

XI

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

**A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS**  
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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

*TO APPEAR SOON:*

FOUR DRAWINGS, by H. Gaudier-Brzeska

"HAPPY FAMILIES", by Aldous Huxley

DRAWINGS, by Ananda Coomaraswamy

"ROUGE", by Ben Hecht

POEMS, by Else von Freytag von Loringhoven

"A NEW TESTAMENT", by Sherwood Anderson

POEMS, by T. S. Eliot

CRITICAL SUGGESTIONS, by Jessie Dismorr

A DISCUSSION of Richard Aldington, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Dorothy Richardson, by William Carlos Williams.

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*Contributors for 1919*

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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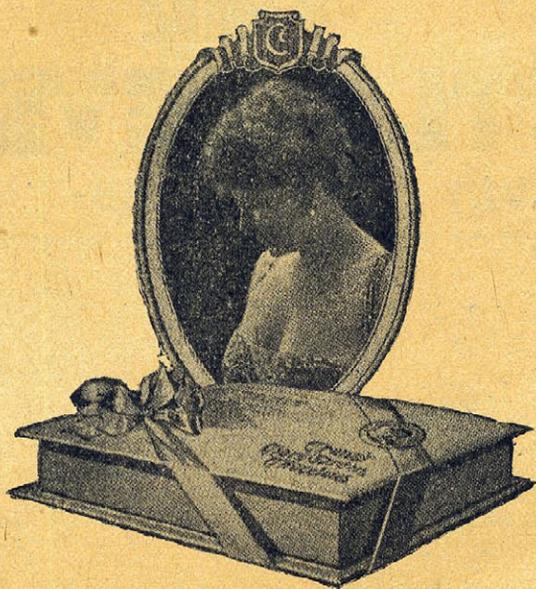
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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

## POEMS

by Jessie Dismorr

### Spring

THE excessive sweetness of bird's singing pierces the thin epidermis of inattentive thought.

Pale poison, it creeps along the channels of the nerves, thrills in the finger tips, becomes diffused in the blood.

Because of it all appetite for appearances turns to nausea; the senses reject their diet of accustomed joys.

Only essential seems that singular stabbing of edged notes, irregular, mercilessly unsubdued to music.

### The Enemy

The microbe that inhabits my body makes me sick; but it is he that pushes me to impossible and exasperated feats of skill.

He drinks my strength, then pushes me to unwilling exploration.

### Promenade

With other delicate and malicious children, a horde bright eyed whose bodies easily tire, I follow Curiosity, the refined and maidenly governess of our adoration.

I am surprised to notice in an emerging thoroughfare Hunger, the vulgar usher, whipping up his tribe of schoolboys, who, questing hither and thither on robust limbs, fill the air with loud and innocent cries.

The suspicion quickens within me that there is an understanding. We are being led by different ways into the same doubtful and prohibited neighborhood.

## I s l a n d s

In that restless sea which is eternity the little islands of event float among the waves.

(Are they water blossoms with roots continually shaken, floating their petals on the pulsating water?)

Are they a flotilla of frail boats trembling to the touches of interminable ripples?)

Even at flood time when from some ocean of inconceivable vastness the great tides pour into the brimming sea, the imperishable islands, fragile and obstinate, achieve their breathless equilibrium.

## T w i l i g h t

Erect and of a curious emaciation the tall virgin paces the sands at nightfall.

Around her limbs the wind twists her sinuous garments, the locks are whirled about her bossy temples.

The treasure within her bosom is the finely selected material that fits into a little space.

The talisman is discreet but absolute. She is immune from dissolution forever.

(Oh Sorrow, Oh Penalty, Life has eluded her contact).

The pain that is her heart, the swiftness of her limbs, these are the last gift of civilization.

But her arbitrary erectness is eternally menaced.

Sea and sand and the bars of sinking cloud do not cease to urge her to the level of Nature's indiscriminate embrace.

## L a n d s c a p e

The immense gray sky, wheeling towards me and on to me, against it I have—what resource?

In the swarthy limbs of the trees that march over me as I lie pallid, holding to the earth, what danger!

Nevertheless a creature thus drugged and bound by immortality, am I not already destroyed by the rigorous onrush of time?

S—D—

Having pricked the polished surfaces of life and defaced them  
and having dammed in thin close limits of expediency  
the perilous tides of affection  
she now for sole occupation  
cherishes a little pure flame, thin as a mist without heat.

## INTERIM

by Dorothy Richardson

## Chapter Three

COMING in at nine o'clock on the day Sissie had had her first French lesson Miriam was quietly scuffing her muddy shoes on the mat in the gloom of the doorway with her eyes on the opposite gloom where beyond the glimmering gaslight about the hall-table and the threatening dining-room door the dim staircase beckoned up into darkness, when she was roused by the sound of a laugh coming from the far end of the passage. There was a line of bright light there, coming through the chink of the little door usually hidden in the darkness beyond where the Baileys disappeared down the basement stairs. Then there was a *room* there. The little door was pushed open and a man's figure stood outlined against the bright light and disappeared, shutting the door. There had been a table and a lamp upon it. . . .the sound of the laugh rang in her head; a single lively deep-chested note followed by a falsetto note that curved hysterically up. Men; gentlemen. How long had they been there? They would not stay. How had they come? Where had Mrs. Bailey found them? Had they already found out that it was not their sort of house? Who were they afraid of shocking with their refinement and freedom? They were making a bright little world in there by feeling themselves surrounded by people who would be shocked. They did not know there was someone there they could not shock. . . .She imagined herself in the doorway . . . *Jullio!* Fancy you *here* . . . The dining-room door had opened and Mrs. Bailey was standing in the hall with the door open behind her. Miriam was not prepared with a refusal of the invitation to come in. She glanced over Mrs. Bailey's shoulder and saw the

two girls sitting at the fireside. Two letters on the hall-table addressed to the Norwegian told her that the Baileys were alone. She yielded to Mrs. Bailey's delighted manner and went in. She would stay, keeping on her outdoor things, long enough to hear about the new people. The close sickly sweet air of the room closed oppressively round her heavy garments - Here you are young lady sit here - said Mrs. Bailey piloting her to a chair in front of the fire. There was a stranger sitting at the fireside - Mr. Mendizzable - murmured Mrs. Bailey as Miriam sat down. Miriam's affronted eyes took in the figure of a man sitting on the wooden stool between the lintel of the mantelpiece and the easy chair occupied by Sissie; a man from a café. . . . a foreign waiter in his best clothes, sheeny stripy harsh pale grey, a crimson waistcoat showing up the gleam of a gold watch-chain, and crimson cloth slippers; an Italian, a Frenchman, a French-Swiss. He was sitting bent conversationally forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped; quite at home. They had evidently been sitting there all the evening. The air about the fireplace was dense with their intercourse. Miriam received an abrupt nod in response to her murmur and her stiff bow and followed with resentful curiosity the little foreign tune the man began humming far away in his head. He had not even glanced her way and the tune was his response to Mrs. Bailey's introduction. The remains of a derisive smile seemed to snort from the firmly sweeping white nostrils above his tiny trim bushily upward curving black moustache. It moulded the strong closed lips and shone behind the whole of his curiously square evenly modelled face. The Bailey girls were watching him with shiny flushed cheeks and bright eyes. His skin was white and clean. . . . mat; like felt. . . . untouched and untried in the exhausted air of the shabby room. An insolent waiter. He had turned away towards the fire after his nod. From under a firm black-lashed white lid a bright dark eye gazed derision into the flames.

Go on Mr. Mendizzable - smiled Mrs. Bailey brushing her skirt with her handkerchief - we are most interested.

Hay, madame that is all, he laughed derisively in rich singing swaying tones towards the middle of the hearthrug - I skate from one end of their canal to another, faster than them all. I win their prize. Je m'en fiche -

You skated all the way along the canal. -

Ieeea skate their canal. That was Amsterdam. I do many things there. I edit their newspaper. I conduct a café. I play in their theatre.

You *have* had some adventures -

That was not adventures in Amsterdam mon dieu! he squealed musically, swaying from side to side, his thrust-out face pointed . . . like Mephistopheles. He was like Mephistopheles. Had he really beaten those wonderful skaters? Perhaps he had not. She glanced at his brow calm, firm, dead white under the soft crisply ridged black hair. Perhaps he was Dutch; and that was why he looked common and also refined.

—Adventures I can tell you for a week-  
Mts, sighed Mrs. Bailey.

## 2.

At ten o'clock the youngest girl was sent to bed. Miriam scornfully watched herself miss her opportunity of getting away. She sat fascinated, resenting the interruption; enviously filching the gay outbreaking kindness that robbed the departure of humiliation and sent the child away counting on tomorrow. He went out of his way to make *Polly Bailey* happy. . . . and sat on by the dying fire unwearied, freshly humming to himself towards the dingy hearth scattered thinly with sparse dusty ash. Mrs. Bailey returned, raked together the remains of the fire and settled herself in her chair with a shiver. In a moment she would begin her questionings and the voice would sound again. - You cold mother darling? Come nearer the fire. Mrs. Bailey pulled her chair a few inches forward arching her neck and smiling her bright sweet smile - Oogh, its parky upstairs - Miriam implored herself to go - parky - reiterated Mrs. Bailey uncertainly, glancing daintily from side to side and smiling away a yawn behind her small rough reddened hand - Parky? What is parky? - *Parky* - said Mrs. Bailey - *cold*; like a park - Ah, I see. That is good. When I go upstairs I go to Hyde Park. . . . I shall have in my bedroom a band, and a mass meeting, and a policeman. Salvation Army Band - Miriam sat stiffly through the laughter of the Baileys. Her refusal to join brought the discomfoting realization of having laughed, several times during the past hour. She had laughed in spite of herself, flinging her laughter out across the hearthrug towards the dying fire, leading the laughter of the Baileys, holding them off and herself apart. Now suddenly by refusing to share their laughter when they led the way she had openly separated herself from them. Then they knew she stayed on under a charm. They had witnessed her gathering, in the garden they themselves had provided, clusters of vivid things for memory. They

had seen her eagerness and her hunger and gratitude. It was the price. It stung and tried to humble her. She sat steadily on, flouting it. The grouping would not recur. Why did not Mrs. Bailey make him go on talking? A cold gloom spread sideways from the polished arch of the grate, encroaching on the corner where he sat drumming and humming. She drew her eyes with conscious absorption towards the dying fire. Its aspect was unendurably bleak. Her mind shrank from it; to meet the sense of the cold darkness waiting upstairs. Mrs. Bailey's voice bridged the emptiness. Some inner link was restored. Somewhere in her voice was something that rang restoringly round the world. The disconnected narrative was flowing again. The chilly hearth glowed with a small sombre brilliance. . . . The foreign voice went on and on, narrative dialogue commentary, running flowing leaping in the voice that rang whatever its burden in bright sunshine. She listened openly, apologizing in swift affectionate glances for her stiff middle-class resentment of his vulgar appearance. Was he vulgar? She tried in vain to recall her first impression. That curious blending of sturdy strength and polished refinement in the handsome head was like something well-known in the head of a friend. She forced her friends to apologize and submit to the charm. . . .

## 3.

It was nearly midnight. The grey of tomorrow morning kept pressing on her attention. She gathered herself together to go and rose reluctantly. The outer chill came down to meet her rising form. The glow of life was left there at the heart of the circle by the fire. The little man leapt up - Hah, *good* night all - and pushed past her and out of the room. Mrs. Bailey had made some remark towards her as she neared the door. She professed not to hear and went slowly on in the wake of the footsteps leaping up the dark flights. On the landing next below hers light blazed from a wide-open door. When she rounded the stairs a little melody sounded for an instant in a smooth swaying falsetto at the open door. As soon as she had passed the door was violently slammed . . . all those stories were *true*. And the first one about the skating. She imagined the white brow under a fur cap and the square short strong well-knit form swaying strongly from side to side, on and on, ironically winning.

## 4.

Sissie read her set of phrases in heavy docility. Her will and the shapeless colourless voice murmuring from the back of her throat were given to the lesson; but the kindly sullen profile smouldered in slumber. Miriam pondered at ease, contrasting the two voices as they placed one after the other the little trite sentences upon the dreaming air. That Sissie should speak her French in the worst kind of English way did not really matter. But why was it? What did it mean? They all had something in common - all the people who spoke French like that. . . . a slender young man darted noiselessly into the room and began busily dusting the sideboard. He was wearing a striped cotton jacket. Mrs. Bailey had engaged a manservant . . . It was impossible. He would not be able to keep. It was like a play. He was like a character in a farce, rushing on and whisking things about. It was a play; amateur theatricals, Mrs. Bailey rushing radiantly about, stage-managing. It was pretending things were different when they were not; breaking up the atmosphere of the house. Where did she get her ideas? . . . . . Coming back to her surveillance she listened intently. Wait a minute, she said, we will begin all over again. I see exactly what it is. There's no difficulty. You can learn all about pronunciation in a few minutes. Sissie had started. Controlling herself she took her attention from the book long enough to give Miriam a sympathetic glancing smile. Let them *ring* in your head, *into* your nose and against your forehead. Sissie sat back smiling, and sat watching Miriam's face. It's *we* who speak *through* the nose. And mouth. In gusts, whoof, whoof, from the chest; all emptiness and no pronunciation. Sissie's eyes were roving intently about Miriam's face. They *stop* the breath at the lips and in the nose. Bong. That's through the nose. *Bon!* D'you hear; like a little explosion. Hold the lips tight before the b and explode the word up into the nose partly closing the back of the throat and mouth. It's all like that and the pronunciation does not vary. When you know the few rules and get the vowels pure and explode the consonants, that's all there is. Sissie waited, controlling an apologetic smile. She had realised nothing but the violent outburst and was secretly laughing over the idea of explosions. . . . Say *matin*, suggested Miriam patiently. *Mattong*, murmured Sissie. Say *mattah*, persisted Miriam. The youth came flourishing in with the coal box. That's right. Now try forcing the ah up into your nose and shutting your nose on it. It's time to lay the table *Eyou*, said Sissie reprovingly

towards the hearthrug. Pliz? - The young man reared a mild fair crested head above the rim of the table. - Lay the table, tarb, paw dinnay - snapped Sissie. I shall have to go Miss Henderson - she added, getting gently up and ambling to the door. The young man shot murmuring from the room. They appeared to collide in the hall. Miriam found herself in the midst of a train of thought that had distracted her during her morning's work. *Cosmopolic*, she scribbled in her note-book. The world of science and art is the true cosmopolic. Those were not the words in "Cosmopolis" but it was the idea. Perhaps no one had thought of it before the man who thought of having the magazine in three languages. It would be one of the new ideas. Tearing off the page she laid it on the sofa-head and sat contemplating an imagined map of Europe with London, Paris and Berlin joined by a triangle, the globe rounding vaguely off on either side. All over the globe, dotted here and there were people who read and thought, making a network of unanimous culture. It was a tiring reflection; but it brought a comforting assurance that somewhere beyond the huddled hurrying confusion of everyday life something was being done quietly in a removed real world that led the other world. People arrived independently at the same conclusions in different languages and in the world of science they communicated with each other other. That made *Cosmopolis*. Yet it was an awful thought that the might gradually become all one piece; perhaps with one language; perhaps English if those people were right who talked about Anglo-Saxon supremacy. "England and America together could rule the world." It sounded secure and comforting, like a police-station; it would be wonderful to belong to the race whose language was spoken all over the world. All the foreigners would simply have to become English. But that idea brought a dreadful sense of loss. Foreign languages had a beauty that could not be found in English, and the world would be *ruted* by the kind of English people who could never get the sound of a foreign word and who therefore had all sorts of appalling obliviousness; the kind of shouting prosperous English people it was a relief to get away from in Germany. The kind who said "I say, *What?*" And who could only feel confident as long as someone else was in some way at a disadvantage.

"You write that miss?"

Yes, said Miriam leaping through surprise and indignation to delight. Sissie and Emile were back again in the room hurrying and angry; the little man bid them a loud good-evening; a tablecloth

was floundering out across the large table. Miriam returned to her note-book. He was *writing*, with a scrap of pencil taken from his pocket, on her piece of paper, held against the wall. There miss he shouted gruffly, handing it to her. —Lies—she read; scribbled in a rounded hand across her words, and underneath—there is NO Cosmopolis. Bernard Mendizabal.

“Oh yes, there *is* a cosmopolis” argued Miriam looking up and out from a confusion of convincing images. He was walking about in the window space in his extraordinary clothes, short and somehow too square for his clothes, making his clothes look square. His square roundly modelled head was changeably sculptured by the gas-light as he paced up and down. His distinction seemed to be sharpened by her words as she said *vous avez tort monsieur*. She had a sense of Emile and Sissie glancing and affronted while she slid down her sentence to leap, flouting them, forsaking her thrusting visions, and catch at any cost, the joy of saying and hearing no matter what, in foreign speech. She would pay for the moment any price to make it sound and keep it sounding in the room. The spaces of her separate life in the house had become a background for this familiar forgotten joy so unexpectedly renewed.

“No miss!” shouted Mr. Mendizabal. She cast a fierce general scowl towards his promenading figure. He was another of those foreigners who care for nothing in England but practising English. Then she would fight her theory.

“Je n’ai pas tort” he thundered, standing before her with his hands in his pockets. He was taking her French for granted. In her thankfulness she sat docile before a torrent of words taking in nothing of their meaning, throwing out provisional phrases, according to his tone of question or assertion. The Baileys coming in and out of the room would see “an animated French conversation” and Sissie and Emile would forget her desperate onslaught in their admiration of the spectacle. The more she kept it glowing and emphatic and alive the further in their eyes she was redeemed. She gave no glance their way. Dinner must be almost ready. Soon she would have to go. The gong would tell her. Till then she could remain immersed in the tide of words. The little man was earnest and enraged, he used his French easily and fluently. It was not wonderful to him suddenly to become French, to feel the things he expressed change, become clear neat patterns, lose some of their meaning, fall open to attack; the pain of the failure of words so set out was made bearable by the wonder of the journey from speech to speech. He remained himself, apparently unaware of the change

of environment, or indifferent to it. . . . *En déche*, what did that mean? Vous devez me voir en déche. You ought to see me en déche. That seemed to be his summing up, the basis of his denial of a cosmopolis. She attended. The only way he declared, as if recalling an earlier assertion, of proving the indifference of everyone to everyone else is to be en déche. Smiling comprehensively just before he turned on his heel and swung round, she drifted out of the room amidst the clangour of the gong . . . en déche . . . décheance? . . . somehow at a disadvantage. She thought her written phrases in French. They sounded a little grandiloquent. Someone seemed to be declaiming them from a platform. He probably had not realised what she was trying to say. But he was a cosmopolitan, he denied that there was any cosmopolis, any sympathy between races, even between individuals. He was a pessimist. With all his charm and zest he believed in nothing nobody. And he spoke from experience. Perhaps it was only in thoughts not in life that these things existed. People talked about cosmopolis because they wanted to believe it. Had he said that?

#### Chapter IV.

After the first wonder of hearing an echo of a Queen's Hall Wagner night in Mrs. Bailey's dining room, Miriam forgot the music. Mr. Bowdoin had passed on from the overture to Tannhauser to unfamiliar fragments, unmelodious but haunted by suggested melody and with a curious flattened abrupt intimate message in their phrases; perhaps Russian, or Brahms. She could not listen to them here in the midst of the inattentive group sitting so closely round the piano. He had played the overture, imperfectly, but self-forgetfully, in the foreign way, getting it, and rendering it, so that she had had sitting near the broken down piano, witnessing his difficulties and makeshifts, the whole orchestral impression from end to end and the hope that perhaps if Mr. Mendizabal stayed, he would come again. Perhaps the Baileys would ask him to come again. It would not occur to them. They were drowned in the occasion sitting like strangers in their own dining-room, with the wonderful evening going on all round them. She consulted Sissie's expression, and probed enviously for the dark busy sulkily hidden thoughts going to and fro behind her attitude of sullen listening and painfully resented her opportunity of drawing pictures of Mr. Bowdoin's appearance and his movements at the piano. Passing swiftly to Mrs. Bailey she found her still in a tumult between her pride

in the visitor and her circling contemplation of the things Mr. Mendizabal had told them; looking proudly at the slender shabby form and the back of the thatch of soft fine fair hair she saw the disorderly roomful of men slowly painting second-rate posters, the sudden arrival of Mr. Mendizabal, their envious resentment of his quick clever work; the posters he thought of in the night and executed in the last hour before the office closed; Mr. Bowdoin forced by him to play a sonata on the typewriter with his hair in curl-papers . . . perhaps she would be too distracted by these things to think of asking him to come again. Mr. Mendizabal lounging back in his chair with his hands in his pockets had a pleased proud wicked smile hovering about his face. He respected Bowdoin's playing. He respected music . . . He was showing him off. It was charming, like Trilby. Mr. Bowdoin had an English profile, a sort of blunted irregular aquiline, a little defaced about the mouth and chin by the influence on the muscles of his common way of speaking. But the back of his head was foreign, the outline of his skull fine and delicate, a delicate arch at the top and the back flattened a little under the soft fall of hair. He was stopping. He sat still, facing the piano. There were stirrings and murmurs and uncertain attempts at applause. Mr. Mendizabal rose and stood over him, as if to smite him on the shoulder. What do you think about when you play *Beethoven*?—said Miriam hastily. His face came round and Mr. Mendizabal turned hilariously away to the room.—By-toven himself I think said Mr. Bowdoin quietly.—If I get a Beethoven's Sonatas would you play one?—I *will* play one for you. But not this evening I think—He turned back to the piano and Miriam gazed at his indrawn profile. He was quite English and had all the English thoughts and feelings about the little group gathered behind him in the room. But there was something besides. He was a musician and that made him understand. He knew the room was impervious to music and was ill at ease after the first joy of playing, and could not convince his hearers by vitality and exuberance as a foreigner would do even with quite fragile subdued delicately controlled music. If you care about music he said towards the piano, will you come one evening and let me play to you on my own piano? I should like it more than anything said Miriam, quivering and clenching her clasped hands.

It will be an honour and a great pleasure to me if you will come he said in his quiet weary voice. I will take the liberty of writing to suggest an evening. Miriam's abrupt rising and blind movement left her standing opposite the lady-help, who was stand-

ing with a foot on the fender and an elbow on the mantelpiece, on the other side of the hearthrug. After only two days in the house she seemed already more at home than the Baileys; talking derisively across at Mr. Mendizabal who was marching up and down the far side of the room with his hands in pockets shouting raillery and snorting. D'you like London Miss Scott? said Miriam uncontrollably to her averted talking face. Miss Scott completed her sally; the Baileys were talking to Mr. Bowdoin, just behind, at the piano. Perhaps no one had witnessed her wild attack. But she could not take her eyes of Miss Scott's face. It turned towards her still wearing its derisive smile. What was that you said Miss Henderson I beg your pardon, she stated encouragingly. She was not in the least impressed by being spoken to. Her single swift glance flashed a glimmer of amusement. She seemed to be holding laughter in her throat. Her person was the centre of a barricade of derision, casting an immense shadow. Miriam repeated her question, fearfully consulting the small sheeny satin dress, with the lace collar, the neat slipper on the fender, the heavy little fringe stopping abruptly at the hollow temples above high cheekbones and slightly hollow cheeks and leading back to a tiny knot at the top of the head. Perhaps she was a lady. Ye see so little of it unless yerra wealthy, she said in curious tonguey guttural tones, standing upright on the hearthrug and flinging back her head with every other word as she backed away with a little balancing movement from foot to foot. She was Scotch. It was impossible to classify her. She laughed on her last word and stood shaking with laughter her elbow on the far corner of the mantelshelf and her foot once more on the fender. Perhaps she was still laughing at some jest of Mr. Mendizabal's. Arrya fond of London Miss Henderson, she chuckled and went on without waiting for an answer, with rhythmically flinging head, its ahl very well if ya can go out to theaturras and consurruts and out and about; but when the season comes and the people are in the parruk and in thayre grand houses having parrties and gaities and yew've just got to do nothing I think its draydefle.—She laughed consumedly, throwing back her head. Miriam moved away. Everyone seemed to be talking. She escaped to the door.

There was a letter from Eve in the hall; a thick one. In her cold room Miriam read that she would be surprised to hear that Eve had made up her mind to give up governessing and learn to be a lady florist. She sat stupefied. It seemed impossible, terrifying, that Eve penniless, with her uncertain health should leave

the wealthy comfort of the Greens after all these years. Too excited to read word by word she scanned the pages and learned that Madame Leroy a friend of Mrs. Green who had a flower shop in Bruton Street had engaged her . . . I decorated the table for dinner each night when she was here at Christmas. . . . the Greens have been charming, quite excited about the plans. . . . the children . . . school . . . coming up *next week* . . . Miriam leapt to her feet and began hastily putting on her things. "Eve is coming to London for a six months course in floral decorations. She is putting up at a hostel." She pulled on her cold sodden shoes. "Eve is going to be an assistant in a flower shop at fifteen shillings a week. She has taken a cubicle at a branch of the Young Women's Bible Association." By the time she was ready she felt she must have dreamed the news. Eve, not a governess, free, in London, just as she was herself. Another self, in London. Eve being led about and taught London, going about under the same skies, in the same streets, feeling exactly as she felt. Nothing would have changed before she came. The rain gently thudding on the roof and rattling against the landing skylight was Eve's rain. She was listening to it and hearing it in exactly the same way . . . The girls did not realise the news at all. They kept going off into questions about details until the fact of Eve's coming disappeared altogether and only Eve's point of view and Eve's courage and her possible difficulties remained. One had told it the wrong way. Better not to have given any facts at all but just to have said Eve's coming to London; isn't it weird? But then they would have said is she coming to London to see the Queen? The Queen. That would have been true. She was coming to London partly to see the Queen. Perhaps the trouble was that they had been cheated by not being told exactly how Eve was only just managing to come at all and how slender everything would be. But at least they realised that one had people belonging to one who made up their minds and did definite things, like other people. It was amazing to decide to come to London and be a florist; like Napoleon. They realised that and nothing else. She would be able to tell Mr. Hancock on Monday; first him, first thing in the morning and the Orlys during the day.

Mr. Hancock understood at once, making no response at all at first and then standing quietly about near her as she busied herself with her dusting really giving himself to taking in the simple stupendous fact; and really realising it before asking any questions and asking them in a tone that showed he knew what

it meant and going on showing all day in his manner that he knew what it was that kept her so joyously brisk about her work. He was divine; he was a divine person. She would never forget being able to say just anyhow, h'm, I've got a *sister* coming to London; and his immediate silent approach across the room, drying his hands. Of *course* the Orlys immediately said Oh how nice for you, you won't be so lonely. *What* did people mean about loneliness? It was always the people arranged in groups and seeming so lost and isolated and lonely who said that . . .

Everyone in London had been told. There would be the Wilsons to write to about it and the Brooms to tell. That could wait. To-night she would begin turning out her room for Eve's reception. No. It was the Dante lecture . . . The day Eve came she would buy some flowers. She understood now why people wanted to put flowers in their rooms when people were coming. She would be a hostess for the first time. Some people bought flowers and carried them home when they were alone. . . . It must be like inviting a guest to keep you company. Like saying you were alone and not liking being alone and putting flowers about to tell you all the time that you did not want to be alone but were. People *talked* about these things. "I always buy flowers when I am alone." Like suddenly taking off all their things and showing that they had a crooked spine. If they were really miserable about being alone they would be too miserable to buy flowers. If they really wanted the flowers enough to buy them they were already not alone. If they bought the flowers in that fussy excited thoughtless way people seemed to do things they were neither really ever alone or ever really with people. . . . they were in that sort of state that made social life a talkative nothingness sliding about on nothing . . .

At the end of the afternoon she wandered forgetfully into the warmth of the empty waiting room. The house was silent. Her footsteps made no sound along the carpeted hall and were lost in the thick turkey carpeting of the waiting room floor. The room was lit only by the firelight. From its wide clear core striped by black bars a broad rose-gold shaft glowed out across the room reaching the copper vessels on the black oak sideboard in line with the door and the lower part of the long mirror between the windows where the midmost piece of copper gleamed again in reflection. She stood still, holding the warm air in her nostrils, everything on a sudden blotted out and restored to its place . . . what place, why was it good, what was she trying to remember? . . . In the familiar fire-lit winter darkness amidst thesecret familiar

glow of copper on dark oak was faint dry warm scent . . . mimosa. It was a repetition. . . . It had been there last year, suddenly, drily fragrant—in the winter darkness of the warm room preparing for the light and warmth of the evening. It had seemed then like some wealthy extravagance, sudden and rootless, bringing a sense of the freedom of wealth to have things out of season and a keen sudden memory in the dark London room of the unspoken inexpressible beauty of Newlands . . . its whole soft toned softly carpeted and curtained effect fragrant with clusters of winter flowers, stealing secretly forward with her in her life, standing complete somewhere in the secret black spaces of her mind . . . . But now here it was again, just at the same moment, just before the winter darkness began to give way. Perhaps mimosa came at this time of year suddenly in the shops, before the spring flowers and careful people like Mrs. Orly could buy it. . . . then in London mimosa was the sign of *spring*. It was like the powdery fragrance of a clear warm midsummer evening, like petal-dust; like pollen-dust; the whole summer circling in the glow of firelight. Then Eve would not come this winter. The darkest secret winter-time of London was over again. It would come again in single moments and groups of days, but its time was gone. The moment of keenest realisation of spring had come by surprise; there lay all the spring days ahead leading on to summer spread out for anyone to see, calling to Eve or to anyone who might have come into the room and to whom one could have said doesn't the smell of mimosa make you realise the winter is over; and here, within, lit up as if by a suddenly switched on electric light was one's own best realisation, going back and back; pictures that grew richer and clearer, each time something happened that switched on a light within the black spaces of your mind. Things that no one could share, coming again and again just as some outside thing was beginning to interest you, as if to *remind* you that the inmost reality can be shared only with yourself. The prospect of Eve's coming was changed. The pang of the mimosa came nearer than anything she could bring. Perhaps it would be possible to tell her about this moment? Perhaps her coming had made it more real. Yet now it did not seem to matter so much whether she came or not. In a way it seemed as though the fact of her coming threatened something.

## 2.

A note; brought by hand; scrawling rounded formally re-

served handwriting covering nearly the whole of the envelope, filling the hall-table, bringing disturbance into the crowded evening. She read it hurrying to the station. Mr. Bowdoin.

She had forgotten him. . . . The note did not bring any renewal of the hours of music. Its request in formal courtly old fashioned phrases for her fulfilment of her undertaking put the enterprise amongst those social occasions, offering only dread in anticipation, and to be lived through like a scene from a play in which she had in a moment of confidence risked being asked to take part. The "few friends" had been gathered expressly that she might go and hear him play. She would have to sit, conscious of this, not really hearing him, and afterwards find something to say. An Englishman, solemn and polite playing foreign music, with English friends politely and solemnly sitting round. There was no word of Mr. Mendizabal. He was not going. If he had been Mr. Bowdoin would not have said I will call at six thirty for the purpose of escorting you to my rooms. He was like a goaler. Perhaps the walk would be an opportunity of getting over nervousness. There would be music at once, no meal to get through. She would thank him very much for the great treat and when it was over there would only be Eve and the accomplishment of having heard a good piano played by a musician. He could be dropped. . . . He could be asked to come just once and play for Eve. That would be a great London evening for her. The sense of a complex London life crowded with engagements made her pace in spite of her weariness up and down the platform at Gower Street station. Its familiar sulphurous gloom, the platform lights shining murkily from the midst of slowly rolling clouds of grey smoke, the dark forms and phantom white faces of waiting passengers emerging suddenly as she threaded the darkness revived her. By the time the train rolled slowly in behind its beloved black dumpy high-shouldered engine with its large unshrieking mushroom bell-whistle the journey had changed from its first character of an expedition to a spot within five minutes walk of Sarah's unconfessed to Sarah, and had become a journey on the Metropolitan; going indeed outside the radius into blackness, but going so far only because the Dante lecture, wandered out of London was waiting there; and to be repeated at the end of the evening safely returning through increasing gloom until the climax of Gower Street was reached again.

She reached the little hall in the suburban road in good time and sat in a forward row staring at the little platform where presently the educative voice would be standing. She was con-

scious of a stirring and buzzing all about her that had been absent in the London hall. The first series of lectures had not brought any sense of an audience. Here the many audible centres of culture, the eager discussions and sullen incisive remarks, the triumphant intensity on the faces of some of the women caught as she glanced now and then fearfully about, the curious happy briskness of the men, had her feel that the lecturer was superfluous. All these people were the cultured refined kind who did not trouble much about their clothes. There were no furs to be seen; the women wore large rather ugly coats or ulsters or capes and bashed muddly looking hats and had mufflers or long scarves. In the London audience herself and her clothes had been invisible, here they were just right, a sort of hall-mark. In her black dress with her clumsy golf-cape thrown back from her shoulders, her weather-worn felt hat softened perhaps to harmony with her head in the soft light she could perhaps pass for a cultured person. *Bianchi* and *Neri* whispered her neighbour eagerly in the midst of a long sentence addressed to a girl at her side. She was an English-woman. But her mind was so at home in the middle ages that she spoke the names and used the Italian pronunciation without a touch of pedantry, and as eagerly and interestingly as anyone else might say "they're engaged!" The clergyman in the row in front would draw out the words with an unctuous suggestion of superior knowledge. He would use them to crush someone. Most of the men present were a little like that, using their knowledge like a code or a weapon. But the women were really interested in it, they were like people who had climbed a hill and were eagerly intent on what they could see on the other side. It was refreshing and also in some way comforting to be with them. They represented something in life that was going to increase. Perhaps it would increase too much; they seemed so headlong and unaware of anything else. Did she want a world made up of women like this? If she spoke to them they would assume she was one of themselves and look busily at her with unseeing eyes, fixed only on all the other things they thought about, until they perceived that she was a fraud. Long intercourse with these might make her able to talk as they did, but never to think in the way they did. Never to have the extraordinary busy assured appearance presented by their persons when you could not see their eager faces; a look that made them seem to be going very fast in some direction that completely satisfied them, so that if a fire broke out behind them suddenly they would regard it not as an adventure that might have been expected

but as an annoying interruption, like tripping over a stone. . . .

She could see that when he read the sonnets he forgot how learned he was. The little lecture had had its own fascination. But it was a lecture; something told by a specialist to an audience. This was Dante's voice, and they all listened as they could; the lecturer as well. All his knowledge was put aside and he listened as he read. She sat listening, her shocked mind still condemning her for not having discovered for herself that it was wrong to have a post-office savings account and that betting and gambling and lotteries were wrong because they produced nothing. For a time she flashed about with the searchlight of the new definition of vice. . . . money can't produce money. . . . then all trade was wrong in some way. . . . dissipation of value without production. . . . there was some principle that all civilisation was breaking. . . . how did this man know that it was wrong to imagine affection if there was no affection in your life, that dreaming and brooding was a sort of beastliness. . . . love was actual and practical, moving all the spheres and informing the mind. That was true. That was the truth about everything. But who could attain to it? Dante knew it because he loved Beatrice. How could humanity become more loving? How could social life come to be founded on love? How can I become more loving? I do not know or love anyone but myself. . . . it did not mean being loved. It was not anything to do with marriage. Dante only *saw* Beatrice. But this is the awful truth; however one may sit as if one were not condemned and forget again. This is the difficult thing that *everyone* has to do. Not dogmas. This man believes that there is a God who loves and demands that men shall be loving. That is what will be asked. That is the judgment. It is true because it breaks into you and condemns you. Everything else is distraction and evasion. The humble yearning devotion in the voice reading the lines made it a prayer, the very voice a prayer to a spirit waiting all round, present in himself, in everyone listening, in the very atmosphere. It was there, to be had. It was like something left far behind one on a dark road and still there; to be had for the asking, to be had by merely turning towards it. . . . She looked into the eyes of Dante across the centuries as into the eyes of a friend. But then these people were the same. It was the truth about everybody "the struggling goodwill in all of us". . . .

She travelled back towards London in a dream. Her compartment was empty. All the people in the world, full of goodwill without troubling or even thinking about it were away somewhere

else. Just as she had learned what people were there was nobody. There was no love in her nature. If there were any she would not have been sitting here alone. If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen how shall he love God whom he hath not seen? There was a catch in that like a riddle. Heads I win tails you lose . . . If you keep that quiet and gentle, asking for nothing, not being anything, not holding on to anything in your life, nor thinking about anything in your life there is something there . . . behind you . . . that must be God the way to Christ; the edge of the way to Christ. Keeping quiet and coming to that you feel what you are and that you have never begun being anything but your evil natural self. You feel thick with evil. . . oh. . . that was prayer. One could become more loving. It is answered at once. Just turning towards that something in a desire to be different begins to change you! At Praed Street the carriage began to fill with seated forms. This was the beginning of new life. . . . Keeping perfectly still and looking at no one she realised the presence of her fellow travellers, all just like herself, living from within by the contact with the edge of Christ. . . . all *knowing* the thing that to her was only a little flicker just dawning in a long life of evil. It made them kindly in the world and able to understand each other. Perhaps it was the explanation of all the fussing. Everyone in the world was bathed in the light and love except herself. . . It was not certain that a whole lifetime of prayer and gentleness and self-control would destroy enough of the thick roots of evil in her to bring her through into the Paradiso. . . But if prayer, just the turning away from all one knew begging to be destroyed and made loving brought such an immediate sense of the evil in oneself and the good in everyone else, there was no end to what it might do. Prayer was the work to do in her life, nothing else. But the turning to the unseen God of love and giving up one's self-will meant being changed in a way one could not control or foresee; dropping everything one had and cherished secretly and having things only in common with other people. It would mean going forward with nothing into an unknown world; *always* being agreeable, and agreeing. I *love* all these people she murmured in her mind and felt a glow that seemed to radiate out to all the corners of the compartment. It's *true*. This is life. This is the only way in. It may be that I am so bad that I can only sit with all my evil visible silent amongst humanity for the rest of my life, learning to love them, and then die out completely because I am too

bad to be quite new-born. . . her eyes were drawn towards the face of the woman sitting opposite to her; a shapeless body, a thin ravaged face strained and sheeny with fatigue and wearing an expression of undaunted sweetness and patience. Children and housework and a selfish husband and nothing in life of her own. She was at the disposal of everyone for kind actions. She would be *really* sympathetic and shocked about an earthquake in China. Was that it? Was that being *inside*? Was that all there was? She did not see the wonderful gold brown light in the carriage; nor the beauty of the blackness outside. In her brain was the pain and pressure of everything she had to do. She was good and sweet; perfectly good and sweet. But there was something irritating about her. . . . her obliviousness of everything but "troubles," other people's as much as her own. Yet she would love a day in country. The fields and the flowers would make her cry. It was her obliviousness that made one afraid of associating with her. Being in conversation with her or in any way associated with her life there would always be the dreadful imprisoned feeling of knowing she did not *think*. . . . Her glance slid over the other seated forms and fell, leaving her struggling between her desire to feel in loving union with them and her inability to ignore the revelations pouring from their bearing and shapes, their clothes and the way they held their belongings. They were terrible and hateful because all their thoughts were visible. The terrible maddening thing about them was the thoughts they did not think. It made them worse than the woman because to get on with them one would have to pretend to see life as they saw it. It would be so easy and deceitful with each one alone, knowing exactly what line to take. She wrenched herself back to her prayer. . . . instantly the thought came that all these people far away in themselves wanted to be more loving. She drew herself together and sat up staring out towards the darkness. That was an answer to prayer! A state of mind that came from the state of prayer. But then one would need always to be in a state of prayer. It would be very difficult it would be almost impossible even to remember it in the rush of life . . . it would mean being a sort of fool . . . having no judgments or opinions. It would *spoil* everyhting. There would be no time for anything. Nothing beyond one's daily work and all the rest of the time being all things to all men. It meant that now at this moment one must give up the sense of the train going along in the darkness and the sense of the dark streets waiting lamplit under

the dark sky and go out to the people in the carriage and then on to the people at Tansley Street . . . she thought of people she knew who did this, appearing to see nothing in life but people and recoiled. *Places* to them were nothing but people; there was something they missed out that could not be given up. Something goes if you lose yourself in humanity. You cannot find humanity by looking for God only there. Making up your mind that God is to be found in humanity is humanism. . . . It was Comte's idea. Perhaps Unitarians are all Comtists. That is why they dress without style. They are more interested in social reform than the astoundingness of there being people *anywhere*. But to see God everywhere is pantheism. What is Christianity? Where are Christians? Evangelicals are humanitarians; rushing about in ulsters. Anglicans know all about the beauty of life and like comfort. But they are snobs and afraid of new ideas. . . . convents and monasteries stop your mind. But there is a God or a Christ, there is something always there to answer when you turn away to it from everything. Perhaps one would have to remain silent, for years, for a lifetime, and in the end begin to understand.

## 3.

At Gower Street it was eleven o'clock. She was faint with hunger. She had had no dinner and there was nothing in her room. She wandered along the Euston Road hoping to meet a potato-man. The shopfronts were black. There was nothing to meet her need but the empty stretch of lamplit pavement leading on and on. . . . Rapid walking in the rain-freshened air relieved her faintness but she dreaded waking in the night with gnawing hunger to keep her awake and drag her up exhausted in the morning. A faint square of brighter light on the pavement ahead came like an accusation. Passing swiftly across it she glanced bitterly at the frosted door through which it came. Restaurant. Donizetti Brothers. The whole world had conspired to leave her alone with that mystery shut in and hidden everyday the whole of her London time behind its closed frosted doors and forcing her now to admit that there was food there and she must go in or have the knowledge of being starved through fear. Her thoughts flashed painfully across a frosted door long ago in Baker Street and she saw the angry handsome face of the waiter who had shouted roll and butter and whisked away from the table the twisted cone of serviette and the knives and forks. That was in the middle of the day. It would be worse at night. Perhaps they would even refuse

to serve her. Perhaps it was impossible to go into a restaurant late at night alone. She was coming back. There was nothing to be seen behind the steamy panes on either side of the door but plants standing on oil cloth mats. Behind them was again frosted glass. It was not so grand as Baker Street. There was no menu in a large brass frame with Schweppe's at the top. She pushed open the glass door in angry hatred and was confronted by another glass door blankly frosted all over. Why were they so secret? Inside the second door she found herself at the beginning of a long aisle of linoleum. On either side people were dotted here and there on short velvet sofa seats behind marble topped tables. In the close air there was a strong smell made up of all kinds of meat dishes. A waiter flicking the crumbs from a table glanced sharply round at her and went off down the room. He had seen the shifts and miseries that haunted all her doings. They were apparent in the very hang of her cloak. She could not first swing down the restaurant making it wave for joy as it did when she walked across Trafalgar Square in the dark and then order a roll and butter. After this it would never wave for joy again. A short compact bald man in a white apron was hurrying down the aisle, towards her. He stopped just in front of her and stood bowing and indicating a near empty table with his short arm and stood silently hovering while she dragged herself into place on the velvet sofa. The waiter rushing up with a menu was gently waved away and the little man stood over the side of the table blocking out the fuller end of the restaurant. Hardly able to speak for the beating of her heart she looked up into a little firm round pallid face with a small snub nose and curious pale waxy blue eyes and said furiously oh please just a roll and butter and a cup of cocoa. The little man bowed low with a beaming face and went gently away. Miriam watched him go down the aisle bowing here and there right and left. The hovering waiter came forward questioningly to meet him and was again waved aside and she presently saw the little man at a speaking tube and heard him sing in a chalky high monotone, *Un cho-co-lat*. He brought her things and arranged them carefully about her and brought her an Illustrated London News from another table. She sipped and munched and looked at all the pictures. The people in the pictures were real people. She imagined them moving and talking in all manner of circumstances and suffered their characteristics gently, feeling as if some one were there gently half reproachfully holding her hands tied behind her back. The waiter roamed up and down the aisle. People

came in, sometimes two or three at a time. The little man was sitting writing with a stern bent face at a little table at the far end of the restaurant just in front of a marble counter holding huge urns and glass dishes piled with buns and slices of cake. He did not move again until she rose to go when he came once more hurrying down the aisle. Her bill was sixpence and he took the coin with a bow and waited while she extricated herself from the clinging velvet and held the door wide for her to pass out. Good evening thank you very much she murmured hoping that he heard, in response to his polite farewell. She wandered slowly home through the drizzling rain warmed and fed with a glowing heart. Inside those frightful frosted doors was a home, a bit of her own London home bought with terrors. All the way home the little scene kept playing itself through her mind.

## 4.

The hall gas was out. The dining room door was ajar showing a faint light and light was coming from the little room at the end of the passage. Miriam cautiously pushed open the dining room door. Mrs. Bailey was sitting alone poised socially in a low armchair by the fire with the gas turned low. Miriam came dutifully forward in response to the entrancement of her smile and stood on the hearthrug enwrapped in her evening, played over by the sense of beginning it anew with Mrs. Bailey. When had she seen Mrs. Bailey last? She could tell her now about Eve in great confidential detail and explain that she could not *at present* afford to come to Tansley Street. That would be a great sociable conversation and the engagement with Mr. Bowdoin would remain untouched. She stood in a glow of eloquence. Mrs. Bailey preened and bridled and made little cheerful affectionate remarks and waited silent a moment before asking if it rained. Miriam forgot Eve and gathered herself together for some tremendous communication. Was it raining? She glanced at the outside London world and was lost in interchanging scenes, her mind split up, pressing several ways at once. Mrs. Bailey saw all these scenes and felt and understood them exactly as she did. There was no need to answer the question. She glanced stonily towards her and saw the downcast held-in embarrassment of her waiting form. In a dry professional official voice she said gazing at the hearthrug with an air of judicial profundity, *no*, at least oh yes, I *think* it is raining and drifted helplessly towards the window. The challenge was be-

hind her. She would have to face it again. A borrowed voice said briskly within her yes its pouring, I *hope* it will be fine tomorrow, what *weather* we have had; well goodnight Mrs. Bailey. I have been to a lecture, she said in imagination to Mrs. Bailey, standing by the window. It was what any other boarder would have said and then so fine, such a splendid lecturer and told the subject and his name and one idea out of the lecture and they would have agreed and gone cheerfully to bed, with no thoughts. To try and really tell anything about the lecture would be to plunge down into misrepresentations and misunderstandings and end with the lecture vanished. To say anything real about it would lead to living the rest of her life with the Baileys helping them with their plans. . . she turned and came busily back. It's very late she murmured. Mrs. Bailey smiled and yawned. At least not so very late, not quite tomorrow—she pursued turning round to the clock and back again to consult the pictures and the wall paper. Just staying there was answering Mrs. Bailey's question. Suddenly she laughed out and turned, laughing, as if she were about to communicate some mirthful memory.—It's too *absurd*—she said distracted between the joy of her lingering laughter and the need for instantly inventing an explanation. Mrs. Bailey was laughing delightfully. There was a most absurd thing—chanted Miriam above her laughter; a gentle tap took Mrs. Bailey scurrying to the door. May I have a *candle* Mrs. Bailey murmured a low voice in a curious solidly curving intonation. Certainly doctor answered Mrs. Bailey's voice in the hall. She scurried away downstairs. Miriam turned towards the window and stood listening to St. Pancras clock striking midnight. Then those men in the little back sitting room were *doctors*. How pleased and proud Mrs. Bailey must be and how wonderful of her to say nothing about them. Can I have a *candle* missuz Bailey. Wrapped away in the suave strong courteous voice were the knowledge and the fineness of a world no one in the house knew anything about. Mrs. Bailey dimly knew, and screened it fearing to lose it. She had the wonderful voice all to herself. "Good-evening." The voice was in the *room*. Miriam turned instantly; a square strong-looking man a little over middle height with flat pale fair hair smooth on a squarish head above grave bluntly moulded features was moving easily forward from the door. They met at the end of the table standing one each side the angle of the fireside corner, smiling as if her murmured response to his greeting had been a speech in a play ready-made to bring them together. Miriam felt that if she had said oh I'm so glad he

would have responded yes; so am I. My name's von Heber he announced quietly, his restrained uncontrollably deepening smile sending out a radiance all round her. It was as if they had met before without the opportunity of speaking and here at last was the opportunity and they had first to smile out their recognition of its perfection. They stood in a radiant silence, his even tones making no break in their interchange. She felt a quality in him she had not met before; in the ease of his manner there was no trace of the complacent assumption of the man of the world. His deference was no mask worn to decorate himself. It was deliberate and yet genuine. It was the shape in which he presented to her, personally, set above and away from her ugly clothes and her weariness, the gust of delight which had been his inward greeting. The completeness and confidence of his delight his own completeness and security revealed to her, a joyous reading of life that she longed to hold and fathom. She proffered in return as a measure of her qualification the laughter she had laughed to Mrs. Bailey, hoping he had heard it. I find this custom of putting down the light at eleven very inconvenient he was saying. Miriam smiled and listened eagerly for more of the low, even, curiously curving intonations. I propose to take the London medical examination in July and I've a good deal of hard work to get through prior to that date. He had not been going to stop speaking but Miriam found an immense welcoming space for the word she summoned in vain desperately from far away Wimpole Street. The conjoint she declared at last—eagerly, almost before the word reached her consciousness. The Conjoint he repeated and as his voice went on Miriam contemplated the accumulation they had gathered. She felt as if they were talking backwards, towards something already said and when he had said I'm taking the post-graduate course at your great hospital near here, she tried in vain to resist the temptation of leading their talk down into detail. The way to preserve the charm unbroken would be to let him go on talking. She might learn more about the post-graduate course and find out what it meant and what part of the London medical world it was; the whole of the London medical world was being transformed by this man into something simple and joyful. But the eager words had escaped her—oh; that's the one with the glorious yarn—Tell me the yarn he chuckled gently, showing a row of strong squarish brilliant teeth. Well, she said the big surgeons were operating and the patient was collapsing and one said I think it is time we called in Divine aid. Nonsense said the other I don't believe in

unqualified assistants. That's great he declared; that's one of the greatest yarns I've heard. I shan't forget it. He was not shocked and she had told the story as evenly and as much without emphasis as he would have done himself. She suddenly realised that this was the way to say things. It made no pause and did not disturb anything. She was learning from him every moment. He was *utterly* different to the men she knew. He did not resent her possession of the story nor attempt to cap it. You've got some very great men over here he said; some of the very greatest. When Mrs. Bailey came up at half past twelve he accepted his candle and thanked her gravely and gravely took his leave. When the door of the little back room had closed Miriam confronted Mrs. Bailey again. They stood smiling at each other. Well we *must* go to bed said Miriam at last. Mrs. Bailey turned out the gas with a laugh. They moved into the hall and hurried off laughing in opposite directions. Mrs. Bailey trotted down the basement stairs humming a tune. Your Barker and your Horsley-mused Miriam slackening her speed on the stairs. The sound of the low quiet glad confident voice steadying the aspect of the world and a strange new sense of the London medical world dotted by men who were world-famous approached from afar, reverently, for specialist training, by already qualified medical men, competed together within her as she prepared for bed, going serenely through all the tiresome little processes. Something in the centre of life had steadied and clarified. It sent a radiance like sunlight through all the endless processes of things; even a ragged tooth-brush was a part of the sunlit scene; not unnoticed, or just dismal and threatening, but a part of the sunlit scene.

(to be continued)

## A SENTIMENTAL SCHEME

by Emanuel Carnevali

SHE is a sweet.

It's the man who is ferocious and a savage, poor sad man, they didn't give him any motherly care at all.

But she's a sweet.

He wants to drag her, ferociously, into his cave—you must excuse him: he wants to make a statue of Death and there is no other model, there was no other model when the open sun had burnt out or scorched or melted all the other girls.

But she went around on a morning and having found a simplified little flower she sat down by it and she's smiling still, sitting down by the flower.

Flowers and chips of sunlight and grey pebbles shame the furious will-to-do of the man, so he hides his head in the day and at night only he lifts a frowning face to the stars. Poor boy, he loved the stars and they deceived him, and as he loves them still he frowns at them in the night and shrieks "Flirts!" He shrieks, but his heart is as lonely as a leafless tree standing companionless over the shroud of the dunes.

Now the time has come for the last fight. He has the good chance of seeing a darkness in the eyes of her and from that darkness images of death arose before the hungry hands of the man. That's the only reason he is still after her.

Once she stood, shamefully naked, before the cave of the man and sang:

I shall laugh until  
your heart be  
a dark accompaniment  
to the shrill and thin music of my teeth!  
Then I'll go,  
then I'll go  
away.  
I'm shaking this bouquet,  
I'm shaking—don't you see?—this bouquet;  
to make you come out of there.  
Then you can have the bouquet,  
spoiled for your sake,  
and I'll go gather  
other and more flowers.

I'll make a kid of you,  
 you'll follow me;  
 Follow, follow,  
 in the cortege  
 of the Fairy Queen  
 whom children follow.

But the time for Fairy Queens was shut in the graves of books, so the man smiled pleasantly. And he smiled well. Because he knew no Fairy Queen to have ever had legs as beautiful as the old whore Death. He was proud of his love, his unrequited love, and he was waiting for his love. His old love would come and lie down by him and say not a word, his old love would be a rock to echo his last word—that is what he thought.

He thought so, and he waited, his last word gripped within the fist of his dry heart, smiling.

It takes indeed a strong man to smile in such circumstances, and the girl knew she was beaten at her own game.

## ADVICE TO A BUTTER-CUP

by Maxwell Bodenheim

Undistinguished butter-cup  
 Lost among myriads of others,  
 To the red ant eyeing you  
 You are giant stillness.  
 He pauses on the boulder of a clod,  
 Baffled by your nearness to the sky.  
 But to the black loam at your feet  
 You are the atom of a pent-up dream.

Undistinguished butter-cup,  
 Draw your lone breath of contemplation  
 Undisturbed by haughty tricks of space.  
 Form is but a loftily clownish gown  
 Upon the limbs of stillness.

## GOD BLESS THE BOTTLE

by John Rodker

A REMOTE and hitherto untouched aspect of man is his relation to the bottle as vehicle. The philosopher, engaged in an instinctive process of denigrating his fellows, begins to see man as a more than laborious and appurtenance of an indubitable egg; occasion for sudden alarms and heroisms. Story has it that ringed by fire instinctive processes madden him, make him swallow his burden, knowing that still it will persist in the heart of the race. The unexpected oblation fills him with strange intoxication. Whether the brain grew spongier or sudden contractions exuded new and never before envisaged possibilities is the problem set before us.

Nevertheless there would seem to be no occasion of life without its bottle. In at the front door, out at the back, life itself could not be more simple. These bottles are of as many species as they who minister; relieving them of the burden of a self-sufficient existence. From the expansible djinn of a carboy to the drawf (atom moulded to bottle shape for the dolls' service) they range with an equal-relative density, the thousandfold refined essences of science attain to an homeopathic dose. To all these man responds. This test of man as G. C. M. should once and for all prove his adaptability placing him anywhere in an infinite descending and ascending series. Des Esseintes has never been that exotic the 90's found him, for all men are his peers.

As a detonator for the dramatic that jigger embedded by a benign providence so close under the skin of strong and weak the bottle is of course without parallel. The little heart begins pumping, the moderately large blood streams race, the little brain flops all over the place; a corner begins to chatter like the whirring of a dynamo. One is flung off at a tangent plotted equidistant to time and space with geometrically increasing velocity. This you will admit is considerably more to the point than all the bombs improvised out of empty bottle, powder and rusty nails, and the mode of ingestion is by so much the more dignified. The analogy is that of a water mattress. What was empty swells, assumes the vertical, rigidity, even gives itself airs; is no longer the creature of circumstance. It has become rock-like in comparison. Why introduce a brain which now assumes merely its real and eternal function of emanation. That is so much to the good.

Divagations in the manner of the Purple Pileus need not detain us, but half a dozen bottles passed out of the back door with a hollow gurgle of the belly is more dispiriting than any carcase—for here was that indubitable afflatus which makes man so rare a creature, just as the completeness of its lack makes man more vegetable than phanerogams, more salt than a mineral.

And there are certain human essences Science would do well to bottle. Musk is not so far removed as certain flower essences.

I have met people whose essences attain vast proportions in rooms, themselves as tight as any spider in the centre web deployed around them.

## POEMS

by Mark Turbyfill

### A Y o u n g M a n T a l k i n g A b o u t a W o m a n

(*To J. S.*)

#### I

**S**HE is touched with a beauty the sere of reeds by an old water. Her being is of a duality: the idea that waits unconquered, in and beyond a vast ice; of the fine sharp green which wakes in young shoots at the base of trees she is impelled, and given motive.

Slowly we have walked together, knowing the meaning of earth, and small twigs.

#### II

I am the surprised young man, light walker on night-lawns.

My mind is the mould into which has fallen the beauty of things.

Pour into me your metal, your tears, and phases in queer places, and I will give them back to you in little shining shapes and patterns.

III

She is a woman older, and more wise than I.

Her mind is the channel without form, through which beauty has raged.

Through her no kindling thought has crytalized in jewel or phrase.

Yet I can not say that the storm has eluded, or defied her, for she is of the storm.

IV

Our moments have tangled themselves in odd rhythms, and in resolving cadences we have spent our days.

How many hours have we dreamed to the curve of this or that song!

How many dreams woven in the color of a red persimmon moon!

When shall we have unravelled the strange cadence of love as we have known it? . . .

V

As for me, the months have brought no added wisdom.

(I have suffered the malady of becoming mature!)

Already resignation—willingness a little mellow—comes subtly, secretly, working its ravages. . . .

A little wearing away, and a little wearing down. . . .

Will the sense of form endure?

VI

She is wise but unfettered with wisdom.

(Somewhere white violets are springing large and single on a hill.

I should like to find a sort that grow stark amid ice.)

Somewhere in her consciousness repose the isolated virtues of duality.

Violets and daisies there do not together bring forth the hyacinth; but each is each, single, shape for shape, and primitive.

## F r a g m e n t o f V i s i o n

(To J. S.)

Creation is the thought of spring:  
Loveliness falling,  
Calling a semi-circle of action  
To respond in completion:  
Flowers ascending through rain.

The texture of your mind  
And the flavor of your consciousness  
Intact remain.

We walked in a broad space  
And to us it was revealed: that  
After the rainbow fades,  
After the fringe of rain,  
After cloud-shapes vanish,  
Their imprint clings forever.

It was not the stripped plane of land,  
Nor the stretch of sea beyond,  
Nor the sting of lime from sand and shell  
That fell on everything—  
Not the fierce unheeded sweep  
Of two convergent figures  
Meeting by chance against the sky.

These physical things  
Have shifted now to other springs.  
Only the untouched forms of daisies  
Resist translation to changing phases.

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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## DISCUSSION

### Aldington's Images of Desire

by Mary Butts

THE images of Mr. Richard Adlington's desire shows the perception that the chief value of love is not the loved one but the unique state of being, the sense of power she evokes in us.

Women put on hats and gowns with trains, men create theologies and the ritual of games to the same end, the extension of personality; and to enjoy the series of states from well being to ecstasy this extension gives. Love is the best device, but among certain lovers this "grande egoisme seul" is crossed with a divided attention. There is a curiosity as to the real nature and habits of the beloved, even a generosity which would enquire whether the man or the woman is satisfied.

Out of a sincere passion of this quality these poems are

made. Conceptions of love and proportions are in transition. Ecstasy is modified by affection made hesitant by a modesty of mind.

In the dedication he writes—"Though I have given you all of myself, what have I gained? . . . Can I be glad seeing the life weariness in your eyes?" This turns into an evasion of sentiment "fanées comme les vieux gants!" "To be loved is nothing, to receive is nothing. If you seeks happiness, love and give". . . In "An Interlude" he has observed the stations of a passions, but the naive poems that follow are spoilt by sophisticated phrasing. To write plainly about the body of one's lover it should not be necessary to use images which are Museum pieces of literary association—crushed flowers and asps and Lesbia's eyes.

Her body is honey and wheat  
The taste of her mouth is delicate  
Her eyes overcome me with desire  
Her feet are a woman's.

This poem is a good moving piece of sentiment. It is Solomon speaking with the "all in" rhetoric of Hebrew erotics. It has precision and weight and conveys longing. In "Daybreak" he uses the Fleckerised "ghazel":

Not all the blood of all our dead, the bright gay blood so gaily shed  
Shines with so clear a glow as gleams your breast. flower from our  
candid bed

So on to the war. Passion hurries through the paces of the poem to its finale. The pleasure is broken off clean, the emotion is bare and carries.

I would not have her pine and weep,  
I would not have her love again—  
Whatever comes after I die  
There will be only pain and pain.

In the decent stoicism of the epilogue pleasure is buried with a hope of recurrence. It will recur. Similar things will be said about it. But in the epilogue the most sincere and competent poet of his group has summarised with an emotional sincerity that gives beauty, his realisation that this is a very bad universe whose chief mitigation is love. It is something to say of love poetry that there is not a poem in the book which has not the same quality of sincerity.

## A M a k e r

by William Carlos Williams

I never fails to anger me when I have read ten paragraphs of hair-splitting argument in this or that modern paper of literary pretensions to come to the end and find it is a book boost. The trick seems to be to air a number of more or less pleasant fancies and then to refer casually at the end to a new book by Mr. Soandso.

I have a definite and constant determination to set up in his place the man whom I find to be a poet and to revile and beat down endemic critics such as the Louis Untermeyrs who leave their pock marks wherever they are given an inch of entry and who are opposed to my excellences. What if I do not succeed? What if I am wrong in my judgments? To the full of my power I intend to maintain my fight as long as I live. This is no time to quibble over nice merits or demerits.

Wallace Gould is an exquisite performer upon his instrument. By his instrument I mean his Maine. I have said my say against "the chance lovely singers" who pipe up and do conventional ditties in Wyoming or Texas or Delaware or Nebraska, taking in the ready scenery of the place, and whose poetry is judged to be excellent by the "connoisseurs" because it is so charming. Wallace Gould is not one of these. Yes, he sticks to what he sees, what he knows, but the quiet scorn of his music has set him free. He is free in form, since any other freedom for an artist does not exist, free to turn his emotion into the use he sees fit to put it to without a thread to bind it upon some sterile track.

If he is lovely in his portrayal of a landscape, always a pure Maine landscape, one had better be on his guard for that pigment is in the hands of a master. If you dare to praise him for his loveliness you will find out that he has perhaps turned you around in the dark and soon you are out of the house by the back way. The artist throughout everything is conscious and working at his images with unerring leisure and often with horrid intention.

This is the thing that no tissue paper critic can stand. That an artist should be a man of power; that he should use a catbird to proclaim the death of the whole world; that he should be such a mean fellow as to befool the poor critic who has been trying so hard to explain things—

I am not writing of a book, though book there must be when a publisher shall have emerged; I am writing of certain manuscripts

of Gould's which I had the good fortune to hold in my hands and read through and more especially to poems published in *Others* and the *Little Review*.

An artist of immaculate craft Gould is. But I have another reason for praising him. It is because he has stuck to what he knows for his songs. No artist cares a damn where a man comes from or how he comes by the knowledge of perceptive values he uses in his work. But to me there is an overwhelming satisfaction in feeling that a man can be a poet under any circumstances and that this has not removed him from his world but has fastened him upon it with such a deadly grip that he has transformed it in spite of itself.

It is for the poet to announce that no condition can change him, that be he American, Russian Chinese, Jew he is poet first, last and always. But one way of announcing this is to take anything, take the land at your feet and use it. It is as good material as another. It is no better but it is as good. In fact the material is nothing. But to prove it is nothing one must not depend on special circumstance, one must use it.

It might one day become imperative for a man to write of some environment foreign to his own provided the use of his own had grown to be a fetish; but Gould's heroic battle, his determination to use nothing but his Maine, at least in the poems I speak of, gives me an additional sense of joy in his mastery.

Poetry is made by the hands of the poet out of nothing. This must be continually proclaimed. Not only must the assertion be made to a possible public but there must be a proclamation by the poet to himself which is far more important. Then for God's sake let us proclaim to ourselves that it isn't made out of the brains of Frenchmen, Englishmen or dead Greeks. Poetry is as fully at home in the woodsy brain of Wallace Gould as in another man's living in Teheran. I for one am inspired to feel the presence of so capable an artist north of me, a man full of quietness and love and bitterness and infinite bravery and pointed scorn for the world of jackasses.

I have nowhere said that Gould is a great poet. I wish I could find the material for making such an assertion. I don't know the man's range. I only begin to feel the depth of his intensity, but that he is a splendid artist I declare now as well as I am able.

[*Editor's note:* Disagreeing with most of Dr. Williams's article, as with Marsden Hartley's last month, I shall try to carry forward this discussion in the September number; not that I wish to use Wallace Gould's poetry as a special point of debate, but that I am interested in "putting over" certain abstractions about art which most people in this country seem to look upon as unintelligible.—M. C. A.]

## Notes

by John Rodker

THE end of the war sees a great deal of artistic activity on this side, but of an excessively diffuse nature. *Art and Letters* which made some stir with a first number containing Wyndham Lewis's long story "The War Baby," in its second number dished up a feeble mush of Beardsley's *Venus and Tannhauser*. A newer venture, *Coterie*, contains an excellent poem by T. S. Eliot, and one or two other names, among them T. W. Earp, though badly represented. The *Athenaeum* is a rather solid weekly now being edited by J. Middleton Murry and contains good critical stuff by Eliot, James and Lytton Strachey and Aldous Huxley. It is about the only weekly with some constructive literary standard.

In the theatre the newest upstarts are the Art Theatre, directed by Madame Donnet, and the Everyman Theatre. The former made its debut with a first performance of Tchekhoff's "Seagull." After a manifesto which reads

"The aim of the Art Theatre is to unite under one roof and under one direction all the various allied arts necessary for the proper expression of Drama. In the productions equal care will be bestowed upon ensemble and upon the individual interpretation of each part." . . . the show was trifling. The play was badly produced; the cast, drawn from revue and musical comedy, worked badly together—there was no ensemble in fact and the setting was paltry. One hopes the wealthy patron was pleased. This waste of public money is however very trying. The Everyman Theatre is anxious to raise a preliminary 8000 pounds apparently to produce Dunsany's plays and those of others unspecified—Ibsen seems to be indicated and Rann Kennedy. John Drinkwater, Gilbert Cannan and Bernard Shaw have been lecturing for the venture so no doubt they are to be included. They have a paper called *Theatrecraft*,

a symposium of ill assorted names with no coherence of aim.

The Arts League of Service will it is hoped do better. Wyndham Lewis and Wadworth are on the committee, though the other names seem chiefly to be distinguished by a beneficent liberalism. The preamble says the usual things. As an artistic Trades Union it should be powerful.

## PASTORAL

by Louis Gilmore

That  
Is inimitable  
Pantomime  
Of the cage

And this  
Figure  
All melancholy  
In the corner  
Is Florizel

Observe  
That Florizel  
Is no child  
And he no longer  
Scratches for fleas

Either  
He is in love  
Or it is spring

U L Y S S E S

by James Joyce

E p i s o d e XI.

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing.  
Impertnthn thnthnthn.  
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.  
Horrid! And gold flushed more.  
A husky fifenote blew.  
Blew. Blue bloom is on the  
Gold pinnacled hair.  
A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castile.  
Trilling, trilling: Idolores.  
Peep! Who's in the . . . . . peepofgold?  
Tink cried to bronze in pity.  
And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call.  
Decoy. Soft word. But look! The bright stars fade. O rose!  
Notes chirruping answer. Castile. The morn is breaking.  
Jingle jingle jaunted jingling.  
Coin rang. Clock clacked.  
Avowal. Sonnez. I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee.  
Smack. La cloche! Thigh smack. Avowal., Warm. Sweetheart,  
goodbye!  
Jingle. Bloo  
Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The  
tympanum.  
A sail! A veil awave upon the waves.  
Lost. Throstle fluted. All is lost now.  
Horn. Hawhorn.  
When first he saw. Alas!  
Full tup. Full throb.  
Warbling. Ah, lure! Alluring.  
Martha! Come!  
Clapclap. Clipclap. Clappyclap.  
Goodgod henev erheard inall  
Deaf bald Pat brought pad knife took up.  
A moonlit hightcall: far: far.  
I feel so sad. P. S. . So lonely blooming.  
Listen!  
The spiked and winding cold seahorn. Have you the? Each and

for other plash and silent roar.  
 Pearls: when she. Liszt's rhapsodies. Hissss.  
 You don't?  
 Did not: no, no: believe: Lidlyd. With a cock with a carra.  
 Black.  
 Deepsounding. Do, Ben, do.  
 Wait while you wait. Hee hee. Wait while you hee.  
 But wait!  
 Low in dark middle earth. Embedded ore.  
 Naminedamine. All gone. All fallen.  
 Tiny, her tremulous fernfoils of maidenhair.  
 Amen! He gnashed in fury.  
 Fro. To, fro. A baton cool protruding.  
 Bronzelydia by Minagold.  
 By bronze, by gold, in oceangreen of shadow. Bloom. Old Bloom.  
 One rapped, one tapped with a carra, with a cock.  
 Pray for him! Pray, good people!  
 His gouty fingers nakkering.  
 Big Benaben. Big Benben.  
 Last rose Castile of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone.  
 Pwee Little wind piped wee.  
 True men. Lid Ker Cow De and Doll. Ay, ay, like you men.  
 Will lift your tschink with tschunk.  
 Fff! Oo!  
 Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs?  
 Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandl.  
 Then, not till then. My eppripftaph. Be pfwritt.  
 Done.  
 Begin!

Bronze by gold, Miss Douce's head by Miss Kennedy's head,  
 over the crossblind of the Ormond bar heard the viceregal hoofs  
 go by, ringing steel.

—Is that her? asked Miss Kennedy's head.

Miss Douce said yes, sitting with his ex, pearl grey and eau  
 de Nil.

—Exquisite contrast, Miss Kennedy said.

When all agog Miss Douce said eagerly:

—Look at the fellow in the tall silk.

—Who? Where? gold asked more eagerly.

—In the second carriage, Miss Douce's wet lips said, laughing in

the sun. He's looking. Mind till I see.

She darted, bronze, to the backmost corner, flattening her face against the pane in a halo of hurried breath.

Her wet lips tittered:

—He's killed looking back.

She laughed:

—O wept! Aren't men frightful idiots

With sadness.

Miss Kennedy sauntered sadly from bright light, twining a loose hair behind an ear. Sauntering sadly, gold no more, she twisted twined a hair. Sadly she twined in sauntering gold hair behind a curving ear.

—It's them has the fine times, sadly then she said.

A man.

Bloom went by Moulang's pipes, bearing in his breast the sweets of sin, by Wine's antiques in memory bearing sweet sinful words, by Carroll's dusky battered plate, for Raoul.

The boots to them, them in the bar, them barmaids came.

For them unheeding him he banged on the counter his tray of chattering china. And

—There's your teas, he said.

Miss Kennedy with manners transposed the teatray down to an upturned lithia crate, safe from eyes, low

—What is it? loud boots unmannerly asked.

—Find out, Miss Douce retorted, leaving her spyingpoint.

—Your beau, is it?

A haughty bronze replied:

—I'll complain to Mrs. de Massey on you if I hear any more of your impertinent insolence.

—Impertnthn thnthnthn, bootsnout sniffed rudely, as he retreated as she threatened as he had come.

Bloom.

On her flower frowning Miss Douce said:

—Most aggravating that young brat is. If he doesn't conduct himself I'll wring his ear for him a yard long.

Ladylike in exquisite contrast.

—Take no notice, Miss Kennedy rejoined.

She poured in a teacup tea, then back in the teapot tea. They cowered under their reef of counter, waiting on footstools, crates upturned, waiting for their teas to draw. They pawed their blouses, both of black satin, two and nine a yard, waiting for their teas to draw, and two and seven.

Yes, bronze from anear, by gold, from afar, heard steel, from anear, hoofs ring, from afar, and heard steel hoofs ringhoof ring-steel.

—Am I awfully sunburnt?

Miss bronze unbloused her neck.

—No, said Miss Kennedy. It gets brown after. Did you try the borax with the cherry laurel water?

Miss Douce halfstood to see her skin askance in the barmirror where hock and claret glasses shimmered and in their midst a shell.

—And leave it to my hands, she said.

—Try it with the glycerine, Miss Kennedy advised.

Bidding her neck and hands adieu Miss Douce

—Those things only bring out a rash, replied, reseated. I asked that old fogey in Boyd's for something for my skin.

Miss Kennedy, pouring now fulldrawn tea, grimaced and prayed:

—O, don't remind me of him for mercy' sake!

—But wait till I tell you, Miss Douce entreated.

Sweet tea Miss Kennedy having poured with milk plugged both two ears with little fingers.

—No, don't, she cried.

—I won't listen, she cried.

But Bloom?

Miss Douce grunted in snuffy fogey's tone:

—For your what? says he.

Miss Kennedy unplugged her ears to hear, to speak: but said, but prayed again:

—Don't let me think of him or I'll expire. The hideous old wretch! That night in the Antient Concert Rooms.

She sipped distastefully her brew, hot tea, a sip, sipped sweet tea.

—Here he was, Miss Douce said, cocking her bronze head three quarters, ruffling her nosewings. Hufa! Hufa!

Shrill shriek of laughter sprang from Miss Kennedy's throat. Miss Douce huffed and snorted down her nostrils that quivered imperthnthn like a snout in quest.

—O! shrieking, Miss Kennedy cried. Will you ever forget his goggle eye?

Miss Douce chimed in in deep bronze laughter, shouting:

—And your other eye!

Bloom's dark eye read Aaron Figatner's name. Why do I

always think Figather? Gathering figs I think. And Prosper Loré's huguenot name. By Bassi's blessed virgins Bloom's dark eyes went by. Bluerobed, white under, come to me. God they believe she is: or goddess. Those today. I could not see. That fellow spoke. A student. After with Dedalus' son. He might be Mulligan. All comely virgins. That brings those rakes of fellows in: her white.

By went his eyes. The sweet of sin, Sweet are the sweets.  
Of sin.

In a giggling peal young goldbronze voices blended, Douce with Kennedy, your other eye. They threw young heads back, bronze by gold, to let freely their laughter, screaming, your other, signals to each other, high piercing notes.

Ah, panting, sighing, sighing, ah, fordone their mirth died down.

Miss Kennedy lipped her cup again, raised drank a sip. Miss Douce, bending again over the teatray, ruffled again her nose and rolled droll fattened eyes. Again Miss Kennedy, stooping her fair pinnacles of hair, stooping, her tortoise napecomb showed, spluttered out of her mouth her tea, choking in tea and laughter, coughing with choking, crying:

—O greasy eyes! Imagine being married to a man like that, she cried. With his bit of beard!

Douce gave full vent to a splendid yell, a full yell of full woman, delight, joy, indignation.

—Married to the greasy nose! she yelled.

Shrill, with deep laughter, after bronze in gold, they urged each each to peal after peal, ringing in changes, bronzegold gold-bronze, shrilldeep, to laughter after laughter. And then laughed more. Greasy I knows. Exhausted, breathless their shaken heads they laid, braided and pinnacled by glossycombed against the counterledge. All flushed (O!), panting, sweating (O!), all breathless.

Married to Bloom, to greaseabloom.

—O saints above! Miss Douce said, sighed above her jumping rose.

I wished I hadn't laughed so much. I feel all wet.

—O, Miss Douce! Miss Kennedy protested. You horrid thing!

And flushed yet more, (you horrid!), more goldenly.

By Cantwell's offices roved Greaseabloom, by Ceppi's virgins, bright of their oils. Nannetti's father hawked those things about, wheedling at doors. Religion pays. Must see him about Keyes's

par. Eat first. I want. Not yet. At four, she said. Time ever passing. Clockhands turning. On. Where eat? The Clarence, Dolphin. On. For Raoul. Eat. If I net five guineas with those ads. The violet silk petticoats. Not yet. The sweets of sin.

Flushed less, still less, goldenly paled.

Into their bar strolled Mr. Dedalus. Chips, picking chips off one of his rocky thumbnails. Chips. He strolled.

—O welcome back, Miss Douce.

He held her hand. Enjoyed her holidays?

—Tiptop.

He hoped she had nice weather in Rostrevor.

—Gorgeous, she said. Look at the holy show I am. Lying out on the strand all day.

Bronze whiteness.

—That was exceedingly naughty of you, Mr. Dedalus told her and pressed her hand indulgently. Tempting poor simple males.

Miss Douce of satin douced her arm away.

—O go away, she said. I'm sure you're very simple.

He was.

—Well now, I am, he mused. I looked so simple in the cradle they christened me simple Simon.

—Yes I don't think, Miss Douce made answer. And what did the doctor order today?

—Well now, he mused, whatever you say yourself. I think I'll trouble you for some fresh water and a half glass of whisky.

Jingle.

—With the greatest alacrity, Miss Douce agreed.

With grace of alacrity towards the mirror she turned herself. With grace she tapped a measure of gold whisky from her crystal keg. Forth from the skirt of his coat Mr. Dedalus brought pouch and pipe. Alacrity she served. He blew through the flue two husky fifenotes.

—By Jove, he mused. I often wanted to see the Mourne mountains. Must be a great tonic in the air down there. But a long threatening comes at last, they say. Yes, yes.

Yes. He fingered shreds into the bowl. Chips. Shreds. Musing. Mute.

None not said nothing. Yes.

Gaily Miss Douce polished a tumbler, trilling:

—O, Idolares, queen of the eastern seas!

—Was Mr. Lidwell in today?

In came Lenehan. Round him peered Lenehan. Mr. Bloom

reached Essex bridge. Yes, Mr. Bloom crossed bridge of Yessex. To Martha I must write. Buy paper. Daly's Girl there civil. Bloom. Old Bloom. Blue bloom is on the rye.

—He was in at lunchtime, Miss Douce said.

Lenehan came forward.

—Was Mr. Boylan looking for me?

He asked. She answered:

—Miss Kennedy, was Mr. Boylan in while I was upstairs?

She asked. Miss voice of Kennedy answered, a second teacup poised. her gaze upon a page.

—No. He was not.

Miss gaze of Kennedy, heard not seen, read on. Lenehan round the sandwichbell wound his round body round.

—Peep! Who's in the corner?

No glance of Kennedy rewarding him he yet made overtures. To mind her stops. To read only the black ones: round o and crooked ess.

Jingle jaunty jingle.

Girlgold she read and did not glance. Take no notice. She took no notice while he read by rote a solfa fable for her, plappering flatly:

—Ah fox met ah stork. Said thee fox too thee stork: Will you put your bill down inn my troath and pull upp ah bone?

He droned in vain. Miss Douce turned to her tea aside.

He sighed a sigh:

—Ah me! O my!

He greeted Mr. Dedalus and got a nod.

—Greetings from the famous son of a famous father.

—Who may he be? Mr. Dedalus asked.

Lenehan opened most genial arms. Who?

—Can you ask? he asked. Stephen, the youthful bard.

Dry.

Mr. Dedalus famous father laid by his dry filled pipe.

—I see, he said. I didn't recognise him for the moment. I hear he is keeping very select rompany. Have you seen him lately?

He had.

—I quaffed the nectarbowl with him this very day, said Lenehan. In Mooney's *en ville* and in Mooney's *sur mer*. He had received the rhino for the labour of his muse.

He smiled at bronze's teabathed lips, as listening lips and eyes.

—The *élite* of Erin hung on his lips. The ponderous pundit, Hugh MacHugh, Dublin's most brilliant scribe and editor and that

*minstrel* boy of the wild wet west who is known by the euphonious appellation of the O'Madden Burke.

After an interval Mr. Dedalus raised his grog and —That must have been highly diverting, said he. I see.

He see. He drank. Set down his glass.

He looked towards the saloon door.

—I see you have moved the piano.

—The tuner was in today, Miss Douce replied, tuning it for the smoking concert and I never heard such an exquisite player.

—Is that a fact?

—Didn't he, Miss Kennedy? The real classical, you know. And blind too, poor fellow. Not twenty I'm sure he was.

—Is that a fact? Mr. Dedalus said.

He drank and strayed away.

—So sad to look at his face, Miss Douce condoled.

God's curse on bitch's bastard.

Tink to her pity cried a diner's bell. To the door of the diningroom came bald Pat, came bothered Pat, came Pat, waiter of Ormond. Lager for diner. Lager without alacrity she served.

With patience Leahan waited for Boylan with impatience, for jingle jaunty blazes boy.

Upholding the lid he (who?) gazed in the coffin (coffin?) at the oblique triple (piano!) wires. He pressed (the same who pressed indulgently her hand), soft pedalling a triple of keys to see the thicknesses of felt advancing, to hear the muffled hammer-tall in action.

Two sheets cream vellum paper one reserve two envelopes when I was in Wisdom Hely's wise Bloom in Daly's Henry Flower bought. Are you not happy in your home? Flower to console me and a pin cuts lo. Means something, language of flow. Was it a daisy? Innocence that is. Respectable girl meet after mass. Thanks awfully muchly. Wise Bloom eyed on the door a poster, a swaying mermaid smoking mid nice waves. Smoke mermaids, coolest whiff of all. Hair streaming: lovelorn. For some man. For Raoul. He eyed and saw afar on Essex bridge a gay hat riding on a jauntingcar. It is. Third time. Coincidence.

Jingling on supple rubbers it jaunted from the bridge to Ormond quay. Follow. Risk it. Go quick. At four. Near now. Out.

—Twopence, sir, the shopgirl dared to say.

—Aha . . . . I was forgetting . . . Excuse . . .

—And four.

At four she. Winsomely she smiled on Bloom. Bloo smi qui go. Ternoon. Think you're the only pebble on the beach? Does that to all. For men.

In drowsy silence gold bent on her page.

From the saloon a call came, long in dying. That was a tuning fork the tuner had that he forgot that he now struck. A call again. That he now poised that it now throbbled. You hear? It throbbled, pure, purer, softly and softlier, its buzzing prongs. Longer in dying call

Pat paid for diner's popcorked bottle: and over tumbler tray and popcorked bottle ere he went he whispered, bald and bothered, with Miss Douce.

—*The bright stars fade . . .*

— . . . . . A voiceless song sang from within, singing:

— . . . . . the morn is breaking.

A duodene of birdnotes chirruped bright treble answer under sensitive hands. Brightly the keyes, all twinkling, linked, all harp-sichording, called to a voice to sing the strain of dewy morn, of youth, of love's leavetaking, life's, love's morn.

—*The dewdrops pearl . . . . .*

Lenehan's lips over the counter lisped a low whistle of decoy.

—But look this way, he said, rose of Castile.

Jingle jaunted by the curb and stopped.

She rose and closed her reading, rose of Castile. Fretted forlorn, dreamily rose.

—Did she fall or was she pushed? he asked her.

She answered, slighting:

—Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies.

Like lady, ladylike.

Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the barfloor where he strode. Yes, gold from anear by bronze from afar. Lenehan heard and knew and hailed him:

—See the conquering hero comes.

Between the car and window, warily walking, went Bloom, unconquered hero. See me he might. The seat he sat on: warm. Black wary hecat walked towards Richie Goulding's legal bag, lifted aloft, saluting.

—*And I from thee . . . . .*

—I heard you were round, said Blazes Boylan.

He touched to fair Miss Kennedy a rim of his slanted straw. She smiled on him. But sister bronze outsmiled her, preening for him her richer hair, a bosom and a rose.

Boylan bespoke potions.

—What's your cry? Glass of bitter? Glass of bitter, please, and a sloegin for me. Wire in yet?

Not yet. At four he. All said four.

Cowley's red lugs and Adam's apple in the door of the sheriff's office. Avoid. Goulding a chance. What is he doing in the Ormond? Car waiting. Wait.

Hello. Where off to? Something to eat? I too was just. In here. What, Ormond Best value in Dublin. Is that so? Diningroom. Sit tight there. See, not be seen. I think I'll join you. Come on. Richie led on. Bloom followed bag. Dinner fit for a prince.

Miss Douce reached high to take a flagon, stretching her satin arm, her bust.

—O! O! jerked Lenehan, gasping at each stretch. O!

But easily she seized her prey and led it low in triumph.

—Why don't you grow? asked Blazes Boylan.

She bronze, dealing from her jar thick syrupy liquor for his lips, looked as it flowed (flower in his coat: who gave him?), and syruped with her voice:

—Fine goods in small parcels.

That is to say she. Neatly she poured slowsyrupy sloe.

—Here's fortune, Blazes said.

He pitched a broad coin down. Coin rang.

—Hold on, said Lenehan, till I . . . .

—Fortune, he wished, lifting his bubbled ale.

—Sceptre will win in a canter, he said.

—I plunged a bit, said Boylan. Not on my own, you know. Fancy of a friend of mine.

Lenehan still drank and grinned at his tilted ale and at Miss Douce's lips that all but hummed, not shut, the oceansong her lips had trilled. Idolores. The eastern seas.

Clock whirred. Miss Kennedy passed their way (flower, wonder who gave), bearing away teatray. Clock clacked.

Miss Douce took Boylan's coin, struck boldly the cashregister. It clanged. Clock clacked. Fair one of Egypt teased and sorted in the till and hummed and handed coins in change. Look to the west. A clack. For me.

—What time is that? asked Blazes Boylan. Four?

O'clock.

Lenehan, small eyes ahunger on her humming, bust ahumming, tugged Blazes Boylan's elbowsleeve.

—Let's hear the time, he said.

The bag of Goulding, Colles, Ward led Bloom by ryebloom flowered tables. Aimless he chose with agitated aim, bald Pat at ending, a table near the door. Be near. At four. Has he forgotten? Perhaps a trick. Not come: whet appetite. I couldn't do. Wait, wait. Pat, waiter, waited.

Sparkling bronze azure eyed Blazes' skyblue bow and eyes.

—Go on, pressed Lenehan. There's no-one. He never heard.

—..... to *Flora's lips did hie*

High, a high note, pealed in the treble, clear.

Bronzedouce, communing with her rose that sank and rose sought Blazes Boylan's flower and eyes.

—Please, please.

He pleaded over returning phrases of avowal.

—*I could not leave thee* .....

—Afterwits, Miss Douce promised coyly.

—No, now, urged Lenehan. *Sonnez la cloche!* O do! There's no-one.

She looked. Quick. Miss Kenn out of earshot. Sudden bent. Two kindling faces watched her bend.

Quavering the chords strayed from the air, found it again, lost chord, and lost and found it faltering.

—Go on! Do! *Sonnez!*

Bending, she nipped a peak of skirt above her knee. Delayed. Taunted them still, bending, suspending, with wilful eyes.

—*Sonnez!*

Smack. She let free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter smackwarm against her smackable a woman's warmhosed thigh.

—*La cloche!* cried gleeful Lenehan. Trained by owner. No sawdust there.

She smilesmirked supercilious, (wept! aren't men?), but, lightward gliding, mild she smiled on Boylan.

—You're the essence of vulgarity, she said in gliding.

Boylan eyed, eyed. Tossed to fat lips his chalice, drank off his tiny, chalice, sucking the last fat violet syrupy drops. His spellbound eyes went after her gliding head as it went down the bar by mirrors, hock and claret glasses shimmering, a spiky shell, where it concerted, mirrored, bronze with sunnier bronze.

Yes, bronze from anearby.

—..... *sweetheart, goodbye!*

—I'm off, said Boylan with impatience.

He slid his chalice brisk away, grasped his change.

—Wait a shake, begged Lenehan, drinking quickly. I wanted to tell you. Tom Rochford . . .

—Come on to blazes, said Blazes Boylan, going.

Lenehan gulped to go.

—Got the horn or what? he said. Half a mo. I'm coming.

He followed the hasty creaking shoes but stood by nimbly by the threshold, saluting forms, a bulky with a slender.

—How do you do, Mr. Dollard?

—Eh? How do? How do? Ben Dollard's vague bass answered, turning an instant from Father Cowley's woe. He won't give you any trouble, Bob. Alf Bergan will speak to the long fellow. We'll put a barleystraw in that Judas Iscariot's ear this time.

Sighing, Mr. Dedalus came through the saloon, a finger soothing an eyelid.

—Hoho, we will, Ben Dollard yodled jollily. Come on, Simon, give us a ditty. We heard the piano.

Bald Pat, bothered waiter, waited for drink orders. Power for Richie. And Bloom? Let me see. Four now. How warm this black is. Course nerves a bit. Refracts (is it?) heat. Let me see. Cider. Yes, bottle of cider.

—What's that? Mr. Dedalus said. I was only vamping, man.

—Come on, come on, Ben Dollard called. Begone, dull care. Come, Bob.

He ambled Dollard, bulky slops, before them (hold that fellow with the: hold him now) into the saloon. He plumped him Dollard on the stool. His gouty paws plumped chords. Plumped, stopped abrupt.

Bald Pat in the doorway met tealess gold returning. Bothered he wanted Power and cider. Bronze by the window watched, bronze from afar.

Jingle a tinkle jaunted.

Bloom heard a jing, a little sound. He's off. Light sob of breath Bloom sighed on the silent flowers. Jingling. He's gone. Jingle. Hear.

—Love and war, Ben, Mr. Dedalus said. God be with old times.

Miss Douce's brave eyes, unregarded, turned from the cross-blind, smitten by sunlight. Gone. Pensive (who knows?), smitten (the smiting light), she lowered the dropblind with a sliding cord. She drew down pensive (why did he go so quick when I?) about her bronze, over the bar where bald stood by sister gold, in exquisite contract, contrast in exquisite nonexquisite, slow cool dim sea-

green sliding depth of shadow, eau de Nil.

—Poor old Goodwin was the pianist that night, Father Cowley reminded them. There was a slight difference of opinion between himself and the Collard grand,

There was.

—A symposium all his own, Mr. Dedalus said. The devil wouldn't stop him. He was a crotchety old fellow in the primary stage of drink.

—God, do you remember? Ben bulky Dollard said, turning from the punished keyboard. And by Japers I had no wedding garment.

They laughed all three. He had no wed. They all three laughed. No wedding garment.

—Our friend Bloom turned in handy that night, Mr. Dedalus said. Where's my pipe by the way?

He wandered back to the bar to the lost chord pipe. Bald Pat carried two diners' drinks, Richie and Poldy. And Father Cowley laughed again.

—I saved the situation, Ben, I think.

—You did, averred Ben Dollard. I remember those tight trousers too. That was a brilliant idea, Bob.

Father Cowley blushed to his brilliant purple lobes. He saved the situa. Tight trou. Brilliant ide.

—I knew he was on the rocks, he said. The wife was playing the piano in the coffee palace on Saturdays for a very trifling consideration and who was it gave me the wheeze she was doing the other business? Do you remember? We had to search all Holles street to find them till the chap in Keogh's gave us the number. Remember?

Ben remembered, his broad visage wondering.

—By God she had some luxurious operacloaks and things there.

Mr. Dedalus wandered back, pipe in hand.

—Merrionsquare style. Balldresses by God, nd court dresses. He wouldn't take any money either. What? Any God's quantity of cocket hats and boleros and trunkhose. What?

—Ay, ay, Mr. Dedalus nodded. Mrs. Marion Bloom has left off clothes of all descriptions.

Jingle jaunted down the quays. Blazes sprawled on bounding tyres.

Liver and bacon. Steak and kidney pie. Right, sir. Right, Pat.

Mrs. Marrion met him pike hoses. Smell of burn of Paul de Kock. Nice name he.

—What's this her name was? A buxom lassy. Marion . . .

—Tweedy.

—Yes. Is she alive?

—And kicking.

—She was a daughter of . . . .

—Daughter of the regiment.

—Yes, begad. I remember the old drummajor.

Mr. Dedalus struck, whizzed, lit, puffed savoury puffafter.

—Irish? I don't know, faith. Is she, Simon?

Puff after stiff, a puff, strong, savoury, crackling.

—Buccinator muscle is . . . What? . . . Bit rusty . . . O, she is . . .

My Irish Molly, O.

He puffed a pungent plummy blast.

—From the rock of Gibraltar . . . all the way.

They pined in depth of ocean shadow, gold by the beerpull, bronze by maraschino, thoughtful all two, Mina Kennedy, 4 Lismore terrace, Drumcondra with Idolores, a queen, silent.

Pat served uncovered dishes. Leopold cut liverslices. As said before he ate with relish the inner organs, nutty gizzards, fried cods' roes while Richie Golding, Colles, Ward ate steak and kidney, steak then kidney, bite by bite of pie he ate Bloom ate they ate.

Bloom with Goulding, married in silence, ate. Dinners fit for princes.

By Bachelor's walk jogjaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun in heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres: sprawled, warmseated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold. Horn. Have you the? Horn. Have you the? Haw haw horn.

Over their voices Dollard bassooned attack booming over bombarding chords:

—When love absorbs my ardent soul . . .

—War! War! cried Father Cowley. You're the warrior.

—So I am, Ben Dollard laughed.

He stopped. He wagged huge beard, huge face over his blunder huge.

—Sure, you'd burst the tympanum of her ear, man; Mr. Dedalus said through smoke aroma, with an organ like yours.

In bearded abundant laughter Dollard shook upon the keyboard. He would.

—Not to mention another membrane, Father Cowley added. Half time, Ben. Amoroso ma non troppo. Let me there.

Miss Kennedy served two gentlemen with tankards of cool

stout. She passed a remark. It was indeed, first gentleman said, beautiful weather. They drank cool stout, did she know where the lord lieutenant was going? And heard steel hoofs ring hoof ring. No, she couldn't say. But it would be in the paper. O, she needn't trouble. No trouble. She waved about her outspread Independent searching the lord lieutenant her pinnacles of hair slow-moving lord lieuten. Too much trouble, first gentleman said. O, not in the least. Way he looked that. Lord lieutenant. Gold by bronze heard iron steel

—..... *my ardent soul*  
*I care not for the morrow.*

In liver gravy Bloom mashed mashed potatoes. Love and war someone is. Ben Dollard's famous. Night he ran round to us to borrow a dress suit for that concert. Trousers tight as a drum on him. Molly did laugh when he went out. Threw herself back across the bed, screaming, kicking. With all his belongings on show. O, saints above, I'm drenched! O, the women in the front row! O, I never laughed so much! Well, of course, that's what gives him the base barreltone. For instance eunuchs. Wonder who's playing. Nice touch. Must be Cowley. Musical. Knows whatever note you play. Bad breath he has, poor chap. Stopped.

Stopped.

George Lidwell, gentleman, entering. Good afternoon. She gave her moist, a lady's, hand to his firm clasp. Afternoon.

—Your friends are inside, Mr. Lidwell.

George Lidwell, suave, solicited, held a Lydia's hand.

Bloom ate liv as said before. Clean here at least. That chap in the Burton, gummy with gristle. No-one here: Goulding and I. Clean tables, flowers, mitres of napkins. Pat to and fro, bald Pat. Nothing to do. Best value in Dub.

Piano again. Cowley it is. Way he sits in to it, like one together, mutual understanding. Tiresome shapers scraping fiddles, sawing the cello, remind you of toothache. Night we were in the box. Trombone under blowing like a grampus, other brass chap unscrewing, emptying spittle. Conductor's legs too, bags-trousers, jiggedy jiggedy. Do right to hide them.

Jiggedy jingle jaunty jaunty.

Only the harp. LovelyGold glowering light. Girl touched it. Poop of a lovely. Gravy's rather good fit for a. Golden ship. Erin. The harp that once or twice. Cool hands. Ben Howth, the rhododendrons. We are their harps. I. He. Old. Young.

—Ah, I couldn't, man, Mr. Dedalus said, shy, listless.  
Strongly.

—Go on blast you, Ben Dollard growled. Get it out in bits.

—*M'appari*, Simon, Father Cowley said.

Down stage he strode some paces, grave, tall in affliction, his long arms outheld. Hoarsely the apple of his throat hoarsed softly. Softly he sang to a dusty seascape there: *A Last Farewell*. A headland, a ship, a sail upon the billows. Farewell. A lovely girl, her veil awave upon the wind upon the headland, wind around her.

Cowley sang:

—*M'appari tutt'amor:*

*Il mio sguardo . . . . .*

She waved, unhearing Cowley, her veil to one departing, dear one, to wind, love, speeding sail, return.

—Go on, Simon.

—Ah, sure my dancing days are done, Ben . . . Well . . .

Mr Dedalus laid his pipe to rest beside the tuningfork and, sitting, touched the obedient keys,

—No, Simon, Father Cowley turned Play it in the original. One flat.

The keys, obedient, rose higher, told, faltered, confessed, confused.

Up stage strode Father Cowley.

—Here, Simon. I'll accompany you, he said. Get up.

By Graham Lemon's pineapple rock, by Elvery's elephant jingle jogged.

Steak, kidney, liver, mashed at meat fit for princes sat princes Bloom and Goulding. Princes at meat they raised and drank Power and cider.

Most beautiful tenor air ever written, Richie said: *Sonambula*. He heard Joe Maas sing that one night. Ah, what M'Guckin! Yes. In his way. Choirboy style. Maas was the boy. Massboy. A lyrical tenor if you like. Never forget it. Never.

Tenderly Bloom over liverless bacon saw the tightened featuresstrain. Backache he. Bright's bright eye. Net item on the programme. Pills, pounded bread, worth a guinea a box. Stave it off awhile. Sings too: *Down among the dead men*. Appropriate. Kidney pie. Sweets to the. Not making much hand of it. Best value in. Characteristic of him. Power. Particular about his drink. Fecking matches from counters to save. Then squander a sovereign in dribs and drabs. And when he's wanted not a farthing. Curious

types.

Never would Richie forget that night. As long as he lived, never. In the gods of the old royal with little Peake. And when the first note.

Speech paused on Richie's lips.

Coming out with a whopper now. Rhapsodies about damn all. Believes his own lies. Does really. Wonderful liar.

—Which air is that? asked Leopold Bloom.

—*All is lost now.*

Richie cocked his lips apout. A low incipient note sweet murmured: alla thrush. Athroastle. His breath, birdsweet, good teeth he's proud of, fluted with plaintive woe. Is lost. Rich sound. Two notes in one there. Blackbird I heard in the hawthorn valley. How is that done? All lost now. Mournful he whistled. Fall, surrender, lost.

Bloom bent leopard ear, turning a fringe of doyley down under the vase. Order. Yes, I remember. Lovely air. In sleep she went to him. Innocence in the moon. Still hold her back. Brave, don't know their danger. Call name. Touch water. Jingle jaunty. Too late. She longed to go. That's why. Woman. As easy stop the sea. Yes: all is lost.

—A beautiful air, said Bloom lost Leopold. I know it well.

Never in all his life had Richie Goulding.

He knows it well too. Or he feels. Wise child that knows her father, Dedalus said. Me?

Bloom askance over liverless saw. Face of the all is lost. Rollicking Richie once. Jokes old stale now. Wagging his ear. Napkinring in his eye.

Piano again. Sounds better than last time I heard. Tuned probably. Stopped again.

Dollard and Cowley still urged the lingering singer out with it.

—With it, Simon.

—It, Simon.

—Ladies and gentlemen, I am most deeply obliged by your kind solicitations.

—It, Simon.

—I have no money but if you will lend me your attention I shall endeavour to sing to you of a heart bowed down.

By the sandwichbell in screening shadow, Lydia her bronze and rose, a lady's grace, gave and withheld: as in cool glaucous eau de Nil Mina to tankards two her pinnacles of gold.

The harping chords of prelude closed. A chord longdrawn, expectant drew a voice away.

—*When first I saw that form endearing,*

Richie turned.

—Si Dedalus' voice, he said.

Bloom signed to Pat, bald Pat is a waiter hard of hearing to set ajar the door of the bar. The door of the bar. So. That will do. Pat, waiter, waited to hear for he was hard of hear by the door.

—*Sorrow from me seemed to depart.*

Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves in murmur, like no voice of strings or reeds or what do you call them dulcimers, touching their still ears with words, still hearts of their each his remembered lives. Good, good to hear: sorrow from them each seemed to from both depart when first they heard. When first they saw, lost Richie, Poldy, mercy of beauty, heard from a person wouldn't expect it in the least her first merciful lovesoft word.

Love that is singing: love's old sweet song. Bloom unwound slowly the elastic band of his packet. Love's old sweet *sonnez la* gold. Bloom wound a skein round four forkfingers, stretched it, relaxed, and wound it round his troubled double, fourfold, in octave: gyved them fast.

—*Full of hope, and all delighted . . .*

Tenors get women by the score. Jingle all delighted. He can't sing for tall hats. Your head it simply swirls. Perfumed for him. What perfume does your wife? I want to know. Jing. Stop. Knock. Last look at mirror always before she answers the door. The hall. There? How do you? I do well. There? What? Or? Phial of cachous, kissing comfits, in her satchel. Yes? Hands felt for the opulent.

Alas! The voice rose, sighing, changed: loud, full, shining, proud.

—*But alas 'twas idle dreaming . . .*

Glorious tone he has still. Silly man! Could have made oceans of money. Wore out his wife: now sings. But hard to tell. Only the two themselves. If he doesn't break down. Drink. Nerves overstrung. Must be abstemious to sing.

Tenderness it welled: slow swelling. Full it throbbed. That's the chat. Ha, give! Take! Throb, a throb, a pulsing proud erect. Words? Music? No: it's what's behind.

Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded.

Bloom. Flood of warm jimjam lickitup secretness flowed to flow in music out, in desire, dark to lick flow, invading. Tup. Pores to dilate dilating. Tup. The joy the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood, gush, flow joygush, tupthrob. Now! Language of love.

—..... ray of hope .....

Beaming. Lydia for Lidwell squeak scarcely hear so ladylike the muse unsqueaked a cork.

Martha it is. Coincidence. Just going to write. Lionel's song. Lovely name you have. Can't write. Accept my little pres. She's a. I called you naughty boy. Still the name: Martha. How strange! Today.

The voice of Lionel returned, weaker but unwearied. It sang again to Richie Poldy Lydia Lidwell also sang to Pat open mouth ear waiting to wait. How first he saw that form endearing, how sorrow seemed to part, how look, form, word charmed him Gould Lidwell, won Pat Bloom's heart.

Wish I could see his face, though. Explain better. Why the barber in Drago's always looked my face when I spoke his face in the glass.

—Each graceful look .....

First night when first I saw her at Mat Dillon's in Terenure. Yellow, black lace she wore. Musical chairs. We two the last. Fate. After her. Fate. Round and round slow. Quick round. We two. All looked. Halt. Down she sat. Lips laughing. Yellow knees.

—Charmed my eye .....

Singing. *Waiting* she sang. I turned her music. Full voice of perfume of what perfume does your lilactrees. Bosom I saw, both full, throat warbling. First I saw. She thanked me. Why did she me? Fate. Spanish eyes. At me. Luring. Ah, alluring.

—Martha! Ah, Martha!

Quitting all langour Lionel cried in grief, in cry of passion to love to return with deepening yet with rising chords, chords of harmony. In cry of lionel loneliness that she should know, must martha feel. For only her he waited. Where? Somewhere.

—Co-ome, thou lost one!

Co-ome thou dear one!

Alone. One love. One hope. One comfort me. Martha, chestnote return.

—Come!

It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar

silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned high in the effulgence symbolic, high of the ethereal bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all around about the all, the endlessnessness . . . . .

—*To me!*

Consumed.

Come. Well sung. All clapped. She ought to. Come. To me, to him, to her, you too, me, us.

—Bravo! Clapclap. Goodman, Simon. Clappyclapclap. Encore! Clapclapclap. Sound as a bell. Bravo, Simon! Clapclapclap. Encore, enclap, said, cried, clapped all, Ben Dollard, Lydia Douce. George Lidwell, Pat, Mina two gentlemen with two tankards, Cowley, first gent with tank and bronze Miss Douce and gold Miss Mina.

Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the bar-floor, said before. Jingle by monuments of sir John Gray, Horatio one-handed Nelson, reverend father Theobald Matthew, jaunted as said before just now. Atrot, in heat, heatseated. *Cloche. Sonnez la. Cloche. Sonnez la.* Slower the mare went up the hill by the Rotunda, Rutland square. Too slow for Boylan, blazes Boylan, impatience Boylan, joggled the mare.

An afterclang of Cowley's chords closed, died on the air made richer.

And Richie Goulding drank his Power and Leopold Bloom his cider drank, Lidwell his Guinness, second gentleman said they would partake of two more tankards if she did not mind. Miss Kennedy smirked, disserving, coral lips, at first, at second. She did not mind.

—Seven days in gaol, Ben Dollard said, on bread and water. Then you'd sing, Simon, like a garden thrush.

Lionel Simon, singer, laughed. Father Bob Cowley played. Mina Kennedy served. Second gentleman paid. Tom Kernan strutted in. Lydia, admired, admired.

Admiring.

Richie, admiring, descanted on that man's glorious voice. He remembered one night long ago. Never forget that night. Si sang *'Twas rank and fame*: in Ned Lambert's *'twas*. Good God he never heard in all his life a note like that he never did *then false one we had better part* so clear so God he never heard *since*

love lives not a clinking voice ask Lambert he can tell you too.

Goulding, a flush struggling in his pale, told Mr. Bloom, face of the night, Si in Ned Lambert's, Dedalus house sang 'Twas rank and fame.

He Mr. Bloom, listened while he, Richie Goulding, told him, Mr. Bloom, of the night he Richie heard him, Si Dedalus, sing 'Twas rank and fame in his, Ned Lambert's house.

Brothers-in-law: relations. Rift in the lute I think. Treats him with scorn. See. He admires him all the more. The night Si sang. The human voice, two tiny silky cords. Wonderful, more than all the others.

That voice was a lamentation. Calmer now. It's in the silence you feel you hear. Vibrations. Now silent air.

Bloom ungyved his crisscrossed hands and, with slack fingers plucked the slender catgut thong. He drew and plucked. It buzz, it twanged. While Goulding talked of Barraclough's voice production, while Tom Kernan, harking back in a retrospective sort of arrangement, talked to listening Father Cowley who played a voluntary, who nodded as he played. While big Ben Dollard talked with Simon Dedalus lighting, who nodded as he smoked, who smoked.

Thou lost one. All songs on that theme. Yet more Bloom stretched his string. Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on. Then tear asunder. Death. Explos. Knock on the head. Outtohelloutofthat. Human life. Dignam. Ugh, that rat's tail wriggling! Five bob I gave. *Corpus paradisum*. Corncrake croker: belly like a poisoned pup. Gone. They sing. Forgotten. I too. And one day she with. Leave her: get tired. Suffer then. Snivel. Big Spanishy eyes goggling at nothing. Hair uncombed.

Yet too much happy bores. He stretched more, more. Are you not happy in your? Twang. It snapped.

Jingle into Dorset street.

Miss Douce withdrew her satiny arm, reproachful, pleased. —Don't make half so free, said she, till we're better acquainted.

George Lidwell told her really and truly: but she did not believe.

First gentleman told Mina that was so. She asked him was that so. And second tankard told her so. That that was so.

Miss Douce, Miss Lydia, did not believe: Miss Kennedy, Mina, did not believe: George Lidwell, no: Miss Dou did not: the first, the first: gent with the tank: believe, no, no: did not, Miss

Kenn: Lidlydiawell: the tank.

Better write it here. Quills in the postoffice chewed and twisted.

Bald Pat at a sign drew night. A pen and ink. He went, A pad. He went. A pad to blot. He heard, deaf Pat.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said, teasing the curling satgut line. It certainly is. Few lines will do. My present. All that Italian florid music is. Who is this wrote? Know the name you know better. Take out sheet notepaper, envelope: unconcerned. It's so characteristic.

—Grandest number in the whole opera, Goulding said.

—It is, Bloom said.

Numbers it is. All music when you come to think. Two multiplied by two divided by half is twice one. Vibrations: chords those are One plus two plus six is seven. Do anything you like with figures juggling. Always find out this equal to that, symmetry under a cemetery wall. He doesn't see my mourning. Callous: all for his own gut. Musemathematics. And you think you're listening to the ethereal. But suppose you said it like: Martha, seven times nine minus  $x$  is thirtyfive thousand. Fall quite flat. It's on account of the sounds it is.

Instance he's playing now. Might be what you like till you hear the words. Want to listen sharp. Hard. Begin all right: then hear chords a bit off: feel lost a bit. Time makes the tune. Question of mood you're in. Still always nice to hear. Except scales up and down, girls learning. Milly no taste. Queer because we both I mean. Ought to invent dummy pianos for that.

Bald deaf Pat brought quite flat pad ink. Pat set with ink pen quite flat pad. Pat took plate dish knife fork. Pat went.

It was the only language Mr. Dedalus said to Ben. He heard them as a boy in Ringabella, Crosshaven, Ringabella, singing their barcaroles. Queenstown harbour full of Italian ships. Walking, you know, Ben, in the moonlight with those earthquake hats. Blending their voices. God, such music, Ben. Heard as a boy.

Sour pipe removed he held a shield of hand beside his lips that cooed a moonlight nightcall, clear from anear, a call from afar, replying.

Down the edge of his *Freeman* baton ranged Bloom's your other eye, scanning for where did I see that. Callan, Coleman, Dignam Patrick. Heigho! Heigho! Fawcett. Aha! Just I was looking . . .

Hope he's not looking, cute as a cat. He held unfurled his

*Freeman.* Can't see now. Remember write Greek ees. Bloom dipped, Bloom mur: dear sir. Dear Henry wrote: dear Mady. Got your lett and flower. Hell did I put? Some pock or oth. It is utterly imposs. Underline imposs. To write today.

Bore this. Bored Bloom tambourined gently with I am just reflecting fingers on flat pad Pat brought.

On. Know what I mean. No, change that ee. Accept my poor little pres enclos. Hold on. Five Dig. Two about here. Penny the gulls. Elijah is com. Seven Davy Byrne's. Is eight about, Say half a crown. My poor little pres: p. o. two and six. Write me a long. Do you despise? Jingle, have you the? So excited. Why do you call me naught? You naughty too? O, Mairy lost the pin of her. Bye for today. Yes, yes, will tell you. Want to. To keep it up. Call me that other. Other world she wrote. My patience are exhaust. To keep it up. You must believe. Believe. The tank. It. Is. True.

Folly am I writing? Husbands don't. That's marriage does, their wives. Because I'm away from. Suppose. But how? She must. Keep young. If she found out. Card in my high grade ha. No, not tell all. Useless pain. If they don't see. Woman. Sauce for the gander.

A hackney car, number three hundred and twentyfour, driver Barton James of number one Harmony avenue, Donnybrook, on which sat a fare, a young gentleman, stylishly dressed in an indigo-blue serge suit made by George Robert Mesias, tailor and cutter, of number five Eden quay, and wearing a straw hat very dressy, bought of John Plasto of number one Great Brunswick street, hatter. Eh? This is the jingle that joggled and jingled. By Dlugacz' porkshop bright tubes of Agendath trotted a gallantbuttocked mare.

—Answering an ad? Keen Richie's eyes asked Bloom.

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said. Town traveller. Nothing doing, I expect.

Bloom mur: best references. But Henry wrote: it will excite me. You know how. In haste. Henry. Greekee. Better add postscript. What is he playing now? Improvising intermezzo. P. S. The rum tum tum. How will you pun? You punish me? Crooked skirt swinging, whack by. Tell me I want to. Know. O. Course if I didn't I wouldn't ask. La la la ree. Trails off there sad in minor. Why minor sad? Sign H. They like sad tail at end. P. P. S. La la la ree. I feel so sad today La ree. So lonley. Dee.

He blotted quick on pad of Pat. Envel. Address. Just

copy out of paper. Murmured: Messrs Callan, Coleman and Co., limited. Henry wrote:

Miss Martha Clifford

c/o P. O.

Dolphin's barn lane

Dublin

Blot over the other so he can't read. Right. Idea prize titbit. Something detective read off blottingpad. Payment at the rate of guinea per col. Matcham often thinks the laughing witch. Poor Mrs. Purefoy. U. p: up.

Too poetical that about the sad. Music did that. Music hath charms. Shakespeare said. Quotations every day in the year. To be or not to be. Wisdom while you wait.

In Gerard's rosery of Fetter lane he walks, greyedauburn. One life is all. One body. Do. But do.

Done anyhow. Postal order stamp. Post office lower down. Walk now. Enough. Barney Kiernan's I promised to meet them. Dislike that job. House of mourning. Walk. Pat! Doesn't hear.

Car near there now. Talk. Talk. Pat! Doesn't. Settling those napkins. Lot of ground he must cover in the day . . . Wish they'd sing more. Keep my mind off.

Bald Pat who is bothered settled the napkins. Pat is a waiter hard of his hearing. Pat is a waiter who waits while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. He waits while you wait. Hee hee. A waiter is he. Hee hee hee hee. He waits while you wait. While you wait if you wait he will wait while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. Wait while you wait.

*(to be continued)*

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