In Memory of Robert Gregory

by

William Butler Yeats
In Memory of Robert Gregory
The Western School
Four Poems
Ulysses, Episode VI.
Senility
Decay
Books
The Notes for "The Ivory Tower"
Women and Men, VI.
The Reader Critic

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IN MEMORY OF ROBERT GREGORY

William Butler Yeats

Now that we're almost settled in our house
I'll name the friends that cannot sup with us
Beside a fire of turf in th' ancient tower,
And, having talked to some late hour,
Climb up the narrow winding stair to bed:
Discoverers of forgotten truth
Or mere companions of my youth,
All, all are in my thoughts to-night, being dead.

Always we'd have the new friend meet the old
And we are hurt if either friend seem cold,
And there is salt to lengthen out the smart
In the affections of our heart,
And quarrels are blown up upon that head;
But not a friend that I would bring
This night, can set us quarrelling,
For all that come into my mind are dead.

Lionel Johnson comes the first to mind,
That loved his learning better than mankind,
Though courteous to the worst; much falling he
Brooded upon sanctity
Till all his Greek and Latin learning seemed
A long blast upon the horn that brought
A little nearer to his thought
A measureless consummation that he dreamed.
And that enquiring man John Synge comes next,
That, dying, chose the living world for text
And never could have rested in the tomb
But that, long travelling, he had come
Towards nightfall upon certain set apart
In a most desolate stony place,
Towards nightfall upon a race
Passionate and simple like his heart.

And then I think of old George Pollexfen
In muscular youth wellknown to Mayo men
For horsemanship at meets or at racecourses,
That could have shown how purebred horses
And solid men, for all their passion, live
But as the outrageous stars incline
By opposition, square and trine,
Having grown sluggish and contemplative.

They were my close companions many a year,
A portion of my mind and life, as it were,
And now their breathless faces seem to look
Out of some old picture-book;
I am accustomed to their lack of breath,
But not that my dear friend's dear son,
Our Sidney and our perfect man,
Could share in that discourtesy of death.

For all things the delighted eye now sees
Were loved by him; the old storm-broken trees
That cast their shadows upon road and bridge;
The tower set on the stream's edge;
The ford where drinking cattle make a stir
Nightly, and startled by that sound
The water-hen must change her ground;
He might have been your heartiest welcomer.
When with the Galway foxhounds he would ride
From Castle Taylor to the Roxborough side
Or Eserkelly plains, few kept his pace;
At Moneen he had leaped a place
So perilous that half the astonished meet
Had shut their eyes; and where was it
He rode a race without a bit?
And yet his mind outran the horses' feet.

We dreamed that a great painter had been born
To cold Clare rock and Galway rock and thorn,
To that stern colour and that delicate line
That are our secret discipline
Wherein the gazing heart doubles her might.
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
And yet he had the intensity
To have published all to be a world's delight.

What other could so well have counselled us
In all lovely intricacies of a house
As he that practised or that understood
All work in metal or in wood
In moulded plaster or in carven stone?
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
And all he did done perfectly
As though he had but that one trade alone.

Some burn damp fagots, others may consume
The entire combustible world in one small room
As though dried straw, and if we turn about
The bare chimney is gone black out
Because the work had finished in that flare.
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he,
As 'twere all life's epitome.
What made us dream that he could comb grey hair?
I had thought, seeing how bitter is that wind  
That shakes the shutter, to have brought to mind  
All those that manhood tried, or childhood loved  
Or boyish intellect approved,  
With some appropriate commentary on each,  
Until imagination brought  
A fitter welcome, but a thought  
Of that late death took all my heart for speech.

THE WESTERN SCHOOL*  
Edgar Jepson

It is uncommonly convenient to know all about a school of poets  
(especially when its seat is so fittingly Chicago, the typical city);  
to be told plainly and firmly that its poets are securely rooted  
in their native soil; that their poetry is so much concerned with  
United States life and so much a part of it that it may be said to  
be becoming national; that it is creating a new direction, a new  
idiom, and is going to be a much more fluid thing than English  
critics have any idea of; that it has “unique features”; and that  
unless one realises the new, autochthonic note in United States  
poetry to-day, in the most distinctive United States poetry, that is,  
one realises nothing of the subtle impulses and forces that are at  
work to create a new poetic environment for the coming generation;  
that steel rails, journalism, moving pictures, popular tales and songs,  
local festivals, world’s fairs, clamorous cities will force United States  
poets from their long eastward gazing, their obstinate preoccupation  
with the arts and literature of feudal Europe. They will go West,  
leaving Europe, even new Europe, behind. And in that day United  
States art, United States literature, will cease to be provincial, will  
resume the continental habit which began with Walt Whitman and  
Mark Twain. At last they will have to follow the people, obey the  
people’s need of them.

It is uncommonly convenient also to have the masters of the  
school stamped authentic, by the award of prizes for their poems, by  
the school itself, to know for certain that Messrs. Vachel Lindsay,  
Edgar Lee Masters, and Robert Frost are the chief representatives  
of the school, that their work is the fine flower of its growth. You  
know where you are.
At the same time it is a trifle worrying to find that the prize poem of the chief master of the school is an Ingoldsby legend—doubtless the inspiration was unconscious—dealing with the love of a Chinese lady and brilliant with such jingles as,

The world was the field of the Chinese man
And we were the pride of the sons of Han.
We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
And wove white silks in the mulberry shade.

*(One might hope that the specifications of patriotism no longer included the D. O. R. A. injunction to shut our ears and bury our heads in the sand whenever a foreign critic took the trouble to inspect some of our "art" or "literature." Mr. Jepson's article was, as I understand it, "ordered" by a contemporary, and then rejected for its lack of flattery, its lack of kow-tow to certain local celebrities. The article appears at its original length in the *English Review*; in so far as much of the matter discussed must be only too familiar to the American reader, we have requested a condensation of treatment (with however no change of view) and the author has been good enough to comply. Any one who has heard Mr. Jepson read Homer or discourse on Catullus would recognize his fitness as a judge and as a respecter of poetry. The readers of the *Little Review* have, let us hope, less need than any other section of the American public to be told that a certain sort of bad writing is bad writing: but so long as other editors, having asked for criticism when they were ready for nothing but eulogy, refuse to publish the criticism, we must certainly keep open house, if only for the national honour, and to wear down, as much as possible, the foreign belief in America's mental timidity.

Only a barbarous or religious nation will try to suppress the expression of views different from those of its ruling or paying majorities. The minimum of possible liberty contracted for in our Declaration of Independence must include a right to hold mental divergences from one's neighbor, and while such liberty is denied by every religious organization, we can still point out (perhaps uselessly) that the Church and State in America have as yet no formal legal connection, however much religious taboos may have impinged upon special legislation. There is perhaps no intolerance like that of a "great public," but one should do one's best to prevent mass tyranny from clutching and penetrating the subjective processes of the individual.—*E. P.*
The bulk of this master's work however is concerned with United States life; is genuinely national. Possibly he is creating the new diction, the new idiom, the greater fluidity with which the school proposes to bless the world. But for me, alas! the bulk of it is just verse, and rank bad, jingling verse at that.

Art is in the handling. It may be that Mr. Lindsay has the true poetic visions of the Fireman's Ball, or of General Booth's entering heaven, or of Simon Legree; he has failed hopelessly in the expression and presentation of them. Consider such lines as "Hurries up the tooting," "In the night-alarm chase,"

And kettle-drums rattle
And hide the shame
With a swish and a swirk
In dead Love's name.

"Lurching bravos from the ditches dank," "Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew." Such lines raise no question of art as opposed to virtuosity, of rough intensity as opposed to polished feebleness; they are just rank bad workmanship, the bad workmanship of a man who has shirked. If Mr. Lindsay says "I write for the good-hearted People of the Great Pure Republic; and it's quite good enough for them," I have nothing to say. He may be right. He ought to know. But if he tells me that this slipshod stuff is poetry, I say that it is not. He has shirked the work of hammering out his vision. He can do better when he is not being "autochthonic", as in "The Scissors-Grinder". It is not for a poet to do stunts but to express himself, his vision of the world, each part of it as it comes to him, as finely as he can.

With regard to his "Booker Washington Triology," I have a feeling that it is rather an impertinence. Why should a white man set out to become the poetic mouth-piece of the United States blacks? These blacks have already made the only distinctively United States contributions to the arts—ragtime and buck-dancing. Surely it would be well to leave them to make the distinctively United States contribution to poetry.

I have given Mr. Vachel Lindsay the chief place because he is the acclaimed leader of the school, and because beside Mr. Edgar Lee Masters he is a veritable king of song.

The poem of Mr. Edgar Lee Master's which received the prize in 1916 is entitled "All Life in a Life." It is a modernized version, or rather epitome, of the first gospel. It goes like this:
He had a rich man or two
Who took up with him against the powerful frown
That looked him down.
For you'll always find a rich man or two
To take up with anything—
There are those who want to get into society, or bring
Their riches to a social recognition.

These lines rhyme indeed; but I am quite unable to conceive
what they have to do with poetry. They are just bad, bald, prosy prose. The effusion is marred and marred by such cumbrous artificialities: "His hair was black as a sheep's wool that is black;" his parents "threatened him with bolts and bars;" he passed "where richness of living was rife."

Time makes amends usually for scandal's breath,
Which touched him to his earthly ruination.

These clumsinesses are doubtless the new diction; but what could be more painfully unsimple? The stuff is wholly barren of rhythm, rhythmical construction, intensity, spontaneity, or beauty. I can find in it no poetic quality of any kind.

Mr. Robert Frost is the third master and his prize poem "Snow" tells at an amazingly tedious length how Brother Meserve, the head of a small sect, routs two neighbors out of their beds on a stormy midnight and talks to them and they to one another. This is how the best of it goes. Meserve speaks:

That leaf there in your open book! It moved
Just then, I thought. It's stood erect like that,
There on the table, ever since I came,
Trying to turn itself backward or forward—
I've had my eye on it to make out which:
If forward, then it's with a friend's impatience—
You see I know—to get you on to things
It wants to see how you will take; if backward,
It's for regret for something you have passed
And failed to see the good of.

Here are a fancy—never mind the pathetic fallacy—and an idea. Admitting that they are of the stuff of poetry, what of their presentation? To me, frankly, it is no more than a mauldering dribble. Again I find it the work of a man who has shirked the labour of hammering out his idea into its right form.

These and the next eight lines are the very best of the four hun-
dred lines of which the poem consists; and they have exactly as much to do with poetry as they have with rat-catching. They are wretched prose. They are in no degree rooted in the soil, autochthonous. People dribble these toneless inanities all the world over in every tongue.

Always I find the music of these effusions so cheap, or so poor; and this poor music is common to the great bulk of all the recent United States poetry I have read. I sometimes think that this amazing lack of a sense of the beauty of words comes from the manner in which the language of the United States is spoken—that monotonous drone, generally nasal, or that monotonous nasal whine. I am assured that in some parts of the United States you may still hear musical speech; but I cannot believe that the speech of any of these three masters is musically modulated, or indeed modulated at all. How then should they begin even to write poetry?

In truth the very principles of the school are wrong. To the human spirit steel rails, moving pictures, world's fairs, and journalism are irrelevant. They serve none of its uses. They are mere trades appurtenances; and with trade it has nothing to do. Should there ever come a poet who finds them relevant, a part of his vision of the world, well and good. If he is a poet the presentation of his vision may be full of steel rails, yet it will be poetry. To invite a poet to go West and lug steel rails into his vision because steel rails are of the Middle West is to ensure a full supply of these tedious artificialities to which the school has awarded prizes.

Again these fakements are not securely rooted in their native soil. Wholly of the surface, they are rooted in nothing. They create no new diction, no new idiom. They create nothing. There is no new, autochthonous note in them. They are as rancid as Ben Hur. And to plaster one generation with weariness is, to my mind, no way to create a new poetic environment for the next. Worst of all they are so easy to do; and I hold with Plato: καδα καλα.

And what is this call to the poet to follow the people and obey the people's need? What has the fat-headed ruck of the United States or any other country to do with poetry? It has no need of it whatever.

But the queer and delightful thing is that in the scores of yards of pleasant verse and wamblings and yawpings which have been recently published in the Great Pure Republic I have found a poet, a real poet, who possesses in the highest degree the qualities the new
school demands. Western-born of Eastern stock, Mr. T. S. Eliot is United States of the United States; and his poetry is securely rooted in its native soil; it has a new poetic diction; it is as autochthonous as Theocritus. It is new in form as all genuine poetry is new in form; it is musical with a new music; and that without any straining after newness. The form and music are a natural integral part of the poets' amazingly fine presentation of his vision of the world.

Could anything be more United States, more of the soul of that modern land than "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"? It is the very wailing testament of that soul with its cruel clarity of sophisticated vision, its thin, sophisticated emotions, its sophisticated appreciation of a beauty, and its sophisticated yearning for a beauty it cannot dare to make its own and so, at last, live.

Never has the shrinking of the modern spirit of life been expressed with such exquisiteness, fullness, and truth.

Consider again that lovely poem "La Figlia Che Piange." It is instinct with every poetic quality the woolly masters lack, with delicate, beautiful, intense emotion, with exquisite, beautiful music. This is the very fine flower of the finest spirit of the United States. It would be idiotic for such a poet to go West and write for that ploppeyed yokel the Great-hearted Young Westerner on the make. It is hardly to be believed that this lovely poem should have been published in Poetry in the year in which the school awarded the prize to that lumbering fakement "All Life In A Life."
FOUR POEMS

T. S. Eliot

Sweeney among the Nightingales

ωμοι, πέπυγλαμαι καφίαν πγηλήν ἔσω

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward to the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the horned gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
The person in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney’s knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee cup,
Reorganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window sill and gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas, figs and hot-houses grapes;

The silent vertebrate exhales,
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;
Rachel née Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;
She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

Whispers of Immortality

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures under ground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
Stared from the sockets of the eyes!
He knew that thought clings round dead limbs
Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

Donne, I suppose, was such another
Who found no substitute for sense
To seize and clutch and penetrate,
Expert beyond experience
He knew the anguish of the marrow
The ague of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Allayed the fever of the bone.

* * * *

Grishkin is nice; her Russian eye
Is underlined for emphasis;
Uncorseted, her friendly bust
Gives promise of pneumatic bliss.

The couched Brazilian jaguar
Compels the scampering marmoset
With subtle effluence of cat;
Grishkin has a maisonette:

The sleek and sinuous jaguar
Does not in his arboreal gloom
Distil so rank a feline smell
As Grishkin in a drawing-room.

And even abstracter entities
Circumambulate her charm;
But our lot crawls between dry ribs
To keep its metaphysics warm.

**Dans le restaurant**

Le garçon délabré qui n’a rien à faire
Que de se gratter les doigts et se pencher sur mon épaule:
“Dans mon pays, il fera temps pluvieux,
Du vent, du grand soleil, et de la pluie;
C’est ce qu’on appelle le jour de lessive des gueux.”
(Bavard, baveux, à la croupe arrondie,
Je t’en prie, au moins, ne bave pas dans la soupe).
“Les saules tout trempés, et des bourgeons sur les ronces —
C’est là, dans une averse, qu’on s’abrite:
J’avais sept ans, elle était plus petite.
Elle était toute mouillée, je lui ai donné des primevères.
Les tâches de son gilet montent au chiffre de trente-huit.
"Je la chatouillais, pour la faire rire.
Elle avait une odeur fraîche qui m'était inconnue,—"

Mais alors, vieux lubrique —

"Monsieur, le fait est dur.
Il est venu, nous peloter, un gros chien,
Moi j'avais peur, je l'ai quitté à mi-chemin;
C'est dommage."

Mais alors, tu as ton vautour.
Va t'en te décrotter les rides du visage;
Tiens, ma fourchette, décrasse-toi le crâne,
De quel droit payes-tu des expériences comme moi?
Tiens, voilà dix sous, pour la salle-de-bains.

Phlébas, le Phenician, pendant quinze jours noyé,
Oubliait les cris des mouettes et la houle de Cornouaille,
Et les profits et les pertes, et la cargaison d'étain;
Un courant de sous-mer l'emporta très loin,
Le repassant aux étapes de sa vie antérieure.
Figurez-vous donc, c'était un sort penible.
Cependant, ce fut jadis un bel homme, de haute taille.

Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service

"Look, look master, here comes two of the religious caterpillars."

Polyphiloprogenitive
The sap'ent sutlers of the Lord
Drift across the window-panes.
In the beginning was the Word.

In the beginning was the Word,
Superfetation of το ευ
And at the mensual turn of time
Produced enervate Origen.
A painter of the Umbrian school
Designed upon a gesso ground
The nimbus of the Baptised God.
The wilderness is cracked and browned

But through the water pale and thin
Still shine the unoffending feet
And there above the painter set
The Father and the Paraclete.

* * * *

The sable presbyters approach
The avenue of penitence;
The young are red and pustular
Clutching piacular pence,

Under the penitential gates
Sustained by staring Seraphim
Where the souls of the devout
Burn invisible and dim,

Along the garden-wall the bees
With hairy bellies pass between
The staminate and pistilate:
Blest office of the epicene.

Sweeney shifts from ham to ham
Stirring the water in his bath.
The masters of the subtle schools
Are controversial, polymath.
MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, first, poked his silk hatted head into the creaking carriage and, entering deftly, seated himself. Mr. Power stepped in after him, curving his height with care.
—Come on, Simon.
—After you, Mr. Bloom said.
Mr. Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying:
—Yes, yes.
—Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.
Mr. Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Then getting it ready. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Grow all the same after.
All waited. Nothing was said. Stowing in the wreaths probably. I am sitting on something hard. Ah, that soap in my hip pocket. Better shift it out of th-at. Wait for an opportunity.
All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front, turning then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of the avenue passed and number ten with its craped knocker, door ajar. At walking pace.
They waited still. their knees jogging, till they had turned and were passing along the tramtracks. Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the doorframes.
—What way is he taking us? Mr. Power asked of both windows.
—Through Irishtown, Martin Cunningham said. Ringsend. Brunswick street.
Mr. Dedalus nodded, looking out.
—That's a fine old custom, he said. I am glad to see it has not died out.
All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers. Respect. The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the smoother road. Mr. Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat.
—There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus, he said.
—Who is that?
—Your son and heir.
—Where is he? Mr. Dedalus said, stretching over, across. The carriage lurched round the corner and, swerving back to the tramtrack, rolled on noisily with chattering wheels. Mr. Dedalus fell back, saying:
—Was that Mulligan cad with him?
—No, Mr. Bloom said. He was alone.
—Down with his aunt Sally, I suppose, Mr. Dedalus said, and the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie, papa's little lump of dung, the wise child that knows her own father.
Mr. Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road. Wallace Bros. the bottleworks. Dodder bridge. Ritchie Goulding and the legal bag Goulding, Colles and Ward he calls the firm. His jokes are getting a bit damp. Great card he was. Waltzing in Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning, the landlady's two hats pinned on his head. Out on the rampage all night. Beginning to tell on him now: that backache of his, I fear. Thinks he'll cure it with pills. All breadcrumbs they are. About six hundred per cent profit.
—He's in with a lowdown crowd, Mr. Dedalus snarled. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody ruffian. His name stinks all over Dublin. But with the help of God and his blessed mother I am going to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate. I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.
He cried above the clatter of the wheels.
—I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son. A counter jumper's son. Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's. Not likely.
He ceased. Mr. Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr. Power's mild face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard, gravely shaking. Noisy selfwilled man. Full of his son. He is right.
Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up, hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the warder grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

Got big then. Had to refuse the Greystones concert. My son inside her. I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn German too.

—Are we late? Mr. Power asked.

The carriage heeled over and back, their four trunks swaying.
—Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke, Mr. Power said.
—He might, Mr. Dedalus said, if he hadn't that squint troubling him. Do you follow me?
He closed his left eye. Martin Cunningham began to brush away crusterumbs from under his thighs.
—What is this? he said, in the name of God? Crumbs?
—Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately, Mr. Power said.
All raised their thighs, eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats. Mr. Dedalus, twisting his nose, frowned downward and said:
— Unless I'm greatly mistaken. What do you think, Martin?
—It struck me too, Martin Cunningham said.
Mr. Bloom set his thigh down. Glad I took that bath. Feel my feet quite clean.
Mr. Dedalus sighed resignedly.
—After all, he said, it's the most natural thing in the world.
—Did Tom Kernan turn up? Martin Cunningham asked, twirling the peak of his beard gently.
—Yes, Mr. Bloom answered. He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes.
—And Corny Kelleher himself? Mr. Power asked.
—At the cemetery, Martin Cunningham said.
—I met M'Coy this morning, Mr. Bloom said. He said he'd try
to come.

The carriage halted short.
—What's wrong?
—We're stopped.
—Where are we?

Mr. Bloom put his head out of the window.
—The grand canal, he said.

Gasworks. Whooping cough they say it cures. Good job Milly
never got it. Poor children. Doubles them up black and blue.
Shame really. Dogs' home over there. Poor old Athos! Be good to
Athos, Leopold, is my last wish. He took it to heart, pined away.
Quiet brute. Old men's dogs usually are.

A raindrop spat on his hat. He drew back and saw an instant
of shower spray dots over the grey flags. Apart. Curious. Like
through a colander. I thought it would. My boots were creaking,
I remember now.
—The weather is changing, he said quietly.
—A pity it did not keep up fine, Martin Cunningham said.
—Wanted for the country, Mr. Powers said. There's the sun
again coming out.

Mr. Dedalus, peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun,
hurled a mute curse at the sky.
—It's as uncertain as a child's bottom, he said.
—We're off again.

The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks
swayed gently. Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak
of his beard.
—Tom Kernan was immense last night, he said.
—O draw him out, Martin, Mr. Power said eagerly. Wait till
you hear him, Simon, on Ben Dollard's singing of The Croppy Boy.
—Immense, Martin Cunningham said pompously. His singing
of that simple ballad, Martin, is the most trenchant rendering I ever
heard in the whole course of my experience.
—Trenchant, Mr. Power said laughing. He's dead nuts on
that. And the retrospective arrangement.
—Did you read Dan Dawson's speech? Martin Cunningham
asked.
—I did not then, Mr. Dedalus said. Where is it?
—In the paper this morning.

Mr. Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket. That book
I must change for her.
—No, no, Mr. Dedalus said quickly. Later on, please.

Mr. Bloom's glance travelled down the edge paper scanning the deaths. Callan, Coleman, Dignam, Fawcett, Lowry, Naumann, Peake, what Peake is that, is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's? no, Sexton, Urbright. Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper. Thanks to the little flowers of Mary. Month's mind Quinlan.

_It is now a month since dear Henry fled_
_To his home up above in the sky_
_While his family weeps and mourns his loss_
_Hoping some day to meet him on high._

I tore up the envelope? Yes. Where did I put her letter after I read it in the bath? He patted his waistcoat pocket. There all right. Dear Henry fled. Before my patience are exhausted.

National school. Meade's yard. The hazard. Only two there now. Nodding. Full as a tick. Too much bone in their skulls. The other trotting round with a fare. An hour ago I was passing there. The jarvies raised their hats.

A pointsman's back straightened itself upright suddenly by Mr. Bloom's window. Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself: much handier? Well but that fellow would lose his job then? Well but then another fellow would get a job making the new invention?

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They went past the bleak pulpit of saint Mark's' under the railway bridge, past the Queen's theatre: in silence. Hoardings. Eugene Stratton. Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Could I go to see Leah tonight, I wonder. Or the Lily of Killarney? Wet bright bills for next week. Fun on the Bristol. Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety. Have to stand a drink or two. As broad as it's long.

He's coming in the afternoon. Her songs.

Plasto's.
—How do you do? Martin Cunningham said, raising his palm to his brow in salute.
—He doesn't see us, Mr. Power said. Yes he does. How do you do?
—Who? Mr. Dedalus asked.
—Blazes Boylan, Mr. Power said. There he is airing his quiff.
Just that moment I was thinking.
Mr. Dedalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply: passed.
Mr. Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him than that she sees? That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy. I would notice that from remembering. What causes that? I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still. He clasped his hands between his knees and, satisfied, sent his vacant glance over their faces.
Mr. Power asked:
—How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?
—O very well, Mr. Bloom said. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see....
—Are you going yourself?
—Well no, Mr. Bloom said. I am not sure, that is. You see the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up the other.
—Quite so, Martin Cunningham said. Mary Anderson is up there now. Have you good artists?
—Louis Werner is touring her, Mr. Bloom said. O yes, we have all top nobbers. J. C. Doyle and John McCormack and. The best, in fact.
—And madame, Mr. Power said, smiling. Last but not least.
Mr. Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them. The carriage wheeling by Smith O'Brien stature united noiselessly their unresisting knees.
Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his mouth opening: oot.
—Four bootlaces for a penny.
Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Has that silk hat ever since. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Relics of old decency.
And madame. Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs. Fleming is in to clean. Doing her hair, humming: voglio e non vorrei. No: vorrei e non. Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. Mi trema un poco il. Beautiful on that tre her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A thristle. There is a word thristle that expresses that.
His eyes passed lightly over Mr. Power's goodlooking face. Greyish over the ears. Madame: smiling. I smiled back. Only politeness perhaps. Nice fellow. Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine that would get played out pretty quick. Yes, it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her a pound of rumpsteak. What is this she was? Barmaid in Jury's. Or the Moira, was it? Martin Cunningham nudged Mr. Power.

—Of the tribe of Reuben, he said.

A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner of Elvery's elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

—In all his pristine beauty, Mr. Power said.

Mr. Dedalus looked after the stumping figure and said mildly:

—The devil break the hasp of your back!

Mr. Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the carriage window.

—We have all been there, Martin Cuningham said broadly.

His eyes met Mr. Bloom's eyes. He caressed his beard, adding

—Well, nearly all of us.

Mr. Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces.

—That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and the son.

—About the boatman? Mr. Power asked.

—Yes. Isn't it awfully good?

—What is that? Mr. Dedalus asked. I didn't hear it.

—There was a girl in the case, Mr. Bloom began, and he determined to send him to the isle of Man out of harm's way but when they were both . . . .

—What? Mr. Dedalus asked. That hobbledehoy is it?

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said. They were both on the way to the boat and he tried to drown . . . .

—Drown Barabbas! Mr. Dedalus cried. I wish to Christ he did!

Mr. Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils.

—No, Mr. Bloom said, the son himself . . . .

Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely.

—Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the isle of Man boat and the young chisell sud-
denly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey.
 —For God’ sake! Mr. Dedalus exclaimed in fright. Is he dead?
 —Dead! Martin Cunningham cried. Not he! A boatman got a pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father on the quay. Half the town was there.
 —Yes, Mr. Bloom said. But the funny part is...
 —And Reuben J, Martin Cunningham said, gave the boatman a florin for saving his son’s life.
 A stifled sigh came from under Mr. Power’s hand.
 —O, he did, Martin Cunningham affirmed. Like a hero. A silver florin.
 —Isn’t it awfully good? Mr. Bloom said eagerly.
 —One and eightpence too much, Mr. Dedalus said drily.
 Mr. Power’s choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage.
 Nelson’s pillar.
 —Eight plums a penny. Eight for a penny.
 —We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.
 Mr. Dedalus sighed.
 —Ah the indeed, he said, poor little Paddy wouldn’t grudge us a laugh. Many a good one he told himself.
 —The Lord forgive me! Mr. Power said, wiping his wet eyes with his fingers. Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last that I’d be driving after him like this.
 —As decent a little man as ever wore a hat, Mr. Dedalus said.
 He went very suddenly.
 —Breakdown, Martin Cunningham said. Heart.
 He tapped his chest sadly.
 Blazing face: redhot.
 Mr. Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension.
 —He had a sudden death, poor fellow, he said.
 —The best death, Mr. Bloom said.
 Their wideopen eyes looked at him.
 —No suffering, he said. A moment and all is over.
 —No-one spoke.
 Horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda cor­ner, galloping. A tiny coffin flashed by. A mourning coach.
 —Sad, Martin Cunningham said. A child.
 A dwarf’s face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy’s was. Dwarf’s body, weak as puty, in a whitelined box. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature.
 —Poor little thing, Mr. Dedalus said. It’s well out of it.
The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square.
—In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said.
—But the worst of all, Mr. Power said, is the suicide.
Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly, coughed and put it back.
—The greatest disgrace to have in the family, Mr. Power added.
—Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We must take a charitable view of it.
—They say a man who does it, is a coward, Mr. Dedalus said.
—It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.
Mr. Bloom, about to speak, closed his lips again. Martin Cunningham’s large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare’s face. Always a good word to say. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him. Wear out a man’s heart. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and capering with Martin’s umbrella.
—And they call me the jewel of Asia,
Of Asia
The geisha.
He looked away from me. He knows.
That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blinds. The coroner’s ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Verdict: overdose. The letter. For my son Leopold.
No more pain. Wake no more.
The carriage rattled swiftly along Berkeley road.
—We are going the pace, I think, Martin Cunningham said.
—God grant he doesn’t upset us on the road, Mr. Power said.
—I hope not, Martin Cunningham said. That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany, The Gordon Bennett.
—Yes, by Jove, Mr. Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.
The carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.
—What’s wrong now?
A divided drove of cattle passed the windows, lowing, slouching by on padded hoofs, whisking their tails slowly on their clotted
bony croups.
—Emigrants, Mr. Power said.
—Huuu! the drover's voice cried, his switch sounding on their flanks. Huuu out of that!
Thursday of course. Springers. Cuffe sold them about twenty-seven quid each. For Liverpool probably. Roast beef for old England. They buy up all the juicy ones. And then the fifth quarter lost: all that raw stuff, hide, hair, horns. Comes to a big thing in a year. Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat off the train at Clonsilla.
The carriage moved on through the drove.
—I can't make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to the quays, Mr. Bloom said. All those animals could be taken in trucks down to the boats.
—Instead of blocking up the throughfare, Martin Cunningham said. Quite right. They ought to.
—Yes, Mr. Bloom said, and another thing I often thought is to have funeral trams like they have in Milan. You know. Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams, hearse and carriage and all. Don't you see what I mean?
—O that be damned for a story, Mr. Dedalus said.
—A poor lookout for Corny, Mr. Power added.
—Why? Mr. Bloom asked, turning to Mr. Dedalus. Wouldn't it be more decent than galloping two abreast?
—Well, there's something in that, Mr. Dedalus granted.
—And, Martin Cunningham said, we wouldn't have scenes like that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to the road.
—That was terrible, Mr. Power's shocked face said, and the corpse fell about the road. Terrible!
—First round Dunphy's, Mr. Dedalus said, nodding.
—Praises be to God! Martin Cunningham said piously.
Bom! Upset. A coffin bumped out on to the road. Burst open. Paddy Dignam shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him. Red face: grey now. Mouth fallen open. Asking what's up now. Quite right to close it. Looks horrid open. Then the insides decompose quickly. Much better to close up all the orifices. Yes, also. With wax. Seal up all.
—Dunphy's, Mr. Power announced as the carriage turned right. Dunphy's corner. Mourning coaches drawn up, drowning their
grief. Tiptop position for a pub. Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to drink his health.

But suppose now it did happen. Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking about? He would and he wouldn't, I suppose. Depends on where. The circulation stops. Still some might ooze out of an artery. It would be better to bury them in red: a dark red.

In silence they drove along Phibsborough road. An empty hearse trotted by, coming from the cemetery: looks relieved.

crossguns bridge: the royal canal.

Water rushed roaring through the sluices. A man stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf. On the towpath by the lock a slacktethered horse. Aboard of the Bugabu.

Their eyes watched him. On the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland. Athlone, Mullingar Moy-valley, I could make a walking tour to see Milly by the canal, come as a surprise, Leixlip, Clonsilla. Dropping down, lock by lock to Dublin. With turf from the midland bogs. Salute. He lifted his brown straw hat, saluting Paddy Dignam.

They drove on. Near it now.

—I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on, Mr. Power said.
—Better ask Tom Kernan, Mr. Dedalus said.
—How is that? Martin Cunningham said. Left him weeping I suppose.

The carriage steered left for Finglas road.


Passed. Gloomy gardens then went by, one by one: gloomy houses.

Mr. Power pointed.

—That is where Childs was murdered, he said. The last house.
—So it is, Mr. Dedalus said. A queer case. Seymour Bushe got him off. Murdered his brother. Or so they said.
—The crown had no evidence, Mr. Power said.
—Only circumstantial, Martin Cunningham said. That's the maxim of the law. Better for ninetynine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer's ground. It passed darkly. Wrongfully condemned.
Crammed in this carriage. She mightn’t like me to come that way without letting her know. Must be careful about women. Fifteen.

The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze. Dark poplars, rare white forms. Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain gestures on the air.

They fell harshly against the curbstone: stopped. Martin Cunningham put out his arm and, wrenching back the handle, shoved the door open with his knee. He stepped out. Mr. Power and Mr. Dedalus followed.

Change that soap now. Mr. Bloom’s hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket. He stepped out of the carriage, replacing the newspaper his other hand still held.

Paltry funeral: coach and three carriages. Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit. Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: cakes for the dead. Who ate them? Mourners coming out.

He followed his companions. Mr. Kernan and Ned Lambert followed, Hynes walking after them. Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths. He handed one to the boy.

Where is that child’s funeral disappeared to?

Coffin now. Got here before us, dead as he is. Horse looking round at it with his plume skewways. Dull eye: collar tight on his neck, pressing on a bloodvessel or something. Do they know what they cart out here every day. Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day. Then Mount Jerome for the protestants. Funerals all over the world every where every minute. Shovelling them under by the thousand doublequick. Too many in the world.

Mourners came out through the gates: woman and girl. Lean-jawed harpy, hard woman at a bargain, her bonnet awry. Girl’s face stained with dirt and tears, holding the woman’s arm looking up at her for a sign to cry. Fish’s face, bloodless and livid.

The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates. First the stiff: then the friends of the stiff. Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths. Who is that beside them? Ah, the brother-in-law.

All walked after.
Martin Cunningham whispered:
—You made it damned awkward talking of suicide before Bloom.
—Did I? Mr. Power whispered. How so?
—His father poisoned himself, Martin Cunningham said. Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis.
—O God! Mr. Power said. First I heard of it. Poisoned himself!

He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed. Speaking.
—Was he insured? Mr. Bloom asked.
—I believe so, Mr. Kernan answered, but the policy was heavily mortgaged. Martin is trying to get the boy into Artane.
—How many children did he leave?
—Five. Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's.
—A sad case, Mr. Bloom said gently. Five young children.
—A great blow to the poor wife, Mr. Kernan added.
—Indeed yes, Mr. Bloom agreed.
Has the laugh at him now.

He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished. She had outlived him. One must outlive the other. She would marry another. Him? No. Yet who knows after? One must go first: alone, under the ground: and lie no more in her warm bed.
—How are you, Simon? Ned Lambert said, shaking hands. Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays.
—Can't complain. How are all in Cork's own town?
—I was there for the races, Ned Lambert said. Same old six and eightpence. Stopped with Dick Tivy.
—And how is Dick, the solid man?
—Nothing between himself and heaven, Ned Lambert answered.
—For God's sake—!, Mr. Dedalus said. Dick Tivy bald?
—Martin is going to get up a whip for the youngsters, Ned Lambert said, pointing ahead. A few bob a skull. Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up.
—Yes, yes, Mr. Dedalus said dubiously. Is that the eldest boy in front?
—Yes, Ned Lambert said, with the wife's brother. John Henry Menton is behind. He put down his name for a quid.
—I'll engage he did, Mr. Dedalus said. I often told poor Paddy he ought to mind that job. John Henry is not the worst in the world.
—How did he lose it? Ned Lambert asked. Liquor, what?
—Many a good man's fault, Mr. Dedalus said with a sigh.

They halted about the door of the mortuary chapel. Mr. Bloom stood behind the boy with the wreath, looking down at his sleek-combed hair and at the slender furrowed neck inside his brand new collar. Poor boy! Was he there when the father? Would he understand? The mutes bore the coffin into the chapel. Which end is his head?

After a moment he followed the others in, blinking in the screened light. The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel, four tall yellow candles at its corners. Always in front of us. Corny Kelleher, laying a wreath at each fore corner, beckoned to the boy to kneel. The mourners knelt here and there in praying desks. Mr. Bloom stood behind near the font and, when all had knelt, dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it. He fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and, holding its brim, bent over piously.

A server, bearing a brass bucket with something in it, came out through a door. The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his stole with one hand, balancing with the other a little book against his toad's belly.

They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak.

Father Coffey. I knew his name was like a coffin. Domine-namine. Bully about the muzzle he looks. Bosses the show. Woe betide anyone that looks crooked at him: priest. Burst sideways like a sheep in clover, Dedalus says he will. Most amusing expressions that man finds. Hhnn: burst sideways.

—Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo, Domine.

Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin. Chilly place this. Want to feed well, sitting in there all the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next one. Eyes of a toad too. What swells him up that way? Molly gets swelled after cabbage. Air of the place maybe. Looks full up of bad gas. Must be a lot of bad gas round the place. Butchers for instance: they get like raw beefsteaks. Who was telling me? Mervyn Brown. Down in the vaults of saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it. Out it rushes: blue. One whiff of that and you're a doner.
My kneecap is hurting me. Ow. That's better.

The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you were before you rested. It's all written down: he has to do it.

—*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*

The server piped the answers in the treble. I often thought it would be better to have boy servants. Up to fifteen or so. After that of course...

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up. What harm if he could see what he shaking it over. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded business men, consumptive girls' with little sparrows' breasts. All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam now.

—*In paradisum.*

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of a job. But he has to say something.

The priest closed his book and went off, followed by the server. Corny Kelleher opened the siedodoors and the gravediggers came in, hoisted the coffin again, carried it out and shoved it on their cart. Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the boy and to the brother-in-law. All followed them out of the siedoor into the mild grey air. Mr. Bloom came last, folding his paper again into his pocket. He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffin cart wheeled off to the left. The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry and the pack of blunt boots followed the barrow along a lane of sepulchres.

The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I musn't lilt here.

—The O'Connell circle, Mr. Dedalus said about him.

Mr. Power's soft eyes went up to the apex of the lofty cone.

—He's at rest, he said, 'in the middle of his people, old Dan O'. But his heart is buried in Rome. How many broken hearts are buried here, Simon!

—Her grave is over there, Jack, Mr. Dedalus said. I'll soon be stretched beside her. Let him take me whenever He likes.

He began to weep to himself quietly, stumbling a little in his walk. Mr. Power took his arm.
—She's better where she is, he said kindly
—I suppose so, Mr. Dedalus said with a weak gasp. I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven.

Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to plod by.
—Sad occasions, Mr. Kernan began politely.
—They are, indeed, Mr. Bloom said.
—The others are putting on their hats, Mr. Kernan said. I suppose we can do so too. We are the last. This cemetery is a treacherous place.

They covered their heads.
—The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly, don't you think? Mr. Kernan said with reproof.

Mr. Bloom nodded gravely, looking in the quick bloodshot eyes. Secret eyes, secret searching eyes. Mason, I think: not sure. Beside him again. We are the last. In the same boat.
Hope he'll say something else.

Mr. Kernan added:
—The service of the Irish church, used in Mount Jerome, is simpler, more impressive, I must say.

Mr. Bloom gave prudent assent. The language of course was different.

Mr. Kernan said with solemnity:
—I am the resurrecton and the life. That touches a man’s inmost heart.
—It does, Mr. Bloom said.

Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two? No touching that. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are dead. That last day idea. Knocking them all up out of their graves. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Pennyweight of powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight.

Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side.
—Everything went off A 1, he said. What?
He looked on them from his drawling eye. Policeman’s shoulders.
—As it should be, Mr. Kernan said.
Mr. Kernan assured him.
—Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan? John Henry Menton asked, I know his face.
Ned Lambert glanced back.
—Bloom, he said. Madam Marion Tweedy that was, the soprano. She’s his wife.
—O, to be sure, John Henry Menton said. I haven’t seen her for some time. She was a fine looking woman. I danced with her—wait—fifteen seventeen golden years ago at Mat Dillon’s in Roundtown. And a good armful she was.
He looked behind through the others.
—What is he? he asked. What does he do? Wasn’t he in the stationery line? I fell foul of him one evening, I remember, at bowls.
Ned Lambert smiled.
—Yes, he was, he said, in Wisdom Hely’s. A traveller for blotting paper.
—In God’s name, John Henry Menton said, what did she marry a coon like that for? She had plenty of game in her then.
—Has still, Ned Lambert said. He does some canvassing for ads.
John Henry Menton’s large eyes stared ahead.
The barrow turned into a side lane. A portly man ambushed among the grasses, raised his hat in homage. The gravediggers touched their caps.
—John O’Connell, Mr. Power said, pleased. He never forgets a friend. Mr. O’Connell shook all their hands in silence. Mr. Dedalus said:
—I am come to pay you another visit.
—My dear Simon, the caretaker answered in a low voice. I don’t want your custom at all.
Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham’s side, puzzling two long keys at his back.
—Did you hear that one, he asked them, about Mulcahy from the Coombe?
—I did not, Martin Cunningham said.
They bent their silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear. The caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watchchain
and spoke in a discreet tone to one to their vacant smiles.

—They tell the story, he said, that two drunks came out here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs. They asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried. After traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough. One of the drunks spelt out the name: Terence Mulcahy. The other drunk was blinking up at a statue of our Saviour the widow had got put up.

The caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed. He resumed:

—And after blinking up at it. Not a bloody bit like the man, says he. That's not Mulcahy, says he, whoever done it.

Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher, accepting the docket given him, turning them over and scanning them as he walked.

—That's all done with a purpose, Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes.

—I know, Hynes said, I know that.

—To cheer a fellow up, Martin Cunningham said. It's pure goodheartedness: nothing else.

Mr. Bloom admired the caretaker's properous bulk. Keys: like Keyes's ad: no fear of anyone getting out. I must see about that ad after the funeral. Be the better of a shave. Grey sprouting beard. That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey. Fancy being his wife. Wonder how he had the gumption to propose to any girl. Come out and live in the graveyard. Night here with all the dead stretched about. The shadows of the tombs and Daniel O'Connell must be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark. Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all. Women especially are so touchy.

He has seen a fair share go under in his time, lying around him field after field. Holy fields. All honeycombed the ground must be: oblong cells. And very neat he keeps it too, trim grass and edgings. His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome. Well so it is. Ought to be flowers of sleep. Chinese cemeteries with giant poppies growing produce the best opium, Mastiansky told me.

I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpse manure, bones, flesh, nails. Dreadful. Turning green and pink, decomposing. Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy. Then begin to get black
treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically.

But they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply swirling with them. *Your head it simply swirls.* *Your head it simply swirls.* He looks cheerful enough over it. Gives him a sense of power seeing all the others go under first. Wonder how he looks at life. Cracking his jokes too: warms the cockles of his heart. Keep out the damp. Hard to imagine his funeral. Seems a sort of a joke.

—*How many have you for tomorrow?* the caretaker asked.
—Two, Corny Kelleher said. Half ten and eleven.

The caretaker put the papers in his pocket. The barrow had ceased to trundle. The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole, stepping with care round the graves. The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the brink, looping the bands round it.

Burying him. *We come to bury Caesar.* He doesn’t know who is here.

Now who is that lanky looking galoot, over there in the mackintosh? Now who is he I’d like to know? Now, I’d give a trifle to know who he is. Always someone turns up you never dreamt of. A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes, he could. Still he’d have to get someone to sod him after he died. Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him.

*How could you possibly do so?*
O *poor Robinson Crusoe*

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box. When you think of them all it does seem a waste of wood. All gnawed through. They could invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding, let it down that way. *Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow’s.* I see what it means. I see. To protect him as long as possible even in the earth.

Mr. Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I’m thirteen. No. The chap in the mackintosh is thirteen. Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn’t in the chapel, that I’ll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. *Tinge of purple.* I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west. Dressy fellow he was once. Used to change three suits in the day. *Hello.*
It's dyed. His wife, I forgot he's not married, or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him.

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the grave trestles. They struggled up and out: and all uncovered. Twenty.

Pause.

If we were all suddenly somebody else.

Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper. Whisper. The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in the black open space. Mr. Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker. Wellcut frockcoat. Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next. Well it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. People talk about you a bit: forget you. Then they follow: dropping into a hole one after the other.

We are praying now for the repose of his soul.

Does he ever think of the hole waiting for him? They say you do when you shiver in the sun. Someone walking over it. Mine over there towards Findglas, the plot I bought. Mamma, poor mamma, and little Rudy.

The gravediggers took up their spades and flung heavyclods of clay in on the coffin. Mr. Bloom turned his face. And if he was alive all the time? Whew! By Jingo, that would be awful! No, no: he is dead, of course. Of course he is dead. Monday he died. Three days. Rather long to keep them in the summer. Just as well to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no.

The clay fell softer. Begin to be forgotten. Out of sight.

The caretaker moved away a few paces and put on his hat. The mourners took heart of grace, one by one, covering themselves without show. Mr. Bloom put on his hat and saw the portly figure make its way deftly through the maze of graves. Quietly, sure of his ground, he traversed the dismal fields.

Hynes jotting down something in his notebook. Ah, the names. But he knows them all. No: coming to me.

—I am just taking the names, Hynes said below his breath. What is your christian name? I'm not sure.

—L, Mr. Bloom said. Leopold. And you might put down M'Coy's name too. He asked me to.

—Charley, Hynes said writing. I know. He was on the Freeman once.
So he was. Got the run. Levanted with the cash of a few ads. That was why he asked me to. O well, does no harm. I saw to that, M'Coy. Thanks, old chap: much obliged. Leave him under an obligation: costs nothing.

—And tell us, Hynes said, do you know that fellow in the, fellow was over there in the. . . .

He looked around.

—Mackintosh. Yes I saw him, Mr. Bloom said. Where is he now?

—Mackintosh, Hynes said, scribbling. I don't know who he is. Is that his name?

He moved away, looking about him.

—No, Mr. Bloom began, turning and stopping. I say, Hynes! Didn't hear. What? Where has he disappeared to? Not a sign. Well of all the. Good Lord, what became of him?

A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr. Bloom to take up an idle spade.

O, excuse me.

He stepped aside nimbly.

Clay, brown, damp, began to be seen in the hole. It rose. Nearly over. A mound of damp clods rose more, rose, and the gravediggers rested their spades. All uncovered again for a few instants. The boy propped his wreath against a corner: the brother-in-law his on a lump. The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades towards the barrow. Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf: clean. One bent to pluck from the heft a long tuft of grass. Silently at the gravehead another coiled the coffin band. The brother-in-law, turning away, placed something in his free hand. Thanks in silence. Sorry, sir: trouble. Headshake. I know that. For yourselves just.

The mourners moved away slowly without aim, by devious paths, staying awhile to read a name on a tomb.

—Let us go round by the chief's grave, Hynes said. We have time.

—Let us, Mr. Power said.

They turned to the right following their slow thoughts. With awe Mr. Power's blank voice spoke:

—Some say he is not in that grave at all. That the coffin was filled with stones. That one day he will come again. Hynes shook his head.
—Parnell will never come again, he said.
Mr. Bloom walked unheeded along his grove. Who passed away. Who departed this life. As if they did it of their own accord. Got the shove, all of them. Rusty wreaths hungs on knobs, garlands of bronzefoil. Better value that for the money. Still, the flowers are more poetical. The other gets rather tiresome, never withering. Expresses nothing.

A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the wedding present alderman Hooper gave us. Hu! Not a budge out of him. Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him.

The sacred Heart that is: showing it. Red it should be painted like a real heart. Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Apollo that was.

How many. All these here once walked round Dublin.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn’t remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely’s.


He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: grandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Elliot. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, wasn’t he? Making his rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. I read in that voyages in China that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down. Wouldn’t be surprised. Regular square feed for them. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn’t care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the world again. Enough of this place. A little goes a long way. Brings
you a bit nearer every time. Last time I was here was Mrs. Sinico’s
funeral. Give you the creeps after a bit. Plenty to see and
hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in
their maggotty beds. They are not going to get me this innings.
Warmbeds: warm fullblooded life.

Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath, talking gravely.
Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton. Dignam used to
be in his office. Mat Dillon’s long ago. Got his rag out that
evening on the bowlinggreen because I sailed inside him. Pure
fluke of mine: the bias. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the
lilactree, laughing. Fellow always like that if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.
—Excuse me, sir, Mr. Bloom said beside them.
They stopped.
—Your hat is a little crushed, Mr. Bloom said, pointing.
John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.
—There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also.

John Henry Menton took off his hat, bulged out the dinge and
smoothed the nap with care on his coatsleeve. He clapped the hat
on his head again.
—It's all right now, Martin Cunningham said.
John Henry Martin jerked his head down in acknowledgement.
—Thank you, he said shortly.
They walked on towards the gates. Browbeaten Mr. Bloom
fell behind a few paces so as not to overhear. Martin laying down
the law. Martin could wind a fathead like that round his little
finger without his seeing it.

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns
on him. Get the pull over him that way.
Thank you. How grand we are this morning!

SENILITY
Sherwood Anderson

HE WAS an old man and sat on the steps of the railroad station
in a small Kentucky town. A well-dressed man, some traveler
from the city, approached and stood before him. The old man be-
came self-conscious. His face was all sunken and wrinkled and he
had a Hugh nose. His smile was like the smile of a very young child.

“Have you any coughs, colds, consumption or bleeding sick-
ness?” he asked. In his voice there was a pleading quality.

The stranger shook his head.

The old man arose. “The sickness that bleeds is a terrible nu­

isance” he said. His tongue protruded from between his teeth and he
rattled it about. He put his hand on the stranger’s arm and

coughs, colds, consumption and the sickness that bleeds. I take
warts from the hand. I cannot explain how I do it. It is a mystery.
I charge nothing. My name is Tom. Do you like me?”

The stranger was cordial. He nodded his head. The old man

became reminiscent.

“My father was a hard man,” he declared. “He was like me, a
blacksmith by trade but he wore a plug hat. When the corn was
high, he said to the poor ‘go into the fields and pick,’ but when the
war came on he made a rich man pay five dollars for a bushel of
corn.”

“I married against his will. He came to me and said, “Tom, I do
not like that girl!” “But I love her” I said. ‘I don’t,’ he said.

“My father and I sat on a log. He was a pretty man and wore
a plug hat. ‘I will get the license’ I said. ‘I will give you no
money’ he said.

“The license cost me twenty-one dollars. I worked in the corn.
It rained and the horses were blind. The clerk said ‘Are you over
twenty-one?’ I said ‘yes’ and she said ‘yes.’ We had chalked the
numbers on our shoes. My father said ‘I give you your freedom.’
We had no money. The license cost twenty-one dollars. She is
dead.”

The old man looked at the sky. It was evening and the sun
had set. The sky was all mottled with grey clouds. “I paint beau­
tiful pictures and give them away,” he declared. “My brother is
in the penitentiary. He killed a man who called him an ugly name.”

The decrepit old man held his hands before the face of the
stranger. He opened and shut them. They were black with grime.
“I pick out warts,” he explained plaintively. “They are as soft as
your hands. I play on an accordion. You are thirty-seven years
old. I sat beside my brother in the penitentiary. He is a pretty
man with pompadour hair. ‘Albert,’ I said, ‘are you sorry you
killed a man?’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘I am not sorry. I would kill ten, a
hundred, a thousand!’ ”

The old man began to weep and wiped his eyes with a soiled
handkerchief. He attempted to take a chew of tobacco and his false
teeth became displaced. He covered his mouth with his hands and
was ashamed. "I am old. You are thirty-seven years old but I am older than that," he whispered. "My brother is a bad man. He is full of hate. He is pretty and has pompadour hair but he would kill and kill. I hate old age. I am ashamed that I am old."

"I have a pretty new wife. I wrote her four letters and she replied. She came here and we married. I love to see her walk. Oh I buy her pretty clothes. Her foot is not straight. It is twisted. My first wife is dead. I pick warts off the hands with my fingers and no blood comes. I cure coughs, colds, consumption, and the sickness that bleeds. People can write to me and I answer the letters. If they send me no money it is no matter. All is free."

Again the old man wept and the stranger tried to comfort him. "You are a happy man?" the stranger asked. "Yes" said the old man, "and a good man too. Ask everywhere about me. My name is Tom, a blacksmith. My wife walks prettily although she has a twisted foot. I have bought her a long dress. She is thirty and I am seventy-five. She has many pairs of shoes. I have bought them for her but her foot is twisted. I buy straight shoes. She thinks I do not know. Everybody thinks Tom does not know. I have bought her a long dress that comes down to the ground. My name is Tom, a blacksmith. I am seventy-five. I hate old age. I take warts off the hands and no blood comes. People may write to me and I answer. All is free."

**DECAY**

Ben Hecht

Here in this street the half dead begin to give forth an odor. The rows of sagging little houses are like the teeth in an old man's mouth. From them arise the exhalations of stagnant wood, of putrescent stairways, of bodies from which the sweats of lust have never been washed, of ulcerous shadows and soft, bubbling alleys. The stench is like a grime that leadens the air. In this street live men and women whose hungers are not complicated by trifles. In this they are, as they move, thick faced and unsmiling in the musty flatulent light of the neighborhood, somewhat different from the little greedy half dead who have civilized their odors and made ethics of their hungers.

The people who live in this street walk as if they were being pushed in and out of the sagging houses. Shrieking children appear and sprawl about. They roll over one another, their faces contorted.
with a miniature senility. They urinate in gutters, throw stones at each other in the soft alleys, run after each other cursing and gesturing with idiot violence. They bring an awkward fever into the street. Oblivious to them and to the debris about them, barrel-shaped women strut with protuberant bellies and great flapping shoes over the pavements. They move as if unaccustomed to walking in streets.

It grows dark and the men from the factories coming home begin to crowd the streets. They walk in silence, a broken string of shuffling hieroglyphs against the red of the sky. Their knees bend, their jaws thrust forward, their heads wag from side to side. They vanish into the sagging houses and the night comes, an unwavering gloom picked with little yellow glows from windows. The houses lie like bundles of carefully piled rags in the darkness. The shrieking of the children has died and with it the pale fever of the day has passed out of the air. There are left only the odors, the invisible banners of decay that float upon the night. The stench of fat kitchens, of soft bubbling alleys, of gleaming refuse and of the indefinable evaporation from the dark bundles of houses wherein the little half dead have packed themselves away, comes like a rust into the nose.

Later drunken men appear and lurch into the darkness with cursings and mutterings. The smoke of the factory chimneys is now invisible but the chimneys, like rows of cylindrical minarets, make darker streaks in the gloom and in the distance blast furnaces gut the night with pink and orange flares. The figures of young women not yet shaped like barrels come out into the street and stand for long moments in the shadows. They move noiselessly into the depths of the soft bubbling alleys and vanish. As it grows darker the exhalations of these alleys and houses increase as if some great disintegration was stewing in the night. It was in one of these houses that I once lived. At night I now sometimes recall things that used to happen in this house. When I grow weary with the interminable adjustment of adjectives these memories grimace in the blank spaces of my thought. And when I grow uncertain moving in the streets where there are no odors these memories surround me with the fugitive embrace of explanation.

There were eight children in Otto Muznik's family. They lived with Otto Muznik and his wife in three rooms. In summer and in winter these rooms were filled with a pungent bitter smell. There was a great noise in them also. The eight children screamed
at each other. Otto Muznik and his wife screamed at them and at each other. One of the rooms was a kitchen. The two other were bedrooms filled with cots. The screams and the stench in the three rooms, the littered floors and devastated furniture told of activities.

Willy Muznik had a poisoned foot. A cat he had brought home had bitten him. It was night and Mrs. Muznik sat in the kitchen. She was a woman with a spreading, phlegmatic body and a round red and shining face. Her eyes were little. She went about with an unwavering stare, staring at this and at that. She sat in the kitchen now and stared at the stove on which a black pot full of meat and soup was boiling. Willy was eleven. He sat in a corner doubled up like a contortionist and suking on his bared grimy foot. Mrs. Muznik stared at him.

"What did the doctor say?" she asked. She spoke in her own language and in a sharp husky voice. She had come home a few minutes ago from her day's scrubbing. During the day she moved on her knees down the corridors of a large office building miles from the street in which she lived. Willy removed the foot from his mouth, and began to wail. Mrs. Muznik stared at him and waited.

"The doctor says he'll maybe have to cut my foot off," Willy finally answered. His mother stared at the foot. Through the grime below the instep she saw a curious discoloration. She wiped her eyes and sighed.

"Your Pa'll give it to you for bringing cats home," she said. "He told you not to bring any more cats home." Willy holding his foot in his hand rocked back and forth on the floor and wailed. Mrs. Muznik arose and looked into the black pot. She turned her eyes toward Willy crying on the floor and a bewilderment tightened her flat features.

"Willy," she asked, "does it hurt?" For answer Willy increased his wail and Mrs. Muznik looked at him, shaking her head. She moved into another room. The gas light from the kitchen threw a faint glare among the shadows of this room. She sat down in a chair crowded between two cots. The sounds of someone gasping came to her and she stared about in the dark.

"Is that you, Joey?" she asked. The door leading into the street opened and Jenny, a girl of fourteen with a round red and shining face and a pair of long almost withered legs, rushed in screaming. In the dim light that dropped into the room from the street Mrs. Muznik saw her son lying on the floor. She rushed over and shook him.
"Don't have a fit," she cried. "Joey... Joey. Wait till your Pa goes. He can't stand it." Joey stiffened and rolled over on his face. He was fourteen. His head was bent under as if he were trying to stand on it. A fine foam bubbled on his lips.

"Get the cold water," Mrs. Muznik ordered. Jenny rushed out of the room singing a song she had learned in the alleys. She returned with a pot of water and Mrs. Muznik threw it over Joey's head and shoulders. The voices of the two babies suddenly awakened filled the room with screams. The two babies were Munch and Sam. One of them, Munch, was sick. His hoarse fever cry rose above his brother's complaint. Mrs. Muznik lighted a gas jet and the stench and disorder of the room came flickering out of the shadow. She leaned over one of the cots and picked up Munch. He was covered with a few heavy rags. Through the cloth the dry heat of his body burned against Mrs. Muznik's hands and bosom. She held the infant and cried to Jenny who was pulling a grimy cloth over the table in the kitchen.

"Where's Fanny?" The screaming of the infants almost drowned the shriek of Jenny's answer. Jenny laughing shrilly cried back, "Fanny's in the alley. Fanny's in the alley." Mrs. Muznik laid the hot little body on the cot beside the other screamer and went to a window. She thrust it open and leaned out in the darkness. Her little eyes stared into the alley below.

"Fanny," she cried. "You come right in at once." Her ears strained to catch sounds. She heard a boy's voice whispering below and made out two figures moving about against the dark wall.

"Fanny, Fanny," she screamed. "Come away. I'll come after you with a whip." There were more whisperings and then one of the figures detached itself from the gloom and floated into the depths of the alley.

"All right ma," a voice answered. Mrs. Muznik sat down on the cot and stared at the two little bundles that screamed on the other side of the room. The door opened and Fanny entered. She was fifteen and had a ribbon in her hair. Her face was round and shining and as red as her mother's. The two little black eyes were lighted. Her dress was crumbled and covered with alley dirt. Mrs. Muznik stared. From the kitchen Willy's wailing came to her.

"I can't walk, ma, I can't walk." Willy came hopping into the room on one leg and fell across the floor. He lay screaming at Mrs. Muznik's feet. Mrs. Muznik turned toward Joey who was sitting near her.
"How do you feel?" she asked. Joey's thin compressed face smiled. He shook his head.

"All right now," he said. "Can I have some lemon drops?"

"Here Jenny," Mrs. Muznik ordered. "Go out and buy a penny's worth." Jenny's thin legs flashed out of the room into the street. Fanny had gone into the kitchen to look at the black pot on the stove. Mrs. Muznik stared out of the window and after a silence during which the babies continued to scream called out, "Fanny, what you been doing?" A laugh from the kitchen answered. The mother dropped her head and rocked slightly in her seat. The uneven floor about her was littered with clothes from which a heavy musty odor came. The walls were broken and smeared. The windows in front of her made two little grey clouds. The stench of the room came into Mrs. Muznik's head and made her sleepy. She drew a long breath and continued to rock her body gently back and forth. First the children would eat and then she would wake up Otto. Otto worked nights in a steel mill. He did not have to leave the house for two more hours. The stench and noise of the room drifted away from Mrs. Muznik as she sat and rocked. Idle little thoughts crept into her head. Her body was tired. The shoulders ached and burned and the small of her back throbbed. She was afraid she was going to have another baby. Willy's foot would have to be cut off. Joey was sick. Munch, little Munch was sick. His hoarse fever cry was growing softer. He lay whimpering, his tiny hands moving over his face.

These things drifted through Mrs. Muznik's thoughts, keeping her awake as she rocked back and forth. She thought of Otto going to work in the darkness. He stood in front of an open furnace that roared with fire and fed melted steel into it. She had seen him once. He was almost naked. The memory of his body reddened by the glare which spread out of the open furnace remained always with her. Otto's muscles stood out and in his loosely belted trousers he had seemed great and strong to her. The red light and the roar and the sputter of melted steel made him shine and changed him into a man with burning eyes and flaming skin. Whenever he left for work after that Mrs. Muznik remembered this and a vague shiver passed through her.

Mrs. Muznik thought of the ache and throb of her back as if they were memories. Willy hobbled passed her into the kitchen. Jenny burst in through the door. She handed Joey lemon drops.
"Give me a little bit," said Mrs. Muznik.

"Ma," Joey cried, "there's a rat. It's wiping its nose with its feet." He looked eagerly into the dark alley. Mrs. Muznik ate lemon drops. A warmth spread over her, making her feet hum. This hour of the night was her leisure. She was used to sit like this and rock back and forth and let little idle dreary thoughts creep through her mind. Behind her eyes there was a darkness that came between her thought at these times and the things she saw and heard. But this night the hoarse fever cry of the baby on the cot chirped in her ears. Joey went into the kitchen and ate. He came back. Fanny followed him, skipping from one foot to another.

"Going out, ma," she cried. Mrs. Muznik raised an arm toward the girl.

"Wait... wait," she called.

Fanny appeared vague and dark in the alley below. Mrs. Muznik stared at her as she floated away into the gloom. She turned from the window and resumed her rocking. She heard as from a distance the voice of Willy wailing about his foot and the voices of her two babies screaming again. Munch was sick. The doctor had said Munch might die. But Mrs. Muznik did not believe this. None of the others had died and they had all been sick. She sucked at the lemon drop in her mouth. The ache and burn in her shoulders were like hot voices bothering her brain. The hoarse fever cry of the baby on the cot was another little hot voice in her brain.

"Oh, ma," cried Joey from the window. "There's Fanny with three boys in the alley." Mrs. Muznik rocked. "Never mind," she murmured. The hot voices made her feel swollen within. Her feet felt as if they were resting in flames. Joey came to her and looked at her face.

"Tired, ma?" he asked. Mrs. Muznik lifted him into her lap. He was a thin fragile boy. She put her arms around him and clung to him. He felt cool and sweet to her flesh beneath the dress. He was better than Willy, than Munch, and Sam, than Jenny and Fanny, than Heine. Heine was in jail. He had done something. And Mary her oldest had gone away. Mary was wild like Fanny. Willy's foot would be cut off. Munch was crying so weakly. Mrs. Muznik kissed Joey and rocked. It was dark outside and in her head it was dark. The smell of the room was another darkness and the burn of her body another. She sat hunched over Joey, clinging to him, and as she clung a sweetness came into her. Her aches
melted.

In a few minutes she would have to go to bed. It was wrong for her to sit up and hold Joey. She needed the rest in bed. The scrubbing was hard. It lasted all day. She rocked and the darkness in and around her grew deeper. Her ears fell asleep. She no longer heard the noises in the room. Jenny was tugging at her shoulder and crying in a loud voice,

"If Fanny can go out in the alley and play why can't I? I can play if Fanny can go in the alley and play."

Mrs. Muznik couldn't make out what Jenny was saying. She rocked. Jenny moved cautiously toward the door. She opened it softly.

"Ma," cried Willy in a shrill voice from one of the cots, "Jenny's going out in the alley." A breath of night air laden with less intimate odors struck at the room through the opened door. Fanny appeared, thrusting her face in and whispering hoarsely,

"Come on. Ma's asleep. I got some boys, three boys. Come on, don't be afraid. We're going over by the next alley. Ma's asleep."

Jenny trembled and her withered legs in their torn black stockings knocked together. A warmth trickled through her flat body. Fanny seized her cold hand. She dragged her out of the room. The laughter of the two girls sounded from the street and the quick whispers of boy's voices. The flurry and beat of many feet came into the room and died away.

"Ma, ma," Willy repeated. "Jenny's gone. Jenny's gone."

Mrs. Muznik nodded her head and rocked. She dreamed Joey was falling out of her arms and awoke startled. Joey was asleep. She whispered to him, kissing his ears. Lifting him to the cot she laid him down and knelt beside him taking off his torn shoes. "Jenny," she whispered.

"Jenny went in the alley," Willy cried and resumed his moaning. "My foot hurts me worse, ma."

Mrs. Muznik straightened to her feet and walked with her little eyes staring to the open door. Her voice sailed into the night.

"Jenny, Jenny come here," screamed. The darkness held the sound of her voice for an instant and then grew silent. She closed the door and stood staring at the babies on the cot. Something impelled her toward Munch and she lifted him. The dry heat of his body struck through her dress at her hard bosom and at the hard skin of her arms. It was whimpering and moving its hands slowly
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and aimlessly over its face. Mrs. Muznik stood and rocked it in her arms. The baby stopped crying and lay quiet. She placed it next to Sam who had also fallen asleep for the moment. It was time to wake up Otto and she moved into the kitchen.

She leaned over the black pot on the stove, thinking. Yet there were no words to her thoughts. They came like little burns into her brain, and she nodded her head slowly and aimlessly as they appeared. This and that, Fanny and Jenny, Munch and Willy, Heine and the long corridors over which she crawled all day, mingled with the stench of the room and the ache of her body and she remained staring into the black pot that was boiling and feeling the heat of the stove pass in waves over her face. A voice called to her from another room. She turned and saw the door of the other bedroom had opened. A stale bitter smell drifted into the kitchen. The figure of her husband dressed in a suit of long dirty underwear and a pair of thick hard socks appeared in the doorway. His face was smeared with sleep. A growth of hair hid his chin and cheeks.

"Ma," he called to her stretching his arms, "come here a minute."

Mrs. Muznik stared at him. "What for?" she asked. The familiar figure in the doorway was clouded in a darkness that burned behind her eyes. A grin overspread her husband's face. His jaws thrust forward and his eyes began to shine. The grin passed and he remained glowering at Mrs. Muznik. Then he came with his shoulders swaying into the kitchen and seized her by the arm. Mrs. Muznik stared into the black pot on the stove. As Otto shoved her before him her mouth opened and her eyes turned to him.

"No, no," she whispered. "No Otto. You go to work. Willy's having trouble with his foot."

Otto continued to drag the heavy figure of his wife toward the bedroom. A glowering playfulness was in his face and gestures.

"No Otto, not now. Let me be, "Mrs. Muznik cried. "You go eat."

Otto laughed and struck her on the shoulders. Stepping behind her he cursed and with a guffaw pushed her violently into the dark bitter smelling bedroom. She staggered toward one of the beds and dropped into it. Through the open door she watched her husband with round little staring eyes. He walked back to the sink and drew some water in a glass and drank it. He was a short stocky figure in his dark tattered underwear. She remembered him before
The furnace door in the steel mill, shining.

"Come on, Otto," she called. Her voice was hoarse and thin. She sat on the edge of the bed and waited staring now into the darkest part of the room. The darkness brought a sweetness into the burn of her body. She rocked gently back and forth. The room floated before her eyes as if the darkness were moving. The little burns came again into her brain and the stench creeping from the walls and the beds confused her. Through the window she became aware slowly of a great pink and orange glow that hung and wavered in the distant night. It was from the factories. She eyed it as the darkness around her swayed back and forth. Her body leaned forward and she fumbled thickly with her shoe, her mouth open and her eyes intent upon th’s glow in the distance. The little burns had gone out of her brain. There was left nothing in her except a darkness in which rested a pink and orange glow. Her lips mumbled sounds and she sat repeating the name of her husband, "Otto, Otto." Then her body tumbled to one side and she lay across the bed as if she had been flung there.

Otto her husband came at last into the bedroom. He was gnawing on a bone and a piece of meat. He glowered down at the heavy figure on the bed that mumbled, "Otto, Otto."

"Move over there," he called in a thick voice. Mrs. Muznik stirred and in the gloom her white teeth suddenly flashed in a grin. From the front part of the house Willy’s voice, shrill and frightened, was calling, "Ma, ma. Something’s the matter with Munch. He’s dead. Ma... ma..."

BOOKS

John Rodker

VERHAEREN got drunk and smashed all the bottles in the bar. Swinburne got drunk and stove in all the hats in the club cloakroom. Hence one must be a "paroxyst" to be a poet, a fairly safe assumption, though the disease is of such a kind as gradually enroaches upon the host. Both "poets" were swept away by their own rhodomontade, and both lost whatever faculty for perfection they might once have had, by a conviction that poets were measured by bulk.
M. Albert Mockel has written a book — published by La Renaissance du Livre 2 fr. 50 — on Verhaeren’s work. He traces his growth as a human being — yet at the same time “born-poet” — by the method so well known to reviewers: “At the age of two he got his first ‘frisson’ from the spectacle of the brindled sow giving birth to a litter. This was to mark an epoch and give him that zest for life which he was never to grow out of.” Then M. Mockel analyzes his books chronologically, explains their conception, execution and the significant facts relating thereto.

Although overwhelmed by his enthusiasm, M. Mockel has used the inch rule of the Academy for measuring his Colossus and has even ventured to say “Verhaeren est vraiment aussi rugueuse ecrivain qu’il est grand poète!” This of course raises the inevitable ghost of “What is poetry,” but this of course is not questioned by M. Mockel. He knows! Yet without certain individual assumptions surely the whole fabric of his criticism must fall, and to use the general qualities of “fougue” painting (imagery), “tenderness”, etc., is to use qualities available in all other art forms and equally in prose. It is this trouble of an absence of a “definite unit” by which one can measure poetry (this unit existing in prose, painting and music) that has as yet produced no definition of poetry.

The book is painstaking however, and quite interesting, and is closed with a bang on the words “Verhaeren is the epic poet of Energy.” This may be true but we hope some day to see a poet who will use words like barbells or ether for the transcription of energy and not the current speech of adjectives and conjunctions.

Mon Chant de Guerre by Fritz R. Vanderpyl is a very restrained war-song — being in simple rhythm, felicitious phrasing and a not too original out-look. Occasionally he interposes English verses of an amazing triteness and one wonders why this sort of thing sounds so much more possible in French. But the poem on the lamp shows a very sensitive use of English. The book is worth reading because it feels “sound”.

Le Coureur D’Azur, by Paul Aeschimann, published by Crès et Cie, is the work of a poet and has the qualities one is accustomed to look for in poetry; but this kind of accomplishment — original outlook and all the rest — becomes every day more common. The poet is no longer a prophet — or inspired, and a high level of accomplishment means nothing except that the author has a good brain.

The substitution of paroxysm for inspiration is an index of the times.
Dunch by Susan Miles — "printed by" Blackwell isn't poetry at all, although printed as such and although containing the only and original ingredients of poetry. A Chinese poem enumerates six facts and there is a poem, but Mrs. Miles enunciates six hundred and leaves a joke. The difference is probably due to her stuff never having been fired so as to run. It appears instead to have come through a sausage-machine rather than a mincer.

Obviously the model for her should have been The Spoon River Anthology for she too has taken a village bit by bit and attempted to render it; but she hasn't either the humour or the largeness or the feeling of Masters. Or rather — probably she has the feeling, we all have feeling nowadays,—but has not worked hard enough to synthesise them.

Minnie Rolls: C. C. H. F. is the chief joke of the book and is quite funny and we quote from it:

The lady what lives up Minnie Rolls' Yards' expecting her eleventh
She won't half have a hell of a time,
The lady what lives up Minnie Rolls' Yard,
Because it's Lion year.
Lions don't have their babies
But once in seven years
And the year as lions have their babies
Ladies don't half have a hell of a time.
Minnie Roll's Aunt Flo's expecting her first.
She knows as she's expecting
Because Minnie Rolls' Uncle Toms' got the jawrache something cruel
Fellows always get the jawrache something cruel
When their ladies is expecting.

As a study in contemporary demonology the study is priceless.

Apteryx, writing in the Egoist, has various illuminating remarks on modern literature. About Cannan's new novel The Stucco House, he says it is merely a deposit, whereas if Cannan really wrote his novels they might be literature. This is interesting, for Henry James writing on Round the Corner, one of Cannan's first novels, said it belongs "to the order of 'constatations', pure and simple." We presume then that Mr. Cannan gains nothing with time. Apteryx finishes a quotation: — "That is not prose, it is oratory, the true manly snuffle, the abdominal throb. Nevertheless the book is an
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interesting book and it might be better.”

I was at one time interested in the problem of Mr. Cannan and then I found his translation of Jean Christophe. I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that Mr. Cannan has mined extensively from this book and will continue to do so till the end of his career. Is not Apteryx admiring Jean Christophe?

He continues: “God took a rib from the side of Mr. Chesterton and made Mrs. Meynell.” I have not read her essays, nor do I like the one sonnet which is said to be the glory and crown of the modern sonnet. Literature is not an art in the sense of an accomplishment. It is a damned sweat at best, and only in this country would it be necessary for a critic to say: “But we must learn to take literature seriously.”

We regret to announce the death in action of Isaac Rosenberg. He had produced a volume of poems and a play Moses (both privately printed). His death is a greater loss to poetry in this country than any death during the war.

THE NOTES FOR “THE IVORY TOWER”*  
Ezra Pound

12. Main character’s “solution” or vision of what course he will take.

13. The fourth character’s “break into” things, or into a perception of things.

(a) Actions of an auxiliary character, of what would have been low life in old Spanish or Elizabethan drama. This character affects the main action (as sometimes a “gracioso” [servant, buffoon, Sancho Panza] affects the main action in a play, for example, of Lope de Vega’s).

(b) Caution not to let author’s interest in fascinating auxiliary character run away with his whole plan and design. (This kind of restraint is precisely what leaves a reader “wanting more”; which gives a novel the “feel” of being full of life; convinces the reader of an abundant energy an abundant sense of life in an author).

* Continued from the August number.
14. Effects of course of the action on fourth main character and on the others. The scale being kept by the relation here not being between main character and one antagonist, but with a group of three people, relations "different" though their "point" is the same cf: a main character vs. a Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, or "attendant lords". James always has half an eye on play construction; the scene.

(a) The second auxiliary character brought out more definitely. (This is accidental. It might happen at any suitable point in a story wherever needed).

(b) Act of this auxiliary person reaches through to main action.

15. We see the author determining just how bad a case he is going to make his villain.

(a) Further determination of his hero. (In this case an absolute non-producer, non-accumulator).

(b) Care not to get an unmixed "bad" in his "villain", but to keep a right balance, a dependency, in this case, on the main character's weakness or easiness.

(c) Decision how the main "coup" or transfer shall slide through.

16. Effect upon C. Effect upon main characters' relations to D., E. and F.

At this point, in the consideration of eight of the ten "books" of his novel, we see the author most intent on his composition or architecture, most anxious to get all the sections fitted in with the greatest economy, a sort of crux of his excitement and anxiety. A fulness of his perception that the thing must be so tightly packed that no sentence can afford to be out of place.

17. Climax. The Deus or, in this case, Dea, ex machina. Devices for prolonging climax. The fourth main character having been, as it were, held back for a sort of weight or balance here, and as a "resolution" of the tangles.

Finis.

18. Authors final considerations of time scheme, i.e., fitting the action into time not too great for unity, and great enough to allow for needed complexity. Slighter consideration of place scheme; where final scenes shall be laid, etc.

Here in a few paragraphs are the bare bones of the plan described in eighty of Henry James's pages. The detail thoroughness of this plan, the complicated consciousness displayed in it gives us the
measure of this author's superiority, as conscious artist, over the "normal" British novelist, i.e., over the sort of person who tells you that when he did his first book he "just sat down and wrote the first paragraph", and then found he "couldn't stop". This he tells you in a manner clearly implying that, from that humble beginning to the shining hour of the present, he has given the matter no further thought, and that his succeeding works were all knocked off with equal simplicity.

I give this outline with such fulness because it is a landmark in the history of the novel as written in English. It is inconceivable that Fielding or Richardson should have left, or that Thomas Hardy should leave, such testimony to a comprehension of the novel as a "form". The Notes are, on the other hand, quite distinct from the voluminous prefaces which so many French poets write before they have done anything else. James, we note, wrote no prefaces until there were twenty-four volumes of his novels and stories waiting to be collected and republished. The Notes are simply the accumulation of his craftsman's knowledge, they are, in all their length, the summary of the things he would have, as a matter of habit, in his mind before embarking on composition.

I take it rather as a sign of editorial woodenheadedness that these Notes are printed at the end of The Ivory Tower; if one have sense enough to suspect that the typical mentality of the elderly heavy reviewer has been shown, one will for oneself reverse the order; read the notes with interest and turn to the text already with the excitement of the sport or with the zest to see if, with this chance of creating the masterpiece so outlined, the distinguished author is going to make good. If on the other hand one reads the unfinished text, there is no escaping the boredom of re-reading in skeleton, with tentative and confusing names, the bare statement of what has been, in the text, more fully set before us.

The text is attestation of the rich, banked-up perception of the author. I dare say the snap and rattle of the fun, or much of it, will be only half perceptible to those who do not know both banks of the Atlantic; but enough remains to show the author at his best; despite the fact that occasionally he puts in the mouths of his characters sentences or phrases that no one but he himself could have used. I cannot attribute this to the unfinished state of the manuscript. These oversights are few, but they are the kind of slip which occurs in his earlier work. We note also that his novel is a descriptive novel, not a novel that simply depicts people speaking and moving.
There is a constant dissertation going on, and in it is our major enjoyment. The Notes to *The Sense of the Past* are not so fine a specimen of method, as they are the plan not of a whole book, but only of the latter section. The editor is quite right to print them at the end of the volume.

Of the actual writing in the three posthumous books, far the most charming is to be found in *The Middle Years*. Here again one is not much concerned with Mr. James's mildly ironic reminiscences of Tennyson and the Victorians, but rather with James's own temperament, and with his recording of inn-rooms, breakfasts, butlers, etc., very much as he had done in his fiction. There is no need for its being "memoirs" at all; call the protagonist Mr. Ponsonby or Mr. Hampton, obliterate the known names of celebrities and half celebrities, and the whole thing becomes a James novel, and, so far as it goes, a mate to the best of them.

Retaining the name of the author, any faithful reader of James, or at any rate the attentive student, finds a good deal of amusement in deciphering the young James, his temperament as mellowed by recollection and here recorded forty years later, and then in contrasting it with the young James as revealed or even "betrayed" in his own early criticisms, *French Poets and Novelists*, a much cruder and more savagely puritanical and plainly New England product with however, certain permanent traits of his character already in evidence, and with a critical faculty keen enough to hit on certain weaknesses in the authors analysed, often with profundity, and with often a "rightness" in his mistakes. I mean that apparent errors are at times only an excess of zeal and overshooting of his mark, which was to make for an improvement, by him, of certain defects.
She was the daughter of a day labourer among the hopfields of Paddock Wood. When she had been born, the youngest of five, her own mother had died. Her father had brought a stepmother into the house. I never discovered that the step-mother was notably cruel to Meary. But those were the Hungry Forties. The children never had enough to eat. Once, Meary cut off one of her big toes. She had jumped down into a ditch after a piece of turnip peel. She had of course had no shoes or stockings and there had been a broken bottle in the ditch.

So her childhood had been a matter of hunger, thirst and frequent chastisements with the end of a leather strap that her father wore round his waist. When she was fourteen she was sent to service in a great house where all the maids slept together under the roof. Here they told each other legends at night—odd legends that exactly resembled the fairy tales of Grimm—legends of princes and princesses, of castles, or of travelling companions on the road. A great many of these stories seemed to hinge upon the price of salt which at one time was extravagantly dear in the popular memory, so that one princess offered to have her heart cut out in order to purchase a pound of salt that should restore her father to health.

From this house Meary Walker ran away with a gipsy—or at least he was what in that part of the world was called a “pikey”—a user of the turnpike road. So, for many years they led a wandering existence, until at last they settled down in this village. Until the date of that settlement Meary had not troubled to marry her Walker. But then a parson insisted on it, but it did not trouble her much either way.

Walker had always been a man of weak health. To put it shortly, he had what is called the artistic temperament—a small, dark, delicate man whose one enthusiasm was his art of making

* Continued from the July number.
baskets. In that he certainly excelled. But he was lazy and all the work of their support fell on Meary. She tied hops—and this is rather skilled work,—she picked them in the autumn; she helped the neighbours with baking and brewing. She cleaned up the church once a week. She planted the potatoes and cropped them. She was the first cottager in East Kent to keep poultry for profit. In her biography, which I have related at greater length in another book, you could find traces of great benevolence and of considerable heroism. Thus, one hard winter, she supported not only herself and her husband, but her old friend Meary Spratt, at that time a widow with six children. Meary Spratt was in bed with pneumonia and its after effects from December to March. Meary Walker nursed her, washed and tended the children and made the livings of all of them.

Then there came the time when she broke her leg and had to be taken against her will to the hospital which was seven miles away. She did not want to be in the hospital; she was anxious to be with Walker who was then dying of gangrene of the leg. She was anxious too about a sitting hen; one of her neighbours had promised her half a crown for a clutch of chickens. She used to lie in hospital, patting her broken knee under the bed clothes and exclaiming:

"Get well, get well, oh do get well quickly!" And even twenty years afterwards when she rehearsed these scenes and these words there would remain in the repetition a whole world of passionate wistfulness. But indeed, she translated her passion into words. One night, driven beyond endurance by the want of news of Walker and of her sitting hen she escaped from the hospital window and crawled on her hands and knees the whole seven miles from the hospital to her home. She found when she arrived in the dawn that Walker was in his coffin. The chickens however were a healthy brood. Her admiration for Walker, the weak and lazy artist in basket making, never decreased. She treasured his best baskets to the end of her life as you and I might treasure Rembrandts. Once, ten years after, she sat for a whole day on his grave. The old sexton growing confused with years had made a mistake and was going to inter another man's wife on top of Walker. Meary stopped that.

For the last twenty-six years or so of her life she lived in the mud hut which I had first seen her enter. She went on as before, tying hops, heating ovens, picking up stones, keeping a hen or two. She looked after, fed and nursed—for the love of God—a particu-
larly disagreeable old man called Purdey who had been a London cab driver. He sat all day in a grandfather's chair, grumbling and swearing at Meary whenever she came in. He was eighty-two. He had no claim whatever upon her and he never paid her a penny of money. She could not have told you why she did it, but no doubt it was just the mothering instinct.

So she kept on going all through life. She was always cheerful; she had always on her tongue some fragment of peasant wisdom. Once, coming back from market, she sat down outside a public house and a soldier treated her to a pot of beer. Presently there rode up the Duke of Cambridge in his field marshal's uniform and beside him there was the Shah of Persia. They were watching a sham fight in the neighbourhood. Meary raised her pot of beer towards these Royal personages and wished them health. They nodded in return.

"Well," Meary called out to the Duke, "you're only your mother's son like the rest of us." Once, the Portuguese ambassador amiably telling her that, in his language, bread was "pom" she expressed surprise but then she added—

"Oh well poor dear, when you're hungry you've got to eat it, like the rest of us, whatever you call it."

She was sorry for him because he had to call bread by such an outlandish name. She could not think how he remembered the word. Yet she knew that Brot, was the German for bread and Apfel for apples because, during the Napoleonic Wars of her youth, the Hanoverian Legion had garrisoned that part of the country. One of what she called the jarman legions had murdered a friend of her mother's who had been his sweetheart and when he was hung for it at Canterbury he asked for Brot and Apfel on the scaffold. She saw him hung, a pleasant fair boy, and when she looked down at her hands she said they were as white as lard.

So she worked on until she was seventy-eight. One day she discovered a swelling under her left breast. It gave her no pain but she wanted to know what it was. So she put a hot brick to it. She knew that if it was cancer that was a bad thing to do, but she wanted to get it settled. The swelling became worse. So she walked to the hospital—the same hospital that she had crawled away from. They operated on her next morning—and she was dead by noon. Her last words were:

"Who's going to look after old Purdey?"

She was buried in the workhouse cemetery. The number of her
grave is 1642. Mr. Purdey was taken to the Union that night. And there he still is, aged ninety-seven, a disagreeable old man.

And so we come back to the question of the average woman. Was Meary Walker this person? I wonder. If so the average among women is fairly high. Yet, in her own village nobody thought very much of Meary. She was popular with many people and hated by a few. Yet, as far as I can say her life, in each of its days, was as perfect as that of my friend Mr. T. She never had a penny from me that she had not worked for, or never so much as a pair of old boots from anyone else. Was she then the average woman? I should not like to say that she was not. For, in spite of all our modernity, still the widest of all classes of employment is given by the land. There are more peasants in the world than there are anything else. And Meary was just a peasant woman, attracting no particular notice from her fellows. On the other hand there was Meary Spratt her bosom friend.

Meary Spratt was much more like the average woman of fiction. She was decidedly emotional, she was certainly not truthful: she begged, and when she begged she would scream and howl and yell in the highest of keys, pulling her gnarled, rheumatic fingers into repulsive shapes and screaming like a locomotive to show how much they pained her, or sobbing with the most dramatic emphasis when she related how Meary Walker had saved her six little children from starvation. On the other hand she would relate, with a proper female virtue the fact—I fancy it may have been true—that, at some portion of her career Meary Walker had a daughter by somebody who was not Walker and that the daughter was in service in Folkestone. She would also say that Meary Walker was an arrant miser who had saved up a large fortune in bank notes which were quilted into her stays. She said she had heard the stays crackle.

Meary Spratt had never had a child by anyone but a husband. But then she had had four husbands as well as nineteen children, all of whom had lived. She is quite a small woman with an appallingly shrill voice and no doubt she is feminine in that her tongue never stops. In the early morning among the dews you will hear her voice. She will be picking what she calls mushrooms for her catsup. You will hear her all the while like this screaming quite loudly while you listen from your bedroom window, she being in the field beyond the hedge and it being four o'clock of a very dewy morning.
“He! He! He!” she will scream "here is a nice little one! A little pinky one! Now I'm going to pick you! Up you come, my little darling! Ah, doesn't it hurt?" And then she will give a shrill yell to show the pain that the mushroom feels when it is being picked. And then she will continue: "Oh, oh Lord! Oh my poor shoulders! Oh! my poor legs! They do fairly terrify me with rhumatiz! Oh, oh, Lord!"

And you will hear her voice seeming to get shriller as it gets fainter and she goes over the marshy grass, into the mist, until she comes on another little pink one. She is seventy-six and it is cold out on the marshes in that October weather.

Yes, she is decidedly feminine. She has only been married three years to Mr. Spratford—so she gets called Meary Spratt. Mr. Spratford was eighty-two when they married. Between them they have had thirty one children. And they lived in a little brick cottage not much larger than a dog kennel. When you ask Mr. Spratford why he married—Mr. Spratford was a most venerable looking peasant, like a Biblical patriarch, with very white hair curling round a fine bald head and with noble faded blue eyes; and when he spoke he always gesticulated nobly with one hand and uttered the most edifying moral sentiments. He was extremely dishonest and had three times been to prison for robbing poor old women. Indeed, when I first made his acquaintance he did a week's work for me, charged me double prices and begged me not to tell anybody that I had paid him at all because he was on his club—and this is about the meanest crime that any peasant can commit. It was an offence so mean that even Meary Spratford—who you will observe was a woman and who would have had no scruple at all about pilfering from any member of the quality—even Meary Spratford was outraged and made him pay back his club money for that week. She could not bear to think of the members of the club being defrauded, because they were quite poor people. It is true that she came to me afterwards, and, groaning and sobbing, she tried to get the money out of me to make up for her noble act—but when you asked Mr. Spratford why he married he answered:

“Well, you see, sir, in a manner of speaking us do be very poor people and us bean't able to afford more than one blanket apiece, and one small fire for each of us, coals do be so dear." (He got all his coals for nothing from the poor old parson and so did Mrs. Spratt.) "So if we do marry we do have two blankets atop of us at night and we have one big fire and sit on either side of it."
So said Mr. Spratford. But when it came to his wife she would scream out:

"Why did us marry? Why I like to have a man about the house and a woman looks better like among her neebours if she do have a husband." So that no doubt Mrs. Spratt was feminine enough, just as Mr. Spratford was undoubtedly masculine. He died raving on the mud floor of his hut. His wife had not the strength to lift him into bed and the four men who had held him down during the night had had to go to work in the morning. He tore his bald head to ribbons with his nails and Mrs. Spratt for years afterwards could make anybody sick with her dramatic rehearsals of how he died. When she was really worked up over this narration she would even scratch her own forehead until it bled. So perhaps she was really a more womanly woman than Mrs. Walker. She kept on going just the same: she is still keeping on going. But she made much more noise about it. That, I believe, is what is demanded of man's weaker vessels.

But even in the village, Meary Spratt was regarded as unusually loquacious whereas Meary Walker attracted, as I have said, no attention at all. It was as if Meary Walker was just a woman whereas Meary Spratt was at least a super-woman, or as if she were a woman endowed with the lungs of a locomotive whistle. Indeed, I am certain that anyone there would have told you that Meary Walker was just an average woman.

THE READER CRITIC
Divagations
Marsden Hartley, Taos, New Mexico:

I suppose I must count myself lover of stylistic radiance. It is not enough for me to have sun; I want the distribution of the prismatic facet, the irridescence wrapped around the sphere. There must be the web for the dew to hang on, there must be a free sky for an avid moon. This cannot, I think, be achieved without a rigid adherence to the significance of essential values.

Between the mania of a Flaubert for exatitude, and the monosyllabic detail of a James Joyce there is, as one may observe, a wide divergence. I want for myself most of all the poetry of a scene, and poetry is just as much 'a well placed "good morning" as it is a wan-
dering ode. I think it is well for the writer of real purposes to escape the less interesting faculty for journalistic rendition, as it is well for the over-paid reporter to elaborate on the fact not present. The successful reporter is not one who tells the truth in conjunction with fact, he is that one who can weave a labyrinth of romantic insinuation around an improbability.

For the novelist, journalistic voluminousness is possibly a valuable adjunct to the swelling out of facility as well as of the page. Poetry has the greater value to one who would write well. It would teach him brevity, compactness. A narrative of a page's length in Frost is as significant a rendition of its theme as is a chapter of Balzac. It is more important that the artist know exactly to the hair his own limitations as well as his excellences. Verhaeren's page or two on his own Belgique is as telling as an entire play of Shakespeare on England, excepting of course that Verhaeren is what his Belgique was, and Shakespeare is the world.

Essences are volumes of another degree merely. The atmosphere of a story should be just as solid as the action. We should know the teacup on the kitchen table of a labourer's family, just as we should know the cataclysm in his soul. It seems to me the novel should be just as mathematical as the good poem, or the excellent bit of prose. It may be the novel is harder both in terms of difficulty as well as consistency, that is to say when psychological inevitability is concerned. Not a term involved which does not swing directly between the moment and its creator. Outside of the fine stylists you get so much of slipping over the surface of the scene. Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James are certainly various, but you get the sense of consequence in them. The Joyce species of entertainment is a restive feathering of the acid upon a not too expansive plate. You are fed with a fascination of little touches. It is Messionierism in words. Cross-hatching which has not the distinction of Rembrandt. There is a humoristic tracery in Joyce which will amuse any ardent lover of the touch. I wonder if we do not hear the strumming of the mosquito's wing a little excessively in Joyce. Is the space around things large enough? Does he care for entirety as much as the whimsie en passant? Is it not a too close relationship of tense values. I have only "Ulysses-Episode IV" to begin my premise. I know one who makes an exquisite drawing solely by means of the point of the pen. He is a large amiable person, who finds a hair from an elephant's tail around his wrist an
engaging preoccupancy. I find it charming in suggestion also, for there is the whole jungle in that small brown strand tickling his wrist. I find the little thing circling around a portion of a very big smiling fellow a pleasant bit of fun. But these dots made by the point of the pen are placed, as far as I can tell, with scientific accuracy under the force of an expensive and spacious magnifying glass, and after two years of labour to a finality in dots, what is there is but the passing of an afternoon cloud beyond a spreading oak, the which comes forth as an accompaniment to a dull poem on the page of a correct magazine. Dot for dot is more what I am thinking; is the case of Joyce; Dürer used dots also, and a host of very vivid lines, and his plates were mostly small. What about the plate of Joyce. Is there the expanse in it, is there encompassed, or does Joyce spread the masses esewhere in his theme. We had Seurat with his very intelligent pointillism, a fine artist, and the only distinguished one in that field of discovery, as superior to Signac and Cross as Cross is superior to Signac. Is Joyce a Seurat of a Signac in wordy dots? I have, I confess, a proud admiration for the flawless line of Ingres, and the dignity of Mass in Courbet, the superb orchestration in the arrangements of Delacroix. I like to excess, the swinging into untouched ethers of Francis Thompson, who has I think given more of the floridness of frigidity than any other poet of modernity. The sanitillance that trickles out of Henry James at his best, and the incomparable fluidity and lucent earthiness of his brother William James, cover my moments with delight. But I wonder if novelists outside the revolutionary academic crew care much for stylistic radiancy. I wonder if being too near the diamond does not shatter its dust. Does the ruby glow with an eye fastened on its skin, or the emerald send up seabottoms of delicious fancy with a hot finger on its face. There are so many sprightly indications in Joyce, almost too much of vividness, which in the presence of so much uncoloured production, might seem unjust.

These are skimmings of reflection of an August afternoon, where the desert shines like a sheet of scorched metal.

Language is after a something wonderful in itself, and as for the perfect word it all but sinks in space for its rarity.

Is not the average line of the acknowledged story-telled a dullard, as to its propensities for initiation? Is not plot the demon of the dream? Should there not be a kind of poetry of line in the unfolding of experience, as well as the giant of edges? A good drawing
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is that one which holds the form consistently between its outlines. Artistry comes in fullness. Seurat was successful. Perhaps Joyce is, also. Joyce amuses. Seurat satisfies.

From California

July issue received.
We cannot make any helpful suggestions to Ezra about the rent, but he can solve his board by eating the goose he has cooked for himself.
Anxiously,
One-tenth of a score of Rural Rumblers.

On the American Number

E. P., London:
Szukalski drawings in the June Little Review show, in two cases, vigour of imagination. Error is in that their interest does not lie in the actual form but in their ideation. At first glance they appear to be more skillful than they are. They cry out "we are masterly", but on closer examination this statement proves to be an exaggeration. The more familiar the eye becomes with them they less do they validate their first statement.
The Angel of Rebellion, no good; Man Following his Principles, a post-Beardsley, not valuable; Men Going to Church, interest of many newspaper caricature; Different Jew, "old master", but doesn't quite come off; next drawing of dog, no value; Man and his Conscience, interesting for about ten minute's close study then gradually recedes; "Medusa" interesting imagination in the conception of the eyes.
Both the last two say something. Both would increasingly bore one if hung up on one's wall. All drawing which does not have its centre of interest in the actual form, in the actual arrangement of lines, planes, solids, wanes rapidly in its power to interest.
Szukalski has indubitable ability and his future work should, or at least could, be of interest.
The drawings do not show formal invention; old cliché devices still in use. Vide proportion of black and grey in background to Man and Conscience.
Szukalski neither dead nor asleep, nor yet part of the world's art (so far as can be discerned from these drawings.) Faculty
displayed in these drawings neither unique nor original, nor, indeed, excessively rare.

Interest in the drawings leaks perceptively in half an hour, and completely disappears at the end of forty-five minutes.

They catch the eye. That is all democracy asks of any “art” product.

They are not original work. This is not an utter condemnation. All good artists pass through a borrowing and copying phase.

Turbyfill has perhaps the cell-nucleus of something about which a book of poems might form itself.

The most pernicious symptom of democracy is the growing clamour for the universal distribution of ignorance. Mr. Solon does not join in this clamour, but he rather implies that I have insisted on all authors knowing the classics. At least his readers might easily mistake him to mean that I had said this; that I had “insisted”.

I have merely said that young men hoping to leave permanent works are rather stupid not to enlighten themselves.

The masters have seldom been illiterates. Shakespeare’s “woodnotes” are a fiction of that pompous ass Milton. Shakespeare had his Ovid from Golding (excellent medium), he had his antiquity from North’s “Plutarch”, he had great erudition from Florio’s “Montaigne”. With these three books on his shelf no man need be lacking in “literacy”.

Dante was a savant. Chaucer, likewise. Villon had escaped from the university of Paris and makes a constant parade of his tags. Catullus presumably knew more Greek (or knew what he knew with greater intensity) than any Roman of his time. Heine is perhaps the least savant, yet he had happened on Bertrans de Born at a time when troubadours were less known than at present.

But I have never said that all authors should be savants, or that they should all read the classics.

The last scald, by the Kennedy-Frasers in Bebbecuba, treasured his knowledge, he sang “Aille” to music which I take to be eleven centuries old (at lowest estimate, and 3000 years old very possibly). He left the cottage when parvenu labour songs, spinning songs were sung. He held his caste without any comprehension by an audience.

But I have never said that all authors need know the classics. A critic however is less likely to be taken in by literary and
artistic shell-games if he have his mind decently stored with master-
work which will serve him for comparison. The more of it he has in
his head the quicker his eye and perception; the more speedily will
he see the germ of corruption, the ineluctable signs of impermanence.

The American press and public on art is the merest jabber.
The American commentator lapses into cant phrase as indis­
criminately as a peasant into proverbs. We have indeed a castrated
peasantry, able to read, strained through a public-school colander,
and dessicated by ten-cent cultural formulae.

Some of Solon's remarks are excellent. There are also some
good sentences in Bill Williams. The man who does not want to
produce permanent work is outside the scope of our consideration;
he should go back to pale spittle of Hen. Van Dyke.

And again what have we to do with Romain Rolland, or other
Bloomsbury fad six years late?
The current-events-clubs are always getting these crazes. Noth­ing
but some sort of habit of close comparison, of close inspection
of the actual text of authors themselves in contradistinction to di­
luted reviews, will be any use in these matters.

Barbusse is Catulle Mendès' son-in-law. He won the prize of
"concours de poesie de l'Echo de Paris" in 1893; at the age of nine­
teen. (One should not treasure this up against him.) He edited
"Je sais tout". He published a volume of poems, "Pleureuses", in
1895. In "Le Feu" he is more topical and therefore more widely
known. As writing it does not improve on

LA LETTRE
Je t'écris et la lampe écoute.
L'horloge attend à petits coups;
Je vais fermer les yeux sans doute
Et je vais m'endormir de nous . . . .
La lampe est douce et j'ai la fièvre;
On n'entend que ta voix, ta voix . . . .
J'ai ton nom qui rit sur ma lèvre
Et ta caresse est dans mes doigts.
J'ai de la douceur de naguère;
Ton pauvre coeur sanglote en moi;
Et mi-rêvant, je sais guère
Si c'est moi qui t'écris, ou toi . . . .
(from "Pleureuses", 1895.)

He has very considerable depiction in his prose.
ANNOUNCEMENTS

The October number will contain:

Poems and drawings by Jean de Bosschere
Seven Lyrics by William Butler Yeats
La Wallonie, by Ezra Pound
Fashions in Criticism, by J. H. Le Monier
The Disease of American "Criticism"

The recent editions of the Little Review have been selling out very rapidly. In order to avoid the disappointment of missing a number, and to help us to comply with the new paper regulations, become a postal subscriber at once.

ELKIN MATHEWS, Publisher and Vendor of Choice and Rare Editions in Belles Lettres. 4a Cork Street, London W. 1.

Note to Collectors

Early editions of Mr. Pound’s books, as follows:

* A Lume Spento* (Antonelli, Venice, 1908). Last copy sold at £8.
* Quinzaine* (Pollock, 1908), unobtainable.
* Quinzaine* (my edition), unobtainable.
* Personae* (1909), published at 2/6, a few copies (postage included)
  $1.25.
* Exultations* (1909), published at 2/6, a few copies (postage included) $1.25.
* Canzoni* (1911), not to be reissued. $1.00 (postage included).
* Personae* and *Exultations*, in one volume, 1913; none remain.
* Canzoni* and *Ripostes*, in one volume, 1913. 25 copies remain.
  $1.25 (postage included).
* Lustra* (private edition, 124 pages), 1916, with photogravure. 21 copies offered at $3.00 (postage included).
* Lustra* (public edition with photogravure), 116 pages, $1.50, postage included, binding in heavy canvass.
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