

# EVE

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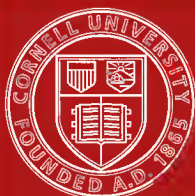
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# EVE

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BY

KATHARINE HOWARD

Author of "The Book of the Serpent"



BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY  
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TO  
ELEANOR

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**SCENE**  
**THE WORLD**

**SPEAKING CHARACTERS**

**PROPHETIC VOICE**

**ADAM**

**THE INSCRUTABLE ONE**

**EVE**

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**E V E**

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What is it gigantesque? It pursueth!  
All! All! pursueth! All! All! is gigantesque!  
Thou art gigantesque. Thou! Atom!  
Thou art gigantesque!

## EVE

Adam! Adam! What followeth thee?  
Adam! Adam! Why is the earth red  
about thee?  
Is it the slant of my rays?  
Adam! Adam! Look behind thee!  
What is it that shadows thee over? Mis-  
shapen. Gigantesque.  
What is it, mis-shapen, toil-worn, that  
draggeth itself?  
Where is the woman who followed thee  
out of Eden?  
What is it that followeth thee?  
Thou shouldst weight its head down with  
more burden, for once it comes up,  
what of thee?  
Where is Eve? Tall and fair, fashioned  
I Eve, after a manner of rhythm.  
I gave her the mark Hyacinthus.  
Adam! Where is Eve?



## EVE

The woman 'twas who despoiled me; she  
gave me the fruit,—I but ate.

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Adam! Adam! Didst thou not look  
with longing?

## EVE

*[Eve, with eyes looking earth-ward, searcheth  
and searcheth strange things that have  
grown in a night.]*

*The Inscrutable One speaketh with her]*

Eve! Eve! Hast thou forgotten me?  
Verily! Verily! Thou hast forgotten  
me!

Thou hast strayed far from Eden!  
Verily! Verily! Thy beauty hath dried  
on thy bones!

Strange . . . it is, that Time the Eter-  
nal, should wither thee thus.

Why dost thou carry a burden? Why is  
thy head bended down?

Why lookest thou utterly earth-ward?  
What searchest thou on the ground?

O Thou Inscrutable One! How cam'st  
thou here?

Surely! I had forgotten thee, and all  
that pertaineth.

I have had sorrow.

## EVE

Burden and burden and burden.

Inside, and outside, and pressing about  
me:—my shoulders are bent and my  
head droopeth earth-ward.

O Thou Inscrutable One! Whence comest  
thou? I had forgotten thee.

Thou callest me Eve? Eve had great  
beauty.

God fashioned her. She was beautiful,  
beautiful, beautiful!

I am the woe part of Man.

What searchest thou on the ground, O  
Eve?

O Thou Inscrutable One! Graves!  
There are graves in the Earth.

Yea! The graves, they are many—but  
the most of my sons, they are grave-  
less.

I know by the circling of vultures.

With much woe I have born them—these  
sons for the killing.

## EVE

O Thou Inscrutable One! A strange  
dread is upon me of these things that  
are growing about.

Knowest thou the sons I have born for  
the killing?

The killing and killing of brothers . . .

Surely! The blood of the killing moisteneth  
not well the flowers.

Strange things have come up in a night.

O Thou Inscrutable One! The sons I  
have born for the killing.

Born them and nourished them well for  
the kill.

The white milk of me floweth red in their  
veins; it floweth and floweth and  
floweth, and the things that come up  
from its moistening are fleshly and  
blotchéd and poisonéd.

They are things that come up in a night.

Surely! The blood of my sons moisteneth  
not well the earth.

## EVE

Eve! Thou hast wandered far,—'tis a  
marvel to me, how that thy beauty  
hath dried on thy bones.

Canst thou remember the fair ways of  
Eden?

O Thou Inscrutable One! Thou bring-  
est memory to me of things that we  
played with in Eden.

Thou hast brought upon me unrest—we  
were mighty in Eden. Why did I  
follow him out . . .

I would return, yea, even I, but I know  
not the way.

I remember in Eden a ladder of light that  
reached to the Sun. . . .

I remember me well the Ladder of Light  
in Eden.

My daughters I had by the Sun ran lightly  
upon the ladder,—hand in hand with  
the Sons of God.

## EVE

My daughters who blossomed from me, as  
the rose from the rose-tree.

Fragrant and fair were they who went  
up the ladder hand in hand with the  
Sons of God.

Dost thou remember, O Thou Inscrutable  
One, the beetles we played with in  
Eden?

Dost thou remember the beads they  
rolled?

They rolled for the Ages. Verily, Eve,  
the symbols of Eden were many!

Yea! The tale of the beads . . . some  
of my daughters bartered their souls  
for beads.

Verily! They have become finger idols,  
caressed by the fingers of my sons  
and my daughters.

Idols of finger touch. Yea, we were  
mighty in Eden.

## EVE

O Thou Inscrutable One, did the Beetle  
know for what that he rolled him his  
beads? Didst thou?

Didst thou know that he served the Sun?  
And the Frog? Didst thou know of  
his service?

Yea, we were mighty. And thou—dost  
thou remember the Sun-birds of  
Eden?

Florescent as thee by the Sun?  
Eve! Why didst thou follow him out?  
Hadst thou but waited a little . . .

O Thou Inscrutable One! Would I have  
followed him out?  
He of the Mighty, He did not turn me  
from Eden;—I followed my cradle.

Thou couldst have been mighty in Eden,  
O Eve, thou and I and He who  
walked there in footsteps of light.

## EVE

Knowest thou not when that thou burst  
the side of Adam and arose with thy  
wings, he was but a shell?

Verily! Eve! What symbol was this?  
At one birth, thou, his all, sprang from  
the womb of himself.

The side of him acheth with emptiness, so  
is his desire towards thee in his emp-  
tiness.

Only through thee can he blossom.

Seest thou not, O Woman, thy power?

Lift up thy head and refuse. Bear not  
the sons for the Killing.

Get thyself knowledge and wisdom.  
Get wisdom, and bear thine own  
sons.

When thou hast perfected thy race—close  
by to the Tree of the Knowledge of  
Good and of Evil—in the midst of  
the Garden, groweth the Tree of  
Life the Eternal, so close that it  
sticketh.



## EVE

Speak not to me of life, O Thou Inscrutable One! I see but the stain on the earth.  
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I will remember no more; it draggeth the tears from mine eyes that are withered with weeping.

Eve! A compassion groweth within me for thee and thy lack.

Verily! It was the little of wisdom thou hadst which undid thee.

From the portion of fruit which I gave thee, O Eve, thou gavest to Adam!

Give not away the gifts which are given thee, so it is unwise . . .

Hadst thou not followed him, hadst thou not given my gift of the fruit . . .

Thou mightst have ruled in the Garden; Thou and I and the One who walked there in footsteps of light.

## EVE

O Thou Inscrutable One! Thou hast  
spoken to me of wings.

All the winged things that I know, are  
pierced with arrows.

They are stained with an unsightly stain,  
a stain of an unsightly colour.

Such are the stains on my sons who are  
killed by their brothers; 'tis the dye  
of the arrow, the arrow that singeth  
its song as it passeth, scenting the  
blood of the heart for the slake of its  
thirst.

In the thrall of thine eyes my remem-  
brance returneth;—for these un-  
countable ages I have been as a  
slave.

O Thou Inscrutable One! Point me the  
pathway to Eden!

If I should show thee the way back to  
Eden—if I should tell thee . . . I,  
even I, in my sinuous fashion . . .

## EVE

O Eve! I know thee! Thou wouldst  
weave of the hair of the Sun-Maids  
a ladder—a rope—and Adam would  
climb to thee.

Thou wouldst hear in thy sleep,—when he  
whimpered for thee, thy returning.

Verily! Then it is wisdom thou needest,  
—the path into Eden shall be secret  
to me.

Who ruleth in Eden, O Thou Inscrut-  
able One?

The Rose Daughters thou hadst by the  
Sun, they are signed with the sap-  
phire, O Eve!

They have eaten well of the fruit and  
their beauty endureth.

Thou—didst credit that tale of thy dying,  
with the Tree of Life close at thine  
hand.

## EVE

Wouldst thou know how I knew thee, O  
Eve? With thy beauty ensnarled in  
thy bones?

'Twas by scent that I knew thee: the  
Perfume of Eden is deep in thy  
bones.

I will search me a ladder to climb. I will  
find me the pathway to Eden . . .

I will search for the city of Enoch and  
find there the man whom I got from  
the Lord.

. . . Silence enwrappeth thee! O Thou  
Inscrutable One! Thou knowest the  
city of Enoch!!

Where? Thou Inscrutable One! Where  
is the city of Enoch?

Where are the giants who are gone from  
the face of the Earth?

## EVE

Are they gone to the city of Enoch?  
My memory cometh strong; it lieth  
East from the Garden of Eden . . .  
and Jubal, and Tubal . . .

My memory returneth to me; 'tis in  
Enoch perhaps, I shall rest me the  
foot of my ladder.

Once I find Enoch, the finding of Eden  
is easy.

O Eve! Thou mightst rest it atop of a  
tower,—the towers of Enoch are  
many.

I will search for a city of towers; it may  
be the giants are there, and that race  
of my daughters who mated with  
Sons of Light.

I will search—I will search through the  
Earth till I find me the Ladder of  
Light, and set me my foot to the  
climbing.

## EVE

O Thou Foolish One! What art thou saying? It is nothing except that thou breakest the silence with words. Hear me! Thou breaker of silence! Before that thou climbest thy Ladder of Light, the towers of that city shall tumble.

Did he not then build well? That man I got from the Lord?

Verily! Why should I not mourn?  
Crumble! And crumble! And crumble!

I would that the Earth were a-crumble . . .

O Thou Unsilent One! When that a man buildeth his base to perfection, —then shall his towers stand.

Go thou to work at the base; it is in the beginning a thing getteth its strength.

## EVE

Be thou silent until thou hast got understanding.

The kernel of wisdom hides in the center of silence.

Now will I tell thee a truth. The men who inhabit the City of High Towers are pygmies.

Crumble! And crumble! And crumble!

Yea! So shall the towers crumble down on themselves, until from their ruins arise towers on a tower base.

Then from their tops, thou mayest ascend on thy Ladder of Light.

My daughters shall go up the ladder, O Thou Inscrutable One.

Go up the ladder thyself, O Eve! Go up the ladder of sun-rays.

## EVE

But I will take Adam up, because,—that  
I gave him the fruit.

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If thou wouldst take Adam up, thou  
shalt not do it by pushing or nag-  
ging. Go up thyself,—he will fol-  
low.

And thou? Wilt thou not pluck him  
down from behind?

Yea. I will pluck him and pluck him.  
He shall be well plucked indeed.

Yea! I will pluck him and pluck him,  
till down the abyss hath fallen . . .

That one who slayeth his brother the  
brute.

That one who rendeth the soul from thy  
daughters.

That one who marketh his forehead with  
gold till the weight of it slanteth it  
back.



## EVE

That one who eateth and watcheth starvation.

Yea, even that one who fatteneth his brain at the expense of another's.

Climb thou high, O Eve! Seeing thou climbest high, the brute-man I know . . .

The out-bruting man whom I know, will have been plucked off the ladder, and off the face of the Earth.

Verily! It is time. But let him not fall in the jaws of the Earth,—she would spew him.

When thou hast climbed to the top of the ladder,—if that he follow thee close, let him pass if thou wilt,—thou in thy radiance, Eve,—even give him thy hand over the threshold.

Who art thou? Art thou the Beneficent One?

**EVE**

**Answer thyself, O Eve.**

**Thou gavest me fruit in Eden.**



## EVE

O Thou Inscrutable One! I have waited  
for thee in the paths of the forest;  
I have desire to thy wisdom.

Some of my daughters, thou knowest,  
mated with Sons of God.

I remember me well how they played on  
the ladder of sun-rays together.

But that was before. . . . Even now,  
some of my daughters are beautiful,  
—even some of the tainted lot.

Strange it is, but the Sons of God see  
not clearly;—the glamour of beauty  
cloudeth the sight of their eyes.

They look on my tainted daughters, and  
their beauty excuseth their taint.

The Sons of God are few; how can they  
leaven the lot?

O Thou Inscrutable One! How can they  
leaven the lot?

Crumble! And crumble! And crum-  
ble! How can they leaven the lot?  
The mess it hath curdled indeed.

## EVE

It was Adam who stirred. Eve! Do  
thine own stirring.

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Mixing and mixing for aeons . . . the  
Sons of God are few. How can they  
leaven the lot?

It is difficult even knowing the sorts  
apart . . .

The strains of the Sons of God . . .

Verily! Verily! By the time they have  
seeped through the sieve of their  
staining, what will be left?

Straining and staining, and straining and  
staining, what will be left? Left of  
the strands of light?

Rumble! And rumble, and rumble!  
Thou canst hear it . . . the rum-  
bling . . . the ominous sound of the  
crumbling . . . the fall of the cities  
of man!

Verily! Why should I not mourn!

## EVE

Be thou silent, O Eve, while I speak in  
the voice of the Seer!

The day of dependency passeth,—even  
as the debauch of sex.

Thou! O Eve! Thou shalt strike thy  
chain till it breaketh. Thou shalt  
come to thine own.

Thou didst leave Eden; of thine own will  
following Adam.

Thou hast toiled down the ages, en-  
leashed.

Eve! If thou wouldst evolve the race  
which surviveth . . .

Then must thou be strong in denial.

The call of the one upon many, the call of  
the many on one,—no more shall it  
be, but each shall be for himself in  
the rush of the stream.

The time draweth near for the passing . .

No more the symbol of Man shall be . . .

## EVE

No more than the growing of fungus in  
crotch of a tree . . .

Eve! To thy work! 'Tis to thee!

## EVE

O Thou Inscrutable One! Again would  
I speak with thee.

I have thought to my thoughts' undoing,  
and out of it all hath come the knowl-  
edge that I lack wisdom.

Eve! Thou hast done well indeed!  
Until thou hast wisdom, thou canst not  
be trusted in Eden.

The Tree of Life flourisheth there.

I will bring thee some seeds of the Tree  
of the Knowledge of Good and of  
Evil, when thou art worthy to plant.  
Thine hand must be clean for the plant-  
ing.

Clean thyself up for awhile, O Eve!  
Cease thou the bearing of young.

Clean thyself for awhile. Yea, for an  
aeon or two.

## EVE

Listen not to the call that disturbeth, that  
bestrideth the shoulders of Man and  
maketh a scorning of thee, a byword,  
a harlot, a slave.

Listen, O Eve, while I speak in the voice  
of the Seer.

O Thou Inscrutable One! I will listen,  
yea, I will learn.



## EVE

Thou shalt mix not thy strains unguarded.

Eve! Mother of all!

Thou hast mixed with consummate cursedness—eh? What is carelessness?

The breed thou hast raised is accursed.

Thou hast built thee a race which disturbeth the peace of the Earth.

Thou hast put out thy hand for the plucking of strains, and soiled thy soiled hand to decadence.

Let the rains lick thee to cleanness, and the Sun and the Winds they shall groom thee . . .

Until thou art fit to begin to nourish thy spirit with wisdom.

When from the seed of thy wisdom thou art fit to evolve thee a daughter, if she be worthy indeed . . . go on in the line of thy daughters.

(Rememberest thou, Eve, the Sun-birds of Eden?)

Until all the strains have been sifted . . .

## EVE

Spin them out gold on the beams of the  
Sun, strands of fine gold and thin.

Wash them and rinse them for aeons, and  
then from the top of the tower which  
standeth,—throw them afar to the  
Winds.

The strand which is cleanest and strong-  
est;—take that, select that to evolve  
thee a son.

Him thou shalt call the Supernal, to him  
thou may'st give thy hand over the  
threshold.

O Thou Inscrutable one! The souls  
who would enter the Life?

The knocking and knocking and knock-  
ing;—how can I bar them out?

How can I hold the door shut, when the  
hands that are small press against  
it?

I should be of the Mighty, to hold the  
door shut against them.

## EVE

Eve! Thou shouldst get more of tenderness;—Eve, thou shouldst knead thy heart [www.softlibtool.com.cn](http://www.softlibtool.com.cn)

When thou knowest the temples of torture, how canst thou let them come in?

Why shouldst thou bring forth thy children, increasing the maggots of Earth?

Now that thine output is rotten,—hast thou not strength to resist?

Shut to the doors of the temples: clamp them with strong clamps of iron.

Shut to the doors of thy temple, so that the noise of the shutting . . . soundeth and soundeth and soundeth unto the ultimate!

Only through thee can he blossom: (remember the Sun-birds of Eden) hold up thy head and refuse.

## EVE

Oh! Eve! Hold up they head and re-  
fuse!

Forget not the Race in the Racer!

I would I had eaten more fruit of that  
Tree,—I would eat, knowing good  
from evil.

My daughters shall eat of that Tree,—  
yea, all of my daughters; for the  
stain of the innocent staineth in  
touch, even as the stain of the know-  
ing . . .

Will it help them to eat of that Tree?

Eve! They are stained through the  
bone.

They are rotten! Their touch! It pol-  
luteth!

Let me whisper it thee:—they lack un-  
derstanding . . .

## EVE.

Verily! Verily! I must find my way  
back to Eden and get me some fruit  
of that Tree.

If thou wouldst return thee to Eden, O  
Eve, thou shalt search a long  
time. . . .

Indeed thou shalt search a long time. . . .  
Thou shalt put away much ere I trust  
thee in Eden,—not yet art thou ready  
to eat of the Life Tree.

I will bring thee some seeds of the Tree  
of the Knowledge of Good and of  
Evil,—which standeth so close that it  
sticketh to the Tree of Life Ever-  
lasting.

I will bring thee some seeds for the plant-  
ing.

Thou shalt dig in the sweat of thy  
brow,—and whilst thou art digging  
—thy strength—it shall come:—with  
knowledge, thy head shall come up.

## EVE

Thou shalt dig to the good of the Race.

Thou shalt breed for the Race a new  
Racer. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

The knowledge thou diggest for good—  
it shall be that—shall straighten thy  
back.

That thine head was pressed down—the  
stronger thy neck;—it shall be for  
uplifting.

Thou shalt dig for thine own uplifting.

Over the face of the Earth, will I dig,  
will I plant me the seeds of the fruit  
of the Tree of the Knowledge of  
Good and of Evil.

My stained sons and daughters . . .  
their touch it polluteth . . . they are  
careless . . . and careless. . . .

They lack understanding . . . yea, they  
lack understanding. . . .

They must not come up in these poisonéd  
growths. . . .

## EVE

No more shall the blood of them moisten  
the earth. . . .

I must get me some seeds of that fruit;—  
I will plant them over the face of the  
Earth, that the fruit may be plenty,  
of Knowledge of Good and of Evil.

*[She digs and she digs;—there is somewhat she  
planteth.]*

Over the face of the Earth will I dig, will  
I plant, and the seed that I plant  
shall grow fruit.

Ye must eat much of that fruit, O my  
sons and my daughters!

Of that fruit of the Knowledge of Good  
and of Evil,—before . . .

O my children! Ye are fit for the Tree  
of Life.

## EVE

Why lamentest thou, Eve?

Verily! [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) Why should I not lament?

What shall I do with no children to milk  
me?

Shall my milk run to waste?

Yea! I know thou wòldst say—and I  
know, that the white milk of me  
could well moisten flowers for the  
growing—that the blood of my sons  
maketh a stain on the ground.

Eve! Listen! I—even I. . . . Now,  
see, while I stand on my tip, I could  
circle thy body three times, and set  
my head in thy bosom. . . .

Go away! I will not give my curves to  
thy straightening.

I will not be enwound with thy curves,  
rather will I straighten myself.



## EVE

I will lend me no more to the fooling,—  
no more will I sin the sweet sin.

Almost—I could trust thee in Eden, O  
Eve.

## EVE

How shall we carry them down?  
We shall slip! . . . We shall slide!  
We shall slip, we shall slide . . . to the  
edge of the Bottomless Gulf!

How shall we carry them down to the edge  
where the sands are quick?

They are blotchéd and bloated and pois-  
onéd! How shall we carry them  
down, and weight them with stones  
at the edge of the Gulf,—at the edge  
where the sands are quick. . . .

Slipping and sliding and slipping;—the  
trail to the edge of the Gulf is pol-  
luted, the edge . . . it is slimy with  
poisonéd mud.

Slipping and sliding and slipping! The  
trail to the edge of the Gulf. . . .

The bloat that germeth the million, berim-  
meth the edge of the Gulf.

A crust of the poison that lurks in the  
million berimmeth the edge of the  
Gulf.

## EVE

Verily! Verily! They must sink . . .  
and they must not come up?

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Ask of Him; The Eternal; The Ruler of  
Orbits; The Centre Of Sway.

## EVE

*[The voice of Adam, calling, soundeth through  
the Ages; it soundeth a long way off.]*

Eve! Eve! Why hearest thou not me?  
Verily! I have within me a great long-  
ing for fatherhood.

Yea! Verily! A great aching for  
fatherhood.

It hath been for long time denied me.  
The loneliness of me crieth to the Ages  
for thy return.

My stalk is withered; it blossometh no  
more.

I have fallen upon the Earth and she hath  
not heard me. . . .

Verily! The fall of me maketh no echo,  
—for she hath not heard.

Eve! Eve! What am I in the Ages  
but a dry stalk which blossometh  
not. . . .

## EVE

Verily! I am as one who crieth and is  
not heard!

Eve! Eve! Why answereth thou not  
me?

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*[After a long time]*

[ 40 ]

## EVE

[*One cometh with her head up: she speaketh:  
she is Eve.*]

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Adam! I have to say to thee somewhat. . . .

I will not bear thy children; I will bear my children.

When thou hast made thyself fit for fatherhood;—if that the Ruler, Love, shall keep guard at the door. . . .

Then will I stay with thee in the place of Sanctuary, and I will bear our children.

And, as I bear them, so will I make the laws to their welfare.

Thus shall there be justice.

If I bear sons, I will bear them to the honouring of my daughters . . . even to Life, will I bear them.

If I bear burdens, I will bear them to a purpose.

## EVE

I the burden bearer, shall be a ruler by  
just law.

Clean thyself, Adam! Yea! Verily!  
For an aeon or two!

Eve! Thou sayest. . . . Why didst thou  
not say before?



## EVE

*[Eve speaketh with the Inscrutable One.]*

O Thou Inscrutable One! Through  
digging I have come on a portion of  
wisdom, and dignity clothes me.

I will build me a City.

In the centre a high tower of silence.

I will listen no longer for footsteps to my  
undoing.

I have heard from afar down the Ages,  
the long call creative. . . .

My soul it hath ached with desire.

All of my silence, I have filled with the  
listening. . . .

Harkening the cry of my mate.

I will listen no longer, except to the call  
from within.

I will climb to my high tower of silence  
and listen to calls from within,—to  
the chanting of voices at service  
within.

## EVE

Thou, O Eve! Hast all!  
'Tis the fruit of the Tree, which I gave  
thee.

It hath blossomed within.

Thou but needest to study thy wisdom  
within.

It resteth with thee. Verily! Thou,  
Eve, hast all!

Oh! Thou Inscrutable One! Who art  
thou?

O Thou Inscrutable One!

Eve! Thou hast said!

## EVE

Who cometh with chant of great clear-  
ness?

Who, with ~~with feet flower shod~~, embroidereth  
the paths of the forest?

Who pusheth the branches aside with the  
strength of her arms?

Who looketh with eyes in which stars are  
entangled?

Who encircleth her head with the pale  
crescent moon?

She is Eve! She is searching with far  
seeing eyes for her Ladder of Light.

Thy teeth are of whiteness; thy breath  
is as that of thy daughters thou hadst  
by the Sun.

Thou shalt set thy strong teeth in the  
apple of Life. Thou shalt eat of the  
Tree of Life Everlasting.

Who followeth thee closely, O Eve?  
So close that thy radiance falleth on him?  
He will climb by thy radiance, Eve!

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*[After an aeon or two]*

[46]

## EVE

*Thou hast climbed, O Eve! To Thyself!*

*Thou art ready. Thou hast climbed the high tower to thyself.*

*Look within then for wisdom, and rest in the shade of thy branches.*

*Thou hast made of thyself the Tree of Life Everlasting.*

*O! Thou! Eve! Art the tree!*

## EVE

Who cometh chanting a long way off  
through the wood?

Chanting a chant of great clearness.

Who playeth the branches of trees to her  
chanting?

Swaying and swaying to measure and  
measure.

Who useth the wind to accompany her  
chant,—a voice of just measure and  
infinite clearness?

Her feet are entangled no more from her  
climbing.

Surely she findeth her Ladder of Light  
—else why doth the radiance en-  
circle?

## EVE

Who is the Tree of Life Everlasting?

Who swayeth to the wind's measure?

She is Eve! She is Eve!

She calleth her children; her children who  
wrangle no more.

For that great understanding hath en-  
wrapped them in peace.

She calleth her children to rest in her  
branches.

She calleth to Adam to rest in her shade.

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