

paragraph of her review, however, is too devastating to be anything but shortsighted and two-dimensional. In criticism there is no excuse for astigmatism or muddleheadness.—*PIERRE LOVING.*

[jh:—to the readers of the *Little Review*—Greetings:—Be it hereby known for the hundredth time that I make no attempt to write criticism. The offerings above my name may be called notes, articles, opinions, editorials, compliments, attacks, murder, but Mr. Loving should recognize criticism if he is going to define criticism.

I can but briefly take up one point in Mr. Loving's article. "Conscious or intellectual control, organization, etc.", are the obvious essentials in creative effort: technique, which simply should mean control of the matter as well as of the medium. Boobery is not an intermittent thing. If a man has the clue to his own image he has a clue to the universe.—*jh.*]

Ulysses

by *James Joyce*

Episode XII (continued)

AND at the sound of the sacring bell the blessed company drew nigh of monks and friars the monks of Benedict of Spoleto, Carthusians and Camaldolesi, Cistercians and Olivetans, Oratorians and Vallombrosans, and the friars of Augustine, Brigittines, Premonstratesians, Servi, Trinitarians, and the children of Peter Nolasco; and therewith from Carmel mount the children of Elijah prophet led by Albert bishop and by Teresa of Avila, calced and other: and friars brown and grey, sons of poor Francis, capuchins, cordeliers, minimes and observants and the daughters of Clara: and the sons of Dominic and of Vincent; and Ignatius his children: and the confraternity of the christian brothers led by reverend brother Rice. And after came all saints and

martyrs, virgins and confessors: S. Isidore arator and S. James the Less and S. Phocas of Sinope and S. Julian Hospitator and S. Felix de Cantalice and S. Stephen Protomartyr and S. John Nepomuc and S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Ives of Brittany and S. Herman-Joseph and the saints Gevasius, Servasius and Bonifacius and S. Bride and the saints Rose of Lima and of Viterbo and S. Martha of Bethany and S. Mary of Egypt and S. Barbara and S. Scholastica and S. Ursula with eleven thousand virgins. And all came with nimbi and aureoles and glorie, bearing palms and harps and swords and olive crowns in robes whereon were woven the blessed symbols of their efficacies, ink horns, arrows, loaves, cruses, fetters, axes, trees, bridges, babes in a bathtub, shells, wallets, shears, keys, dragons, lilies, buckshot, beards, hogs, lamps, bellows, beehives, soupladles, stars, snakes, anvils, boxes of vaseline, bells, crutches, forceps, stags' horns, water-tight boots, hawks, millstones, eyes on a dish, wax candles, aspergills, unicorns. And as they wended their way by Nelson's Pillar, Henry Street, Mary Street, Capel Street, Little Britain Street, chanting the introit in *Epiphania Domini* which beginneth *Surge, illuminare* and thereafter most sweetly the gradual *Omnes* which saith *de Saba venient* they did divers wonders such as casting out devils, raising the dead to life, multiplying fishes, healing the halt and the blind, discovering various articles which had been mislaid, interpreting and fulfilling the scriptures, blessing and prophesying. And last, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold came the reverend Father O'Flynn attended by Malachi and Patrick. And when all had reached the appointed place the celebrant blessed the house and censed and sprinkled the lintels thereof with blessed water and prayed that God would bless that house as he had blessed the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and make the angels of His light to inhabit therein. And entering he blessed the viands and the beverages and the company of all the blessed answered his prayers.

—*Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*

—*Qui fecit coelum et Terram.*

—*Dominus vobiscum.*

—*Et cum spiritu tuo.*

And he laid his hands upon that he blessed and gave thanks and he prayed and they all with him prayed:

—*Deus, cuius verbo sanctificantur omnia, benedictionem tuam effunde super creaturas istas: et praesta ut quisquis eis secundum legem et voluntatem tuam cum gratiarum actione usus fuerit per invocationem sanctissimi nominis tui corporis sanitatem et animae tutelam, te ancitore percipiat per Christum, dominum nostrum.*

—And so say all of us, says Jack.

—Thousand a year, Lambert, says Crofton.

—Right, says Ned. And butter for fish.

I was just looking round to see who the happy thought would strike when, be damned but Bloom comes in again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry.

—I was just round at the court house, says he, looking for you. I hope I'm not

—No, says Martin, we're ready.

Courthouse my eye. And your pockets hanging down with gold and silver. Mean bloody scut. Stand us a drink itself. There's a jew for you! Hundred to five.

—Don't tell anyone, says the citizen.

—Beg your pardon, says Bloom.

—Come on boys, says Martin, seeing it was looking blue. Come along now.

—Don't tell anyone, says the citizen, letting a bawl out of him.

And the bloody dog woke up and let a growl.

—Bye bye all, says Martin.

And he got them out as quick as he could, Jack Power and Crofton or whatever you call him and old Bloom in the middle of them letting on to be all at sea and up with them on the bloody car.

—Off with you, says Martin to the jarvey.

The milkwhite dophine tossed his mane and rising in the golden poop, the helmsman spread the bellying sail upon the wind. A many comely nymphs drew nigh to starboard and to larboard and, clinging to the sides of the noble bark, they linked their shining forms as doth the cunning wheelwright when he fashions about the heart of his wheel the equidistant rays whereof each one is sister to another and

he binds them all with an outer ring and giveth speed to the feet of men when as they ride to a hosting or contend for the smile of ladies fair. Even so did they come and set them, those willing nymphs, the undying sisters. And they laughed, sporting in a circle of their foam: and the bark clave the waves.

But begob I was just lowering the last of the pint when I saw the citizen getting up to waddle to the door and he cursing bell book and candle in Irish and Joe and little Alf trying to hold him back.

—Let me alone, says he.

And begob he got as far as the door and they holding him and be bawls out of him:

—Three cheers for Israel!

Arrah, sit down on the parlimentary side of your arse and don't be making an exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there's always some bloody clown or other kicking up a bloody murder about bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would.

And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the place round the door and Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead and the citizen bawling and Alf and Joe at him to whisht and Bloom on his high horse about the jews and the loafers calling for a speech and Jack Power trying to get him to sit down on the car and hold his bloody jaw and a young lad starts singing *The Boys of Wexford* and a slut shouts out of her:

—Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

And says Bloom:

—Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And your god was a jew and his father was a jew.

—He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

—Whose god! says the citizen.

—Well, his uncle was a jew, says Bloom. Your god was a jew.

Christ was a jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge into the shop.

—By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuit box here.

—Stop! stop! says Joe.

A large and appreciative gathering of friends and acquaintances

assembled to bid farewell to Mr. L. Virag on the occasion of his departure for a distant clime. The ceremony which went off with great *éclat* was characterized by the most affecting cordiality. An illuminated scroll, the work of Irish artists, was presented to the distinguished visitor on behalf of a large section of the community and was accompanied by the gift of a silver casket, tastefully executed in the style of ancient Celtic ornament, a work which reflects every credit on the makers Messrs. Jacob and Jacob. The departing guest was the recipient of a hearty ovation, many of those who were present being visibly moved when the select orchestra of Irish pipes struck up the wellknown strains of *Come Back to Erin*. Amid cheers that rent the welkin the vessel slowly moved away saluted by a final floral tribute from the representatives of the fair sex who were present in large numbers. Gone but not forgotten.

He got hold of the bloody tin anyhow and out with him, and little Alf hanging on to his elbow and he shouting like a stuck pig.

—Where is he till I murder him?

And Ned and J. J. paralysed with the laughing.

—Gob, says I, I'll be in for the last gospel.

But as luck would have it the jarvey got the nag's head round the other way and off with him.

—Hold on, citizen, says Joe. Stop!

Begob he made a swiipe and let fly. Mercy of God the sun was in his eyes. Gob, he near sent it into the country Longford. The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.

The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory of Dunsink registered in all eleven shocks and there is no record extant of a similar seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicentre appears to have been that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn's Quay Ward and parish of Saint Michan. All the lordly residences in the vicinity of the palace of Justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself, in which at the time of the catastrophe, important legal debates were in progress, is literally a mass

of ruins beneath which it is to be feared all the occupants have been buried alive. From the reports of eyewitnesses it transpires that the seismic waves were accompanied by a violent atmospheric perturbation of cyclonic character. An article of headgear since ascertained to belong to the much respected clerk of the crown and peace Mr. George Fottrell and a silk umbrella with gold handle with the engraved initials, coat of arms and house number of the erudite and worshipful chairman of quarter sessions Sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, have been discovered by search parties in remote parts of the island respectively the former on the third basaltic ridge of the giant's causeway, the latter embedded to the extent of one foot three inches in the sandy beach of Haleopen bay near the old head of Kinsale. Other eyewitnesses depose that they observed an incandescent object of enormous proportions hurling through the atmosphere at a terrifying velocity in a trajectory directed southwest by west. Messages of condolence and sympathy are being hourly received from all parts of the different continents and the sovereign pontiff has been graciously pleased to decree that a special missa *pro dejectis* shall be celebrated simultaneously by the ordinaries of each and every parish church of all the episcopal dioceses subject to the spiritual authority of the holy see in suffrage of the souls of those faithful departed who have been so unexpectedly called away from our midst. The work of salvage, removal of *debris*, human remains, etc., has been entrusted to Messrs. Michael Meade and son, Great Brunswick Street, and Messrs. T. & C. Martin, North Wall, assisted by the men and officers of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry under the general supervision of H. R. H., near admiral, the right honourable Sir Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson K. G., K. P., K. T., P. C., K. C. B., M. P., J. P., M. B., D. S. O., S. O. D., M. F. H., M. R. I. A., B. L., Mus. Doc. P. L. G., F. R. C. P. I., and F. R. C. S. I.

You never saw the like of it in all your born puff. Gob, if he got that on the side of his poll he'd remember the gold cup, so he would, but begob the citizen would have been lagged for assault and battery and Joe for aiding and abetting. The jarvey saved his life

as sure as God made me. What? O, Jesus, he did. And he let a volley of oaths after him.

—Did I kill him, says he, or what?

And he shouting to the bloody dog:

—After him, Garry! After him, boy!

And the last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and old sheepsface on it gesticulating and the bloody mongrel after it with his lugs back for all he was bloody well worth. Hundred to five! Jesus, he took the value of it out of him, I promise you.

When, lo, there came about them all a great brightness and they beheld the chariot wherein he stood ascend to heaven. And they beheld him in the chariot, clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun, fair as the moon and terrible that for awe they durst not look upon him. And there came a voice out of heaven, calling: *Elijah! Elijah!* And he answered with a main cry: *Abba! Adonai!* And they beheld him even him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a short off a shovel.

(*To be continued*)

The Reader Critic

The Good Old Days

Subscriber, New York:

YOUR *Little Review* bewilders me. All the things I like best you disparage and all your enthusiasms I think, like your publisher friend, should be preserved as samples of the madness of the present age.

I'll enumerate the things that annoy, disgust, or satiate me with their extreme neuroticism or insanity. In the December number first Joyce and Zadkine, then Djuna Barnes' story and that weird nasty sex thing by Dobrée ("Surfeit")—then Dorothy Richardson's instalment (which gets more wild, involved and Joyceish as it goes on)—and then some of "jh's" bitter and biting critiques. She attacks "Mary Olivier" (which I enjoyed);