Seven Poems, by William Butler Yeats

Poems and drawings by Jean de Bosschere
OCTOBER, 1918

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William Butler Yeats

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Ezra Pound

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The Reader Critic

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EZRA POUND, London Editor
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Foreign office:
5 Holland Place Chambers, London W. 8.

25c. a copy; $2.50 a year. English 12/ a year.
Abonnement fr. 15 par an.

Entered as second-class matter at P. O., New York, N. Y.,
under the act March 3, 1879.
Published monthly by Margaret Anderson
SEVEN POEMS
William Butler Yeats

To a Young Girl

My dear, my dear, I know
More than another
What makes your heart beat so;
Not even your own mother
Can know it as I know,
Who broke my heart for her
When the wild thought,
That she denies
And has forgot,
Set all her blood astir
And glittered in her eyes.

A Song

I thought no more was needed
Youth to prolong
Than dumb bell and foil
To keep the body young.
Oh who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?

Though I have many words
What woman's satisfied?
I am no longer faint
Because at her side.
Oh who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?
I have not lost desire
But the heart that I had,
I thought 'twould burn my body
Laid on the death bed.
But who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?

S o l o m o n t o S h e b a

Sang Solomon to Sheba
And kissed her dusky face,
All day long from midday
We have talked in the one place,
All day long from shadowless noon
We have gone round and round
In the narrow theme of love
Like an old horse in a pound.

To Solomon sang Sheba
Planted on his knees,
If you had broached a matter
That might the learned please,
You had before the sun had thrown
Our shadows on the ground
Discovered that my thoughts, not it,
Are but a narrow pound.

Sang Solomon to Sheba
And kissed her Arab eyes,
There's not a man or woman
Born under the skies
Dare match in learning with us two,
And all day long we have found
There's not a thing but love can make
The world a narrow pound.
The Living Beauty

I'll say and maybe dream I have drawn content,
Seeing that time has frozen up the blood
The wick of youth being burned and the oil spent,
From beauty that is cast out of a mould
In bronze, or that in dazzling marble appears,
Appears, and when we have gone is gone again,
Being more indifferent to our solitude
Than 'twere an apparition. O heart we are old:
The living beauty is for younger men
We cannot pay its tribute of wild tears.

Under the Round Tower

"Although I'd lie lapped up in linen
A deal I'd sweat and little earn
If I should live as lives the neighbours"
Cried the beggar, Billy Bryne.
"Stretch bones till the daylight come
On great-grandfather's battered tomb."

Upon a grey old battered tombstone
In Glendalough beside the stream,
Where the O'Bryrnes and Byrnes are buried,
He stretched his bones and fell in a dream
Of sun and moon that a good hour
Bellowed and pranced in the round tower.

Of golden king and silver lady
Bellowing up and bellowing round
Till toes mastered a sweet measure
Mouth mastered a sweet sound;
Prancing round and prancing up
Until they pranced upon the top.
That golden king and that wild lady
Sang till stars began to fade
Hands gripped in hands, toes close together,
Hairs spread on the wind they made;
That lady and that golden king
Could like a brace of blackbirds sing.

"It's certain that my luck is broken"
That rambling jailbird Billy said,
"Before nightfall I'll pick a pocket
And snug it in a feather bed.
I cannot find the peace of home
On great grandfather's battered tomb."

March 1918.

Tom O' Roughley

"Though logic choppers rule the town,
And every man and maid and boy
Has marked a distant object down,
An aimless joy is a pure joy,"
Or so did Tom O'Roughley say
That saw the surges running by,
"And wisdom is a butterfly
And not a gloomy bird of prey.

"If little planned is little sinned
But little need the grave distress.
What's dying but a second wind?
How but in zig-zag wantoness
Could trumpeter Michael be so brave"?
Or something of that sort he said.
"And if my dearest friend were dead
I'd dance a measure on his grave."

February 16, 1918.
A Prayer on going into my House

God grant a blessing on this tower and cottage
And on my heirs, if all remain unspoiled,
No table, or chair or stool not simple enough
For shepherd lads in Galilee; and grant
That I myself for portions of the year
May handle nothing and set eyes on nothing
But what the great and passionate have used
Throughout so many varying centuries
We take it for the norm; yet should I dream
Sinbad the sailor's brought a painted chest,
Or image, from beyond the Loadstone Mountain
That dream is a norm; and should some limb of the devil
Destroy the view by cutting down an ash
That shades the road, or setting up a cottage
Planned in a government office, shorten his life,
Manacle his soul upon the Red Sea bottom.

DE BOSSCHERE'S STUDY OF ELSKAMP *

Ezra Pound

I CONFESSIONED in my February essay my inability to make anything of Max Elskamp's poetry, and I have tacitly confessed my inability to find any formula for hawking De Bosschère's own verse to any public of my acquaintance; De Bosschère's study of Elskamp, however, requires no advocacy; I do not think it even requires to be a study of Max Elskamp; it drifts as quiet canal water; the protagonist may or may not be a real man.

"Ici, la solitude est plus acentuée: souvent, pendant de longues minutes, les rues sont désertes... Les portes ne semblent pas, ainsi que dans les grandes villes, s'ouvrir sur un poumon de vie, et être une cellule vivante de la rue. Au contraire, toutes sont fermées. Aussi bien, les façades de ce quartier sont pareilles aux murs borgnes. Un mince ruban de ciel roux et gris, à peine bleu au printemps, dé-

coupe les pignons, se tend sur le marché désert et sur le puits profond des cours."

From this Antwerp, De Bosschère derives his subject, as Gau­tier his "Albertus" from
Un vieux bourg flamand tel que peint Téniers;
trees bathing in water.

"Son univers était limité par: 'le grand peuplier'; une statue de Pomone, 'le grand rocher', et 'la grand grenouille'; ceci était un coin touffu où il y avait de l'eau et où il ne vit jamais qu'une seule grenouille, qu'il croyait immortelle". De Bosschère's next vision of Elskamp is when his subject is pointed out as "le poète décadent", for no apparent reason save that he read Mallarmé at a time when Antwerp did not. The study breaks into a cheerful grin when Elskamp tells of Mallarmé's one appearance in the sea-port:

"Le bruit et les cris qui furent poussés pendant la conférence de Mallarmé, l'arrêtèrent plusieurs fois. L'opinion du public sur sa causerie est contenue en ces quelques mots, dits par un général retraité, grand joueur de billard, et qui du reste ne fit qu'une courte absence de la salle de jeu, pour écouter quelques phrases du poète. 'Cet homme est ivre ou fou', dit il fort haut, en quittant la salle, où son jugement fit loi. Anvers, malgré un léger masque de snobisme, qui pourrait tromper, n'a pas changé depuis. Mallarmé, même pour les avertis, est toujours l'homme ivre ou fou."

The billard player is the one modern touch in the book; for the rest Elskamp sails with sea-captains, apparently in sailing ships to Constantinople, or perhaps one should call it Byzantium. He reads Juan de la Cruz and Young's Night Thoughts, and volumes of demonology, in the properly dim library of his maternal grandfather, "Sa passion en rhétorique fut pour Longfellow, il traduisait 'Song of (sic) Hiawatots.'"

The further one penetrates into De Bosschère's delightful narrative the less real is the hero; the less he needs to be real. A phantom has been called out of De Foe's period, delightful phantom, taking on the reality of the fictitious; in the end the author has created a charming figure, but I am as far as ever from making head or tail of the verses attributed to this creation. I have had a few hours' delightful reading, I have loitered along slow canals, behind a small window sits Elskamp doing something I do not in the least understand.
II

So was I at the end of the first division "Sur la Vie" de Max Elskamp. The second division, concerned with "Oeuvre et Vie", but raised again the questions that had faced me in reading Elskamp's printed work. He has an undercurrent, an element everywhere present, differentiating his poems from other men's poems. De Bosschère scarcely helps me to name it. The third division of the book, at first reading, nearly quenched the curiosity and the interest aroused by the first two thirds. On second reading I thought better of it. Elskamp, plunged in the middle ages, in what seems almost an atrophy, as much as an atavism, became a little more plausible. (For what is it worth, I read the chapter upon a day of almost complete exhaustion).

"Or, quand la vision lâche comme une proie vidée
le saint, il demeure avec les hommes."

"Entre le voyant et ceux qui le sanctifient il y a un précipice insondable. Seul l'individu est béatifié par sa croyance; mais il ne peut l'utiliser au temporel ni la partager avec les hommes, et c'est peut-être la forme unique de la justice sur terre."

The two sentences give us perhaps the tone of De Bosschère's critique "Sur le Mysticisme" of Elskamp.

It is however not in De Bosschère, but in La Wallonie that I found the clue to this author:

Consolatrice des Affliges

Et l'hiver m'a donné la main,
J'ai la main d'Hiver dans les mains,
et dans ma tête, au loin, il brûle
les vieux étés de canicule;
et dans mes yeux, en candeurs lentes,
très blanchement il fait des tentes,
dans mes yeux il fait des Sicile,
puis des îles, encore des îles.

Et c'est tout un voyage en rond
trop vite pour la guérison
à tous les pays où l'on meurt,
au long cours des mers et des heures;

et c'est tout un voyage au vent
sur les vaisseaux de mes lits blancs

qui houlent avec des étoiles
à l'entour de toutes les voiles.

or j'ai le goût de mer aux lèvres
comme une rancoeur de genièvre

bu pour la très mauvaise orgie
des départs dans les tabagies;

puis ce pays encore me vient:
un pays de neiges sans fin....

Marie des bonnes couvertures,
faites-y la neige moins dure

et courir moins comme des lières
mes mains sur mes draps blancs de fièvre.

— Max Elskamp in “La Wallonie”, 1892.

The poem appears in Van Bever and Léautaud’s anthology and there may be no reason for my not having thence received it; but there is, for all that, a certain value in finding a man among his native surroundings, and in finding Elskamp at home, among his contemporaries, I gained first the advantage of comprehension.
WHEN the brass door of the labyrinth clanged behind him he was in darkness. The noise reverberated in his ears and grew fainter, like an omen called from hill-top to hill-top till it died ten thousand miles into the heart of a continent. He waited for the last echo to fade; for the hollow sound lay about him like a wild beast’s eyes. But however faint and ultimate the hullo-ing grew, always further and fainter and more ominous, another echo woke. He waited an eternity. The last remote vibration died. He put one foot forward: stealthily and so faintly that an effort to strain his ears to catch the sound, seemed to burst a blood-vessel deep in his brain; another echo awoke. He could not stand it. “Haia” he shouted into the dark, “Haia”: determined to kill forever that globular and staring echo. The sound went crashing along the dark galleries, and came spitting and crashing back to him like thunder, and ready to bring the walls down about him.

He was afraid and lifted his shield above his head. “Mother”, he cried, instinctively.

He began to go forward. His feet made no sound: he could see nothing. When he touched the wall he drew his hand away: it was wet and slimy and felt like a snake’s skin. Sometimes he turned right-angles, following the walls. It did not matter.

He tried not to think of the approaching encounter, so that he might reserve his strength, but in its place he only saw Ariadne whom he hated. He tried to think of the girl he had left behind, but her face had grown vague and her eyes ghostly.

Still he marched on. At first he had walked warily, dreading surprise at each moment, but as he saw that the corridors were only a man’s breadth he regained confidence.

He walked till each step had become automatic. He had forgotten whether he walked or not. Only if he stopped could he know, but this did not occur to him.

A sudden turn brought him up sharp, and he stopped. The muscles of his legs and calves began to twitch spasmodically and with excruciating pain. He was forced to go on.
Still the dark held, and though he strained his eyes to see what lay before him, he only saw lines of white fire darting across his sight, and these burst with a little splatter when they reached the edge of his retina.

At first he thought he was seeing light: then he knew that the gods were laughing at him.

He saw pale outlines of a stomach appear on the dark before him, and it was like a drawing on a slate. He knew by that he was hungry.

His bowels began to gripe, calling for food, and the peristaltic wave for him a figure 8, with the long axis lying horizontal. The motion of each foot as it touched ground translated itself into a circle of fire, flashing first on one side of his brain and then on the other.

He did not know if he walked or not. He felt his eyes bursting from his head. Purkinje's figures danced before him, making a pink haze. There was a little tug behind him — and a cord snapped.

**Dancer**

Gyroscope hums immutably through buttocks — threatens and terrifies — pervading obscure oscillation. A world set into motion, uncontrollable.

But in opposite direction and actually and with a more furious obscurity of oscillation hips burn with more febrile and human life. Then the shoulders — and, moving down like a snake, the ribs prepare for action. Furiously the head gyrates, veers — a synthetic five moon of Saturn. Thighs and legs are pivotted on quicksilver — they cannot give — head and buttocks dangle from Sirius.

Buttocks sway alternately — a floating pier — one is terrified lest they break away, continue their ponderous flight, through a space where there is no darkness, for we are atoms glued to their axes.

Neck and head joggle like five mad moons in steel blue. But from the bulb one yellow shaft swerves out — blinding. The machine clanks — shivers on quicksilver, a surface cut to files by winds denser than metals — but the gravid beauty totters, then stands, for quintessential concentrations jab one from the heel.

The trunk twists like a reed upon the sinister lake of dynamism
made by buttocks — yet revolves about them. From each heel the marvellous upthrust makes the buttocks topple from one side of the strut to the other.

Machine accreted from birth, oiled much. Such a belly — tight like a drum.

One hundred rotations in as many planes.

Buttocks strutted recklessly, firm against quicksilver, heeling, terribly immutable.

Trunk wavers and twists.
And on an agate edge the head turns wildly with its blurred wings of ears, emitting its shrill blue and bright bulbray.

God

The Dramatist sat working. He saw his hero young, handsome, and gifted with valuable gifts. He saw him married, weighed down by life (it was a Tragedy, "bien entendu"). He saw him finally overcome. He grew sad when he thought of his hero, sometimes even wept. Often he said to himself: "There, but for the grace of God, goes . . ."

Then the play was staged and was an instant success. Touring companies were sent out, translations made. The play was performed in every capital in Europe. But the Dramatist had forgotten the old play, for he was working on another.

And every night while the Dramatist slept, ate, entertained, loved: at eight o'clock precisely a certain theatre in London would be filled with beautiful women in beautiful wraps, virile men in evening dress, shop girls and clerks in the gallery. At 8.10 his hero would walk on the stage, take off his "gibus" with verve and develop his part. The heroine would fling herself into his arms, threaten suicide; in short be adorable. The whole long play would be gone through, word for word as it had been written, with exactly the right curve of wrist for holding a cigarette. To the Dramatist, when he thought about it, these were people he had met vaguely at dinner.

On the Continent at varying times the same scene was enacted, The same sort of theatre was filled with the same sort of people who were shown the play exactly as it had been written, word for word.

Another replica of the hero; an identical heroine: angry,
sobbing, despairing. The same emotions evoked all over the world. And every evening, while the author of their being slept, ate, loved or entertained; somewhere a thousand miles away a beautiful, straight and immaculate hero would suddenly break off his own sleeping, eating, entertaining or loving to knock at a door, walk on to a stage, throw his "gibus" on to a divan, and pull up his trousers a little at the knee before he knelt to make his grand declaration of passion. Every evening, a hundred similar heroes and heroines all over the world.

It was like an action that, once done, goes careering through space forever and forever.

But the Dramatist was working on a new play. He had forgotten what his old play was about. He even repeated one of the scenes, with a difference.

**Theatre Muet**

The curtain is raised upon Autumn and closely interwoven trees. Dead leaves in profusion. Behind is seen a long field with stocks of corn which mist is clotting.

Behind — mountains.

Curtain drops.

The curtain is raised again and a woman is standing beneath the trees, half in shadow. It is the first phase of twilight.

Evidently she is waiting.

The mist grows denser and gradually envelopes the trees so that the woman is blotted out.

The trees multiply rapidly; she is in a dense thicket (clearing disappears); the mist rises.

Steps are heard in the leaves — the trees dwindle; they become bushes.

The sky grows darker but clearer — the evening star ascends.

A man — and she rushes to meet him. Everything quickly blots out in curtain of black and yellow with spots and streaks that whirl excentrically as they embrace. This disappears as they draw apart. Trees gradually climb higher again and while they regard each other the landscape resumes its appearance as at the opening of the scene.

They approach and seize each other. The swirl of colour
again appears but with the original landscape diminished upon it.
They separate.
They have become colossal in comparison with what is around
them, but gradually as they are sucked into it the trees resume
their normal size, the mist creeps out thickly.
It grows darker with more stars. The time for parting ap­
proaches.
The trees grow higher and higher, become a thick forest, very
cold. The mist threads the trunks milkily.
It is evident he must go.
They embrace, and for a moment the trees seem to dwindle
and then shoot up terrifically engulfing her. She cowers.
Rustling of leaves, — his receding footsteps.

A f t e r  H a f i z

I r i s  B a r r y

Dawn seemed so slow in coming
the earliest hour of morning drove me to the garden
as mad as a nightingale for the comfort of the roses.
My rose loomed through the dusk
like a red lam of loveliness:
proud of her youth:
careless of the notes of her lovers the birds:
at her feet
the tulip’s heart was stained with stripes of passion
and the narcissus dropped tears of envy from her dark eyes.
I cried to my rose: “Laila! I too would be tranquil as your sweet
silken robe
Might I like it enfold you.”
Alas! Her breast and shoulder, her breast and shoulder have
quite ruined my heart.
I ask of the nightingales what remedy for a poor lover?
Altogether they sing sadly “Her sweet mouth, her desired mouth!”
Dear!

Pourquoi est-tu dans Little Russell street,
Et pourquoi me parles-tu, Dear?
Tu es venue de Pise,
Par Milan ou tu fus initiée.
Pourquoi me parles-tu le mauvais anglais
Que je te réponds?
Et pourquoi n'est-tu pas à quatre pattes,
Sans cette poignée de boutons et d'agraffes,
Et dix mètres de ruban?
Toutes ces choses nouées sur l'ombilic
Me rendent avide dans l'Assyrie du British.

Plus bête dans ton jupon vert, jaune et bleu,
Mais splendide et baroque!
Et c'est la volupté!
Avec tes pantalons noirs moulés,
Et ton sein comme un œuf
que pond ton corset rose,
Pourquoi me dis-tu des choses trop idiotes?
En parlant l'anglais par l'italien à un Français?

Avance a quatre pattes, petit ivoire bête,
Tu seras magique,
Avec tes cuisses un peu roses,
Mais bleu-rose et de satin violet
Entre le genou et la tignasse de Venus,
Pourquoi m'as-tu parlé en anglais cassé,
Dear, dans Little Russell street,
Si, maintenant vides,—
Toi, grotesque,
Moi burlesquement lucide,—
Tu ne peux pas grimper à quatre pattes?
Réponds, animal,
Et ne te fie plus à ton art trop antique!
Momie

Au Bodéga une momie cherche son amant.
Elle est faite de creux,
Un squelette vide.
Des trous sombres pour le ventre et pour les yeux;
Les joues limées à l'ocre;
Des sillons obscurs de l'œil à la bouche plus noire;
Sous le cou la robe courbe dans l'iliaque,
Et penche vers les pieds.

Elle s'est brulée dans les pensées d'amour;
Elle est faite de larmes et de bitume.
Dans sa chambre des rubans et des fleurs
pour Lui!
Quant à elle, le feu dévore tout cela.
Les fleurs fanent à son souffle;
Les rubans sont pour d'autres,
Blondes et bleues, moins furieuses.

Quant à elle,
Sous le cuir jaune d'amour et de pleurs,
Elle est rouge et brune.
Dans sa cuvette une chemise est trempée;
L'odeur des ambres plane dans sa chambre;
Et de la poussière fait armure aux meubles.
Et toujours son cœur se rétrécit,
Pôle ardent dans le feu qui la mange.

Du fond des yeux elle cherche l'amant,
Et, courbée un peu,
Jaune dans le drap vert,
Elle regarde par le guichet de la porte d'acajou:
Oeil d'or du hareng violet et bleu,
Aux fentes des caques disjointes.
Silence

Avec d'autres masques, La lie prend du thé;
Lo’in, je n'entends point ces mouettes travesties,
Ni aucun autre bruit de mauvaise poulie.
Alors ce soir, Harpocratès est venu me vistiter.

Il a bien tardé, j'ai tout empoisonné,
Donnant de la flamme aux racines,
De la flame aux fleurs,
Aux coeurs triangulaires des femmes.

Harpocratès tu viens trop tard,
Mais je te comprends,
Dieu demeuré dans le brouillard.
Vous me regardez, Grec divin,
Et même votre regard ne dit rien.
Dis-moi l'honneur sombre-t-il dans le silence?
Il ne dit rien.

Une fois, Lalie prenait du thé,—
Harpocrates écoutait un chevalier,—
Harpocratès sans mot dire,
Riait comme tous les Dieux.
Le Chien Domestique

Castor le braque de Pollux est mort.
"Ils s'aimaient"
Dit quelqu'un, mais c'est un homme
dont la logique est toute petite
Dans la pivoine blanche de la cervelle.

S'aimaient-ils,
Le chien et l'homme?
Lui baissait le nez nu et blanc,
L'autre levait le museau de glue noire:

Entente avec télégraphie,
Même pendant la station aux arbres.
Ce langage du nez blanc
Et du nez noir
M'écorchait tout vivant.

A table, les odeurs,
Celle de l'homme et celle du braque
Appelaient dans les viandes et les sauces,
Non pas le poivre cavalier,
Ni le sel au froid d'aurore,
Mais le fumet de la truie grecque,
Et des Hybrides:
Métamorphoses;
Ragoût de petits vices simplistes;
Enfin, l'insoutenable chien domestique.

De plus, l'un d'eux Pollux,
Tenait l'autre attaché:
Petite chaîne de cuir jaune,
Et, dans le mystère,
Il y avait peut-être des liens de fer.

Castor est mort.
Pollux, ô Pollux, petit enfant
De cinquante ans!
Sa femme console le survivant
Remue ses babouches,
Fait geindre le fauteuil,
Se rappelle, pitoyable, dans la cervelle,
Dans le crâne étroit de Pollux,
Par vingt bruits familiers,
Y compris sa toux courte.
Mais Pollux pique la terre
Du nez froid et innocent, nu.

Or moi, chrétien ancien,
Et qui connaît maintes amours,
Et la peine de la solitude,
Peine dans l'homme qui tremble
Au bain glacé, ici, Hô ici, certes!
Or moi pieux,
J'ai choisi ma plus rousse poule,
Poule que renard ne mangerait,
— Trop belle en vérité,—
Que ni Rothchild ni Rothmaler affamés
N'oseraient manger,
Poule à peindre sur enseigne, or,
Et tête rouge, oeil de sable rose.
Elle me regarde comme la fleur épiaiae

J'ai envoyé ma poule d'or à Pollux.
Déjà elle picorait le grain dans ma main.
C'est une poule domestique.
Et j'y ajoutai une la'sse, un cordon de soies
Promenades!
POETRY is the statement of overwhelming emotional values
all the rest is an affair of cuisine, of art.

On n'émeut que par la clarté. Stendhal is right in that clause.
He was right in his argument for prose, but Poetry also aims at
giving a feeling precisely evaluated.

Satire is the expression of disgust with false evaluations.
A passage is "poetic or "unpoetic" in two respects:
(a) the degree in which the emotional element inheres.
(b) the justness of the evaluation.

It is good or bad poetry according to the quality of the expression.

Sentimentality, sob-stuff: false statement of values.
Good art is expression of emotional values which do not give
way to the intellect. Bad art is merely an assertion of emotion,
which intellect, common-sense, knocks into a cocked hat.

Wordsworth, emotion almost null, emotional element scarcely
present, and evaluation largely humbug.

Milton, barroque.
Dante: Era già l'ora che volge il desio.
Victorians, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, all given to "lay­
ing it on" in one way or another; not but what there are sound
things in both Swinburne and Browning. Kipling, a mere exagger­
ration of Victoriania, banjo rendering of the Browno-Swinburnian
compost.

The better tradition of English:

"Seafarer", lines in the "Wanderer", parts of Lay­
aman, Chaucer. Gavin Douglas, Golding, Marlowe (translations
as well as original work), William Shakespeare (as certain other
critics have noted), Ballads and Elizabethan songs (rigorously se­
lected), Wyatt, Donne, Waller, Herrick, later a few catches of
Dorset and Rochester, Crabbe, Landor (selected and sifted).

In Latin:

Catullus, of the most poignant poets.
Horace, complicated proposition, to be dealt with elsewhere.
Ovid, particularization, sense of the Gods, very great poet, underestimated during the last 150 or 200 years, perhaps underestimated ever since the renaissance.

Propertius, quality (more anon).

Gallus, too little honoured.

Martial, valuable for his opposition to the rhetoricians. This importance not understood until one realizes that he was in such opposition; similar situation now, literati vs. journalism. "The rhetoricians ruined the empire."

The rhetoricians amy Lowellized Cicero.

NOTE UPON FASHIONS IN CRITICISM

J. H. Le Monier

APRÈS une visite de plusieurs mois en Amérique où j'avais accepté un poste de professeur dans une des universités du Centre-Ouest, et après avoir assisté à nombre de conférences dans les réunions des différents "Discussion Circles"; je remarquai chez l'Américain cultivé un curieux enthousiasme superficiel à recueillir des informations sur la chose du moment, en même temps qu'une également curieuse et fondamentale répugnance à comprendre aucune nouveauté ayant trait à autre chose.

Je suis donc peut-être mieux à même de juger que la plupart des autres Français des difficultés qui ont du assillir la "Little Review" en présentant à son public le numéro français. L'accueil qui fut fait à ce numéro par d'autres revues, soit-disant modernes, fut, il me semble, inutilement grossier. "Poetry", magazine qui s'intitule fièrement "La plus vivante expression de cet art" (poésie), me paraît dans un article "Our Contemporaries" superlativement inexacte.

"The anthology fever has not hit the French publishers quite as it has the American." "Le fieire des anthologies n'a pas frappé les éditeurs français tout à fait aussi rudement que les Américains.

Je ne sais trop s'ils en sont frappés tout-a-fait aussi rudement que les Américains, mais à coup sur, il y a un nombre respectable d'anthologies en France.

2. Monsieur S. W. dit que le commentaire de Monsieur P. est
toujours contradictoire. Ce commentaire contredit peut-être en effet le goût courant de l'Université de l'Illinois, ou de Chitaouqua, et très certainement le goût de Monsieur S. W., mais il ne se contredit lui-même en aucune manière; il est, en fait, parfaitement cohérent.

3. Monsieur S. W. nous annonce que Bryon et Alfred de Musset furent à portée de voix, à "Shouting distance" l'un de l'autre. "Shouting distance" est plaisant! Leur période fut sans doute plus impétueuse que la nôtre; ils furent tous deux de vagues romantistes se souciant peu de la technique de leurs vers. Il n'y a pourtant dans Musset rien qui ressemble à Don Juan.

4. Swinburne a eu beau admirer Gautier: seul un lecteur sans discernement parlera de proche parenté entre l'oeuvre de ces deux hommes.

5. Monsieur S. W. dit que Monsieur P. choisit des poèmes qui n'auraient jamais tenté le traducteur. Traducteur dans ce cas, signifie évidemment Monsieur S. W.

6. Il déclare que le choix des poètes fait par Monsieur P. est une liste dressée au hazard. La fausseté de ce jugement peut être démontrée par quiconque voudra bien se donner la peine d'observer que Monsieur P. fournit toujours des raisons spécifiques pour traiter chacun des poètes qu'il inclut.

7. Voici d'ailleurs qui peut servir comme échantillon de l'inexactitude secondaire caractéristique des mauvais journalistes qui pullulent également en France, en Angelterre et en Amérique. Il cite Monsieur P. et lui fait dire: "Nous avons (We have) beaucoup de parnassiens". Si Monsieur P. avait dit cela, il aurait, me semble, fait erreur, si je puis m'en rapporter à la poésie contemporaine d'Amérique que j'ai lue. Mais voici textuellement ce que Monsieur P. a dit: "L'Amérique a eu (Has had) suffisemment de parnassiens, peut être de second ordre, mais suffisemment."

Monsieur S. W. conclut en faisant remarquer que Monsieur P. insiste sur un point, à savoir: qu'il y a des mauvais poètes en Français aussi bien qu'en Anglais.

Monsieur P. constate légèrement. Faut-il insister?
GROSSBOOTED draymen rolled barrels dullhudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float. Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float.
— There it is, John Murray said. Alexander Keyes.
— Just cut it out, will you? Mr. Bloom said, and I'll take it round to the Telegraph office.
— The door of Ruttledge's office creaked again.
John Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean strokes.
— I'll go through the printing works, Mr. Bloom said, taking the cut square.
— Of course, if he wants a par, John Murray said earnestly, we can do him one.
— Right, Mr. Bloom said with a nod. I'll rub that in.

We:
John Murray touched Mr. Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered:
— Brayden.
Mr. Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered from Prince's street. Dullthudding Guinness's barrels. It passed stately up the stair case, steered by an umbrella, a solemn beardframed face. The broadcloth back ascended each step: back. All his brains are in the nape of his neck, Simon Dedalus says. Fat folds of neck, fat, neck, fat, neck.
— Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour? John Murray whispered.
The door of Ruttledge's office whispered: ee: cree.
Our Saviour: beardframed oval face: talking in the dusk.
Mary, Martha. Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights: Mario the tenor.
— Or like Mario, Mr. Bloom said.
— Yes, John Murray agreed. But Mario was said to be the
picture of Our Saviour.

Jesusmario with rougy cheeks, doublet and spindle legs. Hand on his heart. In Martha.

*Co-ome thou lost one,*

*Co-ome thou dear one!*

— His grace phoned down twice this morning, John Murray said gravely.

They watched the knees, legs, boots vanish. Neck.

Mr. Bloom said slowly:

— Well, he is one of our saviours also.

A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counter-flap, as he passed in through the sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage, along the now reverberating boards. Thumping, thumping.

He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered, stepping over strewn packing paper. Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet.

Hynes here too: account of the funeral probably. Thumping thump. This morning the remains of the late Mr. Patrick Dignam. Machines. His machineries are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in.

Mr. Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body, admiring the glossy crown.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College green. He ran that workaday worker tack for all it was worth.

The machines clanked in thre fou r time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no-one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. Want a cool head.

— Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor, Hynes said.

Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is backing him they say.

The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter. He handed the sheet
silently over the dirty glass screen.
— Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.
Mr. Bloom stood in his way.
— If you want to draw, the cashier is just going to lunch, he said, pointing backward with his thumb.
— Did you? Hynes asked.
— Mm, Mr. Bloom said. Look sharp and you'll catch him.
— Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I'll tap him too.
He hurried on eagerly towards the Freeman's Journal.
Three bob I lent him in Meagher's.
Mr. Bloom laid his cutting on Mr. Nannetti's desk.
— Excuse me, councillor, he said. Th's ad, you see. Keyes, you remember.
Mr. Nannetti considered the cutting awhile and nodded.
— He wants it in for July, Mr. Bloom said.
The foreman moved his pencil towards it.
— But wait, Mr. Bloom said. He wants it changed. Keyes, you see. He wants two keys at the top.
Hell of a row they make. Maybe he understands what I.
The foreman turned round to hear patiently and, lifting an elbow, began to scratch slowly in the armpit of his alpaca jacket.
— Like that, Mr. Bloom said, crossing his forefingers at the top.
Let him take that in first . . .
Mr. Bloom, glancing sideways up from the cross he had made, saw the foreman's sallow face, think he has a touch of jaundice, and beyond the obedient reels feeding in the huge webs of paper. Clank it. Clank it. Miles of it unreeled. What becomes of it after? O, wrap up meat, parcels: various uses, one thing or another.
Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred woodwork.
— Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then here the name Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on.
Better not teach him his own business.
— You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round the top in leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea?
The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly.
— The idea, Mr. Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that? I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that voglio. But then if he didn’t know only make it awkward for him. Better not.
— We can do that, the foreman said. Have you the design?
— I can get it, Mr. Bloom said. It was in a Kilkenny paper. He has a house there too. I’ll just run out and ask him. Well, you can do that and just a little par calling attention. You know the usual Highclass licensed premises. Longfelt want. So on.
The foreman thought for an instant.
— We can do that, he said. Let him give us a three month’s renewal.
A typesetter brought him a limp galleypage. He began to check it silently. Mr. Bloom stood by, hearing the loud throbs of cranks, watching the silent typesetters at their cases.
Want to be sure of his spelling. Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his spellingbee conundrum this morning. It is amusing to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it? double ess ment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall. Silly isn’t it? Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry.
I could have said when he clapped on his topper. Thank you. I ought to have said something about an old hat or something. No, I could have said. Looks as good as new now. See his phiz then.
Slit. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with slit the first batch of quirefolded papers. Slit. Almost human the way it slit to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too slit creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Slit.
The foreman handed back the galleypage suddenly, saying:
— Wait. Where’s the archbishop’s letter? It’s to be repeated in the Telegraph. Where’s what’s his name
He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines.
— Monks, sir?
— Ay. Where's Monks?
— Monks!
Mr. Bloom took up his cutting. Time to get out.
—Then I'll get the des'gn, Mr. Nannetti, he said, and you'll give it a good place I know.
— Monks!
— Yes, sir.

He walked on through the caseroom, passing an old man, bowed, spectacled, aproned. Old Monks, the dayfather. Queer lot of stuff he must have put through his hands in his time: obituary notices, pubs' ads, speeches, divorce suits, found drowned. Near- ing the end of his tether now. Sober serious man with a bit in the savings bank I'd say. Wife a good cook and washer. Daughter working the machine in the parlour. Plain Jane, no damn nonsense.

He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type. Reads it backwards first. Quickly he does it. Must require some practice that. mangiD kcirtaP. Poor papa with his haggadah book, reading backwards with his finger to me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of Egypt alleluia. Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu. No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher and then then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and and the dog kills the cat. Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well. Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all. How quickly he does that job. Seems to see with his fingers.

Mr. Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to the landing. Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps. Better phone him up first. Number? Same as Citron's house. Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over these walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works.
He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket of his trousers.


A sudden screech of laughter came from the Evening Telegraph office. Know who that is. What's up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it is.

He entered softly.

— The ghost walks, professor MacHugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane.

Mr. Dedalus, staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face, asked of it sourly:

— Agonizing Christ, wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

— Or follow the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way to Neptune's blue domain, mid mossy banks, played on by the glorious sunlight or among the shadows cast upon its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest. What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his newspaper.

— Changing his drink, Mr. Dedalus said.

Ned Lambert, laughing, struck the newspaper on his knees repeating:

— The pensive bosom and the overarching leafage. O boys! O boys!

— That will do, professor MacHugh cried from the window. I don't want to hear any more of the stuff.

He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand.

High falutin stuff. Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see. Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does. He has influence, they say. Old Chatterton, the vice chancellor is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle. Ninetyfive they say. The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two.
— Just another spasm, Ned Lambert said.
— What is it? Mr. Bloom asked.
— A recently discovered fragment of Cicero’s, professor Mac- 
Hugh answered with pomp of tone. Our lovely land.
— Whose land? Mr. Bloom said simply.
— Most pertinent question, the professor said between his 
chews, with an accent on the whose.
— Dan Dawson’s land, Mr. Dedalus said.
— Is it his speech last night? Mr. Bloom asked.
Ned Lambert nodded.
— But listen to this, he said.
The doorknob hit Mr. Bloom in the small of the back as the 
door was pushed in.
— Excuse me, J. J. O’Molloy said, entering.
Mr. Bloom moved nimbly aside.
— I beg yours, he said.
— Good day, Jack.
— Come in. Come in.
— Good day.
— How are you, Dedalus?
— Well. And yourself?
J. J. O’Molloy shook his head.
Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be. Decline, 
poor chap. Touch and go with him.
— Or again if we but climb the towering mountain peaks.
— You’re looking as fit as a fiddle.
— Is the editor to be seen? J. J. O’Molloy asked, looking 
towards the inner door.
— Very much so, professor MacHugh said. To be seen and 
heard. He’s in his sanctum with Lenehan.
J. J. O’Molloy strolled to the sloping desk and began to turn 
back the pink pages of the file.
Practice dwindling. Losing heart. Used to get good retain- 
ers from D. and T. Fitzgerald. Believe he does some literary work 
for the Express with Gabriel Conroy. Well-read fellow. Myles 
Crawford began on the Independent. Funny the way they veer 
about. Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then hail 
fellow well met the next moment.
— Ah, listen to this for God’s sake, Ned Lambert pleaded. Or
again if we but climb the towering mountain peaks . . . .
— Bombast! the professor broke in testily. Enough of the windbag!
— Peaks, Ned Lambert went on, to bathe our souls, as it were . . . .
— Bathe his lips, Mr. Dedalus said. Yes?
— As it were, in the peerless panorama of bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland, steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight . . . .
— The moon, professor MacHugh said. He forgot Hamlet.
— That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shines forth to irradiate her silver effulgence . . . .
— O! Mr. Dedalus groaned helplessly. Onions! That’ll do, Ned. Life is too short.
He took off his silk hat and, blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache, began to rake through his hair with his fingers.
Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside, chuckling with delight. An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh’s unshaven blackspectaled face.
— Doughy Daw! he cried.
All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff. He was in the bakery line too wasn’t he? Why they call him doughy Daw. Feathered his nest well anyhow. Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland revenue office with the motor. Hooked that nicely. Entertainments. Big blowout. Wetherup always said that. Get a grip of them by the stomach.
The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face, crested by a comb of feathery hair, thrust itself in. The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked:
— What is it?
— And here comes the sham squire himself, professor MacHugh said grandly.
— Getououthat, you bloody old pedagogue! the editor said in recognition.
— Come, Ned, Mr. Dedalus said, putting on his hat. I must get a drink after that.
— Drink! the editor cried. No drink served before mass.
— Quite right too, Mr. Dedalus said, going out. Come on, Ned.
Ned Lambert sidled down from the table. The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr. Bloom's face, shadowed by a smile.
— Will you join us, Myles? Ned Lambert asked.
— North Cork militia! the editor cried, striding to the mantelpiece. We won every time! North Cork and Spanish officers!
— Where was that, Myles? Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at his toecaps.
— In Ohio! the editor shouted.
— So it was, begad, Ned Lambert agreed.
Passing out, he whispered to J. J. O'Molloy:
— Incipient jigs. Sad case.
— Ohio! the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face. My Ohio!
— A perfect cretic! the professor said. Long, short and long.
He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and, breaking off a piece, twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth.
— Bingbang, bangbang.
Mr. Bloom seeing the coast clear, made for the inner door.
— Just a moment, Mr. Crawford, he said. I just want to phone about an ad. He went in.
— What about that leader this evening? professor MacHugh asked, coming to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder.
— That'll be all right, Myles Crawford said more calmly. Never you fret. Hello, Jack.
— Good day, Myles, J. J. O'Molloy said, letting the pages he held slip limply back on the file. Is that Canada swindle case on today?
The telephone whirred inside.
— Twenty eight. . . No, twenty. . . Doublefour. . Yes.
Lenehan came out of the inner office with tissues.
— Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup? he asked. Sceptre with O. Madden up.
He tossed the tissues on to the table.
Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open. Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps. The tissues rustled up in the draught, floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth.
— It wasn't me, sir. It was the big fellow shoved me, sir.
— Throw him out, the editor said. What does he want? Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor, grunting as he stooped twice.
— Waiting for the racing special, sir, the newsboy said. It was Pat Mullins shoved me in, sir.
He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe.
— Him, sir.
— Out of this with you, professor MacHugh said gruffly.
He thrust the boy out and banged the door to.
— Yes ... Evening Telegraph here, Mr. Bloom phoned from the inner office. Is the boss ... ? Yes, Telegraph ... To where? ... Aha! Which auction rooms? ... Aha! I see ... Right. I'll catch him.
The bell whirred again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue.
— Pardon, monsieur, Lenehan said, clutching him for an instant and making a grimace.
— My fault, Mr. Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I'm in a hurry.
— Knee, Lenehan said.
He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee:
— The accumulation of the anno Domini.
— Sorry, Mr. Bloom said.
He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:
— We are the boys of Wexford
Who fought with heart and hand.
— I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk, Mr. Bloom said, about this ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me he's round there in Dillon's.
He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who, leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand, suddenly stretched forth an arm amply.
— Go, he said. The world is before you.
— Back in no time, Mr. Bloom said, hurrying out.
J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them without comment.
— He’ll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps after him.

— Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering news-boys in Mr. Bloom’s wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite, a tail of white bowknots.

— Look at the young guttersnipes behind him, Lenehan said, and you’ll kick. Taking off his flat spauggs and the walk. Steal upon larks.

He began to mazurka swiftly across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J. J. O’Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands.

—What’s that? Myles Crawford said with a start. Where are the other two gone?

— Who? the professor said turning. They’re gone round to the Oval for a drink.

—Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Wher’s my hat? He walked jerkily into the office behind, jingling his keys in his pocket. They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.

— He’s pretty well on professor, MacHugh said in a low voice. Seems to be, J. J. O’Molloy said, taking out a cigarette case. Who has the most matches?

He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself. Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn. J. J. O’Molloy opened his case again and offered it.

— Thanky vous, Lenehan said, helping himself.

The editor came from the inner office, a straw hat awry on his brow. He declaimed in song, pointing sternly at professor MacHugh:

—’Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
’Twas empire charmed thy heart.
The professor grinned, locking his long lips.

—Eh? You bloody old Roman empire? Myles Crawford said. He took a cigarette from the open case. Lenehan, lighting it for him with quick grace, said:

— Silence for my brandnew riddle!

— Imperium romanum, J. J. O’Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than British or Brixton. The word reminds one somehow
of fat in the fire.
Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling.
— That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell.
— Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We musn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome imperial, imperious, imperative.
He extended his arms, pausing:
— What was their civilization? Vast, I allow: but vile. _Cloacae_: sewer. The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountains said: It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah. The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset.
— Our old ancient ancestors, Lenehan said, were partial to the running stream.
— They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have also Roman law.
— And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor MacHugh responded.
— Do you know that story about chief baron Palles? J. J. O'Molly asked.
— First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready? Mr. O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey, came in from the hallway. Stephen Dedalus, behind him, uncovered as he entered.
— _Entrez, mes enfants!_ Lenehan cried.
— I escort a suppliant, Mr. O'Madden Burke said melodiously. How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand. Come in. Your governor is just gone.
Lenehan said to all:
Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the title and signature.
— Who? the editor asked.
_Bit torn off._
— Mr. Garrett Deasy, Stephen said.
—That old pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was he short taken?

On swift sail flaming
From storm and south
He comes, pale phantom,
Mouth to my mouth.

— Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth? Are you turned...? Bullockbefriending bard.
— Good day, sir, Stephen answered, blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr. Garret Deasy asked me to... .
— O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Oho! A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greek's. O'Rourke's wife, prince of Brefni.
— Is he a widower? Stephen asked.
—Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von Tirconnel in Ireland. Wild geese. O, yes, every time. Don't you forget that!
—The point is did he forget it. J. J. O'Molloy said quietly. Saving princes is a thankyou job.
Professor MacHugh turned on him.
— And if not? he said.
— I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A Hungarian it was one day...
— We were always loyal to lost causes, the professor said. Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination. We were never loyal to the successful. We serve them. I teach the blatant Latin language. I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is the maxim: time is money. Material domination. Dominus! Lord! Where is the spirituality? Lord Jesus! Lord Salisbury. A sofa in a westend club. But the Greek!
A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes, his long lips.
— The Greek! he said again. Kyrios! Shining word! Kyrie!
The radiance of the intellect. I ought to profess Greek, the lan-
guage of the mind. Kyrie eleison! The closetmaker and the cloacamaker will never be lords of our spirit. We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit, not an imperium, that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami. Yes, yes. They went under. Pyrrhus, misled by an oracle, made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece. Loyal to a lost cause.

He strode away from them towards the window.
— They went forth to battle, Mr. O'Madden Burke said greyly, but they always fell.
— There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh
Who wears goggles of ebony hue:
As he mostly sees double,
To wear them why trouble?
I can't see the Joe Miller. Can you?
In my mourning for Sallust, Mulligan says. Whose mother is beastly dead.

Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket.
— That'll be all right, he said. I'll read the rest after.

That'll be all right.

Lenehan extended his hands in protest.
— But my riddle! he said. What opera is like a railwayline?
— Opera? Mr. O'Madden Burke's vague face repeated.
Lenehan announced gladly:
— The Rose of Castile. See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel. Gee!

He poked Mr. O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen. Mr. O'Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella, feigning a gasp.
— Help! he sighed.

Lenehan, rising to tiptoe, fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues.

The professor, returning by way of the files, swept his hand across Stephen's and Mr. O'Madden Burke's loose ties.
— Paris, past and present, he said. You look like communards.
— Like fellows who had blown up the Bastile, J. J. O'Molloy said in quiet mockery. Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you. You look as though you had done the deed. General Bobrikoff.
— We were only thinking about it, Stephen said.
— All the talents, Myles Crawford said. Law, the classics...
— The turf, Lenehan put in.
— Literature, the press.
— If Bloom were here, the professor said. The gentle art of
   advertisement.
— And Madam Bloom, Mr. O'Madden Burke added. The
cvocal muse. Dublin's prime favorite.
Lenehan gave a loud cough.
— Ahem! he said very softly. I caught a cold in the park.
The gate was open.
The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder.
— I want you to write something for me, he said. Some-
   thing with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your
   face.
   See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little
   schemer.
— Foot and mouth disease! the editor cried scornfully. Great
   nationalist meeting in Borris-in-Ossory. All balls! Bulldozing
   the public. Give them something with a bite in it. Put us all
   into it, damn its soul. Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
— We can all supply mental pabulum, Mr. O'Madden Burke
   said.

Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare.
— He wants you for the pressgang, J. J. O'Malloy said.
— You can do it, Myles Crawford repeated, clenching his
   hand in emphasis. Wait a minute. We'll paralyse Europe as
   Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughranun.
   That was pressman for you. You know how he made his mark?
   I'll tell you. That was the smartest piece of journalism ever
   known. That was in eightytwo, time of the invincibles; murder
   in Phoenix park, before the you were born. I'll show you.
   He pushed past them to the files.
— Look at here, he said, turning. The New York World
cabled for a special. Remember that time?
   Professor MacHugh nodded.
— The New York World, the editor said, excitedly pushing
   back his straw hat. Where it took place. Where Skin-the-goat-
   drove the car. Whole route, see?
— Skin-the-goat, Mr. O'Madden Burke said. Fitzharris. He
   has that cabman's shelter they say, down there at Butt bridge.
Holohan told me. You know Holohan?
— Hop and carry one, is it? Myles Crawford said.
— And poor Gumly is down there too, he told me minding stones for the corporation. A nightwatchman.

Stephen turned in surprise.
— Gumly? he said. A friend of my father's, is he?

He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point.
— Take page four, advertisement for Bransom's coffee, let us say. Have you got that? Right.

The telephone whirred,
— I'll answer it, the professor said, going.
— B is parkgate. Good.

His finger leaped and struck point after point, vibrating.
— T is viceregal lodge. C is where the murder took place. K. is Knockmaroon gate.

The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles. An illstarched dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waistcoat.

— F to P is the route Skin-the-goat drove the car. F. A. B. P. Got that? X is Burke's publichouse 'n Baggot street.

The professor came to the inner door.
— Bloom is at the telephone, he said.

— Tell him to go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Burke's publichouse, see?
— Clever, Lenehan said.

— Gave it to them on a hot plate, Myles Crawford said, the whole bloody history.

Nightmare from which you will never awake.
— I saw it, the editor said proudly. I was present, Dick Adams and myself. Out of an advertisement. That gave him the leg up. Then Tay Pay took him on to the Star. Now he's got in with Blumenfeld. That's press. That's talent.
— Where do you find a pressman like that now, eh? the editor cried.

He flung the pages down.
— Clever idea, Lenehan said to Mr. O'Madden Burke.
— Very smart, Mr. O'Madden Burke said.
Professor MacHugh came from the inner office.
— Talking about the invincibles, he said, did you see that some hawkers were up before the recorder . . . .
— O yes, J. J. O'Molloy said eagerly. Lady Dudley was walking home through the park and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin. And it turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Skin-the-goat. Right outside the viceregal lodge, imagine!
— They're only in the hook and eye department, Myles Crawford said. Psha! Press and the bar! Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows, like Whiteside, like Isaac Butt, like silvertongued O'Hagan? Eh? Ah, bloody nonsense! Only in the halfpenny place!

His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in nervous curls of disdain.

Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss? How do you know? Why did you write it then?
Mouth, south. Is the mouth south someway?— Or the south a mouth? Must be some. South, pout, out, shout, drouth. Rymes: two men dressed the same, looking the same, two by two.

................................. la tua pace
................................. che parlar ti piace
................................. Mentreche il vento, come fa, si tace

He saw them three by three, approaching girls, in green, in rose, in russet, entwining, per l'aer perso, in mauve, in purple, quella pacifica oriaflamma, in gold of oriflamme, di rimirar fe piu ardenti. But I old men, penitent, leadenfooted: mouth, south: tomb womb.

— Speak up for yourself, Mr. O'Madden Burke said.
J. J. O'Molloy, smiling palely, took up the gage.
— My dear Myles, he said, flinging his cigarette aside, your Cork legs are running away with you. Why not bring in Henry
Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and Edmund Burke? Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelized boss, Harmsworth of the farthing press, and his American cousin of the Bowery gutter-sheet. Why bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside? Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof.

— Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper, the editor cried in his face. Irish volunteers. Where are you now? Dr. Lucas. Who have you now like John Philpot Curran? Psha!

— Well, J. J. O’Molloy said, Seymour Bushe, for example.

— Bushe? the editor said. Well, yes: Bushe, yes. He has a strain of it in his blood. Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe.

— He would have been on the bench long ago, the professor said....

J. J. O’Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly:
— One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe. It was in that case of fratricide, the Childs murder case. Bushe defended him.

And in the porches of mine ear did pour

By the way how did he find that out? He died in his sleep.

Or the other story, beast with two backs?
— What was that? the professor asked.
— He spoke on the law of evidence, J. J. O’Molloy said, of Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code, the lex talionis. And he spoke of the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican.

— Ha.

Pause. J. J. O’Molloy took out his cigarette-case.
False lull. Something quite ordinary.

Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar.

I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act, trivial in itself, the striking of a match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives.

J. J. O’Molloy resumed, moulding his words:
— He said of it: that stony effigy, horned and terrible, that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soul-transfigured and of soul-transfiguring deserves to live, deserves to live.
His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall.
— Fine! Myles Crawford said at once.

Stephen, his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture, blushed. He took a cigarette from the case. J. J. O'Molloy offered his case to Myles Crawford. Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and helped himself.

— Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you, J. J. O'Molloy said to Stephen. What do you think really of that hermetic crowd the opal hush poets: A. E. the mastermystic? That Blavatsky woman started it. She was a nice old bag of tricks. A. E. has been telling some interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes of consciousness. Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A. E.'s leg. He is a man of the very highest morale, Magennis.

Speaking about me. What did he say? What did he say? What did he say about me? Don't ask.

— No, thanks, professor MacHugh said, waving the cigarette-case aside. Wait a moment. Let me say one thing. The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John F. Taylor at the college historical society. Mr. Justice Fitzgibbon, the present lord justice of appeal, had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days) advocating the revival of the Irish tongue.

He turned towards Myles Crawford and said:
— You know Gerald Fitzgibbon. Then you can imagine the style of his discourse.
— He is sitting with Tim Healy, J. J. O'Molly said on the Trinity college estates commission.
— He is sitting with a sweet thing in a child's frock, Myles Crawford said. Go on. Well?
— It was the speech, mark you, the professor said, of a finished orator, full of courteous haughtiness and pouring I will not say the v'als of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely upon the new movement. It was then a new movement.

He closed his long thin lips an instant but, eager to be on, raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and, with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims, steadied them to a new focus.
In ferial tone he addressed J. J. O'Molloy:
— Taylor had come there, you must know, from a sick bed. That he had prepared his speech I do not believe. His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it. He wore a loose neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man.

His gaze turned at once towards Stephen's face and then bent at once to the ground, seeking. His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head, soiled by his withering hair. Still seeking, he said:
— When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F. Taylor rose to reply. As well as I can bring them to mind his words were these.

He raised his head firmly. His eyes bethought themselves once more. Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro, seeking outlet.

He began:
— Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen: in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend it seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country, into an age remote from this age, that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful Moses.

His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear, smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech. And let our crooked smokes. Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?

— And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride. I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me.

It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely goood nor unless they were good, could be corrupted. Ah, curse you! That's saint Augustine.

— Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion and our language? You are a tribe of nomad herdsmens we are a mighty people. You have no cities nor no wealth; our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys, trireme and quadrireme, laden
with all manner of merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from primitive condition: we have a literature, a priesthood, an agelong history and a polity.

Nile.
Child, man, effigy,
By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel, cradle of bulrushes: a man supple in combat: stonehorned, stonebearded, heart of stone.
— You pray to a local and obscure idol: our temples, majestic and mysterious, are the abodes of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra. Vagrants and daylabourers are you called: the world trembles at our name.

A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech. He lifted his voice above it boldly:
— But, ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law, graven in the language of the outlaw.

He ceased and looked at them, enjoying silence.

J. J. O'Molloy said not without regret:
— And yet he died without having entered the land of promise.


The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hallway and pattering up the staircase.

— That is oratory, the professor said, uncontradicted.

Gone with the wind. Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings. Miles of ears of porches. The tribune's words howled and scattered. Dead noise. Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was.
I have money.

— Gentlemen, Stephen said. May I suggest that the house do now adjourn?
— It is not a French compliment? Mr. O’Madden Burke asked.
— All who are in favour say ay, Lenehan announced. The contrary no. I declare it carried. To which particular boosingshed...? Mooney’s?

He led the way.
Mr. O’Madden Burke, following close, said with an ally’s lunge of his umbrella:
— Lay on, Macduff!
— Chip of the old block! the editor cried, slapping Stephen on the shoulder. Let us go. Where are those bloody keys?

He fumbled in his pocket, pulling out the crushed typesheets.
— Foot and mouth. I know. That’ll be all right. That’ll go in. Where are they?

He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office.
J. J. O’Molloy, about to follow him in, said quietly to Stephen:
— I hope you will live to see it published. Myles, one moment.

He went into the inner office, closing the door behind him.
— Come along, Stephen, the professor said. That is fine, isn’t it? It has the prophetic vision.
The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into the street, yelling:
— Racing special!

Dublin.
They turned to the left along Abbey street.
— I have a vision too, Stephen said.
— Yes? the professor said, skipping to get into step. Crawford will follow.

Another newsboy shot past them, yelling as he ran:
— Racing special!

Dubliners.
— Two Dublin vestals, Stephen said, elderly and pious, have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally’s lane.
— Where is that? the professor asked.
— Off Blackpitts, Stephen said.

Damp night reeking of hungry dough. Against the wall. Face glistening, tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker, darlint!
On now. Let there be life.
— They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar. They save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox. They shake out threepenny bits and a sixpence and coax out the pennies with the blade of a knife. Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers. They put on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain.
— Wise virgins, professor MacHugh said.
— They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins, proprietress. They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn. They give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle slowly up the winding staircase, grunting, encouraging each other, afraid of the dark, panting, one asking the other have you the brawn, praising God and the Blessed Virgin, threatening to come down, peeping at the airslits. Glory be to God. They had no idea it was that high.
Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe. Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a passionist father. Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday.
— Antithesis, the professor said, nodding twice. I can see them. What's keeping our friend?
He turned.
A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps, scampering in all directions, yelling, their white papers fluttering. Hard after them Myles Crawford appeared on the steps, his hat aureoling his scarlet face, talking with J. J. O'Molloy.
— Come along, the professor cried waving his arm.
He set off again to walk by Stephen's side.
— Yes, he said, I see them.
Mr. Bloom, caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the steps, called:
— Mr. Crawford! A moment!
— Telegraph! Racing special!
— What is it? Myles Crawford said, falling back a pace.
A newsboy cried in Mr. Bloom’s face:
— Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows!
— Just this ad, Mr. Bloom said, pushing through and taking
the cutting from his pocket. I spoke with Mr. Keyes just now.
He’ll give a renewal for two months, he says. After he’ll see. But
he wants a par to call attention in the Telegraph too, the Saturday pink. And he wants it if it’s not too late. I told councillor
Nannetti from the Kilkenny People. I can get it in the National
library. House of keys, don’t you see? His name is Keyes. It’s
a play on the name. But he says he’ll give the renewal. But he
wants the par. What will I tell him, Mr. Crawford?
— Will you tell him he can kiss my arse? Myles Crawford
said, throwing out his arm for emphasis. Tell him that straight
from the stable.
A bit nervy. All off for a drink. Lenehan’s yachting cap on
the cadge beyond. Wonder is that young Dedalus standing. Has
a good pair of boots on him today. Last time I saw him he had
his heels on view. Been walking in muck somewhere. Careless
chap. What was he doing in Irishtown?
— Well, Mr. Bloom said, his eyes returning, if I can get the
design I suppose it’s worth a short par. He’d give the ad. I think.
I’ll tell him . . . .
— He can kiss my royal Irish arse, Myles Crawford cried
loudly over his shoulder. Any time he likes, tell him.
While Mr. Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile
he strode on jerkily.
— Nulla bona, Jack, he said, raising his hand to his chin.
I’m up to here. I’ve been through the hoop myself. I was looking
for a fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week. Sorry,
Jack. With a heart and a half if I could.
J. J. O’Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently
They caught up on the others and walked abreast.
— When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped
their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go
nearer the railings.
— Something for you, the professor explained to Myles Craw-
ford. Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson’s pillar.
— That’s new, Myles Crawford said. Out for the waxies’
Dargle. Two old trickles, what?

— But they are afraid the pillar will fall, Stephen went on. They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are: Rathmines’ blue dome, Adam and Eve’s, saint Laurence O’Toole’s. But it makes them giddy to look so they pull up their skirts . . . .

— Easy all, Myles Crawford said. We’re in the archdiocese here.

— And settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue of the onehanded adulterer.

— Onehanded adulterer! the professor cried. I like that. I see the idea. I see what you mean.

— It gives them a crick in their necks, Stephen said, and they are too tired to look up or down or to speak. They put the bag of plums betwen them and eat the plums out of it, one after another wiping off with their handkerchiefs the plumjuice that dribbles out of their mouths and spitting the plumstones slowly out between the railways.

He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. Lenehan and Mr. O’Madden Burke, hearing, turned, beckoned and led on across towards Mooney’s.

— Finished? Myles Crawford said. So long as they do no worse.

— You remind me of Antisthenes, the professor said, a disciple of Gorgias the sophist. It is said of him that none could tell if he were bitterer against others or against himself. He was the son of a noble and a bondwoman. And he wrote a book in which he took away the palm of beauty from Argive Helen and handed it to poor Penelope.

Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich.

— But what do you call it? Myles Crawford asked. Where did they get the plums?

— Call it, wait, the professor said, opening his long lips wide to reflect. Call it: deus nobis haec otia fecit.

— No, Stephen said, I call it A Pisgah Sight of Palestine.

— I see, the professor said.

He laughed richly.

— I see, he said again with new pleasure. Moses and the promised land. We gave him that idea, he added to J. J. O’Molloy.
J. J. O’Molloy sent a weary sidelong glance towards the statue and held his peace.
— I see, the professor said.
He halted on Sir John Gray’s pavement island and peered aloft at Nelson through the meshes of his wry smile.
— Onehanded adulterer, he said grimly. That tickles me I must say.
— Tickled the old ones too, Myles Crawford said, if the truth was known.

(To be continued)

ALBERT MOCKEL AND “LA WALLONIE”

Ezra Pound

Among the “rewards” for our February number is a letter from Albert Mockel written with a graciousness not often employed by English and American writers in communication to their juniors. Indeed the present elder generation of American “respectable” authors having all their lives approached so nearly to death, have always been rather annoyed that American letters did not die utterly in their personal descissions. Signs of vitality; signs of interest in, or cognizance of, other sections of this troubled planet have been steadily and papier-mâchéedly deprecated. The rubbish bins of Harpers and the Century have opened their lids not to new movements but only to the diluted imitations of new movers, etc.

La Wallonie, beginning as L’Elan Littéraire in 1885, endured seven years. It announced for a full year on its covers that its seventh year was its last. Albert Mockel has been gracious enough to call it “Notre Little Review à nous”, and to commend the motto on our cover, in the letter here following:

109, Avenue de Paris
La Malmaison Rueil
Monsieur et cher confrere,
Merci de votre aimable envoi. La Little Review m’est sympathique à l’extrême. En la feuilletant j’ai cru voir renaitre ce temps doré de ferveur et de belle confiance où, adolescent encore, et tâtonnant un peu dans les neves régions de l’Art, je fondai à Liége notre Little Review à nous, La Wallonie. Je retrouve justement quelques
livraisons de cette revue et je vous les envoie; elles ont tout au moins le mérite de la rareté.

Vous, mon cher confrère, déjà ne marchez plus à tâtons mais je vous soupçonne de n'être pas aussi terriblement, aussi criminellement jeune que je l'étais à cette époque-là. Et puis trente ans ont passé sur la littérature, et c'est de la folie d'hier qu'est faite la sagesse d'aujourd'hui. Alors le Symbolisme naissait; grâce à la collaboration de mes amis, grâce à Henri de Régnier et Pierre M. Olin qui dirigèrent la revue avec moi, La Wallonie en fut l'un des premiers foyers. Tout était remis en question. On aspirait à plus de liberté à une forme plus intense et plus complète plus musicale et plus souple, à une expression nouvelle de l'éternelle beauté. On s'ingéniait, on cherchait... Tâtonnements? Certes et ils étaient inévitables. Mais vif et ardent effort, désintéressement absolu, foi juvénile et surtout “No compromise with the public taste”... N'y a-t-il point là quelques traits de ressemblance avec l'œuvre que, vous tentez aujourd'hui en Amérique, et, à trente années d'intervalle, une sorte de cousinage? C'est pourquoi mon cher confrère, j'ai lu avec tant de plaisir la Little Review dont vous avec eu lu gentillesse de m'adresser la collection.

Croyez-moi sympathiquement vôtre,

Albert Mockel.

With a native mistrust of la belle phrase; of “temps dore”, “ferveur”, “belle confiance”, etc., and with an equally native superiority to any publication not printed LARGE, I opened La Wallonie. The gropings, “tâtonnements”, to which M. Mockel so modestly refers, appear to have included some of the best work of Mallarmé, of Stuart Merrill, of Max Elskamp and Emile Verhaeren. Verlaine contributed to La Wallonie, De Regnier was one of its editors... Men of since popular fame — Bourget, Pierre Louys, Maeterlinck — appeared with the rarer spirits.

If ever the “amateur magazine” in the sense of magazine by lovers of art and letters, for lovers of art and letters, in contempt of the commerce of letters, has vindicated itself, that vindication was La Wallonie. Verhaeren’s “Les Pauvres” (which we gave in our February issue) first appeared there as the second part of series: “Chansons des Carrefours,” (Jan ‘92)... The Elskamp I have just quoted appeared there with other poems of Max Elskamp. Mallarmé is represented by the exquisite:

**Sonnets**

Ses purs ongles très haut dédiant leur onyx,
L’Angoisse ce minuit, soutient, lampadophore,
Maint rêve vespéral brûle par le phénix
Que ne recueille pas de cinéraire amphore

Sur les crédences, au salon vide: nul ptyx,
Aboli bibelot d'inanité sonore,
(Car le maître est allé puiser des pleurs au Styx
Avec ce seul objet dont le Néant s'honore.)

Mais proche la croisée au nord vacante, un or
Agonise selon peut-être le décor
Des licornes ruant du feu contre une nixe,

Elle, défunte nue en le miroir encor
Que, dans l'oubli fermé par le cadre, se fixe
De scintillations sitôt le septuor.

— Mallarme in "La Wallonie" Jan. 1889.

An era of Franco-Anglo-American intercourse is marked by his address to:

**The Whirlwind**

Pas les rafales à propos
De rien comme occuper la rue
Sujette au noir vol des chapeaux;
Mais une danseuse apparuë

Tourbillon de mousseline ou
Fureur éparses en écumes
Que soulève par son genou
Celle même dont nous vécûmes

Pour tout, hormis lui, rebattu
Spirituelle, ivre, immobile
Foudroyer avec le tutu,
Sans se faire autrement de bile

Sinon rieur que puisse l'air
De sa jupe éventer Whistler.

— Mallarme in "Wallonie", Nov. 1890.

If I owe Albert Mockel a great debt in having illuminated my eye for Elskamp I owe him no less the pleasure of one of Merrill's most delicate triumphs in the opening of
Ballet

Pour Gustave Moreau

En casque de cristal rose les baladines,
Dont les pas mesurés aux cordes des kinnors
Tintent sous les tissus de tulle roidis d'ors,
Exultent de leurs yeux pâles de xaladines.

Toisons fauves sur leurs lèvres incarnadines,
Bras lourds de bracelets barbares, en essors
Moelleux vers la lueur lunaire des décors,
Elles murmurent en malveillantes sourdines:

"Nous sommes, ô mortels, danseuses du Désir,
Salomés dont les corps tordus par le plaisir
Leurrent vos heurs d'amour vers nos pervers arcanes.

Prosternez-vous avec des hosannas, ces soirs!
Car, surgissant dans des aurores d'encensoirs,
Sur nos cymbales nous ferons tonner vos crânes."

Stuart Merrill in "La Wallonie", July '98.

The period was "glaque" and "nacre", it had its pet and too-petted adjectives, the handles for parody; but it had also a fine care for sound, for sound fine-wrought, not, mere swish and resonant rumble, not "Dolores, O hobble and kobble Dolores .
O perfect obstruction on track."

The particular sort of fine workmanship shown in this sonnet of Merrill's has of late been too much let go by the board.

Hanton is gently didactic:

Le Bon Grain

"Déjà peinent maints moissonneurs dont
la mémoire est destinée à vivre."

Celestin Demblon.

Amants des rythmes en des strophes cadencées,
Des rimes rares aux splendeurs évocatoires,
Laissant en eux comme un écho de leurs pensées,
Comme un parfum de leurs symboles en histoires:

Tels les poètes vont cherchant en vrais glaneurs
Les blonds épis qui formeront leur riche écrin.
Ils choisiront, comme feraient les bons vanneurs,
Parmi les blés passés au crible, le beau grain.

Et germera cette semence bien choisie,
Entre les roses et les lys, pour devenir
Riche moisson de la fertile fantaisie.

L’ardent soleil de Messidor fera jaunir
Les tiges souples d’une forte poésie
Qui dresseront leurs fiers épis vers l’avenir!

— Edmond Hanton in “La Wallonie”, July ’88.

Delaroche is, at least in parts, utterly incomprehensible, but there
is an interesting experiment in sound-sequence which begins:

**Sonnets Symphoniques**

En la langueur
accidentelle
de ta dentelle
où meurt mon cœur

Un profil pleure
et se voit tel
en le pastel
du divin leurre

Qu’or végétal
de lys s’enlisse
au froid santal

Si n’agonisée
occidental
qui s’adonise.


I do not know that we will now be carried away by Albert Saint-
Paul’s chinoiserie, or that she-devils are so much in fashion as when
Jules Bois expended, certainly, some undeniable emotion in addressing
them:

**Pétales de Nacre**

En sa robe où s’immobilisent les oiseaux,
Une émerge des fleurs comme une fleur plus grande.
Comme une fleur penchée au sourire de l'eau,
Ses mains viennent tresser la trainante guirlande
Pour enchaîner le Dragon verte — et de légende!
Qui de ses griffes d'or déchire les roseaux,
Les faisceaux de roseaux: banderolles et lances.

Et quand le soir empourprera le fier silence
De la forêt enchantée de la Douleur,
Ses doigts, fuseaux filant au rouet des murmures
Les beaux anneaux fleuris liant les fleurs aux fleurs,
Ses doigts nauront saigné qu'aux épines peu dures.


Pour la Demone

Un soir de joie, un soir d'ivresse, un soir de fête,
— Et quelle fête, et quelle ivresse, et quelle joie! —
Tu vins. L'impérial ennui sacrait ta tête;
Et tu marchais dans un bruit d'armure et de soie.

Tu dédaignas tous les bijoux et l'oripeau
De ruban, de dentelle et d'éphémère fleur...
Hermétique, * ta robe emprisonnait ta peau.
Oui, la fourrure seule autour de ta pâleur.

Tu parus. Sous tes yeux que le kh'ol abomine,
Le bal fut la lugubre et dérisoire histoire.
Les hommes des pantins qu'un vice mène et mine,
Les femmes, coeurs et corps fanés, — — et quel déboire!

* Laforgue?

Pour la Demone

V.

Elle est folle, c'est sûr, elle est folle la chère;
Elle m'aime à n'en pas douter, mais elle est folle,
Elle m'aime et, compatissez à ma misère,
Avec tous, avec toutes, elle batifole.

Un passe... Elle s'élance à lui, coeur présumé.
Elle s'offre et le provoque, puis elle fuit
Vers ailleurs... si fidèle encore au seul-aimé.
Mais elle est folle et je m'éplore dans la nuit.
Pour quelque amie aux délicatesses félines,
Elle glisse vers les caresses trop profondes.
... “Tu vas, folle, oublier mes rancœurs orphelines.”
Mais sa lèvre pensive hésite aux toisons blondes.


In part we must take our reading, of La Wallonie as a study of the state of symbolism from 1885 to '92.

Rodenbach displays the other leaf of the diptych: the genre, the homely Wallon landscape, more familiar to the outer world in Verhaeren, but not I think, better painted.

**Paysages Souffrants**

II.

A Emile Verhaeren.

Là-bas, tant de petits hameaux sous l’avalanche
De la neige qui tombe adoucissante et blanche,
Tant de villages, tant de chaumines qui sont
Pour le reste d’un soir doucement assoupies,
Car le neige s’étend en de molles charpies
Sur les blessures des vieilles brigues qui n’ont
Rien senti d’une Soeur sur leur rougeur qui saigne!
Mais, ô neige, c’est toi la Soeur au halo blanc
Qui console les murs malades qu’on dédaigne
Et metsun peu d’ouate aux pierres s’éraflant.

Las! rien ne guérira les chaumines — aieux
Qui meurent de l’hiver et meurent d’être seules...
Et leurs âmes bientôt, au gré des vents du nord.
Dans la fumée aux lents départs, seront parties
Cependant que la neige, à l’heure de leur mort,
Leur apporte ses rafraîchissantes hosties!


Rodenbach is authentic.

Vielé-Griffin who, as Stuart Merrill, has always been known in France as “an American” contributed largely to La Wallonie. His “Au Tombeau d’Hélène” ends

**Hélène**

Me voici:
J’étais là dès hier, et dès sa veille,
Ailleurs, ici;
Toute chair, a paré, un soir, mon âme vieille
Comme l'éternité du désir que tu vêts.
La nuit est claire au firmament . . .
Regarde avec tes yeux levés:
Voici — comme un tissu de pâle feu fatal
Qui fait épanourir la fleur pour la flétrir —
Mon voile où transparaît tout assouvissement
Qui t'appelle à la vie et qui t'en fait mourir.
La nuit est claire au firmament vital . . .

Mes mythes, tu les sais:
Je suis fille du Cygne,
Je suis la lune dont s'exubèrent les mers
Qui montent, tombent, se soulèvent;
Et c'est le flot de vie exultante et prostrée,
le flot des rêves,
le flot des chairs,
le flux et le reflux de la vaste marée.

Mon doute — on dit l'Espoir — fait l'action insigne:
Je suis reine de Sparte et celle-là de Troie,
Par moi, la douloureuse existence guerroie
Je meus toute inertie aux leurres de ma joie,
Héliône, Solnône, flottant de phase en phase.
Je suis l'Inaccédée et la tierce Hypostase
Et si je rejetais, désir qui m'y convies,
Mon voile qui promet et refuse l'extase,
Ma nudité de feu résorberait les Vies . . .

—Viele-Griffin in "La Wallonie", Dec. '91.
(Complete number devoted to his poems).

Mockel is represented by several poems rather too long to quote,
— "Chantefable un peu naïve", "L'Atithése", suggestive of the Gourmont litany; by prose comment, by work over various pseudonyms.
"A Clair Matin" is a suitable length to quote, and it is better perhaps to represent him here by it than by fragments which I had first intended to cut from his longer poems.

A Clair Matin
La nuit au loin s'est effacée
comme les lignes tremblantes d'un rêve;
la nuit s'est fondue au courant du Passé
et le jour attendu se lève.

Regardez! en les courbes molles des rideaux
Une heure attendue se révèle
et ma fenêtre enfin s'éclaire,
cristalline du givre où se rit la lumière.

Une parure enfantine de neiges
habille là-bas d'immobiles eaux
et c'est les cortèges des fées nouvelles
à tire d'ailes, à tire d'ailes
du grand lointain qui toutes reviennent
aux flocons de ce jour en neiges qui s'épêle.

Des courbes de mes rideaux clairs
— voici! c'est un parfum de ciel! —
blanc des guirlandes de l'hiver
le jeune matin m'est apparu
avec un visage de fiancée.

Des fées
(ah je ne sais quelles mortelles fées)
jadis elles vinrent toucher la paupière
d'un être enfantin qui mourut.
Son âme, où se jouait en songes la lumière,
diaphane corolle épanouie au jour
sou âme était vive de toute lumière!
Lui, comme un frère il suivait ma course
et nous allions en confiants de la montagne à la vallée
par les forêts des chênes, des hêtres
— car eux, les ancêtres, ils ont le front grave
ils virent maints rêves des autres âges
et nous parlent, très doucement, comme nos Pères.

Mais voyez! à mes rideaux pâles
le matin glisse des sourires;
car la fiancée est venue
car la fiancée est venue
avec un simple et très doux visage,
avec des mots qu'on n'entend pas,
en silence la Fiancée est apparue
comme une grande soeur de l'enfant qui mourut;
et les hêtres, les chênes royaux des forêts
par douce vocalise égrenant leur parure,
les voix ressuscitées en la plaine sonore
et toute la forêt d'aurore
quand elle secoue du crépuscule sa chevelure,
tout chante, bruit, pétille et rayonne
car la céleste Joie que la clarté délivre
d'un hymne répercute aux miroirs du futur
le front pâle où scintille en étoiles le givre.

Albert Mockel in "La Wallonie", Dernier fascimile '92.

I have left Gide and Van Lerberghe unquoted, unmentioned, but I have, I dare say, given poems enough to indicate the quality and the scope of the poetry in La Wallonie.

In prose their cousinage is perhaps more quickly apparent. Almost the first sentence I come upon (I suspect it is Mockel's) runs as follows:

"La Revue des deux Mondes publie un roman de Georges Ohnet, ce qui ne surprendra personne."

This is the proper tone to use when dealing with elderly muttonheads; with the Harpers of yesteryear. La Wallonie found it out in the eighties. The symboliste movement flourished on it. American letters did not flourish, partly perhaps for the lack of it, and for the lack of unbridled uncompromising magazines run by young men who did not care for reputations surfaîtes, for elderly stodge and stupidity.

If we turn to Mockel's death notice for Jules Laforgue we will find La Wallonie in '87 awake to the value of contemporary achievement.

Jules Laforgue

Nous apprenons avec une vive tristesse, la mort de Jules Laforgue, l'un des plus curieux poètes de la littérature aux visées nouvelles. Nous l'avons désigné, jà deux mois: un Tristan Corbière plus argentin, moins âpre . . . Et telle est bien sa caractéristique. Sans le moindre soupçon d'imitation ou de réminiscences, Jules Laforgue a sauvegardé une originalité vivace. Seulement, cette originalité, par bien des saillies, touche à celle de Tristan Corbière. C'est une même raillerie de la Vie et du Monde; mais plus de sombre et virile amertume émouvait en l'auteur des Amours Jaunes, dont cette pièce donnera quelque idée:
LE CRAPAUD

Un chant dans une nuit sans air . . .
— La lune plaque en métal clair
Les découpures du vert sombre.
. . . . Un chant; comme un écho, tout vif
Enterré, là, sous le massif . . .
— Ce se tait; viens, c'est là, dans l'ombre . . .
Un crapaud!
— Pourquoi cette peur,
Près de moi, ton soldat fidèle!
Vois-le, poète tondu, sans aile,
Rossignol de la boue . . .
— Horreur!
. . . Il chante. — Horreur ! ! — Horreur pourquoi?
Vois-tu pas son œil de lumière . . .
Non, il s'en va, froid, sous sa pierre.
. . .
Bonsoir — ce crapaud-là c'est moi.

Chez Laforgue, il y a plus de gai sans-souci, de coups de batte de pierrot donnés à toutes choses, plus de "vaille-que-vaille la vie", dit d'un air de moqueuse résignation. Sa rancœur n'est pas encombrante. Il était un peu l'enfant indiscipliné qui rit à travers les grinberies, et fait la moue à sa fantaisie; mais son haussement d'épaules gamin, et ses "Après tout?" qu'il jette comme une chiquenaude au visage du Temps, cachent toujours au fond de son cœur un lac mélancolique, un lac de tristesse et d'amours flétris, où vient se refléter sa claire imagination. Témoins ces fragments pris aux Complaintes:

Mon coeur est une urne où j'ai mis certains défunts,
Oh! chut, refrains de leurs berceaux! et vous, parfums.

Mon coeur est un Néron, enfant gâté d'Asie,
Qui d'empires de rêve en vain se rassasie.
Mon coeur est un noyé vidé d'âme et d'essors,
Qu'étreint la pieuvre Spleen en ses ventouses d'or.
C'est un feu d'artifice, hélas! qu'avant la fête,
A noyé sans retour l'averse qui s'embête.
Mon coeur est le terrestre Histoire-Corbillard
Que traînent au néant l'instinct et le hazard.
Mon coeur est une horloge oubliée à demeure
Qui, me sachant défunt, s'obstine à marquer l'heure.

Et toujours mon cœur ayant ainsi déclamé,
En revient à sa complainte: Aimer, être aimé!

Et cette pièce, d'une ironic concentrée:

**COMPLAINTE DES BONS MENAGES**

L'Art sans poitrine m'a trop longtemps bercé dupe.
Si ses labours sont fiers, que ses blés décevants!
Tiens, laisse-moi bêler tout aux plis de ta jupe
Qui fleure le couvent.
La Génie avec moi, serf, a fait des manières;
Toi, jupe, fais frou-frou, sans t'inquiéter pourquoi . . .

Mais l'Art, c'est l'Inconnu! qu'on y dorme et s'y vautre,
On ne peut pas l'avoir constamment sur les bras!
Et bien, ménage au vent! Soyons Lui, Elle et l'Autre.

Et puis n'insistons pas.

Et puis? et puis encore, un pied de nez mélancolique à la destinée:

Qui m'aima jamais? Je m'entête
Sur ce refrain bien impuissant
Sans songer que je suis bien bête
De me faire du mauvais sang:

Jules Laforgue a publié outre les *Complaintes*, unlivret de vers dégingandés, d'une raillerie splénétique, à froid, comme celle qui sied aux hommes du Nord. Mais il a su y ajouter ce sans-façon de choses dites à l'aventure, et tout un parfum de lumière argentine, comme les rayons de *Notre-Dame la Lune* qu'il célèbre. Le manque de place nous prive d'en citer quelques pages. Nous avons lu aussi cette étrange Nuit d'Etoiles: le *Council Féerique*, un assez court poème édité par la "Vogue;" divers articles de revue, entre lesquels cette page ensOLEILLée, parue dans la Revue Indépendante: *Pan et la Syrinx*. Enfin un nouveau livre était annoncé: *de la Pitié, de la Pitié*, déjà préparé par l'une des Invocations du volume précédent, et dont nous croyons voir l'idée en ces vers des *Complaintes*:

Vendange chez les Arts enfantins; sois en fête
D'une fugue, d'un mot, d'un ton, d'un air de tête.
Vivre et peser selon le Beau, le Bien, le Vrai?
O parfums, ô regards, ô fois! soit, j'essaierai.

... Va, que ta seule étude
Soit de vivre sans but, fou de mansuétude —
— Albert Mockel in "La Wallonie", 1887.

I have quoted but sparingly, and I have thought quotation better than comment, but despite the double meagreness I think I have given evidence that La Wallonie was worth editing.

It began as L’Elan Littéraire with 16 pages, and an edition of 200 copies; it should convince any but the most stupid that size is not the criterion of permanent value, and that a small magazine may outlast much bulkier printings.

After turning the pages of La Wallonie, perhaps after reading even this so brief excerpt, one is ready to see some sense in even so lyric a phrase as "temps doré, de ferveur et de belle confiance".

In their seven years' run these editors, one at least beginning in his "teens", had published a good deal of the best of Verhaeren, had published work by Elskamp, Merrill, Griffin, Louys, Maeterlinck, Verlaine, Van Lerberghe, Gustave Kahn, Moreas, Quillard, André Gide; had been joined in their editing board by De Régnier, (remember that they edited in Liège, not in Paris; they were not at the hub of the universe, but in the heart of French Belgium); they had not made any compromise. Permanent literature, and the seeds of permanent literature, had gone through proof-sheets in their office.

There is perhaps no greater pleasure in life, and there certainly can have been no greater enthusiasm than to have been young and to have been part of such a group of writers working in fellowship at the beginning of such a course, of such a series of courses as were implicated in La Wallonie.

If the date is insufficiently indicated by Mallarmé's allusion to Whistler, we may turn to the art notes:

"eaux-fortes de Mlle Mary Cassatt . . Lucien Pissaro, Sisley . .
lithographies de Fantin-Latour . . . Odillon Redon."

"J'ai été un peu à Paris, voir Burne Jones, Moreau, Delacroix . .
la danse du ventre, et les adorables Javanaises. C'est mon meilleur souvenir, ces filles "très parées" dans l'étrange demi-jour de leur case et qui tournent lentement dans la stridente musique avec de si énigmatique inflexions de mains et de si souriantes poursuites les yeux dans les yeux."
Prose poetry, that doubtful connection, appears at times even to advantage:

"Séléné, toi l'essence et le regard des infinis, ton mal nous serait la félicité suprême. O viens à nous, Tanit, Vierge Tanit, fleur métallique épanouie aux plaines célestes!" — Mockel.

**THE READER CRITIC**

_Danish Consulate, Paris:_

Little Review . . . desperate camouflage, noble but futile attempt to make it look as if America had an intellectual life.

_S. A., Neuilly, Seine et Oise:_

Je vous remercie de m'avoir révélé Laforgue que je connaissais seulement par les extraits publiés dans la première Anthologie en 1 volume par Van Bever et Leautaud.

**The Audience**

"Art should conceal art", said the parrot.

"Art is ennobling", said the parrot.

"Art is the ultimate combustion of the social-consciousness of the proletariat into the fine flower of penultimate culture; it is the expression of the soul-wave into the infinite of the understandable je ne sais quoi", said the parrot.

_Damn the parrot!_

Damn the parrot, although there is a faint dilution of verity in each of these three remarks.

**The "Heroic Deads"**

_Stanislaw Szukalski, Chicago:_

. . . to His Brightness the Pound!

I read your criticism on my drawings printed in "L. R." . . . Your remarks are very good and I agree with you to each word, however you even did not say all . . . only observations were so obvious that after hearing much of heroic deads I am greatly disappointed to see Heracles straining his divine "I can" on cracking nut . . . He pushed himself against wall—but fell through for it was made of tissue paper.

Your applauding

_Szukalski._
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).
* Personæ 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.
Some features of the November number:

- Poems by Andre Spire
- Nine poems by Ezra Pound
- A review of H. D.'s Choruses from Euripides
- A story by Ben Hecht
- Imaginary Letters
- The Tariff and Copyright
- "Pounding Ezra" by Ben Hecht

December will be another American number.

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