

XII

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS
MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE



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A COMPLETE PERSPECTIVE OF THE ART AND
LETTERS OF TO-DAY

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

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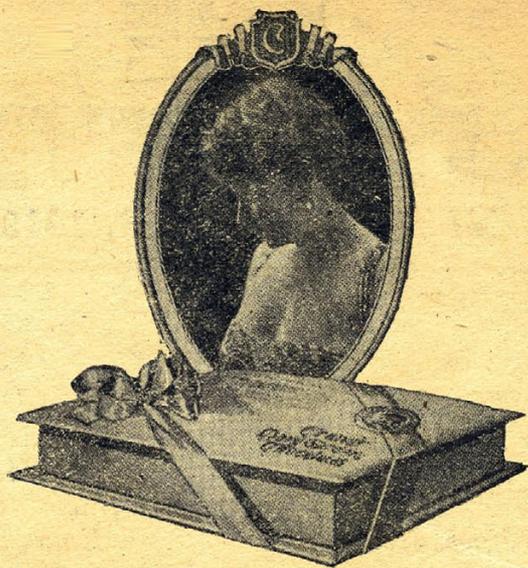
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ever tasted anywhere in the World"*

Mary Garden

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THREE FROM THE EARTH

by Djuna Barnes

PERSONS:

JAMES

HENRY Carson brothers

JOHN

KATE MORLEY—an adventurist—a lady of leisure.

Time: Late afternoon.

Place: Kate Morley's boudoir. A long narrow room, with a great many lacquer screens in various shades of blue, a tastefully decorated room though rather extreme.

At the rise of the curtain the three Carson brothers are discovered sitting together on a couch to the left. They look like peasants of the most obvious type. They are tall, rather heavy—and range in ages from nineteen to twenty-five. They have sandy, sun bleached hair that insists upon sticking straight up—oily, sweaty skins—large hanging lips and small eyes on which a faint whitish down moves for lashes. They are clumsy and ill clothed. Russet shoes are on all six feet. They each wear a purple aster and each has on a tie of the super-stunning variety—they have evidently done their best to be as one might say “well dressed”.

When they speak—aside from their grunts—their voices are rough, nasal and occasionally crack. They are stoop-shouldered and their hands are excessively ugly.

Yet in spite of all this, their eyes are intelligent, their smiles gentle, melancholy, compassionate. And though they have a look of formidable grossness and stupidity, there is, on second observation, a something beneath all this in no way in keeping with this first impression.

John—the youngest, and the smallest, looks around the room carefully.

John

A nice room, eh? (*He tries to whisper but it comes forth buzzing and harsh*).

James

A woman's room.

Henry

How?

James

A narrow room, John.

John

Well?

James

Cats and narrow walls.

Henry

(*Grunting*)

Ugh.

John

Hush—I hear her coming!

(*The curtains part and Kate Morley enters. She is a woman of about forty. Handsome. Dark. She is beautifully dressed in a rather seductive fashion. She has a very interesting head; she has an air of one used to adulation and the pleasure of exerting her will. She has a trick of narrowing her eyes. As she comes forward there is a general commotion among the brothers but none manages to stand up*).

Kate

Good day, gentlemen.

All three

Good day.

Kate

Nice of you to call on me (*She seats herself, crossing her legs*). You are the three Carsons, John, James and Henry, aren't you. I haven't seen you for years, yet I think I should have known you.

All three

Ah, ha.

Kate

Yes I presume I should have known you. I have a good memory. Well, as I said, it's nice of you to come to see me. Social?

Henry

You might call it that.

Kate

It's quite nice to get an unexpected visitor or so. I'm the kind of woman who knows just who is going to call on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday—

All three

Ah, ha.

Kate

How's the country?

John

Just the same.

Kate

It always is.—Don't you go mad—watching it?

Henry

Now and again.

Kate

And how's your father? (*Not pausing for an answer—almost to herself.*) I remember—he was always mad. He used to wear a green cloth suit, and he carried white rats all over his shoulders. (*Remembering the three.*) Ah, yes, your father—he was a barber wasn't he?

Henry

No, a chemist.

Kate

(*Laughing uneasily*) I have a bad memory after all. Well, anyway, in those days he had begun to be queer—everyone noticed it—even that funny man who had those three flaxen-haired daughters with the thin ankles who lives at the end of the street—And your mother—a prostitute I believe.

Henry

(*Calmly*) At times.

Kate

A dancing girl without a clean word in her vocabulary, or a whole shirt to her name—

James

But a woman with fancies.

Kate

(*Sarcastically*) And what ability?

Henry

Oh, none, just a burning desire.

Kate

What's the use of going into that. How did you get here—what for?

All three

On bicycles.

Kate (Bursting into laughter)

How exactly ridiculous and appropriate—and what else?

John

To see how the sun falls in a place like this.

Kate (Angrily, rising)

Well you see, from left to right, and right to left—

Henry

True.

John (Quietly)

And we wanted to see how you walked, and sat down, and crossed your legs—

Henry

And to get father's letters.

Kate

Well you see how I walk, sit down, cross my legs. What letters?

James

Letters to you.

Kate (Uneasily)

So you know about that—well, and what would you fellows do with them—read them to see how clever they are?

James

No, we have the clever ones.

Kate

Mine?

John and Henry (nodding)

Exactly.

Kate

Oh.

John

You suffer?

Kate

From time to time—there's always a reaction.

Henry

That's vulgar isn't it.

Kate

Not unusually.

John

The letters?

Kate (To herself)

Well, there is malice in me—what of it? We've all been a

while with the dogs, we don't all learn to bark.

John

Ah, ha.

Kate

See here, what will you do with your father's letters?

Henry

Destroy them, perhaps.

Kate

And if I give them to you—will your father be as generous with mine?

Henry

Father is undoubtedly a gentleman—even at this moment.

Kate

Well, we shall see about that—first tell me how you live.

John

We go down on the earth and find things, tear them up, shaking the dirt off (*making the motions to illustrate*). Then there are the cows to be milked, the horses—a few—to be fed, shod and curried—do you wish me to continue?

Kate

Yes, yes, go on.

Henry (*Taking the tale up*)

We get up at dawn, and our father turns over in bed and whispers: "If you meet anyone, say nothing; if you are asked a question look stupid—"

Kate

I believe you.

James

And he says: "Go about your work as if you had neither sight, speech nor hearing—"

Kate

Yes—

John

And he adds: "If you should meet a woman in the road—"

Kate (*Excited*)

Then what?

Henry

That's enough. Then of a Sunday we watch the people going to church, when we hear the "Amen" we lift a little and sit back—and then again—

Kate

Religion?

Henry

Enough for our simple needs.

Kate

Poor sheep!

James

Wise sheep!

Kate

What! Well perhaps, no one is any longer sure of anything. Then what?

John

When we come home he says: "What have you seen and heard today?" He never asks "What have you said?"

Kate

He trusts you?

John

Undoubtedly. Sometimes we say "We saw a hawk flying" or "A badger passed", and sometimes we bring him the best treat of all—

Kate

Well?

John

Something dead.

Kate

Dead?

Henry

Anything that has destroyed the crops—a mole—a field-mouse.

Kate

And never anything that's harmless?

John

Never.

Kate

Well see here, I'll give you those letters. Suddenly my heart says to me "Kate, give the oxen the rope, they won't run away."—Isn't it so? Very well, I put my hand on a certain package and all is over—I'm about to be married you know. (*She has risen and gone over to a little box standing on the desk. Out from this she takes a package of letters tied with a red ribbon. She turns and walks straight up to John.*) I'll give them to you. You are the youngest, the gentlest, and you have the nicest hands.

(*She sits down breathing with difficulty*)

John (*Putting them into his blouse*)

Thank you, Kate Morley.

Kate

Now tell me about everything. How is that mother of yours? I remember her—she was on the stage—she danced as they say, and she sang. She had a pet monkey—fed it honey out of a jar kept full by her admirers: grooms, stage hands, what not—

Henry

Yes, and she used to draw pictures of it in the style of Dürer—almost morbid—and later it caught a disease and died—

Kate

I don't doubt it—and she, she had an under-lip like a balloon—and your father kissed that mouth, was even tempted—

James

My father often saw beyond the flesh.

Kate

Kissed such a creature!

Henry

At such times she was beautiful.

Kate (*With a touch of humility*)

Yes, I'm sorry—I remember. Once I passed her, and instead of saying something, something horrible—she might—she looked down.

John

She was beautiful looking down.

Kate (*Angry*)

And I, I suppose I wasn't beautiful to look at—

Henry

No I suppose not, that is, not for her.

Kate (*Viciously*)

Well let me tell you, you haven't inherited her beauty. Look at your hands—thick, hard, ugly—and the life lines in them like the life lines in the hands of every laborer digging sewers—

John

There's something in that, but they are just beginning.

Kate (*Turning on them*)

Look at you! You're ugly, and clumsy and uncouth. You grunt and roar, you wear abominable clothes—and you have no manners—and all because of your father, your mighty righteous and original father. You don't have to be like this. You needn't have little pigs eyes with bleached lashes, and thick hanging lips and noses—but I suppose you've got adenoids, and you may suffer from the fact that your mother had a rupture, and in all probabil-

ity you have the beginning of ulcers of the stomach, for God knows your father couldn't keep a meal down like a gentleman!

Henry

He was delicate.

Kate

And why was he delicate? He called himself "The little Father", as one might say, "The great Emperor". Well, to have a father to whom you can go and say "All is not as it should be"—that would have been everything. But what could you say to him, and what had he to say to you? O we all have our pathetic moments of being at our best, but he wasn't satisfied with that, he wanted to be at it all the time. And the result, the life of a mole. "Listen and say nothing." Then he becomes the gentleman farmer because he discovers he cannot be the Beloved Fool. Suddenly he is the father of three creatures for all the world like Russian peasants—without an idea, a subtlety—it's wicked, that's all, wicked—and as for that, how do you know but that all three of you had a different mother. Why great God, I might be the mother of one of you!

John (Significantly)

So I believe, madam.

Kate (Unheeding)

Do you think a man like your father had any right to bring such children as you in the world—three columns of flesh without one of the five senses! (*She suddenly buries her head in her hands.*)

John (Gently)

You loved our father.

Henry

And you also had your pot of honey—

Kate

Thank God I had no ideals—I had a religion.

John

Just what?

Kate

You wouldn't understand.

Henry

Shoes to the needy?

Kate

No, I'm not that kind, vicious boy.

John

Are you quite certain?

Kate

I'll admit all my candles are not burning for God. Well, then, blow them out, still I'll have a light burning somewhere, for all your great breaths, you oxen.

Henry

You were never a tower builded of ivory—

Kate

You're too stupid to be bitter—your voices are too undeveloped—you say "love" and "hate" the same way.

James

True, we have been shut away from intonations.

Kate

You wouldn't even wish to die.

John

We shall learn.

Kate

Why bother.

John (*Abruptly rising*)

You have posed for the madonna?

Kate

Every woman has.

John

You have done it better than most.

Kate

What do you mean?

John

I looked at it when I came in.

(*He picks up the photograph*)

Kate

Let it be—I was playing in the "Crown of Thorns", an amateur theatrical.

John

Yes, I presumed it was amateur—

James

You were a devoted mother?

Kate

I have no virtues.

Henry

And vices?

Kate

Weak in one, weak in the other.

John

However the baby had nice hands—

Kate (*Looking at him*)

That is true.

James

But then babies only use their hands to lift the breast, and occasionally to stroke the cheek—

Kate

Or to throw them up in despair—not a heavy career.

John

And then?

Kate (*In an entirely new tone*)

Won't you have tea? — But no, pay no attention to me, that's another of my nasty malicious tricks. Curse life!

Henry

Your life is drawing to a close.

James

And from time to time you place your finger on a line of Nietzsche or Schopenhauer wondering "How did he say it all in two lines". Eh?

Kate

As you say (*She looks at them slowly, one by one*). You are strange things. (*Coming back*) But at least I've given up something—look at your mother, what did she give up for your father—a drunken husband—

James

A drunken lover—that's different.

Kate

I can't help thinking of that great gross stomach of hers.

James

Gross indeed, it won't trouble him anymore.

Kate

What's that?

John

He cut his throat with a knife—

Kate

Oh my God! (*Pause*) How did he look?

John

You can't satisfy your aesthetic sense that way—he looked, well ugly, played out, yes, played out. Everything had been too much for him,—you—us—you could see that in the way he—

Kate (In a whisper)

Well, that's strange—everything seems—I knew him you know
(*She begins to laugh*). And the dogs barked.

James

So I believe.

Kate (Dazed)

And you, what are you three going to do?

Henry

We are coming out of the country—we are going abroad—we
can listen there.

Kate

Abroad,—listen—what are you saying?

Henry

There are great men abroad.

James

Anatol France, De Gourmont—

Kate

De Gourmont is dead.

John

There will be others.

Kate

(*Still dully*) And how did you come to know such names—
oh your father of course—

John

We needed them.

Kate

Strange, I've been prepared for every hour but this—

James

Yet I dare say you've never cried out.

Kate

You are mistaken. I've cried: "To the evil of mind all is evil—"

Henry

Ah ha, and what happened?

Kate

Sometimes I found myself on my knees—

James

And sometimes?

Kate

That's enough, haven't we about cleared all the shavings out
of the carpenter shop?

Henry

You at least will never kill yourself.

Kate

Not likely, I'll probably die in bed with my slippers on—you see I have a pretty foot.

Henry

We understand, you are about to be married.

Kate

To a supreme court Judge—so I'm cleaning house.

John (*Standing with the photograph*)

But it won't be quite cleared out until this goes (*He takes it out of the frame and turning it over reads*) "Little John, God bless him." (*He turns it back*) God bless him. Well just for that I'd like to keep it.

Kate

That's my affair.

John

So I see. (*He puts the photo in his blouse with the letters*).

Kate

Well, perhaps—well, you're not so stupid after all—Come, for the madonna give me back the letters, I'll burn them I swear, and you can put the madonna at the foot of the bed.

John

I shan't put it at the foot of the bed—I don't look at the foot of the bed—

Henry and James (*Rising*)

And now we shall go.

Kate (*Her hands to her head*)

But gentlemen, gentlemen—

Henry

We won't need to bother you again. We are leaving the country and going elsewhere—and there was only one of us to whom you might have shown a little generosity—in other words we do not wish to be reminded, and now we can forget, and in time become quite hilarious—

Kate

But, gentlemen, gentlemen, not this way—

John

Well? (*Quite suddenly he takes her in his arms, raises her face and kisses her on the mouth*).

Kate (*Crying out*)

Not that way! Not that way!

James

That's the way you bore him!

(The curtain drops behind them)

FERTILE GESTURE

by Mark Turbyfill

What hocus-pocus
Jumble of sights and sounds
To hurl upon one insensible
To translate into idiom sensible
These months gone through?

No green apple-cluster
Hung in doorway to flat blue sea,
Nor woodcut delicate (it could be),
No unsatisfied green globe
Points puffy white dull mind
To sharpened phrase, to escape infinitive.

Golden-rod, cricket's cri-cri-cri,
Snooping under twilight eaves,
Bat-screech, its apprehensive glance,
To no avail.

Head thrown back over shoulder
Long-sought potent triviality:
Undetermined angle.
Stars split across the sky,
Flowing, imperfect elleptic line.

PARCEL OF LOVE

by Harold Monro

THAT love he had not asked for, and did not want, had hurt him by now almost beyond endurance. He would find himself at moments, stand up and extend his body, stiffen his muscles, try to stretch himself into the space of the solitary room. Then, as he wanted, he became deliciously conscious of his finger-tips. It seemed to him that, if he pressed hard enough, it might pass out there and evaporate, or fly through the window, and leave him for ever. Always a hopeless expedient. The normal returned directly he contracted his body again. Love regained its complacent habitation of him. He ached as before; his brain glowed, rekindled and burst into flame; his heart resumed the hard volcanic beat. He was utterly possessed. No movement of limb or thought, no change of surrounding, could free him for more than a moment or two.—Long hot pain, night and day, asleep or awake; one tired perpetual obsession, and no release.

His hardest moments were those of recalling looks and words. He scarcely ever loved that occupation now, yet could not stop. Normal life had become entirely automatic for months. He felt there could be nothing outwardly unusual about him: he still performed the customary routine correctly—though without conscious attention. He kissed his wife without difficulty, called her “darling” at appropriate moments, signed her cheques, paid a compliment, went to church with her, even made occasional straight-forward love to her—all quite naturally. How could it possibly matter (in view of this other thing) what he might do? No ordinary actions or conventions could concern him. So long as it would not pass out of him through his finger-tips, or any other way, he remained possessed, and untouched by those other ordinary events or customs of living.

Almost every scheme for ridding himself of it came into his head. He was not even afraid of madness; that idea hardly occurred to him; rather he was faced night and day by grim staring sanity. His normal activities, of course, he was obliged to neglect. Pastimes were no help—why read for instance, seeing that every sentence vanished from his memory before his mind could absorb it? Those quiet other eyes stared into the sockets of his own; the long smooth beloved hands folded themselves round his brain. One or two words of the last meeting, (their tone, their hundred

meanings), would ring like chimes all through the long interval of waiting for the next. The hours everlastingly beat time, while those infrequent swift moments of proximity always marched out instantly—then the hours beat time again. He remembered no clear entrance to his present state; he could imagine no exit. So he was burning to ashes—Alas! the intolerable slowness of the fire.

One night early (perhaps about midnight) he saw a piece of waste brown paper in the corner of the room. At first it was scarcely a definite object to him, though his eyes kept returning to it—unconsciously perhaps, afterwards however, certainly with design. Later he moved over to it, picked it up, spread it on the floor, thoughtfully fetched a piece of string, spread that across the paper, then sat down and deliberated.

Eventually a definite plan took hold of him. He set about it with the conviction of one who has at last solved a life-problem. How, precisely, it was to be accomplished he had no occasion to ask; he knew only that now he was to be free: that was enough. So he wrapped up the neat parcel, tied it securely with the good string, sealed it in four places with that good seal of the family crest. There love lay in waste paper; a parcel 10" by 6". There he stood, a whole man, sane and ready for the sweet ordinary life he had so disastrously neglected. To-morrow—but first the work must be finished. He almost laughed—but: "First, to the task!" he thought.

It was a stiff three miles over the fields towards dawn into a strong wind. The wind would be strong of course. He heard the canal unnaturally long before he reached it. He wanted now so much to finish quickly, that he started running in little spurts before he was half way. And toward the end he was running quite hard, panting, his tongue slightly out, leaning forward, burning with eagerness for freedom.

Would it sink? Does love sink in a canal? A vision came to him for a moment of it floating with the wind, being found, at mid-day dinner perhaps, by some barge, fished up with a boat-hook, examined, and passed round amid laughter. It *must* sink. It must be weighted. He stumbled over a rut and fell, rose covered with soft mud, and ran forward panting. He was heavier now by the moist earth that clung to him. He must fasten some weight to it. The canal gleamed under the wind. At last the moment had come. Why had he not discovered this way before?

* * *

He held it in both hands, twisted his fingers through the string, fastened himself tight to it, and ran for the final throw.

Waters remarks very little on such matters. It is troubled by no acute self-consciousness. It just opens, forms some mathematical rings, closes, and very often, be the secret not dragged from it, is silent for ever. So the parcel of love was thrown in well weighted: one little sigh ended the tedious affair. By good luck even the coroner was not allowed his usual comments. Nothing matters very much afterwards.

+ + +
+ + +

A NEW TESTAMENT

by Sherwood Anderson

Testament Two

THE fancy comes to me that thoughts like layers of smoke are lying along the street through which I have been walking. There are always banks of smoke hanging in the streets of Chicago. There is a sensual gratification to me in the notion that the crowds of men and women who have just passed me and who have gone before me have also lost themselves in the thoughts I have been lost in. By indirection I have been making love to all the men and women of a city.

To be sure there are degrees to the experience I have been unconsciously having. All men and women are not equally susceptible.

I am one who has no yesterday and grope dreamily toward a tomorrow. I am like you. You are not at all the thing you have so foolishly imagined yourself to be. But I will not set myself up to define you. I am nothing. I believe nothing. I would like to walk with you. If possible I would like to imagine you beautiful while you are in my presence. By indirection I wish to caress you, to touch with soft fingers the lids of your eyes, to lie like a gem in the hollow of your hand. For the moment that is the height of my desire.

Many people have walked before me in the street, having as I have declared had a sort of intercourse with me. As I walk with you I will tell you of them. Before me, in the forefront of my fancy, went a trembling old man. Ahead of him was a glorious woman, full breasted, strong at the shoulders. The wind blew her skirts and I saw that her legs were shapely and strong. She did not know that I knew what she was thinking about.

At the risk of being impertinent I will remind you again that this is an experience I have not had. When we are better acquainted I will quit harping on my insanity, my love of God and the other traits of my character.

Before the old man and the strong beautiful woman went many others in the canyon of the street. They walked

like myself under the smoke pall of Chicago and like myself they walked in and out of the layers of thought. They were all like myself fanciful folk. They were making—each of them—designs in the darkness. In the dark street they felt for the threads of life with the fingers of their hands.

How very many people going in and out of the thoughts. I fancied that I found a blank, a vacant place. Some brash impertinence out of my conscious life made me want to attempt to fill the blank.

“I will put in this blank place a thought, a thought of my own”, I said. It will be passed through by men, women and children. I crept into a doorway and watched, hoping childishly that the whole rhythm of the universe would be changed by my act.

Nothing happened of course, I suspect because my act was more than half conscious. My thought had no strength of its own. The wind blew it away.

The streets of Chicago are roaring whirling places. Shrill human cries run like brightly colored threads though the thoughts of every man and woman who walks abroad. It is very foolish to try to be definite as I was as I attempted to lay down the thought. Nothing is to be achieved by being smart and definite, and to be vague—they keep telling me—is to be insane, a little unbalanced.

In a plow factory, on the West Side in Chicago, there are great tanks in the floor. The tanks are kept filled with many colored liquids. By machinery plows are lifted from the factory floor and swung above the tanks. They are dipped and become instantly and completely black, red, brown, purple, blue, grey, pink.

Can a plow be pink? I have the trick of thinking too rapidly in color. I cannot remember the color of the eyes of my sister. The color of the cheeks of my mistress I cannot remember.

An endless clanking goes on in my head. It is the machinery of the life in which I hang suspended. I and all the men and women in the streets are at this moment being dipped anew in the life of Chicago. There is no yesterday for any of us. We hang by a hook in the present. Whatever lies behind this second of conscious time is a lie and I have set myself to lie to the limit. By my lying and by that road only will I succeed in expressing something of the truth of the life into which I also have been flung.

This is evidently true. Plows may not be pink but the prevailing color of the flesh of people is pink. We have all been dipped in a dawn.

Had I not been betrayed by my egotism into trying to fill the blank space in the thought layers in the street my whole life might have been different. But for my act I might have found in the fancy that had come to me the rhythm of my age and got fame like a great man.

I am instead a man of infinite littleness, a maker of words. The gratification to me is that I am so much like you. That is why I understand and love you. I will not however attempt to become your lover. There is destruction in that and we are a long way from being fit to destroy each other. If however we find as we go along that your insanity strikes the same chord as my own something remarkable may happen.

(to be continued)

+ + +

TALES OF A HURRIED MAN

by Emanuel Carnevali

T a l e T w o

*Va, garde ta pitié comme ton
ironie. — Mallarmé.*

SHE brought a dove to the house. She had caught it in the street, as she was coming home from work: "It couldn't fly and I just caught it." I had just come home from work, too, and the dried sweat covered me like a second skin. With nostalgia for my heart my nose was sipping the evening Spring.

So the dove came through the door in her hands into my life.

I took it and touched the soft grey wing of it with my dirty face. The two dots of its eyes said nothing. The grip of its red claws was gentle, and in my fingers it rested as lightly as a cloudlet of fog. If I put it on the floor it just ran away. It ran away all the time. Every time I attempted to go near it, it just began to stagger along, faster and faster, away from my impending fingers. We had to feed it: open its beak and force in chunks of soaked bread and hard boiled egg. It did not like to eat and it would shake its head in quick disgust.

But, above all, it would make dirty things all over the house. In every corner, everywhere, in the morning, I found green-and-white little things. Rosaries and constellations of them, sometimes like an ornament, sometimes like a disease. It made us sick, the way that creature indulged in that! Even on my jacket it did it, once that I lay down to read and put it on my chest for an aesthetic accompaniment to my reading.

If the window was open it would attempt a clumsily desperate flight towards it. The real light, not the borrowed or stolen lights of the houses, was there, I suppose; the air, and whatever a dove eats with pleasure; mother and sister and brother and real home—I suppose. But we did not want to let it go. We thought we'd fatten it and eat it afterwards. We could not let it go.

And we couldn't seriously think of fattening it with the view of eating it afterwards. Because we both hovered over the dove for long stretches of time, talking about it, making vague supposi-

tions. Because we were happy, looking at it, seeing how the room awoke to the tingle of its clean grey. Perhaps it was rather the room sinking into the most dismal realization of its own squalid slovenliness, as the little grey note rang unconcernedly before the hardened and self-important face of the immobile furniture.

I was often angry to think of my emotion as I had touched the dove the first time. Not a response to my affection it had given. Not a noise.

It would only run away and twist its head extraordinarily and shudder with its neck and beak when I forced bits of hard boiled egg down its clean brown throat. If I left it alone it would puff up and burrow into its ruffled plumes. And remain still for hours.

She did not like it, because it made of the whole house a filthy place. But she never really thought of killing it. And neither did I, though I hated it, often, when it tried to run away: once it tried to make for the door as I was going out and I kicked it inside. I kicked it up in the air. It flapped badly down and struck the ground with one wing spread. But it didn't complain. It did not twist its head around to see who had done it; it just ran away.

+ +

To try to explain, so as to make the sadness bearable.

Which means, to rebel against sadness, which would lead us to a splendid and terrible death :

The dove would not acknowledge us. We were two sad persons longing for a sweetness that had forever flown out of the reach of our heavy fingertips.

"Damn strangers," it must have thought of us.

Desperately so, rather, little dove, desperately and hopelessly strangers.

One may not touch sweetness with hands that are sweet but but not sweet enough—only coarse hands or divine hands may touch you, stubborn little grey dream dream. But I can imprison you here and you won't go away, you must stay—you can't deny that I am keeping you, that you are somewhat with me. That's where I have one on you, as they say, those horrible persons.

I am a beggar because I was thrown out of every house in the world, but out here, where I am, there is only the infinite which neither gives nor asks. And I am *still* begging. Which means that I am begging *of them*, does it not?

Ah, you are a little darling cloud descended. . . .
 descended to prove to them that clouds may be held
 in our hands and caressed, as though
 they were things of our own, of a tissue alike to our flesh?

No, you don't want to be caressed. Long time ago there was
 a covenant of silence between the clouds and men. The first hu-
 man word broke the covenant and now all the human words in
 all the books are not sufficient to piece together the covenant
 again.

Dove,
 with your red claws like
 a frozen lean red flower.
 Your breast is so soft
 that human fingers
 might die there.

Dove,

I am not yet beautiful because no one has come to ask of my
 flesh all the love that is in my flesh. So I am anchored to their
 streets and to the floors of their houses by the weight of sunken
 desires. But I know that children will come to me, my own children,
 and I know that I will not caress my child with hands that are
 less than beautiful. And children answer us, whereas you, dove,
 are silent.

But children
 do children answer us?

+ + +

As we expected, it died. She, who had gone in my room
 where the dove's sleeping place was, got its box from under the
 table and saw it—half-spread wings pushed against the corner of
 the box; still warm.

+ + +

It stayed unwillingly and it was too proud to formulate a
 protest. So it objected by dying, a haughty objection, perhaps
 an infinite objection: certainly an irrevocable and an irrefutable.
 —Ooooh, cried she.

She ran to me: "It died you know. Come and see it."

I bewailed its death for a few minutes. I was in dismay.
 We were silent for a long time after, both of us, knowing that if

we should speak we'd have to mention the dove.

I could have told *her* things and things. I could have told her: Let's cry now, not because we really loved it, not because it is a loss, but because. . . . I could have told her things and things. But they were things I could not tell *her*. She was not anything like a dove, ah!

Instead, instead—I write, here, a sort of lying tale. And I imagine, here, that I spoke to the dove, after its death, thus:

You died.

I'm so tired, the weather is close, and I wanted to whip this damn silence away from me with some awful words, and you—you wanted to do a sinister deed so that I shouldn't get up and whip this damn silence away from me.

You wanted to do something sinister and you did it and death has knocked the curves off your body, sucked the flowing liquor in your wings and left them dry and half-spread, shrunken; pushed you crudely down the corner of that box.

I am glad, dove, that you died in my room.

Some disease was due, overdue,
and you come and die, right here,
I'm glad.

Your breast is tepid
and your eyelids are extraordinarily
broad and loose,
the eyelids of an old woman with wrinkles of lead.

Your eyelids cover only half
the two still small moons
of your eyes:

as though the weird mystery
were not ended.

(Ah, get a zoologist and ask him why a dove's eyes do not
shut when a dove has died. . .)

Your claws are
an old little twig.

Your beak has tight curves and ridges,
looks like the nose of an old man,
which debauché has smoothed and polished
so that it is smooth and lean and shiny.

My hands that hold you
are
horrible!

It is sweetness that
 Is dead.
 Sweetness came into
 my house.
 and its death has been
 sinister.
 Do you wonder?

+ + +

—Oooh! cried she. “It died you know.”
 I asked: “What’ll you do with it, we can’t eat it, can we?”
 —Of course not, it died of itself.
 —I’ll throw it—out of the window.
 —Do—she whispered.
 —Where?
 —Oh, in the yard—she whispered.
 —Yes—I whispered.

I took it gently. I remember how gently I took it. I was afraid to squeeze it, afraid to hurt it. I did not look at it. I held my arm stiff, held it down, as if it stank—but, of course, it was still warm. I opened the window, with one hand, and I threw it down, no, I didn’t, I dropped it, I just opened my hand, quickly. And I did not look at it fall. It was absolutely black, and a passing train, that moment, whistled. I shivered for that whistle. Damn little corpse!

+ + +

I only remember it at times, on these occasions: whenever I try to light a match and can’t, whenever, washing my hands, I get wet all over, whenever I drop a fork or a spoon and pick it up and it falls again—then I remember the dove, how I wouldn’t let it be anywhere, how it would stagger away, faster and faster, annoyed.

+ + +

I’m in such a hurry.

LETTRES IMAGINAIRES

by Mary Butts

VII

WELL, my dear. We've had it out? I repeat.—If it had been another woman, lovelier, wittier than I—Dolores, Bill's wife or some other amoureuse, you would be dead now, spitted on a dagger. Or the lady would have hung herself on your door-knocker leaving you to explain. You are not grateful for my moderation. Yet, you behaved rather well. You were skillful. I watched you manoeuvring to reduce our affair to the terms of the harlequinade. When you explained that you were not worthy of my least regard, I grasped the setting and gave you your Columbine. What did it amount to? That I who had brought you peace, had become the devourer of peace. There was no greed of which you might accuse me, but you made your case against a vitality which might destroy.

"It is my deepest opinion that a philosopher must avoid love. I cannot—though I have wished to—recognize your life of intuitions corrected by intelligence. It interferes with pure mentality." And then—"dear, I have wanted to—I wish that I were different. But I mean to draw back before I hurt you any more. It is intolerably disagreeable to see you suffer." Your eyes pleaded for my departure. I stood before your mirror, colouring my mouth. In that glass I saw your magical presentment—In it was mirrored the boy scientist, the Varsity philosopher, the emotional adolescent. Heaven's hound called herself off. I left Soho, and you, and the tragic-eyed woman I passed on the stairs. I was almost at peace, on the edge of contemplation. I did not cry when I reached home.

I am become a dawn-cat, pattering back with torn ears and fur. A month ago there seemed no beauty my body could not accomplish. Loved One, there is a great gulf outside formal time between our Sussex days and these.

"When the Lord turned again the Captivity of Sion—

Sion has gone back into her Captivity—"credit me" as Stephen Bird would say.

It's all right Louis—you are not my lover. You are a boy and have sharpened your senses on the scent of my skin, and the colour of my hair.

As a lover you are nothing. But the truth of your presentment does not lie there. I've found it. This also is true. Herein lies your originality. Most minds in the world are cheap, sterile, insincere. They impart their stale flavour to the whole. But I have tasted your mind's fruitfulness and passion like salt and fine bread. There is your way, your truth and your life. And I have lived with you.

VIII

To-day we met—almost as strangers. We both wished to re-solve our affair into formal acquaintance. We finished a bottle of Burgandy. Old Porfirio who had watched this and other of our affairs—was pleased to see us. He had noticed that M'sieu came no longer with the tall Mademoiselle. There is a gentleman tucked away behind that round stomach. Do you realize that he is not licensed to sell liqueurs?

We walked down Drury Lane greasy with banana skins and you held my arm and spoke of Anne that "wafer made out of the blood of Christ." I could not point out the ritual error while you were telling me of her trust, explaining that her confidence appalled while it elated you.

O sacred naïveté! Has it never occurred to you that I have behaved to you in exactly the same way.

That's as may be. I could have sneered till I looked up and saw your face. You might have been a flame enclosed in ivory.

You were thinking?

To you: Endymion, is it all one moon who in the innumerable phases of women turns to kiss you? Adolescent, sensualist—are all women alike to you in the dark?

We walked under the portico of Drury Lane.

"Klovanchina"—I do not understand the full implication of that music, except that it united us for a moment, to separate us, I think, forever.

When we came out the Great Bear trailed over Covent Garden, and the empty pavement rang, and the stars leapt in the bitter sky. The music had ravished and troubled me, but your cold elation gave me the fear of an animal that knows it is to be beaten. "Its all there," you said "in that last Act. The negation of your passion—your pleasure, and your despair. There is the end of being,—voluntarily to become nothing, to evade—courteously—your angel of the adventure. Withdrawal, stillness, immaculate

contemplation—there is escape with victory. Isn't that better than your daring and your temperance?"

We came to your door, went upstairs without speaking. You did a strange thing. You came beside me, music in your eyes—and on your lips. Then—your eyes closed—you flung yourself down upon my breast, and clung there.

I held you, sitting upright, dazed. Then I heard Jim on the stairs. He came in and found us very quiet. I went home.

.

You're a brave man Louis. I cannot accept final futility, Dostoevsky's bath house full of spiders, the ultimate rat in the ultimate trap. You are a great man. I "also have known a lot of men" but have not met one before of such intelligence.

You can put them away—the things which feed you, Mozart and Tchekov and Plotinus, ballet and décor, your physics which only vaguely impress me, your economics with which I do not agree. You can put them away and bank on the ultimate bankruptcy of all competition and passion. I love you, I adore your quality. I'm too proud to fight.

Varya.

IX

"How am I fallen from myself.
For a long time now
I have not seen the Prince of Chang
in my dreams".

To-day I went out on the word of a lying map to look for hut circles and kist vaens in the mist. I believed also that there would be ghosts on the moor. I found those I had brought with me, waiting me there. The mist filtered down and covered the world. I wandered over those saggy uplands, and listened to the silence made audible by running water and the odd settling noises of the bog.

It was not the stone age that pressed round me, but my metropolitan ghosts. I found them translated in that iron land whose focus is a prison and a house of torture. The images that haunt me—the horror in Valentine, the shadow of the war, the starvation of the human spirit, the thwarting of creation, the power whose symbol we call cruelty rose out of the moor, ghastly fa-

miliar. When the sun strikes it after rain it is the colour of raw flesh. Find me the greatest common measure of these things.

X

You asked me once: "what can I give you that other men cannot? My intelligence—perhaps—but not my person, or my wealth—I am hardly a sexual athlete." And then the demure smile, and the stroke of the moustache. Dear fool. Am I to accuse you of idealising me? Don't you know that there is a sensuality in me no one has ever satisfied? I'm tired of echoing Aspasia and Egeria, but with you I've been romp and amoureuse, shared the "ardors demi-virginal" of the Kirchner Girl.

We've had the profundity of infinite lightness. With you I've danced my solo in that equivocal ballet of the world.

XI

Prince of Chang—I think of your pale face and high cheekbones, your narrow brilliant eyes, and you seem to me remote as that Prince. You might be an enamelled Lord, and I once an embroidered lady, two pieces of décor in an age and city remote as Atlantis.

I have now been a week on these moors.

"Great London where the sights are
And the lights are
And the nights are."

The memory of our affair is not dead, but it has become a magical objet d'art like some awful tale of India or Japan where the raw blood beats through porcelain and cloisonné and jade. What has Ivan made of this. Nothing. I haven't told him. I'm learning to offer myself in installments. Besides it won't make a tale yet, and to cry the raw pain aloud would not be fair. It is not his dance or his crucifixion. It is hardly his business. But I cannot give him what I would. I've been too starved. There are better ways. All the time the moor watches me, and the granite hills. The cold streams hiss between the boulders, the mist is soft as thistle-down and cold as death.

There are better ways than this acceptance of mutilation. We are creatures in time Ivan and I. Years have knit us, of love and adventure. He is my temporal stability. But we three together—?

The moor is destroying me. Here nature and the Beast—Sologub's beast—are one. The moor is a repetition of the war. The town is a microcosm of the moor, stripped of its grotesque beauty. I am a tiny seed in such a mill. There are better ways. When he and I first sat by the fire, I remembered you, Prince of Chang. There is a pas de trois in love, two cannot dance. Another way of saying that I don't see why I should not have you both. The result of the frustration is that I am bored. I sit here, sucking smoke up a tortoiseshell tube. The taste of you burns my memory—like the vile cigarettes of this abominable place.

XII

Dear Brutus,

I am in town again—with more humour than when I left it. At least I watch the completion of our cycle without further illusion. It is like this. Since Sion has gone back into her captivity, she will drink freely of the waters of Babylon. My dear—you don't know—women who can stand this can stand anything. I do not know what absolute value it may have, but I remember the night when the thread was cut that tied me to temporal needs. I have lived in a world become translucent. But I cannot gauge the quality of the illumination beyond. My feet have been lighter on the streets than on the day you said that you loved me. Then I strode through them part of the combers of the wind and the hurrying stars. My bird had left the bush and dropped into my hands. Now there is neither bush nor bird but a stillness like sea fog. I am relaxed, passive. Then I remember. "For God's sake don't stop loving me. I have everything to learn. Make my world new" and then—"you have come in time, only just in time—" and the tears force themselves out of my eyes, separate as stones, and each a microcosm of my disappointment. But the worst you've done is not these. All that I might have written, all that I might have perceived, the adventure I saw and have not accomplished—these I can present you. You begot them. You aborted them. Now I am barren. That's the worst you've done.

.
"Complaints are many and various
And my feet are cold," said Aquarius."

There is your side to this tale, and I perhaps be none than a green-sick girl.

.

Last night in your rooms, I could not but laugh. You were so glad to think that you had steered your canoe safe back to interested acquaintance once more. Dear Brutus, there was nothing to forgive.

Varya.

XIII

Faint white world.
I stand at my door.

There is snow on every plane of the street and over them a mist an ice-gauze. There is nothing more. I can live without you and without any man. Yes—"be sorry for your childishness." and dance again and run about the world. Nothing more. Not for you. The air is an unshaken silver net. It hangs in suspense outside of time. So with me.

Remember the last Act of "Klovanchina". I do not know whether I am alive or dead, but that there is another state through the antithesis of life a death. There is a cloister for passion. You by denying, I by acceptance have come to the same place. But there are no final vows. O Tranquillity. There are no more grey walled houses set to watch us or conceal, or scarlet 'busses grinding up the Tottenham Court Road. There are only masses and spears of light, coloured, interchangeable. All things are dissolved into their elements, all things dance.

Athis. . . .

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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NOTES

A discussion of Mme. Marguerite D'Alvarez, whose concert this month was one of the really notable things of the year, will appear in the next number. All the New York critics, with the exception of Pitts Sanborn and Carl Van Vechten, said quite unbelievably stupid things about her, — judged her singing entirely from the family pew.

Benno Moiseiwitsch made his American debut too late to be reviewed in this number. A notice will appear next month.

The Christmas number will contain a symposium of May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier", which has been extensively but not intelligently reviewed in this country.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the *Little Review* to know that in his selection of best short stories of the year Mr Edward J. O'Brien has chosen Djuna Barnes's "A Night among the Horses" and Sherwood Anderson's "An Awakening." They both appeared in the issue of December 1918.

INTERIM

by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter Seven

MIRIAM seized her prayer-book and wrote her name on the fly-leaf with a quivering hand. It was a letter, written to Dr. von Heber when she was a girl. They hung over it together, he and she. *Miriam*. . . .silence going through to the bright golden silence behind his trained ability. . . .the deep brilliant morning flower-filled English garden silence, the key to his recognition of her; their two understanding silences meeting in sunlight, met before they knew it, inseparable, going forward unchanging, filled with one vision out into the changing mummeries; he turned, strong and capable and achieving, screening her blindness and impotence, towards the outside life, playing a brilliant part, coming every day, every day, back into the central glinting golden silencesall its lonely certainties no longer memories but there always, visible, renewed all the time, peopling the daily far-away brilliant Canadian stillness in the background of their daily life.

She carried the book downstairs. The Baileys were still sitting by the fire with their backs to Dr. von Heber standing alone in the twilight in the middle of the room. She came forward handing the prayer book stiffly and turning busily away towards the piano impatiently recording his formal thanks and silent invisible departure. She began playing again where she had left off; telling Dr. von Heber going down through the house that he had come up and made a scene and interrupted her; that her chosen evening had been to sit, with the Baileys, playing the piano, that she was not a church-goer. He had come so suddenly; after so long; suddenly appearing in the drawing-room. If she had not been so lost she would have been ready. If she had not been so prepared and feeling after he had spoken as if the words had been long ago and she had been to church with him and they had come back confessed before all the world there would not have been in his voice the angry reproachful anticipation of her stupidity. . . it was as if she had said his sayings herself.

Perhaps he had really suddenly thought downstairs that it would be nice to go to church, not knowing that that was one of the effects of falling in love. . . .just thinking in the course of his

worldy studies that there was church and he was in himself a church-goer and ought to go more often and coming up to borrow a prayer-book from the *Baileys*. No. Suddenly in the room, standing in the unknown drawing room for the first time, in his steady urbane confident way, waiting, a little turned towards the piano. The Baileys had neither spoken nor moved; they were afraid of him; but Mrs. Bailey would have made herself say, Well, doctor—the amazing apparition. They simply waited, held off by his waiting manner. “*I think this is a good evening to go to church.*” What have you been doing all this time. Where do you go, going out so often? What are you doing sitting here playing? We ought to be going to church; we two. Here I am professing church-going and idiotically confessing myself come all the way from Canada without a prayer-book and making a pretence of borrowing your prayer-book because we *must* be in church together, remembering.

Now he thought not only that she was not a church-goer but that her own private life of coming and going had some engagement for the evening, was complete and oblivious. He had gone back into invisibility with her answer. It was no comfort to reflect that Dr. Hurd’s impressions had had no effect upon him.

2.

Dr. Hurd sitting on the omnibus with inward *amusement* carving deep lines on his brick-red face, splintering out of his eyes into the hot glare; the polished new bowler with the red hair coming down underneath it and the well cut Montreal clothes on his tough neat figure; immovable, there for the afternoon, no help anywhere. Nothing in the world but the sunlit brick-red laughter carved face and the sunlit green eyes shrieking with laughter and the frightful going on and on through the afternoon glare in the midst of a hot glare of people. A Canadian knowing the Albert Hall was there going all that way to sit with Sunday afternoon people from the streets and parks in the Oratorio Albert Hall ruined by a brass band, and thinking it was a concert sitting consumed with laughter on the way. He must have told the others My . . . life, they’re queer. . . . hah-heeEEE. . . with his body stiff and his head up and his face crinkling at them, they listening and waiting and agreeing. . . . Sitting at a loss feeling for the things he had been taught to admire, his green eyes roving over the Royle Albert Hawle unable to find anything without his

mother and sisters. . . . Montreal *Morning* Musicales. . . Matinees Musicales? They must have been begun in some French part of Canada. What he missed was bright cheerful Canadian *ladies*, with opinions about everything. Forming his thoughts. He was waiting all the time to be run and managed in the Canadian woman's way. . . . He had no self away from Canadian society.

3.

It had begun to show in the moment when he said I'll get a new top-hat. The awful demand for a jest. His way of waiting as if one were some queer being he was waiting to see say or do something anyone could understand was the same as the English way only more open. But English people like that did not care for music and did not have books read to them. Perhaps his parents belonged to the other sort of English and he had the stamp of it, promising seriousness and a love of beautiful things, and forced by life into the jesting way of worldly people who seemed to have no sacred patches at all. Quick words, bathed in a laughter heaped rigidly in a questioning of what the *matter* was. Men, demanding jests and amusement; women succeeding only by jesting satirically about everything.

"Von Heber's a man who'll *carve* his way. . . . My. He's *great*." Carve his way; one of those phrases that satisfy and worry you; short, and leaving out nearly everything; Dr. von Heber going through life with a chisel, intent on carving; everybody envying him; the von Heber not seen or realized; his way is carved; he *is* his way. . . .going ahead further and further away as one listened. His poverty and drudgery behind him, at Winnipeg, amongst the ice. Hoisting himself out of it, *making* himself into a doctor; a graduate of "McGill". . . . standing out among the graduates with even the very manner of success and stability more marked in him than in them with their money and ease; sailing to England steady-minded in the awful risk of borrowed money. . . .its wrong, insulting to him to think of it while he is still in the midst of the effort a sort of treachery to know the details at all. . . . the *impossibility* of not dwelling on them. But thinking disperses his general effect. In the great strength and sunshine of him there is power. The things he has done are the power in him; no need to know the gossip details; that was why the facts sounded so familiar; almost reproachful as Dr. Hurd brought them out. . . .

I knew *all* about him when I met his sunshine. I ought to have rushed away garlanded with hawthorn, with some woman, and waited till he came again. Dr. Hurd looks like an old woman; an old gossip. Old men are worse gossips than old women. They can't keep their hands off. They make phrases. Dr. Hurd is a dead, dead old woman. Handling things like an old man. It was so natural to listen. 'Natural' things get you lost and astray kiss-in-the-ring 'just a little harmless nonsense . . . there's no harm in a little gay nonesense chickee.' There's no such thing as harmless nonsense. Dissipation makes you forget everything. Secret sacred places. George and John faithful and steady can't make those. They smile *personally* and the room or the landscape is immediately silly and tame. . . . "I never met a chap who could make so much of what he knows. . . . pick up. . . . and bring them out better than the chap could himself." The four figures sitting in the little room round the lamp. Dr. Hurd talking his gynaecology simply; a relief a clear clean place in the world of women's doctors. . . . Dr. Winchester talking for Dr. von Heber, his brown beard and his frock coat just for the time he was talking before Dr. von Heber had grasped it all, looking like a part of the professional world. Dr. Wayneflete's white or criminal face his little white mouth controlledly mouthing. . . . Wayneflete's brilliant; but he's not got von Heber's strength nor his manner. He's quiet though that chap. . . . he'd do well over here. . . . that spreads your thoughts about, painfully and wholesomely. Dr. Hurd spreads his thoughts about quite simply. . . .

The moment was so surprising that I forgot it. I always forget the things that do me credit. She was hating me and hating everything. I must have told her I was going away. When I said you can have Bunniken back she suddenly grew older than I. "Oh *Bunniken*." Their beloved Bunniken, as smartly dressed as Mrs. Corrie, in the smart country house way and knowing how to gush and behave. . . . "Bunniken's too simple" Sybil in her blue cotton overall in the amber light in the Louis Quinze drawing room, one with me, wanting me because I was not simple. . . . I thought she hated me all the time because I was not worldly. I should not have known I was not simple unless she had told me; that child.

. . . Dear Mr. Bowdoin. . . . and I think I can promise you an audience. . . . I regret that I cannot come on Thursday and I am sincerely sorry that you should think I desired an audience. . . the extraordinary pompous touchiness of men. . . . why didn't he see

I did not dream of suggesting he should come again just to see me.

I've forgotten Mr. Bowdoin. . . . and the Museum. . . . everything and everybody. . . . If you get out of touch with people you can never get back. . . . I sit here. . . . playing to hide myself from the Baileys and he is away somewhere making people happy. "They do not care. . . . they see me, they shout Ah! Don *Clement!* I amuse them, I laugh, they think I am happy."

(to be continued)

ULYSSES

by James Joyce

Episode Twelve

I WAS just passing the time of day with old Troy of the D. M. P. at the corner of Arbour hill there and be damned but a bloody sweep came along and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue when who should I see dodging along Stony Batter. . . . only Joe Hynes.

—Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?

—Soot's luck, says Joe. Who is the old ballocks you were talking to?

—Old Troy, says I, was in the force. I'm on two minds not to give that fellow in charge for obstructing the thoroughfares with his brooms and ladders.

—What are you doing round those parts? says Joe.

—Devil a much, says I. There is a bloody gig foxy thief beyond by the garrison church at the corner of Chicken Lane—old Troy was just giving me a wrinkle about him—I lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar to pay three bob a week said he had a farm in the country Down off a hop of my thumb by the name of Moses Herzog over there near Heylesbury Street.

—Circumcised? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. A bit of the top. An old Plumber named Geraghty. I'm hanging on to his tow now for the past fortnight and I can't get a penny out of him.

—That the lay you're on now? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. How are the mighty fallen! Collector of bad and doubtful debts. But that's the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day's walk and the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain. *Tell him*, says he, *I dare him*, says he and *I double dare him to send you round here again, or if he does*, says he, *I'll have him summonsed up before the court, so I will, for trading without a licence*. And he after stuffing himself till he's fit to burst! Jesus. I had to laugh at the little jewy getting his shirt out. *He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Why he no pay me my moneys?*

For nonperishable goods bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter called the vendor, and sold and delivered to Michael E. Geraght, Esquire, of 29 Arbour Hill in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward, gentleman, hereinafter called the purchaser, videlicet, five pounds avoirdupois of first choice tea at three shillings per pound avoirdupois and three stone avoirdupois of sugar, crushed crystal, at three pence per pound avoirdupois, the said purchaser debtor to the said vendor of 1 pound 5 shillings and six pence sterling for value received which amount shall be paid by said purchaser to said vendor in weekly instalments every seven calendar days of three shillings and no pence sterling: and the said nonperishable goods shall not be pawned or pledged or sold or otherwise alienated by the said purchaser but shall be and remain and be held to the sole and exclusive property of the said vendor to be disposed of at his good will and pleasure until the said amount shall have been duly paid by the said purchaser to the said vendor in the manner herein set forth as this day hereby agreed between the said vendor, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns, of the one part and the said purchaser, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the other part.

—Are you a strict t. t? says Joe.

—Not taking anything between drinks, says I.

—What about paying our respects to our friend? says Joe.

—Who? says I. Sure he's in John of God's off his head, poor man.

—Drinking his own stuff? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. Whisky and water on the brain.

—Come around to Barney Kienan's, says Joe. I want to see the citizen.

—Barney mavourneen's be it, says I. Anything strange or wonderful, Joe?

—Not a word, says Joe. I was up at that meeting in the City Arms.

—What was that, Joe? says I.

—Cattle traders, says Joe, about the foot and mouth disease. I want to give the citizen the hard word about it.

So we went around by the Linenhall barracks and the back of the court house talking of one thing or another. Decent fellow Joe when he has it but sure like that he never has it. Jesus, I couldn't get over that bloody foxy Geraghty. For trading without a licence, says he.

In Inisfail the fair there lies a land the land of holy Michan. There rises a watchtower beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept warriors and princes of high renown. A pleasant land it is in sooth of murmuring waters, fishful streams where sport the gunnard, the plaice, the halibut, the flounder and other denizens of the aqueous kingdom too numerous to be enumerated. In the mild breezes of the west and of the east the lofty trees wave in different directions their first class foliage, the sycamore, the Lebanonian cedar, the exalted planetree, the eucalyptus and other ornaments of the arboreal world with which that region is thoroughly well supplied. Lovely maidens sit in close proximity to the roots of the lovely trees singing the most lovely songs while they play with all kinds of lovely objects as for example golden ingots, silvery fishes, purple seagems and playful insects. And heroes voyage from afar to woo them, the sons of Kings.

And there rises a shining palace whose crystal glittering roof is seen by mariners who traverse the extensive sea in barks built for that purpose and thither come all herds and fatlings and first fruits of that land for O'Connell Fitzsimon takes toll of them, a chieftain descended from chieftains. Thither the extremely large wains bring foison of the fields, spherical potatoes and iridescent kale and onions, pearls of the earth, and red, green, yellow, brown, russet, sweet, big, bitter ripe pomellated apples and strawberries fit for princes and rapsberries from their canes

I dare him says he, and I doubledare him.

And thither wend the herds innumerable of heavyhooved kine from pasturelands of Lush and Rush and Carrickmines and from the streamy vales of Thomond and from the gentle declivities of the place of the race of Kiar, their udders distended with superabundance of milk and butter and rennets of cheese and oblong eggs, various in size, the agate with the dun.

So we turned into Barney Kiernan's, and there sure enough was the citizen as large as life up in the corner having a great confab with himself and that bloody mangy mongrel. Garryowen, and

he waiting for what the sky would drop in the way of drink.

—There he is, says I, in his glory hole, with his load of papers, working for the cause.

The bloody mongrel let a grouse out of him would give you the creeps. Be a corporal work of mercy if someone would take the life of that bloody dog. I'm told for a fact he ate a good part of the breeches off a constabulary man in Santry that came round one time with a blue paper about a licence.

—Stand and deliver, says he.

—That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.

—Pass, friends, says he.

Then he rubbed his hand in his eye and says he:

—What's your opinion of the times?

Doing the rapparee. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion.

—I think the markets are on a rise, says he, sliding his hand down his fork.

So begob the citizen claps his paw on his knee and he says:

—Foreign wars is the cause of it.

And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:

—It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.

—Arrah, give over your bloody coddling Joe, says I, I've a thirst on me I wouldn't sell for half a crown.

—Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.

—Wine of the country, says he.

—What's yours? says Joe.

—Ditto Mac Anaspey, says I.

—Three pints, Terry, says Joe. And how's the old heart, citizen? says he.

—Never better, *a chara*, says he. What Garry? Are we going to win? Eh?

And with that he took the bloody old towser by the scruff of the neck and, by Jesus, he near throttled him.

The figure seated on a large boulder was that of a broad-shouldered, deepchested, stronglimbed, frankeyed, redhaired, freely freckled, shaggybearded, widemouthed, largenosed, longheaded, deepvoiced, barekneed, brawnyhanded, hairylegged, ruddyfaced, sinewyarned hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rocklike knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse (*Ulex Europæus*). The widewinged nostrils from which bristles of the same tawny hue projected, were of such capaciousness that within

their cavernous obscurity the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes in which a tear and a smile strove ever for the mastery were of the dimension of a goodsized cauliflower. A powerful current of warm beath issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth while in rhythmic resonance the loud strong hale reverberations of his formidable heart thundered rumblingly causing the ground and the lofty walls of the cave to vibrate and tremble.

He wore a long unsleeved garment of recently flayed oxhide reaching to the knees in a loose kilt and this was bound about his middle by a girdle of plaited straw and rushes. Beneath this he wore trews of deerskin, roughly stitched with gut. His nether extremities were encased in high buskins dyed in lichen purple, the feet being shod with brogues of salted cowhide laced with the windpipe of the same beast. From his girdle hung a row of sea-stones which dangled at every movement of his portentous frame and on these were graven with rude yet striking art the tribal images of many heroes of antiquity, Cuchulin, Conn of hundred battles, Niall of nine hostages, Brian of Kincara, the Ardri Malachi, Art Mac Murragh, Shane O'Neill, Father John Murphy, Owen Roe, Patick Sarsfield, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare. A spear of acuminated granite rested by him while at his feet reposed a savage animal of the canine tribe whose stertorous gasps announced that he was sunk in uneasy slumber, a supposition confirmed by hoarse growls and spasmodic movements which his master repressed from time to time by tranquilizing blows of a mighty cudgel rudely fashioned out of palæolithic stone.

So anyhow Terry brought the three pints Joe was standing and begob the sight nearly left my eyes when I saw him hand out a quid. O, as true as I am telling you. A goodlooking sovereign.

--And there's more where that came from, says he.

--Were you robbing the poorbox, Joe? say I?

--Sweat of my brow, says Joe. 'Twas the prudent member gave me the wheeze.

--I say him before I met you, says I, sloping around by Pill lane with his cod's eye counting up all the guts of the fish.

Who comes through Michan's land, bedight in sable armour? O'Bloom, the son of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear is Rory's son: he of the prudent soul.

'--For the old woman of Prince's Street, says the citizen, the subsidized organ. The pledgebound party on the floor of the house. And look at this blasted rag, says he.

—Look at this, says he. *The Irish Independent*, if you please, founded by Parnell to be the workingman's friend. Listen to the births and deaths in the *Irish all for Ireland Independent* and I'll thank you, and the marriages.

And he starts reading them out:

—Gordon, Barnfield Crescent, Exeter; Redmayne of Iffley, Saint Anne's on Sea, the wife of William T. Redmayne, of a son. How's that, eh? Wright and Flint, Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion Daughter of Rosa and the late George Alfred Gillett 179 Clapham Road, Stockwell, Playwood and Ridsdale at Saint Jude's Kensington by the very reverend Dr. Forrest, Dean of Worcester, eh? Deaths. Bristow, at whitehall lane, London: Carr, Stoke Newington of gastritis and heart disease: Cockburn, at the Moat house., Chepstow . . .

—I know that fellow, says Joe, from bitter experience.

—Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty: Miller, Tottenham, aged eightyfive: Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning Street, Liverpool, Isabella Helen. How's that, for a national press, eh? How's that for Martin Murphy, the Bantry Jobber?

—Ah, well, says Joe, handing round the boose.

Thanks be to God they had the start of us. Drink that, citizen.

—I' wil, says he, honourable person.

—Health, Joe, says I.

Aw! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click.

And lo, as they quaffed their cup of joy, a godlike messenger came running in, radiant as the eye of heaven, a comely youth and behind him there passed an elder of noble gait and countenance, bearing the sacred scrolls of law and with him his lady wife, a dame of peerless lineage, fairest of her race.

'Little Alf Bergan popped in round the door and hid behind Barney's snug, squeezed up with the laughing, and who was sitting up there in the corner that I hadn't seen snoring drunk, blind to the world, only Bob Doran. I didn't know what was up and Alf' kept making signs out of the door. And begob what was it only that bloody old pantaloon Denis Breen in his bath slippers, with two bloody big books tucked under his oxter and the wife hotfoot after him, unfortunate wretched woman trotting like a poodle. I thought Alf would split.

—Look at him, says he. Breen. He's traipsing all round Dublin with a postcard someone sent him with u. p. : up on it to take a

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And he doubled up.

—Take a what? says I.

—Libel action, says he, for ten thousand pounds.

—O hell! says I.

The bloody mongrel began to growl seeing something was up but the citizen gave him a kick in the ribs. Begob he wakened Bob Doran anyhow.

—*Bi i dho husht*, says he.

—Who? says Joe.

—Breen, says Alf. He was in John Henry Menton's and then he went round to Colles and Ward's and then Tom Rochford met him and sent him round to the subsheriff's for a lark. O God, I've a pain laughing. U. p: up. The long fellow gave him an eye as good as a process and now the bloody old lunatic is gone round to Green Street to look for a G. man.

—When is that long John going to hang that fellow in Mountjoy? says Joe.

—Bergan, says Bob Doran, waking up. Is that Alf Bergan.

—Yes, says Alf. Hanging? Wait till I show you. Here, Terry, give us a pony of stout. That bloody old fool! Ten thousand pounds. You should have seen long Johns eye. U. p

And he started laughing.

—Who are you laughing at? says Bob Doran? Is that Bergan?

—Hurry up, Terry boy, says Alf, with the stout.

Terence O'Ryan heard him and straightway brought him a crystal cup full of the foaming ebon ale which the noble twin brothers Bungiveagh and Bungardilaun brew ever in their divine alevats, cunning as the sons of deathless Leda. For they garner the succulent berries of the hop and mass and sift and bruise and brew them and they mix therewith sour juices and bring the must to the sacred fire and cease not night or day from their toil, those cunning brothers, lords of the vat.

Then did you, Terence, hand forth, as to the manner born, that nectarous beverage and you offered the crystal cup to him that thirsted, in beauty akin to the immortals

But he, the young chief of the O'Bergan's, could ill brook to be outdone in generous deeds but gave therefore with gracious gesture a testoon of costliest bronze Thereon embossed in excellent smithwork was seen the image of a queen of regal port, Victoria her name, by grace of God, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, defender of the faith, even she, who bore rule,

a victress over many peoples, the wellbeloved, for they knew and loved her from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the pale, the dark, the ruddy and the ethiop.

—What's that bloody freemason doing, says the citizen, prowling up and down outside?

—What's that? says Joe.

—Here you are, says Alf, chucking out the rhino. Talking about hanging, I'll show you something you never saw. Hangmens' letters, look at here.

So he took a bundle of wisps of letters and envelopes out of his pocket.

—Are you coddling? say I.

—Honest injun, says Alf. Read them.

So Joe took up the letters.

—Who were you laughing at? says Bob Doran.

So I saw there was going to be a bit of adust Bob's a queer chap when the porter's up in him so says I just to make talk:

—How's Willie Murray those times, Alf?

—I don't know, says Alf. I saw him just now in Capel Street with Paddy Dignam. Only I was running after that. . . .

—You what? says Joe, throwing down the letters. With who?

—With Dignam, says Alf.

—Is it Paddy? says Joe.

—Yes, says Alf. Why?

—Don't you know he's dead? says Joe.

—Paddy Dignam dead? says Alf.

—Ay, says Joe.

—Sure I am after seeing him not five minutes ago, says Alf, as plain as a pikestaff.

—Who's dead? says Bob Doran.

—You saw his ghost then, says Joe, God between us and harm.

—What? says Alf. Good Christ, only five. What?. and Willie Murray with him, the two of them there near what do you call him's. What? Dignam dead?

What about Dignam? says Bob Doran. Who's talking about.?

—Dead! says Alf. He is no more dead than you are.

—Maybe so, says Joe. They took the liberty of burying him this morning anyhow.

—Paddy? says Alf.

—Ay, says Joe. He paid the debt of nature, God be merciful to him.

—Good Christ! says Alf.

Begod he was what you might call flabbegasted.

In the darkness, spirit hands were felt to flutter, and when prayer by had been directed to the proper quarter a faint but increasing luminosity of dark ruby light became gradually visible, the apparition of the etheric double being particularly lifelike owing to the discharge of jivic rays from the crown of the head and face. Communication was effected through the pituitary body and also by means of the orangefiery and scarlet rays emanating from the sacral region and solar plexus. Questioned as to his whereabouts he stated that he was now on the path of pralaya or return but was still submitted to trial at the hands of certain bloodthirsty entities on the lower astral levels. In reply to a question as to his first sensations beyond he stated that previously he had seen as in a glass darkly but that those who had passed over had summit possibilities of atmic development opened up to them. Interrogated as to whether life there resembled our experience in the flesh he stated that he heard from more favoured beings that their abodes were equipped with every modern comfort and that the highest adepts were steeped in waves of volucy of the very purest nature. Having requested a quart of buttermilk this was brought and evidently afforded relief. Asked if he had any message for the living he exhorted all who were still at the wrong side of Maya to acknowledge the true path for it was reported in devanic circles that Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief on the eastern angle where the ram has power. It was then queried whether there were any special desires on the part of the defunct and the reply was: *Mind C. K. doesn't pile it on.* It was ascertained that the reference was to Mr. Cornelius Kelleher manager of Messrs. H. J. O'Neill's popular funeral establishment, a personal friend of the defunct who had been responsible for the carrying out of the internment arrangements. Before departing he requested that it should be told to his dear son Patsy that the other boot which he had been looking for was at present under the comode, in the return room and that the pair should be sent to Culen's to be sold only as the heels were still good. He stated that this had greatly perturbed his peace of mind in the other region and earnestly requested that his desire should be made known. Assurances were given that the matter would be attended to and it was intimated that this had given satisfaction.

He is gone from mortal haunts: O'Dignam, sun of our morning. Fleet was his foot on the bracken: Patrick of the beamy

brow. Wail, Banba, with your wind: and Wail, O ocean, with your whirlwind.

—There he is again, says the citizen, staring out.

—Who,? says I.

—Bloom, says he. He's on point duty up and down there for the last ten minutes.

And, begob, I saw him do a peep in and then slizzer off again.

Little Alf was knocked bawways. Faith, he was.

—Good Christ! says he. I could have sworn it was him.

And says Bob Doran, with the hat on the back of his poll, he's the lowest blackguard in Dublin when he's under the influence.

—Who said Christ is good?

—I beg your parsnips, says Alf.

—Is that a good Christ, says Bob Doran, to take away poor little Willie Dignam?

—Ah, well, says Alf, trying to pass it off. He's over all his troubles.

But Bob Doarn shouts out of him.

—He's a bloody ruffian, I say, to take away poor little Willie Dignam.

Terry came down and tipped him the wink to keep quiet, that they didn't want that kind of talk in a respectable licensed premises. And Bob Doran starts doing the weeps about Paddy Dignam, true as you're there.

—The finest man, says he, snivelling, the finest, purest character.

Talking through his bloody hat. Fitter for him to go home to the little sleepingwalking bitch he married, Mooney, the bailiff's daughter, Mother kept a kip in Hardwick street that used to be stravaging about the landings Bantan Lyons told me that was stopping there at two in the morning without a stitch on her, exposing her person open to all comers, fair field and no favor.

—The noblest, the truest, says he. And he's gone, poor little Willie, poor little Paddy Dignam.

And mournful and with a heavy heart he bewept the extinction of that beam of heaven.

Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom that was skeezing round the door.

—Come in, come on, he won't eat you, says the citizen.

So Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye on the dog and asks Terry was Martin Cunningham there.

—O, Christ Mackeon, says Joe, reading one of the letters. Listen to this, will you?

And he starts reading out one.

7, Hunter Street,
Liverpool.

To the High Sheriff of Dublin,
Dublin.

Honoured sir i beg to offer my services in the above mentioned painful case i hanged Joe Gann in Bootle jail on the 12 of Febuary 1900 and i hanged

—Show us, Joe says I.

. . . private Arthur Chace for fowl murder of Jessie Tilsit in Pentonville prison and i was assistant when

—Jesus, says I.

. . . Billington executed the awful murderer Toad Smith. . . .

The citizen made a grab at the letter.

—Hold hard, says Joe,

i have a special nack of putting the noose once in he can't get out hoping to be favoured i remain, honoured sir, my terms is five ginnees.

H. Rumbold
Master Barber

—And a barbarous bloody barbarian he is too, says the citizen.

—And the dirty scrawl of the wretch, says Joe. Here, says he, take them to hellout of my sight, Alf. Hello, Bloom, says he, what will you have?

They started arguing about the point, Bloom saying he wouldn't and he couldn't and excuse him no offence and all to that and then he said well he'd just take a cigar. Gob, he's a prudent member and no mistake.

—Give us one of your prime stinkers, Terry, says Joe.

Any Alf was telling us there was one chap sent in a mourning card with a black border round it.

—They're all barbers, says he, from the black country that would hang their own fathers for five quid down and travelling expenses.

And he was telling us they chop up the rope after and sell the bits for a few bob each.

In the dark land they hide, the vengeful knights of the razor. Their deadly coil they grasp: ya, and therein they lead to Erebus

whatsoever wight hath done a deed of blood for I will on nowise suffer it even so saith the Lord.

So they started talking about capital punishment and of course Bloom comes out with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the business and the old dog smelling him all the time I'm told those Jews have a sort of queer odour coming off them for dogs about I don't know what all deterrent effect and so forth and so on.

—There's one thing it hasn't a deterrent effect on, says Alf.*

So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles and who fears to speak of ninetyeight and Joe with him about all the fellows that were hanged for the cause by drumhead court marshal and a new Ireland and new this that and the other. Talking about new Ireland he ought to go and get a new dog so he ought. Mangy ravenous brute sniffing and sneezing all round the place and scratching his scabs and round he goes to Bob Doran that was standing Alf a half one sucking up for what he could get So of course Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool with him: —Give us the paw! Give us the paw, doggy! Good old doggy. Give us the paw here! Give us the paw!

Arrah! bloody end to the paw he'd give and Alf trying to keep him from tumbling off the bloody stool atop of the bloody old dog and he talking all kinds of drivel about training by kindness and thoroughbred dog and intelligent dog: give you the bloody pip. Then he starts scraping a few bits of old biscuit out of the bottom of a Jacob's tin he told Terry to bring. Gob, he golloped it down like old boots and his tongue hanging out for more. Near ate the tin and all, hungry bloody mongrel.

And the citizen and Bloom having an argument about the point, Robert Emmet and die for your country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sarah Curran and she's far from the land. And Bloom of course, with his knock me down cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he married is a nice old phenomenon. Time they were stopping up in the *City Arms* Pisser Burke told me there was an old one there with a cracked neph-

* A passage of some twenty lines has been omitted to avoid the censor's possible suppression.

ew and Bloom trying to get the soft side of her doing the molly coddle playing *bézique* to come in for a bit of the wampum in her will and not eating meat of a Friday because the old one was always thumping her craw and taking the lout out for a walk. And one time he brought him back as drunk as a boiled owl and he said he did it to teach him the evils of alcohol, and, by herrings the women bear roasted him, the old one, Bloom's wife and Mrs. O'Dowd that kept the hotel—Jesus, I had to laugh at Pisser Burke taking them off chewing the fat and Bloom with his *but don't you see?* and *but on the other hand*. Phenomenon!

—The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pint-glass and glaring at Bloom.

—Ay, ay, says Joe.

—You don't grasp my point, says Bloom. What I mean is. . . .

—*Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn fein amhain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us.

The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the bellies far and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly, while all around the gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums punctuated by the hollow booming of ordnance. The deafening claps of thunder and the dazzling flashes of lightning which lit up the ghastly scene testified that the artillery of heaven had lent its supernatural pomp to the already gruesome spectacle. A torrential rain poured down from the floodgates of the angry heavens upon the bared heads of the assembled multitude which numbered at the lowest computation five hundred thousand persons. The learned prelate who administered the last comforts of holy religion to the hero martyr knelt in a most christian spirit in a pool of rain water, his cassock above his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace fervent prayers of supplication. Hard by the block stood the grim figure of the executioner, his visage concealed in a ten gallon pot with two circular perforated apertures through which his eyes glowered furiously. As he waited the fatal signal he tested the edge of his horrible weapon by honing it upon his brawny forearm or decapitated in rapid succession a flock of sheep which had been provided by the admirers of his fell but necessary office. On a handsome mahogany table near him were neatly arranged the quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances, a terracotta saucepan for the reception of the duodenum, colon, blind intestine and appendix etc., when successfully extricated and two commodious milkjugs destined to receive the most precious blood

of the most precious victim. The housesteward of the amalgamated cats' and dogs' home was in attendance to convey these vessels when replenished to that beneficent institution. Quite an excellent repast consisting of rashers and eggs, fried steak and onions, delicious hot breakfast rolls and invigorating tea had been considerably provided by the authorities for the consumption of the central figure of the tragedy but he expressed the dying wish (immediately acceded to) that the meal should be divided in aliquot parts among the members of the sick and indigent roomkeepers association as a token of his regard and esteem. The non plus ultra of emotion was reached when the blushing bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to die for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly *Sheila, my own*. Encouraged by this use of her christian name she kissed passionately all the various suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb permitted her adour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt streams of their tears that she would cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy. She brought back to his recollection the happy days of blissful childhood together on the banks of Anna Liffey when they had indulged in the innocent pastimes of the young, and, oblivious of the dreadful present, they both laughed heartily, all the spectators, including the venerable pastor, joining in the general merriment. But anon they were overcome with grief and clasped their hands for the last time. A fresh torrent of tears burst from their lachrymal ducts and the vast concourse of people, touched to the inmost core, broke into heartrending sobs, not the least affected being the aged prebendary himself. A most romantic incident occurred when a handsome young Oxford graduate noted for his chivalry towards the fair sex, stepped forward and, presenting his visiting card, bankbook and genealogical tree solicited the hand of the hapless young lady and was accepted on the spot. This timely and generous act evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when he placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* an expensive engagement ring with three emeralds set in the form of a shamrock excitement knew no bounds. Nay, even the stern provost marshal, lieutenant colonel Tomkin—Maxwell Frenchmullen Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoy's from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet he brushed away a furtive

tear and was overheard by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

—God blimey it makes me kind of cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old mashtub^s what's waiting for me down Limehouse way.

So then the citizen begins talking about the Irish language and the cooperation meeting and all to that and the shoneens that can't speak their own language and Joe chipping in his old goo with his twopenny stump that he cadged off Joe and talking about the Gaelic league and the antitreating league and drink, the curse of Ireland. Antitreating is about the size of it. Gob, he'd let you pour all manner of drink down his throat till the Lord would call him before you'd ever see the froth of his pint. And one night I went in with a fellow into one of their musical evenings, song and dance and there was a fellow with a badge spiffing out of him in Irish and a lot of colleen bawns going about with temperance beverages and selling medals. And then an old fellow starts blowing into his bagpipe and all shuffling their feet to the tune the old cow died of. And one or two sky pilots having an eye around that there was no goings on with the females, hitting below the belt.

So, as I was saying, the old dog seeing the tin was empty starts mousing around Joe and me. I'd train him by kindness, so I would, if he was my dog. Give him a rousing fine kick now and again where it wouldn't blind him.

—Afraid he'll bite you? says the citizen sneering.

—No, says I, but he might take my leg for a lamppost.

So he calls the old dog over.

—What's on you, Garryowen? says he.

Then he starts hauling and mauling and talking to him in Irish and the old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera. Such growling you never heard as they let off between them. Someone that has nothing better to do ought to write a letter *pro bono publico* to the papers about the muzzling order for a dog the like of that. Growling and grouching and his eye all bloodshot and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws.

All those who are interested in the spread of human culture among the lower animals (and their name is legion) should make a point of not missing the really marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy given by the famous animal Garryowen. The exhibition, which is the result of years of training by kindness and a care-

fully thought out dietary system, comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse. Our phonetic experts have left no stone unturned in their efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited and have found it bears a striking resemblance to the rauns of ancient Celtic bards. We are not speaking so much of those delightful lovesongs with which the writer who conceals his identity under the title of the little sweet branch has familiarised the book-loving world but rather of the harsher and more personal note which is found in the satirical effusions of the famous Raftery and of Donal Mac Considine. We subjoin a specimen which has been rendered into English by an eminent scholar whose name for the moment we are not at liberty to disclose though we believe that our readers will find the topical allusion rather more than an indication. The metrical system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more complicated but we believe our readers will agree that the spirit has been well caught. Perhaps it should be added that the effect is greatly increased if the verse be spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.

*The curse of my curses
Seven days every day
And seven dry Thursdays
On you, Barney Kiernan,
Has no sup of water
To cool my courage,
And my guts red roaring
After Lowry's lights.*

So he told Terry to bring some water for the dog and, gob, you could hear him lapping it up a mile off. And Joe asked him would he love another.

—I will, says he, to show there's no ill feeling.

Gob, he's not as green as he's cabbagelooking. Arsing around from one pub to another with a dog and getting fed up by the ratepayers. Entertainment for man and beast. And says Joe:

—Could you make a hole in another pint?

—Could a swim duck? says I.

—Same again Terry, says Joe. Are you sure you won't have anything in the way of liquid refreshment? says he.

—Thank you, no, says Bloom. As a matter of fact I just wanted to meet Martin Cunningham, don't you see, about this insurance of Dignam's. Martin asked me to go to the house. You see, he,

Dignam, I mean, didn't serve any notice of the assignment on the company at the time and really under the act the mortgagee can't recover on the policy.

—That's a good one by God, says Joe laughing, if old Bridgeman is landed. So the wife comes out top dog, what?

—Well, that's a point, says Bloom, for the wife's admirers.

—Whose admirers? says Joe.

—The wife's advisers, I mean, says Bloom.

Then he starts all confused mucking it up about the mortgagor under the act and for the benefit of the wife and that a trust is created but on the other hand that Dignam owes the money and if now the wife or the widow contested the mortgagee's right till he near gave me a pain in my head with his mortgagor under the act. He was bloody safe he wasn't run in himself under the act that time as a rogue and vagabond only he had a friend in court. Selling bazaar tickets or what do you call it royal Hungarian privileged lottery. O, commend me to an israelite! Royal and privileged Hungarian robbery.

(To be continued)

THE CHINESE WRITTEN CHARACTER AS A MEDIUM FOR POETRY

by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound

In the derivation of nouns from verbs, the Chinese language is forestalled by the Aryan. Almost all the Sanskrit roots, which seem to underlie European languages, are primitive verbs, which express characteristic actions of visible nature. The verb must be the primary fact of nature, since motion and change are all that we can recognize in her. In the primitive transitive sentence, such as "Farmer pounds rice," the agent and the object are nouns only in so far as they limit a unit of action. "Farmer" and "rice" are mere hard terms which define the extremes of the pounding. But in themselves, apart from this sentence-function, they are naturally verbs. The farmer is one who tills the ground, and the rice is a plant which grows in a special way. This is indicated in the Chinese characters. And this probably exemplifies the ordinary derivation of nouns from verbs. In all languages, Chinese included, a noun is originally "that which does something," that which performs the verbal action. Thus the moon comes from the root *ma*, and means "the measurer." The sun means that which begets.

The derivation of adjectives from the verb need hardly be exemplified. Even with us, to-day, we can still watch participles passing over into adjectives. In Japanese the adjective is frankly part of the inflection of the verb, a special mood, so that every verb is also an adjective. This brings us close to nature, because everywhere the quality is only a power of action regarded as having an abstract inherence. Green is only a certain rapidity of vibration, hardness a degree of tenseness in cohering. In Chinese the adjective always retains a substratum of verbal meaning. We should try to render this in translation, not be content with some bloodless adjectival abstraction plus "is."

Still more interesting are the Chinese "prepositions," they are often post-positions. Prepositions are so important, so pivotal in European

Owing to the initiation of printers, proof-readers, etc., we find that an illustration (under "Farmer pounds rice") which was not to have appeared until later was inserted in last month's instalment of Prof. Fenollosa's essay. The illustration has nothing to do with pounding rice; it refers to the sun's rising in the east.

speech only because we have weakly yielded up the force of our intransitive verbs. We have to add small supernumerary words to bring back the original power. We still say "I see a horse," but with the weak verb "look," we have to add the directive particle "at" before we can restore the natural transitivity.*

Prepositions represent a few simple ways in which incomplete verbs complete themselves. Pointing toward nouns as a limit they bring force to bear upon them. That is to say, they are naturally verbs, of generalized or condensed use. In Aryan languages it is often difficult to trace the verbal origins of simple prepositions. Only in "off" do we see a fragment of the thought "to throw off." In Chinese the preposition is frankly a verb, specially used in a generalized sense. These verbs are often used in their specially verbal sense, and it greatly weakens an English translation if they are systematically rendered by colorless prepositions.

Thus in Chinese: By= \rightarrow to cause; to= \rightarrow to fall toward; in= \rightarrow to remain, to dwell; from= \rightarrow to follow; and so on.

Conjunctions are similarly derivative, they usually serve to mediate actions between verbs, and therefore they are necessarily themselves actions. Thus in Chinese: Because= \rightarrow to use; and= \rightarrow to be included under one; another form of "and"= \rightarrow to be parallel; or= \rightarrow to partake; if= \rightarrow to let one do, to permit. The same is true of a host of other particles, no longer traceable in the Aryan tongues.

Pronouns appear a thorn in our evolution theory, since they have been taken as unanalyzable expressions of personality. In Chinese even they yield up their striking secrets of verbal metaphor. They are a constant source of weakness if colorlessly translated. Take, for example, the five forms of "I." There is the sign of a "spear in the hand"= \rightarrow a very emphatic I; five and a mouth= \rightarrow a weak and defensive I, holding off a crowd by speaking; to conceal= \rightarrow a selfish and private I; self (the cocoon sign) and a mouth= \rightarrow an egoistic I, one who takes pleasure in his own speaking; the self presented is used only when one is speaking to one's self.

I trust that this digression concerning parts of speech may have justified itself. It proves, first, the enormous interest of the Chinese language in throwing light upon our forgotten mental processes, and thus furnishes a new chapter in the philosophy of language. Secondly, it is

*[This is a bad example. We can say "I look a fool", "look", transitive, now means resemble. The main contention is however correct. We tend to abandon specific words like "resemble" and substitute, for them, vague verbs with prepositional directors, or riders.—E. P.]

indispensable for understanding the poetical raw material which the Chinese language affords. Poetry differs from prose in the concrete colors of its diction. It is not enough for it to furnish a meaning to philosophers. It must appeal to emotions with the charm of direct impression, flashing through regions where the intellect can only grope.* Poetry must render what is said, not what is merely meant. Abstract meaning gives little vividness, and fullness of imagination gives all. Chinese poetry demands that we abandon our narrow grammatical categories, that we follow the original text with a wealth of concrete verbs.

But this is only the beginning of the matter. So far we have exhibited the Chinese characters and the Chinese sentence chiefly as vivid shorthand pictures of actions and processes in nature. These embody true poetry as far as they go. Such actions are *seen*, but Chinese would be a poor language and Chinese poetry but a narrow art, could they not go on to represent also what is unseen. The best poetry deals not only with natural images but with lofty thoughts, spiritual suggestions and obscure relations. The greater part of natural truth is hidden in processes too minute for vision and in harmonies too large, in vibrations, cohesions and in affinities. The Chinese compass these also, and with great power and beauty.

You will ask, how could the Chinese have built up a great intellectual fabric from mere picture writing? To the ordinary western mind, which believes that thought is concerned with logical categories and which rather condemns the faculty of direct imagination, this feat seems quite impossible. Yet the Chinese language with its peculiar material has passed over from the seen to the unseen by exactly the same process which all ancient races employed. The process is metaphor, the use of material images to suggest immaterial relations.*

The whole delicate substance of speech is built upon substrata of metaphor. Abstract terms, pressed by etymology, reveal their ancient roots still embedded in direct action. But the primitive metaphors do not spring from arbitrary subjective processes. They are possible only because they follow objective lines of relations in nature herself. Relations are more real and more important than the things which they relate. The forces which produce the branch-angles of an oak lay potent in the acorn. Similar lines of resistance, half curbing the out-pressing vitalities, govern the branching of rivers and of nations. Thus a nerve, a wire, a roadway, and a clearing-house are only varying channels which communi-

*[Cf. principle of Primary apparition, "Spirit of Romance".—E. P.]

*[Compare Aristotle's Poetics.—E. P.]

cations forces for itself. This is more than analogy, it is identity of structure. Nature furnishes her own clues. Had the world not been full of homologies, sympathies, and identities, thought would have been starved and language chained to the obvious. There would have been no bridge whereby to cross from the minor truth of the seen to the major truth of the unseen. Not more than a few hundred roots out of our large vocabularies could have dealt directly with physical processes. These we can fairly well identify in primitive Sanskrit. They are, almost without exception, vivid verbs. The wealth of European speech grew, following slowly the intricate maze of nature's suggestions and affinities. Metaphor was piled upon metaphor in quasiscientific strata.

Metaphor, the revealer of nature, is the very substance of poetry. The known interprets the obscure, the universe is alive with myth. The beauty and freedom of the observed world furnish a model, and life is pregnant with art. It is a mistake to suppose, with some philosophers of aesthetics, that art and poetry aim to deal with the general and the abstract. This misconception has been foisted upon us by mediaeval logic. Art and poetry deal with the concrete of nature, not with rows of separate "particulars," for such rows do not exist. Poetry is finer than prose because it gives us more concrete truth in the same compass of words. Metaphor, its chief device, is at once the substance of nature and of language. Poetry only does consciously * what the primitive races did unconsciously. The chief work of literary men in dealing with language, and of poets especially, lies in feeling back along the ancient lines of advance. † He must do this so that he may keep his words enriched by all their subtle understones of meaning. The original metaphors stand as a kind of luminous background, giving color and vitality, forcing them closer to the concreteness of natural processes. Shakespeare everywhere teems with examples. For these reasons poetry was the earliest of the world arts; poetry, language and the care of myth grew up together.

I have alleged all this because it enables me to show clearly why I believe that the Chinese written language has not only absorbed the poetic substance of nature and built with it a second world of metaphor, but has, through its very pictorial visibility, been able to retain its original

*[Vide also an article on "Vorticism" in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1914. "The language of exploration".—E. P.]

†[I would submit in all humility that this applies in the rendering of ancient texts. The poet in dealing with his own time, must also see to it that language does not petrify on his hands. He must prepare for new advances along the lines of true metaphor that is interpretive metaphor, or image, as diametrically opposed to untrue, or ornamental metaphor.—E. P.]

creative poetry with far more vigor and vividness than any phonetic tongue. Let us first see how near it is to the heart of nature in its metaphors. We can watch it passing from the seen to the unseen, as we saw it passing from verb to pronoun. It retains the primitive sap, it is not cut and dried like a walking-stick. We have been told that these people are cold, practical, mechanical, literal, and without a trace of imaginative genius. That is nonsense.

Our ancestors built the accumulations of metaphor into structures of language and into systems of thought. Languages to-day are thin and cold because we think less and less into them. We are forced, for the sake of quickness and sharpness, to file down each word to its narrowest edge of meaning. Nature would seem to have become less like a paradise and more and more like a factory. We are content to accept the vulgar misuse of the moment. A late stage of decay is arrested and embalmed in the dictionary. Only scholars and poets feel painfully back along the thread of our etymologies and piece together our diction, as best they may, from forgotten fragments. This anemia of modern speech is only too well encouraged by the feeble cohesive force of our phonetic symbols. There is little or nothing in a phonetic word to exhibit the embryonic stages of its growth. It does not bear its metaphor on its face. We forget that personality once meant, not the soul, but the soul's mask. This is the sort of thing one can not possibly forget in using the Chinese symbols.

In this Chinese shows its advantage. Its etymology is constantly visible. It retains the creative impulse and process, visible and at work. After thousands of years the lines of metaphoric advance are still shown, and in many cases actually retained in the meaning. Thus a word, instead of growing gradually poorer and poorer as with us, becomes richer and still more rich from age to age, almost consciously luminous. Its uses in national philosophy and history, in biography and in poetry, throw about it a nimbus of meanings. These center about the graphic symbol. The memory can hold them and use them. The very soil of Chinese life seems entangled in the roots of its speech. The manifold illustrations which crowd its annals of personal experience, the lines of tendency which converge upon a tragic climax, moral character as the very core of the principle—all these are flashed at once on the mind as reinforcing values with an accumulation of meaning which a phonetic language can hardly hope to attain. Their ideographs are like blood-stained battle flags to an old campaigner. With us, the poet is the only one for whom the accumulated treasures of the race-words are real and active. Poetic language is always vibrant with fold on fold of overtones, and with natural affinities, but in Chinese the visibility of the metaphor tends to raise this quality to its intensest power.

I have mentioned the tyranny of mediæval logic. According to this European logic thought is a kind of brickyard. It is baked into little hard units or concepts. These are piled in rows according to size and then labeled with words for future use. This use consists in picking out a few bricks, each by its convenient label, and sticking them together into a sort of wall called a sentence by the use either of white mortar for the positive copula "is," or black mortar for the negative copula "is not." In this way we produce such admirable propositions as "A ring-tailed baboon is not a constitutional assembly."

Let us consider a row of cherry trees. From each of these in turn we proceed to take an "abstract," as the phrase is, a certain common lump of qualities which we may express together by the name cherry or cherry-ness. Next we place in a second table several such characteristic concepts: cherry, rose, sunset, iron-rust, flamingo. From these we abstract some further common quality, dilution or mediocrity, and label it "red" or "redness." It is evident that this process of abstraction may be carried on indefinitely and with all sorts of material. We may go on forever building pyramids of attenuated concept until we reach the apex "being."

But we have done enough to illustrate the characteristic process. At the base of the pyramid lie *things*, but stunned, as it were. They can never know themselves for things until they pass up and down among the layers of the pyramids. The way of passing up and down the pyramid may be exemplified as follows: We take a concept of lower attenuation, such as "cherry"; we see that it is contained under one higher, such as "redness." Then we are permitted to say in sentence form, "Cherry-ness is contained under redness," or for short, "(the) cherry is red." If, on the other hand, we do not find our chosen subject under a given predicate we use the black copula and say, for example, "(The) cherry is not liquid."

From this point we might go on to the theory of the syllogism, but we refrain. It is enough to note that the practised logician finds it convenient to store his mind with long lists of nouns and adjectives, for these are naturally the names of classes. Most text-books on language begin with such lists. The study of verbs is meager, for in such a system there is only one real working verb, to-wit, the quasi-verb "is." All other verbs can be transformed into participles and gerunds. For example, "to run" practically becomes a case of "running." Instead of thinking directly, "The man runs," our logician makes two subjective equations, namely: The individual in question is contained under the class "man"; and the class "man" is contained under the class of "running things."

(To be continued)

A Projection at Kensington
London W.

by Maxwell Bodenheim

ONE thousand years from the present, twilight unassumingly wanders into a broad public-park covering the entire region in which Ezra Pound, poet and critic, once lived. It is midsummer. Ezra Pound and two young poets of the day sit, naked, on the sward and converse.

Ezra Pound

A brutal whim made me return to the earnest uncertainty of flesh. For a moment I wanted to sneer happily at a semblance I had almost forgotten. And so the old Ezra will once more yield to profound exasperations.

First Poet

We still read your translations and many of your earlier poems. Your prose has disappeared.

Second Poet

We of this day are too nakedly egoistic to seriously quarrel with each other. We have returned to a stoical naïveté.

Ezra Pound

I quarreled with the pompous laziness of my time.

First Poet

It wounded you more frequently than you dared to admit and you struck back with an anger that sought to escape its own futility. You wanted the sleep of deep rage—calmness held an inner alertness which terrified you.

Second Poet

In your time men split their lives into a prodigious welter of clothes, creeds, murders, frenzies and ornaments. They tried to escape from their inner sameness; they caressed and insulted each other with an infinite variety of gestures. The wise man cringed underneath his glimpse of the monotone and brilliantly stoned it with words; the fool cowered

beneath his heavy unrest and shouted; and he who was neither wise nor foolish made himself blind with a creed and felt an inward ache which he could not understand.

Ezra Pound

Your generalities are ingenious and ingenuous, but they lack that profound simplicity which astounds the mind into acquiescence. In my time men had a passion for persuading themselves that they were like each other, that they could jog along in orderly fashion, warmed by similar longings. Nations were perpetuated upon this fallacy; people were constantly chasing certain men in and out of power in the hope of finding those men who would most adequately symbolize this imaginary composite. In my own realm I and a few others tried to fight against this delusion of sameness which was petrifying poetry and other arts. We lugged in thousands of actual contradictions, perversions, distortions and complexities; we saw no fusion in human beings outside of a certain elusive animal background. In the ardor of our task we often fell back upon a pretended hatred for our surroundings but that hatred was, in reality, a genial relaxation to us—a caper cut after work. Usually we were genuinely immersed in our job of splitting up an unseen reality.

First Poet

You fled from self-weariness and the threatening shadow of this weariness constantly goaded you into frantic escapes. You ran down the road in a brilliantly helter-skelter fashion but *all of your civilization was running beside you*, seeking to evade the same nightmare. They fled clumsily and unconsciously you escaped gracefully and deliberately. Your nations were based upon this escape from sameness: men considered themselves distinctly different individuals deliberately submitting to the benign discipline of law and government in order to curb their wild and imaginary differences. Each man felt the pleasant after-glow that comes to a giant who indulgently stoops to the dwarfs beside him. Even your criminals sought, for the most part, to attain individuality through an easily purchased defiance. Vanity was a repressed scream in your age, and it invisibly gathered until it exploded and *your civilization was blown to bits*.

Ezra Pound

Is vanity miraculously absent from the present age?

Second Poet

No. But the orgy of rapacious vanity which followed, for centuries, the collapse of your civilization has left our vanity a bit satiated. We

are amazingly tired of slaying, punishing and robbing each other. The most romantic idealist of your own age would never have dared to prophecy our condition. Before and during your time avarice and rapacity never adopted a sustainedly naked posture. Starting with nakedness, they gradually assumed a mask of increasing cleverness and this mask always culminated in the devilishly elaborate one of some civilization. But after the collapse of your civilization—the last one—men plunged into several centuries of unveiled, murderous chaos. So vanity and its helping shades are now thoroughly exhausted. Certain men in our age—we call them 'wild-women'—insist that vanity will once more rise and make us roaring children. But that is merely a lure for conjecture. We that are left—there are only millions of us now, not billions—have fallen into searching repose. We are once more stepping down the beginning of the road, filled with a night that is determined to stride on until it loses itself in some new dawn. What this dawn will be we do not know—we play with the old, known things and wait. Our literature and art have become a bewilderedly gentle juggling of shades of colors, odds and ends of emotions, and peaceful satires. We have no intense creeds to whip us on; we do not call each other fools or wise men—we take and discard our interests more naturally. We have changed to what men in your time would have called effeminate drifters. Our vices are sly and softly indirect and have become too unrobust to affect any dominance over us. We have altered to children, sulky and harmlessly haughty at worst and gracefully gay at best—our vices are not worse than those which certain shrewish, petulant women of your age must have had. Our collective egoism, bruised and stunted by centuries of frank indulgence, is wearily questioning its own validity. We represent an age where those qualities hitherto known as human fundamentals are beginning to querulously totter: an age of indecision. We have no broad religions or philosophies in which we can hide and satisfy our questions. We are separated into patiently doubting groups; we are tired of the old lies but we have found no new ones sufficiently enticing to lure huge numbers of us into their shelter.

Esra Pound

This is a logical ending. The screaming whirlpool of my dreamless age—ininitely stronger and more elaborate than that of any preceding civilization—was doomed to sweep all things before it until its own super-human force finally broke and drained it. I wonder whether the same long process will once more swing out of your weary repose . . .

He sits thoughtfully. The two poets rise, bid him farewell, and walk away.

THE READER CRITIC

Maxwell Bodenheim, New York:

Else von Freytag-Loringhoven's "Cast-Iron Lover" holds a half-articulate frenzy—the sensualist frankly screaming over his flesh. Most sensualists write with an obliquely repressed savageness or a drained staidness. It is refreshing to see someone claw aside the veils and rush forth howling, vomiting, and leaping nakedly. In a revel of poised and intricate sensuality and intellectuality, of "they might have known if they had not felt that they did not care to know what they could easily have known" stuff, it is a blessing to come upon an unconscious volcano now and then. Never mind the delicate souls whose sanctimonious "art" is violated; their perfumed dresses need an airing on the nearest clothesline. They suffer from a hatred for nakedness, for anything that steams, boils, sweats and retches, and they call the creator of this hatred "vulgarity". Vulgarity, nine times out of ten, is something that winks its eye at well-hidden spots within these people. Their only recourse is to shrink or denounce, to shake themselves into superiority through a liberal use of the whisk-broom.

F. E. R., Chicago:

You are very glib with phrases,—“Art of Madness,” “Giver,” “Getter,”—but my question as to why you publish the work of Else von Freytag-Loringhoven seems to me to be still unanswered. Will you kindly carry on the discussion?

[We have still further correspondence on the subject and will continue the discussion in detail in the Christmas number.—Editor.]

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REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for
October 1, 1919

State of New York, County of Suffolk—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret C. Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher, Editor, Owner, Business Manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form; to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Managing Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Business Manager, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York.

2. That the owner is, Margaret C. Anderson.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation, has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of Sept., 1919.

N. CLINTON MILLER

(My commission expires March 30, 1921)