

Dec 1918

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

Dec 30.

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A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

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MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

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AN AMERICAN NUMBER

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE  
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

DECEMBER, 1918

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## An Appeal to Reason

I SHALL not make a list of typographical errors in the last number. I shall not apologize for them. I believe every proper name in the number was misspelled, and there are other atrocities too awful to mention.

I shall merely say that the strain of getting the issue out at all precluded our taking the care necessary to keep the printer from doing his worst. Ezra Pound suggests that, without injury to my inner nature, I might hire an adequate proof reader once a month to prevent these horrors. I agree with him, but it would take a battalion of police to prevent the riots that occur in our printing office. For these things we haven't the necessary funds.

## An Offer

If there are people in the world who wish to make money in an easy and congenial way, why not try selling subscriptions to the *Little Review*?

For every subscription you get of \$2.50 we will give you an unusually liberal commission.

If you will call at our office, or write us, we will supply full information, lists of names, etc.

This is a real opportunity for mutual help.

*Margaret Anderson.*

## In the January Number

"The Dreaming of the Bones", a Noh play by William Butler Yeats.

The first instalment of a new novel by May Sinclair: "Mary Olivier: A Life".

Episode VIII of James Joyce's "Ulysses".

An essay on "The Chinese Written Character", by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound.

A discussion of James Joyce's play, "Exiles".

A review of Dr. Coomaraswamy's "Dance of Siva".

## A Note to Our Readers

FOR over a year I have tried not to bore our subscribers with accounts of how difficult it has been for us to keep on publishing the *Little Review* and how close we have come at times to an enforced suspension.

Conditions in the publishing market have been almost unmountable.

Nevertheless, we have survived the war. It is a long tale and a sad tale, but—won't you renew your subscriptions promptly? And won't you tell your friends that we are publishing the current works of Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, and other important men in a cheap and convenient format? They can get these writers in no other American magazine, except spasmodically, and some of them not at all.

For those who are able to do more I am printing a blank at the bottom of this page.

If you can give \$10 toward a fund that will help us to survive the next year, won't you do so at once?

If you can give \$100, please realize that it will mean more to us than you can know.

*Enclosed find \$..... as my contribution  
to the Little Review for the coming year.*

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 8

## A NIGHT AMONG THE HORSES

Djuna Barnes

TOWARD DUSK, in the summer of the year, a man dressed in a frock coat and top hat, and carrying a cane, crept through the underbrush bordering the corral of the Buckler farm.

As he moved small twigs snapped, fell and were silent. His knees were green from wounded shrubbery and grass, and his outspread hands tore unheeded plants. His wrists hurt him and he rested from time to time, always caring for his hat and knotted yellow cane, blowing through his moustache.

Dew had been falling covering the twilight leaves like myriad faces, damp with the perspiration of the struggle for existence, and half a mile away, standing out against the darkness of the night, a grove of white birches shimmered, like teeth in a skull.

He heard the creaking of a gate, and the splashing of late rain into the depths of a dark cistern. His heart ached with the nearness of the earth, the faint murmur of it moving upon itself, like a sleeper who turns to throw an arm about a beloved.

A frog began moaning among the skunk cabbages, and John thrust his hand deep into his bosom.

Something somnolent seemed to be here, and he wondered. It was like a deep, heavy, yet soft prison where, without sin, one may suffer intolerable punishment.

Presently he went on, feeling his way. He reached a high plank fence and sensing it with his fingers, he lay down, resting his head against the ground.

He was tired, he wanted to sleep, but he searched for his hat and cane and straightened out his coat beneath him before he turned his eyes to the stars.

And now he could not sleep, and wondered why he had thought of it; something quick was moving the earth, it seemed to live, to shake with sudden immensity.

He heard a dog barking, and the dim light from a farm window kept winking as the trees swung against its square of light. The

odor of daisies came to him, and the assuring, powerful smell of the stables; he opened his mouth and drew in his moustache.

A faint tumult had begun. A tremor ran under the length of his body and trembled off into the earth like a shudder of joy, — died down and repeated itself. And presently he began to tremble, answering, throwing out his hands, curling them up weakly, as if the earth were withholding something precious, necessary.

His hat fell off, striking a log with a dull hollow sound, and he pressed his red moustache against the grass weeping.

Again he heard it, felt it; a hundred hoofs beat upon the earth and he knew the horses had gone wild in the corral on the other side of the fence, for animals greet the summer, striking the earth, as friends strike the back of friends. He knew, he understood; a hail to summer, to life, to death.

He drew himself against the bars, pressing his eyes under them, peering, waiting.

He heard them coming up across the heavy turf, rounding the curve in the Willow Road. He opened his eyes and closed them again. The soft menacing sound deepened, as heat deepens, strikes through the skin into the very flesh. Head on, with long legs rising, falling, rising again, striking the ground insanely, like needles taking terrible, impossible and purposeless stitches.

He saw their bellies, fawn colored, pitching from side to side, flashing by, straining the fence, and he rose up on his feet and silently, swiftly, fled on beside them.

Something delirious, hysterical, came over him and he fell. Blood trickled into his eyes down from his forehead. It had a fine feeling for a moment, like a mane, like that roan mare's mane that had passed him — red and long and splendid.

He lifted his hand, and closed his eyes once more, but the soft pounding did not cease, though now, in his sitting position, it only jogged him imperceptibly, as a child on a knee.

It seemed to him that he was smothering, and he felt along the side of his face as he had done in youth when they had put a cap on him that was too large. Twining green things, moist with earth-blood, crept over his fingers, the hot, impatient leaves pressed in, and the green of the matted grass was deathly thick. He had heard about the freeness of nature, thought it was so, and it was not so.

A trailing ground pine had torn up small blades in its journey

across the hill, and a vine, wrist-thick, twisted about a pale oak, hideously, gloriously, killing it, dragging it into dust.

A wax Patrick Pipe leaned against his neck, staring with black eyes, and John opened his mouth, running his tongue across his lips snapping it off, sighing.

Move as he would, the grass was always under him, and the crackling of last autumn's leaves and last summer's twigs — minute dead of the infinite greatness — troubled him. Something portentuous seemed connected with the patient noises about him. An acorn dropped, striking a thin fine powder out of a frail oak pod. He took it up, tossing it. He had never liked to see things fall.

He sat up, with the dim thunder of the horses far off, but quickening his heart.

He went over the scene he had with Freda Buckler, back there in the house, the long quivering spears of pot-grass standing by the window as she walked up and down, pulling at them, talking to him.

Small, with cunning fiery eyes and a pink and pointed chin. A daughter of a mother who had known too many admirers in her youth; a woman with an ample lap on which she held a Persian kitten or a trifle of fruit. Bounty, avarice, desire, intelligence — both of them had always what they wanted.

He blew down his moustache again thinking of Freda in her floating yellow veil that he had called ridiculous. She had not been angry, he was nothing but a stable boy then. It was the way with those small intriguing women whose nostrils were made delicate through the pain of many generation that they might quiver whenever they caught a whiff of the stables.

"As near as they can get to the earth", he had said and was Freda angry? She stroked his arm always softly, looking away, an inner bitterness drawing down her mouth.

She said, walking up and down quickly, looking ridiculously small:

"I am always gentle John—" frowning, trailing her veil, thrusting out her chin.

He answered: "I liked it better where I was."

"Horses," she said showing sharp teeth, "are nothing for a man with your bile — poy-boy — curry comber, smelling of saddle soap — lovely!" She shrivelled up her nose, touching his arm: "Yes, but better things. I will show you — you shall be a gentleman

—fine clothes, you will like them, they feel nice.” And laughing she turned on one high heel, sitting down. “I like horses, they make people better; you are amusing, intelligent, you will see —”

“A lackey!” he returned passionately throwing up his arm “what is there in this for you, what are you trying to do to me? The family — askance — perhaps — I don’t know.”

He sat down pondering. He was getting used to it, or thought he was, all but his wordy remonstrances. He knew better when thinking of his horses, realizing that when he should have married this small, unpleasant and clever woman, he would know them no more.

It was a game between them, which was the shrewder, which would win out? He? A boy of ill breeding, grown from the gutter, fancied by this woman because he had called her ridiculous, or for some other reason that he would never know. This kind of person never tells the truth, and this, more than most things, troubled him. Was he a thing to be played with, debased into something better than he was, than he knew.

Partly because he was proud of himself in the costume of a groom, partly because he was timid, he desired to get away, to go back to the stables. He walked up to the mirrors as if about to challenge them, peering in. He knew he would look absurd, and then knew, with shame, that he looked splendidly better than most of the gentlemen that Freda Buckler knew. He hated himself. A man who had grown out of the city’s streets, a fine common thing!

She saw him looking into the mirrors, one after the other, and drew her mouth down. She got up, walking beside him in the end, between him and them, taking his arm.

“You shall enter the army — you shall rise to General, or Lieutenant at least — and there are horses there, and the sound of stirrups — with that physique you will be happy — authority you know”, she said shaking her chin, smiling.

“Very well, but a common soldier —”

“As you like — afterward.”

“Afterward?”

“Very well, a common soldier.”

He sensed something strange in her voice, a sort of irony and it took the patience out of him:

“I have always been common, I could commit crimes, easily,

gladly — I'd like to!"

She looked away. "That's natural", she said faintly, "it's an instinct all strong men have —"

She knew what was troubling him, thwarted instincts, common beautiful instincts that he was being robbed of. He wanted to do something final to prove his lower order; caught himself making faces, idiot faces, and she laughed.

"If only your ears stuck out, chin receded", she said, "you might look degenerate, common, but as it is—"

And he would creep away in hat, coat and cane to peer at his horses never daring to go in near them. Sometimes when he wanted to weep he would smear one glove with harness grease, but the other one he held behind his back, pretending one was enough to prove his revolt.

She would torment him with vases, books, pictures, making a fool of him gently, persistently, making him doubt by cruel means, the means of objects he was not used to, eternally taking him out of his sphere.

"We have the best collection of miniatures", she would say with one knee on a low ottoman, bringing them out in her small palm.

"Here, look."

He would put his hands behind him.

"She was a great woman — Lucrezia Borgia — do you know history —" She put it back again because he did not answer, letting his mind, a curious one, torment itself.

"You love things very much, don't you?" she would question because she knew that he had a passion for one thing only. She kept placing new ladders beneath his feet, only to saw them off at the next rung, making him nothing more than a nervous irritable experiment. He was uneasy, like one given food to smell and not to taste, and for a while he had not wanted to taste, and then curiosity began, and he wanted to, and he also wanted to escape, and he could do neither.

Well, after he had married her, what then? Satisfy her whim and where would he be? He would be nothing, neither what he had been nor what other people were. This seemed to him, at times, her wish — a sort of place between lying down and standing up, a cramped position, a slow death. A curious woman.

This same evening he had looked at her attentively for the

first time. Her hair was rather pretty, though too mousy, yet just in the nape of the neck, where it met the lawn of the collar it was very attractive. She walked well for a little woman too.

Sometimes she would pretend to be lively, would run a little catch herself at it, as if she had not intended to do it, and calm down once more, or creeping up to him, stroking his arm, talking to him, she would walk beside him softly, slowly that he might not step out, that he would have to crawl across the carpet.

Once he had thought of trying her with honesty, with the truth of the situation. Perhaps she would give him an honest answer, and he had tried.

"Now Miss Freda — just a word — what are you trying to do. What is it you want? What is there in me that can interest you? I want you to tell me — I want to know — I have got to ask someone, and I haven't anyone to ask but you."

And for a moment she almost relented, only to discover that she could not if she had wished. She did not know always what she meant herself.

"I'll tell you", she said, hoping that this, somehow, might lead her into the truth, for herself, if not for him, but it did not. "You are a little nervous, you will get used to it — you will even grow to like it. Be patient. You will learn soon enough that there is nothing in the world so agreeable as climbing, changing."

"Well," he said trying to read her, "And then?"

"That's all, you will regret the stables in the end — that's all" Her nostrils quivered. A light came into her eyes, a desire to defy, to be defied.

And then on this last night he had done something terrible, he had made a blunder. There had been a party. The guests, a lot of them, were mostly drunk, or touched with drink. And he too had too much. He remembered having thrown his arms about a tall woman, gowned in black with loose shoulder straps, dragging her through a dance. He had even sung a bit of a song, madly, wildly, horribly. And suddenly he had been brought up sharp by the fact that no one thought his behavior strange, that no one thought him presumptuous. Freda's mother had not even moved or dropped the kitten from her lap where it sat, its loud resolute purr shaking the satin of her gown.

And he felt that Freda had got him where she wanted him,

between two rungs. Going directly up to her he said:

"You are ridiculous!" and twirled his moustache, spitting into the garden.

And he knew nothing about what happened until he found himself in the shrubbery crawling toward the corral, through the dusk and the dampness of the leaves, carrying his cane, making sure of his hat, looking up at the stars.

And now he knew why he had come. He was with his horses again. His eyes, pressed against the bars, stared in. The black stallion in the lead had been his special pet, a rough animal, but kindly, knowing. And here they were once more, tearing up the grass, galloping about in the night like a ball-room full of real people, people who wanted to do things, who did what they wanted to do.

He began to crawl through the bars, slowly, deftly, and when half way through he paused, thinking.

Presently he went on again, and drawing himself into the corral, his hat and cane thrown in before him, he lay there mouth to the grass.

They were still running, but less madly, one of them had gone up the Willow Road leading into a farther pasture, in a flare of dust, through which it looked immense and faint.

On the top of the hill three or four of the horses were standing, testing the weather. He would mount one, he would ride away, he would escape. And his horses, the things he knew, would be his escape.

Bareback, he thought, would be like the days when he had taken what he could from the rush of the streets, joy, exhilaration, life, and he was not afraid. He wanted to stand up, to cry aloud.

And he saw ten or twelve of them rounding the curve, and he did stand up.

They did not seem to know him, did not seem to know what to make of him, and he stared at them wondering. He did not think of his white shirt front, his sudden arising, the darkness, their excitement. Surely they would know, in a moment more.

Wheeling, flaring their wet nostrils, throwing up their manes, striking the earth in a quandary, they came on, whinnied faintly, and he knew what it was to be afraid.

He had never been afraid and he went down on his knees.

With a new horror in his heart he damned them. He turned his eyes up, but he could not open them. He thought rapidly, calling on Freda in his heart, speaking tenderly, promising.

A flare of heat passed his throat and descended into his bosom.

"I want to live. I can do it — damn it — I can do it. I can forge ahead, make my mark."

He forgot where he was for a moment and found new pleasure in this spoken admission, this new rebellion. He moved with the faint shaking of the earth like a child on a woman's lap.

The upraised hoofs of the first horse missed him, but the second did not.

And presently the horses drew apart, nibbling here and there, switching their tails, avoiding a patch of tall grass.

## POEMS

Wallace Stevens

### Architecture for the Adoration of Beauty

#### I

What manner of building shall we build for  
the adoration of beauty?  
Let us design this chastel de chasteté,  
De pensée . . .  
Never cease to deploy the structure . . .  
Keep the laborers shouldering plinths . . .  
Pass the whole of life earing the clink of the  
chisels of the stone-cutters cutting the stones.

#### II

In this house, what manner of utterance shall  
there be?  
What heavenly dithyramb  
And cantilene?  
What niggling forms of gargoyle patter?  
Of what shall the speech be,  
In that splay of marble  
And of obedient pillars?

## III

And how shall those come vested that come there?  
In their ugly reminders?  
Or gaudy as tulips?  
As they climb the stairs  
To the group of Flora Coddling Hecuba?  
As they climb the flights  
To the closes  
Overlooking whole seasons?

## IV

Let us build the building of light.  
Push up the towers  
To the cock-tops.  
These are the pointings of our edifice,  
Which, like a gorgeous palm,  
Shall tuft the commonplace.  
These are the window-sill  
On which the quiet moonlight lies.

## V

How shall we hew the sun,  
Split it and make blocks,  
To build a ruddy palace?  
How carve the violet moon  
To set in nicks?  
Let us fix portals, East and West,  
Abhorring green-blue North and blue-green South.  
Our chiefest dome a demoiselle of gold.  
Pierce the interior with pouring shafts,  
In diverse chambers.  
Pierce, too, with buttresses of coral air  
And purple timbers,  
Various argentines,  
Embossings of the sky.

## VI

And, finally, set guardians in the grounds,  
 Gray, grewsome grumblers.  
 For no one proud, nor stiff,  
 No solemn one, nor pale,  
 No chafferer, may come  
 To sully the begonias, nor vex  
 With holy or sublime ado  
 The kremlin of kerness.

## VII

Only the lusty and the plenteous  
 Shall walk  
 The bronze-filled plazas  
 And the nut-shell esplanades.

## Nuances of a Theme by Williams

*It's a strange courage  
 you give me, ancient star:*

*Shine alone in the sunrise  
 toward which you lend no part!*

## I

Shine alone, shine nakedly, shine like bronze,  
 that reflects neither my face nor any inner part  
 of my being, shine like fire, that mirrors nothing.

## II

Lend no part to any humanity that suffuses  
 you in its own light.  
 Be not chimera of morning,  
 Half-man, half-star.  
 Be not an intelligence,  
 Like a widow's bird  
 Or an old horse.

## Anecdote of Canna

Huge are the canna in the dreams of  
X, the mighty thought, the mighty man.  
They fill the terrace of his capitol.

His thought sleeps not. Yet thought that wakes  
In sleep may never meet another thought  
Or thing . . . Now day-break comes . . .

X promenades the dewy stones,  
Observes the canna with a clinging eye,  
Observes and then continues to observe.

## AN AWAKENING

Sherwood Anderson

**B**ELLE CARPENTER had a dark skin, grey eyes and thick lips. She was tall and strong. When black thoughts visited her she grew angry and wished she were a man and could fight someone with her fists. She worked in the millinery shop kept by Mrs. Nate McHugh and during the day sat trimming hats by a window at the rear of the store. She was the daughter of Henry Carpenter, bookkeeper in the First National Bank of Winesburg, Ohio and lived with him in a gloomy old house far out at the end of Buckeye Street. The house was surrounded by pine trees and there was no grass beneath the trees. A rusty tin eaves-trough had slipped from its fastenings at the back of the house and when the wind blew it beat against the roof of a small shed, making a dismal drumming noise that sometimes persisted all through the night.

When she was a young girl Henry Carpenter made life almost unbearable for his daughter, but as she emerged from girlhood into womanhood he lost his power over her. The bookkeeper's life was made up of innumerable little pettinesses. When he went to the bank in the morning he stepped into a closet and put on a black alpaca coat that had become shabby with age. At night when he returned to his home he donned another black alpaca coat. Every evening

he pressed the clothes worn in the streets. He had invented an arrangement of boards for the purpose. The trousers to his street suit were placed between the boards and the boards were clamped together with heavy screws. In the morning he wiped the boards with a damp cloth and stood them upright behind the dining room door. If they were moved during the day he was speechless with anger and did not recover his equilibrium for a week.

The bank cashier was a little bully and was afraid of his daughter. She, he realized, knew the story of his brutal treatment of the girl's mother and hated him for it. One day she went home at noon and carried a handful of soft mud, taken from the road, into the house. With the mud she smeared the face of the boards used for the pressing of trousers and then went back to her work feeling relieved and happy.

Belle Carpenter occasionally walked out in the evening with George Willard, a reporter on the Winesburg Eagle. Secretly she loved another man, but her love affair, about which no one knew, caused her much anxiety. She was in love with Ed Handby, bartender in Ed Griffith's Saloon, and went about with the young reporter as a kind of relief to her feelings. She did not think that her station in life would permit her to be seen in the company of the bartender, and she walked about under the trees with George Willard and let him kiss her to relieve a longing that was very insistent in her nature. She felt that she could keep the younger man within bounds. About Ed Handby she was somewhat uncertain.

Handby, the bartender, was a tall broad-shouldered man of thirty who lived in a room upstairs above Griffith's saloon. His fists were large and his eyes unusually small but his voice, as though striving to conceal the power back of his fists, was soft and quiet.

At twenty-five the bartender had inherited a large farm from an uncle in Indiana. When sold the farm brought in eight thousand dollars which Ed spent in six months. Going to Sandusky, on Lake Erie, he began an orgy of dissipation, the story of which afterward filled his home town with awe. Here and there he went throwing the money about, driving carriages through the streets, giving wine parties to crowds of men and women, playing cards for high stakes and keeping mistresses whose wardrobes cost him hundreds of dollars. One night at a resort called Cedar Point he got into a fight

and ran amuck like a wild thing. With his fist he broke a large mirror in the wash-room of a hotel and later went about smashing windows and breaking chairs in dance halls for the joy of hearing the glass rattle on the floor and seeing the terror in the eyes of clerks, who had come from Sandusky to spend the evening at the resort with their sweethearts.

The affair between Ed Handby and Belle Carpenter on the surface amounted to nothing. He had succeeded in spending but one evening in her company. On that evening he hired a horse and buggy at Wesley Moyer's livery barn and took her for a drive. The conviction that she was the woman his nature demanded and that he must get her, settled upon him and he told her of his desires. The bartender was ready to marry and to begin trying to earn money for the support of his wife, but so simple was his nature that he found it difficult to explain his intentions. His body ached with physical longing and with his body he expressed himself. Taking the milliner into his arms and holding her tightly, in spite of her struggles, he kissed her until she became helpless. Then he brought her back to town and let her out of the buggy. "When I get hold of you again I'll not let you go. You can't play with me," he declared as he turned to drive away. Then, jumping out of the buggy, he gripped her shoulders with his strong hands. "I'll keep you for good the next time," he said. "You might as well make up your mind to that. It's you and me for it and I'm going to have you before I get through.

One night in January when there was a new moon George Willard, who was, in Ed Handby's mind, the only obstacle to his getting Belle Carpenter, went for a walk. Early that evening George went into Ransom Surbeck's pool room with Seth Richmond and Art Wilson, son of the town butcher. Seth Richmond stood with his back against the wall and remained silent, but George Willard talked. The pool room was filled with Winesburg boys and they talked of women. The young reporter got into that vein. He said that women should look out for themselves, that the fellow who went out with a girl was not responsible for what happened. As he talked he looked about, eager for attention. He held the floor for five minutes and then Art Wilson began to talk. Art was learning the barber's trade in Cal Prouse's shop and already began to consider

himself an authority in such matters as baseball, horse racing, drinking and going about with women. He began to tell of a night when he with two men from Winesburg went into a house of prostitution at the County Seat. The butcher's son held a cigar in the side of his mouth and as he talked spat on the floor. "The women in the place couldn't embarrass me although they tried hard enough" he boasted. "One of the girls in the house tried to get fresh but I fooled her. As soon as she began to talk I went and sat in her lap. Everyone in the room laughed when I kissed her. I taught her to let me alone."

George Willard went out of the pool room and into Main Street. For days the weather had been bitter cold with a high wind blowing down on the town from Lake Erie, eighteen miles to the north, but on that night the wind had died away and a new moon made the night unusually lovely. Without thinking where he was going or what he wanted to do George went out of Main Street and began walking in dimly lighted streets filled with frame houses.

Out of doors under the black sky filled with stars he forgot his companions of the pool room. Because it was dark and he was alone he began to talk aloud. In a spirit of play he reeled along the street imitating a drunken man and then imagined himself a soldier clad in shining boots that reached to the knees and wearing a sword that jingled as he walked. As a soldier he pictured himself as an inspector, passing before a long line of men who stood at attention. He began to examine the accoutrements of the men. Before a tree he stopped and began to scold. "Your pack is not in order," he said sharply. "How many times will I have to speak of this matter? Everything must be in order here. We have a difficult task before us and no difficult task can be done without order."

Hypnotized by his own words the young man stumbled along the board sidewalk saying more words. "There is a law for armies and for men too," he muttered, lost in reflection. "The law begins with little things and spreads out until it covers everything. In every little thing there must be order, in the place where men work, in their clothes, in their thoughts. I myself must be orderly. I must learn that law. I must get myself into touch with something orderly and big that swings through the night like a star. In my little way I must begin to learn something, to give and swing

and work with life, with the law."

George Willard stopped by a picket fence near a street lamp and his body began to tremble. He had never before thought such thoughts as had just come into his head and he wondered where they had come from. For the moment it seemed to him that some voice outside of himself had been talking as he walked. He was amazed and delighted with his own mind and when he walked on again spoke of the matter with fervor. "To come out of Ransom Surbeck's pool room and think things like that," he whispered. "It is better to be alone. If I talked like Art Wilson the boys would understand me but they wouldn't understand what I have been thinking down here."

In Winesburg, as in all Ohio towns of twenty years ago, there was a section in which lived day laborers. As the time of factories had not yet come the laborers worked in the fields or were section hands on the railroads. They worked twelve hours a day and received one dollar for the long day of toil. The houses in which they lived were small cheaply constructed wooden affairs with a garden at the back. The more comfortable among them kept cows and perhaps a pig, housed in a little shed at the rear of the garden.

With his head filled with resounding thoughts George Willard walked into such a street on the clear January night. The street was dimly lighted and in places there was no sidewalk. In the scene that lay about him there was something that excited his already aroused fancy. For a year he had been devoting all of his odd moments to the reading of books and now some tale he had read concerning life in old world towns of the middle ages came sharply back to his mind so that he stumbled forward with the curious feeling of one revisiting a place that had been a part of some former existence. On an impulse he turned out of the street and went into a little dark alleyway behind the sheds in which lived the cows and pigs.

For a half hour he stayed in the alleyway, smelling the strong smell of animals too closely housed and letting his mind play with the strange new thoughts that came to him. The very rankness of the smell of manure in the clear sweet air awoke something heady in his brain. The poor little houses lighted by kerosene lamps, the smoke from the chimneys mounting straight up into the clear air,

the grunting of pigs, the women clad in cheap calico dresses and washing dishes in the kitchens, the footsteps of men coming out of the houses and going off to the stores and saloons of Main Street, the dogs barking and the children crying — all these things made him seem, as he lurked in the darkness, oddly detached and apart from all life.

The excited young man, unable to bear the weight of his own thoughts, began to move cautiously along the alleyway. A dog attacked him and had to be driven away with stones and a man appeared at the door of one of the houses and began to swear at the dog. George went into a vacant lot and throwing back his head looked up at the sky. He felt unutterably big and re-made by the simple experience through which he had been passing and in a kind of fervor of emotion put up his hands, thrusting them into the darkness above his head and muttering words. The desire to say words overcame him and he said words without meaning, rolling them over on his tongue and saying them because they were brave words, full of meaning. "Death" he muttered, "night, the sea, fear, loveliness." George Willard came out of the vacant lot and stood again on the sidewalk facing the houses. He felt that all of the people in the little street must be brothers and sisters to him and he wished he had the courage to call them out of their houses and to shake their hands. "If there were only a woman here I would take hold of her hand and we would run until we were both tired out," he thought. "That would make me feel better." With the thought of a woman in his mind he walked out of the street and went toward the house where Belle Carpenter lived. He thought she would understand his mood and that he would achieve in her presence a position he had long been wanting to achieve. In the past when he had been with her and had kissed her lips he had come away filled with anger at himself. He had felt like one being used for some obscure purpose and had not enjoyed the feeling. Now he thought he had suddenly become too big to be used.

When George Willard got to Belle Carpenter's house there had already been a visitor there before him. Ed Handby had come to the door and calling Belle out of the house had tried to talk to her. He had wanted to ask the woman to come away with him and to be his wife, but when she came and stood by the door he lost his self-assurance and became sullen. "You stay away from

that kid," he growled, thinking of George Willard, and then, not knowing what else to say, turned to go away. "If I catch you together I will break your bones and his too", he added. The bartender had come to woo, not to threaten, and was angry with himself because of his failure.

When her lover had departed Belle went indoors and ran hurriedly upstairs. From a window at the upper part of the house she saw Ed Handby cross the street and sit down on a horse block before the house of a neighbor. In the dim light the man sat motionless holding his head in his hands. She was made happy by the sight and when George Willard came to the door she greeted him effusively and hurriedly put on her hat. She thought that as she walked through the streets with young Willard, Ed Handby would follow and she wanted to make him suffer.

For an hour Belle Carpenter and the young reporter walked about under the trees in the sweet night air. George Willard was full of big words. The sense of power that had come to him during the hour in the darkness of the alleyway remained with him and he talked boldly, swaggering along and swinging his arms about. He wanted to make Belle Carpenter realize that he was aware of his former weakness and that he had changed. "You will find me different," he declared, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking boldly into her eyes. "I don't know why but it is so. You have got to take me for a man or let me alone. That's how it is."

Up and down the quiet streets under the new moon went the woman and the boy. When George had finished talking they turned down a side street and went across a bridge into a path that ran up the side of a hill. The hill began at Waterworks Pond and climbed upwards to the Winesburg Fair Grounds. On the hillside grew dense bushes and small trees and among the bushes were little open spaces carpeted with long grass, now stiff and frozen.

As he walked behind the woman up the hill George Willard's heart began to beat rapidly and his shoulders straightened. Suddenly he decided that Belle Carpenter was about to surrender herself to him. The new force that had manifested itself in him had he felt been at work upon her and had led to her conquest. The thought made him half drunk with the sense of masculine power. Although he had been annoyed that as they walked about she had

not seemed to be listening to his words, the fact that she had accompanied him to this place took all his doubts away. "It is different. Everything has become different," he thought and taking hold of her shoulder turned her about and stood looking at her, his eyes shining with pride.

Belle Carpenter did not resist. When he kissed her upon the lips she leaned heavily against him and looked over his shoulder into the darkness. In her whole attitude there was a suggestion of waiting. Again, as in the alleyway, George Willard's mind ran off into words and, holding the woman tightly, he whispered the words into the still night. "Lust," he whispered, "lust and night and women."

George Willard did not understand what happened to him that night on the hillside. Later, when he got to his own room, he wanted to weep and then grew half insane with anger and hate. He hated Belle Carpenter and was sure that all his life he would continue to hate her. On the hill-side he had led the woman to one of the little open spaces among the bushes and had dropped to his knees beside her. As in the vacant lot, by the laborers' houses, he had put up his hands in gratitude for the new power in himself and was waiting for the woman to speak when Ed Handby appeared.

The bartender did not want to beat the boy, who he thought had tried to take his woman away. He knew that beating was unnecessary, that he had power within himself to accomplish his purpose without that. Gripping George by the shoulder and pulling him to his feet he held him with one hand while he looked at Belle Carpenter seated on the grass. Then with a quick wide movement of his arm he sent the younger man sprawling away into the bushes and began to bully the woman, who had risen to her feet. "You're no good," he said roughly. "I've half a mind not to bother with you. I'd let you alone if I didn't want you so much."

On his hands and knees in the bushes George Willard stared at the scene before him and tried hard to think. He prepared to spring at the man who had humiliated him. To be beaten seemed infinitely better than to be thus hurled ignominiously aside.

Three times the young reporter sprang at Ed Handby and each time the bartender, catching him by the shoulder, hurled him back into the bushes. The older man seemed prepared to keep the exercise going indefinitely but George Willard's head struck

the root of a tree and he lay still. Then Ed Handby took Belle Carpenter by the arm and marched her away.

George heard the man and woman making their way through the bushes. As he crept down the hillside his heart was sick within him. He hated himself and he hated the fate that had brought about his humiliation. When his mind went back to the hour alone in the alleyway he was puzzled, and stopping in the darkness, listened, hoping to hear again the voice, outside himself, that had so short a time before put new courage into his heart. When his way homeward led him again into the street of frame houses he could not bear the sight and began to run, wanting to get quickly out of the neighborhood that now seemed to him utterly squalid and commonplace.

## YOU SAY YOU SAID

Marianna Moore

"Few words are best."

Not here. Discretion has been abandoned in this part  
of the world too lately

For it to be admired. Disgust for it is like the  
Equinox — all things in

One. Disgust is

No psychologist and has not opportunity to be a hypocrite.

It says to the saw-toothed bayonet and to the cue  
Of blood behind the sub-

Marine—to the

Poisoned comb, to the Kaiser of Germany and to the  
intolerant gateman at the exit from the eastbound ex-  
press: "I hate

You less than you must hate

Yourselves: You have

Accoutred me. 'Without enemies one's courage flags'.

Your error has been timed

To aid me, I am in debt to you for you have primed

Me against subterfuge."

## AS ONE WOULD NOT

S. Foster Damon

THE DOORWAY might well have been hammered from silver-wood or carved from electrum-lacquer, but la Duchesse preferred to suggest the philosophy of Evanescence, therefore her portal seemed to consist of nothing but tinsel woven into trembling shapes — fruits, fringes and grotesques of all sorts, with flowers and leaves of wax for brief touches of color.

La Duchesse is a curious personage. She only goes to other peoples' parties, never to her own; she believes that her guests enjoy themselves so much better. Therefore I was sure not to see her this evening; which I rather regretted, as I delight to dissect (with her supple assistance!) the psychologies of the various affairs, the only evidence that we allow ourselves being the scissoring and disposition of the ladies' patches. It is a pretty game, and one that is not infrequently anticipatory even of the intentions of the ladies concerned. Further subtlety is not credible.

As I entered her portal, a cloud of boys ran forward to receive my cape and cane. They were Chinese, quite naked, except for Pompeian wings plaited of flowers, and for large black face-masks which were bound across their chubby bellies. One of them conducted me to the ball-room, where I was announced.

I was the first man to arrive, and I knew none of the ladies present. La Duchesse is sometimes pleased to be delicately cruel, but she mingles sandal-dust with her pepper; so it was perhaps characteristic that none of her guests that evening had ever met before. This has its advantages, and, appreciating her attitude, I bowed; the ladies accepted my introduction; and signed for me to sit by them on the divan. Then they were silent, except for an occasional whisper behind the masks mounted on whips which served them for fans.

One woman was clad in a wired gown of tawn, covered with cadenzas of cinders. Her skin was entirely the color of Bodai-gold, and she had stained green eyebrows in the midst of her forehead, with lips to match. Her actual eyebrows had been plucked. Her hair, I recall, was elaborately coiffured and embossed.

A second woman was tinted a livid lilac. Her eyebrows were covered with silver lace and her lips were pastoral pink. I have forgotten her dress; but her coiffure was elaborated to suggest a white stag at rest, with rough ambral beads for hoofs, and tortoise combs for antlers. A long tasselled pin pierced its two eyeballs.

The third woman in the group was notorious for her lapses of taste. Once she had worn the mouche moqueuse at a royal balse-main! They also say she had appeared at another party with her hair in natural black, imitating a couching cat; and this was thought to have been rather vulgar. However, the other women made a point of cultivating her, for some perverse feminine reason. They admired her vitality, and called her a very good friend.

Tonight her skin was shaded to suggest a blend of the Barbarish and the Cipangan bloods. It was most tastefully done; and I realized that one of her friends must have created her toilette, to show how it might look done by some one else. Her skirt was slit in five, one piece of which was caught up, revealing a morsel of an old-rose bustle filled with sachet, and then wound several times about her waist as a bodice. Her hair was azalean. She also wore a female ruby as a mouche, but the effect was not happy.

Before I had completed my inspection, the music began. The orchestra was entirely concealed, except for one musician so placed that he seemed to create all the music himself. He sat high in a solitary fretted balcony with a large lyrichord; and by his postures he endeavored to express the essence of the melodies. In this he was somewhat hampered by a full-bottomed wig which reached below his waist and rather smothered him in its iridescent powder. La Duchesse told me the next week that it had been designed after the scale of the Attic masks.

The hall was selectedly filled by this time with an adequate number of dancers, who mingled as they pleased. Often one saw the partners of two men leave them to dance with each other, thus forcing the two men by the laws of etiquette to dance together.

But the dances themselves were a novelty, for by a tacit consent the entire company had abandoned dancing the dances to their proper melodies, as being rather obvious. So, when a Sarabande was sounded, a nervous Courante fluttered through the hall; to the tune of a Pavane was danced a Gavotte. Yet the dancers

kept time to the music with a curious perfection, and the ladies feigned to shudder with neurosis at the effervescent cross-rhythms.

As I whirled about, the sight was exquisitely excessive. Coiffures glided past with an irritating persistence, in crowds of animals, bouquets, architectural fragments, fruits, cooked meats, ecclesiastical ornaments, theatres, legends. One lady's chevelure was tressed to suggest a sleeping babe; it was said she felt about to be converted or to fall in love. Another's was as her own salon, with her page represented therein of wax. Another's was hung with seashells, another's with jungle-beasts, another's with cameos.

By this time supper was served in the Artificial Garden. First we had Frozen Fire enamelled with fig, and coffee flavored with vanilla, then a blue ridendive wine and ocelled cakes. Next spatted satyrs swaggered in with a huge Han pottery. When they lifted the faded mountainous lid, thousands of live oyster-crabs appeared, scrambling out and hastening in all directions. Each one had a Persian scene painted on his back. It was very amusing to catch and eat them; and the confusion of the ladies was delicious. Many of the crabs drowned themselves in the wine. Some were found later concealed in snuffboxes, pantoufles, and the cartouches. Others crawled up the candles; but there (alas!) they met a flaming death instead of the curtained aqueous life they sought.

After this course, there was a pause, during which three powdered pages carried about a large funereal urn in silence. None understood this save one old lady frilled in cockatoo-grey and monkey-green, who told everybody that it was an antique custom out of Egypt.

Now we were ready for the last course. This proved to be dishes of dwarfed peacocks chained to their perches. Their tails had been plucked out and bunches of natural grapes hung there. It was a very pleasant conceit to gather these grapes from the living birds. Their tongues had been cut out and silver whistles thrust down their throats, so that they made a most melodious frisson during the entire course.

To this music, acrobats depicted a pretty story.

After supper I felt fatigued of dancing, so I wandered to the gaming room, where there was some gambling in masks. But in the obscurer half of the hall they were frolicking. They were playing *La Balançoire*, *La Séringue*, *Hop o' me Thumb*, *Taste and*

Die, London Bridge, and anything else they could remember. I entered into the circle of L'Indifferent, and enjoyed myself lustily at the fruitless efforts of the ladies. I was actually about to be sceptered as King, when sudden arpeggios of rockets announced something unusual. All the games stopped at once in the excitement.

But the Dutch cavalry had not been captured, neither had the Boeotian fleet broken through. La Duchesse (eccentric as ever!) had decided to return, and thus it was that she announced her arrival. Her cruelties, as I have said, are rare, but she likes their flavor.

Immediately the party shattered. Half the dancers fled without chaise or chariot, so much they feared her. I would have stayed, but that I knew a mood was on her. Moreover the dawn was in full choir.

I lingered long enough to get my cape and cane, to rescue a sprig of decoration, and to look for a lady that had pleased me; but I was too late, and all by myself I stepped through an irregular postern into the inelegant dawn.

Within I could hear la Duchesse's stilted slippers on the tessellation.

## INVENTIONS

Louis Gilmore

### The Moon

The moon goes about  
With a diminished  
Fascination . . .

How sad to grow old,  
Even of Pierrot  
And of too frequent kissing  
Of Endymion!

## POETIC PIECES

Marsden Hartley

## The Ivory Woman

Upon the *étagère* of her quaint mind she was fond  
Of arranging the bijouteries of her queer fancies  
Like gems sheathed with glass.  
She would take them out and play with them,  
As a magpie plays with bits of odd trinkets he had gathered  
In the boudoirs of harlots and ladies of a quieter leisure.  
She thought it charming to think and speak of her most  
Delicate vices in the presence of square shouldered  
Lusty men, men of thick necks and thighs, and upper arms,  
Men whose jaws and foreheads are like stone walls,  
And prison gates of steel.  
It was her intense passion to slide and slink about  
Noiselessly,  
Just as a worm would creep about on its way,  
Upon its many softly cushioned feet,  
In through the petals of a rosebud.  
Her vices were the rarest and the oldest among the many  
Varieties that are still the pastime of all sorts  
Of handsome men and women.  
She shuddered with violent and delicious pain if a brute  
Spoke to her, no matter what he said.  
It was her high orgy to hear his voice thunder about  
Her frail body, white and waxlike, absorbed in a cool  
And almost imperceptible hysteria  
From which rose her rarest ecstasies.  
What cannons and thunder are to virile ones,  
The loud champing of hoofs on the pavement, the clicking  
Of starry spurs on strong leather covered legs,  
The mere biting of a white lip,  
The clicking of a fingernail on a marble vase,  
Were the sharp intensities that gave her what she called  
Her thrill,

And the uncommon cadences in the voices of the varied men  
And women, were the unfelt nuances which for her have been  
Neglected in the true structure of music.  
They were her bells and brasses and woodwinds;  
The things just hinted at, or just whispered, were bedlam  
To her attenuated imagination.  
They set her, as she would say,  
Deliciously frantic.  
The rumble of rich male throats sent her  
Tingling to her toes, and the sight of frail girls  
Affected her sense oddly  
It was all so pictorial to her;  
It was the, so to say, muscular reaction  
Of her highly tinted imagination.  
She liked big hands in her hair, and she liked  
The graze of fingertips upon her wrists and ankles  
And throat.  
She was a very simple little girl,  
And in her delicate ways she had a touch  
Of the imperishable beauty.  
She was, in truth, she always wanted to say,  
Such a woman !!

### S u n b a t h e r

Clutch at me, rock saurian!  
Upon your spines my flesh settles avidly  
As best it can, bearing up the little shafts  
Of pain, as one does when lips and hands  
Overtake one with their avarice;  
When I set my breast to your back  
And watched the great swell dash itself  
Against your hairy flank. I said in soliloquy,  
I would be the sea that laves you with salt  
I would be the swirl that glides over your claws  
With a savage excellence, I would be the sun  
That heats us all to one vastness, void of mercy;  
I would have all things hold me down with pain

As deliciously as you do with your spine,  
Impaling my ribflesh, pressing my rib,  
Pressing the sense to its height,  
My feet on the salt hair of your flank,  
And of your jungle-like breast;  
If you have eyes then surely must you see  
How the mussels gloat upon your crevices  
Among the stony furrows of your ribs.  
They cling there with a stillness  
The sea knows nothing of save where her bosom  
Is at peace in the chasms of your mother's valleys.  
When I left your back, dried my tanned flesh,  
And went home to the sound  
Of the conchshell, I said  
"Beasts — What an hour!"

## THE YELLOW GOAT

Ben Hecht

THE GRAVE melodious shout of rain filled the night. The streets had become like dark and attenuated pools. The rain falling illuminated the hidden faces of the buildings and the air was silvered with whirling lines. Through the sparkle and fume of the rain-colored night the lights of the café signs burned like golden-lettered banners flung stiffly into the storm. About these lights floated patches of yellow mist through which the rain swarmed in flurries of little gleaming moths. There were also the lights of the doors and windows beneath the burning signs. They too exhaled oblongs of yellow steam upon the darkness. The remainder of the street was lost in a wilderness of rain that bubbled and raced over its stone in an endless and bewildering detonation.

I had been in this street before and I knew it for a street of little grimy-fronted café and vicious haunts—crude and rococo gathering places for niggers, prostitutes and louts. But now as I walked with my shoes spurting water and the rain hanging from my clothes, there was about this street a curious unfamiliarity. The

fuming motionless rain filled the air with a mysterious presence. Beneath my feet ran the silver-tipped pool of the flooded pavement. Gleaming in its rain-splintered depths swam the reflections of the burning lamps overhead. These, as I walked, were the yellow script of another and wraith-like world staring up at me out of nowhere. The rest was darkness and billowy stripes of water.

I hurried on as the sound of thunder crawled out of the sky. A vein of lightning opened the night and in the sudden blue pallor the street and its buildings etched themselves on the vanishing light—a monstrous and phosphorescent world. The rain flung itself for an instant in great opalescent sheets out of the lighted spaces. I caught a glimpse of a figure in the distance, hunched and stationary. The darkness and the desolate whirl of the rain resumed and I walked on staring as after something vanished. A wind now entered the street, outlining itself in the wild undulations of the rain on the pavements. Clandestine notions held rendezvous in my thought as I pressed forward against the storm. Decidedly the street had an unfamiliar air and was full of dishevelled rain ghosts. The best of philosophers become wet in the rain. The roar of the flooded night, the leap and hollow blaze of the lightning, the sudden inanimate burst of pale violet outline in the chaotic dark, were things which seemingly isolated me from the normal contemplations which are my habit. I began to fancy myself, in this dilapidated storm-ridden street, as some tiny wanderer through a strange and tortuous world.

The little windows that trickled their yellow lights toward me seemed the glowing pasteboards of some forgotten illusion. What with the stumble of thunder in the dark and the tenacious lash of the rain, a burn had come into my body. I was moving prosaically enough toward the house of a friend. He had offered for my inspection several manuscripts purchased that day and scrawled with diverting cryptograms. In a pocket tucked dry and safe out of the wet I was carrying the work of a profound Englishman who had devoted his life to the unraveling of cryptograms. But now the churning of the wind and rain, the noise and the phosphorescent gulfs of light into which I was continually plunging, had brought me an intoxication in which manuscripts and friends and cryptograms seemed miserable things. I drew in with gulps the quickening odor of the storm—the spice of water-laden winds. I had felt at

first a proper regard for my clothes, a philosophical emotion which had gradually given way to relish of the storm. This in turn, as I moved on leaning against the wind and the pliant walls of water, was succeeded by an elation groundless and insane. The little adjectives I had been arranging for my lonely delight were seized by an incoherence. I began to ponder upon violent abstractions, and the thought of the routine ways of life became to me unbearable. The innumerable little meditations with which I usually beguile my solitary journeys offended this new reach of my spirit. I went plunging on, soaked and disheveled, curbing a desire to shout and dash about.

Moving thus through the storm my thought became full of the tremblings of a dancer stiffened by the beat of furious music. What were not possible? Strange, irrational expectations left me smiling faintly. But the wild dance of the wind, the halloo of the night and the vast burst of water about me urged me on despite this snobbery with which all good logicians regard their emotions. How gladly we surrender our treasured philosophies at the first touch of ecstasy. Where and of what avail were the intrigues of reason in the hammering of night like this — a night for poets and mystics, true fellows of all storms. What strange altar fires were those engulfing flickers of dead moonlight? A racket of what Gods were those bounding sounds? Thus my thought continued to spurn the little tracks of reason and circle in the profound and mystic abstraction of the wanderer in storms.

The night was growing wilder. My eyes straining toward unimagined things bored into the vapors and steam of the rain. Whereon a blinding gust of light brought me shuddering to a halt. The thunder filled the night suddenly with an amazing tumult, horror of sound, and I remained stiff and staring as in a dream at a face that floated in a piercing light. I stood as one suspended in the rushing of winds. The world, but for this face which confronted me, had vanished. I saw it to be the face of a woman contorted into a stark and indescribable grimace of rapture. Its eyes gleamed like black and lavender tips of flame. Its teeth stood out white and skull-like against the red of an opened mouth. I was aware of a sound of laughter that seemed to come floating out of the roaring spaces about me.

A silence and darkness seized the world. I stood listening to

the melodious detonations of the rain and the harmless sweep of the wind. Over my head burned a café sign and I was gazing into a washed and emptied panel of glass. Within I saw figures jerking about in a dance and an orchestra of niggers playing. The yellow script overhead proclaimed me in the presence of the Yellow Goat.

In the home of my friend it was quiet and cheerful. Outside the rain chattered in the darkness and the alto of the wind arose in long organ notes from the houses. We sat and smoked and exchanged elaborate phrases. But my eyes had evidently been affected by the lightning. When I closed them they still revealed to me the instant of piercing light and the face floating under the sign of the Yellow Goat. Seen thus in memory there was an irritating familiarity about its features. I had not intended to, but I found myself after several moments telling my friend of the incident. I spoke with a great show of incorruptable logic of the thing, pointing out that what I had seen had been undoubtedly the face of an uncommonly beautiful prostitute surprised in a yawn by the gulp of lightning. But my friend is a creature given to making vast and melodramatic riddles out of such phenomena, and he differed with me.

"Stuff and nonsense," I finally interrupted him. "If you'll stop quoting the Cabala and cease your chattering about Sabbats and witches I'll discuss the thing with you as befits two civilized men."

He stared with a faint smile at his shelves of books that like erratic and colored teeth stood out from the wall.

I resumed. "There was the face of a dancer whom I watched one evening on the stage. I remember now a curious gleam in her eyes and recall how I tried vainly to fit an emotion to such a gleam. There was the face of a hatless boy running through the streets one sunny morning who bumped into me and dashed on without begging my pardon. There was the face of a man I listened to once as he played the violin, and I remember too the face of a woman that I hesitated to kiss. Now the face I saw in the lightning reminded me of all these faces and of some others I have forgotten. You know, about faces there is often something curious. These faces I now remember possessed an identical contortion, an identical arrangement of features and somehow an expression identical to the one I have just told you of. Stark and unhuman. A furious and

repulsive loveliness. It was gone in an instant. But I saw it so vividly that I see it now when I close my eyes . . . an insufferable gesture thrust out of the lightning. The faces of which I am reminded were not so definite. But they had the same light about them."

"I know the light you mean," said my friend. "I've noted it myself. If you watch closely you will catch an instant of it now and then shining through the grimace of a dancer or of a man laughing, or, as you say, playing the violin." He paused and his face became full of a curious sincerity. "Or of a woman in passion. Yes, I know what you mean. Dark and violent legends have been written about this light, for it has always been in the world and yet seemingly not of it. In demonology . . ."

Again I offered interruption. "Let us not talk of demonology. Inasmuch as a demon is something which must by logic be something unimaginable any adjectives we may arrange concerning it will be crude and futile. What I saw in the face in the storm I've seen before and in places without storm. I've put it down as a maniacal gleam, the indication of a fugitive disorder of the brain. I've noticed vaguely that the expression is somehow connected with people in moments of inspiration. I recall a young poet I knew. His stare at times became like a wild laugh out of which mirth has passed and which has become full of something else. This phrase vastly exaggerated would describe the expression of the features I looked at tonight . . ."

I left my friend with the emotion of a man who has offended his own intelligence. This babbling over the face of a prostitute passed in the rain appealed to me as the vaporings of a weakened brain. Yet it pursued me. I found myself excitedly searching in the faces of the little half dead who swarmed the streets, who rode in cars, who sat in restaurants. There were impressions I could not shake off by assuring myself of an innate idiocy. And therefore three nights later I jammed a cap over my ears and with the collar of my mackintosh properly raised I launched myself into another night lashed with wind and rain in quest of the Yellow Goat.

I was curiously nervous as I turned into the street of the grimy-fronted cafés. Here was again halloo of that other night, the golden-lettered street signs adrift in the storm, the vast wash of water illuminating the dark with its fugitive glint, the boiling pavements

and the odor of wet winds. I pressed on hoping for the lightning and the thunder. For, I assured myself, the quest demanded a certain footlighting to be real, and off-stage noises. But the darkness, swollen with rain and wind, remained unrelieved and thus the morbid sanity of my true philosophical nature arose in my thought to confuse me and to prepare me for disillusion. I would find no such face. In fact the face did not exist. It had been the trick of lightning and jumbled nerves. And those other faces which I so obligingly remembered — auxiliary hallucinations all of them. In any event promenading on a night like this savored of idiocy, face or no face. The quest of mysteries indeed! The urge of spiritual hunger, to be sure! Behold a solemn ass walking, as was his privilege, through a pneumonia-breeding deluge . . .

The wind bayed through the streets and the rain enveloped me in its monotonous rush. Staring ahead I saw gleaming in a little floating oasis of bright mist the sign of the Yellow Goat. There was magic in the sign. The promptings of sanity fled my thought and an exultation tangled my legs. After all there were destinations in the city. There were the veils of Isis still, and the piles of stone that little hands reared had not lost their cunning to conceal unimaginable mysteries. I paused before the entrance of the Yellow Goat as the streaming door swung open and two figures darted out. They were by me and gone in an instant and, as if in pursuit of them, rushed a rollicking lurch of sound. Into the night floated a strain of music and the laugh of a woman.

I entered the Yellow Goat and the night vanished behind me. I was suddenly in a strange world of lights and shouts and odors. Dancing bodies spun and jerked among the tables. Faces bounced amid layers of tobacco smoke that lay in undulant lavender sheets above the floor. Through streaks of color and movement came the bray of music — a melody leaping between the smash of trombones and the bursting staccato of drums. Five niggers with faces satin black were swaying over silver instruments and shouting as they played. Among the round-topped table the revels and contortions of the dancers threatened to annihilate all furniture. A waiter passed in front of me, balancing a black tray laden with colored glasses. At the tables sat men and women with faces that seemed somehow out of focus, niggers, prostitutes, louts. The slant of red mouths opened with laughter, the movement of eyes and hands and

white throats of women, — these I saw as fragments through a mist. I moved through the halloo of the room toward a table that seemed to me empty. The reek of wine and steaming cloths, the sting of perspiring perfumes, the bedroom odors of women's bodies dizzied me as I dropped into a chair at this table.

Opposite me sat a woman with a face cut out of scarlet, white and lavender cardboards. Her head was thrown back in a grimace of violent laughter. The red flesh of her opened mouth and throat stared at me behind the roll of sound that issued. I was conscious for the moment of being embraced by soft arms and I felt the hot and opened mouth pressing almost on my face. About me men were banging glasses on the table and women were screaming laughs. To the music of the five shouting niggers couples were making feverish gestures with their bodies against the roar and haze of the room. The faces of drunken niggers, prostitutes and louts hung in the odor and smoke. I sat silent like some bewildered and forbidding stranger, wondering how this woman had appeared so abruptly opposite me. I was in these first moments walking again through the storm and beholding in a gulp of lightning the strange features of a woman behind the door of the Yellow Goat.

The music of the five niggers stopped and a sudden emptiness flooded the room. The confusion became a matter of men's and women's voices and scurrying waiters. The woman opposite me alone remained unchanged. She was gazing at me with eyes in whose swarthy depths moved tiny streaks of scarlet that were like wavering flame tips. Beneath her eyes her skin was darkened as if by bruises. A peculiarly sultry light glowed over their heavy discolorations. Her mouth had shut and her cheeks were without curves, following the corpse like lines of her skull. They were paper white, but again I noted in them the curious sultry glow of her smeared and heavy eyes. Her lips were like the streaks of vermilion laquer painted on an idol's face. She had thrust two bared arms across the table top and was leaning forward. She was regarding me with a smile.

To this extent am I able to describe her. The face of a malignant pierrette or of a diabolic clown, stark and illumined as under some strong lavender ray; the gleaming and putrescent eyes haloed in a gelatinous mist, full of reptilian sorcery. These are simple things to recount. But these were merely the mask for a bewildering thing

which held me silent in a strange inertia. This thing hovered between us like a third person. It was an animation creating waves in the air that were neither of light nor of sound. My thought grew d'm and, during these moments that I sat returning her smile, an almost unbearable lust cried in my blood.

We arose and walked arm and arm out of the Yellow Goat into the night and rain. I was aware of faces turned toward me as we passed among the tables but they seemed the fragments of a foreign world. In the rain her body breathed against me, warming me with its hot flesh. My thought became like an echo forever escaping me. The woman tugged at my arm.

"Run, Run," she cried. She threw her head back and filled the night with her laugh. We ran.

We came breathless up a flight of stairs into a room lighted with a gas jet. The heavy sulphurous scent of tube roses stuffed the place but I could make out no flowers. I stood against the door we had entered. The woman's clothes had fallen from her as if blown from her body by a strong wind. Nude but for the black silken stockings she had not removed she turned toward me. Her white skin glistened with moisture and was covered in places with the faint colors of stained glass. She began to dance and throw her arms about and her mouth opened in a riveted laugh. The room became saturated with her. She swept by me plunging about in her dance, posturing and shouting. The gleam of her eyes buried itself in my brain and left me crazed with desire for her.

It was this gleam and the rapturous grimacings of her face that awakened my thought. I recalled as from a distance that I had come in quest of something. This thing I saw now in her face as she tumbled about the malodorous room. It expressed torture. I had seen this light that burned from her, this curious contortion of feature in the faces of the city, now for an instant in the inspiration of a dancer, now in the midst of a violin's wonder, now in the joy of a woman laughing. I had never seen it as I saw it now, but always as a fugitive and lunatic light that fixed itself upon the air after it had vanished from the eyes of men and woman. Here was this light in a nudity more intimate than the shine and odor of her body's flesh.

She had ceased her dancing and thrown herself upon the grimy rumpled surface of a bed. Her laughter also had ceased. She lay with her arms extended toward me, her nakedness moving

faintly like some thick white and undulant reptile. I saw that her eyes were closed but that there was nevertheless about her the stare of a terrible vision. A moan began to come from her and her fingers like claws scratched at the air. Her moving and the odors arising from her grew unendurable. I opened the door softly and ran. Pursuing me came the sound of laughter, rising in a howl.

Outside it still rained. The wind no longer blew. I hurried away and my thought so long tangled in emotion began to unwind itself.

"She is a disease," I murmured to myself, "Her flesh is insane. She is the secret of ecstasy and of Gods and of all things that are beautiful."

About my feet the whirling lines of the rain burst upon the pavement forming innumerable little *vs.* In the proper course of time I would fashion adjectives out of the thing the woman of the Yellow Goat had revealed to me and thus perhaps add to the progress of my race. But now there drifted before me a white-torsoed phantom and in my nose there remained the hot smell of a decay.

### Autoepitaph

I have played always  
Myself

And played myself  
Not always  
Perfectly . . .

Is it enough for the exclamation  
At the end:  
Qualis artifex pereo!

## THE LAMENT OF WOMEN

Djuna Barnes

A h M y G o d !

Ah my God, what is it that we love!  
This flesh laid on us like a wrinkled glove?  
Bones caught in haste from out some lustful bed,  
And for momentum, this a devil's shove.

What is it that hurriedly we kiss,  
This mouth that seeks our own, or still more this  
Small sorry eye within the cheated head,  
As if it mourned the something that we miss.

This pale, this over eager listening ear  
The wretched mouth its soft lament to hear, —  
To mark the noiseless and the anguished fall  
Of still one other warm misshapen tear.

Short arms, and bruised feet long set apart  
To walk with us forever from the start.  
Ah God, is this the reason that we love —  
Because such things are death blows to the heart?

## T o - - - - -

Another's veins are set within my days  
His misery, as much as yours, is mine  
Yet tell me, is this not a virgin's gaze  
Held fast in thine?

I turn always and blow the candle's flame  
Into the darkness, dropping down my tears,  
Striking out the ending of the game  
By forty years.

And in the darkness hear the frightened moan  
Of him half wounded, unidentified  
Some one unutterably alone —  
And mystified.

Nay touch me not too tenderly or well  
For I have words to every man's distress  
And some forgotten ailing hand in hell  
First tore this dress.

Always, yea always, always thus with me  
Another's dust shall mix here, when I cease —  
While yours, my love, a thousand years shall be  
Clotted with peace.

## THE IDEAL QUARREL

William Carlos Williams

ANGER spitting through a mush of lumpy stuff—mouldy words, lie-clots — transforms it into that which lets a world beyond come through, before that, blocked, out. But that is only the beginning. By anger I mean outraged justice of position wrathfully demanding its wavering complement — on the brink of a new alignment: righteous wrath.

This implies one in the right: counter: one manifestly and frankly in the wrong: bold lies. This implies a dissolving union. This means a further dissolution ending in complete separation, involving a rebeginning or it means a reunion between the severing parts.

The nature of this reunion is the end toward which I attack. It is, as I take it, something as virginal, as completely pristine as any fresh choice, any new alignment can be. More new! The only new!

For to break and begin a new alignment is recapitulation but to recement an old and dissolving union is without precedent, a totally new thing. The old union in this case is a part of the new and being directly a part needs no counterpart, the recemented union being ready at birth to go forward. Every part of a changed alignment is a counterpart of the dead old.

This is hard but important.

A dawdling complement struck full-face is split — a shell of words scaled off. The face comes from behind its mask. The mask is smooth coin: — slimed their water, fish dung, a stinking, soupy liquid, endearing terms, bare hands on —, in bed at night, the children, dirt under the piano, systematic, get up earlier, the dishes, smell of cooking, sweetheart, darling, dearest, pimples on your back, your breath smells, your thighs are not —, you are cold, I am tired tonight, I feel lively tonight, your kind of man, what a fool I was, our whole married life, I thought I was marrying a—, *Undank ist der Weltlohn*, coward, self, the selfish get the best in this world (of course) I am not young now — Flash!

Anger will recreate a world. The white bayonette of anger is: I demand. But lies and deeper lies are the spawn of action. Filth

breeds. The white flash of justice is eggs split by an edged flame. Justice lives on lies: a buck-pike that eats its own spawn.

' The birth is in a nest of dead words slimed over: soft down to the mother's breast.

Action brings good. Action upon an old act brings a splitting from the end backward to the beginning so that the cleanliness resultant is a thing opposite to nature, an inversion of whiteness — Back to the beginning.

"I thought I had married a God" to, "I demand a God" is a stroke from the end back to the beginning — but a new beginning, yet resting with its feet on the neck of the old, crushing the old under its feet — unearthly — this is the actual heaven — temples fanned by a wind moving in the wind.

But ac-shun! ac-shun! ac-shun! ac-shun! It is a steam-engine getting under way: the result is a lily opening upon a crow-bar stem. Out of it the cleanliness of spring air! It is the roots of roots we desire! the flower of a flower! the man of a man! the white of white — From the beginning, again! Fourth dimension — well? It is my old life. I hold it off. I have rebegun. Nothing of the old remains or will remain — after. Halleluiah!

I hate you! Flame will be tied to the heels of love in no other way.

The hard backbite of anger recurring in the ebb flow is sturdiness holding its own.

## The Week-end.

Louis Gilmore

Is anything more tedious  
Than a blue sky  
And a gravel-walk  
Between trees

Except the white  
Woman at my side  
Who is pretending  
That I love her!

## Mefk Maru Mustir Daas

Else von Freytag von Loringhoven

The sweet corners of thine tired mouth Mustir  
So world-old tired tired to nobility  
To more to shame to hatred of thineself  
So noble soul so weak a body  
Thine body is the prey of mice

And every day the corners of thine tired mouth Mustir  
Grow sweeter helpless sneer the more despair  
And bloody pale-red poison foams from them  
At every noble thing to kill thine soul  
Because thine body is the prey of mice  
And dies so slowly

So noble is thine tired soul Mustir  
She cannot help to mourn out of thine eyes  
Thine eyelids nostrils pallor of thine cheek  
To mourn upon the curving of thine lip  
Upon the crystal of thine pallid ear  
To beg forgiveness with flashing smile  
Like amber-coloured honey

The sweet corners of thine tired mouth Mustir  
Undo thine sin. Thine pain is killed in play  
Thine body's torture stimulates in play  
And silly little bells of perfect tune  
Ring in thine throat  
Thou art a country devastated bare Mustir  
Exhausted soil with sandy trembling hills  
No food no water and ashamed of it  
Thou shiver and an amber-yellow sun  
Goes down the horizon  
Thou are desert with mirages which drive the mind insane  
To walk and die a-starving. —

## THE MAN WHO RESEMBLED A HORSE

Rafael Arevalo Martinez

*(translated from the Spanish by William Carlos Williams)*

AT THE time we were presented he was at one end of the apartment, his head on one side, as horses are accustomed to stand, with an air as if unconscious of all going on round him. He had long, stiff and dried out limbs, strangely put together, like those of one of the characters in an english illustration to Gulliver's Travels. But my impression that the man in some mysterious way resembled a horse was not obtained then, except in a subconscious manner, which might never have risen to the full life of consciousness had not my abnormal contact with the hero of this story been prolonged.

In this very first scene of our introduction *senor de Aretal* began by way of welcome to exhibit the translucent strings of opals, amethysts, emeralds and carbuncles which constituted his intimate treasure. In a first moment of dazzlement I spread myself out, I opened myself completely like a great white sheet, in order to make greater my surface of contract with the generous giver. The antennae of my soul went out, felt him and returned, tremulous, moved, delighted to give me the good news: — "This is the man you awaited; this is the man in search of whom you peered into all unknown souls, for your intuition had affirmed to you long since that some day you would be enriched by the advent of a unique being. The avidity with which you have seized, stared into and cast aside so many souls which made themselves desired and deceived your hope shall today be amply satisfied: stoop and drink of this water."

And when he arose to go, I followed him, tied and a captive like the lamb which the shepherdess bound with garlands of roses. Once in the living room of my new friend, having no more than crossed the threshold which gave him passage to a propitious and habitual environment, his entire person burst into flame. He became dazzling, picturesque as the horse of an emperor in a military parade. The skirts of his coat had a vague resemblance to the inner tunic of a steed of the middle ages harnessed for a tourney. They fell below his meager buttocks, caressing his fine and distinguished

thighs. And his theatrical performance began.

After a ritual of preparation carefully observed, — knight initiate of a most ancient cult,— and when our souls had already become concave he brought forth his folio of verses with the unctious deportment of a priest who draws near the altar. He was so grave that he imposed respect. A laugh would have been put to the knife in the instant of its birth.

He drew forth his first string of topazes, or, better said, his first series of strings of topazes, translucent and brilliant. His hands were raised with such cadence that the rhythm extended three worlds removed. By the power of the rhythm our room was moved entire to the second floor, like a captive balloon, until it broke free from its earthly ties and carried us on a silent aerial journey. But I was not won by his verses for they were inorganic. They were the translucid and radiant soul of minerals; they were the symmetrical and flinty soul of minerals.

And then the officiant of mineral things brought forth his second necklace. Oh emeralds, divine emeralds! And he showed the third. Oh diamonds, clear diamonds! And he brought the fourth and the fifth, which were again topazes like drops of light, with accumulations from the sun, with parts opaquely radiant. And then the seventh: his carbuncles! His carbuncles were — almost warm; they nearly moved me as might pomegranate seeds or the blood of heros; but I touched them and I felt them hard. By every means the soul of mineral things invaded me; that inorganic aristocracy seduced me strangely, without my fully comprehending. So much was this true that I could not translate the words of my inner master who was confused and made a vain effort to become hard and symmetrical and limited and brilliant; I remained dumb. And then, in an unforeseen explosion of offended dignity, believing himself deceived, the officiant took from me his necklace of carbuncles with a movement so full of violence but so just that it left me more perplexed than hurt. If it had been he of the roses he would not have acted in this way.

And then, as upon the breaking of a charm by that act of violence, the enchantment of the rhythm was shattered; and the little white boat in which we had been flying through the blue of the sky found itself solidly planted on the first floor of the house.

Later, our mutual friend, *senor de Aretal* and I lunched together

on the lower floor of the hotel.

In these moments I looked into the well of the soul of the master of the topazes. I saw many things reflected. As I looked in I had instinctively spread my peacock's tail; but I had spread it without an inner sense of the thing; simply urged by so much beauty perceived and desiring to show my best aspect in order to place myself in tone with it.

Oh the things I saw in that well! The well was for me the very well of mystery itself. To look into a human soul, wide open as a well, which is an eye of the earth, is the same thing as to get a glimpse of God. We never can see the bottom. But we saturate ourselves in the moisture of the water, the great vehicle of love; and we are bedazzled with reflected light.

This well reflected the multiple external aspect of things in the very manner of *senor de Aretal*. Certain figures showed more clearly than others on the surface of the water: there were reflected the classics,—that treasure of tenderness and wisdom, the classics; but above all there was reflected the image of an absent friend with such purity of line and such exact coloring that the fact that this parallel should give me knowledge of the soul of *el senor de la Rosa*, the absent friend so admired and so loved, was not one of the least interesting attractions which the soul of *senor de Aretal* possessed for me. Above all else there was reflected God. God, from whom I was never less distant. The great soul which for a time is brought into focus. I understood as I looked into the well of *senor de Aretal* that he was a divine messenger. He brought a message to humanity; the human message, which has the greatest value of all. But he was an unconscious messenger. He lavished good but he had it not in his possession.

Soon I interested my noble host to an unusual degree. I leant over the clear water of his spirit with such avidity that he was enabled to get a clear likeness of me. I had drawn sufficiently near and besides I was in addition a clear thing which did not intercept the light. Possibly I obscured him as much as he did me. It is a quality of things brought under hallucination to be in their turn hallucinators. This mutual attraction drew us together and brought us into intimate relationship. I frequented the divine temple of that beautiful soul. At its contact I began to take fire. *Senor de Aretal* was a lighted lamp and I was stuff ready to burn. Our souls

communicated with each other. I held my hands extended and the soul of each one of my ten fingers was an antenna through which I received the knowledge of the soul of *senor de Aretal*. Thus I became aware of many things unknown before. Through aerial routes — what else are the fingers, or velvety leaves, for what else but aerial routes are the leaves—I received something from that man which had been lacking me till that time. I had been an adventurous shrub which prolongs its filaments until it finds the necessary humus in new earth. And how I fed! I fed with the joy of tremulous leaves of chlorafile that spread themselves to the sun; with the joy with which a root encounters a decomposing corpse; with the joy with which convalescents take their vascillating steps in the light-flooded mornings of spring; with the joy with which a child clings to the nutritious breast and afterward, being full, smiles in his dreams at the vision of a snowy udder. Bah! all things which complete themselves have had that joy. God, some day, will be nothing more than a food for us; something needed for our life. Thus smile children and the young when they feel themselves gratified by nutrition.

Beyond that I took fire. Nutrition is combustion. Who knows what divine child shook over my spirit a sprinkling of gunpowder, of naphtha, of something easily inflammable; and *senor de Aretal*, who had known how to draw near me, had set fire to it. I had the pleasure of burning, that is to say, of fulfilling my destiny. I understood that I was a thing easily inflammable. Oh father fire, blessed be thou! My destiny is to burn. Fire is also a message. What other souls will take fire from me? To whom would I communicate my flame? Bah! who can fortell the future of a spark?

I burnt and *senor de Aretal* saw me burn. In marvelous harmony our two atoms of hydrogen and oxygen had approached so closely that, stretching themselves, throwing out particles, they almost succeeded in uniting into a living thing. At times they fluttered about like two butterflies which seek each other and make marvelous loops over the river and in the air. At other times they rose by virtue of their own rhythm and harmonious consonance, as rise the two wings of a distich. One was impregnating the other. Until . . . .

Have you heard of those icebergs which, drawn into warm waters by a submarine current, disintegrate at their base until, the

marvelous equilibrium being lost, they revolve upon themselves in an apocalyptic turning, rapid, unforeseen, presenting to the face of the sun what had before been hidden beneath the sea? Inverted they appear unconscious of the ships which, when their upper part went under, they caused to sink into the abyss. Unconscious of the loss of nests which had been built in their parts heretofore turned to the light, in the relative stability of those two fragile things: eggs and ice.

Thus, suddenly, there began to take shape in the transparent angel of senor de Aretal a dark little almost insubstantial cloud. It was the projected shadow of the horse that was drawing near.

Who could express my grief when there appeared in the angel of senor de Aretal that thing — obscure, vague and formless. My noble friend had gone down to the bar of the hotel in which he lived. Who was passing? Bah! a dark thing possessed of a horrible flattened nose and thin lips. Do you understand? If the line of the nose had been straight then also something would have been straightened in his soul. If his lips had been full, his sincerity would have been increased also. But no. Senor de Aretal had called him. There he was . . . And my soul which at that instant had power to discern clearly understood that that dwarf whom I had until then thought to be a man, since I one day saw his cheeks color with shame, was no more than a pygmy. With such nostrils one could not be sincere.

Invited by the master of the topazes we seated ourselves at a table. They served us cognac and refreshments to take or leave. Here the harmony was broken. The alcohol broke it. I did not take any. He drank. But the alcohol was near me on the white marble table. It came between us and intercepted our souls. Furthermore, the soul of senor de Aretal was no longer blue like mine. It was red and flat like that of the companion who separated us. Then I understood that what I had most loved in senor de Aretal was my own blue.

Soon the flattened soul of senor de Aretal began to speak of low things. All his thoughts had the crooked nose. All his thoughts drank alcohol and materialized grossly. He told us of a legion of Jamaican negresses, lewd and semi-naked, pursuing him with the offer of their odious merchandise for a nickel. His speech pained

me and soon his will pained me. He asked me insistently to drink alcohol. I yielded. But hardly had my sacrifice been consummated than I felt clearly that something was breaking between us. That our inner masters were withdrawing and that a divine equilibrium of crystals was tumbling down in silence. I told him so: — Senor de Aretal you have broken our divine relationship in this very instant. Tomorrow you will see me arrive at your apartment, a man only, and I will meet only a man in you. In this very instant you have dyed me in red.

The following day in effect, I do not know what we did, senor de Aretal and I. I believe we were walking along the street bent upon some sort of business. He was aga'n ablaze. I was walking at his side extinguished and far removed. As I walked I was thinking to myself that mystery had never opened so wide a slit for me to look through as in my relations with my strange fellow voyager. I had never felt so thoroughly the possibilities of man; I had never so well understood the intimate God as in my relations with senor de Aretal.

We arrived at his room. His forms of thought were awaiting us. And all the while I felt myself far from senor de Aretal. I felt far for many days, on many successive visits. I went to him obeying inexorable laws. Because precisely that contact was required to consume a part in me, so dry until then, as if prepared the better to burn. All my pain of dryness hitherto now rejoiced in burning; all the pain of my emptiness hitherto now rejoiced in fullness. I sallied out of the night of my soul into a blazing dawn. It is well. Let us be brave. The dryer we are the better we shall burn. And so I went to that man and our inner masters rejoiced. Ah! but the enchantment of the first days. Now where?

When I had become resigned to find a man in senor de Aretal there returned anew the enchantment of his marvelous presence. I loved my friend. But it was impossible for me to throw aside the melancholy of the departed god. Translucid, diamantine lost wings! How might I recover them and return where we were?

One day senor de Aretal found the medium propitious. We his hearers were several; verses were being recited in the room enchanted by his habitual creations. Suddenly, in the presence of some more beautiful than the rest, as upon a horn blast, our noble host arose pawing and prancing. And then and there I had my first

vision: *Senor de Aretal stretched his neck like a horse.*

I attracted his attention:—Worthy host, I beg you to take this and this attitude. Yes; it was true: *he stretched his neck like a horse.*

Later, the second vision; the same day. We went out to walk. Of a sudden I perceived, I perceived it: *Senor de Aretal fell like a horse.* Suddenly his left foot gave way, then his haunches nearly touched the ground, like a horse that stumbles. He recovered himself quickly; but he had already given me the impression. Have you seen a horse fall?

Then the third vision, a few days later. Senor de Aretal was performing, seated before his money in gold; suddenly I saw him move his arms as horses of pure blood move their forefeet, thrusting the extremities of their legs forward, to either side, in that beautiful series of movements which you doubtless have many times observed when an able rider in a crowded thoroughfare curbs the pace of his curvetting and splendid mount.

Afterward another vision: Senor de Aretal looked at things like a horse. When he was drunk with his own words, as his own generous blood makes a high bred steed drunk, tremulous as a leaf,—trembling like a steed mounted and curbed, trembling like all living forms of nervous and fine fiber,—he would bend down his head, he would turn his head sidewise, and thus he looked about, while his arms knitted something in the air, like the forepaws of a horse. What a magnificent thing a horse is! He almost stands upon two feet! And then I felt that the spirit was riding him.

And later a hundred visions more. Senor de Aretal approached women like a horse. In sumptuous parlors he could not remain quiet. He would draw alongside some lovely woman, newly introduced, with elastic and easy movements, bow his head and hold it on the side; he would take a turn around her and take a turn around the room.

Thus he looked sidelong. I was able to observe that his eyes were bloodshot. One day he broke one of the small vessels which color them with a delicate network: the little vessel broke and a tiny red stain colored his sclera. I called it to his attention.

—“Bah”, said he to me, “that is an old matter. I have suffered with it for three days. But have no time to see a doctor.”

He walked to a glass and looked into it fixedly. When I re-

turned on the following day, I found that one more virtue ennobled him. I asked him: "What beautifies you in this hour?" And he replied: "A hue." And he told me that he had put on a red necktie that might harmonise with his eye. Then I understood that there was in his spirit a third red and that these three reds together were what had attracted my attention when saluting him. For the crystal spirit of senor de Aretal was wont to take on the hue of surrounding things. And this is what his verses were: a marvelous collection of crystals tinged by the things about them: emeralds, rubies, opals . . .

But this was at times sad because at times surrounding things were dark or discolored: the greens of the manure pile, the pale greens of sickly plants. I came to deplore finding him with others and when this happened I would leave senor de Aretal under any pretext if his companion were not a person of clear colors.

For unfailingly senor de Aretal reflected the spirit of his companion. One day I found him, he the noble steed! dwarfed and honeyed. And as in a mirror, I saw in the room a person dwarfed and honeyed. Sure enough, there she was: he presented her. A woman flattened, fat and low. Her spirit likewise was a low thing. Something trailing and humble; but inoffensive and desirous of pleasing. That person was the spirit of flattery. And senor de Aretal also at that moment possessed a small soul, servile and obsequious. What convex mirror has brought about this horrible transformation? I asked myself, terrified. And at once all the air of the room appeared to me as a transparent convex glass which distorted the objects. How flattened the chairs were . . . ! Everything offered itself to be sat upon. Aretal was one hack horse the more.

On another occasion, at the table of a noisy group which laughed and drank, Aretal was one human the more, one more of the heap. I drew alongside him and saw him listed and the price fixed. He cracked jokes and brandished them like weapons of defense. He was a circus horse. All in that group were on exhibition. Another time he was a *jayán*. He entangled himself in abusive words with a brute of a man. He was like a market woman. He would have disgusted me; but I loved him so much that it made me sad. He was a kicking horse.

Finally there appeared on the physical plane a question which I had long been shaping: which is the true spirit of senor de Aretal?

And I answered it quickly. Senor de Aretal with his fine mentality had no soul: he was amoral. He was amoral as a horse and allowed himself to be mounted by any spirit whatever. At times his riders were fearful or miserly and then Senor de Aretal would fling them from him with a proud buck. That moral vacuum of his being would fill, as do all vacuums, with ease. It tended to fill itself.

I proposed the question to the very exalted mind of my friend and he took it up at once. He made me a confession:—Yes: it is true. I show you who love me the better part of me. I show you my inner god. But, it is painful to say it, between two human beings around me I tend to take on the color of the lower. Flee from me when I am in bad company.

Upon the base of this discovery I entered still more deeply into his spirit. He confessed to me one day, in grief, that no woman had ever loved him. All his being bled as he said this. I explained to him that no woman could love him, because he was not a man, the union would have been monstrous. Senor de Aretal did not know modesty and was indelicate in his relations with ladies, like an animal. And he:

— But I heap them with money.

— That also would be given them by a valuable property rented.

And he:

— But I caress them with passion.

— Their little wooly dogs also lick their hands.

And he:

— But I am faithful and generous to them; I am humble to them; I am self-denying to them.

— Well; man is more than that. But, do you love them?

— Yes, I love them.

— But do you love them as a man? No, friend, no. You break in those delicate and divine beings a thousand slender cords which constitute a life entire. That last prostitute, who denied you her love and has disdained your money, defended her one inviolate part: her inner master; that which is not sold. You have no shame. Now listen to my prophesy: a woman will redeem you. You, obsequious and humble to lowliness with the ladies; you proud to carry a lovely woman, on your back, with the pride of the favorite nag which delights in its burden, — when this beautiful woman shall

love you, you will be redeemed; you will acquire chastity by conquest.

And at another time propitious for confidences.

— I have never had a friend. And his entire being bled as he said this. I explained to him that no man could give him his friendship because he was not a man, and the friendship would have been monstrous. Senor de Aretal did not comprehend friendship and was indelicate in his relations with men, like an animal. He knew only comradeship. He galloped joyful and openhearted upon the plain with his companions; he liked to go in droves with them; primitive and primordial he galloped, feeling the burning of his generous blood which incited him to action, — becoming drunk with the air, the verdure and the sun; but later he would withdraw with indifference from his companion of a year. The horse, his brother dead beside him, sees him rot beneath the dome of the heavens without a tear rising to his eyes . . . And senor de Aretal, when I had finished expressing my last concept, radiant:

— This is the glory of nature. Matter, immortal, does not die. Why weep for a horse when a rose remains? Why weep for a rose when a bird is there? Why lament for a friend when a meadow remains? I feel the radiant light of the sun which possesses us all, which redeems us all. To weep is to sin against the sun. Men, cowards, miserable and low, sin against nature, which is God.

And I, reverent, on my knees before that beautiful animal soul which filled me with the unction of God:

— Yes, it is true; but man is a part of nature; he is nature evolved. I respect evolution! There is force and there is matter; I respect them both! They are all one.

— I am beyond the moral.

— You are on this side of morality; you are below the moral. But the horse and the angel touch one another, and for this reason you at times appear to me as divine. St. Francis d'Assisi, like you, loved all beings and all things; but that being true, he loved them in another manner; he loved them beyond the circle, not this side of it as you do.

And then he:

— I am generous with my friends: I shower them with gold.

— It would also be given them by a valuable property leased, or by an oil well, or a working mine.

And he:

— But I pay them a thousand little attentions. I have been nurse to the sick friend and a boon companion in an orgy to the hale friend.

And I:

— Man is more than that; man is solidarity. You love your friends but do you love them with human love? No; you offended in us a thousand intangible things. I, who am the first man who has loved you, have sown the germ of your redemption. That egoistic friend who separated himself, in leaving you, from a benefactor, did not feel himself united to you by any human bond. You have no solidarity with men.

— . . . . .

— You have not modesty with women nor solidarity with men nor respect for the law. You lie, and find in your exalted mentality an excuse for your lie, although you are by nature truthful, like a horse. You flatter and deceive and find in your exalted mentality an excuse for your flattery and your deceit although you are by nature noble, like a horse. I have never so loved horses as I love them in you. I understand the nobility of the horse: it is nearly human. You have always borne a human load upon your back: a woman, a friend . . . What would become of that woman and that friend in the difficult passes without you, the noble, the strong, who bore them upon himself with a generosity which will be your redemption! He who bears a burden covers the road most swiftly. But you have borne them like a horse. Faithful to your nature, begin to bear them like a man.

I took leave of the master of the topazes and a few days later there occurred the last act of our relationship. Of a sudden *senor de Aretal* sensed that my hand was unsteady, that it was held out to him in a cowardly and ungenerous manner and his nobility of the brute revolted. With a swift kick he threw me far from him. I felt his hoofs on my forehead. Then a rapid gallop, rhythmic and martial, scattering to the winds the sands of the desert. I turned my eyes toward the place where the sphynx had stood in her eternal repose of mystery and I no longer saw her. The sphynx was *senor de Aretal* who had revealed to me his secret which was the same as that of the centaur!

It was senor de Aretal, drawing away at a rapid gallop, with a human face and the body of a beast.

*Guatemala, October 1914.*

## THE BOULEVARD

Israel Solon

ALL THE morning Mollie Mandel had been from door to door along the south side of Maxwell Street, selling tickets for The Orphans Aid Society's coming ball. Her hand bag of real alligator skin with solid gold trimming bulged with all the money she had stuffed into it that morning. There was resounding firmness in her step and arrogance in her manner. Not another member of the Entertainment Committee had sold so many tickets, she was just certain.

Mollie Mandel enjoyed all selling. Before marrying the rich Max Mandel, Mollie had been the best sales-lady in Little Jake's Milwaukee Avenue Bargain House. But it was selling tickets for fashionable charities that Mollie Mandel enjoyed most. It made her welfare work among the ghetto poor a real pleasure.

Mollie Mandel smiled a fat smile. She was uncommonly well pleased with herself and her success of the morning. She unbuttoned her Persian lamb coat that everybody might enjoy the snug broad-cloth suit she wore beneath, and the diamonds flashing at her throat and ears. The barrels of herring, the numerous improvised shops and stands that congested the sidewalk and street, the pyramids of discolored oranges, diminutive apples and over-ripe bananas, the heaps of cheap imitation wares exhibited for sale to those living on the outer edge, heightened her feeling of security. And she reveled in it. She was above these little people and their trembling lives. Let those who give themselves superior airs snarl at her as they please, and call her "allrightnik," which is the American Yiddish for New-rich vulgarian. What did she care! In Maxwell Street she was a swell lady what lives on the Boulevard. She was so well pleased with herself that she quite forgot her luncheon. Mollie Mandel rarely forgot her meals.

It was noon when Mollie Mandel caught sight of Esther Malkin at the show-window in her father's bake-shop in Maxwell

Street. Instantly, her eyes swam in pleasure; joy oozed out all over her face, guttered down each side of her nose and around her mouth, spilled over the edge of her jaws, circled the fat of her neck and throat and ran down below her broadcloth suit.

"Say, Frieda!" Mollie Mandel shouted to her companion across the street. "Come on over!" And she made violent motions with her hands."

"What's eatin' you now?" Frieda shouted back as she hurried across.

"Listen!" Mollie Mandel confided in a loud whisper. "See Esther Malkin moping there in the window? I've got a live hunch. I'm going to hook the Malkins for some tickets."

"I'll just bet you the lunch for the two of us at the Annex you don't!"

"Say that again," Mollie Mandel challenged. "That listens good to me. Remember, I'm going to order a whole lobster."

"I should worry what you order! You'll have to pay for mine, too."

"Say, kid, you're on!" Mollie Mandel called out exultantly. "Let's hook claws on that." And she reached out for Frieda's hand. "Just watch me put it over!"

Esther Malkin was a short, dark girl, and inclined to be stout, like her mother. She was nineteen and silent. She had no bracelets, no jeweled combs, no silver mesh bag, no satin slippers; nor had she as yet anything put away in the big trunk, though her parents were as worthy as any living in Maxwell. She had not even the desire for those things. She was a plain girl. The flour dust which covered her large black eyes and clotted her mass of black hair, merging them into a dull drab jumble, like the dull drab jumble of her clothing, also penetrated and thickened her soul. Esther never found herself shaken with strong desire, never complained, and seldom laughed. Day after day she plodded from counter to counter in her father's bake-shop in Maxwell Street, dealing out loaves of rye bread to shrill women with shawls over their heads, and sticky cakes and rolls to fiery-eyed, noisy children. All of her interests were centered upon the immediate and the practical — upon the day's receipts, upon making the correct change, upon reserving the shapeliest loaves for the best customers. And because she could rest but one foot at a time she generally appeared lopsided.

One after another the Maxwell Street girls were being married off, though of some it was said that they were not fit to bind a cat's tail. You saw the young men coming fresh from the barber shop, their hair all glossy, their faces nice and clean so that it was a real pleasure just to look at them. After an hour you saw them holding the street doors open for their ladies, helping them off the sidewalk and across the street, turning their heads this way and that, like real gentlemen. In a few weeks you saw the young ladies with their hands always at their hair, so as to make sure you would see their engagement rings, real diamonds, in golden mounting. And yet, as the mothers came in to order the huge wheaten twisted wedding loaves, Esther congratulated them cheerfully, warmly; and never found it necessary to suppress a longing, to stifle a sigh.

It was not that Esther was indifferent to what might become of her. She was merely "a kosher Yiddish daughter," perpetuated through the ages by the isolation of the ghetto. As in her childhood she had reposed peacefully in the arms of her mother, she now rested securely in the ancient faith of her people, never doubting that her own would come to her. The Exalted One forsakes no one. Her man would be no doctor or lawyer, not even a down-town business man like Mollie Mandel's man. Let him only be a nice man and a good baker, and she would be quite thankful. With a little help from her father, they would open a bake-shop, and even get to move to the Boulevard some day perhaps. Why not?

The noonday rush in the Malkin bake-shop was just over. Only the clamor made by the nervous women and children still lingered. Soon this, too, faded out; and an empty stillness invaded the shop, and a kind of peace. Esther made limply for the edge of the show-window, to gaze with unseeing eyes at the feverish swarm outdoors, while resting her tired body. And a moment later she was dreaming, open-eyed day dreaming:

She was seated on the front porch of her home . . . . . On the Boulevard . . . . . Her man he was away somewhere . . . . . She did not know where . . . . . She did not know what he looked like, but he was a nice man . . . . . And she was surrounded by children — a number of children! . . . . . Suddenly she was overcome by a scorching desire to press a curly head to her breast, to shower furious kisses upon it —

"Hello, Esther!" Mollie Mandel shouted in the doorway. "Has

he got lots of money? I'll bet he knows how to show a girl a good time! Do I know him? What's his name? Are you afraid I'll take him away from you?"

She fired the questions in rapid succession, without waiting for an answer, for she was not interested in what Esther might have to say.

"Just leave it to the quiet ones," she continued. "You needn't blush so. Oh, my, oh, my! If I made a mistake all the worse for you. You don't know all the fun you're missing."

Esther had not uttered a word. She could not. Her mind was not quick enough. Mollie Mandel now thought that she had said enough on that subject, so she asked:

"Where's your mother? — Oh, hello, Mrs. Malkin! How are you? I seen gold and silver, but you I did not see. You're looking fine!"

She got down at once to the business she had in mind, and her tone changed. The spirit of banter left her. She spoke from the privileged position of a lady of the Boulevard, who, but for the goodness of her heart, might have spoken differently. She was now neither pleading nor arguing. She merely voiced obvious and unassailable truths, and through no other motive than her desire to do good.

"Everybody knows I speak right out. By me there's no tricks and monkey business. What can you be thinking about? Why do you keep Esther so much at home? She isn't a baby any more!"

Esther squirmed. She gathered her arms about her as if a stranger had invaded her room while she was dressing. Mollie Mandel noticed it, and became bantering again, but only for a moment.

"Say, if it wasn't right the rabbi wouldn't do it, and if it wasn't nice the Czar wouldn't do it. We're among ourselves. There ain't nobody we got to be ashamed of. In plain words: you got to make her go out and meet people. A nice wedding, a swell ball — Say, there's no need my laying a finger in your mouth! You can understand a thing as good as the next one. The Orphans Aid Society's coming ball, for instance. That's just like it was made to order for Esther. It's the swellest affair of the season. Esther musn't miss it. I'll introduce a bunch of swell fellows to her — A smart woman like you, say! What you forgot some people you and I know

will never learn. But we all got to be reminded sometimes. Here are three tickets."

Mollie Mandel stuffed the money into her bag of real alligator skin with solid gold trimming. Mrs. Malkin fingered the tickets, not knowing what else to do with them. With one hand on the door, Mollie Mandel, smiling benignly, turned to Esther:

"Esther, you're a nice one! Why don't you come over to see me sometimes? My house ain't swell enough for you, what? Believe me, with a house like mine I ain't got nothing to be ashamed of. Without my loss, let God bless you even next year with a house like mine. Ring me up when you're coming, you hear?"

A long silence followed Mollie Mandel's departure. It was not merely that her breathless flow of words had intimidated both the mother and daughter, but that she had talked all the while she was with them; and now she was gone before they had had time to ask her anything. It took time for them to puzzle out what all had happened to them. Esther finally ventured timidly:

"I think Mollie is awful nice. She ain't a bit stuck up or anything. Wasn't that a swell coat she had on?"

"Ach, daughterkin," and the mother rocked herself ruefully. "To all things you got to have luck. Before she got married she had hardly three threads on her, so God sends her a good luck, and look at her now! A grain of luck is better as a pound of gold, daughterkin."

Again mother and daughter fell silent. A film of sadness overspread Mrs. Malkin's face. The contrast between Esther's heavy life and Mollie Mandel's rampant prosperity was too great for the mother to accept cheerfully. Answering to an inner need to do something, Mrs. Malkin began to remove the bread crumbs from the counter, without noticing that she was using her white apron as a dusting cloth. Esther kept creasing a piece of wrapping paper and smoothing it out again on her knee, over and over again, for some minutes.

"What'll we do with all them tickets, mother?" Esther asked suddenly. "We ain't really going?"

The question took Mrs. Malkin by surprise, and she barely managed to say:

"We got to hear what the father will say;" and, taking advantage of the entrance of a customer, she said hastily: "See what

Mrs. Solomon wants, daughterkin. She's got a little baby at home."

How that winter afternoon passed Esther did not know. She could not have said whether it had been long or short, nor how she had spent it. When she stepped out the door that evening to lock up the shop, she was struck by the appearance of Maxwell Street. It was as if she had stepped into a strange street, in some strange town. The flaming gasoline torches, the push-carts and stands, the heaps of litter and refuse — could it always have been like that? She did not know what made her so uncomfortable.

When she had reached her rooms she wondered why the windows were not open, although open windows at that season of the year, except on Friday mornings, when the house was being made ready to receive Sabbath the Queen, were unknown in the Malkin household. She had to have air. She pushed up the window, the lace curtains flapped, and Esther was annoyed at the smell of dust. She put her head out the window, and noticed for the first time that the electric street lamps were all on one side of the street, and she wondered were they like that on all streets. Then she recalled that there were four rows of electric lights on the Boulevard, two rows on either side. She closed the window, and sat down on the edge of the bed. The light of the street lamps, coming in through the window, did not reach to where she sat; but she did not light the gas. She wanted to sit in the dark. She was tired.

Long after Esther fell asleep that night her father and mother still talked of her and the ball.

"All the biggest swells go to that ball," Mrs. Malkin informed her husband in a tone as if she had known of it all her life, that her hard-headed husband might not doubt it. "Everybody from the Boulevard. And it ain't as if she didn't have nobody there. Mollie Mandel will be there to look after her, and Mollie can do a whole lot where she wants to. Such a fine chance! All the biggest swells from the Boulevard."

"The foolsih woman what you are! Right away you got to take and get scared! Swells they are what go to that ball, yes? What kind of swells are they, tell me, hey? What, you don't know? What are you trying to talk yourself into? As if everybody didn't know them swells. Tell me, how long is it since they moved away from Maxwell Street, and Union Street, and Liberty Street, hey?"

Mr. Malkin hurled these statements at his wife with greater

violence than the occasion demanded, and he was in part aware of it. He raged not merely to cover a retreat from a position he was not able to defend — his wife clearly had him at a disadvantage and he knew it. He had given too little thought to his daughter's future, an offence much more heinous in the ghetto than elsewhere. But he was a weak man, with little of originality and daring. His success, even when measured by Maxwell Street standards, was the result of neither his foresight nor courage. Countrymen of his, by the tens of thousands, had crowded about him that they might ease the violence of the change in their lives; that they might share in the greater security of kindred presence, in the comfort of familiar speech and manners. The thousands of the ghetto had enabled him to profit by his peasant grubbing instinct, to exploit the racial tenacity of himself, his wife and his daughter. He blustered thus violently that he might dissipate his resentment of himself for his past behavior. Now that his wife had thrown him into a panic, he felt that his neglect would surely have led to disaster, but for the kindly intervention of Mollie Mandel. His irritation was great, because the love he bore his daughter was great, and it called for many words to relieve him.

"Let somebody mention swells to you, and right away you got to take and get scared. By you everybody is a swell what lives on the Boulevard. And maybe if he's got to have a silver dollar he runs around like a poisoned mouse.

"You say Mollie Mandel is going to look after Estherkin. Sure, that's very nice, and we got to remember to thank her for it. But that's nothing to get scared for! Sure Estherkin's got to go to the ball, how else? Who said no? Did you hear me say no, she can't go, tell me? What one must one must, that's all. And as for a dress and things— Nu! When you're going to be hanged by one foot you may as well be hanged by the other also. Maybe we can as well afford it as most of them swells, thank God—if she's really got to have them. It ain't too late yet!"

"Sure, sure, it ain't too late yet," Mrs. Malkin agreed readily. She had feared a harder tussle. She herself was more troubled than she had dared disclose to her husband. The ball seemed to her a dangerous undertaking, even though she did not know where danger might lie. And, as much to allay her own fears as to prevent her husband from changing his mind, she added quickly: "Thank God,

thank God, it ain't too late yet! But we got to look around. Another year, and another year, and maybe it is too lae, God forbid!"

The following day, like all previous days in endless number, began for Esther with the ringing of the alarm clock in the darkness of her bedroom. She felt the same worn carpet underfoot, the same damp clothing; the waist she had washed before going to bed hung limp on the newspaper over the back of the chair, where it would remain until the following bedtime to be ironed — thus it had always been. But this morning Esther found it hard to finish dressing, and had to press her cheek against the foot-end of her iron bed.

The rattle and clack of a milk wagon made her jump. She was late! She had always aimed to have the shop open and the gas lighted by the time the milk-man came around; but now she had to waste still more time, hunting for the little hairpins she had somehow misplaced when undressing.

She walked heavily down the stairs. Another day of bread and cakes, cakes and bread, the same as it had always been all the days of her life as far back as she could remember. When she stepped out into the gray of the cold street there appeared to be something ghostly about it. She did not know that she had but just begun to notice the world about her.

The thought of the ball popped into her head as soon as she entered the shop. Had her mother talked to her father about it? What had he said? She just knew that he had refused to listen to it at all. She did not know whether she cared or not. No, she was glad. Why should she befuddle her own head with balls and things! She listened for her mother's step. She kept asking of old customers was there anything they wanted. She miscounted cakes, and astonished women kept asking her what had suddenly got into her.

She heard her mother's heavy tread on the stairs and started for the door to meet her, but checked herself in time, and busied herself with rearranging the loaves. It was a long time before her mother would say anything. Finally she said:

"The father says we got to go to the ball."

"We go to the ball? Yes?" Esther was sure she had heard aright, but wished her mother would say it again. Then she read confirmation of the good news in her mother's face, and added quietly: "Maybe that will be nice."

*(to be continued)*

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**TETELESTAI**

Conrad Aiken

## I

How shall we praise the magnificence of the dead,  
The great man humbled, the haughty brought to dust?  
Is there a horn we should not blow as proudly  
for the meanest of us all, who creeps his days,  
Guarding his heart from blows, to die obscurely? . . .  
I am no king, have laid no kingdoms waste,  
Taken to princes captive, led no triumphs  
Of weeping women through long walls of trumpets  
Say rather I am no one, or an atom:  
Say rather, two great gods in a vault of starlight  
Play ponderingly at chess; and at the game's end  
One of the pieces, shaken, falls to the floor  
And runs to the darkest corner; and that piece  
Forgotten there, left motionless, is I . . .  
Say that I have no name, no gifts, no power,  
Am only one of millions; mostly silent;  
One who came with eyes and hands and a heart,  
Looked on beauty, and loved it, and then left it.  
Say that the fates of time and space obscured me,  
Led me a thousand ways to pain, bemused me,  
Wrapped me in ugliness; and like great spiders  
Despatched me at their leisure . . . Well, what then?  
Should I not hear, as I lie down in dust,  
The horns of glory blowing above my burial?

## II

Morning and evening opened and closed above me,  
Houses were built above me, trees let fall  
Yellowing leaves upon me, hands of ghosts;  
Rain has showered its arrowns of silver upon me  
Seeking my heart; winds have roared and tossed me;  
Music in long blue waves of sound has borne me  
A helpless weed to shores of unthought silence;  
Time, above me, within me, crashed its gongs

Of terrible warning, sifting the dust of death;  
 And here I lie. Blow now your horns of glory  
 Harshly over my flesh, you trees, you waters!  
 You stars and suns, Canopus, Deneb, Rigel  
 Let me as I lie down, here in this dust,  
 Hear, far off, your whispered salutation!  
 Roar now above my decaying flesh, you winds,  
 Whirl out your earth-scents over this body, tell me  
 Of ferns, and stagnant pools, wild roses, hillsides!  
 Anoint me, rain, let crash your silver arrows  
 On this hard flesh! I am the one who named you  
 I lived in you and now I die in you:  
 I, your son, your daughter, treader of music,  
 Lie broken, conquered . . . Let me not fall in silence.

## III

I, the reatless one; the circler of circles;  
 Herdsman and roper of stars, who could not capture  
 The secret of self; I who was tyrant to weaklings,  
 Striked of children; destroyer of women; corrupter  
 Of innocent dreamers, and laughter at beauty; I  
 Too easily brought to tears and weakness by music,  
 Baffled and broken by loves, the helpless beholder  
 Of the war in my heart of desire with desire, the struggle  
 Of hatred with love, terror with hunger; I  
 Who laughed without knowing the cause of my laughter, who grew  
 Without wishing to grow, a servant to my own body;  
 Loved without reason the laughter and flesh of a woman,  
 Enduring such torments to find her! I who at last  
 Grow weaker, struggle more feebly, relent in my purpose,  
 Choose for my triumph an easier end, look backward  
 At earlier conquests; or caught in the webs, cry out  
 In a sudden and empty despair — 'Tetélestai!  
 Pity me, now! I, who was arrogant beg you!  
 Tell me, as I lie down that I was courageous.  
 Blow horns of victory now as I reel and am vanquished;  
 Shatter the sky with trumpets above my grave! . . .

## IV

. . . Look! This flesh how it crumbles to dust and is blown!

These bones, how they grind in a granite of frost and are nothing!  
This skull — how it yawns for a flicker of time in the darkness  
Yet laughs not and sees not! it is crushed by a hammer of sunlight,  
And the hands are destroyed . . . Press down through the leaves  
of the jasmine

Dig through the interlaced roots — nevermore will you find me:  
I was no better than dust, yet you cannot replace me . . .  
Take the soft dust in your hand — does it stir, does it sing?  
Has it lips and a heart? Does it open its eyes to the sun?  
Does it run, does it dream, does it burn with a secret, or tremble  
In terror of death? Or ache with tremendous decisions? . . .  
Listen! . . . It says: 'I lean by the river. The willows  
Are yellowed with bud. White clouds roar up from the south  
And darken the ripples; yet they cannot darken my heart,  
Nor the face like a star in my heart! . . . Rain falls on the water  
And pelts it and rings it with silver. The willow-trees glisten,  
The sparrows chirp under the eaves; but the face in my heart  
Is a secret of music . . . I wait in the rain and am silent.'  
Listen again! . . . It says: 'I have worked, I am tired,  
The pencil dulls in my hand, I see through the window  
Walls upon walls of windows with faces behind them,  
Smoke floating up to the sky, an ascension of sea-gulls.  
I am tired. I have struggled in vain, my decision was fruitless,  
Why, then do I wait? with darkness, so easy, at hand! . . .  
But to-morrow . . . perhaps . . . I will wait and endure till to-morrow!  
Or again: 'It is dark. The decision is made. I am vanquished  
By terror of life. The walls mount slowly about me  
In coldness. I had not the courage. I was forsaken.  
I cried out, was answered by silence . . . Tetélestai! . . .'

## V

Hear how it babbles! — Blow the dust out of your hand,  
With its voices and visions, tread on it, forget it, turn homeward  
With dreams in your brain . . . This, then, is the humble, the  
nameless, —

The lover, the husband and father, the struggler with shadows,  
The one who went down under shoutings of chaos, the weakling  
Who cried h's 'forsaken!' like Christ on the darkening hilltop! . . .  
This, then, is the one who implores as he dwindles to silence,  
A fanfare of glory . . . And which of you dares to deny him!

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# THE SUNWISE TURN

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In April, 1916, we sent out the first announcement of our aims and intentions in regard to selling modern books and art. In November 1917, we tried to recount our achievements and new hopes. Now in November, 1918, at a moment of solemn import for the world we wish to remind our friends and explain to those who have not yet heard of the "Sunwise Turn" that in our third year we see the task that we have set ourselves to do more clearly than ever as a factor of value in the new age.

Many a time in these difficult war years we have nearly given up under the financial struggle, but at the darkest moment would come some visible sign that the Sunwise Turn *is* needed and that we must keep going on some way for the few until the many would come to us and not only make our work count for more but make it easier for us to do it well.

We are fighting the fight for the small bookshop. We want to be just one of a great number of bookshops that will help increase the number of good books read by every American to a figure for just pride, and make it impossible for a man in Nevada or Maine, Porto Rico or Hawaii to remain ignorant of what John Dewey or Robert Frost or Arthur B. Davies or any of the great Americans is doing; to make it certain that he shall have the chance to know about all the special forms through which our common life is finding expression; to know that the outlook for democracy is hopeless unless the controlling institutions of society are studied and improved.

We want to disseminate not "Books of Knowledge" but books of thought to help awaken America to broad issues of human function and save her from the fatuity of palliative opportunism.

Twelve books no one should leave unread:

<i>Democracy After the War</i> .....	<i>J. A. Hobson</i>
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<i>Self-Government in Industry</i> .....	<i>G. D. H. Cole</i>
<i>National Guilds</i> .....	<i>A. R. Orage</i>
<i>The Dance of Siva</i> .....	<i>Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy</i>
<i>Art</i> .....	<i>Clive Bell</i>
<i>Processes of History</i> .....	<i>Taggart</i>
<i>The Housing Problem</i> .....	<i>Whitaker, Ackerman, et al.</i>
<i>Education after the War</i> .....	<i>J. H. Badley</i>
<i>The League of Nations</i> .....	<i>Brailsford</i>
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## A n n o u n c e m e n t

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