

*I flung my soul into the air like a falcon flying.*

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

*What is it internecine that is locked  
by very fierceness into a quiescence  
within the rage. We shall not know till it burst  
out of corrosion into new florescence.*

D. H. LAWRENCE

*Phlox, lilac misted under a first quarter moon,  
And white like the alyssum flowers.*

AMY LOWELL

*When I died, the circulating library  
Which I built up for Spoon River  
And managed for the good in inquiring minds  
Was sold at auction in the public square.*

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

*Assuredly I have a grief  
And I am shaken  
But not as a leaf.*

JOHN RANSOM

*Bullets contained in shell  
timed to burst  
slightly short of objective  
& let them fly on  
in shower.*

OXFORD DICTIONARY

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## DADA, DEAD OR ALIVE

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Waldo Frank says that America is too Dada for a Dadaist movement, since Dada can grow only as a reaction from an environment of order and tradition. Dada feeds off tradition, says Frank—and America is not entitled to a Dada movement until we have created, after several hundred years, a cultural integer ripe for disintegration. Thus, what America needs today is a counter-Dada. “The first step in the absorption and control of our Dada multiverse is the achievement of a serious, of a literally religious temper.” Closing his eyes and talking on, Frank imagines this brave little group: “a handful of serious creators—men unafraid of unpopular words like philosophy, profundity, saintliness, devotion.” This article is in 1924, issue number 3.