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The Monk.

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THE MONK

By ~~Eric~~ Klaus Mann

For Cpl. John Pomeroy

The whole company called him "the Monk," because he had no girl friend in town and seemed always embarrassed when the boys discussed their sex experiences. At times he would interrupt their filthy talk with ~~with~~ a gentle but somehow impressive gesture: "That's enough! If you please!" The answer was of course a Homeric guffaw; but, surprisingly, the conversation died down, shortly afterwards, or became a trifle more discreet.

What was wrong with the Monk? Some of his room-mates suggested that he was secretly married and faithful to his ^{wife} although he claimed to be single. Others suspected that there might be religious reasons for his prudery; but he was not a church-goer. Was he just morbidly bashful? Or was it simply his high age which prevented him from having any fun?

He was indeed pretty elderly - at least thirty-five, if not older; at any rate, by far the oldest man in the outfit which consisted mostly of youngsters in their teens or early twenties. His face appeared strangely shrivelled - dried out, yellowed and brittle, as if parched by a merciless tropical sun. There was something slightly Mephistophelian about his physiognomy - due, perhaps, to his restive, black, curly hair and ~~to his~~ dark, bushy eyebrows. But he had also features of a melancholy clown, in his ever-crumpled uniform which was much too wide for his lean, hairy body; with his long, pointed nose, and the absurd gravity of his ~~actions~~ ^{gait}. His

eyes were pensive and near-sighted. He had the thin-lipped, drooping, colorless mouth of a worried old woman.

He was a very poor soldier -- pathetically helpless, for all his diligence and good will. However hard he tried, he just couldn't learn the manual of arms and inevitably messed up the flank movements of his platoon, during the close-order drill. The First Sergeant despised him. "A sad sack like you, ~~he would~~ ~~should at him~~ shouldn't even be in the Army," he would shout at him -- exasperated by so much clumsiness. "Where do you come from, anyhow? What kind of a bird are you?"

The Monk's national origin was as difficult to define as his pre-Army status. His speech sounded exotic, without having the characteristics of any particular foreign accent. According to his rather noncommittal intimations, he was born in one of the smaller South-American republics (sometimes he mentioned Ecuador, at other times Paraguay); brought up in Rumania; naturalized in Turkey. At any rate, his home, if he had any, was terribly far away.

As for his civilian profession, he was equally vague and evasive. Only on one occasion, when the Commanding Officer challenged him with a direct question in front of the company, he had to give up this secretive attitude. "My profession, Sir?" he said -- dreamy and absentminded. "Well, Sir, I was a sculptor." For one reason or another, this reply provoked a roaring laughter -- intonated by the men and heartily joined by the captain. But the Monk remained dignified and composed -- curiously self-assured, for all his demureness.

Most of the boys had only a faint notion of what that actually

was -- a sculptor. However, nobody believed that the Monk had ever been anything of the kind. Some fellows suggested that he might have been a watchmaker -- maybe because he seemed so childishly fond of his own chronometer, an old-fashioned, voluminous piece of heavy, lusterless silver. Others believed that his past was simply that of a tramp, an ~~expected~~ ^{ordinary} good-for-nothing.

Then the story came up that the Monk used to make a living as a member of a travelling circus. In fact, one of the boys claimed that he had seen him, several years before, with a troupe of wandering acrobats who produced their stunts in a small Californian town, near the Mexican border. According to this report, the Monk - fantastically dressed up - was introduced to the audience as "the quickest portraitist of all time," and indeed stunned his customers by the uncanny speed with which he cut their profiles in black paper -- taking 25 cents for one silhouette.

Urged by his comrades to confirm or deny the story, he just shrugged his shoulders and smiled enigmatically. "No kidding!" they insisted. "Is it true, or ain't it?" His answer was only, "Gentlemen! If you please! A little more discretion!" But some days afterwards he startled everybody by producing a pair of pointed scissors and several sheets of black, glossy paper. The whole outfit marveled as he cut the mess sergeant's silhouette, in practically no time.

He did indeed a neat job. Squatting on his bunk and manipulating his tools with remarkable dexterity, he cut the profiles of his fellow-soldiers and then mounted the black silhouettes on little pieces of white cardboard. All the boys looked more or less alike in the Monk's artistic presentation; yet some of

their more conspicuous features -- an aquiline nose, a hanging lower lip, a pair of spectacles -- were graphically depicted. In general the likenesses surpassed their respective models in distinction and manly charm. The GIs -- rather pleased and flattered -- sent the the silhouettes to the folks back home. It was quite a success.

For a while, the Monk's prestige seemed to increase, thanks to his unexpected artistic skill. Even the First Sergeant agree to sit for a silhouette. But it was just on this occasion -- the climax of the Monk's career -- that he spoiled his chances -- maybe through sheer clumsiness, or because he was too excited, or perhaps out of his deep resentment against the mean, ignorant "top kick." Whatever the psychological reason, the portrait he produced turned out to be an insulting caricature. ~~of~~ The powerful man was considerably annoyed and expressed his feelings in a cataract of unprintable words. Although the First Sergeant was by means particularly popular, the whole company sympathized with him in this matter. The opinion prevailed that the Monk had wantonly provoked the fury of the tyrant, and, by doing so, had made things pretty ~~though~~, not only for himself but also for his comrades. Naturally, the "sad sack" was even less respected after this incident than he had been before the discovery of his talent. What good was his undeniable ability as a silhouettist if it brought him and others in trouble?

There was only one ~~man~~ ^{fellow} who seemed to care for him -- at least temporarily. ~~---~~ Corporal Mario Menutti, ^a ~~the~~ swarthy little Italian from Brooklyn, N.Y. ^{Mario} was indeed quite a character -- rather influential in this unit of basic trainees and, moreover, generally accepted as a "regular guy." He had the reputation of being a lady-killer, and enjoyed it a lot when the rookies raved about his amorous adventures. But

his grin became a little apprehensive ^{as} ~~when~~ one of his admirers nicknamed him "Brooklyn-Casanova:" he had no idea what ~~that~~ ^{that} meant and suspected a hidden insult.

It was the Monk who reassured the corporal by explaining to him, in a nicely-phrased little speech, the character and career of the illustrious lover. Mario announced that he was tickled to death and greatly appreciated the scholarly and slightly lascivious lecture. "What do you guys want?" he asked ^{his entourage.} ~~the other privates,~~ ~~rather indignantly.~~ "That guy here ain't a Monk, if a Monk means a dumbell or something. He's a damned lot smarter than you guys think he is. Knows something about women, too."

But the others remained skeptical. Even Menutti's undisputed authority could not convince them of the Monk's competence in erotic matters. "A lot of talk, that's all," they demurred, while the corporal still chuckled about Casanova's ~~and his dashing~~ pranks. "Just some fancy words he's picked up somewhere..." But Menutti grinned, "Them big words can come kind of handy, at times..."

For a few days the dark-eyed little chap -- Mario Menutti ~~from~~ of Brooklyn -- was fascinated by the Monk's elaborate vocabulary. It was his ambition to learn as many "fancy words" as possible -- especially medical terms. Words like "paranoia" ("palanoia" in his pronunciation), "sadism," and "masochism" were most attractive to him. "Now, what's a sadist again?" he would ask for the twentieth time, and he jubilated when the Monk pointed out, with solemn pedantry, that a sadist is a kind of person who experiences illicit lust when inflicting physical or ~~psychic~~ mental pains ~~to~~ on others.

Unfortunately, ^{Mario} ~~he~~ took it for granted that nobody, except he and his instructor, were able to understand the technical

expressions which he thought a kind of whimsical gibberish made up by the clever Monk. "Sergeant Petersen has a definite touch of palanoia, don't you think so, Monk?" he would shout cheerfully through the mess hall -- referring to the mess sergeant who happened to stand nearby. It was the embarrassed teacher who had to pay for his pupil's blatant naiveté: Sgt. Petersen, who did not dare to punish the ~~popular~~ corporal, revenged himself by keeping the "sad sack" on K.P. duty for the next two weekends.

Even worse was what happened when Brooklyn-Casanova tried to impress a girl, at the U.S.O. dance in town, by opening the conversation with this casual remark: "I'm quite a sadist, if you know what I mean..." She knew only too well, and presently lost her temper. This time Menutti was seriously ^{displeased} ~~amused~~: the big words had spoiled an acquaintance which might have developed into a pleasant little romance. "It's all your fault," he scolded the rueful Monk. "Didn't you tell me that a sadist ~~is a~~ ~~sadist~~ is a Casanova and a masochist gets a kick out of beating up his wife? Hell, now I'm all mixed up..."

This was the end of their friendship. Not that Menutti dropped the Monk completely: his attitude toward the "sad sack" remained patronizingly gracious. But it was clear that he no longer cared to learn fancy expressions from him.

So the Monk was alone again -- an outsider, a stranger. He looked more haggard than ever and seemed to become increasingly despondent. No doubt, the rigorous training began to tell on him. It wasn't easy for a man of his age and constitution to catch up with a bunch of young athletes and husky farmer boys. ~~There were things he just wasn't able to do, however hard he~~

~~tired~~ "It's not a child's game," he would mumble sadly when limping back from the obstacle course or a 15-mile hike with full pack. His voice sounded hopelessly tired when he suggested, at the rifle range or out in the woods, during a trying night problem: "Now, gentlemen, let's study the situation!" But the ^{mirth} ~~amusement~~ with which such remarks were acknowledged by the other soldiers was not quite so loud and hearty anymore as it used to be, during the first weeks of the training cycle. The Monk was too pitiful to be really funny. The fellows felt sorry for him.

They felt sorry for him -- without admitting it, to be sure -- that evening when he was on guard duty, for the first time in his military career. He looked particularly wretched that night, in his martial outfit, with helmet, rifle, ~~cartridge~~ ^{cartridge} belt, leggings, and all -- shaking with excitement, as though he were in for a deadly adventure, not just a few hours of dull G.I. routine. His lips trembled as he kept murmuring his "General Orders for Interior Guard Duty" -- repeating them, over and over again, as if they were magic formulas to protect him against evil spirits. "To walk my post in a military manner," the Monk prayed -- his old, dried-out face twisted with anxiety under the heavy helmet. "Being always on the alert... Observing everything... Yes yes yes... To speak to nobody except in the line of duty... to nobody - is that clear? To quit my post only when properly relieved... Naturally... To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce... To enforce! Oh my Lord! How can I enforce anything?.... To call the corporal of the guard in all cases not covered by instructions..."

The corporal of the guard was Mario Menutti. "That's a good one!" he cried -- exceedingly amused by the sadly grotesque

spectacle his former teacher and protege offered. "The Monk has quite a touch of palanoia! That's rich!"

"Being always on the alert...", repeated the Monk with desperate obstinacy -- acknowledging Mario's ^{words} ~~remarks~~ with a mildly pleased and absent-minded smile, as if they were exaggerated compliments to which he would rather not pay ^{too much} ~~any~~ attention.

The area he had to guard extended from the officers' mess to the Protestant chapel, with the cemetery situated between -- about 400 yards altogether. His shift was from one to three o'clock in the morning: "That's the time when nothing ever happens," as the sergeant of the guard observed, contemptuously.

Until twelve o'clock or so it had been raining hard; but now the night was pleasant -- rather warm for October. The roads and trees were still wet. Once in a while ~~in~~ a little shower of drops would fall from the bushes -- producing a soft, rustling noise, ~~on the ground covered with dry leaves.~~ After such an interlude of gentle sounds, the stillness seemed to become even ~~more intense,~~ more impenetrable. It was very dark -- the darkest night, and the stillest one, the Monk remembered having ever witnessed.

He walked slowly, stiffly erect -- in as military a manner as possible -- speeding up only when he had to pass by the cemetery. He didn't like cemeteries; it was just an old aversion.

When he had made his round ~~about~~ three times his rifle began to feel ~~pretty~~ heavy. The stillness became oppressive -- like something tangible; a black fog, ~~as a shroud,~~ ^{opaque} velvety, ~~stifling~~, stifling. The Monk hankered for some sound, sturdy noise -- the bark of a dog or a child's laughter. But there was nothing -- just this merciless, eerie silence.

Should he take a chance and smoke a cigarette? No, that wouldn't

be compatible with the military attitude he was supposed to maintain.

What time was it? He consulted his fine old watch, under the dim light in front of the officers' mess hall. Only thirty-five minutes past one. How long two hours can be! They can indeed seem endless...

He continued his walk. Being always on the alert... Why was he so nervous? Why did the darkness scare him? Why ~~had~~ was he unable to overcome this irrational fear of graveyards? Maybe it was because he had been so indescribably frightened, as a boy of five, when the old Ukrainian maid took him to the village cemetery, back home, in Poland, and told him all those weird stories about death and ghosts. He hated to remember things that had to do with his childhood. He loathed memories. But now, in the uncanny silence of this mild, cruel night, he couldn't help remembering. The images came, the voices -- unwished-for, powerful; all the sinister scenes and characters which had dominated his restless, uprooted life; the humiliations, sorrows and confusions; the bitter and absurd experiences which he concealed so carefully from his tough, innocent, ignorant comrades. Was there nobody, nothing to protect him against this overwhelming assault of spooky recollections?

When he passed by the cemetery for the fourth time he heard a voice -- or rather, a kind of sigh, a raucous groan from the ground. He started; stopped -- paralyzed by terror. He waited. Nothing stirred. Finally he whispered, "Hello... who is there...", almost breathless with fear. Nothing. It must have been a mistake; the wind in the dry leaves, perhaps, or an animal. The best thing to do would be, to go ^{on} walking -- always on the alert; in a strictly military manner...

But what if it was a human being, after all? He mused and wondered,

while marching, more erect than ever, toward the Protestant chapel. There had been a groan, no doubt -- and it sounded unmistakeably human. Maybe a wounded soldier? Or a suicide? A lunatic, perhaps? Or a ghost... He shuddered.

He was breathless with apprehension as he approached the ominous spot again -- the cursed place near the graveyard where the terrible sound had struck him.

There it was! His eyes -- used to the darkness -- discerned the contours of a low, voluminous figure -- moving slowly, cumbrously across the road on its hands and feet. This could be not be a hallucination, or ~~base~~ else he was more neurotic than he believed to be. It was not an animal, either. It was a woman. She groaned. Evidently, she was badly hurt -- in a car accident, perhaps? Or she was ill -- fever-stricken; maybe in a dying condition...

To call the corporal of the guard in all cases not covered by instructions...

The Monk's first impulse was to cry for help. But, courageously, he took a few more steps toward the creeping figure and managed to articulate a hoarse, shaky, "Halt!" The woman failed to react. Undisturbed, with stubborn energy, she continued her unnatural, toilsome journey on the wet, dirty ground. The Monk -- perplexed, motionless -- said in an anxiously lowered voice: "Advance to be recognized!" -- and presently hated himself for having pronounced this formula -- so obviously absurd, under the circumstances.

The beastly creature, down there -- ~~that~~/massive reptile on the muddy ground -- produced a barking laughter-- a rather dreadful little detonation. At the same time, she made a beckoning motion with one hand -- interrupting her movement across the road and resting now in a more human, if savage, squatting position.

To speak to nobody except in the line of duty...

He hesitated -- biting his lips; almost crying with ~~helpless~~ ^{nervousness}. After a long pause he said, "Who are you?" -- very softly, as ~~though he were~~ ^{if} addressing himself to a ~~poor~~ ^{sick} child he had found on the roadside.

Her ~~reaction~~ ^{response} to this mild appeal was unexpected and shockingly out of place. "Honey...", was all she ~~uttered~~ ^{stammered} -- accompanying ~~the~~ ^{her} fatuous words with a deep, cooing chuckle. She seemed young and fleshy -- rather attractive, ~~perhaps~~, in a wild, slovenly way. Her features were hardly discernable in the darkness; besides half of her face was covered by her dishevelled hair and the fringes of a large, dirty shawl loosely wrapped around her head and shoulders. She looked like a sloppy mermaid just emerged from a puddle -- with her hair and clothes dripping, her brow and hands smeared all over with mud. No doubt, she had been outdoors for the best part of the rainy night -- crawling about, probably, between the cemetery and the officers' mess hall. She was deplorably wet.

"Are you sick?" the Monk asked her, somewhat apprehensively.

She giggled and shook her head. "Honey...", she repeated, with cheerful obstinacy. It sounded cordial and warm, almost motherly.

"Young lady! If you please!" Now the Monk's eyes were actually full of tears. He was terribly ~~nervous~~ ^{agitated}.

"Honey... honey... honey..." She teased him -- grinning all over her broad, dirty face; half erect now, kneeling in the middle of the road, an obscene and exotic figure.

The Monk made his voice as firm as possible. ~~"Young lady,"~~ ^{Ma'am} he said -- standing at attention, as if reporting to an officer --, "I must ask you to follow me."

She nodded and laughed. "Sure, honey, sure: I'd love to. But I

can't make it -- see? I just can't walk, honey..." She sounded rather apologetic as she continued -- smiling blandly at him --: "Must have been rotten gin them guys gave me... Hell, I can sure take plenty, but that was too much for me..."

She was drunk; not sick or wounded -- just grossly, shamefully intoxicated: it was only now that the Monk grasped the glaring, scandalous truth.

What an upsetting discovery! A drunken woman, here in camp! At this impossible hour! Crawling, as a wicked animal -- nay, as a devilish apparition -- over the restricted ground of this military post! How had she managed to get into the reservation? What was her business here? Who were her friends and complices?

"You'll have to carry me, sugarpie...", she stammered -- with her tongue moving slowly and heavily in her mouth. "I just can't make it -- see? Rotten gin... damn it..."

Her voice died away; she wept. Convulsed with hysterical sobbing, she covered her moist, fleshy face with her hands. "Mean... that's what they are," she whimpered, from behind her dirty, trembling fingers. "All them guys is mean... all of them..." And then -- with a surprising change of her voice and expression --: "Only you is good..."

Obviously, she was a very cheap kind of girl -- a plain prostitute, more than likely. Who may have had the nerve to bring her to this post and then abandon her -- drunk, in the middle of the night? Had one of the enlisted men pulled this criminal trick? Or was an officer responsible? It was not by accident, perhaps, that the wretched creature lingered near the officers' mess, not far from the officers' quarters... But this idea was too outrageous even to be considered...

"I have to arrest you," the Monk said, with a desperate effort to hide his embarrassment.

He expected her to protest or lament, but she smiled instead. "That's O.K. with me, honey," she said, obedient but not without dignity. There was a little twinkle in her eyes as she added: "But I warn you, brother: I'm heavy-weight... You'll find it quite a job to carry me -- skinny little guy you are..." ~~Her last words had a teasingly coquettish and at the same time sympathetic tone.~~

He didn't really have to carry her (which would have been far beyond his physical powers). She proved rather co-operative and tried to move her feet -- with her arms clasped around his neck and her soft, heavy body leaning against his side. A few times she stumbled -- losing her equilibrium; she would have fallen, if it had not been for his firm and steady support. She laughed long and loud, with her face on his shoulder. "That was kind of close....," she giggled, childishly amused. Then, clinging to him, in a passionate whisper: "You're a good guy... honey... You ain't mad at me... Not you... not you....," she repeated, all in tears again.

After this abrupt little outburst she kept quiet and tried to walk as nicely as possible, until they reached the guard house. At this point the Monk faltered. Should he dare to enter? No. There would be a riot, no doubt, when he showed up with a drunken prostitute. Nobody would believe his story, which seemed indeed unbelievable. They might even accuse him of having brought this impossible woman to camp. What a situation! He'd never get away with it. Nightmarish notions, -- "court martial," "dishonorable discharge" -- jumped to his mind. He trembled.

Her head rested heavily on his shoulder. He looked at her -- the white face, slightly bloated under the dishevelled hair. Her eyes were closed. Had she fallen asleep? Her breath sounded almost like snoring. She seemed peaceful, relaxed -- a mass of warm, breathing flesh in his weak, shaky arms.

He felt sorry for her. She was beautiful. No, she was hideous, of course; but she might have been beautiful -- with a clean face and decent clothes, and without that terrible odor. It wasn't the liquor alone, although the aromas of gin and whiskey prevailed in the evil mixture of smells surrounding her like a poisonous cloud. Her soaked ^{w/} ~~she~~ stank, and so did her hands and hair. She must have been sick; she was smeared all over with the nauseous stuff.

She was not asleep. She sensed what he was thinking. Rather abruptly she whispered, "My name is ^{Lulu} ~~Lulu~~," -- to comfort him, as it were.

"That's all right," he said. And they entered.

Menutti was playing cards with the sergeant of the guard and two privates. They stopped playing -- flabbergasted -- when the incredible couple appeared in the open door.

The Monk was blinded by the glaring light and by an overpowering, aching sense of shame. "Corporal, I report...", he began primly; but his words were drowned in a general uproar. It was Mario who intoned the violent storm of laughter. The whole gang presently joined in -- including a couple of soldiers who had been sleeping, side by side, on a narrow mattress. They shrieked, guffawed, capered, jubilated -- all in raptures; electrified by the spectacle.

It was too wonderful to be true: this kind of thing happens only in dreams. What a sight! What a gorgeous farce! The Monk -- his features frozen to a wry, painful grimace -- tried to salute the non-coms, but the fantastic female in his arms wouldn't release his hand. She clung

to him -- singing, stammering, groaning. "Pistol packin' Mama," she roared, and at the same time made a clumsy attempt to kiss the pointed tip of his nose which was conspicuously red in the pallor of his distorted face.

What a mess she was! What a gaudy, delightful, filthy, seductive wreck! Her face appeared hardly human -- covered with mud and what remained of her make-up: picturesque stains of blue, crimson, orange, black. Gesticulating, she allowed her shawl to glide from her shoulders and to reveal the massive splendor of her curvy lines. She wore a cheap kind of evening gown -- very tight, a harness of glittering, supple silver. Her eyes -- black and wide -- seemed sightless under her savage hair. No doubt, she had a certain wild, luscious beauty -- the primitive grandeur of rampant obscenity -- as she caressed with fumbling fingers the ^{Monk's} bushy eyebrows, sallow cheeks and stiff lips. "~~He's~~ ^{You're} a good guy," she whispered, with her obscene mouth touching his withered brow. "You're all right... You'll take care of me..."

A new ~~thundering~~ outburst of hilarity interrupted her stammering ~~declaration of love~~. She turned her ~~disoriented~~ head slowly toward the crowd -- bewildered, as ~~if~~ she had not been aware of their presence, up to this very moment. "'xcuse me," she said, with an abrupt little giggle, and then raised one arm -- saluting the assembly with a wide, swinging gesture: "Hello, boys..."

At this point she lost her balance -- overwhelmed, as it were, by the organic laughter, or simply because he had taken her arm from the Monk's shoulder. Her towering body swayed; she tried to take a few steps, but it didn't work: she stumbled, ^(downwards; falling) sagged -- ~~gliding~~ slowly and softly; ~~round the floor~~, eyes closed, mouth ajar; tragically helpless, boneless, heavy, as if dazed by a hit or by a sudden sweep of irresistible, infinite weariness.

Already on the floor, she whispered, with a hypnotized, blissful smile: "He'll take care of me... He's all right... He's... a regular guy..."

The next morning everybody on the post knew the astounding story: the Monk -- mind you, fellows! the Monk! -- had picked up a drunk whore and turned her in to the guard house. It was a tremendous sensation -- the funniest, most puzzling incident in the annals of this army camp.

Nobody ever found out how the women had managed to sneak through the gates, into the reservation. None of the M.P.s admitted to have seen her. When she woke up, late in the afternoon, at the Station Hospital, she claimed not to remember anything; her mind -- if she had any -- was completely blank. The only information she gave was that she came from Texas and was on her way to Chicago. She said that she had no profession but just liked to have a good time. She was penniless. Some heel -- she suggested -- must have made her drink a lot of rotten gin. She had a good laugh when they asked her whether she was a spy. "No, Sir boy!" she chuckled. "Not me! Not ^{Lulu} ~~Lo-lou!~~"

Before leaving the post, she made a casual remark about a fellow whom she vaguely recalled having met -- : "a kind of skinny guy," she said dreamily. "Damned decent, though. A damned decent kind of a fellow." But when the guards inquired if she cared to see her boy friend again, she shook her head, shrugged her shoulders, and sighed: "What's the use? Just remember me to him..."

Maybe it was this farewell message which started the rumours about the Monk's intimacy with the strange, intoxicated woman. There was a great deal of gossip -- spreading rankly and fantastically, until

it took finally on the shape of a definite story. The Monk -- according to this popular version -- had almost been caught by a colonel while doing, you know what, with ^{Lulu}~~her~~ in the bushes. He would have been in a fix, if it were not for that brilliant idea of his, to "arrest" the dame and take her to the guard house. And it worked! He got away with it: it was a regular triumph. The Commanding Officer commended him for his alertness and correct behavior. The Monk was promoted to a Private-First-Class. The First Sergeant shook hands with him. Only yesterday a half-comic, half-pitiful character, he had established himself, literally over night, as a "smart fellow," "a swell Joe," "a peach," and -- highest G.I. compliment! -- as a "regular guy." Magically transformed by ~~Lulu~~'s touch as by a good fairy's kiss, the very Monk who used to be awkward and melancholy, now appeared to his pals as a paragon of wit and manliness. He had taken a chance, and got away with it. He had had an adventure. They admired and envied him.

~~How had he managed to meet such a fascinatingly vicious dame? To what devilish inspiration did he owe his priceless idea of "arresting" her, after the orgy? And what a nerve! -- to have a date, with rotten gin and all, while he was supposed to walk his post in a military manner. The whole outfit seemed to be looking at him with a mixture of admiration and suspicion.~~

What made him so damned clever and courageous?

They tried to pry into his secret, but his answer was only a vague and absentminded smile. Finally he silenced them with a gentle gesture: "Gentlemen! If you please! A little more discretion!"

At this point Corporal Menutti interfered: "Leave him alone, you guys! Haven't I always told you? He's sharp as a whip. He won't tell you nothing. Much too smart to give himself away. -- But you'll tell me, Monkies!" he added, in an affectionately lowered voice. "I'm

your pal, I've always stuck to you -- even when you wasn't yet a bigshot like you is now. You must tell me how you did it! Did you do it with Sadism, Monk? Or did your Lulu have a touch of palanoia?"

"Now, Mario," the Monk said -- softly and solemnly. "There is nothing paranoiac about my friend Lulu."

"Just tell me what she is like!" Corporal Menutti insisted. "Has she a nice profile? I mean, a nice profile all the way down... Why don't you make a picture of her, Monk? Make a picture of her and you together! Just the way it was when you were having your fun -- you and she. You know what I mean -- with no clothes on, and Sadism, and all..."

"All right," the Monk said, with a faint, pensive smile. "I'll try, if you want me to."

He began presently to work -- squatting on his bunk; ~~in silent concentration~~ his head deeply bent to the glossy paper; his lean hands manipulating the scissors with uncannyⁿ dexterity. Nobody was allowed to watch him or to talk to him, while he was intent on his delicate job. They waited and whispered -- eager to have a look at the obscene ~~picture~~^{cartoon} they anticipated. He worked -- silent and concentrated; a baroque figure; a stranger; an artist -- grotesque but not without a certain queer authority.

It took him a little longer than usual to finish the silhouette. After fifteen minutes or so he announced at last, "Gentlemen! I am ready." The whole gang ~~came~~ rushed to his bunk -- laughing and shouting with expectation. "Let me see first!" Mario cried. "I'm your pal -- ain't I?"

"All right then, you may see it first," the Monk said. And he showed him the silhouette. The corporal stared at it.

"Is it real dirty?" the others asked. But the corporal failed to

answer: All he had to say was, after a short silence: "It's all right, I suppose." Then he let the gang have a look.

They saw two human figures -- a woman and a man -- neatly profiled against the white background. They did not stand close together but were separated from each other by a cross and a gap which looked like an open grave. The woman was young and proud and very beautiful. There was a faint glory around her head -- a halo of youth and innocence, as it were. The man -- gaunt and stooping -- wore a foot-long mantle and a big slouch hat, which gave him the appearance of an old, romantic wanderer -- a beggar, a sorcerer, or a priest. But, curiously, it was the woman whose gesture seemed sacerdotal. The wide motion of her spread arms did not suggest embrace and tenderness (and, anyhow, she could not have reached the man, over the cross and the grave). This generous salute meant something else -- a blessing, a benediction, enthusiastically presented to the humble pilgrim.

The soldiers did not laugh. They gazed at the silhouettes, and kept quiet. This room-mate of theirs -- their fellow-rookie, the Monk -- was too puzzling for words. To what kind of trickery was he up, this time? Why didn't he tell them all about the fun he had had with Lulu, as any other guy would have done? Why was he so mysterious? Why couldn't they understand him? Why was he so different?

THE END

THE MONK

The whole company called him "the Monk", because he had no girl friend in town and seemed always ~~obviously~~ ^{romantically} embarrassed when the boys discussed their ~~sex~~ ^{romantic} experiences. At times he would interrupt their filthy talk with a gentle but somehow impressive motion of his lean, hairy hand: "Gentleman! If you please!" The answer was of course a Homeric guffaw; but, surprisingly, the conversation died down, shortly afterwards, or became a shade more discreet.

What was wrong with the Monk? Some of his room-mates suggested that he was secretly married and faithful to his beloved wife, although his official status was that of a single man. ~~One might~~ ^{Others} have suspected that there were religious reasons for his prudery; but he was not a church-goer. Was he just morbidly bashful? Or was it simply his high age which prevented him from having any fun? redoubtably, at least 35, if not older — at any rate,

He was indeed pretty ~~old~~ ^{old} by far the oldest ^{man in} member of the company which consisted mostly of ~~boys~~ ^{fellows} in their teens or in their early twenties. His face appeared strangely shrivelled - dried out, yellowed and brittle, as if parched by a merciless tropical sun. There was something slightly Mephistophelian about his physiognomy - due, perhaps, to his restive, black, curly hair and to his dark, bushy eye brows. But he had also features of a melancholy clown, with his long, pointed nose and the absurd gravity of his gestures. His eyes were pensive and near-sighted. ~~The deep wrinkles around his thin, sad-looking mouth seemed to be chiseled with an edged instrument into the seared substance of his flesh.~~

The uniform he wore - the outfit of a private in the U.S. Armed Forces - was always sadly crumpled and much too wide for his ~~poor~~ meager body. He ~~looked indeed pitiful~~, especially

and indeed a sad-looking figure.

in those hideous G.I. working clothes called "fatigues." Under the green, misshapen "fatigue" hat, his face appeared more haggard than ever - the pathetic grimace of a worried poor old woman.

The ~~drill~~ ^{first} sergeant - a stupid brute - called him a "sad sack" and teased him on account of his foreign accent. But the Monk remained dignified and composed - curiously self-assured, for all his demureness. "A sad sack like you shouldn't even be in the Army," the sergeant would bellow at him. "What do you want here, anyhow?" Whereupon the Monk, with gentle firmness and an anxious smile: "I want to become a Private-First-Class, Sir." It was disarming; even the sergeant grinned.

Nobody knew exactly from what part of the world the Monk ~~came~~ had come to this country, or what his profession had been before he was caught by the draft. His speech sounded exotic, without having the characteristics of any particular foreign accent. ^{According to his rather vague monotonous} When asked about his national origin, he intimated ~~vaguely and mysteriously~~ that he was born in one of the smaller South-American republics (sometimes it was Paraguay, sometimes Ecuador), brought up in ^{Rumania} ~~Hungary~~, naturalized in ^{Turkey} ~~Greece~~. ~~It was all very confusing.~~ It was indeed most confusing. As for his form civilian status, ~~the only definite statement~~ ^{as long as possible} avoided to make any definite statement. ~~Only once, it was only a direct question from the commanding officer that~~ Only on one occasion, when the C.O. challenged him with a direct question, he had to give up his secretive attitude. "My civilian profession, Sir?" he said, in a ^{strangely} ~~strangely~~ vague and absentminded manner. "Well, Sir, I was a sculptor..." For one reason or another, this reply provoked a roaring laughter - intonated by the company and heartily joined by the captain.

hi does not seem to be a serious

He was a very poor soldier -
rather than a helper, for all
his diligence and good will.
However, he had the sense
of guns and the flank ~~movement~~
in the close-order drill. ~~He~~
just inevitably missed the
flank movements of his platoons,
during the close-order drill.

- disappointed by so much
~~the~~ and stupidity

Stout

"Where do you come from,
and how? What are you
of a good one?"

The French national origin was
as different to him as his
pre-Army status.

At any rate, his home, if he
had any, was Yverdon, for any.

Most of the boys had only a faint ^{notion of a sculptor} ~~idea~~ what that actually ~~was~~.
~~meant - a sculptor.~~ However, ~~as~~ nobody believed that the
Monk had ever been anything of the kind. Somehow the rumour
came up that he used to be a watchmaker - maybe because he seemed
so childishly fond of his own chronometer, an old-fashioned,
voluminous piece of heavy, lusterless silver.

According to other ~~conjectures~~, he had worked as a waiter
in far distant capitals and also as a steward on South-American
and European liners. But the most popular guess was, that he
~~had been to~~ had made his living ~~by~~ as a member of a travelling
circus. In fact, one of ~~his room-mates~~ the boys ~~insisted on~~
claimed that he had seen the Monk, several years before, with
a little troupe of acrobats producing their stunts somewhere
in California, near the Mexican frontier. If this report was
correct, the Monk ^{was introduced, by the master of ceremonies,} ~~had been announced~~ as the "quickest portrai-
tist of all time" and indeed stunned his customers by the
incredible speed with which he cut their profiles in black
paper - taking 25 cents for one silhouette.

Urged by his room-mates to confirm or deny the story, he
just shrugged his shoulders and smiled enigmatically. "No
kidding!" they insisted. "Is it true, or ain't it?" His answer
was only, "Gentlemen! If you please! A little more discretion!"
But the following day, he produced, surprisingly, a pair of
pointed scissors and some sheets of black, glossy paper, and
began to cut silhouettes, with considerable skill and in a
breath-taking tempo.

It was quite a sensation. ^{True} The Monk looked more baroque than
ever - squatting on his bunk and manipulating his tools with
uncanny dexterity. But he did indeed a neat job. The likenesses
he produced, in practically no time, ~~and then mounted on~~ were
very nice to look at and even resembled vaguely the respective
model. ^{For a while} The Monk's prestige ^{seems to increase} and popularity increased rapidly,
thanks to his unexpected artistic talent. ^{Art. Skill} ~~for a while it almost~~

The whole outfit marched
as he cut the mess sergeant's
silhouette & in particular by no
time and with remarkable
dexterity.

He did indeed a neat job.
The likeness is

The portrait, now mine to
look at in some cases
almost

All those who now for portraits
the great the ~~many~~ ~~profits~~ ~~the~~
~~figures~~ ~~more~~ ~~has~~ ~~a~~ ~~model~~ ~~the~~
~~distinct~~ ~~appearance~~ ~~the~~
~~appearance~~ ~~even~~ ~~distinction~~ ~~the~~
~~and~~ ~~surpass~~ ~~the~~ ~~reputation~~
~~model~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~distinction~~
~~and~~ ~~many~~ ~~the~~ ~~character~~ ~~and~~ ~~many~~
~~class~~

The boys found

he seemed on the point of becoming the ~~pride and hero~~ ^{told about his artistic talent} of the company. Even the officers were ~~impressed~~, and one Sunday afternoon it happened that the captain in person dropped by, at the barracks where the Monk was quartered, and smilingly agreed to sit for a silhouette. However, the portraitist - all flushed and flurried with servile excitement - was not quite at his best and, rather tactlessly, caricatured, ^{live} the captain's manly profile. The company commander, evidently hurt, refused curtly to accept the picture as "a humble souvenir," as the Monk put it, with desperate ~~glibness~~ ^{suavity}. Due to this glaring failure, his new glory faded away, almost as abruptly as it had begun.

He experienced another boom - less sensational, though, than his transient artistic triumph - when Corporal Menutti discovered him as an expert in fancy words. Menutti was a tough little Brooklyn-Italian - generally ^{live} ~~respected~~ as a "regular guy" and a rather powerful figure, in this ^{unit} outfit of basic trainees, ~~and inexperienced rookies~~. Besides he had the reputation of being a ladies-killer. He enjoyed it enormously when the rookies raved about his amorous adventures, but ^{his} grin became a little apprehensive when one of his admirers nicknamed him ~~the~~ "Brooklyn Casanova": he had no idea what it meant and suspected a hidden insult.

It was the Monk who ~~calmed Menutti's qualms~~ ^{diagnosed the corporal} by explaining to him, in a nicely-phrased little speech, the ~~extraordinary~~ ^{Casanova} career and character of the illustrious lover, ~~and adventurer~~. The

^{private} corporal announced that he was tickled to death and ~~got a kick~~ ^{altogether enjoyed greatly} out of the Monk's at once scholarly and slightly lascivious story. "What do you guys want?" he asked the other privates,

rather indignantlty. "That guy here, ~~our company monk~~, is a damned lot smarter than you guys think he is. Knows something about women, too." But the others remained skeptical. Even

^{and about that}
guy, Casanova,
and all

ain't a Monk, if
a Monk means
a dumb-bell dumb & @

~~Even the officers~~

~~But the, unfortunately, ^{Q2}
removed his own changes when
carried out the F.S. ~~part~~
in such a glaring
last few months
sympathized with the
Even the F.S. agreed to sit for
a S. House etc.~~

~~The company who built sympathy~~

~~with him
Alford the Sergeant who is
no means popular with the
basic families, they all sympathize
with him in this particular matter.~~

~~They had said that the
Frank was the opinion for similar
in the belief that the Frank~~

~~was rather more in the month
than a small chest the month
of the last month the month
the month of the month
by day so, not
anything that was not
only for himself, but also
for the ~~the~~ had to be~~

~~and~~

Menutti's undisputed authority could not convince them of the Monk's competence in erotic matters. "A lot of ~~hoops~~ ^{tantrums}, ~~belong~~ ^{belong}, that's all," they demurred, while the corporal still giggled about Casanova and his dashing pranks. "Just ~~a few~~ ^{some} fancy words he has picked up somewhere..." But Menutti chuckled:

"Them big words can come pretty handy, at times..."

For a few days ^{he felt dumb} the swarthy little chap - Mario Menutti from Brooklyn - was all bewitched by the Monk's elaborate vocabulary. It was his ambition to learn as many "fancy words" as possible - especially medical terms. Words like "paranoia" ("palanoia," in his pronunciation), "sadism," and "masochism", ~~and~~ ^{most} were absolutely fascinating to him. "Now, what is a sadism, again?" he would ask ~~the Monk~~ ^{again and again}, and he jubilated when the Monk pointed out, with dignified pedantry, that a sadist is a kind of ~~man~~ ^{person} who experiences illicit lust when inflicting physical or psychic pain on others. ^{"That's a good one," said the corporal.} ^{"A sadist is a guy who gets a kick out of it."}

Embarrassingly, the corporal took it for granted that nobody, except he and ~~this teacher~~ ^{his instructor}, would be able to understand the expressions which he considered a kind of whimsical gibberish made up by the clever Monk. "Sergeant Petersen has a definite touch of palanoia, don't you think so, Monk?" he would shout through the mess hall - referring to the mess sergeant who happened to stand nearby. It was the teacher who had to atone for his pupil's blatant naivete: Sgt. ~~Johnson~~ ^{Petersen}, who did not dare to punish the popular corporal, revenged himself by keeping the "sad sack" on K.P. duty for the ~~following~~ ^{next} two weekends.

~~But~~ Even worse was what happened when Brooklyn-Casanova tried to impress a ~~girl~~ ^{at the U.S.O. dance in town} by opening the conversation with the casual remark, "I'm a sadist, if you know what I mean..." She knew only too well and presently lost her temper. This time, Menutti was seriously annoyed: ~~these~~ big words had spoiled an acquaintance

~~his beginning romance~~
an acquaintance
has become a new friend

Child fl. SARA SARA responsible
Rus fl.

"It's all your fault," he scolded the rueful Monk. "Didn't you tell me that a sadist is a Casanova and that a masochist gets a kick out of beating up his wife? Hell, now I'm all mixed up... ~~touch of paranoia, I suppose...~~

This was the end of their friendship. Not that Menutti dropped the Monk completely: his attitude towards the "sad sack" remained patronizingly gracious. But it was clear that he no longer cared to learn fancy expressions from him.

So the Monk was ^{all} alone again. He looked more worn-out than ever and seemed to become increasingly despondent. No doubt, ^{a man of his age and constitution} the rigorous training began to tell on him. It was not easy for ^{him} to ^{catch up} ~~keep pace~~ with the younger fellows. ^{He always-mostly busy young athletes and fast} However hard he tried, ^{box}

there were things he just was not able to do, however hard he tried. "It's not a child's game," he would mumble sadly when limping back from the obstacle course or some similar ordeal.

~~And at the rifle-range, he looked around, sorrowfully.~~ He found ~~always something~~ ^{at least a} had always some reflective ~~something to~~ ^{make}, even under the most trying conditions. ^{If there was} nothing else he could think of, he would at least ~~say~~ suggest, at the rifle-range or out on the big parade ground: "Now, gentlemen, let's study the situation!"

But the laugh with which such remarks were acknowledged by the other soldiers was not quite as ~~so~~ loud and hearty as it used to be, during the first weeks of the training cycle. The Monk was too pitiful to be really funny. The fellows felt sorry for him. ^

They felt very sorry for him - without admitting it, to be sure - , that evening when he was for the first time on guard duty.

They exchanged ~~half-amused, half~~ sympathetic glances when the Sad Sack pensively ^{insisted} that his ambition was to become a Private-First-Class.

His voice sounded at the night with a sad, lonely note.

Terribly excited - looking utterly wretched in his martial outfit, with rifle, helmet, cartridge belt, leggings... All pale, with trembling lips, he kept murmuring his "General Orders", as though they were magic formulas to protect him against evil spirits: "...To walk my post in a military manner, being always on the alert... To speak to nobody except in the line of duty... To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce... To quit my post only ~~when~~ properly relieved... To call the corporal of the guard in all cases not covered by instructions..."

The corporal of the guard was Mario Menutti. "That's a good ~~one~~" he cried - heartily amused by the sadly grotesque spectacle his former protegee offered. "The ~~Monk~~ has a slight touch of ~~palenolia~~..." The Monk acknowledged this statement with a ~~slightly shaded and~~ ^{an exaggerated} absentminded smile as though it were a flattery, which he would rather not to which he would rather not pay any attention.

His shift was from one o'clock ^{to three} in the morning to the three: "That's the time when nothing ever happens,"

the sergeant of the guard said, ^{contemptuously}.

Until mid twelve or so it had been raining hard; but now the night was pleasant - rather warm for October. A fresh, ~~aromatic smell came from the~~ ^{and the walls still} The road, wet. Very ~~dark~~ ^{quite}, very dark...

The Monk had to walk around the block where the officers' quarters were situated, next to the chapel and the cemetery. ^{speeding up only when passing by cemetery. Old aversion...}

He walked slowly - in as military a manner as possible. When he ^{had} made his round three times - which took him about forty minutes - his rifle began to feel pretty heavy.

Should he take a chance and smoke a cigarette? No; it would be foolhardy...

The stillness became oppression - like some heavy tangible black ~~thing~~ ^{thing} hanging over him. He consulted his ^{old} watch, noted the light of the officers' ^{miss} quarters. Only one - ^{He continued} his walk...

The block he had to guard
the officers' quarters
the chapel and the cemetery
the stillness became oppression
like some heavy tangible
black thing hanging over him
He consulted his old watch
noted the light of the officers' miss quarters
Only one - He continued his walk...

"A ship" boat of palenolia!

Monk

an exaggerated

to three

in the morning

and the walls still

quite

How long 400 hours can be!
They can in the sun midday

about 400 yards to the gillies.
He was supposed to be
He continued

When he passed by the cemetery for the fourth time, he heard a voice - ~~a raucous whisper coming from the ground~~; or rather, a kind of sigh, a raucous groan ~~coming~~ from the ground. He started, stopped ~~his walk~~ - paralyzed by terror. ~~Finally~~ ^{He} waited; nothing stirred. Finally he whispered, "Hello... ~~Hello...~~" Nothing. Maybe he had been mistaken... "Anybody there?" he asked, in a somewhat more steady voice. "It was the wind in the dry leaves," he decided, "Or an animal..." He continued his walk - half-reassured, but at bottom still perturbed and puzzled...

But what if it was a human voice, after all?
What could it be? Maybe a wounded man? And if so, what should
Now let's study the situation.
do? ... He kept wondering while marching - still and erect ... -

He was breathless, shaking with apprehension when he approached the ominous spot again - the spot near the graveyard where the terrible ~~groan~~ ^{sound} had struck him...

At a distance of several yards, his eyes discerned a figure - a squabbling, moving slowly on its ~~four~~ hands and feet across the road...

It wasn't an animal, although it moved like one. It was a woman. *(She groaned. She was wounded, no doubt, or dangerously ill - maybe in a dying condition.)* The Monk's first reaction was, to call for help. But he walked on - automatically, in a military manner, and now he stood directly in front of the woman, looking down to her. She rested in a squatting position, her face half-covered by the fringes of a crimson shawl which she wore around her head and shoulders... *(Should he talk to her? Was it in the line of duty? Convinced by inspirations.)*

"Who are you?" he asked, and found it ~~strangely~~ ^{mechanically} difficult to move his tongue. "Approach to be recognized," he added, and was embarrassed by the absurdity of this formula...

Her answer was surprising. "Honey..." was all she said.

No doubt, she was dead ~~drunk~~ ^{drunk}.... ~~What a scandal!~~

"Young lady," he said, as sternly as he could. "I must ask you to follow me..."

A nightmare! A diabolical apparition!

She seemed fleshy and young - probably a prostitute in a slum, gypsy-like. All wet - hair, clothes soaked with water. Even her garments, white, from

bloated face... somewhat pale...

"I'd love to, sugar," she said slowly. "But I'm afraid I can't walk. ~~It~~ Must have been rotten gin they gave me... Hell, I sure can take plenty, but that was too much for me.." [^]

He seemed rather angry - looking wild and dangerous under her discolored scarf. Her lips, ~~heavily painted~~ ^{stained} appeared almost black in the night - black as ~~were~~ ^{large} her eyes...

~~How was it possible?~~ How had she managed to sneak into the camp? Had one of the men had the nerve to bring a girl along - a prostitute, evidently? Or one of the officers? What a scandal!

~~As he bent down to her, the smell of liquor struck him...~~

"But I'd ~~like~~ ^{like} to come along with you," she said. "You're all right, I guess... ^{Need something to warm me up...}"

How noisy - somnolent, despite low
hoarseness and the bracing of
low temp.

He propped her, almost carried her... She ~~felt~~ was very soft and heavy in his arms - a massive burden of living, wet, smelling flesh... The smell of liquor was sickening, now that ~~it~~ ^{low voice} touched him from such proximity...

She began to sing - "Pistol Packin' Mama" - ^{in a strangely} ~~in a lowered voice - rather mysteriously, as if in a secret~~ wild... voice.... Interrupted herself to tell him, "My name is Loulou...", in a lowered voice, pressing his arm. Their entrance at the guard house produced an enormous sensation. Menutti, who had been playing cards with the sergeant of

"Corporal, I report...." the Monk began primly, but a rearing ~~laughter~~ ^{he was} interrupted him.

Menutti had been playing cards with sergeant of the guard and two privates. They stopped playing ~~staring at the Monk~~ ^{staring at the Monk} when ~~the~~ ^{he} ~~incredible~~ ^{incredible} companion. Then they burst out laughing.

Other ~~privates~~ ^{privates}, who had been sleeping on mattresses, woke up, ~~joined in the elemental storm of hilarity...~~ ^{There was}

An amazing picture indeed: the Monk, pale with excitement - only the tip of his nose colored by the cold - ; his face distorted to a painfully wry smile; looking askance at the woman who clung to him. She appeared even more fantastic in the glaring light than he had anticipated. Her face was ^{gaudy} painted in violent gaudy colors, with - blue, crimson, pink, orange. The rain had transformed ~~her~~ ^{her} whole make-up into a terrific mess....

Dishevelled hair, covering her forehead, as the shawl glided down and fell - revealing a cheap evening gown - very tight, like a harness, of glittering silver.... She was ~~beautiful~~ ^{attractive}, in a vulgar, slovenly way - with the imposing curves of her body, her wide ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} which seemed sightless - ~~blinded by drunkenness...~~ ^{black and blind...}

No doubt, she had a certain ~~primitive~~ ^{primitive} beauty - the grandeur of a woman who is only flesh - as she ~~opened her arms~~ ^{opened her arms} and exclaimed, with ~~heavy~~ ^{heavy}, stammering lips: "Hellow, boys..."

The answer, a new guffaw - more thundering than even the.

opening her arms ~~to~~ as for an ~~unbanned~~ ^{unbanned} ~~im-cursing~~ ^{im-cursing} all the ~~men~~ ^{men} in the room....

outburst that had greeted her. At this point she lost her balance - ^{overwhelmed} ~~was struck~~, as it were, by the organic laughter, or simply because she had taken her arms from the Monk's shoulder.

Her massive body swayed; she tried to make a few steps; stumbled, turned her head towards the Monk: "Honey... ~~Hold on...~~ ^{Wanted at} fell... They had to carry her to the mattress. ^{laughing}

^{He's all right}

The Monk, ~~was~~ expected to be court-martialed, dishonorary discharge.... Instead, triumph.... The Monk had arrested a drunken whore! It was more thrilling as if he had captured two Japanese generals.... Sudden popularity - spreading throughout camp. He was the guy who had brought a drunken woman to the guard house.. ~~Soldiers took it for granted that his story was not true.~~

~~He~~

Nobody ever found out how she had ^{got} come into camp. When she woke up, late ^{in the afternoon} the next day, in the Station Hospital, she claimed ~~to have~~ not to remember anything - her mind, if she had any, seemed completely blank...

Soldiers took it for granted that the Monk's story was not quite accurate; that he knew the girl more intimately than he ^{One version was: they had been found together...} chose to admit. What a surprise! The Brooklyn Casanova beamed: "I've told you so..." The hero neither denied nor ^{He} confirmed ~~rampant~~ rumours.... ^A Smiling enigmatically...

Officer commended him for alertness and correct behaviour. Next month, the Monk was promoted to a Private-First-Class.

✓ "He's all right!" ^{he's a liar}
^{often quoted} was generally
accepted. Brooklyn - Casanova
beamed: "I've told you so."
^{He's O.K.}

as if seeing him for the first time:
"Hello, stranger! What do you say?"
~~He's all right~~ ^{He's all right}
satisfied: "He's all right."

slowly, rolling ~~settling~~ ~~gradually~~ to a floor;
sagged - gliding ~~gradually~~ ~~settling~~
~~at~~ - a ~~with~~ ~~mouth~~ ~~about~~, ~~mouth~~
a ~~just~~ ~~imaginarily~~ ~~bill~~ ~~less~~
~~heavy~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~heavy~~
heavy; ~~staring~~ ~~staring~~ ~~staring~~
throat of as if suddenly down,
~~bottom~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~dimly~~ ~~light~~

The only information she got
was that she ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~from~~
Dallas, Texas, ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~on~~
her way to N.Y.C. She
said she that she had no
information but just ~~like~~ ~~to~~
have a good. Some ~~but~~ ~~her~~
made her drink a good
nothing ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~good~~
laugh when she ~~they~~ ~~after~~
her ~~whether~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~spy~~
"No, Sir, boy, Not ~~London~~!"
"Not me!"

Thei ~~admission~~ ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~admission~~
has ~~been~~ ~~an~~ ~~admission~~
was a man of the war

"The Monk"

They called him "The Monk" ^{The whole company}
 because he had no girl friend
 in town, and ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed}
 anxiously, ^{embarrassed} when
 the boys discussed ^{the best}
 sex ^{extravagance} ^{was} too ^{bashful}, or
^{probably} ^{was} simply too
 old. His age, ^{difference}
 to make guess, as his
 nationality.

London and the Monk

At times - he would in turn ^{there} ^{his} ^{impression}
talk with a girl but somehow
motion of his hand, having been
a demonstration of his room-mates, in
died soon of daily ~~serious~~ ^{quitting}
"One flower!" of you phase!

~~The whole year.~~
The answer was of course a ^{flaming} ^{yellow}

~~What was wrong with the flower?~~ Some of
his... that he was severely ^{mad} ^{at}
his officer was that that of a ^{single}

Maybe his ~~was~~ ^{disposition}
but he was not a low-john and a
He ~~did not~~ ^{modestly} ^{to} ^{don} ^{several} ^{order}
on a ^{pleasant} ^{that} ^{last} ^{and} ^{from} ^{body}
~~correspondence~~ ^{with} ^{him} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{habit} ^{of}
intimate ^{personally} ^{with} ^a ^{young}
man, ^{then} ^{he} ^{was}
on the contrary, ^{standing} ^{at} ^{one}

on the contrary
Was he no ^{his} ^{age} ^{there}
or was it simply

The story became increasingly
colorful. One version was that
the Town had been found
with London in the bushes.
He never denied nor confirmed
these various rumors, but
listened to all of them
quietly, with a ~~steady~~
vague, passive smile.
Nobody dared to treat
him any more. He was
accepted - an established
man. The whole gang listened,
respectfully, when he started
one of his little sermons:
"Now, the situation ..."
Made him a ~~the~~ Private
First - class.

Adon Lami

1)

They called him "po lissed" although he
was by no means particularly handsome.
He spoke with a foreign accent and
had a weariness for fancy words and
spoke with a foreign ^{accent} ~~slight~~ ^{situation} to it.

His nationality was his age and
and so were his age and
several professions. He might have
been 30 years old, to 45. ~~the~~

skin of his face, hair, and also of body,
his hands and hair, being
looked curiously dried out -
yellow and brittle, as if parched
by a ~~transparent~~ sunless, hot wind.

His eyes were ~~black~~ ^{black} and
his eyebrows were ~~black~~ ^{black} and
his eyebrows were ~~black~~ ^{black} and
his eyebrows were ~~black~~ ^{black} and

There was something slightly
about his physiognomy
which might be
some thing black, such

but he had also features
of a melan-boly
His uniform seemed much to
wide for him and he had
and then there was
something first-like.

Confusion, he seems to say

LOOK at relative amount

yellowed like

*
Usually he assumed that
his was a Rumanian
by origin but ~~transitional~~
at other times he would
suggest - ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~stock~~
possibly - ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~Chick~~
Maxim, of Hungarian stock.

It was a little contradictory but
nearly true.
When some one asked him about
his profession he was before
got him off by the duck
be made black & magnificent
usually

He was in fact quite old - by far the oldest man
in the basement among in his outfit
who's activity consisted of ~~very~~ ~~few~~ ~~flowers~~
in the early morning.

M 69 Fallsington
194 Falls
405 Capt. Latham 606
Kadmon SK 2

was always having fun with his
with That why the drill
swamp was in the habit of
calling him a "sad sack" but
the fellows in the barracks
struck to "profron"

They all agreed that ~~there was~~
he must have ^{been} some thing in the line
of an artist, back in civilian
life. One of the lieutenants ~~was~~ asked
him what his business ~~was~~ but
before he answered in
by the way, he was a
a strangely vague and absent
minded way. For one reason
Scout for, said. The whole company
on another, the whole company
guilt for, - maybe because
most of the boys didn't
quite know what ~~the~~ was.

Scout for ~~the~~
~~There were soldiers~~
Some of his barracks mates
said he had been with a
some of his friends in the M. - out

Most of the boys have on 1, a pink
idea as to the of what a sample

dispute effects — in a good natured way. (4)
He was not uniform but with
perhaps ~~that~~ not very formal,
the boys in just different, a
rifle. He was just different, a
buddy — harmonious. Consider.

The only one found of him ~~by the~~
Cpl. ~~of the~~ ~~from~~ ~~Brooklyn~~
Don ~~from~~ ~~and~~ ~~let~~ ~~a few~~ ~~women~~
A tough kid) will the woman
— quite a guy in Brooklyn
They called him the Sumner
Casanova, which he
— a compliment which he
gradually ~~accepted~~ ~~affirmed~~,
~~without having actually~~ ~~what~~
~~to what a Casanova~~ ~~was~~
As for when the professor planned
its meaning to him
that was how they made
friends with one another.

Casanova, gang leader.
His friendship with the Thompson
Tolwath as a rapist

which he accepted with an offer
one of his admirers in

He gave
He liked it immensely by when
the looking was about his
amazing address from but
his given became a little

It was on this occasion

The French who interested
calculated the qualities of his
qualities by affair to him
in a rising - pleased little spirit
the fact, the character came in
tendency of the illusion

The corpse was tricked and
let it be known that he got a

announcement that he was tricked
to do and got a piece out
of the French at once
Solitude and lacrimations

— what do you say just want a
he asked the other private water
indignity. That girl knew
that there a damned lot more

knows about my character

Nobody with respect him do all
the traditional away slang to this
monotonous sequence of man in a
obscurities. The at 1000 often than not
he will get away with the way
of not passing direct away should
some what notes is but something
he'll get away with it.

ABR-2013

5

My dream to ever
I need to
boys discussing
Abilek
13

By ~~the way~~ but that a little further
swarthy, who was facing
Spillman by big words as many as
wonder to pick up as many as
possible - especially words like "galanacia"
Yours. He loved the ("galanacia", "in
to which he known "sachitan", "masochism"
his pronunciation) Now, what is a
and the like, a he would ask me,
sachitan again. It's hard to
and ~~inhibitor~~ when a sachitan
at ~~point~~ ~~the~~ ~~kind of~~ ~~gay~~ who gets
is a ~~thing~~ ~~out of~~ ~~brother~~ ~~others~~.
a kick out of thing ~~as~~ ~~has~~
The ~~embarrassing~~ ~~thing~~ ~~as~~ ~~has~~
Embarrassingly

imply physical

TOOK

my "pencil" ~~to~~ ~~and~~ ~~for~~ ~~take~~
it for granted that nobody besides
ourselves would be able to understand
these ~~family~~ expression, which he
considered a kind of ~~subliminal~~ language,
gibberish of his mother's not to him.
home so my mother should to me,
and the mess back, "The Sept.
P. has a front of 'la la la', as
"Capt. X. is a sadist... When
he found at last that people actually
understand what he said, he
changed his tactics and began
to use his wonderful big
words in order to impress others -
especially his many girl friends
in the neighborhood. They
took him for a college graduate - & as
he proudly reported - because he tossed
about with the big words. "Well, my
father would be a masochist," he
told me, "she believed that I must
be a ~~professor~~ or something." ~~The~~
~~she didn't realize that I picked up~~
~~all that stuff from a father who~~
~~is a great writer. And a~~
~~writer from an~~

" Maybe he's ~~known~~ ^{known} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves} smarter than I
 know. ... " Casanova so wonderful.
 But ~~the~~ ^{all} ~~his~~ ^{the} gang
 demanded: " Just word,
 that's all that is to it ... "

serious big work
 the

So
~~" Who said it~~
 The Prince made desperate efforts to
 silence his ~~My~~ ^{My} ~~was~~ ^{was} the teacher
 who had to atone for his
 murder the ~~golden~~ ^{golden} ~~foreign~~ ^{foreign} ~~Sultan~~ ^{Sultan}

O. ~~replaced~~ ^{replaced} himself by ~~directly~~ ^{directly}
 a ~~thrust~~ ^{thrust} the ~~bullet~~ ^{bullet} " said some "

On the 11th after the night
 part was over was was happy when
 the ~~brother~~ ^{brother} ~~came~~ ^{came} ~~from~~ ^{from} his ~~consolation~~ ^{consolation}
 with a ~~bullet~~ ^{bullet} in the ~~neighborhood~~ ^{neighborhood} ~~town~~ ^{town}
 said to ~~imprison~~ ^{imprison} a girl by ~~open~~ ^{open}
 his ~~consolation~~ ^{consolation} with the ~~complaint~~ ^{complaint}
 remark, " I am a sinner, poor man "

get out of this time
 the

~~The~~ "I got all an

This was the end of the story.

Not

His shift - from 1 to 3 AM.

Had night - ~~cold~~ and rainy.

8)

Had to walk around the
block where officers' quarters were
situated. ~~a long~~ ^{mist} ~~to~~ ^{chaplain cemetery}
~~it~~ ^{twice} ~~the~~ ^{time} ~~felt~~
The night was pretty heavy. Felt
tired. Didn't dare
sleep.

~~Very dark~~ ^{dark} ~~walking~~ ^{staring} - in a military
manner - ^{old}

passing by the cemetery.
Anxious to see family
Hamm - a gypsy melody;
stopped - for sing the cemetery
military

When he passed by the cemetery
for the fourth time ~~he~~ ^{somebody} ~~came~~
to him ~~he~~ ^{was a}
boy - ~~he~~ ^{penetration}
along, hoarse
wailed - fighting.

The protest - started. The rider
not to near. Almost van
away. Little study the situation...
Had it been a ~~have~~ ^a
botheration? Sent to him

Consider how to the grass house
walking away sweet, dignified
telling her
"You're a sweet guy, in the
substance into his car. Cloud
of alcoholic ~~sa~~ odor ... her
breath

.....
It was an ~~in~~ ^{known} ~~probable~~
sensation

The woman looked even more
fantastic in the glaring light
than she has anticipated -
gandy, fleshy, pale and raggedly
faintly ... ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ the
young old style. ~~to~~ ^{let him go}
Did it want to let him go
to him. Had to carry
the material. ^{His a minor}
^{she insisted}

As Professor ^{was} better
dramatic ^{was} ^{Japan}
as if he has taught of
yours. ^{was} ^{night} ^{was}

"Corporal," he said firmly, "I
report ...
Casanova - flabbergasted. Then,
but burst ...

C.B. congratulated him ... //

Accepted new glory composition
raising his ~~to~~ high skepticism
eye brows on his half -
humorous, half - sorrowful face -
"Gentleman," he said, "It's
no child's game. Let's study
~~the situation~~"

X

"Casanova" Y: amplified:
"I told you so ..."

The whole