

A HEMINGWAY READER

To look and to listen requires the work of attention, selection, reappropriation, a way of making one's own film, one's own text, one's own installation out of what the artist has presented.

- Jacques Rancière -

THE SUN ALSO ALSO RISES

Book I

CHAPTER I

I am very much impressed by that. I never met any one of his class who remembered him. I mistrust all frank and simple people. I always had a suspicion. I finally had somebody verify the story. I was his tennis friend. I do not believe that. I first became aware of his lady's attitude toward him one night after the three of us had dined together. I suggested we fly to Strasbourg. I thought it was accidental. I was kicked again under the table. I was not kicked again. I said good-night and went out. I watched him walk back to the café. I rather liked him.

CHAPTER II

I am sure he had never been in love in his life. I did not realize the extent to which it set him off until one day he came into my office. I never wanted to go. I had a boat train to catch. I like this town. I can't stand it to think my life is going so fast and I'm not really living it. I'm not interested. I'm sick of Paris. I walked alone all one night and nothing happened. I was sorry for him but it was not a thing you could do anything about. I sorted out the carbons, stamped on a by-line, put the stuff in a couple of big manila envelopes and rang for a boy to take them to the Gare St. Lazare. I went into the other room. I wanted to lock the office and shove off. I put my hand on his shoulder. I can't do it. I didn't sleep all last night. I could picture it. I have a rotten habit of picturing the bedroom scenes of my friends.

CHAPTER III

I sat at a table on the terrace of the Napolitain. I watched a good-looking girl walk past the table and watched her go up the street and lost sight of her. I caught her eye. I saw why she made a point of not laughing. I paid for the saucers. I hailed a horse-cab. I put my arm around her. I put her hand away. I called to the cocher to stop. I had picked her up because of a vague sentimental idea that it would be nice to eat with some one. I had

forgotten how dull it could be. I got hurt in the war. I was bored enough. I went back to the small room. I went over to the bar. I drank a beer. I could see their hands and newly washed, wavy hair in the light from the door. I was very angry. I know they are supposed to be amusing. I walked down the street and had a beer at the bar. I knew then that they would all dance with her. I sat down at a table. I asked him to have a drink. I was a little drunk. I got up and walked over to the dancing-floor. I took my coat off a hanger on the wall and put it on. I stopped at the bar and asked them for an envelope. I took a fifty-franc note from my pocket.

CHAPTER IV

I saw her face in the lights from the open shops. I saw her face clearly. I kissed her. I was pretty well through with the subject. I went out onto the sidewalk. I did not see who it was. I wanted to get home. I stopped and read the inscription. I knocked on the door and she gave me my mail. I wished her good night and went upstairs. I looked at them under the gaslight. I got out my check-book. I felt sure I could remember anybody. I lit the lamp beside the bed. I sat with the windows open and undressed by the bed. I looked at myself in the mirror of the big armoire beside the bed. I put on my pajamas and got into bed. I had the two bull-fight papers, and I took their wrappers off. I read it all the way through. I blew out the lamp. I wonder what became of the others. I was all bandaged up. I never used to realize it. I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. I couldn't keep away from it. I started to cry. I woke up. I listened. I thought I recognized a voice. I put on a dressing-gown. I heard my name called down the stairs. I looked at the clock. I was getting brandy and soda and glasses. I went back upstairs. I took them both to the kitchen. I turned off the gas in the dining-room. I had felt like crying. I thought of her walking up the street. I felt like hell again.

CHAPTER V

I walked down the Boulevard. I read the papers with the coffee and then smoked a cigarette. I passed the man with the jumping frogs. I stepped aside. I read the French morning papers. I shared a taxi. I banged on the glass. I went to the office in the elevator. I was looking over my desk. I held him off. I left him to come to the office.

CHAPTER VI

I sat down and wrote some letters. I went down to the bar. I looked for her upstairs on my way out. I saw a string of barges being towed empty down the current. I suppose it is. I walked past the sad tables. I watched him crossing the street through the taxis. I never heard him make one remark. I do not believe he thought about his clothes much. I

don't know how people could say such terrible things. I don't even feel an impulse to try to stop it. I stood against the bar looking out. I did not want anything to drink and went out through the side door. I looked back. I went down a side street. I got in and gave the driver the address to my flat.

CHAPTER VII

I went up to the flat. I put the mail on the table. I heard the door-bell pull. I put on a bathrobe and slippers. I filled the big earthenware jug with water. I dressed slowly. I felt tired and pretty rotten. I took up the brandy bottle. I went to the door. I found some ash-trays and spread them around. I looked at the count. I had that feeling of going through something that has already happened before. I had the feeling as in a nightmare of it all being something repeated, something I had been through and that now I must go through again. I took a note out of my pocket. I looked back and there were three girls at his table. I gave him twenty francs and he touched his cap. I went upstairs and went to bed.

BOOK II

CHAPTER VIII

I could reach him always, he wrote, through his bankers. I rather enjoyed not playing tennis. I went often to the races, dined with friends, and put in some extra time at the office getting things ahead so I could leave in it charge of my secretary. I should shove off to Spain the end of June. I got a wire. I heard his taxi stop and went to the window and called to him. I met him on the stairs, and took one of the bags. I saw the long zinc bar.

CHAPTER IX

I came down. I would leave for Paris on the 25th unless I wired him otherwise. I stopped in at the Select. I went over to the Dingo. I wrote out an itinerary. I asked the conductor for tickets for the first service. I described where we were.

CHAPTER X

I was not at all sure. I forget what. I did not want to leave the café. I saw a cockroach on the parquet floor that must have been at least three inches long. I pointed him out. I asked him if he ever fished. I offered the guard a cigarette. I was up in front with the driver and I turned around. I saw he was angry and wanted to smooth him down. I sat in front of the café and then went for a walk in the town. I kept on the shady side of the streets. I left him sitting among the archives that covered all the walls. I went out of the building. I thought the facade was ugly. I went inside. I knelt and started to pray and prayed for everyone I thought of. I was praying for myself. I was getting sleepy. I thought I would like to have some money, so I prayed that I would make a lot of money. I started wondering. I was kneeling with my forehead on the wood in front of me. I was such a rotten Catholic. I only wished I felt religious and maybe I would the next time. I was out in the hot sun. I crossed over beside some buildings. I said I would go with him. I felt lousy. I put it in my pocket. I was blind. I certainly did hate him. I put the telegram in my pocket. I turned in early. I was asleep when they came in. I bought three tickets for the bus. I was sitting over at the Iruña reading the papers. I knew. I laughed.

CHAPTER XI

I went back to the hotel to get a couple of bottles of wine to take with us. I spilled some of the wine and everybody laughed. I got down and went into the posada. I gave the woman fifty centimes to make a tip and she gave me back the copper piece, thinking I had misunderstood the price. I turned around to look at the country. I opened it and showed him. I went out to find the woman and ask her how much the room and board was. I sat at one of the tables and looked at the pictures on the wall. I looked at them all. I went out and told the woman what a rum punch was and how to make it. I went over to the cupboard and brought the rum bottle. I woke and heard the wind blowing.

CHAPTER XII

I went to the window and looked out. I waved at him. I unbolted the door and went out. I hunted around in the shed behind the inn and found a sort of mattock, and went down toward the stream to try to dig some worms for bait. I drove the mattock into the earth. I lifted the sod. I dug carefully. I filled two empty tobacco-tins. I asked her to get coffee for us, and that we wanted a lunch. I went on looking for the tackle and putting it all together in a tackle-bag. I started out the room with the tackle-bag, the nets, and the rod-case. I put my head in the door. I thumbed my nose. I went downstairs. I was reading a week-old Spanish paper. I carried the rod-case and the landing-nets slung over my back. I shouted. I lifted it. I put back the slab of wood, and hoped nobody would find the wine. I got my rod that was leaning against the tree. I sat on one of the squared timbers and watched the smooth apron of water before the river tumbled into the falls. I

put on a good-sized sinker. I did not feel the first trout strike. I felt that I had one. I banged his head against the timber. I laid them out, side-by-side, all their heads pointing the same way, and looked at them. I slit them all and shucked out the insides. I took the trout ashore. I put it in the shade of the tree. I sat against the trunk. I put my worm-can in the shade. I was reading a wonderful story about a man who had been frozen in the Alps. I walked up the road and got out two bottles of wine. I walked back to the trees. I spread the lunch on a newspaper. I went to sleep, too. I was stiff from sleeping on the ground. I stretched and rubbed my eyes. I disjointed my rod. I put the reels in the tackle-bag. I carried the other. I looked around on the grass at the foot of the elm-trees.

CHAPTER XIII

I went down to breakfast. I stopped at the post. I saw a girl coming up the road from the centre of the town. I had aficion. I found him washing and changing in his room. I leaned way over the wall and tried to see into the cage. I saw a dark muzzle and the shadow of horns. I went upstairs. I stood beside him. I remember from the war. I lost the disgusted feeling and was happy.

CHAPTER XIV

I do not know what time I got to bed. I remember undressing, putting on a bathrobe, and standing out on the balcony. I knew I was quite drunk. I was reading a book. I read the same two pages several times. I had read it before. I was very drunk and I did not want to shut my eyes. I heard them laugh. I turned off the light and tried to go to sleep. I could shut my eyes without getting the wheeling sensation. I could not sleep. I figured that all out once. I never slept with the electric light off. I had not been thinking about her side of it. I had been getting something for nothing. I thought I had paid for everything. I paid my way into enough things that I liked, so that I had a good time. I did not care what it was all about. I wished he would not do it, though, because afterward it made me disgusted at myself. I didn't know anything about the Eskimo. I didn't know anything about the Cherokee, either. I liked them, though. I liked the way they talked. I turned on the light and read. I knew that now. I would remember it somewhere. I would always have it. I usually sat in the café and read the Madrid papers and then walked in the town or out into the country. I went to church a couple of times. I told her that not only was impossible but it was not as interesting as it sounded. I felt quite friendly.

CHAPTER XV

I walked down the hill from the cathedral and up the street to the café on the square. I saw the bright flash as it burst and another little cloud of smoke appeared. I put down money for the wine. I explained to them that I would be back. I went down the street. I walked as far as the church. I asked a man. I paid and went out. I was introduced to the people at the table. I unscrewed the nozzle of the big wine-bottle and handed it around. I took a drink. I could feel it warming. I remember resolving that I would stay up all night to watch the bulls go through the streets at six o'clock in the morning. I could not find the key. I had been sleeping heavily and I woke feeling I was too late. I went back in the room and got into bed. I had been standing on the stone balcony in bare feet. I went to sleep. I had taken six seats for all the fights. I gave the extra ticket to a waiter. I told her about watching the bull, not the horse. I had her watch how Romero took the bull away. I pointed out to her the tricks. I told her how since the death of Joselito all the bull-fighters had been developing a technic that simulated this appearance of danger.

CHAPTER XVI

I walked out beyond the town at look at the weather. I left the crowd in the café and went to the hotel to get shaved for dinner. I was shaving in my room when there was a knock on the door. I finished shaving and put my face down into the bowl. I went downstairs and out the door and took a walk around through the arcades around the square. I looked in at Iruña for the gang. I walked on around the square and back to the hotel. I was drinking red wine, and so far behind them that I felt a little uncomfortable about all this shoe-shining. I looked around the room. I nodded. I met the friend, a Madrid bull-fight critic. I told Romero how much I liked his work. I reached to our table for my wine bottle. I explained that bull-fight in Spanish was the lidia of a toro. I had seen him in the ring. I told him only three. I did not want to explain after I had made the mistake. I introduced them all around. I rushed it a little. I spread a newspaper on the stone. I looked across at the table. I stood up and we shook hands. I noticed his skin. I saw he was watching. I think he was sure. I tapped with my finger-tips on the table. I translated. I went out.

CHAPTER XVII

I swung at him and he ducked. I saw his face duck sideways in the light. I sat down on the pavement. I started to get on my feet. I went down backward under a table. I tried to get up. I did not have any legs. I found I was sitting on a chair. I walked away from the café. I looked back at them and at the empty tables. I had never seen the trees before. I had never seen the flagpoles before. I felt as I felt once coming home from an out-of-town football game. I was carrying a suitcase. I walked up the street from the station. I could hear my feet walking. I had been kicked in the head. I was carrying my suitcase. I went on up the stairs carrying my phantom suitcase. I walked down the hall. The door

was shut and I knocked. I opened the door and went in. I stood by the door. I had come home. I did not say anything. I stood by the door. I did not care. I wanted a hot bath. I wanted a hot bath in deep water. I could not see his face very well. I could not find the bathroom. I found it. I turned on the taps and the water would not run. I sat down on the edge of the bath-tub. I got up. I found I had taken off my shoes. I hunted for them. I found my room and went inside and got undressed and got into bed. I woke with a headache and the noise of the bands going by in the street. I remembered I had promised. I dressed and went down-stairs and out into the cold early morning. I hurried across the street to the café. I drank the coffee and hurried with the other people toward the bull-ring. I was not groggy now. I heard the rocket and I knew I could not get into the ring in time. I shoved through the crowd to the fence. I was pushed close against the planks of the fence. I saw the bulls just coming out of the street into the long running pen. I could not see the man because the crowd was so thick around him. I left the fence and started back toward town. I went to the café to have a second coffee and some buttered toast. I put one hand on the small of my back and the other on my chest. I came in. I followed them up-stairs and went into my room. I took off my shoes and lay down on the bed. I did not feel sleepy. I felt it with my thumb and fingers. I pressed up the wire fastener and poured it for him.

CHAPTER XVIII

I looked and saw her coming through the crowd in the square. I stood in front of the door. I tried the knob and it opened. I looked through the glasses and saw the three matadors. I could not see his face clearly under the hat. I think he loved the bulls. I sat in the down-stairs dining-room and ate some hard-boiled eggs and drank several bottled of beer. I drank it without sugar in the dripping glass, and it was pleasantly bitter. I began to feel drunk but I did not feel any better. I poured the water directly into it and stirred it instead of letting it drip. I stirred the ice around with a spoon in the brownish, cloudy mixture. I set down the glass. I had not meant to drink it fast. I was very drunk. I was drunker than I ever remembered having been. I went up-stairs. I put my head in the room. I went in and sat down. I looked at some fixed point. I went out the door and into my room and lay on the bed. I sat up in bed and looked at the wall to make it stop. I pretended to be asleep. I got up and went to the balcony and looked out at the dancing in the square. I washed, brushed my hair. I looked strange to myself in the glass, and went down-stairs to the dining-room.

CHAPTER XIX

I woke about nine o'clock, had a bath, dressed, and went down-stairs. I sat in one of the wicker chairs and leaned back comfortably. I drank coffee. I watched him come walking across the square. I only took a couple of drinks. I went out on the first roll with four kings. I rolled for the next two rounds. I went as far as the inner gate to the tracks. I watched the train pull out. I went outside to the car. I asked the driver. I paid the driver and gave him a tip. I rubbed the rod-case through the dust. I watched it turn off to take the road to Spain. I went into the hotel and they gave me a room. I washed, changed my shirt, and went out into the town. I bought a copy of the *New York Herald* and sat in a café to read it. I wish I had gone up to Paris. I was through with fiestas for a while. I could get a good hotel room and read and swim. I could sit in the Marinas and listen. I asked the waiter. I went in and ate dinner. I drank a bottle of wine for company. I had coffee. I told him to take the flowers of the Pyrenees away. I had a second marc after the coffee. I overtipped him. I spent a little money and the waiter liked me. I would dine there again some time and he would be glad to see me. I was back in France. I tipped everyone a little too much at the hotel to make friends. I did not tip the porter more than I should because I did not think that I would ever see him again. I only wanted a few good French friends. I knew that if they remembered me their friendship would be loyal. I hated to leave France. I felt like a fool to be going back into Spain. I felt like a fool. I stood in line with my passport, opened my bags for the customs, bought a ticket, went through the gate, climbed onto the train, and after forty minutes and eight tunnels I was in San Sebastian. I went to a hotel in the town where I stopped before, and they gave me a room with a balcony. I unpacked my bags. I took a shower in the bathroom and went down to lunch. I was early. I set my watch again. I signed it and asked him for two telegraph forms. I calculated how many days I would be in San Sebastian. I went in and had lunch. I went up to my room, read a whole book, and went to sleep. I found my swimming suit. I went into a bathing-cabin, undressed, put on my suit, and walked across the smooth sand to the sea. I waded out. I dove, swam out under the water, and came to the surface with all the chill gone. I swam out to the raft. I lay on the raft in the sun. I tried several dives. I dove deep once. I swam with my eyes open. I came out of water beside the raft. I lay on the beach until I was dry. I walked around the harbour under the trees to the casino. I sat out on the terrace. I sat in front of the Marinas for a long time and read and watched the people. I walked around the harbour and out along the promenade. I could not make out whom they belonged to. I had coffee out on the terrace. I would see him there some time. I certainly would. I would certainly try to. I would leave a call at the desk. I had coffee and the papers in bed. I undressed in one of the bath-cabins. I swam out. I turned and floated. I saw only the sky. I swam back to the surf. I turned and swam out to the raft. I swam slowly. I looked around at the bay. I thought I would like to swim across the bay. I sat in the sun. I stood up. I walked back to the hotel. I gathered them up in the reading-room. I poked my finger along under the fold. I tipped the concierge and read the message again. I opened it. I had expected something of the sort. I saw the concierge standing in the doorway. I took out my

fountain-pen. I went in to lunch. I did not sleep much that night. I had breakfast in the dining-car. I saw the Escorial out the window. I saw Madrid come up over the plain. I took a taxi. I saw the sign. I could not make the elevator work. I walked up. I rang. I rang again. I was undecided. I was happy to hear it. I would welcome the upbringal of my bags. I followed the maid's back down a long, dark corridor. I opened the door. I went over to the bed and put my arms around her. I could feel she was thinking of something else. I thought she was looking for another cigarette. I saw she was crying. I could feel her crying. I put my arms around her. I could feel her crying. I held her close. I stroked her hair. I could feel her shaking. I poured a little in my glass. I drank my glass. I tipped him and told the driver where to drive. I settled back. I put my arm around her and she rested against me comfortably.

THE END

MY SUN ALSO RISES

Book I

CHAPTER I

I was really impressed by them. I never met any one on that scene who read poetry. I mistrust people who make that much money. I always have some suspicion. I finally asked someone to find out if it was true. I played pool with him. I don't believe it. I found out how his girlfriend really felt about him when the three of us were at The Odeon. I suggested we go to Atlantic City. I thought it was ironic. I was kicked under the table. I wasn't kicked under the table. I said goodnight and checked out. I saw him again Café Orlin. I thought he was all right.

CHAPTER II

I'm sure he had never been in love in his life. I hadn't realized how pissed off he was until he came to the restaurant I was working at. I never wanted to leave. I had to get to the 6 train. I love downtown. I can't stand to think about how fast my life is going by here, and I'm in some sort of daze. I wasn't interested. I'm sick of Tribeca. I walked alone one night all the way to midtown and nothing happened. I felt sorry for him, but there was nothing I could do about it. I broke down the waiter's station, divided the tips, and put Jane's into an envelope because she had the early shift. I went into the bar area. I wanted to lock up and get out of there. I put my hand on his shoulder. I can't do that. I was doing some coke the night before and hadn't slept. I could picture it. I have a bad habit of picturing my friends fucking.

CHAPTER III

I sat in a booth at Mickey's bar. I watched a sexy woman walk past me to the pool table and then disappear into a small group at the sign-up board. I caught her eye. I could see that she was kind of laughing to herself. I paid for the beers. I hailed a taxi. I put my arm around her. I put her hand away. I told the cab to stop. I picked her up because I was heart-broken over someone else and I was trying, somehow, to get back at her. I

had forgotten how dull sex could be. I got hurt in a bad break-up. I was plenty bored. I went into the back room. I went over to the bar. I drank a beer. I could see a group of arty types glistening in white t-shirts outside the entrance. I was really angry. I knew that they were supposed to be cool. I walked down the street and had a beer at Magoo's. I knew that they all wanted to sit next to her. I sat down at a table. I asked her to have a drink. I was way drunk. I got up and walked over to the pool table. I took my coat off a hook and put it on. I stopped at the bar and asked if they had any stamps. I dug around my pockets for 50 cents.

CHAPTER IV

I saw her face in the subway window reflection. I saw her features look distorted. I kissed her. I was pretty well finished with the subject. I went out onto the street. I didn't see who it was. I wanted to get home. I stopped and read a plaque. I unlocked the door and thumbed through the mail. I said goodnight and went upstairs. I looked at them under the streetlight. I looked over my checkbook. I felt confident that I remembered their names. I turned on the bedside light. I sat with the windows opened and then pulled down the covers. I looked at myself in the mirror above my dresser. I put on a t-shirt and went into bed. I had two poetry journals, and I took them out of their envelopes. I read them all the way through. I turned off the lamp. I was thinking about the people I had just met. I felt wounded by some things that got said. I never used to realize it. I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. I couldn't stop thinking about it. I started to cry. I woke up. I heard my name called. I looked at the clock. I got something to drink. I went upstairs. I took them both to the kitchen. I turned off the lights in the living room. I felt like crying. I thought of her walking up the street. I felt like shit again.

CHAPTER V

I walked down Greenwich Street. I read the *Times* with my coffee and then smoked a cigarette. I passed a man selling mechanical jumping frogs. I stepped aside. I read the Sports section. I shared a taxi. I knocked over a glass. I went to the restaurant by cab. I was looking over my schedule. I held him off. I let him take my brunch shift.

CHAPTER VI

I sat down and wrote some letters. I went over to Prescott's. I looked up at her window on my way to the bar. I saw a string of barges being towed empty down the Hudson. I guess it is. I walked past the depressing booths at the bar. I watched him crossing the street in between the traffic. I never heard him say anything. I don't think he thought about his clothes much. I couldn't believe that people could say such stupid things. I didn't feel like trying to stop it. I leaned against the bar looking at the pool table. I didn't want anything to drink and slipped out through the side door. I looked back. I went down an alley. I got in and gave the driver my address.

CHAPTER VII

I went upstairs to the loft. I put the mail on the table. I heard the buzzer. I put on my pants and sneakers. I filled a large pasta bowl with water. I dressed slowly. I felt tired and pretty rotten. I got a bottle of beer. I went to the door. I found some ashtrays and spread them around. I had a moment of deja vu. I had that sinking feeling of it all being repeated, like I had been out drinking with these people before and I knew how it was all going to turn out. I took some notes out of my pocket. I looked back and there were three girls at his table. I gave him a twenty and he touched his forehead. I walked home and went to bed.

BOOK II

CHAPTER VIII

I could always reach him, he wrote, through the American Express office. I was happy to stop playing pool for a while. I went to the horse races a lot at Belmont, ate out with friends, and put in extra shifts at the restaurant, making some more cash for a trip I was planning. I was planning to go to Europe at the end of August. I got a phone call. I heard his taxi stop and went to the window and called down. I met him on the stairs, and took one of his bags. I went to the Le Zinc.

CHAPTER IX

I came down. I was supposed to leave for Paris on the 25th unless I phoned to say otherwise. I stopped in at Mickey's. I went over to Puffy's. I wrote out an itinerary. I asked a travel agent for a euro-rail pass. I described what was happening.

CHAPTER X

I wasn't sure of anything. I forget what. I didn't want to leave the bar. I saw a cockroach on the linoleum floor that must have been at least three inches long. I pointed him out. I asked him if he played pool. I offered the driver a cigarette. I was sitting up front with the cab driver and I turned around. I saw he was pissed and I wanted to calm him down. I sat on a bench in front of the bar and then went for a walk uptown. I kept on the shady side of Broadway. I left him sitting in a pile of books at the Strand. I left the building. I thought the façade was ugly. I went inside. I sat down and starting to daydream. I dreamt about everyone I had met. I dreamt about myself. I was getting sleepy. I thought I would like to be in a relationship, so I dreamt about being in a relationship. I was bent over with my knees against my forehead. I was such a lousy poet. I only wanted to be more like a poet and maybe some day I would. I was out in the hot sun. I crossed 6th Avenue beside some tall buildings. I said I'd go with her. I felt awful. I put it in my jacket. I didn't see it. I did hate her. I put the message in my pocket. I went to bed early.

I was asleep when they come in. I bought 3 tickets for the bus. I was sitting over at Magoo's reading the paper. I knew. I laughed.

CHAPTER XI

I went back to the pensione to get a couple of bottles of wine. I drank some cleaning fluid from a glass that I thought was wine and everyone laughed. I got up and went back to the pensione. I tried to give the concierge a tip, but she gave it back to me, thinking I had misunderstood the price. I turned around to look at the countryside. I opened it and showed it to him. I went out to find the concierge and ask how much the room was, breakfast included. I sat at a table and looked at the maps on the wall. I looked at them all. I went out and told the woman what a Manhattan was and how to make it. I went over to the cupboard and took out a bottle of whiskey. I woke up and heard the wind blowing.

CHAPTER XII

I went over to the window and looked out. I waved at him. I unbolted the door and went out. I hunted around in the shed behind the pensione and found a hammock, and went down to the creek to try to find a good place to put it up. I tied the hammock around two small trees. I climbed in carefully. I filled up two wine bottles. I asked her if we could get some coffee, and that we were looking for lunch. I went on swinging in the hammock. I headed out the door with my backpack. I avoided her gaze. I headed downstairs. I was reading a week old *Herald Tribune*. I carried my backpack and my duffle bag with some wine bottles in it. I leaned my duffle bag against a tree. I sat on the ground and watched the smooth sheet of water tumble into the falls. I put in a good-sized bottle. I banged it against a wall, accidentally. I had to take out all of my clothes, laid everything out. I picked through the glass. I sat against the trunk. I put the broken bottle in the trash under a shade tree. I was reading a wonderful novel about a guy who was obsessed with female pubic hair. I walked up the road and picked up two bottles of wine. I walked back to the trees. I spread out the lunch on a newspaper. I went to sleep, too. I was stiff from sleeping on the ground. I stretched and rubbed my eyes. I pulled on my crotch. I put the book back in my bag. I carried the other. I looked around on the grass at the foot of the elm-trees.

CHAPTER XIII

I went out for some breakfast. I stopped at the post office. I saw a girl coming up the road from the center of town. I had an ear. I saw my favorite poet thumbing through his books and taking off his sweater. I saw his dark side as the crowd shuffled in. I took a seat in the front. I stood beside him. I lost the disgusted feeling and was happy.

CHAPTER XIV

I didn't care about doing my writing. I wish he wouldn't have slept with both of them, though, because it made me envious. I didn't know anything about the graphic designer. I didn't know anything about the filmmaker, either. I liked them, though. I liked the way they talked. I turned on the light and read. I knew that now. I would remember it somewhere. I would always have that. I usually sat at the Canal Street Coffee Shop and read the newspaper and then walked back home or into the East Village. I went to the Ear Inn a couple of times. I told her that not only was it impossible but it wasn't as interesting as it sounded. I felt quite friendly.

CHAPTER XV

I walked down the street from the St. Mark's Poetry Project and then east to a bar on Tompkins Square. I saw the bright flash of a small Con Ed explosion and then a little cloud of smoke. I put some money up at the bar for a beer. I told them that I'd be right back. I went down the street. I went as far as St. Mark's Church. I asked someone. I paid and left. I was introduced to the people at the table. I picked by the wine bottle and poured a round. I took a drink. I could feel it warming. I remember resolving that I would stay up all night to go to the Fulton St. fish market at 6 o'clock in the morning. I couldn't find my keys. I had been sleeping heavily and I woke up feeling I was too late. I went back to my place and got into bed. I had been standing on the wobbly fire escape in bare feet. I went to sleep. I reserved six seats for the Belmont Stakes. I gave the extra seat to a co-worker. I told her about watching the odds, not the horse. I had her watch how Cordero made his move. I pointed out the tricks. I told her that since a jockey was recently trampled to death, that there were more objections and inquiries.

CHAPTER XVI

I walked out beyond West Street at look at the river. I left the crowd at the Ear Inn and went home to shave for dinner. I was shaving in the bathroom when there was a knock on the door. I finished shaving and splashed some water on my face. I went downstairs

and out the door and tried to take a walk through Soho with all the tourists. I looked in at the Ear Inn for the gang. I walked around aimlessly and then back to the Ear. I was drinking a pint of beer, and I was so far behind everyone that I felt uncomfortable with all this ass-kissing. I looked around the room. I nodded. I met a friend who wrote art reviews. I told him how much I liked his work. I reached over someone for my pint at the bar. I explained that poetry in the mainstream was like Norman Rockwell in Art. I had read a few of his reviews. I told him only three. I didn't want to explain after he caught me in a lie. I introduced him around. I rushed it a little. I spread the Poetry Project newsletter over some plates. I looked across the table. I stood up and we shook hands. I noticed his coat. I tapped my fingernails on the table. I translated. I went out.

CHAPTER XVII

I insulted him and he missed it. I saw him shy away. I sat down on the curb. I got up. I fell off my chair. I tried to get up. I couldn't feel my legs. I ended up sitting on a chair. I walked away from the bar. I look back at them and the place was empty. I had never seen those trees before. I had never seen a flagpole there. I felt like I felt once coming home from a high school football game. I was carrying a shopping bag. I walked up the street from the A-train stop. I could hear my feet walking. I felt like I had been kicked in the head. I was carrying my shopping bag with nothing in it. I went on up the stairs carrying my phantom shopping bag. I walked down the hall. The door was shut and I knocked. I rang the buzzer and went in. I stood by the door. I was home. I didn't say anything. I stood by the door. I didn't care. I wanted a hot bath. I wanted a hot bath in deep water. I couldn't see his face very well. I couldn't find the bathroom. I found it. I turned on the faucet but there wasn't any water. I sat down on the edge of the tub. I got up. I found I had taken off my boots. I looked for them. I stumbled to my room and went inside and got undressed and got into bed.

I woke up with a headache from the noise of the trucks rattling on the street. I remembered I had promised. I got dressed and went downstairs and out into the cold. I walked down the street to the Club Diner. I had a coffee and then hurried along with the other people to the fireworks. I was awake now. I heard the firecrackers and I knew I couldn't get to the parade on time. I shoved through the crowd to see. I was pushed into the entrance of Wong & Wong. I saw rolls of firecrackers being lowered into a burning bin. I couldn't see the costumes because the crowd was so thick. I left the street and started back uptown. I went back to Club Diner and had another coffee and a toasted poppy seed bagel with butter. I put one hand on the back of my neck and the other on my forehead.

I came in. I followed my roommates upstairs and went into my room. I took off my boots and lay down on my bed. I didn't feel sleepy. I felt it in my thumb and fingers. I twisted off the top and poured it for him.

CHAPTER XVIII

I looked out the window and saw her coming through the crowd on the street. I stood inside the door. I tried the front door knob to make sure it was locked. I looked through the glass and saw three guys in dragon costumes. I couldn't see any faces. I think he loved Chinese New Year. I sat in the Club Diner and had a hamburger deluxe and drank a coke. I drank it without ice in a fountain glass, and it was pleasantly spicy. I began to feel awake but I didn't feel any better. I took some ice out of my water glass and stirred it in. I stirred the ice around with a spoon in the brownish, bubbly glass. I set the glass down. I hadn't meant to drink it so fast. I was very depressed. I was more depressed than I ever remember being. I went upstairs. I stuck my head in. I went in and sat down. I looked at some fixed point. I left the living room and went into my room and lay on my bed. I sat up in bed and looked at the wall and wanted everything to stop. I pretended to be asleep. I got up and went to the window and looked out at the festivities. I washed, brushed my hair. I looked strange to myself in the mirror, and went downstairs and into the street.

Book III

CHAPTER XIX

I woke up at 9 o'clock, took a shower, got dressed, and went downstairs. I sat in one of the plastic seats and leaned back comfortably. I drank a coffee to go. I watched him walking cross the platform. I took a couple of sips. I went out before the draw. I stayed out the next two hands. I went over to the inner gate to the tracks. I watched the train pull in. I went into the last car. I confirmed with the conductor. I showed the conductor my ticket and the coupon. I pulled on my crotch and readjusted in my seat. I watched the train surface in Brooklyn. I went into the first car and got my ticket punched. I washed up, changed into my swimming suit, and went onto the boardwalk. I found a copy of the *New York Post* and sat in the snack shop and read it. I wish I had gone to Peter's. I was through with parties for a while. I could have gotten a ride there. I could

have been sitting by his parent's pool and chilling out. I asked the guy at the snack bar. I went over and ordered a hot dog. I told him to leave the chips off. I had another coffee. I over-tipped him. I spent a little money there and he liked me. I would be back later and he would be glad to see me. I was back on the beach. I tipped the guy the umbrella rental because I thought I was supposed to. I didn't tip the shuttle bus driver earlier because it seemed inappropriate. I felt like I wanted to make friends there. I felt like these were interesting people in our group. I hated to leave the city. I felt like a fool for committing to go to Philadelphia. I felt like a fool. I thought about my trip to Europe, opening my bags for customs, taking trains through tunnels, and sleeping in hotels that had seen their day. I liked this group of foreigners at the beach, especially Aldo from Argentina. I unpacked my beach bag. I took out a book and an apple. I was early. I set my watch again. I wrote some notes in the form of a poem. I calculated how many days before I left for Philadelphia. I went into the water. I went back to my towel, read the rest of my book, and took a nap. I undid the knot in my swimming suit string. I took off my t-shirt, put away my sunglasses, and walked across the smooth sand to the ocean. I waded out. I dove in, swam out under the water, and came up with all the chill gone. I tried to body surf. I lay on my back in the sun. I tried several different strokes. I dove deep once. I swam with my eyes open. I came out of the water next to Aldo's inflatable raft. I lay on the beach until I was dry. I walked around the shore past a volleyball game. I sat in front of the waves for a long time and read and watched the people. I walked along the shoreline and then out along the boardwalk. I couldn't make out whom they belonged to. I had another coffee at the snack bar. I would see all of them in the future. I certainly would. I would certainly try to. I gave each of them my phone number. I told them to leave me a message. I had my coffee and lay down on the blanket. I thought about getting dressed in the men's room. I swam out. I turned and floated. I saw only the sky. I swam back to the shore. I turned and swam out to the raft. I swam slowly. I looked back at the shore. I thought I might try swimming back to the shore. I sat in the sun. I stood up. I walked back to the bus stop. I gathered them up at the snack bar. I ran my finger along the rail. I looked for the bus schedule and found an old scrape of paper in my notebook. I opened it. I had expected something of the sort. I saw the bus driver standing in the doorway. I took out my fountain-pen. I went onto the bus. I didn't sleep much that night. I had breakfast on the train. I saw the Turnpike out the window. I saw Philadelphia come up over the bridge. I took a taxi. I saw the sign. I couldn't make the elevator work. I walked up. I rang. I rang again. I was undecided. I was happy to hear it. I would welcome some help with my boxes. I followed the landlady down a long, dark hallway. I opened the door. I went over to the bed and put my arms around her. I could feel she was thinking about something else. I thought she was looking for a cigarette. I saw she was crying. I could feel her crying. I put my arms around her. I could feel her crying. I held her close. I stroked her hair. I could feel her shaking. I poured a little in my

glass. I drank it. I told the driver the address. I settled back. I put my arm around her and she rested against me comfortably.

THE END