

play games.

AR.: What are "games"?

ATH.: See! You know nothing! I mean to make this old Ring spin. After all, you are responsible. You made Assalonai; you made me.

AR.: I was lonely in the Now. I must have thought. I see that it was wrong. I have set a star in motion. Who can say what may come of it?

ATH.: Oh, tra-la-la! Mother, let us play a game!

AS. (*smiling and shaking her head*): I do not know any games. I love; that is all I know.

ATH.: You invented this game Time.

AR.: A fearful thing! Something evil will come of it.

AS.: Why should not good come of it?

AR.: I have told you. It was "good" in the Now —

(*A pause.*)

But I did not know it. So I thought. Alas!

ATH.: Oh, come! let us play a game!

(*Silence.*)

Then I must have a sister to play with.

AR.: Already he plots evil.

AS.: Surely that is harmless enough.

AR.: I tell you that you do not know; you do not understand.

AS.: Oh! but you fear without reason.

AR. (*with bitter contempt*): Reason! I had Wisdom — until I thought.

ATH.: Come, she shall be all made of music.

(He plays upon the flute. From the Ring, beneath his feet, arises Barraio, a black hunchbacked dwarf, with a hooked nose, a hanging jaw, a single, bloodshot eye. She is dressed in rags of rusty red. Atheleberseith screams with laughter as he sees her; Assalonai shudders in disgust; Arogogorobrao nods his head, as if that which he had foreseen had come to pass.

Barraio performs a dance of ever-increasing obscenity, which delights Atheleberseith as much as it disgusts the others. Presently she kisses him on the mouth. He is nauseated, and throws her back with a gesture of violent repulsion. She, screaming with laughter, produces, from her rags, a terrestrial globe.)

ATHELEBERSEITH (*in surprise and horror*): Oh!

ASSALONAI (*in agony*): Ah!

ARAGOGOROBRAO (*with hissing intake of the breath*): Ih!

AOTH raises His hand, and draws it across His brow. Darkness. It clears for one blinding flash as He opens His eye. He is alone.

(*Curtain.*)

LOVE AND TIME.

By John Roberts

The aeons, assembling
About and above
Thy tender trembling
Lips a-twitter with love,
In solemn session
Announce and acclaim
The perfect possession —
Peace, a passion aflame!

The spring, unfolding
Blossom and bud,
Revels, beholding
Blushes — bowers of blood!
Beauty assurgent
Under the whips
Of ardent and urgent
Lovers, lyrical lips!

The summer, upleaping,
Thrills with our mirth,
Royally reaping
Joy, oh, joy, to the earth!
All that was mine is
Thine at a nod. . . .
Deep in the shrine is
Holy, hidden, the God.

Autumn, assuring
Earth of her fruit,
Mellows, maturing
Love on lordlier lute.
Thou that wast maiden,
Thou that art wife,
Wake! thou art laden
Now with treasure of life!

Winter, congealing
The life of the year,
Smiles for us, sealing
Sure the soul of our sphere.
Girdled and crowned with
Love, we are shod
With songs that resound with
Harps whose measure is God.

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