

CITIES I.

O Passage Panopticum! the tide sweeps in the weeds and we pass muddy and jostling one another before your disheveled shopwindows and the glittering palace-gates with red liveries, Ladies and Gentlemen!

By what ill whim of our fatigue are we deposited here to attend upon such sorry pageants as the women's bicycle race on rails, and the anatomical abnormalities of a century or the brawny Siberian whore who despatches a Japanese.

The eyes shut a moment and count ten.

Woman with red hair, will you follow me out the corridor if I hurl this glass at the stiff-necked waiter. Woman with red hair will you kneel when I address you? Woman with red hair and the tumbled busts of the Himalayas, will you stop shaking all over?

The emissaries of Gambrinus toss handfuls of pornographic postcards into the bloodshot faces of the crowd and escape through manholes. The man whose gaze shifted from end to end of the passage, standing upon the mezzanine, screamed "PROSIT!" No one heeded. No one paused. Tears of rage fell in torrents from his empty sockets and were briskly swept away by the maggoty charwoman one story beneath him.