

Francis was reminding Stephen of years before when they had been at school together in Connee's time. He asked about Glaucou, Alcibiades, Pisistratu. Where were they now? Neither knew. You have spoken of the past and its phantoms, Stephen said. Why think of them? If I call them into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts troop to my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephanoungos, bullockbeefstender hard, an lord and giver of their life. He encircled his gadding hair with a coronal of vineleaves, sailing at Vincent. That answer and those leaves, Vincent said to him, will adorn you more fitly when something more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius father. All who wish you well hope this for you. All desire to see you bring forth the work you aeditate, to acclaim you Stephanofore. I heartily wish you may not fail them. O no, Vincent, Lenehan said, laying a hand on the shoulder near him. Have no fear. He could not leave his mother an orphan. The young man's face grew dark. All could see how hard it was for him to be reminded of his promise and of his recent loss. He would have withdrawn from the race had not the noise of voices allayed the smart. Madden had lost five drachmas on Sceptre for a whin of the rider's name: Lenehan as much more. He told them of the race. The flag fell and, huuh off, scamper, the mare ran out freshly with G. Madden up. She was leading the field. All hearts were beating. Even Phyllis could not contain herself. She waved her scarf and cried: Huzzah! Sceptre wins! But in the straight on the run home when all were in close order the dark horse Throwaway drew level, reached, outstripped her. All was lost now. Phyllis was silent: her eyes were sad anemones. Juno, she cried, I am undone. But her lover consoled her and brought her a bright casket of gold in which lay some oval sugarplums which she partook. A tear fell: one only. A whacking fine whin said Lenehan, is W. Lane. Four winners yesterday and three today. What rider is like him? Mount him on the camel or the boisterous buffalo the victory in a back canter is still his. But let us bear it as was the ancient wont. Merry on the luckless! Poor Sceptre! he said with a light sigh. She is not the filly that she was. Never, by this hand, shall we behold such another. By gad, sir, a queen of them. Do you remember her, Vincent? I wish you could have seen my queen today, Vincent said. How young she was and radiant (Malage were scarce fair beside her) in her yellow shoes and frock of muslin. I do not know the right name of it. The chestnuts that shaded us were in bloom: the air drooped with their persuasive odour and with pollen floating by us. In the sunny patches one might easily have cooked on a stone a batch of those buns with Corinth fruit in them that Periplipomenes sells in his booth near the bridge. But she had naught for her teeth but the ara with which I held her and in that she nibbled mischievously when I pressed too close. A week ago she lay ill, four days on the couch, but today she was free, blithe, rocked at peril. She is more taking than. Her posies too! Mad roop that she is, she had pulled her fill as we reclined together. And in your ear, my friend, you will not think who met us as we left the field. Connee himself! He was walking by the hedge, reading, I think a brevier book with, I doubt not, a witty letter in it from Glyceria or Chloe to keep the page. The sweet creature turned all colours in her confusion, feigning to reprove a slight disorder in her dress: a slip of underwood clung there for the very trees adore her. When Connee had passed she glanced at her lovely echo in that little mirror she carries. But he had been kind. In going by he had blessed us. The gods too are ever kind, Lenehan said. If I had poor luck with Bass's mare perhaps this draught of his may serve me more propensely. He was laying his hand upon a winejar: Malachi saw it and withheld his act, pointing to the stranger and to the scarlet label. Warily Malachi whispered, preserve a druid silence. His soul is far away. It is as painful perhaps to be awakenee from a vision as to be born. Any object, intensely regarded, may be a gate of access to the incorruptible eon of the gods. Do you not think it, Stephen? Theosophos told me so, Stephen answered, when in a previous existence Egyptian priests initiated into the mysteries of karait law. The lords of the moon, Theosophos told me, an orangefiery shipload from planet Alpha of the lunar chain would not assume the etheric doubles and these were therefore incarnated by the ruby coloured eggs from the second constellation.

The voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is the infinite of space and quiffly, silently the soul is wafted over regions of generations that have lived. A region where grey twilight ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her dust, scattering a perennial dew of stars. She follows her mother with ungainly steps, a mare leading her fillyfoal. Twilight phantoms are they, yet moulded in prophetic grace of structure, slim shapely haunches, a supple tendinous neck, the weak apprehensive skull. They fade, sad phantoms: all is gone. Agendath is a waste land, a home of screechhows and the sandblind uppa. Netaim, the golden is no more. And on the highway of the clouds they come, muttering thunder of rebellion, the ghosts of beasts. Huuh! Mark! Huuh! Farallax stalks behind and goads them, the lancinating lightnings of whose brow are scorpions. Elk and yak, the bulls of Bashan and of Babylon nammoth and maskodon, they come trooping to the sunken sea, Lacus Mortis Oainous, revengeful zodiacal host! They moan, passing upon the clouds, horned and capricorned, the trumpeted with the tusked, the lionmaned, the giantantlered, snouter and crawler, rodent, ruminant and pachyderm, all their moving moaning multitude, murderers of the sun.

Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink, unslaked and with horrible gulplings, the salt sovolent inextinguishable flood. And the equino portent grows again, magnified in the deserted heavens, nay to heaven's own magnitude, till it looms, vast, over the house of Virgo. And lo, wonder of metempsychosis, it is she, the everlasting bride, harbinger of the daystar, the bride, ever virgin. It is she, Martha, thou lost one, Millicent, the young, the dear, the radiant. How serene does she now arise, a queen among the Pleiades, in the penultimate antelarcan hour, shod in sandals of bright gold, corfted with a veil of what do you call it gossamer. It floats, it flows about her starborn flesh and loose it streams, emerald, sapphire, mauve and heliotrope, sustained on currents of the cold interstellar wind, winding, coiling, sniply swirling, writhing in the skies a mysterious writing till, after a myriad metamorphoses of syabol, it blazes, Alpha, a ruby and triangled sign upon the forehead of TAURUS.