The Dreaming of the Bones

by

William Butler Yeats
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The Reader Critic

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The stage is any bare place in a room close to the wall. A screen with a pattern of mountain and sky can stand against the wall or a curtain with a like pattern hang upon it, but the pattern must only symbolize or suggest. One MUSICIAN enters and then two others; the first stands singing while the others take their places. Then all three sit down against the wall by their instruments, which are already there—a drum, a zither, and a flute. Or they unfold a cloth as in "The Hawk's Well", while the instruments are carried in.

FIRST MUSICIAN

(Or ALL THE MUSICIANS singing)

Why does my heart beat so?
Did not a shadow pass?
It passed but a moment ago.
Who can have trod in the grass?
What rogue is night-wandering?
Have not old writers said
That dizzy dreams can spring
From the dry bones of the dead?
And many a night it seems
That all the valley fills
With those fantastic dreams,
They overflow the hills,
So passionate is a shade,
Like wine that fill to the top
A grey-green cup of jade,
Or maybe an agate cup.

* Copyright, 1918, by William Butler Yeats. See note on page 61.
(speaking) The hour before dawn and the moon covered up. The little village of Abbey is covered up; the little narrow trodden way that runs from the white road to the Abbey of Corcomroe is covered up; and all about the hills are like a circle of agate or of jade. Somewhere among great rocks on the scarce grass birds cry; they cry their loneliness. Even the sunlight can be lonely here. Even hot noon is lonely. I hear a footfall — a young man with a lantern comes this way. He seems an Aran fisher, for he wears the flannel bawneen and the cow-hide shoe. He stumbles wearily, and stumbling prays.

A YOUNG MAN ENTERS, (praying in Irish)

CHORUS

Once more the birds cry in their loneliness, but now they wheel about our heads; and now they have dropped on the grey stone to the north-east.

A YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG GIRL in the costume of a past time come in. They wear heroic masks.

YOUNG MAN (in bawneen, raising his lantern) Who is there? I cannot see what you are like, come to the light.

STRANGER

But what have you to fear?

YOUNG MAN

And why have you come creeping through the dark? (THE GIRL blows out lantern) The wind has blown my lantern out. Where are you?
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I saw a pair of heads against the sky
And lost them after. But you are in the right,
I should not be afraid in County Clare;
And "should be" or "should not be" have no choice;
I have to put myself into your hands,
Now that my candle's out.

STRANGER
You have fought in Dublin?

YOUNG MAN
I was in the Post Office, and if taken
I shall be put against a wall and shot.

STRANGER
You know some place of refuge, have some plan
Or friend who will come to meet you?

YOUNG MAN
I am to lie
At daybreak on the mountain and keep watch
Until an Aran corriole puts in
At Muckanish or at the rocky shore
Under Finvarra, but would break my neck
If I went stumbling there alone in the dark.

STRANGER
We know the pathways that the sheep tread out,
And all the hiding-places of the hills,
And that they had better hiding-places once.

YOUNG MAN
You'd say they had better before English robbers
Cut down the trees or set them upon fire
For fear their owners might find shelter there,
What is that sound?

STRANGER

An old horse gone astray.
He has been wandering on the road all night.

YOUNG MAN

I took him for a man and horse. Police
Are out upon the roads. In the late Rising
I think there was no man of us but hated
To fire at soldiers who but did their duty
And were not of our race, but when a man
Is born in Ireland and of Irish stock
When he takes part against us —

STRANGER

I will put you safe.
No living man shall set his eyes upon you.
I will not answer for the dead.

YOUNG MAN

The dead?

STRANGER

For certain days the stones where you must lie
Have in the hour before the break of day
Been haunted.

YOUNG MAN

I was not born at midnight.

STRANGER

Many a man born in the full daylight
Can see them plain, will pass them on the high-road
Or in the crowded market-place of the town,
And never know that they have passed.

**YOUNG MAN**

My Grandam
Would have it they did penance everywhere
Or lived through their old lives again.

**STRANGER**

In a dream;
And some for an old scruple must hang spitted
Upon the swaying tops of lofty trees;
Some are consumed in fires, some withered up
By hail and sleet out of the wintry North,
And some but live through their old lives again.

**YOUNG MAN**

Well, let them dream into what shape they please
And fill waste mountains with the invisible tumult
Of the fantastic conscience. I have no dread.
They cannot put me into jail or shoot me,
And, seeing that their blood has returned to fields
That have grown red from drinking blood like mine,
They would not if they could betray.

**STRANGER**

Runs to the ruined Abbey of Corcomroe — this pathway;
The Abbey passed, we are soon among the stone
And shall be at the ridge before the cocks
Of Augenish or Balyvelehan
Or grey Aughmans shake their wings and cry.

(They go round the stage once)

**FIRST MUSICIAN (speaking)**

They've passed the shallow well and the flat stone,
Fouled by the drinking cattle, the narrow lane
Where mourners for five centuries have carried
Noble or peasant to his burial.
An owl is crying out above their heads.

(singing) Why should the heart take fright?
What sets it beating so? ..... 
The bitter sweetness of the night
Has made it but a lonely thing.
Red bird of March, begin to crow,
Up with the neck and clap the wing,
Red cock, and crow.

(They go once round the stage)

(speaking) And now they have climbed through the long
grassy field
And passed the ragged thorn trees and the gap
In the ancient hedge; and the tomb-nested owl
At the foot's level beats with a vague wing.

(singing) My head is in a cloud;
I'd let the whole world go;
My rascal heart is proud,
Remembering and remembering.
Red bird of March, begin to crow,
Up with the neck and clap the wing,
Red cock, and crow.

(They go round the stage once)

(speaking) They are among the stones above the ash,
Above the briar and thorn and the scarce grass.
Hidden amid the shadow far below them,
The cat-headed bird is crying out.

(singing) The dreaming bones cry out
Because the night winds blow
And heaven's a cloudy blot;
Calamity can have its fling.
Red bird of March, begin to crow,
Up with the neck and clap the wing,
Red cock, and crow.
STRANGER

We're almost at the summit and can rest.  
The road is a faint shadow there, and there  
The abbey lies amid its broken tombs.  
In the old days we should have heard a bell  
Calling the monks before day broke to prayer,  
And when the day has broken on the ridge,  
The crowing of its cocks.

YOUNG MAN

Is there no house  
Famous for sanctity or architectural beauty  
In Clare or Kerry, or in all wide Connaught  
The enemy has not unroofed?

STRANGER

Close to the altar  
Broken by wind and frost and worn by time  
Donnogh O'Brien has a tomb, a name in Latin.  
He wore fine clothes and knew the secrets of women,  
But he rebelled against the king of Thomond  
And died in his youth.

YOUNG MAN

And why should he rebel?  
The King of Thomond was his rightful master.  
It was men like Donogh who made Ireland weak —  
My curse on all that troop, and when I die  
I'll leave my body, if I have any choice,  
Far from his ivy tod and his owl. Have those  
Who, if your tale is true, work out a penance  
Upon the mountain-top where I am to hide,  
Come from the Abbey graveyard?

THE GIRL

They have not that luck,
But are more lonely, those that are buried there,  
Warred in the heat of the blood; if they were rebels  
Some momentary impulse made them rebels  
Or the commandment of some petty king  
Who hated Thomond; being but common sinners,  
No callers in of the aliens from oversea,  
They and their enemies of Thomond’s party  
Mix in a brief dream battle above their bones  
Or make one drove and drift in amity,  
Or in the hurry of the heavenly round  
Forget their earthly names. These are alone,  
Being accursed.

**YOUNG MAN**

And if what seems is true  
And there are more upon the other side  
Than on this side of death, many a ghost  
Must meet them face to face and pass the word  
Even upon this grey and desolate hill.

**YOUNG GIRL**

Until this hour no ghost or living man  
Has spoken, though seven centuries have run  
Since they, weary of life and of men’s eyes,  
Flung down their bones in some forgotten place,  
Being accursed.

**YOUNG MAN**

I have heard that there are souls  
Who, having sinned after a monstrous fashion,  
Take on them, being dead, a monstrous image  
To drive the living, should they meet its face.  
Crazy, and be a terror to the dead.

**YOUNG GIRL**

But these  
Were comely even in their middle life,
And carry, now that they are dead, the image
Of their first youth, for it was in that youth
Their sin began.

**YOUNG MAN**

I have heard of angry ghosts
Who wander in a wilful solitude.

**THE GIRL**

These have no thought but love, nor joy
But that upon the instant when their penance
Draws to its height and when two hearts are wrung
Nearest to breaking, if hearts of shadows break,
His eyes can mix with hers, nor any pang
That is so bitter as that double glance,
Being accursed.

**YOUNG MAN**

But what is this strange penance
That when their eyes have met can ring them most?

**THE GIRL**

Though eyes can meet their lips can never meet.

**YOUNG MAN**

And yet it seems they wander side by side.
But doubtless you would say that when lips meet
And have not living nerves, it is no meeting.

**THE GIRL**

Although they have no blood or living nerves
Who once lay warm and live the live-long night
In one another's arms; and know their part
In life, being now but of the people of dreams,
Is a dream's part; although they are but shadows
Hovering between a thorn tree and a stone
Who have heaped up night on winged night; although
No shade however harried and consumed
Would change his own calamity for theirs,
Their manner of life were blessed could their lips
A moment meet; but when he has bent his head
Close to her head or hand would slip in hand
The memory of their crime flows up between
And drives them apart.

YOUNG MAN

The memory of a crime —
He took her from a husband's house it may be,
But does the penance for a passionate sin
Last for so many centuries?

THE GIRL

No, no,
The man she chose, the man she was chosen by,
Cared little and cares little from whose house
They fled towards dawn amid the flights of arrows,
Or that it was a husband's and a king's;
And how if that were all could she lack friends
On crowded roads or on the unpeopled hill?
Helen herself had opened wide the door
Where night by night she dreams herself awake
And gathers to her breast a dreaming man.

YOUNG MAN

What crime can stay so in the memory?
What crime can keep apart the lips of lovers
Wandering and alone?

THE GIRL

Her king and lover
Was overthrown in battle by her husband,
And for her sake and for his own, being blind
And bitter and bitterly in love, he brought
A foreign army from across the sea.

**YOUNG MAN**

You speak of Dermot and of Dervorgilla
Who brought the Norman in?

**THE GIRL**

Yes, yes I spoke
Of that most miserable, most accursed pair
Who sold their country into slavery, and yet
They were not wholly miserable and accursed,
If somebody of their race at last would say
'I have forgiven them'.

**YOUNG MAN**

Oh, never, never
Will Dermot and Dervorgilla be forgiven.

**THE GIRL**

If someone of their race forgave at last.
Lip would be pressed on lip.

**YOUNG MAN**

Oh, never, never
Will Dermot and Dervogilla be forgiven
You have told your story well, so well indeed
I could not help but fall into the mood
And for a while believe that it was true
Or half believe, but better push on now.
The horizon to the East is growing bright.

*(They go once round stage)*

So here we're on the summit. I can see
The Aran Islands, Connemare Hills,
And Galway in the breaking light; there too
The enemy has toppled wall and roof
And torn from ancient walls to boil his pot
The oaken panelling that had been dear
To generations of children and old men.
But for that pair for whom you would have my pardon
It might be now like Bayeux or like Caen
Or little Italian town amid its wall;
For though we have neither coal nor iron ore
To make us rich and cover heaven with smoke,
Our country, if that crime were uncommitted,
Had been most beautiful. Why do you dance?
Why do you gaze, and with so passionate eyes,
One on the other and then turn away,
Covering your eyes and weaving it in a dance?
Who are you? What are you? You are not natural.

THE GIRL

Seven hundred years our lips have never met.

YOUNG MAN

Why do you look so strangely at one another,
So strangely and so sweetly?

THE GIRL

Seven hundred years.

YOUNG MAN

So strangely and so sweetly. All the ruin,
All, all their handiwork is blown away
As though the mountain air had blown it away
Because their eyes have met. They cannot hear,
Being folded up and hidden in their dance.
The dance is changing now. They have dropped their eyes,
They have covered up their eyes as though their hearts
Had suddenly been broken — Never, never
Shall Dermot and Dervorgilla be forgiven.
They have drifted in the dance from rock to rock,
They have raised their heads as though to snatch the sleep
That lingers always in the abyss of the sky,
Though they can never reach it. A cloud floats up
And covers all the mountain head in a moment.
And now it lifts and they are swept away.
I had almost yielded and forgiven it all —
This is indeed a place of terrible temptation.

(The MUSICIANS begin unfolding and folding a black cloth. The FIRST MUSICIAN comes forward to the front of the stage, at the centre. He holds the cloth before him. The other two come one on either side and unfold it. They afterwards fold it up in the same way. While it is unfolded, the YOUNG MAN leaves the stage).

THE MUSICIAN (singing)

I.

At the grey round of the hill
Music of a lost kingdom
Runs, runs and is suddenly still.
The winds out of Clare-Galway
Carry it: suddenly it is still.

I have heard in the night air
A wandering airy music;
And moidered in that snare
A man is lost of a sudden
In that sweet wandering snare.

What finger first began
Music of a lost kingdom
They dream that laughed in the sun.
Dry bones that dream are bitter.
They dream and darken our sun.

Those crazy fingers play
A wandering airy music;
Our luck is withered away,
And wheat in the wheat-ear withered,
And the wind blows it away.

II.

My heart ran wild when it heard
The curlew cry before dawn
And the eddying cat-headed bird;
But now the night is gone.
I have heard from far below
The strong March birds a-crow,
Stretch neck and clap the wing,
Red cocks, and crow.

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE

May Sinclair

Infancy

I.

THE CURTAIN of the big bed hung down beside the cot.

When old Jenny shook it the wooden rings rattled on the pole and grey men with pointed heads and squat, bulging bodies came out of the folds on to the flat green ground. If you looked at them they turned into squab faces smeared with green.

Every night, when Jenny had gone away with the doll and the donkey, you hunched up the blanket and the stiff white counterpane to hide the curtain, and you played with the knob in the greenpainted iron railing of the cot. It stuck out close to your face, winking and grinning at you in a friendly way. You poked it till it left off and turned grey and went back into the railing. Then you had to feel for it with your finger. It fitted the hollow of your hand, cool and hard, with a blunt nose that pushed agreeably into the palm.

In the dark you could go tip-finger along the slender, lashing flourishes of the ironwork. By stretching your arm out tight you could reach the curlykew at the end. The short, steep flourish took you to the top of the railing and on behind your head.
Tip-fingering backwards that way you got into the grey lane where the prickly stones were and the hedge of little biting trees. When the door in the hedge opened you saw the man in the night-shirt. He had only half a face. From his nose and his cheekbones downwards his beard hung straight like a dark cloth. You opened your mouth, but before you could scream you were back in the cot; the room was light; the green knob winked and grinned at you from the railing, and behind the curtain Papa and Mamma were lying in the big bed.

One night she came back out of the lane as the door in the hedge was opening. The man stood in the room by the washstand, scratching his long thigh. He was turned slantwise from the night-light on the washstand so that it showed his yellowish skin under the lifted shirt. The white half-face hung by itself on the darkness. When he left off scratching and moved towards the cot she screamed.

Mamma took her into the big bed. She curled up there under the shelter of the raised hip and shoulder. Mamma’s face was dry and warm and smelt sweet like Jenny’s powder-puff. Mamma’s mouth moved over the wet cheeks, nipping her tears. Her cry changed to a whimper and a soft, ebbing sob.

Mamma’s breast: a smooth, cool, round thing that hung to your hands and slipped from them when they tried to hold it. You could feel the little ridges of the stiff nipple as your finger pushed it back into the breast.

Her sobs shook in her throat and ceased suddenly.

II.

The big white globes hung in a ring above the dinner-table. At first, when she came into the room, carried high in Jenny’s arms, she could see nothing but the hanging, shining globes. Each had a light inside it that made it shine.

Mamma was sitting at the far end of the table. Her face and neck shone white above the pile of oranges on the dark-blue dish. She was dipping her fingers in a dark-blue glass bowl. When Mary saw her she strained towards her, leaning dangerously out of Jenny’s arms. Old Jenny said, “Tchit-tchit!” and made her arms tight and hard, and put her on Papa’s knee.

Papa sat up, broad and tall above the table, all by himself.
He was dressed in black. One long brown beard hung down in front of him and one short beard covered his mouth. You knew he was smiling because his cheeks swelled high up his face so that his eyes were squeezed into the narrow, shining slits. When they came out again you saw scarlet specks and smears in their corners. Papa's big white hand was on the table, holding a glass filled with some red stuff that was both dark and shining, and had a queer, sharp smell.


The same queer, sharp smell came from between his two beards when he spoke.

Mark was sitting up beside Mamma a long way off. She could see them looking at each other. Roddy and Dank were with them. They were making flowers out of orange-peel and floating them in the finger-bowls. Mamma's fingers were blue and sharp-pointed in the water behind the dark-blue glass of her bowl. The floating orange-peel flowers were blue. She could see Mamma smiling as she stirred them about the tips of her blue fingers.

Her under-lip pouted and shook. She didn't want to sit by herself on Papa's knee. She wanted to sit in Mamma's lap beside Mark. She wanted Mark to make orange-peel flowers for her. She wanted Mamma to look down at her and smile.

Papa was spreading butter on biscuit and powdered sugar on the butter.

"Sugary-Buttery- Bippery," said Papa.

She shook her head. "I want to go to Mamma. I want to go to Mark."

She pushed away the biscuit. "No. No. Mamma give Mary. Mark give Mary."

"Drinky-winky," said Papa.

He put his glass to her shaking mouth. She turned her head away, and he took it between his thumb and finger and turned it back again. Her neck moved stiffly. Her head felt small and brittle under the weight and pinch of the big hand. The smell and the sour, burning taste of the wine made her cry.

"Don't tease Baby, Emilius," said Mamma.

"I never tease anybody."

He lifted her up. She could feel her body swell and tighten under the bands and drawstrings of her clothes, as she struggled
and choked, straining against the immense clamp of his arms. When his wet, red lips pushed out between his beards to kiss her, she kicked. Her toes drummed against something stiff and thin that gave way and sprang out again with a cracking and popping sound.

He put her on the floor. She stood there all by herself, crying, till Mark came and took her by the hand.

"Naughty Baby. Naughty Mary," said Mamma. "Don't kiss her, Mark."

"No, Mamma."

He knelt on the floor beside her and smiled into her face and wiped it with his pocket-handkerchief. She put out her mouth and kissed him, and stopped crying.

"Jenney must come," Mamma said, "and take Mary away."

"No. Mark take Mary."

"Let the little beast take her," said Papa. "If he does he shan't come back again. Do you hear that, sir?"

Mark said, "Yes, Papa."

They went out of the room hand-in-hand. He carried her up-stairs pick-a-back. As they went she rested her chin on the nape of his neck where his brown hair thinned off into shiny, golden down.

III.

Old Jenny sat in the rocking-chair by the fireguard in the nursery. She wore a black net cap with purple rosettes above her ears. You could look through the black net and see the top of her head laid out in stripes of grey hair and pinky skin.

She had a grey face, flattened and wide-open like her eyes. She held it tilted slightly backwards out of your way, and seemed to be always staring at something just above your head. Jenny's face had tiny creases and crinkles all over it. When you kissed it you could feel the loose flesh crumpling and sliding softly over the bones. There was always about her a faint smell of sour milk.

No use trying to talk to Jenny. She was too tired to listen. You climbed on to her lap and stroked her face, and said, "Poor Jenny. Dear Jenny. Poor Jenny-Wee so tired," and her face shut up and went to sleep. Her broad flat nose drooped; her eyelids drooped; her long grey bands of hair drooped; she was like
the white donkey that lived in the back lane and slept standing on
three legs, with his ears lying down.

Mary loved Old Jenny next to Mamma and Mark; and she
loved the white donkey. She wondered why Jenny was always
cross when you stroked her grey face and called her "Donkey-
Jenny." It was not as if she minded being stroked; because when
Mark or Dank did it her face woke up suddenly and smoothed out
its creases. And when Roddy climbed up with his long legs into
her lap she hugged him tight and rocked him, singing Mamma's
song, and called him her baby.

He wasn't. She was the baby; and while you were the baby
you could sit in people's laps. But Old Jenny didn't want her to
be the baby.

The nursery had shiny, slippery yellow walls and a brown floor,
and a black hearthrug with a centre of brown and yellow flowers.
The greyish chintz curtains were spotted with small brown leaves
and crimson berries. There were dark-brown cupboards and chests
of drawers and chairs that were brown frames for the yellow net-
work of the cane. Soft bits of you squeezed through the holes
and came out on the other side. That hurt and made a red pat-
ttern on you where you sat down.

The tall green fire-guard was a cage. When Jenny poked the
fire you peeped through and saw it fluttering inside. If you sat
still you could sometimes hear it say "teck-teck", and sometimes
the fire would fly out suddenly with a soft hiss.

High above your head you could just see the gleaming edge
of the brass rail.

"Jenny — where's yesterday and where's to-morrow—"

IV.

When you had run a thousand hundred times round the table
you came to the blue house. It stood behind Jenny's rocking-chair,
where Jenny couldn't see it, in a blue garden. The walls and ceilings
were blue; the doors and staircases were blue; everything in all the
rooms was blue.

Mary ran round and round. She loved the padding of her feet
on the floor and the sound of her sing-song:

"The pussies are blue, the beds are blue, the matches are blue
and the mousetraps and all the fitty mouses!"
Mamma came in and looked at her as she ran. She stood in the was there, all in blue, with a blue cap; and Mark and Dank and Roddy were there, all in blue. But Papa was not allowed in the blue house.

Mama came in and looked at her as she ran. She stood in the doorway with her finger on her mouth, and she was smiling. Her brown hair was parted in two sleek bands, looped and puffed out softly round her ears, and plaited in one plait that stood up on its edge above her forehead. She wore a wide brown silk gown with falling sleeves.

"Pretty Mamma," said Mary. "In a blue dress."

Every morning Mark and Dank and Roddy knocked at Mama's door, and if Papa was there he called out, "Go away, you little beasts!" If he was not there she said, "Come in, darlings!" and they climbed up the big bed into Papa's place and said "Good morning, Mamma!"

When Papa was away the lifted curtain spread like a tent over Mary's cot, shutting her in with Mamma. When he was there the drawn curtain hung straight down from the head of the bed.

(to be continued)

Periosteum?

"All the bones are covered with a very sensible membrane called the periosteum".

(Cheyne, recorded in Sam. Johnson's dictionary.)

On Reading Ezra Pound's Lustra

At first I had the luscious feeling of a Rocky Ford cantaloupe,—
But later I sensed the papery larva-cells of the wasps-nest.

L. W. K.
"EXILES" *
A Discussion of James Joyce’s Plays
by John Rodker

A GAIN in this play Mr. Joyce exploits that part of mind merging on the subconscious. The drama is one of will versus instinct, the protagonist Richard Rowan, a writer. This particular psychological triangle is one of barely comprehended instincts, desires for freedom (equally undefined), emotions that hardly crystallise before fading out. Inter-action of thought and will is carried so close to this borderline that the reader fears continually lest he miss any implication. Analysis digs continually deeper. At a certain moment it is lost. Mind will go no further.

People are built on no plan and since it is impossible at any moment to say that either will or instinct is dominant, the author lets the curtain fall finally on the hero’s temporary surrender to both.

RICHARD (still gazing at her and speaking as if to an absent person).

"I have wounded my soul for you — a deep wound of doubt which can never be healed. I can never know, never in this world. I do not wish to know or to believe. I do not care. It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless living wounding doubt. To hold you by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you in body and soul, in utter nakedness — for this I longed. And now I am tired for a while Bertha. My wound tires me.

The play is particularly à propos. Everyone talks of individual freedom,—(Stirner is a name to conjure with, though unread),—identifying it in some obscure way with Women’s Suffrage. But the issues are psychological and no spread of popular education will

* The four people who contribute to this discussion have not compared notes or talked over their differences of opinion. The discussion may be continued in the next number.

"Exiles" is published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.
simplify them. In this case Rowan leaves his wife to do as she will. She naturally reviles him for leaving her without the prop of his decisions. After nine years of conjugal life she is unable to make up her mind as to whether she needs a lover. If in the end she does not sin, it is because she uses her virginity as he his profligacy; for pride and humiliation. I have read the play often but without arriving at whether it is an ultimate cowardice or love for her husband that keeps her faithful. To Rowan detail of what has happened does not matter. The atmosphere of their communion would make a more treacherous betrayal than any carnal sideslip. That he can never know.

His anguish at the possible withholding from his wife of any instant of experience which might make her life more full may be interpreted as moral strength or cowardice. Where it is his will demanding Bertha's freedom, he is diffident, but instinct in him speaks fiercely..... "I told you that I wished you not to do anything false and secret against me — against our friendship, against her; not to steal her from me, craftily, secretly, meanly — in the dark, in the night — you, Robert, my friend....." (Looks away again; in a lower voice) "That is what I must tell you too. Because in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her — in the dark, in the night — secretly, utterly, craftily. By you my best friend and by her. I longed for that passionately, crazily, ignobly, to be dishonoured for ever in love and in lust, to be..... To be forever a shameful creature and to build up my soul again out of the ruins of its shame."

The play is very romantic, poetical in a manner rare among plays. It is as fervent as the Seagull of Tchekhof. It was no small achievement of Mr. Joyce to have made dramatic such very pure cerebration, and that with a touch so delicate that no most intricate part of the mechanism has suffered by the inquisition. One sees Ibsen ruining such a situation with coarse fingers. Tchekhof got his purity of apprehension from taking people by their instincts. Joyce has done the same thing with a difference. Not that his people have necessarily more brains, but beyond instinct the brain ramifies into obscurer delicacies. The implication of Exiles are so numerous — each one subject for minute elucidation — that only with great familiarity would a total impression be possible. Tchekhof's subtel- ties are plain-sailing, instinctively apparent, so that for stage purposes he is the last word in effectiveness. Exiles will have however to
become classical—a repertory play, seen often—before any audience can be familiar with it. It is a play which though perfect as literature, might easily lose significance on the stage: it is too full of meat. The most accustomed stomachs only will avoid indigestion.

Nevertheless a production should be full of interest. No manager will, I fancy, care to produce a play without a real suicide, even though it be a “death of the spirit” that drops the curtain; but a small theatre, of which there are many in America and one or two in this country, might easily gain a reputation for intelligence by its production.

by Israel Solon

Let me say at once that I was most painfully disappointed with James Joyce's *Exiles*. My disappointment was so keen because of what he might have achieved and came near achieving but failed to achieve. His merely good is not good enough where the great was so nearly within his reach. With that theme, the author of the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* should have achieved nothing short of the sublime. No poet since Sophocles has had so dramatic a vehicle. Indeed, I think Joyce’s the more dramatic.

Sophocles took for his theme the fate of a man incompletely born and who was therefore bound to rejoin his mother. Sophocles held that man strictly to his inheritance. And so vividly did he present his argument that to this day those of us who are doomed to love our own mothers are forced to accept his terrible but valid judgment. We may fling a feeble fist at whatever gods we choose; escape our doom we can not. James Joyce in *Exiles* has taken for his dramatic vehicle the fate of two men who are in love with each other and who are at the same time excessively amenable to all social coercion. Bound by the letter of conventional morality more completely than most men, the disguises winked at by organised society and thereby made available to most men is not available to these two men. They will have nothing they may not have openly. Drawn to each other from within and held back from without, these two men are doomed to keep within sight of each other but beyond the reach of each other. The “eternal triangle” of our conventional comedy is repulsive to these men. Here is matter worthy of the very best that James Joyce has it within him to lend. Why, then, does James Joyce fail to achieve that measure of greatness we have every right to expect of him and the theme he has chosen?
I believe it is because he has failed to make his characters conscious of what fate has in store for them. Had he made these men fully aware of what their lives held for them, the roles fate meant them to play, and he, furthermore, made them struggle valiantly against it, then if they had won in the end we should have had great comedy, and if they lost we should have had sublime tragedy. Consciousness would have made of them such responsible human beings as would have engaged our sympathies to the utmost; whereas unconsciousness has left them feeble victims blindly wallowing to no purpose. And since it is unthinkable to me that the author of the Portrait and Ulysses could be lacking in moral courage, I am forced to the conclusion that James Joyce was not himself aware of the matter of his play.

by Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M. D.

Exiles will in all probability prove to be cavaire to the general, not only because it is open to the obvious criticism that it is not true to life, but because its subject-mater is one that unconsciously stirs up the most passionate resistances of a reader unaccustomed to the most honest and deep-searching self-analysis. To the psychologist trained in psychoanalysis, on the contrary, the book will be agreeably welcome as an inspired contribution from the depths of an artist's soul to one of the most tabooed and falsified motives of human conduct, — we mean homosexuality. It is true that the reader unlearned in such matters, and perhaps the author too, may not be aware that this is the theme of the play and may look for it in vain. Of course, this is not all there is to the play; just as in a dream the main motive is overladen and disguised with other subsidiary motives and rationalizations, so is it in the drama before us.

The comparison of Exiles with a dream may be carried much further. Every work of fiction is its creator's dream; the more fictitious, the more dream-like, the more apparently absurd and unreal, the truer it is to the hidden forces in the maker's soul and the truer too to the generality of mankind for whose repressed springs of action the poet is the mouthpiece. Exiles very often reads like a dream and must be interpreted as such. As such it may be said to derive its motive power from the author's repressed but most urgent impulses, to emanate from the unconscious forces within him and to enable him to gratify in this "harmless" way his unacted and unactable long-
ings. In all this, it need hardly be said, there is not the slightest reproach for or condemnation of the dramatist: every purely fictitious literary work is the self-revelation of a burdened soul that saves itself from a neurosis or from a perversion by the cathartic effect of the creative process.

Richard Rowan's, the protagonist's, homopsychism is never once referred to in the story but is clearly to be deduced from his character and conduct. He has no love for his dead mother and several times refers bitterly to her hardness of heart, at the same time crediting her with having been a remarkable woman; of his "handsome father", on the contrary, he always speaks with great affection. He is utterly incapable of making love to a woman or of loving one unless she is or has been in love with a man to whom he is attached; for this reason he connives at his life-long friend's, Robert Hand's wooing of his wife and urges her, nay, goads her on to be unfaithful to him. The author subtly and delicate leads us to infer that Richard and Bertha are living a life of abstinence ever since his betrayal of her nine years before and that he gives her full freedom only that they might thus be reunited. Speaking to Robert of the moment when he surprised him wooing Bertha, he says: "At that moment I felt our whole life together in the past, and I longed to put my arm around your neck". A little later he says to him: "In the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her — in the dark, in the night — secretly, meanly craftily. By you, my best friend, and by her. I longed for that passionately and ignobly". Being asked why he did so, he replies: "From pride and from ignoble longing. And from a deeper motive still". From a psychological point of view it is important, too, to note that before Richard's marriage he and Robert had for years shared a house in the country as a rendez-vous for erotic escapades. Of course Richard rationalizes his motives in his unconscious conflict with his latent passion ("I fear that I will reproach myself for having taken all for myself because I would not suffer her to give to another what was hers and not mine to give; because I accepted from her her loyalty and made her life poorer in love"), but even the few sentences we have quoted prove the correctness of our deduction concerning him. Fully to comprehend this splendid portrait of a type of artistic soul that one meets often enough in real life, though exiled, it is necessary not to overlook Richard's intensely masochis
tic and voyeur impulses. He delights in putting himself in situations that entail a great deal of anguish for him, and he compels his wife to give him the fullest details of his friend's assaults upon her honor. That he can be cruel too on occasion is not at all surprising; by virtue of the law of bi-polarity the masochist is also a sadist.

The portraits of the Wife, the Friend, the Other Woman and even the Child are interesting characterizations that will repay careful study. They are all intensely individualized and unquestionably human though not conventional. Archie, aged eight, is one of the few life-like children to be found in literature and is introduced into the play very effectively — perhaps because in portraying him the author was inspired by Shakespeare's Prince Mamillius to whom the little lad bears a strong resemblance. (Incidentally it may be remarked that *The Winter's Tale* is largely unintelligible if we fail to see the homopsychic conflict in it and do not recognize the erotic relationship between Leontes and Polixenes. Othello's fate too might-have been different had it not been for his unconscious love for Cassius.

Many of the minute details of this play, such as Richard's slip of the tongue about his interest in Robert's cottage, Beatrice's forgetting to bring her music, Bertha's sudden attack of fear when Robert speaks to her from the bed-room, etc., prove Mr. Joyce to be a fine psychologist and a keen observer of human nature. But his courage to be true and unconventional, combined with the fact that his chief characters are neurotic, exiles, will we fear doom him to a small but select following.

**by jh**

I find it difficult to put any of my thoughts on *Exiles* into words. They are not used to words: they die. I feel that Joyce's play has died in words. I do not mean because of the words literally, — all Art is linguistic. But even Art must fail many times before it conquers those things whose nature it is to keep themselves a secret from us forever.

On the surface the play gives itself up to many interpretations. Propagandists declare it is a play on the freedom of the individual. Other reviewers talk of triangles and Ibsen and neurotics. All these things are easy and semi-intelligent things to say. But when it is
unanimously agreed that Joyce hasn't "put over his idea clearly" or that he hasn't known just what he was trying to put over, I grow a bit nervous and wonder why it doesn't appear to them that perhaps Joyce couldn't reach their darkness. I also wonder why not read _Exiles_ with Joyce in mind. The man who wrote _A Portrait of the Artist_ and _Ulysses_, a highly-conscious, over-sensitized artist living at the vortex* of modern psychology, would scarcely go back to dealing with material in a pre-Nietzsche manner. Joyce is not Galsworthy; on the other hand he is not D.H. Lawrence. And to discuss courage in connection with Joyce is ridiculous. Joyce outlived courage in some other incarnation.

There are people, a few, always the artist I should say, who inspire such strong love in all who know them that these in turn become inspired by love for one another. The truth of the matter is that such a person is neither loved nor lover but in some way seems to be an incarnation of love, possessing an eternal element and because of it a languor, a brooding, a clairvoyance of life and a disdain. In other people he breeds a longing akin to the longing for immortality. They do not love him: they become him. Richard is one of these.

There is much talk of freedom in the play. Everyone wanting everyone else to be free, it is shown that there is at no time any freedom for anyone. The discussion of the wife's decision when she went away with Richard — unasked by him — proves she has no freedom to make a decision. She may have been in love with Robert, but she had no choice: she was Richard. Robert is in love with Richard, has always been; but he is an unthinking, natural man. He follows nature with his brain and thinks he is in love with Richard's wife, a woman being the conventional symbol for a man's love. But when he has a meeting with her and they are left alone by Richard in perfect freedom they are foiled, they are both Richard, both trying to reach Richard, not each other. Richard's old conflict with his mother (just indicated) was based on her refusal to become him. The wife sees the child going the way of all of them.

There is no where in the world for Richard to turn for love. Sex as other men know it can be for him only a boring, distasteful need of the body. Love strikes back at him from every source. His be-

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*Zurich.*
comes a Midas tragedy.

He is tormented by the commonplace “beaten path” love-making of Robert and his wife. He asks her infinite questions; he directs the love-making to save his sensibilities. He says to Robert: “Not like this — this is not for people like us.” Yet he wishes darkly that they had dishonoured him in a common, sneaking way. Not that he cares for either of them, not that he cares for honour or for conventions, but then he might have been free of them. They would have acted for once without his spirit having been the moving force.

We see Richard wearily contemplating his despair. There is much of the child in Richard. He has a need to create some hold on life, some connection with the experiences of other men. He chooses the least uncomplimentary to himself of those in the play as the symbol through which he can make his connection with love. He sees himself less handicapped intellectually in the music teacher, so he loves love through her. When they taunt him with her he answers “No, not even she would understand.” He writes all night endless pages at this image of himself, and in the morning walks on the beach maddened by emptiness and despair. At the last curtain he falls on to a couch, worn and helpless, in need only of a “great sweet mother”; but he must be forever on the wheel: his wife kneels beside him babbling of her love.

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode VIII


A sombre young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon’s, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr. Bloom. Heart to heart talks.

Bloo . . . Me? No.
Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. All are washed in the blood of the lamb. Elijah is coming. Dr. John Alexander Dowie restorer of the church in Zion is coming. Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!

All heartily welcome.

Paying game. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper’s ghost idea. Iron nails ran in.

Phosphorous it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for instance. I could see the bluey’s silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain.

From Butler’s monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor’s walk. Dedalus’ daughter there still outside Dillon’s auction rooms. Must be selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father. Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That’s in their theology or the priest won’t give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? No families themselves to feed. Living on the fat of the land. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her. Never pick it out of her: his reverence: mum’s the word.

Good Lord that poor child’s dress is in flitters. Under fed she looks too. It’s after they feel it. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O’Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular town in itself. Vats of porter wonderful. Rats get in too. Drink themselves bloat-ed as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that! Rats: vats. Well of course if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quaywalls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben J’s son must have swallowed a good bellyful of
that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with the things.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirtytwo feet per sec is come. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of swells, floated under by the bridgepiers. Not such damn fools. They wheeled, flapping.

*The hungry famished gull*

*Flaps o'er the waters dull.*

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.

*Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit*

*Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.*

— Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand. Australians they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up with a rag or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applewoman two Banbury cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently, two, then all, from their heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel.

Aware of their greed and cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his hands. They never expected that. Manna. Live on fish, fishy flesh they have, all seabirds, gulls, seagoose. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them. They wheeled, flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more. Penny quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. If you fatten a turkey say on chesnut meal it tastes like that. But then why is it that saltwater fish are not salty? How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treacly swells lazily its plastered board.

*Hyam's*

11/

*Trousers.*

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream,
never the same, which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of places are good for ads. That quackdoctor for the clap used to be stuck up in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr. Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for that matter on the q. t., running in to loosen a button. Just the place too.

If he . . . . . . ?
O!
Eh?
No . . . . No
No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?
No, no.

Mr. Bloom moved forward, raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about that. After one. Timeball on the ballast-office is down. Dunsink time. Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's. Parallax. I never exactly understood. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pikehoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr. Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballast-office. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. She's not exactly witty. Still I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Powerful man he was at stowing away number one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.

A procession of whitesmocked sandwich men marched slowly towards him along the gutter, scarlet sashes across their boards. Bargains. Like that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered. He read the scarlet letters on their five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S. Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk of bread from under his foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly. They are not Boyl: no: M'Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any business either. I suggested to him about a transparent showcarrt with two smart girls sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes, blottingpaper. I bet that would have
caught on. Smart girls writing something catch the eye at once. Everyone dying to know what she's writing. Wouldn't have it of course because he didn't think of it himself first. Well out of that ruck I am. Devil of a job it was collecting accounts of those convents. Tranquilla convent. That was a nice nun there, really sweet face. Sister? Sister? I am sure she was crossed in love by her eyes. Very hard to bargain with that sort of woman. I disturbed her at her devotions that morning. Our great day, she said. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Sweet name too: caramel. She knew I, I think she knew by the way she. If she had married she would have changed. I suppose they really were short of money. Fried everything in the best butter all the same. Sister? It was a nun they say invented barbed wire.

He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover cycleshop. Those races are on today. How long ago is that? Year Phil Gilligan died. We were in Lombard street west. Wait: was in Thom's. Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married. Six years. Ten years ago: ninetyfour he died, yes that's right the big fire at Arnott's. Val Dillon was lord mayor. Milly was a kiddy then. Molly had that elephant grey dress with the braided frogs. She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle first day she wore it, choir picnic at the Sugarloaf. As if that. Never put a dress on her back like it. Fitted her like a glove, shoulder and hips. Just beginning to plump it out well. Rabbitpie we had that day. People looking after her.

Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought: elder flower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely too.

He walked along the curbstone.

Stream of life. What was the name of that priesty-looking chap was always squinting in when he passed? Stopped in Citron's saint Kevin's parade. Pen something. Pendennis? My memory is getting. Pen . . . ?

Bartell d'Arcy was the tenor, just coming out then. Seeing her home after practice. Conceited fellow with his waxedup moustache. Gave her that song Winds that blow from the south.

Windy night that was I went to fetch her, there was that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's con-
cert in the supperroom of the mansion house. He and I behind. Sheet of her music blew out of my hand against the high school railings. Lucky it didn't. Thing like that spoils the effect of a night for her. Professor Goodwin linking her in front. Shaky on his pins, poor old sot. Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar up. Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust? Brrfoo! Blew up all her skirts and her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin. She did get flushed in the wind. Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum. Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth unclasping her stays. White.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till near two, taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. That was the night . . . . . .

— O Mr. Bloom, how do you do?
— O how do you do, Mrs. Breen?
— No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.
— In the pink, Mr. Bloom said gaily. Milly's down in Mul­lingar, you know.
— Is that so?
— Yes, in a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How are all your charges?
— All on the baker’s list, Mrs. Breen said
How many has she? No other in sight.
— You're in black I see. You have no . . . .
— No Mr. Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral. Going to crop up all day, I foresee.
— O dear me, Mrs. Breen said, I hope it wasn't any near re­lation.
May as well get her sympathy.
— Dignam, Mr Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died quite suddenly poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was this morning.

Your funeral's tomorrow
While you're coming through the rye.
Diddlediddle dumdum
Diddlediddle . . . . .
— Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.
Now that's quite enough about that. Just: quietly: husband.
— And your lord and master?
Mrs Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.
— O, don't be talking, she said. He's a caution to rattle­snakes. He's in there now with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me heartscaled. Wait till I show you.
Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jampuffs poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr. Bloom's gullet. A barefoot arab stood over the grating breathing in the fumes. Deaden the gnaw of hunger that way,
Opening her handbag, chipped leather. Hatpin: ought to have a guard on those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Soiled handkerchief: medicine bottle. What is she? . . . .
— There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you know what he did last night?
Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in alarm, yet smiling.
— What? Mr Bloom asked.
Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you.
Trust me.
— Woke me up in the night, she said. Dream he had, a nightmare.
Indiges.
— Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs.
— The ace of spades! Mr Bloom said.
She took a folded postcard from her handbag.
— Read that, she said. He got it this morning.
— What is it? Mr Bloom asked, taking the card. U. P.?
— U. P: up, she said. Someone taking a rise out of him. It's a great shame for them whoever he is.
— Indeed it is, Mr Bloom said.
She took back the card sighing.
— And now he's going round to Mr Menton's office. He's going to take an action for ten thousand pounds, he says.
She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.
Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy
toque, three old grapes to take the harm out of it. She used to be a smart dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly.

See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel.

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent. Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary, flour stuck to her cheek. Josie Powell that was. U. P: up.

Change the subject.

— Do you ever see anything of Mrs. Beaufoy, Mr. Bloom asked.

— Mina Purefoy? she said.

Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' club. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain?

— Yes.

— I just called to ask on the way in is she over it. She's in the lyingin hospital in Holles street. Dr Horne got her in. She's three days bad now.

— O, Mr Bloom said. I'm sorry to hear that.

— Yes, Mrs Breen said. And a houseful of kids at home. It's a very stiff birth, the nurse told me.

— O, Mr. Bloom said.

His heavy pitying gaze absorbed her news. His tongue clacked in compassion. Dth! Dth!

— I'm sorry to hear that, he said. Poor thing! Three days! That's terrible for her.

Mrs Breen nodded.

— She was taken bad on the Tuesday . . . .

Mr Bloom touched her funnybone gently, warning her.

— Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river, staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavy-stringed glass. Tight as a skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head.

From his arm a folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride.

— Watch him, Mr. Bloom said. He always walks outside the lampposts. Watch!

— Who is he when he's at home? Mrs Breen asked. Is he dotty?
His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr Bloom said, smiling. Watch!
— He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these days.
She broke off suddenly.
— There he is, she said. I must go after him. Goodbye. Remember me to Molly, won't you?
— I will, Mr Bloom said.
He watched her dodge through passers towards the shop-fronts. Denis Breen in skimpy frockcoat and blue canvas shoes shuffled out of Harrison's, hugging two heavy tomes to his ribs. Like old times. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly.

Off his chump.
Mr Bloom walked on again easily, seeing ahead of him in sunlight the tight skullpiece, the dangling stickumbrelladustcoat. Going the two days. Watch him! Out he goes again. And that other old mosey lunatic. Hard time she must have with him.

U. P: up. I'll take my oath that's Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding. Wrote it for a lark in the Scotch house I bet anything. Round to Menton's office. His oyster eyes staring at the postcard. Be a feast for the gods.

He passed the Irish Times. There might be other answers lying there. At their lunch now. Clerk with the glasses there doesn't know me. O, let them stay there. Enough bother wading through fortyfour of them. Wanted smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty darling because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the meaning. Please tell me what perfume your wife. Tell me who made the world. The way they spring those questions on you. And the other one Lizzie Twigg. My literary efforts have had the good fortune to meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr Geo. Russell!).

No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry.

Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. James Carlisle made that. Six and a half per cent dividend. Cunning old Scotch fox. All the toady news. Our gracious and popular vicereine. Bought the Irish Field now. Lady Mountcashel has quite recovered after her confinement and rode out with the Meath hounds. Strong as a brood mare some of those horsey women. Toss off a glass of brandy
neat while you'd say knife. That one at the Grosvenor this morning. Up with her on the car: wishswish. Think that pugnosed driver did it out of spite.

Poor Mrs. Purefoy!


Sss. Dth, dth, dth! Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vinegarde handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out. Phew! Dreadful simply! Child's head too big: for­ceps. Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly, groping for the way out. Kill me that would. Lucky Molly got over hers lightly. They ought to invent something to stop that. Twilight sleep idea: queen Victoria was given that. Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the what was it the pensive bosom of the silver effulgence. They could easily have big establish­ments whole thing quite painless out of all the taxes, give every child born five quid at compound interest up to twentyone five per cent is a hundred shillings and five tiresome pounds multiply by twenty decimal system encourage people to put by money save hundred and ten and a bit twentyone years want to work it out on paper come to a tidy sum more than you think.

Not stillborn of course. They are not even registered. Trouble for nothing.

How flat they look after all of a sudden! Peaceful eyes. Weight off their minds. Old Mrs Thornton was a jolly old soul. Snuffy Dr Brady. People knocking them up at all hours. For God' sake, doctor. Wife in her throes. Then keep them waiting months for their fee. No gratitude in people.

A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian file. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts. They split up into groups and scattered, saluting towards their beats. Let out to graze. A squad of others, marching irregularly, rounded Trinity railings, making for the station. Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive soup.
He crossed under Tommy Moore’s roguish finger. They did right to put him up over a urinal: meeting of the waters. *There is not in this wide world a vallee.* Great song of Julia Morkan’s. Kept her voice up to the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe’s, wasn’t she?

He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to tackle. Jack Power could tell a few tales; father a G man. If a fellow gives them trouble being lagged they let him have it hot and heavy in the bridewell. Can’t blame them after all with the job they have. That horsepoliceman the day Joe Chamberlain was given h’s degree in Trinity he got a run for his money. My word he did! His horses’ hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Lucky I had the presence of mind to dive into Manning’s. He did come a wallop, by George. Must have cracked his skull on the cobblestones. I oughtn’t to have got myself swept along with those medicals. All skedaddled. Why he fixed on me. Right here it began.

— Up the Boers!
— Three cheers for De Wet!
— *We’ll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree.*

Silly billies: mob of young cubs yelling their guts out. Few years time half of them magistrates and civil servants. War comes on: into the army helter-skelter: same fellows used to: *whether on the scaffold high.*

Never know who you’re talking to. Corny Kelleher he has Harvey Duff in his eye. Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles. Member of the corporation too. Egging raw youths on to get in the know all the time drawing secret service pay from the castle. Why those plainclothes men are always courting slaveys. Squarepushing up against a backdoor. Maul her a bit. And who is the gentleman does be visiting there? Was the young master saying anything? Peeping Tom through the key hole. Decoy duck. Hotblooded young student fooling round her fat arms ironing.

— Are those yours, Mary?
— I don’t wear such things . . . . . . Stop or I’ll tell the missus on you. Out half the night.
— There are great times coming, Mary. Wait till you see.
— Ah, golong with your great times coming.
Barmaids too. Tobaccoshopgirls.

James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them. Circles of ten so that a fellow couldn't inform on more than his own ring. Turnkey's daughter got him out of Richmond, off from Lysk. Putting up in the Buckingham Palace hotel under their very noses. Garibaldi.

You must have a certain fascination: Parnell. Arthur Griffith is a squareheaded fellow but he has no go in him for the mob. Want to gas about our lovely land. Have your daughters inveigling them to your house. Stuff them up with meat and drink. The not far distant day. Homerule sun rising up in the northwest.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on: same: day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, washing the blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaa.

Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, pasing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piled up bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Babylon. Big stones left. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerry-built. Kerwan's houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night.

No-one is anything.

This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

Provost's house. The reverend Dr. Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in there. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope they have liver and bacon today. The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silverware in Walter Sexton's window opposite by which John Howard Parnell passed, unseeing.

There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face.
Now that's a coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't meet him. Like a man walking in his sleep. No-one knows him. Must be a corporation meeting today. They say he never put on the city marshal's uniform since he got the job. Charley Kavanagh used to come out on his high horse, cocked hat, puffed, powdered and shaved. Look at the woebegone walk of him. Great man's brother: his brother's brother. Drop into the D. B. C. probably for his coffee, play chess there. Let them all go to pot. Afraid to pass a remark on him. Freeze them up with that eye of his. That's the fascination: the name. Still David Sheehy beat him for south Meath. Simon Dedalus said when they put him in parliament that Parnell would come back from the grave and lead him out of the house of commons by the arm.

Of the twoheaded octopus, one of whose heads is the head upon which the ends of the world have forgotten to come while the other speaks with a Scotch accent. The tentacles. They passed from behind Mr. Bloom along the curbstone. Beard and bicycle. Young woman.


His eyes followed the high figure in homespun, beard and bicycle, a listening woman at his side. Coming from the vegetarian. Only wegebobbles and fruit. They say its healthier. Wind and watery though. Tried it. Why do they call that thing they gave me nutsteak? To give you the idea you are eating rumpsteak. Absurd.

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. I detest that: so tasteless. Those literary etereal people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolic. Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a certain mood.
The dreamy cloudy gull
Waves o'er the waters dull

He crossed at Nassau street corner and stood before the window of Yeates and Son, pricing the fieldglasses. Or will I drop into old Harris's and have a chat with young Sinclair? Well mannered fellow. Probably at his lunch. Must get those old glasses of mine set right. Goerz lenses seven guineas. Germans making their way everywhere. Sell on easy terms to capture trade. Might chance on a pair in the railway lost property office. Astonishing the things people leave behind them in trains and cloakrooms. What do they be thinking about? Women too. Incredible. There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by. His lids came down on the lower rims of his irises. Can't see it. If you imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it.

He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right hand at arm's length towards the sun. Wanted to try that often. Yes: completely. The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun's disk. Must be the focus where the rays cross. If I had black glasses. Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west. Terrific explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time.

Now that I come to think of it that ball falls at Greenwich time. It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink. Must go out there some first Saturday of the month. If I could get an introduction to professor Joly or learn up something about his family. That would do to: man always feels complimented.

Ah.

His hand fell again to his side.

Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdomg always. Gas: then solid: then world: then cold: then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock. The moon. Must be a new moon out, she said. I believe there is.

He went on by la maison Claire.

Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. She was humming: The young May moon she's beaming, love. He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love. Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.
Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.

Mr. Bloom, quickbreathing, slowlier walking, passed Adam court.

With a deep quiet relief his eyes took note this is the street here middle of the day Bob Doran's bottle shoulders. On his annual bend, M'Coy said. Up in the Coombe with chummies and streetwalkers and then the rest of the year as sober as a judge,


I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twenty eight I was. She twentythree. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. Would you? Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy? Wants to sew on buttons for me. I must answer. Write it in the library.

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints, silkdames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoof-thuds lowringing on the baking causeway. Thick feet that woman had in the white stockings. Countrybred. All the beef to the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of plumb.

He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. Lacaus esant tara tara. Great chorus that. Taree tara. Must be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer. T ara: bom bom bom.

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Sticks them all over the place.

He bared slightly his left forearm. Scrape: nearly gone. Not today anyhow. Must go back for that lotion. For her birthday perhaps. Junejulyaugseptember eighth. Nearly three months off. Then she mightn't ilke it. Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo.
Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings.

Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all.

High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jingling harnesses. All for a woman, home and houses, silkweds, silver, rich fruits spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world.

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely he mutely craved to adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

He turned Combridge’s corner, still pursued. Jingling hoof-thuds. Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.

— Jack, love!
— Darling!
— Kiss me, Reggie!
— My boy!
— Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slush of greens.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A man with an infant’s napkin tucked round him spooned gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: gristle gums: no teeth to chew it. Chump chop he has. Sad booser’s eyes.

— Roast beef and cabbage.
— One stew.

Smells of men. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, the stale of ferment.

His gorge rose.

Couldn’t eat a morsel here. Get out of it.

He gazed round the stoolcd and tabled eaters, tightening the wings of his nose.

— Two stouts here.
— One corned and cabbage.

An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates. Rock, the bailiff, standing at the bar blew the foamy crown from his tankard. Well up: it splashed yellow near his boot.

Mr. Bloom raised two fingers doubtfully to his lips. His eyes said:

— Not here. Don't see him.

Out.

He backed towards the door. Get something light in Davy Byrnes'. Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

— Roast and mashed here.

— Pint of stout.


He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten.

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with a porringer to be filled John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity women and children cabmen priest parsons fieldmarshals archbishops Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all. Want a souppot as big as the Phoenix park. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vegetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic of course it stinks Italian organ grinders crisp of onions mushrooms truffles. Pain to the animal too. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobble lights. Give us that brisket off the hook. Plup. Flayed glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nose jam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces, young one.

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Insidious. Lick it up smoking hot. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrne's.
What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now.
— Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.
— Hello, Flynn.
— How’s things?
— Tiptop ... Let me see. I’ll take a glass of burgundy and
... let me see.
Sardines on the shelves. Potted meats. What is home without
Plumtree’s potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under
the obituary notices they stuck it. Dignam’s potted meat Can­ni­bals would with lemon and rice. White men too salty. Like pickled
pork. With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what concoction.
Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked up. Kosher. Hygiene that
was what they call now.
— Have you a cheese sandwich?
— Yes sir.
Like a few olives too if they had them. Good glass of burgundy
take away that. A cool salad. Tom Kernan can dress ...
— Wife well?
— Quite well, thanks ... A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?
— Yes, sir.
Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.
— Doing any singing those times?
Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears
to match. Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman.
Still better tell him. Does no harm.
— She’s engaged for a big tour end of this month. You may
have heard perhaps.
— No. O, that’s the style. Who’s getting it up?
The curate served.
— How much is that?
— Seven d., sir ... Thank you, sir.
Mr. Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips.
— Mustard, sir?
— Thank you.
He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs.
— Getting it up? he said. Well, it’s like a company idea,
you see. Part shares and part profits.
— Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand
in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me?
Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard hauched on Mr. Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat strongly to speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

— Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear. No brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

— He made a tidy bit, Jack Mooney was telling me over that boxing match Myler Keogh won against that soldier in the Portobello barracks. By God he had Myler down in the country Carlow he was telling me ... .

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

— For near a month, man, before it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God till further orders. Keep him off the booze, see? O, by God, Blazes is a hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in shirtsleeves, cleaning his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush.

— And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said.

Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup?

— I'm off that, Mr. Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never put anything on a horse.

— You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr. Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of disgust, pungent mustard the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his wine soothed his palate.

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely planed. Like the way it curves there.

— I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said.

It ruined many a man the same horses.

Vintners' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.
— True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unless you're in the know. There's no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving Sceptre today. Zinfandel's the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him. I could have got seven to one against Saint Amant a fortnight before.

— That so? Davy Byrne said...
He went towards the window and, taking up the pettycash book, scanned its pages.
— I could, faith, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. That was a rare bit of horseflesh. She won in a thunderstorm, Rothschild's filly, with wadding in her ears. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his John o' Gaunt. He put me off it. Ay.
He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the flutes.
— Ay, he said, sighing.
Mr. Bloom, champing standing, looking upon his sigh. Nosey numbskull. Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again. Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly beards they like. Dogs' cold noses. Old Mrs. Riordan with the rumbling stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her lap. O the big doggybowwowseywowsy!
Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a light snack. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then. She...
Mild-fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour. His eyes unhunggrily saw shelves of tins, sardines, gaudy lobsters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky thing putting anything into your mouth. Poisonous berries. One fellow told another and so on. Try it on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Instinct. Orangegroves for instance. Need artificial irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes but what about oysters. Unsightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found them out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was
in the Red bank this morning. Was he oysters old fish at table perhaps he young flesh in bed no June has no “r” no oysters. But there are people like tainted game that archduke Leopold was it, no, yes, or was it Otto one of those Habsbourgs, of course aristocrats, then the others copy to be in the fashion. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in the sea to keep up the price. Cheap no-one would buy. Caviare. Do the grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blow out. Lady this. Powdered bosom pearls. May I tempt you to a little more filleted sole, miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she did bedad. Huguenot name I expect that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney I remember. Du de la French. Still it’s the same fish perhaps old Mickey Hanlon of Moore street ripped the guts out of making money hand over fist finger in fishes’ gills can’t write his name on a cheque think he was painting the landscape with his mouth twisted Moookil Aitcha Ha ignorant as a kish of brogues worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winespress grapes of Burgundy. Sun’s heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth below us bay sleeping: sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion’s head. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape’ you’ll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay full lips full open kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spitlre. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft warm sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were take me willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warm folded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her: eyes, her lips, her stretched neck beating, woman’s breasts full in her blouse of nun’s veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.
Stuck, the flies buzzed.
His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see them museum library standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. They don’t care what man looks. All to see. Never speaking. I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods golden dishes all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton carrots and turnips bottle of Allsop. Nectar imagine it drinking electricity: god’s food. Lovely forms of woman Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind. They have no. Never looked. I’ll look today. Keeper won’t see. Bend down let some thing fall see if she.
Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked to men too they gave themselves manly conscious lay with men lovers a youth enjoyed her to the yard.
When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:
— What is this he is? Isn’t he in the insurance line?
— He’s out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for the Freeman.
— I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?
— Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?
— I noticed he was in mourning.
— Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at home. You’re right, by God. So he was.
— I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.
— It’s not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan’s wife has in Henry street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home to his better half. She’s well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast.
— And is he doing for the Freeman? Davy Byrne said.
Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.
— He doesn’t buy cream on the ads he picks up. You may take that from me.
Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He winked.
— He's in the craft, he said.
— Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.
— Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted order. Light, life and love, by God. They give him a leg up. I was told that by a — well, I won't say who.
— Is that a fact?
— O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it but they're as close as damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.
Davy Byrne smiled. Yawned. Nodded all in one:
— Hiiiiichaaaaaaach!
— There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in a clock to find out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the Saint Legers of Doneraile.
Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes.
— And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him — you know, over the line.
— God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does.
— There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.
— He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. He has been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.
His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.
— I know, Davy Byrne said
— Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.
Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.
— Day, Mr. Byrne.
— Day, gentlemen.
They paused at the counter.
I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.
Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.
I'll take a stone ginger, Bantam Lyons said.
How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for God's sake? What's yours, Tom?
How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping.
For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breastbone and hiccoughed.
Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr. Byrne? he said.
Certainly, sir.
Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.
Lord love a duck, he said, look at what I'm standing drinks to! Cold water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck whiskey off a sore leg. He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup. A dead snip.
Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.
Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before him.
That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.
Bread soda is very good, Davy Byrne said.
Tom Rochford nodded and drank.
Is it Zinfandel?
Say nothing, Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to plunge five bob on my own.
Tell us and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard said. Who gave it to you?
Mr. Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.
So long, Nosey Flynn said.
The others turned.
That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.
Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr. Byrne, sir, we'll take two of your small Jamesons after that and a . . . .
Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.
Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby.

(to be continued)
THE BOULEVARD

Israel Solon

II

ESTHER now had many things to think about and decide. She had never been to a ball, except the one or two given by her father's lodge, an organization of old and orthodox Jews. They weren't really what you could call balls at all. Joyless affairs they had been, devised merely to extract three dollars from each member in ways not provided by the constitution and by-laws of the order. Now, this ball was to be a real swell affair. All the biggest swells from the Boulevard would be at that ball. A whole lot of things had to be done first before she could dare to show her face at the ball.

But what things were they? Where could she find out? Take, for instance, the very first thing, the dress. What was she to do about it? Where would she find a dressmaker? How decide the style? the kind and color of goods? the trimmings? She asked of every likely person that came into the shop, but they knew nothing themselves and only tried to guess, and confused her the more. How could she expect anybody on Maxwell Street to know what you had to do for a swell ball! Of course she expected nothing from her old-fashioned mother. Esther felt irritated all the day at her work, and was troubled in her sleep at night.

But it was her old-fashioned mother proved of help after all. "Mind me, Estherkin," she said one morning. "You go to Mollie Mandel. She will fix everything for you and you won't have to worry no more."

What? How was that? For a moment Esther stood speechless. Then the color came into her face and her eyes glowed so that you never would have known it was the same Esther. So much she had worried! So much! And all for nothing at all. That's the way things go sometimes. You got to have the bread knife. Where did it get lost? You are sure you saw it only a little minute ago. You look and you look and you look, everywhere. Go, do, make something! It is as if the earth had opened up and swallowed it. All of a sudden — there! You are holding it in your
two hands. And you are lucky when there is nobody around to laugh at you.

Mollie Mandel did decide everything—"as of course she could not help doing," was the way Esther put it, "with all the things that woman knows and so good to everybody." Mollie Mandel, a masterful female, whose home is farthest from her sphere, is, nevertheless, not altogether wanting in tenderness; besides which, the assertion of her mastery requires that she do things for others. In her own way, of course.

"The dressmaker?" she mocked, amused at Esther's simplicity. "That is really a terrible worry. Don't be such a silly! My own modiste makes all the swellest gowns for all the ladies of the Boulevard."

Mollie Mandel then half-closed her eyes and swept Esther up and down and across, several times. In the end she said definitely:

"Deary, you'll get an evening gown and a swell one."

A faint gasp escaped Esther. She did not know what a swell evening gown made by a Boulevard dressmaker meant. It sounded to her as if it must cost a terrible lot of money.

Mollie Mandel got her at once. She laid a bejeweled hand on Esther's shoulder in her most affectionate sales-lady manner; but she spoke in her don't-let-it-happen-again tone, one word at a time, that it might sink in properly:

"Listen to me, girly. I'm going to tell you something. Never be afraid of spending money. Your father will like you that much better for it. The more you cost the more he'll think of you. All men are like that. They never know how good you are until they find out how much you cost."

Esther had never heard anyone talk like that before, and she wondered what made Mollie talk like that. That Mollie Mandel's words represented a way of seeing life and living, a practical philosophy, was beyond Esther. Mollie Mandel saw this, and concluded that Esther's case was quite hopeless. As well go and bark at the moon, for all the good it is likely to do you. But to consume your liver because of it certainly did not pay; so she tilted her chin and said in a tired voice:

"Well, what have you got to say now?"

Esther could say nothing. That was precisely it. But it was not to have been expected that Mollie Mandel would feel this, or trouble herself because of it. But Esther's purpose was in the pres-
ent instance as well served by Mollie Mandel's need to be active. She hustled Esther into the Mandel family's electric motor—a solemn, deliberate, sumptuous, purple structure, with electric lights in the walls and roof, and cut glass containers holding artificial flowers—and before Esther had had time to become decently frightened, she was hustled out again.

Mollie Mandel exchanged some words with the dressmaker, and Esther was made to turn around a number of times, and ordered to walk this way and that and back again. Mollie Mandel talked fast, and the dressmaker kept saying. "Oh, yes. Quite right. Stunning. Splendid." In the meanwhile, Esther was being measured, and became more and more bewildered. Then Mollie Mandel picked up her handbag of real alligator skin with solid gold trimming, and motioned for Esther to follow her, but she halted and said to the dressmaker, this time quite distinctly: "Emerald green chiffon over burnt orange satin, chiffon sleeves, quarter length, and V neck—all right." And the dressmaker replied, "Yes, Madame Mandel."

Esther was by now thoroughly frightened. She saw herself at the ball. Arms bare. Shoulders bare. Under all those lights. That might be all right for the girls of the Boulevard. But for Malkin the baker's daughter, a Maxwell Street girl! She gave a quick look around the room. But there was no one that might have come to her aid.

In desperation Esther turned her head from side to side and cried hysterically, "No, no, no!"

Mollie Mandel almost lost patience. There was ingratitude for you. But what could you expect?

"My dear child. You just leave these things to me." She spoke from her privileged position as a lady of the Boulevard. "You've been wearing things much too subdued for your age and style of beauty. That's why nobody noticed you. You can just depend on what I'm telling you. You've got to jump in their faces if you want people to notice you."

Esther had never before felt so utterly helpless. It was like trying to keep yourself from falling in a dream. Mollie Mandel stepped back and looked Esther over critically, then came up close and felt of Esther's person.

"My!" she called out in her sweetest voice. "What nice fat shoulders you've got! You ain't got nothing to be ashamed of, you
little goose! Don't shake your head like a horse. I know these things better, deary."

Then, of a sudden, she seemed to have made an amazing discovery, and she shouted:

"Why, just look at your eyes! Beau-ti-ful, perfectly beau-ti-ful, that's what they are! — And the hair! Deary, you don't know how lucky you are. There ain't a girl in five hundred has got eyes and hair like yours. Don't look at me like a baby. I know what I'm talking about. You'll see. On the dancing floor. They'll fall over each other. Wait till we get to that ball. You'll see! But you got to do as I tell you."

And Mollie Mandel smiled a mellow, knowing smile.

Esther stared at her bewildered. Could it be true? She could not resist looking into the dressmaker's tall mirror, though Mollie was watching her. It was so pleasant to believe; she could not resist it. It was like letting herself sink into sleep when she was tired. She had to look into the mirror again and again.

Yes, she did have beautiful eyes and hair.

"Mollie — Mrs. Mandel," Esther began, her eyes filling with tears. "You're so good. You know so much. I don't know nobody. What could I do——"

She had to stop or she would have burst out crying, and in a strange house.

"Now, Esther. Never mind that, dear——"

A strange thing had happened. Mollie Mandel, who had always been attracted only by brute ruggedness, who would have stopped to watch a man shaking rats out of a trap in the midst of trembling terriors, and would have enjoyed the sight, but who never noticed a fallen horse or a ragged fist-ful of an old woman with a few pencils in a bony hand — Mollie Mandel was moved at the sight of Esther's dumb helplessness, moved almost to the melting mood. The humor passed over her and was gone. The next moment she was her old self again and quite all right. She said:

"Just wait! Your mother will catch it from me. To let you go around like that! But, don't you care, deary. Wait till we get to that ball. They'll fall over each other; you'll see."

Esther, simple, timid, plodding Esther, was fascinated. Mollie Mandel had given her strange courage, vaulting desires. Why not she like so many of the others? With such eyes and hair!

Her eyes quickened; her hair became neater and more attractive.
Her entire body caught the infection which showed itself in her every move and gesture. There was a new buoyancy in her step. A living purpose appeared in her face. Men got up in the street cars and offered her their seats; and even lifted their hats to her, like to a real lady. Her mother, also, became more attentive:

"Sit down a little, Estherkin," she would say fetching a chair. "You been standing on your feet all the morning." At another time she would say: "Go upstairs now, Esther, and lay down a little. You must be tired." Or "Go now, take a little walk. It'll be good for you. I'll lock up the shop myself." And, "Here's a little present for you. I see all the girls got it." Or, "Here's a nice apple for you, daughterkin. Eat it to your good health."

However tired Esther felt at the end of the day's work, she would not go to bed now without trying on the ball dress. The dress, the mere thought of which had in the beginning frightened her so, by the time she had tried it on half a dozen times, turned out to be really very nice. She practiced walking in front of her dresser mirror. Her shoulders maybe were a little too full; but better anyhow as all bones, like some of the girls. She had always fixed her hair in front and had never known that it could be made to look so swell in the back and sides. She would now put up her hair and let it down again, arranging it first one style and then another, without being able to make up her mind which she liked herself best in. The new silver mesh bag, which never should have left the bureau drawer except when going for a walk on Sabbath afternoons, she carried about with her every day in the bake-shop. She would let a customer wait when she wanted to look into the tiny mirror.

There were times now when Esther saw herself stepping along the leafy lanes of Douglas Park, or sitting on the rock at the edge of the lagoon, or reclining in the bow of a row boat. And always there was now a man beside her. At his touch a soft warmth would flush her body. His whole appearance, his voice, what he said and did, were tender and considerate; and he seemed able to understand her as if he were inside her own head. But she was never able to catch sight of him. Always he would disappear around the corner of her eye when she tried to get a look at him. He wasn't a baker, she knew. He was much grander. He was a gentleman.

Then maybe there would pass before her eyes a flash no bigger than a tiny pin. But after that everything was changed. She would
see herself back of the counters of her father's bake-shop in Maxwell Street. She would have to end her days like Rachel Kaplan, gray haired, sunken-eyed and flat chested.

The day of the ball found Esther all atremble. The weeks of preparation, her constantly changing moods, when neither hope nor fear would abide, were more than she could bear up under. Esther, who had grown fat and strong through years of patient plodding, became pale and weak during the short period of her wrestling with the unknown. It was little help she was to her mother the day of the ball. She would let things slip from her hands, kept forgetting what she was about, and had to be watched at making change.

Could she dance good enough? What could she say to her swell partner? She would maybe have to make a lot of smart talk and be funny. She could only make a fool of herself and be laughed at. She would die of shame, right there on the spot.

Silently, nervously, all day her mother followed her, on the verge of tears because of her helplessness. She knew what troubled her daughter, but had no power to do anything. Wasn't it a frightful thing to have to stand by and look on while your own, more precious than the eye in your head, was suffering, and you able to do nothing. It was late, but she could not get herself to urge Esther, to remind her how terribly necessary it was that she should look her best at the ball. Finally, she did manage to say:

"Daughterkin, you got to hurry up a little and get dressed now. I got everything ready for you on the bed."

Praised be the Exalted One! What a relief that was! She helped Esther to her room, taking hold of her arm only to let go of it and run ahead a step or two, then returning to grasp at the arm again. From time to time she would think of something to cheer her daughter with, and of something to shield her against possible harm.

"It ain't as if you didn't know nobody on the ball, Estherkin. Mollie Mandel she will be there waiting for you, and she can do a whole lot where she wants to. I help you a little maybe, yes? It will be quicker. You got to dance all the evening, and I got to do nothing at all only sit with my arms folded like a princess and rest myself. See, daughterkin, that looks good on you. May we have so good a year! Now sit a little down. Oh, yes, Estherkin, you got to do that. You got to sit a little down before you go out, so you
be well received where you go. That we may be speak only in the hour of grace — how nice you look! Step out with the right foot first, daughterkin; with the right one, yes. So. Let you only have a good luck now!"

Mollie Mandel was overcome with a feeling of her own goodness when she saw Esther entering the hall, and rushed over to meet her.

"You look perfectly charming, deary!"

She almost meant that. Esther's mass of black hair and her large black eyes fused with her air of frightened wandering. Her former stolidity, the steamy redness of her complex, the pudginess of her hands, had disappeared. A tired pallor now veiled the flat outlines of her features, and made her appear distant and pathetic, and what the ghetto calls "gentle," as distinguished from inordinate health, which is coarse, low and peasant-like. Mollie Mandel felt impelled to reassure Esther:

"You're nervous, ain't you, girly? That'll wear off. Two turns around the hall with one of the swell fellows I got picked out for you, and you won't recognise yourself. Let me see how nice you can smile. Stingy! Show your teeth. That's better. See, you look better already!"

Esther looked about the hall as soon as she found herself safely seated. The longer she looked the more pleased she became. The countless lights blinking from inside pink paper flowers, the looped red and green paper festoons, the hundreds of beaming young faces, the floor that you could almost see yourself in — that was what you could really call a ball. That given by her father's lodge was just plain nothing at all compared with this. Yes, it was good she came, if only just to look at it once.

The orchestra struck up "Hop Along Solly." From all about the hall came the sound of scraping chairs and shuffling feet. Mollie Mandel gave a signal, and Esther's smiling partner came up bowing.

"Esther, meet Mr. Lewis. Miss Malkin, Mr. Lewis."

She paid no attention to what she was saying, for she knew the words of the introduction by rote, like a religious formula. Esther let go of Mollie Mandel's hand and started away.

"Just leave it to her," Mollie Mandel said, nudging Mrs. Malkin. "You can just bet her little head ain't stuffed with oakum."
“Swell, ain’t it?” Abe Lewis turned to Esther, making a stab at conversation.

“You’re a swell dancer,” Esther replied, blushing.

She caught the sound of her voice, and was frightened at its boldness. She never had believed herself capable of talking like that, and to a strange man. It struck her that real ladies would not talk like that.

“Are you kidding me or showing me a good time?” Abe Lewis tried again.

Esther knew that she ought to make some sort of a reply, but it was all she could do to keep in step. Suddenly she found herself in the seat beside her mother. The music had stopped. It was like waking in the midst of a beautiful dream.

“You got a good time tonight, ain’t you, daughterkin?”

“Yes,” Esther felt so good she could not talk.

“The next dance you got with Dave Cohen, yes?”

Esther felt of her hair for loose pins. She did not want her mother to see that she would not talk of Dave Cohen.

“I hear he’s a good lawyer, what?”

Esther made no answer. She did not know why she did not want to talk of Dave Cohen. He was small, and he was dark, with sharp, uneven features and pointed eyes — not at all like the man she had of late been dreaming about. But Dave Cohen was an educated man. His hand was soft and pleasant, and his touch was soft and pleasant; his voice was soft and pleasant, and his smile was soft and pleasant. He made her feel good and she wasn’t a bit afraid of him. He was a real gentleman. Nobody had ever talked to her the way he had talked to her when Mollie Mandel had introduced him. He had said — How did he say it? There, she forgot it already! And she was so sure that she never would forget it. He had said — No. He had said — “Esther was always a pretty name, now it’s a pretty girl.” That was how he said it! And he said it so nice she didn’t even have to get red.

“Estherkin, sit up a little more nice. Here he comes already.”

“I'll take good care of her, Mrs. Malkin,” Dave Cohen said, leading Esther onto the dancing floor. And he smiled like to his own mother. It was a real pleasure, a nice young man like that.

“Excuse me, Mr. Cohen,” Esther pleaded when he saved her from slipping. “I’m all mixed up tonight.”
"Pardon me! It was my fault, Esther—— You don't mind my calling you Esther, do you? Thanks. It's awfully good of you. Permit me. There! Wasn't that clever of me? I learnt that helping my sister. Oh, I can do lots of things, I can! That was Judge Abrahams," he informed her, refering to the man with whom he had just exchanged greetings. That was Congressman Passover."

It was nice to be among swells. Her being a Maxwell Street girl didn't matter at all. She could see everybody watching her. Tomorrow all Maxwell Street would talk of her. Dave said he learnt that helping his sister. That was funny. He didn't have no sister. She never thought of that when he said it. Maybe she should ask him. Maybe he said it to be funny? That was funny. She never thought of that.

"Will you give me all the dances I want?" Dave Cohen asked suddenly. He asked it with a twinkle in his eye. He knew he was asking too much for the first time. Then he added. "The last dance is mine, remember. I won't have it any other way."

"The last dance maybe I can't give you, Mr. Cohen. I don't know when father will come for mother and me."

"Now, Esther! That isn't a bit nice of you. Can't I be trusted to see you home safely? That's part of the fun!"

Before returning her to her mother he had insisted on her going into the buffet with him, where he ordered Peach Melba for two. And he never even looked at the printed card. Esther could not hide her amazement at the dish. And the taste was a wonderful thing! Then she saw him leave fifteen cents on the little table. She knew that was for the girl who waited on them. Then he paid fifty cents more to the cashier. Sixty-five cents! She had always wanted to go into the drug store and treat herself for once to a ten cents' ice cream soda; but in the end she always crossed the street to the Greek's and got one for a nickel. But she could not make up her mind that it was a sin he had spent so much on her. Sixty-five cents! She knew she would have to tell of it.

"The last dance, Esther!" Dave Cohen said, putting up a warning finger. And he bowed and smiled to Esther and her mother. "Remember, I won't have it any other way!"

So many dances with Dave Cohen where everybody could see them! How beautiful everybody looked! She saw Mollie Mandel coming towards her, and straightened up.
"I'll be with you in a moment, ladies," Mollie Mandel said to her two bosom-proud companions. "Keep it up," she snapped into Esther's ear. "You're doing fine. What did I tell you?"

Mollie Mandel was like a messenger from God, but the blood rushed into Esther's head and she could not say a word.

"Better go and fix up a little, daughterkin," her beaming mother advised softly. "The hair, and a little powder maybe. You're glad you came to the ball, yes? I'm so happy!"

Esther started for the retiring room. The greed of the famished was upon her, and she would not speak of her happiness. She had reached only just inside the door, when she was brought to a stop by voices coming from the other side of the screen:

"Malkin's got oodles of money——"

"Dave's killing it. She'll catch on——"

"Don't you suppose she can see he's making fun of her!"

"Just leave it to Dave," Mollie Mandel's voice said. "She was running her legs off in that hole in Maxwell Street. I jollied her along a bit and got Dave to help me. Now she's having the time of her young life. Did I tell you ladies how she came to be here?——"

Esther's hands went out for something to steady herself by. She felt her way back into the hall. There she stood, blinded by the lights, swaying. A group began to form around her, and her mother rushed over.

"What's the matter, daughterkin, tell me! You feel not good?"

"We got to go home!" Esther cried hysterically. "Right away——"

Her head began to swim, and her knees gave way. She remembered nothing more."

"Daughterkin, answer me." A voice came to her as through a thick wall. "You got too much excited last night on the ball, ain't you, child of mine? Answer me!"

Ball? Excitement? Ball? Esther tried to piece them together. Why was she in bed so late?

"The father says," her mother's droning voice continued, "the father says, when our daughterkin gets strong again we go to look for a house on the Boulevard."

The final incident of the ball burst in upon Esther. She turned her frightened face towards her mother:

"No, no! Not on the Boulevard!"
“Why, Esther! Sure we got to move on the Boulevard. You'll invite all the swell friends you made on the ball and not have to be ashamed for our house. Give a look what kind—eh nice flowers Dave Cohen brought you all ready so early.”

The mother had saved the most joyous bit of news for the last.

“Where?” And Esther's eyes went searching the room. Why — How was that possible after what she had overheard? There, sure enough, on the dresser in the water pitcher was an armful of American beauty roses. “Dave, he brought them?” She feared believing too readily. “Dave himself?”

“Sure,” Mrs. Malkin replied, trying hard to keep her joy within bounds. “He comes back again later. He said so. He had to go to the judge for nine o'clock for something. He comes back; he comes back many times, lot of times. I can see in his face.” Mrs. Malkin wanted her daughter to understand her beyond the meaning of her words, more than she could get herself to utter. And she was glad to see that Esther understood her. “The flowers cost a dollar, and maybe sometimes two dollars yet, what?”

“Them flowers you get for two dollars? Oh, yes, sure!” She could not resist exulting just the least bit. “They cost five dollars — ten dollars maybe for sure.”

“Ten dollars!” Mrs. Malkin cried out. “We got to move right away on the Boulevard!”

“Yes, mother. We got to move on the Boulevard.”

Note on “The Dreaming of the Bones”

This is the second play by Mr. William Butler Yeats written in the manner of the Japanese Noh plays. I think it is more successful than his play in the Noh form, The Hawk’s Well, and that in this play he has caught the spirit of the old Noh plays perfectly.

Those who are familiar with Ezra Pound's extraordinarily beautiful rendering of the Noh plays, based upon the translations of Ernest Fennollosa, will not need to be told how perfectly Mr. Yeats has caught the spirit of the Noh plays in The Dreaming of the Bones. To those who are not familiar with the Noh plays, a brief note on the Noh drama would be almost useless. But, apart from the form of
the play, a few words giving the point of view from which it was written may not be amiss.

The Young Man of the play is typical of a large number of young Irishmen of today. When America comes to weigh Ireland's reasons for rejecting conscription, the belief of such young men should be remembered. Some years ago the then Speaker of the American House of Representatives, Honorable Thomas B. Reed, one day overheard one of his colleagues cursing another member because the member "was so damned provincial". Reed drawled out to his colleague "But why curse him for his provinciality? Provinciality is a fact, just as the weather is a fact, and not something to be angry or to curse about." So in the case of the Young Man in the play, it is not a question of what he ought to believe, but of what he does believe. It is a matter to understand and to weigh and to remember and not a matter merely to get angry about.

This notable play may, therefore, be regarded as a symbol of the ideas and ideals of a large number of young men in Ireland today. My allusion to provinciality has no relation to the provinciality of the learned Irish judge who some years ago made the speech which has become so well-known as a matter of Dublin folk-lore, condemning the efforts, then only in their beginning, to revive the Irish language. The short speech of the great Irish orator John F. Taylor in reply on that occasion is imbedded, like a jewel, in James Joyce's Ulysses, Episode VII. (the Little Review for October 1918, pages 44 and 45). There the judge who argued against the revival of the Irish language showed himself to be the provincial. But whether an attitude or a movement or a refusal or a rejection, like that of conscription, is or is not provincial, should, it would seem, be determined by the times or the events existing at the time and not from the merely traditional point of view.

Of course it is not implied that everyone in Ireland is full of the notion that England has always been to Kathleen-ni-Houlihaun a kind of Bluebeard.

There are many other political points of view in Ireland, but this play represents an important point of view.

The Little Review is to be congratulated upon being able to publish this play, for it is full of the charm and unfailing distinction of William Butler Yeats at his best. At a time when other magazines are full of reconstruction stuff and discussions of various pseudo-psychological solutions of business, economic and international prob-
lems, — stuff that, with all respect, sounds like the vaporings of Mary Baker G. Eddy in international affairs, with pseudo-science and pseudo-prophecy as "the key to the future", the Little Review is lucky in being able to publish this moving poem, full of true romance, made out of sorrow and tragedy and out of loneliness and desolation.

J. Q.

THE READER CRITIC

To jh

Lola Ridge, New York City:

May all the ancient and non-plebeian gods praise you for that letter in the November number. You can't continue to let any one rock the Little Review. And E. P. has for some time needed just such a cool and unperturbed hand to press him back into his seat. It isn't his knocking — that waste of creative (and destructive) energy is his look-out; America's so-easily abraded and so-quickly healing skin needs all it can get — of whip-cuts, not of mud and rotten eggs. And there's something about Pound's vituperations that savors of none too remote gutters — and rival stalls and tongues akimbo and herrings obvious in a rising temperature.

I've sometimes felt like saying something like this out loud but — I'm frugal! and then he's done lovely things and I admire his cold shining thin-glass mind through which so many colors pass leaving no stain — and then — my stone-arm balks at swinging in rhythm with the mob's.

Orrick Johns; St. Louis:

I am not a very discriminating critic, perhaps, but I depend upon the Little Review for a certain section of the eccentric joy existence gives me. I especially liked Eliot's poetry, which Marsden Hartley disapproves. Pound is always readable, but not more always so than the pungent irritability of "jh". Joyce's novel has one negligible chapter from the standpoint of my understanding, but absolutely beggars appreciation in other spots. From Hecht and Sherwood Anderson I derive awe, but little response. One is apt suddenly to be reminded one is reading nearly all that is worth while in current writing in your pages. This is perhaps a little too inclusive.
W. C. W.:
You have your foot in the jam of the door and your services are flamingo-winged compared of those of the builders of the cathedral of St. John the Divine.

I appreciate your great services to me and my kind. We cannot be told what to write. You are the only periodical anywhere where good stuff of any kind — poetry, prose, novel, criticism — can get a hearing and — depending on the amount of sense which you possess — a chance to be seen. You are far more important than the United States senate, for example — let me add that I have a fellow poet's feeling for Wilson-the-Sedately-Impetuous.

G. S. B., Chicago:
I do not wish to renew my subscription to the Little Review. Frankly, I do not like it in its present dress. The whole make-up seems like a tour-de-force without rhyme or reason. I'm not a prude and I can bear any kind of truths if there is a reason for stating them. Sensuousness for the sake of sensuousness does not appeal to me, and a striving for things so involved that no one can understand them does not mean literature to me. When I compare the first year of the Little Review with the present numbers I feel sad. The only things I now like in the magazine are yours. They are in plain English.

F. Wilstack (Schubert Theatre Offices):
In the American number there are two rather likely similies: Ben Hecht's "her lips were like the streaks of vermillion lacquer painted on an idol's face", and Else von Freytag's "to beg forgiveness with flashing smile, like amber-coloured honey".

Who are these two people? I haven't attempted to look them up; but they don't seem like American names for an American number.

Louis Gilmore, New Orleans:
You have probably noticed, as I did that one of my "Inventions" was appended, by way of coda or tail-piece to Hecht's "Yellow Goat". Some of your readers, not recognizing my individual note, "may render unto Ben Hecht the Autoepitaph that is Louis Gilmore's."
I should like to make just a note on "The Dance of Siva" (by Ananda Coomaraswamy, published by the Sunwise Turn).

I am always humble before any hint of the ancient civilization of the East—Chinese or Indian. These people seem to have been able to make more use of being human beings than any other peoples.

There are fourteen essays in the book, most of them dealing with Art and Beauty. In these essays Dr. Coomaraswamy has set forth suavely and graciously the findings of an ultimate civilization—a civilization unrecognized and uncomprehended in this country. I wish sometimes when there is so much talk of "making the world a better place to live in" and the general reconstruction of the universe, that some care could be taken to indicate which world. It must all seem very kind, to the Orientals, but rather unnecessary.

It is difficult for a people without either knowledge or intuitions to keep any discriminations clear. It it quite the fashion now to jeer Tagore or, with Ezra Pound, to say "Good old Tagore". At the time Mr. Tagore was in America every one who did not call him a negro either religionized him or wrote asking him to tell their fortunes.

It is an inability to feel the particular quality and the essential difference in the unfamiliar which produces scoffing and denial. Denial of an art or a civilization proves nothing. "There are many who never yet felt the beauty of Egyptian sculpture of Chinese or Indian painting or music: that they have also the hardihood to deny their beauty, however, proves nothing." Certainly denial never can prove that we have anything better. "It is a little too easy to decide that our own is best; we are at the most entitled to believe it is the best for us."

It is restful to find such unimpeachable precedent for some of one's most damned and hooted statements. Many of our view considered most wildly ex cathedra are calmly endorsed in this history of aesthetics. For instance: beauty is a state, and absolute; a work of art is an outward sign that the artist has discovered the imminence of the Absolute and not that he is trying to regenerate the world or express his opinions, etc.
ANNOUNCEMENT

The February number will have for its feature a series of articles on Remy de Gourmont. Among the contributors will be T. S. Eliot, Richard Aldington, Frederick Manning, John Rodker, T. T. Clayton, and Ezra Pound. The American section will include William Carlos Williams, jh, Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, Ben Hecht, and others.

A n O f f e r

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