

## VULCANO

Sempre tu dispietato, e fiero sempre !

## IL POTERE

Non è rimedio il piangerlo. Non darti  
In far ciò che non giova. Inutil pena.

## VULCANO

Oh ministero mio, quanto io ti abhorro !

## ULYSSES

BY JAMES JOYCE

## EPISODE III

**I**NELUCTABLE modality of the visible : at least that if no more, thought through my eyes.

Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust : coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds : in bodies. Then he was aware of them, bodies, before of them coloured. How ? By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in ? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see..

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six : the *Nacheinander*. Exactly : and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus ! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *Nebeneinander* ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it : they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of my two legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid : made by the mallet of Los demiurgos. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand ? Crush, crack, crick, erick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

*Won't you come to Sandymount,  
Madeline the mare ?*

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. Catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop : decline the mare.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since ? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphana ! *Basta*. I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you : and ever shall be, world without end.

Airs romped around him, nipping and eager airs. They are coming, waves. The whitemanied seahorses, champing, brightwindbridled.

I mustn't forget his letter for the press. And after ? The Ship, half twelve. By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile. Yes, I must.

His pace slackened. Here. Am I going to Aunt Sara's or not ? My consubstantial father's voice. Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately ? No ? Sure he's not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally ? Couldn't he strike a bit higher than that, eh ? And and and and tell us Stephen, how is uncle Si ? O, weeping God, the things I married into ! De boys up in de hayloft. The drunken little costdrawer and his brother, the cornet player. Highly respectable gondoliers ! And skeweyed Walter stirring his father, no less ! Sir. Yes, sir. No, sir. Jesus wept : and no wonder, by Christ !

I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage : and wait. They take me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.

—It's Stephen, sir.

—Let him in. Let Stephen in.

A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.

—We thought you were someone else.

In his broad bed uncle Richie, pillowed and blanketed, extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm. Cleanchested. He has washed the upper moiety.

—Morrow, nephew.

He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of Master Goff and Master Tandy, filing consents and common searches and a writ of *Duces Tecum*. A bogoak frame over his bald head : Wilde's *Requiescat*. The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back.

—Yes, sir ?

—Malt for Richie and Stephen, tell mother. Where is she ?

—Bathing Crissie, sir.

Papa's little lump of love.

—No, uncle Richie . . .

—Call me Richie. Whusky !

—Uncle Richie, really . . .

—Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down. Walter squints vainly for a chair.

—He has nothing to sit down on, sir.

—He has nowhere to put it, you mug. Bring in our Chippendale chair. Would you like a bite of something ? None of your damned lawdeedaw airs here ; a rasher fried with a herring ? Sure ? So much the better. We have nothing in the house but backache pills.

*All'erta !*

He drones bars of Ferrando's *aria di sortita*. The grandest number Stephen, in the whole opera. Listen.

His tuneful whistle sounds again, finely shaded, with rushes of air, his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees.

This wind is sweeter.

Houses of decay, mine, his and all. You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army. Come out of them, Stephen. Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas. For whom ? The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon, his eyeballs stars. Houyhnhnm, horsenostrilled. The oval equine faces, Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell, Lanternjaws. Abbas father, furious dean, what offence laid fire to their brains. Paff ! *Descende, calve, ut ne amplius decalveris*. A garland of grey hair on his comminated head see him now clambering down to the footpace, (*descende*), clutching a monstrance, basiliskeyed. Get down, baldpoll ! A choir gives back menace and echo, assisting about the altar's horns, the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs, tonsured and oiled and gelded, fat with the fat of the kidneys of wheat.

And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the corner is elevating it. Dringdring ! And two streets off another locking it into a pyx. Dringadring ! And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his own cheek. Dringdring ! Down, up, forward back. Ocam thought of that, invincible doctor. A misty English morning the imp tickled his brain. Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong.

Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint. Isle of saints. You were awfully holy, weren't you ? You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you might not have a red nose. You prayed to the devil in

Serpentine avenue that the buxom widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street. *O si, certo!* Sell your soul for that, do, dyed rags pinned round a squaw. More tell me, more still! On the top of the Hewth tram alone crying to the rain: *naked women! naked women!* What about that, eh?

What about what? what else were they invented for?

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once . . .

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porter-bottle stood up, pitted to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend: wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

He halted. I have passed the way to aunt Sara's. Am I not going there? Seems not. No-one about. He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand towards the Pigeonhouse.

—*Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?*

—*C'est le pigeon, Joseph.*

Patrice, home on furlough, lapped warm milk with me in the bar MacMahon. Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris. My father's a bird, he lapped the sweet *lait chaud* with pink young tongue, plump bunny's face. Lap, lapin. He hopes to win in the gros lots. About the nature of women he read in Michelet. But he must send me *La Vie de Jésus* by Mr Léo Taxil. Lent it to his friend.

—*C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi, je suis socialiste. Je ne crois pas à l'existence de Dieu. Faut pas le dire à mon père.*

—*Il croit?*

—*Mon père, oui.*

*Schluss.* He laps.

My Latin quarter hat. God, we simply must dress the character. I want puce gloves. You were a student, weren't you? Of what in the other devil's name? Paysayenn. P. C. N., you know: *physiques, chimiques et naturelles*. Aha. Eating your groats-worth of *mou en civet*, fleshpots of Egypt, elbowed by belching cabmen. Just say in the most natural tone: when I was in Paris I used to. Yes, used to carry punched tickets to prove an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere. Justice. On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses. Other fellow did it: other me. Hat, tie, overcoat, nose. *Lui, c'est moi.* You seem to have enjoyed yourself.

Proudly walking. Whom were you trying to walk like? Forget: a dispossessed. With mother's money order, eight shillings, the barrier of the post office shut in your face by the usher. Hunger toothache. *Encore deux minutes.* Look clock. Must get. *Fermé.* Hired dog! Shoot him to bloody bits with

a bang shot-gun, bits man spattered walls all brass buttons. Bits all khrrrklak in place clack back. Not hurt? O, that's all right. Shake hands. See what I meant, see? O, that's all right. Shake a shake. O, that's all only all right.—

You were going to do wonders, what? Missionary to Europe after fiery Columbanus. Pretending to speak broken English as you dragged your valise, porter threepence, across the slimy pier at Newhaven. Comment? Rich booty you brought back; five tattered numbers of *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge*; a blue French telegram, curiosity to show:

—Mother dying come home father.

The aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't.

—*Then here's a health to Mulligan's aunt  
And I'll tell you the reason why.  
She always kept things decent in  
The Hannigan famileye.*

His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm over the sand furrows, along by the boulders of the south wall. He stared at them proudly, piled stone mammoth skulls. Gold light on sea, on sand, on boulders. The sun is there, the slender trees, the lemon houses.

Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets. Moist pith of farls of bread, the froggreen wormwood, her matin incense, court the air. Pel-luomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife, the kerchiefed housewife is astir, a saucer of acetic acid in her hand. In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake there tumbled beauties, shattering with gold teeth *chaussons* of pastry, their mouths yellowed with the *pus of flan brûton*. Faces of Paris men go by, their well pleased pleasers, curled *conquistadores*.

Noon slumbers. Kevin Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white. About us gobblers fork spiced beans down their gullets. *Un demi setier!* A jet of coffee steam from the burnished caldron. She serves me at his beck. Your postprandial, do you know that word? Postprandial. There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona, queer fellow, used to call it his postprandial. Well: *sláinte!* Around the slabbed tables the tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges. His breath hangs over our saucestained plates, the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips. Of Ireland, the Dalcassians, of hopes, conspiracies, of Arthur Griffith now. To yoke me as his yokefellow, our crimes our common cause. His fustian shirt, sanguineflowered, trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets. Mr Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called queen Victoria? Old hag with the yellow teeth. *Vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*. Maud Gonne, *la Patrie*, Mr Millevoye, Felix Faure, know how he died? Licentious men. The *froeken* who rubbed his nakedness in the bath at Upsala. *Moi faire*, she said. *Tous les messieurs.* Most licentious custom. Bath a most private thing. I wouldn't let my brother, not even my own brother, most lascivious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns clear. Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke lights our corner. Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat. How the head centre got away, true version. Got up as a young bride, man, veil, orangeblossoms, drove out the road to Malahide. Did, faith. Of lost leaders, the betrayed, wild escapes. Disguises, clutched at, gone, not here.

Spurned lover. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you. I'll show you my likeness one day. I was faith. Lover, for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke, tanist of his sept, under the walls of Clerkenwell and, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward in the fog. Shattered

glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides, Egan of Paris, unsought by any save by me. Making his day's stations, the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the lair in Butte Montmartre he sleeps short night in *rue de la Goutte d'Or*, damascened with fly-blown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wifeless. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, madame, in *rue Git-le-Cœur*, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing! Spurned and undespairing. *Mon fils*, soldier of France. I taught him to sing *The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades*. Know that old lay? I taught Patrice that. Old Kilkenny: saint Canice, Strongbow's castle on the Nore. Goes like this. O, O. He takes me, Napper Tandy, by the hand.

—O, O the boys of  
Kilkenny . . .

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped his boots. The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of seeds of brightness. Here, I am not walking out to the Kish lightship, am I? He stood suddenly, his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking soil. Turn back.

Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbacans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor. Blue dusk, nightfall, deep blue night. In the darkness of the dome they wait, their pushedback chairs, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned platters. Who to clear it? He has the key. I will not sleep there when this night comes. A shut door of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies, the panthersahib and his pointer. Call: no answer. He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's mid-watches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood.

The flood is following me. I can watch it flow past from here. Get back then by the Poolbeg road to the strand there. He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat on a stool of rock, resting his ashplant by him.

A bloated carcase of a dog lay lolled on bladderwrack. Before him the gunwale of a boat, sunk in sand. *Un coche ensablé* Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose. These heavy sands are language tide and wind have silted here. And these, the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats. Hide gold here. Try it. You have some. Sands and stones. Heavy of the past. Sir lout's toys. Mind you don't get one bang on the ear. I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody well boulders, bones for my stepping-stones. Feefawfum. I zmellz de bloodz odz an Iridzman.

A point, live dog, grew into sight running across the sweep of sand. Lord, is he going to attack me? Respect his liberty. You will not be master of others or their slave. I have my stick. Sit tight. From farther away, walking shoreward across from the crested tide, figures, two. The two maries. They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes. Peekaboo. I see you. No, the dog. He is running back to them. Who?

Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane vikings, tores of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon, spouting, hobbling in the shal-

lows. Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers' knives, running, sealing, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires. I spoke to no-one; none to me.

The dog's bark ran toward him, stopped, ran back. Dog of my enemy. I just simply stood pale, silent, bayed about. *Terribilia meditans*. A primrose doublet, fortune's knave, smiled on my fear. For that are you pining, the bark of their applause? Pretenders: live their lives. The Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight, Perkin Warbeck, York's false scion, in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory, wonder of a day, and Lambert Simnel, a scullion crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now. He saved men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house. House of . . . We don't want any of your medieval abstrusities. Would you do what he did? A boat would be near, a lifebuoy. *Natürlich*, put there for you. Would you or would you not? The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They are waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides, sheeting the beds of sand quickly, shellcocoacoloured? If I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I . . . With him together down . . . I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost.

A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.

Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life. Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull. The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears. He turned, hounded back, came nearer, trotted on twinkling shanks. On a field tenney a buck trippant, proper, unattired. At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. His snout lifted barked at the wave-noise. They serpented towards his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking, plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves.

Cocklepickers. They waded a little way in the water and, stooping, soused their bags, and, lifting them again, waded out. The dog yelped running to them, reared up and pawed them, dropping on all fours, again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning. Unheeded he kept by them as they came towards the drier sand, a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from his jaws. His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then set off at a calf's gallop. The carcase lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffing rapidly, dogsniff, eyes on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah poor dogsbody! Here lies dogsbody's body.

—Tatters! Out of that you mongrel!

The cry brought him skulking back to his master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand, crouched in flight. He slunk back in a curve. Doesn't see me. Along by the edge of the mole he dawdled, smelt a rock. Something he buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand, dabbling and delving and stopped to listen to the air; scraped up the sand again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in spousebreach, vulturing the dead.

After he woke me up last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway. Street of harlots. Remember. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melon he had he held against my face. Smiled: creamfruit smell. That was the rule said. In. Come. Red carpet spread. You will see who.

Shouldering their bags they passed. His blued feet out of turned-up trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull red muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the ruffian and his strolling mort, spoils at her back. Loose sand and shellgrit crusted her bare feet. About her windraw face her hair trailed. Behind her lord his helpmate, trudging to Romeville. When night hides her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs have mired. Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts. Buss her, wap in rogues' rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell. A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags. Fumbally's lane that night: the tanyard smells.

*White thy fambles, red thy gan  
And thy quarrons dainty is  
Couch a hogshead with me then:  
In the darkmans clip and kiss.*

Morose delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this, *frate porcospino*. Call away let him: thy quarrons dainty is. Language no whit worse than his. Monk-words, marybeads jabber on their girdles: rogue-words, tough nuggets patter in their pockets.

Passing now.

A side-eye at my Hamlet hat. If I were suddenly naked here as I sit? I am not. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moondrawn, in her wake. Tides, myriadislanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandled. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablet. Mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her moomb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeeched: ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayawayaway. Paper. The banknotes, blast them. Old Deasy's letter. Here. Thanking you for the hospitality tear the blank end off. Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and scribbled words. That's twice I forgot to take slips from the library counter.

His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent, ending. Why not endless till the farthest star? Darkly they are there behind this light, darkness shining in the brightness, delta of Cassiopeia, worlds. Me sits there with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals, by day beside a livid sea, unbeheld, in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars. I throw this ended shadow from me, call it back. Endless, would it be mine, form of my form? Who watches me here? Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field. Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice. The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple out of his shovel hat: veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its field. Hold hard. Coloured on a flat: yes, that's right. Flat I see, then think distance, near, far, flat I see, east, back. Ah, see now! Falls back suddenly frozen in stereoscope. Click does the trick. You find my words dark. Darkness is in our

souls do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shamewounded by our sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the more.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Figgis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the braided jesse of her sunshade. She lives in Leeson park, a lady of letters. Talk that to someone else, Stevie: a pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wool. Talk about apple dumpling, *piuttosto*. Where are your wits?

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled note and pencil into a pocket, his hat tilted down on his eyes. That is Kevin Egan's movement I made, nodding for his nap. *Hlo! Bonjour*. Under its leaf he watched through peacock-tittering lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal noon. Among gumheavy serpentplants, milkoozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

*And no more turn aside and brood.*

His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs, *nebeneinander*. He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in tripodium, foot I dislove. But you were delighted when Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you: girl I knew in Paris. *Tiens, quel petit pied!* Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its name. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I am. All or not at all.

In long lassos from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss coos. Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purring, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.

Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall: Lord, they are weary: and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fulness of their times, *diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit*. To no end gathered: vainly then released, forthflowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her court, she draws a toil of waters.

Five fathoms out there. Full fathoms five thy father lies. At one he said. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fan-shoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising salt-white from the undertow, bobbing landward. There he is. Hook it quick. Pull. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead.

Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.

A seachange this. Seadeath, mildest of all death's known to man. *Prix de Paris*: beware of imitations. Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Come. Clouding over. No black clouds anywhere, are there? Thunderstorm. No. My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon. Where? To evening lands. Evening will find itself.

He took the hilt of his ashplant, lunging with it softly, dallying still. Yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make their end. By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest day. Of all the glad new year, mother, the rum tum tiddley tum. Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet. *Gia*. For the old hag with the yellow teeth. And Monsieur Drumont, gentleman journalist. *Gia*. My teeth are very bad. Why, I wonder? Feel. That one is going to. Shells. Ought I go to a dentist, I wonder, with that money? That one. This. Toothless Kinch, the superman. Why is that, I wonder, or does it mean something perhaps?

My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up?

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, silently moving, a silent ship.—

(To be continued)

## THREE GEORGIAN NOVELISTS

### III

THE literary career of Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the bad boy of the Georgian novelists, has so far been much more exciting than that of either Mr. Walpole or Mr. Mackenzie, though perhaps less successful commercially. It has in many ways been an adventurous career, full of experiment and variety of endeavour—a tentative, groping, dissatisfied kind of career. Throughout it Mr. Cannan's worst enemy has been his own cleverness. In his life as an artist this cleverness has been his greatest danger; it has constantly tripped him up, interposed itself between him and his inspiration, and at times lured him into an arid display of mental gymnastics. . . .

Where Messrs. Mackenzie and Walpole have applied themselves assiduously to the business of producing fiction, Mr. Cannan has had a shot at almost everything. He has taken up the art of satire, written a treatise on it, and produced a brilliant book called *Windmills* which will be more heard of two years hence than it is to-day. Then, in a moment of aberration, he has published a volume of unreadable love poems, now, happily, all sunk beneath the wave. He has written, with much gusto, an appreciation of Samuel Butler. Again, in another evil moment—bewitched, no doubt, by one of those "art" coteries which exist in London in such profusion—he has produced an "artistic" peasant play called *Miles Dixon*. This is a deadly piece of work, written in that English equivalent of Kiltartan which Mr. Masefield first popularized in *Nan*, and reeking with the fumes of Café Royal *consommations* masquerading as fresh air. But, as if to atone for it, Mr. Cannan has also given us *Inquest on Pierrot* and *Everybody's Husband*. Then, in a very different frame of mind, Mr. Cannan has made an admirable translation of Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*: a Herculean labour of love for which he ought certainly to be awarded a Civil List pension. And now, to crown everything, he is engaged in slapping his library public in the face with a vast, sloppy, Don Juan-esque "epic in ten cantos" called *Noel*.

It will be seen from all this that Mr. Cannan touches life at many points and has not allowed himself to remain in any intellectual rut. He has theories on the way things ought to be done, and on the kind of plays which ought to be written; he is a politician, a propagandist, has occasionally been attracted by "movements" and very often seduced by ideas. And these things, when he has finally distilled from them what he needs for his art, will eventually put him among those novelists whose interest is likely to last. His ideas are frequently "subversive," and few of them would be accepted by "the dear Dean," who thinks so highly of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Walpole.

But it is just Mr. Cannan's susceptibility to ideas, his intellectual restlessness, his dissatisfaction (perhaps he is at times suspicious and dissatisfied even with his own cleverness), which combine to make him one of the most interesting and hopeful literary figures of to-day. All his experiments indicate that he is groping to find the heart of things, to discover what is real in human life, to catch a glimpse of the back of beyond. It is just his tendency to burrow beneath the surface which, for the time being, impairs Mr. Cannan's popularity as a novelist. If, like Mr. Mackenzie and in a less degree Mr. Walpole, he were content to be merely clever, his sales might go up in proportion as his reputation suffered. But, fortunately for himself, he is less complacent about the art of writing than his rivals. He is always on the watch to try to put off cleverness, and where his inspiration comes freshly from the heart, as in *Round the Corner* and, in a less degree, in *Old Mole* and in *Mendel*, he largely (though not completely) succeeds in doing so. These three books, and passages in his other novels, come through on their sincerity and are made fragrant by flashes of human sympathy, imagination, and fancy which that sincerity has succeeded in liberating. Where such books as *Three Pretty Men* and the *Stucco House* fail is in their general conception. They seem to have been planned purely by the outer brain. The grandiose project once formed, by sheer force of character the author has proceeded to carry it out. The result is a vast and dreary edifice, with only a very few habitable rooms in it—a drab, unlovely "folly."

Mr. Cannan is a writer who has yet to find himself, has yet to discover what it is that he can do best and—concentrating on that thing—to produce a work of art which shall fulfil all the promise which his various literary experiments have given so abundantly. The discovery once made, if he only has the strength of character to eschew versatility, he may find himself linked no longer with mere entertainers like Messrs. Walpole and Mackenzie, but recognized with Mr. D. H. Lawrence as one of the great novelists of the England of to-morrow. For Mr. Cannan is that now rare bird, an Englishman conscious of his nationality. His voice is an English voice, and he has it in him to render articulate much that is most truly and most deeply English in current thought.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

## TOWARDS A PEACE THEATRE

By HUNTRY CARTER

### III. A NEW DEFINITION OF DRAMA AND ITS TECHNIQUE

I SAID in my last article that Drama is the seed of the new structure which I have called a Theatre of Peace. It needs only to determine the content of this seed to know what the outcome, that is, the theatre, will be. Logically, it can only be the visible unity of which the cause resides in the seed; just as the oak-tree is the visible unity of the antecedent unity which resides in the acorn. Hence,