

XI

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1919 No. 5

CONTENTS

The Cast-Iron Lover	<i>Else von Freytag-Loringhoven</i>
Rouge	<i>Ben Hecht</i>
Happy Families	<i>Aldous Huxley</i>
Grotesklinien des Claviers	<i>Alfred Stone</i>
Discussion:	
Critical Suggestions	<i>Jessie Dismorr</i>
Four Foreigners	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>
D. H. Lawrence	<i>Margaret Anderson</i>
Dorothy Richardson	<i>John Rodker</i>
La Sorella	<i>Esther Kohen</i>
Kiss	<i>Emanuel Carnevali</i>
Ulysses (Episode XI continued)	<i>James Joyce</i>
Interim (Chapter Five)	<i>Dorothy Richardson</i>
The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry	<i>Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound</i>

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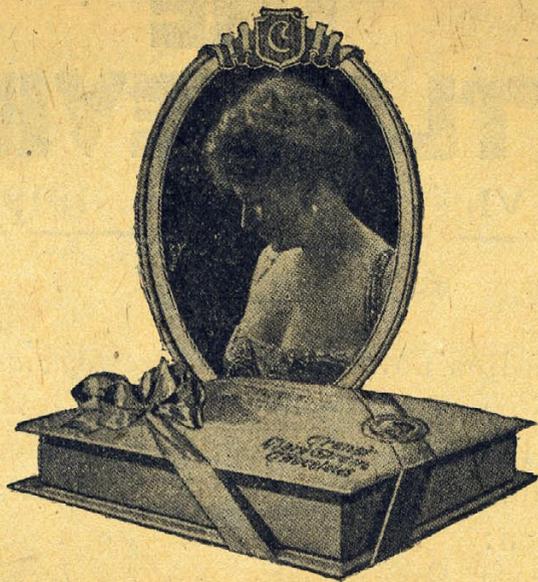
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THE LITTLE REVIEW

MINESELF—MINESOUL—AND—MINE—
CAST-IRON LOVER

by Else Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven

Mine Soul Singeth—Thus Singeth
Mine Soul—This Is What Mine
Soul Singeth :

His hair is molten gold and a red pelt—
His hair is glorious!

Yea—mine soul—and he brushes it and combeth it—he maketh
it shining and glistening around his head—and he is vain about
it—but alas—mine soul—his hair is without sense—his hair
does not live—it is no revelation, no symbol! HE is not gold—
not animal—not GOLDEN animal—he is GILDED animal only—
mine soul! his vanity is without sense—it is the vanity of one who
has little and who weareth a treasure meaningless! O—mine soul
—THAT soulless beauty maketh me sad!

“His nostrils”—singeth mine soul —“his nostrils!” seeest thou not
the sweep of the scythe with which they curveth up his cheek
swiftly?

Iron—mine soul—cast-iron! his nostrils maketh me sad! there is
no breath of the animal that they may quiver? they do not curve
swiftly—the scythe moveth—mine soul—they are still—they are
motionless like death! NOT like death—in death has been life—
they are iron—mine soul—cast-iron! a poor attempt to picture
life—a mockery of life—as I see cast-iron animals and monuments

a mockery of life— — alas—mine soul—HIS soul is cast-iron!
 "Iron" singeth mine soul—"iron thou canst hammer with strength—
 iron thou canst shape—bend—iron thou canst make quiver—iron
 alive to flame— —
 ART THOU FLAME?"

Mine soul—alas—I COULD BE!

And WHY—mine body—dost thou say: "I COULD BE" and
 WHY—mine body—dost thou ALL THE WHILE SAY:
 "ALAS"? Thine "ALAS" maketh me sad!

Mine soul dost not be mischievius! THOU KNOWEST we are
 One—thou knowest thou ART flame! it is THOU—mine soul—
 and thine desire to flare by thineself which maketh thine body
 say: "alas"! thou hast so changed! dost thou not hinder mine
 wish to touch—mine right since olden times which was granted
 me ever? because thou art now very strong—I gave thee much
 fuel—NOW—mine soul—thou art stronger than I and thou
 mocketh thine body! and—mine soul—are we artisans—are we not
 artists who flare by themselves—FOR themselves? we do not bend
 any more out of our way to catch and touch—to mold be molded—
 to feed be fed — — we flare HIGH—mine soul—we are SATIS-
 FIED! — — —

And yet—mine body—thou sayest "alas"!

Ha—mine soul—I say "alas" and I say "alas" and "alas" and
 "alas"! because I am thine BODY! and this is mine flaming de-
 sire to-day: that he shall step into THEE through ME as it was
 in olden times and that we will play again that old WONDERFUL
 play of the "TWOTOGETHER"! — — mine soul—if thus it will
 be—willst thou flare around him—about him—over him—hide
 him with shining curtain — — — hiss that song of savage joy—
 starry-eyes — — willst thou heat—melt—make quiver—break
 down—dissolve—build up — — SHAKE HIM—SHAKE HIM—
 SHAKE HIM—O mine starry-eyed soul?

Heiz! ja-hoho! hisses mine starry-eyed soul in her own language.

I see mine soul—we still understand each other! I LOVE THEE
 thou very great darling! we must wait and smile — — — PER-
 HAPS SARDONICALY — — — mine very great soul — — —

because we now are artists — — — and: NOTHING MATTERS ! ! !

Mineself—Minesoul—Arguing

Minesoul—why hast thou awakened thine body with thine great song? now I am desirous for possession!

Mine body thou art wrong—THOU madest sing mine song—thine eyes are mine fingers—THEY TOUCH! guard thine eyes mine body guard thine sensual eyes!

Mine soul—HOW?—shall I go blind—senseless? I see—I smile—I suffer! I MUST TOUCH! HERE MINE EYES—HERE MINE HANDS! why not—wise soul? am I not child—playfull—full of laughter? it is not mine wish to smile sardonically—THOU—mine soul—smileth thus—thou dost not wish thine body to touch—thou giveth up beforehand—surrender to keep thine body—surrender to NOTHINGNESS! thou art jealous!!

Alas—mine soul—thou maketh me sad—thou maketh sad thine body! thou maketh me smile sad lying smile—smile triumphant in emptiness! it is NOT the smile of thine body—THOU art wise—mine soul—not thine body—I am tired of thee—let me go! alas—mine soul I AM TIRED OF WISDOM!

Art not thine eyes mine fingers—mine body—did they not touch until they form his image in me?

IMAGE IN THEE? I DO NOT WANT IMAGE!!! here are MINE fingers—mine soul—alas—mine soul—here are MINE FINGERS! MINE FINGERS SUFFER—! they are MINE eyes—their touch is SIGHT—mine fingers wish to touch—caress—mine fingers will caress with soft pious look— — — look full of laughter — — — look full of motion — — — look full of dizziness—insanity — — which maketh steady and sane — — —maketh steady and sane thine body!

Alas—mine soul—thine body is shaky—the fingers of thine body squint!

They are filled with tears— — —they are BLIND!

Alas—mine body—use thine fingers desirous to see! pray—caress
—flame—burn deep—mark the place— — — — dance in laughter
and dizziness— — — — come back with fingers strong—steady—wise
—shining stars!

Go—give and take!— — — — alas—mine body—thou maketh me sad!

Mine soul—mine soul—is it not so — — — — alas—mine soul—
is it not so— — — — mine eyes—thine fingers—grew unsteady—dim
—limp— — — —

Mine body—thou maketh me sad— — — — thou VERILY hast
made sad—thine soul — — — — ! mine body—alas—I bid thee
—GO!!!

THOU—mine soul?!
I—mine body.

Heia!—mine soul—hoho!—brave soul—but—alas—strong soul—
I have no wings—no money! thine body stayed poor in giving
treasures to thee;—now thou art weak—I weakened thee with
mine desires! thou art filled with treasures — — — — thou wilt
break! thou art supple—not robust — — — — from childhood I
know thee! let us be strong together with strength of the last!!!
hast thou teeth? bite into MINE flesh I will bite into THINE!
—we totter—but will not drop! — — — — WE MUST WAIT
AND SMILE—mine soul—in waiting thus not can I smile very
much any more—nor successfully thine sardonical smile—it died from
emptiness—our triumph was rash—I deceived thee—smiling thus!
I am thine body—mine soul—thine REVOLTING body ! ! ! let
us have understanding:

There is no touch — — — — ALL OUR FINGERS SUFFER! there
is no sight — — — — ALL OUR EYES SUFFER! — — — —
let me sing that song of what mine eyes saw—thine fingers touched
—our senses remember! — — — — let me sinr MINE song after
thine ! ! !

I Sing Mine Soul—Thus I Sing—Mine
Soul—This is What I Sing Mine Soul:

Frail steeltools—reddish complexion—pale ivory — — — talons—
finely chiseled—finely carved animal!
Thus his hands—I saw his hands—I love his hands—I believe in
hands—mine soul!

ANIMAL—mine body—CAST-IRON ANIMAL?
CHISELLED animal—mine soul aloof — — — —! those hands
LIVE—never came to life— — —are afraid—never were BORN!

I touch them:— — —they quiver!
I kiss them:— — —they grasp—clutch—tear—draw blood —
— —Steeltools—reddish complexion—chiseled talons—carved ani-
mal—pale animal—caveanimal—animal of shadow — — —! it
blushes CRIMSON around its edges—around its edges it runs over
with crimson — — — its ears shells before flame! — — — THUS
I know it to be!

“THUS thou knowest it to be” — — —! dost thou know his
heart—mine body?
NEVER— — —! mine soul!

He should NOT be crimson around his edges—nor shell before
flame! in the MIDDLE should he be crimson — — — HEART
flare crimson — — — ears crimsoned by heartsblood!!! will he
wear crimson flame like star in his middlechest — — — or willst
thou hold him before thee—pale—lifeless—to SHINE THROUGH
HIS LIFELESSNESS ONLY — — — mine body?

MINE SOUL—MINE SOUL—thou maketh me shiver — — — thus
can it not be! dost thou remember that song of his hair which
made mine eyes thine fingers?

Thine eyes made mine song—mine body—thine eyes TOUCH!
guard thine eyes—mine body—guard thine sensual eyes!

Sing thine sensual song—mine soul— — —thus it ran:

“HIS HAIR IS MOLTEN GOLD AND A RED PELT — — —
HIS HAIR IS GLORIOUS! — — — —”

Thou hast strong colorsense—mine body—thou loveth red!—thou
paint pale animal crimson!

IT IS CRIMSON! I paint pale animal with its crimson blood!
to arouse it I will probe deep; should it have no blood?

I must kiss his hands—mine soul—his hands to arouse crimson—
crimson in reddish pale palms—violet veins of his temples—he will
run over with crimson — — —! crimson lamp of ivory—shell
with heart of flame!

SEEEST HIS NOSTRILS—mine soul—shining with crimson—
flaring with breath? — — — — THE SCYTHE MOVETH!—
crimson scythe—bloody scythe—curving up his cheek swiftly !!!
MINE SOUL—SO BEAUTIFUL HE IS !!!

EYES— — —golden eyes of the toad!

Sawest thou eyes—mine body?

I saw HIS eyes—mine soul—hidden behind shining surfaces of
glass!

He is hidden like the hidden toad — — — hidden animal—cave-
animal—chiseled animal—animal of shadow! — — goldrimmed
pupils narrowing in light—blinking—thinking dark dreams!

Hidden—lightshy—skinpale—does not perish in flame—I remem-
ber old witchword;

Jewels hidden in its head— — —hidden—hidden—hidden animal!
Splendid—proud—majestic—immobile— — —when it feeds it
moveth swift like thought!

Eyes closing in passion—opening—not knowing passion—bowels
dancing—eyes stony jewels in its head!

The toad—proud—majestic—immobile—never treacherous — —
— should it not be loved?

I love the majestic toad—feel ashamed before its mastery of emo-
tion—scarcety of motion! I gaze into its stony eyes—goldrimmed
glimmering—centerdark—with mystery of dark honest dreams—
— — thinking heavily—unwinkingly!

MINE SOUL—TOAD HE IS — — — yet he does not DARE
TO BE TOAD! HIDDEN IN HIMSELF—HIDDEN FROM

HIMSELF—HIDDEN ANIMAL!

Toadsoul hidden by glare of roadside; — — —
thinking himself a BEE ! ! !

fluttering like bee—on roadside!
toadeyes hidden by shining surfaces of glass!
not to blink on roadside like toad!

flutter he must—squirm—smile—polite smile of bees and multi-
tude—to find food—not to be exposed a toad—toadking— — —
thinking dark dreams behind shining surfaces of glass!

ALAS—MINE SOUL—HE IS NOT HAPPY!

Mobile he is—not immobile! fidgety—not majestic! usurperpride
—full of suspicious fear—looking for disrespect! STIFF pride—
not proud enough — — — such pride is his!
No certainty of station—quietness of inheritance! no ease—dignity—
serenity—aloofness!

Much restless fidgeting there is!

He has no rest!

Feeds too much—moveth too much—turns—bows his head too
often—smileth—strained smile of bees and multitude.

His shellpale skin—his goldrimmed eyes ITCH with pain of light!
Cry out for darkness—shadow—mystery—loneliness— —dreams
—TOADDREAMS!

Should eat less—dream more—alas—mine soul—he does not
know—has not found out—not found his toad-nature!

Young and human he is — — — HUMANS FIND THEIR
PLACES WITH THEIR BRAINS!

In glasshouse he sits—not in cave—fire he fears!

IMMUNITY FROM FIREDEATH is not his knowledge—nor
flame as pleasure to skin!

MAY SQUAT IN CENTER OF CRIMSON THRONE — CRIM-
SON HE—CRIMSON CROWN—KING IN STATE—UN-
BLINKING!

THINKETH HIMSELF A BEE!

LIVETH a bee—liveth WITH bees— in hustle—on roadside!
Every day shrinketh from light—chiselled lips twitching—
toadeyes hidden behind shining surfaces of glass!

HIS CROWN HE WEARETH BOLDLY ON ROADSIDE—in
hustle—in dust—in glare— — — his crown he weareth SHAME-
LESSLY!

SO MUCH he dareth to differ from bees—to be costly— — not
TOO costly! not to be exiled—a toad—TOADKING!

Weareth his crown without magnitude—solitude—a trinket—a
LITTLE thing!

Thinking himself *GOLDEN BEE*—at *UTMOST*—thinking him-
self costly—not too costly — — — not to arouse *Beehatred!*

WITHOUT BEES feareth loneliness—famine — — — covering
every day little golden trinket with little black hat!

Thus the custom of bees;

Chiselled lips harden—shellpale skin coarsens—toadblood OOZES
in reddish pale palms—sweating—crying for darkness—crimson—
solitude!

BLOODRIGHT — — — BLOODWISHES — — — he does
not know!

Weareth the stamp of the toad and the king upon his head in
broad daylight—thinking it a trinket to be costly before bees!
Covering with little black hat every day — — — A CROWN!

YEA. — — — HE DOES NOT LOOK COSTLY TO THINE
BODY — — — ALAS—mine soul—not THAT WAY!

Costly he looketh a toad—creature that IS—demands bloodright
and balance — — — has it—finds it—SQUATS on it!

Costly he looketh in grandeur—magnitude—eyes stony—darkcen-
terd — — — gazing undisturbed at good and evil for him — — —
thinking ceaselessly — — — unwinkingly — — — dreams —
TOADDREAMS!

SQUATING IN SHADOW DARKNESS UPON CENTER
OF CRIMSON THRONE — — — SQUATING CON-
TENTEDLY — FEEDING SWIFTLY — EYES CLOSING IN
PASSION—OPENING NOT KNOWING PASSION—BOWELS
DANCING—EYES STONY JEWELS IN ITS HEAD!

TOADKING!

BEE IS BEE — — — TOAD IS TOAD — — — WE — MINE
SOUL — THE CRIMSON THRONE!

FROM US NO TOAD SHRINKETH — — — JUMPETH AWAY
—SHRIEKING! UPON US IT JUMPETH — — — SQUATETH
—BASKETH!

FROM US NO TOADKING SHRINKETH !!!

Patient soul—dost thou notice — — —: he is curious?
Smelleth smoke—suspecteth flame—draweth near— — —jumpeth
far?
TOADBLOOD S'TIRRING — — — BEESENSE SHRIEK-
ING!
TOAD HE IS— — —thrown young onto bees at roadside!— — —
fearing its element!

MINE PROUD SOUL— — —is he crippled—DISGUISED TO
HIMSELF ONLY? NOT is he disguised to thine body—nor
—wise patient soul—to THEE!
WILL PUT HIM UPON CENTER OF CRIMSON THRONE
—SHALL SQUAT AND BASK — — — OR PERISH AND
BURN!
THINE BODY AND THOU—MINE SOUL—WE DO NOT
LIKE CRIPPLES!
UPRIGHT WE STAND — — — SLANDER WE FLARE
— — — THINE BODY AND THOU—MINE SOUL — — —
HISSING!—

THUS—MINE SOUL—IS MINE SONG TO THEE— — —THUS
ITS END.

ROUGE

by Ben Hecht

MY friend lived with a dwarfed and paralytic nigger boy on the fourth floor of an apartment building where the city achieves the air of a fat and elaborately corseted dowager. This was a dumb, rectangular and virtuous building, a symmetrical monument to the great and undisturbed norm of the city. It was full of dumb, rectangular and virtuous people who walked solemnly up and down the carpeted stairs, inspired no doubt by the quaint hallucination that they were a living folk. In and out of this building and this street they passed with the dignity of the uncurious dead who nightly promenaded the catacombs. From the windows of his home my friend overlooked the funereal elegancies of a boulevard.

"It is much simpler than suicide," he explained to me when he had given me his address and invited me to walk home with him. "I give that as an off-hand reason when people ask me why I live in this neighborhood. It is not the real reason. As a matter of fact I have my philosophy of backgrounds. You remember what Maldor wrote of me, that I was a creature unworthy of my genius?"

My friend laughed. As we walked he continued talking. It was autumn and the air was colored like the face of a sick boy. Upon the street rested a windless chill. The pavements were sombre as during rain. There was an absence of illusion about the houses that we passed. They stood, great meaningless piles of red, brown and yellow brick etched geometrically against a denuded sky. The trees in the street were without leaves and thrust their gnarled and intricate contours into the shadowed air. A pallor lay upon the roofs and there was a moon-like loneliness about the windows beneath them. Altogether a perversion of springtime was this day, like some morbid afterglow of May.

"Most of all I like the trees when they are empty of leaves," said my friend. "Their wooden grimaces must aggravate these precisely featured houses. People who see my work for the first time grow indignant and call me sick and artificial. But so are these trees. People think of art in terms of symmetry. With a most amazing conceit they have decided upon the contours of their bodies as the standards of beauty. Therefore I am pleased

to look at trees or at anything that grows and note how twisted and contorted such things are."

My friend laughed. He rubbed his hands together in a nervous way.

"It is unfortunate," he continued, "that I am a sculptor. I should have been a God, eh? Then I could have had my way with people. I would have made their bodies like their thoughts, crooked, twisted, bulbous, horrible. I would have given them faces like their emotions and converted the diseases of their souls into outline."

Again my friend laughed and his voice grew somewhat sad.

"What pleasing little cylindrical creatures we humans are! With our exact and placid surfaces that we call beauty. And these grave and noble houses we erect! Yes, I should have been a God. I would have had my way with people then. As it is I have to content myself with clay."

We came to a tall red brick building ornamented with grey stone, and my friend motioned me to enter. The corridor was clothed in chaste gloom and into the nose came the odor of turpentine, an excellent preservative. The air was heavy with a benign inertia. We mounted four flights of stairs. My friend knocked on a door and waited. After a pause the door was opened by a dwarfed and paralytic nigger boy dressed in a resplendent red and gold livery.

"This is Goliath," said my friend, "my servant."

Goliath answered in a childish giggle. I watched him amazed as he moved away. He had enormous feet and his legs were two pipe stems that touched at the knees and formed a wide inverted V to the floor. When he walked these legs, encased in tight red breeches and red stockings, strained and overlapped as they dragged the great lifeless feet along in an imperceptible shuffle. The misshapen body leaned forward almost parallel with the floor. This gave him the unique air of a creature continually rising from some mysterious seat. His long bony arms vividly outlined in the tight sleeves of a red and gold braided monkey jacket, hung in complicated posture from his bulbous shoulders. His hands were huge and swollen and rested on the floor like an ape's when he was motionless. Upon the body was set a great black head. As he crept away from us the head lolled about as if struggling to detach itself. His mouth remained opened and his eyes rolled toward me. I caught glimpses of his face, regarding me between the tumblings of his head, with a curious paralytic leer. He

seemed to me at first an idiot. But as he drew away I acquired another impression. The tortuous gesture of his walk gave him an air of cunning and gravity. My friend was smiling at me. I shrugged my shoulders and said: "What an ingenuity of movement."

The dwarf, already half way down the hall, twisted his body around and became motionless. His face remained lifted toward me. It was seemingly a boneless face, its black features flattened into the outlines of a malicious caricature.

"Go on, Goliath," said my friend softly. A giggle came from the dwarf and he resumed his shuffle down the hall. I entered after my friend into a room which made me think of the inside of a burgundy bottle. Heavy red curtains hung over the windows and the afternoon sun, filtering through, cast a rouged and sombre glow upon the wall and furniture. It lighted with strange carnelian tints the monstrous clay figures that stood upon black pedestals. For a number of moments my eyes refused to focus upon these figures which lay like niello confusions in the red gloom about me. In this unfamiliar light they had the air of things hurled into being. They arose from their pedestals like some company of inert monsters balancing themselves upon the red air. Slowly their outlines became fixed for me, figure upon figure in tortuous postures each like some inaudible shriek.

I approached one of them and looked at it closely. It was a thing four feet in height but massive seeming beyond its dimensions. Its legs were planted obliquely upon the pedestal top, their ligaments wrenched into bizarre muscular patterns. Its body arose in an anatomical spiral. From its flattened pelvis that seemed like some phallic bat stretched in flight, to its giant neck, the figure presented an agony to the eye. But despite its emaciation and the terrific unreality of its contours, the thing bore the inconceivable stamp of a man. Its arms were crowded and folded over the chest, the hands clutching talon-like at the lower part of the face. Its head was thrown back as if broken at the neck and the mouth was flung open in a great skull-like laugh. It was on the whole the flayed and monstrous caricature of a man done so cunningly that through the abortive hideousness of its outline its human character became more and more obvious as I stared.

"I call him 'The Lover', said my friend behind me.

I moved toward another figure. Here the contours achieved a morbidity surpassing the first. I sought for some likeness to judge it by, gargoyles I had seen and curious Belgian etchings.

But the violence of its design approached a horror I had never encountered before. There was an abominable elation about the thing. Its bird-like arms were wrapt about it in frenzied embrace. It had breasts that hung like curved hands. Like the other I had regarded its body, despite the epileptic distortions, was unmistakably human.

"I call her," said my friend, 'A Virgin.'

For half an hour I moved from pedestal to pedestal observing the strange monstrosities my friend had achieved. Undoubtedly they bore the stamp of genius. In the rutilant glare of the room they seemed more than frenzies in stone, contrived to bewilder and nauseate the eye. About each I noted the same elation that the figure called "A Virgin" possessed, an elation like the inverse of rapture. I turned at last toward my friend and smiled. He was watching me from a divan against the red hangings. His thin face was serious and the light of his eyes shone vividly.

"What do you think," he asked.

I searched about for adjectives and answered him finally. "I would like nothing better than to describe these things. They arouse delightful word patterns in my thought. They would translate well into black phrases and grotesque images. It is more difficult to tell offhand, though, what I think of them. They have the virility of some hideous disease. They are not symbols but rather depravities."

My friend nodded his head. "They are like trees," he said. "Entirely natural. People who see them regret that I do not use my talents in saner and lovelier directions. They mention Rodin. Ha, I don't often answer them. But I'll tell you."

He had lighted a pipe and was blowing violet snarls of smoke into the red air of the room.

"I'll tell you," he went on, "I have no ambition to be an artist. I prefer imagining myself a God and having my way with people." My friend laughed. His hand, quivering, touched my arm.

"These things aren't nightmares," he whispered. "The one over there, the virgin, is a little girl who lives on the floor beneath. And the man I call the lover comes whistling home from work every evening and I sometimes meet him on the stairs. And, of course, there's Goliath the little nigger you saw. I shape them all like Goliath because I penetrate the accident of their contours."

He became silent. I had previously thought him sane. I began to feel now that he was not. Usually deft and whimsical, he had become shot with passions. He startled me by resuming

suddenly, "People often speak of what they call my insanity. There are so many beautiful things in the world, they tell me, why do you pick out only the ugly. I seldom indulge myself in arguing with them. I might say that beauty in art is the individual distortion that each worker brings into his work. But I don't actually believe that. I'm actually not an artist but an experimenter in divinity."

He jumped abruptly to his feet and cursed. His head was flung back as he talked and his words came in a chant.

"I live in this red light. I live in this painted gloom because I hate the sunlight. I hate even my rivals the trees. I live in this house because about me here I find an almost complete annihilation of life. The damned and placid surfaces of people who talk to me fill me with hate. There's a rottenness on the earth called humanity, creatures full of miserable lusts and decays who go about smiling and obeying laws which protect them from each other. They tell me of health and sanity. Good God, man, sanity is the merciful blindness which keeps us from seeing each other. Health is the artifice of our bodies which keeps us from loathing each other. I have neither. I see and I loathe. I could live among people like these."

He swept the pedestals with his arm.

"People shaped like dead trees. People freed from the monotonous hypocrisy with which nature endows their outlines. You've seen lobsters and crabs and beetles and spiders and all the crustacean monsters that abound. These aren't abnormal accidents of creation. They're the things that a God intent upon truth fashioned in the beginning. Each thing to seem as each thing was. But the courage of this God deserted him and he grew frightened when he came to give body to the human brain. And he compromised, ask the devils how he compromised. Yes, I could live among people like these and be content. And as there would be no need of sanity I would be quite sane. Goliath, eh, Goliath."

His voice had risen to a shout. He stopped and stared at the far part of the room. I turned and saw the black dwarf moving in the doorway. His body was flopping about and his legs sprawling under him. His rolling eyes were fastened upon my friend and with desperate gestures he crept forward.

"Come here, good little Goliath," whispered my friend. "God had courage for an instant when he fashioned you. He did not compromise when he gave you outline. Come here, little one."

A high pitched giggle came from the dwarf's open mouth.

Goliath stood at length before my friend who caressed his huge head with trembling hands.

During the several months that followed I saw my friend infrequently. Once I visited him at night. Goliath the dwarf admitted me. My friend lay naked on the red divan. Red painted lamps burned in the room and the air was colored as it was during the day. At another time I found him in a wonderfully elated mood. We drank together and he talked for hours. Beneath the generalities he had given me at first I soon realized lay a consistent and erudite philosophy. I had convinced myself that he was, as standards go, insane and yet during this and several subsequent visits his genius for giving the contortions of his brain outline in stone caused me to doubt so simple a diagnosis. Always I noted that he talked best and most vividly when Goliath his dwarf stood humped before him while his nervous hands played over the huge head and bulbous face of the creature.

It was to inform him that I had arranged for a private exhibition of his work in an art store that I came to visit my friend for the last time. A cool spring light illuminated the morning. The mild sweet wind seemed to have bathed the stone of the houses and pavements. On the trees innumerable points of green crawled like fat little insects through the air. I mounted the stairs with the ambitions of a Samaritan. What my friend needed, I told myself, was a change, a trip into the country. Closeted in his red room with his hideous servant and the figures on the black pedestals, there was danger. I knocked at the door and waited. There was no response. It was early and I thought perhaps my friend and his servant slept. As I waited, however, I heard the sound of the dwarf's voice rising in a high pitched giggle. The crooked little laugh continued and the door remained unopened. I knocked again and then turning the knob found the door was unlocked.

The room was flooded as always with red, inundated in garnets and carmines and azalean tints. On the divan against the red hangings lay my friend naked. His arms hung to the floor. The red shadow of the curtains seemed deeper on his skin than elsewhere in the room. But as I looked I saw he was covered with blood, his flesh hacked into wet ribbons. Over his face, body and legs this deeper shadow in the rouge of the room moved cloudily.

"Goliath," I cried.

The dwarf lay on the floor in the center of the room. A long, ivory-handled knife was at his side. He had toppled over

one of the pedestals and lay with his long twisted arms embracing the figure of a virgin that my friend had made out of clay. His hands as they clutched at the thing left red marks upon it. He continued to writhe and giggle, his face pressed against the taloned breasts of the figure, as I approached him.

HAPPY FAMILIES

by Aldous Huxley

THE scene is a conservatory. Luxuriant tropical plants are seen looming through a greenish aquarium twilight, punctuated here and there by the surprising pink of several Chinese lanterns hanging from the roof or on the branches of trees, while a warm yellow radiance streams out from the ballroom by a door on the left of the scene. Through the glass of the conservatory, at the back of the stage, one perceives a black and white landscape under the moon—expanses of snow, lined and dotted with coal-black hedges and trees. Outside all is frozen and dead; but within the conservatory all is palpitating and steaming with tropical life and heat. Enormous fantastic plants encumber it; trees, creepers that writhe with serpentine life, orchids of every kind. Everywhere dense vegetation; horrible flowers that look like bottled spiders, like suppurating wounds; flowers with eyes and tongues, with moving sensitive tentacles, with breasts and teeth and spotted skins.

The strains of a waltz float in through the ballroom door, and to that slow soft music there enter, in parallel processions, the two families which are respectively Mr. Aston J. Tyrrell and Miss Topsy Garrick.

The doyen of the Tyrrell family is a young and perhaps too cultured literary man with rather long dark brown hair, a face well cut and sensitive, if a trifle weak about the lower jaw, and a voice whose exquisite modulations could only be the product of education at one of the two Great Universities. We will call him plain Aston. Miss Topsy, the head of the Garrick family, is a young woman of not quite twenty, with sleek yellow hair hanging, like a page's, short and thick about her ears; boyish, too, in her slenderness and length of leg—boyish, but feminine and attractive to the last degree. Miss Topsy paints charmingly, sings in a small pure voice that twists the heart and makes the bowels yearn

in the hearing of it, is well educated and has read, or at least heard of, most of the best books in three languages, knows something, too, of economics and the doctrines of Freud.

They enter arm in arm, fresh from the dance, training behind them with their disengaged hands two absurd ventriloquist's dummies of themselves. They sit down on a bench placed in the middle of the stage under a kind of arbour festooned with fabulous flowers. The other members of the two families lurk in the tropical twilight of the background.

Aston advances his dummy and makes it speak, moving its mouth and limbs appropriately by means of the secret levers which his hand controls.

Aston's dummy

What a perfect floor it is to-night!

Topsy's dummy

Yes, it's like ice, isn't it. And such a good band.

Aston's dummy

Oh yes, a very good band.

Topsy's dummy

They play at dinner-time at the Necropole, you know.

Aston's dummy

Really! (A long uncomfortable silence)

From under a lofty twangum-tree emerges the figure of Cain Washington Tyrrell, Aston's negro brother—for the Tyrrells, I regret to say, have a lick of the tar-brush in them and Cain is a Mendelian throw-back to the pure Jamaican type. Cain is stout and his black face shines with grease. The whites of his eyes are like enamel, his smile is chryselephantine. He is dressed in faultless evening dress and a ribbon of seals tinkles on his stomach. He walks with legs wide apart, the upper part of his body thrown back and his belly projecting, as though he were supporting the weight of an Aristophanic actor's costume. He struts up and down in front of the couple on the seat, grinning and slapping himself on the waistcoat.

Cain

What hair, nyum, nyum! and the nape of her neck; and her body—how slender! and what lovely movements, nyum, nyum! (approaching Aston and speaking into his ear) Eh? Eh? Eh?

Aston

Go away, you pig. Go away. (He holds up his dummy as a shield: Cain retires discomfited).

Aston's dummy

Have you read any amusing novels lately?

Topsy

(*Speaking over the head of her dummy*) No; I never read novels. They are mostly so frightful, aren't they.

Aston

(*Enthusiastically*) How splendid! Neither do I. I only write them sometimes, that's all. (*They abandon their dummies, which fall limply into one another's arms and collapse on to the floor with an expiring sigh*).

Topsy

You write them? I didn't know

Aston

Oh, I'd very much rather you didn't know. I shouldn't like you ever to read one of them. They're all awful: still, they keep the pot boiling, you know. But tell me, what do you read?

Topsy

Mostly history, and philosophy, and a little criticism and psychology, and lots of poetry.

Aston

My dear young lady! how wonderful, how altogether unexpectedly splendid! (*Cain emerges with the third brother, Sir Jasper, who is a paler, thinner, more sinister and aristocratic Aston*).

Cain

Nyum nyum nyum

Sir Jasper

What a perfect sentence that was of yours, Aston: quite Henry Jamesian! "My dear young lady"—as though you were forty years her senior; and the rare old-worldliness of that "altogether unexpectedly splendid!" Admirable. I don't remember your ever employing quite exactly this opening gambit before; but of course there were things very like it. (*to Cain*) What a nasty spectacle you are, Cain, gnashing your teeth like that!

Cain

Nyum nyum nyum.

(*Aston and Topsy are enthusiastically talking about books; the two brothers, finding themselves quite unnoticed, retire into the shade of their twangum tree. Belle Garrick has been hovering behind Topsy for some time past. She is more obviously pretty than her sister, full-bosomed and with a loose red laughing mouth. Unable to attract Topsy's attention, she turns round and calls, "Henrika."*)

A pale face with wide surprised eyes peeps round the trunk,

hairy like a mammoth's leg, of a kadapoo tree with magenta leaves and flame-coloured blossoms. This is Henrika, Topsy's youngest sister. She is dressed in a little white muslin frock set off with blue ribbons).

Henrika

(Tiptoes forward) Here I am; what is it? I was rather frightened of that man. But he really seems quite nice and tame, doesn't he.

Belle

Of course he is! What a goose you are to hide like that!

Henrika.

He seems a nice quiet gentle man; and so clever.

Belle

What good hands he has, hasn't he *(approaching Topsy and whispering in her ear)*. Your hair's going into your eyes, my dear. Toss it back in that pretty way you have. *(Topsy tosses her head; the soft golden bell of hair quivers elastically about her ears)*. That's right!

Cain

(Bounding into the air and landing with feet apart, knees bent and a hand on either knee). Oh nyum nyum!

Aston

Oh, the beauty of that movement! It simply makes one catch one's breath with surprised pleasure, as the gesture of a perfect dancer might.

Sir Jasper

Beautiful, wasn't it: a pleasure purely aesthetic and aesthetically pure. Listen to Cain.

Aston

(to Topsy) And do you ever try writing yourself? I'm sure you ought to.

Sir Jasper

Yes, yes, we're sure you ought to. Eh, Cain?

Topsy

Well, I have written a little poetry—or rather a few bad verses—at one time or another.

Aston

Really now! What about, may I ask?

Topsy

Well . . . *(hesitating)* about different things, you know. *(She fans herself rather nervously)*.

Belle

(leaning over Topsy's shoulder and addressing Aston directly).

Mostly about Love. (*She dwells long and voluptuously on the last word, pronouncing it "lovv" rather than luvv*).

Cain

Oh, dat's good; dat's dam good. (*In moments of emotion Cain's manners and language savour more obviously than usual of the Old Plantation*). Did yeh see her face den?

Belle

(*repeats, slowly and solemnly*) Mostly about Love.

Henrika

Oh, oh. (*She covers her face with her hands*). How could you? It makes me tingle all over. (*She runs behind the kadapoo tree again*).

Aston

(*very seriously and intelligently*). Really. That's very interesting. I wish you'd let me see what you've done some time.

Sir Jasper

We always like to see these things, don't we, Aston. Do you remember Mrs. Towler? How pretty she was! and the way we criticized her literary productions . . .

Aston

Mrs. Towler . . . (*He shudders as though he had touched something soft and filthy*). Oh don't, Jasper, don't!

Sir Jasper

Dear Mrs. Towler! We were very nice about her poems, weren't we. Do you remember the one that began

My Love is like a silvern flower-de-luce
 Within some wonderous dream-garden pent:
 God made my lovely lily not for use,
 But for an ornament.

Even Cain, I believe, saw the joke of that.

Aston

Mrs. Towler . . . oh my God! But this is quite different: this girl really interests me.

Sir Jasper

Oh yes, I know, I know. She interests you too, Cain, doesn't she.

Cain

(*Prances two or three steps of a cake-walk and sings*). Oh ma honey, oh ma honey.

Aston

But I tell you, this is quite different.

Sir Jasper

Of course it is. Any fool could see that it was. I've admitted it already.

Aston

(to *Topsy*) You will show them me, won't you. I should so much like to see them.

Topsy

(covered with confusion). No, I really couldn't. You're a professional, you see.

Henrika

(from behind the kadapoo tree). No, you musn't show them to him. They're really mine, you know, a great many of them.

Belle

Nonsense! (She stoops down and moves *Topsy's* foot in such a way that a very well-shaped white-stockinged leg is visible some way up the calf. Then, to *Topsy*:) Pull your skirt down, my dear. You're quite indecent.

Cain

(Putting up his monocle). Oh nyum nyum, ma honey! Come wid me to Dixie Land . . .

Sir Jasper

Hm, a little conscious, don't you think.

Aston

But even professionals are human, my dear young lady. And perhaps I might be able to give you some help with your writings.

Topsy

That's awfully kind of you, Mr. Tyrrell.

Henrika.

Oh, don't let him see them. I don't want him to. Don't let him.

Aston

(with heavy charm) It always interests me so much when I hear of the young—and I trust you won't be offended if I include you in their number—when I hear of the young taking to writing. It is one of the most important duties that we of the older generation can perform—to help and encourage the young with their work. It's a great service to the cause of Art.

Sir Jasper

That was what I was always saying to Mrs. Towler, if I remember rightly.

Topsy

I can't tell you, Mr. Tyrrell, how delightful it is to have one's work taken seriously. I am so grateful to you. May I send you my little efforts, then?

Cain

(*Executes a step dance to the furious clicking of a pair of bones.*)

Sir Jasper

I congratulate you, Aston. A most masterful bit of strategy!

Belle

I wonder what he'll do next. Isn't it exciting. 'Topsy, toss your head again. That's right. Oh, I wish something would happen!

Henrika

What have you done? Oh 'Topsy, you really mustn't send him my poems.

Belle

You said he was such a nice man just now.

Henrika

Oh yes, he's nice, I know. But then he's a man, you must admit that. I don't want him to see them.

Topsy

(*firmly*) You're being merely foolish, Henrika. Mr. Tyrrell, a very distinguished literary man, has been kind enough to take an interest in my work. His criticism will be the greatest help to me.

Belle

Of course it will, and he has such charming eyes. (*A pause. The music which has, all this while, been faintly heard through the ball-room door, becomes more audible. They are playing a rich creamy waltz*). What delicious music! Henrika, come and have a dance. (*She seizes Henrika round the waist and begins to waltz. Henrika is reluctant at first, but little by little the rhythm of the dance takes possession of her till, with her half-closed eyes and languorous trance-like movements, she might figure as the visible living symbol of the Waltz. Aston and Topsy lean back in their seats, marking the time with a languid beating of the hand. Cain sways and swoons and revolves in his own peculiar and inimitable version of the dance*).

Sir Jasper

(*who has been watching the whole scene with amusement*). What a pretty spectacle! 'Music hath charms . . .'

Henrika

(*in an almost extinct voice*). Oh Belle, Belle, I could go on dancing like this for ever. I feel quite intoxicated with it.

Topsy

(*to Aston*) What a jolly tune this is!

Aston

Isn't it. It's called 'Dreams of Desire', I believe.

Belle

What a pretty name!

Topsy

These are wonderful flowers here.

Aston

Let's go and have a look at them.

(They get up and walk around the conservatory. The flowers light up as they pass; in the midst of each is a small electric globe).

Aston

This purple one with eyes is the assafoetida flower. Don't put your nose too near; it has a smell like burning flesh. This is a *Cypripedium* from Sumatra: It is the only Man-eating flower in the world. Notice its double set of teeth. *(He puts a stick into the mouth of the flower, which instantly snaps to, like a steel trap).* Nasty vicious brute! These blossoms like purple sponges belong to the twangum tree: when you squeeze them they ooze blood. This is the *Jonesia*, the octopus of the floral world: each of its eight tentacles is armed with a sting capable of killing a horse. Now this is a most interesting and instructive flower—the patchouli bloom. It is perhaps the most striking example in nature of structural specialisation brought about by evolution. If only Darwin had lived to see the patchouli plant! You have heard of flowers specially adapting themselves to be fertilized by bees or butterflies or spiders and such-like? Well, this plant which grows in the forests of Guatemala can only be fertilized by English explorers. Observe the structure of the flower; at the base is a flat projecting pan, containing the pistil; above it an overarching tube ending in a spout. On either side a small crevice about three-quarters of an inch in length may be discerned in the fleshy lobes of the calix. The English traveller seeing this plant is immediately struck by its resemblance to those penny-in-the-slot machines which provide scent for the public in the railway stations at Home. Through sheer force of habit he takes a penny from his pocket and inserts it in one of the crevices or slots. Immediate result—a jet of highly scented liquid pollen is discharged from the spout upon the pistil lying below, and the plant is fertilized. Could anything be more miraculous? And yet there are those who deny the existence of God. Poor fools!

Topsy

Wonderful! *(sniffing)* What a good scent.

Aston

The purest patchouli.

Belle

How delicious. Oh my dear . . . (*she shuts her eyes in ecstasy*).

Henrika

(*drowsily*) Delicious, 'licious . . .

Sir Jasper

I always like these rather *canaille* perfumes. Their effect is admirable.

Aston

This is the leopard-flower. Observe its spotted skin and its thorns like agate claws. This is the singing Alocusia—Alocusia Cantatrix—discovered by Humbolt during his second voyage to the Amazons. If you stroke its throat in the right place, it will begin to sing like a nightingale. Allow me. (*He takes her by the wrist and guides her fingers towards the palpitating throat of a gigantic flower shaped like a gramophone trumpet. The Alocusia bursts into song; it has a voice like Caruso's*).

Cain

Oh nyum nyum! What a hand! Oh ma honey. (*He runs a thick black finger along Topsy's arm*).

Topsy

What a remarkable flower!

Belle

I wonder whether he stroked my arm like that by accident or on purpose.

Henrika

(*giving a little shiver*). He's touching me, he's touching me! But somehow I feel so sleepy I can't move.

Topsy

(*She moves on towards the next flower: Belle does not allow her to disengage her hand at once*). What a curious smell this one has!

Aston

Be careful, be careful! That's the chloroform plant.

Topsy

Oh, I feel quite dizzy and faint. That smell and the heat . . . (*She almost falls: Aston puts out his arm and holds her up*).

Aston

Poor child!

Cain

Poh chile, poh chile! (*He hovers round her, his hands almost touching her, trembling with excitement: his white eyeballs roll horribly*).

Aston

I'll open the door. The air will make you feel better. (*He opens the conservatory door, still supporting Topsy with his right arm. The wind is heard, fearfully whistling; a slurry of snow blows into the conservatory. The flowers utter piercing screams of rage and fear; their lights flicker wildly; several turn perfectly black and drop on to the floor writhing in agony. The floral octopus agitates its tentacles; the twangum blooms drop blood; all the leaves of all the trees clap together with a dray scaly sound.*)

Topsy

(*faintly*) Thank you; that's better.

Aston

(*closing the door*). Poor child! Come and sit down again; the chloroform flower is a real danger. (*Much moved, he leads her back towards the seat*).

Cain

(*Executes a war dance round the seated couple*). Poh chile, poh chile, nyum nyum nyum.

Sir Jasper

One perceives the well-known dangers of playing the Good Samaritan towards an afflicted member of the opposite sex. Pity has touched even our good Cain to tears.

Belle

Oh, I wonder what's going to happen. It's so exciting. I'm so glad Henrika's gone to sleep.

Topsy

It was silly of me to go all faint like that.

Aston

I ought to have warned you in time of the chloroform flower.

Belle

But it's such a lovely feeling now—like being in a very hot bath with lots of verbena bathsalts, and hardly able to move with limpness, but just ever so comfortable and happy.

Aston

How do you feel now? I'm afraid you're looking very pale. Poor child!

Cain

Poh chile, poh chile

Sir Jasper

I don't know much about these things, but it seems to me, my dear Aston, that the moment has decidedly arrived.

Aston

I'm so sorry. You poor little thing . . . (*He kisses her very gently on the forehead*).

Belle

A-a-h.

Henrika

Oh! He kissed me: but he's so kind and good, so kind and good. (*She stirs and falls back again into her drowsy trance*).

Cain

Poh chile, poh chile! (*He leans over Aston's shoulder and begins rudely kissing Topsy's trance-calm, parted lips. Topsy opens her eyes and sees the black greasy face, the chryselephantine smile, the pink thick lips, the goggling eyeballs of white enamel. She screams. Henrika springs up and screams too. Topsy slips on to the floor, and Cain and Aston are left face to face with Henrika, pale as death and with wide open terrified eyes. She is trembling in every limb*).

Aston

(*Gives Cain a push that sends him sprawling backwards and falls on his knees before the pathetic figure of Henrika*). Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry. What a beast I am. I don't know what I can have been thinking of to do such a thing.

Sir Jasper

My dear boy, I'm afraid you and Cain knew only too well what you were thinking of. Only too well . . .

Aston

Will you forgive me? I can't forgive myself.

Henrika

Oh, you hurt me, you frightened me so much. I can't bear it. (*She cries*).

Aston

Oh God, oh God! (*The tears start into his eyes also. He takes Henrika's hand and begins to kiss it*). I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.

Sir Jasper

If you're not very careful, Aston, you'll have Cain to deal with again. (*Cain has picked himself up and is creeping stealthily towards the couple in the centre of the conservatory*).

Aston

(*turning round*). Cain, you brute, go to hell! (*Cain slinks back*). Oh, will you forgive me for having been such a swine? What can I do?

Topsy

(*who has recovered her self-possession, rises to her feet and pushes Henrika into the background*). Thank you, it is really quiet all right. I think it would be best to say no more about it, to forget what has happened.

Aston

Will you forgive me then?

Topsy

Of course, of course. Please get up, Mr. Tyrrell.

Aston

(*climbing to his feet*) I can't think how I ever came to be such a brute.

Topsy

(*coldly*) I thought we had agreed not to talk about this incident any further. (*There is a silence*).

Sir Jasper

Well, Aston? This has been rather fun.

Belle

I wish you hadn't been quite so cold with him, Topsy. Poor man! he really is very sorry. One can see that.

Henrika

But did you see that awful face? (*She shudders and covers her eyes*).

Aston

(*picking up his dummy and manipulating it*). It is very hot in here, is it not. Shall we go back to the dancing-room?

Topsy

(*also takes up her dummy*). Yes, let us go back.

Aston's dummy

Isn't that 'Roses in Picardy' that the band is playing?

Topsy's dummy

I believe it is. What a very good band, don't you think.

Aston's dummy

Yes; it plays during dinner, you know, at the Necropole. (*To Jasper*). Lord, what a fool I am. I'd quite forgotten; it was she who told me so as we came in.

Topsy's dummy

At the Necropole? Really.

Aston's dummy

A very good band and a very good floor.

Topsy's dummy

Yes, it's a perfect floor, isn't it. Like glass . . . (*They go out*,

followed by their respective families. Belle supports Henrika, who is still very weak after her shock).

Belle

How exciting it was, wasn't it, Henrika.

Henrika.

Wasn't it awful—too awful! Oh, that face . . .

(Cain follows Aston out in silence and dejection. Sir Jasper brings up the rear of the procession. His face wears its usual expression of slightly of bored amusement. He lights a cigarette).

Sir Jasper

Charming evening, charming evening . . . Now it's over, I wonder whether it ever existed. (He goes out. The conservatory is left empty. The flowers flash their luminous pistils; the eyes of the assafoetida blossoms solemnly wink; leaves shake and sway and rustle; several of the flowers are heard to utter a low chuckle, while the Alocusta, after whistling a few derisive notes, finally utters a loud gross oriental hiccough. The curtain slowly descends).

Grotesklinien des Claviers

(with apologies to M. I.)

by Alfred Stone

Your loins
cut across the surbassed wood
are wan
as on a leaden water.

Esurient teeth of a carkled roué
are the gestures
of each ivory segment.

Every tenuous note threads the amative air
over the chased silver balconnade
and breaks against
an etoliate moon.

These things weary me
with the monotony
of white upon white.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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DISCUSSION

Critical Suggestions

by Jessie Dismorr

A sceptic, doubtful of the actuality of artistic presentment, might be the agent needed to clarify aesthetic thought. It is the atheist with his intellectual integrity who has defined the shapes of religious conceptions. Against such an attitude the discounted imagination with all its force rises inevitably in self-justification.

Art, like religion, suffers chiefly from the too-eager belief and impressibility of its devotees and from their too low intellectual standard.

It is surely under-estimated the part that suggestibility plays in our acceptance of forms of beauty. We submit, not only to the suggestion of contemporary taste but of inherited modes. There is nothing so easily evolved as aesthetic predilections in ac-

tive minds : but has not the time come, not for new predilections but for a new mentality?

The European critic should purify himself from occidental prejudices, the eastern from oriental ones; above all should the westerner be free from partiality for the Orient.

The whole technique of painting is a business of minute symbolism. The finished representative piece of any diplomaed artist is nothing but that; the symbolism however is of the cheapest quality.

Bad art represents a poor mentality : in other words an invention of poor symbols.

A disposition of mauve and grey in gradation upon a flat pink surface does not connect it with the actual roundness of an arm more closely than would the untouched space. Shading however is the occidental writing for roundness .

Despite the strictures of our drawing-masters, a picture cannot be right or wrong : it can only be good or bad.

Representative art is a contradiction in terms.

Has the man in the street who believes that a picture should be "exactly like nature" realized the essential nonsense of the phrase? In his favorite oleographic piece even those qualities common to the subject and its presentment are of the least obvious. Weight, substance, size, effect, position, for instance, differ completely. His phrase requires that the portrait of a man should be the twin-brother of the model.

There is nothing more enlightening than the strict examination of critical terms. "The Soul," "spiritual," are terms for the use of theologians, they cannot be rightly used in connection with the plastic arts.

That which the soul is to the body, beauty is to the plastic experiment.

No aesthetic achievement was ever the outcome of a meta-physical idea. Pictures of Faith, Hope, Charity are portraits of women.

All art has a physical basis.

So-called "abstract art" is equally involved in this law. It is open to the artist to make so wide an imaginative detour from the original starting point that he alone may realize from whence he has come. A certain superfineness of intellect might disdain anything like literalism in translation, and seek by indirections the plastic equivalent to the original fact.

Abstract art implies nothing vague or ill-defined: on the contrary an extreme liberation of essentials from the obscurity of literalism.

Beauty is the result of a certain arrangement of forms. All beauty is accidental. It is a surprise chiefly to the craftsman of whom it has been the aspiration.

The strongest aesthetic impulse needs the curb of the most exact technique.

A display of emotion and physical abandon in a "bold" technique is merely vulgarity. It corresponds to the manner of a gourmet who too obviously enjoys his meal.

There is that in most good art that is the counterpart of "breeding" in fine persons: it may be replaced by the naivete and simpleness that is the "breeding" of peasants.

An artist can no more create new forms than a musician can invent hitherto non-existent tones. There is no shape that he can mentally conceive which has not already been made use of by Nature.

A picture void of content is an impossibility.

The least advanced student in a Cubist atelier has more knowledge of the elements of form than Sir Joshua Reynolds. The whole of the eighteenth century school crumbles to dust when subjected to the tests by which a student's work would be judged.

There are certain artists whose work should be greatly praised, but in a particular way. They are not the producers

of individual masterpieces, they are technical analysts. Of such are the Impressionists, Monet, Renoir and their school; of such also are the Cubists, Fauconnier, Metzinger and others.

All color can be reduced to the primary tints, all form to the basic geometric shapes.

There are a thousand clever artists to one intelligent one.

Good art is concerned with the making of gods or of toys—creations of almost equivalent power. Cimabue and the Egyptians realized the former achievement. In our own day some excellent toy-makers are the painters Picasso, Wadsworth, Herbin, Braque, etc.

The love of things delivers from the tyranny of the love of persons. Aesthetic delight is the most complete rest from personal claims.

Superior minds value beauty for itself and discount association.

Art that is one step beyond the level of taste charms like a novelty, art that is two steps ahead hurts like an outrage.

It is not sufficiently realized that the qualities of Michelangelo are as esoteric as those of Picasso, and are understood of as few in proportion of those who see the work.

The finest characteristics of all great art are difficult to appreciate, though its minor charms will be recognized at once. Great art at first sight is often austere and repellant, and if it is an advance in a strange direction must be so.

Picasso is a type of the most restless and unconvinced artistic intelligence; lacking in character as all experimentalists of his type are lacking; perhaps an aesthetic Pascal.

Frequenters of galleries are fond of saying: "I like this," "I don't like that." But how irrelevant are such remarks. The approbation of those persons was the painter's least concern.

The artist who works for fame is less an artist than a humanitarian.

Obscure leisure is an artist's daily bread, fame is his wine. Drunkenness is a common vice.

It is possible that a fine artistic intelligence may be yoked with a halting executive faculty. Blake and possibly Cezanne are artists of this type. Nothing however can finally affect greatness; obscurity, cleverness, fame, clumsiness destroy only the second-rate.

One must differentiate between the recipe maker such as Brangwyn whose every picture must succeed, so knowing is the use of tone and line, and the medium of intuition such as Gauguin whose pictures have the good fortune of possible failure.

It is a mistake to judge an artist by one or by ten of his works. A show of landscapes by Cezanne may exhibit not one of first excellence: yet if nine tenths of his work were unsuccessful it would scarcely affect his legacy to the age.

Egyptian artists touched priests, queens, kings, animals and they became gods; the Greek could not touch the gods without turning them into fellow citizens.

By his admirations is the rank of a man eventually established.

The mess and muddle of an artist's personal life is the chaos from which evolves the order of creation.

[I have been amazed at Miss Dismorr's alphabetical statement of aesthetic ideas. It seems to me that she is either obvious (as in her paragraph about the frequenters of galleries), or confused (as in her talk of the intellect and the intellegence), or untrue (as in her talk of the intellect and the intellegence), or untrue (as in her statement about art having a physical basis and "the love of things delivering one from the tyranny of the love of persons." There is no appreciable difference between the love of things and the love of persons: both deliver into the same tyranny. Etc., etc., etc.—*M. C. A.*]

Four Foreigners

by William Carlos Williams

FOR my present purpose it is not necessary to distinguish between the poet and the prose artist. One should know when a thing is worthless whether it be prose or verse.

I speak of the work of Aldington and D. H. Lawrence (as represented in the July issue of *Poetry*), and of the work of Joyce and Dorothy Richardson (as represented in the *Little Review* of the same month). The first two offer, to me, an indecent exposure, the second two have managed to endow their work with the bloom of excellence.

But what I am really at, always, is a statement of those things which not only every man writing today must know but which any man writing or talking in any age has had to know, not only to know but to feel. If one must name names it is merely the tag to one's vision. What is one to see? Is it a colored sunset of words twisted into nameless patterns as if spewed from a stone mouth, or is it greatness or mediocrity as they appear in the toil of a living creature? I do not try to illustrate my remarks with passages from men's work. The work they do is my speech.

The poems, the work of Aldington and Lawrence relate to the great war. Aldington has decidedly gone backward in these poems. Lawrence fails because he has not lifted himself above his own excellences. It is perhaps the war that has reduced them. In any case one looks in vain for a glimpse of distortion, a glimpse of agony, a glimpse of flame to rise counter to the gross flame of mud even that enveloped the armies in the field. I do not say it was possible. I say merely that the thing is absent from these poems. They are empty nonsense having no relation to the place or the time they were written in. They have no existence.

It has been said that no man could exist during the war. It is rated as a virtue that a man could for a moment think of anything at all that had any worth in it. Then Aldington's work is perhaps the work of a genius of fortitude.

No poet was able to exist during and in the war as far as I have been able to find out. But that does not mean that the work of good men who went into the war and were rendered mediocre by it is to be accepted as excellent.

Nevertheless one must imagine some iron genius in whom

cannon fire found an echo in his own stomach. If no human mechanism is strong enough for that then indeed we had better know it once in all its terrible significance and kill ourselves or murder the cannon makers.

But one must judge the situation as it exists: have the poets in this case mounted to the impossible height of housing a war in their hearts equal to the hellish filthiness of a war of tedium and ennui such as we knew? No, no, no. Beautiful and of fragmentary excellence as these poems (which I have not the space to quote) may be, they are utter failures.

What is this silly invocation to love and loveliness—of Aldington's especially,—this address to doves flying over the horrid trenches? It is the invitation to amnesia, it fogs over the values of the scenes as represented, the things exist not more fully but less. And of course this is what is intended. Reading these poems the effect is the annihilation of a section of the man's existence which Villon's or Sappho's poetry never is. It is a denial of that existence. Reading them one sees nothing; nothing exists. But since one does not see the very things which the amnesic invocation to love befogs one does not see, neither feel, the love the poet speaks of. For that reason the poem is anew empty.

A poet enkindled in his heart by love's desolateness or fruitfulness would see the light shine on the parapet at so acute an angle that the representation of it would—be a love poem.

A. and L. say one thing over and over: modern or ancient, war or no war, love is always love and poetry is poetry. And they say it as might be expected of them in a lovely manner, in sweet free verse and in quatrains and so forth, which is appropriate.

Have I lost her lost her indeed?

Lost the calm eyes and eager lips of love,

The two-fold amorous breasts and braided hair,

This is good writing, it is charming verse, but it might as well be a translation from the Chinese as it is intrinsically a translation from the Greek. The devotees of Beauty may clatter and scold about the head of a man but he must nevertheless voice his disgust at that which—agh. I prefer Aldington to all the "men" in the world. It is not that. I am objecting to a certain work of art that it is not what it is not. I know I am a fool. I have the fellow in my arms!

I do not ask for cannon in a poem but I do ask for more than a drugged swig of loveliness. I ask for existence, for wide open eyes into which shells pass and explode with all their havoc

sucked from them for secret purposes. Or if death is triumphant then more than ever let a fellow die like any other stupid numbskull. Poetry is not a despairing cry of defiance. It is not a bottle to nurse. It is an assertion: I am here today in the midst of living hell! I equal to any hell of gas or noise or sniper's bullet or disease and its fith. Ah, I know that I am a fool. It is easy for me to write. I have never been in the trenches. I have never seen. All the more reason then for me to speak at once.

In these poems, the present form of this war as opposed to all others, the inventions, the "I am, I here today" bewilders me by its absence. The poet must use anything at hand to assert himself. If he cannot do so he is less than great. The proof that I am I is that I can use anything, not a special formula but anything. That is the first necessity.

To be alive now, here today to the full so that one does not wear mental snowglasses. Love! It is not rice powder. It is a thing one carries everywhere. It puts a light on the point of a bayonette, it does not dim the bayonette out of existence. Or if it does, to hell with such love.

Joyce and Richardson do not err in the way I have indicated. Of course they are not writing of the war, nor is their work influenced thereby but I cannot help that. Their form lives! It is not a bed. It is not to put one to sleep. It lives in its today.

They plunge naked into the flaming cauldron of today. Insofar as their form goes the war exists in it, carries its own meaning. It is a different war, it is not like other wars, it is modern, it exists, it is not a thing to spitlick. These two overlook or place in its proper corner the God damned insolence of sex, of love as against the moment. Does one wish to exist anesthetised?

What can one care if Joyce is lewd and in the street, if Richardson is charming and in a girl's bedroom? They are there and it escapes notice.

Where is the genius to touch the world and change it, to reveal the truth among the lies so that the world will shine for old and young, female and male? A vision will do this and not a love-potion. Love is great but it is nothing unless it enkindle the sense of sight, of smell, of hearing. In Solomon's Song the poet saw her belly, her navel and the rest of it in terms of his day so that he revealed not only her but his love of her. There is no such vision in Aldington's songs. There is a running commentary about chalk trenches, etc., but where is the fusion of his

love with the whiteness of the chalk of the trenches, the rumbling of the love with the rumbling of the cannon—if you will?

Life! not under certain conditions but all the time, under all conditions. That's what they would answer me with: Love under all conditions. Perhaps it is temperamental. It is that life to me is first and love only exists when it is a dynamo or a leaf. And I still insist that unless they embody the special condition in their form, the form of what they say, they are not expressing their love, they are simply fooling themselves. Both poets have done better work, far better, let it go at that. Aldington in the July *English Review*:

But these things pass over, beyond and away from me
The voices of the men fade into silence
For I am burned with a sweet madness
Soothed also by the fire that burns me
Exalted and made happy in misery
By love, by an unfaltering love—

—and there's the whole thing again.

Sappho is to be praised not because she was a lover but because she was a poet. The form of her verse, the music,—it portrayed the fidelity of her "vision". It is not that she sang of love that made her great, not because love soothed her but because love gave her VISION, it burned for her in the delicate vision she had of her boy's cheeks and hair and walk and manner. It was only a pseudo-madness. And that is her greatness—and that is why she cannot be imitated.

D. H. Lawrence

by Margaret Anderson

I agree with Dr. Williams; but I want to say something further about the poetry of D. H. Lawrence,—particularly the love poetry in "Look! We Have Come Through." To me Mr. Aldington's vines and flowers and loveliness, etc., are so preferable to Mr. Lawrence's heavy humanness! The blind welter of the human struggle has no necessary place in love,—nothing burns more dimly than this perfectly typical expression of perfectly average six reactions. It's the Whitman feeling, intellectualized. I have never known why Whitman has been considered a voice on love, any more than I have known why Henry James's love stories have been considered

love stories. One seems as sterile to me as the other, in relation to any conception of love. The "great human" view is certainly always accompanied by some utter absence of quality. I know it is considered by most people as the infallible sign of "vision" in love,—this tortured turning and twisting of the soul, this obvious, direct, untempered expression of the purely human need, the elementary human impulses. This is the essence of Mr. Lawrence's feeling about love, his idea of love. This is as far as he has "seen". It is identical with nothing in the world but the "vision" of the man in the street,—I don't mean the man who neither thinks nor feels, but the man who talks about beauty and means the worship of very pink sunsets.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON

by John Rodker

Dorothy Richardson appears in this new instalment of her cycle to have made a tiresome practise of what was originally a rather engaging manner. One feels—and perhaps that is what one is expected to feel—that nothing now will ever be able to interpose between herself and this Juggernath of her WORK. With extraordinary and arachnoid patience she persists in still rebuilding her web under some strange persecution-delusion that the observing scientist has destroyed it. This is absurd; the original statement stands—the additional respinning only results in what was a bright and not unoriginal conception becoming thickened to the diameter of a hawser.

In this welter of material the reader feels like a Kafir carefully searching for the diamond swallowed the day before. Much is irrelevant, sundry sparkles attract but they are not the indubitable article. Still he cannot conceive of the stone being elsewhere and the search is protracted indefinitely.

Read for a brief half hour Miss Richardson is interesting, her perception is just, her comments show a lively mind; but while the writer with a fresh mind on several consecutive mornings, shall we say, worked out in a thousand words or more the passage of Miriam through a front door, the reader can hardly be expected to consider it relevant, or in any case to remember it. The method of whipping up enormous masses of material to coagulate a skeleton may be new; it may be even exciting in an age where all our curiosity is a kind of sunday-morning-paper society gossip; but there can be no doubt that if anything in life may be said to

be a waste of time this kind of gossip is it. Carefully avoiding all hills Miss Richardson keeps brilliantly to exotic valleys so full of life that one is suffocated.

For myself I would rather have an impression created in one phrase than in ten. Miss Richardson will probably say "yes! if you can get the same impression," but when one gets no impression one has a legitimate grievance. The best literature allows a very small latitude but certainly there, i. e. from indications given, one is allowed a real if circumscribed manoeuvring ground, but Miss Richardson is a too familiar familiar, her jogging elbow is always in your ribs—disaster waits you on either side. But no brain could want all this detail. Yet Miss Sinclair's article remains true: there is quality in this work, sympathy even, but as a scientific study,—else why so ponderous,—it is fairly valueless since with every appearance of allowing herself a free rein Miss Richardson has a particularly firm hand on the reins. Her method has been compared to that of Joyce. This is mere footling since anyone with a sufficiently sympathetic and cultured brain can follow Joyce and be moved by him; but Miss Richardson's associations are as free as a choppy sea and with the same effect. Miss Richardson is too intellectually subtle. It's a very clever game; a very dreary analysis. Reverberation of thought carried to a certain point has no further value—"he knew she knew he knew she knew—."

KISS

by Emanuel Carnevali

You think you can leave the matter to your lips
and they don't work right
and then
it's two deadmen shaking hands
saying "Howdydo Sir?"

LA SORELLA

by Esther Kohen

THE Little Mother is sitting by the window in a wicker rocker. The morning room opens into a clamber of grapevines trained by my father who is dead. He had to have his grape vine though my father who is dead. He had to have his grape vine though he knew it would not blossom; it was a peasant instinct in him to train a vine. After he came here, he bargained in apples and potatoes, alien fruits to the currant and peach blooms he remembered. But he soon began bargaining in big carloads, in train loads, and now we have a morning room, a cheerful guest parlor for the invitation of the sun and the blithe lightnesses of the morning. But it is evening, not morning now. We sit in the morning room because it is fragrant in the shadows.

The little blood pricks one sees in ripe apricots are in my mother's cheeks. She has grown old as do flowers and fruits on stems, so prettily, so naturally, the lines and new flavor of flesh came on stealthily and were becoming.

"Play me something elegant and running away," she asks.

"I cannot play," I tell her, but I will set the victrola to work. She is laughing with a shimmering irradiation of her body—so foreign, so entirely foreign.

"The Berdon's next door have bought a new car," she tells me. "Mrs. Berdon will have things sumptuous even though the spindle breaks."

I look up and fondle her with my eyes. What a mixture of idiom! When there is too much flax on the spindle it may break, but what a jump from spindles to motors.

My mind encroaches upon secret back things with an eager craving. I feel playful and would like to put a kerchief with a red crossstich on mother's hair. I hoard a sweet secret against her. Her white hair is making a petal frieze against the arm support of the rocker. Fragrant little aristocrat! The rocker is soughing against the arbor and the stout stems weigh and bend as if breathing with a fecund tenancy of birds.

Mother Rosa peers through the vines.

"The Berdon's car is a very big one," she comments and inclines forward with a glow of movement.

I have started a Chopin waltz on the victrola. The music comes from an interior room, and only the high vocative notes speak aloud.

"It makes a pretty murmur, I like the evenings in the quiet," Mother Rosa says.

It is very still in our street. The lampman walks by with a high torch and the lighted lamp in front of the lawn makes our arbor shed changing liquids of silver and shadows. I should like to talk to mother of some of the things I know. Memories filter back complete in conception with all the mysticity of sound and feeling in which I received them. I have the entire pungency of Mother Rosa's youth within me. But I cannot tell her. I cannot unravel myself sufficiently. How go back?

A trumpeting breeze is pulling at the rocker. She smiles at its mood. Mother Rosa is an alien in the pretty mid-western city where we live. She is from a landowner's cottage on the Danube—always an alien—but this she does not know. She has tried hard to live the life of her neighbors. She is smiling with a restful guile at the tease of the breeze. Life has pulled as freakishly, but she does not seem to remember. The present is lovely to remember—the present alone. The rocker weighs slowly. The evening is pleasant.

"Mother Rosa!" I breathe softly. I say it as one would utter a sigh. I have the feeling of the lover who carries with him some precious talisman of the past; and the romantic madness that the memory is whole, unblown, unchanged is mine. How could it have changed; things age by release, and I have never released my image of Mother Rosa of thirty years ago.

Mother!

She stirs from within the matrice of shadows made by the vines. But I cannot go on, and I hide my pass to begin talk by gurgling a fond smile. She has taught me odd little love movements of my head; she thinks I am coquetting with her. "Child—" she murmurs.

Has she entirely forgotten? People walk past with conscious, clear tread, as folk do in small towns. These intermittent sounds fall like the drop of hard rain on the deck of a ship.

"Do you remember our ocean voyage, Mother?" I ask emboldened.

There is a silence. "Yes, yes," she murmurs.

I think I will mention the word sailor to her—le Matelot Eudore! Eudore! Where is Eudore! And that blessed ship the *Fantasie*, so luscious in my memory. It all seems to have vanished away like veritable phantasy. Is Mother Rosa entirely unsuspecting? Why will she not allow me an entity with her past. She

cannot have entirely forgotten.

I remember so many things. There was the nobleman Constantin, don't you remember, Mother? Why did he wear the nail on his little finger two inches long?

Two storks grandfather had, and because it worried him not to know whether it was his own storks that came back each year, he stole on top of the farm barn one year, and painted with bright red the wings of the storks. "Ah, but it worried me not to know," he used to say gravely. Grandfather was very tall and had a sandy beard. He talked little, but when he did he liked to repeat several times what he had said.

"Well, so I stopped my worry by painting the storks' wings, and sure the same two storks came back."

My blood pulsates warm and beautiful. I see a big field odorous in the hot autumn. The corn is standing in tall yellow windrows. The peasant women are scattered over the field. There is a cry. A big eagle has swooped down to the ground. The women's shouts echo through the hollow corn stalks, and one woman tears the air in wild, anguished lament. Did the peasant woman Sara ever find the infant with which the vulture made off?

Mother Rosa welcomes my yearning gaze as one does the breath of flowers sprung anew on one's trees, as a casual outpouring. I feel the plaintiveness and the infinite breach that suggestion is. "I am of older acquaintance, of much older acquaintance," I should like to cry out to her.

"I wonder why the Berdon's go out so much," Mother Rosa speaks up; and rocks. She turns and faces me directly because the wind has loped her shawl away from her body.

"Why do you look me through in this way?"

There comes upon me a great hate for the walls of the house. Perhaps if I had talked with her ten years before, twenty years ago!

I go back to the vanished ship *Fantasie* and to Eudore alone. Eudore! Those funny pumpkin legs!

We had been eighteen days out at sea. The ship had one boiler cold since the sixth day. Into our big steerage room each night came the sailor Eudore. He is fifty-four years old. I know that because he made that number of rope knots for me. "That is for the sprightly years of old Eudore," he said. He made eleven knots in honor of my years upon the earth.

The night which I remember as the eighteenth day, Eudore came into the big steerage for the night watch, swaying and tumbling on his legs. The ship wallowed in savage jets that tolled the

ship like a wanton buoy.

"When will the end of this journey come," Mother Rosa asked in great fear.

"What do you say, madam, if we stop asking each other!" Eudore answered.

The steerage room occupied a third of the hold. We were two hundred people there or more.

Later that night I awoke giddy with the billing of the boat. I lay in a net next to Mother Rosa with my brother. There was a great clatter, the foolish boat reeling like a top spinning down. The tin plates which had been left on the long tables in the middle of the room scurried and danced in a crazy festival. A noisy, boiling stream of water had poured in. The steerage was full of sailors shouting to each other, and there was crying and wailing from the huge circle of beds. The water swished in gullies underneath our bed nets. I watched the sailors work a long time, and then I fell asleep watching them.

I don't know how much later I awoke, but the racket and the pounding was quieter. Someone was singing and I saw that old sailor Eudore dancing. Such comical dancing I have never seen. Eudore pranced to keep his legs from slipping, and twirled himself, his fat body going round like the hoops of an old barrel. Those funny pumpkin legs! His face beamed and sweated, and raised itself into a red moustached moon, so pervading it seemed, and obliterated the room.

"You are my best beloved—my La Sorella," a voice was singing in lulling sweetness.

"Mamma, look"! I cried. "Mamma! Mamma!" I leaned over and pulled at her blanket. "Mamma!"

But mother did not answer me: it was she who was singing.

ULYSSES

by James Joyce

E p i s o d e X I (continued)

Douce now. Douce Lydia. Bronze and rose.

She had a gorgeous, simply gorgeous, time. And look at the lovely shell she brought.

To the end of the bar to him she bore lightly the spiked and winding seahorn that he, George Lidwell, solicitor, might hear. —Listen! she bade him.

Under Tom Kernan's ginhot words the accompanist wove music slow. Authentic fact. How Walter Bapty lost his voice. The husband took him by the throat. *Scoundrel*, said he. *You'll sing no more lovesongs*. He did, sir Tom. Bob Cowley wove. Tenors get wom. Cowley lay back.

Ah, now he heard, she holding it to his ear. Hear! He heard. Wonderful. She held it to her own and through the sifted light pale gold in contrast glided. To hear.

Tap.

Bloom through the bardoor saw a shell held at their ears. He heard more faintly that that they heard, each for herself alone, then each for other, hearing the splash of waves, loudly, a silent roar.

Bronze by a weary gold, anear, afar, they listened.

Her ear too is a shell, the peeping lobe there. Been to the seaside. Lovely seaside girls. Skin tanned raw. Should have put on cold cream first make it brown. Buttered toast. O and that lotion mustn't forget. Fever near her mouth. Your head it simply. Hair braided over: shell with seaweed. Why do they hide their ears with seaweed hair? And Turks their mouth, why? Her eyes over the sheet, a yashmak. Find the way in. A cave. No admittance except on business.

The sea they think they hear. Singing. A roar. The blood it is. Souse in the ear sometimes. Well, it's a sea. Corpuscle islands.

Wonderful really. So distinct. Again. George Lidwell held its murmur, hearing: then laid it by, gently.

—What are the wild waves saying? he asked her, smiled.

Charming, seasmling and unanswering Lydia on Lidwell smiled.

Tap.

By Larry O'Rourke's, by Larry, bold Larry O'Boylan swayed and Boylan turned.

From the forsaken shell Miss Mina glided to her tankard waiting. No, she was not so lonely archly Miss Douce's head let Mr. Lidwell know. Walks in the moonlight by the sea. No, not alone. With whom? She nobly answered: with a gentleman friend.

Bob Cowley's twinkling fingers in the treble played again. The landlord has the prior. A little time. Long John. Big Ben. Lightly he played a light bright tinkling measure for tripping ladies, arch and smiling, and for their gallants, gentleman friends. One: one, one, one: two, one, three, four.

Sea, wind, leaves, thunder, waters, cows lowing, the cattle market, cocks, hens don't crow, snakes hissss. There's music everywhere. Ruttledge's door: ee creaking. No, that's noise. Minuet of *Don Giovanni* he's playing now. Court dresses of all descriptions in castle chambers dancing. Misery. Peasants outside. Green starving faces eating dockleaves. Nice that is. Look: look, look, look, look, look: you look at us.

That's joyful I can feel. Never have written it. Why? My joy is other joy. But both are joys. Yes, joy it must be. Mere fact of music shows you are. Often thought she was in the dumps till she began to lilt. Then know.

M'Coy valise. My wife and your wife. Squealing cat. Molly in *quis est homo*: Mercadante. My ear against the wall to hear. Want a woman who can deliver the goods.

Jog jig jogged stopped. Dandy tan shoe of dandy Boylan came to earth.

O, look we are so! Chamber music. Could make a kind of pun on that. 'Tis kind of music I often thought when she. Acoustics that is Tinkling. Because the acoustics, the resonance changes according as the weight of the water is equal to the law of falling water. Like those rhapsodies of Liszt's, Hungarian, gipsy-eyed. Pearls. Drops Rain. Diddle some iddle addle oodle oodle. Hiss. Now. Maybe now. Before.

One rapped on a door, one tapped with a knock, did he knock Paul de Kock, with a loud proud knocker, with a cock carracarra-carra cock. Cockcock.

Tap.

—*Qui sdegno*, Ben, said Father Cowley.

—No, Ben, Tom Kernan interferred. *The Croppy Boy*. Our native Doric.

—Ay do, Ben, Mr. Dedalus said. Good men and true.

—Do, do, they begged in one.

I'll go. Here, Pat. How much?

—What key? Six sharps?

—F sharp major, Ben Dollard said.

Bob Cowley's outstretched talons griped the black deep-sounding chords.

Must go prince Bloom told Richie prince. No, Richie said. Yes, must. Got money somewhere. He's on for a razzle backache spree. Much? One and nine. Penny for yourself. Here. Give him twopence tip. Deaf, bothered. But perhaps he has wife and family waiting, waiting Patty come home. Hee hee hee hee. Deaf wait while they wait.

But wait. But hear. Chords dark. Lugugugubrious. Low. In a cave of the dark middle earth. Embedded ore. Lumpmusic.

The voice of dark age, of unlove, earth's fatigue made grave approach, called on good men and true. The priest he sought. With him would he speak a word.

Tap.

Ben Dollard's voice base barreltone. Doing his level best to say it. Other comedown. Big ships' chandler's business he did once. Remember: rosiny ropes, ships' lanterns. Failed to the tune of ten thousand pounds. Now in the Iveagh home. Cubicle number so and so. Number one Bass did that for him.

The priest's at home. A false priest's servant bade him welcome. Step in. The holy father. Curlycues of chords.

Ruin them. Wreck their lives. Then build them cubicles to end their days in. Hushaby. Lullaby. Die, dog. Little dog, die.

The voice of warning, solemn warning, told them the youth had entered a lonely hall, told them how solemn fell his footsteps there, told them the gloomy chamber, the vested priest sitting to thrive.

Decent soul. Bit addled now. Thinks he'll win in *Answers* poets' picture puzzle. Bird sitting hatching in a nest. Lay of the last minstrel he thought it was. Good voice he has still. No enunch yet with all his belongings.

Listen. Bloom listened. Richie Goulding listened. And by

the door deaf Pat, bald Pat, tipped Pat, listened.

The chords harped slower.

The voice of penance and of grief came slow, embellished tremulous. Ben's contrite beard confessed: *in nomine Domini*, in God's name. He knelt. He beat his hand upon his breast, confessing: *mea culpa*.

Latin again. That holds them like birdlime. Priest with the communion corpus for those women. Chap in the mortuary, coffin or coffey, *corpusunomine*. Wonder where that rat is by now. Scrape.

Tap.

They listened: tankards and Miss Kennedy, George Lidwell eyelid well expressive, fullbusted satin, Kernan, Si.

The sighing voice of sorrow sang. His sins. Since easter he had cursed three times. You bitch's bast. And once at mass-time he had gone to play. Once by the churchyard he had passed and for his mother's rest he had not prayed. A boy. A cropy boy.

Bronze, listening by the beerpull, gazed far away. Soulfully. Doesn't half know I'm. Molly great dab at seeing anyone looking.

Bronze gazed far sideways. Mirror there. Is that best side of her face? They always know. Knock at the door. Last tip to titivate.

Cockcarracarra.

What do they think when they hear music. Way to catch rattlesnakes. Night Michael Gunn gave us the box. Tuning up. Shah of Persia liked that best. Wiped his nose in curtain too. Custom his country perhaps. That's music too. Tootling. Brasses braying asses. Doublebasses helpless, gashes in their sides. Woodwinds mooing cows. Woodwind like Goodwin's name.

She looked fine. Her crocus dress she wore, lowcut, belongings on show. Clove her breath was always in theatre when she bent to ask a questnion. Told her what Spinoza says in that book of poor papa's. Hypnotised, listening. Eyes like that. She bent. Chap in dresscircle, staring down into her with his operaglass for all he was worth. Met him pike hoses. Philosophy. O rocks!

All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his brothers fell. To Wexford, we are the boys of Wexford, he would. Last of his name and race.

I too, last of my race. Milly young student. Well, my fault perhaps. No son. Rudy. Too late now. Or if not? If not? If still?

He bore no hate.

Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am old.

Big Ben his voice unfolded. Great voice Richie Goulding said, a flush struggling in his pale, to Bloom, soon old but when was young.

Ireland comes now. My country above the king. She listens. Time to be shoving. Looked enough.

—*Bless me, father*, Dollard the croppy cried. Bless me *and let me go*.

Tap.

Bloom looked, unblessed to go. Got up to kill: on eighteen bob a week. Fellows shell out the dibs. Want to keep your weather eye open. Those girls, those lovely. Chorusgirl's romance. Letters read out for breach of promise. From Chickabiddy's own Mumpsypum. Laughter in court. Henry. The lovely name you.

Low sank the music, air and words. Then hastened. The false priest rustling soldier from his cassock. A yeoman captain. They know it all by heart. The thrill they itch for. Yeoman cap.

Tap. Tap.

Thrilled, she listened, bending in sympathy to hear.

Blank face. Virgin should say: or fingered only. Write something on it: page. If not what becomes of them? Decline, despair. Keeps them young. Even admire themselves. See. Play on her. Lip blow. Body of white woman, a flute alive. Blow gentle. Loud. Three holes all women. Goddess I didn't see. They want it: not too much polite. That's why he gets them. Gold in your pocket, brass in your face. With look to look: songs without words. Molly that hurdygurdy boy. She knew he meant the monkey was sick. Understand animals too that way. Gift of nature.

Ventriloquise. My lips closed. Think in my stom. What? Will? You? I. Want. You. To.

With hoarse rude fury the yeoman cursed. Swelling in apoplectic bitch's bastard. A good thought, boy to come. One hour's your time to live, your last.

Tap. Tap.

Thrill now. Pity they feel. For all things dying, for all things born. Poor Mrs. Purefoy. Hope she's over. Because their wombs.

A liquid of womb of woman eyeball gazed under a fence of lashes, calmly, hearing. See real beauty of the eye when she not speaks. On yonder river. At each slow satiny heaving bosom's wave (her heaving embon) red rose rose slowly, sank red rose.

Heartbeats her breath: breath that is life. And all the tiny tiny fernfoils trembled of maidenhair.

But look. The bright stars fade. O rose! Castile. The morn.

Ha. Lidwell that is. For him then, not for me she. His eyes infatuated. I like that? See her from here though. Popped corks, splashes of beerfroth, stacks of empties.

On the smooth jutting beerpull laid Lydia hand lightly, plumply, leave it to my hands. All lost in pity for croppy. Fro, to: to, fro: over the polished knob (she knows his eyes, my eyes, her eyes) her thumb and finger passed in pity: passed, repassed and, gently touching, then slid so smoothly, slowly down, a cool firm white enamel baton protruding through their sliding ring.

With a cock with a carra.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

I hold this house. Amen. He gnashed in fury. Traitors swing.

The chords consented. Very sad thing. It had to be.

Get out before the end. Pass by her. Can leave that *Free-man*. Letter I have. Suppose she were the? No. Walk, walk, walk.

Well, I must be. Are you off? Yes. Bloom stood up. Soap feeling rather sticky behind. Must have sweated behind: music. That lotion, remember. Well, so long. High grade. Card inside yes.

By deaf Pat in the doorway, straining ear, Bloom passed.

At Geneva barrack that young man died. At Passage was his body laid. The voice of the mournful chanter called to prayer.

By rose, by satiny bosom, by the fondling hand, by slops, by empties, by popped corks, greeting in going past eyes and maidenhair, bronze and faint gold in deepseashadow, went Bloom, soft Bloom, I feel so lonely Bloom.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Pray for him, prayed the bass of Dollard. You who hear in peace. Breathe a prayer, drop a tear, good men, good people. He was the croppy boy.

Scaring eavesdropping boots croppy bootsboy Bloom in the Ormond hallway heard growls and roars of bravo, fat backslapping, their boots all treading, boots not the boots the boy. General chorus off for a swill to wash it down. Glad I avoided.

—Come on, Ben, Simon Dedalus said. By God, you're as good as ever you were.

—Better, said Tomgin Kernan. Most masterly rendition of that

ballad, upon my soul and honour it is .

—Lablache, said Father Cowley.

Ben Dollard bulkily cachuchad towards the bar, mightily praised and all big roseate, on heavyfooted feet, his gouty fingers nakkering castagnettes in the air.

Fig Benaben Dollard. Big Benben. Big Benben.

Rrr.

And deepmoved, all, Simon trumping compassion from his nose, all laughing, they brought him forth, Ben Dollard, in right good cheer.

—You're looking rubicund, George Lidwell said.

Miss Douce composed her rose to wait.

—He is, said Mr. Dedalus, clapping Ben's fat back shoulderblade. He has a lot of a adipose dispose tissue concealed about his person..

Rrrrrrsss.

—Fat of death, Simon, Ben Dollard growled.

Richie rift in the lute alone sat: Goulding, Colles, Ward. Uncertainly he waited. Unpaid Pat too.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Miss Mina Kennedy brought near her lips to ear of tankard one.

—Mr. Dollard, they murmured low.

—Dollard, murmured tankard.

Tank one believed: Miss Kenn when she: that doll he was: she doll: the tank.

He murmured that he knew the name. The name was familiar to him, that is to say. That was to say he had heard the name of Dollard, was it? Dollard, yes.

Yes, her lips said more loudly, Mr. Dollard. He sang that song lovely, murmured Mina. And *The last rose of summer* was a lovely song. Mina loved that song. Tankard loved the song that Mina.

'Tis the last rose of summer dollard left bloom felt wind wound round inside.

Gassy thing that cider: binding too. Wait. Postoffice near Reuben J's one and eightpence too. Get shut of it. Dodge round by Greek street. Wish I hadn't promised to meet. Freer in air. Music. Gets on your nerves. Beerpull. Her hand that rocks the cradle rules the. Ben Howth. That rules the world.

Far. Far. Far. Far.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Leopold Bloom with letter for Mady, naughty Henry, with sweets of sin with frillies for Raoul with met himpike hoses went Poldy on.

Tap blind walked tapping by the tap the curbstone tapping, tap by tap.

Cowley, he stuns himself with it: kind of drunkenness. Instance enthusiasts. All ears. Not lose a semidemiquaver. Eyes shut. Head nodding in time. Dotty. You daren't budge. Thinking strictly prohibited. Always talking shop. Fiddlefaddle about notes.

All a kind of attempt to talk. Unpleasant when it stops because you never know exac. Organ in Gardiner street. Old Glynn fifty quid a year. Queer up there in the cockloft alone with stops and locks and keys. Maunder on for hours, talking to himself or the other fellow, blowing the bellows. Growl angry, then shriek cursing (want to have wadding or something in his no don't she cried), then all of a soft sudden wee little wee little pipey wind.

Pwee! A wee little wind piped eeee. In Bloom's little wee. —Was he? Mr. Dedalus said, returning with fetched pipe. I was with him this morning at poor little Paddy Dignam's

—Ay, the Lord have mercy on him.

—By the bye there's a tuning fork in there on the

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

—The wife has a fine voice. Or had. What? Lidwell asked.

—O, that must be the tuner, Lydia said to Simonlionel first I saw, forgot it when he was here.

Blind he was she told George Lidwell second I saw. And played so exquisitely, treat to hear. Exquisite contrast: bronzelid minagold.

—Shout! Ben Dollard shouted, pouring.

—'llo! cried Father Cowley.

Rrrrrr.

I feel I want

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

—Very, Mr. Dedalus said, staring hard at a headless sardine.

Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last sardine of summer. Bloom alone.

—Very, he stared. The lower register, for choice.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Bloom went by Barry's. Wish I could. Wait. Twentyfour

solicitors in that one house. Litigation. Love one another. Piles of parchment. Goulding, Colles, Ward.

But for example the chap that wallops the big drum. His vocation: Micky Rooney's band. Wonder how it first struck him. Sitting at home after pig's cheek and cabbage nursing it in the armchair Pom. Pompedy. Jolly for the wife. Asses' skins. Welt them through life, then wallop after death. Pom. Wallop. Seems to be what you call yashmak or I mean kismet. Fate.

Tap. Tap. A stripling, blind, with a tapping cane, came taptaptapping by Daly's window where a mermaid, hair all streaming, (but he couldn't see), blew whiffs of a mermaid (blind couldn't); mermaid, coolest whiff of all.

Instruments. Even comb and tissuepaper you can knock a tune out of. Molly in her shift in Lombard street west, hair down. I suppose each kind of trade made its own, don't you see? Hunter with a horn. Haw. Have you the? *Cloche*. *Sonnez la!* Shepherd his pipe. Policeman a whistle. All is lost now. Drum? Pompedy. Wait, I know. Towncrier, bumbailiff. Long John. Waken the dead. Pom. Dignam. Poor little *nominedomine*. Pom. It is music. I mean of course it's all pom pom pom very much what they call *da capo*. Still you can hear.

I must really. Fff. Now if I did that at a banquet. Just a question of custom shah of Persia. Breathe a prayer, drop a tear. All the same he must have been a bit of an natural not to see it was a yeoman cap. Muffled up. Wonder who was that chap at the grave in the brown mackin. O, the whore of the lane!

A frowsy whore with black straw sailor hat askew came glazily in the day along the quay towards Mr. Bloom. When first he saw that form endearing. Yet, it is. I feel so lonely. Wet night in the lane. Off her beat here. What is she? Hope she. Psst! Any chance of your wash. Knew Molly. Had me decked. Stout lady does be with you in the brown costume. Put you off your stroke, that. Sees me, does she? Looks a fright in the day. Face like dip. Damn her! O, well, she has to live like the rest. Look in here.

In Lionel Mark's antique window Lionel Leopold dear Henry Flower earnestly Mr. Leopold Bloom envisaged candlesticks melodeon oozing maggoty blowbags. Bargain: six bob. Might learn to play. Cheap. Let her pass. Course everything is dear if you don't want it. That's what good salesman is. Make you buy what he wants to sell. She's passing now. Six bob.

Must be the cider or perhaps the burgund.

Near bronze from anear near gold from afar they chinked their clinking glasses all, brighteyed and gallant, before bronze Lydia's tempting last rose of summer, rose of Castile. First Lid, De, Cow, Ker, Doll, a fifth: Lidwell, Si Dedalus, Bob Cowley. Kernan and Big Ben Dollard.

Tap. A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall.

Bloom viewed a gallant pictured hero in Lionel Mark's window. Robert Emmet's last words. Seven last words. Of Meyerbeer that is.

—True men like you men.

—Ay ay, Ben.

—Will lift your glass with us.

They lifted.

Tschink. Tschunk.

Tip. An unseeing stripling stood in the door. He saw not bronze. He saw not gold. Nor Ben nor Bob nor Tom nor Si nor George nor tanks nor Richie nor Pat. Hee hee hee hee. He did not see.

Seabloom, greaseabloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among.*

Prrrr.

Must be the bur.

Fff. Oo. Rrpr.

The nations of the earth. No-one behind. She's passed. *Then and not till then.* Tram. Kran, kran, kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krاندlkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. *Let my epitaph be.* Kraaaaaaaa. *Written. I have.*

Prrrpfrrppfff.

Done.

(to be continued)

INTERIM

by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter Five

Mr. Bowdoin ushered Miriam through the almost paintless door of a blank looking house and downstairs into a large cold twilight basement room in which nothing was visible but the outline of a long table, lit from the end by a low window. I will light a lamp for you in a moment he said in his half-cockney monotone; my friends will be arriving soon and until they come I should like to show you the sketches I made on my holiday. She sat down silently. It had been difficult to talk coming along the extraordinary Farrington Road grappling with the idea of paying a visit there. In this still stranger room she felt nowhere. A heavy blankness seemed to lie over everything and with his slow quiet speech Mr. Bowdoin seemed here to reproach her more strongly for talking vaguely and excitedly about Devonshire than he had with his sudden searching look of surprise in the Farrington Road. As he lit a little lamp on the corner of the table she glanced at the back of his head and imagined him sitting at a typewriter with it in curl papers and determined to be at ease. What a jolly room she exclaimed with forced animation as the light went up on bare walls. Windsor chairs were distributed sparsely about the spaces unoccupied by the table; a cottage piano stood in a corner at right angles with the wide low window space. Above it was some sort of picture, the only one in the room although he was a sort of artist; the floor was covered with rough matting and there was no mirror above the empty mantelpiece. It is quite bohemian said Mr. Bowdoin lighting the piano candles with the rest of the match he had used for the lamp. Let me take your cloak. Miriam divested herself with swift obedience of her golf-cape with which he disappeared between high hung curtains screening the end of the room opposite the window. This was bohemia! She tried to remember something about bohemia and thought of Trilby with her yodelling milk-call. It would be an outrage she felt, in this cold empty room. There must be a special way of behaving in English bohemia. Perhaps when the friends came she would find it out. But by that time she would be worn out with looking at sketches and trying to think of things to say about them. I have the sketches in a drawer here said Mr. Bowdoin coming back through the curtains

and turning up an end of the table cloth. Miriam sat silent thinking the voice of the French artist. . . Ah! C'est le pied de Trilby. Wee. D'après nature? Nong. De mémoire alors. . . and the little poem. . . ou rien ne troublera. . . Trilby, qui dormira. . . and was presently taking one by one faint little water-colour sketches and listening to Mr. Bowdoin's explanations of the subjects. Why don't you put them about the room she asked insincerely. Well, they're just beginnings, hardly worthy of exhibition. I hope to attain to something better in the future. She could see nothing she liked and stared obediently and silently at sketch after sketch until her eyes ached. A knocking at the door brought the strain to an end. Mr. Bowdoin went upstairs and came down again bringing a tall lady. When he had performed introductions the lady divested herself of her outdoor things which he stood hovering to accept and sat briskly down on a windsor chair facing towards the piano and at some little distance from Miriam who sat enviously resenting her assurance. She sat drawn up in her chair looking very tall and thin in a clumsy dress with a high stiff collarband. Her head and hair above her thin dingy neck were—common. Undoubtedly. She looked like a post-office young lady. It was most extraordinary. She was quite old, twenty seven or twenty eight. While the other people came in she sat very still and self-possessed, as if nothing were happening. Was that dignity—not attempting to hide your peculiarities and defects, but just keeping perfectly still and calm whatever happened? There were two men and another woman. They stood about in the gloom near the door while Mr. Bowdoin carried away their things and came back and murmured Miss Rogers and Miss Henderson and then sat down in a row on the windsor chairs in line near the piano. Their faces were above the reach of the lamplight. Their bodies had the subdued hushed manner of the less important sitters in a parish church. Mr. Bowdoin was putting the little lamp on the top of the piano. The light ran up the wall. The picture was a large portrait of Paderewski. It was amongst Miriam's records of Queen's Hall posters, coming and going among other posters of musicians, passed by with a hurried glance, soon obliterated by the oncoming of the blazing flower-baskets as she hurried down Langham Place sore with her effort to forget the reminders of music beyond her reach. Looking at it now she felt as if all she had missed were suddenly brought to her; her sense of thwarting and loss was swept away. She sat up relieved, bathed in sunshine. The room was full of life and warmth and golden light. She

eagerly searched the features for their secret; the curious conscious half pleading sensitive weakness of the mouth and chin; a sort of nakedness, as if a whole weak nature were escaping there for everyone to see and were suddenly reined in, held in and back in some way by the pose of the reined in head. The great aureole of fluffy hair was shaped and held in by the same power. The whole head soft and weak in all its details was resolute and strong. . . it was listening. The face did not matter, except as an interesting Polish face, the pose of the head was everything, with its grip on the features and the hair; a face listening, intently, from a burning bush. There was some reason not yet understood, why musicians and artists wore long hair. The lamp had come off the piano, but the pale outline of the face shone clearly down from the gloom and Mr. Bowdoin was seated at the piano murmuring I will give you a sonata of Beethoven..

The long sonata came to an end while Miriam was still revolving amongst her thoughts. When Mr. Bowdoin sat back from the piano she returned to the point where she had begun and determined to stop her halting circular progress from group to group of interesting reflections and to listen to the next thing he might play. She was aware he was playing on his own piano better than he had done at Tansley Street but also more carefully and less self-forgetfully. Perhaps that was why she had not listened. She could not remember ever before having thoughts, about definite things, while music was going on and felt afraid lest she was ceasing to care for music. She found it would be quite easy to speak cogly, with an assumption of great appreciation and ask him to play some definite thing. Just as she was about to break into the silence with a remark, one of the big curtains was suddenly drawn aside by a little old lady bearing a tray of steaming cups. She stood just inside the curtains her delicate white haired lace-capped head bowing from side to side of the room graciously, a bright keen smile on her delicately shrivelled face. My mother, murmured Mr. Bowdoin as he went down the room for the tray. Slender and short as he was she was invisible behind him as he bent for the tray and when he turned with it to the room she had disappeared. Miriam gazed at the dark curtains hoping for her return and fearing it. Nothing suitable to an enthusiastic bohemian evening could be said in a courtly manner . . . She accepted a cup of coffee without a word as if Mr. Bowdoin had been a waiter and sat flaring over it. She felt as if nothing could be said until there had been some reference to the vision. She hoped

everyone had bowed and remembered with shame that she had only stared. Everyone seemed to be stirring, but the beginnings of speech went forward as if the little old lady had never appeared. Mr. Bowdoin had sat down with the men on the other side of the room and the woman had crossed over to a chair near Miss Rogers and was in eager conversation with her. Miss Rogers had only lately joined musical circles she heard Mr. Bowdoin say in an affectionate indulgent tone. That accounted for the way she deferred to him and sat in a sort of complacent exclusive rapture, keeping her man unchanged before the onslaught of the eagerly talking woman. The woman was in the circle and did not seem to think it strange that Miss Rogers should be a candidate. She was talking about some orchestra somewhere. . . of something she wanted to play, "he conducting," she finished in a tone of worship. Her voice was refined and she talked easily, but she also had the common uneducated look. . . and she was talking about Camberwell. Mr. Bowdoin was a conductor of an orchestra. Those people played in orchestras, or wanted to. The three men were talking in eager happy sentences and laughing happily and not noisily. There was something here that was lacking in Miss Szigmondy's prosperous musical people, something that kept them apart from the world where they made their living. . . They worked hard in two worlds. . . when Mr. Bowdoin was at the piano again they all sat easy and at home, in easy attitudes, affectionately listening. The room seemed somehow less dark and their forms much more visible and bigger. The empty white coffee cups standing about on the table caught the light. Miriam's stood alone at the end of the table. Mr. Bowdoin had taken it from her but without entering into conversation and she was left with her prepared remark about the piano and her plea for a performance of the Tannhauser overture going unsaid round and round in her mind. She sat ashamed before the determined restrained impersonal enthusiasm that filled the room. Even Miss Rogers was sitting less stiffly. Her own stiffness must make it obvious that she was not in a musical circle. Musical circles had a worldly savoir-faire of their own, the thing that was to be found everywhere in the world. To be in one would mean having to talk like that eager worshipping woman or to be calm and easily supercilious and secret like Miss Rogers. Even here the men were apart from the women; to join the men would be easy enough, to say exactly what one thought and talk about all sorts of things and laugh. But the women would hate that and one would have to be intimate with the women, and rave about

music and musicians. Mr. Bowdoin had probably thought she would talk to those women. But after talking to them how could one listen to music? Their very presence made it almost impossible. She was unable to lose herself in the Wagner overture. It sounded out thinly into the room. Paderewski was looking away to where there was nothing but music sounding in a wooden room just inside an immense forest somewhere in Europe. She began thinking secretly of the world waiting for her outside and felt painfully that she was affronting everyone in the room; treacherously and not visibly as before. She had got away from them but they did not know it. Mr. Bowdoin passed from the overture which was vociferously applauded and went on and on till she ceased altogether to try to listen and he became a stranger, sitting there playing seriously and laboriously alone at his piano. . . she wished he would play a waltz—and she suddenly blushed to find herself sitting there at all. . . . They all seemed to get up and to go at the same moment and when they drifted out into the street seemed all to be going the same way. Miriam found herself walking along the Farringdon Road between Mr. Bowdoin and the shorter of the two other men, longing for solitude and to be free to wander slowly along the new addition to her map of London at night. Even with bohemians evenings did not end when they ended, but led to the forced companionship of walking home. The tall man and the two women were marching along ahead at a tremendous pace and she was obliged to hasten her steps to keep up with her companions' evident intention of keeping them in view. Perhaps at the top of the road they would all separate. We will escort Miss Henderson to her home and then I'll come on with you to Highgate. To Highgate—exclaimed Miriam almost stopping. Are you going to walk to Highgate *tonight*? They both laughed. Oh yes said Mr. Bowdoin that's nothing. *Highgate*. The mere thought of its northern remoteness seemed to be an insult to London. No wonder she had found herself a stranger with these people. Walking out to Highgate at night and getting up as usual the next morning. Magnificent strong hard thing to do. Horrible. Walking out to Highgate, "talking all the time". . . they could never have a minute to realise anything at all; rushing along saying things that covered everything and never stopped to realize, talking *about* people and things and never being or knowing anything, and perpetually coming to the blank emptiness of *Highgate* . . . their unconsciousness of everything made them the right sort of people to have the trouble of living in Highgate. They probably walked

about with knapsacks on Sunday. But to them even the real country could not be country. All 'circles' must be like that in some way; doing things by agreement. The men talking confidently about them, *completely* ignorant of any sort of reality. . . . She came out of her musings when they turned into the Euston Road and ironically watched the men keeping up their talk across the continual breaking up of the group by passing pedestrians. *You'll* have to walk *back* she interrupted, suddenly turning to Mr. Bowdoin; the buses will have stopped. I never ride in omnibuses frowned Mr. Bowdoin. I shall be back by two. . . . Miriam waited a moment inside the door at Tansley Street listening for silence. The evening fell away from her with the departing footsteps of the two men. She opened the door upon the high quiet empty blue-lit street and moved out into a tranquil immensity. It was everywhere. Into her consciousness of the unpredictable incidents of to-morrow's Wimpole Street day, over the sure excitement of Eve's arrival in the evening, flowed the light-footed leaping sense of a day new begun, an inexhaustible blissfulness, everything melted away into it. It seemed to smite her, calling for some spoken acknowledgement of its presence, alive and real in the heart of the London darkness. It was not her fault that Eve was not coming to stay at Tansley Street. It came out of the way life arranged itself as long as you did not try to interfere. Roaming along in the twilight she lost consciousness of everything but the passage of dark silent buildings, the drawing away under her feet of the varying flags of the pavement, the waxing and waning along the pavement of the streams of lamp-light, the distant murmuring tide to a happy symphony of recognizable noises, the sudden gradual approach of a thoroughfare, the rising of the murmuring tide to a happy symphony of recognisable noises, the sudden glare of yellow shop-light under her feet, the wide black road, the joy of the need for the understanding sweeping glance from right to left as she moved across it, the sense of being swept across in an easy curve drawn by the kindly calculable swing of the traffic, of being a permitted co-operating part of the traffic, the coming of the friendly curb and the strip of yellow pavement, carrying her on again into the lamplit greyness leading along to Donizetti's.

(To be continued)

THE CHINESE WRITTEN CHARACTER AS A MEDIUM FOR POETRY

by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound

[This essay was practically finished by the late Ernest Fenollosa; I have done little more than remove a few repetitions and shape a few sentences.]

We have here not a bare philological discussion but a study of the fundamentals of all esthetics. In his search through unknown art Fenollosa, coming upon unknown motives and principles unrecognized in the West, was already led into many modes of thought since fruitful in "new" western painting and poetry. He was a forerunner without being known as such.

He discerned principles of writing which he had scarcely time to put into practice. In Japan he restored, or greatly helped to restore, a respect for the native art. In America and Europe he cannot be looked upon as a mere searcher after exotics. His mind was constantly filled with parallels and comparisons between eastern and western art. To him the exotic was always a mean of fructification. He looked to an American renaissance. The vitality of his outlook can be judged from the fact that although this essay was written some time before his death in 1908 I have not had to change the allusions to western conditions. The later movements in art have corroborated his theories.—Ezra Pound.]

This twentieth century not only turns a new page in the book of the world, but opens another and a startling chapter. Vistas of strange futures unfold for a man, of world-embracing cultures half weaned from Europe, of hitherto undreamed responsibilities for nations and races.

The Chinese problem alone is so vast that no nation can afford to ignore it. We in America, especially, must face it across the Pacific, and master it or it will master us. And the only way to master it is to strive with patient sympathy to understand the best, the most hopeful and the most human elements in it.

It is unfortunate that England and America have so long ignored or mistaken the deep problems of Oriental culture. We have misconceived the Chinese for a materialistic people, for a debased and worn-out race. We have belittled the Japanese as a nation of copyists. We have stupidly assumed that Chinese history affords no glimpse of change in social evolution, no salient epoch of moral and spiritual crisis. We have denied the essential humanity of these peoples; and we have toyed with their ideals as if they were no better than comic songs in an "opera bouffé."

The duty that faces us is not to batter down their forts or to exploit

their markets, but to study and to come to sympathize with their humanity and their generous aspirations. Their type of cultivation has been high. Their harvest of recorded experience doubles our own. The Chinese have been idealists, and experimenters in the making of great principles; their history opens a world of lofty aim and achievement, parallel to that of the ancient Mediterranean peoples. We need their best ideals to supplement our own—ideals enshrined in their art, in their literature and in the tragedies of their lives.

We have already seen proof of the vitality and practical value of oriental painting for ourselves and as a key to the eastern soul. It may be worth while to approach their literature, the interest part of it, their poetry, even in an imperfect manner.

I feel that I should perhaps apologize* for presuming to follow that series of brilliant scholars, Davis Legge, St. Denys and Giles, who have treated the subject of Chinese poetry with a wealth of erudition to which I can proffer no claim. It is not as a professional linguist nor as a sinologue that I humbly put forward what I have to say. As an enthusiastic student of beauty in Oriental culture, having spent a large portion of my years in close relation with Orientals, I could not but breathe in something of the poetry incarnated in their lives.

I have been for the most part moved to my temerity by personal considerations. An unfortunate belief has spread both in England and in America that Chinese and Japanese poetry are hardly more than an amusement, trivial, childish, and not to be reckoned in the world's serious literary performance. I have heard well-known sinologues state that, save for the purpose of professional linguistic scholarship, these branches of poetry are fields too barren to repay the toil necessary for their cultivation.

Now my own impression has been so radically and diametrically opposed to such a conclusion, that a sheer enthusiasm of generosity has driven me to wish to share with other occidentals my newly discovered joy. Either I am pleasingly self-deceived in my positive delight, or else there must be some lack of æsthetic sympathy and of poetic feeling in the accepted methods of presenting the poetry of China. I submit my causes of joy.

Failure or success in presenting any alien poetry in English must depend largely upon poetic workmanship, in the chosen medium. It was perhaps too much to expect that aged scholars who had spent their youth in gladiatorial combats with the refractory Chinese characters should succeed also as poets. Even Greek verse might have fared equally

*[The apology was unnecessary, but Professor Fenollosa saw fit to make it, and I therefore transcribe his words.—E. P.]

ill had its purveyors been perforce content with provincial standards of English rhyming. Sinologues should remember that the purpose of poetical translation is the poetry, not the verbal definitions in dictionaries.

One modest merit I may, perhaps, claim for my work: it represents for the first time a Japanese school of study in Chinese culture. Hitherto Europeans have been somewhat at the mercy of contemporary Chinese scholarship. Several centuries ago China lost much of her creative self, and of her insight into the causes of her own life, but her original spirit still lives, grows, interprets, transferred to Japan in all its original freshness. The Japanese to-day represent a stage of culture roughly corresponding to that of China under the Sung dynasty. I have been fortunate in studying for many years as a private pupil under Professor Kainan Mori, who is probably the greatest living authority on Chinese poetry. He has recently been called to a chair in the Imperial University of Tokio.

My subject is poetry, not language, yet the roots of poetry are in language. In the study of a language so alien in form to ours as is Chinese in its written character, it is necessary to inquire how those universal elements of form which constitute poetics can derive appropriate nutriment.

In what sense can verse, written in terms of visible hieroglyphics, be reckoned true poetry? It might seem that poetry, which like music is a *time art*, weaving its unities out of successive impressions of sound, could with difficulty assimilate a verbal medium consisting largely of semi-pictorial appeals to the eye.

Contrast, for example, Gray's line:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

with the Chinese line:

月 耀 如 晴 雪

Moon

rays

like

pure

snow

Unless the sound of the latter be given, what have they in common? It is not enough to adduce that each contains a certain body of prosaic meaning; for the question is, how can the Chinese line imply, *as form*, the very element that distinguishes poetry from prose?

On second glance, it is seen that the Chinese words, though visible, occur in just as necessary an order as the phonetic symbols of Gray. All that poetic form requires is a regular and flexible sequence, as plastic as thought itself. The characters may be seen and read, silently by the eye, one after the other:

Moon rays like pure snow.

(to be continued)

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