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Third wave

from a recent newspaper article that Warsan Shire "writes of places where many Beyoncé fans rarely go, the portions of London where the faces are black and brown". Ms Booker is "an international writer whose work is steeped in anthropological research methodology".

The second volume in the revived project ("Controlled Explosions") presents the work of Michael Robbins, Patricia Lockwood and Timothy Thornton. Here, contemporary poetry exhibits its most egregious quality: speaking only to itself. Mr Thornton writes in the tradition of poetry babble:

Cannot we've a bit less unavoidab-

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complete for now airborne because it happened

In the view of Penguin's poetry editor, Donald Futers, the third series can emulate the success of the first. "There is a strong case for our finding ourselves right now in a golden age for poetry", he writes, with de-grammaticalizing elation. Each volume of Penguin Modern Poets is priced at £7.99.

Tow many readers of *Ulysses*, on reaching The reference to the Ascot Gold Cup in Chapter 8 - "Zinfandel's the favourite . . . won at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him"-have thought to ask if Zinfandel was a real horse, and if he raced in the real Gold Cup on that day, June 16, 1904? In the previous chapter, we read about "Sceptre with O. Madden up". In The Real People of Joyce's Ulysses, Vivien Igoe supplies the backgrounds not only of people - some 800 of them - but horses, too. Zinfandel and Sceptre raced in the Gold Cup on what was not then known as Bloomsday. The chestnut Zinfandel, mounted by Morny Cannon, was favourite to win, at odds of 5-4, but came second, behind "that Godamned outsider Throwaway at twenty to one" (Chapter 15), ridden by William Lane. "A cracking fine whip, said Lenehan, is W. Lane. Four winners yesterday and three today. What rider is like him?" Not O. Madden, who finished third on Sceptre and later came under suspicion of holding his horse back in the Derby.

In a foreword to Ms Igoe's book, Declan Kiberd writes that "The characters in Ulysses are almost all real persons, or else they are closely based on a person or persons identifiable. Only the central figures . . . seem to have been created out of Joyce's imagination". We were sorry to learn that there is no real-life counterpart to Gerty MacDowell, willing object of Leopold Bloom's self-pleasuring interlude on Sandymount Strand, but her cheeky friends Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman derive from families who lived in the area around North Richmond Street, where the Joyce family resided in the mid-1890s. "Characters from five of the 20 houses on the street appear in [Joyce's] works", according to Ms Igoe.

Molly Bloom is "partly based on Joyce's wife Nora Barnacle as well as other women". You may amuse your friends by quizzing them on Molly's real name, date and place of birth, and parents' names. (Marion Tweedy; September 8, 1870, Gibraltar; Major Tweedy and Lunita Laredo.) *The Real People of Joyce's Ulysses* is published by University College Dublin Press at €40.

Sixty years ago, in the summer of 1956, Jean Cocteau received an honorary doctorate from Oxford University, thanks to the influence of Enid Starkie. After delivering an address at the Taylorian, he was received with applause which, Maurice Bowra assured him, was greater than that drawn by Gide.

We recently came across the text of Cocteau's lecture, "Poetry and Invisibility", in the London Magazine of January 1957, accompanied by the above self-portrait. There exist other drawings of Cocteau in cap and gown in Oxford, but it may be that this one has not been reproduced since. Where is the original?

We have had the TLS in Literature, the TLS in Crime Fiction, the TLS in Film — minor but exquisite roles—even the TLS in Art. It's time for a new departure, and thanks to Mark Gaige of New York we now have the TLS and F. R. Leavis. Mr Gaige kicks off with this, from Education and the University (1943):

We ought not, then, to be surprised that now, when a strong current of criticism is needed as never before, there should hardly be in England a cultivated public large enough to support a serious critical organ. The *Criterion* carries on almost alone There is, of course, the *Times Literary Supplement*, but it would be a misnomer to call it a critical organ.

A few pages later, Leavis followed through with a swipe at "the windy, pretentious eloquent vacuity of Miss [Clemence] Dane's book, which received respectful attention on the front page of the *Times Literary Supplement*, July 31, 1930".

Education and the University was received in the TLS of January 15, 1944 not with a peeved review, as might be expected, but a respectful editorial. "Dr Leavis states his grievance" – with education and society, not just the TLS – "modestly but surely with authority". His book, which lamented the decline of university teaching and the diminishment of that cultivated public, deserved a wide readership.

J.C.







EARS IN THE MAKING

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