

# From "Work in Prog̉ress" <br> by James Joyce 

Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlined, aslumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the troutling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. Hic cubat edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam. Whatif she be in flags or flitters, reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of monies or beggar a pinnyweight, arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by. Yoh! Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeple Iseut too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yuthner in yondmist. Whooth? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass, stick up stark where he last fellonem, by the mund of the magazine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sister-in-shawl. While over against this belles' alliance beyond Ill Sixty, ollollowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tararabom, lurk the ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hockums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charmful waterloose country and they two quitewhite villajettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees! Penetrators are permitted into the museomound, free. Welsh and the Paddy Patkinses, one shelenk. For her passkey apply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in! Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshious gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshious, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang the the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgun! Up with Fine!) This fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot Lipoleum. Tip. is the triplewon his is the Willingdon on his Lipoleumhat. This is the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Willingdone, grand and magentic, in his goldtin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's gharters and his bangkok's best and gollews. This is his his wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an inimyskilling inglis, lipoleum detch. This is an inime
ing dener grey, this is a davy stoop-
this is a scotcher
ing. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. This is the petty lipoleum boy that was nayther bag nor bug. Touchole FitzTuomush. Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them arminusvarminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the crimmealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns, feinting to read in their handmade's book of stralegy while making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is a big Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop, Wounderworker, obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most toocisive bottle of Tilsiter. This is the libel on the battle. Awful Grimmest Sun'shat Cromwelly, Looted. This is the jinnies' hastings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw! Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugacting. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to funtannoy the Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous over all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycotton on the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This is me

> (Continued on page four)

## Publishing Ulysses <br> By Bennett Cerf

For several years after Miss Margaret Anderson and Miss Jane Heap ran afoul of the law for publishing parts of Ulysses in their magazine, The Little Review, even the most liberal and daring publishers in America recognized the futility of making a fight to legalize James Joyce's greatest book in America. Even Ben Huebsch, who published Joyce's other books, and who, to my knowledge, has ever been ready to champion a book that he considered worthy, regardless of the obstacles, realized that this time the prejudices against Ulysses were too deep-rooted, and the language of the book far too outspoken for the times. Mr. Joyce did not receive a single overture from a reputable American publisher for Ulysses from 1920 until 1931. Copies of the Paris edition, in the familiar Columbia blue paper cover, continued to be smug-
(Continused on page two)

## We'll to the Woods No More (Les Lauriers sont coupés)

## By Stuart Gilbert

The chapter of Ulysses which, with its originality and prodigious verve, astounds the general reader most of all is undoubtedly the 'Penelope' episode, the last chapter of the book. "The long unspoken monologue of Mrs. Bloom," wrote Arnold Bennett, "might in its utterly convincing realism be an actual document, the magical record of inmost thoughts by a woman that existed . . . I have never read anything to surpass it, and I doubt if I have ever read anything to equal it."

This "magical record of inmost thoughts," embodied in an unuttered soliloquy, has come to be known in France, since the appearance of Ulysses, as the monologue intérieur (this apt designation is due to M . Valery Larbaud). Its use in Ulysses is by no means confined to the last episode; an early chapter, 'Proteus', the record of Stephen Dedalus' long meditation on the Dublin strand, and countless passages where we seem to "seehear" the faintest ripple, the least eddy in the fluent thoughtstream of pensive Mr. Bloom are examples of the same technique.
Since Ulysses, this literary device has been so generally practised by novelists that we are apt to overlook its novelty. Yet in this respect, as it happens, Ulysses had a precursor. An entire French novel, M. Edouard Dujardin's Les Lauriers sont coupés, was written in the silent monologue form, in the eighties of the past century. M. Dujardin's masterpiece shared the common lot of prodigies born out of their due time. It was remaindered and for nearly four decades (during which its author made his mark in other forms of literature) entombed in almost complete oblivion; then by a miracle the stone was rolled away and it rose to occupy the distinctive place it now holds in French literature.
"In 1920," writes M. Valery Larbaud in his preface to a recent re-edition of Les Lauriers, "I read that portion of Ulysses which had appeared in the Little Review and, soon after, I had the privilege of several long conversations with James Joyce, at the time when he was completing the last episodes. One day he mentioned to me that the monologue intérieur had already been employed, as a continuous form of narration, in a tale by Edouard Dujardin, Les Lauriers sont coupés, published over thirty years before Ulysses, at the time when the symbolist movement was at
(Continued on page si.x)

## Contienido




 Subscription Ratrs: $\$ 1$ a Year; Foriion $\$ 1.50$ Volume III Feb. 15, 1934 Number 13 (Copyright 1934, by M. A. Abernethy) PUBLISHING ULYSSES (Gontinued from page one)
gled into the country in ever gled into the country in ever increasing book grew apace, but from a strictly legal standpoint, the taboo remained absolute and
unchallenged. nchallenged.
The idea of a new fight to remove the
federal ban on Ulysses came from the last place in the world one might have expect-ed-a stock-brokerage office in Wall Street -and thereby hangs a tale that may be amusing to admirers of Mr. Joyce's work.
High up in one of lower Broadway's High up in one of lower Broadway's
mightiest sky-scrapers there is hidden a brokerage office that is unlike any other 1 he most remarkable figures in this town. One of them is named Irving Sartorius, famous in Yale crew annals, and today noted for his uncanny skili at bridge and sailing. The other is Robert Kastor, who, tho
he is so shy that few outsiders have heard his name, and tho he speaks in such a low, gentle voice that companions must strain continually to hear what he is saying, is said to possess one of the great fortunes
of this new era, and who has made the of this new era, and who has made the
literary reputation of more than one name that the reader would recognize very readily today. Together, these two men preside over a brokerage office that might be mistaken, were it not for the hum of the tick-
ers, for an old Southern club, with a livers, for an old Southern club, with a liv-
eried old negro flunkey at the door, and a
handful of distinguished looking gentlemen
watching the stock quotations with what might be described at best as indifferent at tention.
Into
was summoner precious atmosphere by Mr. Kastor himself. He December 1931 the progress of Random He had watched first book had appeared in 1927. (I rec ognized some of our books, in fact, on the
shelves behind shelves behind him while he spoke to me
Two volumes of the Two volumes of the Nonesuch Shakespeare,
I remember, were on Mr. Sartorius' He believed that the time had come to desk). the fight for Ulysses in America. He wa leaving for Europe in a few weeks to vis it his sister Helen, who is married to tell Mr. Joyce th. Would we like him to ready to take that Random House was Would we! up the battle?
I tore upt
with Donald Klopfer, my partnerter over fore five that evening wartner, and be
with Morris with Morris Ernst, the lawyer, outlining a the plans for the legal boyce, and laying fore us.
Mr. Kastor sailed for Europe early in eloquance before Joyed our case with such vance that we paid him March. The ad the contract was the first the signing of ever received was the first money he had
that is that is universally America for the book the most important of all time! as one I need not detail here the legal
tions and delays that followed. Suffice
to say that Moral to say that Morris Ernst, and his assistant, Sufice it
Alexander Lindey, Alexander Lindey, handled the case from
beginning to end with liance. They collected letters and opibilfrom hundreds of famous educators, liter
ary lights, pers and opinion ary lights, preachers, and inducators, liter-
ers. They gathered teal lead ers. They gathered testimonials from lead-
brarians in every corner pleading for the end of legal restrountry on the book. They dug up copiestrictions of the eleven books that copies not only
ten about Ulysses have been written about Ulysses here and in England, but
of hundreds of maen writticles on the book as well. Whantaing arJohn Woolsey finally held a wublic Judge on the case, in late November, 1933, Eung and Lindey had built up a case that Even then every detail.
ground. We dared were not sure of our the book for fear that begin setting un would leave us with expensiverse decision our hands; the cost of setting plates on book as $U l y s s e s$ is enormous. Our book was
designed, however, designed, however, and we were ready wa
rush into production tice. tice.
Judge
over the over the telephey's decision was read to us cember 6-almosit two years to the De from the time we had first discussed the possibilities of Ulysses with Mr. Kastor.
And what a decision it was! No evasions,
o beating about the bush here! Judge Woolsey had struck a blow for the freedon f literature from noxious censorship that
believe will make him famous for al time. Ten minutes after we knew the ecision, the typesetters were working on the first page of Ulysses.
How many copies of Ulysses will we sel in 1934? Everyone asks us the same ques tion. It's anybody's guess. The book is ot easy reading. Smuthounds will dro
it in disgust before they've read twenty pages. And yet it has received such publicity as has rarely been occorded any book in this country. The edition will be a handsome as we know how to make it it will contain not only the complete text but a new foreword by Mr. Joyce, and a ull copy of Judge Woolsey's monumental dozens of errors in the text of the French edition; we feel that every book collector will have to own a Random House edition of the book. But who can predict the sale of any book in times like these? 25000
50000 ? $M_{y}$ about 50000 ? My own guess would be about of a few thousand each year thereafter. I hope that Mr. Kastor will phone for me soon again!

## $\longrightarrow$ <br> Two of James Joyce's best known of Jooks are available in the Modern Library series. They are Dubliners and A Portrait the Artist As a Young Man. <br> Other authors represented in the Modern Library include: <br> Ernest Hemingway <br> Gertrude Stein <br> Eugene O'Neill <br> William Faulkner <br> Virginia Woolf <br> Erskine Caldwell <br> Katherine Mansfield <br> John Dos Passos <br> The Modern Library will be pleased to mail a of titles on request. <br> The Modern Library 20 East 57th Street New York : New York

CONTEMPO: A Review of Books and Personali
corpse's $r$ aison d'etre is motherhood. Joyce has nothing in Borniol's garden. The latter is a mortician but Joyce is a bings in ogist. Both go about first bury the world. the same forgets it in Pere Lach
Borniones it in Phoenix Park.
exhumes exhand there Anna Liffeys by, attracnetically seas and the rivers, and the Styx alike, upon the fleuve Amour talents into her preg-
drawing their plural drawing their plonly takes a moment it ond
nant belly. It the result is a poem. . of all our earth is longer? The existence god that that secbut a second to is centuries long has nothing to in with time.
with time
lockwork.
The poem is Anna Livia. It is a poem The poem is Joyce has been accused of
for the awake. Jis medium." This is a lie. "rising above his move one's medium, one When one state-no longer the onguage,
 Joyce does not enter a a state for together a previous dissociation

## HOME OLGA

By Samued becket

- bade sit up for a jade of hope $J$ might be made, don't you know)
(and exile, dit des in (and exile, Jessuits
And Jesus and Jol
And Jesus anhoidal isle,
haemorrren , giggling to
Modo et forma ancho. $\qquad$ and silence and death in stomach $\qquad$ Eor sweet noo style,
the swand silence in the
loops of love ane of the mew, Swoops and loops ond view of the meer, Swo oye the sun a Join or two and the
euvante Jah and uiddophile. Juvante Jah ally yiddophile.
of a friendl oun faing winkof a friendal of faith and cunning
o for an onal
ing adieut, adieie, adieu; Yesterday shall be
that my rapparees; , here's more than
Che sara sara how to spew,
Homer knows and the Exempli gratia: ecce
pickthanle agnus-o.o.o.e.
C- MASTER BUILDER
to James by Wiliam van Wyce

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { By Wilidam van Wyck } \\
& \text { who hast gazed beyond the sight of }
\end{aligned}
$$

Thout who hast
men; Thou (having pinioned to groping in the
So that we groundings gitan So that
night the lucent glories of thy ken) Know not the lucent glories of thy the thy Hast brought the ben a human's might
pen
 To we pass darkling over moor und fays
As wbing
Stumbling, chaotic for the furious rave though Stunbling, chaonce of thy blistering thought,
And incoundescence us as a child is taught, 0 Master, taach ate a glimmer of thy days
That we may cate Helicon, to bring to mind That we encnched Helicon, to bring to mind!
On star-drocoul of thee that sends us blind!
The very soul
of impressions. Joyce is always a poet
The ridiculous and therefore awake. The ridiculous
"dreaminess" poets are condescendingly dis"dreaminess" poets are condescendingly dis-
credited with must be denied once and for credited with mutderstood once and for all
all. Let it be under that only poets are awake, aware. The rest of the world is unbroken sleep. The rest or will only waken when it hears the
world whe of
phets. That is, the rest of the poets' trumpets. That is, the it will never world
waken, because poets don't use trumpets. Indeed, in order to hear each other, poets
must stoke irrawaddying in their aars. must stoke irrawadaing in nally resolved:
For us the ridde is eternat Joyce broke For eggs came before Joyce but Joyce broke them up and turned Humpty Dumpty into Hamlet.
VERBIRRUPTA FOR JAMES JOYCE

> RUPTA FOR By Eugene Jolas

The music of the night goes in a pilgrimage to runes. It is a titanic river You flows through jungles of geography. You throw a gramers. You harness the white of shemletters. You
planets. Many miracles wait in the mountains. Gracehopers listen to canticles sunstone. Oor-forests gililes in a saga of tory birds. A haloes.

Die Stimme der Daemonen glaubt nicht Die Stimme der Daemoner Schlaf weint
an die Zeit. Ein Erosser Stor ueber Felix Culprit. Der Doch wie schoen ist mel woelbt sich wid. Des Urvogels Eingegraben
der Fluegel des in die Schaefte sind Funkel-Hieroglte Aug Es ist ein Allallahbad, und das drite Aeltenschimmerblickt auf die Syntax
Wenn die Kelten nicht mehr wein baumes. Wenn suchen sie uralte Flammen in
en koennen, en koennen, sen
den Vielglockenwundern
III.
Le vocabulaire se casse en deux. Les Le vocabulaire se casse en deux. Les
mots invariables s'exilent. Les mervilles mots invariab avec des tambours dans les ruelles du sommeil. L'adjective se trouve
révolte contre le verbe qui traine les en révolte contre le verbe qui cost un modes et les temps
choeur de participes qui se rue contre le choeur
château des foules. Toutes les conjonctions sont assassinées pariennent des orminuit. Les voyelles
cles et chantent une insurrection de la acles erypte des snuffrances. IV.
Apocalyptic birds thunder hologhost. Apocayplish the smaragd tower of solar words. In the solitude of granite they fash into a myth of no-time. They hin into vagabond space. They filsh-1.kter
to expiation. Man stands stricken before to expingness. All the plants and animals nothingness. Allabes of taboos and embryos of fear. Moons butterfy into les and dances. The seasons abylonian
Silver ballets clingclang into bable Silver ballets cling
. Tlanetary rain.

# A Footnote to "Work in Progress" <br> by Stuart Gilbert 

## FROM "WORK IN PROGRESS"

 (Continued from page one)Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his
secred word with a ball up his ear to the secred word with a ball up his ear to the
Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's
hurold dispitchback. Dispatch desployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Ayi, ayi,
tity
Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou! Damn fairy ann, Voutre, Willingdone. That was the first joke of Willingdone, tic for tac.
Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in his welvemile cowchooks footing the camp for he'd as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Rooshious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is the blessed. This is jinnies in the bonny bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the Willingdone, y the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre! (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is panickburns.
This is Willingdone cry. Brum! Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Ghoat strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away dowan a bunkersheels. With a trip on a trip on a trip so airy. vor plate for citchin the crapes in the vor plate for citchin the crapes in the
cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the marathon merry of
the jinnies they left behind them. This is the jinnies they left behind them. This is
the Willingdone branlish his same marmorthe Willingdone branlish his same marmor-
ial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po on the rinnaway jinnies. This is the pettiest of the way jinnies. This is the pettiest of the
lipoleums. Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone is an
old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice ald maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice
hung bushellors. This is hiena hinnessy hung bushellors. This is hiena hinnessy s lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy. This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy.
This is the wixy old Willingdone iip. This is the wixy old Willingdone of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddlefilth. This is hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums up the Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hitl This is the same white harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, waggling his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of ipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo seeboy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullsrag! Foul!) jump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentleman tinders his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shim. This is the dooforhim seeboy blow
the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums off to the top of the tail on the back of his big white harse. Tip. (Bullseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the

[^0]For his Work in Progress James Joyce heroes of all nations appear on a road outemploys at once a new literary form and a side Dublin, an Irish Appian Way. The ties in its perusal. The form of diffcul- curtain rises on a nightscape of the PhoenProgress (so far as can be judged from ix Park (once a parade-ground of British that portion of the work-a little more than isk inscribed with the names of for flung half-which has till now been published) battlefields. Like Noah, H. C. E. generexactly ordered to a carefully planned and ally moves to a rainbow accompaniment, ancient but abiding folk-tunes, For it is in a septuple uniform, his seven spectral at the paradox of this work to be at once fan castic and extremely symmetrical; nothing "free writing," yet a reader's first impres sion is one of confusion, a vivid welter of vetment hides the steel frame beneath The effect is one of polyphons; them. flow one above the other as in a fugue the printed words represent a series of cross-sections, chords. Syllabic sounds are
treated as units which reassembled so as to convey a host of mean ings in a single vocable. A slight vowel change may suffice to bring up the required nuance, or-and this is where the plain or root is sot to stumble-the basic word recognition. Ulysses was the epic of a day; Work in Progress is a nocturne, the stuff of dreams. The time dimension falls into abeyance, as in sleep; personalities far removed in time
are merged in each other and, similarly the scene of action is at once specific world-wide.
The passage now reprinted in Contempo in Progress and was oning pages of Work in Transition, No. 1 (Aprill 1927) texture is comparatively simple and its humour exoteric. In the first paragraph we discover the gigantic protagonist, the strong man of any given situation, a Vercingetor-
ix, Adam, Sitric Silkenbeard King of Dublin), Noah, Dunlo Danish Tyres, Peter the Great, the 'Boss' of a big modern brewery, newspaper etc. Two of his nonce-names are Here Comes Every-
body and H. C. Earwicker (alia O'Reilly, an Irish perce-oreille). Perss itials H. C. E., once familiar as those in a pompous minister in Gladstonian times (Hugh Childers Erskine), often serve to indicate his presence, as in Hic cubat edof Howth near Dublin avatars is the Hill of Howth near Dublin , (there is an allu-
sion to this in the word "Whooth?") side him we find Anna Livia Plurabelle his river wife, the eternal feminine, one of whose vehicles is the Dublin Liffey. A. L. P. is a gay little old woman who trips along
to a lilt of rollicking dactyls. Dublin is the ostensible s. action in Work in Progress as in Ulysses; for, despite its ubiquity, the Joycean cosmorama is quaintly camouflaged in local colours. As in the Notti Romane of Verri,
Romans of all the ages forgather by night around the tomb of the Scipios, in a some-
what similar way not only Dubliners but
tributes being sometimes his liaisons, some times the branches of his business, or publican as well as brewer.
It may be of interest in passing to record the manner in which this prelude to the queer battle-scene which follows was sug gested to the author. A friend sent him a Penrith), compiled by a Cumberland rec tor, which described and depicted a sepulchre with a tall headstone and a smaller Mr. Joyce the feet; his friend proposed to Mr. Joyce a big tailoring job; to make the
giant's suit of prose giant's suit of prose. The challenge was
accepted, and here we see the burial place of H. C. E. (a gigas, "earthborn," returned to Mother Gaea), his head the Hill of Howth (Danish: hoved, a head), his fee under the Magazine Mound in Phoenix neath Dublin City; with his wife, the faith ful river, flowing at his side
As the mist rises, we find ourselves near famous battlefield in the "waterloose country." A garrulous guide, her palm ustended for the frequent pourboire, Wellington (a Dubliner; H. C. E. as th conquering hero) on his charger, Copen hagen, directing the battle. We hear the war-cries of French, Prussians, Belgian
and read the "Jinnies'" despatch: Lieber Arthur, wir siegen. Wie geht's deiner
kleinen Frau? Hochachtend, while a Bel gian sneaks a fillup from his bottle of Til siter, surprisingly labelled Arthur Guinness
Sons \& Company, Limited. Presenty the Sons \& Company, Limited. Presently
Belgians decide to foutre le camp and hear their twelve-league gumboots (cow-
chooks) clucking drinkasip, drankasup, chooks) clucking drinkasip, drankasu across the "bluddlefilth" (battlefield). A modern student of the Battle of Water
loo may well be amazed at the extreme con fusion of those one-day conflicts, the mis-
fith understandings and difficulty in transmit ting despatches, the fact that when ever man was needed it was possible for a
whole corps to be marched to and fro, in whole corps to be marched to and fro,
compliance with orders and counter-orders, compliance with orders and counter-or. This
without ever getting into the fight. confusion is reproduced in the Joyceay narrative; for example, Copenhagen, a bay,
seems here to be a white horse (like Na seems here to be a white horse (1he this
poleon's Marengo) ; curiously enough poleon's Marengo); curiously enoug
very error was made in a popular Engligh print of the time; and, again, the con
fusion of tongues in Wellington's army is fusion of tongues in Wellington's army is recalled here by the polyglot jeux de no
in the text. in the text.
We see "missile troons"-"Up, Guards
and at them!"-"bawn blooches" of the

Prussians, rote hase of the French, and in the cries of the combatants "Ghoat strip Finnlambs" (Gott strafe England), "Pour la Paix," we for
wrath to come.
Interwoven with the texture of this passage (which, of course, contains a number age (which, of course, conther than a bare
of themes and allusions other résumé of the Battle of Waterloo) is a pattern which persists throughout the sodes of Work in Progress-a group of multiple personages comps three male followers, a manservant (here the Belchum) and a serving woman (here the narrator) The name "Jinnies" involves an a notorious "Publish and be damned!"-to a this ducal intrigue; it is significant a verb in seemingly plaral nere is a reference to the
the singular. The dove and raven sent forth by Noah (H. Cd E.) in the "jinnies a cooin her han" and
the "jinnies a ravin her hair"; the two the "jinnies a ravin her hair"; the
"quitewhite villajettes"-the two (quitewhite aillajes one)-are other avaloften regarded of the third element of the patter group.

Hinnessy and Those comic cornermen, Hinnessy (familiar Dooley, alias Shem and Progress: Jean qui
figures in Work in Pa third figures in Work in Progre and Jean qui rit), blend into a thir pleurson between them, a Hinn-Doo seebin (Hin crying Ap pukkarul Pukkan, that "born dustani), stable ghentleman, the trio of "lipoleums" (Shem and Shaun again, with a shadow Shird between them) : Napoleon three- an is famous headgear. So "scotcher grey," inimyskilling ing", yet another trinity,
"davy stooping"-ytley pageant which deploy within the motley pageant wisce. streams across this ${ }_{*}^{\text {Rabela }}{ }_{*}^{*}$ *
 here is a curothel closes her printed waist,
$\mathrm{m}^{\prime}$ of a bred akimbo against her was of ear which, folded akimbo acrumpled tirade in the ears of mutters a crwork in Progress Bloom. Work fhose $d$ to such a folded with an akasic recor surface is inscribed with anan progress, its of all the stages ond decline, illusions that cycles of growth and then revive, its was flourish, war, utopias each and no more, ultimates idencursor, no less and no mortes, world without
 end. A come in, which onlt or even symlowns can take in earnest mormers, apostles pathetically. Moralists,
meaction, all alike are mockof progress phantoms of their proteus, contrives to ed by primal matter, a Proteus, leaves them
 gaping at pantren beach of Pharos. Parress
upon the barre the author of Work in Pror of the apon the the author of the old man of the to weave a grotesquer
tides, marlequinade.
nic harlequ
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## Joyce for Beginners

James Joyce and the Plain Reader, by Charles Duff. 72 pages. Two
London, Desmond
Harmsworth
This booklet has a fault: Mr. Duff, in is effort to make things plain to the plain reader, often makes passages of Olysses ordinary. For instance, his relation on page 16 of Stephen Daedalus's conduct of his
"The boys are fond of him, though they regard him as the sort of a person whos leg can well be pulled without risk of dan ger. Thus, in the middle of the lesson a
of them asks him to tell them a story, an of them asks immediately taken up by another wh suggests that it be a ghost story. A moment later the work is rorgoter It is alto master asks dery Dublin classroom atmosgether a
phere, and the time is whiled away with harmless exchanges of wit and wes."
This brings it down to the ground. The boys, when they spoke of a ghost story ha penetrated to Stephen the riddle that he death of his mother; the risession. The
asks has to do with that obsen scene is really a prelude to the brothe scene, and Mr. Duff by putting it on this plane has emptied it of signicuance epiis true that he does not make of things sode so ordinary. lower, plane, of an unacknowledgment that the wricer accompanies is being dealt with is a poet, accompanies my reader.
Reader.
There is an argument in the booklet that There is an argument it is to the effect
am glad to see made: that Joyce's mind is not tragic, but genial and comic, and that to a great extent, for not altogether, James Joyce has great power of extravagant comedy-Lice the first rank himself is a comic grander piece of humor--and writing than is in the scene when Bloom comes into conflict withe first to the in the public house. From Dublin "bowsie" last word spoken by episode is comic in who relates it, enaracter and action. And Mr language, Doyce's works is more genial than two minds
decessors. However, he is in tw bibliogradecessors. However, he is his bibliogra-
about Work in Progress. In his
 novel," but in the text he of nonsense-
it may be "a superb piece of it may be "a superb pies 'giantism of Irish-
prose springing from the prose spring an item flung at the heads
ness'....an
rritics, a breed very heartily detested by critics, a breed very heart detestation of
Joyce." Now, Joyce has no dong to give the critics. And it is very wrong to shas nonsuggestion that Work in
any way with the non-intellectual exer cises of Gertrude Stein. It is based on remarkable idea and it is being given
markable organization. We should read it in the way we look on tapestry-the fig ures and natural objects are different from what they would be on canvas-less repre-
whatational, more full of suggestion, emerging from and merging into each other. have flways considered that Joyce's primary distinction is in his power to reveal
hat George Santayana names "essences"what George Santayana names "essences"-
tha timeless aspect of the things we can disthe timeless aspect of the MacDowell as she
appars on the beach at Sandymount (not
atowth as Mr. Duff supposes). The mind appears on the beach at Sandymount (not
Howth as Mr. Duff supposes). The mind
an that is shown us is the mind oked at with ry adolescent girl. But looked at girl comprehension, an orre creature or thing, a
has, like every other
timeless aspect: the bell rings for the anhas, like espet: the bell rings for the an-
timeless asp gelus in the Star of the Sea chapel, a mem-
ory of the Odyssey is brought to us, and ory of the Odyssey is brought to us, and
we see Gertie as Nausicaa, the eternal we see Gertie as Nin. The technique by
young girl, the Virgin. which Joyce reveals the "essences" is all
his own, but his perception of them may
maich his own, but his perception of traing which Mr. Duff and others take note of-his
training in Catholic philosophy. "Always Mr. Durf and Catholic philosophy. "Always
training ine corner, but strangely out of
round the sight," says George Santayana in noting the support that he has for his doctrine of essences, "is Catholic philosophy." It is
absurd to imagine that either Clongowes absurd to imagine that either Clongowes
or University College, Dublin, led their or University College, Dubin, ece; the
students into the realm of essence students into the realm of essence, the in metaphysics than any other teachers there have: Joyce must have discovered that realm for himself. But he got some
support for his feeling about it from the support for his feeling abous, and, probably,
aesthetic of Saint Thomas, from certain Catholic practices: the Mass, after all, is a solemn revelation of "es-
and so are the sacraments. On sences," and so are the sacraments. On
this side, too, there has to be taken into this side, too, there has to be taken -an objection which a proud spirit in a defeated and frustrated country might easily find in himself. "History, or the denial of reality, for they are two names for one
thing, may be said to be that which deceives the whole world," he declared in a youthful essay published in his college magazine. This lack of interest in the suc-
cession of ages, this insistence upon what cession of ages, this insistence upon what
is timeless, leads him to telescope Ithaka is timeless, leads him
and Dublin in Ulysses and Abraham and Daniel O'Connell in Work in Progress. There is a section of the reading public
to whom Stuart Gilbert's Beedaker to to whom Stuart Gilbert's Baedaker to Ulysses is likely to seem too formidable.
To them this booklet may be recommended. The author is fortunate in having Herbert Read's prefatory letter for his volume. ry adolescent girl. But looked at eht," says George Santayana in ead's presatory loth
$=1$

4-
would snap it. If you offered him a penny for his thoughts he could rarely give you your money's worth. For he neither hears nor watchen himself thinking. His mono-
logue is inaudible even to himself. Each fragment is no sooner formed than dissipated like a puff of smoke.
In a monologue of Browning, Proust or Dostioewski the hero more or less deliberaterves sets out to think and, thinking, obintense or trivial, unfold itself. Such monologues are premeditated, stage-managed by the author. The result is a selfconscious record, and 'studied' like the con-
duct of a self-conscious duct $\stackrel{\text { pan }}{\text { E }}$ Edouard Dujardin, like Joyce, watches each vagrant fancy, each member of the
swarm of thoughts, in freedom an art a special gift is needed, a faculty for patient, unobtrusive observation, akin to that of a skilled watcher of animal be-
haviour. A flair for the least movement the merest rustle in the undergrowth, and a curious sleight of mind are the qualities which distinguish creators of the monologue intérieur from the writer of soliloquy or dramatic self-revelation, who, it seems,
must catch and cage his specimens befor he can observe them. (Readers who may wish to study the history of the silent monologue in detail will find an excellent account of it in Le Monologue Intérieur, by E. Dujardin (Messein, Paris).

But, in literature as elsewhere, example
does more than precept can, and I some extracts from an unpublishad append lish version of Les Lauriers (made by thpresent writer some years ago) which, it is hoped, despite the handicap of translation, may convey something of the charm and versatility of the silent monologue
created by M. Dujardin forty-five ago. ${ }_{\text {Her }}^{\text {ago. }}$ Here, for example, we watch the young
man preparing for a visit to his "High time to start dressing; first of all, a clean shirt; my coat, there, on the
bed; next, waistcat, on the bed too; now
for the dressing-room; it's reall the
 candes are reflected in that wide glass
above the dressing-table; straw-coloured
walls; the big basin, white fill walls; the big basin, white, filled woured
water; a few drops of musk in it, just a
couple; shirt on the peg; it's a good thing water; a few drops of musk in it, just a
couple; shirt on the peg; it's a good thing
I dont wear flannel shirts. theo look
ridiculous; the sponge; cold to the look so ridiculous; the sponge; cold, to the hand the
water is; my head down in the water, brrr!
Fine sensation that, one's head down in Fine sensation that, one's head down in in
cool splashing water that gurgles slippery
sliding all over it; ears buzging fol cool splashing water that gurgles slinpery
siling all over it; ears buzzing, full of
water, eyes closed first, then open in the
greeness, skin tingling all greeness, skin tingling all on open in the sort of a
thrill it gives one, almont like a caress.
The sea th is summer, delightful to

 coo ripple of the good water, just a heck,
of perfume in it, along my chest
now; got shaved about noon, that towel
to do for the day ill have now; got shaved about noon, that will have
to do for the day if only I were a dab at
shaving but, there, one never shaves one-
self well and 1 I'd look hopeless with a beard.
Presentable now Presentable now; yes, one should always
be prepared; I shall be at Leah's presently,
and supposing, just supposing she asked
me to stay the night, great that would be!
I wonder I I wonder, I wonder ... Where's that hair-
brush got to? It's curious how women of easy virtue can put up with how women or Tom, Dick
or Harry; oh, after all, we're not so or Harry; oh, after all, we're not so
damned particular ourselves. Fine clean-
up that was; excellent quick now, get my up that was; excellent; quick now, net my
clothes on; might catch a cold; a white clothes on; might catch a cold; a white
shirt; quickly does it; sleeve-links, studs;
nice nire thuickly does it; sleeve-links, studs,
sense, must get this clean linen; no nonsense, must get on with it; the bedroom
now; my tie; thone braces are hideous,
wonder what possesser now; my tie; those braces are hideous,
wonder what possessed me to bu them;
waistcoat; watch in the pocket; my coat; waistcoat; watch in the pocket; my coat,
forgot to dust my boots, oh, let it in no, no,
just a fick of the clothes-brush; it's only a
 put on my coat now; is my tie straight?
Yes, all's well and $I$ am ready; can go go
now; handkerchief amd now; handkerchief, card-case, quite all
right; what's the time? Half-past eight right; what's the time? Half-past eight
only; too soon to start; better sit down
there in there, in the easy-chair; better sit down
wait. How hour to
How quiet it is here! There's nothwait. How quiet it is here! There's noth-
ing to beat it old chap, a little siesta in a
comfortable comfortable chair, after a a quarter of an
hour dressing and a good wash in cold
And now the hero is walking through And now the hero is walking through
the Paris streets on his way to meet his
lady-love lady-love.
hurry up is isier here, Place Clichy; must
always wallys; , thicker shadows tows on the pave pavement
wh, here we have the ah, here we have the afterdusks, three of
them, chatting together they haven't no them, chatting together; they haven't no
ticed me; she's quite young that one, slen ticed mo, she's quite young that one, slen-
der, bold eyes; killing, the lips she has!
In a bare room, ihapeless, high up, grey
and bare by an a bare room, shapeless, high up, grey
and bare, by smoky candlelight, where all
the noises of the street the noises of smeky candlelight, whe street are muted; yes, a,
high narrow room, low bed, chair, tabbe, high narrow room, low bed, chair, table,
grey walls; and in the ruck of the bed a
kneeling beast, with roving, lustful lips, a kneeling beast, winth roving, lustful lips, a
panting, groaning creature
now; . Near her panting, groaning creature. . . Near he
now; she's talking; the three of them on
the pavem now; she's talking; the three of them on
the pavement together, not attending to
customers to tomorrow, deuce take it customers; to-morrow, deuce take it
there's that lecture to attend, my course
in three mone in three months the exam-of course I I shall
get my pass. get my pass; grod-bye to freedom then
have to settle down on my job; hullo, regu
lar cose have to settle down on my job; hullo, regu-
lare covey of the girls I've run into here;
the café; young people going in that felthe café; young poople going in; that fel-
low is is ike my tailor; supposing I met some the
pal; but it's better to be alone to roam the pal; but it'sy bettior to supposing I I met some to rome
streen the one
just a to a topping evening like to-night, streets on a topping evening like to-nigh
just as one pleases, anywhere. Now sha
dows of the leaves, are the as phalt ond ane a leaves are restless on the are as rising; the pave-
ments are shining, bone-dry over there a party of young girls, tall, slender, fascin-
ating they look there; some children, too ating they look there; some children, moon
the house-fronts are sparkling, the mon
has sets has set; a murrure in the air;, it's vagu
sounds all mixed up a murmur .. sounds, all murmur in the air; a murmur
Lovely month, April! And what a night to month, April! Alt along like this, jut a jot as one
fancies, think
alone!, think of nothing, alone, all
Now he is waiting in the lady's salon on
their return form their return from a midnight drive along the boulevards; a truly 'Bloomish' passage,
this! this!
"So here I am back in the drawing-rom
again; only, an hour ago and how different
it was! It's a certainty Leah will invite it was! IIt's a certainty Leah will invite
me to stay, sure thing; otherwise why ank
me to wait while she is undressing? She's me to wait while she is undressing? There's
in such a kind mod this evening. The the
no possible doubt about it, I'm to stay the no possible doubt about it, I'm to stay ther
night. Why to-night, I, wonder ratht?
than another? Still -why not to-night?
No shatow of doutht, she wants me to stay;
thrilling this moment is! Fancy, in a few No shadow of doubt, she wants me to a few
thrilining this moment is! Fancy, in
minutes she will call me, I shall return to
In minutes she will call me, I shall returiken
her room, loosen those long scented silken
garments of hers and presentlv .. in her
 preautions white I'm alone; must be
nearly six hours since that lavatory in the
ne nearly six hours since that lavatory in the
Boulevard Sebastopol; the privy here is on
the left of the hall; one should feel at ease Boulevard Sebastopol; the
the left of the hall ; one should fel at ease
on these amorous occasions; ware making on these amorous occasions; , wrd going out,
a noise though, mustrn't be heard
the hall lamp should be lit, anyhow I have matches, oppen the door now; hush, n'
noise; tip-toe out; good business, the light's noise; tip-toe out; good business, the her he-
on, door ajar; rememer gentemane re-
quested to adjust for this relief-and very
 needful it was; I leave the
found itt the drawing-room door, softly
does it; here we are; capital, no
dene
con does it; here we are; capit,
have heard, and now let's,
a while in this armchair."
Alas, yet once again, the minx denies her favours and the tale closes on the young man's vow (which, we shrewdy guain en will not ke
deavours.
deavours.
"Why why did I again try to possess
her ? Once more she has eluded me.... her ? Once more she has elude hat. hat.
Must go; my coat at at -A revoir, she says.
three
Holding the candlestick, she opens the
we drawing-room
cross the hall.

No, I will never see her again; neuld it Noin must I see her; what use would all
age? All is over now and done with, all
bet look possibility of love between us, and her white unforgettable possibinity beauty, her white und hor hand.
on her but her beauty, as now.
-Au revoir.
-Au revoir. smiles au revoir, while
Friendly she shis lambent on her,", How different from this diminuendo ins he minor, like the pale close of a der cadence prelude, is the triumphal major Magnif that ends Ulysses,
cat!



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