Heretofore

Russell Atkins

Originally published as Volume VII in Paul Breman’s Heritage series (London, 1968)
A fantaisie

(1)

A thunder and lightning and the commotion blinks
Travelers' feeble lamps!
doctors, voyages, ships
confounded to doom! -
towers lit!

this commotion and a thunder
as the fluttering perilous
hurries out of dangerous looking clouds
shriek

so thunders sea

sea gathers strength
summoned, ascends, huged up
comes
then softly ebbs
crashes
curls up about rocks

(2)

Now as I went walking
the swollen deep
reared higher -
a sudden dismissal of obstructed view -
and Night, the promontory and I
-stretched my sight far into manifold
the skies shook with booming:
then, as the promontory fingered to far
a Spirit came grisly'd with storm and pale!

The tendrils of her hair fanned a dim wall:
crimson awe on her sword,
these as harsh night uttered alas
in implacable gales

Moving as we did
's to know
how 'round was peril, how shadowy!
The Spirit rendered safe the pass
but not so safe in that a very
wind went weaving of drear, faces
hideous to the Medusa.

Surging
ruffled the Spirit, so swept, so wild!
Lightning like rigid sudden day
instantly tore the thick clouds
that sent the bases crumbling.

So the regional all
with something frowned
hugged disagreeably.
Meanwhile
cessation without crushed
troubled edges.
‘See to the haste!’
came a voice
All-in-All
the which transfigured
soundfully
seemed of such substance as made shudder’d low.

So we went precipitously deep
that as through seventy years!
and a Time exhaled about
Following the Spirit in all,
abruptly in a light crossing, I
saw, and many many of them
laid end to end, dead, undead.
Here the Spirit smiled more
‘You are surprised, for
we
are not’.
I, that, Spirit?
Surprised? Am I?
‘You are surprised’.
Truly?
‘Yes, yes, yes, yes!’ she said.
Then as did nothing by and by and by
perfections-such Heaven Knows!

What embodiment does not know
the peer and singers? Tell me?
Said the Spirit ‘You know others.
They are of you. Come then up, you!’
(some lurid path appeared very mysteriously far)
she said
Path that rolled up
the yon
the yon straight up -
she crooked a finger

On the hem of more momentum
reluctant, I thought,
Now perhaps,
perhaps-
but I trusted, yet did not know -
‘You think of something. Speak!’ she cried.
I declined, ‘Really, I was not-’
So come what may -
That and through cloudy paths
we travelled
verily, the ghosts
that moonlight imperils
   no!
   and then my guide's
cold looks
   etched with something cruel
smiled hideously off
Seeing a section, its interim of pause,
she entered
but here with the intricateness
with which we went among convolving shapes
faint
was beauty -
Oh, I dared not eschew unprecedented things
and it was unprecedented, this tour,
and I said once 'Thank God!'

at which the Spirit, to her breast,
excruiciatingly, gritting, drew up her hand.
But soon the clustering was, I
noticed, more hopefully
disparaged (the uncurtained joyous
all coming from without,
swelling, spilling escape)
But lo! the Spirit, impetuously -
she advanced

   she sheared her way
elsewhere I saw her undertake some mount
burnished in a bright ray
Onward we move.
She said 'Yes, I
speak truthfully!'

As we proceeded, more upheaved
became formidable, crinkled,
uncomfortably so! The visional
inarticulate beams
(the surrounding vague oncoming)
were full out of the vast
much music poured
   a supra light!-

as if it were preternatural grief
sudden shrieked
    eterne:
'Behold where the earth is!' she said.
below, commiserable, blear,
utter, distracted

and again further
the Spirit said 'See the earth now!'
There what a sun exploded flakes
and its one mellow spot
on earth fell spanning
thunder
   my guide
celestial air
something rose flowing above!
head and a thinning face
through every cloud
    transcending
    a wild realm
    thus nearer
I drew to her while she
    into the air
smiled x
    THUNDER
    She said then, NOW,
BEHOLD THE EARTH!
barely perceptible
    small
    convex
when resounded, deep
omnipresent, more thunders!!!
Our turning round I saw
what seeing scarce believed
beginning, every part, like flame
to surround us
    -phenomenal skies
shook with
    KHATBAAAKHUKAABSEKHEM
and died
    !!
    kabakhu aakhu

February 1945
Christophe

Upstood upstaffed  
  passing sinuously away over an airy arch
  streaming where all th' lustres
  streaming
    sinuously shone
  bright
    where more sky
Upstood upstaffed  
  Th' sumptuously ready
  flags full -
    (th' shaded soothed an' blowing softly
    th' underlings smoothly
    with horses
      wavering with winds
    tangling with manly manners
      thick
    gathering th' steeds)
  that
  forthwith
  up up
Christophe
  appearing in th' imminent
  an' th' passion overjoying the hour
  unfolded
    flaming
  Highly th' imperial sign
  shone in his glory!
On the Fine Arts Garden, Cleveland

The Park’s beautiful
    really
something so serious about it
serene and gloomy
    mildly gloomy
mildly touching, all things
    softly
and pouring with
mellows the silver fountain
    silent figures
move reposefully into the living shadows
and then the golden lamps
the while

    slowly filtering -
Night and a distant church

Forward abrupt up
then mmm m
wind mmm m

upon
the mm
wind mmm m

into the mm wind
rain now and again
the mm wind

b

ells

b
It is All Souls’ Day, then, a reverential day in Portugal. There is a cream of light on a plain; pious murmurs in a meadow or garden lane. Such atmosphere! Then ascending and descending of choirs and chants, of anthems soaring, soaring about cathedrals and cathedrals hovering in skies and skies pouring their effluences upon ecclesiastics in flowing frocks. Next, candles mystic; aisles through various streets and varied styles. And across tables in houses, altars in shrines and shrines in churches, falls the Symbol of Symbol’s shadow! The Book of Love and Hate and the Above and the Below and Wrath and Faith upon many a board lies open and much of The Word is spoken-!!!

Ten thousand go scrEaEamEamEaml ng i nn nnnn  nn nnn  nn gn g!

LIS/BON
LIS/BON
the fourth in wrath-the tall flames stagger upon fyr crushes straight up utterly dismal Christ! Misericordia! Gre At h’ shock fall s udden onE very huGe To WerE dged C On Vent s an’ K ill ’d multituDes per at En trance of horror up onE ach o theR ush
m Oth er’s on ‘nd thousand into streets Oh misericordia! th E arth’S at End uP it s eem’Deep as doom CRUCIFIXA!

again St one building S i nK illing a mass split even yet there is the lean of a stark sky and huge that hundreds into rushing, thrusts, crushes with boats the sea is strewn with multitudes the shore and bells bells bells bells bells blood and cathedrals and-
Four of a fall

(1)

A lavatory. I waited.
A dare of a mirror quivered with light.
(They’re waiting for me, I thought,
the old ones at the hearths.)
I stood and thought of conditions
and of a conversation with Ethel
(Ethel was Ed’s girl friend).
I had said to her, ‘This business, life,
terribly exaggerated-’
a low sigh
from about. I went and I
tried the door. (- my whisper,
‘What in th’ !! are you doin’?’
’a (shit -’
‘ - hurry it up, will you?’

He remained silently in. I was weary.
He came out very long after.
Our eyes thundred together-his, ‘junk’ full.
He was extinguished in a way,
but gave me a succession of brilliant replies.
We departed as the toilets pounded.

(2)

One night of a mass of harsh sky
I went with him through deaths, wine, sex.
A ‘profound’ tree let Last’s beauty
funerally fall. It was autumn.
There it was, dead dark, of full slut.
Night houses poured their prowl.
He leaned to err. ‘You are tendrils’,
I remember I said to him, ‘dead near a wall’.

That night I stopped him and I said ‘Listen
a moment-let me tell you:
you will never live it. Alas!
It is a Niagara of falls
to men that persist, headlong over.
Turn an ear like warriors who hear
the trumpet of a truce.
Come upon the suddenly sheer.
The merciless incessant underneath,
forth from it a persuasive horn
bays to the desperate.
Then who can help?’
One day visiting him as we effected a trip to some authoritative cure, I said to him in at the door, ‘Hurry, will you?’ Agitated, the outstretch of his arm. His face an unassembled horror on the bed. ‘But lemme tell ya, I ain’t sick!’ ‘We want an authoritative cure’, I said. His limp over a chair. ‘I’m straight!’ he cried. And disgorged bilious black.

He was one night grim statued at my door. He came to sell. One in the grey who took the lamps down, lay in wait, spider’d across, adder’d among. It turned to storm, a mad tear up. An ominous of rain shuddered from a banged sky. A flight of lightnings Swift’d terribly across.

Within I said, ‘I never will inflict upon myself that punishment you bear’. He said it made bright dawns in dark of a winter, smoothed the harsh, cleared the blear. Did l-(he faltered)-want to-? No! I told him. He fierced up. I said, ‘So you would tomb up me!’

A rush of miserabled leaves! Some gasp, terrific fingered trees skeleton’d after and left that white Medusa stone hideous above, ringed in her mist adders. The expanse of the eternally buried we passed slow.

This night he had peddled his asps and we were walking among murdered leaves. He paused. I said, ‘What are you waiting for?’ He said, ‘Show me about Ethel’. ‘Who would want you addicted? You’ve lost her!’ He became violently utter and he droned, ‘Be Ethel to me’. A moment violently stark it fled - with it

October 1953
Trainyard at night

TH UN DER TH UN DER
the huge bold blasts black
hiss insists upon hissing insists
on insisting on hissing hiss
hiss s sss ss sss sss sss s
ss sssss sss
when whoosh!
the sharp scrap making its fourth lap
with a lot of rattletrap
and slap rap and crap-
I listen in time to hear coming on
the great Limited
it rolls scrolls of fold of fold
like one traditionally old
coldly, meanwhile hiss hiss
hiss insists upon hissing insists
on insisting on hissing hiss
hiss s ss ss sss sss s
ss s s s
The seventh circle
(Poem in radio-format)

Scene I

Fade in sustained disconsolate music
Narrator: There were many people who said that they
were very much wrought up.
They thought that something or other
was inexpressibly bad.
Although I was equally exposed to disturbances, I
did not let them matter.
If worse came directly at me, I did what was demanded
in the face of fatalities.
I did not allow myself other than, perhaps,
cruel feelings.

music up
fade in the sounds associated with a saloon:
clinking of glasses, juke box, many voices, laughter
Narrator: Take Mosey's, a dense saloon that aired a thick
so-much of smoke:
a surge of clinking mass over a room.
Some insistent music came too,
while a one-eyed aloft'd lamp
made something of light on a bartender,
whitening forth and back.

bar sounds up, clink of glasses, voices
sound recedes
Drunk: Hey Mosey! One more ol' drink, uh?
Whaddaya say?
Mosey: Ya had enough, ya bum. Ah, what th' - ! -
pours drink
Drunk: Good ol' Mosey. You got the best place in town.
The best. Yummy!

fade up bar sounds, fade into background with bar sounds.
fade in voice of woman, half intoxicated, naturally whiny
Woman: Honey, I'm dead tired. Can't we go now?
Can't we leave before Mosey's closing?
Man: We jus' got here. I'm not too old to take it.
Woman: Do you call four hours just getting here?
Are you crazy?
Man: Listen, you're spoilin' my evenin'. Pipe down!
We got anything else to do? Go home - go to bed?
Get up and get to work? Fuck it!
Woman: I'm sick of all these people an' drink an' shit.
I wanna jus' go lie down and sleep my head off.
Man: Stay home next time then, for pete's sake!

Fade out man's voice as narrator fades in under
bar sounds commence
Narrator: Four came blundering big into Mosey's.
Came crashing with crunched caps and boots
and up-sleeved shirts.
Sat in a booth.

bar sounds up then down
Man 1: They worked the pants off meat the main plant today!
Man 2: When'd you get at the main plant?
Man 1: Thought you was at the old plant?
Man 3: Say what's that bartender's name?
Man 1: Mosey or somethin'. Mosey.
Man 3: Hey Mosey! What's keepin' ya?
Man 4: This is the slowest dump.
Mosey: Keep ya shirts on, you guys!
Man 3: Waitin' here an hour.
fade down to background murmur. fade in narrator
Narrator: Here it was that I sensed that collective panic:
for I was finally exposed to disturbances, yet
dared not let little things truly matter.
music up, dead air.

Scene II

fade-in of footsteps on pavement of a single person walking, steady.
narrator continues, footsteps commence in background.
Narrator: How funeral'd a street things were! I
passed a tree-bluster'd corner. A swell
to beautiful pouring perfumes. I felt
self-possessed here. I contemplated Lydia.
Between us was the supposed of loving.
That, now, could not have been more perplex'd.
Love's torn paper or love a drown of hand up in a sea!
Too dun that sea!

I reached the apartment in Wade Park.

footfalls now ascending steps. footfalls on a landing of a stairway.
opening of a door steps. (pause). ringing of little bell.
Clerk: Did you ring for the clerk?
Narrator: Yes.
Clerk: I am the new night clerk. What can I do for you?
Narrator: I'm visiting Miss Malborough in six. I'm expected.
Clerk: I see. Go up-turn right.
sound of footsteps on wooden stairs, landing. knock on door,
door opening after pause.
Lydia: Well! (cheerfully exasperated) I was beginning
to wonder what happened to you.
It's been four hours or more since you called
and said you were coming.

Narrator: (on mike)
Bearing a bottle of ginger ale, I contemplated Lydia.
She was the profound-of. She asked for the incredible
in attention. (sound of closing door)
She closed the door softly.
Her figure:-it serened away.

Tonight, this being one of the disturbances, I'd
allowed myself cruel feelings.
That apparition reaching bitterly of the sweeping pale hair,
folded with thunderclap.
Spirits that were once said to live in air
would have been of some help.
After awhile, I looked at Lydia again,
She stood handing me several
glasses in which to mix the drinks. I
said-nothing.

clink of glasses. opening of bottles. pouring sound
into two glasses. some stirring.

Lydia: I'm disappointed now.
Narrator: Are you, Lydia?
Lydia: (jestingly) I get all prettied up and you
come in like I never existed and start to
prepare drinks - that's the deal, eh?
Narrator: Lydia-(pause)-the self-possessed's
the only hope one has these days.
I learned that at Mosey's. Just now.

Lydia: At Mosey's? What's Mosey's?
Narrator: The things that irritate me so-
nothing in themselves really. Nevertheless,
monstrous altogether. Are you sensitive?
Sympathetic? These accrue, Lydia,
become enormously obstructive, dictatorial.
Possess yourself. You should.

Lydia: You have always been in possession of yourself.
Too much, I'd say.
Narrator: Never enough, at least not as difficulties demand.
Now, I want to be immovable.

Lydia: I'll have an immovable husband.
Narrator: You make a joke of me? (pause)
Lydia: You look dreadfully serious.
Is anything wrong? Really?

Narrator: It's about you. You are, I think.
Lydia: I am? Because I'm not 'immovable'?
Narrator: I want to discuss this. It's about your being
more in possession of yourself. I'm determined.

Lydia: Determined about it?
Narrator: Really, it is the uninvolved way.
Lydia: What is, honey? Say it!
Narrator: Consider ours just a friendship-a fine one!
Lydia: Friendship?
Narrator: Oh, try to understand.
Lydia: Honey, what is all this? You were serious,
I knew-but-what's got into you?
Narrator: Hold it! No remonstrations. No talk about
the years we've spent engaged: as bad as
'little farms' or 'place in the country'
or the equivalent to our urban souls of
an apartment and a 'good job'. They grow
to bore me!
Everything's plainly reduced to trivia!
I repeat so you will understand: there's no success
for us. Success-or successful-

Lydia: What's got into you? And who's talked about success?
Narrator: I have-of marriage, Lydia. We can't do this.

fade narrator as Lydia's voice ad libs in a bewildered tenseness
Narrator:(on mike)
No, she could not believe her ears!
I’d made of that news an Extra.
Her amazed, blind, she was stark’d in anguish.

fade in Lydia’s voice again

Lydia: I’ve always been with whatever you wanted to do
a hundred percent, honey. I don’t know why you feel
it necessary to well, to make an exception of
me in this matter. Whatever it is up to mean,
let’s not let anything spoil things for us.

fade out Lydia’s voice into background.

Narrator: She would have me crashed into thick;
the thunders would have deafened us;
the involved would never have done with us;
also the falling, the reared up, the agony,
all this she would have said yes to;
laughed into things, not out of them.
Of one signature there is no doubt:
she would have handed me the mail
old enough then, ‘Death sends for you’.

fade in Lydia’s voice in restrained, shocked disappointment.

If a person can’t feel normal -

Narrator: And as for any family-hardly-

Lydia: Go. I don’t want to talk to you.

Narrator: I won’t be seeing you again then, Lydia?
silence, the opening and closing of door. music. fade music quickly.
dead air.

Scene III

Narrator: I remember it was during the month of October
something variable reared up through heavy.
That sort of roll a great way off. A cloud.
There was one other very difficult motion:
it uncoiled in a light terrifying over the shoals:
the ghost of day on endless night.
I was aware and saw the glary-eyed sky
astonish the eyes of houses. A cold look!
Portentous the all. Profoundly funereal!

music of sudden crescendo, a silence, clicking of key in a lock.
follows silence.

I entered the difficult key in the lock
as I went out that morning and I thought
of one door permanently utter! -the door
of veritable comprehensions!

footfalls going down wooden steps that creak.

I descended the rooming-house stairs,
thinking of Mrs Ledley, my landlady.
Suddenly, the confounding something of my employer
-J.J.McCauley-!
The thought of J.J.McCauley and Mrs Ledley,
these and the poverty of creaking, insidious
steps, enemied and busied against me. I had,
somehow, done most of my rising and dressing
automatically for a hated purpose:
to be self-possessed I had never to be unaware:
no, never to be unaware to be with it!

occasional sounds of automobile horn. general traffic sound
With their wisdom, clouds came.
Straightened far a city of frowned
and from the curved and up, multiple rain
down'd indifferently!

fade in sound of rain near end of above speech. stop.

J.J. McCauley: (on full)
My clerks are supposed to be on duty
at nine. You know that. Where were you?
The manager says you're an hour late. I
Can't have that kind of help. Selling
clothes is an up-to-the-minute business,
though you don't seem to think so.

Narrator: I hadn't quite, Mr McCauley. I-

J.J. McCauley: Oh, you hadn't? Let me tell you a thing or two:
my patience is thinning. Another one like this,
and out you go. Understand that?

Narrator: I shall try to-

J.J. McCauley: And let me say-(phone rings. sound of receiver
being lifted) Mr McCauley speaking. Mr Dununger?
Yes? Yes, yes your message got to me-just a
minute, Mr Dununger-(voice subdued) I'll talk to
you later about this time business. I want to see
you on duty right away. (voice up) Mr Dununger,
your message got to me. - Oh, yes, easily.

fade McCauley. cross-fade narrator

Narrator: My forthwith from his office was one
of one whose estate had fallen some.
But mused-eyed, I could not answer.
I found a customer waiting-Have you
been waited on, sir, or just looking?

Customer: Interestin' assortment here at McCauley's. I
always buy my suits here at McCauley's.
How's about fixin' me up?

Narrator: This way if you please, sir. (fade down)
(fade in) This will do. I will situate the mirror for you.

Customer: As I say, I always buy my suits here at McCauley's -
yessir-oh?-

Narrator: Coat, sir. I'll take it.

Customer: Oh-forgot to take it off. Ha ha.
You have an interestin' assortment - eh?

Narrator: Turn this way, sir.

Customer: Oh, sure. Ha ha. Wasn't thinkin'. Say!!
for a single-breasted can you beat this?
- for a business man like myself. No?
Aren't cha gonna ask me what business?
Ha ha. Thought I knew all the leads-
please customers. Kinda like this. Say!!
this is somethin'! (Maybe it's the ol' man
that's got somethin', eh? That's what the ladies tell me.)
My wife would bust if she heard that.
Can't take a joke that woman. Well,
how do I look to you? Pretty neat, huh?

Narrator: Neat, sir.
Customer:  Customer’s right, that it? I like clothes
that kind of blow me out-you know? Ha ha.

Narrator:  Not unusual, sir.

Customer:  They are. Well, well. Oh-yes! Ha hah!
Material’s not bad. I’m a pretty darn keen judge
of material. Let’s try this. I’ll jus’ slip
this off. I’m a pretty darn keen judge of
material. I have a say on my wife’s rags,
and that’s somethin’, let me tell ya. Boy!
I’m sporty in this. Wife’ll be crazy about
this. (sound of buzzer)

Narrator:  One moment, sir, while I answer this call.
following with music: humorous, satirical, but soon darkening:

J.J. McCauley:  I meant to tell you this a few minutes ago
but for Mr Dununger’s call. We’re expanding,
you know?

Narrator:  I know. Delighted to hear it. I-

J.J. McCauley:  Are you delighted enough to get here on time?
Expansion means in one way or another, longer
hours on certain nights a week: Mondays, Wednesdays
and Fridays, for example. Your hours will not always
be determinable until the day before, perhaps,
that is if you are required to fill another’s
place on occasions. You stay tonight and
Thursday. You will receive pay accordingly.

Narrator:  I’m sorry about this, Mr McCauley. I can’t
remain tonight or any other.

J.J. McCauley:  You can’t what?

Narrator:  You don’t understand.

J.J. McCauley:  Evidently you don’t consider your job vital?

Narrator:  Within bounds, sir.

J.J. McCauley:  I’ll have them get your check. Just go.
music up. fade.

Scene IV

Narrator:  I thought, What of our ‘They’ who could attempt
Niagara in a barrel!
Who had hearts heaven high and deep?
Admire these ‘They’. They could outpour an Atlantic
of sympathies;
funeal the earth’s heart with tears, but on!
For these ‘They’, wrought up on the inexpressibly bad;
not at peace in their apartments,
I confess, I was not secure against concern.

sound of key in lock

Difficult adjusting the key. The room, cold.

music dark

A sunset of soon rain that loved
gloomily along the rooftops.
The scurried earth’s dying furrore,
disconsolate. Little by little
things said goodnight, dulling the window.
From my window, smally, Rupert of next door:
Mrs Gredgeby's little boy, with a dead sprig.
Last a leaking ray of sun upon
touched him with ominous pale.

music up. recedes

Some people would have said that they
were very much wrought up
in that they thought some things inexpressibly bad.
Little Rupert of next door with a dead sprig
touched with ominous pale-inexpressibly bad?
Or a thought of Lydia?

fade in Lydia's voice

Lydia: Don't let anything spoil things for us -
what's got into you? Don't let anything spoil
things-Too much possession of yourself-
what's got into you?

fade in narrator's voice

Narrator: And try to understand (fade out)

Lydia: What's got into you? (fade out)

Narrator: - marriage, Lydia. We can't marry!

music up heavy, fade in J.J. McCauley's voice

J.J. McCauley: We're expanding, you know? You will stay
tonight and tomorrow and Thursday.
You will receive pay accordingly. (fade)

Lydia: What's got into you? (fade out)

Narrator: I can't remain tonight or any other.
I'm sorry about this-(fade out)

J.J. McCauley: -tonight and tomorrow and Thursday.
-you will receive pay accordingly.
You know, we're expanding?-(fade out)

Narrator: I can't remain. I'm sorry, sir-(fade out)

J.J. McCauley: -my clerks are supposed to be on duty
at nine-(fade out)

music up full, agitated stop

dead air

Narrator: Mrs Gredgeby of next door had come out and
seeing little Rupert across the street
untouched now with ominous pale (but with
the dead sprig) called to him.

Mrs Gredgeby: Rupert! Rupert! Get over here quick!
You'll get yours. You'd be out the night, I
suppose, if I let you. Come in to bed.

Narrator: Mrs Gredgeby withdrew leaving Rupert strangely
small.

The dagger overhangs the full heart's un-possessed self.
Those dagger'd go woeing to death, all of misery
on their blameless backs:
The blood-red spectre of the heart of them
with a finger of remorse!
A host of judges and judges' judges
come dun them and this life, hideously fledged,
the fire of whose terrors they could not extingush, 
yeep responsibly for. 
Upon mine and many, the jot's black; 
the opening, the shutting of forever. 
Shoulder these things, they say. Alack! 
Suffer the convolutions! become things! live with them! 
loathe them I loove them! be them! despair them! 
Exoneration and peace? 
Not mine, not theirs, nor his, nor hers, not anyone's, 
the counterfeit peace of counterfeit exoneration 
or apathy, perhaps.

And Mrs Gredgeby was more self-possessed than I, 
for suddenly I saw little Rupert in my mind's eye 
in an unlit of street on a lonely corner 
out of whose gloom's thick a man sinister’d 
saying):
fade in man's voice - one of horrible concern and sweetness
Man: Yes, I know about the carnival, boy. 
This way. They have beautiful things to see. 
Boys like you like beautiful things, don't you?
Rupert: And do they have a Ferris Wheel?
Man: And a crazy mirror house. Oh yes. 
Your name? What's your name?
I'm intrigued by names of little boys.
Rupert: Rupert.

Man: Rupert. Come, Rupert. I'll buy you things.
Rupert: Is the carnival near, sir? (fade slowly)
This street is very dark.
Man: Near. Near.
music of a slow, sustained character enters 
gradual crescendo./ recedes 
fade in narrator over this music of disconsolation
Narrator: (resignedly) No, I was not at peace in any way. 
I had let the disturbances matter somehow. 
I had allowed myself the cruel feelings, 
but cruel feelings were not trustworthy: 
they were the shadows of the containing 
self-accusatory.

music sustained 
Something of the thought of apathy 
of At-Last, of this and of the Wood.

Looking out on the hundred-headed town, 
it is encrusted black. 
It becomes again something of the thought of apathy 
of At-Last and of the Wood.

music becomes agitated 
There is a mad tear-up of wind. 
Huged back the trees, thrown ajar, 
exposing an odd, spectral lune of the blear! 
Over a hush of the beneath 
an ashes of shudders is blown 
ominous rises; the feeble lamps blur.

music stops. thunder, sustained
The flight of a dare of lightning!
From a drear battlement afar,
Phalanx’d, the rain comes and thick

fade in the sound of rain
miserables a ditch.
mood consummated, music drones on. another low roll of thunder.

rain, fade (do not rush)
To bed, the counterfeit of tombs.
The apathy of certain sleep.
Narrative

I sat with John Brown. That night moonlight framed
the blown of his beard like a portent's undivulged.
He came and said 'It's Harper's, men!'

Now Harper's was a place in which death thousand'd
for us!
Already our faces, even as he told of how,
sweated. And then suddenly, he,
with fierced spark'd eye-incredible heavens!

Horses dreadful appearance had of exhumed:
our boots strode the ready. We dared off.

As generally seeming of the trail
smooth-and so whist!
i.e., save sounded thunder
of us in a rush
passed swift fierce "ft
'ierce shsh!!
'sd in a w'isk!
'ierced passed "ft!
Harper's a!p!p!p!a!r!e!d!
- into it we went in a dust!

"ft passed 'ierced
"if's, in, ss'd
shsh "erced
"ft
"isk
Panic that seizes him pleases panic:
a panic like hither’d flusters of
buzzards
    Stark sent him to the tower.
For an hour, world-sounds like added spectres
be damned are.
Pity?
    Stop.
Spare him that, for something’s sake!
More beware the fury of his deed:
its willing. Think that it means him much to go
-the stair-that stair-exquisite stair!
Huge a wingspread opening there
beyond imperfections-
    (-allright
then, beyond crap;
a lotta goddamn crap
then a lotta shit shit’s
shit-)
he made this the moment of
the moment made as a sudden
concentrating them
    all
Lakefront, Cleveland

The stretch cast out night's long,'d
a hideous voyage of far
under'd sepalchral sky,
colossal as a grave's after. I
stood by a monument of thrust rocks
shouldered together, that tremendously
vaulted and rent themselves over sea

There was extremed
wake of the city
(a woman
    somewhere having secreted her burden
    cast in her toilet
a jellied foetus -
    a surgeon's blade
hysterically sharp)

waves slid away
a murmur of laps
    -there lo! saw I
it-pulp

There, as stretch cast out night's long,'d
and hideous voyage of far
under sepalchral sky
colloid as a grave's after,
this pulp came down
that wake of city-

Now, then, God, listen: I'd swear
I heard, heard low,
it's sigh-sounds lapse
as from furious determination-
furious, horrid determination!
Though stretch cast out night's long;
though hideous voyaged afar;
though there was extremed
wake of the city;
though there's excruciation
under sepalchral sky;
though there is grave's after
and grave's before, I heard
I swear, some of furious determination-

heard go the sigh
before I swept it to muck
with a laugh of cry!