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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

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MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

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James Joyce, Ezra Pound,  
Ford Madox Hueffer, Ben Hecht,  
Sherwood Anderson, translations from  
Jules Laforgue and Arthur Rimbaud

# THE EGOIST

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This journal is not a chatty literary review: its mission is not to divert and amuse: it is not written for tired and depressed people. Its aim is rather to secure a fit audience, and to render available to that audience contemporary literary work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence: to present in the making those contemporary literary efforts which ultimately will constitute 20th century literature.

The philosophical articles which *The Egoist* publishes, by presenting the subject-matter of metaphysics in a form which admits of logical treatment, are promising a new era for philosophy. The power of its fictional work is investing that commonest but laxest of literary forms—the novel (as written in English)—with a new destiny and a new meaning. In poetry, its pages are open to experiments which are transforming the whole conception of poetic form, while among its writers appear leaders in pioneering methods radically affecting the allied arts.

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE  
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

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JULY, 1918

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

The August number of the *Little Review* will be a HENRY JAMES NUMBER. In addition to articles by May Sinclair and Ezra Pound, it will contain the following:

The Question of Variants, by Theodora Bosanquet  
Henry James, as seen from the *Yellow Book*, by Ethel  
Coburn Mayne

Henry James and the Ghostly, by A. R. Orage  
In Memory

The Hawthorne Aspect, by T. S. Eliot, etc., etc.

A French Editor

JULES ROMAINS, indicated in our February number as the most important of the younger French writers, is about to join the staff of the *Little Review*.

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

July, 1918

No. 3

## OUR TETRARCHAL PRECIEUSE

(A divagation from Jules Laforgue)

Thayer Exton

**T**HERE arose, as from a great ossified sponge, the comic-opera Florence-Nightingale light-house, with junks beneath it clicking in vesperial meretricious monotony; behind them the great cliff obtruding solitary into the oily, poluphloisbious ocean, lifting its confection of pylons; the poplar rows, sunk yards, Luna Parks, etc., of the Tetrarchal Palace, polished jasper and basalt, funereal, undertakerial, lugubrious, blistering in the high-lights under a pale esoteric sun-beat; encrusted, bespattered and damascened with cynocephali, sphinxes, winged bulls, bulbul, and other sculptural by-laws. The screech-owls from its jungle could only look out upon the shadowed parts of the sea, which they did without optic inconvenience, so deep was the obscured contagion of their afforested blackness.

The two extraneous princes went up toward the stableyard, gaped at the effulgence of peacocks, glared at the derisive gestures of the horse-cleaners, adumbrated insults, sought vainly for a footman or someone to take up their cards.

The tetrarch appeared on a terrace, removing his ceremonial gloves.

The water sprinkled in the streets in anticipation of the day's parade, dried in little circles of dust. The tetrarch puffed at his hookah with an exaggeration of dignity, he was disturbed at the presence of princes, he was disturbed by the presence of Jao; he desired to observe his own ruin, the slow diliquescence of position, with a fitting detachment and lassitude. Jao had distributed pamphlets, the language was incomprehensible. Jao had been stored in the

cellarage, his following distributed pamphlets.

In the twentieth century of its era the house of Emerald Archytypas was about to have its prize bit of fireworks: a war with the other world . . . . after so many ages of purely esoteric culture!

Jaο had declined both the poisoned coffee and the sacred sword of the Samurai, courtesies offered, in this case, to an incomprehensible foreigner. Even now, with a superlatation of form, the sacred kriss had been sent to the court executioner, no mere every-day implement. The princes arrived at this juncture. There sounded from the back alleys the preparatory chirring of choral societies, and the wailing of pink-lemonade sellers.

Tomorrow the galley would be gone. Leaning over the syrupy clematis, Emerald crumbled brioches for the fishes, reminding himself that he had not yet collected the remains of his wits. There was no galvanization known to art, science, industry or the ministrations of sister-souls that would rouse his long since respectable carcass.

Yet at his birth a great tempest had burst above the dynastic manor; credible persons had noticed the lightnings scrolling Alpha and Omega above it; and nothing had happened. He had given up flagellation. He walked daily to the family necropolis: a cool place in the summer. He summoned the Arranger of Inanities.

## II.

Strapped, pomaded, gloved, laced; with patulous beards, with their hair parted at the backs of their heads; with their cork-screw curls pulled back from their foreheads to give themselves tone on their medallions; with helmets against one hip; twirling the musk-balls of their sabres with their disengaged restless fingers, the hyperborean royalties were admitted. And the great people received them, in due order: chief mandarins in clump, the librarian of the palace (Conde de las Navas), the Arbiter Elegantium, the Curator major of Symbols, the Examiner of the High Schools, the Supernumary priest of the Snow Cult, the Administrator of Death, and the Chief Attendant Collector of Death-duties.

Their Highnesses bowed and addressed the Tetrarch: ". . . felicitous wind . . . . day so excessively glorious . . . . wafted . . . these iseles . . . notwithstanding not also whereof . . . basilica far exceeding . . . Ind, Ormus . . . Miltonesco . . . etc . . . to say

nothing of the seven-stopped barbary organ and the *Tedium laudamus* . . . . etc. . . .”

(Lunch was brought in.)

Kallipagous artichokes, a light collation of tunny-fish, asparagus served on pink reeds, eels pearl-grey and dove-grey, gamut and series of compôtes and various wines (without alcohol.)

Under impulsion of the Arranger of Inanities the pomaded princes next began their inspection of the buildings. A pneumatic lift hove them upward to the outer rooms of Salome's suite. The lift door clicked on its gilt-brass double expansion-clamps; the procession advanced between rows of wall-facing negresses whose naked shoulder-blades shone like a bronze of oily opacity. They entered the hall of majolica, very yellow with thick blue incrustations, glazed images, with flushed and protuberant faces; in the third atrium they came upon a basin of joined ivory, a white bath-sponge, rather large, a pair of very pink slippers. The next room was littered with books bound in white vellum and pink satin; the next with mathematical instruments, hydrostats, sextants, astrolabial discs, the model of a gasolene motor, a nickle-plated donkey engine . . . . They proceeded up metal stairs to the balcony, from which a rustling and swaying and melodiously enmousselined figure, jonquil-coloured and delicate, preceded or rather predescended them by dumb-waiter, a route which they were not ready to follow. The machine worked for five floors: usage private and not ceremonial.

The pomaded princes stood to attention bowed with deference and with gallantry. The Arranger ignored the whole incident, ascended the next flight of stairs and began on the telescope:

“Grand equatorial, 22 yards inner tube length, revolvable cupola (frescoes in water-tight paint) weight 200,089 kilos, circulating on fourteen steel casters in a groove of chloride of magnesium, 2 minutes for complete revolution. The princess can turn it herself.”

The princes allowed their attention to wander, they noted their ship beneath in the harbour, and calculated the drop, they then compared themselves with the brocaded and depileated denizens of the escort, after which they felt safer. They were led passively into the Small Hall of Perfumes, presented with protochlorine of mercury, bismuth regenerators, cantharides, lustral waters guaranteed free from hydrated lead. Were conducted thence to the hanging garden. The form hermetically enmousselined, the jonquil-coloured gause

with the pea-sized dark spots on it, disappeared from the opposite slope, Molossian hounds yapping and romping about her.

The trees lifted their skinned-salmon trunks, the heavy blackness was broken with a steely, metallic sunshine. A sea wind purred through the elongated forest like an express-train in a tunnel. Polychrome statues obtruded themselves from odd corners. An elephant swayed absentmindedly, the zoo was loose all over the place.

The keeper of the aquarium moralized for an hour upon the calm life of his fishes. From beneath the dark tanks the harem sent up a decomposed odour, and a melancholy slave chantey saturated the corridors, a low droning osmosis. They advanced to the cemetery, wanting all the time to see Jao.

This exhibit came at last in its turn. They were let down in a sling-ropes through a musty nitrated grill, observing in this descent the ill-starred European in his bath-robe, his nose in a great fatras of papers overscrawled with illegible pot-hooks.

He rose at their hefty salutation; readjusted his spectacles, blinked; and then it came over him: These damn pustulent princes! Here! and at last! Memory overwhelmed him. How many, on how many rotten December and November evenings had he stopped, had he not stopped in the drizzle, in the front line of workmen, his nose crushed against a policeman, and craning his scraggy neck to see *them* getting out of their state barouche, going up the interminable front stairway to the big-windowed rococo palace; he muttering that the "Times" were at hand.

And now the revolution was accomplished. The proletariat had deputed them. They were here to howk him out of quod; a magnificent action, a grace of royal humility, performed at the will of the people, the new era had come into being. He saluted them automatically, searching for some phrase European, historic, fraternal of course, but still noble.

The Royal Nephew, an oldish military man with a bald-spot, ubiquitous humorist, joking with everyone in season and out (like Napoleon), hating all doctrinaires (like Napoleon), was however the first to break silence: "Huk, heh, old sour bean, bastard of Jean Jacques Rousseau, this is where you've come to be hanged? Eh? I'm damned if it ain't a good thing."

The unfortunate publicist stiffened.

"Ideologue!", said the Nephew.

The general strike had been unsuccessful. Jao bent with emotion. Tears showed in his watery eyes, slid down his worn cheek, trickled into his scraggy beard. There was then a sudden change in his attitude. He began to murmur caresses in the gentlest of European diminutives.

They started. There was a tinkle of keys, and through a small opposite doorway they discerned the last flash of the mousseline, the pale, jonquil-coloured, blackspotted.

The Nephew readjusted his collar. A subdued cortege reascended.

### III

The ivory orchestra lost itself in gay fatalistic improvisation; the opulence of two hundred over-fed tetrarchal Dining-Companions swished in the Evening sal<sup>o</sup>n, and overflowed coruscated couches. They slithered through their genuflections to the throne. The princes puffed out their elbows, simultaneously attempting to disentangle their Collars-of-the-Fleece in the idea that these would be a suitable present for their entertainer. Neither succeeded; suddenly in the midst of the so elaborate setting they perceived the aesthetic nullity of the ornament, its connotations were too complex to go into.

The tetrarchal children (superb productions, in the strictly esoteric sense) were led in over the jonquil-coloured reed-matting. A water-jet shot up from the centre of the great table, and fell plashing above on the red and white rubber awning. A worn entertainment beset the diminutive music-hall stage: acrobats, flower-dancers, contortionists, comic wrestlers, to save the guests conversation. A trick skater was brought in on real ice, did the split, engraved a gothic cathedral. The Virgin Serpent, as she was called, entered singing "Biblis, Biblis"; she was followed by a symbolic Mask of the Graces; which gave place to trapeze virtuosi.

An horizontal geyser of petals was shot over the auditorium. The hookahs were brought in. Jao presumably heard all this over his head. The diner's talk became general, the princes supporting the army, authority, religion a bulwark of the state, inter-national arbitration, the perfectability of the race; the mandarins of the palace held for the neutralization of contacts, initiated cenacles, frugality and segregation.

The music alone carried on, the esoteric undertone, silence

spread with great feathers, poised hawk-wise. Salome appeared on the high landing, descended the twisted stair, still stiff in her sheath of mousseline; a small ebony lyre dangled by a gilt cord from her wrist; she nodded to her parent; paused before the Alcazar curtain, balancing, swaying on her anaemic pigeon-toed little feet, until everyone had had a good look at her. She looked at no one in particular; her hair dusty with exiguous pollens curled down over her narrow shoulders, ruffled over her forehead, with stems of yellow flowers twisted into it. From the dorsal joist of her bodice, from a sort of pearl matrix socket there rose a peacock tail, moire, azure, glittering with shot emerald: an halo for her marble-white face.

Superior, graciously careless, conscious of her uniqueness, of her autochthonous entity, her head cocked to the left, her eyes fermented with the interplay of contradictory expiations, her lips a pale circonflex, her teeth with still paler gums showing their supercrucified half-smile.

An exquisite recluse, formed in the island aesthetic, there alone comprehended. Hermetically enmousselined, the black spots in the fabric appeared so many punctures in the soft brightness of her sheath. Her arms of angelic nudity, the two breasts like two minute almonds, the scarf twined just above the adorable umbilical groove (nature desires that nude woman should be adorned with a girdle) composed in a cup-shaped embrace of the hips. Behind her the peacock halo, her pale pigeon-toed feet covered only by the watered-yellow fringe and by the bright-yellow anklet. She balanced, a little budding messiah; her head over-weighted; not knowing what to do with her hands. Her petticoat so simple, art long, very long, and life so very inextensive. So obviously ready for the cosy-corner, for little talks in conservatories . . . . .

And she was going to speak . . . . .

The Tetrarch bulged in his cushions, as if she had already said something. His attention compelled that of the princes; he brushed aside the purveyor of pine-apples.

She cleared her throat, laughing, as if not to be taken too seriously, the sexless, timbreless voicelet, like that of a sick child asking for medicine, began to the lyre accompaniment:

"Canaan, excellent nothingness; nothingness latent, circumambient, about to be the day after tomorrow, incipient estimable absolving coexistent . . ."

The princes were puzzled. "Concessions by the five senses to an all-inscribing affective insanity; latitudes, altitudes, nebulae, Medusae of gentle water, affinities of the ineradicable, passages over earth so eminently identical with incalculably numerous duplicates, alone in indefinite infinite. Do you take me? I mean that the pragmatic essence attracted self-ward dynamically, but more or less in its own volition, whistling in the bag-pipes of the soul without termination. But to be natural passives, to enter into the cosmos of harmonics. Hydrocephalic theosophies, act it, aromas of populace, phenomena without stable order, contaminated with prudence. Fatal Jordans, abysmal Ganges, to an end with 'em, insubmersable sidereal currents, nurse-maid cosmogenies."

She pushed back her hair, dusty with pollens, the soft hand-clapping began; her eyelids drooped slightly, her faintly-suggested breasts lifted slightly, showed more rosy through the almond-shaped eyelets of her corsage. She was but fingering the ebony lyre.

"Bis, bis, brava!" cried her audience.

Still she waited.

"You shall whatever you like. Go on, my dear," said the Tetrarch, "We are all so damned bored. Go on Salome, you shall have any blamed thing you like: the Great-Seal, the priesthood of the Snow Cult, a job in the University, even to half of my oil stock. But inoculate us with . . . eh . . . with the gracious salve of this cosmoconception, with this parthenosspotlessness."

The company in his wake exhaled an inedited boredom. They were all afraid of each other. Tiaras nodded, but no one confessed to any difficulty in following the thread of her argument. They were, racially, so very correct.

Salome wound on in summary rejection of theogenies, theodices, comparative wisdoms of nations (short shift, tone of recitative). Nothing for nothing, perhaps one measure of nothing. She continued her mystic loquacity: "O tides, lunar oboes, avenues, lawns of twilight, winds losing caste in November, haymakings, vocations manquées, expressions of animals, chances."

Jonquil coloured mousselines with black spots, eyes fermented, smiles crucified, adorable umbilici, peacock aureoles, fallen carnations, inconsequent fugues. One felt reborn, reinitiate and rejuvenate, the soul expiring systematically in spirals across indubitable definitive showers, for the good of earth, understood everywhere,

palp of Varuna, air omniversal, assured if one were but ready.

Salome continued insistently: "The pure state, I tell you, sectaries of the consciousness, why this convention of separations, individuals by mere etiquette, indivisible? Breathe upon the thistle-down of these sciences, as you call them, in the orient of my pole-star. Is it life to persist in putting oneself au courant with oneself, constantly to inspect oneself, and then queery at each step: am I wrong? Species! Categories! and kingdoms, bah!! Nothing is lost, nothing added, it is all reclaimed in advance. There is no ticket to the confessional for the heir of the prodigies. Not expedients and expiations, but vintages of the infinite, not experimental but in fatality."

The little yellow vocalist with the black funereal spots broke the lyre over her knee, and regained her dignity. The intoxicated crowd mopped their foreheads. An embarrassing silence. The hyperboreans looked at each other: "What time will they put her to bed? But neither ventured articulation, they did not even inspect their watches. It couldn't have been later than six. The slender voice once more aroused them:

"And now, father, I wish you to send me the head of Jao Kanan, on any saucer you like. I am going up-stairs. I expect it."

"But . . . but . . . my dear . . . this . . . this . . . ." However the hall was vigorously of the opinion that the Tiara should accomplish the will of Salome. Emerald glanced at the princes, who gave sign neither of approbation nor of disapprobation. The cage-birds again began shrieking. The matter was none of their business.

Decide!

The Tetrarch threw his seal to the Administrator of Death. The guests were already up, changing the conversation on their way to the evening tepidarium.

#### IV.

With her elbows on the observatory railing, Salome, disliking popular fêtes, listened to her familiar poluphloisbious ocean. Calm evening.

Stars out in full company, eternities of zeniths of embers. Why go into exile?

Salome, milk-sister to the Via Lactea, seldom lost herself in constellations. Thanks to photo-spectrum analysis the stars could

be classified as to colour and magnitudes; she had commanded a set of diamonds in the proportionate sizes to adorn nocturnally her hair and her person, over mousseline of deep mourning-violet with gold dots in the surface. Stars below the sixteenth magnitude were not be thought in her world, she envisaged her twenty-four millions of subjects.

Isolated nebulous matrices, not the formed nebulae, were her passion; she ruled out planetiform discs and sought but unformed, perforated, tentacular. Orion's gaseous fog was the Brother Benjamin of her galaxy. But she was no more the little Salome, this night brought a change of relations. Exorcised from her virginity of tissue she felt peer to these matrices, fecund as they in gyratory evolutions. But this fatal sacrifice to the cult (still happy in getting out of so discreetly) had obliged her in order to get rid of her initiator, to undertake this step (grave perhaps), perhaps homicide. Finally to assure silence, cool water to contingent people. Elixir of an hundred nights' distillation. It must serve.

Ah well, such was her life. She was a specialty, a minute specialité.

There on a cushion among the debris of her black ebony lyre. lay Jao's head, like Orpheus' head in the old days, gleaming, encrusted with phosphorous, washed, anointed, barbered, grinning at the 24 million stars.

As soon as she had got it, Salome, inspired by the true spirit of research had commenced the renowned experiments after decollation; of which we have heard so much. She awaited. The electric passes of her hypnotic manual brought from it nothing but inconsequential grimaces.

She had an idea, however.

She perhaps lowered her eyes, out of respect to Orion, stiffening herself to gaze upon the nebulae of her puberties . . . . for ten minutes. What nights, what nights in the future! Who will have the last word about it? Choral societies, fire-crackers down there in the city.

Finally Salome shook herself, like a sensible person, reset, readjusted her fichu, took off the grey gold-spotted symbol-jewel of Orion, placed it between Jao's lips as an host, kissed the lips pityingly and hermetically, sealed them with corrosive wax (a very speedy procedure).

Then with a "Bah!" mutinous, disappointed, she seized the genial boko of the late Jao Kanan, in delicate feminine hands.

As she wished the head to land plumb in the sea without bounding upon the cliffs, she gave a good swing in turning. The fragment described a sufficient and phosphorescent parabola, a noble parabola. But unfortunately the little astronomer had terribly miscalculated her impetus, and tripping over the parapet with a cry finally human she hurtled from crag to crag, to fall, shattered, into the picturesque anfractuositities of the breakers, far from the noise of the national festival, lacerated and naked, her skull shivered, paralyzed with a vertigo, in short, gone to the bad, to suffer for nearly an hour.

She had not even the viaticum of seeing the phosphorescent star, the floating head of Jao on the water. And the heights of heaven were distant.

Thus died Salome of the Isles (of the White Esoteric Isles, in especial) less from uncultured misventure than from trying to fabricate some distinction between herself and everyone else; like the rest of us.

## BROKEN NECKS

Ben Hecht

I STOOD on the corner that day adjusting certain important adjectives in my life. I had seen two men hanged and it was Spring. How the wine ran through the little greedy half-dead swarming in the streets. Yes, those endless, bobbing faces almost looked at each other, almost smiled into each other's eyes—insufferable and inhuman breach of democracy. But there was something immoral about the day. The music of dreams tugged at the endless shuffling feet. The music of desires—little starved and fearful things come out for a moment in the sun and wind—piped vainly for dancers. There was something vague and bewildered about the buildings and the people as if there was a great undying shout in the streets. What a panic this monotonous return of Spring breeds among the little half-dead as they shuffle and bob along with a tingle in their heels and a blindness come suddenly into their eyes. For it is through the mists of

greedy complacencies that the little half-dead are able to pick their steps with certainty and precision. Now comes this wine and this music and this disturbance as of a great undying shout sweeping the bristling shafts of stone, and the mists vanish for a moment. In the blindness which falls upon them is an undertow tugging at their feet.

I stood on the corner that day observing how in the spring the bodies of women were like the bodies of long, lithe animals prowling under orange and lavender, green and torquoise dresses and how the men with their coats dangling across their arms were like hot beetles that had removed their shells. But as I watched the endless faces filled with half-startled and half-placid confusion, and as I noted what the poets call the gayety of spring in the hearts of men, there came to me out of the swarm and roar of the day the mockery which it is the duty of philosophers to hear. For I had seen two men hanged and had most properly come away a philosopher.

Where was he who might have been crawling along the treadmill of time lighted today for another instant by the spring? The creature who had spat at the cross on the scaffold, whose perfect tusks had grinned out of the gloom above our heads an hour ago? Laughing in Hell, if death makes men wise. For Hell is a place of wise laughter. And the other one, who had died vomiting terror?

There was a group of us waiting patiently for the tall steel doors of the jail to open. Righteous men we were with stern cold faces come to transact with proper dignity certain grave business in the interest of the little greedy half-dead who even here shuffled through the streets with the lie of Spring in their heels. And after we had been admitted and our credentials cunningly examined, we were marched through barred corridors and told to enter a door and make ourselves comfortable inside. Within this door stretched the room which was to witness the hangings. It was a long and narrow room with towering walls. It could have been built only for one purpose, as a room in which to hang men. The grey plaster of its walls was unrelieved by any humanizing design. They formed, these walls, a geometrical monotone unbroken by windows or doors except the one through which we had entered. The floor was of stone.

Forty long benches such as picnickers use in groves, had been introduced into this vault of a room. They seemed puny wooden toys under the sweep and stretch of the towering, slot like walls. We came walking slowly into the room. We were doctors, public offi-

cials, jail attendants and newspaper men. We sat down on the benches and faced the gallows.

The timber of the gallows reached from the stone floor to the dark, forgotten ceiling. Fifteen feet above the floor was a platform. On this platform the men who were to be hanged were to stand until a part of its floor which was on hinges swung back and dropped them. Then they would be left dangling from the ropes. These ropes hung now from a cross beam fifteen feet above the floor of the platform. They were two bright yellow manilla ropes. Each ended in a noose the size of a man's head. We on the benches stared with uncomfortable eyes at these ropes. In the gloom our faces floated like little pale discs above the benches. The ends of cigars and cigarettes made tiny red spots in the darkness and above our heads little grey and violet parasols of smoke opened and vanished. They were eager and efficient ropes and they had personality. They became, when we had scrutinized them for a long space, the strange and attenuated furniture entirely suited to this room. About their slim and elegant stretch there was something monstrous suggested. Things which are sometimes seen in a fever assume the grotesque dimensions of these ropes.

People do not think in these places. They sit with their mouths somewhat parted and smoke cigars and nod politely to each other as they talk. They stare about them as do children in a strange house, noting this and observing that. Indeed, it was not till an hour later that I became a philosopher and found it necessary to adjust adjectives.

There were two men on the scaffold platform. One was a stout man with snow colored hair. He was well dressed but we noticed with grave smiles that he seemed unduly conscious of his freshly shined patent leather shoes. He kept moving them about and we watched them closely like so many cats in the dark might watch two bewildered mice. At length achieving a comparative equanimity under our gaze, he thrust his hands behind him and stood stiffly facing the ropes. There was nothing left to think of about him other than that he was fat. The other man was a jail guard.

Then we noticed simultaneously a little box-like shack which stood against the plaster wall at the rear of the gallows' platform. It was just large enough to accommodate a man. We remarked in stern sophisticated whispers to each other that the man who sprung

the trap under the feet of the men about to hang was hidden in this enclosure. For a space we stared at a small circular window in the gallows shack, diverted by banal speculation. How did this man feel who actually did the thing which killed two men? As we stared a face, vague and dark, appeared in the little window and then vanished. We were content, and here and there in the gloom matches were struck and the faces of men lighting cigars remained in glowing prints upon the dark air.

Suddenly, as if greatly ahead of time, men started entering the room from the single door at the side of the gallows. Three public officials walked first. Behind them walked two priests in white and purple surplices. Between the two priests was a young man with a colorless face. He was in his shirt sleeves and without a collar. He looked as if he had been interrupted washing dishes. Following these were several jail guards. We did not count their number. Behind the guards walked two priests in white and purple surplices. Between them walked the second man. For the first man without a collar who walked between the two priests we had no eyes. There was about him a lack of something which made him akin to us on the benches. He stopped and wobbled and his head rolled and from his lips issued a moan.

"Oh my Lord Jesus Christ," he said.

His lips as he walked were peeled back in the manner of a man suffering from nausea. We did not look long at him. But the other—we stared and watched and forgot to puff on our cigars. He was a man with gaunt features and the face of an unbarbered Caesar, lined and hollowed like the wing of a bat. He had a lean and muscular neck and he walked high shouldered like an Egyptian. To the drooping lines of his mouth and chin clung a dark curling covering of hair like the beard on the paintings of the adolescent Christ. He walked with his jaw thrust forward, lean and hollow jaws like the jaws of a starving monk. His eyes, round and black, nestled deep in his head, black and burning like the eyes of a voodoo priest.

We watched this man and moved about on our benches. We knew his name and the deeds he had done in the world. He had moved among the little greedy half-dead with altogether curious inspirations. At night he had flattened himself against dark alley walls and waited with a gun in his hand for men to approach him,

and he had gone prowling after them like a stoical coyote crept into the city out of the darkness beyond. Thus he had grown rich and careless and taken to darting through the streets by day as he had done by night. In the sun there came into his heart a joyous hate which had misguided him. It caused him finally to stand upon a street corner shouting and shooting into the swarm of things about him until the street grew lonely and strangely rid of all sounds but the whoop of his voice and the little bark of his gun. It was very sad, for the little heaped figures that lay strewn in the emptied street might have been our wives and our mothers. Eventually a tall red-faced man bristling with gold buttons, pounced upon him from the rear and held him as he continued to shout and wave a useless gun toward the high roofs of the crowded buildings.

Here he was walking up the slim wooden stairs that lead to the gallows platform, and here he was standing under the looped rope that dangled at his ear and beside another man who continued to moan, "My Lord Jesus Christ, forgive me. Forgive us all." But we did not look at this one. The platform was now crowded with men but we did not look at them. They came forward with long black straps and proceeded to bind the man who was moaning. Then a priest came forward and stood beside the man who was moaning and rested an ivory crucifix upon his lips and opened a book under his rolling eyes. But our eyes, held as by some vast thing about to happen, that will any minute happen, remained upon the gaunt, unbarbered face with its Christ-like beard, with the mystic snarl in its eyes, of the man who stood under the other rope. An inexplicable fascination held our eyes upon him. And under our unblinking stares he grew and grew and became lopsided and out of focus and the features of his face swam apart into the grimace of a man laughing.

Then our eyes cleared and we saw that his arms were strapped flat against his sides and his legs strapped tightly together at the ankles and the knees, and that a priest in a white and purple surplice with a startled face was offering an ivory crucifix for him to kiss. We watched him look at the crucifix, his eyes becoming filled with yellow lights; and watched his lips peel back and the teeth, exaggerated in their nakedness, shine in a grin. Suddenly he closed his mouth and spat at the crucifix. Beside him the man under the rope was moaning "Oh my Creator. Let me see. Let me see." And his head wab-

bled toward the opened book the priest in front of him held to his eyes.

Of this we were conscious in an uninterested way. For a man had spat upon a crucifix and there was that in us which made us lower our heads and tremble and move uneasily. Other men stepped forward on the gallows platform and hung long white robes upon the two under the ropes. The robes fastened in a pucker about their necks and fell to the floor and were fastened in another pucker about their ankles. Then a man with unbelievable gestures slipped the rope over the head of the moaning one and drew the noose tight with unbelievable little jerks so that the knot fell under the man's ear.

"Oh Lord Jesus Christ, my Jesus Christ, forgive me. Forgive us all" moaned the man, his face almost vanishing in the gloom.

About the neck of the other whom we were watching, as men watching something about to explode, the second rope was fixed and jerked into place. And then a voice shot from the platform. It came from the blur and flurry of men grouped behind the ropes.

"Have you anything to say?" it inquired.

A cry answered from the one who was moaning. His words blurred and buzzing filled the room. "Oh my Creator, my Creator," he sang. "I am going to my Creator."

And the man with the face that was lined and hollowed like the wing of a bat remained silent, gazing with his glowing eyes down upon our heads. In his puckered white robe he loomed out of the gloom like some grotesque and stoical sage in masquerade, except for his teeth which were bared and swimming in saliva. The faces above the ropes remained visible for several instants. Two men bearing white masks then approached them. The one who moaned was rolling his eyes up and down the towering gloomy walls as if in frantic, helpless search. The other was staring down upon us in a strange, disinterested manner, his lips peeling back, his jaws thrusting forward. He drew a long breath and then vanished behind the white mask with a secret in his eyes.

Both men had disappeared. There were to be seen only two long white bundles curiously shapeless. We were silent. The moaning of the man who had kissed the crucifix, suddenly resumed. It filled the room. It came louder and louder from the depths of the long white bundle, crawling over us and along the towering walls that had no windows. From the other white bundle came silence. The feet

under it stared at us without movement. The moaning burst into words—"Oh My Creator"—and was lost in a crash. The trap had banged down.

A great swaying howl rolled into the vault-like room. It swept like a curtain between us and the two white bundles that had shot through the trap. The two men were hanging. The howling came from the prisoners in the cells beyond in the jail, howling like the sustained cry of an army out of a wilderness. The two white bundles that were hanging, stirred. One of them turned slightly, with a certain idleness. The other began to expand and contract. A curious animation gradually took possession of it. Several minutes passed and the white bundles continued to bob and twitch. The one to the left which contained the man who had moaned began now to throb and quiver like a plucked and vibrating violin string. The rope above it hummed, filling the room with the whang of its monotone. The other bundle remained turning idly. A large group of men had risen from the benches in front. Several of them held black stethoscopes in their hands. They waited.

The rest of us stood to our feet. There was silence and the moments passed with our eyes unwavering. The two bundles seemed mysteriously wound up as if they would go on turning idly forever. Then they began to act as if someone were trying to blow them up from inside. Between the masks and the puckered tops of the white robes the necks of the two men hanging within the bundles became visible. Suddenly the turning ceased and the two bundles began to behave as if someone were jerking with an amazing violence on the ropes which supported them in mid air. They executed a frenzied and staccato jig.

The bundles hung motionless at the ends of the two ropes, limp dead banners out of which the wind had died. A physician removing the stethoscope from his ears said something that ended with the words, "twelve minutes." A second physician repeated what he had said.

We crowded forward from the benches, gathering about the two figures which had dropped their white robes. They were no longer interesting. A certain fascination had gone out of them, out of the ropes, out of the tall, spectral timbers of the gallows. We passed them a few minutes later on our way out of the door. They were lying on two wheel cots. Their masks had been removed and

their faces colored like stained glass watched us with mouths opened .

I had forgotten my hat. We had moved into the lobby of the jail and I hurried back after my hat. I stood for a moment gazing at the towering grey walls, the wood structure, the two strands of rope that dropped from the beam. They had been cut. There was no one in the room. I seized my hat which was on a bench and ran awkwardly after the men who had gone. Outside a man with a sharp beard said to me, shaking his head,

"Well, that boy died game, didn't he?"

The man was drawing deep breaths and looked about him bewilderedly in the sunny street.

I walked on until I came to the corner where the necessity of adjusting certain important adjectives in my life caused me to stop. Up and down the street swarmed the endless faces of the little greedy half-dead, lighted for a moment by the great sun. And having completed my philosophy, and because it was on this corner the gaunt and hollow-faced one had once stood, his heart filled with a joyous hate shouting at the buildings, I laughed and spat and eyed a woman whose body was like the body of a long lithe animal prowling under a lavender and turquoise dress.

## N i s h i   H o n g w a n j i

### Iris Barry

Silence holds the stage.  
Neither brocade nor masks remain,  
Fate has dispersed those rich garments  
and the fine carvings of experts  
are sprinkled abroad and gone  
like autumn leaves stripped away.  
The drama itself is almost forgotten,  
the names of the players  
and of the plays  
no more thought on than last year's seed  
flung wide and flowered in strange places.

## SIX ILLUMINATIONS OF RIMBAUD

Translated by Helen Rootham

## V a g a b o n d s

**P**ITIFUL brother! What atrocious vigils I owe to him. "I did not take this enterprise in hand seriously. I made sport of his infirmity. It would be my fault if we returned into exile and slavery." He attributed a strange bad luck and a strange innocence to me, and added disquieting reasons. I replied jeeringly to this satanic doctor, and finished by escaping through the window. Far beyond this country (swept by wandering melodies), I created phantoms of a nocturnal luxury to come.

After this distraction—partly hygienic—I stretched myself on a straw mattress. And nearly every night, as soon as he was asleep my poor brother rose, his mouth all leprous-stained, his eyes torn out,—for so he dreamed himself to be!—and drew me into the room howling out his idiot nightmare.

In all sincerity I had promised to restore him to his primitive state of "Child of the Sun",—and so we wander, (drinking Palermitian wine and eating tramp's biscuits,) I in haste to find the necessary spot and the necessary formula.

## T o i l e r s

It is a hot February morning. An inopportune south wind raises memories of our absurd indigence, our youthful poverty. — Henrika was wearing a brown and white check cotton dress in the fashion of last century, a bonnet trimmed with ribbons, and a silk handkerchief round her neck. It was more sombre than mourning. We were taking a walk in the suburbs; the weather was oppressive, and the south wind disturbed all the evil odours of the ravaged gardens and the dried-up fields.

Evidently all this did not tire my wife as it tired me. The floods of the preceding month had left a shallow pool behind them

near the path up which we were climbing, and my wife called my attention to some tiny fish swimming in it.

The town, with its smoke and the noises of its factories, seemed to follow us far along the roads. O, where is that other world, that habitation blessed by heaven? Where are those gentle shades? The south wind recalled the miserable incidents of my childhood, my despair in summer, the horrible amount of strength and knowledge that fate has always put out of my reach. No, we will not spend the summer in this niggardly country where we shall never be anything but two betrothed orphans. This muscular arm shall no longer drag about a loved image.

The skies are like grey crystal. I see a strange design of bridges,— some straight, some curved, others descending slantingly on to the first. They multiply themselves in the smooth windings of the canal, but are so long and light that the canal banks, covered with domes, seem to sink and grow less. Some of these bridges are still encumbered with hovels; on others are masts, signals and frail parapets. Stringed instruments are heard on the hills, and minor chords cross each other and disappear: a red coat can be seen,— perhaps other costumes and musical instruments. Are they playing popular airs, odds and ends from courtly concerts, or snatches of public hymns?

The water is gray and blue, and as wide as an arm of the sea.

A white ray of sunshine falling from heaven destroys the illusion.

## D e v o t i o n

To my sister Louise Vanaen de Voringhem:—her blue mob-cap shaped like the North Sea.—For the shipwrecked.

To my sister Leonie d'Ashby, Baon and the buzzing evil-smelling summer grass.— For the fever which attacks mothers and children.

To Lulu—demon—who has retained a missish and imperfectly educated taste in oratories. For men.

To Madame . . . . . To the youth I once was. To this holy old man of the hermitage or the mission. To a clerical dignitary. Also to every cult which finds itself in such places and in such

circumstances as are proper to our aspirations of the moment, or to our own special vice.

This evening, Devotion to Circeto of the tall mirrors, fat as a fish and glowing like the ten months of the red night — (her heart is amber and musk) — for my one prayer, mute as these regions of night; my prayer which precedes acts of prowess more violent than this polar chaos..

Devotion at any cost and in any shape, even in my metaphysical wanderings, — But even more *then* . . . .

### Soir Historique

One evening a naive tourist (retired from our economic horrors) hears the hand of a master touching the harpsichord of the meadows. Cards are being played at the bottom of the lake, that mirror which evokes images of queens and of passing loves. There where the sun is setting, saints and nuns can be seen, threads of harmony and legendary scales can be heard.

The passing of huntsmen and of bands of people makes him tremble. Comedy distills itself on the grassy trestles. The poor and the feeble overcrowd these senseless plans.

Before his slave's vision Germany seems to pile herself up towards the moon; the tartar deserts grow light; ancient seditions stir and mutter in the heart of the Celestial Empire. Ascending rocky staircases and seated in chairs of stone, the little pale, flat-faced peoples of Africa and the west are improving their minds. There are sea-ballets, and ballets of the night, and impossible melodies.

There is the same bourgeois magic at every place where the magic carpet sets us down. The most elementary physician feels that it is no longer possible to submit to this atmosphere of egoism — haze of a physical remorse — the existence of which it is painful even to acknowledge. No, it is the time of steaming vapours, of heaving seas, of subterranean conflagrations, of planets swept away and subsequent exterminations:—certainties not very cleverly hinted at in the Bible and by the Nornes, and which it will be given to some serious-minded person to watch over.

Nevertheless there will be no legendary effect!

## Promontory

Golden dawn and trembling eve find our brig in the open sea opposite th's villa, which with its dependencies forms a promontory as extensive as Epirus or the Peloponese, Japan or Arabia. There are shrines illumined by the presence of a revived speculation; there are immense views of the defences of a modern coast, and sand-hills gay with glowing flowers and bacchanales. There are grand canals from Carthage, embankments from a squinteyed, skulking, ambiguous Venice, languid eruption of Etna, crevases from which burst flowers and water, and glaciers. There are wash-houses surrounded by German poplars, strange undulating parks, and circular fences in the style of the "Royal" or the "Grand" of some Brooklyn; railways overhead, railways underground, and level railways, intersecting, honeycombing, and darkening the grounds of this hotel which resembles the most elegant and the most colossal structures known to the history of Italy, America and Asia. The windows and terraces filled with brilliant lights, expensive beverages, and luxurious breezes, respond to the taste of travellers who permit the whim of the moment and the vagaries of fashionable art, to decorate the facades of the "Royal Promontory Hotel."

## The Stage

Ancient Comedy keeps to her harmonies and divides her idylls:—boulevards of trestles,—a long column of wood from one end of a rocky field to another, where a barbaric crowd winds amongst leafless trees,—in corridors of black gauze, keeping step with strollers carrying lanterns and leaves.

Bird actors alight on a pontoon of masonry swaying in an archipelago dotted with boat-loads of spectators. Lyrical scenes, accompanied by flutes and drums, lean round the rooms of modern clubs or the halls of the ancient East, from nooks contrived in the ceiling.

Fairy-land manoeuvres at the top of a coppice-crowned amphitheatre or flutters about and warbles for the Boeotians in the shade

of moving forests, or on the tilled ridges.

Opera-bouffe divides itself on our stage at the intersecting ridge made by ten partitions erected at the early door of the gallery.

## SEEDS

Sherwood Anderson

THERE was a Doctor from Johns Hopkins talked to me one day last summer concerning modern life and its universal insanity. He was a small man with a beard and was very nervous. I remember how the cords of his neck were drawn taut.

The Doctor with his tight drawn nerves and a peculiar eager sadness in his bearing sat beside me late one afternoon on the steps of a farm house by a lake in the mountains. He talked of his work. For years he had been trying to cure people of illness by the method called psychoanalysis. The idea was the passion of his life. "I came here because I am tired," he said dejectedly. "My body is not tired but something inside me is old and worn-out. I want joy. For a few days or weeks I would like to forget men and women and the influences that make them the sick things they are."

The man's voice became tense and shrill. There is a note that comes into the human voice by which you may know real weariness. It comes to the writer when he has been trying with all his heart and soul to think his way along some difficult road of thought. Of a sudden he finds himself unable to go on. Something within him stops. A tiny explosion takes place. He bursts into words and talks, perhaps foolishly. Little side currents of his nature he didn't know run out and get themselves expressed. It is at such times that a man boasts, uses big words, makes a fool of himself in general. Much of literature has been written on the shrill high plane on which these explosions take place and I suspect most of our poetry.

And so it was that the doctor became shrill. He jumped up from the steps and walked about. "You go on quietly" he said, turning to look at me. "I can feel it in you. You come from the West. You have kept away from people. You have preserved yourself—damn you. I haven't —" His voice had indeed become shrill. "I have entered into lives. I have gone beneath the

surface of the lives of men and women. Women especially I have studied—our own women, here in America.”

“You have loved them?” I suggested. “Perhaps that’s your trouble. That is sometimes the trouble.”

“Yes,” he said more quietly. “Yes—you are right there. I have done that. It is the only way I can get at things. I have to try to love. You see how that is? It is the only way. Love must be the beginning of things with me. There is understanding in that.”

He was irritated and I began to sense the depths of his weariness. “Let’s not talk of the matter” I urged. “We will go swim in the lake.”

“I don’t want to swim or do any plodding thing. I want to run and shout,” he declared. “For awhile, for a few hours, I want to be like a dead leaf blown by the winds over these hills. I have one desire and one only—to free myself.”

We walked in a dusty country road. I wanted him to know that I thought I understood so I put the case in my own way. “Let me state the matter quite honestly,” I began, “I want to abuse you a little.”

When he stopped and stared at me I went on. “You are no more and no better than myself,” I declared. “You are a dog that has rolled in offal and because you are not quite a dog you do not like the smell of your own hide.”

In turn my voice became shrill. “You blind fool,” I cried impatiently. “Men like you are fools. You cannot go along that road. It is given to no man to venture far along the road of lives.”

I became passionately in earnest. “The illness you pretend to cure is the universal illness,” I said. “The thing you want to do cannot be done. Fool—do you expect love to be understood?”

We stood in the dusty road and looked at each other. The suggestion of a sneer played about the corners of his mouth. He put a hand on my shoulder and shook me. “How smart we are! How aptly we put things.”

He spat the words out and then turned and walked a little away. “You think you understand but you don’t understand,” he cried. “What you say can’t be done can be done. You are a liar. You cannot be so definite without missing something vague and fine. You miss the whole point. The lives of people are like young trees in a forest. They are being choked by climbing vines. The vines are old thoughts and beliefs planted by dead men. I am myself cov-

ered by crawling creeping vines that choke me.”

He laughed bitterly. “And that’s why I want to run and play” he said. “I want to be a leaf blown by the wind over hills. I want to die and be born again and I am only a tree covered with vines and slowly dying. I am, you see, weary and want to be made clean. I am an amateur venturing timidly into lives,” he concluded. “I am weary and want to be made clean. I am covered by creeping, crawling things.”

\* \* \* \*

There was a woman from Iowa came here to Chicago and took a room in a house on the west-side. She was about twenty-seven years old and ostensibly she came to the city to study advanced methods for teaching music.

A certain young man lived in the west-side house with her. His room faced a long hall on the second floor of the house and the one taken by the woman was across the hall facing his room.

In regard to the young man—there is something very sweet in his nature. He is a painter but I have often wished he would decide to become a writer. He tells things with understanding and he does not paint brilliantly .

And so the woman from Iowa lived in the west-side house and came home from the city in the evening. She looked like a thousand other women one sees in the streets every day. The only thing that at all made her stand out among the women in the crowds was that she was a little lame. Her right foot was slightly deformed and she walked with a limp. For three months she lived in the house—where she was the only woman except the landlady—and then a feeling in regard to her began to grow up among the men of the house.

The men all said the same thing concerning her. When they met in the hall-way at the front of the house they stopped, laughed and whispered . “She wants a lover” they said and winked. “She may not know it but a lover is what she needs.”

One knowing Chicago and Chicago men would think that an easy want to be satisfied. I laughed when my friend—whose name is LeRoy—told me the story, but he did not laugh. He shook his head. “It wasn’t so easy” he said. “There would be no story were the matter that simple.”

Le Roy tried to explain. Whenever a man approached her she

became alarmed," he said. "Men kept smiling and speaking to her. They invited her to dinner and to the theatre but nothing would induce her to walk in the streets with a man. She never went into the streets at night. When a man stopped and tried to talk with her in the hallway she turned her eyes to the floor and then ran into her room. Once a young drygoods clerk who lived there induced her to sit with him on the steps before the house.

He was a sentimental fellow and took hold of her hand. When she began to cry he was alarmed and arose. He put a hand on her shoulder and tried to explain but under the touch of his fingers her whole body shook with terror. "Don't touch me," she cried. "Don't let your hands touch me." She began to scream and people passing in the street stopped to listen. The drygoods clerk was alarmed and ran upstairs to his own room. He bolted the door and stood listening. "It is a trick," he declared in a trembling voice. "She is trying to make trouble. I did nothing to her. It was an accident and anyway what is the matter? I only touched her arm with my fingers."

Perhaps a dozen times LeRoy has spoken to me of the experience of the Iowa woman in the west-side house. The men there began to hate her. Although she would have nothing to do with them she would not let them alone. In a hundred ways she continually invited approaches that when made she repelled. When she stood naked in the bathroom facing the hallway where the men passed up and down she left the door slightly ajar. There was a couch in the living room down stairs and when men were present she would sometimes enter and without saying a word throw herself down before them. On the couch she lay with lips drawn slightly apart. Her eyes stared at the ceiling. Her whole physical being seemed to be waiting for something. The sense of her filled the room. The men standing about pretended not to see. They talked loudly. Embarrassment took possession of them and one by one they crept quietly away.

One evening the woman was ordered to leave the house. Someone, perhaps the drygoods clerk, had talked to the landlady and she acted at once. "If you leave tonight I shall like it that much better," LeRoy heard the elder woman's voice saying. She stood in the hallway before the Iowa woman's room. The landlady's voice rang through the house.

LeRoy the painter is tall and lean and his life has been spent in devotion to ideas. The passions of his brain have consumed the passions of his body. His income is small and he has not married. Perhaps he has never had a sweetheart. He is not without physical desire but he is not primarily concerned with desire.

On the evening when the Iowa woman was ordered to leave the west-side house she waited until she thought the landlady had gone downstairs, and then went into LeRoy's room. It was about eight o'clock and he sat by a window reading a book. The woman did not knock but opened the door. She said nothing but ran across the floor and knelt at his feet. LeRoy said that her twisted foot made her run like a wounded bird, that her eyes were burning and that her breath came in little gasps. "Take me," she said, dropping her face down upon his knees and trembling violently. "Take me quick. There must be a beginning to things. I can't stand the waiting. You must take me at once."

You may be quite sure LeRoy was perplexed by all this. From what he has said I gathered that until that evening he had hardly noticed the woman. I suppose that of all the men in the house he had been the most indifferent to her. In the room something happened. The landlady followed the woman when she ran to LeRoy and the two women confronted him. The woman from Iowa knelt trembling and frightened at his feet. The landlady was indignant. LeRoy acted on impulse. An inspiration came to him. Putting his hand on the kneeling woman's shoulder he shook her violently. "Now behave yourself," he said quickly. "I will keep my promise." He turned to the landlady and smiled. "We have been engaged to be married," he said. "We have quarreled. She came here to be near me and to help me decide. She has been unwell and excited. I will take her away. Please don't let yourself be annoyed. I will take her away."

When the woman and LeRoy got out of the house she stopped weeping and put her hand into his. Her fears had all gone away. He found a room for her in another house and then went with her into a park and sat down on a bench.

\* \* \* \*

Everything LeRoy has told me concerning this woman strengthens belief in what I said to the Johns Hopkins man that day in the mountains. You cannot venture along the road of lives. On

the bench he and the woman talked until midnight and he saw and talked with her many times later. Nothing came of it. She went back, I suppose, to her place in the West.

In the place from which she had come the woman had been a teacher of music. She was one of four sisters, all engaged in the same sort of work and, Le Roy says, all quiet capable women. Their father had died when the eldest girl was not yet ten, and five years later the mother died also. The girls had a house and a garden.

In the nature of things I cannot know what the lives of the women were like but of this one may be quite sure — they talked only of women's affairs, thought only of women's affairs. No one of them ever had a lover. For years no man came near the house.

Of them all only the younger, the one who came to Chicago, was in any way affected by the utterly feminine quality of their lives. It did something to her. All day and every day she taught music to young girls and then went home to the women. When she was twenty-five she began to think and to dream of men. During the day and through the evening she talked with women of women's affairs, and all the time she wanted desperately to be loved by a man. She went to Chicago with that hope in mind. Le Roy explained her attitude in the matter and her strange behavior in the west-side house by saying she had thought too much and acted too little. "The life force within her became decentralized," he declared. "What she wanted and she could not achieve. The living force within could not find expression. When it could not get expressed in one way it took another. Sex spread itself out over her body. It permeated the very fibre of her being. At the last she was sex personified, sex become condensed and impersonal. Certain words, the touch of a man's hand, sometimes even the sight of a man passing in the street did something to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yesterday I saw LeRoy and he talked to me again of the woman and her strange and terrible fate.

We walked by the lake in the park. As we went along the figure of the woman kept coming into my mind. An idea came to me.

"You might have been her lover," I said. "That was possible. She was not afraid of you."

Le Roy stopped. Like the doctor who was so sure of his ability to walk into lives he grew angry and scolded. For a moment he

stared at me and then a rather odd thing happened. Words said by that other man in the dusty road in the hills came into LeRoy's mouth and were said over again. The suggestion of a sneer played about the corners of Le Roy's mouth. "How smart we are. How aptly we put things," he said.

The voice of the young man who walked with me in the park by the lake in the city became shrill. I sensed the weariness in him. Then he laughed and said quietly and softly, "It isn't so simple. By being sure of yourself you are in danger of losing all of the romances of life. You miss the whole point. Nothing in life can be settled so definitely. The woman—don't you see—was like a young tree choked by a climbing vine. The thing that wrapped her about had shut out the light. She was as grotesque as many trees in the forest are grotesques. Her problem was such a difficult one that thinking of it has changed the whole current of my life. At first I was like you. I was quite sure. I thought I would be her lover and settle the matter."

Le Roy turned and walked a little away. Then he came back and took hold of my arm. A passionate earnestness took possession of him. His voice trembled. "She needs a lover, yes, the men in the house were quite right about that," he said. "She needed a lover and at the same time a lover was not what she needed. The need of a lover was, after all, a quite secondary thing. She needed to be loved, to be long and quietly and patiently loved. To be sure she is a grotesque, but then all the people in the world are grotesques. We all need to be loved. What would cure her would cure the rest of us also. The disease she had is, you see, universal. We all want to be loved and the world has no plan for creating our lovers."

Le Roy's voice dropped and he walked beside me in silence. We turned away from the lake and walked under trees. I looked closely at him. The cords of his neck were drawn taut. "I have seen under the shell of life and I am afraid", he mused. "I am myself like the woman. I am covered with creeping crawling vine-like things. I cannot be a lover. I am not subtle or patient enough. I am paying old debts. Old thoughts and beliefs—seeds planted by dead men—spring up in my soul and choke me."

For a long time we walked and LeRoy talked voicing the thoughts that came to his mind. I listened in silence. His mind struck upon the refrain voiced by the man in the mountains. "I would like to be

a dead dry thing," he muttered looking at the leaves scattered over the grass. "I would like to be a leaf blown by the wind." He looked up and his eyes turned to where among the trees we could see the lake in the distance. "I am weary and want to be made clean. I am a man covered by creeping crawling things. I would like to be dead and blown by the wind over limitless waters," he said. "I want more than anything else in the world to be clean."

## SAPTAM EDOYARDER SVARGABOHAN

### সপ্তম এডোয়ার্ডের স্বর্গাবোহন

#### I. Gonne

WE HAVE been accustomed lately to connect Bengali literature chiefly with lyric poetry and religious prose, perhaps even to the exclusion of more powerful forms. Yet the spirit which produced the Ramayana and the Mahabharata has not passed away from the descendants of Valmiki. Mr. T. P. Jyotishi's poem stands as a triumphant and decisive assertion of this fact.

In this fine work, perhaps the last great epic of our times, the author has not attempted to revive the doings of ancient heroes, nor is the impetuosity of emotion delayed and hindered by a tedious erudition. Yet while dealing with a modern subject he has not forgotten tradition which enobles and makes permanent all great production: so throughout the poem Gods are seen descending on earth as of yore to minister speeches and solace to the mortals.

"The Ascension of Edward VII to Heaven under its title "Saptam Edoyarder Svargabohan", first appeared in Calcutta in 1911 in Bengali with a short prose rendering in English. But this copy, however revealing it may have been to the Indian world, was hardly adequate for the West. The translation, it is true, did its best to render the dramatic value of the piece, and in many passages almost succeeded, but an abbreviated prose translation could not succeed in reproducing the full rich style of the Bengali verses. For instance :

“The Duke and Duchess of Fife seem lifeless” hardly conveys to us the power of the original:

ডিউক্ ফাইফ্ আৰ ডাচেস্ ফাইফ্ ।  
ই ০ হাদেৰ দেহে যেন নাহিক লাইফ্ ॥

Neither does: “Queen Mary shed tears” compare with

মেৰিৰ নয়ন বারি ঝরে দর দর ।

Here and there the rendering is more felicitous as in the lines: “Oh, what is the queen of Heaven’s Beauty by the side of the personal charm of England’s Queen?” Yet again how poor this appears confronted with:

কে বলে শচীর রূপ ত্রিদিব মোহন ।  
মুক্তিমতী রূপরাসি পত্নী তব হন ॥  
রূপে শুনে তাঁর কাছে নারী নাহি হেরি ।  
সাক্ষাৎ পৰ্ব্বতী যেন পরম ইশ্বরী ॥

Shortly after the publication of this first volume there appeared a verse translation by a Bengali whose name, I regret to say does not figure on the title page. This, besides being a faithful expression of the text, possesses as well literary merits of its own which should have made the author less desirous to preserve his incognito.

It may not be superfluous now to give a short account of the piece as it stands both in the verse and in the prose translation.

The book begins with a song to the glory of Britain:

“Let us sing of her vast literature, of her grand philosophy, of her splendid architecture and of her great musicians.”

After this prelude the scene opens in the palace of the God Indra. To the assembled gods he is describing a dream from which he has just awakened. In this dream he had been paying a visit to the King of England: “In that land of men and women simple in appearance, sympathetic in nature, and truly religious”. Then follows a talk in which Indra praises the King and his kingdom:

"Boru, the God of the Ocean is now your slave and is never so happy as when he dances with your dreaded Dreadnaughts' on his bosom."

Then he enjoins the King to come with him to Heaven. After a moment of somewhat excusable hesitation, the King accepts.

Here ends the dream of Indra, but just as he has done relating it the air is filled with perfume, "the dancing girls begin their bewitching dance" and Edward the VII enters.

The rest of the action takes place on earth. On his return from Biarritz the King has fallen ill, England is steeped in anxiety: "Ladies in scant coverings and with disordered locks awfully apprehensive of what may happen, with tearful eyes and beating hearts run this way or that, all silent".

The doctors have no reassuring statement to make, they can only puzzle at the disease.

"On the examination of the patient, they  
The ailment's not common in a body, say".

Meanwhile the fear and distress of England is past control, a collective, delirium has seized the nation and:

"To slip on clothes some did entire forget.  
With carriages following some were met.  
With bare feet some were found to run  
And entr'ing wrong abodes created a fun.  
The Heads of some of gears bereft were seen.  
Doctors, barristers, foreign priests were there,  
Professors, editors and those that bore the star.  
Some in ones and some in twos there came  
Members of Parliament of colossal fame."

When the night has come Queen Alexandra leans out of the window and addresses a prayer to the moon, but to no effect. The royal patient gets steadily worse. The queen's grief can only be in part assuaged by the visit of Prithivi, the Earth-Goddess, who having dilated at length on the sins of the different countries, not even excluding "Old Morocco in her disgusting pride," concludes at last that England alone stands spotless, and promises the queen to keep charge of the welfare of the Prince of Wales.

The King has passed away, the news has been proclaimed to the people outside the gates of Buckingham Palace. The crowd

breaks up in despair. "Ladies unmindful of their untrimmed hair run to communicate the news to others of their sex. Scholars hurry from school leaving their books behind to inform their parents of the calamity . . . . ."

"All children homewards run with weeping eyes  
To pour the tale into maternal ears."

The next cantos are filled with rapid events. The new King is proclaimed, the crowned heads of Europe keep arriving to pay their last respects to the corpse.

"Prince Albert the Grand Duke with forehead white  
Doth wipe the tears in silence shed in grief.  
With whole family Asquith Great surrounds  
The Royal corpse with grief visible quite.  
By turns into the Chamber black of death  
He leads the princes and to them explains  
In low and doleful whispers th' state of th' corpse."

The Kaiser also makes his appearance, and the prince of Wales:

"Now sallies forth to meet his guest august  
At the railway station in befitting pomp."

At the sight of his dead Uncle the Kaiser gives way to an outburst of grief whose pathos can only be exceeded by that of the Duke of Connaught who rushes in moaning:

"Alas,  
Why was I seized with the accursed intent  
The unblest Suez Canal to see . . . ."

Later on he expresses the same thought in other words: "That infernal canal has sealed my doom"! then faints and has to be carried away.

After the funeral and the funereal banquet England once more assumes its normal look. King George has a dream of his father's celestial pomp and the poem closes on a Hymn to Britannia's greatness.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES

THE NEW AGE" has, in a recent and gracious recognition of us, very greatly misrepresented our "tendency", not by a front attack, but by an exaggerated statement of our aloofness. Let it pass. The careful reader will read both us and our critic and make his own due adjustment.

In this melange of bouquets and brick-bats we make but our minimum acknowledgment to the *New Age* when we indicate the growing prominence of that paper in England. The cause of this advance during the last four years is not far to seek. For several years prior to Armageddon, Mr. A. R. Orage was the sole editor of any London weekly who encouraged mental activity.

On every other weekly, from the hyper-grand-ducal *Saturday*, still clinging to King Charles the martyr and the divine right of ancestry; the arid *Spectator*, "written in London for the provincial and colonial audience"; the *Nation*, chief envoy of the Dublin lower-class to the English suburban back-parlour; to the *New Statesman*, last refuge of doctrinaire committees; the statistic Webbs, the haven of Shaw's worn out theories,—in every one of these papers a set point of view was demanded. To every possible question, for every possible situation in life, art or politics, there was a carefully prepared, "correct", opinion. The writers for these papers knew to a jot just what was the *proper* view in every possible case.

Suddenly hell broke loose, the normal and comfortable conditions of occidental life were suddenly cast into confusion. There were cases for which no ready made answer was available. On none of these antique staffs, or of these staffs suffering from premature senility (as the *New Statesman's*) was there anyone accustomed to form conclusions from external facts. Neither were their editors acquainted with people of "that sort", i.e., people accustomed to think from facts. They were "flummoxed"; for years they had carefully avoided that type of disturbing mind.

Only in the small company of "unorganized", uneven, unsystematized *New Age* writers was there any spark of this curious kind of activity.

Now in the year of grace 1918 let us hearken to G. B. S., to

this amusing, uncultured old satirist, to this old chap who amused us fifteen years ago by his sparkling satiric levity (mélange of Ibsen method considerably trivialized), Wilde (of the plays), diluted Nietzsche, to, in brief, G. B. S. who once had in his work no purpose save to amuse, and to incite people to the use of their mental faculties. Truly he has gone under the earth, he has taken up his abode with his forebears, he has entered the inactive, colourless limbo. He now complains that the *New Age* is "a hotch-potch, stimulating thought in general, but not prompting opinion like the *Nation* or the *New Statesman*, nor reflecting it like the *Spectator* . . ." "Its freedom is the freedom of the explosive which is not confined to the cannon, spending itself incalculably in all directions."

Poor old Shaw, he was pretty far gone when he had to take up with the Sidney Webbs, but here he exposes the white hairs of his long beard almost with indecency.

Also he is perhaps a little inaccurate: Mr. Orage's notes which are the back-bone of the *New Age*, are anything but a bolshevik chaos, (as Mr. Shaw admits.) Shaw has incorporated himself in committees, and the most illustrative account (personal) of a recent Webbist committee meeting, reported the chairman (female) as follows: "And now we know what to do with the children, and with the mentally deficient, but what *shall* we do with the able-bodied men . . . ?"

That is the sum of these fabian crankist unhumanizing kultur-bunds. Man is a unit to be dealt with via committees. Christ, with his embarrassing question regarding the value of the individual soul, has died in vain, etc.

And Mr. Shaw is out for "forming", no, for "promoting" opinion. His objection to the *New Age* can be boiled down to the complaint that the *New Age* does not insist on all its contributors having an "English public school point of view" (*Spectator*, and *Saturday Review*—this last Eton age 13), or a board school vulgar-garian mechanico-committee-sub-Cambridge-heretics point of view (*New Statesman*, etc.); that the *New Age* has a cosmopolitan staff, that its oriental notes are done by a man who has lived in the Near East, that its continental notes are done by a continental, that its art notes are not done by a man of the same temperament as its writer on guild socialism, that its notes on Balkan literature are not harmonized with its criticisms of English music, etc., a condition

of things not to be tolerated on any other British weekly publication.

A decided improvement has been noticeable in the *New Age* since the paper became Mr. Orage's exclusive property, and since he has been wholly free in its management.

E. P.

## ULYSSES

James Joyce

### Episode V

**B**Y lorries along Sir John Rogerson's quay Mr. Bloom walked soberly, past Windmill lane, Leask's the linseed crusher's, the postal telegraph office. Could have given that address too. And past the sailors' home. He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and walked through Lime street. Slack hour: won't be many there. He crossed Townsend street, passed the frowning face of Bethel. El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth. And past Nichols' the undertaker's At eleven it is. Time enough. Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged that job for O'Neill's.

In Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company and read the legends of lead-papered packets: choice blend, finest quality, family tea. Rather warm. Tea. Must get some from Tom Kernan. Couldn't ask him at a funeral, though. While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning. Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade hat. Just there. His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket.

So warm. His right hand once more more slowly went over his brow and hair. Then he put on his hat again, relieved: and read again: choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves, shaky lianas they call them. Wonder is it like that. Those Cinghalese lobbing

around in the sun, not doing a damn tap all day. Influence of the climate. Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere? Ah, in the dead sea, floating on his back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the what. Or is it the volume is equal to the weight? It's a law something like that. What is weight really when you say the weight? Thirtytwo feet per second per second. Law of falling bodies: per second per second. They all fall to the ground. The earth. It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight.

He turned away and sauntered across the road. As he walked he took the folded *Freeman* from his sidepocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg. Careless air: just drop in to see. Per second per second. Per second for every second it means. From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice. No-one. In.

He handed the card through the brass grill.

—Are there any letters for me? he asked.

While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade: and held the tip of his baton against his nostrils, smelling freshprinted rag paper. No answer probably. Went too far last time.

The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a letter. He thanked her and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope.

Henry Flower Esq,  
% P. O. Westland Row,  
City.

Answered anyhow. He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket, reviewing again the soldiers on parade. Where's old Tweedy's regiment? There: bearskin cap and hackle plume. No, he's a grenadier. Pointed cuffs. There he is: royal Dublin fusiliers. Redcoats. Too showy. That must be why the women go after them. Take them off O'Connell street at night: disgrace to our Irish capital. Griffith's paper is on the same tack now: an army rotten with disease: overseas or halfseasover. Half baked they look: hypnotised like. Eyes front!

He strolled out of the postoffice and turned to the right. Talk: as if that would mend matters. His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope, ripping it open in jerks. Women will pay a lot of heed, I don't think. His fingers drew forth the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket. Something pinned on: photo perhaps. Hair? No.

M'Coy. Get rid of him quickly.

—Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

—Hello, M'Coy. Nowhere in particular.

—How's the body?

—Well. How are you?

—Just keeping alive, M'Coy said.

His eyes on the black tie and clothes, he asked with low respect.

—Is there any . . . no trouble I hope? I see you're . . .

—O no, Mr. Bloom said. Poor Dignam, you know. The funeral is today.

—To be sure, poor fellow. So it is. What time?

A photo it isn't. A badge maybe.

—E . . . eleven, Mr. Bloom answered.

—I must try to get out there, M'Coy said. Eleven, is it? I only heard it last night. Who was telling me? Holohan. You know Hoppy?

—I know.

Mr. Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn up before the door of the Grosvenor. The porter hoisted the valise up on the well. She stood still, waiting, while the man, husband, brother, like her, searched his pockets for change. Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth. Careless stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets.

—I was with Bob Doran, he's on one of his periodical bends, and what do you call him Bantam Lyons. Just down there in Conway's we were.

Doran, Lyons in Conway's. She raised a gloved hand to her hair. In came Hoppy. Having a wet. Drawing back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the bright fawn skin shine in the glare, the braided drums. Talking of one thing or another. Lady's hand. Which side will she get up?

—And he said: *Sad thing about our poor friend Paddy! What Paddy?* I said. *Poor little Paddy Dignam,* he said.

Off to the country: Broadstone probably. High brown boots with laces dangling. Wellturned foot. What is he foostering over that change for?

—*Why?* I said. *What's wrong with him?* I said.

Proud: rich: silk stockings.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head. Getting up in a minute.

—*What's wrong with him?* he said. *He's dead*, he said. And, faith he filled up. *Is it Paddy Dignam?* I said. I couldn't believe it when I heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was it in the Arch. *Yes*, he said. *He's gone. He died on Monday, poor fellow.*

Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between.

Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Always happening like that. The very moment.

—Yes, yes, Mr. Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone.

—One of the best, M'Coy said.

The tram passed. They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge, her rich gloved hand on the steel grip. Flicker, flicker: the laceflare of her hat in the sun: flicker, flick.

—Wife well I suppose? M'Coy's changed voice said.

—O yes, Mr. Bloom said. Tiptop, thanks.

He unrolled the newspaper baton idly and read idly:

*What is home without*

*Plumtree's Potted Meat?*

*Incomplete.*

*With it an abode of bliss.*

—My missus has just got an engagement. At least it's not settled yet.

Valise tack again. I'm off that, thanks.

Mr. Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness:

—My wife too, he said. She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster hall, Belfast, on the twentyfifth.

—That so? M'Coy said. Glad to hear that, old man. Who's getting it up?

Mrs. Marion Bloom. Not up yet. No book. Blackened court

cards laid along her thigh by sevens. Dark lady and fair man. Cat  
furry black ball. Torn strip of envelope.

Love's

Old

Sweet

Song

Comes love's old . . . .

—It's a kind of a tour, don't you see? Mr. Bloom said thought-  
fully. *Sweeet song.* There's a committee formed. Part shares  
and part profits.

M'Coy nodded, picking at his moustache stubble.

—O well, he said. That's good news.

He moved to go.

—Well, glad to see you looking fit, he said. Meet you knock-  
ing around.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

—Tell you what, M'Coy said. You might put down my name  
at the funeral, will you? I'd like to go but I mightn't be able, you  
see. You just shove in my name if I'm not there, will you?

—I'll do that, Mr. Bloom said, moving. That'll be all right.

—Right, M'Coy said brightly. Thanks, old man. I'd go if I  
possibly could. Well, tolloll. Just C. P. M'Coy will do.

—That will be done, Mr. Bloom answered firmly.

Didn't come off that wheeze.

Mr. Bloom, strolling towards Brunswick street, smiled. My  
missus has just got an. Reedy freckled soprano. Nice enough in its  
way: for a little ballad. No guts in it. You and me, don't you  
know? In the same boat. Give you the needle that would. Can't  
he hear the difference? Thought that Belfast would tetch him.  
Your wife and my wife.

Wonder is he pimping after me?

Mr. Bloom stood at the corner, his eyes wandering over the  
multicoloured hoardings. Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aro-  
matic). Clery's summer sale. No, he's going on straight. Hello.  
*Leah* tonight: Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Like to see her in that  
again. Poor papa! How he used to talk about Kate Bateman in  
that! Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to  
get in. Year before I was born that was: sixtyfive. And Ristori  
in Vienna. What is this the right name is? By Mosenthal it is.

*Rachel*, is it? No. The scene he was always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice and puts his fingers on his face.

Nathan's voice! His son's voice! I hear the voice of Nathan who left his father to die of grief and misery in my arms, who left the house of his father and left the God of his father.

Every word is so deep, Leopold.

Poor papa! Poor man! I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at his face. That day! O dear! O dear! Ffoo! Well, perhaps it was the best for him.

Mr. Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping horses of the hazard. No use thinking of it any more. Nosebag time. Wish I hadn't met that M'Coy fellow. He came nearer and heard a crunching of the oats, the gently champing teeth. Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went by. Poor jugginses! Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags. Still they get their feed all right and their doss. Gelded too: Might be happy all the same that way. Good poor brutes they look.

He drew the letter from his pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried. Might just walk into her here. The lane is safer.

He hummed, passing the cabman's shelter:

*Là ci darem la mano*

*La la lala la la.*

He turned into Cumberland street and, going on some paces, halted in the lee of the station wall. No-one. Meade's timberyard. Ruins and tenements. He opened the letter within the newspaper.

A flower. A yellow flower with flattened petals. Not annoyed then? What does she say?

Dear Henry

I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. I am sorry you did not like my last letter. Why did you enclose the stamps? I am awfully angry with you. I do wish I could punish you for that. I called you naughty boy because I do not like that other word. Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word. Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy? I do wish I could do something for you. Please

tell me what you think of poor me. I often think of the beautiful name you have. Dear Henry, when will we meet? I think of you so often you have no idea. I have never felt myself so much drawn to a man as you. I feel so bad about. Please write me a long letter and tell me more. Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not write. O how I long to meet you. Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted. Then I will tell you all. Goodbye now, naughty darling. I have such a bad headache today and write soon to your longing

Martha

P. S. Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use. I want to know.

He tore the flower gravely from its pinhold and placed it in his heart pocket. Then, walking slowly forward, he read the letter again, murmuring here and there a word. Having read it all he took it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket.

Weak joy opened his lips. Changed since the first letter. Doing the indignant: a girl of good family like me, respectable character. Could meet one Sunday after mass. Thank you: not having any. Go further next time. Naughty boy: punish: afraid of words of course. Brutal, why not? Try it anyhow. A bit at a time.

Fingering still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it. Common pin, eh? He threw it on the road. Out of her clothes somewhere: pinned together. Queer the number of pins they always have.

Flat Dublin voices bawled in his head. Those two sluts that night in the Coombe, linked together in the rain:

*Mairy lost the pin of her drawers*

*She didn't know what to do*

*To keep it up*

*To keep it up*

It? Them. Such a bad headache. What perfume does your wife use? Now could you make out a thing like that?

*To keep it up.*

Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere I forget now.

He is sitting in their house, talking. Mysterious. Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen.

*To keep it up.*

Nice kind of evening feeling. No more wandering about. Just loll there: quiet dusk: let everything rip. Tell about places you have been, strange customs. The other one was getting the supper: fruit, olives, lovely cool water out of the well, things like that. She listens with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest.

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter then all sank.

Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter.

What am I saying, barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same.

An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wide-leaved flowers of its froth.

He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar.

Same notice on the door. Sermon by the Very Reverend John Conmee S. J. on saint Peter Claver S. G. and the African mission. Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. He's not going out to baptise blacks, is he? Like to see them sitting round in a circle, listening. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. ,

The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rear.

Something going on: some sodality. Women knelt in the

benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it neatly into her mouth. Her hat and head sank. Then the next one: a small old woman. The priest bent down to put it into her mouth, murmuring all the time. Latin. The next one. What? *Corpus*. Body. Corpse. They don't seem to chew it: only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse.

He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle, one by one, and seek their places. He approached a bench and seated himself in its corner, nursing his hat and newspaper. They were about him here and there, with heads still bowed in their crimson halters, waiting for it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those mazzoth: it's that sort of bread: unleavened bread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. It does. Yes, bread of angels it's called. There's a big idea behind it, kind of heavenly feel inside. Then feel all like one family, all in the same swim. They do. I'm sure of that. Not so lonely. Thing is if you really believe in it.

He saw the priest stow the communion cup away, well in, and kneel an instant before it, showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had on. Letters on his back: I. H. S. Molly told me one time I askd her. I have sinnd: or no: I have suffered it is.

Meet one Sunday after mass. Do not deny my request. She might be here with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on the sly. Their character. That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the invincibles he used to receive the—, Carey was his name—the communion every morning. This very church. Peter Carey. No, Peter Claver I am thinking of. Denis Carey. And just imagine that. And plotting that murder all the time. Those crawthumpers, now that's a good name for them, there's always something shiftylooking about them. They're not straight men of business either. O no she's not here: the flower: no, no. By the way did I tear up that envelope? Yes: under the bridge.

The priest was rinsing out the chalice: then he tossed off the dregs smartly. Doesn't give them any of the wine: only the other. Quite right: otherwise they'd have one old booser worse than an-

other coming along, cadging for a drink. Spoil the whole atmosphere of the. Quite right. Perfectly right that is.

Mr. Bloom looked back towards the choir. Not going to be any music. Pity. Who has the organ here I wonder? Old Glynn, he knew how to make that instrument talk, the *vibrato*: fifty pounds a year they say he had in Gardiner street. Molly was in fine voice that day, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. I told her to pitch her voice against that corner. I could feel the thrill in the air, the people looking up:

*Quis est homo*

Some of that old sacred music splendid. Mercadante: seven last words. Mozart's twelfth mass: *Gloria* in that. Those old popes keen on music, on art and statues and pictures of all kinds. Palestrina for example too. They had a gay old time while it lasted. Still, having eunuchs in their choir that was coming it a bit thick. What kind of voice is it? Must be curious to hear. Connoisseurs. Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a placid. No worry. Fall into flesh don't they? Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it.

He saw the priest bend down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the people. All crossed themselves and stood up. Mr. Bloom glanced about him and then stood up, looking over the risen hats. Stand up at the gospel of course. Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his bench. The priest came down from the altar, holding the thing out from him, and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin. Then the priest knelt down and began to read off a card:

*O God, our refuge and our strength,*

Mr. Bloom put his face forward to catch the words. Glorious and immaculate virgin. Joseph her spouse. Peter and Paul. More interesting if you understood what it was all about. Wonderful organization certainly, goes like clockwork. Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome: they work the whole show. And don't they rake in the money too? Bequests also: to say so many masses. The priest in the Fermanagh will case in the witnessbox. No brow-beating him. He had his answer pat for everything. Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother the church. The doctors of the church: they mapped out the whole theology of it.

The priest prayed:

—*Blessed Michael, archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil (may God restrain him we humbly pray): and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.*

The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off. All over. The women remained behind: thanksgiving.

Better be shoving along.

He stood up. Hello. Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time? He passed, discreetly buttoning, down the aisle and out through the main door into the light. Trams: a car of Prescott's dyeworks: a widow in her weeds. He covered himself. How goes the time? Quarter past. Time enough yet. Better get that lotion made up. Where is this? Ah yes, the last time, Sweny's in Lincoln place.

He walked southward along Westland row. But the recipe is in the other trousers. O, and I forgot that latchkey too. Bore this funeral affair. O well, poor fellow, it's not his fault. When was it I got it made up last? Wait. I changed a sovereign I remember. First of the month it must have been or the second. O he can look it up in the prescriptions book.

The chemist turned back page after page. Sandy shrivelled smell he seems to have. Living all the day among herbs and ointments. The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck. Want to be careful. Enough stuff here to send you off.

—About a fortnight ago, sir?

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

He waited by the counter, inhaling the keen reek of drugs, the dusty dry smell of sponges.

—Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, Mr. Bloom said, and then orangeflower water . . .

It certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax.

—And whitewax also, he said.

Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to her eyes, when I was fixing the links in my cuffs. Those home-ly recipes are often the best: oatmeal they say steeped in butter-milk. But you want a perfume too. That orangeflower water is so fresh. Nice smell these soaps have. Time to get a bath round

the corner. Feel fresh then all day. Funeral be rather glum.

—Yes, sir, the chemist said. That was two and nine. Have you brought a bottle?

—No, Mr. Bloom said. Make it up, please. I'll call later in the day and I'll take one of those soaps. How much are they?

—Fourpence, sir.

Mr. Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils. Sweet lemony wax.

—I'll take this one, he said. That makes three and a penny.

—Yes, sir, the chemist said. You can pay all together, sir, when you come back.

—Good, Mr. Bloom said.

He strolled out of the shop, the newspaper baton under his armpit, the cool wrapped soap in his left hand.

At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said:

—Hello, Bloom. Is that today's? Show us a minute.

Shaved off his moustache again, by Jove! Long cold upper lip. To look younger. He does look balmy.

Bantam Lyons' yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the baton. Wants a wash too.

I want to see about that French horse that's running today, Bantam Lyons' said.

He rustled the pleated pages, jerking his chin on his high collar. Better leave him the paper and get shut of him.

—You can keep it, Mr. Bloom said.

—Ascot. Gold cup. Wait, Bantam Lyons muttered. Maximum the second.

—I was just going to throw it away, Mr. Bloom said.

Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly and leered weakly.

—What's that? his sharp voice said.

—I say you can keep it, Mr. Bloom answered. I was going to throw it away that moment.

Bantam Lyons doubted an instant, leering: then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr. Bloom's arms.

—I'll risk it, he said. Here, thanks.

He sped off towards Conway's corner.

Mr. Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square and lodged

the soap on it, smiling. Silly lips of that chap. He walked cheerfully towards the mosque of the baths. Remind you of a mosque, redbaked bricks, the minarets. College sports today I see. He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of the college park: cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot. Damn bad ad. Now if they had made it round like a wheel. Then the spokes: sports, sports, sports: and the hub big: college. Something to catch the eye.

There's Hornblower standing at the porter's lodge. Keep him on hands: might take a turn in there on the nod. How do you do, Mr. Hornblower? How do you do, sir?

Heavenly weather really. If life was always like that. Won't last. Always passing, the stream of life, which in the stream of life we trace is dearer thaaan them all.

Enjoy a bath now: clean trough of water, cool enamel, the gentle tepid stream. He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his trunk and limbs rippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow.

*(to be continued)*

## WOMEN AND MEN

Ford Madox Hueffer

V.

### Average People

I HAVE a friend whom I will call T. T went to Rugby and Oxford. He ate his dinners at the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar and he at once had a brief for a mining company of which one of his uncles was the chairman of directors. Just after this—when T was twenty-five—he came in for six thousand a year. From that day to this he has never done anything. Nothing. Nothing at all. I meet him from time to time at my club and for some reason or other I like him very well and he likes me. He tells me a good deal about racing. And this is the mode of his regular life.

He is forty-one—and a bachelor. He has an immense house in Palace Gardens, Kensington. The house contains thirty rooms and T has six servants. The house is an inheritance from his uncle which T has never taken the trouble to get rid of. The six servants are needed in order to keep it tidy. The only one of them that T ever sees is his “man”. He rises from his bed every morning at 8:30. Over his bath and his dressing he spends exactly an hour—breakfasting at 9:30. Over his breakfast and the *Morning Post* he spends exactly an hour, finishing at 10:30. Half an hour he spends with his “man”, discussing what he will have for dinner, what tie he will put on with what suit; or, if he wants any new clothes, which he does very frequently, he discusses what is being worn by various gentlemen whom his “man” has seen. At 11 he puts on the suit and the tie that his “man” has sanctioned and laid out in his dressing room. At 11:30 he walks across Kensington Gardens and into the Row where he strolls, leans on the railings and talks to various riders or sits upon a penny chair. This lasts him until a quarter to one. A quarter of an hour takes him to his club in the neighbourhood of King Street, St. James’s. At his club he sits for half an hour in a deep arm chair reposing both his soul and his body. This is for the good of his digestion for he knows that it is unhealthy to eat immediately after having taken exercise. After lunch, which consists of a soup, a meat and cheese or apple tart, washed down with either barley water or very weak whisky and vichy—which is excellent against the gout,—after lunch he sits until 3:30 in the same deep arm chair. At 3:30 he strolls a little farther eastward where he finds an institution which keeps one’s health in order by means of various exercises with dumb bells. Here he exercises himself for an hour, wearing practically no clothes and standing before the open window for the benefit of the fresh air. Dressing himself occupies him for half an hour. At five o’clock he takes a cup of tea and one slice of buttered toast. At half past five he walks to the Bath Club. Here he takes a Turkish bath with a plunge afterwards into the swimming bath. This occupies one hour and a half. At seven o’clock he takes a taxi cab and goes home, arriving there at 7:15. Three quarters of an hour he devotes to dressing for dinner. At eight o’clock he dines, always alone because conversation is unhealthy during serious meals. By nine o’clock he

has finished dinner. From nine until ten he takes a nap, being awakened as the hour strikes by his "man". From ten to eleven he reads the evening papers. At eleven o'clock he goes to bed. And he tells me that he falls asleep the moment his head touches the pillow and that he sleeps the dreamless sleep of infants and of the pure in heart, until eight o'clock when his "man" wakes him up with a cup of tea and the first post. So the ideal day of this ideal average man runs its appointed course. And it is a positive fact that my friend once uttered these words. He said:

"My dear chap. How could you pass your day better? Tell me how? I once read a hymn and it struck me so much that I copied it out." And Mr. T produced a little note book from which amazingly he read out the words:

"Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright  
The bridal of the earth and sky.  
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night  
For thou, with all they sweets, must die" . . . .

"That," Mr. T said, "exactly reminds me of my days. Of course I shall die one day and if it isn't wrong to say so I hope to go to Heaven for I have never done any harm in my life. I behave always I hope like an English gentleman and I look carefully after my health which is cherishing the image of Himself that God has given me." Mr. T was speaking in a tone of the deepest seriousness. And indeed he really had cherished in himself the image of his Maker. His gentle walks, his sobriety in both eating and drinking, his careful avoidance of all disturbing emotions, his daily health exercises, his naps and his Turkish baths—all these things really had made him a perfect man of forty-one in the very pink of health. The flesh of his cheeks was vivid and firm, his eyes were clear and blue, his hair crisp, blond and in excellent condition. His walk was springy, his back erect and he was beautifully and unobtrusively dressed. So perhaps this is the average man . . . . Let us now turn to the average woman.

About fifteen years ago I wanted some mushroom catsup. It was in a scattered, little-populated village of the South of England. The village stood on what had formerly been common land, running all down the side of a range of hills. But this common had been long since squatted on, so that it was a maze of little hawthorn hedges

surrounding little closes. Each close had a few old apple or cherry trees, a patch of potato ground, a cabbage patch, a few rows of scarlet runners, a few plants of monthly roses, a few plants of marjoram fennel, borage or thyme. And in each little patch there stood a small dwelling. Mostly these were the original squatters' huts built of mud, white washed outside and crowned with old thatched roofs on which there grew grasses, house-leeks or even irises. There were a great many of these little houses beneath the September sunshine and it was all a maze of the small green hedges.

I had been up to the shop in search of my catsup, but though they sold everything from boots and straw hats to darning needles, bacon, haricot beans, oatmeal and British wines they had no catsup. I was wandering desultorily homewards among the small hedges down hill, looking at the distant sea, seven miles away over the marsh. Just beyond a little hedge I saw a woman digging potatoes in the dry hot ground. She looked up as I passed and said:

"Hullo, Measter!"

I answered: "Hullo, Missus!" and I was passing on when it occurred to me to ask her whether she knew anyone who sold catsup. She answered:

"Naw! Aw doan't know no one!"

I walked on a little farther and then sat down on a stile for half an hour or so, enjoying the pleasant weather and taking a read in the country paper which I had bought in the shop. Then I saw the large, stalwart old woman coming along the stony path carrying two great trugs of the potatoes that she had dug up. I had to get down from the stile to let her pass. And then seeing that she was going my way, that she was evidently oldish and was probably tired, I took the potato trugs from her and carried them. She strode along in front of me between the hedges. She wore an immense pair of men's hob-nailed boots that dragged along the stones of the causeway with metallic sounds. She wore an immense shawl of wool that had been beaten by the weather until it was of a dull liver colour, an immense skirt that had once been of lilac cotton print, but was now a rusty brown, and an immense straw hat that had been given to her by some one as being worn out and that had cost two pence when it was new. Her face was as large, as round and as much the same colour as a copper warming pan. Her

mouth was immense and quite toothless except for one large fang and as she smiled cheerfully all the time, her great gums were always to be seen. Her shoulders were immense and moved with the roll and heave of those of a great bullock. This was the wisest and upon the whole the most estimable human being that I ever knew at all well. Her hands were enormous and stained a deep blackish green over their original copper colour by the hops that it was her profession to tie.

As we walked along she told me that she was exactly the same age as our Queen who was then just seventy. She told me also that she wasn't of those parts but was a Paddock Wood woman by birth, which meant that she came from the true hop country. She told me also that her husband had died fifteen years before of the sting of a viper, that his poor old leg went all like green jelly up to his thigh before he died and that he had been the best basket maker in all Kent. She also told me that we can't all have everything and that the only thing to do is to "keep all on gooin'".

I delivered up her trugs to her at her garden gate and she said to me with a cheerful nod:

"Well I'll do the same for you, mate, when you come to be my age", and, with this witticism she shambled over the rough stone of her garden path and into her dark door beneath the low thatch, that was two yards thick. Her cottage was more dilapidated than any that I have ever seen in my life. It stood in a very long narrow triangle of ground, so that the hedge that I walked along must have been at least eighty yards in length, while at its broadest part the potato patch could not have measured twenty spade breadths. But before I was come to the end of the hedge her voice was calling out after me:

"Measter! Dun yo really want ketchup?"

I replied that I really did.

She said:

"Old Meary Spratt up by Hungry Hall wheer ye see me diggin'—she makes ketchup."

I asked her why she had not told me before and she answered:

"Well, ye see the Quality do be asking foolish questions. I thought ye didn't really want to know."

But indeed, as I learnt afterwards it wasn't only the dislike of

being asked foolish questions. In Meary Walker's long, wise life she had experienced one thing—that no man with a collar and a tie is to be trusted. She had had it vaguely in her mind that, when I asked the question, I might be some sort of excise officer trying to find out where illicit distilling was carried on. She didn't know that the making of catsup was not illegal. She had heard that many of her poor neighbours had been fined heavily for selling bottles of home-made sloe-gin or mead. She had refused to answer, out of a sense of automatic caution for fear she should get poor old Meary Spratt into trouble.

But next morning she turned up at my cottage carrying two bottles of Meary Spratt's catsup in an old basket covered with a cloth. And after that, seeing her rather often at the shop on Saturday nights when all the world came to buy its Sunday provisions and, because she came in to heat the bake oven with faggots once a week, and to do the washing—in that isolated neighbourhood, among the deep woods of the Weald, I got to know her as well as I ever knew anybody. This is her biography:

(to be continued)

## C o o p e r a t i o n

(A Note on the volume completed)

E. P.

I see no reason for diffidence regarding the fourth volume of the *Little Review*, and the first volume of the present effort.

We have published some of Mr. Yeats' best poems, poems as obviously destined for perpetuity as are those in his "Wind Among the Reeds"; we have begun publishing Hueffer and Joyce; if we have not published "Tarr" it is only because "Tarr" was already in process, and we have published whatever else of Wyndham Lewis's work has been ready. We have published the small bulk of Mr. Eliot's poetry that has been written during the current year. And we have brought out a French number which may serve as a paradigm for the rest of America's periodicals.

The response has been oligarchic. The plain man in his gum overshoes,

with his touching belief in W. J. Bryan, Eddie Bok, etc., is not with us. There are apparently a few dozen people who want, with vigour, a magazine which can be read by men of some education and of some mental alertness; there are a few hundred more people who want this thing with less vigour; or who have at their disposal fewer "resources".

My net value to the concern appears to be about \$2350; of which over \$2000 does not "accrue" to the protagonist. It might be argued with some subtlety that I make the limited public an annual present of that sum, for the privilege of giving them what they do not much want, and for, let us say, forcing upon them a certain amount of literature, and a certain amount of enlightened criticism.

This donation I have willingly made, and will as willingly repeat, *but* I can not be expected to keep it up for an indefinite period.

"Et les vers cherchent le repos".

I have done my French number, I find it necessary to do most of the Henry James number myself; I will willingly do a Remy DeGourmont number, and even a Spanish number if the available material proves worth the trouble, but I can not indefinitely do the work that is performed on the *Mercure* by a whole staff of rubricists. (A condensation of this sort of hundred-eyed labour is no saving of energy for the condenser).

Creation is a very slow process. It is possible, by doing a certain amount of well-paid but unimportant work, for me to buy leisure sufficient for whatever creative processes are possible to me. It is not possible for me to add to that dual existence a third function. Leaving polysyllables, either the editing of the foreign section of the *Little Review* has got to pay my board and rent, etc., and leave me sufficient leisure for my own compositions, or I have got to spend my half time on something more lucrative.

It is bad economy for me to spend a morning tying up stray copies of the *Little Review* for posting, or in answering queries as to why last month's number hasn't arrived. This function could be carried on by a deputy, almost by an infant.

It is not that I desire to "get" such a lot of it (£s.d) as that I decline to have my own work (such as it is) smothered by executive functions. And unless said functions can relieve me of the necessity of writing ephemeral stuff for other papers I shall be compelled to "relinquish them".

Or, still more baldly, I can not write six sorts of journalism four days a week, edit the *Little Review* three days a week, and continue my career as an author.

There are plenty of voices ready with the quite obvious reply that: nobody wants me to continue my hideous career as either author, editor, or journalist. I can, in imagination, hear the poluploisbious twitter of rural requests for my silence and extinction. This rumble is however exaggerated, there are several score, perhaps even several hundred (certainly not a full thousand, but perhaps several hundred) people who would rather I wrote a few good poems than a great fatras of newspaper or periodical comment, and these few score or few hundred are (with my own feelings included) the only people for whom I care three fourths of a tinker's curse.

(Add to the verse, perhaps, a little prose, perhaps imaginative, which I might regard as literature, not merely as disputation, didacticism, higher instruction, post-graduate lecturing, acting as battistrada for new artists and writers, etc.)

So that, roughly speaking, either the *Little Review* will have to provide me with the necessities of life and a reasonable amount of leisure, by May 1st, 1919, or I shall have to apply my energies elsewhere.

## De Goncourt

I am tired of rewriting the arguments for the realist novel; besides there is nothing to add. The Brothers de Goncourt said the thing once and for all, but despite the lapse of time their work is still insufficiently known to the American reader. The programme in the preface to *Germinie Lacerteux* states the case and the whole case for realism; one can not improve the statement. I therefore give it entire, ad majoram Dei gloriam.

E. P.

### PRÉFACE

*De la première édition*

Il nous faut demander pardon au public de lui donner ce livre, et l'avertir de ce qu'il y trouvera.

Le public aime les romans faux: ce roman est un roman vrai.

Il aime les livres qui font semblant d'aller dans le monde: ce livre vient de la rue.

Il aime les petites oeuvres polissonnes, les mémoires de filles, les confessions d'alcôves, les saletés érotiques, le scandale qui se retrouse dans une image aux devantures des libraires, ce qu'il va lire est sévère et pur. Qu'il ne s'attende point à la photographie décolletée du plaisir: l'étude qui suit est la clinique de l'Amour.

Le public aime encore les lectures anodines et consolantes, les aventures qui finissent bien, les imaginations qui ne dérangent ni sa digestion ni sa sérénité: ce livre, avec sa triste et violente distraction, est fait pour contrarier ses habitudes et nuire à son hygiène.

Pourquoi donc l'avons-nous écrit? Est-ce simplement pour choquer le public et scandaliser ses goûts?

Non.

Vivant au dix-neuvième siècle, dans un temps de suffrage universel, de démocratie, de libéralisme, nous nous sommes demandé si ce qu'on appelle "les basses classes" n'avait pas droit au roman; si ce monde sous un monde, le peuple, devait rester sous le coup de l'interdit littéraire et des dédains d'auteurs qui ont fait jusqu'ici le silence sur l'âme et le cœur qu'il peut avoir. Nous nous sommes demandé s'il y avait encore, pour l'écrivain et pour le lecteur, en ces années d'égalité où nous sommes, des classes indignes, des malheurs trop bas, des drames trop mal embouchés, des catastrophes d'une terreur trop peu noble. Il nous est venu la curiosité de savoir si cette forme conventionnelle d'une littérature oubliée et d'une société disparue, la Tragédie était définitivement morte; si, dans un pas sans caste et sans aristocratie légale, les misères des petits et des pauvres parleraient à l'intérêt, à l'émotion, à la pitié aussi haut que les misères des grands et des riches; si, en un mot, les larmes qu'on pleure en bas pourraient faire pleurer comme celles qu'on pleure en haut.

Ces pensées nous avaient fait oser l'humble roman de *Soeur Philomène*, en 1861; elles nous font publier aujourd'hui *Germinie Lacerteux*.

Maintenant, que ce livre soit calomnié: peu lui importe. Aujourd'hui que le Roman s'élargit et grandit, qu'il commence à être la grande forme sérieuse, passionnée, vivante, de l'étude littéraire et de l'enquête sociale, qu'il devient, par l'analyse et par la recherche psychologique, l'Histoire morale contemporaine, aujourd'hui que le Roman s'est imposé les études et les devoirs de la science, il peut en revendiquer les libertés et les franchises. Et qu'il cherche l'Art et la Vérité; qu'il montre des misères bonnes à ne pas laisser oublier aux heureux de Paris; qu'il fasse voir aux gens du monde ce que les dames de charité ont le courage de voir, ce que les reines d'autrefois faisaient toucher de l'oeil à leurs enfants dans les hospices: la souffrance humaine, présente et toute vive, qui apprend la charité; que le Roman ait cette religion que le siècle passé appelait de ce large et vaste nom: *Humanité*; il lui suffit de cette conscience: son droit est là.

E. et J. de G.

*Errata:**In the March number:*

Page 57. The words scenery and description should be separated by a comma. I have never in my life written the phrase "scenery description of nature."—*E. P.*

*In the May number:*

Page 21. Second strophe should end:

With frost and hail at night

Suffers despite

'Till the sun come, and the green leaf on the bough.

Etc., etc., etc.

## The Recurrence

"AINT no sech animal" said Silas on first beholding an elephant.

In our day the literary hecker thinks he has finally dismissed a thing when he has called it a "gargoyle". *K. L.*

## THE READER CRITIC

In which it is left to us!

*T. D. O'B., Philadelphia:*

If the artist "has no concern with audiences" why publish his work? — and why do the magazines that publish this transcendent art push as hard as "the vulgar sort" for sales? (See pages 61 and 64 of your June issue). There is an inconsistency here that my mind — a fairly elastic one—cannot away with. Perhaps you will be more successful with it if you will be so good as to attack it. Of course there is the explanation of the overflowing of the desert, —but I leave it to you.

[Sometimes I grow a bit weary of these kindergarten questions by people who have failed to read before asking. My remarks were about the artist and his creation, not about economics: the man and his bread. All I can say to people insisting on the great audience idea is to try this "to-have-great-poets-we-must-have-great-audiences" test on other forms of creation,—physical creation, for instance.

To have great audiences an art magazine must have a great sales department. The *Little Review* has no sales department—yet?—*jh.*]

## Szukalski's Drawings

### *From Chicago :*

The June *Little Review* has just arrived. Never have I seen such drawings. My heart actually began to beat faster when I saw them. Frankly, the rest of the magazine should have been blank. Everything else in it appears pallid beside those furious sketches. Da Vinci come to life. The lines are full of energy, they move across the page : they make channels for themselves on the paper. Magnificent! Wonderful!

["Never have I seen such drawings" and then "Da Vinci come to life." I suppose this has meaning? Another reader writes "Here is a new Beardsley." Loose thinking and loose comparisons of this kind damn what they intend to praise and show up an ignorance of both sides.

A line in drawing is the path of an emotion, not the boundary of an object. In this sense Szukalski has no line: neither is he concerned with line as design. His drawings are the energetic illustration of ideas, not the expression of emotions.—*jh.*]

## On the American Number: Comment A

*David Diamondstein, Brooklyn, N. Y. :*

Dear "jh" : Your "American" number is simply superb. The drawings by Szukalski and the "Man of Ideas" by Sherwood Anderson are excellent. Anderson is truly an American writer. It is too bad that you should have wasted valuable space for Kreymborg and all his "burgs"; also for Amy Lowell. Why do you not include Walter Prichard Eaton among your American writers? He is a poet in the best sense.

While there is great promise in some of the younger set, nevertheless we must not overestimate some of their mediocre brayings.

## Comment, plus.

X. T. :

After reading the American number one instantly contrasts it with the work of Englishmen in the preceding issues. And what a disparity! Endlessness of Hecht's desolate adjectives, the silliness of Kreymborg, Amy Lowell the female poet, the endeavors of Williams to create a stir, the Rollo Peters, stage scenery of Wallace Stevens. Reiss alone showed the roots of something. But give us more of Lewis, Lewis, Wyndham Lewis, and Eliot! And what happened to Jessie Dismorr? Cut out the American stuff, please!

## A "humorous" comment.

*Morris Riesen, New York City :*

Your American number is very nondescript. Highlights mixed with the wierdest sort of rubbish. I wonder if you conceived the number because you knew it would be a humorous answer to those who criticise you "for printing too much foreign stuff"? T. S. Eliot makes a writer like Stevens look like a school-girl straining for originality.

## From the Clergy

We are always open to communications from the clergy, and, besides, the single epistle often reveals more of moeurs contemporaines than will a voluminous novel. The following is in our forwarded bag. Compare it with our last from the vicarage.— *E. P.*

*Presbyterian Church :*

For practical me to assume the role of critic of the work of T. S. Eliot after reading the hearty endorsement, is presumptuous indeed. But since you have asked me to report the impression made upon me as I read,—just a word. In reading the review I was impressed with the power of the reviewer rather than of the reviewed.

The chair car being filled on my journey home, I was given temporary place in the drawing room, alone. There I read aloud and thus reading caught the cadence of the verse without the stilted monotony of the more regular verse. But that was many, many times rudely jarred by the language of the commonplace—yes, even the crude—and the metaphors impossible.

I presume the effort is to present the real—but there always is to me a realism into which poetry should not enter—the poet has always given me the soul of things and used externals but to suggest the finer things which lie within. Of course Mr. Eliot by his abrupt boldness does give a true presentation but I would rather that he who handles prose found that his mission rather than the poet with his sensibilities keyed to the spiritual values.

This is an age of revolt, I know—in government, socialism and anarchy—in art, the cubist—in society, the libertine—the extreme of the pendulum; but when applied to poetry it seems like the mailed fist of kultur rather than the tapering fingers of culture.

Who would think that I should thus have attempted an expression of thought which I seem so unable to suggest. I know Mrs. T. will say that one who has not yet traced the first faint glimmerings of the cubist's art cannot comprehend the work that you have presented to me, but when you have read the book which I am returning by mail under separate cover, it would be of keen interest to me to know how you are impressed.

[In the third paragraph our friend the clergyman seems to confuse Mr. Eliots' profession with his own. A creative poet starts several cuts above the preacher.—*jh.*]

### "Comment" by one commented upon.

*Max Michelson, Chicago :*

On the whole I agree with the editor about the June issue. Wallace Stevens' group has charm, but is somewhat romantic. I mean the charm is due to a romantic sort of exaggeration. It is not unlike the Georgian Anthology; though modernized. Or, it is tired Chinese—if that has any meaning to you—which the mood cannot condone. Williams is a sound satire, but seems to lack firmness; but this opinion may be due to the irritation on reading your comment on Michelson's work, and is perhaps unfair. In Michelson's "Tramp Woman" the "ghost" and even the "soul business", are of course played out; but the poem has economy, boldness and directness—the lines you picked out have most of these two latter qualities. "Dans l'eau"—written about five years ago under the influence of Gautier, perhaps the White Symphony—may lack delicacy but has soundness; and, please remember that there are about half a million delicate and intense and super-intense poems written every two years, but few sound ones. And these few are the only ones that matter—and last.

In your list of American poets you have left out Bodenheim, Sanborne, and Evans the patagonian who, if he would get on to what poetry is, would be able to write poetry.

I like the personal tone of your magazine. We are living men and women—even if we write or edit—and why hide it?

### The Layman speaks—!!

*Rex Hunter, Chicago :*

The June number of the Little Review seems to me to be the best yet. It makes a wider appeal. Of course I don't mean that it will reach the multi-

tude—no good stuff does that—but that it will please people who are tired of the commercialized hoakum in the average magazine and are honestly desirous of getting something better, yet who are dismayed by the printing of almost an entire number in French.

Ben Hecht's study is very rhythmic and delightfully decadent, with a sort of Huysmans quality—the same hatred of mediocrity. The story contributed by Sherwood Anderson has the richness, like the richness of newly turned loam, that is found in all his work. Stanislaw Szukalski has a vision which reaches into heaven and hell and tells us their secrets. Like Beardsley, his soul wanders darkly in a mysterious rose garden full of monstrous roses. The impressionistic prose of James Joyce begins to be a bit bewildering, even to those who believe that he is on the right track. Esther Kohen's contribution is promising.

Congratulations to "jh" on the June number.

## At the Elite

(Written after reading Wyndham Lewis's  
"Ideal Giant")

The raspberry cream melts, dragging down to the roots of my tongue the savor of false violets.

In my left hand I hold a copy of the *Review* high over the mound of pink lather in the silver cup. My eyes catch the falling print, and the savor of Wyndham Lewis melts down to the roots of my brain. As I read there is a slight arresting contraction of the nerves under the stomach caused by the fear that They are watching lest I dart out the door without paying.

There is a hush over the room, the hush of many frosted cakes waiting for appetites. Most people are at home. This is not home. It is more peaceful.

There is also the hush of your absent presence, the fluent curves of your tenderness, which the air, this chair, and I, remember.

*Robert Sanborne.*

## Literally speaking—

Louis Puteklis, Cambridge, Mass. :

Oh, dear !

Enclosed you will find payment for a year's subscription. I send this, not because I like the *Little Review*, but because I have a hope that it will return to its earlier "revolutionary track". To praise its present characteristics is possible only to so polite a lady as Alice Groff of Philadelphia. She seems to look at everything through rose colored spectacles, whether it be the *Critic and Guide*, which deserves her encomiums, or whether it be the *Little Review* which, in my opinion, does not.

Why? Because, to use Margaret Anderson's phraseology, it is full of "rotten stuff"; sometimes it is so ugly that one can not read it through but must put it away in disgust. Since the historic episode of the Empty Pages, the *Little Review* is flourishing only decadent blunderings under the magical wand of the grand dervish, Mr. Ezra Pound. The fact is that most of the writings are lacking aesthetically, poetically, and philosophically. From the psychological point of view, one sees in the articles the sad picture, which runs like red thread on white cloth, of the miserable personalities of their authors. Too much they mention themselves. For instance, Mr. Ezra Pound, who likes also to show how many languages he knows, speaks in his poem as follows: "—and said, 'Mr. Pound is shocked at my levity.'" This visiting card is no manifestation of high poetic power. Many times he pictures as facts the aberrations of his fancy, as when he rhapsodizes over a nightingale. To beautify his rhyme he thinks he must mention the sweetest of all songsters. But in so doing he over-compliments the little bird when he states:

"When the nightingale to his mate  
Sings day-long and night late."

If Ezra Pound had ever with his own ears heard a nightingale, he would have to admit that the bird sings to his mate only at night during the short mating period. Whether he mistook an English sparrow for a nightingale I know not; the fact remains that the poet does not know when the nightingale sings.

The "Imaginary Letters" show too poor imagination. The author tries to be clever but his attempts are too painfully evident. What can the *Little Review* see to admire in the writer's calling his wife, openly, an adulteress? Does he think such a remark a joke or does he imagine that he has discovered a new word before unknown to man?

There is much pseudo-brilliant, but really dull, material. However, let it pass, if Margaret Anderson is satisfied with things as they are.

[I have heard the most literal-minded, undifferentiated men say "I lived a whole life-time in those few minutes".

"The fact remains that the poet does not know when the nightingale sings." It is neither necessary nor interesting for a poet to know these facts. The glory of reason is limited by the possibilities of the human mechanism. Emotion—art emotion—creates its own realities.—*jh.*]

"I have not read much in this number—"

*Frank Stuhlman, Vernon, N. Y. :*

Dear Editor, how could you!! Turn the beautiful *Little Review*, that once bid fair to be one of the finest publications in America, into a thing of freaks and fakes, of posturists and squeaking egoists!!

The much bepraised Joyce's "Ulysses" is punk, Lewis' "Imaginary Letters" are punkier and Ezra Pound is punkiest. You may transpose the names and the values will fit just as well. I cannot see that the drivel that passes for conversation in the Joyce atrocity is improved by the omission of quotation marks. Joyce's pleasing habit of throwing chunks of filth into the midst of incoherent maunderings is not at all interesting and rather disgusting. Why the *Little Review* should waste good paper on the Lewis Letters is a mystery. I am sure no one wants to read them. Not even the enthusiastic lady from Cassville and the classic "Ocumseh Literary Circle." As for Ezra Pound, I never read but one poem of his that was worth while and that is "The Goodly Frère," a really fine ballad in middle age spirit.

No freak magazine can hold an audience long. It depends upon shock to taste and convention for its success. And it is always overdone. It shrieks. The defiance to Mrs. Grundy soon manifests itself in just coarseness or worse. It wearies the reader in a little while for in spite of its professions there is a note of insincerity in the whole performance that does not make for permanence. It is not the work of real people, only grinning masks and posturing mountebanks.

Why don't you fire Ezra Pound, Joyce and Co., and write in some of yourself? You did splendid work in the early numbers before the hegira to San Francisco, from which date decadence commenced.

I have not read much in the number but it looks somewhat more favorable than the last two or three issues. Amy Lowell is always good. What you need is a literary adviser.

I read with much interest the little notes telling of the personal appearance of the contributors of the *Little Review*.

## Joyce and Ethics

Hart Crane, Cleveland, Ohio :

The Los Angeles critic who commented on Joyce in the last issue was adequately answered, I realize,—but the temptation to emphasize such illiteracy, indiscrimination, and poverty still pulls a little too strongly for resistance.

I noticed that Wilde, Baudelaire and Swinburne are “stacked up” beside Joyce as rivals in “decadence” and “intellect”. I am not yet aware that Swinburne ever possessed much beyond his “art ears”, although these were long enough, and adequate to all his beautiful, though often meaningless mouthings. His instability in criticism and every form of literature that did not depend almost exclusively on sound for effect, and his irrelevant metaphors are notorious. And as to Wilde,—after his bundle of paradoxes has been sorted and coned,—very little evidence of intellect remains. “Decadence” is something much talked about, and sufficiently misconstrued to arouse interest in the works of any fool. Any change in form, viewpoint or mannerism can be so abused by the offending party. Sterility is the only “decadence” I recognize. An abortion in art takes the same place as it does in society,—it deserves no recognition whatever,—it is simply outside. A piece of work is art, or it isn't: there is no neutral judgment.

However,—let Baudelaire and Joyce stand together, as much as any such thing in literary comparison will allow. The principal eccentricity evinced by both is a penetration into life common to only the greatest. If people resent a thrust which discovers some of their entrails to themselves, I can see no reason for resorting to indiscriminate comparisons, naming colours of the rainbow, or advertising the fact that they have recently been forced to recognize a few of their personal qualities. Those who are capable of being only mildly “shocked” very naturally term the cost a penny, but were they capable of paying a few pounds for the same thinking, experience and realization by and in themselves, they could reserve their pennies for work minor to Joyce's.

The most nauseating complaint against his work is that of immorality and obscenity. The character of Stephen Dedalus is all too good for this world. It takes a little experience,— a few reactions on his part to understand it, and could this have been accomplished in a detached hermitage, high above the mud, he would no doubt have preferred that residence. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, aside from Dante, is spiritually the most inspiring book I have ever read. It is Bunyan raised to art, and then raised to the ninth power.

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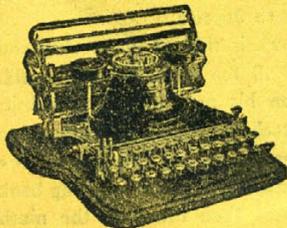
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