Volume III. Number 13 February 15, 1934, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Ten Cents a Copy

From "Work in Progress"

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. ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang the the flag of the Prooshious. Up with your pike and the Crossgun! Fine!) (Bullsfoot! is the triplewon hat of Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdon on his same white harse, the Cokenhape. 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 goliar's goloshes and his pulluponeasyon wartrews. This is his his wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an inimyskilling inglis, ing use scotcher grey, this is a davy stoop-

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

Bu 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-

(Continued 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

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A Review of Books and Personalities

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PUBLISHING ULYSSES

(Continued from page one)

gled into the country in ever increasing numbers, and the literary reputation of the book grew apace, but from a strictly legal standpoint, the taboo remained absolute and unchallenged.

The idea of a new fight to remove the federal ban on Ulysses came from the last place in the world one might have expected-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 mightiest sky-scrapers there is hidden a brokerage office that is unlike any other I have seen, and is presided over by two of the most remarkable figures in this town. One of them is named Irving Sartorius, famous in Yale crew annals, and today noted for his uncanny skill 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 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 tickers, for an old Southern club, with a liveried 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-

Into this rather precious atmosphere I was summoned one day in December 1931, by Mr. Kastor himself. He had watched the progress of Random House since its first book had appeared in 1927. (I recognized some of our books, in fact, on the shelves behind him while he spoke to me. Two volumes of the Nonesuch Shakespeare, I remember, were on Mr. Sartorius' desk). He believed that the time had come to make the fight for Ulysses in America. He was leaving for Europe in a few weeks to visit his sister Helen, who is married to James Joyce's son. Would we like him to tell Mr. Joyce that Random House was ready to take up the battle?

Would we!

I tore uptown, talked the matter over with Donald Klopfer, my partner, and before five that evening we were closeted with Morris Ernst, the lawyer, outlining a contract to offer to Mr. Joyce, and laying the plans for the legal battle that lay be-

Mr. Kastor sailed for Europe early in February, and pleaded our case with such eloquence before Joyce that he signed a contract with us early in March. The advance that we paid him on the signing of the contract was the first money he had ever received from America for the book that is universally recognized as one of the most important of all time!

I need not detail here the legal complications and delays that followed. Suffice it to say that Morris Ernst, and his assistant, Alexander Lindey, handled the case from beginning to end with consummate brilliance. They collected letters and opinions from hundreds of famous educators, literary lights, preachers, and industrial leaders. They gathered testimonials from librarians in every corner of the country pleading for the end of legal restrictions on the book. They dug up copies not only of the eleven books that have been written about Ulysses here and in England, but of hundreds of magazines containing articles on the book as well. When Judge John Woolsey finally held a public hearing on the case, in late November, 1933, Ernst and Lindey had built up a case that was complete in every detail.

Even then, we were not sure of our ground. We dared not begin setting up the book for fear that an adverse decision would leave us with expensive plates on our hands; the cost of setting up such a book as Ulysses is enormous. Our book was designed, however, and we were ready to rush into production on a moment's no-

Judge Woolsey's decision was read to us over the telephone on the morning of December 6-almost two years to the day from the time we had first discussed the possibilities of Ulysses with Mr. Kastor. And what a decision it was! No evasions,

no beating about the bush here! Judge Woolsey had struck a blow for the freedom of literature from noxious censorship that I believe will make him famous for all time. Ten minutes after we knew the decision, the typesetters were working on the first page of Ulysses.

How many copies of Ulysses will we sell in 1934? Everyone asks us the same question. It's anybody's guess. The book is not easy reading. Smuthounds will drop 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 as 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 full copy of Judge Woolsey's monumental decision. Our proofreaders have discovered 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? My own guess would be about 50,000 in the first year, and a steady sale of a few thousand each year thereafter.

I hope that Mr. Kastor will phone for me soon again!

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Dream in Progress

By RICHARD THOMA

So there is music in the names of rivers, but a reading of Anna Livia Plurabelle is proof there is more. No one will deny Joyce is a super-punster, but Cocteau is always right and he has written: "Sans calembours, sans devinettes, il n'y a pas d'art serieux . . . Tout chef-d'oeuvre est fait d'aveux cachés, de calculs, de calembours hautains, d'étranges devinettes." It is easy to say Nile to one's self, or Amazon, or even Congo—and thereby mentally conjure up vivid lands and sunburst flowers and poison; but Joyce is not satisfied with that. Joyce is a classicist. With Anna Livia before him, who does not come to the realisation that he has felt the tigris eye, that he has known the gangres of sin or that he has suffered from neuphrates? I speak of men. Who does not remember that he has heard a savage green voice in himself: Oronoko!—and who does not recall the lazy human mañana of his own reply: Garonne, garonne . . . first thing in These questions are addressed to the the marne . . .

elect. One cannot be concerned with the ignorant, though one must remain horribly conscious of their fat wormy presence, of their adjustment to frightfully difficult mechanical contrivances such as the locomotive and the airplane and then their self-denial to such pleasures as reading and appreciating anything as comparatively simple and smooth as Joyce. No doubt the ignorant worship propulsion but cannot abide transport. They accuse Joyce, on their wild reckless rocketing east and west and roundabout, of tours de force. Some retrogress so far as to call them tours de faibless. Joyce cannot be read on trains, they say. Airplanes abhor Joyce. They will never see Joyce is a train, a monastery. No doubt the truth of the matter is in tours d'ivoire, rare and inviolable and therefore valuable and admirable. But the ignorants' ignorance is exasperating and I wish I could wipe them off the face of the earth—along with a few others. The of the earth along with a few others. The inevitable conclusion is that the acceptance of motors requires only an act of hypocrisy of motors requires only an act of hypocrisy on the part of the world while the accepton the part of the world while the acceptance of Joyce requires an act of faith in one's self.

But this is not a free world. The elect

But this is not a free world. The elect shall come into their own measures, when shall come into their own measures, when the aunes of others shall be worth no more. the aunes of others shall be worth no more.

And the human cows shall be fed on leaves

And the human cows until they hurst their and And the human cows shall be fed on leaves of green chaos until they burst their ud-

of green chaos until they purst their ud.

of green chaos until they purst their ud.

ders and die.

ders and burst udders are history and when all they have and when all they have and when all they have a like the past they have a like they ha All the past burst udders are history and that our inheritance. And when all that that our milk of human kine that history venomous milk of cultivated mind at a through a cultivated mind at a venomous milk of human kine that history is passes moment it is hecause the mind had a is passes through a cultivated mind at a cultivated mind has because the mind has precise moment, it is because the mind has directed to precise that it shall and has directed to precise the precise that it is shall and has directed to precise that the pr precise moment, it is because the mind has directed the that it shall and has directed the chosen that it shall promodifiation there moment. Without premeditation there can the dark and unpunished only be crime in the dark areful nlanning to the dark are the dark only be crime in the dark and unpunished only be crime in the careful planning to respect to the careful planning to the putrescence. The putrescence order a first-class funeral, when the respective order a generalship.

corpse's raison d'etre is motherhood. Joyce has nothing in Borniol's garden. The latter is a mortician but Joyce is a gynecologist. Both go about different things in the same way. They first bury the world. Borniol forgets it in Pere Lachaise. Joyce exhumes it in Phoenix Park.

And there Anna Liffeys by, attracting the seas and the rivers, acting magnetically upon the fleuve Amour and the Styx alike, drawing their plural talents into her pregnant belly. It only takes a moment and the result is a poem. Why should it take longer? The existence of all our earth is but a second to any god and that that second is centuries long has nothing to do with time. There is everything rotten in

The poem is Anna Livia. It is a poem clockwork. for the awake. Joyce has been accused of "rising above his medium." This is a lie. When one rises above one's medium, one enters a new state—no longer the one one "rose above." By his use of language, Joyce does not enter a "dream state" but a state for composing dreams for the awake by welding together a previous dissociation

HOME OLGA

By SAMUEL BECKETT

I might be made sit up for a jade of hope (and exile, don't you know)

And Jesus and Jesuits juggernauted in the Modo et forma anal maiden, giggling to haemorrhoidal isle,

E for the erythrite of love and silence and

Swoops and loops of love and silence in the eye of the sun and view of the mew, Juvante Jah and a Jain or two and the tip of a friendly yiddophile.

O for an opal of faith and cunning winking adieu, adieu, adieu; Yesterday shall be to-morrow, riddle me

Che sarà sarà che fu, there's more than

Homer knows how to spew, Exempli gratia: ecce himself and the pickthank agnus-e.o.o.e.

TO JAMES JOYCE, MASTER BUILDER

By WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Thou who hast gazed beyond the sight of Thou (having pinioned to a lonely height,

So that we groundlings groping in the Know not the lucent glories of thy ken) Hast brought the wondrous tracings of thy

To blaze a trail beyond a human's might To follow it. Thy words are suns alight, As we pass darkling over moor and fen. Stumbling, chaotic for the furious rays And incundescence of thy blistering thought. O Master, teach us as a child is taught, That we may catch a glimmer of thy days On star-drenched Helicon, to bring to mind The very soul of thee that sends us blind!

of impressions. Joyce is always a poet and therefore awake. The ridiculous "dreaminess" poets are condescendingly discredited with must be denied once and for all. Let it be understood once and for all that only poets are awake, aware. The rest of the world is unbroken sleep. The world will only waken when it hears the poets' trumpets. That is, the rest of the world will never be broken; it will never waken, because poets don't use trumpets. Indeed, in order to hear each other, poets must stoke irrawaddying in their aars.

For us the riddle is eternally resolved: the eggs came before Joyce but Joyce broke them up and turned Humpty Dumpty into Hamlet.

VERBIRRUPTA FOR JAMES JOYCE By EUGENE JOLAS

The music of the night goes in a pilgrimage to runes. It is a titanic river that flows through jungles of geography. You throw a grammatical seines into cascades of shemletters. You harness the white planets. Many miracles wait in the mountains. Gracehopers listen to canticles of sunstone. Oor-forests glint with migratory birds. A calendar smiles in a saga of haloes. TT.

Die Stimme der Daemonen glaubt nicht an die Zeit. Ein grosser Schlaf weint ueber Felix Culprit. Der glaeserne Himmel woelbt sich wild. Doch wie schoen ist der Fluegel des Urvogels! Eingegraben in die Schaefte sind Funkel-Hieroglyphen. Es ist ein Allallahbad, und das dritte Auge schimmerblickt auf die Syntax des Weltenbaumes. Wenn die Kelten nicht mehr weinen koennen, suchen sie uralte Flammen in den Vielglockenwundern des Regenbogens. TII.

Le vocabulaire se casse en deux. Les mots invariables s'éxilent. Les merveilles s'annoncent avec des tambours dans les ruelles du sommeil. L'adjective se trouve en révolte contre le verbe qui traîne les modes et les temps dans la boue. C'est un choeur de participes qui se rue contre le château des foules. Toutes les conjonctions sont assassinées par le disciple de minuit. Les voyelles deviennent des oracles et chantent une insurrection de la crypte des souffrances.

TV

Apocalyptic birds thunder hologhost. They demolish the smaragd tower of solar words. In the solitude of granite they flash into a myth of no-time. They hail into vagabond space. They flish-flutter into expiation. Man stands stricken before nothingness. All the plants and animals kneel before syllables of taboos and embryos of fear. Moons butterfly into jungles and dances. The seasons collapse. Silver ballets clingclang into babylonian rumors of earthnight.

The proverbs of pigeons will hiss in a planetary rain.

(Continued from page one) Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his secred word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hurold dispitchback. Dispatch desployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Ayi, ayi, avi! 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 twelvemile cowchooks footing the camp for the jinnies. Drinkasip, drankasup, 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 Canon Futter with the popynose. This is the blessed. This is jinnies in the bonny bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the Willingdone. by 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. This is me Belchum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor 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 Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po on the rinnaway innies. 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 hung bushellors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing alout at the Willingdone. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy. This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the half of the threefoiled hat 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 tail on the buckside of his white harse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, waggling his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo seeboy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullsrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, up-Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentleman tinders his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shim. This is the dooforhim seeboy blow off to the top of the tail on the back of his big white harse. Tip. (Bullseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out.

This excerpt from Work in Progress is rethanks are due.

A Footnote to "Work in Progress"

employs at once a new literary form and a new technique of words; hence the diffculties in its perusal. The form of Work in Progress (so far as can be judged from that portion of the work—a little more than half-which has till now been published) may be likened to a carefully planned and exactly ordered fantasia, based on a set of ancient but abiding folk-tunes. For it is the paradox of this work to be at once fantastic and extremely symmetrical; nothing could be further from the super-realist "free writing," yet a reader's first impression is one of confusion, a vivid welter of ideas and free associations. A baroque revetment hides the steel frame beneath.

The effect is one of polyphony: themes 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 can be moulded or reassembled so as to convey a host of meanings in a single vocable. A slight vowel change may suffice to bring up the required nuance, or-and this is where the plain reader is apt to stumble—the basic word or root is sometimes deformed out of easy 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, a famous battlefield in the "waterloose the scene of action is at once specific and world-wide.

The passage now reprinted in CONTEMPO is taken from the opening pages of Work in Progress and was originally published in Transition, No. 1 (April, 1927). Its 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 Vercingetorix, Adam, Sitric Silkenbeard (the Danish King of Dublin), Noah, Dunlop of the Tyres, Peter the Great, the 'Boss' of a big modern brewery, newspaper etc. Two of his nonce-names are Here Comes Everybody and H. C. Earwicker (alias Persse O'Reilly, an Irish perce-oreille). The initials H. C. E., once familiar as those of a pompous minister in Gladstonian times (Hugh Childers Erskine), often serve to indicate his presence, as in Hic cubat edilis. One of his many avatars is the Hill jump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: of Howth near Dublin , (there is an allusion to this in the word "Whooth?"). Beside him we find Anna Livia Plurabelle, his river wife, the eternal feminine, one of whose vehicles is the Dublin Liffey. A. L. the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums

P. is a gay little old woman who trips along parrative: for example, Copenhagen, a bay, to a lilt of rollicking dactyls.

Dublin is the ostensible scene of interaction 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, printed from Transition 1, by permission Romans of all the ages forgather by night of the editor and author, to whom our around the tomb of the Scipios, in a some-

For his Work in Progress James Joyce heroes of all nations appear on a road outside Dublin, an Irish Appian Way. The curtain rises on a nightscape of the Phoenix Park (once a parade-ground of British troops), dominated by the Wellington obelisk inscribed with the names of far-flung battlefields. Like Noah, H. C. E. generally moves to a rainbow accompaniment, in a septuple uniform, his seven spectral attributes being sometimes his liaisons, sometimes the branches of his business, or, again, his seven days' license, for he is 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 suggested to the author. A friend sent him a pamphlet entitled "A Giant's Grave" (at Penrith), compiled by a Cumberland rector, which described and depicted a sepulchre with a tall headstone and a smaller buttress at the feet; his friend proposed to Mr. Joyce a big tailoring job; to make the 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 feet under the Magazine Mound in Phoenix Park, and his vast frame outstretched beneath Dublin City; with his wife, the faithful river, flowing at his side.

As the mist rises, we find ourselves near country." A garrulous guide, her palm extended for the frequent pourboire, takes us around the Waterloo Museum. We see Wellington (a Dubliner; H. C. E. as the conquering hero) on his charger, Copenhagen, directing the battle. We hear the war-cries of French. Prussians, Belgians and read the "Jinnies'" despatch: Lieber Arthur, wir siegen. Wie geht's deiner kleinen Frau? Hochachtend. while a Belgian sneaks a fillup from his bottle of Tilsiter, surprisingly labelled Arthur Guinness Sons & Company, Limited. Presently the Belgians decide to foutre le camp and we hear their twelve-league gumboots (cowchooks) clucking drinkasip, drankasup, across the "bluddlefilth" (battlefield).

A modern student of the Battle of Waterloo may well be amazed at the extreme confusion of those one-day conflicts, the misunderstandings and difficulty in transmitting despatches, the fact that when every man was needed it was possible for a whole corps to be marched to and fro, in compliance with orders and counter-orders, without ever getting into the fight. This confusion is reproduced in the Joycean seems here to be a white horse (like Napoleon's Marengo); curiously enough this very error was made in a popular English print of the time; and, again, the confusion of tongues in Wellington's army is recalled here by the polyglot jeux de mots in the text.

We see "missile troops"-"Up, Guards, what similar way not only Dubliners but and at them!"—"bawn blooches" of the

Prussians, rote hose of the French, and, in the cries of the combatants "Ghoat strip Finnlambs" (Gott strafe England), "Pour la Paix," we forehear a premonition of the wrath to come.

Interwoven with the texture of this passage (which, of course, contains a number of themes and allusions other than a bare résumé of the Battle of Waterloo) is a pattern which persists throughout the episodes of Work in Progress-a group of multiple personages comprising the great leader, his wife, two girls, three male followers, a manservant (here the Belchum) and a serving woman (here the narrator). The name "Jinnies" involves an allusion-"Publish and be damned!"—to a notorious ducal intrigue; it is significant that this seemingly plural noun governs a verb in the singular. There is a reference to the dove and raven sent forth by Noah (H. C. E.) in the "jinnies a cooin her hand" and the "jinnies a ravin her hair"; the two "quitewhite villajettes"—the two Iseults (often regarded as one)—are other avatars of the third element of the pattern

Those comic cornermen, Hinnessy and group. Dooley, alias Shem and Shaun (familiar figures in Work in Progress: Jean qui pleure and Jean qui rit), blend into a third person between them, a Hinn-Doo "seeboy" crying Ap pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! (Hindustani), while Wellington, that "bornstable ghentleman," gives a light to a Cursigan Shimar Shin, the trio of "lipoleums" (Shem and Shaun again, with a shadowy third between them): Napoleon triune, like his famous headgear. Soldiers three— an "inimyskilling inglis," a "scotcher grey," a "davy stooping"—yet another trinity, deploy within the motley pageant which streams across this Rabelaisian chronicle.

In the "hallucination" episode of Ulysses there is a curious passage where the 'Madam' of a brothel closes her printed fan, which, folded akimbo against her waist, mutters a crumpled tirade in the ears of Mr. Bloom. Work in Progress may be likened to such a folded fan or polyptych whose surface is inscribed with an akasic record of all the stages of human progress, its cycles of growth and decline, illusions that flourish, decay and then revive, its wars to end war, utopias each as futile as its precursor, no less and no more, ultimates identical with antepenultimates, world without end. A comic world indeed, a world for end. A comic world indeed, a world for clowns to live in, which only the ostrichminded can take in earnest or even symminded can take in saliness of even sympathetically. Moralists, reformers, apostles pathetically. Moralists, relocations, apostles of progress or reaction, all alike are mockof progress of reaction, an anke are mocked by the phantoms of their meliorism; ed by the phantoms of their menorism; the primal matter, a Proteus, contrives to the primar matter, a frocus, contrives to slip through their fingers and leaves them slip through their ingers and leaves them gaping at panther, snake or watery mirage gaping at Panisher, shake or watery mirage upon the barren beach of Pharos . . . it upon the parter beach of Fragos . . . it was left to the author of Work in Progress was left to the author of work in Progress to weave a spell to bind the old man of the to weave a special control of the old man of the tides, a grotesquery corrival with the cosmic harlequinade.

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Joyce for Beginners PADRAIC COLUM.

James Joyce and the Plain Reader, by any way with the non-intellectual exer-Charles Duff. 72 pages. Two Shillings. cises of Gertrude Stein. It is based on a London, Desmond Harmsworth.

This booklet has a fault: Mr. Duff, in his effort to make things plain to the plain reader, often makes passages of Ulysses ordinary. For instance, his relation on page 16 of Stephen Daedalus's conduct of his class puts the whole episode on a low plane.

"The boys are fond of him, though they regard him as the sort of a person whose leg can well be pulled without risk of danger. Thus, in the middle of the lesson one of them asks him to tell them a story, an idea immediately taken up by another who suggests that it be a ghost story. A moment later the work is forgotten while the master asks his class riddles. It is altogether a very Dublin classroom atmosphere, and the time is whiled away with harmless exchanges of wit and wisdom until the hour of freedom strikes."

This brings it down to the ground. The boys, when they spoke of a ghost story had penetrated to Stephen's brooding on the death of his mother; the riddle that he asks has to do with that obsession. The scene is really a prelude to the brothel scene, and Mr. Duff by putting it on this plane has emptied it of significance. It is true that he does not make other episode so ordinary. Still, a sense of things being put on a lower plane, of an unacknowledgment that the writer whose book is being dealt with is a poet, accompanies my reading of James Joyce and the Plain

There is an argument in the booklet that I am glad to see made: it is to the effect that Joyce's mind is not tragic, but genial and comic, and that Ulysses should be read, not altogether, but to a great extent, for the fun of it. James Joyce has great power of extravagant comedy-Leopold Bloom himself is a comic creation of the first rank -and I know no grander piece of humorous writing than is in the scene where Bloom comes into conflict with the Citizen in the public house. From the first to the last word spoken by the Dublin "bowsie" who relates it, the episode is comic in its language, character and action. And Mr. Duff is right when he states that each of Joyce's works is more genial than its predecessors. However, he is in two minds about Work in Progress. In his bibliography of Joyce he puts it down as a "poetic novel," but in the text he suggests that it may be "a superb piece of nonsenseprose springing from the 'giantism of Irishness' an item flung at the heads of critics, a breed very heartily detested by Joyce." Now, Joyce has no detestation of critics. And it is very wrong to give the suggestion that Work in Progress has nonsense in it, or that it can be compared in

ures and natural objects are different from what they would be on canvas-less representational, more full of suggestion, emerging from and merging into each other. I have always considered that Joyce's primary distinction is in his power to reveal what George Santayana names "essences"the timeless aspect of the things we can distinguish. Take Kertie MacDowell as she appears on the beach at Sandymount (not Howth as Mr. Duff supposes). The mind that is shown us is the mind of an ordinary adolescent girl. But looked at with comprehension, an ordinary adolescent girl has, like every other creature or thing, a timeless aspect: the bell rings for the angelus in the Star of the Sea chapel, a memory of the Odyssey is brought to us, and we see Gertie as Nausicaa, the eternal young girl, the Virgin. The technique by which Joyce reveals the "essences" is all his own, but his perception of them may have been assisted by that training which Mr. Duff and others take note of-his training in Catholic philosophy. "Always round the corner, but strangely out of 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 or University College, Dublin, led their students into the realm of essence; the Jesuits in Ireland have no more interest 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 aesthetic of Saint Thomas, and, probably, from certain Catholic practices: the Mass, after all, is a solemn revelation of "essences," and so are the sacraments. On this side, too, there has to be taken into account Joyce's objection to history-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 succession of ages, this insistence upon what is timeless, leads him to telescope Ithaka and Dublin in Ulysses and Abraham and Daniel O'Connell in Work in Progress.

remarkable idea and it is being given re-

markable organization. We should read it

in the way we look on tapestry-the fig-

There is a section of the reading public 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.

"WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE" (Continued from page one)

its height . . . 'In Les Lauriers,' Joyce told me, 'the reader finds himself, from the very first line, posted within the mind of the protagonist, and it is the continuous unfolding of his thoughts which, replacing normal objective narration, depicts to us his acts and experiences. I advise you to read Les Lauriers sont coupés."

In the course of 1917, while James Joyce was living at Zurich, busy, like an Homeric rhapsode, 'stringing together' the magical soliloquies of a new Ulysses, one of M. Dujardin's plays was produced at Geneva. and Mr. Joyce attempted to get in touch with the pioneer of the silent monologue. His letter shared the fate of much war-time correspondence and some seven years were to elapse before the two authors met. The scene was a Parisian hotel where Mr. Joyce was staying One afternoon there was a ring at the telephone in his room; Un monsieur désire vous voir. monsieur. Mr. Joyce went downstairs to meet his unnamed caller and, on the instant he entered the hotel lounge, an elderly French gentleman sprang from the seat and (to the Irish author's embarrassed surprise) gave him the accolade. Explanations led to felicitations-for the revivescence of the drooping Lauriers after their long winter's sleep, the vindication at long last of the French writer's trouvaille. And, shortly after, when the ultimate edition of Les Lauriers appeared, Mr. Joyce received a copy dedicated:

A James Joyce, au maitre glorieux, au créateur illustre, et aussi à celui qui a dit au mort, enseveli et oublié: Relève-toi Lazare.

To which Joyce riposted with an Ulysses, inscribed:

A Edouard Dujardin, annonciateur de la parole intérieure, le larron impénitent.

(To Edouard Dujardin, harbinger of the inner word, the Impenitent Thief.)

It is not to be assumed, however, that M. Dujardin's tale of a boyish love-affair between a French youth and an actress who exploits and tantalizes him-a set of variations on the old theme, odi et amois in any sense a miniature Ulysses; in theme and texture it is poles apart, a lovelyric, not an epic work. But, throughout the book (which, for all the simplicity of its theme, is a psychological masterpiece), just as in so many pages of Ulysses, the reader is "posted within the mind of the narrator," thinks his every thought and, in the six hours covered by the novel, comes to know the young lover almost as intimately as a reader of Ulysses knows Mr. Bloom.

The peculiar realism of the silent monologue in James Joyce and Edouard Dujardin comes from their recognition of the fact that the discursive thinker (the average man in average moments) is not consciously introspective, he is almost unaware of his musings. His thoughts are gossamer and their thread so finely spun that the mere impact of self-examination

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 watches himself thinking. His monologue 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 deliberately sets out to think and, thinking, observes the ordered sequence of his thoughts, intense or trivial, unfold itself. Such monologues are premeditated, stage-managed by the author. The result is a selfconscious record, and 'studied' like the conduct of a self-conscious person in com-

Edouard Dujardin, like Joyce, watches each vagrant fancy, each member of the swarm of thoughts, in freedom. For such an art a special gift is needed, a faculty for patient, unobtrusive observation, akin to that of a skilled watcher of animal behaviour. 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 before 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 append some extracts from an unpublished English version of Les Lauriers (made by the present 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 years

Here, for example, we watch the young man preparing for a visit to his lady-love.

"High time to start dressing; first of all, a clean shirt; my coat, there, on the bed; next, waistcoat, on the bed too; now for the dressing-room; it's really very tidy, quite a good servant, that fellow; the candles are reflected in that wide glass above the dressing-table; straw-coloured walls; the big basin, white, filled with water; a few drops of musk in it, just a couple; shirt on the peg; it's a good thing don't wear flannel shirts, they 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 cool splashing water that gurgles slippery sliding all over it; ears buzzing, full of water, eyes closed first, then open in the greeness, skin tingling all over; sort of a thrill it gives one, almost like a caress. The sea this summer, delightful to look forward to; I suppose we will stay at Yport, mother likes that coast; woods, the cliffs! Head plunged in the basin, sponge spurting water on my neck, cool ripple of the good water, just a hint of perfume in it, along my chest; towel 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 oneself well and I'd look hopeless with a beard. 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! wonder, I wonder . . . Where's that hairbrush got to? It's curious how women of easy virtue can put up with any Tom, Dick or Harry; oh, after all, we're not so damned particular ourselves. Fine cleanup that was; excellent; quick now, get my lothes on; might catch a cold; a white shirt; quickly does it; sleeve-links, studs; nice the feel of this clean linen; no nonsense, must get on with it; the bedroom now; my tie; those braces are hideous, wonder what possessed me to buy them; waistcoat; watch in the pocket; my coat; forgot to dust my boots; oh, let it go; no, just a flick of the clothes-brush; it's only a speck of dust; once, twice, that'll do; can put on my coat now; is my tie straight? Yes, all's well and I am ready; can go now; handkerchief, card-case; quite all right; what's the time? Half-past eight only; too soon to start; better sit down there, in the easy-chair; a whole hour to wait. How quiet it is here! There's nothing to beat it, old chap, a little siesta in a comfortable chair, after a quarter of an hour dressing and a good wash in cold water . . .

And now the hero is walking through the Paris streets on his way to meet his

· · · Noisier here, Place Clichy; must hurry up; always those gloomy lines of walls; thicker shadows on the pavement; ah, here we have the afterdusks, three of them, chatting together; they haven't noticed me; she's quite young that one, slender, bold eyes; killing, the lips she has! In a bare room, shapeless, high up, grey and bare, by smoky candlelight, where all the noises of the street are muted; yes, a high narrow room, low bed, chair, table, grey walls; and in the ruck of the bed a kneeling beast, with roving, lustful lips, a panting, groaning creature . . . Near her now; she's talking; the three of them on the pavement together, not attending to customers; to-morrow, deuce take there's that lecture to attend, my course; in three months the exam—of course I shall get my pass; good-bye to freedom then; have to settle down on my job; hullo, regular covey of the girls I've run into here; the café; young people going in; that fellow is like my tailor; supposing I met some pal; but it's better to be alone to roam the streets on a topping evening like to-night, just as one pleases, anywhere. Now shadows of the dows of the leaves are restless on the asphalt and a cool breeze is rising; the pavements are shining, bone-dry; over there a party of young girls, tall, slender; fascinating they look there; some children, too; the house-fronts are sparkling, the moon has set; a murmur in the air; it's vague sounds all mixed up, a murmur ... Lovely month, April! And what a joy tonight to drift along like this, just as one fancies, thinking of nothing, alone, all

Now he is waiting in the lady's salon on their return from a midnight drive along the boulevards; a truly 'Bloomish' passage,

"So here I am back in the drawing-root again; only an hour ago and how different it was! It's a certainty Leah will invite me to stay, sure thing; otherwise why ask me to wait while she is undressing? She's in such a kind mood this evening. There's in such a kind mood this evening. There no possible doubt about it, I'm to stay the night. Why to-night, I wonder, rather than another? Still—why not to-night? No shadow of doubt, she wants me to stay; thrilling this moment is! Fancy, in a few minutes she will call me, I shall return to her room, loosen those long scented silken garments of hers and presently . . . in her

bed . . . ! Steady now, mustn't let my imagination run amok, this business has got to be tackled with prudence; better take precautions while I'm alone; must be nearly six hours since that lavatory in the Boulevard Sébastopol; the privy here is on the left of the hall; one should feel at ease on these amorous occasions; ware making a noise though, mustn't be heard going out; the hall lamp should be lit, anyhow I have matches; open the door now; hush, no noise; tip-toe out; good business, the light's on, door ajar; remember gentleman are requested to adjust; for this relief—and very needful it was; I leave the door ajar as I found it; the drawing-room door; softly does it; here we are; capital, no one can have heard; and now let's take it easy for 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 shrewdly guess, he will not keep) to make an end of vain en-

"Why, oh why did I again try to possess deavours. her ? Once more she has eluded me Must go; my coat, hat. Wednesday at

-Au revoir, she says. three.
Holding the candlestick, she opens the drawing-room door; Marie appears; we

cross the hall.

-Wednesday then, at three, I say. No, I will never see her again; never again must I see her; what use would it be? All is over now and done with, all possibility of love between us, and I look on her beauty, her white unforgettable beauty, as now she holds out her hand.

-Au revoir.

smiles au revoir, while bosom flickers the pale -Au revoir. Friendly she lambent on her bosom nocturnal light."

How different from this diminuendo in the minor, like the pale close of a Debussy prelude, is the triumphal major cadence that ends Ulysses, Mrs. Bloom's Magnifi-

"... and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

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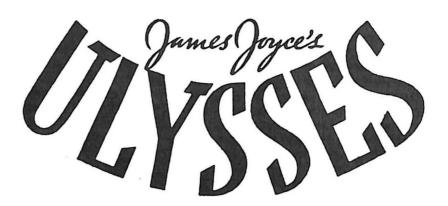
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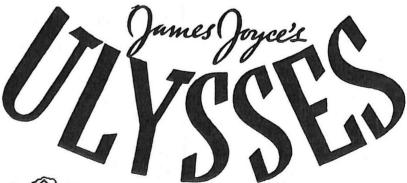
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