

The Voice of the Infinite

~~THE DEVIL'S VOICE.~~ The Voice of the Infinite.

by Charles Robert Anon

Charles Robert Anon

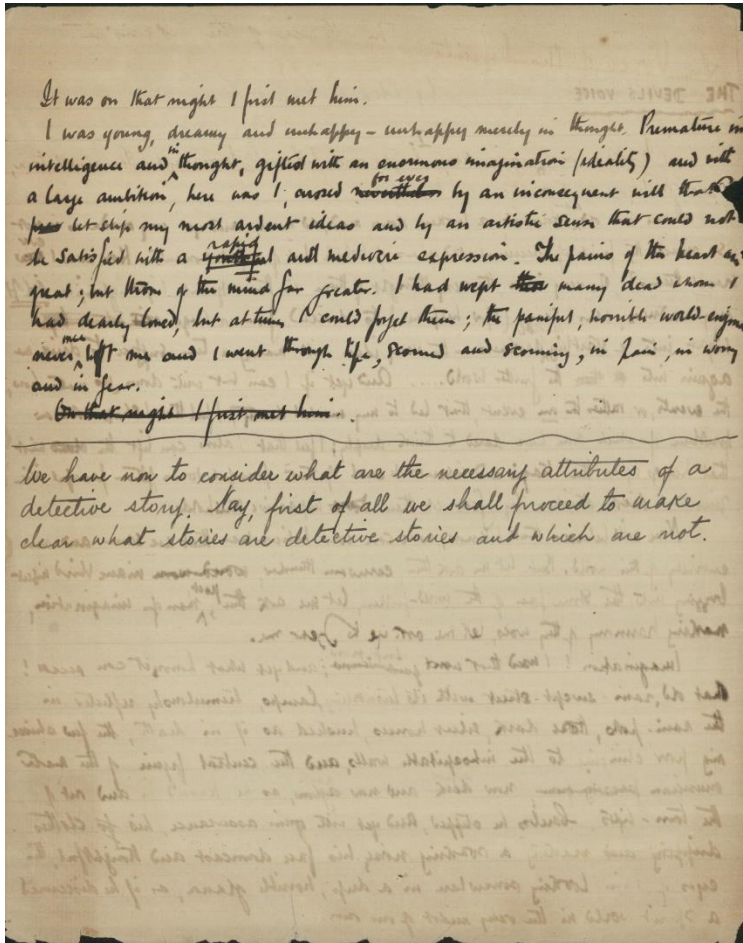
I.

~~It was a morning in May, bright and full and luxuriant. The small town, quiet, antique and rustic was b~~

I am an old man, I know it, a broken down, mad, old man, and yet my madness is not so much the fruit of accumulated years of torture but of a few moments. How can I ~~now~~ ever recall them? The very idea, the very thought of them in those coherent light-glimpses ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ my on the stem and that my madness, when I seem (God help me) to descend from a huge ~~void into a thigh~~ light into a startling tangible darkness - the very idea will many a time suffice to drive me again into ~~the~~ the further world..... And yet if I can but write down, no matter how, the events, or rather the one event, that led to my mental death, I feel that I shall solve a problem of which none have dared to think deeply; I feel that I alone can lift the ~~cloud~~ mist that hangs upon the tragic and inscrutable end of that peaceful town, of those peaceful citizens that died stricken by fear at their ~~doors~~ impassive thresholds.

None will believe - that I know; none can ever believe me that are sane and are entirely of this world. But let me ask thee, curious thinker, ~~wondrous~~ insane blind insect buzzing into the stone face of the world-problem, let me ask thee, poet, man of imagination, making harmony of thy woes, let me ask ye to hear me.

Imagination! I used that word ~~just know~~ but now; and yet what horror it can recall! That old, rain-swept street with its twinkling lamps, tremulously reflected in the rain-pools, those dark, silent houses, hushed as if in death, the few shivering poor clinging to the inhospitable walls, and the central figure of the master musician ~~passing from now dark aglow and now aglow~~ dark, as he passed in and out of the town-lights, bareless he stepped, and yet with grim assurance, his ~~to~~ clothes dripping and making a soaking noise, his face downcast and thoughtful, the eyes of him looking somewhere in a deep, horrible glance, as if he discerned a spirit world in the very midst of our own.



It was on that night I first met him.

I was a young, dreamy and unhappy - unhappy merely in thought. Premature in intelligence and in thought, gifted with an enormous imagination / (ideality) \ and with a large ambition, here was I, cursed ~~nevertheless~~ for ever by an inconsequent will that ~~pass~~ let slip my most ardent ideas and by an artistic sense that could not be satisfied with a youthful rapid and mediocre expression. The pains of the heart are great; but those of the mind far greater. I had wept ~~these~~ many dead whom I had dearly loved, but at times I could forget them; the painful, horrible world-enjoys never once left me and I went through life, scorned and scorning, in pain, in worry and in fear.

~~On that night I first met him.~~

We have now to consider what are the necessary attributes of a detective story. Nay, first of all we shall proceed to make clear what stories are detective and which are not.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

O trabalho MODERNISMO - Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu de <https://modernismo.pt/> está licenciado com uma Licença [Creative Commons - Atribuição-NãoComercial-CompartilhaIgual 4.0 Internacional](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).