

## PROVINCETOWN

*by Edmund Wilson*

We never from the barren down,  
Beneath the silver-lucid breast  
Of drifting plume, gazed out to drown  
Where daylight whitens to the west.

Here never in this place I knew  
Such beauty by your side, such peace—  
These skies that brightening imbue  
With dawn's delight the day's release!

Only upon the barren beach,  
Beside the gray egg of a gull,  
With that fixed look and fervent speech,  
You stopped and called it beautiful.

Lone as the voice that sped the word!—  
Gray-green as eyes that ate its round!—  
The desert dropping of a bird,  
Bare-bedded in the sandy ground.

Tonight, where clouds like foam are strown,  
I ride alone the surf of light—  
As—even by my side—alone,  
That stony beauty burned your sight.

## GUIDO BRUNO—ROMANTIC GHOST

by Ed Falkowski

GREENWICH VILLAGE once crystallized into a gay, irresponsible Bohemia where ragged but dreamy poets gave themselves unsparingly to their joys and their sorrows and scoffed at the busy world that rumbled on in its daily routines of commerce, knowing nothing of the magic and romance that could make life a leaping flame, magnificent and intense.

Among the dreamers who wove the fantasy of the Village into the American imagination at that time was Guido Bruno. His name scarcely percolated beyond the confines of the Village itself, where he was known as one who dwelt in a garret, ate precariously and was frequently a kind of pocket handkerchief in the service of the great.

Bruno was the born romanticist and illusionist. Life was a beautiful maiden, with wistful dream webs spun across her deep eyes, walking down a silent, crooked lane in a wet October night. Guido never left his creaky apartment without sharpening his appetite for another chunk of Life. He was intensely alive, determined to know every spring and sewer of this divine adventure. Yet, curiously endowed with the soul of a priest, he was never happy unless he found someone to worship. Forever trailing gods through the confusion of cafés and inns and scraggy flights of stairs leading to vile glooms where mysterious souls struggled for the esthetic life, he clung to numerous coat-tails, never standing alone to breast cold winds.

Sadakichi Hartman fascinated the romantic Italian, filled him with great visions. Bruno's soul rose on worshipful wings, circling idolatrously, through veils of incense. Hartman's *Christ* threw him into ecstasies of respect for the versatile and highly competent Jap who had fallen into the ways of western culture.

The next peak in Bruno's spiritual progress was Frank Harris. Bruno simply obliterated himself before Harris with humility. He dwelt in the cool shadow of this Titan, daring occasionally to nourish some fragile pot-plant of an idea which finally flowered in the pages of *Pearson's*, or lay beautifully incarnated in sentimental prose on the pages of *Bruno's Weekly* or *Monthly*.

Harris strutted in awe-inspiring humility up and down Village lanes, snubbing easily the criticules and curio-mongers about him. Harris cannot tolerate rivalry without forgetting the meekness of his own gospel and becoming the open brute, challenging his opponents to conflict. Impressed with his own greatness, which smacks of Victorianism, Harris swaggers through his romance of life.

Harris squared with Bruno's dreams of the ideal live man. No thin wishes, writhing for distant incarnation, no pallid intentions awaiting avatar—here was a man whose dream merged at once with reality; a man who lived every moment of his full, round life. Unlike the scrawny creatures Bruno had seen about him, wordy, dreamy, futile beings who petered into obscurity via Village attics,