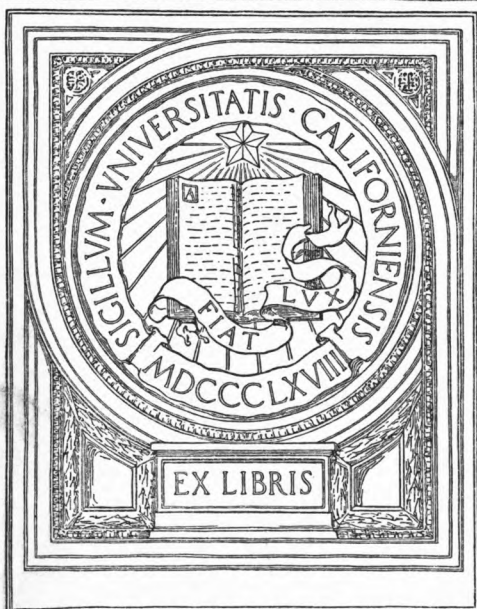
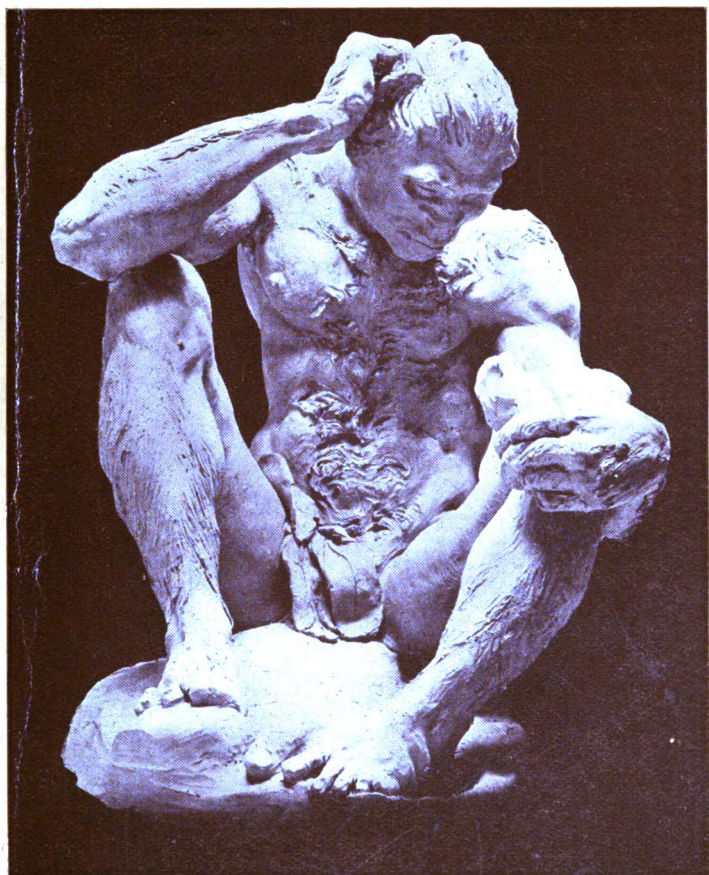


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1910 *①*



Field, Charles A.

The CAVE MAN

**THE MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS
OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB
1910**

THE GROVE PLAY

The Cave Man

A Play of the Redwoods

by

Charles K. Field

Music by

W. J. McCoy

Being the Thirty-third Midsummer High Jinks
of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco,
as performed by Members of the Club,
in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma
County, California, on
the Sixth Night
of August,
1910



THE
BOHEMIAN
CLUB

CHARLES K. FIELD

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TO MISS
ANNOTATION

Gift of Professor W. H. Litchell

Foreword

The Grove Play of the Bohemian Club is the outgrowth of an illuminated spectacle produced annually among redwood trees in California. In *The Man in the Forest*, at the Midsummer Jinks of 1902, this spectacle first became a play, the text being the work of one author and the music the work of one composer. Since then, the music drama has been steadily elaborated. Yet it has been the aim, excepting the play of *Montezuma* (1903), to produce a play inherently of the forest.

The *Cave Man* (1910) has its inspiration in the fact that the sequoia groves of California, one of which the Bohemian Club owns, are the only forests now existing that resemble the forests of the cave man's day. While it has not yet been established that man of the cave type occupied this region of the earth, migrations here bringing people possibly of a much more advanced culture, it is sufficient for the purposes of the grove dramatist to be able to present characters of the more ancient type in a natural setting startlingly close to the original scenery of the cave man's life.

No attempt has been made to reproduce the exact conditions of speech, appearance, or musical expression. Simple language, to set forth such ideas and passions as might make a presentable play, has been employed and has been reinforced by interpretative music in the manner of today. Many thousands of years of progress may lie, in reality, between the types exhibited in this drama, yet, in the physical aspects of the life of these people, care has been taken to exclude such anachronisms as the use of the bow and arrow and the making of pictures on rock or in carved bone—accomplishments that post-dated the discovery of fire by tens of thousands of years. The characters have been costumed to suggest men of a primitive type, yet far removed from the creature that was to evolve the gorilla of our day. That creature, also a character in the drama, doubtless resembled the cave man more nearly than his descendant resembles us. His quest of the woman in the play is warranted by the reported anxiety of modern Africans regarding their own women and the gorilla.

The episode of the tar pool is based upon the recently reported discoveries in a similar deposit, in California, where remarkably frequent remains of the animals and birds named by Long Arm in his narrative have been brought to light. To Dr. J. C. Merriam, of the University of California, under whose direction these discoveries have been reported, I am indebted for a sympathetic editing of the text of this play.

I desire to record my gratitude to those members of the Bohemian Club whose co-operation, well in accord with the traditions which have made possible the club's admirable productions, has carried my dream of the cave man to fulfillment. Mr. W. J. McCoy, already wearing the laurels of the *Hamadryads*, undertook to express my play in music when the task could be accomplished only by severe sacrifice. That he has contributed to the musical treasures of the club a work which, perhaps, excels his former composition is, I trust, some measure of reward. Mr. Edward J. Duffey, the wizard of the illuminated grove, has rendered service equally important to a play whose action is written round the phenomenon of fire. Mr. George E. Lyon, that rare combination of artist and carpenter, with the assistance of Dr. Harry Carleton, has performed the feat of making the hillside more beautiful, adding stage scenery without sacrilege. To Mr. Frank L. Mathieu, veteran of many battles with amateur talent, I am indebted for untiring supervision of the production of the play and for valuable suggestions in its arrangement. Mr. Porter Garnett, authority upon grove plays and himself sire imminent, has proved his loyalty by working all night upon the making of this book of the play. Mr. J. de P. Teller has drilled two choirs in the difficult music of the Epilogue. Mr. David Bispham, a new member of the club and an artist of international fame, has shown himself imbued also with the amateur spirit which is one of the important elements in the grove play's charm. To the Board of Directors, and to their immediate predecessors, with their respective Jinks Committees, whose sympathy and aid under unusual circumstances have made possible the Midsummer Jinks of 1910, and to all the brothers in Bohemia who have joined me in the labor and pleasure of that effort, I subscribe myself in sincere acknowledgment,

CHARLES K. FIELD.

The Story of The Play

Once upon a time, some tens of thousands of years ago, the greater part of the northern hemisphere was covered with a mighty forest of conifers. Its trees rose hundreds of feet in height; their huge trunks, twenty and thirty feet through, were shaggy with a reddish bark; between them grew smaller and gentler trees, thick ferns and blossoming vines. Today, in the sequoia groves of California stands all that is left of that magnificent woodland.

On a memorable night, when the moon searched the deep shadows of Bohemia's redwoods for memories of the past and the mystery of night magnified our trees to the size of their brethren in other groves, I sat with W. J. McCoy before the high jinks stage. Fancy has ever been stimulated by fact and we were aware that we looked upon such a scene as the cave man knew. And so in the moonlight we dreamed that the forest was still growing in the comparative youth of mankind, that no light other than the fires of heaven had ever shone in the grove, that the man of that day wooed his mate and fought great beasts for their raw flesh and made the first fire among those very trees.

The prehistoric forest was very dark and as dangerous as it was dark. Therefore the cave men went into their caves when daylight faded among the trees and they blocked the cave doorways with great boulders and they slept soundly on leaves and rushes until the daylight peeped through the chinks of the boulders. One morning, Broken Foot, a big man with heavy dark hair on his body and an expression that was not amiable even for a cave man's face, rolled back the blocking of his cave and crept cautiously out. It happened that a deer had chosen to drink from a pool by Broken Foot's cave. A great stone broke the neck of the luckless deer and the cave man breakfasted well.

As he sat there on the rocks, carving with his flint knife the raw body of the deer, certain neighbors joined him, one by one. They were Scar Face, a prodigious glutton but sharp witted and inventive, Fish Eyes and Short Legs, young hunters with

specialties, and Wolf Skin, the father of Singing Bird, a much-admired maiden just entering womanhood. Then ensued such talk as belonged to that period—stories of hunting, of escape and also of discoveries. Many remarkable things were being put forth in those days by the inquiring spirit of men, shells to hold water, a log that would obey a man with a paddle, even a wolf had been tamed and made a companion of a hunter. So the morning passed in interesting discussion and all would have been harmonious in the little group before Broken Foot's cave had not Short Legs listened eagerly to Wolf Skin's description of his daughter and announced his intention of mating with her. As he rose to seek the girl, Broken Foot knocked him down with a sudden blow and bade him think no more of the cave maiden. At this, Short Legs, although no match for the great bully, burst out with a torrent of abuse, calling Broken Foot many unpleasant names, and Fish Eyes, his inseparable friend, came to his aid with more unflattering words, even accusing Broken Foot of murdering his brother to get his cave and his mate. Broken Foot, making ready to seek the girl, listened indifferently to this tirade until Short Legs called him a coward.

Earlier in the day Wolf Skin had told of meeting a stranger in the forest, a young man who carried a singular weapon, made of both wood and stone. This stranger had inquired for the cave of Broken Foot, a man who dragged one foot as he walked. Short Legs accused Broken Foot of running away from this new comer. This was too much. Broken Foot, already part way up the hill on his way to Singing Bird, turned back toward the cave men threateningly. Just then a young man came along a higher path. He looked down on the man who dragged one foot as he walked. With a terrible cry of rage he leaped down the hill. Broken Foot, with his great strength, had been the champion of those woods for years. But Long Arm, the stranger, carried the first stone axe, and under this new weapon Broken Foot went down into the dead leaves.

Then, of course, the whole story came out. The young stranger proved to be the son of the man whom Broken Foot had murdered. The boy had been with the two men at the time. The scene of the murder was a small lake into which tar continually oozed, making a sticky trap for all sorts of wild animals. A similar place exists in California today, where animals are caught, and geologists have found in the ground there great quantities of bones of prehistoric animals, the sabretooth tigers and the great wolves of the cave man's day. Here was enacted the tragedy of which Long Arm tells. The boy got away and was reared by the Shell People on their mounds beside the sea.

He had invented a new weapon and now he had come back into the forest to kill Broken Foot and to get again the cave of his father.

Long Arm was kindly welcomed by the cave men. They had no love for the dead bully and they respected a good fight. So the boy was welcomed home again. Yet the greeting held a note of warning in it. Old One Eye, fleeing through the forest, told them that the terrible man-beast was again roving through the trees. The cave men did not know that this creature was but the ancestor of the gorilla of today. To them he was a man who seemed to be a beast. They could not understand him but they knew that he was larger than any other man and stronger than all of them together, and they gave him a wide berth.

Long Arm was left alone in the cave he had regained. He sat on the rocks, in the pleasant shade of the trees, and chipped away at the edge of his flint axe. He was very well satisfied with himself and he sang a kind of exultant song in tribute to the weapon that had served him so well. As he worked and sang the sparks flew from the flint and by one of those chances which have made history from the dawn of time, some dry grass was kindled. No one in the world had made fire before that day. Long Arm saw what he thought was some bright new kind of serpent. He struck it a fatal blow with his axe and picked it up; it bit him and with a cry he shook it from his hand. Chances go in pairs, sometimes. The burning twig fell into a little pool and was extinguished. Long Arm observed and studied all this, a very much puzzled but interested young man. Then occurred one of those moments that have lifted men above the brutes. Long Arm struck his flints together and made fire again and man has been repeating and improving that process ever since.

That was destined to be a red-letter day, if we may use such a calendar term, in the life of that young cave man. He had got his cave again and he had discovered something that would make it the best home in all the world, yet it was not complete. And just then he heard Wolf Skin's daughter singing among the trees. Long Arm dropped his new toy and it burned out on the rock. He hid behind a great tree and watched. Singing Bird came, unsuspecting, down the path. One of the pools near the cave was quiet and the young girl was not proof against the allurements of this mirror. She had twined some blossoms in her hair and she was enjoying the reflection when Long Arm stole toward her. But she saw his reflection too, in time to leap away from him. Then Long Arm wooed her instead of following to take her by force, for that was not at all a certainty, since she might easily outrun him. So he told her of himself and his stone axe and his victory and his cave, making it all as attractive as possible and at last he told her of the fire and made it before her eyes with his sparking flints. Singing Bird was deeply impressed by

all these things and by the confident manner of Long Arm, and especially by the bright new plaything, and she came gradually nearer to see these wonders.

Then suddenly the man-beast came upon the two, and the woman leaped in terror to the arms of the man. The man-beast barred the way to the cave. Then Long Arm braved him, though it meant death, that the girl might flee. The man-beast seized Long Arm's boasted axe and snapped it like a twig. Then he grasped the man and proceeded to crush him in his hairy hold. But the girl, under the spell of her new love, had run but a little way and then, in spite of her terror, turned to look back. She shrieked wildly at Long Arm's peril and the great beast threw the man aside and came after the girl. She tried desperately to evade him and to get to the narrow door of the cave. Meanwhile Long Arm had been only stunned. Recovering, he saw the firebrand burning where he had dropped it on the rocks. He seized it, remembering its bite, and again attacked the man-beast. Here was something new, and very terrible. No animal, from that day to this, has stood against fire. The man-beast fled into the forest.

Then Long Arm came back in triumph. Wonderful days followed, with the happy discovery of cooked meat, and the tragedy of a forest fire, but through all their lives Long Arm and Singing Bird remembered this day when, in the joy of their escape from death and under the spell of the woodland in springtime, they began their life together in the cave.

Persons in the Play

BROKEN FOOT	Henry A. Melvin
SCAR FACE	Waldemar Young
SHORT LEGS	Spenser Grant
FISH EYES	Orrin A. Wilson
WOLF SKIN	Frank P. Deering
LONG ARM	David Bispham
ONE EYE	Harry A. Russell
SINGING BIRD	Richard Hotaling
THE MAN-BEAST	Amedee Joullin
THE WOMAN'S VOICE	Wyndham Medcraft

Cave men, women and children

SCENE: A sequoia forest.

TIME: From dawn till midnight, about fifty thousand years ago.

Persons in the Epilogue

FIRST VOICE	Vail Bakewell
SECOND VOICE	Edward H. Hamilton
THE MASTER	Frederick J. Koster
CHOIR OF SPIRITUAL VOICES.	
CHORUS OF MANKIND.	

Shepherds, Farmers, Warriors and Philosophers

The stage directed by Frank L. Mathieu. The scene and properties designed and built by George E. Lyon. The lighting and fire effects devised and executed by Edward J. Duffy. The costumes prepared by Goldstein & Co., under the supervision of John C. Merritt. The calcium lights managed by F. W. French.

The music, conducted by the composer, rendered by the following forces:

A chorus of sixty-five voices, consisting of seventeen first tenors, sixteen second tenors, sixteen first basses, and sixteen second basses, recruited from the membership of the club.

A choir of fifteen boys, recruited from the vested choirs of St. John's Church, Oakland, and Christ Church, Alameda.

An orchestra of sixty instruments, distributed as follows:

Ten first violins, eight second violins, six violas, six cellos, six double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, English horn, two bassoons, four trumpets, four horns, three trombones, harp, tuba, tympani and drums.

JOHN DE P. TELLER, Chorus Master.

JOHN JOSEPHS, Concert Master.

Plan of the Music

- 1 PRELUDE.
- 2 THE FIGHT BETWEEN LONG ARM AND BROKEN FOOT
- 3 LONG ARM'S STORY OF THE TAR POOL
- 4 THE SONG OF THE FLINT
- 5 LONG ARM'S DISCOVERY OF FIRE.
- 6 THE SPRING SONG OF THE CAVE MAIDEN
- 7 LONG ARM'S BATTLE WITH THE MAN-BEAST
- 8 THE SONG OF MATING
- 9 INTERMEZZO—THE DANCE OF THE FIREFLIES
- 10 THE MAN-BEAST'S CAPTURE OF SINGING BIRD
- 11 THE RESCUE
- 12 THE FOREST FIRE

The Epilogue

- 13 CHOIR OF SPIRITUAL VOICES
- 14 THE SONG OF THE STAR
- 15 CHORUS: THE MARCH OF THE DAWN

The Cave Man

(The scene is a forested hillside in the geological period preceding the present,—some tens of thousands of years ago. The landscape is black with night, but between the treetops are glimpses of the stars. The orchestral introduction is in keeping with the darkness; it suggests the chill of an era when fire is unknown, and the terror that pervades the prehistoric forest at night. Into the glimpses of sky at the top of the hill comes the flush of dawn. The red fades into blue and light comes through the forest, progressively down the hillside. The radiance of morning discloses a grove of giant conifers, rich in ferns and in blossoming vines; it is spring in the forest. Rock outcrops from the lower parts of the hillside and a small stream plashes into a succession of pools; at the base of the hill the rock appears as a great ledge, the upper portion of which overhangs. Small plants cling to the uneven face of the cliff and young trees stand along its rim. Under the overhanging ledge there is a narrow entrance, closed with two boulders, that is high enough to admit a man stooping slightly. The ground immediately before the cave is level, but soon drops in a succession of ledges to a plateau filled with ferns and boulders through which the stream flows. Blossoming plants edge the pools and the lower and larger pool has tall reeds, tules, and ferns about it. The stream continues on to a river that runs westward to the sea.)

Act I.

As the orchestral prelude concludes, the morning light has struck upon the entrance to the cave and the boulders with which it is closed are moved cautiously aside. BROKEN FOOT, the man of the cave, is aware of day. His figure is dimly seen in the entrance. He emerges and stands before the cave, listening. The light grows. BROKEN FOOT suddenly crouches, gazing intently at the lower pool. The tall rushes quiver and a stag's head emerges from them. The stag drinks. BROKEN FOOT picks up a stone and creeps forward. He hurls the stone upon the stag. The animal, struck fairly, crashes back among the rushes and the stone caroms into the pool with a great splash. BROKEN FOOT

TO YOU
ALSO: A THE CAVE MAN

utters a cry and leaps into the rushes. They quiver with a struggle from which BROKEN FOOT emerges, dragging the limp body of the stag. He pulls the carcass up over the rocks to the level before the cave and throws it down with a grunt of triumph. The orchestral prelude ends. BROKEN FOOT hunts for an edged stone and, finding one, begins to cut at the deer. He first jabs at the throat and sucks the warm blood. The red shows upon his hands and beard. He cuts at the body of the stag.

SCAR FACE, rather fat for a cave man, enters upon the hill. He squats and observes BROKEN FOOT. The men are brown-skinned, with short rough hair and beards, and wide noses; they are hairy on chest, back and limbs, and are girded with animal pelts.)

BROKEN FOOT: A-a-a! The stone is dull, the skin tougher than wood. If the flesh matches it, I have made a poor kill.

(SCAR FACE lets a few loose stones fall over the cliff. At their clatter BROKEN FOOT springs up in alarm and grasps the stag by the antlers.)

SCAR FACE: Broken Foot's knife is of little use to him.

BROKEN FOOT: And less use to you. The meat is mine, Scar Face. Go kill your own eating.

SCAR FACE: And if I do kill I have a knife that will cut my food.

BROKEN FOOT: Give it to me.

SCAR FACE: The knife is mine as the meat is yours. Look you, Broken Foot, let my knife cut your meat for us both.

BROKEN FOOT: What kind of knife is it—stone?

SCAR FACE: Sharper than ever stone was! I'll come down there and you shall see.

(He descends from the cliff by a path among the trees.)

BROKEN FOOT: If it is not keen you shall have none of this meat.

SCAR FACE: (pausing in his descent) See! was ever stone so sharp as the knife I have? This has done bloody work in its time, men's blood, too. Do you know who used it?

BROKEN FOOT: I cannot see from here. Come down.

SCAR FACE: Your pledge that you will not fight for it?

BROKEN FOOT: Aye.

(SCAR FACE comes down and shows his knife to BROKEN FOOT.)

The sabre tooth!

SCAR FACE: I found the white bones bleaching in the sun. The other tooth was missing, broken off close, perhaps in the tiger's last fight. With a stone and much care I got this safely off the skull. Now it works in my hand as it served the beast once. See, how it cuts!

(SCAR FACE attacks the stag's carcass eagerly. BROKEN FOOT watches moodily, then joins him, crouching over the meat. They take pieces and eat.)

SCAR FACE: The meat is good.

BROKEN FOOT: Give me the knife.

SCAR FACE: No; there will be more meat to cut, I hope. But I will give you another thing.

BROKEN FOOT: What?

SCAR FACE: I will tell you something. It is a great thing that I have found. Often you have waked in the cave, before the light creeps through the door cracks, and been thirsty?

BROKEN FOOT: Aye, well!

SCAR FACE: The night was still and you could hear the water falling outside in the darkness. And you grew more thirsty, hearing it call to you and mock you because you could not go out to it and drink, for it was night and no man may stir from the safety of the cave after nightfall. Eh?

BROKEN FOOT: You have many words, Scar Face, but no news.

SCAR FACE: Once I had none, like you. I, too, listened with dry throat and waited for the day. But not now!

BROKEN FOOT: O ho, now you come out into the darkness and all the forest is afraid of you, because of your knife—the lions and wolves, even, go running, thinking you are old Sabre Tooth himself? Am I a cub that you give me such words?

(SCAR FACE laughs teasingly and BROKEN FOOT rages.)

Here! I have killed this meat for myself, yet I had rather your mouth were filled with it than with such talk.

SCAR FACE: Before I fill it my talk shall pay you. Hear me. All your life you have seen the great gourd hanging upon the forest vines; you have known that when it dries the gourd is hollow but for the seeds that rattle in it. And all your life you have seen how the rain lies in the hollow places in the rocks until the sun drinks it. But Broken Foot, the great fighter with sharp stones, he has never thought to himself: "Water will stand in the hollow gourd if I fill it at the stream and take it to the cave." No, he is a great man among the caves, but he lies awake thirsty through the night while Scar Face drinks when he will!

BROKEN FOOT: (*pondering*) Aye, it is true, I never thought of that!

SCAR FACE: See there, two hunters from the river.

BROKEN FOOT: Short Legs is one of them; I know him by his walk.

SCAR FACE: The other is he that has eyes like a fish and swims like one. Those two hunt together always.

(FISH EYES and SHORT LEGS enter down stage with fish and game.)

They have hunted well, this morning. Their hands are filled with something. Hi-i!

(*The two hunters pause.*)

BROKEN FOOT: Why do you call them?

SCAR FACE: Hi, cave men, what kill so early?

FISH EYES: The great black fish, father of them all. After many days of trying I have caught him.

SHORT LEGS: And a white swan that I struck fairly with a stone cast from shore.

SCAR FACE: I have the keenest knife of all the forest—a sabre tooth. It cuts easily through fish scale and feathers. Let us share what we have.

BROKEN FOOT: Ho, have you not filled your belly with my meat?

SCAR FACE: But it was only meat. And here is fish and water-fowl as well. You too shall share them.

See, here is the knife and meat I have cut with it.

(SCAR FACE, with a hunk cut from the deer, comes down to the newcomers. The three gather on some rocks and proceed to share the food. BROKEN FOOT watches them, then comes down, glowering, with meat in his hand.)

BROKEN FOOT: Why do you hunt together always?

SHORT LEGS: We need each other. I can cast a stone straighter than the white owl falls upon the willow-grouse or the ripe nut drops to the ground. I lie quiet by the water's edge and when the ducks come near shore, not too near, for I can throw far, I cast the stone that leaves one always floating when the others rise from the water with splashing feet. But there the bird floats and I am on the shore, for I am a poor swimmer.

FISH EYES: The otter is no better swimmer than I. The bottom of the river is as clear to me as rocks through air. And I can stop breathing—I can follow the fish into their hiding places under the elder roots. That is how I got this old fellow there, that Scar Face is leaving the backbone of!

SCAR FACE: I could get Short Legs' ducks for him without swimming.

FISH EYES: Huh! You would make the sound that the duck makes, now that it is the mating season, and they would swim into your hands. But when Short Legs hits one with a stone it cares no more for mating!

SCAR FACE: No. I understand many things that you do not, Web-foot! You have never yet made a mating noise of any kind.

FISH EYES: The noise you make is—

SCAR FACE: Let us not quarrel; we have eaten too well. I will tell you something. Yesterday I sat upon a log that floated in a little bay. My weight loosened it from the grasses that held it and the moving water carried me away from the bank. It was no new thing for me to float down the river. It is much better than walking over rough paths. But as I floated slowly I

could see along the bank a mass of berries, turning red even now, though the season is but new. My lips watered for them, but I was floating past them. Then I found a strange thing. My leg had slipped into the water on the further side of the log. As it did so, the log turned slightly toward those berries. I tried that leg again and then that arm, and the log obeyed me and I stained my mouth with the cool sweet blood of those berries. If you will kill a duck for me, Short Legs, I will show you how I can float out and get it.

BROKEN FOOT: In the matter of the gourd I believe you, Scar Face, but Short Legs will go hungry for ducks if he trusts to your swimming log. For my part, I shall do as Left Hand did with the young timber wolf. He killed a she wolf once and took a she cub to his cave and tied her there. It was a strange fancy. We have troubles enough outside our caves without bringing them in. Yet the young wolf grew gentle and seldom offered to bite him, though he did not trust her. Later he let her go, when she was large, and the wolves came to the cave's mouth in the mating season, but she kept in the forest near him and he never harmed her. More than that, he gave her meat when he had plenty. She had young, and Left Hand again took one to his cave. Then she went away taking the other cub. But Left Hand's wolf grew friendly from the first and now they hunt together like men. Left Hand stuns or kills the game and the wolf fetches it from where it falls.

FISH EYES: If it were not Broken Foot, the man who fights so well with the stone dagger, one might say his story is like those that One Eye, the gray haired, tells to boys before his son's cave.

BROKEN FOOT: My story is true, you water-weed. And the tales of One Eye are true, at least those stories of the great beasts of long ago. I myself have seen the enormous bones washed out of the hillside that winter when the rain fell from the sky like a river down a cliff.

SCAR FACE: One Eye's tales are well enough for old men who are through with a man's life and for boys

who have not begun. One Eye lives in a past that is so much better than today I am sorry I was born so late. Nothing is so good to One Eye now as it was once. To me this forest seems very good. Surely it is much more comfortable than when those monster bones had flesh on them! But One Eye says the forest is changing sadly; it is not what it was when he was young!

SHORT LEGS: I have heard One Eye tell his stories and I believe he did those deeds in the same way that I have had fine long legs and run like a deer and done great hunting. But it was only at night in the cave when I was asleep.

BROKEN FOOT: Scar Face is so wise and knows so many things, he can tell us how it is we do such deeds at night, how we travel into other forests and kill tigers without leaving the safe warm cave.

SCAR FACE: The deeds you speak of are dreams. All people do those things.

SHORT LEGS: Where are the places we visit and why are we always in the cave just where we lay down before we see them?

SCAR FACE: If I told you, you would not understand, for you go to the pool to drink when you are thirsty and you swim in the cold water to get a wounded duck,—I am different from you. But I will tell you this much. I knew a man who had traveled farther from our cave country than any other we have known. He told me once that he had come into a great wide land where there were no trees, where all was sand such as the river leaves when it grows small under the sun. And as he journeyed in this strange land he saw ahead of him a quiet lake fringed with trees and rushes and with waterfowl circling over it. He went forward eagerly, for his throat was hot, but as he hastened the lake faded suddenly and there was nothing there but sand. Yet it was daylight and he was awake and running. It is the same with dreams.

(WOLF SKIN enters high on the hill. He pauses and looks down upon the group. He carries big game over his shoulder. Around his loins he has the gray pelt of a timber wolf.)

- FISH EYES: See, there is Wolf Skin upon the hill. Ai-i-i, what game did you get?
- WOLF SKIN: I have killed a young boar. He will make juicy eating in the cave, yet he got blood from me ere I killed him.
- SCAR FACE: Rest here with us!
- BROKEN FOOT: Aye, Wolf Skin, do not take the boar meat to your cave. Scar Face has a sabre tooth and a belly like the tiger's, never filled. Share with him.
- WOLF SKIN: I share my meat with no one but my own. My cave is not like that of Scar Face. He lets his mate hunt for him and feed him like a wide-mouthed nestling. Nor do I hunt for my own eating merely, like Fish Eyes and Short Legs, who have no mates; they have mated with each other for sake of food. I have a daughter in my cave; she is fleet and strong, grown to a woman now, but she shall not kill her own meat while Wolf Skin has his hunting strength.
- SCAR FACE: In these soft words of greeting you have had none for Broken Foot, whose cave is empty.
- WOLF SKIN: For Broken Foot I have words more near. I have news for him.
- BROKEN FOOT: Let me have it now.
- WOLF SKIN: Singing Bird will be kept waiting, yet I will stop to tell you.
(*He descends.*)
- SCAR FACE: Before long, Singing Bird will look for her food from hands she will like better.
- WOLF SKIN: (*pausing*) That time has come, already. Once the girl would shrink into the shadow when a man stopped by our cave. When I asked her to bring food to the stranger in token of friendship, she would fetch it shyly, without looking in the stranger's eyes, and when she had given it to him she would draw back swiftly into the cave and the song that is ever upon her lips would be hushed like that of a bird darkened by the hawk's shadow. It is not so now. She draws near, though she trembles, and her eyes are bright and fixed upon the stranger's face and the song goes on under her breath, as though it ran in her blood like the song of the

brook there. And she goes far from the cave's mouth, too distant for a maiden in our dangerous woods. When I have been hunting far from our cave in flower-sprinkled glades I have heard her song as she wandered, forgetful of danger. It is not good that she should be so careless of her life. Yet what is to be done? The woods are alive with the mating of birds and beasts; it is the love season, and my cave must lose her as that other cave lost her mother the day I took my mate.

- SCAR FACE:** Is this the news you bring Broken Foot?
- WOLF SKIN:** (*comes down*) That news is for the man whom Singing Bird will let take her from my cave. My words for Broken Foot touch him alone. Listen! Yesterday, as the sun sank toward the hilltop, I heard my daughter singing in the woods. Suddenly the song ceased and I heard her running through the ferns. Fearful that some beast had braved the daylight to follow her, waked by her foolish song, I sprang after her. As I turned through the trees, I came on a young fellow, unknown in these caves. In one hand he bore a weapon, new to me; it was both wood and stone. He faced me without show of fight. "I frightened her," he said. He spoke straightforwardly and without evil. "I frightened her," he said again, "and gladly would I have followed her to see if I might take her, for I have seen no such maiden among the Shell People. But I must finish other hunting first. I would find the cave by the dropping water where Broken Foot lives, a man who drags one foot as he walks. Point me there." He would say nothing more, but questioned me again, and I asked no further and told him of this place. It may be my news is old. Has he been here?
- BROKEN FOOT:** None but these mighty hunters who have stopped to talk like women on my rocks. I shall be glad of a real man, if he be one, though I have no quarrel with the father of Singing Bird.
- WOLF SKIN:** She may well quarrel with me if I keep the boar's meat from her for so long a time. See, the great clouds gather across the sun. There may be water falling and mighty roaring of the

sky creatures. My cave is dry and waiting.
(He ascends.) Good hunting to you all and no more dangerous growl than mine!

(He goes away through the trees.)

- SCAR FACE: Let him growl as he will. I would growl too if I had to do all the hunting for my cave. Red Hair makes my cave comfortable, save when she rages. She likes hunting and I like eating. We get on very well. My she cubs shall be taught to make themselves useful and worth mating with. I want something more than singing when I am hungry. Yet Wolf Skin's girl can be taught if any of you are thinking of her.
- FISH EYES: Not I. I never longed to be tied to one cave. I like to wander as I will, without wife and young ones to bring me back at evening. I like to eat my kill somewhere near where I find it, not carry it home.
- SHORT LEGS: I would rather not wander at all. The cave of Scar Face is the kind for me. There was a girl in Split Beard's cave that was a good hunter. I should have liked to have her, but Stone Arm took her. Scar Face says Singing Bird can be taught. That is so. I will teach her and we shall have a cave together. That will be better than trying to keep up with Fish Eyes who walks too fast. I will go after her now.
(He rises and BROKEN FOOT, springing up, fells him.)
- BROKEN FOOT: Teach dead ducks to swim ashore! Singing Bird comes to this cave and to none other. There I shall hang what you have left of my kill, and she and I shall finish it together when I have brought her home.
(BROKEN FOOT, returning up the rocks, picks up remainder of the stag and goes into his cave. SHORT LEGS rises and rages against him.)
- SHORT LEGS: Cave bully! Cripple! Robber of dead men's caves! Where is your other mate, the wife of your brother? Why does she not work for you now and take your blows? When Singing Bird sees your limping foot she will run from you laughing.

(During this tirade, BROKEN FOOT has come from his cave and calmly rolled the boulders before it. He places a great stone dagger in his belt and starts indifferently up the hill.)

BROKEN FOOT: Let the maiden look upon your beautiful legs and she will know that she need not run from you.

FISH EYES: *(advancing to the support of his friend)* His legs have never carried him into a stolen cave! Where is Heavy Hand, your brother, who once lived there? Where is the boy who went hunting with the two of you when you came home alone? Stories of tigers! Tell them to Wolf Skin when you take his daughter. It may be that you hunt for the last time today.

(SCAR FACE is asleep upon the rocks.)

[Music—The theme of BROKEN FOOT, changing to that of LONG ARM.]

SHORT LEGS: No, Broken Foot only pretends to go wooing. He is running away from the stranger who seeks the cave of the man that drags one foot as he walks.

(BROKEN FOOT turns on them angrily. As he does so, LONG ARM enters rapidly on the upper path and stops short at the sight of the men below him.)

BROKEN FOOT: You crawling worm! I run from no man. If I meet the stranger he shall step aside, or he shall learn that no one stands in the way when Broken Foot seeks his mate.

(During the last of this dialogue, LONG ARM has stood listening intently. BROKEN FOOT, far above the others, has his back turned to the hillside. BROKEN FOOT laughs scornfully, and, turning along the path, begins the limping walk that characterizes him. LONG ARM gives a great cry of recognition and rage, and springs down the hill. BROKEN FOOT takes a position and squares himself for combat. Their battle follows. It is the unequal struggle of the missile and the knife against the axe. BROKEN FOOT has his weapon dashed from his hand by the strange weapon of the newcomer and LONG ARM's axe descends crashing through the skull of his

antagonist. BROKEN FOOT crumples up in silence. LONG ARM, with a yell of triumph, seizes his body, holds it in air, and then throws it headlong down the hill; looking after it, he becomes aware of the witnesses whom he has forgotten in his excitement. There is a tense pause, then LONG ARM speaks.)

- LONG ARM : Hear me,
Men of the tree-caves;
I have killed Broken Foot;
Hear why I killed him,
Hear me, and judge
Whether we fight
Or be friends.
- FISH EYES : What name was given you ; where is your cave ?
(LONG ARM descends a little)
- LONG ARM : I am called Long Arm,
Named from this weapon
Which I have made.
I am come hither
From the vast water
Where the sun dives
And all night swims under
Till in the morning
He comes up through the hills.
Yet in my early days
I have beheld the sun
Sink into yonder hill,
Yea, from this very cave—
Men of the mighty trees,
I am come home again!
I am the son of him
Once they called Heavy Hand;
Born in that shelter there,
Fed from these teeming woods,
Cooled by this little stream—
Now will you hear me,
Hear why I came again,
Came home to kill?
When I saw Broken Foot
Limp from his stolen cave,
Only my comrade,
My weapon, spoke for me,
Swift words, without answer!
Yet, unto you,
As unto brothers
Gathered together

In the cave's quiet,
Now would I speak
Bidding my weapon
Among you be still.
I would be friends with you.

(He throws down his stone axe, leaving himself unarmed.)

Say, will you hear?

(They do not pick up the weapon, but gesture to proceed. LONG ARM comes nearer.)

I was a boy here
Under these trees!
No one in all the wood
Had such a cave as we;
Room to stand up in it,
Dry through the times of rain,
Narrow the mouth of it,
Choked with great boulders,
All of my father's strength
Needed to move them
Morning and night;
That is the cave there,—
I have come home!
Here we lived happily,
Proud of our cave,
Proud of my father's strength,
Glad of the game he killed,
And my mother was deft,
Taking the skins he brought,
Scraping the blood side,
Fastening the edges,
So she made clothes.
Joyful my father brought
Beasts from the forest;
Sure was his aim
With the stones that he threw;
Mighty the skull-crashing
Blows he could deal with them;
All of the cave men
Knew and feared Heavy Hand;
Greatly I loved him,
He was my father.

You that remember him
Know how he went away

And came not again.
He that lies yonder
Where I have thrown him
For the night beasts to clear away,
Broken Foot, the false brother,
He might have told the tale;
Blood fills his mouth now,
Spilled from his cloven skull;
The boy has come home!
Then let me tell.

(He comes down to the others and sits with them.)

Season of winter rain,
Season of summer sun,
They had gone over us,
Both for each finger
Here on my hands,
There, by the pool's edge,
One day my father sat
Shaping a stone
Into a weapon
Fit for his hand.
Near, on a sunny rock,
Sprawling I lay,
Rapt in a child's play—
I was a lizard,
Flat in the sun,—
There, as my father wrought,
To him came Broken Foot,
Brothers they were,
Cave-born together,
Sharing their mother's milk,
Tearing the meat
Their father had killed for them
Ere they could kill;
So they had grown up,
Mated and parted;
Yet ever my father,
Here in the cave he found,
Welcomed his brother,
Sharing our beds of leaves,
Sharing his kill;
Hear how he paid!
Making his weapon,
Here by the pool's edge,
To him came Broken Foot,
Hiding his evil thoughts.
Greatly he coveted

The warmth of our cave,
Hot was his lust
For the arms of my mother;
So with a snake's tongue
He came to my father,
Calling him brother,
Told of a wondrous place
Where there was food.
Far did it lie from here,
Far in an open land,
Out of the trees;
Where he had learned of it
Never I knew,
But as he told of it,
Wide-eyed and breathless
Marked I this tale.

[*The orchestra here begins a musical accompaniment to the narrative.*]

There was a snare set,—
Not by the hands of men!
Huge it was spread
Over that open land;
Out of the marshy ground,
Black as a starless night,
Oozed up a sticky slime
At the edge of a pool.
As from the tree trunks
Under the noonday sun
The tree blood oozes,
Sticky and warm,
And little flying things, lighting,
Are caught there to die,
So said Broken Foot
Then to my father,
Birds and beasts
Whose flesh is our food,
Coming to drink there
Are snared in the tar!
Rabbits and squirrels,
The big wading heron,
The bison and camel,
Even the deer,
Fleeter than all,
Fast were they held there,
Rooted like water-plants
Deep in the mire;
Hearing their cries,
The coyote came creeping,

Came the great condor
Swooping to feed on
The dead that were rotting there;
Never they came again!
Fleet foot and spreading wings
Helped them no more.

Eagerly listened
My father to Broken Foot,
Telling these wonders,
Naming this food trap
Filled for the taking;
Then he told more:
To the tar pool the bleating
And whine of the trapped ones
Drew from a distance
The wolves and the lions,
Called from his secret lair
Him our old enemy,
The sabre-tooth tiger;
There, with their dripping fangs,
Came the great beasts of blood,
Lustful for prey;
Then as they seized it,
Snared there and held for them,
Sudden the sticky slime
Closed its black fingers
Fast on those bloody paws,—
Naught was their strength to them,
All that the cave man fears
Struggled there, helpless
In the clutch of the tar.

Listening to Broken Foot
Tell of this death-trap,
Up sprang my father,
Hot with the hunting lust;
Into the forest
The cave men set forth;
Me they forgot,
Flat on my sunny rock,
But lizard no more!
Cub of the timber wolf,
Son of my hunting sire,
I followed their feet.

Hugely my father raged
When toward evening

I sought him for safety,
Far from the cave
And the side of my mother;
Gladly had Broken Foot
Killed me at sight of me,
But for fear of my father;
So, when the morning,
Lighted the stranger wood
Still we went on.

Days through the forest
Broken Foot led us;
False was his heart;
But his story was true.
All of my life
I shall remember
What we found there
Out in the open plain;
Never have cave eyes
Looked on such stores of game,
Hunter and hunted
Lying together,
Blending their cries,
Bleating and fighting,
With death and each other.

Few words will tell the rest;
Brief was the time of it,
Long have the years been
That brought me revenge.

(He springs to his feet.)

Gladly my father
Leaped to the water's edge,
Loudly he laughed
In the joy of the hunter
Beholding the quarry there;
Far over he leaned—
Over that pool of death—
Trusting the arm
Of the brother who led him there;
Trusting the heart
Of the man that betrayed him

(He utters a wild cry which is echoed in the orchestra.)

Ah, I have lived since then
Hearing that awful cry,
Long drawn and anguished;

Hearing that wail of fear
 Rise above all their cries—
 Voices of dying beasts,
 Trapped there and terrified;
 Voice of a man betrayed,
 Calling his little son,
 All blending in agony—
 Helpless I heard
 Over that roar of death
 The shrieks of my father
 Till in the crawling slime
 He choked and . . .
 [*The orchestral accompaniment ceases.*]

Now is that cry hushed,
 It rings in my ears no more.
 Grown to a man's might,
 Here on this hillside,
 Here by this cave's mouth,
 I have heard Broken Foot
 Utter his death-sob,
 Strangled with blood.
 I am come home again,
 Fain would I rest
 Under these longed for trees.
 Who says me nay?

(SCAR FACE *picks up the weapon which has lain where LONG ARM threw it, and hands it to him.*)

- SCAR FACE: Take your weapon again. Broken Foot had no man's love. In all the caves the talk ran that his cave was stolen and his mate likewise.
- LONG ARM: And she—
- SCAR FACE: She died, some years gone, men say from cruel use.
- FISH EYES: How did you get away from Broken Foot after he had thrust Heavy Hand into the pool?
- LONG ARM: Swift-footed with terror, I ran from that place, I ran to the river and loosened a log that was nuzzling the bank. The tide took me away, though he followed hard after, shrieking with anger and hurling stones, some of which bruised me. Yet I clung to the log. And so I went down with the stream until I saw a great lake whose water heaved uneasily, though there was

no wind at all, and broke upon the sand with a roar that filled the air. There was no shore at the other side of that lake. As the log bore me toward that roaring water, I slid off and swam, but the water came after me and caught me and rolled me over on the sand. The water was not sweet like the river. It was harsh in my mouth and I was sick at it. I crept over the sand out of the water's reach, and again it followed me, but I crept farther and at last it ceased to chase me, and went back slowly to where it had been. As I lay there, wondering at these things, two men found me. They were not like our people. They live by the bitter water, on huge mounds of shells and bones, left there from the food of their fathers and their fathers' fathers. And mingled with the bones and shells are the bones of those who have lived and died there. They are the Shell People, and they were very good to me, and I lived with them and grew to be a man. But ever I longed for the cave under the mighty trees, for the shell mounds were bare and treeless, and the mounds and the bitter water were evil smelling, and I thought of our ferns and vines and the pleasant odor of the green tips on the branches of our great red trees. And always I thought of Broken Foot and the hate I bore him. Therefore, when I became a man, with strength like his, I took leave of the Shell People and followed the river into the forest, past the deadly tar pool that clutched my father, and on into the trees. So I came home!

SCAR FACE: The cave is yours again. Yet Broken Foot could fight better than any man of the caves. What is this new weapon that has stopped his fighting?

LONG ARM: Always, as I followed the river, I thought of my meeting with Broken Foot; of his great arms, and the mighty blows he gave with his knife. I knew my arms were shorter than his and no stronger. And so it came to me one day to make my arm longer with strong wood, and to set my sharp flint in the wood's hand, that I might better fight with Broken Foot. I gave the wood a hand, stronger than mine, by split-

ting the end a little and binding it with thongs. So my weapon was made. I have named it the axe.

SCAR FACE: I shall make one, too, but I shall make it a little better.

(ONE EYE enters, running, breathless and fainting.)

SHORT LEGS: Ai-i, it is One Eye, the aged, far from his cave!

FISH EYES: Quick, tell us the danger.

ONE EYE: The man-beast!

(All but LONG ARM spring together in defense.)

FISH EYES }
SCAR FACE } The man-beast! Near us?
SHORT LEGS }

ONE EYE: I do not know. Listen! I am an old man, with much sorrow. There was a time when I was young and strong as you, but I have no breath for that now. My son, who gave me shelter in his cave, has been taken by a lion. I was left alone, old and feeble, with but half my sight, unable to get meat. I must brave the forest and make my way to the cave of my other son or starve, for there is no fruit or nuts now. So, when the day broke bright, I started. Once, as I rested, listening, I heard feet like a man's passing among the trees. I should have aid to my son! But I did not cry out. I waited. Then he came, and I sickened with despair and the knowledge that my life was over. Even an old man, whose days are filled with weariness and fear, clings to his life at the end. It was not a man of the caves. It was the hideous man-beast that has been gone so long from our woods that we had ceased to dread him. He is a man that has no speech; a beast that has fingers like ours and can throw stones as we do. He is a beast that is hot for our women; a man that can have no young. He is neither man nor beast, but he has thoughts like a man and his strength is the strength of two men in their prime. Always we of the cave have known that to meet him is death.

- SCAR FACE: Yet you have got away!
- ONE EYE: It is like the things we do in sleep; it does not belong to the day. I lay flat on the ground, almost dead with fear. It may be he thought me truly so, for he gazed at me, for an instant, questioning. But no, he was following something, and all his senses were keen for the chase of that prey, whatever it was. He had no care for me, gray and withered on the ground. With little gleaming eyes and panting breath, with his great teeth clicking, he passed on and his footsteps ceased in the distance. When my fear had gone so that these old legs would bear me, I set forth running. The day has been good to me again!
- LONG ARM: I am Long Arm. With my stone axe I have slain Broken Foot, who stole our cave, and the cave is mine again. You may rest with me and the man-beast shall not harm you.
- ONE EYE: I remember Heavy Hand, your father, and Broken Foot's story of the tiger that took you both. If you are a true son of your father your cave will be good to live in. But no man may stand against the beast that walks like a man; only a well-blocked cave is safe. I must go to my son and warn him and we will be watchful. There are three men here who can take me to his cave. Will you help me?
- FISH EYES: We will take you, One Eye, and on our way we'll warn the caves we pass. The clouds grow thick again.
(All go up the hillside. LONG ARM rolls back the boulders at the cave's mouth.)
- SCAR FACE: Good rest to you, Long Arm, safe sleep at home again. If Broken Foot's skull has turned the edge of the axe, you would best sharpen it against the man-beast's coming.
- ONE EYE: Trust no edge of stone against that evil strength.
- LONG ARM: The axe, new sharpened, and the cave, new found, shall serve you all in any hour of danger.
(He goes into the cave.)
- SCAR FACE: You do not know the wonder of that new weapon. I shall make one, also, but I shall make it a great deal better.

FISH EYES: Which way lies your son's cave?

ONE EYE: Toward the new sunlight.

(They disappear in the forest. LONG ARM comes from the cave singing the song of the flint. During its progress he seats himself on the rocks above the big pool and finally strikes with the flint, sending up sparks.)

THE SONG OF THE FLINT.

LONG ARM: Flint in my hand!
 All the wood waits for me;
 I am its master
 While there is sunlight,
 While I can see.
 Sharpened and shaped for me,
 Lashed to my oaken arm,
 Strike at my quarry now,
 Bite to the heart,
 Hungry tooth of the flint!

Strike!
 Flint on flint;
 Send up the little stars
 That fade ere they fly.

I shall bring home with me,
 Home to my cave,
 Beasts that have longed for me,
 Followed me, sprung at me
 Out of the shadow
 Into the sun;
 Scarred with the flint's bite,
 Blood-drip to mark the path,
 We shall come dragging them,
 We shall come home with them,
 The black flint and I!

Strike! Strike!
 Flint on flint,
 Spark after spark;
 Wake from your black depths
 The lights that go flashing
 Like the bright bugs that play
 Over water at evening.

Men of the neighbor caves,
 They shall behold us

Hunting together,
Laden with spoil;
They shall make way for us;
Give us a free road
Home to our rest;
He that would bar us
Shall lie in the leaves!
And from the cave-mouths,
Eyes like the young deer's
Shall follow with longing
The feet of the hunter,
While we come home
The black flint and I!

Strike! Strike! Strike!
Flint on flint,
Spark after spark,
Faster and faster;
Out of the dark,
Out of the heart of the oak
And the flint's black belly,
The friend that shall fight for me,
Smite for me, bite for me,
My weapon is born!

(At the conclusion of the song he discovers a tongue of flame rising from the place where he has been working. The theme of fire has entered in the orchestra. LONG ARM gazes at the flame with surprise then curiosity and caution. To him it is some kind of bright serpent. He steals upon it with his weapon and strikes it. Then he seizes it, supposing it dead; it burns him like a bite, and with a cry he shakes it from him and it falls by chance into the pool, with a sharp hiss. He looks after it with eagerness, shaking his stinging hand. He examines the pool and finally draws forth the extinguished brand. He gazes at it, lost in thought. Just here there is an interruption in the orchestral accompaniment and the theme of the Song of the Flint reoccurs, illustrating his thought. With a cry of understanding, he springs up the rocks and strikes again, flint upon flint. Again the sparks fly up and the fire is kindled. Cautiously LONG ARM lifts the end of the brand, examines the flame, then comes down the rocks in childish delight, waving his new plaything and

lighting other twigs with it. As he does this, the sound of a cave maiden singing light heartedly is heard at a distance. LONG ARM stops his play and listens. As the singing draws nearer, the brand, forgotten, falls from his hand and burns out upon the rock. During the progress of the song SINGING BIRD enters on the hill and pauses at a rock where the little stream babbles over. Here she sits, dipping her hands in the water where it sparkles among the ferns, while her song goes on. Toward its height she holds out her arms to the sun and rises with the passion of the song; at its close, she spies two doves, billing upon a branch above her head. As she gazes at these, in a rapture of sympathy, a great yellow butterfly sails by her, pursued by another. SINGING BIRD darts after them, but they wheel and elude her and are gone. She plays with a blossoming vine and picks some of the bloom. Then she looks down upon the big pool and discovers that its waters are quiet and will serve as a mirror. With a little cry of delight she comes down the rocks to the pool and, gazing at herself, twines the blossoms in her mass of hair.)

THE SPRING SONG OF THE CAVE MAIDEN

Warm slept I in the cave's deep shadow, sweet
with love was my dream!
I dreamed that I roved,
Far following a pathway strange, beside an un-
known stream—
There was I loved!
Although I fled he caught me, his great limbs
held my feet,
Strongly he held me near,
Ah, mightily pressed,
Yet, struggling not, I lay there, strangely still
nor fain to be fleet;
Glad of his breast!
Within the cave I woke and heard the stream
Murmur his words,
Whispering near;
My bosom answered, throbbing with my dream;
The call of mating birds
Filled my ear;

The woodland spoke
 A message clear
 When I awoke!
 So came I down the sunlit path that leads I
 know not where,—
 Dear sun, be my guide!
 My blood with love is warm as thou hast made
 the quickening air;
 Spring flows full tide.
 Above me, see, the tender doves are billing with
 trembling wings
 On every tree;
 Oh joy of spring, the world is full of happy
 mating things,
 Welcoming me!
 For I shall find my lover by some stream,
 And shall not flee
 From his will;
 And all the aching sweetness of my dream
 Our happiness to be
 Shall fulfill;
 Even apart,
 No time shall still
 His beating heart!
 Shine, shine on me, dear sun, and lead me, fol-
 lowing thy beams,
 To where he may wait;
 Oh joy of spring, oh love more warm than sun,
 more dear than dreams,
 Give me my mate!

(LONG ARM has hidden at her approach. Now he steals toward her. But she catches his reflection in the pool and with a shrill cry she leaps up the rocks. He does not follow, but calls to her, tenderly, and she pauses and turns toward him.)

LONG ARM:

Ah, do not run from me. Hear who I am. I saw you yesterday and you stopped your song. Yet I did not follow you, though my heart beat fast at your beauty. For though I had never longed for a woman till I saw you in the blossoming glade, I had a man's work to do before I followed love. I talked with your father; he knows I came to fight only one man of all these woods. Him I have fought and killed, and I have got again the cave he stole from my father.

The cave is warm and high, but ah, it is empty and I want you for it!

(He moves toward her, but she springs away.)

LONG ARM: Do not run, I shall follow. See, there is no cave like this in all the wood; there is no weapon like the stone axe I have made. Food you shall have, in plenty, and warm leaves in a dry cave and no enemy shall come near you for none may stand against this axe of mine. And we shall be warm and safe here with sweet water falling, and you shall sing all day in the pleasant sun. And on these rocks, where long ago I played, our little brown babes shall laugh and tumble, and we shall watch them, smiling and without fear. And look, we shall teach them the wonderful thing I have learned today: how to make the little stars fly out in the daylight, and how to catch a bit of the sun to play with. Look, I will show you what I can do!

(While she is on the tiptoe of escape at every move he makes, he succeeds in making the fire again. She watches the process with growing fascination. As the flame burns up brightly she draws nearer to him with open mouth. As the fire is being thus displayed to the wonder of the cave maiden, the theme of the MAN-BEAST enters in the orchestra, and the MAN-BEAST comes creeping stealthily down from the upper levels. He disappears midway down the hillside, but reappears immediately on the overhanging ledge above the cave and stands there, grinning evilly at the pair below him. Occupied with the fire they are unaware of their danger.)

LONG ARM: See how the little stars fly up? Soon there will be a big star lying in the grass. I thought it was a snake at first and that I could kill it. It is not a snake, though it will bite you if you let it touch you. But if it is angry I can stop it in the water. See! Come closer and see!

(The MAN-BEAST loosens stones at the edge of the cliff and they clatter down. With a cry, the cave maiden springs toward LONG ARM for protection. He puts his arm around her and together they stand for an instant, transfixed with terror. The MAN-BEAST descends the cliff, bar-

ring escape to the cave. The man and woman turn and flee down the rocks, but the man turns suddenly and braves the creature, that the woman may escape. He has picked up his axe where he dropped it when he found the fire; the brand he was displaying to the woman lies on the rocks still burning. The MAN-BEAST rushes upon LONG ARM. LONG ARM brandishes his axe and the MAN-BEAST seizes it and wrenches it from him and breaks it with his hands, as though it were a twig. Then, before LONG ARM can get away from him, he seizes him and proceeds to crush him in his hideous arms. At this moment the woman, who paused in her flight and looked back, utters a cry of concern. The MAN-BEAST hurls LONG ARM to the ground and starts lumbering after the woman. She tries desperately to circle him and get to the cave. She evades him, but he follows her to the cave's mouth. LONG ARM, merely stunned, recovers, and seizes the fire brand, remembering its bite, and attacks the MAN-BEAST as he reaches the woman at the cave. LONG ARM strikes a blow with the brand. The MAN-BEAST turns snarling. LONG ARM strikes him in the face and drives him howling into the woods. LONG ARM returns in triumph, singing the music of the Spring Song, in which SINGING BIRD joins from the entrance of the cave.)

THE SONG OF MATING

THE MAN.

Lo, I have filled him with terror;
 From the fire he fled away!
 No more my cave shall fear him,
 I shall keep him still at bay.
 Before my cave the fire shall burn
 Through all the terror haunted night,
 And all the wondering woods shall learn
 How mightily these comrades fight,
 The fire and I!

THE WOMAN.

How can it be he has conquered,
 Alone and unaided by stone!
 Happy and safe will his cave be,
 Although he shall guard it alone.

THE MAN.

Ah, see, my cave is waiting,
Safely guarded from harms,
Share it with me!
My bed of leaves is lonely,
Closely folded in my arms,
Warm wilt thou be.

THE WOMAN.

Ah, like a leaf that the river
Tenderly floats to rest
Upon the shore,
A tide of love now bears me
Blissfully to his breast,
To wander no more.

THE MAN.

And all night long together we shall rest
And feel the throbbing of each other's breast,
And closely, softly, warmly lie
In the cave's deep shelter, thou and I;
Come, share my cave, the leaves await.

THE WOMAN.

Take me, take me for thy mate!

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN.

Ah, see, the cave is waiting, safely guarded from
harms,
Warm will we be;
On leafy bed soft lying, closely held in thy arms,
Mating with thee!

(At the conclusion of the song the man and woman, who have embraced, enter the cave; the two boulders are rolled against its mouth, and the daylight fades into darkness as the music of the Spring Song is lifted into the ecstasy of primal joy.)

INTERMEZZO.

(This orchestral interlude is in the form of a dance descriptive of the flitting of fire-flies in the gathering darkness and representing the joy of the mated lovers in the cave. During the intermezzo fire-flies dart hither and thither above the pools. They are few at first but the number increases until the air is filled with tiny flashes of fire.)

Act II.

(Out of the intense darkness a small flame starts up in front of the cave. The fire grows, lighting up the faces and figures of the mated cave lovers, and flickers brightly on the grim face of the cliff. LONG ARM and SINGING BIRD have built a fire in front of their cave. SINGING BIRD brings out the remnant of the deer and lays it on the rock by the fire. As the fire burns brightly; voices are heard on the hill.)

- SCAR FACE: *(calling down)* Long Arm!
- LONG ARM: Who's there?
- SCAR FACE: Your friends who saw you kill Broken Foot. Give us shelter for the night.
- LONG ARM: I have promised it and you shall have it,—yet you are not welcome.
- (SCAR FACE, FISH EYES, SHORT LEGS, and WOLF SKIN enter and descend part way. The woman goes into the cave.)*
- FISH EYES: What shines so bright before you, making false day before your cave?
- LONG ARM: I have found a fighting friend, better even than the axe I showed you. I have called it fire. It will not hurt you. Come down and learn of it.
- (They descend.)*
- WOLF SKIN: I had a daughter, Singing Bird, the girl you saw yesterday, in the open glade. When day was fading she had not come back to the cave. Then came these friends and told me of the man-beast, who is once more in the forest after many years. Together we have sought the girl and we have no hope now, for the night has come upon us. We gave up our search and found the nearest cave. All we ask is shelter from the perils of the dark; we cannot hope for news.

LONG ARM: If this night were like last night and all the nights that have been but shall never be again, I might answer you in words, spoken in the dark cave. But the fire I have found gives light in darkness and gives you answer as well. Look there!

(He points to SINGING BIRD at the entrance to the cave.)

WOLF SKIN: A-ah! No words are needed. I knew that Broken Foot went but a short way toward my cave to take my girl for mate; I did not know that Long Arm makes love and war together.

(The MAN-BEAST enters unseen on the hillside.)

LONG ARM: I have done more. The man-beast came upon us as I wooed my mate. With his hands he broke my axe as though it were a twig. Then, with a brand of fire, like this, I drove him from this place. The bite of the fire is worse than the bite of stone. It is not that only. The fire is a terror to the man-beast and we are safe from him. See, you shall learn to take it—so!

(He shows them how to handle the brands.)
[*Music. The theme of fire begins in the orchestra.*]

FISH EYES: Everywhere in the woods beside us, animals are standing. Their eyes shine, but they dare not come nearer.

WOLF SKIN: The night is changed for man!

SHORT LEGS: Scar Face is eating again!

SCAR FACE: Aye, and such food as Scar Face never ate before. This fire of yours is a friend indeed. Broken Foot killed meat this mornnig and I ate of it, in ignorance, I was so proud of what I knew! Broken Foot hung the meat in the cave. Now your fire has made it sweeter to the mouth than any berry ripened in the sun. The fire is greater than the sun. The sun spoils the meat it shines on, but the firelight has made this sweeter than meat warm with blood. There shall be fire always in my cave. Taste of this meat, you eaters of raw flesh.

(All crowd about the fire and taste of the meat.)

SHORT LEGS: I am not yet mated, but I shall find somebody somewhere and then I shall ask Singing Bird to teach her to make meat taste like this.

SCAR FACE: The fire is warm and pleasant and I have eaten well. Let us sleep here with the fire to guard us. (*Yawns.*)

(All drop slowly to sleep. While they have been testing the brands and finally eating, the MAN-BEAST has entered to his theme in the orchestra and has stood watching from the edge of the firelight. As they yawn and stretch and fall asleep together round the fire, the woman takes the remnants of the cooked meat into the cave and the MAN-BEAST creeps forward. He takes a brand from the fire and tests it as he has seen the men do. The woman comes from the cave. The MAN-BEAST seizes her. She screams and awakens the men. The MAN-BEAST drags her up the hill. Then the men seize brands and follow. The brands are seen flickering through the forest. The fire continues burning brightly. LONG ARM enters on the hillside, bearing SINGING BIRD in his arms. He sings to her tenderly and sorrowfully broken portions of their mating music. As they sit by one of the pools, he revives her with water and they sing together. While they are concluding this song, a red glow has begun in the forest where the brands were seen. This glow strengthens rapidly. Then enter WOLF SKIN, SCAR FACE, FISH EYES and SHORT LEGS. Flames appear on the trees by the cave. The men are in great terror.)

LONG ARM: She lives! We were not too late.

WOLF SKIN: We followed the man-beast into the darkness there. The fire made light for us as we broke through the forest. Then the man-beast ran into a thicket, dead and dry since last summer. At once the thicket was full of waving brands and the heat became too great. We held our hands before our faces, but we could not bear it. We came backward and still the brands grew more in number till every tree is holding one and there is a great roaring as though many beasts rushed after us with fire.

FISH EYES: See how the fire drives the cave people before it.

(Crowds pour down the hill, men and women and little children, in a turmoil of fear.)

WOLF SKIN: Your fire is no friend!

SHORT LEGS It is eating our forest, it will kill us all!

SCAR FACE: Our grove is doomed! It is you who have done this and you shall die first of all. Kill him!

(They menace LONG ARM. SINGING BIRD throws herself between him and her father. A peal of thunder crashes above the roar of the fire.)

LONG ARM: Hark, it is the call of the rain! Water kills fire. It is the voice of a great power that befriends us. *(Another crash of thunder.)* Oh, hear it, hear it, it is the voice of God!

(The rain descends and the fire dies out, hissing. The orchestral accompaniment ceases amid utter darkness. There is silence, save for the heavy falling of rain upon the rocks.)

Epilogue

The Ascent of Man

(Choristers, with organ accompaniment, at the top of the hill.)

SPIRITUAL VOICES

Deep is the sleep of man ;
 Clothed on with darkness, he sleepeth ;
 Night lieth heavily upon his eyelids ;
 He hath forgotten the glory of the eternal,
 He knoweth only the dream of time.

(A star glows in the darkness and a voice sings from it.)

THE STAR.

Harken! I am the voice that stirs forever in the restless heart
 of man.

Within the vaulted center of a shell,
 Far flung beyond the reaching of the tide,
 Unceasing echo of its ceaseless swell,
 The accents of the ocean still abide.
 For the shell has been held in the breast of the
 sea,
 And never the winds o'er the changing sands
 Shall silence the innermost ecstasy
 That turns to the ocean and understands.

SPIRITUAL VOICES.

What shall awaken man,
 Breaking the dream of the senses?
 Deep is the sleep that hath fallen upon him ;
 When shall he wake to the glory of the eternal,
 Losing the false shadow of time?

THE STAR.

Lo, I shall sing in his heart through the ages,
 Song he must hear through his clamorous
 dream,
 Echoes of me from his priests and his sages,
 Till at the last I restore and redeem.
 I shall sing and he shall hear,
 Vaguely, faintly, far-away ;
 In his sleep-enchanted ear
 I shall tell him of the day,

He shall grope along the steep,
 Ever climbing in his sleep,
 Ever upward, following
 The ideal that I sing.

And my music shall finally drown the lie that
 his slumber has spoken ;
 I shall fill his heart with my song and the bonds
 of his dream shall be broken ;

He shall climb through the strengthening dawn,
 While the fetters of sleep drop away,
 Till the shadows of sense shall be gone
 In the glory of infinite day !

(An archangelic voice speaks from the sky.)

THE VOICE.

Man hath discovered fire ;
 He hath watched the works of his hands,
 And thought hath awakened within him.
 Behold, he shall climb,
 Up the hard path of the ages,
 Up from the gloom of the senses,
 Into the glory of mind !

CHORAL, AND PROCESSIONAL

*(Cave men climb upward in shadow until they are replaced
 by shepherds, climbing upward in a dim light.)*

SHEPHERDS.

Night made the sky and mountains one ;
 Behold, above the mountain wall
 The blue is dreaming of the sun,
 Expectant, hushed, augurial.

Let us rise up in the dawn,
 Forth with our flocks to the tender green
 spaces ;
 Come, let us up and be gone,
 Wandering ever and seeking new places.

*(As the shepherds reach a higher level they are replaced by
 farmers who climb in turn upward in a stronger light. Mean-
 while the entrance of shepherds at their lower level continues.)*

FARMERS.

Now, where the little stars have gone
 All night on tiptoe from the hills,

Blossom the roses of the dawn;
 The arc of heaven with promise thrills.
 Come, let us out to the soil,
 Blest with the sun and the rains;
 Bread is the guerdon of toil,
 And the home we have builded remains.

(As the farmers reach a higher level they are replaced by warriors, who in turn climb upward in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of farmers at their lower level continues.)

WARRIORS.

Clear light in the sky!
 Day draweth nigh;
 The world, with hilltop and plain,
 Appeareth again.
 The stars have melted in morning air;
 So shall the weaker nations flee;
 Might gives right; it is ours to share
 The spoils of the land and sea.

(As the warriors reach a higher level they are replaced by philosophers climbing in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of warriors at their lower level continues.)

PHILOSOPHERS.

The edge of the world is afire;
 Darkness has vanished away;
 Exultant awakens the choir
 That heralds the coming of day.
 Light has been vouchsafed to us,
 Clear the world about us lies,
 Yet the mind mysterious
 Seeth further than the eyes;
 Riseth on its unseen wings
 To immeasurable things!

(The philosophers have reached the highest visible path. The hillside is thronged with the processional of the ages.)

O growing radiance that streams
 Above this life's horizon line
 And casts upon our human dreams
 Reflection of a light divine,
 O dawn immortal, pour on us
 Thy strong effulgence, glorious,
 Over all night victorious,
 Sunrise eternal, shine!

(A fanfare of trumpets. The dawn light begins at the top of the hill.)

SPIRITUAL VOICES.

Man awaketh from the dream of the senses;
Time falleth from him like a shadow,
Glory clotheth him evermore!

(He who spoke the Sermon on the Mount appears above the gathered multitude. A splendor of light bursts upon the forest and a cloud of white doves hovers above the climbing hosts.)

ALL:

Hosanna! Behold: It is the Sun!

(The procession is led upward into the light.)

SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

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