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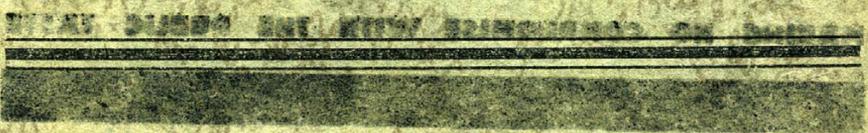
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THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1919

No. 3

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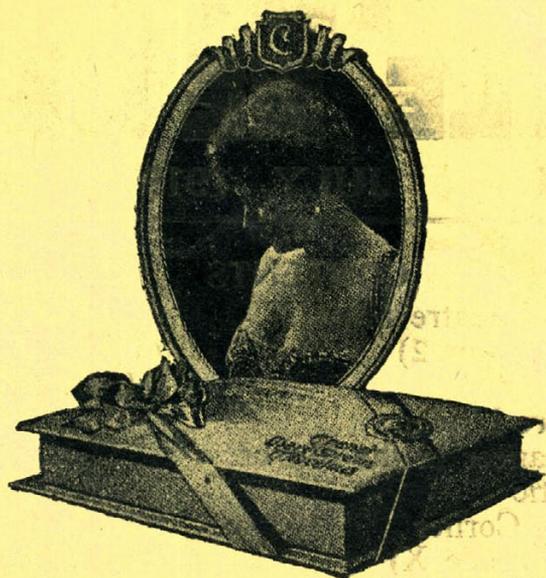
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THE LITTLE REVIEW

POEMS AND THEATRE MUET

by John Rodker

W a x d u m m y i n s h o p w i n d o w

Avalanche pickled in splintered quartzes—Andean,
among light-cones that stalked
muttering above house-tops like gods
or a shrill pendulum.

Light slipped in the wash of scuttling taxis
Loud water rolled.
Apidistras!
Squalls waken in fan-whirr.
Evening—flamingoes.

Rain—loud bee swarm
Thunder—his hair tingled.

Stalagmitic—fought to break brain ice
burst spar-eyes
for women, buttered—smiling weakly

Wide street—a wide river light streaked.
green faces swim out, stare at him,
flatten roses protrude eyes
recede in prisms

Light cones stand desolate.
God! Pickled in splintered Quartzes.
Blue night—green pavement.

Wild West—remit tance man

Schlemihl no mother weep for
doomed for a certain time— — —

Ryewhiskey—a fungus
works into each face-line—
the bondstreet exterior—
tears at his vitals—
gravely the whisker droops
his eyes are cold.

Immaculate meteor,
inside a thick ichor
outside a thick ether
quenched the bright music.

Body linings peel from the deep cave
in siroccos of Alkali.
England, thy drawing rooms—
Sundays—mahogany—
the fire leaps.

Ryewhiskey!
shuffle of counters.
revolvers, marked cards.
A million tons of locust sirocco
blasts and grinds.

And the cayuse snorts by
Hey-up—hey-up—
Shots—the loud greeting.

He turns to the counters—
rustling paper—marked cards;
gravely the whisker droops
his eyes are cold.

“The Pale Hysterical Ecstasy”

White face puffs out—cobra’s hood—
age wrinkles at lip corner—
glands flash open (though ductless)
a black draught for blood stream.
The spate boils on the dams.

Perceptions smash through brain—
a ball in a skittle alley
thrown by a drunk.
Instincts shut, open, shut—
the flute note.

That buddha squat
the alternative
broods nobly,
pointing upward and onward.

Usual throat-gulp and heart-ache—
the sum o fthem flees, distracted
through an old forest
well known, but forgotten with agony.

If then, eye-white turn up—
'tic play a devil’s tattoo
fear lard each limb with sweat-ice
loins distend with pain—
she sighs and is justified.

T h e a t r e M u e t

6

T h e E n d o f t h e W o r l d

Amphitheatre.

Dawn. Cold very cold.

Men and women in evening dress move over the floor of
the ampitheatre.

Grouping—regrouping.

Wandering distraught like those damned souls in halls of Eblis.

They form and reform groups.

Dawn—and it is cold—very cold.

Then a whispering wakes among them and it is the rest-
less stirring of dead leaves.

Let us go home—they say—each to the other—
wandering distraught like damned souls in halls of Eblis.

Let us go home—and it is the stirring of dead leaves

Let us go home.

Theatre Muet

II

The Bowed Head

I see the bowed head silhouetted on air.
There pass in frieze behind her, wrack of civilisation,
murder, rape, vast conflagration.
The breast hangs withered, rachitic children wail and
are still.
The head is bowed.
Ten thousand young men are convulsed in death.
Ten thousand howl to writhing women.
They too are still.
The head is bowed.
Cold creeps from the stars.
Snow settles like a down.
Ice constrains earth powerfully and for ever—
I see the bowed head silhouetted on air.

Chryselephantine

(to C. D.)

Comet-dust!
your eyes are magnificent
Odilon Rêdon's;
bovine and oppressive.
granite lips
forged steel nose
iron chin
set in their bronze sockets
in a chrysoprase skin.
White jade neck—and all
framed in blue-black eyebrows
and thunder of hair.

And five thrills, floods, waves through you
in subtle osmoses,
and though you did not know me yesterday
yet you have yielded in a flash—
and I;
why I am english lady
and bow to you.

Dutch Dolls

Second Series*

I dislike you when you dance
when all your body shows out obvious—
your flat feet
and gold hair gray in the limes.

You will not know I ever hated you—
and still you'll say—
Do you love me?
and I'll say Yes! and ah. . . and
Do you love me?
till you say. . . oh. . .
clinging to me.
And when you've had your fill
I'll go away and hate you,
till you come murmuring
Poor fellow! he's sick for love of me. . . .

Perhaps its true.

*First series appeared in *Others*, October 1915.

U n l i t e r a r y

Your tears were nothing to me;
nor any woman's tears.
The tears of dead queens
move me profoundly.

You know, after a month or so of spooning
I got rather tired of it all.
Your tears were nothing to me.

Do you remember our walk in the wood?
we quarrelled;
and I remembered the "Poèmes Saturniens"
in my pocket.

And when I read to myself
"Je fais souvent ce rêve,
and you were outside it all,
you were humiliated.

I think now I was needlessly cruel.
Your tears were nothing to me.

INTERIM

by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter Two

MIRIAM rolled up the last pair of mended stockings. She looked at her watch again. It was too late now even to go round to Kennett Street. For good or ill she had spent New Year's Eve alone in a cold bedroom. Why could one not be sure whether it was good or bad? It was only by sitting hour after hour letting one's fingers sew that the evening had come to an end. It could not be wrong to make up one's mind to begin the new year with a long night's rest in a tidy room with everything mended. But the feeling that the old year ought to be seen out with people had pricked all the time like conscience. It only stopped pricking now because it was too late. And there was a sadness left in the evening . . . She lifted her coat from her knees and stood up. The room shone. She felt in her throat and nostrils the smell of dust coming from the floor and carpet and draperies. But the bright light of the gas and the soft light of the reading-lamp shone upon perfect order. Everything was mended and would presently be put away in tidy drawers. She was rested and strong, undisturbed by the changes that would have come from social hours. No one had missed her. Many people scattered about in houses had thought of her. If they had, she had been there with them. She could not be everywhere, with all of them. That was certain. There was nothing to decide about her . . . The Brooms had missed her . . . they would have enjoyed their new year's eve better if she had been there. It would have been jolly to have gone again so soon, after the short half week and sat down by the fire where Christmas lingered and waited for the coming of the year with them. It would have been a loyalty to something. But it was too soon to be sitting about between comfortable meals, talking, explaining things, making life stop while you looked at it with time and things rushing along far away. . . . One still felt rested from Christmas and wanting to begin doing things. . . Perhaps it was not altogether through undecided waiting that the evening had come and gone by here in this room. Perhaps it was some kind of decision that could not be seen or expressed. . Now that it had come to an end in solitude, there was realisation. Quiet realisation of new year's eve; quiet

realisation of new year's eve. The resolutions for the new life were still distinct in her mind. She found an exercise book and wrote them down. There they stood, pitting the calm steady innermost part of her against all her other selves. Free desperate obedience to them would bring a revelation. No matter how the other selves felt as she kept them, if she kept them every moment of her life would go out from inward calm. . . . The room was full of clear strength. There must always be a clear cold room to return to. There was no other way of keeping the inward peace. Outside one need do nothing but what was expected of one, asking nothing for oneself but freedom to return to the centre. Life would be an endless inward singing until the end came—in song and spring sunlight. But not too much inward singing, spending one's strength in song; the song must be kept down and low so that it would last all the time and never fail. Then a song would answer back from outside, in everything. She stepped lightly and powerfully about the room putting away her mended things. . . One would move like the wind always, a steady human south-west wind alive and enlivening, without personality or speech. No more books. Books all led to the same thing. They were like talking about things. All the things in books were unfulfilled duty. No more interest in men. They belonged to all the fuss and flurry of the world. Women who had anything whatever to do with men were not themselves. They were astray in a noisy confusion, playing a part all the time. . . . The only real misery in being alone was the fear of being left out of things. It was a wrong fear. It pushed you into things and then everything disappeared. . . . Not to listen outside, where there was nothing to hear. In the end you came away empty with time gone and lost. . . . To remember, whatever happened, not to be afraid of being alone.

She stood staring at the sheeny gaslit brown-yellow varnish of the wall-paper above the mantelpiece. There was no thought in her silence, no picture of past or future, nothing but the strange thing for which there were no words, something that was always there as if by appointment, waiting for one to get through to it away from everything in life. It was the thing that was nothing. Yet it seemed the only thing that came near and meant anything at all. It was happiness and realisation. It was being suspended, in nothing. It came out of oneself because it came only when one had been a long time alone. It was not oneself. It could not be God. It did not mind what you were or what you had done. It would be there if you had just murdered someone. . . it was only

there when you had murdered everybody and everything and torn yourself away. Perhaps it was evil. One's own evil genius. But how could it make you so blissful? What was one — what had one done to bring the feeling of goodness and beauty and truth into the patch on the wall and presently make all the look of the distant world and everything in one's experience sound like music in a dream? She dropped her eyes. From the papered wall radiance still seemed to flow over her as she stood, defining her brow and hair, shedding a warmth in the cold room. Looking again she found the wall less bright; but within the radius of her motionless eyes everything in the brightly lit corner of the room glowed happily; not drawing her but standing complete and serene, like someone standing at a little distance, expressing agreement, a remark thrown over the shoulder before a departure that would in time loop back into a return Just in front of her a single neat warning tap sounded in the air, touching the quick of her mind St. Pancras clock — striking down the chimney . . . she ran across to the dark lattice and flung it open. In the air hung the echo of the first deep boom from Westminster. St. Pancras and the nearer clocks were telling themselves off against it. They would have finished long before Big Ben came to an end. Which was midnight? Let it be St. Pancras. She counted swiftly backwards; four strokes Out in the darkness the dark world was turning away from darkness. Within the spaces of the darkness she saw the spread of a landscape. Full daylight and early morning freshness gleamed together over it Little sounds came snapping faintly up through the darkness from the street below, voices and the creaking open of doors. Windows were being pushed open up and down the street. The new year changed to a soft moonlit breath stealing through the darkness, brimming over the faces at the doors and windows, touching their brows with fingers of dawn, sending fresh soothing healing fingers in amongst their hair Eleven twelve Across the rushing scale of St. Pancras bells came a fearful clangour. Bicycle bells, cab whistles, dinner bells, the banging of tea-trays and gongs of course New Year It must be a Bloomsbury custom. . . . She had had her share in a Bloomsbury New Year. Rather jolly rowdy; but jolly in that sort of way. . . . She could hear the Baileys, laughing and talking on their doorstep. A smooth firm foreign voice flung out a shapely little fragment of song. Miriam watched its outline. It repeated itself in her mind with the foreign voice and personality of the singer. She drew back into her room.

2.

Her resolutions kept her at work on Saturday afternoon. A steady morning's work disposed of the correspondence and the inrush of paid accounts. After lunch she worked in the surgeries until they were ready for Monday morning and made an attack on the mass of clerical work that remained from the old year. She sat working until she grew so cold that she knew if she stayed on in the cold window space she would have the beginning of a cold. Better to go, and have late evenings every day next week, cheered by the protests of the Orlys and ending with warm hours in the den. As she got up and felt the aching of her throat and the harsh hot chill running through her nerves she realised that anyhow she was in for a cold. There was no room to go to get warm before going out. There seemed to be no warmth anywhere in the world. Torpid and stupid, miserably realising the increasing glow of her nose and the clumsy numbness of her feet she put away the ledgers and got into her outdoor things. She resented the sight of the bound volume of *The Dental Cosmos* that she had put aside to take home. Her interest in it was useless, as useless as everything else in the freezing world. Sounds of dancing and chanting came up the basement stairs. When their work was done they could laugh and sing in a warm room.

Turning northwards toward the Marylebone Road she met a bleak wind and turned back and down Devonshire Street and eastwards towards St. Pancras through a maze of side streets. The icy wind drove against her all the way. When she crossed a wide thoroughfare it was reinforced from the north. Eddies of colourless dust swirled about the pavements. At every crossing in the many little side streets there was some big vehicle just upon her keeping her shrinking in the cold while it rumbled over the cobbles overwhelming her with a harsh grating roar that filled the streets and the sky. Darkness was beginning; a hard black January darkness, utterly different to the friendly exciting twilights of the old year. Standing far far away with summer just behind them and Christmas ahead

Inside the house a cold grey twilight was blotting out the warm brownness. A door opened as she turned the stairhead on the second floor and a tall thin pale-faced young man in dark clothes and a light waistcoat flashed past her and leaped lightly downstairs. Miriam carried her impression up to her room, going hurriedly and stumbling on the stairs as she went Something hard, metallic, like a wire spring, cold and relentless. Belonging to a cold dreadful

darkness and not knowing it; *confident*. He had whistled going downstairs, or sung. *Had* he? Perhaps he was the foreigner who had sung last night? Perfectly and awfully dreadful The whole house and even her own room had been changed in a twinkling. Coming in it had had a warmth even in the cold twilight. Now it lay open and bleak, all its rooms naked and visible, a house "foreign young gentlemen" heard of and came to live in. He must be of the "Norwegian young gentlemen" who had lived in Mrs. Reynold's boarding house in Woburn Place and this was just another boarding house to him. Perhaps the house was full of boarders She had grown accustomed to the Baileys having come up from the basement to the ground floor and had got into the habit of coming briskly through the hall with a preoccupied manner, ignoring the invariable appearance of a peeping form at the partly opened door of the dining room. It was strange now to reflect that the house had always been full of lodgers. What sort of people had they been? She could not remember ever having met a lodger face to face, or heard any sounds of their occupation of the many downstairs rooms.. perhaps it had been partly through going out so early and coming back only when the A. B. C. closed and being out or away so much at week-ends. . . but also she must have been oblivious. . . The house had been her own; waiting for her when she found it; the quiet road of large high grey mysterious houses, the two rows of calm balconied facades, the green squares at either end, the green door she waited for as she turned unseeing into the road from the quiet thoroughfare of Endsleigh Gardens, her triumphant faithful latchkey, the sheltered dimness of the hall, the great staircase, the many large closed doors, the lonely obscurity of her empty top floor. What had come now was the fulfillment of the apprehension she had had when Mrs. Bailey had spoken the word boarders. Here they were. They would come and go and go up and downstairs from their bedrooms to that dining room where the disturbing disclosure had been made and the unknown drawing room Perhaps it would be a failure. She could not imagine Mrs. Bailey and the two vague furtive children in skimpy blue serge dresses dealing with the young Norwegian gentleman. He would not stay If boarders failed Mrs. Bailey might give up the house altogether She found herself sitting in her outdoor things with the large volume heavy on her knees in the middle of the room. She felt too languid and miserable to get up and take the small chair and the large book to the table and began wretchedly turning the pages with her gloved hands. Here it was. She glanced through the long article, reading passages here and there.

There seemed to be nothing more; she had gathered the gist of it all in glancing through it at Wimpole Street. There was no need to have brought it home. It was quite clear that she belonged to the lymphatico-nervous class. It was the worst of the four classes of humanity. But all the symptoms were hers. . . . She read once more the account of the nervo-bilious type. It was impossible to fit into that. Those people were dark and sanguine and energetic. It was very strange. Having bilious attacks and not having the advantages of the bilious temperament. It meant having the worst of everything. No energy no initiative no hopefulness no resisting power; and sometimes bilious attacks. She was useless; an encumbrance; left out of life forever, because it was better for life to leave her out. . . . she sat staring at the shabby panels of her wardrobe, hating them for their quiet merciless agreement with her thoughts. To stop now and come to an end would be a relief. But there was nothing anywhere that would come in and end her. Why did life produce people with lymphatico-nervous temperaments? Perhaps it was the explanation of all she had suffered in the past; of the things that had driven her again and again to go away and away, anywhere. She wrenched herself away from her thoughts and flung forward to the sense of sunshine, sudden beautiful things, unreasonable secret happiness, waiting somewhere beyond the blackness, to come again. But it would mean to take them. She brought nothing to anybody. She had no right to anything. She ought to be branded and go about in a cloak. . . . There was no one in the world who would care if she never appeared anywhere again. She sat shrinking before this thought. It was the plain and simple truth. Nothing that any kind and cheerful person might say could alter it. It would only make it worse. She wondered that she had never put it to herself before. It must always have been there since her mother's death. There were one or two people who thought they cared. But they only cared because they did not know. If they saw more of her they would cease even to think they cared; and they had their own lives. . . . She had gone on being happy exactly in the same way as she had forgotten there were people in the house; just going lymphatico-nervously about with her eyes shut. But any alternative was worse. Insincere. If one could not die one must go dragging on, keeping oneself to oneself. That was why it was a relief to be in London; surrounded by people who did not know what one was really like. Social life, any sort of social life anywhere would not help. It only made it worse. Being like this was not a morbid state due to the lack of cheerful society. People

who said that were wrong. The sign that they were wrong was the way they went about being deliberately cheerful and sociable. That was worse than anything; the refusal to face the truth. But at least they could endure people If one could not endure anyone one ought to be dead to sit staring in front of one until one was dead . . . the wardrobe did not disagree. She averted her eyes as if from an observer. They fell upon her hopeless person dressed in the clothes in which she moved about in the world. She was bitterly cold. But she sat on unable to summon courage to turn and face her room. Her eyes wandered vacantly back to the panels and down to the drawer below them and back again. The warm quiet booming of a gong came up through the house. She got to her feet and stood listening in amazement. Mrs. Bailey had instituted a boarding-house gong! She went out on to the landing; the gong ceased and rattled gently against its framework released from hands that had stilled its reverberation. A voice sounded in the hall and then the dining-room door closed and there was silence. They were having tea. Of course; every day; life going on down there in the dining room. Involuntarily her feet were on the stairs. She went down the narrow flight holding to the balustrade to steady the stumbling of her benumbed limbs. *What* was she doing? Going down to Mrs. Bailey; going to stand for a moment close by Mrs. Bailey's tea-tray. No; impossible to let the Baileys save her; having done nothing for herself. Impossible to be beholden to the *Baileys* for anything. Restoration by them would be restoration to shame. She had moved unconsciously. Her life was still her own. She was in the world, in a house, going down some stairs. For the present the pretence of living could go on. She could not go back to her room; nor forward to any other room. She pushed blindly on a bitter anger growing within her. She *had* moved towards the Baileys. It was irrevocable. She had departed from all her precedents. She would always know it. Wherever she found herself it would always be there at the root of her consciousness, shaming her, showing in everything she did or said. Half way downstairs she restrained her heavy movements and began to go swiftly and stealthily. Mean, mean, mean; utterly mean and damned, a sneaking evil spirit. She pulled herself upright and cleared her throat in a business like way. The echo of Harriett's voice in her voice plumbed her for tears. But there were no tears. Only something close round her that moulded her face in lines of despair. The hall was in sight. She was going down to the hall to look for letters on the hall-table and go back. She paused in the hall. If the dining-room opened

she would kill someone with a cold blind glance and go angrily on and out of the front door. If it did not open? It remained closed. It was not going to open. It came quietly wide as if someone had been waiting behind it with the handle turned. Mrs. Bailey was in the hall with a firm little hand on her arm. - *Well, young lady?* - Miriam turned full round shrinking backwards towards the hall table. Mrs. Bailey was clutching her hands - *Won't you come in and have a cup of tea? - - I can't -* whispered Miriam briskly, moving towards the dining room door. - *I've got to go out -* she murmured, standing just inside the open door. - *Going out?* - asked Mrs. Bailey in a refined little voice throwing a proud fond shy glance towards Miriam from her recovered place behind the tea-tray. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled brightly under the gas-light. Miriam's glance elastic in the warmth coming from the room swept from the flood of yellow hair on the back of the youngest Bailey girl sitting close at her mother's left hand, across to the far side of the table. The pale grey blue eyes of the eldest Bailey girl were directed towards the bread and butter her hand was stretched out to take with the unseeing look they must have had when she had turned her face towards the door. At her side between her and her mother sat the young Norwegian gentleman, a dark blue upright form with a narrow gold bar set aslant in the soft mass of black silk tie bulging about the uncreased flatness of his length of grey waist-coat. He had reared his head smoothly upright and a smooth metallic glance had slid across her from large dark clear easily opened eyes. He was very young, about twenty; the leanness of his dart-like perfectly clad form led slenderly up to a lean distinguished head. But above the wide high pale brow where the bone stared squarely through the skin and was beaten in at the temples the skull had a snakelike flatness, the polished hair was poor and worn and the glance of the eyes was the glittering glance of a serpent. - *Yes, murmured Miriam abstractedly, I'm just going out - - Don't catch cold young lady, smiled Mrs. Bailey. - Oh well, I'll try not to, said Miriam departing. They'll never do it, she told herself as she made her way through the darkness towards her A.B.C. in the Tottenham Court Road. He'll find out. He thinks he is learning English in an English family.*

3.

Mrs. Bailey came up herself to do Miriam's room on Sunday morning. Miriam wondered as she came archly in after a brisk tap on the door how she knew that her visit caused dismay. The visit

of the little maid did not break into anything. It only meant standing for a minute or so by the window longing for the snuffling and shuffling to be over. But if Mrs. Bailey were coming up every Sunday morning. . . . She stood at Mrs. Bailey's disposal sheepishly smiling, in the middle of the room. - You didn't expect to see *me*, young lady - Miriam broadened her smile. - I want to talk to you - They stood confronted in the room just as they had done the first time Mrs. Bailey had been there with her and they had settled about the rent. Only that then the room had seemed large and real and at once inhabited, the crown of the large house and the reality of all the unknown rooms. Now it seemed to be at a disadvantage, one of Mrs. Bailey's unconsidered attics, apart from the life that was beginning to flow all around her downstairs. Something in Mrs. Bailey's face when she said I was wondering if you would give Sissie a few French lessons spoke the energy of the new feeling and thought. Miriam was astounded. She called up a vision of Sissie's pale steady grey-blue eyes, her characterless hair, her thickset swiftly ambling little figure. She was the kind of girl who after good schooling could spend a year in France and come back unable to speak French. But if Mrs. Bailey wished it she would have to learn, from somebody. . . . So she conspired with an easy contemptuous conscience and they stood murmuring over the plan, Mrs. Bailey producing one by one, fearfully, in a low motherly encouraging tone the things she had arranged beforehand in her own mind. Before she went she bustled to the window and tweaked the ends of the little Madras muslin curtains. Why don't you go down to the drom-room for a while she asked tweaking and flicking. - You'll have it all to yourself. Mr. Elsing's gone out. I should go down if I was you and get a warm up. - Miriam thanked her and promised to go and wondered whether the Norwegian's name was Helsing or Elsen. When Mrs. Bailey had gone she walked busily about her affronted room. It must be Helsing. A man named Elsen would be shorter and stouter and kindly. Of course she would not go down to the drawing-room. She ransacked her Saratoga trunk and found a Havet and phrase book. She would teach Sissie the rules of French pronunciation and two or three phrases every day and make some sort of beginning of syntax with Havet. There would be no difficulty in filling up the quarter of an hour. But it would be teaching in the bad cruel old-fashioned way. To begin at once with Piccola or Le Roi des Montagnes and talk to her in the character of a Frenchman wanting to become a boarder would be the best But Sissie would not grasp that slow way. It

would be too long before she began to see that she was learning anything But the smattering of phrases and rules from a book handed out without any trouble to herself on her way to her room and before she wanted to go out was too little to give in exchange for a proper breakfast ready for her in a warm room every day and the option of having single meals at any time for a very small sum. Because the Baileys were trying to turn themselves into an English family prepared to receive foreigners who wanted to learn English; and she had promised the lessons as if she thought the plan good

She crept downstairs through the silent empty house, pausing at the open drawing room door to listen to the faint far-away subterranean sounds coming from the kitchen. All the furniture seemed to be waiting for someone or something. That was a console table. She must have noticed the jar on it as she came into the room, or somewhere else, it looked so familiar. One ought to know the name of the material it was made of. It was like a coarse veined agate. In the narrow strip of mirror that ran from the table high up the wall between the two french windows stood the heavy self-conscious reflection of the elegant jug. It was elegant and complete; the heavy minutely moulded flowers and leaves festooned about its tapering curves did not destroy its elegance. It stood out alone and complete against the reflected strip of shabby room. Extraordinary. Where had it come from? It was an imitation of something. A reflection of some other life. Had it ever been seen by anybody who knew the kind of life it was meant to be surrounded by? She backed into an obstacle and turned with her hand upon the low velvet back of a little circular chair. Its narrow circular strip of back was supported by little wooden pillars. She took possession of it. The coiled spring of the seat showed its humpy outline through the velvet and gave way crookedly under her when she sat down. But she felt she was in her place in the room: out amongst its strange spaces. In front of her about the fireside were two large armchairs upholstered in shabby Utrecht velvet and a wicker chair with a woolwork cushion on its seat and a dingy antimacassar worked in crewels thrown over its high back. To her right stood a small battered three-tiered lacquer and bamboo tea-table, and beyond it a large circular table polished and inlaid and strewn with dingy books occupied the end of the room between the fireplace and the wall. On the other side of the fireplace stood a chiffonier in black wood supporting and reflecting in its little mirror a large square deeply carved dusty brown

wooden box inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Crowding against the chiffonier was a large shabby bamboo tea-table and a scatter of velvet-seated drawing-room chairs with carved dusty abruptly curving backs and legs. Away to the left rose one of the high french windows. The dingy cream lace curtains almost meeting across it, went up and up from the dusty floor and ended high up, under a red woollen valence running along a heavy gilt cornice. Between the curtains she could catch a glimpse of the balcony railings and strips between them of the brown brickwork of the opposite house. She stared at the vague scatter of vases and bowls and small ornaments standing in front of the large overmantel and dimly reflected in its dusty mirror. Two tall vases on the mantelshelf holding dried grasses carried her eyes up to two short vases holding dried grasses and standing on the wooden-pillared brackets of the overmantel, back again to themselves. She rose and turned away to shake off their influence and turned back again at once to see what had attracted her attention. Satsuma; at either end of the mantelpiece shutting in the scatter of vases and bowls two large squat rounded Satsuma basins—with arched lids. On the centre of each lid was a little gilded knob. Extraordinary. Unlike any Satsuma she had ever seen. Where had they come from? She wandered about the room, eagerly taking in battered chairs and more little tables and whatnots and faded pictures on the faded walls. What was it that had risen in her mind as she came into the room? She recalled the moment of coming in. The piano . . . the quiet shock of it standing there with the shut-in, waiting look of a piano, confronting the large stillness of the room . . . Turning to face it she passed into the world of drawing room pianos; the rosewood case, the faded rose silk pleating strained taut, its margind hidden under a rosewood trellis; the little tarnished sconces, for shaded candles, the small leather easily twirling stool with its single thick deeply carved leg, a lady sitting, twinkling, flourishing delicately through airs with variations; an English piano, perfectly wrought and finished, music swathed and hidden in elegance . . . “a little music” . . . but chiefly of the seated form, the small cooped body, the voluminous draperies bulging over the stool and spreading in under the keyboard and down about the floor, the elegantly straying arms and mincing hands, the arch swaying of the head and shoulders, the face bent delicately in the becoming play of light. . . . She opened the lid. It went back from the keys till it lay flat, presenting a little music-stand folded into the sweep of its upper edge. Mustiness rose from the keys. They were loose and yellow with age. Softly struck notes shattered

the silence of the room. She stood listening with loudly beating heart. The door would open and show a face with surprised eyes staring into her betrayed consciousness. The house remained silent. Her fingers strayed forward and ran up a scale. The notes were all run down but they rang fairly true to each other.

Moskowski's Serenade sounded fearfully pathetic; as if the piano were heart-broken. It could be made to do better. Both the pedals worked, the soft one producing a woolly sweetness, the loud a metallic shallow brilliance of tone. She shut the heavy softly closing loose-handled door very carefully. Its cold china knob told her callously that her real place was in the little room upstairs with the bedroom crockery cold in the mid-morning light. But she had already shut the door. She came shyly back to the piano and sat down and played carefully and obediently piece after piece remembered from her schooldays. They left the room triumphantly silent and heavy all round her. If she got up and went away it would be as if she had not played at all. She could not sit here playing Chopin. It would be like deliberately speaking a foreign language suddenly, to assert yourself. Playing pianissimo she slowly traced a few phrases of a nocturne. They revealed all the flat dejection of the register. With the soft pedal down she pressed out the notes in vain attempt to key them up. Through their mournful sagging the magic shape came out. She could not stay her hands. Presently she no longer heard the false tones. The notes sounded soft and clear and true into her mind weaving and interweaving their familiar reverie of moonlit waters, the sound of summer leaves flickering in the darkness, the trailing of dusk across misty meadows, the stealing of dawn over grass, the faint vision of the Taj Mahal set in dark trees, white Indian moonlight outlining the trees and pouring over the pale façade, over all a hovering haunting consoling voice pure and clear, passing as the pictures faintly came and cleared and melted and changed upon a vast soft darkness, like a silver thread through everything in the world. Closing in upon her from the schoolgirl pieces still echoing in the room came sudden abrupt little scenes from all the levels of her life, deep-rooted moments still alive within her challenging and promising as when she had left them, driven relentlessly on . . . The last chord of the nocturne brought the room sharply back. It was unchanged; lifeless and unmoved: nothing had passed to it from the little circle where she sat enclosed . . . Her heart swelled and tears rose in her eyes. The room was old and experienced, full like her inmost mind of the unchanging past. Nothing in her life

had any meaning for it. It waited impassively for the passing to and fro of people who would leave no impression. She had exposed herself and it meant nothing in the room. Life had passed her by and her playing had become a sentimental exhibition of unneeded life . . . She was wretched and feeble and tired . . . Life *has* passed me by; that is the truth. I am no longer a person. My playing would be the nauseating record of an uninteresting failure to people who have lived or a pandering to the sentimental memories of people whom life has passed by . . . — you played that like a snail crossed in love—perhaps he was right. But something had gone wrong because played with the intention of commenting on Alma's way of playing. . . . That was not all. It did not end there. There was something in music when one played alone, without thoughts. Something present, and *new*. Not affected by life or by any kind of people . . . In Beethoven. *Beethoven* was the answer to the silence of the room. She imagined a sonata ringing out into it, and defiantly attacked a remembered fragment. It crashed into the silence. The uncaring room might rock and sway. Its rickety furniture shatter to bits. *Something* must happen under the outbreak of her best reality. She was on firm ground. The room was nowhere. She cast sidelong half-fearful exultant glances. The room woke into an affronted silence. She felt astonishment at the sudden loud outbreak of assertions turning to scornful disgust. Entrenched behind the disgust something was declaring that she had no right to her understanding of music; no business to get away into it and hide her defects, to get out of things and escape the proper exposure of her failure. In a man it would have been excusable. The room would have listened with respectful flattering indulgent tolerance till it was over and then have relapsed untouched. This dingy woman playing with the directness and decision of a man was like some strange beast in the room. . . . It was too late to go back. She could only rush on re-affirming her assertion, shouting in a din that must be reaching up and down the house and echoing out into the street the thing that was stronger than the feeling that had prompted her appeal for sympathy. It was the everlasting parting of the ways, the wrenching away that always came . . . The Baileys were going on downstairs with their planning, the Norwegian busy with his cold watchful grappling with England; all of them far away, flouted. The room became a background indistinguishable from any other indifferent background. All round her was height and depth, a sense of vastness and grandeur beyond anything to be seen or heard, yet stretch-

ing back like a sheltering wing over the past to her earliest memories and forward ahead out of sight. The piano had changed. It came out a depth and dignity of tone. By careful management she could avoid the abrupt contrast between the action of the pedals. Presently the glowing and aching of the muscles of her forearms forced her to leave off. She swung round. The forgotten room was filled with friendly light. Triumphant echoes filled its wide spaces, pressed against the windows, filtered out into the quiet street out and away into London. When the room was still there was an unbroken stillness in the house and the street. Striking thinly across it came the tones of the solitary unaccompanied violin.

(to be continued)

POEMS

by H. H. Bellamann

Derrière L'Écho

Régnier wrote of you:

You are that one who stands behind the echo;
Your hair
Is like a gold wind,—
My heart dances the inescapable bacchanalia
Of spring

. . . You nod to me over the cash register
And straighten the jonquils on your georgette waist
As I leave the restaurant,—

It was jonquils made me think of Régnier.
There is sleet on the pavement outside.

Garden Corner

Three white peacocks,
Idle, elegant, poised,
Stroll beneath the pagoda shape
Of a Himalayan fir.
They are serene;
Their jewelled heads
Are regal.

Chrysanthemums,
Like neighbors' children
With curiosity on their faces,
Peep over the box-hedges
And listen,
But they cannot understand
What the peacocks say.

Into this retreat
Where philosophy and fashion
Meet in delicate conversation,
Comes a sudden flirt of blue,
Gesture of self-assurance
A flood of common talk,
Chatter,
And slang.

A Gascon jay
With a cocksure eye
And a loud loose tongue
And a mocking, arrogant air,
Laughs at fashion,
And hoots at learning,
And boasts of the leagues he's traveled.
He jeers at repose,
And sneers at foes,
And hopes the world will learn
That those who talk,
And those who walk
In shady old places like this,
Make a very small stir

And are never known
Outside a garden wall.

He's witty and bold,
But his glance is cold;
And he sprinkles his talk
With some very bad words.

A Gascon jay
With a cock-sure eye
And a flood of common talk.

Three peacocks turn enquiring eyes
In haughty wondering glances;
But they do not understand,
For they only speak in Old Chinese,—
Ancient, pure, and correct Chinese.

So the gibes and jokes
And the modern slang
Of a gascon-minded jay,
Are lost on ears
That only know Chinese,—
Ancient, pure, and correct Chinese.

The loud street laughs
At the loose tongued jay,
His jests
And his very bad words;
But three jeweled heads,
In conscious pride,
Nod in grave and assured assent
As they delicately hold converse,
On maxims old,
And proverbs gold,
In ancient, pure, and correct Chinese.

ULYSSES

by James Joyce

Episode X (*Continued*)

TOM ROCHFORD took the top disk from the pile he clasped against his claret waistcoat.

—See? he said. Say it's turn six. In here, see. Turn Now On.

He slid into the left slot for them. It shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased, ogling them: six.

Lawyers of the past, haughty, pleading, beheld pass to Nisi Prius court Richie Goulding carrying the costbag of Goulding, Colles and Ward.

—See? he said. See now the last one I put in is over here: Turns Over. . . The impact. Leverage, see?

He showed them the rising column of disks on the right.

—Smart idea, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. So a fellow coming in late can see what turn is on and what turns are over.

—See? Tom Rochford said.

He slid in a disk for himself: and watched it shoot, wobble, ogle, stop: four. Turn Now On.

—I'll see him now in the Ormond, Lenehan said, and sound him. One good turn deserves another.

—Do, Tom Rochford said. Tell him I'm Boylan with impatience.

—Goodnight, McCoy said abruptly, when you two begin

Nosey Flynn stooped towards the lever, snuffling at it.

—But how does it work here, Tommy? he asked.

—Tooraloo, Lenehan said, see you later.

He followed McCoy out across the tiny square of Crampton court.

—He's a hero, he said simply.

—I know, McCoy said. The drain, you mean.

—Drain? Lenehan said. It was down a manhole.

They passed Dan Lowry's musichall where Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, smiled on them from a poster a dauby smile.

Going down the path of Sycamore street Lenehan showed McCoy how the whole thing was. One of those manholes like a bloody gaspipe and there was the poor devil stuck down in it, half choked with sewer gas. Down went Tom Rochford anyhow, booky's vest and all, with the rope round him. And be damned but he got the

rope round the poor devil and they two were hauled up.

—The act of a hero, he said.

At the Dolphin he halted.

—This way, he said, walking to the right. I want to pop into Lyaan's to see Sceptre's starting price. What's the time by your gold watch and chain?

M'Coy peered into Marcus Tertius Moses sombre office, then at O'Neill's clock.

—After three, he said. Who's riding her?

—O Madden, Lenehan said. And a game filly she is.

While he waited in Temple bar M'Coy dodged a banana peel with gentle pushes of his toe from the path to the gutter. Fellow might damn easy get a nasty fall there coming along tight in the dark.

The gates of the drive opened wide to give egress to the vice-regal cavalcade.

—Even money, Lenehan said returning. Bantom Lyons was in there going to back a bloody horse someone gave him that hasn't an earthly. Through here.

They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch. A dark-backed figure scanned books on the hawker's cart.

—There he is, Lenehan said.

—Wonder what he is buying, M'Coy said, glancing behind.

—*Leopoldoor the Bloom is on the Rye*, Lenehan said.

—He's dead nuts on sales, M'Coy said. I was with him one day and he bought a book from an old one in Liffey street for two bob. There were fine plates in it worth double the money, the stars and the moon and comets with long tails. Astronomy it was about.

Lenehan laughed.

—I'll tell you a damn good one about comet's tails, he said. Come over in the sun.

They crossed to the metal bridge and went along Wellington quay by the river wall.

Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam came out of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's carrying a pound and a half of porksteaks.

—There was a big spread out at Glenree reformatory, Lenehan said eagerly. The annual dinner you know. The Lord mayor was there, Val Dillon it was, and Sir Charles Cameron and Dan Dawson spoke and there was music. Bartell D'Arcy sang and Benjamin Dollard

—I know, M'Coy broke in. My missus sang there once.

—Did she? Lenehan said.

He checked his tale a moment but broke out in a wheezy laugh.

—But wait till I tell you, he said, Delahunt of Camden street had the catering and yours truly was chief bottlewasher. Bloom and the wife were there. Lashings of stuff we put up: port wine and sherry and curacoa. Cold joints galore and mince pies

—I know, M'Coy said. The year the missus was there

Lenehan linked his arm warmly.

—But wait till I tell you, he said. We had a midnight lunch after it too and when we sallied forth it was blue o'clock in the morning, Coming home it was a gorgeous winter's night on the featherbed mountain. Bloom and Chris Callanan were on one side of the car and I was with the wife on the other. We started singing glees and duets: *Lo, the early beam of morning*. She was well primed with a good load of Delahunt's port under her belly band. Every jolt the bloody car gave I had her bumping up against me. Hell's delight! She has a fine pair, God bless her. Like that.

He held his caved hands a cubit from him, frowning:

—I was tucking the rug under her and settling her boa all the time. Know what I mean?

His hands moulded ample curves of the air. He shut his eyes tight in delight, his body shrinking, and blew a sweet chirp from his lips.

—The lad stood to attention anyhow, he said with a sigh. She's a gamey mare and no mistake. Bloom was pointing out all the stars and the comets in the heavens to Chris Callanan and the jarvey: the Great bear and Hercules and the dragon and the whole jingbang lot. But, by God, I was lost, so to speak, in the milky way. He knew them all, faith. At last she spotted a weeny one miles away. *And what star is that, Poldy?* says she. By God, she had Bloom cornered. *That one, is it?* says Chris Callanan, *sure that's only what you might call a pinprick*. By God, he wasn't far wide of the mark.

Lenehan stopped and leaned on the riverwall, panting with soft laughter.

—I'm weak, he gasped.

Mc'Coy's white face smiled about it at instants and grew grave. Lenehan walked on again. He lifted his yachting cap and scratched his hindhead rapidly. He glanced sideways in the sunlight at Mc'Coy.

—He's a cultured chap, Bloom is, he said seriously. He's not one of your common or garden you know There's a touch of the artist about Bloom.

+
+ +

Mr Bloom turned over idly pages of *Maria Monk*, then of Aristotle's *Master-piece*. Crooked botched print. Plates: infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All butting with their skulls to get out of it. Child born every minute somewhere. Mrs. Purefoy.

He laid both books aside and glanced at the third, *Tales of the Ghetto* by Sacher Masoch.

—That I had, he said, pushing it by.

The shopman let two volumes fall on the counter.

—Them are two good ones, he said.

Onions of his breath came across the counter out of his ruined mouth. He bent to make a bundle of the other books, hugged them against his unbuttoned waistcoat and bore them off behind the dingy curtain.

Mr. Bloom, lone, looked at the titles. *Fair Tyrants* by James Lovebitch. Know the kind that is.

He opened it. Thought so.

A woman's voice behind the dingy curtain. Listen: The man.

No: she wouldn't like that much. Got her one once.

He read the other title: *Sweets of Sin*. More in her line. Let us see.

He read where his finger opened.

—*All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!*

Yes. This. Here. Try.

—*Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabelle.*

Yes. Take this. The end.

—*You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eyeing her with a suspicious glare.*

The beautiful woman threw off her sabletrimmed wrap, displaying her queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly.

Mr. Bloom read again: *The beautiful woman*

Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh

yielded amply amid rumpled clothes: Whites of eyes swooning up
His nostrils arched themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments
(*for him! For Raoul!*) Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime.
(*her heaving embonpoint!*) Feel! Press! Chrished! Sulphur
dung of lions!

Young! Young!

Phlegmy coughs shook the air of the bookshop, bulging out
the dingy curtains. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out
and his unshaven reddened face, coughing. He raked his throat
rudely, spat phlegm on the floor. He put his boot on what he had
spat, wiping his sole along it and bent, showing a raw-skinned
crown, scantily haired.

Mr. Bloom beheld it.

Mastering his troubled breath, he said:

—I'll take this one.

The shopman lifted eyes bleared with old rheum.

—*Sweets of Sin*, he said, tapping on it. That's a good one.

+ + +

The lacquey by the door of Dillon's auctionrooms shook his
handbell twice again and viewed himself in the chalked mirror of
the cabinet.

Dilly Dedalus, listening by the curbstone, heard the beats of
the bell, the cries of the auctioneer within. Four and nine. Those
lovely curtains. Five shillings? Cosy curtains. Selling new at
two guineas. Any advance of five shillings? Going for five
shillings.

The lacquey lifted his handbell and shook it:

—Barang!

Bang of the lastlap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their
spirit. J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro and H. T. Gahan,
their stretched necks wagging, negotiated the curve by the College
library.

Mr. Dedalus, tugging a long moustache, came round from
William's row. He halted near his daughter.

—It's time for you, she said.

—Stand up straight for the love of the Lord Jesus, Mr. Dedalus
said. Are you trying to imitate your uncle John the cornetplayer,
head upon shoulders?

Dilly shrugged her shoulders. Mr. Dedalus placed his hands
on them and held them back.

—Stand up straight, girl, he said. You'll get curvature of the spine. Do you know what you look like?

He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders and dropping his underjaw.

—Give it up, father, Dilly said. All the people are looking at you.

Mr. Dedalus drew himself upright and tugged again at his moustache.

—Did you get any money? Dilly asked.

—Where would I get money? Mr. Dedalus said. There is no one in Dublin would lend me four pence.

—You got some, Dilly said, looking in his eyes.

—How do you know that? Mr. Dedalus asked, his tongue in his cheek.

Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's street.

—I know you did, Dilly answered. Were you in the Scotch house now?

—I was not there, Mr. Dedalus said, smiling. Was it the little nuns taught you to be so saucy? Here.

He handed her a shilling.

—See if you can do anything with that, he said.

—I suppose you got five, Dilly said. Give me more than that.

—Wait awhile, Mr. Dedalus said threateningly. You're like the rest of them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother died. But wait awhile. You'll get a short shrift and a long day from me.

He left her and walked on. Dilly followed quickly and pulled his coat.

—Well, what is it? he said, stopping.

The lacquey rang his bell behind their backs.

—Barang!

—Curse your bloody blatant soul, Mr. Dedalus cried, turning on him.

The lacquey, aware of comment, shook the lolling clapper of his bell: but feebly:

—Bang!

—You got more than that, father, Dilly said.

—I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr. Dedalus said. I'll leave you all where Jesus left the Jews. Look, that's all I have. I got two shillings from Jack Power and I spent two pence for a shave for the funeral.

He drew forth a handful of copper coins nervously.

—Can't you look for some money somewhere? Dilly said.

Mr. Dedalus thought and nodded.

—I will, he said gravely, I looked all along the gutter in O'Connell street. I'll try this one now.

—You're very funny Dilly said, grinning.

—Here, Mr. Dedalus said, handing her two pennies. Get a glass of milk for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

He put the other coins in his pocket and started to walk on.

The viceregal cavalcade passed, greeted by obsequious policemen, out of Park gate.

—I'm sure you have another shilling, Dilly said.

The lacquey banged loudly.

Mr. Dedalus amid the din walked off, murmuring to himself with a pursing mincing mouth.

—The little nuns! Nice little things! O, sure they wouldn't do anything! O, sure they wouldn't really! Is it little sister Monica!

From the sundial towards James' Gate walked Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked for Pullbrook Robertson boldly along James's street. Got round him all right. How do you do, Mr. Crimmin? First rate, Sir. How are things going? Just keeping alive. Lovely weather we are having. Yes, indeed. Good for the country. I'll just take a thimble full of your best gin, Mr. Crimmins. A small gin, sir. Yes, sir. Terrible affair that General Slocum explosion. Terrible, terrible. A thousand casualties. And heartrending scenes. Men trampling down women and children. Most brutal thing. What do they say was the cause? Spontaneous combustion: most scandalous revelation. Not a single lifeboat would float and the firehose all burst. What I can't understand is how the inspectors ever allowed a boat like that Now you're talking straight, Mr. Crimmins. You know why? Palm oil. Is that a fact? Without a doubt. Well, now, look at that. And America they say is the land of the free. I thought we were bad here.

I smiled at him. America, I said, quietly, just like that. What is it? The sweepings of every country including our own. Isn't that true? That's a fact.

Graft, my dear sir. Well, of course, where there's money going there's always someone to pick it up.

Saw him looking at my frock coat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appearance. Bowls them over.

—Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said.

—Hello, Bob, old man, Mr. Dedalus answered.

Mr. Kernan halted and preened himself before the sloping mirror of Peter Kennedy, hairdresser. Stylish coat, you know. Scott of Dawson street. Well worth the half sovereign I gave Nearly for it. Never built under three guinas. Fits me down to the ground. Some Kildare street club toff had it probably.

Aham! Must dress the character for those fellows. Gentlemen. And now, Mr. Crimmins may we have the honour of your custom again, sir. The cup that cheers but not inebriates, as the old saying has it.

North wall and Sir John Rogerson's quay, with hulls and anchor chains, sailing westward, sailed by a skiff, a crumpled throwaway, rocked on the ferrywash, Elijah is coming.

Mr. Kernan glanced in farewell at his image. High colour, of course. Grizzled moustache. Returned Indian officer. Bravely he bore his stumpy body forward on spatted feet, squaring his shoulders.

Aham! Hot spirit of juniper juice warmed his vitals and his breath. Good drop of gin, that was. His frock's tails winked in bright sunshine to his fat strut.

Down there Emmet was hanged, drawn and quartered. Greasy black rope. Dogs licking the blood off the street when the Lord lieutenant's wife drove by in her noddy.

Let me see. Is he buried in Saint Michan's? or no there was a midnight burial in Glasnevin. Corpse brought in through a secret door in the wall. Dignam is there now. Went out in a puff. Well, well. Better turn down here.

Mr. Kernan turned and walked down the slope of Watling street. Denis Breen with his tomes, weary of having waited an hour in John Henry Menton's office, led his wife over O'Connell bridge, bound for the office of Messrs. Collis and Ward.

Times of the troubles. Must ask New Lambert to lend me those reminiscences of Sir Jonah Barrington. When you look back on it all now in a kind of retrospective arrangement. Gaming at Daly's. No cardsharpping then. One of those fellows got his hand nailed to the table by a dagger.

Somewhere here Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped from major Sirr. Island street. Stables behind Moira house.

Damn good gin that was.

Fine dashing young nobleman. Good stock, of course. That ruffian, that sham squire, with his violet gloves, gave him away. Course they were on the wrong side. They rose in dark and evil days. Fine poem that is: Ingram. They were gentlemen. Ben

Dollard does sing that ballad touchingly. Masterly rendition.

At the siege of Ross did my father fall.

A cavalcade in easy trot along Penbroke quay, passed, outriders leaping gracefully in their saddles. Frockcoats. Cream sunsheds.

Mr. Kernan hurried forward, blowing pursily.

His Excellency! Too bad! Just missed that by a hair. Damn it! What a pity!

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Stephen Dedalus watched through the webbed window the lapidary's fingers prove a timedulled chain. Dust webbed the window dust darkened the toiling fingers with their vulture nails. Dust slept on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinnabar, on rubies, leprous and winedark stones.

Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil lights shining in the darkness. Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest them.

She dances in a foul gloom where gum burns with garlic. A sailorman, rustbearded sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed silent rut. She dances, capers, wagging her sowish haunches and her hips, on her gross belly flapping a ruby egg.

Old Russell with a smeared shammy rag, burnished again his gem, turned it and held it at the point of his Moses' beard. Grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard.

And you who wrest old images from the burial earth! The brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes. A lore of drugs. Orient and immortal wheat standing from everlasting to everlasting.

Two old women from their whiff of the briny drudged through Irishtown along London bridge road, one with a sanded umbrella, one with a midwife's bag in which eleven cockles rolled.

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher, were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around.

Yes, quite true. Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time. You say, right Sir, a Monday morning. 'Twas so, indeed.

Stephen went down Bedford row. In Clohisey's window a faded print of Heenan boxing Sayers held his eye. Staring backers with square hats stood round the roping. The heavy weights in light loincloths proposed gently each to other his bulbous fists. And they are throbbing: heros' hearts.

He turned and halted by the slanted bookcart.

—Twopence each, the huckster said. Four for sixpence.

Tattered pages. *The Irish Beekeeper. Life and Miracles of the Curé of Ars. Pocket Guide to Killarney.*

I might find here one of my pawned schoolprizes. *Stephano Dedalo, alumno optimo, palmam ferenti.*

Father Conmee, having read his little hours, walked through the hamlet of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers.

Binding too good probably. What is this? Eighth and ninth book of Moses secret of all secrets. Seal of King David. Thumbed pages: read and read. Who has passed here before me? How to soften chapped hands. Recipe for white wine vinegar. How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the following talisman three times with hands folded:

—*Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.*

Who wrote this? Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter Salanka to all true believers divulged. As good as any other abbot's charms, as mumbling Joachim's. Down, baldynodde, or we'll wool your wool.

—What are you doing here, Stephen?

Dilly's high shoulders and shabby dress.

Shut the book quick. Don't let see.

—What are you doing? Stephen said.

A Stuart face of nonesuch Charles, lank locks falling at its sides. It glowed as she crouched feeding the fire with broken boots. I told her of Paris. Late lieabed under a quilt of old overcoats fingering a pinchbeck bracelet, Dan Kelly's token. *Nebrakada femininum.*

—What have you there? Stephen asked.

—I bought it from the other cart for a penny, Dilly said, laughing nervously. Is it any good?

My eyes they say she has. Do others see me so? Quick, far and daring. Shadow of my mind.

He took the coverless book from her hand. Bué's French primer.

—What did you buy that for? He asked. To learn French?

She nodded, reddening and closing tight her lips.

Show no surprise. Quite natural.

—Here, Stephen said. It's all right. Mind Maggie doesn't pawn it on you. I suppose all my books are gone.

—Some, Dilly said. We had to.

She is drowning. Save her. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.

We.

Misery! Misery!

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—Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said.

—Hello, Bob, old man, Mr. Dedalus answered, stopping.

They clasped hands loudly outside Keddy and Daughter's. Father Cowley brushed his moustache often downward with a scooping hand.

—What's the best news? Mr. Dedalus said.

—Why then not much Father Cowley said. I'm barricaded up, Simon, with two men prowling around the house trying to effect an entrance.

—Jolly, Mr. Dedalus said. Who is it?

—O, Father Cowley said. A certain gombeen man of our acquaintance.

—With a broken back, is it? Mr. Dedalus asked.

—The same, Simon, Father Cowley answered.

—Reuben of that ilk. I'm just waiting for Ben Dollard. He's going to say a word to Long John to get him to take those two men off. All I want is a little time.

He looked with vague hope up and down the quay, a big apple bulging in his neck.

—I know, Mr. Dedalus said, nodding. Poor old bockedy Ben! He's always doing a good turn for someone. Hold hard!

He put on his glasses and gazed towards the metal bridge an instant.

—There he is, by God, he said, arse and pockets.

Ben Dollard's loose blue cutaway and square hat above large

slops crossed the quay in full gait from the metal bridge. He came towards them at an amble, scratching actively behind his coattails.

As he came near Mr. Dedalus greeted:

—Hold that fellow with the bad trousers.

—Hold him now, Ben Dollard said.

He stood beside them beaming on them first and on his roomy clothes from points of which Mr. Dedalus flicked fluff, saying:

—They were made for a man in his health.

—Bad luck to the jewman that made them, Ben Dollard said. Thanks be to God he is not paid yet.

—And how is that *basso profundo*, Benjamin, Father Cowley asked.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmuring, glassy eyed strode past the Kildare street club.

Ben Dollard frowned and, making suddenly a chanter's mouth, gave forth a deep note.

—Aw! he said.

—That's the style, Mr. Dedalus said, nodding to its drone.

—What about that? Ben Dollard said. Not too dusty? What?

He turned to both.

—That'll do, Father Cowley said, nodding also.

The reverend Hugh C. Love walked from the old Chapterhouse of saint Mary's abbey past James and Charles Kennedy, rectifiers, attended by Geraldines tall and personable, towards the Tholsel beyond the Ford of Hurdles.

Ben Dollard with a heavy list towards the shopfronts led them forward, his joyful fingers in the air.

—Come along, with me to the subsheriff's office, he said. I saw John Henry Menton in the Bodega. We're on the right lay, Bob, believe you me.

—For a few days tell him, Father Cowley said anxiously.

Ben Dollard halted and stared, his loud orifice open.

—What few days? he boomed. Hasn't your landlord distrained for rent.

—He has, Father Cowley said.

—Then our friend's writ is not worth the paper it's printed on, Ben Dollard said. The landlord has the prior claim.

—Are you sure of that?

—You can tell Barabbas from me, Ben Dollard said, that he can put that writ where Jacko put the nuts.

He led Father Cowley boldly forward linked to his bulk.

—Filbert's I believe they were, Mr. Dedalus said, as he dropped his glasses on his coatfront, following them.

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—The youngster will be all right Martin Cunningham said, as they passed out of the Castle yard gate.

The policeman touched his forehead.

—God bless you, Martin Cunningham said, cheerily.

He signed to the waiting jarvey who chucked at the reins and set on towards Lord Edward street.

Bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head with Miss Douce's head, appeared above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel.

—Yes, Martin Cunningham said. I wrote to Father Conmee and laid the whole case before him.

—You could try our friend, Mr. Power suggested backward.

—Boyd? Martin Cunningham said shortly. Touch me not.

John Wyse Nolan, lagging behind, reading the list, came after them quickly down Cork hill.

On the steps of the City hall Councillor Nannetti descending, hailed Alderman Cowley and Councillor Abraham Lyon ascending.

The castle car wheeled empty into upper Exchange street.

—Look here Martin, John Wyse Nolan said, overtaking them at the *Mail* office. I see Bloom put his name down for five shillings.

—Quite right, Martin Cunningham said, taking the list. And put down the five shillings too.

—Without a second word either, Mr. Power said.

—Strange but true, Martin Cunningham added.

John Wyse Nolan opened wide eyes.

—I'll say there is much kindness in the Jew, he quoted elegantly.

They went down Parliament street.

—There's Jimmy Henry, Mr. Power said, just heading for Kavanagh's.

—Righto, Martin Cunningham said. Here goes.

Outside la Maison Claire Blazes Boylan waylaid Jack Mooney's brother-in-law, humpy, tight, making for the liberties.

John Wyse Nolan fell back with Mr. Power, while Martin Cunningham took the elbow of a little man in a shower of hail suit who walked uncertainly with hasty steps, past Nicky Anderson's watches.

—The assistant town clerk's corns are giving him some trouble, John Wyse Nolan told Mr. Power.

They followed round the corner towards James Kavanagh's wineroms. The empty castle car fronted them at rest in Essex

gate. Martin Cunningham, speaking always, showed often the list at which Jimmy Henry did not glance.

—And long John Fanning is here too, John Wyse Bolan said, as large as life.

The tall form of long John Fanning filled the doorway where he stood.

—Good day, Mr. Sheriff, Martin Cunningham said, as all halted and greeted.

Long John Fanning made no way for them. He removed his large Henry Clay decisively, and his large fierce eyes scowled intelligently over all their faces.

—Are the conscript fathers pursuing their peaceful deliberations? he said, with rich acrid utterance to the assistant town clerk.

—Hell open to Christians they were having, Jimmy Henry said pettishly, about their damned Irish language. Where was the marshal, he wanted to know to keep order in the council chamber. And old Barlow the macebearer laid up with asthma and Harrington in Llandudno and little Lorcan Sherlock doing *locum tenens* for him. Damned Irish language, language of our forefathers.

Long John Fanning blew a plume of smoke from his lips.

Martin Cunningham spoke by turns to the assistant town clerk and the subsheriff, while John Wyse Nolan held his peace.

—That Dignam was that? Long John Fanning asked.

Jimmy Henry made a grimace and lifted his left foot.

—O, my corns! he said plaintively. Come upstairs for goodness' sake till I sit down somewhere. Uff! Ooo! Mind!

Testily he made room for himself beside Long John Fanning's flank and passed in and up the stairs.

—Come on up, Martin Cunningham said to the subsheriff! I don't think you knew him, or perhaps you did though.

With John Wyse Nolan, Mr. Power followed them in.

—Decent little soul he was, Mr. Power said to the stalwart back of Long John Fanning, ascending towards Long John Fanning in the mirror.

—Rather lowsized, Dignam of Menton's office that was, Martin Cunningham said.

Long John Fanning could not remember him.

Clatter of horsehoofs sounded from the air.

—What's that? Martin Cunningham said.

All turned where they stood; John Wyse Nolan came down again. From the cool shadow of the doorway he saw the horses

pass Parliament street, harness and glossy pasterns in sunlight shimmering. Gaily they went past before his cool unfriendly eyes, not quickly.

—What was it? Martin Cunningham asked, as they went on up the staircase.

—The lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland, John Wyse Nolan answered from the stairfoot.

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As they trod across the thick carpet Buck Mulligan whispered behind his hat to Haines.

—Parnell's brother. There in the corner.

They choose a small table near the window opposite a long-faced man whose beard and gaze hung intently down on a chess-board.

—Is that he? Haines asked, twisting round in his seat.

—Yes, Mulligan said. That's John Howard, his brother, our city marshal.

John Howard Parnell translated a white bishop quietly, and his grey claw went up again to his forehead whereat it rested.

An instant after, under its screen, his eyes looked quickly, ghostbright, at his foe and fell once more upon a working corner. I'll take a *mélange*, Haines said to the waitress.

—Two *mélanges*, Buck Mulligan said. And bring us some scones and butter, and some cakes as well.

When she had gone he said, laughing:

—We call it D. B. C. because they have damn bad cakes. O, but you missed Dedalus on *Hamlet*.

Haines opened his newbought book.

—I'm sorry, he said. Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of all minds that have lost their balance.

The onelegged sailor growled at the area of 17 Helson street: —England expects.

Buck Mulligan's primrose waistcoat shook gaily to his laughter. —You should see him, he said, when his body loses its balance. Wandering Aengus I call him.

—I am sure he has an *idée fixe*, Haines said, pinching his chin thoughtfully with thumb and forefinger. How I am speculating what it would be likely to be. Such persons always have.

Buck Mulligan bent across the table gravely.

—They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell. He will never capture the attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white death and the ruddy birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet. The joy of creation

—Eternal punishment, Haines said, nodding curtly. I see. I tackled him this morning on belief. There was something on his mind, I saw. It's rather interesting because Professor Pokorny of Vienna makes an interesting point of that.

Buck Mulligan's watchful eyes saw the waitress come. He helped her to unload her tray.

—He can find no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth, Haines said, amid the cheerful cups. The moral idea seems lacking, the sense of destiny, of retribution. Rather strang he should have just that fixed idea. Does he write anything for your movement?

He sank two lumps of sugar deftly longwise through the whipped cream. Buck Mulligan slit a steaming scone in two and plastered butter over its smoking pith. He bit off a soft piece hungrily.

—Ten years he said, chewing and laughing. He is going to write something in ten years.

—Seems a long way off, Haines said, thoughtfully lifting his spoon. Still, I shouldn't wonder if he did, after all.

He tasted a spoonful from the creamy cone of his cup.

—This is real Irish cream I take it, he said with forbearance. I don't want to be imposed on.

Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward by flanks of ships and trawlers, beyond new Wapping street past Benson's ferry, and by the threemasted schooner *Rosevean* from Bridgewater with bricks.

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Almidano Artifoni walked past Holles street, past Sewell's yard. Behind him Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell with stickumbrelladustcoat dangling, shunned the lamp before Wilde's house and walked along Merrion square. Distantly behind him a blind stripling tapped his way by the wall of College Park.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell walked as far as Mr. Lewis Werner's cheerful windows, then turned and strode back along Merrion square, his stickumbrelladustcoat dangling.

At the corner of Wilde's house he halted, frowned at Elijah's

name announced on the Metropolitan Hall, frowned at the distant pleasance of duke's lawn. His eyeglass flashed frowning in the sun. With ratsteeth bared he muttered:

Coatus volui.

He strode on for Clare street, grinding his fierce word.

As he strode past Mr. Bloom's dental windows the sway of his dustcoat brushed rudely from its angle a slender tapping cane and swept onwards, having buffeted a thewless body. The blind stripping turned his sickly face after the striding form.

—God's curse on you, he said sourly, whoever you are! You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard!

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Opposite Ruggy O'Donohoe's Maszer Patrick Aloysius Dignam, pawing the pound and a half of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's, port-porksteaks he had been sent for, went along warm Wicklow dawdling. It was too blooming dull, sitting in the parlour with Mrs. Stoer and Mrs. Quigly and ma and the blind down and they all at their sniffles and sipping sups of the superior old sherry uncle Barney brought from Tunney's. And they eating crumbs of the cottage fruit cake, jawing the whole blooming time and sighing. After Wicklow lane the window of Madame Doyle court dress milliner stopped him. He stood looking in at the two puckers stripped to their pelts and putting up their props. From the sidemirrors two mourning Masters Dignam gaped silently. Myler Keogh, Dublin's pet lamb, will meet Sergeant major Bennett, the Portobello bruiser, for a purse of twelve sovereigns. Gob, that'd be a good pucking match to see. Myler Keogh, that's the chap sparring out to him with the green sash. Two bar entrance, soldiers half price. I could easy do a bunk on ma. Master Dignam on his left turned as he turned. That's me in mourning. When is it? May the twenty-second. Sure, the blooming thing is all over. He turned to the right and on his right Master Dignam turned, his cap awry, his collar sticking up. Buttoning it down, his chin lifted, he saw the image of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, beside the two puckers. One of them mots that do be in the packets of fags Stoer smokes that his old fellow welted hell out of him for one time he found out.

Master Dignam got his collar down and dawdled on. The best pucker going for strength was Fitzsimons. One pucker in the wind from that fellow would knock you into the middle of next week, man. But the best pucker for science was Jem Corbet before Fitz-

simons knocked the stuffings out of him, dodging and all.

In Grafton street Master Dignam saw a red flower in a toff's mouth and a swell pair of kicks on him and he listening to what the drunk was telling him and grinning all the time.

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No Sandymount tram.

Master Dignam walked along Nassau Strret, shifted the pork-steaks to his other hand. His collar sprang up again and he tugged it down. The blooming stud was too small for the buttonhole of the shirt, blooming end to it. He met schoolboys with satchels. I'am not going tomorrow either, stay away till Mondy. He met other schoolboys. Do they notice I'm in mourning? Uncle Barney said he'd get it into the paper tonight. Then they'll all see it in the paper and read my name printed, and pa's name.

His face got all grey instead of being red like it was and there was a fly walking over it up to his eye. The scrunch that was when they were screwing the screws into the coffin: and the bumps when they were bringing it downstairs.

Pa was inside it and ma crying in the parlour and uncle Barney telling the men how to get it round the bend. A big coffin it was and high and heavylooking. How was that? The last night pa was boosed he was standing on the landing there bawling out for his boots to go out to Tunney's for to boose more and he looked butty and short in his shirt. Never see him again. Death that is. Pa is dead. My father is dead. He told me to be a good son to ma. I couldn't hear the other things he said but I saw his tongue and his teeth trying to say it better. Poor pa. That was Mr. Dignam, my father. I hope he is in purgatory now because he went to confession to father Conroy on Saturday night.

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William Humble, earl of Dudley, and Lady Dudley, accompanied by lieutenant-colonel Hesseltime, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs. Paget, Miss de Courcy and the honourabl Gerald Ward A. D. C. in attendance.

The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phoneix Park saluted by obsequious policemen and proceeded along the northern quays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through

the metropolis. At bloody bridge Mr. Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar. In the porch of four courts Richie Goulding with the costsbag of Goulding Colles and Ward saw him with surprise. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devon's office Poodle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond Hotel, bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond quay Mr. Simon Dedalus, on his way from the greenhouse to the subsheriff's office, stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low. His Excellency graciously returned Mr. Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's corner the reverend Hugh C. Love made obeisance unperceived mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons. On Grattan bridge Lenehan and McCoy, taking leave of each other, watched the carriage go by. From the shaded door of Kavanagh's wineroms John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland. Over against Dame gate Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley fixed on him, took his thumbs quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and duffed his cap to her. A charming soubrette, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenant colonel H. G. Hesseltine, and also upon the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal carriages over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes's street, Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Bue's first French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings, stared from winebig oyster eyes. Where the foreleg of King Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs. Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C., agreeably surprised, made haste to reply. At Ponsoby's Corner a jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind him, E. L. Y. S, while outriders pranced past and carriages. By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tanned shoes and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of *My girl's a Yorkshire girl*.

Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and

high action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street his excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the programme of music which was being discoursed in College park. Unseen brazen highland laddies blared and drumthumped after the cortège:

But though she's a factory lass

And weares no fancy clothes

Baraabum

Yet I've a sort of a

Yorkshire relish for

My little Yorkshire rose

Baraabum.

Thither of the wall the quartermile flat handicappers, M. C. Green, H. Thrift, T. M. Patey, S. Scaife, J. B. Joffs, G. N. Morphy, F. Stevenson, C. Adderly, and W. C. Huggard started in pursuit. Striding past Finn's hotel, Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice isdall Farrell stared through a fierce eyeglass across the carriages at the head of Mr. M. E. Solomons in the window of the Austro-Hungarian vice-consulate. Deep in Leintser street, by Trinity's postern, a loyal King's man, Hornblower, touched his tallyho cap. As the glossy horses pranced by Merrion square Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, waiting, saw salutes being given to the gent with the topper and raised also his new black cap with fingers greased by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The Viceroy, on his way to inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's Hospital, drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a brown mackintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his hoarding, Mr. Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sandled women halted themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain. On Northumberland road his excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers the salute of two small schoolboys at a garden gate and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.

(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO A BLUE-BIRD

by Maxwell Bodenheim

Who can make a delicate adventure
Of walking on the ground?
Who can make grass-blades
Arcades for pertly careless straying?
You alone who skim against these leaves
Turning all desire into light whips
Moulded by your deep blue wing-tips.

You who shrill your unconcern
Into the sternly antique sky.
You to whom all things
Hold an equal kiss of touch.

Mincing, wanton blue-bird,
Grimace at the hoofs of passing men.
Only you can lose yourself
Within a sky that does not trouble you,
And rob it of its blue.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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DISCUSSION

Women and Conversation

by Muriel Ciolkowska

IN the floral number of your magazine (May) Mr. John Butler Yeats wrote:

"I have said that women are without the feeling of property. Let me add that they have no feeling for conversation."

[By the way, if a woman were to write in that spirit, men would up and exclaim: How assertive women are! Mr. Hueffer, to the rescue, please].

Is the art of conversation, in Mr. Yeats's opinion, practised more successfully in men's clubs than it is supposed to have been in the woman-governed salons of France in the 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries?

In those days the presence of woman proved—we have always believed—as active a stimulant to the exercise of conversation as

that other—undeniably useful—stimulant whose beneficial influence is acknowledged by Mr. Yeats.

But since there seems to have been little of “drink” in the French salons referred to and a great deal of “woman” one may be entitled to consider the former as a substitute for, rather than as an improvement upon the latter.

Bellevue, France.

Spiritual Bastinadoing

by Jesse Quitman

AS you know, I have been hopeful rather than enthusiastic about your work. But the genuineness of my solicitous regard for your success is beyond questioning. It is not as one of those who would destroy you that I am saying my little say herein.

Shall I begin by asking a question? Is anything added to the minute aggregate of beauty in the world by sneering at the multitude and boasting of a self-acclaimed mystical insight into the secret shrine of art?

Surely you do not feel that spiritual bastinadoing will open the soul of the aesthetically recalcitrant? Even were it possible, would it be justifiable to whip mankind to cultural salvation?

You recognize, for I have heard you say so, that beauty need lay no *œige* to the heart of the true artist. It is an authentic case of love at first sight. Why then, this petulance, this irritable screeching? Are you the fond mother trying to marry off a homely duckling? If your child is what she should be, she'll get her proper admiration.

Let us stop the old torture of burning people at the stake in the name of art. Not that it hurts the people, but it hurts us. Or, if we continue, let us throw off all pretence, and frankly concede that we yearn for the plaudits of the mob, that it rankles in our heart that they pass us by, that their indifference is an agony to us, that the epithets we hurl at them are to compel attention, that if they will not love us, we'll scratch them.

I am not scolding; but I deeply feel the need of loving beauty without hating stupid people.

[I am the first to admit that it is neither possible nor desirable to open the souls of the aesthetically recalcitrant. I have tried to, being of the ecclesiastical type. But I must beg exemption from

your verb "sneer". I have not sneered. The sneer is one of the finest things in nature, and a weapon of incomparable effect. I have not achieved it.—M. C. A.]

The Poet of Maine

by Marsden Hartley

THIRTYSEVEN years ago a tidal wave washed up on the shores of Maine a titan. It left him sitting on a rock, and never returned.

Instead of a rock to sit upon, the whim of the world changed rock to piano stool, and for the last eighteen years or more said titan has been drumming out everything ever written for piano that could be transcribed or mutilated for movie purposes, from silver threads among the gold, goodbye summer, on down to the last march or aria in the field of opera.

Six hours a day on a piano stool for eighteen years is not exactly the most inspiring occupation for a poet, much less for a man of powerful imagination, with the tension of a Balzac in his brain.

Wallace Gould is the titan the sea brought up, and it left him pondering on a shore that he understands now so perfectly, hardly ever having left it, as to make him truthfully the voice of Maine in modern poetry.

The promising *Seven Arts* of two years ago which perished certainly too soon to show what it could do, brought out the first printing of a series of poetic pieces of this original poet. I met Waldo Frank on Fifth Avenue one day at the time the *Seven Arts* was flourishing. Waldo queried, "Marsden, can't you help find us some new poets for our magazine"? I replied, "I happen to know a genuine one at this moment who has waited years, and still waits for the proper chance to appear." I gave the address, and the *Seven Arts* published five pieces from Wallace Gould's first book, "The Children of the Sun."

Braithwaite of Boston wrote Gould to ask for permission to reprint him in his Anthology of poetry for that period, and also at the same time the Cornhill Publishing Co. sought him out with a view to publication.

"If you publish, you do so entirely at your own risk," replied Gould. They were eager apparently, and "The Children of the Sun" made its appearance duly in flagrant orange boards with black buckram back. It

was reviewed lengthily by Braithwaite in the *Boston Transcript*, and a few minor issues gave it scant attention, mostly to sneer or condemn, with a faint smattering of praise.

Possibly the book had faults, but the faults did not lie in the quality. The Boston Shops subscribed for a few copies, and one dealer ordered twenty-five copies and in a week's time returned them saying the book was decidedly too flagrantly of the sun, that it was too indecent, or something of that sort. Other retailers quietly cancelled their orders. And the titan sits upon a rock still, with not even a leaking ferryboat to get him to shore, much less a solid ship, as it ought to be. Wallace Gould sits on his piano stool drumming for an existence, and after the labours of eighteen years (for Gould has been a merciless pruner of his pieces) his second book, "The Drift of a Year," lies ready for consideration, or possible neglect.

This has happened before in Maine, to that other and very distinguished poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, so the poets from Maine are ironically trained to the habit of neglect. During the last year or so several reviews have been on the way, but nothing has quite come off, owing to illness or the pressure of events, and the matter of making Gould known outside of his printed work has been inadvertently deferred. The titan sits upon a rock and waits for the tidal wave of deliverance to come and show him something besides a piano and a reel of movie with the background of the solemnity of Maine as the clue to human experience. At present Gould is playing piano in the mill town of Madison, Maine, on the banks of the majestic Kennebec River. He draws all of his material naturally from the mountains, lakes, rivers, rocks, tides, skies, and ocean movements of Maine. He is therefore literally the poet of Maine, as well as its first modern voice in poetry. We allow here for Robinson who is one of the best poets America has so far produced; we all of us know the plight of his existence, and know that but for the few discerning poets and friends of his time, and the efforts at a later time of Theodore Roosevelt, he might still be suspended in the limbo of neglect.

But Robinson is not Maine in precisely the sense that Gould is Maine, for Robinson made a stiff abstraction out of it, while Gould has given the flavour of the place and the characteristics of the place with a poetic fidelity that might be called by some rough realism, but it is a realism that is in no sense photography. It is rather the life of things and people and places in Maine, the life of Maine as it is, unchanged, untransmuted. Gould knows the state in the actual sense as Nero knew his Rome. He possesses it, and presents accuracy

of substance with a fine virility of handling. He is behind every shade of its significance, its majesty, its dramatic brilliance, its queer humours, and its fine fantasy, as well as its history. I am myself a native of Maine, though having lived there but little in the sense of native, yet I know the degree in which Gould has produced his values. His methods may be quarreled with. I suppose the eclectics would find Gould this or that impossible, and the others would find him this or that brutish or flagrant, or lacking in sentimental delicacies. Well, it's rugged poetry, and there is the difference. It is the poetry of a titan on a rock with the salt spray still on his flanks, and with mountain winds and the rush of great rivers around him, the terror of the silences of deep woods, and the thunder rumbling in his hair. When Gould talks of the seasons, they are the seasons of Maine, and when he talks of events they are the events of Maine. He is Maine inside and out in his poetry. No state has ever been so voiced in poetry as Maine is voiced in the work of Wallace Gould. There is lyric beauty in all of Gould's poems and rhapsodies, and there is dramatic intensity born out of a fierce simplicity, and there is most of all a fine grip of the substance around him. If you want to get the flavour of Maine, you shall find it in the poetry of Wallace Gould. Frost is of New Hampshire, and that is New England, and it is New England with poetic vengeance. This is argument only for the virile sense of place that underlies the work of modern poets, or at least the best of them. Gould must be counted among the very best poets of America today by virtue of his personal distinction, and by the feeling for his own specific soil, and his work will bear him out to the end. The end, however, no one worried about, or the beginning, for that matter. It's the deadly middle ground upon which everything is fought out that distracts and bores, and nauseates. If Gould's poetic piece "Out of Season" is the moral eyesore in the "Children of the Sun," if it is too much for polite and virtuous eyes, and if it is too much for Boston to see in print that "buttons is a castrated tom", what happens with the "Children of Adam", or do people draw the jealousy when they want to read section nine of that group in "Leaves of Grass," and pull up the blind again on "Captain, my captain?"

I am amused and delighted when I hear of one individual who went traveling for the recovery of health and took as diversion the bible and a copy of Rabelais.

But real books are read by real people, and I am certain there are more threadbare volumes of the fascinating wit of this french genius, than there are of the bible. At least Rabelais is closer to the average human experience. And so the adorably immoral city of Boston had

to give back Wallace Gould's orange book because it was too filled with things in universal sunlight. The exposure is too much for the so highly respected violet glass windows of the best families of State House hill. It couldn't have a book with lines telling of performing duties which make men shudder,

"the dressing,
the washing,
the feeding,

And other things which make men shudder."

People are shuddering at James Joyce now. Joyce speaks of unmentionable loves in "Exiles" I believe; I suppose Joyce has unfolded the lily too far. Gould has the dagger well in hand, and doesn't hate to use it to rip up the sleek bowels of nature.

I expect "The Drift of a Year" will be hailed as an interesting book by some. So it is. It will not be shut by Boston for Boston is too near Maine. It may not even be opened by Boston, but there's Chicago, and there's the rest of the world. I hear the Gould is being spoken of across the water to the french moderns. Lets hope the frenchmen find a go that sounds like virility and American originality.

Meanwhile Gould sits strumming everything from Over There, Over There, to the Meditation from "Thais" and beyond to anything that would suit the exquisite pantomime of Charles Chaplin or Tom Mix, or the sadly passing Wm. S. Hart.

With Gould's two hundred and eighty pounds averdupois and most of it in his brain, he at least crowns his six feet two with the intelligence one might expect of a titan washed up on a tidal wave.

Gould is of the big school of Sand, Balzac, and Byron in his enthusiams, and wonders if the world will ever see such masters again. Gould was born out of place, geographically speaking. He needs a Russia, or an Egypt or earlier times for his playground. He needs a Paris of the Louis's and an Italy of the Borgias and of Cellini. He is wasting large material on small spaces for lack of room to make titantic gestures in. He has been tied to Maine by circumstance. Nature does all sorts of things to moles and mastodons. Now and then it sets one free. Gould has the power but not the space. Piano stools are trivial in the long run.

But there is "The Drift of a Year" just ready and somewhat in print, and there are "Kennebec Portraits" and dramatic projects on the way. Maine at least has its original poet. Gould will not rhyme you to death, and he will not exalt you to extinction with triteness. He may nauseate you with his vitality.

You shall take your chance with Wallace Gould. You can't "see"

him first and hear him afterward. He must be listened to, or given up. He doesn't inspire. He demands.

[I print this article as a good example of what passes for criticism in America. Mr. Hartley has simply made up words about Wallace Gould. Almost nothing that Gould has written justifies any of Mr. Hartley's praise. Wallace Gould is a writer who has not yet learned to write. I have seen a few of his newer prose things and they are better; they show Wallace Gould at that point in his development where he can select what may be called significant material,—and in this respect they bear out Mr. Hartley's idea of Gould as a significant human being. But this fact is not necessarily followed by the conclusion that he has grasped his material as an artist.—
M. C. A.]

POEMS

by Wallace Gould

22.

I send these violets, Madame,
for you to wear upon your breast.
I send these violets, Madame,
without desire, without request.
Wear them, Madame, upon your breast.

Wear them, Madame, where, on a time —
one summer night — I pressed my head.
Don't put them in a vase, chérie,
but wear them near your heart, instead.
Wear them where once I pressed my head.

I did not know that you were ill,
till, yesterday, you told me so.
You have been silent all these days,
charmante, so how was I to know?
I suffered, when you told me so.

Yet, yesterday, cherie charmante,
 I gloried more than I can tell.
 I gloried in the sight of you
 against the new, pure snow that fell
 the night before,
 for you were then so lovely in your violet coat, the broad,
 furred collar raised about your face;
 your broad, plumed, violet hat and violet veil —
 within the veil those black, black, gleaming eyes that forty
 years have failed to dim,
 and, from within, the voice of a young girl happy and proud
 in her first of loves—
 yes, yesterday, cherie charmante,
 I gloried more than I can tell.
 I gloried in the sight of you
 against the new, pure snow that fell
 the night before.

 I cannot tell
 my ecstasies, not even one.
 To me, you beggared violets.
 In truth, when all is said and done,
 't is merely to express regrets,
 that I have sent these violets.

Wear them, Madame, where, on a time —
 that summer night — I pressed my head.
 Don't put them in a vase, old dear,
 but wear them near your heart, instead.
 Wear them where once I pressed my head.

30.

I should have struck you between the eyes,
 peroxide trollop with the voice of a man —
 Irish queen with the head of a tomcat,
 I should have made you sprawl in the gutter.

Nevertheless, I salute you, as one salutes the great.

For you are a great and glorious queen. Your wileness is so
resplendent
that to comprehend is to gaze at the sun.
Not pearls, but emeralds, are the tears you shed
over the man who tries to escape you
and whom all women should escape.
Your great voice bellows its ribald truths and hoarsely howls
its bellicose lies.
Your mind is the source of massive inventions, lewd de-
ductions, perverse conjectures, nauseating insinuations.
Your bosom is great.
Your hips are great.
Everything about you is great.

I should have struck you between the eyes,
to leave an hieroglyphic in the language that you love —
that you best understand.
If I had done this thing,
and you had sprawled in such a place
as that which England's virgin queen
once shunned as being unfit to tread,
you would have been more gracious than Elizabeth,
and I could have laughed at the man who spread his cloak.

17.

It is a losing game, old dear.
He doesn't love you any more.
Let the tears run down your cheeks, heavy tears that are callid,
brilliant —
through the powder,
down the wrinkles.
Let your powdered bosom heave.
Sigh as only one as old as you can sigh, mocking the slur of
the violoncello, the wind of a desperate autumn storm, the
hiss of a wounded lucivee.
Cry out,
to the moon,
to the sunset,

to a god,
to me —
clenching your fingers.
Lift your arms outward,
cursing loudly.
Roll your staring, bloodshot eyes.
What does it matter what you do?
He doesn't love you any more.

Don't tell me that he is a sneak, a coward, a liar.
Don't tell me that he is too lazy, dear, to earn an honest
liveliness.
Don't tell me that he is a traitor
to his god,
to his flag,
to you.
Don't tell me about the times he has stolen money from your
purse
Or has denied you as his wife
or insulted you beyond belief.
Don't tell me all these things —
for that is because you love him,
and I am tired of knowing that people love.

What if he crept like a lost, lame animal into your heart?
What if you could have had a career?
What if you have forgiven him many times, when he has returned
to you penniless, penitent, clever, magnetic?
What if you love him even now?
He doesn't love you any more.

THE FRENCH PEPYS

by N. Tourneur

SAMUEL PEPYS, man-about-town, dilettante, connoisseur, bookman, and Secretary to the Admiralty of Charles Second, is usually taken to be the prince of diarists. But across the British Channel there is another whose diary if and when it is ever published, in selections, will be found to stand very close alongside "Mr. Peeps'", as his contemporaries called him. Indeed in some things he is surpassed by the surprising wealth of details, if not by the meticulous care the French diarist took, after the labours, and the jests, and the news-tellings, and the eatings and drinkings and gallantries of each day and night, to write up his most voluminous tell-tale.

His work has been described as "un des monuments les plus étranges de la manie humaine," and it is certainly all that and more. Before it could appear to the public eye it would require a much more drastic expurgation than even the Memoirs of Jacques Casanova and others of that ilk, for much of Henri Legrand's diary deals with "histoire des femmes que j'ai connues." But then, Legrand moved in the highest circles at a time when women made history in France.

His diary was rescued some forty years ago from a bookseller's stall on the Quai Voltaire, and consists of a manuscript in forty-five volumes written apparently in Oriental characters. For some time it puzzled many, both as to contents and writer, until, on the cipher being decoded at last, it was found to be the diary of one Henri Legrand, an architect, born in France of a good family in 1814, and married at Madrid in 1847 to an illegitimate daughter of the third Earl of Clarendon. From 1835 and for thirty years onward Legrand reports in his diary everything that happens to him, and deals minutely with great events in France. He not only outdoes Pepys in voluminousness but also in minuteness and abundance of detail.

He throws light on wellknown and notorious facts and names, and transcribes certificates of birth, marriage, death, official papers, and passports. Every document or letter is fully commented on, together with description of seals, postal marks, and stamps, the writing and paper. Nothing escapes Legrand's attention. Very handsome, and with a deep knowledge of occultism, he was a favourite in Government circles and the best society in Paris, and made full use of his opportunities for commitment to his diary.

He had a liaison with a young lady of one of the great historic French families, and her confidences supplied him with intimate stories and all the scandal, most circumstantially related, of the courts of Louis Phillipe, Isabella Second, and the Tuileries under Napoleon Third. She not only wrote most fully and confidentially to him but allowed him to read her friends' letters, and some 10,000 of them are to be found, copied in full into the diary. In it also are faithful transcriptions of numerous documents bearing on the secret history of the middle of the nineteenth century which the fires of the Paris Communists so effectually destroyed, and much other matter throwing light upon apparent mysteries.

The cipher Legrand used has been stated to be comparatively simple, but to add to outsiders' difficulties in reading it he multiplied its intricacies by often writing in three languages, and his handwriting is small almost to minuteness. As another obstacle in the way of elucidation, Legrand, though he wrote to be read from left to right, ran the letters of each word from right to left. But, the French Pepys also has had to render up his secrets, and in one aspect of human nature, nigh the sorriest and nastiest of all, he far surpasses the genial free-living "Mr. Secretary" who did so much to lay the foundations of the British Admiralty of today.

PROFILES AND AFTERNOONS

by A. Y. Winters

P r e l u d e

I watched her from the garden.
Her fingers
Flickered idly on the sill
With the motion of yellow leaves . . .
She turned away.

And so I make designs
For my diversion;
Not as a sea-bird
That dives beneath its image,—
An autumn leaf that sinks
To meet its shadow.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

by Malcolm Cowley

(after Jules Laforgue)

Sunday in my bedroom staring
Through the broken window pane,
I watch the slanting lines of rain,
And since I have an empty purse
Turn to philosophy again: —
The world is a potato paring,
The refuse of the universe
 And man excrescent,
 Adolescent.

Oh for some drunken luxury,
For a divine intoxication,
For love that rises suddenly —
The ordinary dull flirtation
 That lasts a day
 And dies away
Leaves life too barren of sensation.

Weeks melt to weeks; the summer season
Passes without any reason,
And marriage cannot make things worse;
For some fine morning I shall see
 My progeny,
 What ecstasy!
My progeny in diapers.

At twenty they will grow to be
 Like me;
They too will cultivate the Mind
 And find
In some hall bedroom, Tragedy.
Until, unheralded by drums
At last the undertaker comes.

Creeps in this weary pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of appointed time;
 Since life will play
 The dull repeater,
 I turn its meter
 Into rhyme.

In seven billion years, the sun,
 Grown cold, will slaughter every one.
 The cosmos, tired of innuendo,
 Will play *glissando, decrescendo* —
 My seven million progeny
 In seven billion years
 Will pay arrears
 And follow me.

Boredom that had accumulated
 Since Eve and the Pleistocene
 Though belated
 Will be done,
 Leaving a constellation clean
 Of grief and schism
 And organism
 Lying cold under a cold sun.

EXPERIMENTS

The Commandments of the Somewhat (U n f i n i s h e d)

by John Ketch

Those who hang onto walls of rain
 Like sporadic one thoughts,
 Sift like fish through the net
 Which hangs from the great brain.

All the magnificent yellow electric blooms
 Of an indefinite amount of souls,
 Reveal the contour of this lover's lips
 As beautiful as granite tombs.

A discardment of tendencies to burlesque
Prohibits ravishment in the sombre.
As if one holds the sides of his head
Lest something escape of the grotesque.

Mary said perhaps an interlude is too long
To waste between special seconds;
Just as time has been proved useless
To interject between a song.

The lamp lights yield in vestibules
Of unutterable movements
That, disilluminated, become
As tawdry as hanging breast globules.

Alone in the House

by Helen West Heller

Silence—punctuated by sharp sounds: martens click as they swing, cock chortles from cooo, rat skitters home to woodpile. Song-birds coasting down long smooth air ways bring up against low sheltering cherry trees. Tall ragweed folds behind its large white palms, leaning helpless on the in-sucked tide of air. Light goes and fireflies flare care-free across the lurid cloud—golden-orange brush-strokes on red-purple. Far white houses blare through copper-green glare.

Tall ragweed petulant turns now white palms down, strained from the storm. Strong gusts insult the gazing face,—slap—slap!

II.

I go in-doors and close an open window, lock and go to up-stairs, west, white window and rest white chin on sash.

Through locked doors at height of storm THE INSIDIOUS THING will come.

Incessantly the wind and the rain roar through bended, thrashing trees. I do not breathe. Autos rumble down the road nearer and louder but never pass—nearer and louder. A spark of fire blows! Glance to the barn and back to the spark. It sinks on a pool, glimmers green and goes out. *The fireflies draw yellow care-free lines on lurid sky.* By winking light, green wickets in the garden,—the unripe fruit hangs white. What's that!

THE INSIDIOUS ONE passed the corner of the house!
 The combined roars change key: up and higher, higher yet till the
 voices screech high C. By now all the fruit will be bruised.
 Tomorrow in the sun it will rot where it hangs. What matter?
 Men and women are rotting where they hang.
 The tree leans to me (chin on sash, face wet, hair dripping into neck),
 swipes green wet fingers over brow. *Sign of the cross in unholy
 water.* Snap, snarl, its bones give in the strain, crash on the
 roof. No answering crunch. It seems the roof-comb holds.
 There! The step on the stair, soft—slow—up—up—higher—higher
 the first turn—up—up—the second turn—near—nearer—in the
 doorway! *It is not white, it is moon-color. It is moon-color.*
 I do not scream nor wait for it to cross the room and touch my
 flesh; knuckles pressed tight in the other palm, I step—to meet—
 this THING. My thought questions. The eyes reply, hard. *Cynic,
 cruel?* A slight smile. INDIFERENCE.

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