

Heretofore

Russell Atkins

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A fantasiaie

(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

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

Lisbon

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 nn g!

LIS/BON

LIS/BON

the fourth in wrath-the tall flames stagger upon fyr
 crashes

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 bells

blood and cathedrals

and-

(3)

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 I-(he faltered)-want to-?
No! I told him. He fierced up.
I said, 'So you would tomb up me!'

(4)

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

I

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 ssss s
ss sssss ssss
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
sss 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?
Thought you was at the old plant?
Man 1: Wish I was. We're workin' on commissions. (ad lib)
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.

Lydia: Please go. Please do. Go, I insist.
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: Mr McCauley, you rang for me again, so I- 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;
funeral 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

music dark

Difficult adjusting the key. The room, cold.

A sunset of soon rain that loved gloomily along the rooftops.
The scurried earth's dying furore, 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*)

fade in Lydia's voice

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

fade in narrator's voice

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*)

fade in narrator's voice

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

fade in J.J. McCauley's voice

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

fade in narrator's voice

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

fade in J.J. McCauley's voice

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 extinguish,
they weep 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 love 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!!
'ss'd in a w'isk!
'ierced passed "ft!
Harper's a!p!e!a!r!e!d!
- into it we went in a dust!

"ft passed 'ierced
"if's, in, ss'd
shsh "erced
"ft
"isk

Front page

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 sepulchral 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 sepulchral sky
colossal as a grave's after,
this pulp came down
that wake of city-

Now, then, God, listen: I'd swear
I heard, heard low,
its 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 sepulchral 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!