
DEBUSSY
APOLLINAIRE
Brontë
Tintoretto
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GOLDEN BOOK HOTELS
2018
KLIMT
HAYWORTH
Steinbeck

Whoever has had the pleasure of spending a vacation in the "friendly" company of a good book knows the marvelous magic of losing track of the boundary between experience in first person and that acquired through reading.

Remembrance of a vacation in these cases transports us back to the book that gave it inspiration. Reading-matter that is fascinating and thought provoking renders us more sensitive, reflective, and ready to enjoy to the limit every detail of our stay away from home. Our journey also becomes an inner journey in this way.

The Golden Book Hotel Association is formed of a select group of companies operating in the tourist sector. These companies have chosen to promote their image by means of an elegant gesture: the gift of a book to their guests. The Association's members share the view that Tourism largely signifies Culture, and that attention to detail is an expression of qualified hospitality.

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2018

Emily Brontë

Thornton, 1818 - Haworth, 1848

She was born in Thornton in Yorkshire, England, on August 20, 1818, the daughter of Patrick and Maria Branwell Brontë. Her father had been a schoolteacher and tutor before becoming an Anglican minister. She grew up in Haworth in Yorkshire. Emily's education was provided at home by her father, who let his children read freely and treated them as intellectual equals. The early death of their mother and two older sisters drew the remaining children close together. Living in an isolated village, separated socially and intellectually from the local people, the Brontë sisters (Charlotte, Emily, and Anne) and their brother Patrick spent the majority of their time in made-up worlds. They described these imaginary worlds in poems and tales and in "magazines" written in miniature script on tiny pieces of paper. As the children grew older, their personalities changed. In 1842 Emily accompanied her sister Charlotte to Brussels, Belgium, for a year to study languages. In October of that year the death of an aunt brought the sisters back home to Haworth.

After Emily and her sisters discovered that they had all been writing poetry, the three of them put together a collection of poems written under pseudonyms (fake names) that was published in 1846. It did not attract any attention. The sisters then decided to each write a novel and submit all three jointly to publishers. Emily's Wuthering Heights *was published in 1847. Critical reaction was negative, at least partly due to the many errors in the first printing. Later* Wuthering Heights *came to be considered one of the great novels of all time. She died of tuberculosis at Haworth on December 19, 1848.*

Poems

(1830-1845)

To Imagination

When weary with the long day's care,
And earthly change from pain to pain,
And lost and ready to despair,
Thy kind voice calls me back again:
Oh, my true friend ! I am not lone,
While thou canst speak with such a tone!

So hopeless is the world without;
The world within I doubly prize;
Thy world, where guile, and hate, and doubt,
And cold suspicion never rise;
Where thou, and I, and Liberty,
Have undisputed sovereignty.

To Imagination

What matters it, that, all around,
Danger, and guilt, and darkness lie,
If but within our bosom's bound
We hold a bright, untroubled sky,
Warm with ten thousand mingled rays
Of suns that know no winter days?

Reason, indeed, may oft complain
For Nature's sad reality,
And tell the suffering heart, how vain
Its cherished dreams must always be;
And Truth may rudely trample down
The flowers of Fancy, newly-blown:

To Imagination

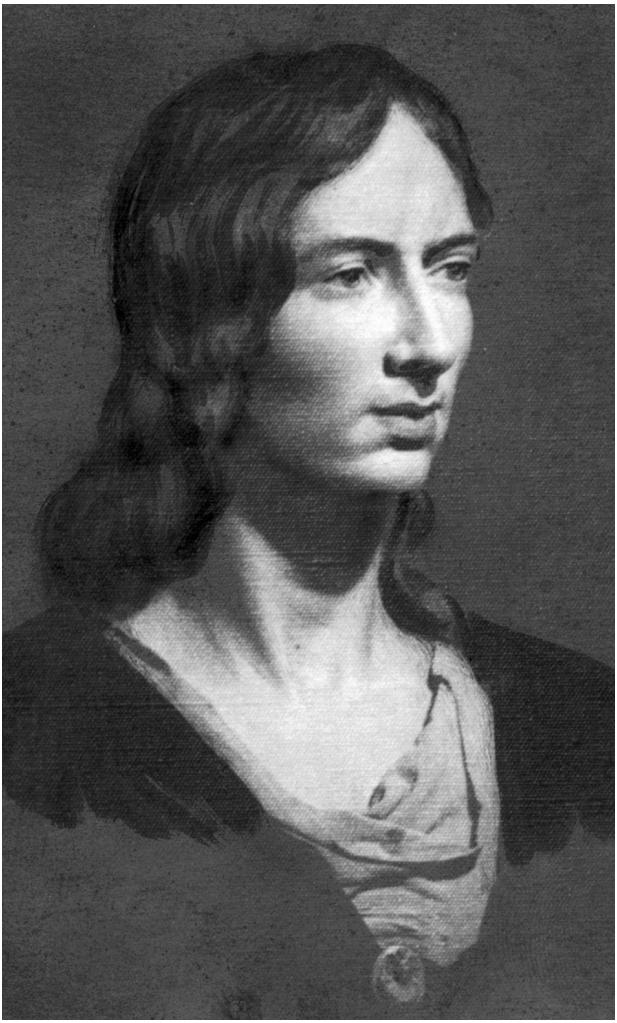
But, thou art ever there, to bring
The hovering vision back, and breathe
New glories o'er the blighted spring,
And call a lovelier Life from Death,
And whisper, with a voice divine,
Of real worlds, as bright as thine.

I trust not to thy phantom bliss,
Yet, still, in evening's quiet hour,
With never-failing thankfulness,
I welcome thee, Benignant Power;
Sure solacer of human cares,
And sweeter hope, when hope despairs!

SYMPATHY

There should be no despair for you
While nightly stars are burning;
While evening pours its silent dew
And sunshine gilds the morning.
There should be no despair–though tears
May flow down like a river:
Are not the best beloved of years
Around your heart for ever?

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
Winds sigh as you are sighing,
And Winter sheds his grief in snow
Where Autumn's leaves are lying:
Yet, these revive, and from their fate
Your fate cannot be parted:
Then, journey on, if not elate,
Still, never *broken-hearted!*



Song

The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells,
That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her breast;
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they, her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude!

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain;
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow
Unchecked through future years;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears?

Song

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue–
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer-streams–
There is no need of other sound
To sooth my lady's dreams.

Remembrance

Cold in the earth–and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth–and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

Remembrance

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion–
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

Plead for me

Oh, thy bright eyes must answer now,
When Reason, with a scornful brow,
Is mocking at my overthrow!
Oh, thy sweet tongue must plead for me
And tell why I have chosen thee!.

Stern Reason is to judgment come,
Arrayed in all her forms of gloom:
Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb?
No, radiant angel, speak and say
Why I did cast the world away,

Why I have persevered to shun
The common paths that others run;
And on a strange road journeyed on,
Heedless, alike of wealth and power
Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

Plead for me

These, once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine;
And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,
And saw my offerings on their shrine;
But careless gifts are seldom prized,
And mine were worthily despised.

So, with a ready heart, I swore
To seek their altar-stone no more;
And gave my spirit to adore
Thee, ever-present, phantom thing
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

A slave, because I rule thee still;
Incline thee to my changeful will,
And make thy influence good or ill:
A comrade, for by day and night
Thou art my intimate delight,

Plead for me

My darling pain that wounds and sears,
And wrings a blessing out from tears
By deadening me to earthly cares;
And yet, a king, though Prudence well
Have taught thy subject to rebel.

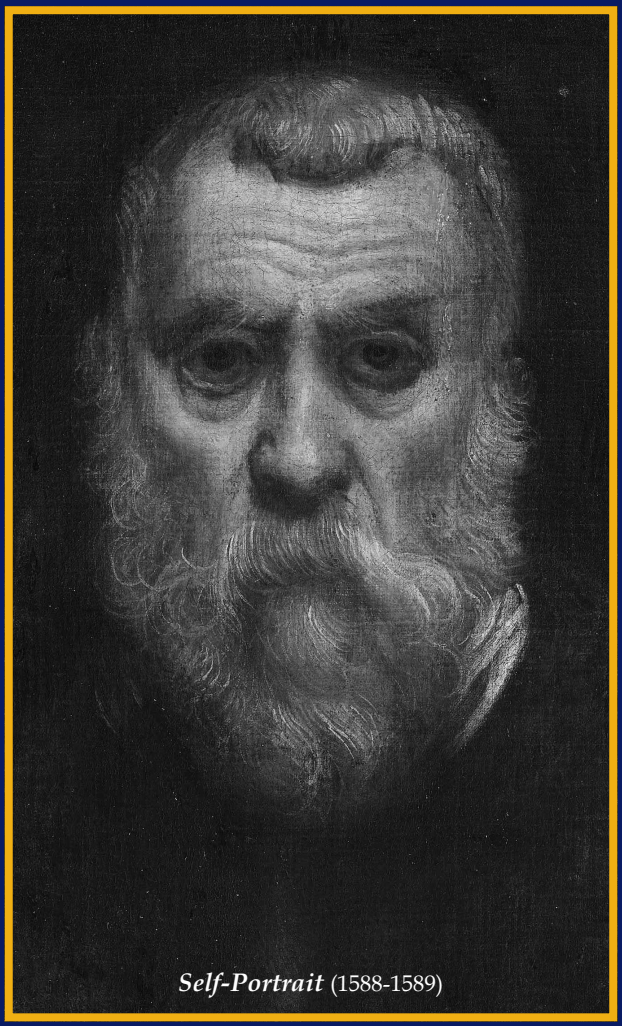
And am I wrong to worship where
Faith cannot doubt, nor hope despair,
Since my own soul can grant my prayer?
Speak, God of visions, plead for me,
And tell why I have chosen thee!

Tintoretto

Venice, 1518 - 1594

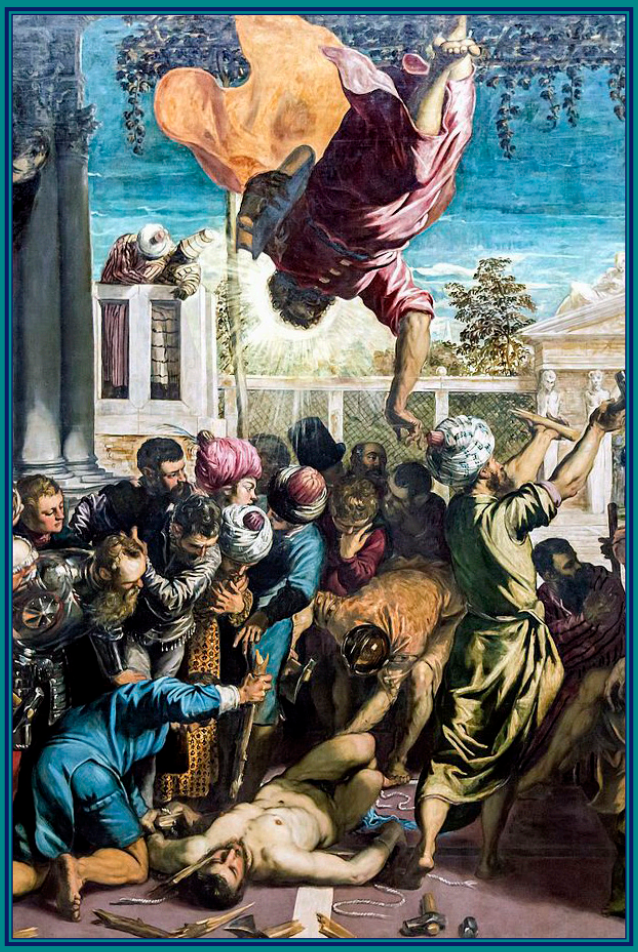
He was born Jacopo Robusti in Venice, Italy. His father, Giovanni Battista Robusti, was a cloth-dyer, hence his nickname Tintoretto, which means "little dyer." According to some later accounts, he apprenticed with master painter Titian. He was working as an independent professional artist by 1539. He remained in Venice throughout his career, becoming one of the city's most famous painters of the 16th century. Most of his work was oil painting, and he received many commissions for church altarpieces, large-scale paintings for civic buildings, and portraits of Venetian noblemen and statesmen. One painting that helped make Tintoretto famous was The Miracle of the Slave *(1548). As he became well-known throughout Venice, he created dozens of large paintings of religious subjects, including* The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes *(1545-50) and* Susanna and the Elders *(1555-56).*

He used loose brushwork and rich, glowing colors (especially reds, golds and greens) in his paintings, which were distinctive for their theatricality. His figures are usually shown in motion, and his compositions make use of opposing forces within a deep pictorial space. He was especially productive during the final two decades of his life. Tintoretto's other major commissions from the mid-1570s onward include a cycle of religious paintings for the confraternity building of the Scuola Grande di San Rocco (1575-1588). He also executed a sequence of mythological paintings for the redecoration of the Doge's Palace. Tintoretto died in Venice on May 31, 1594. He and his wife, Faustina Episcopi, had eight children.



Self-Portrait (1588-1589)

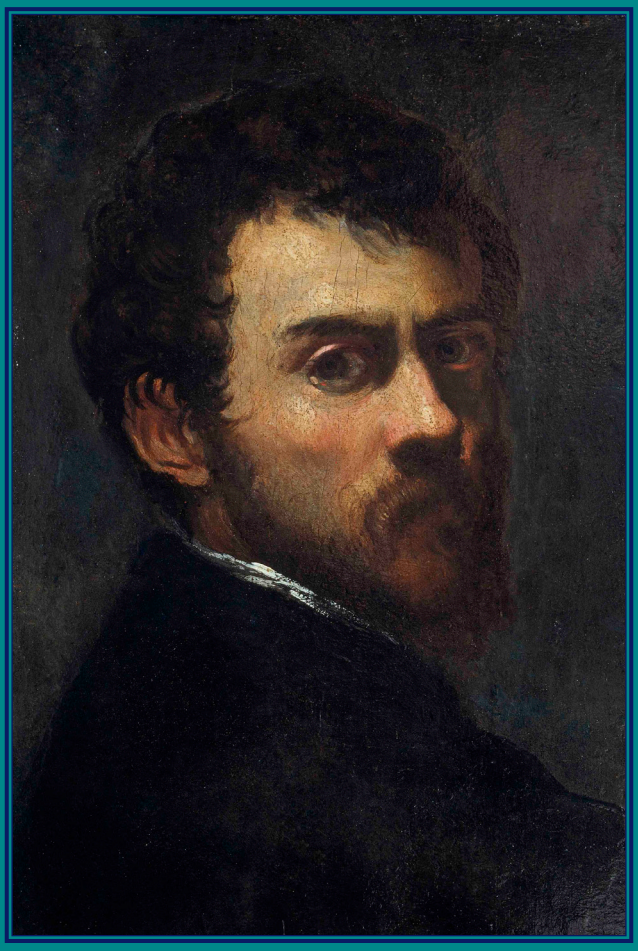
Tintoretto



The Miracle of the Slave >>

(1548 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, GALLERIE DELL'ACCADEMIA, VENICE)

Tintoretto



Self-Portrait as a Young Man

(1548 ~ oil on pine panel, Victoria & Albert Museum, London)

Tintoretto

Saint George Killing the Dragon >>

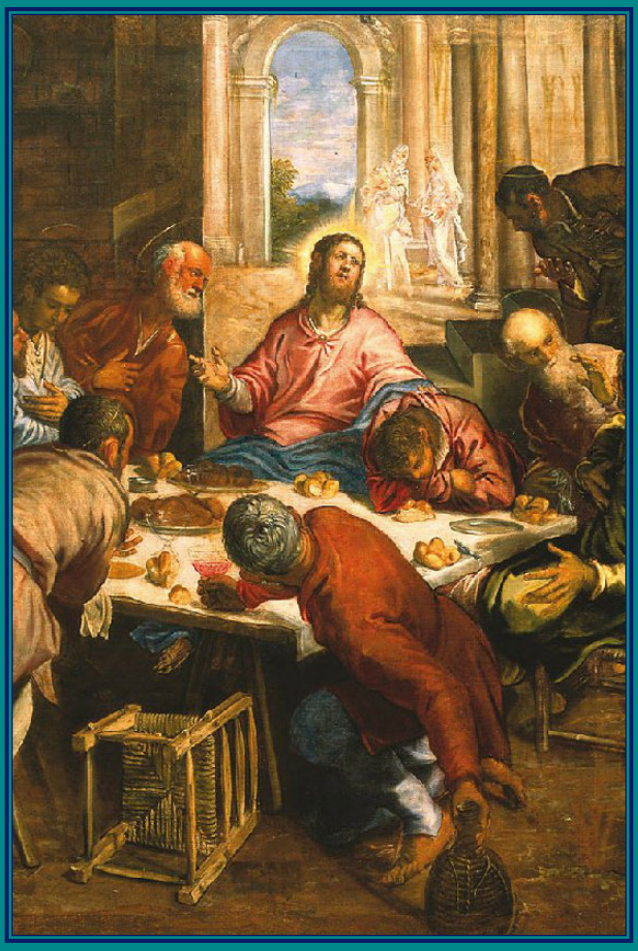
(1553 ~ oil on canvas, The National Gallery, London)

Tintoretto

Susanna and the Elders >>

(1555 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA)

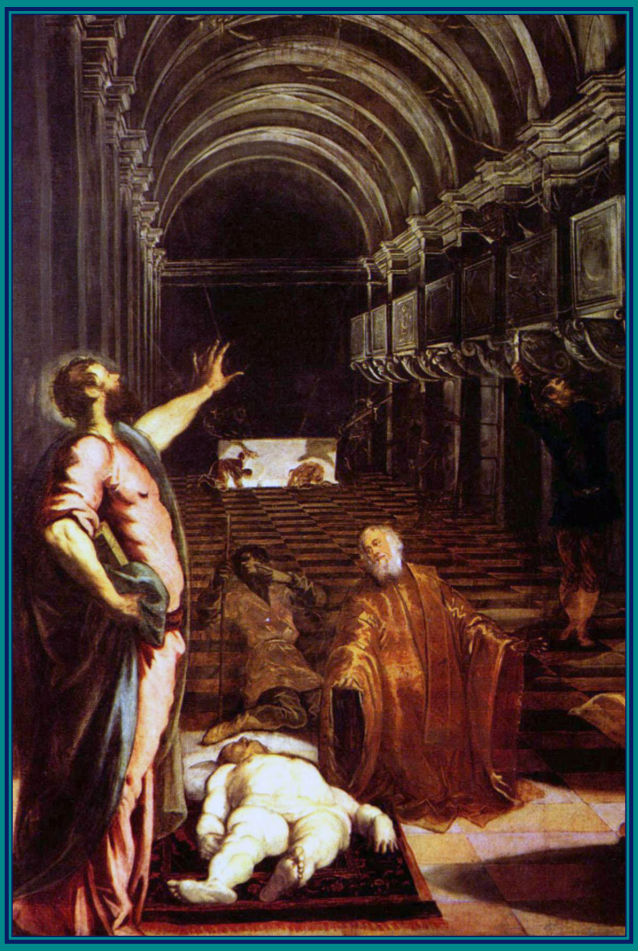
Tintoretto



Last Supper

(1561-62 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, SAN TROVASO, VENICE)

Tintoretto



Finding of the Body of St Mark >>

(1562-66 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, PINACOTECA DI BRERA, MILAN)

Guillaume Apollinaire

Rome, 1880 - Paris, 1918

He was born in Rome on August 26, 1880. He was the illegitimate son of an Italian former military officer and a Polish noblewoman. He was brought up by his mother on the French Riviera and was educated in southern France and Monaco. As a boy and young man, Apollinaire was interested in literature, particularly the poetry of Symbolists such as Mallarmé and Verlaine. At the age of 20, he moved to Paris. He submerged himself in the city's bohemian life. He became friends with noteworthy new artists like Picasso, Derain, Rousseau and Laurencin. He began writing about avant-garde art movements for several magazines. His book The Cubist Painters, *published in 1913, was the first serious consideration of the Cubist movement led by Picasso and Braque.*

In his poetry, Apollinaire took innovative approaches to the content and form of his writing. He often eliminated rhyme, traditional meter and punctuation. He enjoyed mixing sensory effects in his language, and he often played with unexpected combinations of words. His volume Alcools, *published in 1913, was his first collection of poems to use these effects. He also pioneered a type of verse called an "ideogram," which was equally a picture and a poem: the lines of the poem were arranged in the shape of the object it described. One of his final poetry collections,* Calligrammes *(1918), included more of his experimental ideograms. He volunteered for military service during World War I. He received a head wound in 1916 and was discharged. He married Jacqueline Kolb in 1918.* Apollinaire *died just a few months later, on November 9, 1918, in Paris.*

from Alcools

(1913)

Portrait (by Jean Metzinger, 1910)

Clotilde

The anemone and flower that weeps
Have grown in the garden plain
Where Melancholy sleeps
Between Amor and Disdain

There our shadows linger too
That the midnight will disperse
The sun that makes them dark to view
Will with them in dark immerse

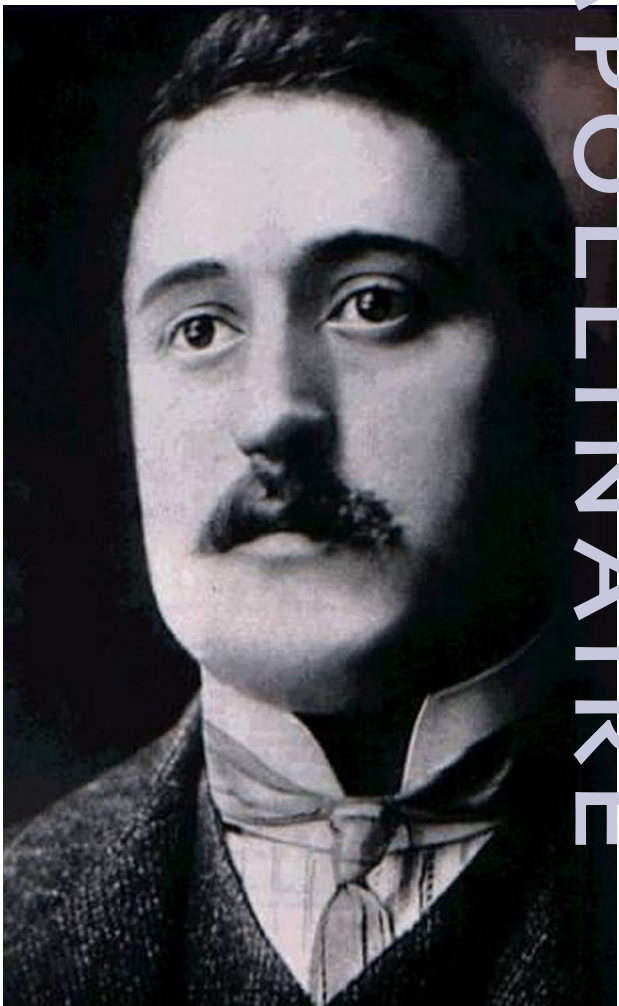
The deities of living dew
Let their hair flow down entire
It must be that you pursue
That lovely shadow you desire

ACROBATS

The strollers in the plain
Walk the length of gardens
Before the doors of grey inns
Through villages without churches

And the children gone before
The others follow dreaming
Each fruit tree resigns itself
When they signal from afar

They have burdens round or square
Drums and golden tambourines
Apes and bears wise animals
Gather coins as they progress



APOLLINAIRE

The Mirabeau Bridge

Under the Mirabeau flows the Seine
And our amours
Shall I remember it again
Joy always followed after Pain

Comes the night sounds the hour
The days go by I endure

Hand in hand rest face to face
While underneath
The bridge of our arms there races
So weary a wave of eternal gazes

Comes the night sounds the hour
The days go by I endure

The Mirabeau Bridge

Love vanishes like the water's flow
Love vanishes
How life is slow
And how Hope lives blow by blow

Comes the night sounds the hour
The days go by I endure

Let the hour pass the day the same
Time past returns
Nor love again
Under the Mirabeau flows the Seine

Comes the night sounds the hour
The days go by I endure

The Gipsy

The gypsy knew in advance
Our two lives star-crossed by night
We said farewell to her and then
From that deep well Hope began

Love heavy a performing bear
Danced upright when we wanted
And the blue bird lost his plumes
And the beggars lost their Ave

We knew quite well that we were damned
But hope of love in the street
Made us think hand in hand
Of what the Gypsy did foresee

The Bells

My gipsy beau my lover
Hear the bells above us
We loved passionately
Thinking none could see us

But we so badly hidden
All the bells in their song
Saw from heights of heaven
And told it everyone

Tomorrow Cyprien Henry
Marie Ursule Catherine
The baker's wife her husband
And Gertrude that's my cousin

Will smile when I go by them
I won't know where to hide
You far and I'll be crying
Perhaps I shall be dying

from The Bestiary

(1911)

drawings by Raoul Dufy

The Tibetan Goat

The fleece of this goat and even
That gold one which cost such pain
To Jason's not worth a sou *towards*
The tresses with which I'm taken.

The Cat

I wish there to be in my house:
A woman possessing reason,
A cat among books passing by,
Friends for every season
Lacking whom I'm barely alive.

The Mouse

Sweet days, the mice of time,
You gnaw my life, moon by moon.
God! I've twenty eight years soon,
and badly spent ones I imagine.

THE CATERPILLAR

Work leads us to riches.
Poor poets, work on!
The caterpillar's endless sigh
Becomes the lovely butterfly.

The Fly

The songs that our flies know
Were taught to them in Norway
By flies who are they say
Divinities of snow.

THE GRASSHOPPER

Here's the slender grasshopper
The food that fed Saint John.
May my verse be similar,
A treat for the best of men.

The Octopus

Hurling his ink at skies above,
Sucking the blood of what he loves
And finding it delicious,
Is myself the monster, vicious.

THE JELLYFISH

Medusas, miserable heads
With hairs of violet
You enjoy the hurricane
And I enjoy the very same.

The Owl

My poor heart's an owl
One woos, un-woos, re-woos.
Of blood, of ardour, he's the fowl.
I praise those who love me, too.

Rita Hayworth

New York, 1918 - 1987

The daughter of Spanish-born dancer Eduardo Cansino and his partner, Volga Haworth, Hayworth as a child worked as a professional dancer with her parents' nightclub act. While still a teenager, she appeared on-screen under her given name of Rita Cansino in films such as Charlie Chan in Egypt, Dante's Inferno, *and* Meet Nero Wolfe. *On the advice of her first husband, Edward Judson (who became her manager), she changed her name and dyed her hair auburn, cultivating a sophisticated glamour that first registered with her role as an unfaithful wife who tries to seduce Cary Grant in* Only Angels Have Wings *(1939). After a few inconsequential films, Hayworth gradually rose to the rank of star, playing femmes fatales in quality melodramas such as* The Lady in Question *(1940),* Blood and Sand *(1941), and* The Strawberry Blonde *(1941). Her dancing skills were well-showcased opposite Fred Astaire in* You'll Never Get Rich *(1941) and* You Were Never Lovelier *(1942) and with Gene Kelly in* Cover Girl *(1944). It was also during this time that she became a favourite pinup of American servicemen; her publicity still, depicting the lingerie-clad Hayworth kneeling seductively on a bed, became an indelible image of World War II. The definitive Hayworth film is undoubtedly* Gilda *(1946), in which she appeared opposite Glenn Ford.*

HAYWORTH

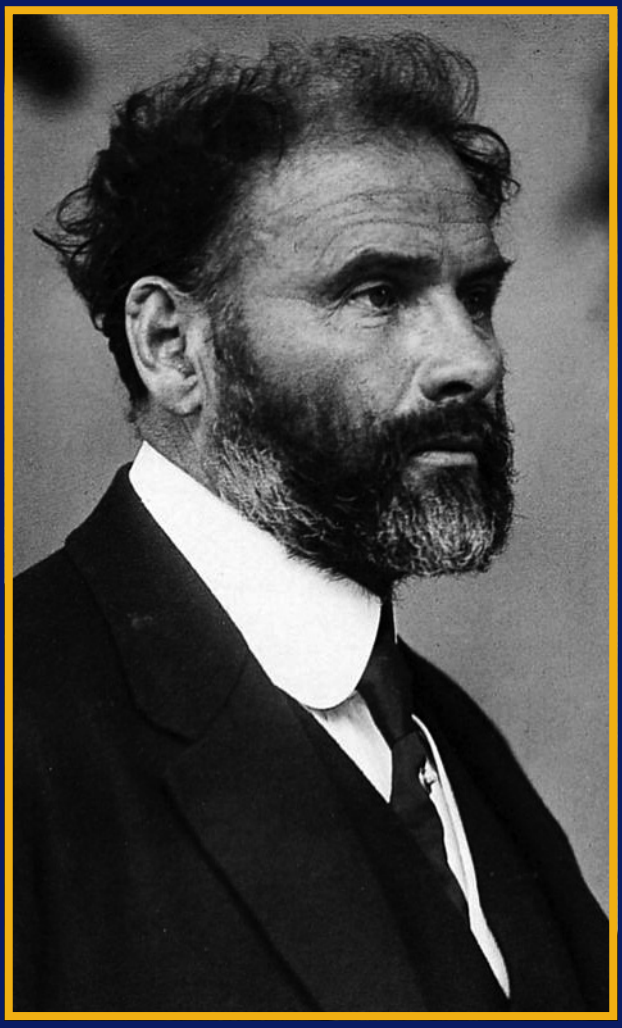
A classic of film noir, Gilda *featured Hayworth as the quintessential "noir woman," a duplicitous temptress and an abused victim in equal measure. A daring, quirky film for its time,* Gilda *was rife with sexually suggestive imagery and dialogue and featured Hayworth's striptease to the song "Put the Blame on Mame," perhaps the actress's most famous film scene. Two years later, she starred in another film noir classic,* The Lady from Shanghai *(1947). Directed by Hayworth's then-husband, Orson Welles, it is perhaps the most labyrinthine film in the genre, Hayworth's portrayal of a cynical seductress is one of her most praised performances. Never comfortable with fame or the trappings of a celebrity life, she was absent from films during her marriage (1949-51) to Prince Aly Khan. Although several of her dramatic performances in films of the 1950s are among her most praised, she grew increasingly frustrated with the acting profession. This frustration, coupled with another failed, stressful marriage (to singer Dick Haymes), caused her to become increasingly cynical and to display a sense of detachment from her work. Her film appearances became increasingly sporadic throughout the 1960s. Her final film was* The Wrath of God, *in 1972. Rumours of Hayworth's erratic and drunken behaviour began to circulate during the late 1960s, and her attempt to launch a Broadway career in the early '70s was stifled by her inability to remember lines. In truth, Hayworth was suffering from the early stages of Alzheimer disease, although she would not be officially diagnosed with the condition until 1980. She died at age 68 on May 14, 1987, in New York City.*

Gustav Klimt

Vienna, 1862 - 1918

He was born on 14th July 1862, into a lower-middle-class family in the Viennese suburb of Baumgarten as the second of 7 children. Despite their difficult financial situation, the Klimts enjoyed a harmonious family life. The talented young Gustav was sent to Vienna's School of Arts and Crafts. He soon found himself in the midst of a group of artists who were working on the decoration of the new Ringstrasse buildings. At the beginning of the 1880s he, along with his brother Ernst and Franz Matsch, founded the Künstler-Compagnie, and over the next 10 years they received commissions to create murals and ceiling paintings in numerous buildings in Vienna and throughout the entire Austro-Hungarian Empire. With the death of Ernst in 1892, this "Company of Artists" disintegrated.

In turn-of-the-century Vienna, art too was searching for new directions. Under the influence of Symbolism, Klimt was searching for a new formal language. In 1897 Klimt was catapulted into the public eye, becoming a founding member and the first president of the Vienna Secession, a group of artists striving for a renewal of art. Klimt's Beethoven Frieze, painted for the 14th Secession Exhibition in 1902, marked the beginning of a new creative period characterized by the dominance of ornamentation and the increased use of gold leaf: Klimt's "Golden Phase", which was to culminate in the painting The Kiss (1907/1908). It was in Emilie Flöge, who owned a fashion salon, that Klimt found a lifelong companion, although he remained unmarried and fathered children with several other women. Gustav Klimt died on 6th February 1918 after suffering a stroke.



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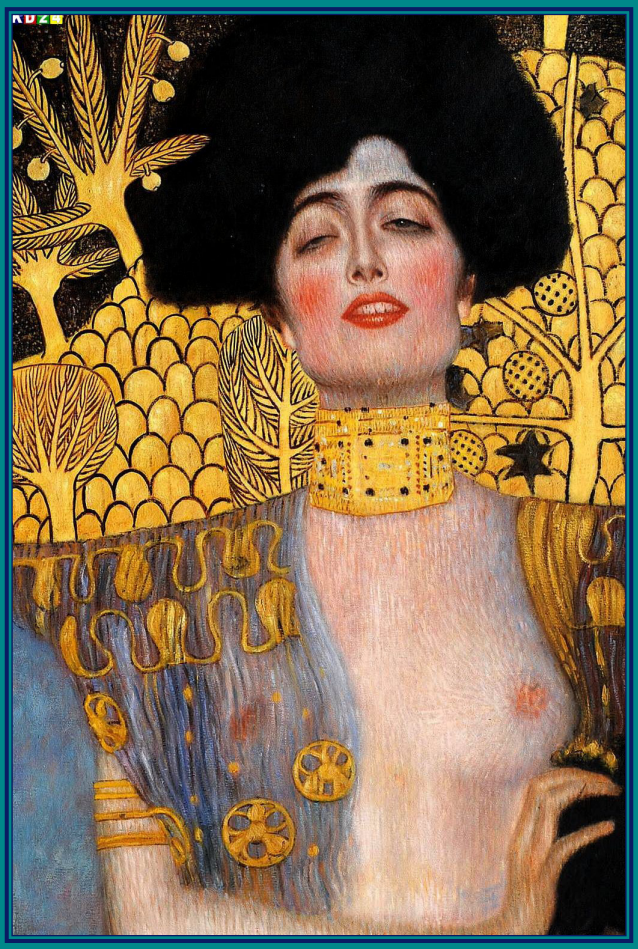

Judith I >>

(1901 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, ÖSTERREICHISCHE GALERIE BELVEDERE, VIENNA)

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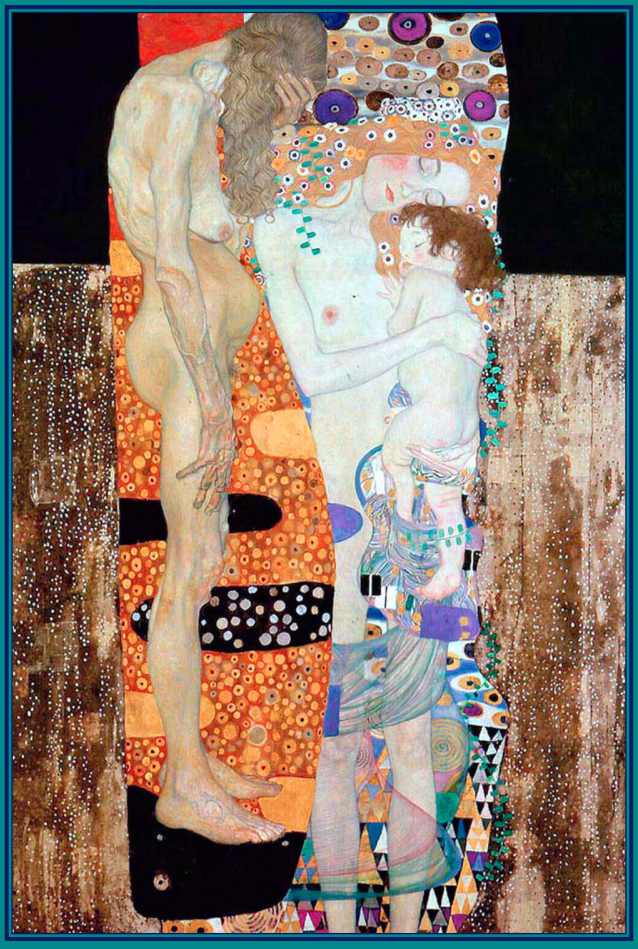
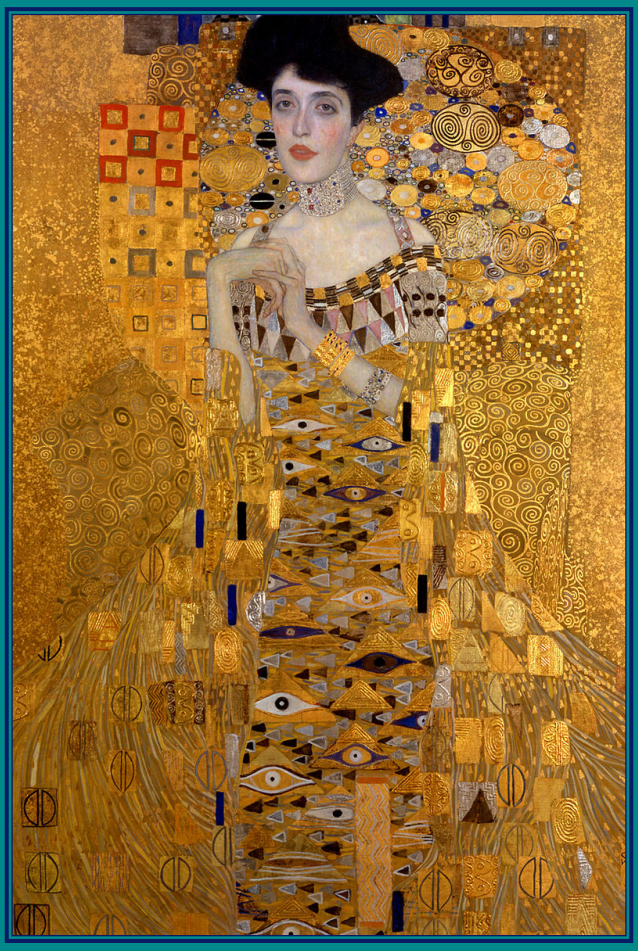


The Three Ages of Woman >>

(1905 ~ oil on canvas, Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna, Rome)

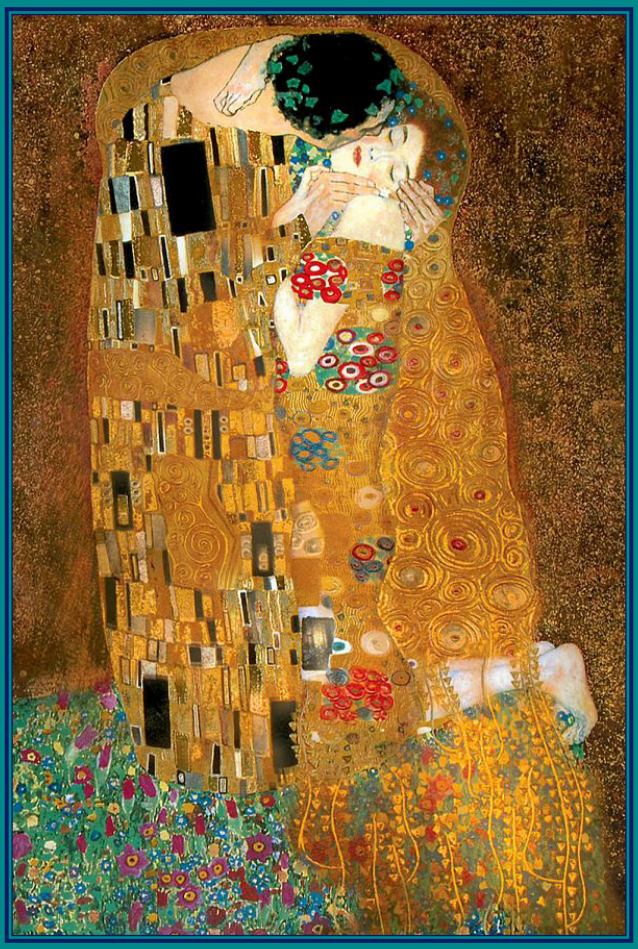
KLIMT



Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer I >>

(1907 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, NEUE GALERIE, NEW YORK)

KLIMT



The Kiss >>

(1907-08 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, ÖSTERREICHISCHE GALERIE BELVEDERE, VIENNA)

KLIMT

Danaë >>

(1907-08 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, GALERIE WÜRTHLE, VIENNA)

KLIMT

Portrait of a Lady >>

(1916-17 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, RICCI-ODDI GALLERY, PIACENZA)

DEBUSSY

Claude Debussy

Saint-Germain-en-Laye, 1862 - Paris, 1918

Achille-Claude Debussy was born on August 22, 1862, in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France, the oldest of five children. While his family had little money, Debussy showed an early affinity for the piano, and he began taking lessons at the age of 7. By age 10 or 11, he had entered the Paris Conservatory, where his instructors and fellow students recognized his talent but often found his attempts at musical innovation strange. In 1884, when he was just 22 years old, Debussy entered his cantata L'Enfant prodigue *(The Prodigal Child) in the Prix de Rome, a competition for composers. He took home the top prize, which allowed him to study for three years in the Italian capital, though he returned to Paris after two years. While in Rome, he studied the music of German composer Richard Wagner. Wagner's influence on Debussy was profound and lasting, but despite this, Debussy generally shied away from the ostentation of Wagner's opera in his own works.*

Debussy returned to Paris in 1887. The music written during this period came to represent the composer's early masterpieces – Ariettes oubliées *(1888),* Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune *(Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun, 1892) and the* String Quartet *(1893) – which were clearly delineated from the works of his coming mature period. Debussy's seminal opera,* Pelléas et Mélisande*, was completed in 1895 and was a sensation when first performed in 1902, though it deeply divided listeners (audience members*

and critics either loved it or hated it). The attention gained with Pelléas, paired with the success of Prélude *in 1892, earned Debussy extensive recognition. Over the following 10 years, he was the leading figure in French music, writing such lasting works as* La Mer *(The Sea; 1905) and* Ibéria *(1908), both for orchestra, and* Images *(1905) and* Children's Corner Suite *(1908), both for solo piano.*

Debussy spent his remaining years writing as a critic, composing and performing his own works internationally. He died of colon cancer on March 25, 1918, when he was just 55 years old, in Paris. Today, Debussy is remembered as a musical legend, whose uniquely structured compositions have served as a base for musicians over the past century, and will undoubtedly continue to inspire musical creation for decades to come.

50°

John Steinbeck

Salinas, 1902 - New York, 1968

He was born on February 27, 1902, in Salinas, California. His father was a bookkeeper and accountant who served for many years as the treasurer of Monterey County. He received his love of literature from his mother, who was interested in the arts. He worked his way through college at Stanford University but never graduated. In 1925 he went to New York, where he tried for a few years to establish himself as a free-lance writer, but he failed and returned to California. After publishing some novels and short stories, Steinbeck first became widely known with Tortilla Flat *(1935), a series of humorous stories about Monterey paisanos. Steinbeck's novels can all be classified as social novels dealing with the economic problems of rural labour, but there is also a streak of worship of the soil in his books, which does not always agree with his matter-of-fact sociological approach. After the rough and earthy humour of* Tortilla Flat*, he moved on to more serious fiction, often aggressive in its social criticism, to* In Dubious Battle *(1936). This was followed by* Of Mice and Men *(1937), the story of the imbecile giant Lennie, and a series of admirable short stories collected in the volume* The Long Valley *(1938). In 1939 he published what is considered his best work,* The Grapes of Wrath*, the story of Oklahoma tenant farmers who, unable to earn a living from the land, moved to California where they became migratory workers. Among his later works should be mentioned* East of Eden *(1952),* The Winter of Our Discontent *(1961), and* Travels with Charley *(1962). In 1962, he won the Nobel Prize for literature. He died in New York City in 1968.*

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The Chrysanthemums

(1937)

The high grey-flannel fog of winter closed off the Salinas Valley from the sky and from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot. On the broad, level land floor the gang plows bit deep and left the black earth shining like metal where the shares had cut. On the foothill ranches across the Salinas River, the yellow stubble fields seemed to be bathed in pale cold sunshine, but there was no sunshine in the valley now in December. The thick willow scrub along the river flamed with sharp and positive yellow leaves.

It was a time of quiet and of waiting. The air was cold and tender. A light wind blew up from the southwest so that the farmers were mildly hopeful of a good rain before long; but fog and rain did not go together.

Across the river, on Henry Allen's foothill ranch there was little work to be done, for the hay was cut and stored and the orchards were plowed up to receive the rain deeply when it should come. The cattle on

the higher slopes were becoming shaggy and rough-coated.

Elisa Allen, working in her flower garden, looked down across the yard and saw Henry, her husband, talking to two men in business suits. The three of them stood by the tractor shed, each man with one foot on the side of the little Fordson. They smoked cigarettes and studied the machine as they talked.

Elisa watched them for a moment and then went back to her work. She was thirty-five. Her face was lean and strong and her eyes were as clear as water. Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clod-hopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron with four big pockets to hold the snips, the trowel and scratcher, the seeds and the knife she worked with. She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked.

She was cutting down the old year's chrysanthemum stalks with a pair of short and powerful scissors. She looked down toward the men by the tractor shed now and then. Her face was eager and mature and handsome; even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy.

She brushed a cloud of hair out of her eyes with the back of her glove, and left a smudge of earth on her cheek in doing it. Behind her stood the neat white farm house with red geraniums close-banked around it as high as the windows. It was a hard-swept looking little

house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mud-mat on the front steps.

Elisa cast another glance toward the tractor shed. The strangers were getting into their Ford coupe. She took off a glove and put her strong fingers down into the forest of new green chrysanthemum sprouts that were growing around the old roots. She spread the leaves and looked down among the close-growing stems. No aphids were there, no sowbugs or snails or cutworms. Her terrier fingers destroyed such pests before they could get started.

Elisa started at the sound of her husband's voice. He had come near quietly, and he leaned over the wire fence that protected her flower garden from cattle and dogs and chickens.

"At it again," he said. "You've got a strong new crop coming."

Elisa straightened her back and pulled on the gardening glove again. "Yes. They'll be strong this coming year." In her tone and on her face there was a little smugness.

You've got a gift with things," Henry observed. "Some of those yellow chrysanthemums you had this year were ten inches across. I wish you'd work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big."

Her eyes sharpened. "Maybe I could do it, too. I've a gift with things, all right. My mother had it. She could stick anything in the ground and make it grow. She said it was having planters' hands that knew how to do it."

"Well, it sure works with flowers," he said.

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"Henry, who were those men you were talking to?"

"Why, sure, that's what I came to tell you. They were from the Western Meat Company. I sold those thirty head of three-year-old steers. Got nearly my own price, too."

"Good," she said. "Good for you.

"And I thought," he continued, "I thought how it's Saturday afternoon, and we might go into Salinas for dinner at a restaurant, and then to a picture show—to celebrate, you see."

"Good," she repeated. "Oh, yes. That will be good."

Henry put on his joking tone. "There's fights tonight. How'd you like to go to the fights?"

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly. "No, I wouldn't like fights."

"Just fooling, Elisa. We'll go to a movie. Let's see. It's two now. I'm going to take Scotty and bring down those steers from the hill. It'll take us maybe two hours. We'll go in town about five and have dinner at the Cominos Hotel. Like that?"

"Of course I'll like it. It's good to eat away from home."

"All right, then. I'll go get up a couple of horses."

She said, "I'll have plenty of time to transplant some of these sets, I guess."

She heard her husband calling Scotty down by the barn. And a little later she saw the two men ride up the pale yellow hillside in search of the steers.

There was a little square sandy bed kept for rooting the chrysanthemums. With her trowel she turned the soil over and over, and smoothed it and patted it firm.

Then she dug ten parallel trenches to receive the sets. Back at the chrysanthemum bed she pulled out the little crisp shoots, trimmed off the leaves of each one with her scissors and laid it on a small orderly pile.

A squeak of wheels and plod of hoofs came from the road. Elisa looked up. The country road ran along the dense bank of willows and cotton-woods that bordered the river, and up this road came a curious vehicle, curiously drawn. It was an old spring-wagon, with a round canvas top on it like the cover of a prairie schooner. It was drawn by an old bay horse and a little grey-and-white burro. A big stubble-bearded man sat between the cover flaps and drove the crawling team. Underneath the wagon, between the hind wheels, a lean and rangy mongrel dog walked sedately. Words were painted on the canvas in clumsy, crooked letters. "Pots, pans, knives, sisors, lawn mores, Fixed." Two rows of articles, and the triumphantly definitive "Fixed" below. The black paint had run down in little sharp points beneath each letter.

Elisa, squatting on the ground, watched to see the crazy, loose-jointed wagon pass by. But it didn't pass. It turned into the farm road in front of her house, crooked old wheels skirling and squeaking. The rangy dog darted from between the wheels and ran ahead. Instantly the two ranch shepherds flew out at him. Then all three stopped, and with stiff and quivering tails, with taut straight legs, with ambassadorial dignity, they slowly circled, sniffing daintily. The caravan pulled up to Elisa's wire fence and stopped. Now the newcomer dog,

feeling outnumbered, lowered his tail and retired under the wagon with raised hackles and bared teeth.

The man on the wagon seat called out, "That's a bad dog in a fight when he gets started."

Elisa laughed. "I see he is. How soon does he generally get started?"

The man caught up her laughter and echoed it heartily. "Sometimes not for weeks and weeks," he said. He climbed stiffly down, over the wheel. The horse and the donkey drooped like unwatered flowers.

Elisa saw that he was a very big man. Although his hair and beard were graying, he did not look old. His worn black suit was wrinkled and spotted with grease. The laughter had disappeared from his face and eyes the moment his laughing voice ceased. His eyes were dark, and they were full of the brooding that gets in the eyes of teamsters and of sailors. The calloused hands he rested on the wire fence were cracked, and every crack was a black line. He took off his battered hat.

"I'm off my general road, ma'am," he said. "Does this dirt road cut over across the river to the Los Angeles highway?"

Elisa stood up and shoved the thick scissors in her apron pocket. "Well, yes, it does, but it winds around and then fords the river. I don't think your team could pull through the sand."

He replied with some asperity, "It might surprise you what them beasts can pull through."

"When they get started?" she asked.

He smiled for a second. "Yes. When they get started."

"Well," said Elisa, "I think you'll save time if you go back to the Salinas road and pick up the highway there."

He drew a big finger down the chicken wire and made it sing. "I ain't in any hurry, ma am. I go from Seattle to San Diego and back every year. Takes all my time. About six months each way. I aim to follow nice weather."

Elisa took off her gloves and stuffed them in the apron pocket with the scissors. She touched the under edge of her man's hat, searching for fugitive hairs. "That sounds like a nice kind of a way to live," she said.

He leaned confidentially over the fence. "Maybe you noticed the writing on my wagon. I mend pots and sharpen knives and scissors. You got any of them things to do?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Nothing like that." Her eyes hardened with resistance.

"Scissors is the worst thing," he explained. "Most people just ruin scissors trying to sharpen 'em, but I know how. I got a special tool. It's a little bobbit kind of thing, and patented. But it sure does the trick."

"No. My scissors are all sharp."

"All right, then. Take a pot," he continued earnestly, "a bent pot, or a pot with a hole. I can make it like new so you don't have to buy no new ones. That's a saving for you.

"No," she said shortly. "I tell you I have nothing like that for you to do."

His face fell to an exaggerated sadness. His voice took

on a whining undertone. "I ain't had a thing to do today. Maybe I won't have no supper tonight. You see I'm off my regular road. I know folks on the highway clear from Seattle to San Diego. They save their things for me to sharpen up because they know I do it so good and save them money.

"I'm sorry," Elisa said irritably. "I haven't anything for you to do."

His eyes left her face and fell to searching the ground. They roamed about until they came to the chrysanthemum bed where she had been working. "What's them plants, ma'am?"

The irritation and resistance melted from Elisa's face. "Oh, those are chrysanthemums, giant whites and yellows. I raise them every year, bigger than anybody around here."

"Kind of a long-stemmed flower? Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke?" he asked.

"That's it. What a nice way to describe them."

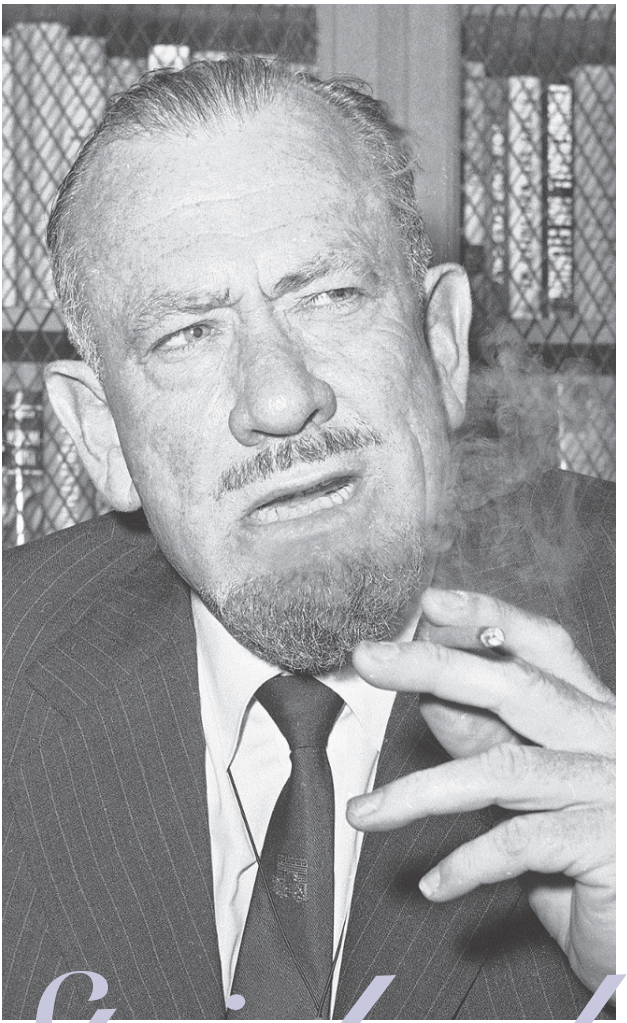
"They smell kind of nasty till you get used to them," he said.

"It's a good bitter smell," she retorted, "not nasty at all."

He changed his tone quickly. "I like the smell myself."

"I had ten-inch blooms this year," she said.

The man leaned farther over the fence. "Look. I know a lady down the road a piece, has got the nicest garden you ever seen. Got nearly every kind of flower but no chrysanthemums. Last time I was mending a copper-bottom washtub for her (that's a hard job but I do it



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good), she said to me, 'If you ever run acrost some nice chrysanthemums I wish you'd try to get me a few seeds.' That's what she told me."

Elisa's eyes grew alert and eager. "She couldn't have known much about chrysanthemums. You *can* raise them from seed, but it's much easier to root the little sprouts you see there."

"Oh," he said. "I s'pose I can't take none to her, then."

"Why yes you can," Elisa cried. "I can put some in damp sand, and you can carry them right along with you. They'll take root in the pot if you keep them damp. And then she can transplant them."

"She'd sure like to have some, ma'am. You say they're nice ones?"

"Beautiful," she said. "Oh, beautiful." Her eyes shone. She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair. "I'll put them in a flower pot, and you can take them right with you. Come into the yard."

While the man came through the picket fence Elisa ran excitedly along the geranium-bordered path to the back of the house. And she returned carrying a big red flower pot. The gloves were forgotten now. She kneeled on the ground by the starting bed and dug up the sandy soil with her fingers and scooped it into the bright new flower pot. Then she picked up the little pile of shoots she had prepared. With her strong fingers she pressed them into the sand and tamped around them with her knuckles. The man stood over her. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "You remember so you can tell the lady."

"Yes, I'll try to remember."

"Well, look. These will take root in about a month. Then she must set them out, about a foot apart in good rich earth like this, see?" She lifted a handful of dark soil for him to look at. "They'll grow fast and tall. Now remember this. In July tell her to cut them down, about eight inches from the ground."

"Before they bloom?" he asked.

"Yes, before they bloom." Her face was tight with eagerness. "They'll grow right up again. About the last of September the buds will start."

She stopped and seemed perplexed. "It's the budding that takes the most care," she said hesitantlv. "I don't know how to tell you." She looked deep into his eyes, searchingly. Her mouth opened a little, and she seemed to be listening. "I'll try to tell you," she said. "Did you ever hear of planting hands?"

"Can't say I have, ma'am."

"Well, I can only tell you what it feels like. It's when you're picking off the buds you don't want. Everything goes right down into your fingertips. You watch your fingers work. They do it themselves. You can feel how it is. They pick and pick the buds. They never make a mistake. They're with the plant. Do you see? Your fingers and the plant. You can feel that, right up your arm. They know. They never make a mistake. You can feel it. When you're like that you can't do anything wrong. Do you see that? Can you understand that?"

She was kneeling on the ground looking up at him. Her breast swelled passionately.

The man's eyes narrowed. He looked away self-con-

sciously. "Maybe I know," he said. "Sometimes in the night in the wagon there—"

Elisa's voice grew husky. She broke in on him. "I've never lived as you do, but I know what you mean. When the night is dark—why, the stars are sharp-pointed, and there's quiet. Why, you rise up and up! Every pointed star gets driven into your body. It's like that. Hot and sharp and—lovely."

Kneeling there, her hand went out toward his legs in the greasy black trousers. Her hesitant fingers almost touched the cloth. Then her hand dropped to the ground. She crouched low like a fawning dog.

He said, "It's nice, just like you say. Only when you don't have no dinner, it ain't."

She stood up then, very straight, and her face was ashamed. She held the flower pot out to him and placed it gently in his arms. "Here. Put it in your wagon, on the seat, where you can watch it. Maybe I can find something for you to do."

At the back of the house she dug in the can pile and found two old and battered aluminum saucepans. She carried them back and gave them to him. "Here, maybe you can fix these."

His manner changed. He became professional. "Good as new I can fix them." At the back of his wagon he set a little anvil, and out of an oily tool box dug a small machine hammer. Elisa came through the gate to watch him while he pounded out the dents in the kettles. His mouth grew sure and knowing. At a difficult part of the work he sucked his under-lip.

"You sleep right in the wagon?" Elisa asked.
"Right in the wagon, ma'am. Rain or shine I'm dry as a cow in there."
"It must be nice," she said. "It must be very nice. I wish women could do such things."
"It ain't the right kind of a life for a woman."
Her upper lip raised a little, showing her teeth. "How do you know? How can you tell?" she said.
"I don't know, ma'am," he protested. "Of course I don't know. Now here's your kettles, done. You don't have to buy no new ones."
"How much?"
"Oh, fifty cents'll do. I keep my prices down and my work good. That's why I have all them satisfied customers up and down the highway."
Elisa brought him a fifty-cent piece from the house and dropped it in his hand. "You might be surprised to have a rival some time. I can sharpen scissors, too. And I can beat the dents out of little pots. I could show you what a woman might do."
He put his hammer back in the oily box and shoved the little anvil out of sight. "It would be a lonely life for a woman, ma'am, and a scarey life, too, with animals creeping under the wagon all night." He climbed over the singletree, steadying himself with a hand on the burro's white rump. He settled himself in the seat, picked up the lines. "Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said. "I'll do like you told me; I'll go back and catch the Salinas road."
"Mind," she called, "if you're long in getting there,

keep the sand damp."

"Sand, ma'am?. .. Sand? Oh, sure. You mean around the chrysanthemums. Sure I will." He clucked his tongue. The beasts leaned luxuriously into their collars. The mongrel dog took his place between the back wheels. The wagon turned and crawled out the entrance road and back the way it had come, along the river.

Elisa stood in front of her wire fence watching the slow progress of the caravan. Her shoulders were straight, her head thrown back, her eyes half-closed, so that the scene came vaguely into them. Her lips moved silently, forming the words "Good-bye—good-bye." Then she whispered, "That's a bright direction. There's a glowing there." The sound of her whisper startled her. She shook herself free and looked about to see whether anyone had been listening. Only the dogs had heard. They lifted their heads toward her from their sleeping in the dust, and then stretched out their chins and settled asleep again. Elisa turned and ran hurriedly into the house.

In the kitchen she reached behind the stove and felt the water tank. It was full of hot water from the noonday cooking. In the bathroom she tore off her soiled clothes and flung them into the corner. And then she scrubbed herself with a little block of pumice, legs and thighs, loins and chest and arms, until her skin was scratched and red. When she had dried herself she stood in front of a mirror in her bedroom and looked at her body. She tightened her stomach and threw out her chest. She turned and looked over her shoulder at her back.

After a while she began to dress, slowly. She put on her newest underclothing and her nicest stockings and the dress which was the symbol of her prettiness. She worked carefully on her hair, pencilled her eyebrows and rouged her lips.

Before she was finished she heard the little thunder of hoofs and the shouts of Henry and his helper as they drove the red steers into the corral. She heard the gate bang shut and set herself for Henry's arrival.

His step sounded on the porch. He entered the house calling, "Elisa, where are you?"

"In my room, dressing. I'm not ready. There's hot water for your bath. Hurry up. It's getting late."

When she heard him splashing in the tub, Elisa laid his dark suit on the bed, and shirt and socks and tie beside it. She stood his polished shoes on the floor beside the bed. Then she went to the porch and sat primly and stiffly down. She looked toward the river road where the willow-line was still yellow with frosted leaves so that under the high grey fog they seemed a thin band of sunshine. This was the only color in the grey afternoon. She sat unmoving for a long time. Her eyes blinked rarely.

Henry came banging out of the door, shoving his tie inside his vest as he came. Elisa stiffened and her face grew tight. Henry stopped short and looked at her. "Why—why, Elisa. You look so nice!"

"Nice? You think I look nice? What do you mean by 'nice'?"

Henry blundered on. "I don't know. I mean you look

different, strong and happy."

"I am strong? Yes, strong. What do you mean 'strong'?" He looked bewildered. "You're playing some kind of a game," he said helplessly. "It's a kind of a play. You look strong enough to break a calf over your knee, happy enough to eat it like a watermelon."

For a second she lost her rigidity. "Henry! Don't talk like that. You didn't know what you said." She grew complete again. "I'm strong," she boasted. "I never knew before how strong."

Henry looked down toward the tractor shed, and when he brought his eyes back to her, they were his own again. "I'll get out the car. You can put on your coat while I'm starting."

Elisa went into the house. She heard him drive to the gate and idle down his motor, and then she took a long time to put on her hat. She pulled it here and pressed it there. When Henry turned the motor off she slipped into her coat and went out.

The little roadster bounced along on the dirt road by the river, raising the birds and driving the rabbits into the brush. Two cranes flapped heavily over the willowline and dropped into the river-bed.

Far ahead on the road Elisa saw a dark speck. She knew. She tried not to look as they passed it, but her eyes would not obey. She whispered to herself sadly, "He might have thrown them off the road. That wouldn't have been much trouble, not very much. But he kept the pot," she explained. "He had to keep the pot. That's why he couldn't get them off the road."

The roadster turned a bend and she saw the caravan ahead. She swung full around toward her husband so she could not see the little covered wagon and the mismatched team as the car passed them.

In a moment it was over. The thing was done. She did not look back.

She said loudly, to be heard above the motor, "It will be good, tonight, a good dinner."

"Now you're changed again," Henry complained. He took one hand from the wheel and patted her knee. "I ought to take you in to dinner oftener. It would be good for both of us. We get so heavy out on the ranch."

"Henry," she asked, "could we have wine at dinner?"

"Sure we could. Say! That will be fine."

She was silent for a while; then she said, "Henry, at those prize fights, do the men hurt each other very much?"

"Sometimes a little, not often. Why?"

"Well, I've read how they break noses, and blood runs down their chests. I've read how the fighting gloves get heavy and soggy with blood."

He looked around at her. "What's the matter, Elisa? I didn't know you read things like that." He brought the car to a stop, then turned to the right over the Salinas River bridge.

"Do any women ever go to the fights?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, some. What's the matter, Elisa? Do you want to go? I don't think you'd like it, but I'll take you if you really want to go."

She relaxed limply in the seat. "Oh, no. No. I don't want

to go. I'm sure I don't." Her face was turned away from him. "It will be enough if we can have wine. It will be plenty." She turned up her coat collar so he could not see that she was crying weakly—like an old woman.

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