

'Listen,' said Mr Frazer. 'Why should the people be operated on without anaesthetic?'

'I do not understand.'

'Why are not all the opiiums of the people good? What do you want to do with the people?'

'They should be rescued from ignorance.'

'Don't talk nonsense. Education is an opium of the people. You ought to know that. You've had a little.'

'You do not believe in education?'

'No,' said Mr Frazer. 'In knowledge, yes.'

'I do not follow you.'

'Many times I do not follow myself with pleasure.'

'You want to hear the Cucaracha another time?' asked the Mexican worriedly.

'Yes,' said Mr Frazer. 'Play the Cucaracha another time. It's better than the radio.'

Revolution, Mr Frazer thought, is no opium. Revolution is a catharsis; an ecstasy which can only be prolonged by tyranny. The opiiums are for before and for after. He was thinking well, a little too well:

They would go now in a little while, he thought, and they would take the Cucaracha with them. Then he would have a little spot of the giant killer and play the radio, you could play the radio so that you could hardly hear it.

Fathers And Sons

There had been a sign to detour in the center of the main street of this town, but cars had obviously gone through, so, believing it was some repair which had been completed, Nicholas Adams drove on through the town along the empty, brick-paved street, stopped by traffic lights that flashed on and off on this traffic-less Sunday, and would be gone next year when the payments on the system were not met; on under the heavy trees of the small town that are a part of your heart if it is your town and you have walked under them, but that are only too heavy, that shut out the sun and that dampen the houses for a stranger; out past the last house and onto the highway that rose and fell straight away ahead with banks of red dirt sliced cleanly away and the second-growth timber on both sides. It was not his country but it was the middle of fall and all of this country was good to drive through and to see. The cotton was picked and in the clearings there were patches of corn, some cut with streaks of red sorghum, and, driving easily, his son asleep on the seat by his side, the day's run made, knowing the town he would reach for the night, Nick noticed which corn fields had soy beans or peas in them, how the thickets and the cut-over lay, where the cabins and houses were in relation to the fields and the thickets; hunting the country in his mind as he went by; sizing up each clearing as to feed and cover and figuring where you would find a covey and which way they would fly.

In shooting quail you must not get between them and their habitual cover, once the dogs have found them, or when they

flush they will come pouring at you, some rising steep, some skipping by your ears, whirring into a size you have never seen them in the air as they pass, the only way being to turn and take them over your shoulder as they go, before they set their wings and angle down into the thicket. Hunting this country for quail as his father had taught him, Nicholas Adams started thinking about his father. When he first thought about him it was always the eyes. The big frame, the quick movements, the wide shoulders, the hooked, hawk nose, the beard that covered the weak chin, you never thought about — it was always the eyes. They were protected in his head by the formation of the brows; set deep as though a special protection had been devised for some very valuable instrument. They saw much farther and much quicker than the human eye sees and they were the great gift his father had. His father saw as a big-horn ram or as an eagle sees, literally.

He would be standing with his father on one shore of the lake, his own eyes were very good then, and his father would say, 'They've run up the flag.' Nick could not see the flag or the flag pole. 'There,' his father would say, 'it's your sister Dorothy. She's got the flag up and she's walking out onto the dock.'

Nick would look across the lake and he could see the long wooded shore-line, the higher timber behind, the point that guarded the bay, the clear hills of the farm and the white of their cottage in the trees but he could not see any flag pole, or any dock, only the white of the beach and the curve of the shore.

'Can you see the sheep on the hillside toward the point?'

'Yes.'

They were a whitish patch on the gray-green of the hill.

'I can count them,' his father said.

Like all men with a faculty that surpasses human requirements, his father was very nervous. Then, too, he was sentimental, and, like most sentimental people, he was both cruel and abused. Also, he had much bad luck, and it was not all of his own. He had died in a trap that he had helped only a little to set, and they had all betrayed him in their various ways before he died. All sentimental people are betrayed so many

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times: Nick could not write about him yet, although he would later, but the quail country made him remember him as he was when Nick was a boy and he was very grateful to him for two things: fishing and shooting. His father was as sound on those two things as he was unsound on sex, for instance, and Nick was glad that it had been that way; for some one has to give you your first gun or the opportunity to get it and use it, and you have to live where there is game or fish if you are to learn about them, and now, at thirty-eight, he loved to fish and to shoot exactly as much as when he first had gone with his father. It was a passion that had never slackened and he was very grateful to his father for bringing him to know it.

While for the other, that his father was not sound about, all the equipment you will ever have is provided and each man learns all there is for him to know about it without advice; and it makes no difference where you live. He remembered very clearly the only two pieces of information his father had given him about that. Once when they were out shooting together Nick shot a red squirrel out of a hemlock tree. The squirrel fell, wounded, and when Nick picked him up bit the boy clean through the ball of the thumb.

'The dirty little bugger,' Nick said and smacked the squirrel's head against the tree. 'Look how he bit me.'

His father looked and said, 'Suck it out clean and put some iodine on when you get home.'

'The little bugger,' Nick said.

'Do you know what a bugger is?' his father asked him.

'We call anything a bugger,' Nick said.

'A bugger is a man who has intercourse with animals.'

'Why?' Nick said.

'I don't know,' his father said. 'But it is a heinous crime.'

Nick's imagination was both stirred and horrified by this and he thought of various animals but none seemed attractive or practical and that was the sum total of direct sexual knowledge bequeathed him by his father except on one other subject. One morning he read in the paper that Enrico Caruso had been arrested for mashing.

'What is mashing?'

'It is one of the most heinous of crimes,' his father answered.

Nick's imagination pictured the great tenor doing something strange, bizarre, and heinous with a potato masher to a beautiful lady who looked like the pictures of Anna Held on the inside of cigar boxes. He resolved, with considerable horror, that when he was old enough he would try mashing at least once.

His father had summed up the whole matter by stating that masturbation produced blindness, insanity, and death, while a man who went with prostitutes would contract hideous venereal diseases and that the thing to do was to keep your hands off of people. On the other hand his father had the finest pair of eyes he had ever seen and Nick had loved him very much and for a long time. Now, knowing how it had all been, even remembering the earliest times before things had gone badly was not good remembering. If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them. But it was still too early for that. There were still too many people. So he decided to think of something else. There was nothing to do about his father and he had thought it all through many times. The handsome job the undertaker had done on his father's face had not blurred in his mind and all the rest of it was quite clear, including the responsibilities. He had complimented the undertaker. The undertaker had been both proud and smugly pleased. But it was not the undertaker that had given him that last face. The undertaker had only made certain dashingly executed repairs of doubtful artistic merit. The face had been making itself and being made for a long time. It had modelled fast in the last three years. It was a good story but there were still too many people alive for him to write it.

Nick's own education in those earlier matters had been acquired in the hemlock woods behind the Indian camp. This was reached by a trail which ran from the cottage through the woods to the farm and then by a road which wound through the slashings to the camp. Now if he could still feel all of that trail with bare feet. First there was the pine-needle loam through the hemlock woods behind the cottage where the fallen logs crumbled into wood dust and long splintered pieces of wood hung like javelins in the tree that had been struck by lightning. You crossed the creek on a log and if you stepped off

there was the black muck of the swamp. You climbed a fence out of the woods and the trail was hard in the sun across the field with cropped grass and sheep sorrel and mullen growing and to the left the quaky bog of the creek bottom where the killdeer plover fed. The spring house was in that creek. Below the barn, there was fresh warm manure and the other older manure that was caked dry on top. Then there was another fence and the hard, hot trail from the barn to the house and the hot sandy road that ran down to the woods, crossing the creek, on a bridge this time, where the cat-tails grew that you soaked in kerosene to make jack-lights with for spearing fish at night.

Then the main road went off to the left, skirting the woods on the wide clay and shale road, cool under the trees, and broadened for them to skid out the hemlock bark the Indians cut. The hemlock bark was piled in long rows of stacks, roofed over with more bark, like houses, and the peeled logs lay huge and yellow where the trees had been felled. They left the logs in the woods to rot, they did not even clear away or burn the tops. It was only the bark they wanted for the tannery at Boyne City; hauling it across the lake on the ice in winter, and each year there was less forest and more open, hot, shadeless, weed-grown slashing.

But there was still much forest then, virgin forest where the trees grew high before there were any branches and you walked on the brown, clean, springy-needled ground with no undergrowth and it was cool on the hottest days and they three lay against the trunk of a hemlock wider than two beds are long, with the breeze high in the tops and the cool light that came in patches, and Billy said:

'You want Trudy again?'

'You want to?'

'Uh Huh.'

'Come on.'

'No, here.'

'But Billy -'

'I no mind Billy. He my brother.'

Then afterwards they sat, the three of them, listening for a black squirrel that was in the top branches where they could

not see him. They were waiting for him to bark again because when he barked he would jerk his tail and Nick would shoot where he saw any movement. His father gave him only three cartridges a day to hunt with and he had a single-barrel twenty-gauge shotgun with a very long barrel.

'Son of a bitch never move,' Billy said.

'You shoot, Nickie. Scare him. We see him jump. Shoot him again,' Trudy said. It was a long speech for her.

'I've only got two shells,' Nick said.

'Son of a bitch,' said Billy.

They sat against the tree and were quiet. Nick was feeling hollow and happy.

'Eddie says he going to come some night sleep in bed with your sister Dorothy.'

'What?'

'He said.'

Trudy nodded.

'That's all he want to do,' she said. Eddie was their older half-brother. He was seventeen.

'If Eddie Gilby ever comes at night and even speaks to Dorothy you know what I'd do to him? I'd kill him like this.' Nick cocked the gun and hardly taking aim pulled the trigger, blowing a hole as big as your hand in the head or belly of that half-breed bastard Eddie Gilby. 'Like that. I'd kill him like that.'

'He better not come then,' Trudy said. She put her hand in Nick's pocket.

'He better watch out plenty,' said Billy.

'He's big bluff,' Trudy was exploring with her hand in Nick's pocket. 'But don't you kill him. You get plenty trouble.'

'I'd kill him like that,' Nick said. Eddie Gilby lay on the ground with his chest shot away. Nick put his foot on him proudly.

'I'd scalp him,' he said happily.

'No,' said Trudy. 'That's dirty.'

'I'd scalp him and send it to his mother.'

'His mother dead,' Trudy said. 'Don't you kill him, Nickie. Don't you kill him for me.'

'After I scalped him I'd throw him to the dogs.'

Billy was very depressed. 'He better watch out,' he said gloomily.

'They'd tear him to pieces,' Nick said, pleased with the picture. Then, having scalped the half-breed renegade and standing watching the dogs tear him, his face unchanged, he fell backward against the tree, held tight around the neck, Trudy holding, choking him, and crying. 'No kill him! No kill him! No kill him! No. No. No. Nickie. Nickie. Nickie!'

'What's the matter with you?'

'No kill him.'

'I got to kill him.'

'He's just a big bluff.'

'All right,' Nickie said. 'I won't kill him unless he comes around the house. Let go of me.'

'That's good,' Trudy said. 'You want to do anything now? I feel good now.'

'If Billy goes away,' Nick had killed Eddie Gilby, then pardoned him his life, and he was a man now.

'You go, Billy. You hang around all the time. Go on.'

'Son a bitch,' Billy said. 'I get tired this. What we come? Hunt or what?'

'You can take the gun. There's one shell.'

'All right. I get a big black one all right.'

'I'll holler,' Nick said.

Then, later, it was a long time after and Billy was still away.

'You think we make a baby?' Trudy folded her brown legs together happily and rubbed against him. Something inside Nick had gone a long way away.

'I don't think so,' he said.

'Make plenty baby what the hell.'

They heard Billy shoot.

'I wonder if he got one.'

'Don't care,' said Trudy.

Billy came through the trees. He had the gun over his shoulder and he held a black squirrel by the front paws.

'Look,' he said. 'Bigger than a cat. You all through?'

'Where'd you get him?'

'Over there. Saw him jump first.'

'Got to go home,' Nick said.

'No,' said Trudy.

'I got to get there for supper.'

'All right.'

'Want to hunt tomorrow?'

'All right.'

'You can have the squirrel.'

'All right.'

'Come out after supper?'

'No.'

'How you feel?'

'Good.'

'All right.'

'Give me a kiss on the face,' said Trudy.

Now, as he rode along the highway in the car and it was getting dark, Nick was all through thinking about his father. The end of the day never made him think of him. The end of the day had always belonged to Nick alone and he never felt right unless he was alone at it. His father came back to him in the fall of the year, or in the early spring when there had been jacksnipe on the prairie, or when he saw shocks of corn, or when he saw a lake, or if he ever saw a horse and buggy, or when he saw, or heard, wild geese, or in a duck blind; remembering the time an eagle dropped through the whirling snow to strike a canvas-covered decoy, rising, his wings beating, the talons caught in the canvas. His father was with him, suddenly, in deserted orchards and in new-plowed fields, in thickets, on small hills, or when going through dead grass, whenever splitting wood or hauling water, by grist mills, cider mills and dams and always with open fires. The towns he lived in were not towns his father knew. After he was fifteen he had shared nothing with him.

His father had frost in his beard in cold weather and in hot weather he sweated very much. He liked to work in the sun on the farm because he did not have to and he loved manual work, which Nick did not. Nick loved his father but hated the smell of him and once when he had to wear a suit of his father's underwear that had gotten too small for his father it made him feel sick and he took it off and put it under two stones in the

creek and said that he had lost it. He had told his father how it was when his father had made him put it on but his father had said it was freshly washed. It had been, too. When Nick had asked him to smell of it his father sniffed at it indignantly and said that it was clean and fresh. When Nick came home from fishing without it and said he lost it he was whipped for lying.

Afterwards he had sat inside the woodshed with the door open, his shotgun loaded and cocked, looking across at his father sitting on the screen porch reading the paper, and thought, 'I can blow him to hell. I can kill him.' Finally he felt his anger go out of him and he felt a little sick about it being the gun that his father had given him. Then he had gone to the Indian camp, walking there in the dark, to get rid of the smell. There was only one person in his family that he liked the smell of; one sister. All the others he avoided all contact with. That sense blunted when he started to smoke. It was a good thing. It was good for a bird dog but it did not help a man.

'What was it like, Papa, when you were a little boy and used to hunt with the Indians?'

'I don't know,' Nick was startled. He had not even noticed the boy was awake. He looked at him sitting beside him on the seat. He had felt quite alone but this boy had been with him. He wondered for how long. 'We used to go all day to hunt black squirrels,' he said. 'My father only gave me three shells a day because he said that would teach me to hunt and it wasn't good for a boy to go banging around. I went with a boy named Billy Gilby and his sister Trudy. We used to go out nearly every day all one summer.'

'Those are funny names for Indians.'

'Yes, aren't they,' Nick said.

'But tell me what they were like.'

'They were Ojibways,' Nick said. 'And they were very nice.'

'But what were they like to be with?'

'It's hard to say,' Nick Adams said. Could you say she did first what no one has ever done better and mention plump brown legs, flat belly, hard little breasts, well holding arms, quick searching tongue, the flat eyes, the good taste of mouth, then uncomfortably, tightly, sweetly, moistly, lovely, tightly, achingly, fully, finally, unendingly, never-endingly, never-to-

endingly, suddenly ended, the great bird flown like an owl in the twilight, only it daylight in the woods and hemlock needles stuck against your belly. So that when you go in a place where Indians have lived you smell them gone and all the empty pain killer bottles and the flies that buzz do not kill the sweetgrass smell, the smoke smell and that other like a fresh cased marten skin. Nor any jokes about them nor old squaws take that away. Nor the sick sweet smell they get to have. Nor what they did finally. It wasn't how it ended. They all ended the same. Long time ago good. Now no good.

And about the other. When you have shot one bird flying you have shot all birds flying. They are all different and they fly in different ways but the sensation is the same and the last one is as good as the first. He could thank his father for that.

'You might not like them,' Nick said to the boy. 'But I think you would.'

'And my grandfather lived with them too when he was a boy, didn't he?'

'Yes. When I asked him what they were like he said that he had many friends among them.'

'Will I ever live with them?'

'I don't know,' Nick said. 'That's up to you.'

'How old will I be when I get a shotgun and can hunt by myself?'

'Twelve years old if I see you are careful.'

'I wish I was twelve now.'

'You will be, soon enough.'

'What was my grandfather like? I can't remember him except that he gave me an air rifle and an American flag when I came over from France that time. What was he like?'

'He's hard to describe. He was a great hunter and fisherman and he had wonderful eyes.'

'Was he greater than you?'

'He was a much better shot and his father was a great wing shot too.'

'I'll bet he wasn't better than you.'

'Oh, yes he was. He shot very quickly and beautifully. I'd rather see him shoot than any man I ever knew. He was always

very disappointed in the way I shot.'

'Why do we never go to pray at the tomb of my grandfather?'

'We live in a different part of the country. It's a long way from here.'

'In France that wouldn't make any difference. In France we'd go. I think I ought to go to pray at the tomb of my grandfather.'

'Sometime we'll go.'

'I hope we won't live somewhere so that I can never go to pray at your tomb when you are dead.'

'We'll have to arrange it.'

'Don't you think we might all be buried at a convenient place? We could all be buried in France. That would be fine.'

'I don't want to be buried in France,' Nick said.

'Well, then, we'll have to get some convenient place in America. Couldn't we all be buried out at the ranch?'

'That's an idea.'

'Then I could stop and pray at the tomb of my grandfather on the way to the ranch.'

'You're awfully practical.'

'Well, I don't feel good never to have even visited the tomb of my grandfather.'

'We'll have to go,' Nick said. 'I can see we'll have to go.'