

## VII

at the head of this street a gasping organ is waving moth-eaten tunes. a fattish hand turns the crank; the box spouts fairies, out of it sour gnomes tumble clumsily, the little box is spilling rancid elves upon neat sunlight into the flowerstricken air which is filthy with agile swarming sonal creatures

—Children, stand with circular frightened faces glaring at the shabby tiny smiling, man in whose hand the crank goes desperately, round and round pointing to the queer monkey

(if you toss him a coin he will pick it cleverly from, the air and stuff it seriously in, his minute pocket) Sometimes he does not catch a piece of money and then his master will yell at him over the music and jerk the little string and the monkey will sit, up, and look at, you with his solemn blinky eyes which never smile and after he has caught a, penny or three, pennies he will be thrown a peanut (which he will open skilfully with his, mouth carefully holding, it, in his little toylike hand) and then he will stiff-ly throw the shell away with a small bored gesture that makes the children laugh.

But i don't, the crank goes round desperate elves and hopeless gnomes and frantic fairies gush clumsily from the battered box fattish and mysterious the flowerstricken sunlight is thickening dizzily is reeling gently the street and the children and the monkey and the organ and the man are dancing slowly are tottering up and down in a trembly mist of atrocious melody.... tiniest dead tunes crawl upon my face my hair is lousy with mutilated singing microscopic things in my ears scramble faintly tickling putrescent atomies,

and

i feel the jerk of the little string! the tiny smiling shabby man is yelling over the music i understand him i shove my round red hat back on my head i sit up and blink at you with my solemn eyes which never smile

yes, By god.

for i am they are pointing at the queer monkey with a little oldish doll-like face and hairy arms like an ogre and rubbercoloured hands and feet filled with quick fingers and a remarkable tail which is all by itself alive. (and he has a little red coat with i have a real pocket in it and the round funny hat with a big feather is tied under my chin.) that climbs and cries and runs and floats like a toy on the end of a string