

III

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

---

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

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"THE IDEAL GIANT"

by

Wyndham Lewis

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE  
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

---

MAY, 1918

The Ideal Giant

*Wyndham Lewis*

Poems:

*Ezra Pound*

Homage a la Langue d'Or

Moeurs Contemporaines

Ulysses, III

*James Joyce*

Nocturne

*Ben Hecht*

Imaginary Letters, X

*Ezra Pound*

Women and Men, IV

*Ford Madox Hueffer*

The Reader Critic

Announcement

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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MAY, 1918

No. 1

## THE IDEAL GIANT

Wyndham Lewis

*The Action occurs in the Restaurant Gambetta, in German London, in October, 1914. Belgian "refugees" have found it out in numbers; the poor ones do not get so far. These people are very composed.*

*The Restaurant is French in its staff and traditions. An Austrian, at present, keeps it.*

*A cream-lace curtain, hanging from brass hooks, runs all along its face, shoulder high.*

*A very large brass vase in the middle, and a Russian wood-painting of a Virgin and Child on narrow wall between the two windows, gives the German cultured touch.*

*The peculiar situation of this Restaurant makes it indispensable to a few people.*

*The Proprietor is interesting.*

*The Proprietor follows his stomach about the Restaurant constantly while the Action is proceeding, playing with it like a large ball. He comes right up to John Porter Kemp often and then at the last moment whisks it away, and wheels in another direction, head thrown back, with heroic contraction of brows like a Russian dancer.*

### FIRST SCENE.

*Characters :*

MR. JOHN FINGAL.

MR. JOHN PORTER KEMP.

*The Restaurant is behind the two central figures in each scene. The dialogues occur in a little brightly-lighted box at the front of the stage. It is a recess at the back of the Restaurant, which is seen behind it in a perfectly square frame made by the limits of the recess. The box-like recess is painted shiny white with large brass hooks to the left for the coats.*

*It is sanitary, doll-like and conventional.*

*Fingal's sienna brown suit, and Kemp's rather vivid blue, under the bright electric light, and Miss Godd's green jersey in 3rd scene, add to the appearance of freshness and artificial bloom.*

### SCENE I.

*MR. JOHN FINGAL is found seated at table, on left-hand side, his right-hand profile to you. He is reading a green evening paper.*

*Mr. John Fingal is a robust, un-English-looking Adonis, like rank and file stocky Paris cubist; jowl, phlegm, professional classes. He is thirty-six, a solid adventurer, studying art. He does a little dealing. He is slipshod, and methodically aggressive in a snobbish way. He sees himself as "fine old gentleman," très fin; also as a beautiful young man, the memory of personal triumphs at Cambridge maintained.*

*He likes speaking French. He does so with careful clumsiness and only so much attempt at a good accent as is compatible with dignity and comfort.*

*The tables beyond in the body of the Restaurant are occupied by various people, chiefly Belgians.*

*JOHN PORTER KEMP comes in from street at far end of stage. He is tall, dog-lean, in first bloom of middle age.*

*He is a writer; journalism takes up most of his time.*

*(Red-haired people seem mongrels—common to every country, like women. Kemp's is a shabby strong mixture, giving him rather a colonial entrée into the civilised world. It carries him back, down the ages, in any case, in an energetic ancestral trail, without the interruptions you must always count on with colourless crops.)*

*FINGAL looks up toward back of stage, and with immediate concentration makes a sign to Kemp, and kicks the chair back on the other side of the table.*

*FINGAL. Hallo. Come here, have lunch here—*

KEMP. Goodmorning. What's the news?

FINGAL. In here, do you mean?

*(Fingal shakes the paper.)*

KEMP. Yes.

*(Kemp sits down. He does not prune himself, rub rub his cheeks or hands, or stretch his eyelids. He looks at Menu.)*

FINGAL. Oh. I don't know. Much the same.

KEMP. You've seen the Goeben's been doing something again?

*(Fingal glances across paper.)*

FINGAL. Yes.

*(Kemp orders his dinner. A duck and potatoes and salsifé arrive for Fingal. Kemp stares at the Belgians at the back of the Restaurant, his large raw eye full of pleasure, like a golden pâte.)*

FINGAL. Did you get that book alright?

KEMP. Yes. They hadn't got it at the Times Book Club. I went to the Figaro. They got it for me. What a nice family that is over there! How shiny their faces are! They really are nice greasy lumps.

*(Finga looks round at Belgian family, sees what he expected after a minute, and laughs. Kemp turns back to the table.)*

KEMP. I wish we were more like that. At least I wish we had that air of being in a tavern they have; or just come out of a heavy bedroom, like immense dolls out of the box of an erotic game. They don't mind dying as much as we do, because their blood is the same oil as the Earth's. With them continuity is not so broken by demise.

FINGAL. You are romancing.

KEMP. Of course I'm not. Look at Cézanne's race and then look at us. See how much harder they work at getting their children! Their pictures, too. But it doesn't show so much in our children.

FINGAL. Do they? I should have thought——

KEMP. They are much more like the things they eat. They all have a good deal of pig, horse and dog in them. They yap and snort and their noses sniff and twitch.

FINGAL. Do you want to be like a pig?

KEMP. It might imprvove me. I should be willing to try it.  
(*They laugh with indulgence and digestive grace.*)

FINGAL. Are you doing much work? I saw you were writing in the *London Monthly* the other day. I intended to get it.

KEMP. Yes. There's no reviewing now, during the war. I shall have to turn strategist, I suppose. I shall not make a good one. I can never make head or tail of what they're doing over there.

FINGAL. Aren't they going to begin to print other news again soon?

KEMP. Heaven knows.

(*A duck and boiled potatoes and saliférs arrive for Kemp: a bottle of Teinach. Fingal's are taken away; The garçon is built compactly for body service. His eyes are round and blue, and bring to mind Swiss Lakes and mean popular sentimentalities. He is your respectful friend and abject servant. He bends down and advises with a candour and carefulness that makes you turn your head away. He stares into the distance when he is not busy. This is his menial cachet.*)

KEMP. I wonder if any of these Belgians have been ruined? I expect it is chiefly the working people who have been done for.

FINGAL. I tried to get a Refugee the other day to come and work for me. My little servant girl is going away. I couldn't find one for love or money.

KEMP. I suppose the poor ones get looked after, and drafted off as soon as they arrive.

(*A Pêche Melba is brought for Fingal.*)

KEMP. What is that? Pêche Melba? I must have that. Albert! A Pêche Melba.

FINGAL. Our friend Radac here is pretty busy.

KEMP. If things become very bad I shall get Radac to take me on as garçon. I should enjoy inducting food into those mouths.

(*A Pêche Melba is brought to Kemp.*)

FINGAL. Miss Godd was here yesterday.

KEMP. Was she? But damn Miss Godd.

FINGAL. Damn Miss Godd? She was here about two. Just after you'd gone.

KEMP. I know. I saw her last night.

(*Fingal smiles, but keeps temperately within that demonstration. Miss Godd is a mystery. Fingal has*

not been asked to meet her. He does not know in what relation Miss Godd and Kemp stand to each other. He sees them at the Restaurant gesticulating in the distance. Kemp does not encourage communication on the subject of his friend. Kemp exaggerates his appetite. Nature with him substituted food for drink as a stimulant. A little food is enough. He has not a strong head. Rendered abnormally communicative and aggressive by the duck and other food, his eye more and more often approaches Fingal, with a progressive ritual like that of a large fly. At last it settles full in the middle of his face. In a few minutes he is grinning at him, talking, twitching his great animal's nose as though it had been surrounded by Grauben gnats.)

KEMP. Do you sleep well?

FINGAL. Not really well. I vary. I sometimes sleep for eight hours right off, sometimes only four. My average is a bit below the necessary, I should say.

(This punctilious answer was in order to save time, and was the result of experience of Kemp. Kemp and Fingal's talks resembled those arranged between the Proprietor of the Circus and the Clown. Fingal would display the meticulous credulity of the toff in evening dress. Kemp does not want to know, however, about Fingal's powers of sleep. It is one of his feints. This is his way of "working.")

KEMP. Are you sensitive about your shell?

FINGAL. No. No.

KEMP. The husk you shed at night?

FINGAL. Ah. No.

(Kemp pulls his chair forward a little and leans across the table. He constantly shoots his eye up, while speaking, at an imaginary third person in the middle distance. Sometimes he fixes this myth with his blank red-rimmed disk of an eye, and stops his discourse. Or he will lower his voice as though to prevent this third person from overhearing his most harmless remarks.)

KEMP. Life for some people is full of the nuisance of symmetries and forms. When you put your pen down, do you begin wor-

rying about its position in relation to the inkpot?

FINGAL. I can't say I do.

KEMP. *Some people*—have a certain personal arrangement with their clothes at night. This is very common. I, for myself, have to tie my bootlaces symmetrically. Have you never stepped in every second or third stone of a pavement, and been afflicted if you were compelled to miss one? I know a man who walked all the way back from Oxford Circus to Waring and Gillows to plant his foot on a stone he had been compelled to miss!

FINGAL. That is bad neurasthenia, isn't it?

KEMP. Of course. And therefore should be fought and broken up from time to time.

FINGAL. I agree with you.

*(Kemp sits back in his chair as though his bolt were shot, and the argument closed. This is more feinting and personal play of his high-spirits. He then comes forward again in his chair.)*

KEMP. Truth, at all events, is a thing like that. Our truthfulness. Some people—have an uneasiness and sense of something wrong, out of place, crying to be put right, if they have been compelled or have elected to tell an untruth. There is something in such and such a person's mind, placed there by them, that should not be there. Or it should not be there in that form. It is "the thing which is not" of the Horses.

*(Kemp draws a cigar out of his pocket, cuts the end off, and lights it.)*

KEMP. This meticulous sense will induce a man to describe very carefully something he has seen, if he describe it at all, and to suffer if, from laziness or other motive, he has slurred or misrepresented. This is the common base of wisdom and beauty. It is the famous generic madness at the bottom of genius.

It is the madness known as "Exactitude" in America.

*(Kemp fixes Fingal with his eye, Ancient Mariner fashion, and shows him by a pause, that the preamble is over. He takes several deep breaths, inhaling his very bad cigar. Fingal disturbs the manoeuvring of his eye.)*

FINGAL. What would the clever Horses find to call your stories? Those "things that are not" fill your brains.

KEMP. The transference is so complete in creative life of any

sort. *Reality* is the "thing which is not," for the creative artists. An artist would have precisely that feeling of "malaise" and disgust if he had put in another man's head the *real truth*—the actual biological appearance of Nature, that my ideally truthful man would feel if he had lied.

FINGAL. The arranging of the clothes; or the symmetry of the bootlace; is a sign of a feeling for order. Whereas the squeamishness about "the truth" in another man's head is a slavish timidity.

KEMP. I don't think so. I don't see the contradiction. In the sphere of practical life it is essential to have facts. People can only base their actions on facts. If you put in a person's head something purporting to be a fact, which is not a fact, it is liable to cause the utmost confusion and disorder.

But the point for my argument is the *physical* uneasiness about this thing said, whether fact or not, the "hallucination of the Object."

The "truth" is only another way of saying "the substantial." In life the "substantial" is the "fact."

FINGAL. I'm afraid I don't see what you're driving at.

*(Gruff and cold contemplation from the lofty general entrenched beside Kemp's nose, conducting the affairs of the world, ensues. The eye sweeps over Fingal slowly like a searchlight.)*

KEMP. Do you tell many lies?

*(Kemp fixes his eye stonily.)*

FINGAL *(grinning)*. Sometimes. But I'm a particular man. I am an esprit d'ordre.

KEMP. I am the same. I am the same—I never lie—

*(Kemp beams, in sudden immense thawing. A pause, in which Kemp inundates Fingal with smiles of nauseating richness. Renewed pretence that this is the bourne of his argument: namely, that he never tells lies.)*

FINGAL. Garçon. L'Addition s'il vous plait.

*(Fingal accepts this feint, and prepares to break up the séance. The waiter comes, and stooping down to the table, makes up the bill.)*

WAITER. Attendez. Il y avait deux légumes.

FINGAL. Oui. Un salsifés.

WAITER. Oh yes. Salsifés. Thank you Mr. Fingal.

*(Fingal pays the bill, but does not at once get up. Kemp leans forward and puts his hand on Fingal's arm.)*

KEMP. To-day I have been lying steadily ever since I got up. The last two or three times we've met, I have told you several lies; which you did not notice.

I feel as though I should never tell the truth again.

*(Kemp sits back and stares at Fingal.)*

FINGAL. I noticed all your lies, and was distressed.

KEMP. That is not true.

FINGAL. Oh yes. Perfectly. You told me you paid twopence each for those cigars.

KEMP. Well, so I did.

FINGAL. Am I to take that as a lie; or, to put it another way, regard it as a proof, under the circumstances, that you did not pay that for them?

KEMP. I paid twopence for this excellent cigar.

*(Kemp holds it up, and blows out his gingercream cheeks at its gilded label.)*

FINGAL. Then why did you tell——?

*(Kemp springs up and calls the waiter.)*

KEMP. Bring me a "Flor de Cijas".

*(He throws his cigar away, sits down and holds up his finger, then hooks it over his nose. He has seen some fat mid-European man with a cigar do this, and the fact of his smoking a cigar, habit to which he has lately taken, suggests this action.)*

KEMP. I am found out. This will not make me downhearted. As a matter of fact I do not mind being found out. That is not material. I am not setting out to deceive, but only to cure myself of a superstition and rigid manner of feeling.

*(While handling Radac's much more satisfactory cigar, Kemp explains his latest regimen.)*

KEMP. For instance, this arm of mine attracted attention this morning.

*(His arm is bandaged, and cased in a black leather trough which he takes off to eat. Kemp is getting over blood-poisoning in the wrist and forearm.)*

KEMP. I posed as a Mons hero, with this, yesterday evening, in a pub. It was a triumph for me. Education and natural integrity

revolt against that stupid action. We will admit it is not in my line. But I am too shy. Such things are excellent discipline. They harden, humble and invigorate. They are a medicine made up of the acrid harshness of the flash scum of a city.

The Ego's worst enemy is Truth. This gives truth the slap in the face good for us.

*(The Proprietor approaches; stands in the middle of the square opening, his stomach pointing rudely at them, head and eye frowning down on Kemp. They look at him in silence. He suddenly whisks his stomach away, wheels, and moves shoulderingly back into restaurant.)*

KEMP (continuing). Self. Self. One must rescue that sanity. Truth, duty—are insanity.

FINGAL. You are talking for the times. There are times when Self, Self—

KEMP. Yes, perhaps. But if we have not War, we have Art—

FINGAL. Now we have both—

KEMP. But Art is much the purer and stronger, and against its truths and impositions we much revolt or at least react. The "pure artist" is a Non-sense.

The gentle man, likewise, must be shownt his place.

The Prussian exploits the psychology of the commisvoyageur to harden himself into a practical aggressor—

FINGAL. Do not let us be like the Prussian, for—

KEMP. Heaven forbid; ah yes, forbid. We could not be if we tried. We therefore could introduce a little of his methods without the danger he runs of foolishness and vulgarity.

FINGAL. What exactly do you want us to do?

KEMP. I was talking about the individual. The Nation nowadays always has as much vulgarity as it can stand.

FINGAL. Quite. Then you mean—

KEMP. We, as individuals, are at a disadvantage in a struggle with the community. It contains, invariably, inevitably, criminal energy, stoicism and vulgarity of a high order.

FINGAL. But why do you make this opposition between the individual and the community.

KEMP. I did not make it.

FINGAL. But does it exist to the extent you—

KEMP. It exists. It exists like this. A hundred men is a

giant.

*(Kemp makes his points with a finger flattened out on the table. The Proprietor brings his stomach forward. Kemp waves it hurriedly away with his flat, stiff finger.)*

KEMP. A hundred men is a giant. A giant is always rather lymphatic and inclined to be weak intellectually, we are told. He is also subject to violent rages. Just as legendary men were always at war with the giants, so are individuals with society.

That exceptional men can be spoilt by the world is a commonplace. But consider another thing. See how two or three distinguished people lose personal value in a mob—at a dinner, at a meeting. Their personalities deteriorate in a moment—for an hour or two. They hardly ever become the head and brain of the Giant.

FINGAL. That doesn't apply to all men? It is due to some weakness in the personality. Some shine most.

KEMP. Ah, yes. But examine those shiners by themselves, and look steadily at their words and acts. Theirs is a practical and relative success. The *solitary* test is the only searching one. The fine personality loses, in every case, by association. *The problem in life is to maintain the Ideal Giant.*

The artist is the Ideal Giant or Many. The Crowd at its moments of heroism also is. But Art is never at its best without the assaults of Egotism and of Life.

For the health of the Giant as much as for that of the individual this conflict and its alarms are necessary.

Revolution is the normal proper state of things.

I FINGAL. Paraguay or Venezuela offering the picture of the Ideal State.

KEMP. They are not States. They are just Revolutions. They should be called the "Revolution of Venezuela," etcetra, etcetra.

*(Fingal leans back against the wall and stretches.)*

FINGAL. Well, as though we hadn't war enough already! Here you are trying to stir up a new war—a World-War, too, I suppose.

KEMP. No, I'm afraid one war might make us forget our other wars.

FINGAL. I wish it would!

*(Fingal stares back into the Restaurant. Two tables away a stout Belgian woman is eating, with her leg heavily bandaged resting on a chair. Kemp turns towards Res-*

*taurant, pivoting on his chair, one elbow on table.)*

KEMP. Did the Germans do that?

FINGAL. No. She comes from Louvain, but she did that herself.

KEMP. Has not she the grace to attribute it to the Germans? She comes from Louvain, bandaged, at a moment like this! It is a case for the police. She must be in German pay.

FINGAL. Quite likely. And as we are the only people she impresses—

*(The Proprietor approaches from door at left.)*

THE PROPRIETOR. Miss Godd wishes to speak to you on the telephone.

*(Kemp get up.)*

KEMP. I must go and telephone.

*(Fingal gets up.)*

FINGAL. I must go.

KEMP. I shall see you soon again, perhaps?

FINGAL. Yes. I'm going North for a few days. I shall be back the beginning of next week.

*(They both walk back into Restaurant, Kemp going out through door at left, half way down the wall, Fingal through street door at farther end of Restaurant.)*

## SCENE II.

Characters :

MR. JOHN PORTER KEMP.

Scene:—A dark recess, about 6 feet long, with a telephone desk on wall, on which John Kemp is leaning and speaking at telephone. At the back is a staircase, on which several people go up and down during action. His nose occasionally obscures the telephone mouth-piece as he bends his head and listens. When he answers his nose seems fighting and fuming, or drawing itself up solemnly, admonishing the mouth into which he is speaking. His face is red, the veins protruding on the side of his forehead, partly from the effect of holding the earpiece up to his ear.

KEMP. No, I did not say that. What I meant was that hon-

esty was a rhythm; it must be broken up. I found myself becoming the first cousin to George Washington. I really *couldn't* tell a lie! I became the slave of any bloody fact. Similarly, but oppositely, in my writing. *I did not introduce a single real character taken from life, for over a year!* I was becoming in both cases a *maniac*. In the case of art a man I met every day in the Restaurant might coincide, except for some irrelevant details, with my last dream or will-picture! But I steered all round him—askance, and never touched him, as though he had been a ghost! He was something, I felt, that was too true to be true. Do you see? Not to consider life partially a dream, or fancy partially a substance, is utter madness! My fancies are so mater-of-fact, shameless and conceited, that they march about the streets ilke Golyadkin's double. I have refused to accept them as *real*, up till now, simply because they happened to be *there*! It is absurd! What? Absurd!

*(Kemp inclines his head and listens crossly. The voice speaking in his ear evidently annoys him.)*

KEMP. Yes. I mentioned Golyadkin: he—But that is wandering from the point.

*(His face becomes a confused mass of irony, shame, and irritation).*

KEMP. Your father's spoons are excellent. Yes. That shows the right spirit. But it is not by pawning a spoon. What?

*(Kemp seems no longer listening. He says, "What!" occasionally and then relapses into staring at the ground. He at last begins speaking with impatient emphasis; putting two more pennies into the machine.)*

KEMP. My point is plain. It is entirely a question of whole hogging, and escaping from the dreariness and self-contempt of *play*. We *play* at everything here—at love, art, winning and losing—don't we? We do! The artists take *them*! They are the rottenest and most contemptible crowd discoverable—rotten as most artists-crowds are, anywhere in the world; one of the worst sort of crowds. Chelsea! It is a name to-day that does not leave us many memories, alas, of genuinely Guinevere-loving able dreamers. It is the most pestiferous haunt of dilettantism, snobbery and bourgeois selfishness. Consider that "rag" we went to last week! Oh my God! But all ~~that~~ we are agreed on. Now, at least all *that* we must not be! How shall we avoid becoming that play-acting,

bickering, pretending trash? Easily, for you require years of selfish nursing to become that. You say: When there is fire and intelligence and will all round you, you will become modelled to a reality that spits on that! Your quiet will not be contaminated: your dreaming will ignore the mess in which it sits and contrives. Not quite! We owe ourselves a sacrifice. I would rather be out there with the soldiers than here with the playmyn of the—Western World! But when you think of battles you cannot help remembering that it is that art-crowd that are being fought for, instead of the "Our women and children" for whom you are to "lend our strong right arm." Women can always look after themselves, can't they?

"*We are the civilisation for which you are fighting!*" I read to-day in a newspaper that one of the "Café Royalties", as the delighted paper called them, had said that. And then, having uttered that boast, he departed to a studio-rag; and the next morning he sculpted his daily sculp, or pawed on to his canvas his daily slop, probably German as regards its emotions and intelligence; indubitably vomit. No! action, for me, does not lie that way. And then again if you don't remember the art-crowd, you remember other equally nauseous ones that linger behind and contaminate the War, actually dirtying with their existence the bitterest heroism, degrading death. Yet *action*, if you could find the right action, is the "sovereign cure for our ills."

And it is maddening to live with such a profusion of action suddenly poured out, most wasted; at least not curing what requires that cure.

(Kemp places two more pennies in the box, muttering, "*what porridge had John Keats?*" He seems pursuing some parallel between his oratory and the pennies.)

KEMP. Yes. Well then, I doubt if you *can* act now, in the sense I mean, any more than you can swim without water. But at least avoid degrading *substitutes* for action. If you act, in however slight a way, *act*. If you are not *doing* anything, do not pretend that you are. Do *nothing*. It is the only clean proceeding when conditions are against some particular form of action. Do not shrink from misfortune. It will not hurt you. Then—I can hold this thing no longer to my ear. I must go, as well. Are you at your father's house? Alone? I shouldn't interfere with his property any more! Ha! Ha! We meet to-morrow. Farewell.

*(Kemp places the receiver up, and walks quickly back through the door into the Restaurant.)*

### SCENE III.

(Same as Scene I. Time: next day, 1:30.)

*Characters:*

MR. JOHN PORTER KEMP.

MISS ROSE GODD.

*Detective:* WILLIAM DRUCE.

Rose Godd and Kemp are sitting opposite each other at table. Rose Godd is a very large-boned flatfaced woman of twenty years. When she stands up she is very tall and strong looking, with a small head and thick neck. The Mongol intensity of her face is mitigated by self-consciousness. Her lips are painted a bright red in the midst of her yellow skin. She is always perfectly calm. She feels that her intelligence is not quite good enough for her company: but pride in what she considers her latent power of action brings her into steadfastness. Kemp, as he looks at her, wonders sometimes whether the "action" he preaches will not be found in his case in Rose Godd flinging herself on him and trying to tear him to pieces. But he is satisfied on reflection (and turns from the fact with distaste, usually) that it is a softer conflict that she desires. But as between Rose Godd and himself that action could not be disguised into the rôle of discovery.

KEMP. Will you have coffee? Albert! Two coffees please!

WAITER. Two coffees, sir? Yes sir!

KEMP. That is the situation and there is no preamble. But Hakluyt travelled into lands we could never discover. He went on millions of leagues further than we could ever go. We are thrown back on ourselves in that sense. That is *action*. The old way: something divorced from ourselves: the appetite for, and the conditions to attain to, the New. To fit out a high wooden ship, with a poop and a carved figure on the bow, at Plymouth, to sail for

El Dorado or even Rio Grande, would be neither venturesome nor intelligent. It would be a reconstruction as foolish as Don Quixote's was wise. Yet we suffer from this shrivelling up of our horizons. We need those horizons, and action and adventure as much as our books need exercise. We have been rendered sedentary by perfected transport. Our minds have become home-keeping. We do not *think* as boldly: our thoughts do not leap out in the same way.

Well, in the case of the Earth there is nothing to be done. If it were suddenly increased to twenty times its present size we should not be impressed or see Giants now, intellectual or other. That something subtle and multitudinous that is the Poet, is not so easy to describe: for to say that he is "great" is not the point, although is satisfied our Victorian forefathers to see him as a perfect, very big, and muscular *man*, with philological credentials, a Konig, a canny-man: a Can-Man. He was a cloud-squatting Jehovah's athletic twin brother. Then when we hear this war referred to as "the Greatest War of all time," we laugh irritably. It is not by a counting of heads, or poor corpses, that the blank in our imagination can be filled! They were evil fellows who stole our visions. He would be a great saviour who could get them back again! Meantime it is a female's game to go on pretending this, and playing at that! We must contrive; find a new Exit. Any wildly subversive action should be welcomed. *We must escape from the machine in ourselves! Smash it up: renew ourselves.*

*(The Proprietor brings his stomach slowly up. It appears like an emblem of the Earth to Kemp, who points to it with a fork as a schoolmaster might, at a class-room globe. But it has come too late. Miss Godd and Kemp stare stupidly at it together. They at last begin laughing, and Rodac carries it swiftly away, frowning over his shoulder.)*

KEMP. But I think you misunderstood me with your spoons!

*(He smiles slowly and archly at her, wagging his head. She looks at him with such fixity that his smile is gradually driven off his face. He remains staring at her in a sobered, cross, astonishment.)*

KEMP. I am sorry. Have I hurt you? Did you put much store in the spoons?

*She shakes her head. Two or three tears roll down*

*her cheeks.)*

KEMP. But your spoons are no more ineffective than my lies. What did you get for them?

MISS GODD. Not much.

*(Kemp looks down at his plate. Their entente-to-day does not seem the same as on other occasions. Her face appears at once reproachful, insolently claiming something, antagonistically reserved. She appears looking at him out of armour in which she has implicit confidence. Kemp is embarrassed, and when he begins speaking again takes up the subject truculently. He attributes her attitude, for want of a better explanation, to his reasoning. He feels he has not held his audience.)*

KEMP. I feel that my lies and your spoons were about as playful as some of the absurdities with which we reproach our art-friends. Compared to death on a barricade, or the robber Garniers Swedish exercises while he was in hiding in the suburbs of Paris, they are slight exploits. The blood that spurts from a tapped probiscus is not enough. A spoon will not thrust you into jail for so long that you forget what the Earth looks like. For the hair to turn white, the heart to turn grey, in an hour, you require the real thing, ma mie.

MISS GODD. Yes.

*(Kemp at her sideways. Her face is green and her eyes shining. He reverts once more to the hypothesis of a wrestling-match with Rose Godd. He looks at her large muscular hands. She follows the direction of his eyes. With a sudden look of panic she places them under the table, and between her knees, and she seems almost hissing at him.)*

MISS GODD. What are you looking at, Kemp? What are you looking at?

KEMP. At your hands.

*(She works them up and down spasmodically as if they were cold.)*

KEMP. But "it is the principle." A great violence, unless you were sure you had your finger on the spot, would be no better. So long as you are *pretending* to do anything desperate or the reverse. The objective I indicate is differnt. Whethre it is extreme or pue-

rile is as it happens.

MISS GODD. As it happens?

KEMP. You seem rather odd, Miss Godd!

MISS GODD. Give me a cigarette.

KEMP. You ask for it like a criminal on the scaffold!

*(He gives Miss Godd a cigarette. A man has entered the door of the Restaurant. He is talking to Radac, the Proprietor. Kemp watches him idly for a moment. He then notices that the Proprietor and the newcomer are both looking at the table where Rose Godd and himself are seated. He glances over to Rose Godd, and finds her eyes are fixed on him, with a senseless fiery questioning.)*

KEMP. What is the matter?

MISS GODD. Nothing. I wondered something—But your standards are so high!

KEMP. I can't help my standards being a bit cocked up.

MISS GODD. I mean in this respect: in connection with what we talk about so much.

KEMP. What?—

MISS GODD. You must torment me with your denseness. Your standards for *action* are so difficult. You won't accept an action. You look at an action as critically as you do at a thought. Most actions won't stand that. They are delicate little things, or rough undeveloped things, or mad things. If you *look* at them too hard—as that man is looking at me—*(Miss Godd indicates the man who is talking to Radac)* they might shrivel up, they do get small. I *pity* all actions. They are so unimportant compared to thought. For all their blood, men sniff at them and dissect them.

KEMP. There need not be blood.

MISS GODD. You don't have to dig far for blood.

*(Radac and the man who has been talking to him have come up, and are standing a few yards from the table now, listening to the conversation of Kemp and Miss Godd.)*

KEMP. No, it is true. But the *avoir-du-poids* amount of violence is no criterion of action. It would have taken no more force and would be no more bloody an action, to kill Napoleon than any contemporary bourgeois in France. But it would have been a more important action. And *any* action, however bloodless, that ham-

strung that destructive personality, would have been a more important action than to cut a grocer's throat.

MISS GODD. Or a Banker's.

KEMP. Why a Banker?

MISS GODD. Because—he *was* a banker.

KEMP. Who? Napoleon?

MISS GODD. This gentleman will tell you.

*(Miss Godd looks up sideways at the man with Radac.)*

KEMP. What the devil are you standing there for?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM DRUCE. Steady—steady. None of your devils to me, please. *You* may be the Devil, for all I know. I am a Police Officer. You are Miss Rose Godd, I believe?

MISS GODD. *(looking at him blackly)*. Yes. that's my name.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM DRUCE. I have come to arrest you, Rose Godd, for the murder of Nicolas Godd.

KEMP. Murder! Murder of whom.

MISS GODD *(laughs)*. Napoleon!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM DRUCE. Come with me, please.

*(The detective watches Ross Godd with wary attention. Rose Godd gets up, her face a dark white, her lips hard factitious crimson.)*

MISS GODD. Good-bye!

KEMP. Haven't you——. Is Nicolas Godd your father?

MISS GODD. I have acted.

*(The Detective springs at Rose Godd, catching her by the wrists, and a small bottle falls on the table. They roll on the floor together, and the back of the restaurant becomes full of a crowd of people—diners, Radac, and some folk from the street.)*

*Kemp sits with his white profile, and large eye distorted with shame and perplexity. He springs up, partly disappearing behind the table, where he is noticed to have seized the Detective by the collar.*

CURTAIN.

POEMS

Ezra Pound

Homage a la Langue d'Or

*Alba*

When the nightingale to his mate  
Sings day-long and night late  
My love and I keep state  
    In bower,  
    In flower,  
    'Till the watchman on the tower  
Cry :  
    "Up ! Thou rascal , Rise ,  
    I see the white  
        Light  
    And the night  
        Flies "

I.

*Compleynt of a gentleman who has been waiting outside for some time.*

"O Plasmatur and true celestial light ,  
Lord powerful , engirdled all with might ,  
Give my good-fellow aid in fools' despite  
Who stirs not forth this night ,  
                    And day comes on .

Sst ! my good fellow , art awake or sleeping?  
Sleep thou no more . I see the star upleaping  
That hath the dawn in keeping ,  
                    And day comes on !

Hi! Harry, hear me, for I sing aright  
Sleep not thou now, I hear the bird in flight  
That plaineth of the going of the night,  
And day comes on!

Come now ! Old swenkin ! Rise up from thy bed ,  
I see the signs upon the welkin spread ,  
If thou come not , the còst be on thy head .  
And day comes on !!

And here I am since going down of sun,  
And pray to God that is St. Mary's son,  
To bring thee safe back, my companion.  
And day comes on.

And thou out here beneath the porch of stone  
Bade me to see that a good watch was done,  
And now Thou'lt none of me, and wilt have none  
Of song of mine.

And day comes on."

*Bass voice from within.*

“Wait, my good fellow. For such joy I take  
With her venust and noblest to my make  
To hold embracèd, and will not her forsake  
For yammer of the cuckold,  
Though day break.”  
(*Girart Bornello*)

## II

*Avril*

When the springtime is sweet  
And the birds repeat  
Their new song in the leaves,  
'Tis meet  
A man go where he will.

But from where my heart is set  
No message I get ;  
My heart all wakes and grieves ;  
Defeat  
Or luck , I must have my fill .

Our love comes out  
Like the branch that turns about  
On the top of the hawthorne ,  
With frost and hail at night  
Suffers despite  
'Till I have my hand 'neath her cloak .

I remember the young day  
When we set strife away ,  
And she gave me such gesning ,  
Her love and her ring ;  
God grant I die not by any man's stroke  
'Till I have my hand 'neath her cloak .

I care not for their clamour  
Who have come between me and my charmer ,  
For I know how words run loose ,  
Big talk and little use .  
Spoilers of pleasure ,  
We take their measure .

*(Guilhem de Peitieu)*

### III

#### *Descant on a Theme by Cerclamon*

When the sweet air goes bitter ,  
And the cold birds twitter  
Where the leaf falls from the twig ,  
I sough and sing  
    that Love goes out  
    Leaving me no power to hold him .

Of love I have naught  
Save troubles and sad thought,  
And nothing is grievous  
                  as I desirous,  
Wanting only what  
No man can get or has got.

With the noblest that stands in men's sight,  
If all the world be in despite  
                  I care not a glove.  
Where my love is, there is a glitter of sun;  
God give me life, and let my course run  
                  'Till I have her I love  
                  To lie with and prove.

I do not live, nor cure me,  
Nor feel my ache — great as it is,  
For love will give  
                  me no respite,  
Nor do I know when I turn left or right  
                  nor when I go out.  
                  For in her is all my delight  
                  And all that can save me.

I shake and burn and quiver  
From love, awake and in swevyn,  
Such fear I have she deliver  
                  me not from pain,  
                  Who know not how to ask her;  
                  Who can not.  
Two years, three years I seek  
And though I fear to speak out,  
                  Still she must know it.  
If she won't have me now, Death is my portion  
                  Would I had died that day  
                  I came into her sway.  
God! How softly this kills!  
When her love-look steals on me.

Killed me she has, I know not how it was,  
For I would not look on a woman.

Joy I have none, if she make me not mad  
Or set me quiet, or bid me chatter.  
Good is it to me if she flout  
Or turn me inside out, and about.  
My ill doth she turn sweet.  
How swift it is. Pleasure is 'neath her feet.

For I am traist and loose,  
I am true, or a liar,  
All vile, or all gentle,  
Or shaking between,  
as she desire,

I, Cerclamon, sorry and glad,,  
The man whom love had  
and has ever;  
Alas! whoe'er it please or pain,  
She can me retain.

I am gone from one joy,  
From one I loved never so much,  
She by one touch  
Reft me away;  
So doth bewilder me  
I can not say my say  
nor my desire,  
And when she looks on me  
It seems to me  
I lose all-wit and sense.

The noblest girls men love  
'Gainst her I prize not as a glove  
Worn and old.  
Though the whole world run rack  
And go dark with cloud,  
Light is  
Where she stands,

And a clamour loud  
in my ears.

*Vergier*

In orchard under the hawthorne  
She has her lover till morn'  
Till the traist man cry out to warn  
Them. God how swift the night ,

And day comes on .

O Plasmatur , that thou end not the night ,  
Nor take my beloved from my sight ,  
Nor I, nor tower-man, look on daylight,  
'Fore God , How swift the night ,

And day comes on .

"Lovely thou art , to hold me close and kisst ,  
Now cry the birds out, in the meadow mist ,  
Despite the cuckold , do thou as thou list ,  
So swiftly goes the night

And day comes on .

"My pretty boy , make we our play again  
Here in the orchard where the birds complain ,  
'Till the traist watcher his song unrein ,  
Ah God ! How swift the night

And day comes on ."

"Out of the wind that blows from her ,  
That dancing and gentle is and pleasanter ,  
Have I drunk a draught , sweeter than scent of myrrh .  
Ah God ! How swift the night .

And day comes on ."

Venust the lady , and none lovelier ,  
For her great beauty , many men look on her ,  
Out of my love will her heart not stir .  
By God , how swift the night .

And day comes on .

## V

*Canzon*

I only, and who elrische pain support  
Know out love's heart o'erborne by overlove,  
For my desire that is so firm and straight  
And unchanged since I found her in my sight  
And unturned since she came within my glance,  
That far from her my speech springs up aflame;  
Near her comes not. So press the words to arrest it.

I am blind to others, and their retort  
I hear not. In her alone, I see, move,  
Wonder . . . . And jest not. And the words dilate  
Not truth; but mouth speaks not the heart outright:  
I could not walk roads, flats, dales, hills, by chance,  
To find charm's sum within one single frame  
As God hath set in her t'assay and test it.

And I have passed in many a goodly court  
To find in hers more charm than rumour thereof . . .  
In solely hers. Measure and sense to mate,  
Youth and beauty learnèd in all delight,  
Gentrice did nurse her up, and so advance  
Her fair beyond all reach of evil name,  
To clear her worth, no shadow hath opprest it.

Her contact flats not out, falls not off short . . . .  
Let her, I pray, guess out the sense hereof  
For néver will it stand in open prate  
Until my inner heart stand in daylight,  
So that heart pools him when her eyes entrance,  
As never doth the Rhone, fulled and untame,  
Pool, where the freshets tumult hurl to crest it.

Flimsy another's joy, false and distort,  
No paregale that she springs not above . . . .

Her love-touch by none other mensurate .  
 To have it not ? Alas ! Though the pains bite  
 Deep , torture is but galzeardy and dance ,  
 For in my thought my lust hath touched his aim .  
 God ! Shall I get no more ! No fact to best it !

No delight I , from now , in dance or sport ,  
 Nor will these toys a tinkle of pleasure prove ,  
 Compared to her , whom no loud profligate  
 Shall leak abroad how much she makes my right .  
 Is this too much ? If she count not mischance  
 What I have said , then no . But if she blame ,  
 Then tear ye out the tongue that hath expresst it .

The song begs you : Count not this speech ill chance ,  
 But if you count the song worth your acclaim ,  
 Arnaut cares lyt who praise or who contest it .

*(Arnaut Daniel, a. d. about 1190)*

## Moeurs Contemporaines

### I.

*Mr. Styra*x

### I.

Mr. Hecatomb Styra, the owner of a large estate  
 and of large muscles ,  
 A "blue" and a climber of mountains , has married  
 at the age of 28 ,  
 He being at that age a virgin ,  
 The term "virgo" being made male in mediaeval latinity ;  
 His ineptitudes  
 Have driven his wife from one religious excess to another.  
 She has abandoned the vicar  
 For he was lacking in vehemence ;  
 She is now the high-priestess  
 Of a modern and ethical cult ,

And even now Mr. Styra  
Does not believe in aesthetics.

## 2.

His brother has taken to gipsies,  
But the son-in-law of Mr. H. Styra  
Objects to perfumed cigarettes.

In the parlance of Niccolo Macchiavelli,  
 "Thus things proceed in their circle";  
 And thus the empire is maintained.

## II.

Clara

At sixteen she was a potential celebrity  
With a distaste for caresses .  
She now writes to me from a convent ;  
Her life is obscure and troubled ;  
Her second husband will not divorce her ;  
Her mind is , as ever , uncultivated ,  
And no issue presents itself..  
She does not desire her children ,  
Or any more children.  
Her ambition is vague and indefinite,  
She will neither stay in, nor come out .

### III.

*Soiree*

Upon learning that the mother wrote verses ,  
And that the father wrote verses ,  
And that the youngest son was in a publisher's office ,  
And that the friend of the second daughter  
                        was undergoing a novel ,  
The young American pilgrim  
Exclaimed :

"This is a darn'd clever bunch!"

## IV.

*Sketch 48 b. 11*

At the age of 27

Its home mail is still opened by its maternal parent

And its office mail may be opened by

its parent of the opposite gender.

It is an officer,

and a gentleman,

and an architect.

## V.

*"Nodier raconte . . . . ."*

At a friend of my wife's there is a photograph,

A faded, pale, brownish photograph,

Of the times when the sleeves were large,

Silk, stiff and large above the *lacertus*,

That is, the upper arm,

And décolleté . . . .

It is a lady,

She sits at a harp,

Playing,

And by her left foot, in a basket,

Is an infant, aged about 14 months,

The infant beams at the parent,

The parent re-beams at its offspring.

The basket is lined with satin,

There is a satin-like bow on the harp.

## 2.

And in the home of the novelist

There is a satin-like bow on an harp.

You enter and pass hall after hall

And conservatory follows conservatory,

Lilies lift their white symbolical cups,

Their symbolical pollen is excerpted,



And he said they used to cheer Verdi ,  
 In Rome , after the opera ,  
 And the guards couldn't stop them  
 And that was an anagram for Vittorio

And that other , balancing on the edge of a gondola . . . .  
 Emanuele Re D' Italia ,

And the guards couldn't stop them .

And that other, balancing on the edge of a gondola . . .  
 And that other, balancing on the edge of a gondola . . . .

Old men with beautiful manners ,  
 Sitting in the Row of a morning ,  
 Walking on the Chelsea Embankment.

### VIII

#### *Ritratto*

And she said :

                    You remember Mr. Lowell ,  
 "He was your ambassador here ?"  
 And I said: "That was before I arrived ."  
 And she said :

                    "He stomped into my bed-room . . . . ."  
 (By that time she had got on , to Browning.)  
 ".....stomped into my bed-room ...."  
 "And said: "Do I ,  
 " " I ask you , Do I  
 " " Care too much for society dinners ?"  
 " And I wouldn't say that he didn't .  
 " Shelley used to live in this house ."

She was a very old lady ,  
 I never saw her again .

IX

*Quis multa gracilis?*

What youth, abundant Pyrrha,  
(Alix, your name is, really);  
What blasphemous clear rose,  
What sleek black head  
Replaces my ragged head?  
What upright form,  
Owing as much to nature as to Poole,  
Is your this fortnight's fool,  
Alix (or Pyrrha)?

U L Y S S E S

James Joyce

E p i s o d e III

**I**NELUCTABLE modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them, bodies, before of them coloured. How? By knocking his scone against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color celi sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomeever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *Nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *Nebeneinander* ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark.

My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of my two legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of Los demiurgos. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

*Won't you come to Sandymount,  
Madeline the mare?*

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. Catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: deline the mare.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphana! *Basta*. I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.

They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, *Frauenzimmer*: and down the shelving shore flabbily, their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand. Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother. Number one swung louredly her midwife's bag, the other a gamp poking in the beach. From the liberties, out for the day. Mrs. Florence MacCabe, relict of the late Patk MacCabe, deeply lamented, of Bride Street. One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life. Creation from nothing. What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your *omphalos*. Hello. Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought, one.

Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without belmish, bulging big, a buckler of taut vellum, no, whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to everlasting. Womb of sin.

Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. They clasped and sundered, did the couple's will. From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever. A *lex eterna* stays about him. Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son are consubstantial? When is Arius to answer? Warring his life long on the contras-

magnificandjewbangtantiarity? Illstarred heresiarch! In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last: *euthanasia*. With beaded mitre and with crozier, stalled upon his throne, widower of a widowed see, with upstiffed *omophorion*, with clotted hinderparts.

Airs romped around him, nipping and eager airs. They are coming, waves. The whitemaned seahorses, champing, brightwind-bridled.

I mustn't forget his letter for the press. And after? The Ship, half twelve. By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile. Yes, I must.

His pace slackened. Here. Am I going to Aunt Sara's or not? My consubstantial father's voice. Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately? No? Sure re's not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally? Couldn't he strike a bit higher than that, eh? And and and tell us Stephen, how is uncle Si? O, weeping God, the things I married into! De boys up in de hayloft. The drunken little costdrawer and his brother, the cornet player. Highly respectable gondoliers! And skeweyed Walter sirring his father, no less! Sir. Yes, sir. No, sir. Jesus wept: and no wonder by Christ!

I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage: and wait. They take me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.

—It's Stephen, sir.

—Let him in. Let Stephen in.

A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.

—We thought you were someone else.

In his broad bed uncle Richie, pillowed and blanketed, extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm. Cleanchested. He has washed the upper moiety.

—Morrow, nephew.

He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of Master Goff and Master Tandy, filing consents and common searches and a writ of *Duces Tecum*. A bogoak frame over his bald head: Wilde's *lequiescat*. The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back.

—Yes, sir?

—Malt for Richie and Stephen, tell mother. Where is she?

—Bathing Crissie, sir.

Papa's little lump of love.

—No, uncle Richie . . . . .

—Call me Richie. Whusky!

—Uncle Richie, really . . . . .

—Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down.

Walter squints vainly for a chair.

—He has nothing to sit down on, sir.

—He has nowhere to put it, you mug. Bring in our Chippendale chair. Would you like a bite of something? None of your damned lawdeedaw airs here; a rasher fried with a herring? Sure? So much the better. We have nothing in the house but backache pills.

*All'erta!*

He drones bars of Ferrando's *aria di sortita*. The grandest number Stephen, in the whole opera. Listen.

His tuneful whistle sounds again, finely shaded, with rushes of air, his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees.

This wind is sweeter.

Houses of decay, mine, his and all. You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army. Come out of them, Stephen. Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas. For whom? The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon, his eyeballs stars. Houy-hnhnm, horsenostrilled. The oval equine faces, Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell, Lanternjaws. Abbas father, furious dean what offence laid fire to their brains. Paff! *Descende, calve, ut ne amplius decalveris*. A garland of grey hair on his comminated head see him now clambering down to the footpace, (*descende*), clutching a monstrance, basliskeyed. Get down, baldpoll! A choir gives back menace and echo, assisting about the altar's horns, the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs, tonsured and oiled and gelded, fat with the fat of the kidneys of wheat. And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the corner is elevating it. Dringdring! And two streets off another locking it into a pyx. Dringadring! And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his own cheek. Dringdring! Down, up, forward back. Occam thought of that, invincible doctor. A misty English morning the imp tickled his brain. Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine

with his second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong.

Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint. Isle of saints. You were awfully holy, weren't you? You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you might not have a red nose. You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue that the buxom widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street. *O si, certo!* Sell your soul for that, do, dyed rags pinned round a squaw. More tell me, more still! On the top of the Hewth tram alone crying to the rain: *naked women! naked women!* What about that, eh?

What about what? what else were they invented for?

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanyantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once.....

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle stood up, pitted to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend: wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

He halted. I have passed the way to aunt Sara's. Am I not going there? Seems not. No-one about. He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand towards the Pigeonhouse.

—*Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?*

—*C'est le pigeon, Joseph.*

Patrice, home on furlough, lapped warm milk with me in the bar MacMahon. Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris. My father's a bird, he lapped the sweet *lait chaud* with pink young tongue, plump bunny's face. Lap, *lapin*. He hopes to win in the groslets. About the nature of women he read in Michelet. But he must send me *La Vie de Jésus* by Mr. Léo Taxil. Lent it to his friend.

—*C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi, je suis socialiste. Je ne crois pas à l'existence de Dieu. Paut pas le dire à mon père.*

—*Il croit?*

—*Mon père, oui.*

*Schluss.* He laps.

My latin quarter hat. God, we simply must dress the character. I want puce gloves. You were a student, weren't you? Of what in the other devil's name? Paysayenn. P. C. N., you know: *physiques, chimiques et naturelles*. Aha. Eating your groatsworth of *mou en civet*, fleshpots of Egypt, elbowed by belching cabmen. Just say in the most natural tone: when I was in Paris I used to. Yes, used to carry punched tickets to prove an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere. Justice. On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses. Other fellow did it: other me. Hat, tie, overcoat, nose. *Lui, c'est moi.* You seem to have enjoyed yourself.

Proudly walking. Whom were you trying to walk like? Forget: a dispossessed. With mother's money order, eight shillings, the barrier of the post office shut in your face by the usher. Hunger toothache. *Encore deux minutes.* Look clock. Must get. *Fermé.* Hired dog! Shoot him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun, bits man spattered walls all brass buttons. Bits all khrrklak in place clack back. Not hurt? O, that's all right. Shake hands. See what I meant, see? O, that's all right. Shake a shake. O, that's all only all right.—

You were going to do wonders, what? Missionary to Europe after fiery Columbanus. Pretending to speak broken English as you dragged your valise, porter threepence, across the slimy pier at Newhaven. *Comment?* Rich booty you brought back; five tattered numbers of *Pantalón Blanc et Culotte Rouge*; a blue French telegram, curiosity to show:

—Mother dying come home father.

The aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't.

—Then here's a health to Mulligan's aunt

And I'll tell you the reason why.

She always kept things decent in

The Hannigan famileye.

His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm over the sand furrows, along by the boulders of the south wall. He stared at them proudly, piled stone mammoth skulls. Gold light on sea, on sand, on boulders. The sun is there, the slender trees, the lemon houses.

Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets. Moist pith of farls of bread, the froggreen wormwood, her matin incense, court the air. Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife, the kerchiefed housewife is astir, a saucer of acetic acid in her hand. In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake there tumbled beauties, shattering with gold teeth *chaussons* of pastry, their mouths yellowed with the *pus* of *flan brêton*. Faces of Paris men go by, their well pleased *palasers*, curled *conquistadores*.

Noon slumbers. Kevin Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white. About us gobblers fork spiced beans down their gullets. *Un demi setier!* A jet of coffee steam from the burnished caldron. She serves me at his beck. Your postprandial, do you know that word? Postprandial. There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona, queer fellow, used to call it his postprandial. Well: *sláinte!* Around the slabbed tables the tangle of wine breaths and grumbling gorges. His breath hangs over our sauce stained plates, the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips. Of Ireland, the Dalcassians, of hopes, conspiracies, of Arthur Griffith now. To yoke me as his yokefellow, our crimes our common cause. His fustian shirt sanguineflowered, trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets. Mr. Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called queen Victoria? Old hag with the yellow teeth. *Vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*. Maud Gonne, *la Patrie*, Mr. Millevoye, Felix Faure, know how he died? Licentious men. The *froeken* who rubbed his nakedness in the bath at Upsala. *Moi faire*, she said. *Tous les messieurs*. Most licentious custom. Bath a most private thing. I wouldn't let my brother, not even my own brother, most

lascivious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

The blue fuse burns deadlly between hands and burns clear. Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke lights our corner. Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat. How the head centre got away, true version. Got up as a young bride, man, veil, orangeblossoms, drove out the road to Malahide. Did, faith. Of lost leaders, the betrayed, wild escapes. Disguises, clutched at, gone, not here.

Spurned lover. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you. I'll show you my likeness one day. I was faith. Lover, for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke, tanist o his sept, under the walls of Clerkenwell and, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward in the fog. Shattered glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides, Egan of Paris, unsought by any save by me. Making his day's stations, the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the lair in Butte Montmartre he sleeps short night in *rue de la Goutte d'Or*, damascened with flyblown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wifeless. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, madame, in *rue Git-le-Cœur*, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing! Spurned and undespairing. *Mon fils*, soldier of France. I taught him to sing *The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades*. Know that old lay? I taught Patrice that. Old Kilkenny: saint Canice, Strongbow's castle on the Nore. Goes like this. O, O. He takes me, Napper Tandy, by the hand.

—O, O the boys of

*Kilkenny*.....

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin. Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped his boots. The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of seeds of brightness. Here, I am not walking out to the Kish lightship, am I? He stood suddenly, his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking soil. Turn back.

Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbicans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor.

Blue dusk, nightfall, deep blue night. In the darkness of the dome they wait, their pushedback chairs, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned platters. Who to clear it? He has the key. I will not sleep there when this night comes. A shut door of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies, the panthersahib and his pointer. Call: no answer. He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood.

The flood is following me. I can watch it flow past from here. Get back then by the Poolbeg road to the strand there. He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat on a stool of rock, resting his ashplant by him.

A bloated carcase of a dog lay lolled on bladderwrack. Before him the gunwale of a boat, sunk in sand. *Un coche ensablé* Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose. These heavy sands are language tide and wind have silted here. And these, the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats. Hide gold there. Try it. You have some. Sands and stones. Heavy of the past. Sir lout's toys. Mind you don't get one bang on the ear. I'm the bloody well giant rolls all them bloody well boulders, bones for my stepping-stones. Feefawfum. I zmeellz de bloodz odz an Iridzman.

A point, live dog, grew into sight running across the sweep of sand. Lord, is he going to attack me? Respect his liberty. You will not be master of others or their slave. I have my stick. Sit tight. From farther away, walking shoreward across from the crested tide, figures, two. The two maries. They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes. Peekaboo. I see you. No, the dog. He is running back to them. Who?

Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane vikings, torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon, spouting, hobbling in the shallows. Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers' knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires. I spoke to no-one: none to me.

The dog's bark ran toward him, stopped, ran back. Dog of my enemy. I just simply stood pale, silent, bayed about. *Terribilia meditans*. A primrose doublet, fortune's knave, smiled on my fear. For that are you pining, the bark of their applause? Pretenders: live their lives. The Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight, Perkin Warbeck, York's false scion, in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory, wonder of a day, and Lambert Simnel, a scullion crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now. He saved men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. But the courtiers who mocked Guido in *or* san Michele were in their own house. House of . . . . . We don't want any of your medieval abstrusiosities. Would you do what he did? A boat would be near, a lifebuoy. *Natürlich*, put there for you. Would you or would you not? The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They were waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in *an* all sides, sheeting the beds of sand quickly, shellcocoacoloured? If I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I . . . With him together down . . . I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost.

A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.

Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life. Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull. The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears. He turned, hounded back, came nearer, trotted on twinkling shanks. On a field tenney a buck trippant, proper, unattired. At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. His snout lifted barked at the wave-noise. They serpented towards his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking, plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves.

Cocklepickers. They wade a little way in the water and, stooping, soused their bags, and, lifting them again, waded out. The dog yelped running to them, reared up and pawed them, dropping on all fours, again reared up at them with mute bearish fawn-

ing. Unheeded he kept by them as they came towards the drier sand, a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from his jaws. His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then set off at a calf's gallop. The carcase lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffing rapidly, dogsniff, eyes on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah poor dogsbody! Here lies dogsbody's body.

—Tatters! Out of that you mongrel!

The cry brought him skulking back to his master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand, crouched in flight. He slunk back in a curve. Doesn't see me. Along by the edge of the mole he dawdled, smelt a rock, and, from under a edge of the mole he dawdled, smelt a rock. Something he buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand, dabbling and delving and stopped to listen to the air; scraped up the sand again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in spouse-breach, vulturing the dead.

After he woke me up last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway. Street of harlots. Remember. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melon he had he held against my face. Smiled: creamfruit smell. That was the rule said. In. Come. Red carpet spread. You will see who.

Shouldering their bags they passed. His blued feet out of turned-up trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull red muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the ruffian and his strolling mort, spoils slung at her back. Loose sand and shellgrit crusted her bare feet. About her windraw face her hair trailed. Behind her lord his helpmate, trudging to Romeville. When night hides her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs have mired. Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts. Buss her, wap in rogues' rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell A shefiend's whitenes under her rancid rage. Fumbally's lane that night: the tanyard smells.

*White thy fambles, red thy gan*

*And thy quarrons dainty is.*

*Couch a hogshead with me then:*

*In the darkmans clip and kiss.*

Morose delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this, *frate porcospino*.

Call away let him: thy quarrons dainty is. Language no whit worse than his. Monkwords, marybeads jabber on their girdles: rogue-words, tough nuggets patter in their pockets.

Passing now.

A side-eye at my Hamlet hat. If I were suddenly naked here as I sit? I am not. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moon-drawn, in her wake, Ides, myriadislanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandle. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablet. Mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her moomb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeached: ooeehah: roar of p̄ataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayaway. Paper. The banknotes, blast them. Old Deasy's letter. Here. Thanking you for the hospitality tear the blank end off. Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and scribbled words. That's twice I forgot to take slips from the library counter.

His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent, ending. Why not endless till the farthest star? Darkly they are there behind this light, darkness shining in the brightness, delta of Cassiopeia, worlds. Me sits there with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals, by day beside a livid sea, unbeheld, in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars. I throw this ended shadow from me, call it back. Endless, would it be mine, form of my form? Who watches me here? Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field. Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice. The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple out of his shovel hat: veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its field. Hold hard. Coloured on a flat: yes, that's right. Flat I see, then think distance, near, far, flat I see, east, back. Ah, see now! Falls back suddenly frozen in stereoscope. Click does the

trick. You find my words dark. Darkness is in our souls do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shamewounded by our sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the more.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Riggis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the braided jesse of her sunshade. She lives in Leesonpark, a lady of letters. Talk that to someone else, Stevie: a pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wool. Talk about apple dumpling, *piuttosto*. Where are your wits?

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled note and pencil into a pocket, his hat tilted down on his eyes. That is Kevin Egan's movement I made, nodding for his nap. *Hlo! Bonjour*. Under its leaf he watched through peacock-twitching lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal noon. Among gumheavy serpent-plants, milkoozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

*And no more turn aside and brood.*

His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs, *nebeneinander*. He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in tripudium, foot I dislove. But you were delighted when Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you: girl I knew in Paris. *Tiens, quel petit pied!* Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its name. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I am. All or not at all.

In long lassos from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss oos.

Vchement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.

Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall: Lord, they are weary: and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fulness of their times, *diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit*. To no end gathered: vainly then released, forthflowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her court, she draws a toil of waters.

Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. At one he said. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising salt-white from the undertow, bobbing landward. There he is. Hook it quick. Pull. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouser-fly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.

A seachange this. Seadeath, mildest of all death's known to man. *Prix de Paris*: beware of imitations. Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Come. Clouding over. No black clouds anywhere, are there? Thunderstorm. No. My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon. Where? To evening lands. Evening will find itself.

He took the hilt of his ashplant, lunging with it softly, dallying still. Yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make their end. By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest day. Of all the glad new year, mother, the rum tum tiddledy tum. Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet. *Gid*. For the old hag with the yellow teeth. And Monsieur Drumont, gentleman journalist *Gid*. My teeth are very bad. Why, I wonder? Feel. That

one is going to. Shells. Ought I go to a dentist, I wonder, with that money? That one. This. Toothless Kinch, the superman. Why is that, I wonder, or does it mean something perhaps?

My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up?

His hand groped vainly in his pockets. No. I didn't. Better buy one. He laid the dry snout picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully. For the rest let look who will.

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, silently moving, a silent ship.—

*(to be continued)*

## NOCTURNE

Ben Hecht

IT IS easy to think in the streets at night. So I sometimes walk about the city long after the fat world has gone to sleep. I have, like a great many other people whom I do not know, a curious lack of emotion. This thing is called restlessness. In the streets at night my unrest becomes a mild and gentle sorrow and gives birth to numerous adjectives. I walk on and on and the adjectives form themselves into remarkable thoughts that sometimes startle me and cause me to forget to listen to the castenets of my heels upon the lonely pavement.

The little greedy half-dead are in their beds. The night like an army possesses the city, swarms upon the buildings. In my walking I have a habit of likening the night to different things. It is a little game that diverts me and also causes me to forget to listen to the sound of my heels upon the lonely pavement. Later I try to remember these images that came to me as I was walking and curse myself for an idiot and a profligate. For the night has a way of making a careless and unselfish lover even of a poet.

On this night I walked with my thoughts full of the grimaces of the little greedy half-dead become now no preposterously silent. Through the little empty labyrinths of stone the centuries sighed their desolation. Yellow and lonely advertisements burned here and there above invisible roofs, and I observed that the buildings which were so important by day, the great perforated rectangles of stone, the streets that fulfilled the mighty functions of traffic, lay under the stars like some gloomy, useless toyland. The city was an anachronism in the night. Silence with its dark and enigmatic face stared at the sky. The moon made inanimate blue fire-flies of the windows.

What a racket there was in these streets by day. A rumble and a mumble and a bang, bang, bang. The shuffle of feet like the sound of a harsh wind. And I remember having watched the smoke of factories toppling at a precise angle out of chimney mouths and drawn in grey black awning stripes across a blue sky, and the little greedy half-dead with their endless faces and their innumerable hats and their indomitable complacencies crawling as usual along the treadmill of time and vastly excited about it.

But now the immemorial smear of gestures had gone to bed. The millions had taken off their clothes and lay silent in the immemorial and hairy democracy of their skins. There was something beguiling in the thought that all the countless and unnecessary people I saw during the day were practically naked at that moment. Stretched on their bellies and their backs they lay in fantastic imitation of their sincerer brethren packed away under the earth.

It was night and the world was almost rid of its race. There remained only the figures like myself, the isolate and furtive figures of the night that move here and there in the shadows. What a melodramatic company we are. A few murderers standing like bold merchants on desolate street corners. A few prostitutes with the most practical of intentions. And a little scattered army of the uncatalogued. The fat world sleeps with its window cautiously opened three inches, for it is autumn and chill, the while we move about adventuring on the treadmill.

Perhaps I lied when I said I was a person with a curious lack of emotion, or boasted. For there was in me as I walked this night the knowledge that I had been growing older. My thoughts were

such that I stopped to wonder under the menacing shadow of what had been a great building why it was that old people were not always weeping. Already I had begun to think of youth, a dreary omen.

I walked on until I came to the climax of architectural detail that is called the heart of the city. Here the night seemed broken into great lumps of shadows. The curious hollow pallor like the light of vacant silver eyes hung about the shafts of stone. It was as if the night had found itself unable to efface the rumble and the mumble and the endless faces of the day. They persisted in this dead and hollow gleam like a shout that has just died or eyes that have just closed. The streets and their spread of fan-like temples, the bleak, glittering windows and the yellow advertisements burning above invisible roofs were lonesome for gestures and grimaces and noise.

We pass each other, we murderers, prostitutes, beggars, wanderers, vagabonds and thieves. We approach each other in the lonely, desolate streets, muscles tense, jaws set. We come up behind each other slowly, maliciously. For we are a different company than stuffs the streets by day.

Thus I walked through the heart of the city, noting it to be a place of suspended thunders, a gloomy, useless toyland whose elaborate geometries were almost devoured by the night. Here the great hotels cast patches of light upon the empty sidewalks. A taxi cab behind which trailed the wild laugh of a woman darted out of gloom and swept around a corner. The all-night restaurants were also lighted. They made each a little oasis in the night. Within them could be seen through the large patient and effulgent windows, hunched and inanimate figures drinking coffee. Their faces were pale and they stared at their fingers.

I found myself before the entrance of a theater. Its grimy little facade lighted with innumerable yellow lamps strutted out of the darkness, a dirty and insolent gypsy amid the black tombstones in this funereal street. Gayety and entertainment here for the company that does not sleep at night. Sardonic lights and mocking lithographs, eternal joy and Saturnalian defiance; amid them in a little round office sat a fat faced blousy eyed woman like some imperturbable exile selling tickets for the mysteries of Isis. It had grown chill and a weariness had come over me. I was tired of my

adjectives. Soon the little greedy half-dead would be stirring in their millions beds, coming larvalike into these waiting streets. I thought of long brown roads flanked by red leaved trees and of the processional of great white-bellied clouds over the curving stagnant fields. What a strange thing is the city, a hard faced witch babbling and stinking. And here the mysteries of Isis, the forbidden things before the triangular altar of Astarte. There were two of us, myself and a little man with a watery face, and we moved into the theater. The chill, ferruginous night of the city vanished.

I felt as if I had suddenly thrust my head under the heavy dress of an old beggar woman. A rusty lavender light filled the place and the uncoiling tinsel of tobacco smoke moved in spectral clouds through the mephitic gloom. There was a sharp fish like odor that swam before my eyes in a chlorinated mist. Beyond I could make out the glare and sparkle of the black and white shadows, and the click and whirr of the moving picture machine came to my ears. I sat down with a feeling of relief and the theater seemed to grow brighter. Heads of men and women grew out of the shadows and remained motionlessly sprinkled here and there among the rows of seats. On the moving picture screen three horses with furious muscles were galloping at break neck speed over the crest of a sunlit hill. On the horses bounced three men, their heads stiffened and tucked down, their bodies reaching forward like claws in the wind.

We were quite distinct now in our seats, a silent, brooding, disinterested company of heads sprinkled here and there. The reek and stench of us dragged itself along the walls in ulcerated clouds and circled our heads in violet spirals. These figures sat in their seats as if they had been dropped from a great height. Their faces spotted the gloom with little luminous patches of grey. There were snores and coughs and a curious unceasing shuffling. The darkness continued to lift as if some half-hearted dawn were approaching. Little dog-faced men, old men with faces moulded out of phlegm, women with scarred drawn skins, a shaggy, lifeless company here, whose heads, as I closed my eyes, remained in my thoughts a handfull of little withered nuts gathering mould.

I opened my eyes and against the wall in my row sat an old man with a long bony face. His ragged hat was pulled down over his forehead and his hair stuck out in whisps from under it. His

head rested against the wall and with his mouth open he slept. His body was folded in a strange angularity in the seat. His coat was tied in front with a piece of yellow rope and his trousers were opened. In the lavender gloom his face had an ashen mutilation. It was the sunken, inhuman mask of one long unburied. The hands of this old man moved about as he slept. He was dreaming. His body twitched and his feet crawled with elaborate caution about on the floor. The odor which came from him, embracing me with polite neighborly insistence, was partially explained by the streaks of vomit on his clothes and the color of his hands. A line of Turgenieff entangled itself in my thought.

"How red, how red are the roses."

On the moving screen a man with remarkable eyelashes was pointing a gun at a villain. In one arm this man held a clinging chrysanthemum-eyed girl. The moving picture machine from somewhere behind me whirled and clicked and spurted forth its flickering, glazed moonbeam. I looked about me. Across the isle, a row in front of where I sat, were two figures parted by several seats. The figure on the isle was that of a woman. Her face seemed to be crudely carved out of rough red and grey stone. She had a wide mouth and a flat nose. She had decourously removed her hat and her hair, grey and green under the violet light of the moving picture ray, was visible. A pair of short black cotton gloves were on her hands as she raised them one at a time to scratch at the back of her neck. She stared with round parrot eyes at the pictures in front of her, chewing vigorously, swallowing with great excitement and rubbing her nose with a forefinger as a climax to her enthusiasms. It was evident that the pictures were effecting her. I looked again at the moving picture screen.

The man with the remarkable eyelashes and the stiff cupid's bow mouth had come to grief. He lay on a white sunny bed and appeared to be dying. His hair was carefully combed. The chrysanthemum eyed girl was kneeling at his bedside. I recalled now having seen the fellow shot.

The old woman's chewing gained vigor and she began to weep. Tears moved unnoticed down her cheeks. Her forefinger remained in position under her nose, moving violently back and forth as the tears lost themselves in the black cotton of her golve. I became aware of a soft, deliberately spaced hiss. It came from the figure

that sat several seats to the left of the old woman.

He was a stocky shouldered man with a black haired leonine head and strong features. His flashing dark eyes were turned upon the old woman. He was hissing to her and making perceptible signals with his chin. There was something eager and amorous about this man, something solid and Rodinesque about his figure. And the old woman, noticing him through her tears, looked at him for several moments and screwed her hard slippery face into a hesitant smile. A strange animation came upon the man. His shoulders twitched, his massive head bobbed wierdly about. His eyes rolled in their sockets and his mouth opened and shining with teeth made clucking moist sounds. Twice his body shot forward as if about to crash into the seats and then straightened to remain shaking from side to side like the vibrations of a long rope.

The old woman returned her eyes to the picture, but she appeared to have lost her enthusiasm. Her black gloved forefinger rested in her lap. Through the corners of her eyes she observed the large headed man at her left. He had, it was evident, changed his tactics. The flash and glitter of his previous emotion were gone from his face. Instead he had become nervous, querulous and pleading. He was making little mouths with his strong, large lips and pouting like an aggrieved boy. He tossed his leonine head in little coquetties and then suddenly held up a single finger. The old woman staring at this elevated finger shook her head. Whereat two fingers appeared in the gloomy air and remained stiff and shaking like amazing words. The old woman's little parrot eyes turned full upon him and stared shrewdly and with a curious disdain.

There was a violent coughing in my row. The old man with the bony face had awakened. He sneezed, coughed, rubbed his eyes and straightened. His body flopped about and with a long, twisted finger he began to scratch behind his ear. His face turned dully toward me and his curious, gelatinous eyes rested on me as if I were not present. His face reminded me of the breast of a bird that had been plucked. As I looked at him his eyes moved from me and drifted across the theater. He began suddenly to wag his head and blink with his dead lids and his jaw rose on one side in a grin. The old woman across the isle was looking at him and smiling. There was a shuffle and clatter in my isle and the bony faced one sprawled to his feet, his clothes hanging stiff and shapeless from him. He

moved by me, and I felt the thin little structure of his body under his loose rags as he shoved between me and the seat backs. An odor of herring and medicinal decay marked his passage. He walked up to the old woman, his feet shuffling along the floor and tapped her on the shoulder. The old woman cast a quick, contemptuous glance at the leonine head to her left, and rising with a chuckle, walked up the isle after the shuffling, ragged figure. There was left the defeated one.

He sat with a look of wonder on his face, that slowly darkened, and bit at the nails of his hands. As his teeth worked in a growing ferocity upon his nails a look of agony came into his eyes. His shoulders began to twitch. He lurched about like a man drunk. Then suddenly he disappeared.

Out of the row of seats came crawling a stump of a man whose body was fastened with straps to a square board on four little wheels. The head of this man, black-haired and leonine, barely reached to the tops of the seats. He propelled himself by swinging two apelike arms back and forth. In his huge fists he held two flat irons. Slowly he rolled up the isle and came opposite me, a half born thing with his thick torso waving snake-like above the floor. He stopped and raised a pair of flashing eyes and glowered at me. His face worked into savage and undecided grimaces. His lips twisted and a drip appeared at their corners. For several instants he eyed me while his fury kept him silent. Then his voice burst forth coming with a violent incongruity out of this half thing on the floor. It was a huge gruff voice, that of a man fat and towering.

"Did you see that?" he demanded. His hands remained motionless holding the flat irons to the floor. "Did you see it? I had her first. I got her eye first. And then that stew butts in. Didn't I have her first?"

The face lifted toward me twitched and the fury passed out of it. In its place came a curious child-like despair. The legless man began to weep. His shoulders jumped up and down in great sobs. His voice when he raised it again had become a whimper. He stared at me as the tears climbed out of his eyes and smeared themselves over his rugged face.

"She beat it with that stew," he said. "Say, honest t'God didn't I have her first?" He rolled on up the isle swinging long

ape-like arms.

Outside the night was vanishing. The chill morning air came like a scent of fresh water to my nose, dried by the odors of the theater. People were moving in the grey streets. At the end of the block they moved in a thin procession across the car tracks, a string of dark figures without faces and shaped like sevens. The city was waking. The rumble and the mumble and the bang, bang, bang had started again. The buildings stretched out of the early mists. From a corner came the shout of a man. I looked over and saw beside a stand heaped with fresh newspapers the heavy, dwarf like stump of the legless man. He was selling papers. He raised his voice in a shout as we of the little thin procession moved by.

"Extra here . . . All about . . ."

Evidently things had been happening in the night.

## IMAGINARY LETTERS

(W. Villerant to the ex-Mrs. Burn)

Ezra Pound

My dear Lydia:

Stupidity is a pest, a baccillus, an infection, a raging lion that does not stay in one place but perambulates. When two fools meet, a third springs up instanter between them, a composite worse than either begetter. We see the young of both sexes, and of your sex which is the more fluid, sunk into amalgams; into domestic and communal amalgams.

I call on the sisters Randall, they are in the studio next to their own, seeking companionship. I am deluged with an half hour's inanity, breezy, cheerful inanity, replies that were "bright" in '92, replies that are modeled upon the replies in short stories.

People imagine that to speak suddenly, and without thinking beforehand, is to be brilliant. It feels so. The elder Faxton writes stories that would have been osée, daring, in the days of Ibsen's adolescence. The Soeurs Randall return to their studio, a brace of callers is waiting. I am deluged again with inanity, bright, cheery

inanity. I flee waving metaphorical arms like a windmill.

Because of amalgams, Bohemias are worth avoiding. The poor ones are like a pool full of frogs' eggs, and hordes of these globules perish annually. I mean they merge into suburbias.

Of the crops thrust yearly upon the metropolis some dry, others through small fault of intellect, through, perhaps, no defect of passion, but merely because of some natal commonness, some need to plunge back, to bathe in the second rate, subside into suburbias.

You say "What is suburbia". You quibble and suggest that I am interested in "Society". My dear Lydia, I know an elderish man, and a man just ceasing to be young, and one woman, who have rejected "Society," and two who are untroubled by it one way or the other. But I do not set it against suburbias. All things pass under the nose of my microscope. I am one man without a class prejudice. It is perhaps my only distinction. But Mayfair, let me say, is not stupid. Mayfair is, by contrast, fantastic. Fantastic arts have always come out of Mayfairs.

An eminent dramatist, I can not say a distinguished, but at least an eminent and eminently successful dramatist, travels from London to Mudros to tell a naval Lieutenant that he disapproves of the cut of my collar.

It partakes of Haroun al Raschid, and of the 17th century spark who set out to play ball against the gates of Jerusalem. Or by contrast I call on Mrs. Herringham-Sheffington at the instigation of Lady Houter, who is absent. I wander in bored despair. I discourse at last, and at length, on a piece of Capo-di-Monte, the only notable thing in a room full of expenses.

I explain the relation of Capo-di-Monte to democracy. That evening I hear I insulted a whole faction, I have been guilty of endless seditions, I have desired an ignominious peace. I am not to dine with Mrs. Hinchfield on Thursday, although this had been arranged.

This does not interest you, for you are not interested in nuances, nor in the precise meaning of words; also you have never encountered a duchess. Neither are they my habit, any more than are the keepers of fruit stalls. But I do not dislike them. There is one formed wholly on "The Kreutzer Sonata", a second rate novel published twenty-eight years ago, when she was on the borders of thirty. She has the mind of an American female music student, in a Münchener, or Vienesé boarding house.

The other, two years her junior, has the mentality of a graduate from, let us say, Ogontz or some other highly-priced American femals seminary. For a quarter of a century she has preserved this crepe-paper flower in an almost undusty condition.

My present char-woman wears velvet shoes, she wears pseudo-diamond combs at her dishwashing. The velvet shoes are laced with velvet ribbons, and her get-up is rather untidy. A fact which you will read without interest. But your friend Molly from Southport has seen the Lady Godiva buying two and a half yards of green ribbon in Burbages: "And making such a display of herself. And such a crowd of shop-assistants, and her mother etc . . . ." Molly attempts to mimic Lady G's manner. And fails. She attempts to mimic Lady G's intonation and fails more pronouncedly.

"Such a display of herself." I am still in the dark as to why the Lady Godica should not buy two and a half yards of green ribbon, or why her mother should not accompany her, or whether, for her quasi regality, she should purchase ribbon only in bales; or whether she should spend three quarters of an hour dressing for Burbages in some style recommended by Molly. The Lady Godiva is not displeasing to look at, affaire d'oculiste, a mind innocent, oh, innocent as a Christmas Annual, and of about the same texture.

(The peirage [female] is divided into two sections: the America section, which reads current novels; the British section, which reads "The Queen." It contains however several gracious and most charming people, — and not a few curiosities.) But this bores you. You have chosen. You will henceforth consort with Mollies. For the rest of your natural life. And you will take part in the cheery, bright, . . . automatic conversation of feminine studios.

Old Hinchbon is right for all that. I remember old Hinchbon meeting with Leffington whom he had known in his youth. I had also known Leffington in my twenties, twenty years later, and for six months or a year I drank in his anecdotal conversation, and thought him the best of good talkers. Mappen lasted three days. But Mappen is a "penseur." He is enflamed with ideas. He will tell you that he resembles Spinoza. He will compare his mind to that of Parmenides. And one must admit that he thinks. He has thought for a number of years. He has enough ideas for three days. After that he is finished. Anecdotes last a man longer. But a tonality such as Perringham's is durable for a lifetime. (All this is over your

head.) Perringham's tonality, or his sense of style, makes him permanent company.

Of Hinchbon on old Leffington: "No. No. Leffington! It is no use. His conversation shows the effects of association, of continuous association with inferior people."

That is my allegorical answer, and you need not expect me at Pinner. You had your chance. You could not endure the high altitude. I do not write this out of malevolence. I do not mind you having a new husband, or a dozen. But there is a certain *propreté*, a certain fastidiousness of the mind. The old Slautzer used to mutter in the face of the British scrubbed-clean nut-ocracy . . . . .

We accepted her because she had once lived with a certain Viennese artist. She even passed for, and may have been actually, one of his various wives. That was her passport. She must have had some intelligence or he would not have stood her a week. She mumbled, she was hard to understand, I, on the whole, have very little to tell of her, but I can still hear her saying, as she waved a guardsman away from her table: "No, No, vot I say to dese people. Vot, I will zleep vit you. Yes, I vil zleep vit you. It iss nossing. But talk to you half an hour. Neffair!! Vun mustt traw de line SOMMEFERE!!"

This fastidiousness of the mind, my dear Lydia, is something which I would recommend to you.

The old Slautzer did not attain it on all planes . . . notably on the plane of her finger-nails. And she never opened a window, or permitted a window to be opened, and she wore a greasy (but rich, very rich) fur-coat, in-doors, out of doors, all the time.

There were certain things in her favour. But for constant immersion in second-rate conversation there is no extenuation whatever.

It may be that you have reached your habitat, but into that habitat you need not expect me to follow you. I do not mind your having a new husband, or a dozen new husbands, but that you have an inferior mental object is a desolating and discouraging matter. Not even by an hair's breadth would I impinge upon your new domesticities.

Yours,

*Walter Villerant.*

## WOMEN AND MEN

Ford Madox Hueffer

## IV

## Average People

I HAVE reflected for a long time; I have reflected for a very long time. I have really done my best to make a discovery which most people would regard as the easiest in the world. It is one of those matters which every one would say at first sight was known to everyone, but which no one ever really knows. If you ask any person in the world how many steps lead up to his front door he will not be able to tell you: or if you ask him whether the figures on his watch are Arabic or Roman. And yet there will be a portion of that man's brain that knows these things, though from his consciousness they are entirely absent. Thus, every man can descend his own steps without paying attention to the number of them, which proves that somewhere in his automatic memory the knowledge is hidden away. And every man, if presented with his own watch and the watch of another precisely similar in every detail save that of the dial plate, will know his own watch by its "look". Along somewhat similar lines is the discovery that I am trying to make. For what I want to know is: "What is an average man?"

What, for the matter of that is an average woman? Who has seen either of these impossible monsters? Assuredly neither I nor you. "For such a sunflower never bloomed beneath the sun." We all have very strongly within us the belief that there is such a thing. The belief is as strong as that in the immortality of our souls. And we think, when we are not thinking about it, that we know a large number of quite average men and women. We should laugh loudly if we were told that we could not put our finger immediately upon a perfectly average man or a perfectly average woman. And yet, the moment you come to try to do it you will find that it is absolutely impossible.

By carefully going through the Alphabet, and my calling book, I have found that I know at the present moment 1,642 men and women. I know them, that is to say, all of them to speak to. And,

having a fairly tenacious memory, which practically never forgets even very small things connected with the careers of other people, I may say that I know something of the circumstances and the characters of all these people. My own acquaintance divides itself into three main bodies—the distinctly lower classes, the intellectual classes and the distinctly leisured and upper classes. Of the commercial middle classes I know practically very little. These distinctions are of course arbitrary, but they more or less express what I mean. I am aware that the objections will at once be made: "If you know nothing of the middle classes you cannot of course know anything of the average man, for it is precisely amongst the middle classes that the average man is to be found." And of course there is something to be said for the objection until one comes to regard it scientifically. Then at once it disappears. For, in the very nature of the case the middle classes are numerically small by comparison with the bulk of the people.

And indeed every aspect of this bewildering subject bristles with difficulties as soon as one approaches it. Thus, let us for the moment accept the dictum that the average man is to be found among the middle classes. Let us carry it even a step further and say that the middle-class man is the average man. For of course the great bulk of readers will be found among the middle classes—or they would have been so found until yesterday when the coming of the cheap press spread some kind of printed matter into the hands even of the very poorest of servant girls. Here then is another difficulty of classification. One cannot really say that the middle classes are the reading classes. One cannot even really say that the middle classes are the classes that most read thoughtful literature.

In a book dealing specifically with the life we live to-day it is almost impossible to avoid mentioning the names of individuals or of institutions. And, to name individuals or institutions is always open to certain objections. These objections, grave as they are, I must just face as best I can, or rather I must just ignore them. If I could, I would just deal with my own readers, but I haven't the least idea who my own readers may be. No author ever has or ever can have. A certain number of people tell me that they have read my books. They may have or they may not have, but I have no means of classifying them. I don't in fact know my own "pub-

lic". But as soon as it comes to the "publics" of other authors, or more particularly of various journals, one arrives at much more definite ground. One knows at least what sort of person will not read the *Sporting Times*.

Yet having written the statement down I am at once driven to hesitation. For it occurs to me that I know very well a lady most of whose interests are intellectual or are connected with public movements in one way or another, and she quite frequently mentions this journal, calling it by its orthodox name—"The Pink Un." Or again, I was once an inhabitant of a very remote village and became rather closely friendly with the vicar. This gentleman was just a vicar. He was quite unwordly; he preached simple, gentle sermons; he was good to the poor in the ordinary clerical manner. He spent a good deal of time in fishing. But every now and then, he would astonish me by letting drop startling pieces of gossip as to rather "smart" people with whom he could not possibly have come into contact. One day he said something so odd, concerning a notoriety in the world of sport who was at that time on his trial for an offence against the laws of the country — something so odd that I could not help questioning him. He said:

"I have it on the authority of a journal that I read regularly. I have never heard its statements questioned. But I dare say you do not read it yourself." He uttered these last words as if the paper was a little over my head for social or for learned reasons. Of course the good man was quite nice about it, but he could not get it out of his head that he was the clergyman of the parish while I was some casual nobody who happened to have taken a house within the limits of his cure of souls. Then he told me the name of his paper. It was the *Pelican*!

So that it is almost impossible to say even who will not read any given paper. I have pursued this argument with such tenacity that I am aware that the matter I have in hand for the moment may have escaped the remembrance of the reader. It is whether or no the middle classes may be said to make up the bulk of the thoughtful reading classes.

Let us then take the case of two or three definite journals. Let us mention say, the *Spectator*, the *New Age*, the *Mercure de France*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* or Maximilian Harden's journal, *Die Zukunft*. All these papers might be called journals with a

thoughtful public. And of these we can say pretty accurately that the *Spectator*, the "*Frankfurter Zeitung*," and in a less degree *Die Zukunft* appeal to the middle classes. As to the *Spectator* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* there cannot be any doubt at all. The appeal of the one is mainly psychological, of the other it would be too much to say that it is mainly financial—for the German daily paper has an excellent news' organisation, very good leader writers, a numerous and wellearned staff of critics and a general tone of sober liberalism. But you would not expect either from the *Spectator* or from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* anything startling in the thoughts it expresses. In politics each is a sound but not violent party organ, the *Spectator* being of a Whiggish Conservative one and the *Frankfurter* being Liberal, which in Germany means practically Whiggish Conservative. It is almost essential for every business man in Southern or Middle Germany, whatever may be the shade of his political opinions, to read this particular paper on account of the excellence of its business and financial information. The English business reads his *Spectator* in order to keep himself from thinking anything original. And in that way much the same result is achieved.

If we come to the *New Age* and to *Die Zukunft* we arrive upon much more delicate ground. The readers of the *New Age* are very numerous and come from widely different classes. I have known several army officers who regularly studied its pages, together with at least two colonial governors, quite a number of higher Civil Service officials, solicitors and members of the bar. On the other hand I have known it read regularly by board-school teachers, shop assistants, servants, artisans and members of the poor generally. Of course they were the intelligent poor. The *New Age* is a much lighter organ than *Die Zukunft*, though the latter represents about the same type of thought. But the appeal of *Die Zukunft* is much more exclusively middle class. It is read with enthusiasm by the younger and more brilliant of German students of both sexes. It is more scientific in its views than any socialist paper that England can show. It is more brilliantly written, it makes more appeal to the knowledge of its readers and it is in consequence distinctly harder to read—on the other hand it is impossible to imagine any German officer, official, or any German working man, servant or skilled artisan reading *Die Zukunft*. And, while there is an enor-

mous amount of socialistic literature in Germany, there is no well-known journal that so mixes propaganda with advanced criticism of the arts and various aspects of life—as does the *New Age* in England. And the circumstances in France are somewhat similar to those in Germany. You have excellent Whiggish papers like the *Journal des débats* or the *Temps*. And in matters of advanced political thought you have a great many socialist and even anarchist journals occupying themselves solely with propagandism of a greater or of a less violence. But advanced criticisms of the arts or of life are left to journals like the *Mercure de France*. The *Mercure* has a large circulation all over the world. I have come across it in England more frequently than in France, but that is probably merely accidental. But its appeal is almost exclusively to the intellectual classes—to presons, even among those classes who practise one or other of the four arts.

What results then do we arrive at from this cursory survey of the principal organs of journalistic thought through western Europe? I fancy at none at all. Neither should we arrive at anything very useful if we considered the “publics” of the distinguished thinkers of today. We might very well say that the readers of Mr. Galsworthy belong almost exclusively to the comfortable classes—to the richer members of the middle class with a certain number of intellectuals who cannot be classed at all. The readers of Mr. H. G. Wells were until lately, when he began to be read by society, which is not at all the same thing as the comfortable classes—the readers of Mr. H. G. Wells in his sociological moods were almost exclusively the not so wealthy middle classes with a sprinkling of the more scientifically-minded intellectuals and teachers. But the works of Mr. Kipling—of Mr. Kipling the imperialist—must have been infinitely more familiar—may still be infinitely more familiar to the distinctly poor than ever were the works of Mr. Wells or Mr. Galsworthy, though both these writers troubled their heads much more about the poor than ever did the author of “The Absent Minded Beggar”. On the other hand it is customary to say that the real writers for the lower classes are men like Mr. Charles Garvice or the brothers Hocking—gentlemen whose names are absolutely unfamiliar to any literary circle, who would probably modestly lay claim to no literary merits at all but whose books sell by the many million—literarily by the many million. But this customary saying

is probably quite fallacious. The appeal of the brothers Hocking is I believe, purely a sectarian one—they are read by the members of the particular Free Church to which they may happen to belong. The works of Mr. Garvice are very little read by the really poor but have their millions of supporters among all sorts of classes ranging from city clerks to the wives of chemists in the provinces, of manufacturers in the Potteries, and of quite rich commercial persons in the North.

So that here again we arrive at no results at all, or at no results that are worth very much. Let us just restate what we have arrived at. The most definite fact that we can state is that certain journals like the *Spectator*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Temps* or the *Debats* are read by a number of persons who desired to be safe either in their opinions or in their investments. And it is safe to say that the persons who desire to be safe are persons who have something to lose. And it is also fairly safe to say that the majority of people who have something to lose belong to the comfortable section of the middle classes. And without doubt it is to this section that we should go to find the average man. It is at least for a typical member of this class that the most insistent claim would be made by the widest selection of members of the "press". If I should say that the average man was a skilled artisan; a country grocer or a farm labourer, or if I should say that the average woman was a Lancashire cotton hand, mine girl or a labourer's wife, the whole Conservative and Whig press—the *Spectator* the *Daily Telegraph* the *Yorkshire Post*, and *Truth*, and possibly even the *Manchester Guardian*—would sneer at me in the peculiar way that the Reviewers belonging to these organs of the cultivated classes so effectually cultivate. The Radical papers—the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle* *New Age* and so on would not take the trouble to back me up; because I am not a propagandist of their particular type.

But if I say that the average man is a gentleman of no occupation, belonging to the comfortable section of the middle classes, all the Whig and Conservative papers that I have named would cordially agree with me. The more advanced organs would agree sadly. This is because it is the ambition of every Englishman who is worth calling an Englishman—his secret ambition deep down in his heart is to become a gentleman of no occupation belonging to

the comfortable section of the middle classes. This is the great ideal of every Englishman. We all of us want to be peers, but that is only a day dream. To become a gentleman of leisure we all of us have a chance, so that this particular Average Man is the ideal of all sections and of all classes. The *Daily Telegraph* would like to limit the number of him and render him privileged; the Fabian Society and other socialist societies wish to turn every Englishman into such an individual—perhaps not quite so well off, but specifically the same. Let us then consider the life and habits of such a person.

(to be continued)

## The Criterion

"Art", said the aged Mr. William Dean Howells, speaking for Mabie, Woodbury, Van Dyke and Co., and the whole of their *papier mâché* and never to be sufficiently ridiculed and wholly contemptible generation of male American matrons, "Art which upsets me, Art in which the mind of the artist has moved more rapidly than my mind habitually moves, Art uttered by persons who see a bit more than I do, who feel more deeply than I do, cannot be sufficiently regretted. Give me C. Wharton Stork, I am never disturbed by his magazine.

## THE READER CRITIC

*Israel Solon, New York:*

Now a word or more about the April Review—more, surely, if I know anything about myself by now. It is the best single number I have yet come across. It is really a wonderful thing. I don't believe a magazine has ever given me so much joy before. It is first rate from a purely commercial stand point also. Hueffer, May Sinclair and Joyce ought to be good business getters for any commercial magazine. How in the world did Pound ever get hold of them?

This of course does not mean that I agree with the propositions formulated in the magazine. I do not. May Sinclair, for instance, falls foul of "subjective and objective." As a result she seems to think that to "plunge" is the same as

to "plunge" into one's self. That is not so. When we plunge into ourselves we are "subjective," and when we plunge into others we are "objective." James Joyce has plunged deep into himself, to be sure; but not before he had erected about himself an almost insurmountable wall. He has developed a technique that none but the most disciplined, the most persistent and sympathetic are able to break through. For myself, I should never make use of any term nearly so precipitate as plunging when describing the art of James Joyce. I should say that James Joyce adventures slowly and panifully with a huge stone deliberately tied to his middle, that he might sink readily and stay under long and be all but unable to retreat. I seem to detect in Miss Sinclair an error common to humanity: She seems to mistake what she herself finds difficult for what is intrinsically meritorious. If I were to go on to explain why some of us plunge into ourselves and some of us into others, I should have to bring in sex. And sex, I am told by those who ought to know, is simply impossible.

And James Joyces portrait of young Cyril Sargent (pp. 36-37) is marvelous beyond words. He is the most sensitive writer alive. I wish I could advise him to make friends with himself. He is not nearly so bad as he seems to believe he is. His is merely a youthful judgment hanging over.

But what gave me the most spontaneous and continuous joy was Hueffer's "Women and Men." He keeps getting better with each instalment. Why the shop-keepers had not bought that up is beyond me. But his theory that the observable differences between the sexes are differences resulting from their different employments must be pronounced "unproved." Even granting that barbers and waiters are effeminate, it does not follow that their effeminacy is the result of their occupations. It may be, for instance, that effeminate men take to barbering and waiting.

He must be aware, of course, that all his arguments have been pretty well gone over in the endless debates between the Darwinians and Lamarckians. I don't mean that anything has been settled. The debate as to which is the greater factor, heredity or environment, will no doubt go on as long as there is no agreement as to the definition of heredity and environment, and we are today further from any such definition than ever before. It is a short-sighted assumption, for instance, that heredity ends with the emergence from the uterus. Nor is it more than a merely arbitrary assertion that birth takes place then. For we are then driven to admit that man is, let us say, twenty years younger at birth than a calf.

If Hueffer's theory were sound it would follow that the differences between the sexes would disappear as men and women continued to follow the same occupations for any great length of time. There are many such families

in England. Take the glovers, for instance, or peasants. No, sex differentiation having once set in, it will become greater with time. Specific, given characteristics may and no doubt will disappear. Youthful types may replace ferocious among men. Many or even all the present secondary sexual characteristics may fade out and disappear for biometrics, but only to reappear in psychologic form.

It appears to me that he is unaware that he is merely making a dogmatic assertion of a personal prejudice when he says that the only woman a man ever gets to know is the woman he learns to know during a passionate experience. One could with equal truth assert that in passion we are incapable of learning to know anything. No one woman is the woman, except for a given interest. But all that I have said does not detract from the value of the essay as a piece of style. It is quite the mellowest and most wholesome piece of composition that I have read in a long while.

But I must get to write something for the "average reader," or the "economic man," or "George Washington," [Quotes OK] or whatever it may be that is supposed to be reading our magazine fiction. I really must. Or the crows will soon be picking at my bones—and have a hard time finding anything.

*Alice Groff, Philadelphia:*

Up to now the *Little Review* has been a delightful youth, gifted, daring, insolent, swash-buckling, with flashes of divine discernment and discrimination. With the March number it comes to its majority, superbly full-statured, speaking with social authority upon all that pertains to life. May its further growth and development be the fulfillment of this glorious promise of maturity.

*Daphne Carr, Pittsburg:*

I want to thank you so much for sticking out in these beastly times with your *Little Review*. Other prints yap and bellow and throw mud. The *Little Review* stays as serene and beautiful as a chatelaine of Azay—a singing chatelaine with a strangely sweet lute. How grateful I am for "Ulysses"! I call you blessed, even as the rest of the country will some fifty years hence.

\* \* \* \*

The June issue of *The Little Review* will be an American number.

EGMONT H. ARENS, who keeps the Washington Spare Bookshop at Seventeen West Eighth Street, New York, announces that he will send free to anybody his Catalogue of "BOOKS THAT ARE LITERATURE" containing a List of Best Titles in Russian Literature, Poetry, Drama, Psychoanalysis, Sex, Essays and Modern Fiction. Your mail order for any Book obtainable in New York will be filled immediately. Be sure to visit him when you are in town.

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STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,  
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912.  
OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for  
April 1, 1918.

State of Illinois, County of Cook—ss.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918.

ADA LOUISE KATZ, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires Nov. 12, 1918).

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Concours; Turin 1911, Hors Concours.