

77

THE LITTLE REVIEW

JULY-AUGUST 1920

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



THE
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August 1920

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

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JAMES JOYCE

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Magic

by Mary Butts

ON the wall behind him and above his right ear a nail-head was sunk in the plaster. When she had sat down and tranquillised her perceptions she balanced her eyes on it to keep the tilt of her head. The north light swam in, upon her cheeks, exposing the shiny down of the lip, the hollow pores on each side of the nose. In front she saw his shoulders cutting the light square, and his bent head black against the light like an auk's egg tilted on the top of a rock.

For ten minutes she listened to his pencil inscribing its version of her image. Ronsard m'a célébré aux temps que j'étais belle. It had been a sufficient sentence. She would be what she was for another ten years, and more than that when she died. In the moment's complacency her eyelids fell, and the corners of her mouth crept up.

Painters are not concerned with youth or age. They are not finally interested in your phenomena extended in time and space. They use it to present appearance in reality. Reality swallows phenomena and puffs them out in patterns discerned in the arrangement of antitheses. A good painter is free of the pain of opposites. He leads out the arrangement in reality by hand or claw. He was examining her pattern.

A "rapture of the intellect" stirred her. Her eyes, shifted from the nail-head, had drawn her chin along under them. She fixed them again,

Time ran on. The plaster round the nail-head blazed and swam. She clung to the dark point. It put out rays. The shelf above it slid, and the books became an arbitrary prism. She stepped out of her body. Immediately in place of his leaning shoulders, a black rock appeared, a granite bubble, and over it trembled the black star. She crossed the threshold of the senses, knowing that with the least adjustment the star and the black mountain would slide again into their terrestrial positions. In the senses or out they were there together, two creatures, at perception, their relation sustained by her eyes fixed till they swarted on a black star. Why should it be black? Because of a formula the hair rose shivering along her back.

A mountain has roots.

"That will do?"

The phrase followed her about the town. She had said first "Into the darkness at the roots of the mountains," curtseying about the beats. Then she considered its meaning and trimmed it into a respectable statement, training her ear out of its predecessor until each time she said "mountain" and "roots" it was like a harpoon launched from a masthead into a whale at the bottom of the sea.

The next day she walked along the cliffs to his house, shaping her image. She had remembered that when he looked into her it was with no ambiguity of perception. She must hurry where the pace could not be forced. Her eyes picked up the nail-head and held on. This time she became a bird, wings out, flat against the rock, gauging its surface, its unimaginable volume, gripping a minute ridge with cold, clawed feet. Breast to breast with him. A feather breast was on wrinkled stone, and could not mix. Outside the senses she was repeating the external forms. *Into the darkness at the roots of the mountains.* Abominable sing-song. Jazz to it then. Follow him, cancel it out. A way of speaking that is good enough for the emotions is not good enough for the plainest writing. A great painter was at work on her. A mountain has roots. She became a bird again. The rock was heeling over onto her, it had put out arms. She would lie under it spatchcocked till she turned fossil. *Let him go.* Give it up. She passed out the contact with her wing-tips, and wheeled off on a fan of whistling air. There was the moun-

tain and under it deep water, stirring, fingering its side, running down, stooping and as silently lifted up. Under that sea the mountain had its roots. When she turned back the sea would it be resting on a cushion of conger eels? It seemed that it was ready to be exposed. A diving bird could not part it. The moon must be caught waxing and the extreme spring tides. In the night the water would be drawn back and in the morning she would see the thing it covered and agree for the water to cover it again.

She left him, expectant to the point of tranquillity. The days passed.

The house where he worked was down sixteen stone steps, and at the end of a passage all of old stones oozing at the cracks. She walked down them and looked up before leaving the uncovered air and saw a flake of the moon left on the edge of the roof. She looked down and saw the roots of the house were the roots of the mountain uncovered by the moon. With the moon had risen storm, green sheets of water were poured in shaken out and flung back, uncovering what had been laid there from the foundation of the world. In a fury of wind the sea was ripped back and exposed a rock, long dark, of a precise smooth elegance, and a bird was swooping on it. The sun rolled over it. The sea covered it again.

"That's right, old mountain! You would have rolled me out if I had not had wings."

He came out to meet her. She followed him in briskly, and settled herself for a journey with her eyes on the nail. Under the form of a rock she had seen him naked, a pure-shape among the basis of the hills. In bird-shape she had freed herself of his contact. She could now entertain it or as easily leave. She did not know the rock's significance, but at the end of this observation would come knowledge, and out of knowledge power. He had explored her image. He had seen her before she had so much as arrived at their formula. If he reigned. She though late would reign also.

Mais pour regner il faut se taire.

Behind their signatures was the source of signatures, the life which is all life and no death, where he and his drawing moved, were mixed, and poured out.

There appeared the figure of a triangle, the base given in the world.
From one known she was to complete this figure of divine geometry.
She had seen a black star. Quod superius, sicut inferive est, and this
morning it had remained obstinately a nail.

There is an abyss also. She must explore that and as readily as
the starry sky. Et pour regner il faut se taire. Accepted also.
Let it go.

Genius

by Anthony Wrynn

LIFE— —
L Ah Life that has no end. . .
Deep,
deep within the fortress of myself
growth—

forever.

Wander—

O wander my spirit
here
and here
through this forest of green brass.

Call,—
quiver my delicate bones,
call out
O quivering heart
in this forest
of endless motionlessness.

Cool
and verdant metal
passes across my sides,
and I am consecrated—

Life without death.

Fluctuation

by *Anthony Wrynn*

ALL morning the air was heavy with mist—early summer mist, warm and reposing. Yet around noon it became indoorlike and emasculating. Poised insanity of oppression formed in me around that hour. Slowly has it been forming all through the morning. And the agony, passive as it was, became so great it was the abstract suffering of an historic Roland or Ulysses.

Eyeless, in such sodden desolation, I passed into the park and sat with the many people that are there waiting—the detached, solitary waiting of Roland or Ulysses.

The heat-laden mist began movement of great depth. It passed in, and out, and through the fainting green, in and out through the fainting people. It clushed close beneath their coats, and waists, and carried loveblood from each of us, to the other.—Slowly I became more free. Slowly movement began in me; and in a moment of great tone I kissed close the sweating mouth of a girl, deep, within my mind.

For three days I have been alone, walking through tight Brooklyn. Up one street—down another. Today I wandered under the burning fog up Fifth Avenue, from Union Square to here, a place of shattering heat.

Two days passed—and I walked through the summer streets.

Today I met Clement for the last time. Mad! mad I almost went with anaemic attempts of friendship.—It is not a necessity—merely a thin, grey-water dissipation, for a deformed and uncreative mind.—

I am becoming too interested.

There is not (or, is there not) one man or one woman to whom I can talk—to whom I can listen. The last, surely, being you.

I carry about in my book a coloured post card, to be forwarded to some one. I keep that card; I do not send it, for since my isolation

is a great pressure on me I fancy, at times, it is a card to me, and I like that, the contact is good. Good, not because it is you, for I dislike you.

Though it's *your* card that I carry around, so I thought I'd tell about it.

Today has been wet-hot, making poise within me quake, as I encounter beauty gone to seed. I met a boy I love greatly. He can not requite my love. Only trees and water can requite my love.

I leave him, and pass on through the fuming streets, wet heat clenching at my heart and holding down my wrists. Long time I wandered, trying to keep repose of myself. Throes of sterile isolations sunk deep in my throat, and I paused.

A delicate, cool air wafts across a high rock in the park—across my temples. Very few moments pass. I create many impressions

Now I have a quiet peace for remaining day.

Soil

by *Anthony Wrynn*

TIGHTENING! of the air all about:
Gradual ceasing
in tension,

to pulsation

of muffled thuds.

A white flicker across some one's lips.

Four fingers come slowly into their own palm,
and clench.

The thud in a throat becomes heavier.

The thud in a thousand throats becomes heavier.

The thud in millions of throats becomes heavier.—
and a nation is at war.

Delicately twined muscles
on legs and thighs of young men
tighten, and give,
tighten, and give.
Hands,
now nourishing the roots of trees
in other countries
execute strategies of war:
send timid notes of hope
to a dazed lover:
in among disorder of papers and linen,
for a secreted token:
hurriedly into ardent hand of some one,
then out,
through a door—
through a far away.

All day the glistening sun has been finely poised,
in its monomotion above the earth.
Quiet green has rested on the mountains.
Quiet warmth has been glowing along the ungiving pavements
of the city streets.

A calm early-summer has sunk into breasts of the people
moving about the streets of the city,
along the pathways in the mountains.

Slowly,
slowly,
powerful roots of the oaks,
gentle roots of the wheat,
lap into themselves,
into their firm centers,
the nourishment
of mouldering hands
long gone.

poor stuff

Mother

by Djuna Barnes

A FEEBLE light flickered in the pawn shop at twenty nine. Usually, in the back of this shop, reading by this light—a rickety lamp with a common green cover—sat Lydia Passova, the mistress.

Her long heavy head was divided by straight bound hair. Her high firm bust was made still higher and still firmer by German corsets. She was excessively tall, due to extraordinarily long legs. Her eyes were small, and not well focused. The left was slightly distended from the long use of a magnifying glass.

She was middle aged, and very slow in movement, though well balanced. She wore coral in her ears, a coral necklace, and many coral finger rings.

There was about her jewelry some of the tragedy of all articles that find themselves in pawn, and she moved among the trays like the guardians of cemetery grounds, who carry about with them some of the lugubrious stillness of the earth on which they have been standing.

She dealt, in most part in cameos, garnets, and a great many inlaid bracelets and cuff-links. There were a few watches however, and silver vessels and fishing tackle and faded slippers—and when, at night, she lit the lamp, these and the trays of precious and semi-precious stones, and the little ivory crucifixes, one on either side of the window, seemed to be leading a swift furtive life of their own, conscious of the slow pacing woman who was known to the street as Lydia Passova, but to no thing else.

Not even to her lover—a little nervous fellow, an Englishman quick in speech with a marked accent, a round-faced youth with a deep soft cleft in his chin, on which grew two separate tufts of yellow hair. His eyes were wide and pale, and his eyeteeth prominent.

He dressed in tweeds, walked with the toes in, seemed sorrowful when not talking, laughed a great deal and was nearly always to be found in the café about four of an afternoon.

When he spoke it was quick and jerky. He had spent a great deal of his time in Europe, especially the watering places—and had managed to get himself in trouble in St. Moritz, it was said, with a well-connected family.

He liked to seem a little eccentric and managed it simply enough while in America. He wore no hat, and liked to be found reading the *London Times* under a park lamp at three in the morning.

Lydia Passova was never seen with him. She seldom left her shop, however she was always pleased when he wanted to go anywhere: "Go" she would say, kissing his hand, "And when you are tired come back."

Sometimes she would make him cry. Turning around she would look at him a little surprise, with lowered lids, and a light tightening of the mouth.

"Yes" he would say "I know I'm trivial—well then here I go, I will leave you, not disturb you any longer!" and darting for the door he would somehow end by weeping with his head buried in her lap.

She would say "There, there—why are you so nervous?"

And he would laugh again: "My father was a nervous man, and my mother was high-strung, and as for me,"—he would not finish.

Sometimes he would talk to her for long hours, she seldom answering, occupied with her magnifying glass and her rings, but in the end she was sure to send him out with: "That's all very true I have no doubt, now go out by yourself and think it over"—and he would go, with something like relief, embracing her large hips with his small strong arms.

They had known each other a very short time, three or four months. He had gone in to pawn his little gold ring, he was always in financial straits, though his mother sent him five pounds a week; and examining the ring Lydia Passova had been so quiet, inevitable, necessary that it seemed as if he must have known her forever—"at some time," as he said.

Yet they had never grown together. They remained detached and, on her part, quiet, preoccupied.

He never knew how much she liked him. She never told him, if he

asked she would look at him in that surprised manner, drawing her mouth together.

In the beginning he had asked her a great many times, clinging to her, and she moved about arranging her trays with a slight smile, and in the end lowered her hand and stroked him gently.

He immediately became excited. "Let us dance," he cried, "I have a great capacity for happiness."

"Yes, you are very happy," she said.

"You understand don't you?" he asked abruptly.

"What?"

"That my tears are nothing, have no significance, they are just a protective fluid—when I see anything happening that is about to effect my happiness I cry, that's all."

"Yes," Lydia Passova said, "I understand." She turned around reaching up to some shelves, and over her shoulder she asked, "Does it hurt?"

"No, it only frightens me. You never cry, do you?"

"No, I never cry."

That was all. He never knew where she had come from, what her life had been, if she had or had not been married, if she had or had not known lovers, all that she would say was "Well, you are with me, does that tell you nothing?" and he had to answer "No, it tells me nothing."

When he was sitting in the café he often thought to himself "there's a great woman"—and he was a little puzzled why he thought this because his need of her was so entirely different from any need he seemed to remember having possessed before.

There was no swagger in him about her, the swagger he had always felt for his conquests with women. Yet there was not a trace of shame—he was neither proud nor shy about Lydia Passova, he was something entirely different. He could not have said himself what his feeling was—but it was in no way disturbing.

People had, it is true, begun to tease him:

"You're a devil with the ladies."

Where this had made him proud, now it made him uneasy.

"Now, there's a certain Lydia Passova for instance, who would

ever have thought—”

Trembling, furious he would rise.

“So, you do feel—”

He would walk away, stumbling a little among the chairs, putting his hand on the back of every one on the way to the door.

Yet he could see, that in her time, Lydia Passova had been a “perverse” woman—there was about everything she did an economy that must once have been a very sensitive and a very sensuous impatience, and because of this everyone who saw her felt a personal loss.

Some times tormented, he would come running to her, stopping abruptly, putting it to her this way:

“Somebody has said something to me.”

“When—where?”

“Now, in the café.”

“What?”

“I don’t know, a reproach—”

She would say:

“We are all, unfortunately, only what we are.”

She had a large and beautiful angora cat, it used to sit in the tray of amethysts and opals and stare at her from very bright cold eyes. One day it died, and calling her lover to her she said:

“Take her out and bury her.” And when he had buried her he came back, his lips twitching.

“You loved that cat—this will be a great loss.”

“Have I a memory?” she inquired.

“Yes,” he answered.

“Well,” she said quietly, fixing her magnifying glass firmly in her eye. “We have looked at each other, that is enough.”

And then one day she died.

The caretaker of the furnace came to him, where he was sipping his liqueur as he talked to his cousin, a pretty little blond girl, who had a boring and comfortably provincial life, and who was beginning to chafe.

He got up, trembling, pale, and hurried out.

The police were there, and said they thought it had been heart failure.

She lay on the couch in the inner room. She was fully dressed, even to her coral ornaments; her shoes were neatly tied—large bows of a ribbed silk.

He looked down. Her small eyes were slightly open, the left, that had used the magnifying glass, was slightly wider than the other. For a minute she seemed quite natural. She had the look of one who is about to say: "Sit beside me."

Then he felt the change. It was in the peculiar heaviness of the head—sensed through despair and not touch. The high breasts looked very still, the hands were half closed, a little helpless, as in life—hands that were too proud to "hold." The drawn-up limb exposed a black petticoat and a yellow stocking. It seemed that she had become hard—set, as in a mould,—that she rejected everything now, but in rejecting had bruised him with a last terrible pressure. He moved and knelt down. He shivered. He put his closed hands to his eyes. He could not weep.

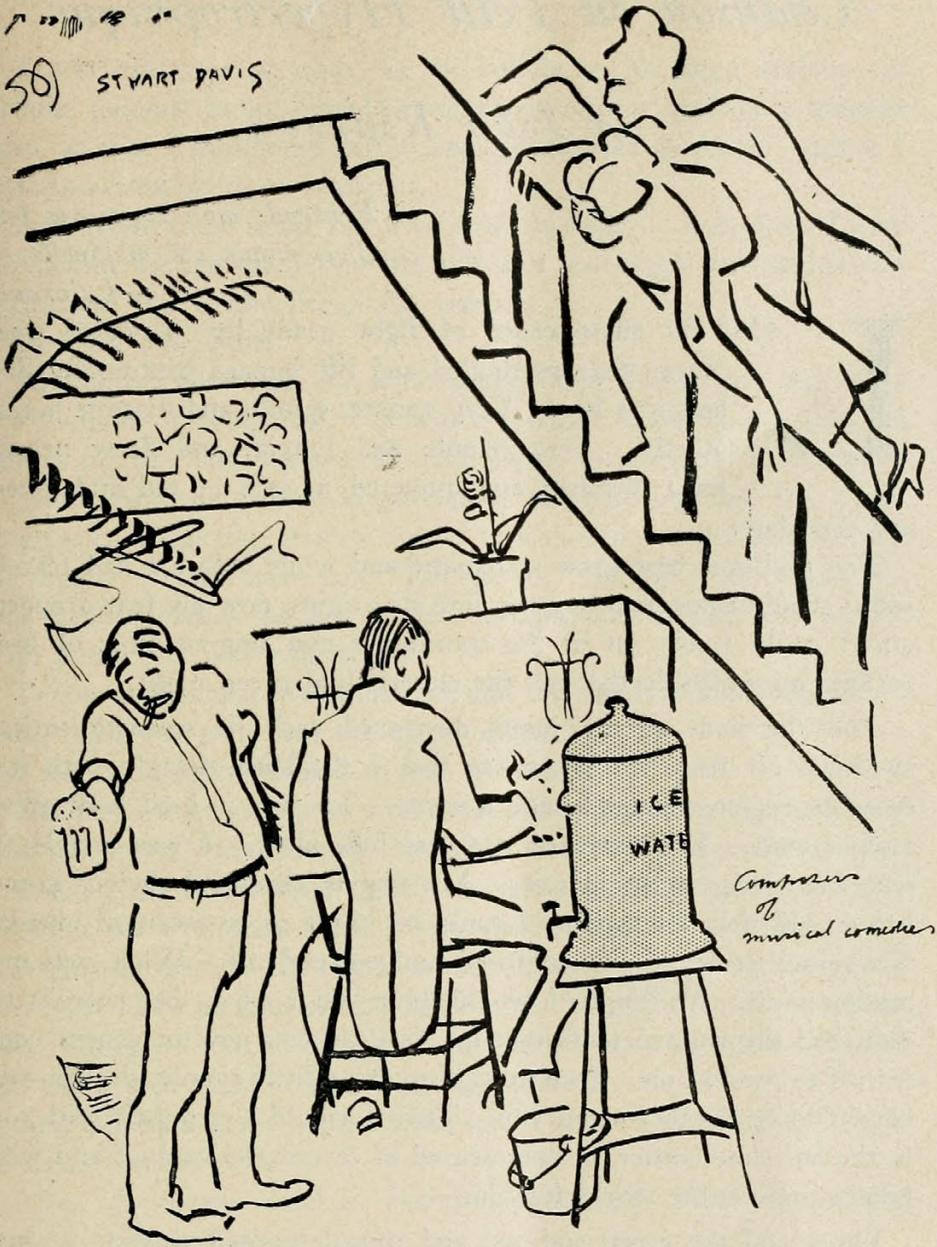
She was an old woman, he could see that. The ceasing of that one thing that she could still have for anyone made it simple and direct.

Something oppressed him, weighed him down, bent his shoulders, closed his throat. He felt as one feels who has become conscious of passion for the first time, in the presence of a relative.

He flung himself on his face, like a child.

That night, however, he wept, lying in bed, his knees drawn up.

50) STUART DAVIS



Composer
of
musical comedies

DRAWING. BY STUART DAVIS

Senseless

Chanson on Petit Hypertrophique

by John Rodker

*J'entends mon coeur qui bat
C'est nanan qui m'appelle.*

—Laforge.

LIMPID efflorescence of light gradually pervaded me. Nerve endings tingled and life buzzed continually like bees at a hive. Very remote, systole and diastole began quietly. Very remote and limpid, and drew nearer until it burnt and quivered in jabs of red and green and chocolate.

The rhythmic beat grew systematic and while before I had feared lest it should again fade vaguely into its origins, now my fear dropped and I could freely eat of the continuous and singing buzz of life, rocking me endlessly through the electric blue-green night.

And the buds of my joints developed each its separate entity, swarmed off from the parent so that I throbbed tiringly with my eccentric regions of systole and diastole. The life in each joint grew more potent. My existence was less individual. I was unable to seize knowledge of my identity. My origins, clear and obvious to me before, lost their sharpness. I could not think or be aware of myself. Too much stress of life confused and amazed me. What was my mother now? Willingly I would have laid hold on her entrails to tear, had she wanted to thwart me, but she was now no longer concerned to prevent me. Quietly and, to me, a little simply, she allowed herself to be the tool of my life. Then I would hug myself with joy in the hot close corner, as one assured of certain deliverance and who knows there is the world for him.

Quiet and the green and red and chocolate gave place to orange and my head was streaked with fine nets of palpitating crimson and a nimbus of fire rose from it quivering endlessly. And like cotton-wool it remained ever between myself and the strained and despairing heart of my mother.

I was conscious of ether, an oil bubble on its large surface—of nebulae tenuous as my own life—at times thinner and more tenuous even, so that I shuddered before incommunicable darkness. Again I withdrew into my hot wet corner.

And Night came again and with more intensity. I shuddered with foreboding feeling the parent life ebb, and yearningly and undeniably I clutched fast to the life-giving entrails.

So for a long time.

My mother could not tell what to do. She wanted me, but hated the thought of being tied. It was a struggle between our separate desires for life, but hers was a losing game, for she only half wanted to win. And the great cold gave place to great heat and that again to great cold and the intricate scarlet threads leapt madly through me. In anguish I could have said, "Let me go," but again she would not and through endless periods of time held me fast adding clay to clay with a sure yet wavering thumb.

Primeval darkness enwrapped me and the smells of steaming savannahs, the green pond and the tiger's musk.

I felt nails and teeth and to tear with them.

Gradually I knew less of my mother. My prescience wavered and fled, leaving only the memory that it had been, and like a sultry hermit I wrapped my cloaks more tightly about me, adding cloak to cloak to shut out the irrelevant world of my mother and her thoughts.

At certain periods the cloaks would become transparent and again there would be remote prickly nebulae, sticking fine needles through me. Quickly I buried myself within my cloaks and again darkness and the urgent buzz of life, working obscurely.

And quietly and more quietly life seized me. I was aware of light, of density and of milk.

Then grey-green electric darkness spluttered with blue sparks between pole and pole.

W.S.

Four Horological Poems

by Malcolm Cowley

I.

IF I should go out of this room to walk
down the inevitable street, he says,
the houses would reach out after me
their long tentacular fingers groping
over the sidewalk would clutch and drag me
into respectability through these yawning doorways

(Forty a week and a small but growing savings account, a
cat and two babies, count them two)
and yet time is gnawing at the self-assurance of these houses
time is wound
like a worm devouring the entrails of these houses

O the slow combustion of plaster, O curled yellow wallpaper
tickling the ceilings
These houses will tumble like rotten fruit to the ground.

II.

And observe if you please the action
Of time upon the pedestrian world,
It runs lightly over the faces and scrawls
its signature in twisted lines under the eyes,
it strips
the flesh from the tendons and causes
the tendons themselves to dissolve into their constituent carbon and
nitrogen
it leaves
nothing but a structure of bones two hundred
bones
strutting down the street in a business suit

two hundred female bones in crêpe georgette and the empty faces dyed
with Pompeian, the rouge that beautifies,
and yet these women
wear time as lightly as a feather boa about the neck. . . .
Time is a boa about the neck of all these people
constricting slowly
see they are choking
 their skin
goes dead white
 under the rouge
the bones rattle
 under the skin
two hundred or rather
 two hundred and seven
bones
 parade
 down the street
wrapped
 in a feather
 BOA.

III.

There is nothing at all that lives in this room by day
and dust sifts down on the soiled coverlet; dust
filters among the lace curtains making queer
amorphous bars across the avenue of escape into the sunset,
tread softly; there are none but the dead remaining here.

But at night something wakens
in the darkness the clock
ticks viciously at every second
throbbing its heart out against a tin breast
the minutes stalk
pompously across the field of consciousness
an hour is a time unreckoned

The Little Review

precise and categorical
the seconds hammer on the wall.

At their touch the flesh disintegrates
the mind is reduced to cerebrum and cerebellum
dirty grey whorls like a ball of cotton waste
like a bundle of soiled linen, like clothes cast off and shoddy
the seconds drip from a great height
splashing against the tips of my nerves
against the shell of my insubstantial body
and each erodes like geologic rain
a bit of flesh a bit of petrified brain.

—I shall countenance this no longer, said the Philosopher pick-
ing up the clock and hurling it out the door, and as he spoke
he heard it rolling down the circular staircase punctuating his
remarks very regularly as if it clung to rhythm as the sole
expression of life, life, I must have it, Life said the Philosopher
and

returned to his accustomed place
the room was grown so dark he could not see
and the phosphorescence of his lace curtains dissolved leaving him out
of time and space
whirled in an eddy of eternity

and yet his heart was hammering seventy beats to the minute
time was throbbing against the fine skin of his temples
time was dripping through his veins.

IV.

These skeletons which I discuss, said the philosopher,
rise at seven thirty
the rain may fiddle down outside, or the sun turn the window shades
into vulgar cloth of gold
or the snow fall or any other of the usual phenomena of the season
but they rise
at seven thirty

O tin alarm clocks detonating simultaneously in hall bedrooms from the Battery to Yonkers from coast to coast and agencies in all the principal cities of the world
O explosive clocks you are very evidently the symbol of something

AND the quarrel over breakfast at eight fifteen
The hurry of the trip to the subway while the hands of the clock of the tower of the building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of the greatest city of the greatest country—God's country you know it
race past like the Bronx express.

All morning they race over their correspondence

Yours

of the 9th received and in reply we beg to state that
all afternoon boredom seeps out of the pigeonholes of their desks to pile up in the wastebaskets until they are seized by a tired jubilation at five o'clock sharp

O emotions you also have learned to punch the time clock
But if
at any time the alarm clocks failed
simultaneously to function from coast to coast and in the agencies in large foreign cities
then perhaps
people would forget the following emotional processes to wit
the quarrel over breakfast
the hurry
the efficiency the
boredom and
the tired jubilation
civilization would crumple like a silk hat that somebody sat on and forget to get up
and we should be a frightfully long time straightening out the wrinkles.

Senseless

Black Umbrellas

by Ben Hecht

LITTLE people hurry along in the dark street, their heads tucked away under black umbrellas that float jerkily like expiring balloons. Over them are the great buildings and the rain.

The day is darkened and the city is without faces. A symmetrical stream of little black arcs stretches from distance to foreground as if emerging from a funnel. The little people drift with precision through the wash of the rain, bundled together by the great buildings and the sacred puerilities. The tops of their umbrellas run like waves, clinging to each other, eddying blindly at the crossings and careening on again with precision.

All day long the umbrellas have been moving their black and endless little current through the rain—a monotone of precisions, an unvarying symbol of the unvarying. Beneath them the dresses of women stretch themselves into thin triangles and the trousers of men reach in unchanging diagonals for the pavement.

The little people clothed themselves in the morning with much care and there was a stir in the bedrooms of the city, a standing before mirrors and a determination to have, some day, more captivating pieces of cloth to hide themselves in. Now the little triangles and diagonals make a swarm of patterns identical as the rain and, like the rain, the little people are pouring out of yesterday into tomorrow.

Life with its head hidden in an umbrella—little people with bits of black cloth giving half outline to the impenetrable cells they exchange at death for wooden boxes—the rain drums and chatters about them and the day like a dark mirror ignores them. The great buildings, magnificent grandfathers of the little black-arc'd umbrellas, stand dutifully excluding the rain. Electric lights already spray their circles of yellow mist upon the air. The stunted little sky of the city—the corridor of trade and restaurant signs that almost brushes the tops of the black umbrellas—is prematurely ablaze. A checker-

board flight of windows gleams out of the spatula-topped skyscrapers. The eyes of people wandering beyond the dripping webs of umbrellas catch sudden glimpses through the yellow spaces of the checkerboard of little puppet worlds inhabited by parts of furniture and unexpected faces.

Thus the city looks and moves under an umbrella in the street. I move with it, an old dream like a fawning beggar at my elbow. It is the dream of the urge of life. It follows me with the eyes of dead years. I have already given to this dream too many alms. Yet it fawns for more. Sorrowful dream of the urge of life, insatiable mendicant at my elbow, its lips cajole but its eyes, deep and empty as a skull's, stare with many deaths. We walk on and the rain carries a whimpering into my heart—the whimpering of an old dream asking alms.

I invent names for the half hidden faces and give meanings to them. Adjectives are an antidote for the companion at my elbow and perhaps some day, wearied of listening to them, he will abandon me.

There is a kinship among the black umbrellas bumping and scraping at each other. I observe this. And yet beneath them there are only solitudes. The trousers of men and skirts of women move in solitudes—precise little solitudes as identical as the black umbrellas and the rain.

Walking before me under an umbrella is a young woman. Her face hidden from the rain is that of a rouged nun, as are the faces of the young women of the city who mask their vacuity with roses. She has been hurrying but now she moves more slowly. I invent a name for her and a meaning. She is unaware of this for it is the common fancy of little people swarming in streets that their solitudes are impenetrable. Within them they move, brazenly giving themselves to the outrageous underworlds of thought.

So the young woman walks before me in the street, locked in her little depths, surrounded by the secret names and images of her yesterdays and tomorrows. I walk, following at her elbow as an old dream like a fawning beggar follows at mine. For it has occurred to me that the young woman is peering out of her solitude. She has become aware of the halloo of the rain as if it had just started.

It is obvious that she has been moving, aimlessly preoccupied, through the downpour, her words following lazily upon the pretty tracks of memory. And then the words suddenly jumbled and the pretty tracks became a circle in a void. It is this that makes hurrying little people abruptly slow their step and look up from the ground—as if to recover something.

The young woman, deserted by her solitude, looked quickly about her and perceived only the solitudes of others which though identical are always meaningless. I observe and understand. She has for the moment escaped from a cell, a pleasing enough cell of remembered and expected destinations, to find herself free in a world of cells. Umbrellas run by her. Legs and arms thrust themselves senselessly about her. It is a matter of little enough importance—a young woman staring bewildered by the rain. Yet I remain at her elbow. There is in her bewilderment opportunity for the employment of adjectives.

Something has amazed her. In her unoccupied brain the little world darting about under her eyes reflects itself as an unoccupied world; an unoccupied world stripped of destinations. In the umbrellas alone there seems a startling kinship and an even more startling superiority of purpose. They perhaps have meanings, but the little people under them have none. Their destinations have deserted them and they are moving with an incongruous hurry, having neither beginnings nor endings.

For moments the young woman stares. I do not know her thought but I know that a lonesomeness has fastened upon her, that having lost her solitude she has lost the oblivious kinship of people in crowds. The intricate little furniture of life, her minutæ of preoccupation have vanished from her as if a light that was shining on them had been shut off. So for this instant during which I have been observing her she is free of the world and there is in her the terrible premonition—for the world beats remorselessly on without her. The black umbrellas float jerkily like expiring balloons. The long V-shaped stretch of people crawls with continuous patience out of distance into distance. "Nowhere nowhere," chatters the rain and in the mouth of the young woman life lies suddenly tasteless. An old dream like a fawning beggar is at her elbow—the dream of the urge of life that but a

moment ago was the reality of realities.

We walk on and the young woman surrounded by an unaccountable emptiness listens with foreign ears to the rain and with scrutinizing eyes regards the fantastic rim of her umbrella. The contours and noises of life seem not like the contours and noises of life but like haphazard lines and sounds without content. I employ my adjectives and she, lost in a curious despair, feels the pain, the nostalgia for the unknown slowly distend her breasts and sink thin-edged into the depths of her body. As she tries to think little fears burst excitedly in warm clouds in her throat; keen mists lacerate and darken the little channels of her senses. Then words form themselves and she is saying,

“I want something. Something.”

The rain drums and chatters about us. The tides of umbrellas careen with precision along the base of the great buildings and the lights of the city, like bits of vivid pasteboard, drift over us in the downpour. The echo of the cry that rises from all endings burns in my heart. Cry of the dead, passionless fever of the emptied senses reaching for life beyond contours, I listen to the echo of its murmur in a city street and stare into a tangle of trousers and skirts. Life is a crafty beggar masking its dead eyes with new darkneses.

Despair with thin fingers caresses the heart of the young woman and her senses sweep furtively the horizon of her little world and she searches in vain for the face of her longing. “Nowhere, nowhere,” chatters the rain. The great buildings and the little black umbrellas say a nowhere and the long crowd in the street—the long crowd in the street runs away.

I know the thought of the young woman. It has hurried hopefully to the man from whose arms she has come. She images again the delicious, thrilling hour of his talk and caresses. But as she thinks of them quickly, frightenedly, they become a part of the puppet worlds that lie within lights shining out of building windows.

We walk on and the young woman stares into the dark mirror of the rain whose odours and lines give fugitive form to the mystery of space. Under her umbrella the rouge of her cheeks like a mask slips away and her face is white. There is a whiteness in her heart, the

gathering fear of one who waits for unexpected things. The echo of the words of longing swims sickeningly in her body. From the underworld of her thought demoniac impulses raise a dizzying babble. Inanimate they burst into wild flight and yet leave her motionless. The words of her longing have gone into her fingers and I watched her closed hand shiver; into her legs that plunge with violence beneath her skirt. She feels them almost coming to life in her breasts. So she is walking swiftly again, flying from an emptiness.

We walk on until the block is ended and the young woman pauses to smile expectantly into a shop window. She breathes deeply and moves her umbrella aside so that the rain may wet her face. I know of what she is thinking. There is a curious sense of guilt—the confused shame of little people who turn their backs for a moment upon life as upon a beggar, and for a moment give words to the cry that rises from all endings.

The young woman penitent and again alive whispers to herself it was the man from whose arms she has come. For there was no other something. Is not love one of the finalities? So her thoughts are again with him. Again he talks and caresses and there comes to her the glow, the keen yearning for satiety—for some completion—that she calls by the name of love.

There was nothing else she wanted. The rain made her dizzy. And yet the memory of the terror and elation that for an instant beneath the black umbrellas created a vacuum of her solitude clings to her like the ghost of a mysterious infidelity.

Away from the shop and it too is gone. The little black-arched umbrellas swarm about us as if trying to fly over each other. Under them are the faces of people safely and intelligently locked in little solitudes. The rain drums and chatters about them, dropping walls from their umbrellas and burying them deeper in their secret destinations. To the young woman the thing in the street is again explicable. It requires neither words nor thought. It is rain and people, buildings and umbrellas, lights and a shining pavement, and out of it rises the swift urge of life.

We walk on and her hand touches mine. Her fingers close prettily over it. We talk and her words are eager. She has been thinking of

me she says and her eyes lie avidly. She struggles against a confidence, wondering what there is to tell. It blurts forth then adroitly in a laugh, a laugh that belongs to the orchestra of sweet sounds.

I am so happy, she says. I am so happy. The joy of return has made her buoyant, return into her solitude with its familiar little furniture among which I stand a decoration of the moment. She has forgotten the beggar who fawned in the rain at her elbow and things are explicable, things are clear, and have names and swing vividly through the dark day.

We walk on, hands together, and an old dream whimpers in my heart.

In the Country

by Robert Reiss

K ID in the white grass
Fastened as a twig of moon
Onto the night that holds a glass
Eye ever before your eyes of calculation,
Remove your finger from the trees
And betray a slight sentiment;
The bus-top wind perhaps agrees
I am devoid of emulation.
In the city your optical surprise
Covers with its blackness all my skies,
But here among the sassafras
You cannot lay fingers on green grass.

crazy

Poems

by Else von Freytag-Loringhoven

Holy Skirts

Thought about holy skirts—to tune of "*Wheels are growing on rosebushes.*" Beneath immovable—carved skirt of forbidding sexlessness—over pavement shoving—gliding—nuns have wheels.

Undisputedly! since—beneath skirts—they are not human! Kept carefully empty cars—running over religious track—local—express—according to velocity of holiness through pious steam—up to heaven!

What for—
what do they unload there—
why do they run?

Senseless wicked expense on earth's provisions—pious idleness—
all idleness unless idleness before action—idleness of youth!

Start action upstairs—he?

How able do that—all of sudden—when on earth—machinery insufficient—weak—unable to carry—virtuous?

Virtue: staganation.

Staganation: absent contents—lifeblood—courage—action! action-n!

Why here?

What here for—?

To good? ah—!?! hurry—speed up—run amuck—jump—beat it!
farewell! fare-thee-well—good-bye! bye!

ah—bye-ye-ye!

We—of this earth—like this earth!

make heaven here—

take steps here—

to possess bearing hereafter—

dignity.

That we know how to enter:
reception room—drawing room—
banquet hall of:
abyssmal serious jester
whimsical serene power!
Poke ribs:
old son of gun—
old acquaintance!
Kiss: knees—toes!
Home—!
Our home!
We are home!
After:
smiling grim battle—
laughter—excitement—
swordplay—
sweat—
blood— — !
After accomplishing—
what sent for to accomplish.
Children of His loin—
Power of power.

Marie Ida Sequence

(*Gesture of soul—action—architecture*
—evolutionary)

I.

Mine flaunting dress—mine copper hair—
Thou—purple—dark— —
Slate iris— forehead wide.
Mine lips—as shaped and chiselled after thine—
The nose is not—mine nose is aquiline—
like tower—thine is short,

Thine hands—so imminently lovely—
 Frail—faintly dimpled—tapersy fingertips—
 To worship—they are not the hands of me—
 Nor chaste as thine ponder mine lips.

Mine scarlet heart—mine slate-green eye—
 copper-sprayed star—
 Are thine—profound—!
 —Learned mine eyes what never thine eyes lit— !
 Desire incarnate—erected fit
 Cradle for thine soul.

Nay—fundamentally I am thine root—
 Gyrating dizzying and high
 Upon that bloodcrest—mating a galoot
 Of steel and flame—making thee die.

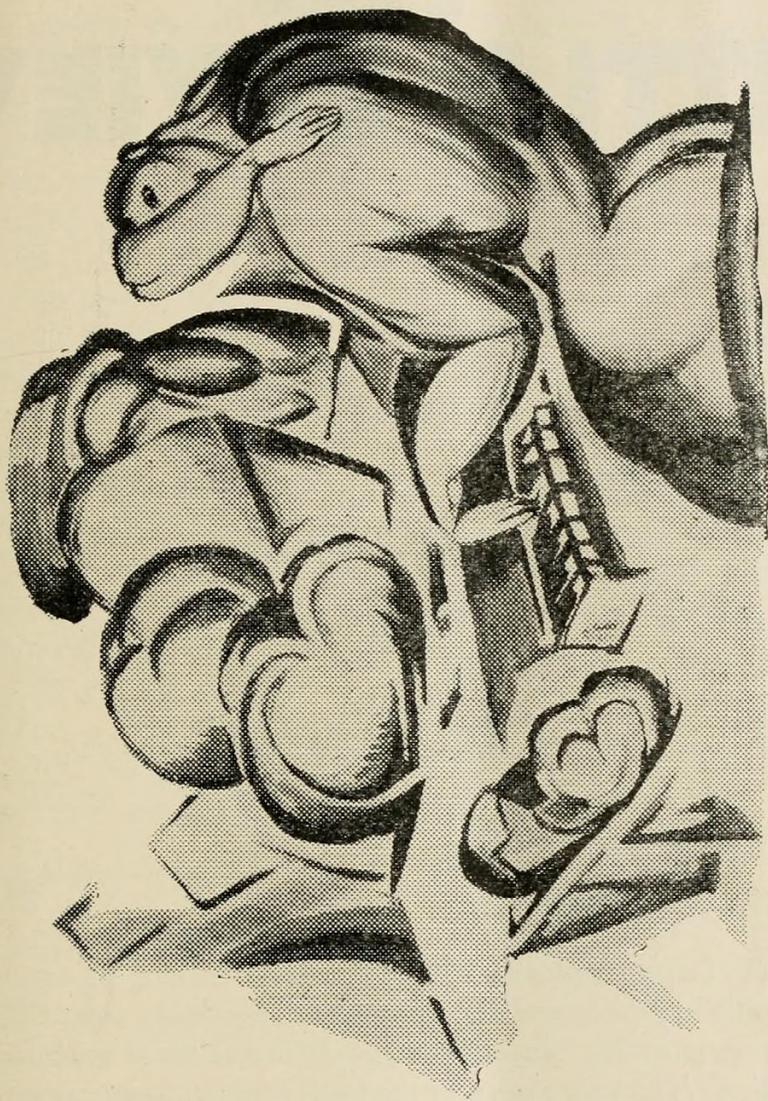
II.

Prince Elect

And well—mine mother—do we hate—!
 We ourselves—to ourselves—are costly—
 Priceless—as Tormalinde on the gate—
 —of death.

I—as thou before—
 am prince elect to that estate—
 that shone thine teeth as shells along the shore—
 —of life.

Aie—proud malignant corse!



STUDY. BY CHARLES ELLIS

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Editor:

Margaret Anderson

Foreign Editors:

John Rodker

Jules Romains

Advisory Board

jh

Discussion

“The Public Taste”

by Mary Widney

I HAVE been puzzled by that explanatory “making no compromise with the public taste” which appears relentlessly upon the *Little Review* covers. It seems singularly obtuse for so perspicacious a magazine. The whole spirit of the work between its covers belies the obvious interpretation: that you are capitalizing your agnosticism—not too delicately angling for the dilettante iconoclast. If you are sincerely regardless of the public taste why be so blatant about it? A true contempt is impersonal—a true disregard cannot be cognizant of the thing disregarded. The small boy whistling in the grave

yard—and the *Little Review* slapping the face of public taste. Some way it lacks dignity, and, what is more serious, casts aspersions on the worthiness of the movement it espouses. I may be misunderstanding grossly, but as I have said, I am puzzled. Won't you explain?

[I should like to write you a long heart-felt letter about that slogan. It has been one of my compromises for the past three years. It came to us, among many other precious things, from Ezra Pound.

Taste in Art is a thing that could never get my attention; and so, anything as casual as that taste made by the newspapers, lectures bureaus, the fashion-art magazines, and Mr. Mencken could never lead me to endorse the slogan. It does help, as colour, to balance the heavy letters at the top, and it does undoubtedly save many people their quarters.

I believe in peace and silence for and from the "masses"—a happy undisturbed people. I don't know how this can be brought about entirely. I try not to go very far into what the suffragists must be feeling when they contemplate what public taste has chosen as presidential candidates.—*jh.*]

*"Dada" and Else von Freytag
von Loringhoven**
by John Rodker

PARIS has had *Dada* for five years, and we have had Else von Freytag-Loringhoven for quite two years. But great minds think alike and great natural truths force themselves into cognition at vastly separated spots. In Else von Freytag-Loringhoven Paris is mystically united New York.

*Our copies of *Dada* being temporarily lost, and Mr. Rodker's ms. being handwritten and impossible to read, we print the above with apologies for any misquotations.

This makes clear the poem "Narin Tzarissamanilj." The president of *Dada* (there are one or two but it costs 3 frs.) goes by the name of Tristan Tzara. His photograph is intense enough to please any one. It is possible that Else von Freytag-Loringhoven is the first Dadaiste in New York and that the *Little Review* has discovered her.

Let me quote some *Dada* poems. The resemblance is striking:

La fibre s'enflamme et les pyramides

(trés vite)

aeaeaeaeaea eda s'éclarent les dignes verticales
 lédah éga les torpilleurs aux fontaines
 ne touchez pas sous l'orage extrarose mourir mourir
 les ancras les soeurs grises et les philosophes sur
 l'ultrablantique les coupoles
 aegoov aaa crépuscule
 derrière le pastel le perforatrices les perforatrices
 hhhaa il a signé le quadruple
 bregan aeaeaeaeaeaaaa.

T. Evola.

Metals form part of Mme. Loringhoven's virulent compost. Hear the Dada's:

Tourmentés par le desir de voir leur statue a
 Paris, place de l'Etoile, les présidents et pro-
 priétaires du mouvement Dada pissent du bronze.
 It's a pity that such impetuosity should result only in:

Bègue Ventriloque
 ok okokok
 Dans sa vessie est remonté après une descente en
 parachute.
 Le cerveau de l'aimée
 Œuf à la coque de ses rêves cuits
 Beurre Soufre Platone
 Et puis rien
 Et alors. . .

Georges Ribemont-Dessaignet,

ZUT

Zim ba da bruin soyais oracles
 Il est un nez ailette tribe de Crooks
 Zinc autel éclair tartines négres
 Ibidem sur le ventre en fleurs
 de toutes crues sauve la Certa
 En carrousel muet honore Dieu le Père.
 Dure-mère cachotterie
 Aux sourcils faits à l'encore soufre
 Dompte la vergue ventriloque
 André Gide a la pituite.

Paul Dermès.

We seem to remember Marinetti at this game. *Dada* is different. It says it won't take seriously (beyond coin, I mean) its lack of seriousness. As I said before, they print each other's photographs; all appear young men and women of blameless lives. . . and the most earnest intentions. Mme. Loringhoven is I feel sure to be equally congratulated. For my taste I find her poems a little too sweet and sentimental, but every one to his taste. In her search for beauty she resembles Tristan Tzara whom we have already mentioned. This poem is without blague:

La queue du diable est une bicyclette

la morsure équatoriale dans le roc bleu
 accable la nuit senteur intime de berceaux amoureux
 la fleur est un réverbère poupée écoute le mercure
 qui monte
 qui monte le moulin à vent accroché au viaduc
 avant-hier n'est pas la céramique des chrysanthèmes
 qui tourne la tête et le froid
 l'heure a sonné dans ta bouche
 encore un ange brisé qui tombe comme un ex-
 crément de vantour
 étend l'accolade sur le desert fané
 lambeaux d'oreilles songées lèpre fer.

Tristan Tzara.

The *Little Review* might adopt certain of Dada's "artichauts" for its correspondents. "Qu'est ce qu'est beau? Qu'est ce que c'est laid? Qu'est que c'est grand, fort, faible? Qu'est ce que c'est Carpentier, Renan, Foch? Connais-pas. Qu'est ce que c'est moi? Connais pas, connais pas.

or from this *Manifeste Dada*:

Dada, lui, ne vent rien, rien, il faut quelque chose par que le public dise: "nous ne comprenous rein, rien, rien. . . Les Dadaistes ne sout rien, rien, rien, bien certainement ils n'arriverons a rien, rien, rien.

Francis Picabia

(*qui ne sait rien, rien, rien*).

This movement should capture America like a prairie fire. From Kreymborg to Lindsay the whole modern movement is photographed either prototype or the other thing.

They don't seem to have got Joyce, though Pound contributes a note to the effect that

Dada No. 1. Quelques jeunes hommes intelligents stranded in Zurich desire correspondence with other unfortunates similarly situated—other god-forsaken corners of the earth.

Dada Bulletin 5 Feb. Ils ont échappé. They have got to Paris. La Bombe! La zut!—excellsior! !

*Note from an article by May Sinclair
in the "English Review"*

IF the *Little Review* had never printed anything but what came to it through its foreign editor it might by this time have ranked as an important international concern; unfortunately it printed many things for which Mr. Pound was not responsible, and when it trespassed its iniquities were laid on him. Besides he gave opportunities. His critical manner was deceptive. When the *Little Review* an-

nounced its Henry James number, with an article by Ezra Pound, some of us had visions of an irresponsible and agile animal shinning up a monument to hang by his feet from the top.

“What actually happened?”

“I do not know any book yet written on Henry James of more solid value than Mr. Pound’s “Brief Note” in the *Little Review*.”

[My experience and spiritualistic beliefs in international magazines of art and letters make me long for May Sinclair’s advice both as an efficiency expert and as a fortune-teller.

Aside from “Ulysses” all of the work sent to us by Pound could have gone into eight or ten numbers of the *Little Review*. If this could have captured the international art consciousness we are overcome with grief that we interfered, and frustrated what wasn’t exactly our aim: to become an “international concern.” I do hold with Miss Sinclair that if any one could have made us an international concern it could only have been some one as American as Pound with his same interest in and appreciation of foreign work.

We are here to trespass—we will stand by our own iniquities. We have not trespassed in thinking that all the international writers are not living in Europe.—*jh.*]

“The Modest Woman”

by *Else von Freytag-Loringhoven*

Artists are aristocrats.

Artists who call themselves artists—not aristocrats—are plain working people, mixing up art with craft, in vulgar untrained brain.

Who wants us to hide our joys (Joyce?)

If I can eat I can eliminate—it is logic—it is why I eat! My machinery is built that way. Yours also—though you do not like to think of—mention it—because you are not aristocrat.

Your skirts are too long—out of “modesty,” not decoration—when you lift them you do not do it elegantly—proudly.

Why should I—proud engineer—be ashamed of my machinery—part of it?

Is there any engineer of steel machinery who is? unless he runs ramshackle one?

The stronger she works—the prouder he is!

Has he no right to talk shop? He, not you! for you are no engineer! Helpless victim—pulled over gravel—dust—by that indecent machine—your body—over life's glorious wilderness—not seeing landscape! Joyce is engineer! one of boldest—most adventurous—globetrotter—! to talk shop is his sacred business—we want him to—to love engine that carries him through flashing glades to his grave—his glorious estate.

If I can write—talk—about dinner—pleasure of my palate—as artist or as aristocrat—with my ease of manner—can afford also to mention my ecstasies in toilet room!

If you can not—you are invited to silence—by all means!

If your ears are too vulgar—put white cotton into—in tufts—bunches! fitting decoration! You did that—already—but why have you to show it to the world at large? afflicted people should stay home—with family—friends. You are immodest—because you are not healthy.

Toilets are made for swift cleanliness—not modesty!

America's comfort:—sanitation—outside machinery—has made American forget own machinery—body! He thinks of himself less than of what should be his servant—steel machinery.

He has mixed things! For; he has no poise—no tradition. Parvenu—ashamed of his hide—as he well might.

Slips behind smoothness—smugness—sanitation—cleanliness.

Ah! now he is “personality”—dressed up—sorry—sanitary lout—just from barber—smelling from barber.

That is American! it is truly disgusting to imagine him in any “physical functions”—eating not excluded.

Eats stupidly also.

Has reason to hide—feels that—and:—because newly rich—in vast acquisition—feels also he has something to say to everything—everybody—as did in war—to ridicule.

Smart aleck—countrylout—in sunday attire—strutting!

Yawning—all teeth—into space—sipping his coffee with thunder

noise—elbow on table—little finger outspread stiffly—he knows how to behave in society!

Why—America—can you not be modest? stay back—attentive—as wellbred child? You have so much to learn—just out of bushes!

But—you are no wellbred child—you are noisy—nosey—bad-mannered—assumptive.

In my opinion—I have sharp eyes—you are no child of nature—you are changeling!

You forget, madame—that *we* are the masters—go by our rules.

Goethe was grandly obscene—what do you know about it? Flaubert—Swift—Rabelais—Arabian Nights—Bible if you please! only difference—Bible is without humour—great stupidity! So: how dare you strut—step out—show yourself with your cotton-tuft in ear?

In Europe—when inferiors do not understand superiors—they retire modestly—mayhap baffled—but in good manner. By that fact—that they do not understand—they know their place. They are not invited—of class inferior—the dance is not theirs.

They can not judge—for: they lack real manners—education—class.

If they are desirous of judging—sometime—they must think—study—rise—*slowly!* So society is made—in Europe—slowly—! so: culture—so: aristocratic public.

In such public—we dance.

That attitude of the learner—the inferior—you should feel in regard to James Joyce.

That you do not—shows you have less inherent culture than European washer-lady.

Here—madame—every bank clerk meddles.

Ancient Romans had proverb—one of few great principals of world-structure—culture: *Quod licit Jovi, non licit Bovi.*

To show hidden beauty of things—there are no limitations! Only artist can do that—that is his holy office. Stronger—braver he is—more he will explore into depths.

His eye—ear—finger—nose—tongue—are as keen as yours dull.

Without him—without his help—you would become less than dog—cow—worm.

To them nature is art—we live in civilization! You would lose all sense of life—disintegrate into maniacs of wilderness—not into animals—for: animals are perfect—Nature to them—civilization to us.

Do not believe genius is without error. Ah—nay—but: without sentimentality—pity—with relentless purpose—conviction—patience—time.

Do not eat the *Little Review*.

Therein all strong angels are!

Already high scientist not any more knows how to be “ashamed”—silent—about anything.

You can suffer that—can you not?

If not—you are dunce—even in America—should keep tongue.

What scientist can say only in impersonal detached dignified quietness—servant of God—genius can say—does—any way he first happens to feel—he is God’s messenger—in him God incarnate.

I have not read “Ulysses.” As story it seems impossible—to James Joyce’s style I am not yet quite developed enough—makes me difficulty—too intent on my own creation—no time now.

Sometime I will read him—have no doubt—time of screams—delights—dances—soul and body—as with Shakespeare.

For snatches I have had show me it is more worth while than many a smooth coherent story by author or real genuine prominence.

The way he slings “obscenities”—handles them—never forced—never obscene—vulgar! (thank Europe for such people—world will advance.)

Shows him one of highest intellects—with creative power abundant—soaring!

In fact—his obscenities—until now—are only thing I could taste—enjoy—with abandon—his blasphemies. Pure soul of child—wisdom of sage—genius.

Such one you dare approach—little runt?

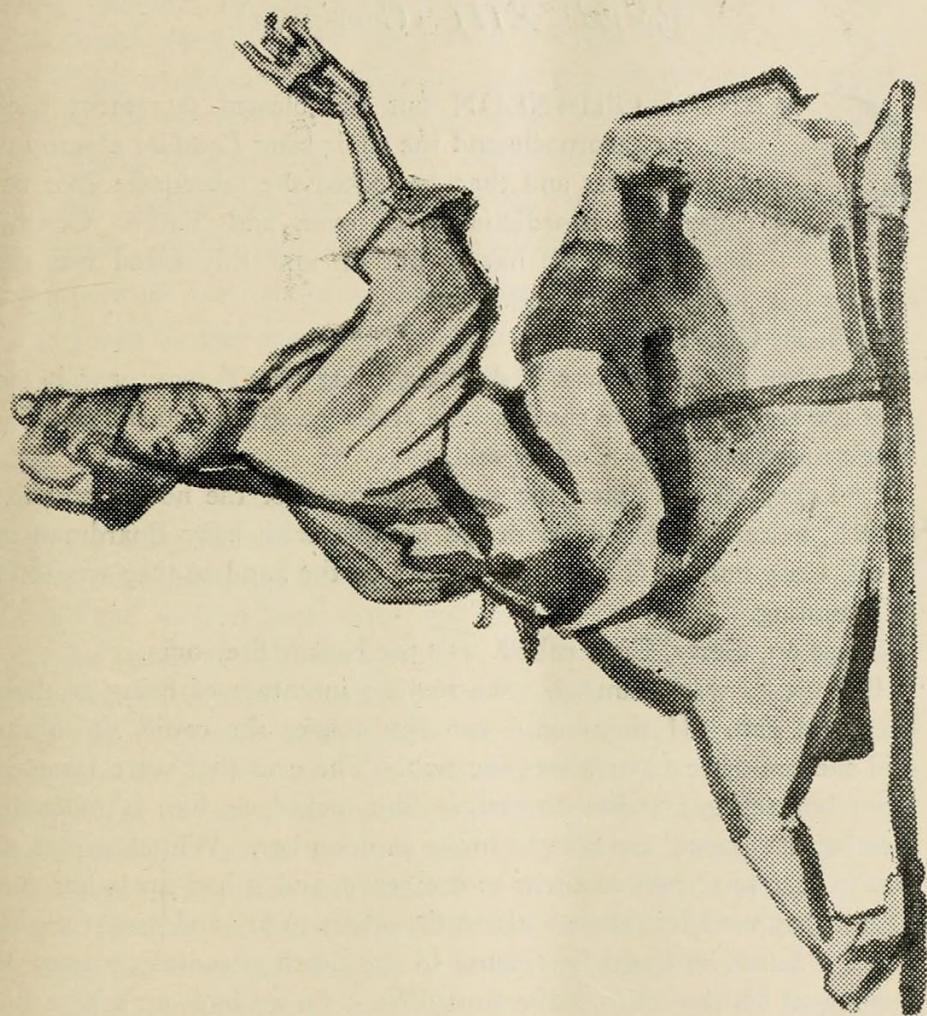
Whatever made you read him—*Little Review*—anyway?

Back to my astonishment!

You see how ridiculous you are?

Well—if not—others will.

That is why I wrote this—!



ARRESTED MOVEMENT. BY JEROME BLUM

Ulysses

by James Joyce

Episode, XIII (Continued)

CANON O'HANLON put the blessed sacrament back into the tabernacle and the choir sang *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes* and then he locked the tabernacle door because the benediction was over and Father Conroy handed him his hat to put on and Edy asked was she coming but Jacky Caffrey called out:

—O, look, Cissy!

And they all looked was it sheet lightning but Tommy saw it too over the trees beside the church, blue and then green and purple.

—It's fireworks, Cissy Caffrey said.

And they all ran down the strand to see over the houses and the church, helterkelter, Edy with the pushcar with baby Boardman in it and Cissy holding Tommy and Jacky by the hand so they wouldn't fall running.

—Come on, Gerty, Cissy called. It's the bazaar fireworks.

But Gerty was adamant. She had no intention of being at their beck and call. If they could run like rossies she could sit so she said she could see from where she was. The eyes that were fastened upon her set her pulses tingling. She looked at him a moment, meeting his glance, and a light broke in upon her. Whitehot passion was in that face, passion silent as the grave, and it had made her his. At last they were left alone without the others to pry and pass remarks, and she knew he could be trusted to the death, steadfast, a man of honour to his fingertips. She leaned back far to look up where the fireworks were and she caught her knee in her hands so as not to fall back looking up and there was no one to see only him and her when she revealed all her graceful beautifully shaped legs like that, supply soft and delicately rounded, and she seemed to hear the panting of his heart his hoarse breathing, because she knew about the

passion of men like that, hotblooded, because Bertha Supple told her once in secret about the gentleman lodger that was staying with them out of the record office that had pictures cut out of papers of those skirt dancers and she said he used to do something not very nice that you could imagine sometimes in the bed. But this was different from a thing like that because there was all the difference because she could almost feel him draw her face to his and the first quick hot touch of his handsome lips. Besides there was absolution so long as you didn't do the other thing before being married and there ought to be woman priests that would understand without telling out and Cissy Caffrey too sometimes had that dreamy kind of dreamy look in her eyes so that she too, my dear, and besides it was on account of that other thing coming on the way it did.

And Jacky Caffrey shouted to look, there was another and she leaned back and the garters were blue to match on account of the transparent and they all saw it and shouted to look, look there it was and she leaned back ever so far to see the fireworks and something queer was flying about through the air, a soft thing to and fro, dark. And she saw a long Roman candle going up over the trees up, up, and they were all breathless with excitement as it went higher and higher and she had to lean back more and more to look up after it, high, high, almost out of sight, and her face was suffused with a divine, an entrancing blush from straining back and he could see her other things too, nainsook knickers, four and eleven, on account of being white and she let him and she saw that he saw and the it went so high it went out of sight a moment and she was trembling in every limb from being bent so far back that he could see high up above her knee where no-one ever and she wasn't ashamed and he wasn't either to look in that immodest way like that because he couldn't resist the sight like those skirt dancers behaving so immodest before gentlemen looking and he kept on looking, looking. She would fain have cried to him chokingly, held out her snowy slender arms to him to come, to feel his lips laid on her white brow. And then a rocket sprang and bang shot blind blank and O! then the Roman candle burst and it was like a sigh of O! and everyone cried O! O! and it gushed out of it a stream of rain gold hair threads and they shed and

ah! they were all greeny dewy stars falling with golden, O so lovely!
O so soft, sweet, soft!

Then all melted away dewily in the grey air: all was silent. Ah! She glanced at him as she bent forward quickly, a glance of piteous protest, of shy reproach under which he coloured like a girl. He was leaning back against the rock behind. Leopold Bloom (for it is he) stands silent, with bowed head before those young guileless eyes. What a brute he had been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been! But there was an infinite store of mercy in those eyes, for him too a word of pardon even though he had erred and sinned and wandered. That was their secret, only theirs, alone in the hiding twilight and there was none to know or tell save the little bat that flew so softly through the evening to and fro and little bats don't tell.

Cissy Caffrey whistled, imitating the boys in the football field to show what a great person she was: and then she cried

—Gerty Gerty! We're going. Come on. We can see from farther up.

Gerty had an idea. She slipped a hand into her kerchief pocket and took out the wadding and waved in reply of course without letting him and then slipped it back. Wonder if he's too far to. She rose. She had to go but they would meet again, there, and she would dream of that till then, tomorrow. She drew herself up to her full height. Their souls met in a last lingering glance and the eyes that reached her heart, full of a strange shining, hung enraptured on her sweet flowerlike face. She half smiled at him, a sweet forgiving smile—and then they parted.

Slowly without looking back she went down the uneven strand to Cissy, to Edy, to Jacky and Tommy Caffrey, to little baby Boardman. It was darker now and there were stones and bits of wood on the strand and slippy seaweed. She walked with a certain quiet dignity characteristic of her but with care and very slowly because—because Gerty MacDowell was . . .

Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!

Mr. Bloom watched her as she limped away. Poor girl! That's why she's left on the shelf and the others did a sprint. Thought

something was wrong by the cut of her jib. Jilted beauty. Glad I didn't know it when she was on show. Hot little devil all the same. Near her monthlies, I expect, makes them feel ticklish. I have such a bad headache today. Where did I put the letter? Yes, all right. All kinds of crazy longings. Girl in Tranquilla convent told me liked to smell rock oil. Sister? That's the moon. But then why don't all women menstruate at the same time with same moon? I mean. Depends on the time they were born, I suppose. Anyhow I got the best of that. Made up for that tramdriver this morning. That gouger M'Coy stopping me to say nothing. And his wife's engagement in the country valise voice like a pickaxe. Thankful for small mercies. Cheap too. Yours for the asking. Because they want it themselves. Shoals of them every evening poured out of offices. Catch 'em alive. O. Pity they can't see themselves. A dream of wellfilled hose. Where was that? Ah, yes. Mutoscope pictures in Capel street: for men only. Peeping Tom. Willie's hat and what the girls did with it. Do they snapshot those girls or is it all a fake. *Lingerie* does it. Felt for the curves inside her *deshabille*. Excites them also when they're. Molly. Why I bought her the violet garters. Say a woman loses a charm with every pin she takes out. Pinned together. O Mairy lost the pin of her. Dressed up to the nines for some body. In no hurry either. Always off to a fellow when they are. Out on spec probably. They believe in chance because like themselves. And the others inclined to give her an odd dig. Mary and Martha. Girl friends at school, arms round each other's necks, kissing and whispering secrets about nothing in the convent garden. Nuns with whitewashed faces, cool coifs and their rosaries going up and down, vindictive too for what they can't get. Barbed wire. Be sure now and write to me. And I'll write to you. Now won't you? Molly and Josie Powell. Then meet once in a blue moon. *Tableau*. O, look who it is for the love of God! How are you at all? What have you been doing with yourself? Kiss and delighted to, kiss, to see you. Picking holes in each other's appearance. You're looking splendid. Wouldn't lend each other a pinch of salt.

Ah.

Devils they are when that's coming on them. Molly often told

me feel things a ton weight. Scratch the sole of my foot. O that way! O, that's exquisite! Feel it myself too. Good to rest once in a way. Wonder if it's bad to go with them then. Safe in one way. Something about withering plants I read in a garden. Besides they say if the flower withers she wears she's a flirt. All are. Dare-say she felt I. When you feel like that you often meet what you feel. Liked me or what? Dress they look at. Always know a fellow courting: collars and cuffs. Same time might prefer a tie undone or something. Trousers? Suppose I when I was? No. Gently does it. Dislike rough and tumble. Kiss in the dark and never tell. Saw something in me. Wonder what. Sooner have me as I am than some poet chap with bearsgrease plastery hair, lovelock over his dexter optic. To aid gentleman in literary. Ought to attend to my appearance my age. Didn't let her see me in profile. Still, you never know. Pretty girls and ugly men marrying. Beauty and the beast. Besides I can't be so if Molly. Took off her hat to show her hair. Wide brim bought to hide her face, meeting someone might know her, bend down or carry a bunch of flowers to smell. Hair strong in rut. Ten bob I got for Molly's combings when we were on the rocks in Holles street. Why not? Suppose he gave her money. Why not? All a prejudice. She's worth ten, fifteen, more a pound. What? I think so. All that for nothing. Bold hand. Mrs Marion. Did I forget to write address on that letter like the postcard I sent to Flynn. And the day I went to Drimmie's without a necktie. Wrangle with Molly it was put me off. No, I remember. Ritchie Goulding. He's another. Weighs on his mind. Funny my watch stopped at half past four. Was that just when he, she?

O, he did. Into her. She did. Done.

Ah.

Mr. Bloom with careful hand recomposed his shirt. O Lord, that little limping devil. Begins to feel cold and clammy. After effect not pleasant. They don't care. Complimented perhaps. Go home and say night prayers with the kiddies. Well, aren't they? Still I feel. The strength it gives a man. That's the secret of it. Good job I let off there behind coming out of Dignam's. Cider that was. Otherwise I couldn't have. Makes you want to sing after. *Lacaus*

esant tatatara. Suppose I spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however if you don't know how to end the conversation. Ask them a question they ask you another. Good idea if you're stuck. Gain time. But then you're in a cart. Wonderful of course if you say: Good evening, and you see she's on for it: good evening. Girl in Meath street that night. All the dirty things I made her say. Parrots. Wish she hadn't called me sir. O, her mouth in the dark! And you a married man with a single girl. That's what they enjoy. Taking a man from another woman. French letter still in my pocketbook. But might happen sometime. I don't think. Come in. All is prepared. I dreamt. What? Worst is beginning. How they change the venue when it's not what they like. Ask you do you like mushrooms because she once knew a gentleman who. Yet if I went the whole hog, say: I want to, something like that. Because I did. She too. Offend her. Then make it up. Pretend to want something awfully, then cry off for her sake. Flatters them. She must have been thinking of someone else all the time. What harm? Must since she came to the use of reason, he, he and he. First kiss does the trick. Something inside them goes pop. Mushy like, tell by their eye, on the sly. First thoughts are best. Remember that till their dying day. Molly, lieutenant Mulvey that kissed her under the Moorish wall beside the gardens. Fifteen she told me. But her breasts were developed. Fell asleep then. After Glencree dinner that was when we drove home the featherbed mountain. Gnashing her teeth in sleep. Lord mayor had his eye on her too. Val Dillon. Apoplectic.

There she is with them down there for the fireworks. My fireworks. Up like a rocket, down like a stick. And the children, twins they must be, waiting for something to happen. Want to be grown-ups. Dressing in mother's clothes. Time enough, understand all the ways of the world. And the dark one with the mop head and the nigger mouth. I knew she could whistle. Mouth made for that. Why that highclass whore in Jammet's wore her veil only to her nose. Would you mind, please, telling me the right time? I'll tell you the right time up a lane. Say prunes and prisms forty times every morning, cure for fat lips. Caressing the little boy too. Onlookers see

most of the game. Of course they understand birds, animals, babies. In their line.

Didn't look back when she was going down the strand. Wouldn't give that satisfaction. Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls. Fine eyes she had, clear. It's the white of the eye brings that out not so much the pupil. Did she know what I? Course. Like a cat sitting beyond a dog's jump. Woman. Never meet one like that Wilkins in the high school drawing a picture of Venus with all his belongings on show. Call that innocence? Poor idiot! His wife has her work cut out for her. Sharp as needles they are. When I said to Molly the man at the corner of Cuffe street was goodlooking, thought she might like, twigged at once he had a false arm. Had too. Where they get that? Handed down from father to mother to daughter, I mean. Bred in the bone. Milly for example drying her handkerchief on the mirror to save the ironing. And when I sent her for Molly's Paisley shawl to Presscott's by the way that ad I must, carrying home the change in her stocking. Clever little minx! I never told her. Neat way she carries parcels too. Attract men, small thing like that. Holding up her hand, shaking it, to let the blood flow back when it was red. Who did you learn that from? Nobody. Something the nurse taught me. O, don't they know? Three years old she was in front of Molly's dressing-table just before we left Lombard street west. Me have a nice pace. Mullingar. Who knows? Ways of the world. Young student. Straight on her pins anyway not like the other. Still she was game. Lord, I am wet. Devil you are. Swell of her calf. Transparent stockings, stretched to breaking point. Not like that frump today. A. E. Rumples stockings. Or the one in Grafton street. White. Wow! Beef to the heel.

A monkey puzzle rocket burst, spluttering in darting crackles. Zrads and zrads, zrads, zrads. And Cissy and Tommy ran out to see and Edy after with the pushcar and then Gerty beyond the curve of the rocks. Will she? Watch! Watch! See! Looked round. She smelt an onion. Darling, I saw your. I saw all.

Lord!

Did me good all the same. Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's. For this relief much thanks. In *Hamlet*, that is. Lord! It was all

things combined. Excitement. When she leaned back felt an ache at the butt of my tongue. Your head it simply swirls. He's right. Might have made a worse fool of myself however. Instead of talking about nothing. Then I will tell you all. Still it was a kind of language between us. It couldn't be? No, Gerty they called her. Might be false name however like my and the address Dolphin's barn a blind.

Her maiden name was Jemima Brown

And she lived with her mother in Irishtown.

Place made me think of that I suppose. All tarred with the same brush. Wiping pens in their stockings. But the ball rolled down to her as if it understood. Every bullet has its billet. Course I never could throw anything straight at school. Crooked as a ram's horn. Sad however because it lasts only a few years till they settle down to potwalloping and fullers' earth for the baby when he does ah ah. No soft job. Saves them. Keeps them out of harm's way. Nature. Washing child, washing corpse. Dignam. Children's hands always round them. Cocoon skulls, monkeys, not even closed at first, sour milk in their swaddles and tainted curds. Oughtn't to have given that child an empty teat to suck. Fill it up with wind. Mrs. Beaufoy, Purefoy. Must call to the hospital. Wonder is nurse Callan there still. And Mrs Breen and Mrs Dignam once like that too, marriageable. Worst of all the night Mrs Diggan told me in the city arms. Husband rolling in drunk, stink of pub off him like a polecat. Have that in your nose all night, whiff of stale boose. Bad policy however to fault the husband. Chickens come home to roose. They stick by one another like glue. Maybe the women's fault also. That's where Molly can knock spots off them. It is the blood of the south. Moorish. Also the form, the figure. Hands felt for the opulent. Just compare for instance those others. Wife locked up at home, skeleton in the cupboard. Allow me to introduce my. Then they trot you out some kind of a nondescript, wouldn't know what to call her. Always see a fellow's weak point in his wife. Still there's destiny in it, falling in love. Have their own secrets between them. Chaps that would go to the dogs if some woman didn't take them in hand. Then little chits of girls, height of a shilling in coppers, with little hubbies. As God made them He matched them. Sometimes children turn out well

enough. Twice nought makes one. This wet is very unpleasant.

Ow!

Other hand a sixfooter with a wifey up to his watchpocket. Long and the short of it. Very strange about my watch. Wonder is there any magnetic influence between the person because that was about the time he. Yes, I suppose at once. Cat's away the mice will play. I remember looking in Pill lane. Also that now is magnetism. Back of everything magnetism. Earth for instance pulling this and being pulled. That causes movement. And time? Well that's the time the movement takes. Then if one thing stopped the whole ghesabo would stop bit by bit. Because it's all arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the stars. Little piece of steel iron. When you hold out the fork. Come. Come. Tip. Woman and man that is. Fork and steel. Molly, he. Dress up and look and suggest and let you see and see more and defy you if you're a man to see that and legs, look look and. Tip. Have to let fly.

Wonder how is she feeling in that region. Shame all put on before third person. Molly, her underjaw stuck out, head back about the farmer in the ridingboots with the spurs. And when the painters were in Lombard street west. Smell that I did, like flowers. It was too. Violets. Came from the turpentine probably in the paint. Make their own use of everything. Same time doing it scraped her slipper on the floor so they wouldn't hear. But lots of them can't kick the beam, I think. Keep that thing up for hours. Kind of a general all round over me and half down my back.

Wait. Hm. Hm. Yes. That's her perfume. Why she waved her hand. I leave you this to think of me when I'm far away on the pillow. What is it? Heliotrope? No. Hyacinth? Hm. Roses, I think. She'd like scent of that kind. Sweet and cheap: soon sour. Why Molly likes opoponax. Suits her with a little jessamine mixed. Her high notes and her low notes. At the dance night she met him, dance of the hours. Heat brought it out. She was wearing her black and it had the perfume of the time before. Good conductor, is it? Or bad? Light too. Suppose there's some connection. For instance if you go into a cellar where it's dark. Mysterious thing too. Why did I smell it only now? Took its time in coming like herself, slow

but sure. Suppose it's ever so many millions of tiny grains blown across. Yes, it is. Because those spice islands, Cinghalese this morning, smell them leagues off. Tell you what it is. It's like a fine fine veil or web they have all over the skin fine like what do you call it gossamer and they're always spinning it out of them, fine as anything, rainbow colours without knowing it. Clings to everything she takes off. Vamp of her stockings. Warm shoes. Stays. Drawers: little kick taking them off. Byby till next time. Also the cat likes to sniff in her shift on the bed. Know her smell in a thousand. Bathwater too. Reminds me of strawberries and cream. Wonder where it is really. There or the armpits or under the neck. Because you get it out of all holes and corners. Hyacinth perfume made of oil of ether or something. Muskrat. Bag under their tails. Dogs at each other behind. Good evening. Evening. How do you sniff? Hm. Hm. Very well, thank you. Animals go by that. Yes, now, look at it that way. We're the same. Some women for instance warn you off when they have their period. Come near. Then get a hogo you could hang your hat on. Like what? Potted herrings gone stale or. Boof! Please keep off the grass.

Perhaps they get a man smell off us. What though? Cigary gloves Long John had on his desk the other. Breath? What you eat and drink gives that. No. Mansmell, I mean. Must be connected with that because priests that are supposed to be are different. Women buzz round it like flies round treacle. O father, will you? Let me be the first to. That diffuses itself all through the body, permeates. Source of life. And it's extremely curious the smell. Celery sauce. Let me.

Mr. Bloom inserted his nose. Hm. Into the. Hm. Opening of his waistcoat. Almonds or. No. Lemons it is. And no, that's the soap.

O by the by that lotion. I knew there was something on my mind. Never went back and the soap not paid. Two and nine. Bad opinion of me he'll have. Call tomorrow. How much do I owe you? Three and nine? Two and nine, sir. Ah. Might stop him giving credit another time. Lose your customers that way. Pubs do. Fellows run

up a bill on the slate and then slinking around the back streets into somewhere else.

Here's this nobleman passed before. Blown in from the bay. Just went as far as turn back. Always at home at dinnertime. Looks mangled out: had a good tuck in. Enjoying nature now. Grace after meals. After supper walk a mile. Sure he has a small bank balance somewhere, government sit. Walk after him now makes him awkward like those newsboys me today. That's the way to find out. Ask yourself who is he now. *The Man on the Beach*, prize tidbit story by Mr Leopold Bloom. Payment at the rate of one guinea per column. And that fellow today at the graveside in the brown mackintosh. Corns on his kismet however. Healthy perhaps absorb all the. Whistle brings rain they say. Must be some somewhere. Salt in the Ormond damp. The body feels the atmosphere. Old Betty's joints are on the rack. Mother Shipton's prophecy that is about ships around they fly in the twinkling. No. Signs of rain it is. The royal reader. And distant hills seem coming nigh.

Howth. Bailey light. Two, four, six, eight, nine. See. People afraid of the dark. Also glowworms, cyclists: lighting up time. Jewels diamonds flash better. Light is a kind of reassuring. Not going to hurt you. Better now of course than long ago. Country roads. Run you through the small guts for nothing. Still two types there are you bob against. Scowl or smile. Not at all. Best time to spray plants too in the shade after the sun. Were those nightclouds there all the time? Land of the setting sun this. Homerule sun setting in the northeast. My native land, goodnight.

Dew falling. Bad for you, dear, to sit on that stone. Brings on white fluxions. Might get piles myself. Sticks too like a summer cold, sore on the mouth. Friction of the position. Like to be that rock she sat on. Also the library today: those girls graduates. Happy chairs under them. But it's the evening influence. They all feel that. Open like flowers, know their hours, sunflowers, Jerusalem artichokes in ballrooms, chandeliers, avenues under the lamps. Nightstock in Mat Dillon's garden where I kissed her shoulder. June that was too I wooed. The year returns. And now? Sad about her lame of course but must be on your guard not to feel too much pity. They take advantage.

All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem. Where we. The rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums and I the leavings. All that old hill has seen. Names change: that's all. Lovers: yum yum.

Tired I feel now. Drained all the manhood out of me, little wretch. She kissed me. My youth. Never again. Only once it comes. Or hers. Take the train there tomorrow. No. Returning not the same. Like kids your second visit to a house. The new I want. Nothing new under the sun. Care of P. O. Dolphin's barn. Are you not happy in your? Naughty darling. At Dolphin's barn charades in Luke Doyle's house. Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters: Tiny, Atty, Floey, Sara. Molly too. Eightyseven that was. Year before we. And the old major partial to his drop of spirits. Curious she an only child, I an only child. So it returns. Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home. And just when he and she. Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van Winkle we played. Rip: tear in Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: bread van delivering. Winkle: cockles and periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle coming back. She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty years asleep. All changed. Forgotten. The young are old. His gun rusty from the dew.

Ba. What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thin's I'm a tree, so blind. Metempsychosis. They believed you could be changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow. Ba. There he goes. Funny little beggar. Wonder where he lives. Belfry up there. Very likely. Hanging by the heels in the odour of sanctity. Bell scared him out, I suppose. Mass seems to be over. Yes, there's the light in the priest's house. Their frugal meal. Remember about the mistake in the valuation when I was in Thom's. Twentyeight it is. Two houses they have. Gabriel Conroy's brother is curate. Ba. again. Wonder why they come out at night like mice. They're a mixed breed. Birds are like hopping mice. What frightens them, light or noise? Better sit still. All instinct like the bird in drouth got water out of the end of a jar by throwing in pebbles. Like a little man in a cloak he is with tiny hands. Weeny bones. Almost see them shimmering, kind of a bluey white. Colours depend on the

light you see. Instance, that cat this morning on the staircase. Colour of brown turf. Howth a while ago amethyst. Glass flashing. That's how that wise man what's his name with the burning glass. Then the heather goes on fire. It can't be tourists' matches. What? Perhaps the sticks dry rub together in the wind and light.

Ba. Who knows what they're always flying for. Insects? That bee last week got into the room playing with his shadow on the ceiling. Birds too never find out what they say. Like our small talk. And says she and says he. Nerve they have to fly over the ocean and back. Lots must be killed in storms, telegraph wires. Dreadful life sailors have too. Big brutes of steamers floundering along in the dark, ~~lowing~~ *lowing* out like seacows. *Faugh a ballagh*. Out of that, bloody curse to you. Others in vessels, bit of a handkerchief sail, pitched about like snuff at a wake when the stormy winds do blow. Married too. Sometimes away for years at the ends of the earth somewhere. No ends really because it's round. Wife in every port they say. She has a good job if she minds it till Johnny comes marching home again. If ever he does. Smelling the tailend of ports. How can they like the sea? Yet they do. The anchor's weighed. Off he sails with a scapular or a medal on him for luck. Well? And the tephilim poor papa's father had on his door to touch. That brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage. Something in all those superstitions because when you go out never know what dangers. Hanging on to a plank for grim life, lifebelt round round him, gulping salt water, and that's the last of his nibs till the sharps catch hold of him. Do fish ever get seasick?

Then you have a beautiful calm without a cloud, smooth sea, placid, crew and cargo in smithereens, Davy Jones' locker. Moon looking down. Not my fault, old cockalorum.

—A lost long candle wandered up the sky from Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's hospital and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster of violet but one white star. They floated, fell: they faded. And among the elms a hoisted lintstock lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. By the screen of lighted windows, by equal gardens a shrill voice went crying, wailing: Evening Telegraph, extra edition. Result of the Gold Cup races: and from the door of Dignam's house a boy ran out

and called. Twittering the bat flew here, flew there. Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey. Howth settled for slumber tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his many ferns. He lay but opened a red eye unsleeping, deep and slowly breathing, slumberous but awake. And far on Kish bank the anchored lightship twinkled, winked at Mr. Bloom.

Life those chaps out there must have, stuck in the same spot. Irish Lights board. Penance for their sins. Day we went out in the Erin's King, throwing them the sack of old papers. Bears in the zoo. Filthy trip. Drunkards out to shake up their livers. Puking overboard to feed the herrings. And the women, fear of God in their faces. Milly, no sign of her funk. Her blue scarf loose, laughing. Don't know what death is at that age. And then their stomachs clean. But being lost they fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't want to. Mamma! Mamma! Frightening them with masks too. Poor kids. Only troubles wild fire and nettlerash. Calomel purge I got her for that. After getting better asleep with Molly. Very same teeth she has. What do they love? Another themselves? But the morning she chased her with the umbrella. Perhaps so as not to hurt. I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand it was: now big. Dearest Papli. All that the hand says when you touch. Loved to count my waist coat buttons. Her first stays I remember. Made me laugh to see. Little paps to begin with. Left one is more sensitive, I think. Mine too. Nearer the heart. Her growing pains at night, calling, wakening me. Frightened she was when her nature came on her first. Poor child! Strange moment for the mother too. Brings back her girlhood. Gibraltar. Looking from Buena Vista. O'Hara's tower. The seabirds screaming. Old Barbary ape that gobbled all his family. Sundown, gunfire for the men to cross the lines. Looking out over the sea she told me. Evening like this, but clear, no clouds. I always thought I'd marry a lord or a gentleman with a private yacht. *Buenas noches, senorita. El nombre ama la muchaha hermosa.* Why me? Because you were so foreign from the others.

Better not stick here all night like an oyster. This weather makes you dull. Must be getting on for nine by the light. Go home. Too

late for *Leah, Lily of Killarney*. No. *Might be still up*. Call to the hospital to see. Hope she's over. Long day I've had. Martha, the bath, funeral, house of keys, Museum with those goddesses, Dedalus' song. Then that brawler in Barney Kiernan's. Got my own back there. Drunken ranters. Ought to go home and laugh at themselves. Always want to be swilling in company. Afraid to be alone like a child of two. Suppose he hit me. Look at it. Other way round. Not so bad then. Perhaps not to hurt he meant. Three cheers for Israel. Three cheers for the sister-in-law he hawked about, three fangs in her mouth. Extremely nice cup of tea. Imagine that in the early morning Everyone to his taste as Morris said when he kissed the cow. But Dignam's put the boots on it. Houses of mourning so depressing because you never know. Anyhow she wants the money. Must call to the Scottish widow's as I promised. Strange name. Takes it for granted we're going to pop off first. That widow on Monday was it outside Cramer's that looked at me. Buried the poor husband but progressing favorably. Well? What do you expect her to do? Must wheedle her way along. Widower I hate to see. Looks so forlorn. Poor man O'Connor wife and five children poisoned by mussels here. The sewage. Hopeless. Some good motherly woman take him in tow, platter face and a large apron. See him sometimes walking about trying to find out who played the trick. U. p: up. Fate that is. He, not me. Also a shop often noticed. Curse seems to dog it. Dreamt last night? Wait. Something confused. She had red slippers on. Turkish. Wore the breeches. Suppose she does. Would I like her in pyjamas? Damned hard to answer. Nannetti's gone. Mailboat. Near Holyhead by now. Must hail that ad of Keyes's. Work Hynes and Crawford. Petticoats for Molly. She has something to put in them. What's that? Might be money.

Mr. Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He brought it near his eyes and peered. Letter? No. Can't read. Better go. Better. I'm tired to move. Page of an old copybook. Never know what you find. Bottle with story of a treasure in it thrown from a wreck. Parcels post. Children always want to throw things in the sea. Trust? Bread cast on the waters. What's this? Bit of stick.

O! Exhausted that female has me. Not so young now. Will she come here tomorrow? Will I?

Mr. Bloom with his stick gently vexed the thick sand at his foot. Write a message for her. Might remain. What?

I.

Some flatfoot tramp on it in the morning. Useless. Tide comes here a pool near her foot. O, those transparent! Besides they don't know. What is the meaning of that other world. I called you naughty boy because I do not like.

AM.A.

No room. Let it go.

Mr. Bloom effaced the letters with his slow boot. Hopeless thing sand. Nothing grows in it. All fades. No fear of big vessels coming up here. Except Guinness's barges. Round the Kish in eighty days. Done half by design.

He flung his wooden pen away. The stick fell in silted sand, stuck. Now if you were trying to do that for a week on end you couldn't. Chance. We'll never meet again. But it was lovely. Goodbye, dear. Made me feel so young.

Short snooze now if I had. And she can do the other. Did too. And Belfast. I won't go. Let him. Just close my eyes a moment. Won't sleep though. Bat again. No harm in him. Just a few.

O sweetly all your little white I made me do we two naughty darling she him half past the bed him pike hoses frillies for Raoul de perfume your wife black hair heave under embon senioritayoung eyes Mulvey plump bubs me bread van Winkle red slippers she rusty sleep wander years dreams return tail end Agendath lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next.

A bat flew. Here. There. Here. Far in the grey a bell chimed. Mr. Bloom with open mouth, his left boot sanded sideways, leaned, breathed. Just for a few.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

The clock on the mantelpiece in the priests' house cooed where Canon O'Hanlon and Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S. J. were taking tea and sodabread and butter and fried mutton

chops with catsup and talking about.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Because it was a bird that came out of its little house to tell the time that Gerty MacDowell noticed the time she was there because she was as quick as anything about a thing, was Gerty MacDowell, and she noticed at once that the foreign gentleman that was sitting on the rocks looking was.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

(to be continued)

A New Testament

by Sherwood Anderson

XI.

THE nights in the valley of the Mississippi River have the eyes of an owl. I have risen from the place where I slept under a tree but cannot shake the sleep out of my eyes. The nights in the valley of the Mississippi River are staring nights. They look at men with the pupils extended. The skies are empty over the cities and the plains. The skies have not formulated a thought that I can breathe into my being. In the whole valley of the Mississippi River there is no bed of thought in which I can lie.

There are farm women living in houses that stand beside dusty roads in Illinois and Iowa. In Indiana and Ohio there are many towns. In Michigan—far up where the valley is no more and where the cold finger of the north touches the earth in September—there are men living who wear heavy boots and fur caps and who walk all day under naked trees.

Everywhere are men and women who arouse wonder in me. I

have awakened the feeling of wonder in myself. I have awakened from sleeping under a tree.

My walking far out, at the edge of life, is an adventure upon which I resolved only after I had kissed with my warm lips the cold fingers of death. I am walking in greater and greater circles. Sometimes I am afraid. I run crazily in wider and wider circles when I am afraid.

XII.

There was a woman sitting at a desk in an office in Chicago whom I went to visit. I told her my feet were cold because I had spent my life walking in the bed of a river. I leaned over the desk and peered into her eyes. As I remember her she was a small woman with yellow hair. As I leaned forward something happened. My lips touched her lips. My cheeks touched her cheeks. Her eyes opened and closed like the eyes of a cat in a darkened room. Her eyes were like little pools into which I threw myself. Like a beaver of the north I had built myself a home in the pools.

"My lips have made many strange words. I have been walking since birth in the bed of a river," I said to the woman.

I must return to the seeking of truth. The woman and I had for a long time walked hand in hand. One evening I remember we got into a wagon at the edge of a town and rode slowly along through the dust of a roadway under a moon. It was in a land where elderberry bushes grew by the fences. We stopped by a gate and went into a pasture. Cattle stood nearby under a tree. The air was filled with a warm milky smell.

That must have been in September, in the month when the fingers of the north play over the fields.

We went into the field and sat on wet grass. I remember that I spoke of John the Baptist. I told her how John sat on a hill all alone for a night and a day before he went away into a forest.

It was quiet in the field when I went there with the woman. "We are brothers and sisters," I said, "let us make love."

My arms grew very hot and the white arms of the woman grew hot. Her hand, caressing the grass, touched the back of an insect.

The insect sang madly.

The insect went into an ecstasy.

The woman and I came out of the field and departed into a city, riding in a wagon that had no springs. I remember that we rode under a moon.

I remember that we rode slowly along under a moon beside corn-fields.

We came into the streets of a city.

We came into sleeping streets.

The people in the houses in the city were asleep.

We rode in a slow-going wagon in dark streets under the staring windows of houses.

Later I went to the woman dressed as you see me now. I went into a building and up a stairway into a room. I leaned over the woman's desk as she sat writing words on a sheet of paper. I said the words I have put down here in regard to the matter of wading in rivers.

It is my own belief the whole plan was matured in advance.

It is my own belief I took hold of insanity as, in a crowded city street, one takes hold of the hand of a child.

The incident, however, may have had more significance than that.

Insanity is a slow moving liquid poured into a cup.

As you look into the cup your eyes change their colour.

The liquid is green.

It is an ultimate blue.

The liquid is colorless.

It moves out of the West into the East.

My notion, I fancy, was to ask the woman a question. I wanted to ask if she would drink with me out of the cup. I had no desire to take the woman away. I did not want to lift the woman out of her life.

I am uncertain of my desires. You have already sensed that. Women in farm houses by dusty roads I have traveled, the men of

the north who walk in winter in heavy cloth boots under naked trees, all the men and women with whom I have walked and among whom I have gone talking of life have been confusing to me.

I have conceived of life as a bowl into which I am cast. If the outer world is inhabited by gods, as I choose to believe it is, it is because I am minute and you are minute.

I cannot keep my footing on the side of the bowl of life. There is however no humbleness in me. I constantly strive to reach out. It is that makes me seem strange in your sight. If you have heard my voice, laughing at the bottom of the bowl, it is because I have an ambition to be a flea in God's ear. I have wished to set up a roaring in God's head. I have wished to roar of men, women and children I have seen walking in the valley of a river. I have wished to remind God of my love of my fellows.

That last statement I fear is a lie. I am not concerned with the fate of my fellows. If you think I am you are mistaken about me. I am not one who breeds in the beds at night. I am one who walks up and down. Breeding does not concern me. I have no motive in climbing on the side of the bowl.

I wonder if my motive in whispering strange words to a woman can be explained. I am sure you will see what I am driving at. I am wondering if my motive in asking her to drink with me out of the cup of insanity had back of it a wholesome desire.

I have an impulse to be wholesome.

Did I want to lift her over the side of the bowl.

Did I want to put my feet on her slender shoulders and leap into the arms of a God.

Did I desire only to get into a quiet darkness.

Did I wish to create a thought.

Am I after all one of the breeders, one of those who lie in the beds.

Am I crawling on the side of the bowl with some definite desire asleep in my being.

(to be continued)

The Reader Critic

by *F. E. Swansea, Wales:*

I wonder if you are interested in impressions of you as a whole. Stimulating, undoubtedly. Pleasant frequently. A tonic, a damn good tonic, not so easy to take with laughter, but efficacious. And you are always an urge. Life is surely all heyday for you.

Vincenc Noga, Chicago:

You have earnestly stated that "every one can save himself nausea and suffering by avoiding the artist." Quite so; but how about his unholy product? I buy a newspaper to see how many new strikes have hatched out over night and, before I have a chance to read a word, a funny cartoon, worth \$100 or more, is glaring at me. I reside seven miles from the stockyards (I am a hog scraper). You see, I cannot avoid riding upon street cars, and the interiors of all of them are decorated with things made by artists. Judging me by my occupation, you may rightly guess that my aesthetic faculties cannot be developed to any radical extent. At my occupation I am surrounded with repulsive sights; however, they never inflict upon my stomach so much discomfort as the products of "Art" in the street car. One can hardly pass a garbage can without noticing at least a magazine cover lurking from it. . . .

Hoping that my sincerity shall not provoke your gentle temper, I am for curtailing the quantity, and improving the quality of art.

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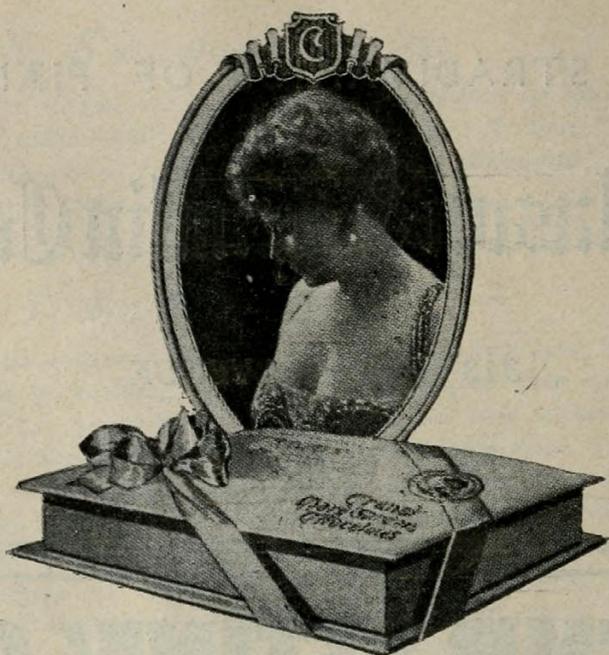
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