.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS was living some few years ago on the charity of a young lady, the admired and honored friend of many artists. She had taken compassion on him, because he told her that he wrote poetry--an excusable falsehood. Perhaps he even believed it. She asked me if I would help him by publishing poems of his, and I wrote to him. He replied by complaining that the young lady aforesaid had tried to seduce him. This appeared an uncomplimentary reference to Augustus John, Walter Duranty, myself, and several others. I wrote to Mr. Lewis, and told him that he was a stupid cad, and that I would kick him if I saw him. Stupid cad about fills the bill. It is perfectly easy to create a sensation by going into a church and shouting, "To Hell with Jesus" at the elevation of the Host. And that is Mr. Lewis' artistic method. Whether he is decorating a room in a bad imitation of Klimmt, or attempting some insincere cubism, or futurism, or vorticism, it is always the same stupid cad, brawling in church.

"Blast" was a quite senseless vulgarity, and deceived nobody. "Tarr" is an attempt to repeat the trick. He dots his pages with French words and phrases when there is no need, and he prints words like bloody, petards, bitch, simply to shock the middle classes. It reveals the character of a stupid cad. What else could it do?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.