THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS
MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE
Beginning—*Interim*, a new novel by Dorothy Richardson, the fifth in a series called “Pilgrimage”. *Pointed Roofs, Backwater, Honeycomb* were published in America by Mr. Knopf, who is also bringing out the fourth volume, *The Tunnel*.

See “The Novels of Dorothy Richardson”, by May Sinclair, in the Little Review for April, 1918.

In an early number we will publish an extraordinary personal document by Sherwood Anderson called *A New Testament*: “An autobiography not of the conscious but of the fanciful life of an individual”.

Ezra Pound has abdicated and gone to Persia. John Rodker is now the London Editor of the Little Review.

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**Contributors for 1919**

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INTERIM
by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter One

MIRIAM thumped down her Gladstone bag on to the doorstep. Stout boots hurried along the tiled passage and the door opened on Florrie Broom in her outdoor clothes smiling brilliantly from under the wide brim of a heavily trimmed hat. Grace in a large straight green dress appeared beside her from the open dining room door. Miriam finished her fantasia with the door knocker while Florrie bent to secure her bag saying on a choke of laughter, come in. You’ve just been out, said Miriam listening to Grace’s eager reproaches for her lateness. Shall I come in or shall I burst into tears and sit down on the doorstep? Florrie laughed aloud, standing with the bag. Bring her in scolded Mrs. Philps from the dining-room door. Grace took her by the arm and drew her along the passage. I’m one mass of mud.—Never mind the mud, come in out of the rain, scolded Mrs. Philps backing towards the fire, you must be worn out. — No, I don’t feel that now I’m here, oh what a heavenly fire. Miriam heard the front door shut with a shallow suburban slam and got herself round the supper table to stand with Mrs. Philps on the hearthrug and smile into the fire. Mrs. Philps patted her arm and cheek. — Is the door really shut O’Hara — said Miriam turning to Florrie coming into the room—Of course, choked Florrie coming to the hearthrug to pat her; — I’ll put the chain up if you like.—Sit down and rest before you go upstairs —said Mrs. Philps propelling her gently backwards into the largest of the velvet armchairs. Its back sloped away from her; the large square cushion bulging out the lower half of the long woolen antimacassar prevented her from getting comfortably into the chair. She sat on the summit of the spring and said it was not cold. Wouldn’t you like to come up before supper suggested Grace in answer to her uneasy gazing into the fire. Well I feel rather grubby. Give her
some hot water murmured Mrs. Philps taking up the Daily Telegraph. Grace preceded her up the little staircase carrying her bag. Will you have your milk hot or cold Miriam, called Florrie from below—Oh, hot I think please, I shan’t be a second said Miriam into the spare room, hoping to be left. Grace turned up the gas. M-m darling she murmured with timid gentle kisses, I’m so glad you have come. So am I. It’s glorious to be safely here . . . . I shan’t be a second. I’ll come down as I am and appear radiant tomorrow — You’re always radiant — I’m simply grubby; I’ve worn this blouse all the week; oh bliss, hot water. Sit on the rocking chair while I ablute; unpack my bag — D’you mind if I don’t Miriam darling? Aunt and I called on the Unwins to-day and I haven’t put my hat by yet. We’ve got three clear days — All right; oh my dear you don’t know how glad I am I’m here — Grace came back murmuring from the door to repeat the gentle kisses. When the door was shut the freshness and quietude of the room enfolded Miriam, cleansing away grubbiness and fatigue. Opening her Gladstone bag she threw on to the bed her new cream nun’s veiling blouse and lace tie, her brushbag and sponge-bag and shoes and a volume of Schiller and a bundle of note-paper and envelopes. A night-gown was put ready for her on the bed frilled in an old-fashioned way with hand-made embroidery. Her bag went under the bed for nearly four days. Nothing grubby anywhere. No grubbiness for four days. In the large square mirror her dingy blouse and tie looked quite bright under the gaslight screened by the frosted globe. Her hair had been flattened by her hat becomingly over the broad top of her head, and its mass pushed down in a loose careless bundle with good chance curves reaching low on to her neck. She poured the hot water into one of the large cream-coloured basins, her eye running round the broad gilt-edged band ornamenting its rim over the gleaming marble cover of the washstand, the gleaming tiles facing her beyond the rim of the basin the highly polished woodwork above the tiles. She snuffed freshness everywhere. While the fresh unscented curdiness of the familiar Broom soap went over her face and wrists and hands she began to hunger for the clean supper, for the fresh night in the freshness of the large square bed, for the clean solid leisurely breakfast. Pushing back her hair she sponged the day from her face sousing luxuriously in the large basin and listening to Grace moving slowly about upstairs. Seizing a towel she ran up the little single flight and stood towelling inside Grace’s door. Hullo pink-face, laughed Grace tenderly, smoothing tissue paper into a large hat box — I say it
must be an enormous one—It is; it’s huge—smiled Grace—You must show it to me tomorrow — Miriam ran downstairs and back to the mirror in her room to look at her clean untroubled face. Don’t run about the house, come down to supper, called Florrie from below.

2.

Have they brought the sausages, asked Mrs. Philps acidly. Yes, scowled Florrie.

Don’t forget to tell Christine how we like them done, said Grace anxiously frowning. Miriam took her eyes from the protruding eyes of the Shakespeare on the wall opposite, and shut away within her her sharp sense of the heavy things ranged below him on the mantelpiece behind Florrie, the landscape on one side of him, the picture of Queen Victoria leaning on a walking stick between two Hindu servants, receiving an address, on the other side, the Satsuma vases and bowls on the sideboard behind Mrs. Philps, the little sharp bow of narrow curtain screened windows behind Grace, the clean gleam on everything.

—Christine?—
—Oh yes—didn’t you know? She’s been with us a month—
—What became of Amelia?—
—Oh we had to let her go. She got fat and lazy—
—They all do! they’re all the same—Go on Miriam—

—Well—said Miriam from the midst of her second helping—they both listened, and the steps came shambling up their stairs—and they heard the man collapse with a groan against their door. They waited and, well, all at once the man, well, they heard him being violently ill—Oh Miriam—Yes; wasn’t it awful? and then a feeble voice like a chant—a-a-ah-oo—oo-oo-oo Kom, and hailpeme—Miriam warmed to the beginnings of laughter and raised her voice—Oh Meester Bell, Kom, oh, I am freezing to death, what a pity what a pity—and then silence. She fed rapidly, holding them silent and eager for her voice again to fill out the spaces of their room—For about half an hour they heard him break out, every few minutes, oh Meester Bell, dear pretty Mr. Bell Kom. I am freezing to death whatta pity—whattapity. The Brooms sat breaking one against the other into fresh laughter. Miriam ate rapidly glancing from face to face. What-eh-pitie—what-eh-pitie—she moaned. Can’t you hear him? Grace choked and sneezed and drank a little milk. They were all still slowly and carefully eating their first helping. — You do come across some funny people
—said Mrs. Philps mopping her eyes and dimpling and sighing upon the end of her laughter. I didn’t come across him. It was at Mag’s and Jan’s boarding house. Mrs. Philps had not begun to listen at the beginning. But Grace and Florrie saw the whole thing clearly. Mrs. Philps did not remember who Mag and Jan were. She would not unless one told her all about their circumstances and their parents. Florrie’s face was preparing a question. Then they must have — went on Miriam. There was a subdued ring at the front door bell. — There’s Christine shall we have her in to change the plates aunt, frowned Florrie. —No let ’er changer dress. We can put the plates on the sideboard— Then they must have gone to sleep again — said Miriam when Florrie returned from letting Christine in — because they did not hear him go downstairs and he wasn’t there in the morning — A good thing I should think —observed Mrs. Philps. He wasn’t there—said Miriam cheerfully—er—not in person. Oh Miriam, protested Grace hysterically. Oh — oh — cried the others. Miriam watched the second course appearing from the sideboard — she greeted the blancmange and jam with a soft shout, feeling as hungry as when supper had begun. Isn’t she rude—chuckled Florrie, putting down a plate of bananas and a small dish of chocolates. Ooo-ooo squealed Miriam — Be quiet and behave yourself and begin on that — said Grace giving her a plate of blancmange. Oh yes and then said Miriam inspired to remember more of her story — it all came out. He must have got down somehow to his room in the morning. But he lay on the floor — he told them at dinner — all of mee could not find thee bed at once! — Oh-oh-oh — He had been — she cried raising her voice above the tumult — to a birthday party; twenty-seex wheeskies and sodahs. . . . . . — Why did he talk like that? Was he an Irishman? Oh, can’t you hear? He was a Hindu. They all talk like that. “I will kindly shut the door.” When they write letters they begin — honoured and spanking sir — wept Miriam — they find spanking in the dictionary and their letters are like that all the way through masses of the most amazing adjectives. Why did Mag and Jan leave that boarding house? asked Florrie into the midst of Miriam’s absorption with the solid tears on Mrs. Philps cheekbones. She was longing for Mrs. Philps to see the second thing, not only the funniness of spanking addressed to a civil servant, but exactly how spanning would look to a Hindu. If only they could see those things as well as produce their heavenly laughs. Oh, I don’t know, she said warily; you see they never meant to go there. They wanted a place of their own. If
only they could realise Mag and Jan. There was never enough
time and strength to make everything clear. At every turn there
was something they saw differently. They are a pair she breathed
sleepily. No, thanks, she answered formally to an offer of more
blancmange. She was beginning to feel strong and sleepy. No
thanks she repeated formally as the heavy dish of bananas came her
way. She wants a chocolate said Florrie from across the table.
Miriam revived a little. Take two begged Mrs. Philps. They’re
so huge, said Miriam obeying and leaving the chocolates on her
plate while her mind moved heavily about seeking a topic. They
were all beginning on bananas. It would be endless. By the time
it came to sitting over the fire she would be almost asleep. She
stirred uneasily. Someone must be seeing her longing and im-
patience.

3

Miriam lost threads while Christine cleared away supper, pon-
dering the thick expressionless figure and hands and the heavy sal-
low sullen face. She was very short. They all seemed to be. The
Brooms watched her undisturbed, from their places by the fire, now
and again addressing intructions in low frowning voices from the
midst of conversation—Do sit down—said Mrs. Philps at inter-
vals—I’ve been sitting down all day—said Miriam swaying on
her toes—I think we did half believe it—she pursued with biting
heartiness, aching with the onset of questions, speaking to make
warmth and distraction for Christine. She had never thought about
it. Had they half believed it? Had anyone ever put it to them in
so many words? Giving an opinion opened so many things. It
was impossible to show everything, the more opinions you expressed
the more you misled people and the further you got away from
them—Because—she continued with a singing animation; Chris-
tine glanced;— we never heard anyone come in — although— (the
room enclosed her even more happily with Christine there, every-
thing looked even more itself) — we stayed awake till what seemed
almost morning, always till long after the ser-m- our domestic staff
had gone to bed. Their rooms were on the same floor as the night
nursery—Christine was padding out with a tray, her back to the
room; she had a holiday every year and regular off times and plenty
of money to buy clothes and presents; probably she had some sort
of home. When she had taken away the last of the supper things
and closed the door Grace patted the arm of the vacant armchair.
I like this best, said Miriam drawing up a little carved wooden
stool—oh don’t sit on that—cried Mrs. Philps. —I’m all right
— said Miriam hurriedly, looking at no one and drawing herself briskly upright with her eyes on the clear blaze. Grace and Florrie were close on either side of her in straight chairs, leaning forward towards the fire. Mrs. Philps sat back in the smaller of the armchairs, its unyielding cushion sending her body forward, her small chest crouched, her head bent and propped on her hand, half facing their close row and gazing into the fire. There was a silence. Florrie cleared her throat and glanced at Miriam. Miriam half turned with weary resentment. — Did you used to hang up stockings Miriam? — said Florrie quickly. Miriam assented hastily, staring at the fire. Florrie patiently cleared her throat. With weary animation Miriam dropped phrases about the parcels that were too big for the stocking, the feeling of them against one’s feet when one moved in the morning. Shy watchful glances came to her from Florrie. Grace took her hand and made encouraging sympathetic sounds. How secure they were, sitting with all the holiday ahead over the fire which would be lit again for them in the morning. This was only the tag-end of the first evening and it was beginning to be like the beginning of a new day. Things were coming to her out of the fire, fresh and new, seen for the first time; a flood of images. She contemplated them with eyes suddenly cool and sleepless, relaxing her stiff attitude and smiling vaguely at the fire-irons. — She’s tired; she wants to go to bed — said Mrs. Philps turning her head. The two heads came round—Do you my sweet? — asked Grace pressing her hand. — You shall have breakfast in bed if you like — Miriam grimaced briskly in her direction.— Did you have a Noah’s ark? — she asked smiling at the fire. Yes; Florrie had one. Uncle George gave it to her. — They began describing. — Didn’t you love it? — broke in Miriam presently. — Do you remember— and she recalled the Noah’s ark as it had looked on the nursery floor, the wooden blankness of the rescued family, the look of the elephants and giraffes and the green and yellow grasshoppers and the red lady bird, all standing about alive amongst the little stiff bright green trees — We had a farm-yard too, pigs; and ducks and geese and hens with feathers — We used to stand them all out together on the floor, and the grocer’s shop and all our dolls sitting round against the nursery wall. It used to make me perfectly happy. It would still — Everyone laughed— It does only to think of it. And there was a doll’s house with a door that opened and a staircase and furniture in the rooms. I can smell the smell of the inside at this moment. But the thing I liked best and never got
accustomed to was a little alabaster church with coloured glass windows and a place inside for a candle. We used to put that out on the floor too. I wish I had it now. . . . The kaleidoscope. Do you remember looking at the Kaleidoscope? I used to cry about it sometimes at night; thinking of the patterns I had not seen. I thought there was a new pattern every time you shook it, forever. We had a huge one with very small bits of glass. They clicked smoothly when the pattern changed and were very beautifully coloured. . . . Oh and do you remember those things—did you have a little paper theatre? They were all looking at her, not at the little theatre. She wished she had not mentioned it. It was so sacred and so secret that she had never thought of it or even mentioned it to herself all these years. She rushed on to the stereoscope, her eyes still on the little paper proscenium, the sound of the paper scraping over the little wooden rollers as the scenes came round backwards or forwards. She plunged into descriptions of deep views of the insides of cathedrals in clear silver light, mountains, lakes, statuary in clear light out of doors and came back to the dolls, pressing alone wearily on through the dying interest of her hearers to discover with sleepy enthusiasm the wisdom and indifference and independence of Dutch dolls, the charm of their wooden bodies, the reasons why one never wanted to put any clothes on them, the dear kind friendliness of dolls with composition heads—I don't believe I've ever loved anyone in the world as I loved Daisy—Yes, I know—we had one too; it belonged to Eve, it was enormous and had real hair and a leather trunk for its clothes and felt huge and solid when you carried it; but it was as far away from you as a human being—yes, the rag dolls were simply funny—I never understand all that talk about the affection for rag dolls. We used to scream at ours and hold them by the skirts and see which could bang their heads hardest against the wall. They were always like a Punch and Judy show. The composition dolls I mean were painted a soft colour, very roundly moulded heads, with a shape, just a little hair, indicated in soft brown paint and not staring eyes but soft bluey grey with an expression; looking at something, looking at the same thing you looked at yourself—. . . . Mrs. Philps yawned and Florrie began making a move—I suppose it's bed time—said Miriam. They were all looking sleepy. —Have a glass of claret Miriam before you go—said Mrs. Philps. No thank you, said Miriam springing up and dancing about the room. Giddy girl, chuckled Mrs. Philps affectionately. Grace and Florrie fetched dust sheets
from the hall cupboard and began spreading them over the furniture. Miriam pulled up in front of a large oil-painting over the sofa; its distances where a meadow stream that was wide in the fore-ground with a stone bridge and a mill-wheel and a cottage half hidden under huge trees, grew narrow and wound on and on through tiny distant fields until the scene melted in a soft toned mist, held all her early visits to the Brooms in the Banbury Park days before they had discovered that she did not like sitting with her back to the fire. She listened eagerly to the busy sounds of the Brooms. Someone had bolted the hall door and was scooping a chair over the tiles to get up and put out the gas. Dust sheets were still being flounced in the room behind her. Grace's arm came round her waist. — I'm so glad you've come sweet — she said in her low steady shaken tones — So'm I — said Miriam. — Isn't that a jolly picture — Yes. It's an awfully good one you know. It was one of papa's — What's O'Hara doing in the kitchen? — Taking Grace by the waist Miriam drew into the passage trying to prance with her down the hall. The little kitchen was obscured by an enormous clothes horse draped with airing linen. She's left a miserable fire, said Mrs. Philips from behind the clothes-horse — She hasn't done the saucepans aunt — scolded Florrie from the scullery — Never mind, we can't have er down now. It's neely midnight.

Miriam emerged smoothly into the darkness and lay radiant. There was nothing but the cool sense of life pouring in from some inner source and the deep fresh spaces of the darkness all round her. Perhaps she had awakened because of her happiness... clear gentle and soft in a melancholy minor key a little thread of melody sounded from far away in the night straight into her heart. There was nothing between her and the sound that had called her so gently up from her deep sleep. She held in her joy to listen. There was no sadness in the curious sorrowful little air. It drew her out into the quiet neighbourhood... misty darkness along empty roads, plaques of lamplight here and there on pavements and across house fronts... blackness in large gardens and over the bridge and in the gardens at the backs of the rows of little silent dark houses, a pale lambency over the canal and reservoirs. Somewhere amongst the little roads a group of players hooting gently and carefully slow sweet notes as if to wake no one, playing to no one, out into the darkness. Back out of fresh darkness came the sweet clear
music . . . . the waits; of course. She rushed up, up and out heart foremost. Her love flowed into every turn of the well-known house and hovered near each sleeping form, flowed into the recesses of their lives, flowed on swiftly across a tide of remembered and forgotten incidents in and out amongst the seasons of the years. It sent her forward to tomorrow sitting her upright in morning light telling her with shouts that the day was there and she had only to get up into it . . . . the little air had paused on a tuneful chord and ceased . . . . It was beginning again nearer and clearer. She heard it carefully through. It was so strange. It came from far back amongst the generations where everything was different; telling you that they were the same. . . . In the way those people were playing, in the way they made the tune sound in the air neither instrument louder than the others there was something that knew. Something that everybody knows. . . . They show it by the way they do things, no matter what they say. . . . Her heart glowed and she stirred. How rested she was. How fresh the air was. What freshness came from everything in the room. She stared into the velvety blackness trying to see the furniture. It was the thick close-drawn curtains that made the perfect velvety darkness . . . . Behind the curtains and the Venetian blinds the windows were open at the top letting in the garden air. The little square of summer garden showed brilliantly in this darkest winter blackness. It was more than worth while to be wakened in the middle of the night at the Brooms. The truth about life was in them. She imagined herself suddenly shouting in the night. After the first fright they would understand and would laugh. She yawned sleepily towards an oncoming tangle of thoughts, pushing them off and slipping back into unconsciousness.

Miriam picked up the blouse by its shoulders and danced it up and down in time to the girls' volley of affectionate raillery — Did you sleep well? — broke in Mrs. Philps sitting briskly up and superciliously grasping the handle of the large coffee-pot with her small shrunken hand. Christmas Day had begun. The time for trying to say suitable things about the present was over. All the six small hands were labouring amongst the large things on the table. The blouse hung real, a blouse, a glorious superfluity in her only just sufficient wardrobe. — Yes, thank you, I did — she said ardently, lowering it to her knee. The rich strong coffee was flowing into the cups. In a moment Grace would be handing plates
of rashers and Florrie would have finished extracting the eggs from the boiler. She laid the blouse carefully on the sofa and heard in among the table sounds the greetings that had followed her arrival downstairs. The brown and green landscape caught her eye, old and still, holding all her knowledge of the Brooms back and back, fresh with another visit to them. She turned back to the table with a sigh. Someone chuckled. Perhaps at something that was happening on the table. She glanced about. The fragrant breakfast had arrived in front of her — Don't let it get cold — laughed Florrie drawing the mustard pot from the cruet-stand and rapping it down before her. There was something that she had forgotten, some point that was being missed, something that must be said at this moment to pin down the happiness of everything. She looked up at Shakespeare and Queen Victoria. It was going away — Mustard — said Florrie tapping the table with the mustard-pots. — Did you hear the waits? asked Mrs. Philps with dreary acidity. That was it. She turned eagerly. Mrs. Philps was sipping her coffee. Miriam waited politely with the mustard-pot in her hand until she had put down her cup and then said anxiously, offering it to Mrs. Philps — they played — Help yourself — laughed Mrs. Philps — a most lovely curious old-fashioned thing she went on anxiously. Florrie was watching her narrowly. That was The Mistletoe Bough — bridled Mrs. Philps accepting the mustard. — Oh that's The Mistletoe Bough mused Miriam thrilling. Then Mrs. Philps had heard, and felt the same in the night. Nothing was missing. Everything that had happened since she had arrived on the doorstep came freshly back and on into to-day, flowing over the embarrassment of the parcels. There was nothing to say; no words that could express it; a tune . . . . That's the Mistletoe Bough. . . . . she said reflectively. Florrie was sitting very upright exactly opposite, quietly munching, her knife and fork quiet on her plate. Grace's small hands and mouth were gravely labouring. She began swiftly on her own meal, listening for the tune with an intelligent face. If Florrie would take off her attention she could let her face become a blank and recover the tune. Impossible to go on until she had recalled it. She sought for some distracting remark. Grace spoke. Florrie turned towards her. Miriam radiated agreement and sipped her hot coffee. Its strong aroma flowed through her senses. She laughed sociably. Someone else laughed. — Of course they don't — said Florrie in her most grinding voice and laughed. Two voices broke out together. Mir-
iam listened to the tones, glancing intelligence accordingly, umpiring the contest, her mind wandering blissfully about. Presently there was a silence. Mrs. Philps had brided and said something decisive. Miriam guiltily re-read the remark. She could not think of anything that could be made to follow it with any show of sincerity and sat feeling large and conspicuous. Mrs. Philps' face had grown dark and old. Miriam glanced restively at her meaning...

...Large terrible illnesses the doctor coming; trouble amongst families; someone sitting paralyzed; poverty, everything being different. . . . — D'you like a snowy Christmas, Misiam, asked Florrie shyly. Miriam looked across. She looked very young, a child speaking on sufferance, saying the first thing that occurs lest someone should remark that it was time to go to bed. Hilarious replies rushed to Miriam's mind. They would have re-awakened the laughter and talk, but there would have been resentment in the wedged figure at the head of the table, the figure that had walked with arch dignity into the big north London shop and chosen the blouse. The weight in the air was dreadful — There don't seem to be snowy Christmases nowadays — she said turning deferentially to her hostess with her eyes on Florrie's child's eyes. Christmas is a very different thing to what it was — breathed Mrs. Philps sitting back with folded hands from her finished meal. — Oh, I don't know aunt — corrected Grace anxiously — aren't you going to have your toast and marmalade? You lived in the North all your young Christmases. It's always colder there. Take some toast aunt — We used to burn Yule logs — flickered Mrs. Philps, plaintively refusing the toast. Miriam waited imagining the snow on the garden where the frilled shirts used to hang out to bleach in the dew . . . . the great flood, the anxiety in the big houses — Yule logs would look funny in this grate, laughed Florrie — Oh, I don't know, pressed Grace. — We had some last year. Haven't we got any this year aunt? — I ordered some wood; I don't know if it's come — Miriam could not imagine the Brooms with burning logs. Yes, she could. They were nearer to burning logs than anyone she knew. It would be more real here; more like the burning logs in the Christmas numbers. The glow would shine on to their faces and they would see into the past. But it was all in the past, Yule logs and then, no yule logs. Everyone even the Brooms were being pushed forward into a new cold world. There was no time to remember — they don't build grates for wood nowadays, ruled Mrs. Philps. Who could stop all this coming and crowding of mean little things? But the wide untroubled leisure of the Brooms
breakfast—table was shut away from the mean little things . . . . .
Are you coming to church Miriam? — Miriam looked across the
doomed breakfast table and met the watchful eyes. Behind Florrie
very upright in her good, once best stuff dress, two years old in its
features and methodically arrived at morning wear, the fire still
blazed its extravagant welcome, the first of Christmas morning was
still in the room. When they had all busied themselves and gone,
it would be gone. She glanced about to see that everyone had
finished and put her elbows on the table. — Well — she said
abundantly. There was an expectant relaxing of attitudes — I
should like to go very much. But — Grace fidgetting her brooch
had flung her unrestrained burning affectionate glance — when I
saw Mr. La Trobe climbing into the pulpit — Florries eyes were
downcast and Mrs. Philps was blowing her nose her eyes gazing
wanly out above her handkerchief towards the little curtained bow-
window — Miriam dimpled and glanced sideways at Grace catch-
ing her shy waiting eyes — I should stand up on my seat. . . . give
one loud shriek — the three laughters broke forth together — and
fall gasping to the ground — Then you'd certainly better not
go — chuckled Florrie amidst the general wiping away of tears —
I saw the Miss Pernes at Strudwick's on Friday; Miss Perne
and Miss Jenny — oh, did you? — reponded Miriam hurriedly.
The room lost something of its completeness. There was a coming
and a going, the pressing grey of an outside world — How are
they? — — They seemed very well — They don't seem to change
— Oh; I'm so glad — They asked for you — Oh — — I didn't say
we were expecting you — Oh, it's such an age — — We always say
you're very busy and hard-worked — smiled Grace — Yes, that's
it . . . . — You didn't go often even when Miss Haddie was alive —
No; she was awfully good; she used to come down and see me in
the west end when I first came to town. — How they like the west-
end — Aunt, I don't blame them. — She used to write to you a
lot didn't she Miriam? — She used to come and talk to me in a
tea-shop at six-fifteen . . . . yes she wrote regularly — said Miriam
irritably — You were awfully fond of Miss Haddie weren't you? —
Miriam peerd into space struggling with a tangle of images. Her
mind leapt from incident to incident weaving all into a general im-
pression — so strong and clear that it gave a sort of desperation
to her pained consciousness that nothing she saw and felt was visi-
table to the three pairs of diffrently watchful eyes. Poured chaoti-
cally out it would sound to them like the ravings of insanity. All
contradictory, up and down backwards and forwards, all true The
things they would grasp here and there would misrepresent herself and the whole picture. Why would people insist upon talking about things — when nothing can ever be communicated. . . . . She felt angrily about in the expectant stillness. She could see their minds so clearly; why wouldn't they just look and see hers instead of waiting for some impossible pronouncement. Yes would be a lie. No would be a lie. Any statement would be a lie. All statements are lies. I like the Pernes better than I like you. I like all of you better than the Pernes. I hate you. I hate the Pernes. I, of course you must know it, hate everybody. I adore the Pernes so much that I can't go and see them. But you come and see us. Yes; but you insist. Then you like us only as well as you like the Pernes; you like all sorts of people as well perhaps better than you like us. I have nothing to do with anyone. You shall not group me anywhere. I am everywhere. Let the day go on. Don't sit there worrying me to death. . . . — They always send you their love and say you are to go and see them — Oh yes, I must go; some time — — They are wonderfully fond of their girls. . . .

It's one of the greatest pleasures of their lives keeping up with the old girls — Fatigue was returning upon Miriam; her face flushed and her hands were large and cold. She drew them down on to her unowned knees. A mild yes would bring the sitting to an end. — But you see I'm not an old girl — she said impatiently. No one spoke. Florrie's mind was darkly moving towards the things of the day. Perhaps Mrs. Philps and Florrie had been thinking of them for some minutes. — You know it does make a difference — she pursued, obsequiously collecting attention, — when people are your employers. You can never feel the same — Everyone hovered, — and Mrs. Philps smiled in triumphant curiosity. — I shouldn't have thought it made any difference to you Miriam — said Florrie flushing heavily. — I think I know what Miriam means — said Grace gently radiating — I always feel a pupil with them much as I like them — Grace, d'you know you're my pupil — said Miriam leaping out into laughter. — I can see Grace — she drove on carrying them all with her, ignoring the swift eyes upon the dim things settling heavily down upon her heart — gazing out of the window in the little room where I was supposed to be holding a German class — Yes I know Miriam darling, but now you know me you know I could never be any good at languages — — You're my pupil — — It seems absurd to think of you as a teacher now we know you — chuckled Florrie. — Aren't you glad it's over, Mir-
I loved the teaching. I've never left off longing to go back to school myself — yawned Miriam absently. — You won’t get much sympathy out of Florrie — I was a perfect fool — beamed Florrie. Everyone laughed. — I often think now — chuckled Florrie rosy and tearful — when I open the front door to go out how glad I am there’s no more school — Miriam looked across laughing affectionately. — Why did you like your school so much Miriam? — I didn’t like it except now and again terrifically in flashes. I didn’t know what it was. I hadn’t seen other schools. I didn’t know what we were doing — It wasn’t — a — a genteel school for young ladies, there was nothing of that in it — You never know when you’re happy — reproved Mrs. Philps •— Oh, I don’t know aunt, I think you do — appealed Grace, her eyes full of shy championship. — I’m very happy, thank you, aren’t we all happy dear brethren? — chirped Miriam towards the cruet stand. — Silly children — Now aunt you know you are. You know you enjoy life tremendously. — Of course I do — cried Mrs. Philps beaming and bridling. In a devout low tone she added — it’s the little simple things that make you happy; the things that happen every day — For a moment there was nothing but the sound of the fire flickering in the beamy air. — Hadn’t we better have her in aunt, muttered Grace. Florrie got up briskly and rang the bell.

6

They all went busily upstairs. Even Grace did not linger. — Let me come and help make my bed — said Miriam going with her to the door — No, you’re to rest — I don’t want to rest — Then you can run round the room — She turned back towards the silent disarray. Busy sounds came from upstairs. A hurried low reproving voice emerged on to the landing ... — and light the drawing room fire as soon as you’ve finished clearing and when the postman comes leave the letters in the box — Christine came downstairs without answering. In a moment she would be coming in. Moving away from the attraction of the blouse Miriam wandered to the fireside. Her eyes turned towards the chair in the corner half-hidden by the large armchair. There they were, on the top of the pile of newspapers and magazines. Dare’s Annual lay uppermost its cover bright with holly. Her hands went out ... to look at them now would be to anticipate the afternoon. But there would be at least two Windsors that she had not seen. She drew one out and stood turning over the leaves. It would be impossible
to look round and say a Happy Christmas and then go on reading, and just as bad to stop reading and not say anything more. She planted herself in the middle of the hearth rug with her face to the room. Why should she stand advantageously there while Christine unwillingly laboured? Why should Christine be pleased to be spoken to? She thought a happy Christmas in several different voices. They all sounded insulting. Christine was still making noises in the kitchen. There was time to escape. The drawing room door would be bolted and that meant getting one of the hall chairs and telling the whole house of an extraordinary impulse. Upstairs her bed would still be being made or her room dusted. She drew up the little stool and sat dejectedly, close over the fire as if with a heavy cold in her head and anxiously deep in the pages of the magazine. Perhaps Christine would think she did not hear her come in . . . she guessed the story from the illustrations and dropped into the text half way through the narrative. No woman who did typewriting from morning till night and lived in a poor lodging could look like that . . . perhaps some did . . . perhaps that was how clerks ought to look . . . she skimmed on; moving automatically to make room for boots that were being put down in the fender; ready to speak in a moment if whoever it was did not say anything; the figure turned to the table. It was Christine. If she blew her nose and coughed Christine would know she knew she was there. She turned a page swiftly and wrapped herself deeply in the next. When Christine had gone away with a trayful she resumed her place on the hearth rug ready to see her for the first time when she came in again and catch her eye and say Good morning, I wish you a happy Christmas. Christine came shapelessly in and began collecting the remaining things with sullen hands. Her face was closed and expressionless and her eyes downcast. Miriam's eyes followed it, waiting for the eyes to lift, her lips powerless. It was too late to say good morning. Sadness grew for her in the room. Her thoughts washed homelessly to and fro between her various world and the lumpy figure moving sullenly along the edge of an unknown life. Stepping observantly in through the half-open door with a duster bunched carefully in her hand came Florrie. Miriam flung out a greeting that swept round Christine and cut into a shining world. It brought Florrie to her side in shy delight. Christine taking her final departure looked up. Miriam flushed through her laughter steadily meeting the brown expressionless glitter of Christine's eyes. — Hullo O'Hara — she defended, collecting herself for the challenge
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that would follow Florrie's encirclement of her waist — Hullo Little Miriam; you are happy — ground out Florrie shyly — are you rested? — Yes — said Miriam formally — I think I am — They turned, Florrie withdrawing her arm, and stood looking into the fire — Oooch isn't it cold — said Grace from the doorway — have you done the hall chairs? — No, I came in here to get warm first — It is cold — said Grace coming to the hearthrug — are you warm Miriam darling? — I'm so warm that I think I ought to run upstairs for a constitutional and scrub my teeth — said Miriam briskly, preparing to follow Florrie from the room. — Grace dropped her duster and put her arms upon her, raising an anxious pleading face — stay here while I dust sweetheart. You can scrub your teeth when we're gone. Dear pink-face. How are you my sweet? Are you rested? — she asked between gentle kisses dabbed here and there — Never berrer old chap. I tell you never berrer — Grace laughed gently into her face and stood holding her, smiling her anxious pleading solicitous smile. — I tell you never berrer — repeated Miriam. Dear sweet pink face — smiled Grace and turned carefully away to her dusting. Miriam sank into an armchair, listening to the soft smooth flurring of the duster over the highly polished surfaces — Well? — she asked presently — how are things in general? — Grace rose from her knees and carefully shut the door. She came back with fear darkening the velvety lustre of her eyes — Oh I don't know Miriam dear — she murmured kneeling on the hearthrug near Miriam's knees and holding her hands out towards the fire. It's all over — thought Miriam, faintly angered. — I've got ever so many things to tell you. I want to ask your advice — Remember I've never even seen him — said Miriam automatically, figuring the surroundedness the sudden realization and fear, the recapturing of liberty, the sudden evasive determined retreat. — Oh, but you always understand. Wait till we can talk — she sighed rising from her knees, and kissing Miriam's forhead. It was all over. Grace was clinging to some "reasonable" explanation of some final thing. She cast about in her mind for something from her own scattered circumstances to feed their talk when it should come. She would have to induce Grace to turn away and go on. . . . the end of the long history of faithfully remembered details would be a relief. . . . the delicate depths of their intercourse would come back. . . . its reach backwards and forwards; and yet without anything in the background. . . . it seemed as if always something were needed in the background to give the full glow to every day . . . she must be made to
see the real face of the circumstance and then to know and to feel that she was not forlorn; that the glow was there . . . . first to brush away the delusion ruthlessly . . . . and then let the glow come back, begin to come back, from another source.

7.

Left alone with silence all along the street, Christine inaudible in the kitchen, dead silence in the house, Miriam gathered up her blouse and ran upstairs. As she passed through the changing lights of the passage, up the little dark staircase past the turn that led to the little lavatory and little bathroom and was bright in the light of a small uncurtained lattice, on up the four stairs that brought her to the landing where the opposing bedroom doors flooded their light along the strip of green carpet between the polished balustrade and the high polished glass-doored bookcase, the years tumbled about her. Crowding incidents set in vast backgrounds streamed in through her consciousness blotting out the day, washing away from future and past all but joy. Inside her room—tidied until nothing was visible but the permanent shining gleaming furniture and ornaments; only the large box of matches on the corner of the mantelpiece betraying the movements of separate days, telling her of nights of arrival, the lighting of the gas, the sudden light in the frosted globe preluding freedom and rest, bringing the beginning of rest with the gleam of the fresh quiet room — she found all the past, all her years of work set in the air, framed and contemplable like the pictures on the wall, and beside them the early golden years in snatches, chosen pictures from here and there communicated and stored in the loyal memory of the Brooms. Leaping in among these live days came to-day . . . . the blouse belonged to the year that was waiting far off, invisible behind the high wall of Christmas. She dropped it on the bed and ran downstairs to the little drawing-room. The fire had not yet conquered the mustiness of the air. The room was full of strange dim lights coming in through the stained glass door of the little greenhouse. She pushed open the glass door turning the light to a soft green and sat sociably down in a low chair her hands clasped upon her knees, topics racing through her mind in a voice thrilling with stored up laughter. In her ears was the rush of spring rain on the garden foliage, and presently a voice saying where are we going this summer? . . . . By the time they came back she would be too happy to speak. Better perhaps to go out into the maze of little streets.
and in wearilying of them be glad to come back. As she moved to
the door she saw the garden in late summer fulness, the holidays
over, their heights gleaming through long talks on the seat at the
end of the garden, the answering glow of the great blossoms of
purple clematis hiding the north London masonry of the little con-
servatory, the great spaces of autumn opening out and out running
down rich with happenings to where the high wall of Christmas
again rose and shut out the future. She ran busily upstairs casting
away sight and hearing and hurried thoughtlessly into her outdoor
things and out into the street. She wandered along the little
roads turning and turning until she came to a broad open thorough-
fare lined with high grey houses standing back behind colourless
railed-in gardens. Trams jingled up and down the centre of
the road bearing the names of unfamiliar parts of London. People
were standing about on the terminal islands and getting in and out
of the trams. She had come too far. Here was the wilderness,
the undissembling soul of north London, its harsh unvarying all-
embracing oblivion. . . . Innumerable impressions gathered on
walks with the school-girls or in lonely wanderings; the unveiled
motives and feelings of people she had passed in the streets, the
expression of noses and shoulders, the indefinable uniformity, of
bearing and purpose and vision, crowded in on her, oppressing
and darkening the crisp light air. She fought against them, rally-
ing to the sense of the day. It was Christmas Day for them all.
They were keeping Christmas in their homes, carrying it out into
the streets, going about with parcels, greeting each other in their
harsh ironic voices. Long ago she had passed out of their world for
ever, carrying it forward, a wound in her consciousness unhealed,
but powerless to re-inflict itself, powerless to spread into her life.
They and their world were still there, unchanged. But they could
never touch her again, ensconced in her wealth. It did not matter
now that they went their way just in the way they went their way.
To hate them for past suffering now that they were banished and
powerless was to allow them to spoil her day. . . . They were
even a possession, a curious thing apart, unknown to anyone in
her London life. . . . dear north Londoners. She paused a moment,
looking boldly across at the figures moving on the islands. After
all they did not know that it was cold and desolate and harsh and
dreadful to be going about on Christmas Day in a place that
looked as this place looked in trams. They did not know what
was wrong with their clothes and their bearing and their way of
looking at things. That was what was so terrible though. What
could teach them? There were so many. They lived and died in amongst each other. What could change them? . . . . Her face felt drawn and weariness was coming upon her limbs. . . a group was approaching her along the wide pavement, laughing and talking, a blatter of animated voices; she turned briskly for the relief of meeting and passing close to them. . . too near, too near. . . . prosperity and kindliness, prosperous fresh laughing faces, easily bought clothes, the manner of the large noisy house and large secure income, free movement in an accessible world, all turned to dangerous weapons in wrong hands by the unfinished, insensitive mouths, the ugly slur in the speech, the shapelessness of bearing, the naively visible thoughts, circumscribed by business, the illustrated monthly magazines, the summer month at the seaside; their lives were exactly like their way of walking down the street, a confident blind trampling. Speech was not needed to reveal their certainties; they shed certainty from every angle of their unfinished persons. Certainty about everything. Incredulous contempt for all uncertainty. Impatient contempt for all who could not stand up for themselves. Cheerful uncritical affection for each other. And for all who were living or trying to live just as they did . . . . The little bushes of variegated laurel grouped in railed-off oblongs along the gravelled pathway between the two wide strips of pavement, drew her gaze. They shone crisply, their yellow and green enamel washed clean by yesterday’s rain. She hurried along feeling out towards them through downcast eyes. They glinted back at her unsunned by the sunlight, rootless sapless surfaces set in repellent clay, spread out in meaningless air. To and fro her eyes slid upon the varnished leaves. . . she saw them in a park set in amongst massed dark evergreens, gleaming out through afternoon mist, keeping the last of the light as the people drifted away leaving the slopes and vistas clear. . grey avenues and dewy slopes drifted before her in the faint light of dawn, the grey growing pale and paler; the dew turned to a scatter of jewels and the sky soared up high above the growing shimmer of sunlit green and gold. Isolated morning figures hurried across the park, aware of its morning freshness, seeing it as their own secret garden, part of their secret day. . . .

From the sunlit white facade of a large London house the laurels looked down through a white stone-pillared balustrade. They appeared coming suddenly with the light of a street lamp, clumped safely behind the railings of a Bloomsbury square. . . . the opening of a side street led her back into the maze of little
roads. The protective presence of the little house was there and she sauntered happily along through channels of sheltered sunlit silence. . . . What was she doing here? At Christmas-time one should be where one belonged. Gathering and searching about her came the claims of the firesides that had lain open to her choice, drawing her back into the old life, the only life known to those who sat round them. They looked out from that life, seeing hers as hardship and gloom, pitying her, turning blind eyes unwillingly towards her attempts to unveil and make it known to them. She saw herself relinquishing efforts, putting on a desperate animation, professing interests and opinions and talking as people talk, while they watched her with eyes that saw nothing but a pitiful attempt to hide an awful fate, lonely poverty, the absence of any opening prospect, nothing ahead but a gloom deepening as the years counted themselves off. Those were the facts — as almost anyone might see them. They made those facts live; they tugged at the jungle of feelings that had the power to lead one back through any small crushing maiming aperture. . . . In their midst lived the past and the thing that had ended it and plunged it into a darkness that still held the threat of destroying reason and life. Perhaps only thus could it be faced. Perhaps only in that way. What other way was there? Forgetfulness blotted it out and let one live on. But it was always there, impossible, when one looked back. . . The little house brought forgetfulness and rest. It made no break in the new life. The new life flowed through it, sunlit. It was a flight down strange vistas, a superfluity of wild strangeness, with a clue in one's hand, the door of retreat always open; rest and forgetfulness piling up within one into strength.

8

The incidents Grace had described went in little disconnected scenes in and out of the caverns of the dying fire. She was waiting tremulously for a verdict. They seemed to Miriam so decisive that she found it difficult to keep within Grace's point of view. She stood in the picturesque suburb, saw the distant glimpse of Highgate Woods, the pretty corner house standing alone in its garden, the sisters in the dresses they had worn at the dance talking to their mother indoors, waited on by their polite admiring brother; their unconsciousness, their lives as they looked to themselves. Everything fitted in with the leghorn hats they had worn at the league garden party in the summer. She could have warned Grace then if she had heard about them. . . Grace had not yet found out that people were arranged in groups. . . The only hon-
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est thing to say now would be — oh well of course with a mother and sisters like that; don't you see—what they are? Her mind drew a little circle round the family group. It spun round them on and on as they went through life. She frowned her certainty into the fire, ranging herself with the unknown people she knew so well. If she did not speak Grace would see in her something of the quality that was the passport into that smooth-voiced world. ... she imagined herself further and further into it, seeing everyday incidents, hearing conversations slide from the surfaces of minds that in all their differences made one even surface, unconscious unbroken and maddeningly unquestioning and unaware. ... They were unaware of anything, though they had easy fluent words about everything. ... underneath the surface that kept Grace off they were. ... amoebae, awful determined unconscious ... octopi ... frightful things with one eye, tentacles, poison-sacs ... the surface made them, not they the surface; rules ... they were civilisation. But they knew the rules; they knew how to do the surface ... they held to them and lived by them. It was a sort of game. ... They were martyrs; with empty lives. ... always awake, day and night, with unrelaxed wills. ... she turned and met frank eyes still waiting for a verdict. All the strength of Grace's personality was quivering there; all the determined faith in reason and principle. Perhaps if she had a clear field she could disarm them. ... anyone, everyone. If she could get near enough they would find out her reality and her strength. But they would not want to be like her. They would run in the end from their apprehension of her, back to the things she did not see. ... They had done so. He had; it was clear. Or she could not have spoken of him. If you can speak of a thing, it is past ... Speaking makes it glow with a life that is not its own. ... There's a lot more to tell you — said Grace pressing her hand. Miriam turned from the fire; Grace was looking as she had done when she began her story. Miriam sat back in her chair searching her face and form trying to find and express the secret of her indomitable conviction. Being what she was, why could she not be sufficient to herself? Entrenched in uncertainty she seemed less than herself. Her careful good clothes, so exquisitely kept, the delicate old gold chain, the little pearled cross, the old fine delicate rings, the centuries of shadowy ecclesiasticism in her head and face, the look of waiting, gazing from grey stone framed days upon a jewelled splendour, grew with her uncertainty small and limited. It was unbearable that they should have no meeting ... Grace was ready to
take all she possessed into a world where it would have no meaning; ready to disappear and be changed. She was changed already. She could not get back and there was nothing to go forward to. Miriam dropped her eyes and sat back in her chair. The tide of her own life flowed fresh all about her; the room and the figure at her side made a sharply separated scene, a play watched from a distance, the end visible in the beginning to be read in the shapes and tones and folds of the setting, the intentions and statements nothing but impotent irrelevance, only bearable for the opportunities they offered here and there, involuntarily for headlong escape into the reality that nothing touched or changed. If only Grace could be forced to see the unchanging reality. Oh Miriam darling, breathed Grace in an even, anxious tone. Miriam suppressed a desire to whistle; — Oh well of course that may make a difference — she said hurriedly, checking the thrill in her voice. Far back in the caverns of the fire life moved sunlit. She dropped her eyes and drew away the hand that Grace had clasped. Life danced and sang within her; shreds of song; the sense of the singing of the wind; clear bright light streaming through large houses, quickening on walls and stairways and across wide rooms. Along clear avenues of light radiating from the future pouring from behind her into the inner channels of her eyes and ears came unknown forms moving in a brilliance, casting a brilliance across the outstretched past, warming its shadows, bathing its bright levels in sparkling gold. Her free hands lifted themselves until only the tips of her fingers rested on her knees and her hair strove from its roots as if the whole length would stand and wave upright. — You see — she said to gain a moment. Suddenly her mind became a blank. Her body was heavy on her chair, ill-clothed, too warm, peevishly tingling with desires. She stirred, shrinking from her ugly, inexorable cheap clothes, her glasses, the mystery of her rigid stupidly done hair; how how how did people get expression into their hair consciously and not by accident? Why did Grace like her in spite of all these things, in spite of the evil thoughts which must show. She did. She had felt nothing, seen nothing. She dissembled her face and turned towards Grace, gazing past her into the darkness beyond the range of the firelight. Just outside the rim of her glasses Grace's firelit face gleamed on the edge of the darkness half turned towards her. Leaping into her mind came the realisation that she was sitting there talking to someone . . . . Marvellous to speak and hear a voice answer. Astounding; more marvellous and astounding than anything they could discuss. Grace must
know this, even if she were unconscious of it... some little sound they could both hear, a little mark upon the stillness, scattering light and relief. She turned her eyes and met Grace's, velvety, deeply sparkling, strahlend mit Liebe und Bewunderung, patiently waiting — Well, — said Miriam, sleepily feeling for a thread of connected thought. — D'you mean a difference about my taking aunt to call, asked Grace with fear in her eyes. — No, my dear, said Miriam impatiently. — Can't you see you can't do that anyhow? — — They've only been there five years, said Grace in a low determined recitative — We've lived in what's almost the same neighborhood, fifteen. So it's our place to call first — Miriam sighed harshly. — That doesn't make a scrap of difference she retorted flushing with anger. — I wish I had your grasp of things Miriam dear, said Grace with gentle weariness. — Well — we've got tomorrow and Monday, said Miriam getting up with an appearance of briskness and stretching, and striking random notes on the piano. Grace laughed. — I suppose we ought to light the gas, she said getting up. — Why? — — Oh well — Florrie will be coming in and asking why we're sitting in the dark — — What if she does — — Oh, I think I'll light in Miriam. Miriam sat down again and stared into the fire.

(to be continued)

ADVICE TO A STREET-PAVEMENT

by Maxwell Bodenheim

Lacerated gray has bitten
Into your shapeless humility.
Little episodes of roving
Strew their hieroglyphics on your muteness.
Life has given you heavy stains
Like an ointment growing stale.
Endless feet tap over you
With a maniac insistene.

O unresisting street-pavement
Keep your passive insolence
At the dwarfs who scorn you with their feet.
Only one who lies upon his back
Can disregard the stars.
DANCING AS AN ART

by Emanuel Carnevali

To Henri

I AM thirty. The other day I met a dancer. He had blue eyes and a lady's mouth and his voice was sickening soft. His name was Mr. Snake. When he lifted his arm, bent at the elbow, hand horizontal outward, I was afraid; and when of his two legs he made a perfect twist I laughed. In other words, I enjoyed his dancing and was very much interested in it.

—Mr. Snake, I think I want to learn how to dance.
—My dear man, dancing is art, every art—art.
—That doesn't make much of a difference to me.
—It made all the difference in the world to me.
—Ah, you clever rascal! said I, with a sneer of understanding. Shortly after I went home. The sneer became embarrassed as I was walking on my way home. The sneer chilled as the stars laughed on top of my ungainly head. But at last assumed its ultimate shape, becoming a grimace of fear, as I saw moonlight break against a doorway and smooth the wind-swept sidewalk.—I must learn dancing. It would be good for my legs, good for my arms, for my outward appearance, and I have often desired, I always desire that bright elegance which... I must learn how to dance.—I felt my knees, I looked down upon the shapeless bagging of my pants, saw my feet sprawling in my too large shoes and imagined with a quick pang my worn out heels.—I must learn how to dance—. There I was, with my dangling arms; my heavy, uncontrolled and perhaps uncontrollable hands; my legs always bent a little forward; my belly pushed backward; my shoulders rounded forward; as I walked my head pecked the air like a helpless hen's. With the concentrated despair of twenty years of clumsiness suddenly revealed, I lifted a cursing hand. But the arm came up slowly and dislocatedly, without direction, refusing to be cast into a gesture. In the name of Mr. Snake, what was this? Where was I going—for, indeed, my body was not following! My head this way, my belly that, my knees that way! What was this?

I was in the shape of an ugliness, a drifting thing, a walking contradiction. I had been unconscious of a great ridiculous ab-
surdity and it had, without my knowing, moulded me. Damn me! I thought I was going somewhere—along ecstatic streets crowned with glare of lamplight—and my body wasn't following. My form wasn't following. I wasn't following. I was only a shadow, that of Mr. Visionary who had so inspired me once, or any other shadow anyway.

I was a warped effort on a road to the splendid somewhere which I had conceived one day... conceived beautifully one day, —oh I remember that gesture, I remember the dance I had then begun.

God, I was a thwarted effort and my own damnation and my own end it was that twisted me down like that! I couldn't anymore learn to dance. Oh, if I lift a finger now do I not know how far within that motion begins! You couldn't change that far within. Not at thirty. Mr. Snake, what can you do for me? Haven't I been aware of that which made me as I am now? I have, I know I have. I can be saved. Mr. Snake.... ah, the hell with you, I don't need you. I'll learn, I'll learn, almighty stars, watching eyes upon this world, seers, judges, WATCH ME!

And I lifted myself up. I forced my body into a complete gesture of immobile contrition, knowing that if the gesture was true it would be the destruction of my former clumsiness, which was a wierd root in the sodden depths of me. Perfectly immobile, in tears and frets, in deadly sweat, through every pore of my body the twenty years of filth that had clogged me oozed out of me. I don't know how I didn't die. Then it was, dear Bill, that I felt ashamed of every word I had told you, then it was that the gross lie of what I had called my "impetuous naive nature" assumed a form that frightened me beyond human words, then it was that I stood waiting, humble before the ash can which open-mouthed watched me free myself. And the stars laughed insanely—unless it was my eyes were insane.

Then, I moved. You know there is some greatness in me, you know that I always saw it, the beacon shining very far—a little infinitely beyond every street's end, over the hump of this street that jumps down into the abyss, accompanied to its perdition by the lamps-posts' procession,—I always saw it, dim as lit fog, thinking it was probably nothing but lit fog. But now on top of a house a star shone—a hole revealing that the sky is a diamond palace covered with a blue cloth. Well, I had to hurry up, as I was at the end of my strength. I swung myself up, whirled through the air writing a beautiful parabola over the skirt of Night and
CRACRCK!
I fell on the side of a house and broke my bones in pieces. I hung in shreds from several laundry ropes until they came to get me. The last thing I saw on earth was the horrid mouth of a window which had been gaping that way fifty years.

Exclamation over the "Portrait of Mlle. Pogany"
by Louis Gilmore

Original
Conception
Of the egg,
Immaculate
Influence
Of a ghost,
Unto stone, ....

No trace
Of any pain
Lingers ....

Parts
Compose
Into one . . .
It is Nirvana! . . .
THE SIN
by Ralph Block

It grew—slowly, then terrifically.

He heard his father's voice sloping away. Don't forget to ask Grundy for eggs. He was eating eggs and the yellow yolk flared up at him like blood. Atonement — blood atonement — he would have to make. It was the only way out. Momentarily at his mother's soft assenting reply, he darted out of the path of his idea to wonder where the comfort had gone, of her voice; knew he was damned, damned and apart. The supper lights made their faces pasty. He felt sick, writhed, and fear grew, keeping pace with the growing knowledge of what sin made him leave behind. The comfortable evening meal, the slow broken narrative from father to mother and back, his dreaming over the day. And there was satisfaction in eating, relaxing after play and the warmth of pleasures. Clip the dog? came from his father and he almost rose in terror of showing his soul. There was the dog. Guilty, still to be master of a dog. Outwardly he showed nothing, swallowed calmly and answered, Jasper said tomorrow.

He could not eat, it was fire in his throat. And he could hear his heart, felt it was in an icy shell that turned the sound into a thousand echoes.

The shades were being drawn. He hated the night, felt sudden relief and breathed deeply but only for an instant. His father's newspaper rustled and he felt dim hands pushing him from the room. There was his bed. He flung away from the idea, the naked silence, breathing in the room next to him, little sounds, the heaviness of the air and the sodden smell of his bedclothes.

Outside he paused, forgot a moment and realized he had no cap, remembered again. He walked around the porch to the side door, hesitated and went down the steps to the big evergreen in the corner of the lot. He stopped to listen to the wind moaning through it. A man went by on the walk whistling. Something bounded beside him and the dog's nose pushed into his hand. He withdrew his hand fearfully and turned. Then he ran, the dog after him. He slammed the gate and did not look back, knowing he was alone.

It was clearer. It would be blood, of both of them. He ran faster, was astonished to hear his feet slap against the walk, and turned across the lawn. The road flew up at him. There were
houses with lights, the smell of meals in the air, black shapes that were people. A horse was drawn up sharply and he heard sounds from the buggy and went on through a yard and crossing an alley. At the board fence he stopped. He climbed over, landed on the manure pile. The barn door creaked a little. He paused. Out on the driveway a match flickered brightly and went out. Another flared. He saw the horse hitched to the phaeton. Now don't you stay late, children. You bring her home early, Roger. That was her mother's voice. There was talking and in a moment her laughter. Something broke inside. He waited. The manure was steaming and warm. The phaeton moved off, hesitated across the ditch and turned, the lights flickering and jumping. He started up and ran down the driveway. The phaeton was going around the corner. The light on the porch went out and he heard a door inside closed noisily, as if stuck.

The bell clattered in his ears and he was shocked by it, pulled his hand away from the button hastily. The door opened inside and there were footsteps. Her mother appeared, looked at him and smiled. He said nothing. Is that you, John. Marjorie's gone to a party with Roger Martin. I'm sorry. There was a wait. He stared. Won't you come in and look at some of Marjorie's books? He stared, said nothing, turned and walked down the steps to the street. The door slammed. The light went out.

Jesus. The carpenter who had one eye said that when the saw cut him.

Jesus. He shivered, could not keep his mind from rolling up the terrible moment itself, the agony and delight and her eyes afterward; shut it off with his hand and groaned.

He walked on, suddenly felt cold. Jesus, he said aloud, over and over.

It was not sin, then. She had laughed, was laughing now. Nothing had happened to her. Nothing had happened to him. People passed him talking. Nothing was changed. Near home the dog came running, jumping and nipping at his hands. Everything was the same. The dog, even. It was not sin then. He turned, took hold of the dog and buried his face in his hair, inhaling the musty animal fragrance. The dog whined and licked his face.

He wanted to laugh, to scream with laughter.

Inside, his father said, Don't go without a cap, my son.

He was sleepy and was going to bed. His mother said, You play too hard, and looked at him anxiously when she kissed him.

A vast calm filled him. He dismissed everything. He un-
dressed and started when he saw his slim body in the mirror, hastened to slip on his nightgown before dropping his underclothes on the floor.

He wanted to think about her, to think all of it over again. He put his mind at work to shut it out. It faded away.

WHITEHALL
by Crelos

I

Our law-makers, 
Galvanometers. 
Their motions register 
The strength of the current 
Of public opinion, 
Invisible God, 
Made manifest in the Acts 
Of Parliament.

II

I sit before a table, 
Dull green flat top, 
Red mahogany. 
I sit before a table, 
Shining black tin trays, 
"IN" filled with buff papers 
And long buff envelopes 
Labelled "URGENT" in vermilion. 
The labels may be soiled and torn, 
Perhaps the document was marked "URGENT" 
Many weeks ago, and has been sent 
To a dozen departments before it came 
To rest on my table, 
I shall send it on if I can, 
For another official to consider 
And pass. 
"OUT" cleared each hour
By a solemn shaved old man
Holding his body upright
Beneath the hot weight
Of a thick blue coat with gold epaulettes.
On my table are devices
For keeping papers fastened together,
Clips and pins and files and toggles.
I am provided with ink,
Thin red ink, thick black ink,
Bright blue ink, and paper
Embossed with the royal arms of England,
Wooden penholders and six kinds of nib (all bad)
For writing departmental English.
Men pass through the room
To spend hours of daylight
Discussing the price of margarine
And the equivalent weights of meat.
I look at each man’s face,
I look at each man’s eyes,
They fill me with a passion
Of unappeased curiosity.
Some day I shall take courage,
I shall get drunk and say to each man:
“What do you see behind those eyes?
Are you forever picturing
Slabs of yellow grease that weigh twenty-eight pounds?”
But I am afraid.
Afraid of knowing for certain
That they do not see blocks of margarine,
Or carved joints of butcher’s meat,
Nothing but departmental English
Printed in black letters on buff paper.

III

His name is earmarked for a birth day honour;
He was a boy, thirty years ago,
A little boy with a queer mind
That fished in printed pages,
And hooked up data,
Dead data, but carefully mumified.
That is the way to win scholarships,
The way to Baliol and the Bar,
The way to become a manufacturer of leaders
For the Morning Post.

Troubled occasionally by the sunlight,
He draws the blind, against the blue of evening
He switches an electric lamp.
The woman who once agreed to marry him
But broke off the engagement,
Rarely visits his memory

He wastes no minutes wondering
Whether he has missed anything that matters,
Sitting at his table he writes:
"In the case of these individuals."

IV
"Temporary Women Clerks"

Restless tides pulse through their bodies,
As their hour of freedom draws near,
Surging through dirty grey passages
They reach the safe harbour of the lavatory.
In two small basins not more than two pairs of hands
Can be washed together,
Before the single mirror not more than one head
Can be swathed anew in its hair.
There is time for the ripples to overlap,
Beads and rings and the pink polish
Of gleaming fingernails,
 Compared transparencies
Of imitation silk stockings,
The moods and the follies
Of the men they serve,
Who merely happen to be Englishmen
And Civil Servants.
ULYSSES

by James Joyce

Episode IX

The superior, the very reverend John Conmee S. J. reset his smooth watch in his interior pocket as he came down the presbytery steps. Five to three. Just nice time to walk to Artane. What was that boy's name again? Dignam, yes. Vere dignum et istum est. Brother Swan was the person to see. Mr. Cunningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good practical catholic: useful at mission time.

A one legged sailor, swinging himself onward by lazy jerks of his crutches, growled some notes. He jerked short before the convent of the sister of charity and held out a peaked cap for alms towards the very reverend John Conmee S. J. Father Conmee blessed him in the sun for his purse held, he knew, one silver crown.

Father Conmee crossed to Mountjoy Square. He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors whose legs were shot off by cannonballs, of cardinal Wolsey's words: If I had served my God as I have served my King He would not have abandoned me in my old days. He walked by the treeshade of sunnywinking leaves: and towards him came the wife of Mr. David Sheehy M. P.

—Very well, indeed, father. And you, father?

Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad indeed to hear that. And Mr. Sheehy himself? Still in London. The house was still sitting, to be sure it was. Beautiful weather it was, delightful indeed. Yes, it was very probable that Father Bernard Vaughan would come again to preach. O, yes: a very great success. A wonderful man really.

Father Conmee was very glad to see the wife of Mr. David Sheehy M. P. looking so well and he begged to be remembered to Mr. David Sheehy M. P. Yes, he would certainly call.

—Good afternoon, Mrs. Sheehy.

Father Conmee doffed his silk hat, as he took leave, at the jet beads of her mantilla inkshining in the sun. And smiled yet again in going. He had cleaned his teeth, he knew, with arecanut paste.
Father Conmee walked and, walking, smiled for he thought on Father Bernard Vaughan's droll eyes and cockney voice.

—Pilate! Wy don't you oldback that owlin mob?

A zealous man, however. Really he was. And really did great good in his way. Beyond a doubt. Of good family too would one think it? Welsh, were they not?

O, lest he forget. That letter to Father provincial.

Father Conmee stopped three little schoolboys at the corner of Mountjoy square. Yes: they were from Belvedere. The little house: Aha. And were they good boys at school? O. That was good now. And what was his name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallaher. And the other little man? His name was Brunny Lynam. O, that was a very nice name to have.

Father Conmee gave a letter from his breast to master Brunny Lynam and pointed to the red pillarbox at the corner of Fitzgibbon Street.

—But mind you don't post yourself into the box, little man, he said.

The boys sixeyed Father Conmee and laughed.

—O, Sir.

—Well, let me see if you can post a letter, Father Conmee said.

Master Brunny Lynam ran across the road and put Father Conmee's letter to Father provincial into the mouth of the bright red letterbox, Father Conmee smiled and nodded and smiled and walked along Mountjoy square east.

Was that not Mrs. McGuinness?

Mrs. McGuinness stately, silverhaired, bowed to Father Conmee from the further footpath along which she sailed. And Father Conmee smiled and saluted. How did she do?

A fine carriage she had. Like Mary, queen of Scots, something. And to think that she was a pawnbroker. Well, now! Such a... what should he say?... such a queenly mien.

Father Conmee walked down Great Charles Street and glanced at the shut up free church on his left. The reverend T. R. Greene B. A... The incumbent they called him. He felt it incumbent on him to say a few words. But one should be charitable. Invincible ignorance. They acted according to their lights.

Father Conmee turned the corner and walked along the North Circular road. It was a wonder that there was not a tramline in such an important thoroughfare. Surely, there ought to be.

A band of satchelled schoolboys crossed from Richmond Street. All raised untidy caps. Father Conmee greeted them
more than once begnignly. Christian brother boys.

Father Conmee smelled incense on his right hand as he walked. St. Joseph's church, Portland row. For aged and virtuous females. Father Conmee raised his hat to the Blessed Sacrament. Virtuous: but occasionally they were also bad tempered.

Near Aldborough house Father Conmee thought of that spendthrift nobleman. And now it was an office or something.

Father Conmee, began to walk along the North Strand road and was saluted by Mr. William Gallagher who stood in the doorway of his shop. Father Conmee saluted Mr. William Gallagher and perceived the odours that came from baconflitches and ample cools of butter. He passed Grogan's the tobacconist against which newsboards leaned, and told of a dreadful catastrophe in New York. In America these things were continually happening. Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an act of perfect contrition.

Father Conmee went by Daniel Bergin's publichouse against the window of which two unlabouring men lounged. They saluted him and were saluted.

Father Conmee passed H. J. O'Neill's funeral establishment where Corny Kelleher toted figures on the daybook while he chewed a blade of hay. A constable on his beat saluted Father Conmee and Father Conmee saluted the constable. In Yonkstett the porkbutcher's Father Conmee observed pigs' puddings white, and black and red lying neatly curled in tubes.

Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a turfbarge, a towhorse with pendent head, a bargeman with a hat of dirty straw seated amidships, smoking and staring at a branch of elm above him. It was idyllic: and Father Conmee reflected on the providence of the Creator who had made turf to be in bogs where men might dig it out and bring it to make fires in the houses of poor people.

On Newcomen bridge the very reverend John Conmee S. J. of St. Francis Xavier's church, upper Gardiner street, stepped on to an outward bound tram.

Off an inward bound tram stepped the reverend Nicholas Dudley C. C. of Saint Agatha's church, North William street, on to Newcomen bridge.

At Newcomen bridge Father Conmee stepped into an outward bound tram for he disliked to traverse on foot the dingy way past mud island.

Father Conmee sat in a corner of the tramcar, a blue ticket
tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm into his purse.

It was a peaceful day. The gentleman with the glasses opposite Father Conmee had finished explaining and looked down. His wife, Father Conmee supposed. A tiny yawn opened the mouth of the wife of the gentleman with the glasses. She raised her small gloved fist, yawned ever so gently, tiptapping her small gloved fist on her opening mouth.

Father Conmee perceived her perfume in the car. He perceived also that the awkward man at the other side of her was sitting on the edge of the seat.

Father Conmee at the altarrails placed the host with difficulty in the mouth of the awkward old man who had the shaky head.

At Annesley bridge the tram halted and, when it was about to go, an old woman rose suddenly from her place to alight. The conductor pulled the bellstrap to stay the car for her. She passed out with her basket and a marketnet: and Father Conmee saw the conductor help her and net and basket down: and Father Conmee thought that she was one of those good souls who had always to be told twice bless you, my child, that they have been absolved, pray for me. But they had so many worries in life, so many cares, poor creatures.

From the hoardings Mr. Eugene Stratton grinned with thick niggerlips at Father Conmee.

Father Conmee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and of his sermon on saint Peter Claver S. J. and the African mission and of the propagation of the faith and of the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism of water. That book by the Belgian Jesuit, "Le Nombre des Elus", seemed to Father Conmee a reasonable plea. Those were millions of human souls created by God in His Own likeness to whom the faith had not been brought. But they were God's souls created by God. It seemed to Father Conmee a pity that they should all be lost, a waste, if one might say.

At the Howth road stop Father Conmee alighted, was saluted by the conductor and saluted in his turn.

The Malahide road was quiet. It pleased Father Conmee, road and name. The joybells were ringing in gay Malahide. Those were old worldish days, loyal times, in joyous townlands, old times in the barony.

Father Conmee, walking, thought of his little book "Old Times
in the Barony” and of the book that might be written about jesuit houses and of Ellen, first countess of Belvedere.

A listless lady, no more young, walked alone the shore of lough Owel, Ellen, first countess of Belvedere, listlessly walking in the evening, not startled when an otter plunged. Who could know the truth? Not the jealous lord Belvedere, and not her confessor if she had not committed adultery fully, *eiaculatio semen intra vas mulieris*, with her husband’s brother? She would half confess if she had not all sinned as women did. Only God knew and she and he, her husband’s brother.

Father Conmee thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for men’s race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways.

Don John Conmee walked and moved in times of yore. He was humane and honoured there. He bore in mind secrets confessed and he smiled at smiling noble faces in a beeswaxed drawingroom, ceiled with full fruit clusters. And the hands of a bride and of a bridegroom, noble to noble, were impalmed by by Don John Conmee.

It was a charming day.

The lychgate of a field showed Father Conmee breadths of cabbages, curtseying to him with ample underleaves. The sky showed him a flock of small white clouds going slowly down the wind. *Moutonnés*, the French said. A homely and just word.

Father Conmee, reading his office, watched a flock of muttoning clouds over Rathcoffee. His thinsocked ankles were tickled by the stubble of Clongowes field. He walked there, reading in the evening and heard the cries of the boys’ lines at their play, young cries in the quiet evening. He was their rector: his reign was mild.

Father Conmee, reading his office, watched a flock of mutbreviary out. An ivory bookmark told him the page.

Nones. He should have read that before lunch. But lady Maxwell had come.

Father Conmee read in secret *Pater* and *Ave* and crossed his breast. *Deus in adiutorium*.

He walked calmly and read mutely the noes, walking and reading till he came to, *Res in Beati immaculati: Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia indicia justitiae tuae*.

A flushed young man came from the gap of a hedge and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. The young man raised his hat abruptly: the young woman
abruptly bent and with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig.

Father Conmee blessed both gravely and turned a thin page of his breviary. *Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum.*

Corny Kelleher closed his long daybook and glanced with his drooping eye at a pine coffinlid sentried in a corner. He pulled himself erect, went to it and spinning it on its axle, viewed its shape. Chewing his blade of hay he laid the coffinlid by and came to the doorway. There he tilted his hatbrim to give shade to his eyes and leaned against the doorcase, looking idly out. Father John Conmee stepped in to the Dollymount tram on Newcomen bridge.

Corny Kelleher locked his largefooted boots and gazed, his hat downturned, chewing his blade of hay.

Constable 57 C, on his beat, stood to pass the time of day.
—That's a fine day, Mr. Kelleher.
—Ay, Corny Kelleher said.
—It's very close, the constable said.

Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth, while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a coin.
—What's the best news, he asked.
—I seen that particular party last evening, the constable said with bated breath.

A onelegged sailor crutched himself round MacConnell's corner, skirting Rabaiotti's icecream car, and jerked himself up Eccles street. Towards Larry O'Rourke, in shirtsleeves in his doorway, he growled unamiably.
—For England,

He swung himself violently forward past Katey and Boody Dedalus, halted and growled:
—home and beauty.

J. J. O'Molloy's white careworn face was told that Mr. Lambert was in the warehouse with a visitor.

A stout lady stopped, took a copper coin from her purse
and dropped it into the cap held out to her. He grumbled thanks and glanced sourly at the unheeding windows, sank his head and swung himself forward four strides.

He halted and growled angrily:

—For England,

Two barefoot urchins, sucking long liquorice laces, halted near him, gaping at his stump with their yellow slobbered mouths.

He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, lifted his head towards a window and bayed deeply.

—home and beauty.

The gay sweet whistling within went a bar or two, ceased. The blind of the window was drawn aside. A plump bare generous arm shone, was seen, held forth from a white petticoat bodice and taut shiftstraps. A woman’s hand flung forth a coin over the area railings. It fell on the path.

One of the urchins ran to it, picked it up and dropped it into the minstrel’s cap, saying:
—there, sir.

Katey and Boody Dedalus shoved in the door of the close steaming kitchen.

—Did you put in the books? Boody asked.

Maggie at the range rammed down a greyish mass beneath bubbling suds twice with her potstick and wiped her brow.

—they wouldn’t give anything on them, she said.

Father Conmee walked through Clongowes fields, his thin-socked ankles tickled by stubble.

—Where did you try? Boody asked.

—McGuinness’s.

Boody stamped her foot, and threw her satchel on the table.

—Bad cess to her big face, she cried.

Katey went to the range and peered with squinting eyes.

—What’s in the pot? she asked.

—Shirts, Maggie said.

Boody cried angrily:

—Crickey, is there nothing for us to eat?

Katey, lifting the kettlelid in a pad of her stained skirt, asked:

—and what’s in this?

A heavy fume gushed in answer.
—Peasoup, Maggie said.
—Where did you get it? Katey asked.
—Sister Mary Patrick, Maggie said.

The Lacquey rang his bell.
—Barang!

Boody sat down at the table and said hungrily:
—Give us it here!

Maggie, poured yellow thick soup from the kettle into a
bowl. Katey, sitting opposite Boody, said quietly:
—A good job we have that much. Where's Dilly?
—Gone to meet father, Maggie said.

Boody, breaking big chunks of bread into the yellow soup,
added:
—Our father, who art not in heaven.

Maggie, pouring yellow soup in Katey's bowl, exclaimed:
—Boody! For shame!

A skiff, a crumpled throwaway, Elijah is coming, rode lightly
down the Liffey, under loopline bridge, sailing eastward past hulls
and anchorchains, between the Customhouse old dock and Georges
quay.

The blond girl in Thornton's bedded the wicker basket with
rustling fibre. Blazes Boylan handed her the bottle swathed in
pink tissue paper and a small jar.
—Put these in first, will you? he said.
—Yes, sir, the blond girl said, and the fruit on top.
—That'll do, game ball, Blazes Boylan said.

She bestowed fat pears neatly, head by tail, and among them
ripe shamefaced peaches.

Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about
the fruitsmelling shop, lifting fruits, sniffing smells.

H. E. L. Y. S. filed before him, tall whitehatted, past Tangier
lane, plodding towards their goal.

He turned suddenly from a chip of strawberries, drew a gold
watch from his fob and held it at its chain length.
—Can you send them by tram? Now?

A darkbacked figure under Merchant's arch scanned books
on the hawker's car.
—Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?
—O, yes, Blazes Boylan said. Ten minutes.
The blond girl handed him a docket and pencil.
—Will you write the address, sir?
Blazes Boylan at the counter wrote and pushed the docket to her.
—Send it at once, will you? he said. It's for an invalid.
—Yes, sir. I will, sir.
Blazes Boylan rattled merry money in his trousers' pocket.
—What's the damage? he asked.
The blond girl's slim fingers reckoned the fruits.
Blazes Boylan looked into the cut of her blouse. A young pullet. He took a red carnation from the tall stemglass. —This for me? he asked gallantly.
The blond girl glanced sideways up, blushing. —Yes, sir, she said.
Bending archly she reckoned again fat pears and blushing peaches.
Blazes Boylan looked in her blouse with more favour, the stalk of the red flower between his smiling teeth. May I say a word to your telephone missy? he asked roguishly.

—Ma! Almidano Artifoni said.
He gazed over Stephen's shoulder at Goldsmith's knobby poll.
Two cars full of tourists passed slowly, their women sitting fore, gripping frankly the handrests, Palefaces. Men's arms frankly round their stunted forms. They looked from Trinity to the blind columned porch of the bank of Ireland, where pigeons roocoocooed.
—Sacrificio incruento, Stephan said smiling.
—Speriamo, the round mustachioed face said pleasantly. Ma, diarretta a me. Ci rifletta.

By the stern stone hand of Grattan, bidding halt, an Inchicore tram unloaded straggling Highland soldiers of a band.
—Ci riflettero, Stephen said, glancing down the solid trouserleg.
—Ma, sul serio, eh? Almidano Artifoni said.
His heavy hand took Stephen's firmly. Human eyes. They gazed curiously an instant and turned quickly towards a Dalkey tram.
—Arrivederlo, maestro, Stephen said, raising his hat when his hand was freed. Grazie.
—Di che? Almidano Artifoni said. Scusi, eh?
Almidano Artifoni, holding up a baton of rolled music as a signal, trotted on stout trousers after the Dalkey tram. In vain he trotted, signaling in vain among the rout of barekneed gillies smuggling implements of music through Trinity gates.

+ + +

Miss Dunne hid the Capel street library copy of "The Woman in White" far back in her drawer and rolled a sheet of gaudy notepaper into her typewriter.

Too much mystery business in it? Is he in love with that one, Marion? Change it and get another by Mary Cecil Haye.

The disk shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased and ogled them: six.

Miss Dunne clicked on the keyboard:
—16 June 1904.

Five tallwhitehatted sandwichmen between Moneypény's corner and the slab where Wolfe Tone's statue was not, eeled themselves turning H. E. L. Y. S. and plodded back as they had come.

Then she stared at the large poster of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette. Mustard hair and dauby cheeks. She's not nice looking, is she? The way she is holding up her bit of a skirt. Wonder will that fellow be at the band tonight. If I could, get that dressmaker to make a concertina skirt like Susy Nagle's. They kick out grand. Shannon and all the boatclub swells never took his eyes off her. Hope to goodness he won't keep me here till seven.

The telephone rang rudely by her ear.
—Hello. Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five. Only those two, sir, for Belfast and Liverpool. All right, sir. Then I can go after six if you're not back. A quarter after. Yes, sir. Twenty-seven and six. I'll tell him. Ye: one, seven, six. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five.

—Mr. Boylan! Hello! That gentleman from Sport was in looking for you. Mr. Lenéhan, yes. He said he'll be in the Ormond,
No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five.

+ + +

Two pink faces turned in the flare of the tiny torch.
—Who's that? Ned Lambert asked. Is that Crotty?
—Ringabella and Crosshaven, a voice replied, grooping for foothold.
—Hello, Jack, is that yourself? Ned Lambert said, raising in salute his pliant lath among the flickering arches. Come on. Mind your steps there.

The vesta in the clergymans uplifted hand consumed itself in a long soft flame and was let fall. At their feet its red speck died: and mouldy air closed round them.
—How interesting! a refined accent said in the gloom.
—Yes, sir, Ned Lambert said heartily. We are standing in the historic council chamber of St. Mary's abbey: where silken Thomas proclaimed himself a rebel. You were never down here before, Jack, were you?
—No, Ned.
—He rode down through Dame walk, the refined accent said, if my memory serves me. The mansion of the Kildares was in Thomas court.
—That's right, Ned Lambert said. That's quite right.
—If you will be so kind then, the clergymen said, the next time to allow me perhaps . . .
—Certainly, Ned Lambert said. Bring the camera whenever you like. I'll get those bags cleared away from the windows. You can take it from here or from here.

In the still faint light he moved about, tapping with his lath the piled seedbags and points of vantage on the floor.

From a long face a beard and gaze hung on a chessboard.
—I'm deeply obliged, Mr. Lambert . . . the clergymen said. I won't trespass on your valuable time . . . .
—You're welcome, sir, Ned Lambert said. Drop in whenever you like. Next week, say. Can you see?
—Yes, yes. Good afternoon, Mr. Lambert. Very pleased to have met you.
—Pleasure is mine, sir, Ned Lambert answered.

He followed his guest to the outlet and then whirled his lath away, among the pillars. With J. J. O'Molloy he came forth slowly into Mary's abbey where draymen were loading floats.

He stood to read the card in his hand.
The reverend Hugh C. Love, the vicarage, Rathcoffey. Nice young chap he is. He's writing a book about the Fitzgeralds he told me. He's well up in history, faith.

The young woman with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig.

—I thought you were at a new gunpowder plot, J. J. O'Molloy asid. Ned Lambert cracked his fingers in the air.

—God! he cried. I forgot to tell him that one about the earl of Kildare after he set fire to Cashel cathedral. You know that one? I'm bloody sorry I did it, says he, but I declare to God I thought the archbishop was inside. He mightn't like it, though. What? God, I'll tell him anyhow. That was the great earl, the Fitzegerald Mor. Hot members they were all of them, the Geraldines.

The horses he passed started nervously under their slack harness. He slapped a piebald haunch quivering near him and cried:

—Woa, sonny!

He turned to J. J. O'Molloy and asked:


With gaping mouth and head far back he stood still and, after an instant, sneezed loudly.

—Chow! he said. Blast you!

—The dust from those sacks, J. J. O'Molloy said politely.

—No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a . . . . . cold night before . . . . . blast your soul . . . . . night before last . . . and there was a hell of a lot of draught . . . . . .

He held his handkerchief ready for the coming . . . .

— I was . . . . . this morning . . . . . poor little . . . . . what do you call him . . . . . Chow! . . . . . Holy Moses!

(To be continued.)

HOKKU: EVENING

by Roger Sergel

The ebbing day
has left
a thousand pools
of yellow window light.
DISCUSSION

The Death of Vorticism

by John Cournos

—"Where there is no wit, there is insolence." As an example of this truth we have Mr. Ezra Pound. If final proof were wanting that Vorticism is dead, we have him writing about it. We know Mr. Pound's predilection for the dead. The dead, having the misfortune to die before Mr. Pound, cannot defend themselves. And all the while he has been digging his own literary grave.

When a man persistently denies life, life will end by completely denying him. There is Mr. Pound, for whom the five years' destructive war have left no dead, no ruins. Can he have been so dead that the great war should have passed by and over him and left him contemplating the year 1919 with the same eyes that he contemplated the early part of 1914? Does he think that by "blasting" he can reerect the fallen walls of his Vorticistic Jericho?
If art were merely an intellectual formula (as Mr. Pound would have us believe) this phenomenon would be understandable. But art also has its relation to the time, and is bound up irrevocably with the social processes of the moment, whether the individual instance be one of action or reaction. This is true of nations as well as of individuals. After 1870 the French produced a great art, the Germans almost ceased producing. Great wars usually kill something, and give birth to something. I already have pointed out in articles written about two years ago* why the war was bound to kill the sister arts of Vorticism and Futurism. I will restate the case briefly. In the first place, because they were primarily pre-war arts, i. e., arts created in the social cul-de-sac preceding the war. They were moreover war-like in theory and in expression, prophetic of war if you like. You have Mr. Lewis wanting to "laugh like a bomb" (which sounded very nice before the air-raids), his pictures, "Plan of War," etc.; and you have Marinetti’s "glory of war" and "contempt of women", etc. Having been translated into life, being after all no more than an integral part of the social processes which produced on the one hand Prussianism (the Vortex that failed), on the other, Bolshevism (which is all for scatteredness and dispersion), Vorticism (an off-shoot of Cubism) and Futurism have lost their raison d’etre. There is no liking war when you have seen it, there is no liking Bolshevism when you have seen it. It was still early in the war that the Russian Futurist Mayakovsky, with an intellectual honesty, which I commend to Mr. Pound, in referring to the pre-war art as "diabolic intuition, incarnated in the stormy today," declared that Futurism was dead because it had become fully realized in life. Again, the Russian Futurists, after Bolshevism had come into power, subscribed as a body to the new regime, proclaiming that it had realized their doctrines. This at any rate is honest, if uncouth.

I would like to correct Mr. Pound on certain small details. He proudly asserts that the government has had to apply to the Vorticist for a successful camouflage. That is quiet natural. Vorticism is preeminently a camouflage art.

Again, Mr. Pound asserts that the government "after trying all kinds of war painters . . . with lamentable or at any rate negligible results. . . has taken on Mr. Lewis. . . and is now getting its

*See "The Death of Futurism", The Egoist, 1917; and "Recent Tendencies in English Painting and Sculpture", The Seven Arts, October 1917.
finest pictures.” Then Mr. Pound tells us that “Mr. Roberts, the youngest member of the *Blast* group, is also doing work for the government, and ‘giving satisfaction’.” What Mr. Pound does not tell us is that both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Roberts, as far as their work for the government is concerned, have compromised with their art. In their pictures, painted for the Canadian War Museum and exhibited recently at the Royal Academy, they have returned to realistic representation to such a degree that “the elderly” have indeed every justification for comparing their work to Lucca Signorelli.

It is quite true that “Vorticism has not yet had its funeral.” The poor dear has died on the battlefield, and no one even knows where its decayed remains are. If there is to be a funeral it shall have to be over an effigy, which Mr. Pound is very busy putting together.

As for dear Gaudier-Brzeska, who was a great sculptor and a great man, I do not intend to disturb his poor honest bones by entering into any acrimonious discussion with Mr. Pound, except to say that Gaudier found in me a friend and appreciator long before Mr. Pound had even heard of him, or had thought of writing his miserable opinions, which he has the arrogance to call art criticism. *London, April 1919.*

[I am too much at war with the unenergized thinking in Mr. Cournos’ article (the “friends-and-enemies-of-art” attitude, etc.,) to go into it again. Just at present I don’t feel tame enough to attack, for the millionth time, the ancient sentimentalisms that make up Mr. Cournos’ view of art, life, the war, etc. Perhaps Ezra Pound or Wyndham Lewis may wish to take it up with him, though I can’t imagine why it should interest them since they have already, in their two numbers of *Blast*, made it embarrassing for people who can’t think as keenly as they. At least people ought to be embarrassed.—*Margaret Anderson*.]

**The Jest at the Plymouth Theatre**

by Emanuel Carnevali

THAT lanky affair, with his chronic (holy-golden) epilepsy, John Barrymore—(Jack to the loving lady-spectators whose hearts are gently rocking in the cradle of their voluminous chests, and whose mystical eyes are held moon-ward by the sweet basket of
pouches)—has another fit which will last a season and is called "The Jest."

(Stale jest on the public which lacks the sense of humor necessary to appreciate it.)

"The Jest," that is. "The Dinner of the Jests" (La Cena delle Beffe), by the Italian bard Sem Benelli, at the Plymouth theatre—

45 Street West of Broadway, get your ticket a week ahead.

Giovanni Papini had written this obituary notice in 1914, in the magazine Lacerba. I give it here, translated, with the hope to keep a few worthy fellows from giving their money to that manager—and indirectly to Jack—and indirectly to that translator who wrote 'Jest' instead of "Dinner", etc., with some vague commercial end in view—and indirectly to Benelli—and indirectly to all the imbeciles of the earth who have and make enough money only that they may enlarge their ugliness.—Emanuel Carnevali.

The Historical Play
by Giovanni Papini

Along the streets of Prato one sees nothing but doors of shops by which sitting men choose out from morning to evening old rags of every color. Sem Benelli was born in Prato. Sem Benelli is the rag-picker of dramatic literature: picker and chooser, washer and dyer of the most fetid poetical and historical rags of these last years.

This Benelli, whom a critic of the weakness of Dominick Oliva (author of a bad "Robespierre") has puffed up by blowing in him (Jehovah upside-down) from the back, to make of him the crown-prince of the Dannunzian Kingdom, is no more than a discarded slipper of Gabriele D'Annunzio embroidered over again with some moth-eaten florentine lace. If Benelli were something, D'Annunzio in comparison would be the greatest pot of poetry that ever was baked in the universal parnassus. If Benelli is orginal, D'Annunzio is then altogether the inventor of creation.

In Benelli it isn't so much the man that counts—the man, all summed up, is perhaps unhappy in spite of his ephemeral economic and journalistic fortune—as the genius he represents: The Historical Play, the most wearisome literary masquerade ever put up in contemporary Italy. When the poor Benelli, who had till then been an humble reporter of the Rassegna Internazionale, translator
of Sophocles and of French plays, wanted to quit the contemporaneous realism of "Earth" and "Moth", where were at least some effort and observation, to write the "Mask of Brutus" and manufacture the "Dinner of the Jests", his success began, and his dishonor. All the other rubbish—fortunately less fortunate—as the "Mantellaccio", "Love of the Three Kings", "The Gorgon", are nothing but precipitated and spoiled repetition of the first thrash. In the "Mask" and the "Dinner" there was yet a last trace of realism to be found in the fraternal types of Lorenzino and Giannetto*—which are the historical mirrors of the author's suppressed psychology, of the same Sem Benelli. That sort of sour and bitter little Macchiavelli (Giannetto), echoed somewhat Benelli's soul and acquired, for this coincidence, some touch of truth.

But in the other works there isn't even this: there is nothing anymore but the stubborn exploitation of old stories, old legends, old customs, of old decorations and very old words meant to give the bourgeois and the ladies the illusion of a great poetic and tragic play.

Sem Benelli is tired and ended also as parabolical scenographer of pantomimes masques, with accompaniment of words. The historical theatre opened for business again by D'Annunzio with his "Francesca" dies with him and his melancholy rivals: Moschino, Pantini, Pelaez and Bonaspetti. We know at last the formula:

Historical Figure + Idiotic legend + Improvised erudition + Moving-pictures of bal masqué + Costumes of Caramba + Designs of Chini + Electric light + consumptive-verse + Depilated images + Journalistic drumming + imbecillity of spectators + nauseating sentimentalism + misunderstood patriotism (+ Genius—Newness).

We shall do all that lies within our powers to throw back the historical rags of Benelli & Co., into the old shops from which they came. We don't want to stand for this dirty industry of heroism in blank verse, of the clinquant à tout prix, of talkative false and tearful love, of this junk-shopping and mise en scène style thirteen hundred or fifteen hundred (to choose).

Consequently we condemn to death said Benelli Sem, by trade poetic rag-picker born in Prato and domiciled in a castle by the sea.

We believe we do him an honor and a favor.

* An honor because we do not waste words condemning any

Johnny
citizen of the Literary Republic, however "kissed by the smile of fame".

A favor, because we believe that Benelli himself feels at last the disgust for his tricks and the decadence of his vogue. Better to disappear today following somebody's sentence than smoulder slowly away into oblivion.
IMPROVISATIONS

by William Carlos Williams

I

THROW that flower in the waste basket, it's faded, and keep an eye to your shoes and finger nails, the fool you once laughed at has made a fortune! There's small help in a clutter of leaves either, no matter how they gleam. Punctilio's the thing. A nobby vest, spats! Lamps carry far, believe me, in lieu of sunshine.

Despite vastness of frontiers, which are as it were the fringes of a flower full of honey, it is the little things that count! Neglect them and bitterness drowns the imagination.

2.

The time never was when he could play more than mattress to the pretty feet of the woman who had been twice a mother without touching the meager pollen of their married intimacy. What more for him than to be a dandelion that could chirp with crickets or do a one-step with snowflakes: the tune is difficult but not impossible to the middle-aged whose knees are tethered faster to the mind than they are at eighteen when any wind sets them clacking. What a rhythm's here! One would say the body lay asleep and the dance escaped from the hair tips, the bleached fuzz that covers back and belly, shoulders, neck and forehead. The dance is diamantime over the sleeper who seems not to breathe! One would say heat over the end of a roadway that turns downhill. Cesa!

One may write music and music but who will dance to it? The dance escapes but the music, the music—projects a dance over itself which the feet follow lazily if at all. So a dance is a thing in itself. It is the music which dances but if there are words then there are two dancers, the words pirouetting with the music.
One has emotions about the strangest things: men, women, himself the most contemptible. But to struggle with ants for a piece of meat—a mangy cur to swallow beetles and all: better go slaughter one's own kind in the name of peace—except when the body's not there maggots swarm in the corruption. Oh let him have it. Find a cleaner fare for wife and child. To the sick their sick. For us—heads bowed over the green-flowered asphodel. Lean on my shoulder, little one, you too; I will let you to the fields you know nothing of. There's small dancing left for us any way you look at it.

A man who enjoyed his food, the company of his children and especially his wife's alternate caresses and tongue lashings, felt his position in the town growing insecure, due to a successful business competitor. Being thus stung to the quick he thinks magnanimously of his own methods of dealing with his customers and likens his competitor to a dog that swallows his meat with beetles or maggots upon it—that is, any way so he gets it. But being thus roused the man does not seek to outdo his rival but grows heavily sad and thinks of death and his lost pleasures, thus showing himself to be a person of discernment. For by so doing he gives evidence of a bastard sort of knowledge of that diversity of context in things and situations which the great masters of antiquity looked to for the inspiration and enlivenment of their compositions.

II

If I could clap this in a cage and let that out we'd see colored wings then to blind the sun, but the good ships are anchored upstream and the gorged sea-gulls flap heavily. At sea! at sea! that's where the waves beat kindliest. But no, singers are beggars or worse—cannot man a ship—songs are their trade. Ku-whee! Ku-whee! It's a wind in the lookout's nest talking of Columbus—whom no sea daunted—Columbus, chained below decks, bound homeward.
You would learn—if you knew even one city, where people are a little gathered together and where one sees, it's our frontier you know, the common changes of the human spirit—our husbands tire of us and we—? Let us not say we go hungry for their caresses but for caresses—of a kind. Oh I am no prophet, I have no theory to advance except that it's well nigh impossible to know the wish till after. Cross the room to him if the whim leads that way. Here's drink of an eye that calls you. No need to take the thing too seriously. It's something of a will-o'the-whisp I acknowledge; all in the pressure of an arm—through a fur coat often; something of a dancing light with the rain beating on a cab window. Here's nothing to lead you astray. What? Why you're young still. Your children? Yes, there they are. Desire skates like a Hollander as well as runs pickaninny fashion. Really, there's little more to say than: flowers in a glass basket under an electric glare; the carpet is red, mostly, a hodge-podge of zig-zags that passes for Persian fancies. Risk a double entendre! But of a sudden the room's not the same! It's a strange blood sings under some skin; who will have the sense for it? The men sniff suspiciously. You at least my dear, had your head about you. It was a tender nibble though it really did you credit. But think of what might be! It's all in the imagination, I give you no more credit than you deserve, you will never rise to it, never be more than a rose dropped in the river. But acknowledge that there is, ah, there is a—! You are such a clever knitter. Your hands, please. Ah, if I had your hands.

A woman of marked discernment finding herself among strange companions wishes for the hands of one of them and inasmuch as she feels herself refreshed by the sight of these perfections she offers in return those perfections of her own which seem most appropriate to the occasion.

Truth's a wonder. What difference is it how the best head we have greets his first born these days? What weight has it that the bravest hair of all's gone waiting on cheap tables or the most garrulous lives lonely by a bad neighbor and has her south windows pestered with caterpillars. The nights are long for lice-combing or
moon dodging—and the net comes in empty again. Or—there's been no fish in this fjord since Christian was a baby. Yet—up surges the good zest and the game's on! Follow at my heels though there's little to tell you you'd think a stoopsworth. You'd pick the same faces in a crowd no matter what I'd say. And you'd be right too. The path's not yours till you've gone it alone a time. But—here's another handful of the westwind. White of the night! White of the night! Turn back till I tell you a puzzle: What is it in the stilled face of an old mender-man and winter not far off, and a darkey parts his wool, and wenches wear of a Sunday? It's a sparrow with a crumb in its beak dodging wheels, and clouds crossing two ways.

Virtue is not to be packed in a bag and carried off to the rag-mill. Perversions are righted and the upright are reversed. Then the stream takes a bend upon itself and the meaning turns a vivid purple and drops down in a whirlpool without so much as fraying a single fibre.

III

I.

The brutal lord of all will rip us from each other, leave the one to suffer here alone. No need belief in god or hell to postulate that much. The dance then: hands touching; leaves touching—eyes looking; clouds rising—lips touching, cheeks touching, arms about—. Sleep. Heavy head, heavy arm, heavy dream...: of Ymir's flesh the earth was made and of his thoughts were all the gloomy clouds created. Oya!

Out of bitterness itself the clear wine of the imagination will be pressed and the dance prosper thereby.

2.

To you! whoever you are, wherever you are! (But I know where you are!) There's Durer's "Nemesis" naked on her sphere over the little town by the river—except she's too old; there's a
dancing burgess by Tenier and Villon's maîtresse—after he'd gone bald and was shin-pocked—and toothless: she that had him ducked in the sewage drain; then there is that miller's daughter of buttocks broad and breastes high;—something of Nietzsche, something of the good Samaritan, something of the devil himself,—can cut a caper of a fashion, my fashion! Hey you, the dance! Squat. Leap. Hips to the left. Chin-ha!-sideways! Stand up, stand up, ma bonne! you'll break my backbone. So. Again!—and so forth till we're sweat soaked.

Some fools once were listening to a poet reading his poem. It so happened that the words of the thing spoke of gross matters of the everyday world such as are never much hidden from a quick eye. Out of these semblances, and borrowing certain members from fitting masterpieces of antiquity, the poet began piping up his music, simple fellow, thinking to please his listeners. But they, getting the whole matter sadly muddled in their minds, made such a confused business of listening that not only were they not pleased at the poet's exertions but no sooner had he done than they burst out against him with violent imprecations.

It's all one! Richard worked years to conquer the descending cadence, idiotic sentimentalist. Ha, for happiness! this tore the dress in ribbons from her maid's back and not spared the nails either; wild anger spit from her pinched eyes! This is the better part. Or a child under a table to be dragged out coughing and biting,—eyes glittering evilly. I'll have it my way! Nothing is any pleasure but misery and brokenness. This is the only up-cadence. This is Where the secret rolls over and opens its eyes. Bitter words spoken to a child ripple in morning light! Boredom from a bedroom doorway thrills with anticipation! The complaints of an old man dying piecemeal are startling chirrups. Coughs go singing on springtime paths across a field: corruption picks strawberries and slow warping of the mind, blacking the deadly walls—counted and recounted—rolls in the grass and shouts ecstatically. All is solved! The moaning and dull sobbing of infants sets blood tingling and eyes ablaze to listen. Speed sins in the heels at long nights tossing on coarse sheets with burning sockets staring into the black. Dance! Sing! Coil and uncoil, whip yourselves about, shout the deliverance: an old woman has infected her blossomy
grand-daughter with a blood illness, every two weeks drives the mother into hidden songs, the pad-footed mirage of lurking death for music. And at the end the face muscles keep pace. There's a darting about the compass in a tarantelle that wears flesh from bones. Here is dancing! The mind in tatters. And so the music wistfully takes the lead. Aye de mi! Juana la Loca, reina de España, este es tu canto, reina mia!

Notes

(These notes have been detached from existing improvisations for their explanatory value.)

61. By the brokenness of his composition the poet makes himself master of a certain weapon which he could possess himself of in no other way. The speed of the emotions is sometimes such that thrashing about in a thin exaltation or despair many matters are touched but not held, more often broken by the contact.

45. The instability of these Improvisations would seem such that they must inevitably crumble under the attention and become particles of a wind that falters. It would appear to the unready that the fiber of the thing is a thin jelly. It would be these same fools who would deny tough cords to the wind because they cannot split a storm endwise and wrap it upon spools. The virtue of strength lies not in the grossness of the fiber but in the fiber itself. Thus a poem is tough by no quality it borrows from a logical recital of events nor from the events themselves but solely from that attenuated power which draws perhaps many broken things into a dance giving them thus a full being.

15. It is seldom that anything but the most elementary communications can be exchanged one with another. There are in reality only two or three reasons generally accepted as the causes of action. No matter what the motive it will seldom happen that true knowledge of it will be anything more than vaguely divined by some one person, some half a person whose intimacy has perhaps been cultivated over the whole of a lifetime. We live in bags. This is due to the gross fiber of all action. By action itself almost nothing can be imparted. The world of action is a world of stones.

39. Bla! Bla! Bla! Heavy talk is talk that waits upon a deed. Talk is servile that is set to inform. Words with the bloom on them run before the imagination like the saeter girls before
Peer Gynt. It is talk with the patina of whim upon it makes action a bootlicker. So nowadays poets spit upon rhyme and rhetoric.

95. The stream of things having composed itself into wiry strands that move in one fixed direction, the poet in desperation turns at right angles and cuts across current with startling results to his hangdog mood.

40. In France, the country of Rabelais, they know that the world is not made up entirely of virgins. They do not deny virtue to the rest because of that. Each age has its perfections but the praise differs. It is only stupid when the praise of the gross and the transformed would be minted in unfit terms such as suit nothing but youth's sweetness and frailty. It is necessary to know that laughter is the reverse of aspiration. So they laugh well in France, at Coquelin and the *Petoman*. Their girls, also, thrive upon the love-making they get, so much so that the world runs to Paris for that reason.

41. It is chuckleheaded to desire a way through every difficulty. Surely one might even communicate with the dead — and lose his taste for truffles. Because snails are slimy when alive and because slime is associated (erroneously) with filth the fool is convinced that snails are detestable when, as it is proven every day, fried in butter with chopped parsley upon them, they are delicious. This is both sides of the question: the slave and the despoiled of his senses are one. But to weigh a difficulty and to turn it aside without being wrecked upon a destructive solution bespeaks an imagination of force sufficient to transcend action. The difficulty has thus been solved by ascent to a higher plane. It is energy of the imagination alone that cannot be laid aside.

51. Rich as are the gifts of the imagination bitterness of world's lose is not replaced thereby. On the contrary it is intensified, resembling thus possession itself. But he who has no power of the imagination cannot even know the full of his injury.

77. Those who permit their senses to be despoiled of the things under their noses by stories of all manner of things removed and unattainable are of frail imagination. Idiots, it is true nothing is possessed save by dint of that vigorous conception of its perfections which is the imagination's special province but neither is anything possessed which is not extant. A frail imagination, unequal to the tasks before it, is easily led astray.
Age and youth are great flatterers. Brooding on each other's obvious psychology neither dares tell the other outright what manifestly is the truth: your world is poison. Each is secure in his own perfections and only the stupid hypocrisy of a half-blind crowd prevents a just appreciation of this. Monsieur Eichorn used to have a most atrocious body odor, while the odor of some girls is a pleasure to the nostril. Each quality in each person or age, rightly valued, would mean the freeing of that age to its own delights of action or repose. Now an evil odor can be pursued with praise-worthy ardor leading to great natural activity, whereas a flowery-skinned virgin may and no doubt often does allow herself to fall into destructive habits of neglect.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEGLECTED ARTS

by Marsden Hartley

SATIRE AND SERIOUSNESS

There are a number of artists I am thinking of who have proved themselves from the standpoint of serious appreciation to be among the sadly neglected, among the creators of aesthetic delights. I shall name them at once to avoid the banality of mystery. I have arranged them in a careless sequence to suit the need of variety. They are as follows: the plumber, the wire-walker, the aerial trapezist, the bareback rider, the fan-paniter, the broncho-buster, the Indian dancer of the southwest, as well as other types of allied and neglected contributors to our vagarious existence.

You will I think agree with me that these are several types of perfect artists having something so conspicuously to say to us, "say" in the sense of "do", and it will be conceded both by the few adorers of these geniuses and by the artists themselves, that they are among the wilfully neglected ones in the realm of aesthetic consideration. The audience which they can be sure of is conspicuously limited, notably in the case of the plumber. These ladies and gentlemen are confined so strictly to the few that understand a perfect piece of work, and have learned to be satisfied in their respective instances, that their fame rests in the minds and memories of those who have attempted the practice of their arts, therefore understanding them
best. I should like to take the initiative of widening the area of appreciation for them, inasmuch as I am keen for the arts of all these ladies and gentlemen.

I shall begin at once with his highness. Lord Dashdown the plumber, this eminent and respectable gentlemen who says to enter the bowels of the earth, or to penetrate every conduit of the nervous system of one's ever so simple home, or luxurious apartment. It is an exquisite melody the flame of the plumber's lamp creates for the ear, weary of the modern struggle for maniacal nuances, the song of the long yellow tongue with its fierce blue base, melting the ladies of lead that shall seal your comfort forever. You want to sing ditties of praise for the goodness of this gentleman, for the keen perception that rises from the overalls, and the strong face mottled with grease and the condiments peculiar to the trade. When this gentleman smiles up out of the cavern of his occupation, you realize the extraordinary charm of a personality that takes its ecstasy out of the joyful commingling and harmonizing of lead pipes. He is an esthetic benefactor, and you feel you want to say something to him such as "thank you sir, for the many beautiful half hours (or hours it may be if you are so sensual in your bath), for the perfect system you have conferred whereby we satiate the needs of our battered and worn flesh, after a day or a night of exquisite tortures and labours"; and some would have the impulse to want to hand him a tray of gardenias that have been brought for him from a greek shepherd on the corner of the Avenue of America. You regard him in the light of "donor" or "patron saint" along with the maker of porcelain tubs and the mirror maker, as also with that "gentilhomme merveilleuse" the maker of locks and keys, they who are so implicitly tender in every regard toward the privacy of the world's public confessions.

Let us now turn to our next neglected beauty. It is the petal-like wire walker who dances on a shining wire as a butterfly above the ripples on a stream in spring. There is but one, none other so brilliant as she, and so I shall tell her name. It is Bird Millman. If you have ever seen this 'petite charmante' of the wire, you will have seen what the swan and the cherryblossom would come to if united, and you will have held to the moment passing before your eye like a pendant splendour before the gateway of the dawn. You are missing one of the reasons for existence if you have not watched the lovely lady of the frosted wire, and you will regret forever the loss that is yours if you do not avail yourself of this so precious ten or twenty minutes she gives you which resolve themselves into a lifetime of miracled recollection.
Next we shall come to the pontifical Mr. Broncho-Buster. If you have not seen him at the high mass of his soul of busting the fractious broncho, you have sent another bliss to its grave without memorials. Here is all that is lifelike in the art of throwing an obstreperous universe into submission. You will remember if you are yourself alive the superb horseshoe shape of horseflesh writhing in determination, his grace midair, legs rigid in stirrup, sombrero tearing across a space of wind, chest out like the side of a battleship in action, with guns pointed in the direction of the enemy and firing ferociously upon it. The whirl of dust that rises round them is like the belching of the smoke from the guns, and you see them rise and fall through the clouds that envelop them precisely as you see the half naked gunners through the smoke on the shivering deck. It is a battle of manflesh and horseflesh that is as forceful as a quadrille of the ball and the projectile off at sea. They tear the space around them with the velocity of two apache dancers from the old Montmartre, and with the same frenzy that these would show you. Enter, into the ring of the imagination, the one perfect lady bareback-rider of the world, darlingest bit of energy, and her name is May Wirth. After you have witnessed for five years, once a season, the incomparably lovely work of this little Australian girl, you wonder why should be a drama of the sexes or the soul. When she begins her performance with a bevy of cartwheels around the ring in pursuit of the adorably white and docile animal with the long flowing tail, then rises with a swoop to his kidneys, and takes another two or three forward somersaults on the small of his back, you will be certain that she belongs to the inestimable group of rare artists such as Mary Garden. You will say it is of a perfect piece with the marvellous and as yet unmatched death scene of "Melisande," allowing naturally for the variance in the two themes. It is an operatic gesturing of the body this little lady with the lovely English accent gives you, and you could wish for the rhythmists of time to assemble and take pointers for a new etude. There is vigour of body and refinement of purpose combined in all these athletic artists which is to the common unperceptive eye nothing but an array of well understood gymnastic. It is not conceivable in the case of the bareback rider for instance that ballet dancing should ever be an essential to this art, and yet if you have the discerning eye, you see instantly that both the men and women of the horse are possessed of exceptional talents for poise and grace of figure in the various attitudes that are a part of the picture when not in actual performance. Incidentally do not forget that Mr. Chaplin, apropos of acrobatics, is one of the greatest artists.
of pantomime of this century, if not the greatest, and that his repeti-
tive laughmaking exposes the genius of a very gifted man. It is
gratifying that so great an artist as Mrs. Fiske paid enthusiastic
tribute to this clown. Even Gordon Craig might gain stimulus for
his marionettes from the silent talking of this gentleman's body. It
takes real artists to understand Mr. Chaplin. He is an excellent
anodyne for the ills of imagists, and I mean this most of all aestheti-
cally.

Pierrot the fan-painter is with us who care for the most fragile
of the painting arts. It is always a "gentleman" engaged in the por-
trayal of the evanescent graces. It is the fan-painter who lifts
the jaded sense from the fatigue that rises out of the round of innum-
erable pretty intricacies of a dull day of busyness or a harsh night
of pleasure. His keenest excitement is the placing of shimmery ra-
diances in flower form and body form, cloud and ocean laughter to-
gether on little spaces of silk that fold on sticks of ivory and of pearl.
You forget the fragrance of subways and the irritation that lurks in
the politeness of busdrivers when you see one of these touches out of
the eighteenth century, these transcripts of Watteau such as Condor
loved to evoke from his candle-lit deliriums. I know of one who may
be his successor at the fan. He is a tall and seemingly frail, yet most
tenacious young man who though he might seem to swim in the green
pool of pornographic esthetics, is a quiet country boy living on a
calm island, drinking nothing stronger than malted milk chocolate,
loving the domestic twitter of his white Java sparrows, and green par-
roakeets.

Here we come to the ladies and gentlemen of the air that swing
and sway like white peacocks among fig trees or smoky mimosa
boughs; white mackerel of the high spaces, lithering on a wave of elec-
trically emblazoned water, you see them swing now like larks, now
like birds of paradise, now like nacreous morphos in a mossed jungle
where orchids radiate a cool indifference. Climbing the ropes, these
ladies and gentlemen of the trapeze have an air of the pale convol-
vulus opening in the morning, and what they embroider for you on
the dark background of the tent is a pattern of muscular shot silk.
They climb the illumined air as do white goats on a New Mexican
Hillside, and have the gaiety of young kids capering in and out of the
sage where the darkeyed Mexican chaperone watches, and herds.
They are as safe on their spaces as we are on our feet, and trust it
with more intelligence, knowing its possibilities and limitations better
than we do our earth. They spin webs of body design as does the
spider hurrying to catch the first dew, and worship the lustre of them-
selves as they spin. They are a delectable crew of air sailors with beautiful bodies that know the danger of their sea, and laugh at it with the beautiful body laughter of climbing waves.

Here is the lonliest of the artists, and the most diffident, therefore the happiest in that he wants no other audience than his own kind. He looks for no other salary than the salutation of his own pulse to the rhythm that invent themselves in him. It is the American dancer, the redman of the southwest. His only stardom in bright lights is the work of his finely attuned body in the clear sunlight of a clear day, and his only need for audience is that the men and women of his tribe shall feel and understand the essential harmonic of his and their forefathers' muscular play. One good hour of these geniuses and you will be willing to forego the conventional bacchic revelry of the greek vase forever. You will dismiss all the Broadway semblances of grace and the worn notion of rhythmic movement, for he takes his place in your esteem along with the buck and wing splendours, and the fine performance of the adorable long thin boys of vaudeville with their eccentric cleverness. You would see the redman rise to the whirlwind intelligence of Vernon Castle, and you could never look at the heavy imitations again. It finished for once and all, the deadest of dance expressions, the Chopin-Beethoven misapplication. He interprets the eagle, the buffalo, and the deer and various other deities in nature in ways that would make them all happy to comprehend, and comprehending, to emulate. The Diaghileffs of the world would expire with a single glimpse of this masterful gesturing. And yet he is an unknown artist, and by the time we, the invaders of his country, have begun to glimpse him in merest outline he will have disappeared and like the greatest of comedians and tragedians of time will have left a faint but precious memory in the consciousness of human beings.

And then there are the tumblers, jugglers, whole pyramids and monoliths of them that do their work while the jaded ones leave their seats for more drinks and eats and dancing. Once on a time one might have included aviators and chauffeurs among the exponents of the misunderstood arts. But with the mania of little girls of good families, and grownup women with husbands, and the charming little tales thrice told in many a garage and aerodrome, these nifty boys are in nowise suffering from neglect. There is a mania among respectable girls for these "darling things" of the air which is positively disconcerting both for girls and "darlings", and strong men will tell you with almost a tear that there is no more room for an officer or a soldier either marine or land, and none whatever for the poor
plain citizen.

But, dear diffident ones, do be attentive to the sublimely beautiful neglected arts. It will help change your psychology, and put marrow in the spine of your enthusiasms, once you get going among them. You will love the tangle of wires and trapezes, lead pipes and fans, and bronchos in your brain. You will even let in the hordes of little huskies wanting a great though ephemeral career in the so popular pink journal of the barbershop and the clubrooms where bars and the punching bag are talking a new language. I expect when the aviators have had their day there will be a mania for lightweights wanting "to meet all good boys at a hundred and twenty-two, prefers Patsey this of Kid that," etc. They have their popularity somewhat, but there is an indication that the roaming respectables of the Avenue of America will take up the newer type of "little boy", and we shall see society shifting its opera boxes to the ringside.

Be good then, to all these ladies and gentlemen of the manly and ladylike sports. Comfort them with marrons and beakers of champagne from your own hands. Give delicacies to the plumber and the broncho-buster, the bareback rider, for the rough life they lead. Bring vigorous portions of roastbeef for the fan-painter, the wire-walker, good wholesome grills to the trapezists for the garlands of exquisite fancies they weave about your person. Think more of them and less of the proud policeman who is you may be sure quite happy with his fate. If you know this type of gentleman, you know that he mingles with the best society either on or off duty. They have every fourhundred attitude in their repertoire, in their daily beat, or one might better say, their daily standstill. They are not among the neglected, as any serious lady or trivial gentleman will tell you. They have taken over the aristocracy of the boulevard in a most engaging fashion, and you will find them, that is the handsomest young ones, very fastidious about their cravats and their cufflinks when they are not at work. They have the platinum respectability. It is to the other artists I would reccomend you, the dear beautiful neglected things.
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