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

A Prologue, by William Carlos Williams

Drawings by Stanislaw Szukalszki
PROLOGUE

William Carlos Williams

The Return of the Sun

Her voice was like rose-fragrance
waltzing in the wind.
She seemed a shadow, stained with
shadow colors,
Swimming through waves of sunlight...

The sole precedent I can find for the broken style of my prologue is Longinus on the Sublime, and that one far-fetched.

When my mother was in Rome on that rare journey forever to be remembered, she lived in a small pension near the Pincio gardens. The place had been chosen by my brother as one notably easy of access, being in a quarter free from confusion of traffic, on a street close to the park, and furthermore the tram to the American Academy passed at the corner. Yet never did my mother go out but she was in fear of being lost. By turning to the left when she should have turned right, actually she did once manage to go so far astray that it was nearly an hour before she extricated herself from the strangeness of every new vista and found a landmark.

There has always been a disreputable man of picturesque personality associated with this lady. Their relations have been marked by the most rollicking spirit of comradeship. Now it has been William, former sailor in Admiral Dewey’s fleet at Manila, then Tom O’Rourck who has come to her to do odd jobs and to be cared for more or less when drunk or ill, — their Penelope. William would fall from the grape arbor much to my mother’s amusement and delight, and to his blustering discomfiture, or he would stagger to the back door nearly unconscious from bad whiskey. There she would serve him with very hot and very strong
coffee, then put him to scrubbing the kitchen floor, pouring into his suddy-pail half a bottle of ammonia which would make the man gasp and water at the eyes as he worked and became sober.

She has always been incapable of learning from benefit or disaster. If a man cheat her she will remember that man with a violence that I have seldom seen equaled, but so far as that could have an influence on her judgment of the next man or woman she might be living in an Eden. And indeed she is, an improverished, ravished Eden but one indestructible as the imagination itself. Whatever is before her is sufficient to itself and so to be valued. Her meat though more delicate in fiber is of a kind with that of Villon and La Grosse Margot:

Vente, gresle, gelle, j’ai mon pain cuit!

Carl Sandburg sings a negro cotton picker’s song of the bol weevil. Verse after verse tells what they would do to the insect. They propose to place it in the sand, in hot ashes, in the river and other unlikely places but the bol weevil’s refrain is always: “That’ll be ma HOME! That’ll be ma HOOME!”

My mother is given over to frequent periods of great depression, being as I believe by nature the most light-hearted thing in the world. But there comes a grotesque turn to her talk, a macabre anecdote concerning some dream, a passionate statement about death, which elevates her mood without marring it, sometimes in a most startling way.

Looking out at our parlor window one day I said to her: “We see all the shows from here, don’t we, all the weddings and funerals?” (They had been preparing a funeral across the street, the undertaker was just putting on his overcoat.) She replied: “Funny profession that, burying the dead people. I should think they wouldn’t have any delusions of life left.” W: Oh yes, it’s merely a profession. M: Hm. And how they study it! They say sometimes people look terrible and they come and make them look fine. They push things into their mouths! (Realistic gesture). W: Mama! M: Yes, when they haven’t any teeth.

By some such dark turn at the end she raises her story out of the commonplace: Look at that chair, look at it! (The plasterers had just left). If Mrs. J or Mrs. D saw that they would have a fit. W: Call them in, maybe it will kill them. M: But
they're not near as bad as that woman, you know, her husband was in the chorus,—has a daughter Helen. Mrs. B,—yes. She once wanted to take rooms here. I didn't want her. They told me: "Mrs. Williams, I heard you're going to have Mrs. B. She is particular. She said so herself. Oh no! Once she burnt all her face painting under the sink."

Thus seeing the thing itself without forethought or afterthought but with great intensity of perception my mother loses her bearings or associates with some disreputable person or translates a dark mood. She is a creature of great imagination. I might say this is her sole remaining quality. She is a despoiled, moulted castaway but by this power she still breaks life between her fingers.

Once when I was lunching with Walter Arensberg at a small place on 63rd Street I asked him if he could state what the more modern painters were about, those roughly classed at that time as "cubists", — Gleisze, Man Ray, Demuth, Du Champs — all of whom were then in the city. He replied by saying that the only way man differed from every other creature was in his ability to improvise novelty and, since the pictorial artist was under discussion, anything in paint that is truly new, truly fresh creation, is good art. Thus according to Du Champs, who was Arensberg's champion at the time, a stained glass window that had fallen out and lay more or less together on the ground was of far greater interest than the thing conventionally composed in situ.

We returned to Arensberg's sumptuous studio where he gave further point to his remarks by showing me what appeared to be the original of Du Champs famous Nude Descending a Staircase. But this, he went on to say, is a full-sized photographic print of the first picture with many new touches by Du Champs himself and so by the technique of its manufacture as by other means it is a novelty!

Led on by these enthusiasms Arensberg has been an indefatigable worker for the yearly salon of the Society of Independent Artists, Inc. I remember the warmth of his description of a pilgrimage to the home of that old Boston hermit who, watched over by a forbidding landlady (evidently in his pay), paints the cigar-box-cover-like nudes upon whose fingers he presses actual rings with
glass jewels from the five and ten cent store.

I wish Arensberg had my opportunity for prying into jaded households where the paintings of Mama's and Papa's flowertime still hang on the walls. I purpose that Arensberg be commissioned by the Independent Artists to scour the country for the abortive paintings of those men and women who, without master or method, have evolved perhaps two or three unusual creations in their early years. I would start the collection with a painting I have by a little English woman, A. E. Kerr, 1906, that in its unearthly gaiety of flowers and sobriety of design possesses exactly that strange freshness a spring day approaches without attaining, an expansion of April, a thing this poor woman found too costly for her possession — she could not swallow it as the niggers do diamonds in the mines. Carefully selected these queer products might be housed to good effect in some unpretentious exhibition chamber across the city from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the anteroom could be hung perhaps photographs of prehistoric rock-paintings and etchings on horn: galloping bison and stags, the hind feet of which have been caught by the artist in such a position that from that time until the invention of the camera obscura, a matter of 6000 years or more, no one on earth had again depicted that most delicate and expressive posture of running.

The amusing controversy between Arensberg and Du Champs on one side, and the rest of the hanging committee on the other as to whether the porcelain urinal was to be admitted to the Palace Exhibition of 1917 as a representative piece of American sculpture should not be allowed to slide into oblivion.

One day Du Champ decided that his composition for that day would be the first thing that struck his eye in the first hardware store he should enter. It turned out to be a pickaxe which he bought and set up in his studio. This was his composition. Together with Mina Loy and a few others Du Champs and Arensberg brought out the paper *The Blind Man* to which Robert Carlton Brown, with his vision of suicide by diving from a high window of the Singer Building, contributed a few poems.

In contradistinction to their south, Marianne Moore's statement to me at the Chatham parsonage one afternoon — my wife and I were just on the point of leaving — sets up a north: My
work has come to have just one quality of value in it: I will not touch or have to do with those things which I detest. In this austerity of mood she finds sufficient freedom for the play she chooses. A short time before, at the tea table, her mother had remarked in that soft but keen-edged drawl of hers: Marianne is still in the conglomerate stage. "I don't see how you so successfully sustain your image," Marianne once said to me in a letter.

Of all those writing poetry in America at the time she was here Marianne Moore was the only one Mina Loy feared. By divergent virtues these two women have achieved freshness of presentation, novelty, freedom, break with banality.

When Margaret Anderson published my first Improvisations Ezra Pound wrote me one of his hurried letters in which he urged me to give some hint by which the reader of good will might come at my intention.

Before Ezra's permanent residence in London, on one of his trips to America — brought on I think by an attack of jaundice — he was glancing through some book of my father's. "It is not necessary," he said, "to read everything in a book in order to speak intelligently of it." "Don't tell everybody" I said so," he added.

During this same visit my father and he had been reading and discussing poetry together. Pound has always liked my father. "I of course like your Old Man and I have drunk his Goldwasser." They were not for an argument that day. My parent had been holding forth in downright sentences upon my own "idle nonsense" when he turned and became equally vehement concerning something Ezra had written: what in heaven's name Ezra meant by "jewels" in a verse that had come between them. These jewels, rubies, sapphires, amethysts and what not, Pound went on to explain with great determination and care, were the backs of books as they stood on a man's shelf. "But why in heaven's name don't you say so then?" was my father's triumphant and crushing rejoinder.

The letter: . . . "God knows I have to work hard enough to escape, not propaganda, but getting centered in propaganda. And America? What the h--l do you a blooming foreigner know about the place. Your père only penetrated the edge, and you've
never been west of Upper Darby, or the Maunchunk switchback.

"Would H., with the swirl of the prairie wind in her underwear, or the virile Sandburg recognize you, an effete easterner as a REAL AMERICAN? INCONCEIVABLE! ! ! !

"My dear boy you have never felt the woop of the PEEraries. You have never seen the projecting and protuberent Mts. of the Sierra Nevada. WOT can you know of the country?

"You have the naive credulity of a Co. Claire emigrant. But I (der grosse Ich) have the virus, the bacillus of my land in my blood, for nearly three bleating centuries.

"(Bloody snob. 'eave a brick at 'im! ! !) . . .

"I was very glad to see your wholly incoherent unamerican poems in the L. R.

"Of course Sandburg will tell you that you miss the 'big drifts,' and Bodenheim will object to your not-being sufficiently decadent.

"You thank your blomin gawd you've got enough Spanish blood to muddy up your mind, and prevent the current American ideation from going through it like a blighted collander.

"The thing that saves your work is opacity, and don't forget it. Opacity is NOT an American quality. Fizz, swish, gabble and verbiage, these are echt Americanisch.

"And alas, alas, poor old Masters. Look at Oct. Poetry."

Let me indulge the American habit of quotation:

"Si le cosmopolitisme littéraire gagnait encore et qu'il réussit à étaindre ce que les différence de race ont allumé de haine de sang parmi les hommes, j'y verrais un gain pour la civilisation et pour l'humanité tout entière."

"L'amour excessif et exclusif d'une patrie a pour immédiat corollaire l'horrer des patries étranègères. Non seulement on craint de quitter la jupe de sa maman, d'aller voir comment vivent les autres hommes, de se mêler à leur luttes, de partager leur travaux, non seulement on reste chez soi, mais on finit par fermer sa porte."

"Cette folie gagne certains littérateurs et le même professeur, en sortant d'expliquer le Cid ou Don Juan, rédige de gracieuses injures contre Ibsen et l'influence, hélas trop illusoire, de son cèvre pourtain toute de lumière et de beauté." et ceta. Lie down and compose yourself.
I like to think of the Greeks as setting out for the colonies in Sicily and the Italian Peninsula. The Greek temperament lent itself to a certain symmetrical sculptural phase and to a fat poetical balance of line that produced important work, but I like better the Greeks setting their backs to Athens. The ferment was always richer in Rome, the dispersive explosion was always nearer, the influence carried further and remained hot longer. Hellenism, especially the modern sort, is too staid, too chilly, too little fecundative to impregnate my world.

Hilda Doolittle before she began to write poetry or at least before she began to show it to anyone would say: "You're not satisfied with me, are you Billy? There's something lacking, isn't there?" When I was with her my feet always seemed to be sticking to the ground while she would be walking on the tips of the grass stems.

Ten years later as assistant editor of the *Egoist* she refers to my long poem, "March", which, thanks to her own and her husband's friendly attentions, finally appeared there in a purified form:

14 Aug. 1916

Dear Bill:

I trust you will not hate me for wanting to delete from your poem all the flippancies. The reason I want to do this is that the beautiful lines are so very beautiful — so in the tone and spirit of your *Postude*—(which to me stands, a Nike, supreme among your poems). I think there is real beauty — and real beauty is a rare and sacred thing in this generation — in all the pyramid, Ashur-ban-i-pal bits and in the Fiesole and in the wind at the very last . . .

I don't know what you think, but I consider this business of writing a very sacred thing! — I think you have the "spark," am sure of it, and when you speak direct are a poet. I feel in the hey-ding-ding touch running through your poem a derivative tendency which, to me, is not you — not your very self. It is as if you were ashamed of your Spirit, ashamed of your inspiration! — as if you mocked at your own song. It's very well to mock at yourself — it is a spiritual sin to mock at your inspiration —

Hilda.
Oh well, all this might be very disquieting were it not that "sacred" has lately been discovered to apply to a point of arrest where stabilization has gone on past the time. There is nothing sacred about literature, it is damned from one end to the other. There is nothing in literature but change and change is mockery. I'll write whatever I damn please, whenever I damn please and as I damn please and it'll be good if the authentic spirit of change is on it.

But in any case H. D. misses the entire intent of what I am doing, no matter how just her remarks concerning that particular poem happen to have been. The hey-ding-ding touch was derivative but it filled a gap that I did not know how better to fill at the time. It might be said that that touch is the prototype of the improvisations.

It is to the inventive imagination we look for deliverance from every other misfortune as from the desolation of a flat Hellenic perfection of style. What good then to turn to art from the atavistic religionists, from a science doing slavey service upon gas engines, from a philosophy tangled in a miserable sort of dialect that means nothing if the full power of initiative be denied at the beginning by a lot of baying and snapping scholiasts? If the inventive imagination must look, as I think, to the field of art for its richest discoveries today it will best make its way by compass and follow no path.

But before any material progress can be accomplished there must be someone to draw a discriminating line between true and false values.

The true value is that peculiarity which gives an object a character by itself. The associational or sentimental value is the false. Its imposition is due to lack of imagination, to an easy lateral sliding. The attention has been held too rigid on the one plane instead of following a more flexible, jagged resort. It is to loosen the attention, my attention since I occupy part of the field, that I write these improvisations. Here I clash with Wallace Stevens.

The imagination goes from one thing to another. Given many things of nearly totally divergent natures but possessing one-thousandth part of a quality in common, provided that be new, distinguished, these things belong in an imaginative category and not in
The Little Review

a gross natural array. To me this is the gist of the whole matter. It is easy to fall under the spell of a certain mode, especially if it be remote of origin, leaving thus certain of its members essential to a reconstruction of its significance permanently lost in an impenetrable mist of time. But the thing that stands eternally in the way of really good writing is always one: the virtual impossibility of lifting to the imagination those things which lie under the direct scrutiny of the senses, close to the nose. It is this difficulty that sets a value upon all works of art and makes them a necessity. The senses witnessing what is immediately before them in detail see a finality which they cling to in despair, not knowing which way to turn. Thus the so-called natural or scientific array becomes fixed, the walking devil of modern life. He who even nicks the solidity of this apparition does a piece of work superior to that of Hercules when he cleared the Augean stables.

Stevens' letter applies really to my book of poems, "Al Que Quiere" (which means, by the way, To Him Who Wants It), but the criticism he makes of that holds good for each of the Improvisations if not for the work as a whole.

It begins with a postscript in the upper left hand corner: "I think, after all, I should rather send this than not, although it is quarrelsome enough full of my own ideas of discipline."

April 9

My dear Williams:

What strikes me most about the poems themselves is their casual character . . . Personally I have a distaste for miscellany. It is one of the reasons I do not bother about a book myself.

(Wallace Stevens is a fine gentleman whom Cannell likened to a Pennsylvanian Dutchman who has suddenly become aware of his habits and taken to "society" in self-defense. He is always impeccably dressed. I don't know why I should always associate him in my mind with an imaginary image I have of Ford Madox Hueffer).

. . . My idea is that in order to carry a thing to the extreme necessity to convey it one has to stick to it; . . . Given a fixed point of view, realistic, imagistic or what you
will, everything adjusts itself to that point of view; and
the process of adjustment is a world in flux, as it should
be for a poet. But to fidget with points of view leads
always to new beginnings and incessant new beginnings
lead to sterility.

(This sounds like Sir Roger de Coverly)

A single manner or mood thoroughly matured and
exploited is that fresh thing . . . etc.

One has to keep looking for poetry as Renoir looked
for colors in old walls, old wood-work and so on.

Your place is

— among children

Leaning around a dead dog.

A book of that would feed the hungry . . .

Well a book of poems is a damned serious affair. I
am only objecting that a book that contains your particular
quality should contain anything else and suggesting that
if that quality were carried to a communicable extreme, in
intensity and volume, etc . . . I see it all over the book,
in your landscapes and portraits, but dissipated and ob­
scured. Bouquets for brides and Spencerian compliments
for poets . . . There are a very few men who have anything
native in them or for whose work I'd give a Bolshevic
ruble . . . But I think your tantrums not half mad
enough.

(I am not quite clear about the last sentence but I
presume he means that I do not push my advantage
through to an overwhelming decision. What would you
have me do with my Circe, Stevens, now that I have
double-crossed her game,—marry her? It is not what
Odysseus did).

I return Pound's letter. . observe how in everything
he does he proceeds with the greatest positiveness, etc.

Wallace Stevens.

(to be continued)
Can't you return, Aurore?
Can't you return, this gaping, moaning night, to come to me?
This night is but a sounding space, a moaning nothingness.
The stars are like the bulging eyes of those who wait for
happenings, of those who are wondering where you are.
The moon, withdrawn, is busy with her old affair, her slumbering
boy.

Can't you return, Aurore?
Once, in the autumn of the last dead year,
I spent a sunset dreaming of just you —
a dream as pure as prayer.
I lingered on the Mall
at Brunswick, the spacious, old, old Mall. The leaves of the dozens
of elms along the promenades were yellow — pensive, helpless
little things — great masses of them transformed into glimmering
amber by the yellow light from an orb of boiling gold in the west,
the glare from which orb streamed through and beneath the bran­
ces and across the lawns of the Mall to the windows of the time-
somber mansions on the farther side, there pausing to look back
upon its past. Each window sent back a flood of boiling gold, west­
ward, toward the source. The gray, Gothic church on the campus
rise, behind its yellow elms, reminded me of an aged grande dame
peering out from her golden galoon. Even the trunks of the elms,
far and near, caught the metallic luster and the lawns so spread
with poor little yellow leaves were of golden plush. The air, though
nervous, was quiet. The winds were waiting for you — and you
came, along a promenade, through the heavy golden stillness, and
sat beside me.

Time is a most inexorable boor.
Your very name puts raiment on its bones
and mine a cane into its scrawny claw,
and still it dares forbid that we may smoke
a cigarette or two, or, better still,
perhaps, that we may hold an hand, or two.

Dead sybil of Nohant, I understand.
I understand because we are alike.
They dropped away or stood at distances,
deafened or angered by the oracles
of being — all those weaklings whom you loved —
the weaker hopeless and the stronger weak
with pride — impotent giants, muscle-bound.
We are alike, dead lady, much alike.

VII

It is all over, once more.
There are no more fogs to be seen in the southern skies, each
dawn — the lavender fogs that have rolled along in masses,
distant, never approaching.
There are no more buds to open.
Only the frost flower dares to open its eyes on the world —
the frost flower, puny child of a mother too old to bear.
Out from the north the water fowl come, day after day, through
the arid azure. Once, I saw them flying before the moon.

Down by the river, all summer, a sandpiper glided along the
beach before the sand pit. He has gone.
There was a lonely whippowil. He was somewhere in the darkness
by the river, perhaps in the pines by the ancient tote road. He
has gone.

There are no more loons to hoot
through the shimmering, empty nights.
It is all over, once more.

XII

It was a moment of awe. It was a sudden vision of a starry night,
a winter night. It was a sudden vision.
It was like a wind that rumbles down from the north, by night, and
brings no storm.
I stood entranced for a moment, speechless, holding your letter
unopened.
I stood like a king by his ruined city.
There were no voices with the vision.
There was space, and the space was time.
There was silence, the silence of space.

The memory of your kisses was like a flight of water fowl.
The memory of your words was like a meadow in late September.
The memory of your deeds was like a path that is overgrown.

I do not wonder why you wrote. I do not care.
I answer you as I would scatter seeds —
seeds of grass upon a barren grave.

ADVICE TO MAPLE-TREES

Maxwell Bodenheim

O little maple-trees,
Slender and unkempt, looking with shaggy askance
Upon the moon-spiked solitude:
O little maple-trees,
Growing a little toward the sky
That touches you to all eyes save your own,
You rattle insistently for wings
But wings could never tear
The stain of earth from your feet —
The earth that gnaws at you
Until your wing-cries strike the autumn night.

You see, with me, this running cloud
Balancing a crescent moon
Upon his tawny finger-tip.
The touch of your desire, or its fall,
Would but be symbols of an equal death.
WE were in a fine philosophical mood, my friend and I, and we walked in the avenue with portentous and sardonic steps. He with his shoulders lifted and his apeish head wagging slowly from side to side. I with the proper Mona Lisa crook to my lips. Thus men walk when, as inviolable gods, they debate the puerilities and ironies of life.

There was about us in this avenue the paganism of women's buttocks moving under adroit silks, of round warm legs flashing their curves and luscious tints in the sun, of pear-moulded breasts dancing beneath tight fabrics. Bodies moving slowly toward some fantastic carnival, they seemed: faces rouged and stencilled for subtle and priapic rites. Continuously they zig-zagged by us, colored like totems, a shining barbaric procession of lusts in caricature. The marvel of it was that some halloowing buck did not come bounding into this avenue and seize upon these legs and buttocks and breasts that promenaded in such elaborate and piquant masquerade. A thought worthy of philosophers. Here under the tall sunny buildings with their polished windows, here walled by the luxurious dignity of their great rectangular faces, what a saturnalian rape were possible. What a dancing and a shouting and a rolling about with the Tom-Tom of the traffic hammering out its quick, delirious monotone. What a wild racing up and down silk-strewn pavements, in and out of marble-corridorred grottos. What an insane and whimsical burlesque of passion.

Alas these were merely the unwindings of philosophical fancy. Before us remained the vista of bobbing faces and hidden undulated bodies wedded to exotic plumage and lushent fabrics. From these corseted nymphs as they passed issued trailing perfumes that fell upon the nose as the cunning intimate whispers of a panderer might come into the ear. Toward some fantastic carnival they might be destined (there are still boudoirs in the world, it is said), but their faces remained as they floated by a succession of stencilled and unchanging blanks. They stared now into the beaming windows of the avenue shops. Herein behind sun-streaked panels of glass lay oriental silks, gold and green and turquoise; Japanese
bric a brac, little monsters of bronze, black and vermillion screens, scrolled porcelains. Here also they saw as they passed leather elegancies, little black velvet boxes of jewels, moon-white silvers, platters of gold, and occasionally groups of waxen manikins garlanded with shining fabrics and postured in simpering mannerisms. Tired of these windows they glanced now at each other or looked up in unimaginable conversations at the grey faced, carefully mustached creatures who walked at their side. Delusions all of them. Bodies of men bathed and shaved and tailored into puppets of commerce. White bodies of women reduced to piquant stuffing for silks.

We walked, my friend and I, with sardonic and portentous steps as beft the stride of gods who dot the unending processions of the little greedy half dead. To our left the rubber-tired traffic purred and beat out its monotone, the whirling white and black of spokes pirouetted in the sun. To our right the grave and elegant geometries swooped into space. And having walked a goodly way between these things we paused and my friend improved the occasion with a snort. His head, as he stood contemplating the varicolored swarm of motion, began to wag with more deliberation, his face growing pregnant with words. By these animated preliminary silences did my friend attune the spirit of his listener for matters of vast and symbolic import. The darkness of his face grew and he raised his arm with a slow gesture and pointed his thumb over his shoulder toward the west.

"I keep thinking", he said, "I keep thinking of the gangs on the west side. The working people. The immemorial masses."

The ominous drawl of his words and the manner of his face, a fixed and flintlike convulsion, weighted this thing my friend said with the illusion of depth and sagacity which attended the most trivial of his comments. His voice continued, a voice which had about it the quality of a banjo played with bewildering slowness.

"The immemorial masses on the west side," he said, "who live in stinking houses and sweat ten hours a day for the right to remain alive. They're coming in this street. This crowd in silk can't hold them back much longer. Look at them." He stared into the faces. "Four civilizations have died", he resumed, "four civilizations have died because the gang on the west side never broke
through. But they're coming through this time. When I see all this ... all this ..." he made a slow contemptuous gesture toward the vari-colored swarm about us, "I know the stage is set for the great act. When I look at the grey and painted faces and these unharnessed useless bodies, I get the breath of the gangs on the west side pushing through."

My friend paused and eyed the procession in the avenue with a dark and curious amusement. For there was a strange hate in the cerebrations of my friend, and a stranger love. He moved through the day like some grim and ominous evangel and his chuckles invariably reminded me of guillotines. He had the eyes of a prophet, deep-set smoky eyes, fastened always upon distances, and his thought was like a slow fume that darkened the air about him. That afternoon as he stood facing the polite and repressed bacchanal of the avenue was the last I saw of him. And therefore I have told of it. He had consented to walk with me away from the grimy factory-strewn scenes where he was then leading a strike of garment workers.

"The immemorial masses," he chuckled and his eyes rested darkly on the dapper procession. "This crowd ... this little string of marionettes ... can't cheat them much longer". His fingers rivited my elbow. "I get the breath of them," he said, "I get the breath of the gangs on the west side of the world pushing through into the sun."

We shook hands and the storm of his thoughts remained like an uncanny shadow about me as he passed out of the avenue. During the days which followed my friend's name appeared often in the newspapers. About him had rallied some five thousand workers raising a great cry for wages and leisure. Once I went to the west side to see him but found in his place a woman who spoke of him with eagerness. She was a dark-eyed creature with a smoulder in her voice. Walking with the rouged and dapper procession in the sunny avenue she would have seemed a strayed and bewildered animal. Here amid the sagging houses, the debris-covered street, the broken walls, her spirit was a luminous thing, her body arose from the earth with the bend of a far flung defiance to her head. In her eyes, as in the eyes of my friend, there were also dark prophecies. And her words had about them the same stillness, the same curious air of consecration.
She spoke of many things, of my friend, of poverty, of hovels in which men and women decayed, and of a mysterious dawn that was to break like a song through the dark places of the world. When she spoke of my friend there came into her voice an intimacy and an awe. Her body straightened as in some curious salute. Her eyes largened and there was tumult to her. Her soul seemed to precipitate itself into embraces unseen. More than ever she would have appeared a strayed and bewildered animal in the dapper procession of the sunny avenue. As her talk moved to topics beyond my friend her intensity changed and her words became more deliberate. She emitted them slowly and it was almost the banjo voice of my friend that spoke.

"I had no faith until I met him," she said. "I had no faith in these people. But now they're coming through. The little silk crowd can't cheat us much longer. We're coming through this time. The feet of armies have walked over us and we slept. And the little silk crowd has taken our blood and we slept. Four civilizations have died because we slept. This sleep was because without faith we were without souls. But now we have faith in each other. The working people are standing together. From one end of the world to the other we have the faith that is bringing us to our feet in one mighty wave."

In her words was a quality which weighted their awkward rhetoric with a compelling power. This quality remained with me after I left her. Faith... the faith of a woman's eyes raised in the dark of a church, the faith of a man's eyes resting in awe upon a face finer and slenderer than his own, the faith of my friend and his friend amid the ancient poverties and decays, they are not a part of philosophy. And yet I came away thinking wistfully of the gods that corrupt the reason of the ages. It is after all a lonely and profitless business to deny these gods. The faiths that boil in the souls of the race, the vari-shaped altars tended by the little greedy half dead, there is in them perhaps the true solace for those who must find when they seek. My mood of that day on the avenue was gone. I walked now in ragged broken streets where the little half dead seem to be moving always in vast and merciless defeat. In these streets I sought the faith of my friend. But the gods as ever eluded me. Here was merely a less colored masquerade than in
the avenue. A great deal of soil and manure is needed to produce a flower, even such a flower as civilization. I watched the strikers gathering and talking, the men and women passing with intent and burning eyes, the half-naked children shrieking over the dirty pavements and I came away with the memory of a purposeless, meaningless fever throbbing in the veins of the day.

And my friend died in this manner.

The summer sun had loosened the stenches of the alleys when Nolan awoke. I have been in Nolan's home and have seen his wife moving about in the morning cooking the breakfast for the seven of them. Her body is fat with the humanless contour of a spider and her eyes seem always to be thinking of bruises. From morning until night she moves about scrubbing, cooking, washing, straightening, feeding children, walking to grocery stores and butcher shops, haggling over pennies. The children scream and bawl and chase each other through lots and alleys. Just before noon Nolan sits up in his dark, bitter-smelling bed and stretches his arms.

On the morning of the day in which my friend died, Nolan sat up in his bed and stretched his arms. At noon he emerged in his stocking feet and walked about in the kitchen of his home, his suspenders hanging in two purple loops from the waist of his drooping trousers. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a somewhat reddened face. His face usually vigorous and genial wore a frown whenever he moved about in the small, littered rooms of his home. He ate his breakfast in silence and listened to the complaint of his woman, a complaint which, by reason of its antiquity, fell now like meaningless noise on his ears. It was more money for the doctor, his woman needed, more money for the girl who must have another dress, more money for the butcher. A depressing racket, this ancient complaint of his woman, a thing which went on summer and winter. Nolan ate and the frown of his face grew deeper. In silence he moved into the bitter-smelling bedroom and put on his blue uniform and his leather puttees. It was the uniform of the city's mounted police, kept by Nolan in some mysterious manner immune from the grime and the squalor of his home.

In this blue transforming uniform, freshly shaved and his neck ornamented with a white band of collar, Nolan waited patiently
for his woman to cease her ancient complaint. Sixteen years of honest and faithful service were Nolan's, and yet the complaint of his woman had grown with each of these years, even as the smell of his home had thickened and acquired a personality.

"It'll be pay day tomorrow," said Nolan at length. "And what good'll that be," said his woman; rubbing at her round fat face with her apron. "Maybe you think you're somebody in them clothes of yours. But will you look at the bills from the doctor and the butcher." And there followed the depressing racket that seemed to Nolan an inevitable companion of the musty bitter smell which stuffed his home. "It'll be pay day tomorrow," said Nolan and he walked out of his home. Down the street he walked, and thought as bitter as the smell of his bed remained in his brain. Vague thought without outline, it was. He spat as he walked and cursed under his breath.

There was a horse in the police barns that was Nolan's, a shining brown upstanding horse that whinnied at him as he came near. In silence Nolan placed the saddle on his horse and lifted himself into it. Into the street he jogged, his broad-shouldered figure in its resplendent uniform sitting stiff and careless atop the lively horse, his eyes frowning from under his ornamented cap. Riding so on his horse Nolan glowered down upon the traffic that grew thicker about him. Men jumped out of his way and wagons drew tactfully aside to give him unmolested passage. This sometimes brought cheer into Nolan's heart. But now the sound of his woman's complaint was in his ears, and the bitter smell of his home lay like rust in his nose. And if he was strong and broad and could ride along on his horse now, what in h—l would he be doing to stop the complaint of his woman when he had grown old?

Nolan came out of the squad room and remounted. He had his orders for the day. He rode off at a leisurely pace toward the west side. There was a strike there and trouble and Nolan rode to keep the city from coming to harm.

There were a thousand men and women gathered in the street. Policemen stood before the doors of the black, many-windowed factory building which stretched its flat face down the block. The crowd in the street shuffled about over the pavements in compact little groups, crying out words, waving their arms, their faces moving in tiny grimaces. They were the strikers that my friend was
leading, stunted little men in humorously misfitting clothes, girls in heavy sagging dresses and grimy waists. They swarmed about, voluble and excited. Nolan and seven horsemen like himself watched them from the end of the street. The eight of them sat stiff and straight on their horses and frowned. Nolan turned abruptly to one of them and said, "What the h--l, they're going to march. They ain't got a permit for marching."

They were going to march. There was a man who stood on a box in the center of the street surrounded by a growing mass of faces. He waved his arms and cried out in a slow far-reaching voice. This man was my friend. Nolan watched him with the frown deepening in his face. Slowly as my friend cried out the scattered crowd seemed to unravel itself into ranks. Symmetrical rows of faces appeared, one behind the other. Men began to shout and push other men. There was quick, determined tumult. The noise then began to die away. In the silence that came into the street a long thick mass of men and women stood with their eyes raised toward my friend and a curious eager light in their faces.

"They're going to march," said Nolan to the horsemen around him," and they ain't got a permit."

He spurred his horse up to my friend who still stood on his box in the center of the street.

"Cut that," said Nolan, "You ain't got a permit to march."

My friend looked at him and smiled. The ranks of men and women sagged and almost disappeared. The rows of faces became circles and half circles. But my friend on his little box threw up his arms.

"March," he cried out, "Comrades, mark time. We march to the city hall. We march through the avenues. We will give the little silk crowds a look at us."

The rattle and thud of feet striking the street sounded. The long thick mass grew mysteriously straight. The rows of faces flashed dully in even lines.

"Into the sun," cried my friend. "Comrades forward. . . . march."

The street moved. It lengthened and swayed. The beat of feet like the long-drawn rattle of a drum came into the air. Slowly, expanding and contracting, their shoulders swaying, the regiment of motionless faces and leaping eyes groped for a rhythm. It came
and the regiment marched. Down the street it moved, an unwa­
vering indomitable mass of swinging arms and legs. Above the
rhythmic lift of its heads appeared banners red and black and in­
scribed with the words, “Labor” . . . “Give Us Bread”. . .

Nolan and his horsemen watched the swinging column ap­
proach. For a moment he stared at it fascinated. The thought of
his woman’s complaint had gone from his head and with it the
smell that had ridden in his nose. Under his bright blue uniform
he felt himself grow warm and curiously alive. The blood swept
through his body and a sweat like that of a strong juice came out
of him. Oaths rushed from his lips and a lust whirled his head.

“Come on,” he yelled waving his arm, and his brown upstand­ing
horse leaped forward. My friend and his immemorial masses
were marching and Nolan and his seven home men were rushing
down the street into the face of them. As the horses came nearer
my friend grew large in front of the regiment. His voice arose
clear and strident above the murmuring behind him and the wild
sharp racket of the oncoming horses before him.

and march. . .”

Nolan, his eyes swimming, heard the words and tugged at a
reign in his hand. His brown leaping horse turned lightly. Rear­
ing and plunging it shot forward and its iron hoofs cracked down
upon the head of the man who had shouted the command. The
thick ranks of the marchers disappeared and became a swarm of
circling faces that melted into walls and vanished into little run­
n ing groups. In the midst of the street, shouting and plunging,
reared the seven horsemen. The street grew empty. Nolan
bounced and cried out in his saddle as his horse, turning and
prancing, leaped again and again upon the figure it had brought
down. For a wild thing had burst in Nolan’s heart and there was
the music of a hammering drum in his ears. There were cries and
shrieks about him and he felt a hate leaping in his throat, con­
tracting the muscles of his body. His hand fumbling desperat­
ey had taken the gun from his pocket. He held it now pointed down
at the figure that lay under the dancing feet of his horse. But the
figure was silent and motionless. It lay in a curious disjointed
posture, its face flattened and crushed into the grime of the street,
its body bent and spread out like a wooden thing.
Nolan dismounted and stood with the seven horsemen at the curb. They were all thick-shouldered men with strong red faces. They held guns in their hands. They stood with their jaws thrust forward and with glowering eyes stared into the emptied street.

"We got them," said Nolan in a thick voice. "The dirty bums, a pack of god-damned sheenies and polacks."

He glanced toward the figure that lay with its face crushed into the stone in the center of the street. There were several other figures moving feebly on their bellies. As he looked a woman came rushing toward the disjointed figure of my friend. She hurled herself with a cry across the twisted body and lay there stiff and silent. Nolan walked toward her his head wagging from side to side. As he approached she raised her head and flung her fist toward him.

"You killed him. You murdered him," she shouted at Nolan. "But it won't do you any good. You can't stop us. You can't cheat us much longer. Do you hear? God strike you dead you. You... He's dead. He's dead. But you can't keep us back. Do you hear? We're coming through..."

Nolan stared at her without words, looked at the woman's fist that remained shuddering in the air. And in the voice and gesture of the body there was something that brought back to Nolan's thought the complaint of his woman, the complaint that went on from day to day for sixteen years. He darted forward and seized this one by the shoulder.

"Stop your yowling," he cried. "Get up, you bum. You're under arrest."

He shook her as she followed his grip to her feet. The smell of her brought back into Nolan's nose the smell of his woman. He struck her with his fist.

"Come on," he cried, his voice thick with the violence of his blood. "Get along."

For a moment Nolan and the woman who had come to my friend remained staring into each other's eyes, a hate burning between them and blackening their vision. Their faces, twisted and dark, came together. There were no words. With a great jerk Nolan tumbled the woman along after him toward the curb.

"Come on," he growled, "If you try to break away I'll club you to death."
The better to put you in mood for the lady,
Conceive your mind an arched proscenium;
Gather full the night-drop,
The night-blue black—unplumbed.
Shake the sound of snow-bells,
And float down the gesture of five white lines
With little glittering note-heads adorned.
For she is the lady painted against a thin China saucer,
Her gown a broad silken petal,
And, as a phrase slowly spoken,
Three cloth-sewn flowerets at the hem.
She raises her brow to the point of perplexity:
"... The murmuring snow? the snow murmuring?"
She reasons: "The falling snow, — yes. But I have never heard the snow murmur. No."

Yet in the cold, white night,
(For all the doubts of the lovely lady)
I have heard them sprinkling down—
The little white snow-notes, murmuring,
With a faint, silvery sound,
Or like the murmur of her silken gown
As she turned away.
Man calculating

Six Drawings
by
STANISLAW SZUKALSKI
Monk
Mask
Light and Shadow
URBANE, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:
— And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of “Wilhelm Meister”? A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life.

He came a step, a sinkapace, forward on neatsleather creaking and a step backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

A noiseless attendant, setting open the door but slightly made him a noiseless beck.

Directly, said he, creaking to go, albeit lingering. The beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always feels that Goethe’s judgments are so true. True in the larger analysis.

Twicreakingly analysis he corantoed off. Bald, most zealous by the door he gave his large ear all to the attendant’s words: heard them: and was gone.

Two left.

— Monsieur de la Palice, Stephen sneered, was alive fifteen minutes before his death.

— Have you found those six brave medicals, John Eglinton asked with elder’s gall, to write Paradise Lost at your dictation?

Smile. Smile Cranly’s smile.

First he tickled her
Then he patted her
Then he passed the female catheter
For he was a medical
Jolly old medi. . . .

I feel you would need one more for Hamlet. Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shining seven W. B. calls them.

Glittereyed, his rufous skull close to his greencapped desklamp sought the face, bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holy-eyed. He laughed low: a sizar’s laugh of Trinity: unanswered.
Orchestral Satan, weeping many a rood
Tears such as angels weep.
Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.
He holds my follies hostage.

Cranly's eleven true Wicklowmen to free their sireland. Gap-toothed Kathleen, her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house. And one more to hail him: *ave, rabbi*. The Tinahely twelve. In the shadow of the glen he cooes for them. My soul's youth I gave him, night by night. Godspeed. Good hunting.

Mulligan has my telegram.
Folly. Persist.

— Our young Irish bards, John Eglinton censured, have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet though I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry.

— All these questions are purely academic, Russell oracled out of his shadow. I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex. Clergyman's discussions of the historicity of Jesus. Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences. The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring. The painting of Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. The deepest poetry of Shelley, the words of Hamlet bring our mind into contact with the eternal wisdom, Plato's world of ideas. All the rest is the speculation of schoolboys for schoolboys.

A. E. has been telling some interviewer. Wall, tarnation strike me!

— The schoolmen were schoolboys first, Stephen said super-politely. Aristotle was once Plato's schoolboy.

— And has remained so, one should hope, John Eglinton sedately said. One can see him, a model schoolboy with his diploma under his arm.

He laughed again at the now smiling bearded face.

Formless spiritual. Father, Son and Holy Breath. This verily is that. I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter.

Dunlop, Judge, the noblest Roman of them all, A. E., Arval in heaven hight, K. H, their master. Adepts of the great white lodge always watching to see if they can help. The Christ with the bridesister, moisture of light, born of a virgin, repentant sophia,
departed to the plane of buddhi. Mrs. Cooper Oakley once glimpsed our very illustrious sister H. P. B’s elemental.

O, fie! Out on’t! Pfuiteufel! You naughtn’t to look, missus, so you naught when a lady’s showing of her elemental.

Mr. Best entered, tall, young, mild, light. He bore in his hand with grace a notebook, new, large, clean, bright.

— That model schoolboy, Stephen said, would find Hamlet’s musings about the afterlife of his princely soul, the improbable, insignificant and undramatic monologue, as shallow as Plato’s.

John Eglinton, frowning, said, waxing wroth:

— Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle with Plato.

— Which of the two, Stephen asked, would have banished me from his commonwealth?

Unsheath your dagger definitions. Streams of tendency and eons they worship. God: noise in the street: very peripatetic. Space: what you damn well have to see. Through spaces smaller than red globules of man’s blood they creepycrawl after Blake’s buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow. Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past.

Mr. Best came forward, amiable, towards his colleague.

— Haines is gone, he said.

— Is he?

— I was showing him Jubainville’s book. He’s quite enthusiastic, don’t you know, about Hyde’s “Lovesongs of Connacht.” I couldn’t bring him in to hear the discussion. He’s gone to Gill’s to buy it.

Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick
To greet the callous public
Writ, I ween, ’twas not my wish
In lean unlovely English.

— The peatsmoke is going to his head, John Eglinton opined.


— People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be, the auric egg of Russell warned occultly. The movements which work
revolutions in the world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant's heart on the hillside. For them the earth is not an exploitable ground but the living mother. The rarefied air of the academy and the arena produce the sixshilling novel, the musicall song. France produces the finest flower of corruption in Mallarmé but the desirable life is revealed only to the poor of heart, the life of Homer's Phaeacians.

From these words Mr. Best turned an unoffending face to Stephen.

— Mallarmé, don't you know, he said, has written those wonderful prose poems Stephen MacKenna used to read to me in Paris. The one about "Hamlet". He says: *il se promène, lisaut au livre de lui-même*, don't you know, reading the book of himself. He describes "Hamlet" given in a French town, don't you know, a provincial town. They advertised it.

His free hand graciously wrote tiny signs in air.

*Hamlet*

*ou*

*Le Distrait*

*pièce de Shakespeare*

He repeated to John Eglinton's newgathered frown:

— *Pièce de Shakespeare*, don't you know. It's so French, the French point of view. *Hamlet ou* . . . .

— The absentminded beggar, Stephen ended.

John Eglinton laughed.

— Yes, I suppose it would be, he said. Excellent people, no doubt, but distressingly shortsighted in some matters.

Sumptuous and stagnant exaggeration of murder.

— A deathsman of the soul Robert Greene called him, Stephen said. Not for nothing was he a butcher's son, wielding the sledded pole-axe and spitting in his palm. Nine lives are taken off for his father's one, Our Father who art in purgatory. Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to shoot. The shambles in act five is a forecast of the concentration camp sung by Mr. Swinburne.

*Cranly, I his mute orderly, following battles from afar.*

*Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none*  
*But we had spared* . . . .

— He will have it that "Hamlet" is a ghost story, John Eglin-
ton said for Mr. Best’s behoof. Like the fat boy in Pickwick he wants to make our flesh creep.

*List! List! O list!*

*My flesh hears him creeping, hears.*

*If thou didst ever.*

— What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners. Elizabethan London lay as far from Stratford as corrupt Paris lies from virgin Dublin. Who is the ghost, returning to the world that has forgotten him? Who is king Hamlet?

John Eglinton shifted his spare body, leaning back to judge.

Lifted.

— It is this hour of a June day. Stephen said, begging with a swift glance their hearing. The flag is up on the playhouse by the bankside. The bear Sackerson growls in the pit near it, Paris garden. Canvasclimbers who sailed with Drake chew their sausages among the groundlings.

Local colour. Work in all you know. Make them accomplices.

— Shakespeare has left the huguenot’s house in Silver street and walks by the swanmews along the riverbank. But he does not stay to feed the pen chivying her game of cygnets towards the rushes. The swan of Avon has other thoughts.

Composition of place. Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!

— The play begins. A player comes on under the shadow, clad in the castoff mail of a court buck, a wellset man with a bass voice. He is the ghost king Hamlet, and the player Shakespeare. He speaks the words to Burbage, the young player who stands before him, calling him by a name:

*Hamlet, I am thy father’s spirit*

bidding him list. To a son he speaks, the son of his soul, the prince, young Hamlet and to the son of his body, Hamlet Shakespeare who has died in Stratford that his namesake may live for ever.

Is it possible that that player Shakespeare, a ghost by absence, and in the vesture of buried Denmark, a ghost by death, speaking his own words to his own son’s name (had Hamlet Shakespeare lived he would have been prince Hamlet’s twin) is it possible, I want to know, or probable that he did not draw or foresee the logical
conclusion of those premises: you are this dispossessed son. I am
the murdered father: your mother is the guilty queen, Ann Shakes-
peare, born Hathaway?
— But this prying into the family life of a great man, Russell
began impatiently.
Art thou there, truepenny?
—Interesting only to the parish clerk. I mean, we have the
plays. I mean when we read the poetry of "King Lear" what is
it to us how the poet lived? As for living our servants can do that
for us, Villiers de l'Isle said. Peeping and prying into greenroom
gossip of the day, the poet's drinking, the poet's debts. We have
"King Lear": and it is immortal.
Mr. Best's face appealed to, agreed.

*Flow over them with your waves and with your waters, Mananaan, Mananaan MacLir...*

By the way, that pound he lent you when you were hungry?
I wanted it.
Take thou this noble.
You spent most of it in .........
Do you intend to pay it back?
O, yes.
When? Now?
Well... no.
When, then?
I paid my way. I paid my way.
Steady on. He's from north of Boyne water. You owe it.
Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now.
Other I got pound.
Buzz. Buzz.
But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory under ever
changing forms.
I that sinned and prayed and fasted.
A child Connemee saved from pandies.
I, I and I, I.
A. E. I. O. U.
— Do you mean to fly in the face of the tradition of three
centuries? John Eglinton's carping voice asked. Her ghost at least
has been laid for ever. She died, for literature at least, before she
The Little Review

was born.
— She died, Stephen retorted, sixtyseven years after she was born. She saw him into and out of the world. She took his first embraces. She bore his children and she laid pennies on his eyes to keep his eyelids closed when he lay on his deathbed.

Mother's deathbed. Candle. The sheeted mirror. Who brought me into this world lies there, bronzelidded, under few cheap flowers. Liliata rutilantium.

I wept alone.

John Eglinton looked in the tangled glowworm of his lamp.
— The world believes that Shakespeare made a mistake, he said, and got out of it as quickly and as best he could.
— Bosh! Stephen said rudely. A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

Portal of discovery opened to let in the quaker librarian, softcreakedfooted, bald, eared and assiduous.
— A shrew, John Eglinton said shrewdly, is not a useful portal of discovery, one should imagine. What useful discovery did Socrates learn from Xanthippe?
— Dialectic, Stephen answered: and from his mother how to bring thought into the world. But neither the midwife's lore nor the caudlelectures saved him from the archons of Sinn Fein and their naggin of hemlock.
— But Ann Hathaway? Mr. Best's quiet voice said forgetfully. Yes, we seem to be forgetting her as Shakespeare himself forgot her.

His look went from brooder's beard to carper's skull, to remind, to chide them not unkindly, then to the baldpink lollard costard, guiltless though maligned.
— He had a good groatsworth of wit, Stephen said, and no truant memory. He carried a memory in his wallet as he trudged to Romeville whistling The girl I left behind me. If the earthquake did not time it we should know where to place poor Wat, sitting in his form, the studded bridle and her blue windows. That memory, Venus and Adonis, lay in the bedchamber of every light-of-love in London. Is Katherine the shrew ill favored? Hortensio calls her young and beautiful. Do you think the writer of "Anthony and Cleopatra," a passionate pilgrim, had his eyes in the back of
his head that he chose the ugliest doxy in all Warwickshire to lie
withal? Good: he left her and gained the world of men. But his
boywomen are the women of a boy. Their life, thought, speech
are lent them by males. He chose badly? He was chosen, it
seems to me. If others have their will Ann hath a way. By cock,
she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and twenty-
six. The goddess who bends over the boy Adonis is a boldfaced
Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than
herself.

And my turn? When?
Come!
— Ryefield, Mr. Best said brightly, gladly, raising his new
book, gladly, brightly.
He murmured then with blond delight for all:

*Between the acres of the rye*

*These pretty countryfolk would lie.*

Par's: the wellpleased pleaser.
A tall figure in bearded homespun rose from shadow and un-
veiled its cooperative watch.
— I am afraid I am due at the Homestead.
Whither away? Exploitable ground.
— Are you going, John Eglinton’s eyebrows asked. Shall we
see you at Moore’s tonight? Piper is coming.
— Piper! Mr. Best piped. Is Piper back?
Peter Piper pecked a peck of pick of peck of pickled pepper.
— I don’t know if I can. Thursday. We have our meeting.
If I can get away in time.
Yogibogeybox in Dawson chambers. “Isis Unveiled.” Their
Palibook we tried to pawn. Crosslegged under an umbrel umber-
shoot he thrones an Aztec logos, functioning on astral levels, ma-
hamahatma. The faithful hermetists await the light, ringround-
about him. Louis H. Victory. T. Caulfield Irwin. Lotus ladies
tend them i’ the eyes, their pineal glands aglow. Filled with his
god he thrones, Buddha under plantain. Gulfer of souls, engulf
Hesouls, shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing creecries,
whirled, whirling, they bewail.

*In quintessential triviosity*

*For years in this fleshcase a shesoul dwelt.*
They say we are to have a literary surprise, the quaker librarian said, friendly and earnest. Mr. Russell, rumour has it, is gathering together a sheaf of our younger poets' verses. We are all looking forward anxiously.

Anxiously he glanced in the cone of lamplight where three faces, lighted, shone.

See this. Remember.

Stephen looked down on a wide headless caubeen, hung on his ashplanthandle over his knee. My casque and sword.

Listen.

Young Colum and Starkey. George Roberts is doing the commercial part. Longworth will give it a good puff in the *Express*. O, will he? I like Colum's drover. Yes, I think he has that queer thing, genius. Do you think he has genius really? Yeats admired his line. *As in wild earth a Grecian vase.* Did he? I hope you'll be able to come tonight. Malachi Mulligan is coming too. Moore asked him to bring Haines. Did you hear Miss Mitchell's joke about Moore and Martyn? That Moore is Martyn's wild oats? Awfully clever, isn't it? They remind one of don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Our national epic has yet to be written. Moore is the man for it. A knight of the rueful countenance here in Dublin. With a saffron kilt? O'Neill Russell? O, yes, he must speak the grand old tongue. And his Dulcinea? James Stephens is doing some clever sketches. We are becoming important, it seems.

Cordelia. *Cordoglio.* Lir's loniest daughter.

Now your best French polish.

— Thank you very much, Mr. Russell, Stephen said, rising. If you will be so kind as to give the letter to Mr. Norman.

— O, yes. If he considers it important it will go in. We have so much correspondence.

— I understand, Stephen said. Thank you. The pigs' paper. Bullockbefriending.

Synge has promised me an article for Dana too. Are we going to be read? I feel we are. The Gaelic league wants something in Irish. I hope you will come round tonight. Bring Starkey.

Stephen sat down.

The quaker librarian came from the leavetakings. Blushing his mask said:
— Mr. Dedalus, your views are most illuminating.

He creaked to and fro, tiptoeing up nearer heaven by the altitude of a chopine, and, covered by the noise of outgoing, said low:

— Is it your view, then, that she was not faithful to the poet? Alarmed face asks me. Why did he come? Courtesy or an inward light?

— Where there is a reconciliation, Stephen said, there must have been first a sundering.

— Yes.

Christfox in leather trews, hiding, a runaway in blighted treeforks from hue and cry. Knowing no vixen, walking lonely in the chase. Women he won to him, tender people, a whore of Babylon, ladies of justices, bully tapsters' wives. Fox and geese. And in New place a slack dishonoured body that once was comely, once as sweet, as fresh as cinnamon, now her leaves falling, all bare, frightened of the narrow grave and unforgiven.

— Yes. So you think...

The door closed behind the outgoer.

Rest, suddenly possessed the discreet vaulted cell, rest of warm and brooding air.

A vestal's lamp.

Here he ponders things that were not: what Caesar would have lived to do had he believed the soothsayer: what might have been: possibilities of the possible as possible: things not known: what name Achilles bore when he lived among women.

Coffined thoughts around me, in mummycases, embalmed in spice of words. Thoth, god of libraries, a birdgod, moonycrowned. And I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest. In painted chambers loaded with tilebooks.

They are still. Once quick in the brains of men. Still: but an itch of death is in them, to tell me in my ear a maudlin tale, urge me to wreak their will

— Certanly, John Eglinton mused, of all great men he is the most enigmatic. We know nothing but that he lived and suffered. Not even so much. Others abide our question. A shadow hangs over all the rest.

— But "Hamlet" is so personal, isn't it — Mr. Best pleaded. I mean a kind of private paper, don't you know, of his pri-
vate life. I mean I don't care a button, don't you know, who is killed or who is guilty.

He rested an innocent book on the edge of the desk, smiling his defiance. His private papers. *Ta an bad ar an tir. Taim imo shagart.* Put *beurla* on it, littlejohn.

Quoth littlejohn Eglinton:

— I was prepared for paradoxes from what Malachi Mulligan told us but I may as well warn you that if you want to shake my belief that Shakespeare is Hamlet you have a stern task before you.

Bear with me.

Stephen withstood the bane of miscreant eyes, glinting stern under wrinkling brows. A basilisk. *E quando vede l'uomo l'attosca.* Messer Brunetto, I thank thee for the word.

— As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies, Stephen said, from day to day, their molecules shuttled to and fro, so does the artist weave and unweave his image. And as the mole on my right breast is where it was when I was born though all my body has been woven of new stuff time after time so through the ghost of the unquiet father the image of the unliving son looks forth. In the intense instant of imagination, when the mind, Shelley says, is a fading coal, that which I was is that which I am and that which in possibility I may come to be. So in the future, the sister of the past, I may see myself as I sit here now but by reflection from that which then I shall be.

Drummond of Hawthornden helped you at that stile.

— Yes, Mr. Best said youngly. I feel Hamlet quite young. The bitterness might be from the father but the passages with Ophelia are surely from the son.

Has the wrong sow by the lug.

— That mole is the last to go, Stephen said, laughing.

John Eglinton made a nothing pleasing mow.

— If that were the birthmark of genius, he said, genius would be a drug in the market. The plays of Shakespeare's later years which Renan admired so much breathe another spirit.

— The spirit of reconciliation, the quaker librarian breathed.

— There can be no reconciliation, Stephen said, if there has not been a sundering.
Said that.
— If you want to know what are the events which cast their shadow over the hell of time of "King Lear," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," look to see when and how the shadow lifts. What softens the heart of a man, shipwrecked in life's storms, tried, like another Ulysses, Pericles, prince of Tyre?

Head, redconecapped, buffeted, brineblinded.
— A child, a girl placed in his arms Marina.
— The leaning of sophists towards the bypaths of apocrypha is a constant quantity, John Eglinton detected. The highroads are dreary but they lead to the town.


*How many miles to Dublin?*
*Three score and ten, sir.*
*Will we be there by candlelight?*

— Mr. Brandes accepts it, Stephen said, as the first play of the closing period.
— Does he? What does Mr. Sidney Lee, or Mr. Simon Lazarus, as some aver his name is, say of it?
— Marina, Stephen said, a child of storm, Miranda, a wonder, Perdita, that which was lost. What was lost is given back to him. his daughter's child. *My dearest wife,* Pericles says, *was like this maid.* Will any man love the daughter if he has not loved the mother?
— The art of being a grandfather, Mr. Best gan murmur.
*L'art d'être grandp. . . .
— His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of all experience, material and moral. Such an appeal will touch him. The images of other males of his blood will repel him. He will see in them grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or repeat himself.

The benign forehead of the quaker librarian enkindled rosily with hope.
— I hope Mr. Dedalus will work out his theory for the en-
lightenment of the public. And we ought to mention another Irish commentator, Mr. Frank Harris. His articles on Shakespeare in the *Saturday Review* were surely brilliant. Oddly enough he too draws for us an unhappily relation with the dark lady of the sonnets. The favored rival is William Herbert, earl of Pembroke. I own that if the poet must be rejected such a rejection would seem more in harmony with — what shall I say? — our notions of what ought not to have been.

Felicitously he ceased and held out a meek head among them, auk's egg, prize of their fray.

He thous and thees her with grave husbandwords. Dost love, Miriam? Dost love thy man?

— That may be too, Stephen said. There is a saying of Goethe's which Mr. Magee likes to quote. Beware of what you wish for in youth because you will get it in middle life. Why does he send to one who is a *buonaroba*, a bay where all men ride, a maid of honour with a scandalous girlhood, a lordling to woo for him? He was himself a lord of language and had made himself a coistrel gentleman and had written "Romeo and Juliet." Why? Belief in himself has been untimely killed. He was overborne in a cornfield first (a rye field, I should say) and he will never be a victor in his own eyes after nor play victoriously the game of laugh and lie down. Assumed dongiovannism will not save him. No later undoing will undo the first undoing. If the shrew is worsted there remains to her woman's invisible weapon. There is, I feel in the words, some goad of the flesh driving him into a new passion, a darker shadow of the first, darkening even his own understanding of himself. A like fate awaits him and the two rages commingle in a whirlpool.

They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour.

— The soul has been before stricken mortally, a poison poured in the porch of a sleeping ear. But those who are done to death in sleep cannot know the manner of their quell unless their Creator endow their souls with that knowledge in the life to come. The poisoning and the beast with two backs that urged it king Hamlet's ghost could not know of were he not endowed with knowledge by his creator. That is why the speech is always turned elsewhere, backward. Ravisher and ravished go with him from Lucrece's bluecircled ivory globes to Imogen's breast, bare, with its mole
cinquespotted. He goes back, weary of the creation he has piled up to hide him from himself, an old dog licking an old score. But, because loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished personality, untaught by the wisdom he has written or by the laws he has revealed. His beaver is up. He is a ghost, a shadow now, the wind by Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice, a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father.

— Amen! responded from the doorway.
Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?
A ribald face, sullen as a dean's, Buck Mulligan came forward, then blithe in motley, towards the greeting of their smiles. My telegram.

(to be continued)

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE *
May Sinclair
Infancy
vi.

It was a good and happy day.
She lay on the big bed. Her head rested on Mamma's arm. Mamma's face was close to her. Water trickled into her eyes out of the wet pad of pocket-handkerchief. Under the cold pad a hot, grinding pain came from the hole in her forehead. Jenny stood beside the bed. Her face had waked up and she was busy squeezing something out of a red sponge into a basin of pink water.

When Mamma pressed the pocket-handkerchief tight the pain ground harder, when she loosened it blood ran out of the hole and the pocket-handkerchief was warm again. Then Jenny put on the sponge.
She could hear Jenny say, "It was the Master's fault. She

* Copyright, 1919, by the Macmillan Company.
didn't ought to have been left in the room with him."

She remembered. The dining-room and the sharp spike on the
fender and Papa's legs stretched out. He had told her not to run so
fast, and she had run faster and faster. It wasn't Papa's fault.

She remembered tripping over Papa's legs. Then falling on
the spike. Then nothing.

Then waking in Mamma's room.

She wasn't crying. The pain made her feel good and happy;
and Mamma was calling her her darling and her little lamb.
Mamma loved her. Jenny loved her.

Mark and Dank and Roddy came in. Mark carried Sarah in
his arms. They stood by the bed and looked at her. Their faces
pressed close. Roddy had been crying; but Mark and Dank were
excited. They climbed on to the bed and kissed her. They made
Sarah crouch down close beside her and held her there. They spoke
very fast, one after the other.

"We've brought you Sarah."

"We've given you Sarah."

"She's your cat."

"To keep for ever."

She was glad that she had tripped over Papa's legs. It was a
good and happy day.

VII.

The sun shone. The polished green blades of the grass glittered.
The gravel walk and the nasturtium bed together made a broad
orange blaze. Specks like glass sparkled in the hot grey earth. On
the grey flagstone the red poppy you picked yesterday was a black
thread, a purple stain.

She was happy sitting on the grass, drawing the fine, sharp
blades between her fingers, sniffing the smell of the mignonette that
tinged like sweet pepper, opening and shutting the yellow mouths
of the snap-dragon.

The garden flowers stood still, straight up in the grey earth.
They were as tall as you were. You could look at them a long time
without being tired.

The garden flowers were not like the animals. The cat Sarah
bumped her sleek head under your chin; you could feel her purr
throbbing under her ribs and crackling in her throat. The white rabbit pushed out his nose to you and drew it in again, quivering, and breathed his sweet breath into your mouth.

The garden flowers wouldn't let you love them. They stood still in their beauty, quiet, arrogant, reproachful. They put you in the wrong. When you stroked them they shook and swayed from you; when you held them tight their heads dropped, their backs broke, they shrivelled up in your hands. All the flowers in the garden were Mamma's; they were sacred and holy.

You loved best the flowers that you stopped down to look at and the flowers that were not Mamma's: the small crumpled poppy by the edge of the field, and the ears of the wild rye that ran up your sleeve and tickled you, and the speedwell, striped like the blue eyes of Meta, the wax doll.

When you smelt mignonette you thought of Mamma. It was her birthday. Mark had given her a little sumach tree in a red pot. They took it out of the pot and dug a hole by the front door steps outside the pantry window, and planted it there.

Papa came out on to the steps and watched them.

"I suppose," he said, "you think it'll grow?"

Mamma never turned to look at him. She smiled because it was her birthday. She said, "Of course it'll grow."

She spread out its roots and pressed it down and padded up the earth about it with her hands. It held out its tiny branches, stiffly, like a toy tree, standing no higher than the mignonette. Papa looked at Mamma and Mark, busy and happy with their heads together, taking no notice of him. He laughed out of his big beard and went back into the house suddenly and slammed the door. You knew that he disliked the sumach-tree and that he was angry with Mark for giving it to Mamma.

When you smelt mignonette you thought of Mamma and Mark and the sumach-tree, and Papa standing on the steps, and the queer laughter that came out of his beard.

When it rained you were naughty and unhappy because you couldn't go out of doors. Then Mamma stood at the window and looked into the front garden. She smiled at the rain. She said, "It will be good for my sumach-tree."

Every day you went out on to the steps to see if the sumach-tree had grown.
The white lamb stood on the table beside her cot. Mamma put it there every night so that she could see it first thing in the morning when she woke.

She had had a birthday. Suddenly in the middle of the night she was five years old.

She had kept on waking up with the excitement of it. Then in the dark twilight of the room, she had seen a bulky thing inside the cot, leaning up against the rail. It stuck out queerly, and its weight dragged the counterpane tight over her feet.

The birthday present. What she saw was not its real shape. When she poked it, stiff paper bent in and crackled and she could feel something big and solid underneath. She lay quiet and happy, trying to guess what it could be, and fell asleep again.

It was the white lamb. It stood on a green stand. It smelt of dried hay and gum and paint like the other toy animals, but its white coat had a dull, woolly smell, and that was the real smell of the lamb. Its large, slanting eyes stared off over its ears into the far corners of the room, so that it never looked at you. This made her feel sometimes that the lamb didn't love her, and sometimes that it was frightened and wanted to be comforted.

She trembled when first she stroked it and held it to her face, and sniffed its lamby smell.

Papa looked down at her. He was smiling; and when she looked up at him she was not afraid. She had the same feeling that came sometimes when she sat in Mamma's lap and Mamma talked about God and Jesus. Papa was sacred and holy.

He had given her the lamb.

It was the end of her birthday; Mamma and Jenny were putting her to bed. She felt weak and tired, and sad because it was all over.

"Come to that," said Jenny, "your birthday was over at five minutes past twelve this morning."

"When will it come again?"

"Not for a whole year," said Mamma.

"I wish it would come to-morrow."

Mamma shook her head at her. "You want to be spoiled and petted every day."

"No. No. I want — I want —"
"She doesn't know what she wants," said Jenny.
"Yes. I do. I do."
"Well — ?"
"I want to love Papa every day. 'Cause he gave me my lamb."
"Oh," said Mamma, "if you only love people because they give you birthday presents — "
"But I don't - I don't - really and truly - "
"You didn't ought to have no more birthdays," said Jenny, "if they make you cry."
Why couldn't they see that crying meant that she wanted Papa to be sacred and holy every day?
The day after the birthday, when Papa went about the same as ever, looking big and frightening, when he "Baa'd" into her face and called out, "'Mary had a little lamb,'" and "'Mary, Mary, quite contrary'," she looked after him sorrowfully and thought: "Papa gave me my lamb."

IX.

One day Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella came over from Chadwell Grange. They were talking to Mamma a long time in the drawing-room, and when she came in they stopped and whispered.
Roddy told her the secret. Uncle Edward was going to give her a live lamb.
Mark and Dank said it couldn't be true. Uncle Edward was not a real uncle; he was only Aunt Bella's husband, and he never gave you anything. And anyhow the lamb wasn't born yet and couldn't come for weeks and weeks.
Every morning she asked. "Has my new lamb come? When is it coming? Do you think it will come to-day?"
She could keep on sitting still quite a long time by merely thinking about the new lamb. It would run beside her when she played in the garden. It would eat grass out of her hand. She would tie a ribbon round its neck and lead it up and down the lane. At these moments she forgot the toy lamb. It stood on the chest of drawers in the nursery, looking off into the corners of the room, neglected.
By the time Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella sent for her to come and see the lamb, she knew exactly what it would be like and what would happen. She saw it looking like the lambs in the Bible Pic-
The Little Review

ture Book, fat, and covered with thick, pure white wool. She saw Uncle Edward, with his yellow face and big nose and black whiskers, coming to her across the lawn at Chadwell Grange, carrying the lamb over his shoulder like Jesus.

It was a cold morning. They drove a long time in Uncle Edward's carriage, over the hard, loud roads, between fields white with frost; and Uncle Edward was not on his lawn.

Aunt Bella stood in the big hall, waiting for them. She looked much larger and more important than Mamma.

"Aunt Bella, have you got my new lamb?"

She tried not to shriek it out, because Aunt Bella was nearly always poorly, and Mamma had told her that if you shrieked at her she would be ill.

Mamma said, "Sh-sh-sh!" And Aunt Bella whispered something, and she heard Mamma answer, "Better not."

"If she sees it," said Aunt Bella, "she'll understand."

Mamma shook her head at Aunt Bella.

"Edward would like it," said Aunt Bella. "He wanted to give it her himself. "It's his present."

Mamma took her hand and they followed Aunt Bella through the servants' hall into the kitchen. The servants were all there: Rose and Annie and Cook, and Mrs. Fisher the housekeeper and Giles the young footman. They all stared at her in a queer, kind way as she came in.

A low screen was drawn close round one corner of the fireplace; Uncle Edward and Pidgeon, the bailiff, were doing something to it with a yellow horse-cloth. Uncle Edward came to her, looking down the side of his big nose. He led her to the screen and drew it away.

Something lay on the floor wrapped in a piece of dirty blanket. When Uncle Edward pushed back the blanket a bad smell came out. He said, "Here's your lamb, Mary. You're just in time."

She saw a brownish-grey animal with a queer, hammer-shaped head and long black legs. Its body was drawn out and knotted like an enormous maggot. It lay twisted to one side and its eyes were shut.

"That isn't my lamb."

"It's the lamb I always said Miss Mary was to have, isn't it, Pidgeon?"
"Yes, Squoire, its the lamb you bid me set aside for little Missy."

"Then," said Mary, "why does it look like that?"

"It's very ill," Mamma said gently. "Poor Uncle Edward thought you'd like to see it before it died. You are glad you've seen it, aren't you?"

"No."

Just then the lamb stirred in its blanket; it opened its eyes and looked at her.

She thought: "It's my lamb. It looked at me. It's my lamb and it's dying. My lamb's dying.

The bad smell came again out of the blanket. She tried not to think of it. She wanted to sit down on the floor beside the lamb and lift it out of its blanket and nurse it; but Mamma wouldn't let her.

When she got home Mamma took down the toy lamb from the chest of drawers and brought it to her.

She sat quiet a long time, holding it in her lap and stroking it.

The stiff eyes of the toy lamb still stared away over its ears.

111

Jenny was cross and tugged at your hair when she dressed you to go to Chadwell Grange.

One day she said, "I don't see why it should always you, Miss Mary, and Master Daniel and Master Mark never but just that onst."

Jenny was cross and tugged at your hair when she dressed you to go to Chadwell Grange.

One day she said, "I don't see why it should be always you, Miss Mary, and Master Roddy and Master Daniel and Master Mark never but just that onst."

"I think it is me," Mary said, "because I am so good."

"Well, if you can be good to please your Aunt Bella you'd oughter be good to please your Mamma."

"But, Jenny-Wee, I can't help it. Mamma says if I'm not good Aunt Bella will be ill. Do you think it's really true?"

Jenny tugged. "I'd thank you for some of your Aunt Bella's illness," she said.

"I mean," Mary said, "like Papa was in the night. Every
time I get 'cited and jump about I think she'll open her mouth and begin."

"Well, if she was to, you'd oughter be sorry for her."

"I am sorry for her. But I'm frightened too."

"That's not being good," Jenny said. But she left off tugging. Somehow you knew that she was pleased to think that you were not really good at Aunt Bella's, where Mrs. Fisher dressed and undressed you and you were allowed to talk to Pidgeon. Roddy and Dank said you ought to hate Uncle Edward and Pidgeon and Mrs. Fisher, and not to like Aunt Bella very much, even if she was Mamma's sister. Even Mamma didn't really like Uncle Edward; she only pretended because of Aunt Bella. Mary liked him and pretended that she didn't because of Dank and Roddy.

Uncle Edward had an ugly nose and a yellow face widened by his black whiskers; his mouth stretched from one whisker to the other, and his black hair curled in large tufts above his ears. But he had no beard; you could see the whole of his mouth at once; and when Aunt Bella came into the room his little blue eyes looked up off the side of his nose and he smiled at her between his tufts of hair. She was sorry for Uncle Edward. It was dreadful to think that Mark and Dank and Roddy didn't like him. It might hurt him so much that he would never be happy again.

About Pidgeon she was not quite sure. Pidgeon was very ugly. He had long stiff legs, and a long stiff face finished off with a fringe of red whiskers that went on under his chin. Still, it was not nice to think of Pidgeon being unhappy. But Mrs. Fisher was large and rather like Aunt Bella, only softer and more bulging. Her round face had a high red polish on it always, and when she saw you coming her eyes twinkled, and her red forehead and her big cheeks and her mouth smiled all together a fat, simmering smile. When you got to the black-and-white marble tiles you saw her waiting on the landing at the top of the stairs, holding out her hand to you to come and be made tidy. She touched your hair gently; each stroke of the brush sent a delicious tingling up the back of your neck and down your spine, and there was a great many red glass scent-bottles and ivory and silver boxes on Aunt Bella's dressing-table for you to play with while she did it.

She wanted to ask Mrs. Fisher if it was true that Aunt Bella
would be ill if she were naughty; but a squeezing and dragging came under her waist whenever she thought about it, and that made her shy and ashamed. It began as soon as Uncle Edward's carriage turned into the drive between the shining laurel bushes; it got worse when Aunt Bella came into the hall and kissed her; and it lasted till they sent her out to play by herself on the lawn in sight of the house.

Aunt Bella's house was enormous. Two long rows of windows stared out at you, their dark green storm-shutters folded back on the yellow brick walls. A third row of little squeezed-up windows and little squeezed-up shutters blinked in the narrow space under the roof. All summer a sweet smell came from that side of the house where cream-coloured roses hung on the yellow walls between the green shutters. There was a cedar-tree on the lawn and a sundial and a stone fountain. Gold-fish swam in the clear greenish water. The flowers in the round beds were stiff and shining as if they had been cut out of tin and freshly painted. When you thought of Aunt Bella's garden you saw calceolarias, brown velvet purses with yellow spots.

She could always get away from Aunt Bella by going down the dark walk between the yew hedge and the window of Mrs. Fisher's room, and through the stable-yard into the plantation. The cocks and hens had their black timber house there in the clearing, and Ponto, the Newfoundland, lived all by himself in his kennel under the little ragged fir-trees.

When Ponto saw her coming he danced on hind-legs and strained at his chain and called to her with his loud, barking howl. He played with her, crawling on his stomach, crouching, raising first one big paw and then the other. She put out her foot and he caught it and held it between his big paws, and looked at it with his head on one side, smiling. She squealed with delight, and Ponto barked again.

The stable bell would ring while they played in the plantation, and Uncle Edward or Pidgeon or Mrs. Fisher would come out and find her and take her back into the house. Ponto lifted up his head and Ponto howled after she went.

At lunch she sat quivering between Mamma and Aunt Bella. The squeezing and dragging went on under her waist worse than
ever. There was a pattern of green ivy round the dinner-plates and a pattern of goats round the silver napkin-rings. She tried to fix her mind on the ivy and the goats instead of looking at Aunt Bella to see whether she were going to be ill. She would be if you left mud in the hall on the black-and-white marble tiles. Or if you took Ponto off the chain and let him get into the house. Or if you spilled your gravy on the tablecloth.

Aunt Bella's face was much pinker and richer and more important than Mamma's face. She thought she wouldn't have minded quite so much if Aunt Bella had been white and brown and pretty, like Mamma.

There — she had spilled the gravy.

Little knots came in Aunt Bella's pink forehead. Her face loosened and swelled with a red flush; her mouth pouted and drew itself in again, pulled out of shape by something that darted up the side of her nose and made her blink.

She thought: "I know — I know — I know it's going to happen."

It didn't. Aunt Bella only said, "You should look at your plate and spoon, dear."

When Uncle Edward said, "I wouldn't touch that cheese if I were you, Bella; you know it made you ill yesterday," she said out loud, "Please — please, Aunt Bella, don't touch it!"

Aunt Bella said, "Capers and nonsense!" and took the biggest piece. "Bless the child, does she want to be ill?"

Mary had turned from the table and hidden her face behind Mamma's shoulder.

"I think she wants to be naughty," said Mamma.

Mamma didn't know. Uncle Edward and Pidgeon and Mrs. Fisher knew. When they saw naughtiness coming they held out their hands to you behind their backs and took you somewhere where it couldn't happen. Either you went with Uncle Edward round the stables and the farm-yard; or Pidgeon carried you on his back to feed the calves; or Mrs. Fisher took you up into her bedroom to see her dress.

In Mrs. Fisher's bedroom a smell of rotten apples oozed through the rosebud pattern on the walls. There were no doors inside, only places in the wall-paper that opened. Behind one of
these places there was a cupboard where Mrs. Fisher kept her clothes. Sometimes she would take the lid off the big box covered with wall-paper and show you her Sunday bonnet. You sat on the bed and she gave you peppermint-balls to suck while she peeled off her black merino and squeezed herself into her black silk. You watched for the moment when the brooch with the black tomb and the weeping-willow on it was undone, and Mrs. Fisher's chin came out first by the open collar, and Mrs. Fisher began to swell. When she stood up in her petticoat and bodice she was enormous; her breasts and hips and her great arms shook as she walked about the room.

When it was all over she took you downstairs and gave you tea with strawberry jam and apple-jelly in her little dark room that looked on to the yew hedge.

Sometimes Aunt Bella would come in and look at you, and she and Mrs. Fisher would talk about you as if you were not there.

"Has Miss Mary been good today?"
"As good as gold, ma'am."
"Be sure you tell Mrs. Olivier."

This afternoon Mrs. Fisher said. "See how pretty she is, ma'am, when her hair's done proper."

Aunt Bella shook her head. "Mrs. Olivier won't be pleased if you spoil her."

"There's some," said Mrs. Fisher, "as would do with more spoiling and some as would do with less. Mrs. Olivier'll not be pleased till we've asked Master Mark and Master Daniel and Master Rodney to stay again."

"We shall have to do it some day, Fisher," said Aunt Bella.

Mary was sorry when she said good-bye to Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella and Mrs. Fisher.

For, always, as soon as she got home, Roddy rushed at her with the same questions.

"Did you let Uncle Edward kiss you?"
"Yes."
"Did you talk to Pidgeon?"
"Yes."
"Did you kiss Mrs. Fisher?"
"Yes."
And Dank said, "Have they taken Ponto off the chain yet?"
"No."
"Well then, that shows you what pigs they are."
And when she saw Mark looking at her she felt small and silly and ashamed.

It was the last week of the midsummer holidays. Mark and Dank had gone to stay for three days at Aunt Bella's, and on the second day they had been sent home.

Mamma and Roddy were in the garden when they came. They were killing snails in a flower-pot by putting salt on them. The snails turned over and over on each other and spat out a green foam that covered them like soap-suds as they died.

Mark's face was red and he was smiling. Even Dank looked proud of himself and happy. They called out together, "We've been sent home."

Mamma looked up from her flower-pot.
"What did you do?" she said.
"We took Ponto off the chain," said Dank.
"Did he get into the house?"
"Of course he did," said Mark. "Like a shot. He got into Aunt Bella's bedroom and Aunt Bella was in bed."
"Oh, Mark!"
"Uncle Edward came up just as we were getting him out. He was in an awful wax."
"I'm afraid," Dank said, "I checked him."
"What did you say?"
"I told him he wasn't fit to have a dog. And he said we weren't to come again; and Mark said that was all we had come for — to let Ponto loose."

Mamma put another snail into the flower-pot, very gently. She was smiling and at the same time trying not to smile.
"He went back," said Mark, "and raked it up again about our chasing his sheep, ages ago."
"Did you chase his sheep?"
"No. Of course we didn't. They started to run because they saw Pidgeon coming, and Roddy ran after them till we told him not to. The mean beast said we'd made Mary's lamb die by fright-
ening its mother. When he only gave it her because he knew it wouldn't live. *Then* he said we'd frightened Aunt Bella."

Mary stared at them, fascinated.

"Oh, Mark, was Aunt Bella ill?"

"Of course she wasn't. She only says she's going to be, to keep you quiet."

"Well," said Mamma, "she won't be frightened any more. He'll not ask you again."

"We don't care, he's not a bit of good. He won't let us ride his horses or climb his trees or fish in his stinking pond."

"Let Mary go there," said Dank. "She likes it. She kisses Pidgeon."

"I don't, she cried. "I hate Pidgeon. I hate Uncle Edward and Aunt Bella. I hate Mrs. Fisher."

Mamma looked up from her flower-pot, and, suddenly, she was angry.

"For shame! They're kind to you," she said. "You little naughty, ungrateful girl."

"They're not kind to Mark and Dank. That's why I hate them."

She wondered why Mamma was not angry with Mark and Dank, who had let Ponto loose and frightened Aunt Bella.

to be continued

NOTES ON MUSIC AND THE THEATRE

(*a n d t h e C r i t i c s*)

Margaret Anderson

*Criticism in Chicago*

To read the book pages of the Chicago newspapers has suddenly become a matter of sharp irritation to me. They have always been bad, since Francis Hackett and Floyd Dell did for the *Chicago Evening Post* what no one in this country has managed to do. They (I mean the newspapers) have been too bad for irritation in their recent droolings about James Joyce and their nauseating personal publicity that has served as literary notes. But the clippings
I have seen from the Tribune, the Post and the News for the last two weeks, and which bear at least some signs of mental activity, leave me far more annoyed. They revive in me a memory of championing the “new” against the “old”—two words I no longer use; just as I no longer talk of the distinction between radical and conservative, now that I have learned the stupidities shared in common by these two great classes of unborn people.

But perhaps “new” and “old” can be found to have further meaning. I know that when James Huneker writes rhapsodies about Mary Garden’s art in the New York Times I, who believe in Mary Garden’s genius, am left embarrassed and amused and bewildered. The mind that writes seems not so much inept as it seems just old: it talks of values that are no longer the concern of aesthetics; what Mary Garden doesn’t do, and never can do, it finds some imaginary reason to applaud; what she does do, the whole particular realm of her expression, it passes by as innocently as if it had never observed her. This kind of oldness of the mind (and many quite young people have it) makes a man like Huneker say: “Matzenauer is more exotic”—a sentence without meaning, however you may stretch it: not that Mary Garden is exotic, but that “exotic” can no longer be applied to things of obvious warmth and patent emotions. This kind of oldness makes a critic like Huneker trace the Wagnerian influence in Debussy. Conceive it! What has a “new” mind to say about these things? It says: Wagner was the kind of man whose music is a cry; Debussy is the kind of man whose music is a call; two human beings can’t be more separated than by this difference; two artists can’t be more divergent, can’t have less to give each other. It says: Wagner’s “Tristan” was so foreign to anything Debussy would feel that the latter probably thought the Tristan story had never been conceived in music: and was at work on a “Tristan” of his own that would have as little relation to the Wagnerian as a trained person has to an obvious one.

It is this kind of irritation I get from Burton Rascoe, John V. A. Weaver, Susan Wilbur, et al. Henry Blackman Sell of course is not even in the running. Llewellyn Jones has always had this red-flag quality to me, except when he writes of the things he knows about: the mind of man, for instance, or Walter De La Mare’s poetry. But when all these people talk of the “art” of Alfred Kreymborg, Conrad Aiken, Robert Nichols...! I have nothing against Kreymborg’s
work except that it has neither art nor ideas: it has a whimsicality which I don't call humour but the indication of a carefully made fictitious goal. I have nothing against Aiken's work except that on occasion he likes to glorify the average man; I have nothing against Robert Nichols' work except that a poet simply cannot belong to the Georgians, today, and write Georgian verse, without being unaware of the currents that have swept through modern life.

And when these same critics devote their time to damning Ezra Pound, I turn to Pound with great relief. His mind seems to be in tempo. He has a quality of thought. Barring two things — his wearisome vituperations of a country and a people beneath his notice, and his complete lack of ideas about the war — Pound is interesting. He knows what is happening in the world, what has happened and something of what is likely to happen.

Of course in talking of these irritations I am talking of very simple propositions. Many people decide that they will be artists. To them there is nothing naive in this. They believe it is possible. I shall content myself with saying that this is not the way it happens with a James Joyce; and that even if it does so happen with an Ezra Pound, at least Pound has enough brains to make the process interesting: chiefly I suppose because he knows that no belief in the commonplace and no glorification of it will make a man's work anything but transient, undistinguished, and unworthy.

Because we insist that a thing must have some contact with eternal essences, the Little Review is described as having an awful "solemnity". And magazines like the Playboy are started to correct this condition by giving everyone a chance to be as happily shallow and mediocre as possible. Nearly everyone has these potentialities. I can't see why exalt them.

As One Would Not

Harriet Monroe came to town and talked to the Poetry Society — or to some kind of society that I am fortunate enough to avoid instinctively. But I had a little talk with her one morning which we could have made into a "solemn" discussion, until I promised to spare her the boredom of my repetitious remarks about what is and what is not Art. She was saying "And you don't like Galli-Curci? To me she is really an artist in her slight, rococo way". And, when I objected: "I mean just as Louis Quinze furniture is art". I ob-
jected again. "Of course that is an unfortunate example: I didn't mean anything so artificial as Louis Quinze". I objected again. And then we laughed and let it go.

But all this might serve as an explanation of why I wanted to start a Little Review: namely, that when you talk of Galli-Curci or Caruso or McCormack, etc., etc., you are not talking of anything that has to do with the old fiery fountains except to remind you again that they are far off; that when you think of Louis Quinze furniture as Art you are destroying all separations between craft and aesthetics; and when you call such furniture or such a period artificial you are destroying all the finer possibilities of thought. A group of Russians killing themselves over the problem of the universe can be just as artificial as the spectacle of Louis' court laughing its way to death. Manners are not the criterion of artificiality.

Susan Glaspell's New Play

The Provincetown Players have just given Susan Glaspell's "Bernice". It made a stir among the intellectuals, and the critics uptown praised it highly — which is very good. They even discovered that Ida Rauh can act, — which is also good.

But I am interested in this play as a very fine example of a piece of work without content. It is well-written, it was well-presented; it is an interesting idea to focus three acts upon the interval between a woman's death and her funeral, showing the effect of this catastrophe upon her husband, her best woman friend, her father, her husband's sister, and the family maid-of-all-work. I sat tense with interest up to the middle of the last act. The alleged drama centers in the husband. But there is no drama. This is all I wish to prove.

You must either work through cause and effect to get drama, or you must present dramatically the foibles of a human being who dramatizes himself with charm, intelligence, or power; or a human being who tries to dramatize himself and fails; or any of the variations upon this material. All playwrights who deal with ideas as much — perhaps I should say with general ideas, — or with propaganda, work in the first realm. Susan Glaspell does. Therefore she must present some intellectual or psychic conflict.

Taking for her hero a man without power she gives him power through the report, carefully arranged for by the wife before she dies, that she has killed herself because she loves him. Such an idea—
that a person without power ever gains it through any source—is a lie. And you can't make drama out of this kind of lie without giving your discriminating audience the feeling that your play is without context. Don't you see, Susan Glaspell? You can make a drama out of it by having your hero subconsciously aware of what he is doing—and you can do this without going into farce; or you can make him a man who is not “on” to himself, as you did, and who makes his elaborate dramatization of himself quite unconsciously: but some one must be “on” to what is happening,—either a character in the play or you yourself when you write.

I have just touched the fringe of the discussion. I wish you would take it up with me.

Molière

We were in Philadelphia for the second night of Philip Moeller’s “Molière,” which opened at the old Broad Street Theatre. Mr. Moeller happened to be in the audience and we caught him and forced our congratulations upon him. He seemed a bit incredulous at first and then wanted to know why and how we liked his play. I don't know why people suspect us of never indulging in sentimentality or the other human emotions.

I could only repeat “I really like it”. And this is true. It is a good play and at the last curtain I wept—in just the way all playwrights and producers must want you to weep. I am not joking: I legitimately wept. And I can say nothing more without being “solemn.”

To write a play like “Molière” has nothing to do with creation. You start with a love and understanding of the life of a great man. You find out all you can about him. You concentrate the drama of his life, by skillful manipulation, into a three-hour picture. You take much care for the way it shall be told—for the economy, and beauty of your lines, etc., etc. All this demands much effort and much skill. Of course people like it. Everyone likes a good story, well illustrated.

Henry Miller as Molière looked rather squat in the first two acts, and like Christ in the last one. Blanche Bates should score a hit: she does what is known as good emotional acting: the only strange thing to me was that the emotions registered in such an unrelated, American manner. Holbrook Blinn as Louis the Grand suggested a kind of plain business-suit aggressiveness and a war-time economy of royalty.
Mrs. Fiske

Mrs. Fiske in “Mis’ Nellie of N’ Orleans” is doing a delightful thing: playing the kind of woman who knows how to train her natural charm into an effective self-dramatization. Since this is almost never met with in American life you had better see all of it you can on the stage.

The Philadelphia Orchestra

I am glad to say without reservation that the greatest musical experience I have had for three or four years (since I heard Scriabin’s “Prometheus” played) was Leopold Stokowski’s conducting of that composer’s “Poème d’ Extase.” The Philadelphia Orchestra must rank next to the Boston: it is certainly the best I have heard, with that exception. Stokowski is full of nuance, and musical to the point of looking it. His muscular articulation is entirely rhythmical,—beautiful to see,—and he conducts always without a score.

Olga Samaroff played with him on this occasion. One cannot write of her in relation to the newer developments of the piano. Her playing is built upon the older standards,—like that of Gabrilowitsch, for example. They play always with an inflexibility that allows the piano only about half its full vibrations. Bauer has shown pianists how to correct this. I wonder why any one playing the piano today fails to take advantage of his illustration. I shall not go into details, though I should like to. However if there is any interest in the subject anywhere in the country—if one person encourages me to take me up—I shall write an article for the next number that ought to be interesting.

Arthur Rubinstein

There has been a small furore about Rubinstein, but he has no important difference. His virtuosity is astounding, and New York simply will not “rave” about anything except virtuosity. He has other qualities, but not in a degree to place him beside Cortot or Bauer.

“Pelleas et Melisande”

The French Theatre, under the direction of Jacques Copeau, put on a performance of “Pelleas” that was distinguished for the beauty
of its setting and the incongruity of its cast. The Melisande was a brisk and practical person, with Slavic cheek bones and the general manner of a Dutch peasant. (Mary Garden had done it the week before with the Chicago Opera Company. It took courage to look at the French Theatre's cast). The Pelleas was a hardy young man.

THE READER CRITIC

Concerning certain effusions of the "Chicago Daily News" correspondent

Ezra Pound, London:
Dear M. C. A.: Has your friend Hecht a reputation for veracity in the United States?

The De Gourmont Number

Helen West Heller, Canton, Illinois:
The De Gourmont number, great! I do not just admit the fineness of Ezra Pound. I am glad of him. What Roger Heller calls his poundigrams are a delight, but chiefly he is a Great Appreciator.

It is a joy to find so exquisite a master of the exquisite differentiations of the English language. More, his thought has such urge of fine distinctions that only one speech irks him; he must be a Chaucer to an amalgam of the speech of two peoples.

All languages coalesced will be none too ample for the intense complexity of future thought. All languages and all arts are not enough with which to declare the sensings that wriggle within us.

Ezra Pound and Margaret Anderson are administering the future to readers in this country. The English speaking denizens of the U. S. have been nursed by their silly eagle so long that it goes hard with them to have to learn something. But they probably will be compelled to swallow the cosmopolitan pill.

“Gourmont's essays the best record of the civilized mind from 1885-1915.” From the excerpts here given de Gourmont would seem to be a condensed, transmuted record of Max Stirner's "Ego and his Own." The War of the White Races was fought, is fighting, against three books: "Der Einzige Und Sein Eigenthum", "Also Sprach Zarathustra", "Das Kapital"; and the greatest of these is "Der Einzige Und Sein Eigenthum".
Anent Frederic Manning: "The ritual invariably precedes the legend; which explains it, and all ritual is magic. Sculpture originates as a feature of magical rites and ceremonies."

No. First a story is told. Probably primitive utilitarianism developed gesture before speech. (When you want to know what primitive man did in a given situation go ask the animals and the babies). Not to go back quite so far we will assume speech. A story told and retold becomes a legend. Develops, a disposition to beguile oneself and others, to lend variety to expression and so excite admiration. In obedience to these impulses the story is play-acted out. That is the dance, the song, the game. The first drawing or carving would be merely a story told through fingers instead of lips and hence a kind of gesture. A permanent gesture.

Out of the dance, the song, the game, the carving, was eventually fabricated the ritual, but a ritual implies a composite tradition which in turn implies an organized society. The ritual must be a late social development. People lived and amused themselves before they developed organization. Also they must have lived and amused themselves before they acquired a speculative disposition and there could be no concept of the supernatural until speculation had brewed for long. The notion of parley or bargain with the supernatural would come later still. Out of this notion develops magic. Magic is the appropriation to dealings with the Unknown of the various accomplishments of which primitive humans found themselves capable—including their sexual accomplishments. Established magic is ritual.

Upon the ritual was grafted the priest,—an individual who utilized it as a prerogative, to his own personal advantage. The priest as the head of the family. The priesthood was the first master class of a society which had outgrown family outlines.

The Maories' was a late civilization. To cite the Maories in this connection with primitive mind indicates what is called insular thinking.

The schoolmen's definition of Physics: "The science of molecules, masses and the ether." This argumentation of Frederic Manning provokes a reminder of the definition William Suddards was wont to give to his classes: "Physics is the Science of how to grab hold of things and push them." This definition of the Science of Physics is the definition of the Science of Living and human beings acquired some knowledge of this science of living long ages before they
acquired a ritual of magical rites. Mr. Manning does not start his argument far enough back by many thousands of years.

His Rhapsody on the Hand is a poem.

**An Open Letter to William Carlos Williams**

Stanislaw Szukalski, Chicago:

As some of my friends know I hardly ever read any book, and especially "poetry", because all those who write them are trying so pathetically to make real poetry, real music, real art — whatever is their shape of self-expression — that their attempts seem so liefly in sincerity that it is embarassing to any one who tries to express himself in easiest way he can... for one who measures his work not to size of "Art" but to pleasure it brings to his lazy self.

But! it happens once in time to time that some person whom I call friend reads to me something that he thinks I like. And so! our friend Bill of pomgranite smile read to me some of your printed thoughts and gave me great holiday, for it is much good to hear liquid sound following from sea-shell than tick-tacks of manikin's mouth wound by critics of passing fashion.

Much good! I say is to see some one or two to be free from "goose step" of "progress", who forgets that he is to think accordingly to emotional dictates of conservative or radical commandments. Intellect which is armoured in rubber plates from which all rotten tomatoes as well as stones bounce off and who at same time is unaware of direction from which attacked he was, and still is able to remain flexible to his own logic's imposition, he is free.

Much good it is to see one do what he alive wishes and has smile for all those who condemn or advise. What do they know? Who are they? Where did they steal that brain or who gave it to them? Those critics — they are only parasites, bull-flies sitting on horse's rear and criticising food they get in borrowed blood from horse, with which they fill their belly, then stand against sun's light and show it to earth-worms to admire.

They come to man who is especially endowed to hear and hears best of all, and they come with their usual human ears and tell him how to listen; and because of popular education they acquire knowledge of all available words and because of easier communication they go to Paris or London where wheat is made into rice and then
they begin to astonish their home-left friends with their well-adopted and well-developed intellectual jugglerism. Just think my friend! of their success if being in London they were “coming” from Zoolooland instead of well-started America. Think my friend how they would be appreciated by earth-worms and applauded.

I believe that you will appreciate that I do not classify you among “artists” of different types, for one who is “considered” to be one by those who “know” is not one upon whom I would like to put my hand, for they are under spell of parasitic plague of cultured shepherds or under (in Little Review) intellectual dandruff of Ezra Pound... and if they do classify you in spite of your objections I say “Forgive them for they do not know what they print” (French number of Little Review), and if subscribers will read their accusation I say “do not fear for they do not know what they read anyway”.

**Sentimental Progression of Unchemical Love**

This is the cataclysm. The woods exhibit a compassion for colors, regardless of the grey grasses. Concessions of magnanimity astound a red soil, recollecting the fontaine puissance. One accompanies an excessive thought when the realization comes of countless oranges and sums, the ancients say.

You are bending isoclinal to the temperature of moons—and this a stenographic panorama of romance. Hi, hi, the fool stertorus, the morbid activity of cartiledge in some Astral France.

One muses on tactile fabrics as over leaves. They are a marginal annotation on an internal dream. Electric wires pulsate in thin-lipped rooms, where a witch passes through on a memory of brooms.

Mastery of conscience depicts an aptitude for chance, in the murmurs of a coagulated dissipation. To a boy it's the mud on a girl's breasts, when the passion deliberates into age-long delays. Dripping frankincense about a female soul. We still shall know the multiplicities of rectitude in greys.

*R. Reiss.*

**Note**

We had to make some changes in our program this month. The Mary Garden article is still to come.
Do you know anything more annoying or more ageing than to have your friends discover for you those cherished things in Art which you should have discovered for yourself?

_The Little Review_ is giving its readers an opportunity to make their own discoveries. There is no magazine in America which has on its staff such an important line-up of known genius and the "yet unknowns".

If you have any friends who are not entrenched in mediocrity, definitely protecting themselves against good literature, tell them to subscribe to _The Little Review_. Or send us their names and we will mail them sample copies.

_The Little Review_ is doing some intensive growing this spring. We have great plans for enlarging our format and giving you the best creative work that is being produced here and in Europe, written without an eye on the established publisher, and not garbled in editorial rooms to meet the taste of the average mind.

Send us the names of any people you think will be interested. We will appreciate it.
PLAYBOY

A NEW MAGAZINE OF SPIRITUAL ADVENTURE, DEDICATED TO JOYOUSNESS IN THE ARTS.
GIVEN OVER TO YOUTH AND JOCUNDITY.

Two Fifty for 12 Numbers,
One Dollar for 4 Numbers,
If You mention "The Little Review".

PLAYBOY: Edited and Published by EGMONT ARENS, and Printed by him at the Washington Square Book Shop, under the Sign of the Flying Stag, which is in 17 West Eight Street, New York.

Mason & Hamlin

THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK