

plete allusiveness, to the moral realm. It is deliciously and abhorrently understood by the ministers in Guthrie, Kentucky, that all young American writers are given to the varieties of enjoyment derivable from the ritual of lily-carrying and of an effete satanism. At this point, I must say (although I know none of these attacked writers personally) that many of them have children; I have spent an afternoon looking up birth-certificates.

*Nashville, Tenn.*

But, on the other hand, who are Malcolm Cowley and Matthew Josephson?

Yours,

ALLEN TATE

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I DENY that there are laws, whether derived from the Old Testament, from Aristotle, or from the Kama-Sutra which may be used as a laboratory test of any art-object. I, who have been aware of nothing so religiously as of my destiny as a critic, look down with unconcealed contempt upon all the damnable little critics who prate their fake terminology of density, thrusts, revolutions, arcana, line-for-line texture, harmoniously-functioning-structural-units and heaven knows what other merdes-de-mouche.

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AN instructor in Austin, Tex., having read all the poetry, fiction and criticism in the Dial, Nation, Little Review and S4N, called it the "Unnamable Biproduct of Congenital Deficiency, Perverted Dissipation and Adulterated Nacotics." His attack was on the scores of race prejudice and war service. Mencken characterized his work as an endless series of false assumptions and nonsequiturs; bad logic piled recklessly on unsound facts; rural Fundamentalism in the disarming whiskers of learning, whose "inevitable fruit is what Ernest Boyd has aptly called Ku Klux Criticism."

WALTER S. HANKEL

This spirited tirade against the sort of literary portraiture Boyd published in the first issue of Mencken's Mercury neglects the essential character of Criticism as an effective defence against financial enemies.

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT