

Eternal Moments

Stories of Life and Love

by

GUIDO BRUNO

Illustrations by
CLARA TICE



NEW YORK 1920



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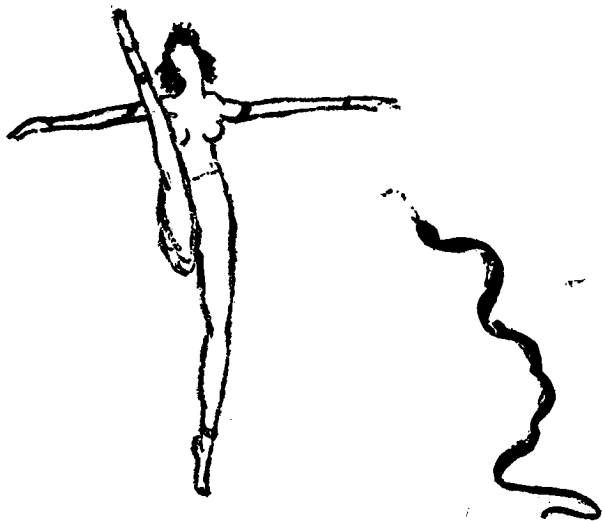
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Eternal Moments

STRANGE moments often break the monotony of the universe.

The gods, merry in their heaven, banish the clouds from the firmament and charm peace throughout the atmospheres. The skies are wondrously placid, and gentle breezes the kind messengers of mystical worlds.

Cities seem less black and tedious. People become meaningless.

— — — We feast on the crumbs that have fallen from the rich tables of the gods.

Memories of past ages play in our unconscious minds. Reflections of a happiness we once felt enkindle our souls, like sweet smiles that flit over the features of beautiful sleeping children.

Then meteors may pass through the air, or shooting stars flame across the sky; or we may think of a dear friend long forgotten, and feel his nearness; perhaps we thrill with an unknown longing for something marvelous and unknown; we may be moved to sadness or joy without apparent reason, or wild desires for adventure obsess us.

We lose our everyday identity. Again we become ourselves of centuries ago.

We are eternal atoms of an everlasting universe. We feel the beginning and the end of all. We are unconsciously conscious of our close relations with worlds and gods and creations.

It lasts for seconds only, but during those seconds veils are lifted from futures; pasts arise from their tombs and walk within us.

Seconds of Godlikeness.

II.

He had come from somewhere in the world, and she had come from another somewhere. They met in some place where people meet. They had never seen each other before their eyes met. Both were tall and handsome. She liked him and he liked her. She smiled, and he smiled; and both went out in the world, a pair.

III.

They talked. Across a table. Some table somewhere. They were unconscious of the place. His eye fondled her hands. She loved his voice. She told him her life.

Realities became unreal. Dreams shaped words. Words lured deeds. He forgot dreams, worlds, problems. A life was erased. Desire overpowered dreams, strangled logic. Her words seemed to come from far away. He listened as one listens to the murmuring of the sea, of the fascinating, calling, all-absorbing sea.

At last he spoke: "I always have loved you. I will always love you. I love you. I love only you. Come with me. Come with me now. At once. Let us forget what was. Let us forget everybody and everything. Let us start life anew, together."

She smiled. It was a happy smile. But she went away somewhere, where she had come from.

IV.

In the most disreputable part of the town, is a forlorn tavern. On the first floor is a room with dirty walls and four bare tables and uncomfortable straight back chairs. Here they met again, and a thousand little suns were dancing through the dirty window panes and playing about their faces; or perhaps they weren't sunbeams. Perhaps they were halos of saints tossed by the holy ones in a merry game of quoits. Forlorn taverns are ideal meeting places for saints, not unusual playgrounds when they feel like enjoying a rousing game at halo-quoits.

She spoke. A confessing Magdalene. He listened humbly. He understood. It was his own story. She spoke of herself. He thought of both of them.

Their lips met.

He drank her soul. She knew not then that she had unlocked for him her inner self. She knew not that she possessed an inner self.

It was a mad kiss, a pledge from soul to soul.

She went back somewhere from where she had come, hundreds of miles of journey. And he went away, far away to the somewhere of his own destiny.

V.

A week had passed. At midnight a message came. "I am in your 'somewhere.' I am waiting for you. Come to me at once. I want you." He went.

They became one.

VI.

Weeks of doubt. Weeks of love. Weeks of desire to possess, to possess forever, and at last to possess exclusively forever. "I want you for ever and ever and ever," she said. "I loved and wanted you the very moment I saw you first," was his reply.

VII.

A tiny cabin on a steamer. The sky with many curious stars, water all around, and on the far horizon lights dancing in the night like glow-worms in June. She said: "I was always afraid of water, but tonight I love it."

VIII.

Cities. Railroad trains. Hours of happy solitude. Moments of thoughts of others. Not remorse. The feeling: "We don't like to hurt them. Oh God, why must they exist?"

IX.

But they did exist, and both had to go back to them. She somewhere away where she had come from. He to the somewhere where his past called him. One night a message came to him, a message from fifteen hundred miles away: "We have made plans, but I want you. I want you now. Come at once." And he went. Fifteen hundred miles he went, his heart singing to the pumping of the piston rod. His heart was light. "She calls me. She loves me."

He arrived. She was not there. Doubt. Suspicion. A heart rent with pain. A mind filled with longing. And a body in agony.

X.

She came.

Harmony. Love. A long, long stretch of unity. His soul was hers. Her soul leaned over to him, and fell back for moments, back to the somewhere where she had come from, back to the people whom she wished not existing. Love. Truth. Duty. Love again, desperate love. Resignation. Duty. So much love and such severe duty.

Doubt. Black doubt. A ray of hope. A future full of hope. A long passion way with many stations to stop and dry away tears. To carry the burden on to another station. To cry. And to dry the tears. Love. Pain.

Is there a goal at the end of the passion way?

A Pang.

A pain.

Good-bye.

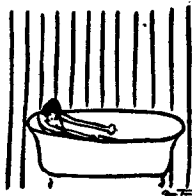
Is there a goal at the end of the passion way?

XI.

He is back to the somewhere where he had come from. She is back to the somewhere of her world. He wanders? And she wonders? "Is there a goal at the end of the passion way?"

XII.

There are moments in the life of each human being. . .
We are better men and better women for such moments.



In a Doorway

IT was raining, raining and raining on a late Sunday afternoon, once, years ago in London. I have forgotten the name of the street. But it was a rather stately looking row of stone mansions, whose doors were shut and undoubtedly locked. The house on the corner of the narrow side street was gray, window boxes with withered plants distinguished it among all others. The shades of the window were yellow and drawn. The house seemed unoccupied, but, strangely, the very large doors were wide ajar. The doorway was a welcome refuge for me as I hurried without an umbrella to the nearest tube. Many men and women with rain-wet overcoats stood in this doorway, which led to a court-yard deserted as well as the other part of the house. Some of the men were pacing up and down nervously. Some were near the door looking up to the clouded skies which poured continuously enormous buckets of water upon the for-once white-washed sidewalk. Others exchanged commonplaces about their unfortunate experience: to have been caught in the rain, just this afternoon, while they had been in a hurry to get to some place or another where their presence was most necessary. Still others were on the outlook for a cab.

Against the grey wall leaned a girl in a green raincoat. She had a red hat and a lot of obstinate blonde hair. She stood there lazily. She seemed to be real happy, watching the rain-drops that splashed upon the stones of the sidewalk or looking up to the roof of the house across the street, from where little waterfalls poured. . . . she seemed to enjoy it. She seemed to enjoy the impatience, and the wrath and the anger of her fellow-refugees. And for a long while she observed with happy contentedness the tree in the back yard of the house, with its naked branches and the stone bench beneath it.

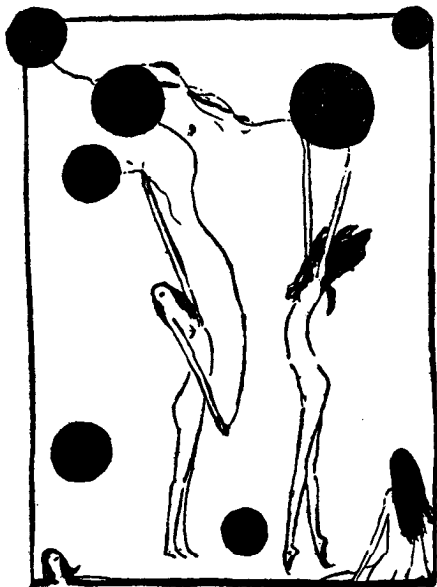
She had big blue eyes.

She smiled as our eyes met. I looked for a long time into her eyes; her smile vanished slowly—scarcely noticeably, before she turned to the dripping umbrella of a new arrival. Our eyes met again. Just for one mo-

ment. And then someone whom she knew came with an umbrella and she left.

I did not look into her eyes for longer than a small fraction of a minute. But it seemed to me like a long lifetime, with all its longing, its promises, its disappointments, its joy . . . with its inevitable parting.

Years have passed. But often, of a rainy afternoon or in the twilight of a quiet hour or in the radiant sunshine of a glorious summer day do I think of her big blue eyes beneath her blonde curls and her red hat.



Intermezzo

THE two men sat in the summer-house back of the big residence. It was dark. The white candle on the table flickered an insufficient yellow light. Not a star shone on the clouded skies. A big ugly moth did her best to commit suicide in the flame of the candle. The air was laden with heaviness. It was one of the nights that we declare our love, that we exchange confidences, in which we regret lost chances and resurrect dead memories. The man with the sad, almost mourning look, broke the silence.

. . . . "And so I gave up because of my real, eternal, never changing love. I never thought that I could do it. But love wins. I watched her closely. I tried to understand every one of her actions. I indulged her eccentricities. I felt her pains. I watched over her day and night. And her husband was always at hand.

"Your life has been simple, my dear fellow. You don't know what it means to love a woman, to receive favors from her, all those small and big favors that make life worth living—and then, you have to say good-night every evening. You have to make appointments to meet at this and that place when you know that she should be with you all the time. There were her children. It's a funny thing about those children. Wouldn't you expect rather strange, even hard feelings towards the living testimony of her devotion to another man? But no—they seemed to be a part of her. I loved the children almost as much as herself.

We went on this way for months. Women are such masters at burning life's candles at both ends. They know that the two lights must meet some time. And that then there will be darkness. But they don't think. They don't feel the creep of the inevitable shadow.

"We met every day. We lived. We kissed. We loved . . . God! The torture of it! When I sat evening after evening in my quiet quarters with her picture in front of me. And she . . . I don't know what she was doing. I only imagined: I believed in her with all my heart.

"She loved her home, the old furniture so carefully selected by her and for her, the old servants upon whom she

depended; she hung with all her soul upon the everyday routine of living that she had followed for many years. I was now a new factor in the old routine—a beloved one, but still an addition.

“Well, I gave her up. I gave it all up. I didn’t have the heart to induce her to leave the surroundings she loved. I know she would have been willing to do the conventional thing. But I didn’t dare do it. I loved her so much. I sacrificed everything for her sake.

“Life is worthless for me. I’ll never see her again and I’ll never again feel warmth in my heart. I’ll never see her again in my life and I shall long for her until I die.

“I might be happy at that. . . . if it is happiness: the consciousness of my self-sacrifice.”

The man with the sad, resigned face stared out into the darkness. There was a long silence. His companion did not move. It seemed an eternity, but it surely lasted an hour. Neither did his companion take his eyes away from the face of the man who had been speaking. He seemed to try to read his mind and look deep into his heart. He was studying the features of his friend’s face and making comparisons.

And suddenly all the relaxation disappeared. He seemed active, dynamic. He leaned back in his garden chair. He stretched his legs and arms, conscious of his strength. There was a vigorous exhalation from his powerful lungs that blew out the light.

“Fool! . . . I would have taken her. I would have made only one appointment with her and that would have lasted for life. I would have made her forget her surroundings and her furniture. I would have made her sit with me in my lonely quarters. I would have brought her happiness. I would have sacrificed everything but her, and conscious of that I would have been happy.”

A glaring white lightning parted the dark skies. Thunder resounded from all corners of the earth. Heavy drops of an unexpected rain beat against the roof. The two men hurried back to the big lighted house.

But the World is Ours, Beloved!

LOVE was seated at the bay window of the tower room, and looked down to earth, which was to you a labyrinth of a thousand recesses. She saw you groping your way, and stumbling and falling. She saw how you raised yourself again looking for a new path. And again you stumbled.

Love smiled meaningly. But you could not find your way in the chaos. The things that surrounded you seemed to have false names; darkness hovered above everything, and a confusion of voices caused you pain. Love leaned far out of the gilded window and her eyes followed you—you who had disappeared in the darkness of a steep, rugged road.

"The silly child," she said to her boy, who set at her feet, playing with a long string of emeralds that fastened with golden clasps, pink fantasy, her mantle about her shoulders. "Why can't she be patient and wait? Does she have to create for herself pain and sorrow and disappointments?"

"She is meant for **him**. She must be **his**. And then she will be quite happy and content, and in **him** she will find everything she has sought in vain all this time."

"Let her . . ." remarked Father Time, who was lying motionless on his big divan, breathing quietly, so that his long white beard rose and sank at even intervals. "She must experience the pain of self-birth.

"But it is tiresome to have to witness the same old play again and again. All have gone through it—all, for thousands of years. And still it is ever a pleasure for my old eyes to see how the two have to find their way after their real birth into light, into the wide, beautiful world. Not everyone can wait until the time arrives, but I can. And therefore they call me Father Time."

"Oh, look!" cried Love in her clear wonderful voice which creates revolutions in the hearts of men, which proclaims a dawn of creation.

Father Time knew its meaning. Slowly and with dignity he arose—even when in a hurry he never forgets to be deliberate and dignified—and with measured steps approached the window. The boy, Cupid, had brushed aside

some flowers that were in his way and leaned far over the window sill.

Dark lay the world deep below. They looked down in the direction which Love pointed out with her finger. A broad, golden band was on her finger: a serious symbol of truth.

II.

IN a badly lighted room, among many people whose names meant nothing, were you. And I was there. High, high above us sounded a marvelous voice. Love spoke: "Let there be light." You looked into my eyes, and I looked into yours. You were born. And I was born.

You took my hand. Together we wandered through the world. Everything took on new shapes. We called things by their right names. We discovered straight streets and even ways. We did not stumble any more; we did not fall.

And so we are on our pilgrimage side by side. Every day is a new day of creation; we are the creators. Everywhere is light and order. You found your own world and brought it to me. And I found my own world, and I brought it to you. The world is ours. We are its creators.

III.

THE window high up there is closed. The boy clung to the skirts of Love and followed her. Love left her palace and took possession of her new home. She moved into your heart. Then, again, she paid me a visit and stayed a while. Now, we never know where she is. Sometimes you think her with me, and sometimes I feel she must be with you. And she wishes to be with both of us.

Love wants to lay her head to rest in your heart. And she wants to bathe her graceful little feet in my red, warm heart-blood.

And in the evening when the stars and the moon can no longer look into the room, when we embrace, when your trembling fingers glide through my hair, when I

caress your smooth, soft skin: when you are close, close to me, your lips on mine; one body and one heart.

Do you feel how the goddess caresses your heart with her long silky eye-lashes? And how wonderful it feels when she kicks her little feet about in my heart's blood, when my heavy, blood drops glide through her tiny ivory toes.

FATHER TIME again is settled comfortably on his divan. He has placed a new, soft pillow under his head and seems to feel at ease. Pulling his beard lovingly, he murmurs: "It is nice to be quiet and sedate, and to progress thoughtfully into the immeasurable unknown. But Love has it still better—even though she has to walk out into the cold, into wind and weather.

"She builds for herself a little red palace, rests her head upon the wild, throbbing heart of the world she has created, and bathes her little feet in the hot blood of pure passion."

Slowly his eyelids droop over his tired eyes, and patiently he slumbers on through another term of eternity.

BUT the world is ours, beloved.

Yours, and mine.

How luminous love is!

More luminous than a thousand suns.



Memories

IF only memories would vanish forever! If the past would remain past! If we could erase the past from our mental life; if this archive of pictures and impressions did not exist in our skull.

But they do come back, again and again. Like the personified monitors of everything perishable that was, and that will be forever, even though we buried it in the most obscure corner of our thoughts, under the cobwebs of our self-deceiving consciousness. Like a thick, massive stone wall memories stand between ourselves and our life. Like a river they broaden themselves—like a river over which we cannot build bridges; what was just now in reach of our hands they take with them to the banks on the far away other side; it looks over to us like unreachable clouds.

As uninvited guests they appear, without knocking; without awaiting our "come in" they open the door brusquely. . . . And here they are. We have to offer them a chair. We have to smile hospitably and friendly, because we know that they take at their pleasure, that they will stay as long as they please to.

Often it is the gesture of a hand, often again a smile, that transforms the features just now so dear to us into some other face, that brings us a message from long forgotten days. Often it is a cadence of a voice that we have heard somewhere, sometime ago, and that exhumes for us something buried long ago. It is not regret, it is not a feeling of being sorry. It is not a longing for something that was. It is not the wish that it might be again.

It is a tombstone and a grave mound. We know all of a sudden: deep down there in the brown crumbling earth reposes a piece of life that we have lived once, and that gave us happiness and sadness, joy and sorrow, exaltation and contempt. It is buried. We have buried it; but it remained somewhere in this world. It lives its own life. Separated from us.

We do not pilgrimage there with flowers and with wreaths or with tear-wet eyes.

But in quiet hours, or in the excitement of passionate emotions we do feel that it exists. We sense the odor of the grasses that are growing there or we feel the stinging thorns growing rank around it. The grave opens itself for fractions of seconds. And we see, we feel, we hear; the most sensitive ends of our nerves drink lustfully the well-known odors, and the finest senses of our finger tips feel, feel until our body trembles until men and worlds collapse into nothing. . . .

Collapse: Before this life that we have buried. A life that was once a part of our own selves and that lives and lives and exists . . . and returns ever and ever and again. . . ! Our memories.

* * * * *

IT was on an evening in March. Fresh-fallen snow spread itself like a layer of white sugar upon the gray and dirty conglomeration of ice and refuse of the street. Slowly we approached our house. We lived in a quiet street. Trees had been planted along the sidewalks; every house had its little garden and even now, in the nakedness of winter, they looked well cared for.

We had been out together all afternoon and we were quiet and happy. She walked beside me in her brown suit and often I glanced at her out of the corner of my eye, proudly and happily.

We harmonized in our views of life. We had the same ideals. We had the same ambitions. We had no other desire but to be happy.

Between the two highest buttons of her coat she had thrust a few flowers. I had given them to her. In those days I gave her flowers daily, blue forget-me-nots, green mignonettes or white narcissus. The first fresh-picked violets had just arrived in the florists' shops and I had brought her a big bunch of the blue sweetly fragrant flowers.

We were near the hosedoor. She took off her gloves. She always did everything too soon or she did not do it at all. But she had strong beautiful hands and I followed her self-conscious movements. She opened her coat. She held out the flowers in her hand and looked at them ques-

tioningly. They were withered. Their heavy little heads hung wearily from the weak stems. She threw them away upon a heap of snow. And there they lay, like helpless chilly children.

She ascended the stairs to our house and beckoned to me merrily with both hands. It was so promisingly warm inside and so cold in the street in the twilight after black darkness had won the victory over the last sun rays of a happy afternoon.

Why now arose that unpenetrable wall? And why did she seem so far away, the beloved figure in front of the open house-door?

I saw a tall slim girl with blue eyes. Roses were in her hands, pale withered roses, that she had worn for many days at her girdle, and for which she had changed as many mornings water in their vases; sadly she held them in her hands. She kissed the poor dead petals. She wrapped them tenderly in tissue paper. She tied the fragile package with a blue ribbon and laid it in a big box upon letters and other ribbon-tied packages. O, God, O, God! . . . That was all that I could think, and I felt hot blood in my cheeks.

Memories . . . Brutal, uninvited memories.

A grave stood open for the fraction of a second.

"I am coming, dearest," I answered the girl in brown, and hurried up the steps.

In the warm vestibule I kissed her before we entered the room where the fire in the grate glistened and crackled.



The Sorrow of the Little Violet

A connoisseur of the real and the beautiful strolled through the pleasantries of his garden on a sunny Spring afternoon. The tender grass had been daring. Little blades were sticking out of brown earth crumbs here and there reminding one of the soft yellow feathers of recently born geese. Bushes and trees still naked, looked rather sordid towards the placid blue heavens. A handful of highly polished leaves stood close together at the knotty root of an old and wide branched tree. They looked like reminders of last year's summer glory. Their stems were short, shaped like hearts, and almost lay on the dark withered moss.

The trained eyes of the connoisseur detected something beautiful right beneath, those old unpleasant looking leaves. He stopped, bent over, and lo! he had broken a violet; the first violet of the year perhaps. Her beautiful little head bowed down modestly; she was deep blue, wonderfully blue like the eye of one true woman. Our connoisseur caressed her and took her home. Busy were the servants of his household for the rest of the afternoon. In the sunniest window, a wonderfully chiselled silver receptacle was placed. Vases scented with rare and costly odors from still rarer and mystic flowers of the Orient were prepared for a bath for the little violet. Two servants were in constant attendance looking after the comfort and the needs of the newcomer.

The little violet seemed tired. She closed her petals for a long resting night. Early in the morning, almost with the first rays of the new sun, the connoisseur visited his fragrant guest. She lay there in her receptacle filled with perfumed waters and seemed sad, so sad.

"Dear little violet," cried the connoisseur, and took her in his hands, fondled her tenderly, and covered her little leaves with kisses, "Are you not happy in your new home?"

"Yes"; but this answer sounded like an outcry of utter despair and hopelessness.

"Did I not give up to you the sunniest, airiest part of my house? Did I not send you rare perfumes for your bath? Did I not order the most skilled among my

servants to look after your needs? What is it I overlooked, my dear little violet? There is no wish on earth that I will not make come true for you instantly."

The violet did not answer. The silence was heavy and oppressing. The golden sun rays danced merrily over the silver vases and golden scent bottles. The violet kept silent.

"Or is it because I broke you, and you are filled with regret?"

"No, not that," whispered the violet, and her little head drooped deep on her stem.

"I am sad," she whispered, "so very sad, because I can never be broken again."



Ave Maria

SOON the thick brown buds of the trees will open. Nature is pregnant and will give birth. The tender green life will thirst for the first refreshing rain. Everything will bloom and send forth fragrance and live.

The atmosphere around me vibrates. The darkness seems to stretch into the immeasurable. And from there resounds an echo. I feel it. With every nerve of my brain and with every vein which leads back to the heart from my extremist finger-tips, I feel it.

A grave is there with a big cold stone, and under it the dust of the warmest heart. Does it bloom there, too, sending forth fragrance? And will the rosemary's grow again?

The Mother of God in the nearby church holds her baby in her arms. She seems to smile, pleased with the beautiful roses and mignonettes brought her in her month.

Mother of God, do you remember the last sigh of that red bleeding heart; you, her last thought before she died?

Mother of God, did you send the fragrance and the love through the night from the one end of the indefinite to the other?



Adultery on Washington Square

WASHINGTON SQUARE. A bench near the Garibaldi monument. Mamie and Tom are playing. Mamie has her wooden doll in an old cigar box. She and little Tom play "father and mother." The doll is their child. Tenderly Mamie hugs the doll in her arms. Tom, the father, must leave them. He must go out into the world. He must earn a living. He has to bring food to mother and child. Tom passes through the Washington Arch. He crosses the street and walks towards Macdougall Alley. On the doorsteps of the first house stands Mary. Mary, the child of the lady who owns the big, black limousine.

Mary stops Tom. She shows him her big, beautiful doll, with blonde curls of real hair, and blue eyes that open and close automatically, a doll with a human face. A face that looks like his little baby sister. She shows him the carriage, a real baby carriage, with silk curtains and soft pillows.

And Tom plays "father and mother" with little Mary. Mamie is still sitting on the bench near the Garibaldi monument, rocking her baby and waiting patiently for Tom. Father does not return. Mamie takes her cigar box and her wooden doll and moves to a bench in the most remote corner of Washington Square South.

There she weeps heart-breakingly.



The Nun and the Prostitute

THE body of the nun who in the darkness of the night had fallen into the river lay in the morgue right next to the corpse of the prostitute who had drowned herself in the same river.

The two bundles which contained the clothes of the nun and of the prostitute lay side by side in the locker.

Two Sisters of Charity identified the body of their unfortunate companion. In the dusk of the evening the un-

dertaker's hearse called for her remains and for the clothes that she had worn on the last day of her life.

It so happened that the porters of the morgue made a mistake and delivered to the undertaker the clothes of the nun and the body of the prostitute. It was taken to the nunnery and lay in state in the chapel for three days and three nights.

Flickering lights of wax candles that surrounded the cataphalque reflected in the silver crucifix and two nuns sat at the feet of the altar reciting monotonous litanies and prayers for the soul of the deceased.

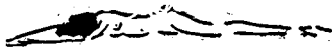
No one came to claim the body of the prostitute and the dead nun lay three days on the cold marble table of the morgue viewed by hundreds also who were searching for the bodies of missing relatives. The cold, contemptuous eyes of detectives failed to identify her. On the third day, her body, wrapped in a white sheet was placed in a coffin of rough wood and taken to Potter's Field where lay many other unidentified weary travelers, who had voluntarily terminated their earthly journey. Without ceremony, without prayers, the coffins were lowered into the sandy hills of the city's graveyard.

And the body of the prostitute received the honors intended for the nun according to the rules of her Order. Dressed as the bride of Jesus, the ring on her finger, orange blossoms in her hair, the crucifix in her folded hands, she was carried in solemn procession to her last resting place in the consecrated grounds of the ancient cemetery.

On the evening of these two funerals the nuns went about their religious exercises as ever before and prostitutes walked up and down the city streets following their sad profession.

High above, the moon continued her nightly journey. Her silvery rays tenderly touched the two new graves, one in Potter's Field and the other in the cemetery of the nunnery.

What mattered it to the moon?



Jesus on Main Street

SNOW was falling.
Red bells and evergreen in the shopwindows.
Everybody seemed happy.

And Jesus Christ passed down the avenue where street girls walk and smile.

"Must we be damned, O Lord?" asked a slender woman in a frightened voice, with her head bowed down. She had recognized the Man and had stopped him on the street.

"Must we be damned?" she repeated in a voice that only He could hear. Her heart beat in her throat, her knees shook and she felt her sin all over her body.

Jesus stepped nearer to her. He lifted her head gently. He looked into her eyes.

He kissed her.

"He that seeks love though he seeks it on the avenue of shame, he will find love."

His voice sounded like a revelation of something that always had been, only we knew it not.

Children whispered secrets in the ears of a decorated, white-whiskered Santa Claus in front of a department store.

"And next Christmas, dear" a man said, passing by with a handsome girl.

Everybody seemed happy. Snow was falling. And Christ passed down the avenue where street girls walk and smile.



