

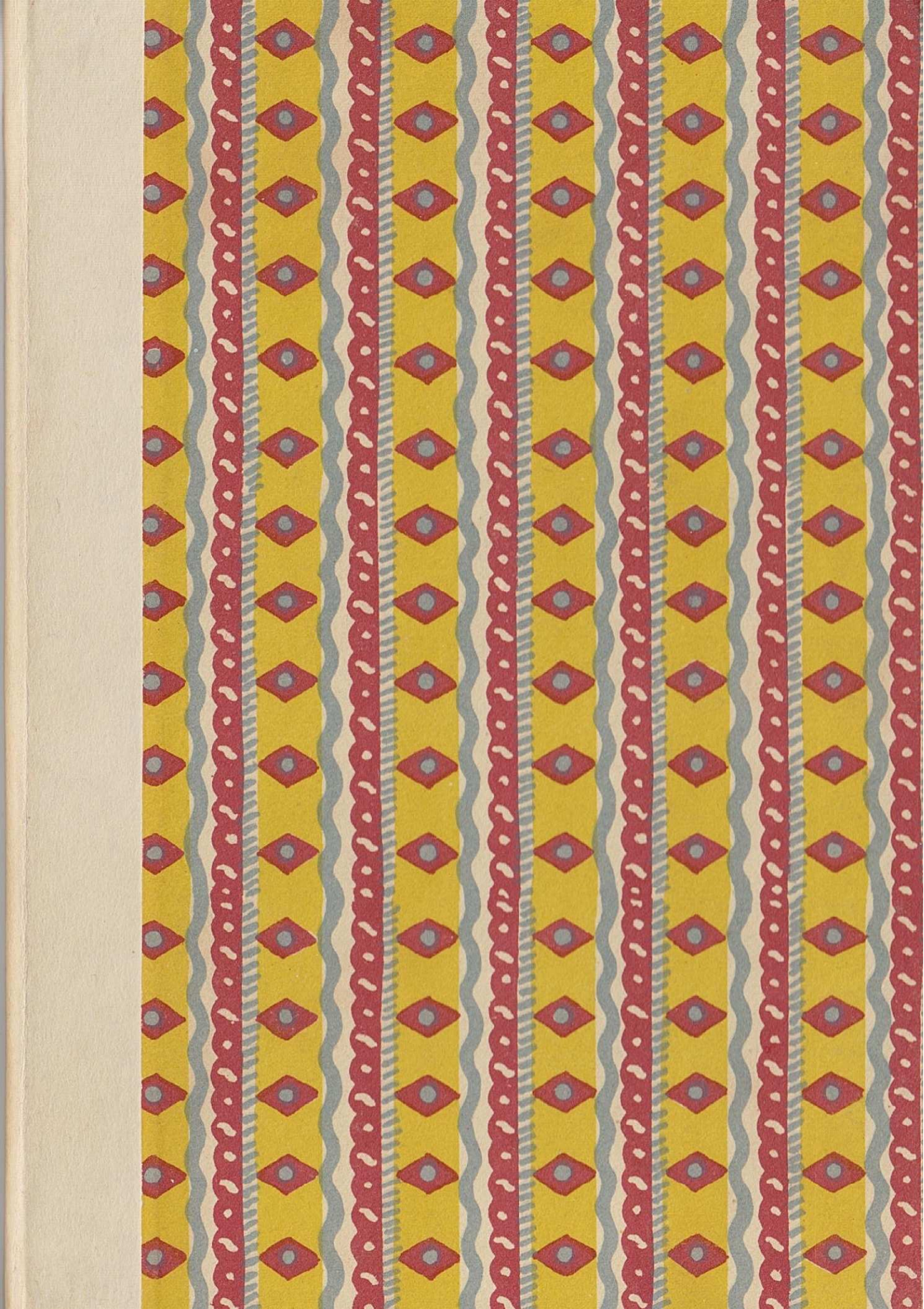
Le presente es un reimpression de “Homo Soneticus Moorensis”, publicate in 1955 per Storm Publishers, le casa editorial que imprimeva un grande numero de titulos in e super interlingua durante le 1950s.

On vide le signatura del autor, Merrill Moore (1903-1957), psychiatrico e poeta american de Tennessee, e illo del traductor, Alexander Gode-von Aesch (1906-1970).

Le tirage esseva 400 exemplares numerate, del quales isto es un reimpression de numero 200.

Le poemas es dedicate a Watson Davis, director de Science Service, un servicio de publicationes scientific-popular, que in 1953 establiva un Division de Interlingua que – con Alexander Gode como chef – publicava summaries scientific in interlingua.

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A Dozen  
English-speaking specimens  
by Merrill Moore  
With Interlingua Translations  
by Alexander Gode

*Merrill Moore*

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*Homo Soneticus Moorensis*

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Un Dozena  
Specimens de Lingua Anglese  
per MERRILL MOORE  
Con Traductiones in Interlingua  
per Alexander Gode

*Alexander Gode*

New York STORM PUBLISHERS 1955





These poems are dedicated to  
Watson Davis  
of Science Service  
Washington, D.C.  
with admiration and esteem.  
M.M.  
A.G.

Iste poemas es dedicate a  
Watson Davis  
de Science Service  
Washington, D.C.  
con admiration e estima  
M.M.  
A.G.









## HER LOVE WAS AS COMPLICATED AS ALGEBRA

She told me she loved one man (or thought she did)  
Or wished she did or would have if she could  
Or something very complicated like that.

As a matter of fact he never knew about it,  
She never told him and he never suspected;  
Consequently she felt much neglected.

But from a distance, she admired him  
And wished that he were younger so that she  
Might "stand a chance" as she put it, finally,

But nothing came of it so she married another,  
The one who asked her, favoured by her mother.

She told me then that in her love life she pretended  
 $B$  was  $A$  although  $A$  never knew  
Nor  $B$  in fact the untrue from the true.



## LE AMOR DE ILLA ESSEVA COMPLEXEMENTE ALGEBRAIC

Illa me diceva que illa amava un homine (o lo pensava)

O desirava facer lo o lo haberea facite si illa habeva potite

O alique similemente complicate.

In facto, ille nunquam lo apprendeva.

Illa nunquam lo revelava a ille, e ille lo nunquam habeva suspicite.

Consequentemente illa se sentiva multo negligite.

Sed ab le distantia illa le admirava

E haberea volite que ille esseva plus juvene

Pro que al fin, illa diceva, illa " haberea su torno."

Sed nihil superveniva e assi illa ha maritate

Un altero qui poneva le question, per su matre favorate.

Illa me diceva que in su amor illa pretendeva

Que B esseva A ben que A nunquam sapeva

(Ni B in facto) lo que esseva ver e lo que non.



## HE LIVED IN A CARDBOARD BOX UNTIL TOO LATE

His life, that is, reality to him  
was something very delicate and dim.

He lived enclosed by four thin paper walls  
That shielded him from dissonance and brawls.

His life had never flowed in pebbly channels ;  
It was a pool closed in by paper panels,

Four that were intact and were suitable  
Until onto him Time and trouble fell.

First, a stone was thrown through panel one.

Next a bird flew through another one.

Bang ! The wind blew down the other one.

Flash ! A match ignited the remaining one

Then his pool was surrounded by no panels

And then it was too late for other channels.



ILLE VIVEVA IN UN CARTON USQUE IL  
ESSEVA NIMIS TARDE

Su vita—*id est*, pro ille, le realitate—  
Esseva alique vage e delicate.

De parietes de papiro circumclaudite,  
Contra discordos ille viveva protegite.

Nunquam su vita curreva un carriera roccose  
Sed esseva un stagno a pannellos papirose—

A pannellos papirose, aptissime e intacte  
Usque tedio e tempore los al fin ha disfacte.

Primo, un petra perciava pannello un.  
Tunc un ave perpiccava pannello duo.  
Zung ! Le vento abatteva pannello tres.  
Zing ! Un flammifero igniva le ultime.

Tunc disproviste de pannellos su vita se trovava.  
E tunc pro altere vias le tempore mancava.



## GENRE PORTRAIT

There was a man (his name was so-and-so)  
Who led a lonely life though in New York  
With millions of others he was absorbed by work  
Which consisted of making pastries out of dough  
For a large hotel.

He was born in Wurttemberg,  
Came to America at twenty, never married,  
Never missed operas, and always tarried  
Before antique shop windows and before  
Shops where meerschaum pipes were and where  
amber  
Was displayed, and he never spoke English well,  
But he got along all right until he fell  
And broke his hip.

Pneumonia ended his life  
In Bellevue neatly stretched between two sheets  
By crevasses and canyons that are streets.



## PORTRAIT DE GENRE

Esseva un homine (nominate Tal e Tal)  
Qui duceva un vita solitari inter milliones  
De concitatanos in New York. Ille se absorbeva  
In su labor que esseva facer pastatas  
Pro un grande hotel.

Native de Wurttemberg  
Ille veniva al E.U.A. con vinti annos. Non maritate,  
Ille omitteva nulle opera e semper tardava  
Ante vitrinas con antiquitates e ante magazines  
Ubi pipas de scuma de mar e pecias de ambra  
Se exhibiva. Su anglese non esseva  
Nimis bon, sed toto vadeva all right usque ille labeva  
E se rumpeva un coxa.

Pneumonia terminava su vita  
Al hospital del citate. Inter duo pannos de lino,  
Allongate nettemente, ille compliva su destino.



SHE SAID " HE SHAMED ME !"

" That terrible man possessed me with his eyes  
And spent his terrible lust upon my face,"  
The lady ventured to tell me in the place  
Of what I expected to hear when she started to cry.  
And so I answered, " Well, between rape of that  
kind,

And the other widely known, of newspaper fame,  
Which would you choose ? Do you really mind  
Being so ravished without the attendant shame ?"

" It's not," she managed to utter between sobs,  
" The Loss I suffered." (I listened) " It's not that !  
He saw my glance and he did not tip his hat,  
He glowered on me like an evil hawk that robs  
A feebler fowl of its choicest possession."

It was hard to say just what was her obsession.



“ILLE ME INVERGONIAVA,” LE DAMA  
DICEVA

“Iste terribile homine me possedeva con su oculos  
E expendeva su terribile libidine in mi facie.”

Isto illa ben voleva dicer me in loco

Del cosas que io expectava vidente la plorar.

Assi io respondeva : “ Ben, ben, sed tal violentia

E tal altere, ben cognoscite, de fama jornalistic—

Le qual prefererea vos ? Suffre vos vero

De esser violate assi sin le vergonia appertinente ?”

‘ Il non es,” illa inter singultos succedeva a ejacular,

“ Il non es le perdita que io suffreva. Il non es cello!—

Ille me videva reguardar e non toccava su cappello.

Ille me fixava del oculos como un vulture in robar

Ab un ave minus forte su melior possession.”

Il esseva difficile vider lo que esseva su obsession.



ELIZABETH FOX, SINGLE, AGE 54

Lives alone (alone) on the fifth floor  
To which she climbs by the power of her legs  
After her work at the Five-and-Ten Cent Store  
Where she covers counters with green baize  
After the sales and customers are over.

Elizabeth has arthritis and her spine  
Aches at least eight hours out of nine.

Elizabeth Fox was once young ; she is old  
Now, her feet and hands are always cold.

The mattress she sleeps on is hard and dirty ;  
It was clean and soft when she was thirty.

For supper she eats crackers, some preserves,  
A piece of bacon and some thin weak tea.

Elizabeth, it is not entirely your own fault.



ELISABETH, CELIBE, DE ETATE 54,

Vive per se (per se) al quinte etage  
Al qual illa monta, per le fortia de su gambas,  
Post su labor al bazar a precio unic  
Ubi illa coperi le tabulas de tapis verde  
Quando le venditas e clientes ha passate.

Elisabeth ha arthritis. Su spina dorsal—  
Octo horas in nove—la face mal.

Antea Elisabeth esseva juvene. Illa ha devenite  
Vetule. In su membros le frigido nunquam remitte.

Le matras de su lecto es immunde e dur.  
Illo esseva—como illa—molle e pur.

Le vespere illa prende pan e marmelada,  
Un pecia de gambon, e dilutissime the.

Elisabeth, illo non es integremente tu proprie culpa.



## BARBER, CONVERSATION WITH ONE

He was perfectly delighted to tell me that Leeuwen-  
hoek

Was a Dutchman living in the 18th century

In Holland, without remembering his first name.

I told him I thought it was Anthony Von or Van.

He told me he was the first man who saw germs

And that he had a very crude microscope

And the people he told about it "thought he was  
nuts."

He told me he had had to learn all that in Florida

Where he was examined to be a registered barber.

There were 126 questions and that was the first :

*By whom, where and when were germs first discovered ?*

He had patented an instrument for extracting  
comedones.

And sold a fancy lotion and a pomade.

He had a nice wife and he never got drunk, he said.



## BARBERO, CONVERSATION CON UN

Ille esseva incantate de poter informar me que  
Leeuwenhoek

Esseva un hollandese vivente in le dece-octave seculo  
In Hollanda, sed su prenomine ille non poteva  
memorar.

Io diceva que io pensava illo esseva Anton von o van.

Ille me diceva que ille esseva le primo qui videva  
germines

E que ille habeva un crudissime microscopio

E le gente a qui ille parlava de illo le pensava un  
pauco gaga.

Ille me diceva que ille habeva apprendite omne isto  
in Florida

Ubi ille prendeva examines pro devenir barbero  
licentiate.

Il habeva cento e vinti-sex questiones, e le prime  
esseva :

*Per qui, ubi, e quando esseva germines discoperite ?*

Ille habeva patentate un instrumento pro extraher  
comedones.

Ille vendeva un belle philodermico e un pomada. Ille  
diceva

Que ille habeva un agradabile uxor e nunquam se  
inebriava.



## NO COMMENT

I never realised how pitiful life is,  
How tragic the force of destiny can be,  
Until the girl who answered the telephone  
And ran the switchboard on the midnight shift  
At an office building where I used to work  
Committed suicide and they cleaned out  
The little cubby hole where she kept her things.

It contained one old hat, a pair of overshoes,  
A black umbrella and a cardboard box  
Containing a packet of Kotex, a Hershey bar  
(With almonds), several sticks of chewing gum,  
Some hairpins, a rubber band, two safety pins,  
An unused street car transfer, a disc of rouge,  
And a commuter's ticket to the next town.



## SIN COMMENTARIO

Io non habeva sapite quanto le vita es misere,  
Quanto le fortia del destino pote esser tragic,  
Usque le puera, qui serviva le tabula telephonic  
Durante le relais de medienocte  
Al edificio de bureaux ubi io travaliava,  
Committeva suicidio e le niche esseva vacuate  
In que illa habeva su effectos.

Illo contineva un vetule cappello, un par de galochas,  
Un parapluvia nigre, e un carton  
Continente serviettas hygienic, un tabletta de  
chocolate  
(Con nuces), plure pecias de gumma a masticar,  
Un elastico, alicun spinulas (a capillo e de securitate),  
Un non-usate ticket de correspondentia del tram,  
un disco de rouge,  
E un abonamento ferroviari al citate vicin.



## ONE WINTER DAY, WHILE TRAVELLING ACROSS THE STATE

Into the washroom of a drab day-coach  
He stepped and set down a battered travelling-bag ;  
He was middle-aged and looked very tired to me ;  
In his lapel he wore a Masonic button.

He took out a pint of whiskey apologetically  
And offered me some which I politely refused  
(On the grounds that I had been drinking Coca-Cola  
While reading *The New Yorker*). Then he said :

“ I’ve lost my boy. He died suddenly  
Down at Whitman working on the power dam.”

He said, “ You know I never really drink  
But this kind of got me.” His eyes were very red  
And filled with tears as he gulped the liquor down.

“ It wouldn’t be so hard but my wife’s been dead a  
long time.

He was a good boy, never gave me any trouble.  
He looked like a million dollars in a bathing suit.”



## UN DIE DE HIBERNO, FERROVIAGIANTE A TRANSVERSO LE STATO

Io me trovava in le lavatorio de un wagon incolor...  
Entrava ille, deponeva un valise dilapidate...  
Ille esseva de etate medie e me pareva fatigatissime.  
In su buttoniera ille portava un insignia masonic.

Ille produceva un bottilia de whisky—  
embarassamente.

Ille me offereva un buccata, lo que politemente io  
declinava

(Sub excusa de haber bibite coca cola  
In leger mi jornal comic). Tunc ille diceva :

“ Io ha perdite mi filio. Ille moriva subitemente,  
Illac a Whitman, travaliante al dica hydroelectric.”

Ille diceva : “ Vos comprende, io nunquam bibe,  
Sed isto me attrappava.” Su oculos esseva rubie  
E plen de lacrimas quando ille ingurgitava le liquor.

“ Illo non esserea si dur, sed mi marita es morte il ha  
longe tempore.

Ille esseva un bon filio. Ille me nunquam causava  
pena.

Vider le in su calceones de natation me valerea un  
million.”



## MRS. BRODERICK WAS A VERY UNUSUAL WOMAN

But she was different from what most people thought  
They called her a hard woman, sinister,  
But she was neither sinister nor hard ;  
That was a grotesque reputation nearly  
Forgotten now by those who crossed her yard.

Actually she was extremely sympathetic.  
Once when two Italian laborers were correcting  
A leak in her cesspool she had a pitcher of lemonade  
Sent out from her kitchen. They were not expecting  
Such thoughtfulness ; their gratitude was pathetic.

And another time she got up in the middle of the  
night

To pour ice water over some lobsters that  
Were waiting in a sack to be boiled (alive) next day ;  
She was a very unusual woman that way.



## SENIORA BRODERICK ESSEVA UN FEMINA MULTO INUSUAL

Sed illa differeva de lo que quasi omnes pensava.  
On la appellava indurate e mesmo sinistre.  
Sed illa non esseva sinistre e non indurate.  
Isto esseva un reputation grotesc que es nunc  
oblidate  
Per illes qui viveva in su vicinitate.

Al contrario, illa esseva multo compatiante...  
Un die quando un par de travaliatores italian  
Reparava le cloaca de su casa, illa presentava a illes  
Un urna de limonada. Tante caritate tanto human  
Les sorprendeva. Lor gratitude sembrava  
nunquam-finiente.

Un altere vice illa se levava a medienocite  
Pro sparger de aqua alicun homaros que attendeva  
In un sacco esser cocite a vive (lor fin natural).  
Assi e alteremente illa esseva multo inusual.



## NOW HE IS RUNNING A GREEK RESTAURANT SOMEWHERE

Something about him was (he liked to think)  
Inscrutable. Anyhow he was a good chess player  
And understood things about the strategy  
Of chess few people know or understand.

He dressed himself in Homer and all things Greek,  
Food and wine and customs generally.

He read the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*

In Greek entire, one every other year,

The *Iliad* on the evens, the *Odyssey*

On the odds. He told me that meant something to  
him.

"The world is always forgetting its own achievements,"

He said. "After all someone must guard the  
temple."

His *grande forte* lay in making Turkish coffee  
And serving it with Baklava, Turkish style.



## NUNC ILLE HA UN RESTAURANTE GREC ALICUBI

Alique circa ille esseva (ille amava pensar)  
Inscrutabile. In omne caso, ille excellere in chacos  
E comprehendeva detalios de strategia  
In chacos que pauc personas comprende.

Ille se investiva in Homero e omne grecismos :  
Grec alimentos e vinos e habitudes in general.  
Ille legeva le Iliade e le Odyssea—  
Integremente in greco—cata un in annos alternante :  
In annos par le Iliade, le Odyssea in annos impare.  
Ille me diceva que isto habeva importantia pro ille.  
“ Le mundo,” ille diceva, “ tende a oblidar  
Su proprie attingimentos. Post toto, uno debe  
guardar le templo.”  
Su grande forte esseva facer caffè grec  
E servir lo con baklava à la turchese.



## COMPULSIVE SCHOLAR, EXTRAORDINARY LATINIST

He was always very careful about his dative.  
He was careful about his ablative absolute.  
He spoke in Latin more carefully than a native.  
He said very little that anyone could refute.

He was in fact a very careful man  
Or had been so at least since we had known him.  
He was careful when he walked and when he ran.  
He gave us little reason to disown him.

He was so careful, careful about what he ate.  
He was so careful about everything he wore.  
He was so careful in argument and debate.  
He tried so carefully not to be a bore.  
He was so careful about everything he did.  
He never told us what his caution hid.



## ERUDITO COMPULSIVE, LATINISTA SIN PAR

Ille semper esseva cautissime con su dativo.  
Ille esseva caute con su ablativo absolute.  
Ille parlava latino plus cautelemente que un nativo.  
Ille diceva pauc sin aeres de experite virtute.

Ille esseva vermente un cautissime esser—  
Semper, al minus, depost nostre prime incontrar le.  
Ille esseva caute in ambular e caute in curre  
E dava nos pauc ration pro unquam renegar le.

Ille esseva talmente caute, caute in su mangiar.  
In su vestir ille esseva multo caute e judiciose.  
Ille esseva talmente caute in arguer e disputar.  
Ille tentava cautissimamente nunquam esser tediose.  
Ille esseva talmente caute in omne su actiones,  
Sed nemo sapeva lo que ille protegeva per su  
cautiones.



YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THOROUGHLY SATISFIED? WELL, SHE WAS THAT, AND IT WAS THE FIRST TIME. IT HAD NEVER HAPPENED TO HER BEFORE IN HER LIFE. THIS EXPERIENCE SHE FINALLY TOLD ME ABOUT. SHE WAS A STENOGRAPHER, BORN IN IDAHO. SHE MOVED TO INDIANA WHEN SHE WAS 17 AND HAD WORKED THERE FOR 10 YEARS FOR ONE COMPANY.

She was not goodlooking but she had a nice Personality. Which she kept on ice.

On a Greyhound bus she met a young Diesel engineer

Who had been discharged that day from the U.S. Navy

After serving 39 months or so in the Pacific.

He was going to Chicago. He persuaded her

Somehow into a small second-rate hotel

Where they spent the seven days of her vacation

Mostly in bed, getting up to go out and eat.

She said it was the best vacation she ever had.

But it was more than a vacation; it was a conversion.

After 27 years she stopped living in corners,

Complained less about the high cost of living,

And let herself be invited to the party.

Incidentally she showed more interest in her work.



AN VOS SAPE LO QUE ES ESSER TOTO  
SATISFACTE? MI FIDE, ILLA LO ESSEVA, E  
PRO LE PRIME VICE A VER DICER. NUN-  
QUAM ANTEA HABEVA ISTO OCCUR-  
RITE IN SU VITA. ISTE EXPERIENTIA,  
FINALMENTE ILLA ME LO RELATAVA.  
ILLA ESSEVA STENOGRAPHIA, NASCITE  
IN IDAHO. ILLA MIGRAVA A INDIANA  
AL ETATE DE DECE-SEPTE ANNOS, E  
IBI ILLA HABEVA LABORATE DECE  
ANNOS PRO LE MESME FIRMA.

Illa non esseva belle a reguardar, sed su personalitate  
Esseva gentil. Illa lo teneva immagazinate.

A bordo del autobus a longe distantia illa incontrava  
Un juvene ingeniero Diesel recentemente ex le  
marina

Post trenta-nove menses in le Pacifico.

Ille esseva in route a Chicago. Ille comocunque  
Duceva la a in un hotel de tertie rango  
Ubi illes passava le septe dies del vacantia de illa,  
Plerumque al lecto, levante se pro sortir e mangiar.

Illa diceva que illa nunquam habeva un melior  
vacantia.

Sed il esseva plus que vacantia ; il esseva conversion.  
Post vinti-septe annos illa cessava viver in niches,  
Se plangeva minus del alte precios,  
E se lassava invitar al festa.

A proposito, illa se monstrava plus interessate in su  
labor.



## DR. A.B.C.D. LEFT HIS MONEY TO HIS COLLEGE.

When a doctor leaves Fifty Thousand Dollars to a college,

As a friend of mine did recently, I know  
The amount of labor that goes into the gift.

My friend, for instance, had to work his way  
Through school. No one ever gave him anything.  
Then he worked like a dog as a doctor for fifty years,  
So he must have saved about one thousand a year.

I never knew him to do anything but work ;  
He never took a drink of whiskey in his life,  
He never had a vacation, or played any golf,  
He never went anywhere for a holiday,  
He was entirely devoted to his cause—  
Apart from work he never did much at all,

The college used his money to start a fund  
That will build a building between two buildings  
And on the architect's plan of the future campus  
They have labelled " Doctor A.B.C.D. Hall "



## DOCTOR A.B.C.D. LEGAVA SU MONETA A SU SCHOLA—

Quando un doctor lega cinquanta milles a un schola  
(Como lo faceva recentemente un mie amico),  
Io sape quante labor le dono contine.

Mi amico, per exemplo, pagava su via al schola  
Per travaliar. Nemo le dava unquam ullo.

Tunc, como doctor, ille se faceva coolie pro  
cinquanta annos.

Assi ille debe haber sparniate un mille per anno.

Ultra ' Ille travalia ' io nunquam sapeva ullo de ille.  
Nunquam ille prendeva un vitro de whisky per tote  
su vita.

Nunquam ille faceva vacantias, nunquam jocava al  
golf.

Nunquam ille vadeva via pro un die de festa.

Ille haveva date su vita integre al sue causa—

Ultra labor, ille non ha facite multo del toto.

Le schola usava su dono pro initiar un fundo  
Que va inter duo edificios edificar un edificio.  
È le architecto in su plano del projecto futur  
Lo ha etiquettate " Casa A.B.C.D."



HER MOTHER (OR SOMEONE) MANAGED  
TO DO SOMETHING TO HER THAT  
MADE HER VERY MUCH AFRAID OF  
LIFE.

Or of something—if not life—that is, if life  
Is too general a description of what she feared  
Then I can make it much more definite  
And tell that first of all she was afraid  
Of men—she'd never been out with one alone  
In her life—and she was nearing 37.

And she was afraid of women—they overpowered  
her ;

She said she always felt inferior  
When she was in the presence of older women.

And she said she always felt inferior  
In the presence of younger women “ because they  
were younger.”

And animals—she was afraid of animals.

And of things. Automobiles, for example. She  
was afraid of “ just things.”

Somehow she could never forget how dangerously  
She had stuck her head out of the womb and drawn  
it back.



SU MATRE (O ALICUNO) HABEVA SUC-  
CEDITE A FACER A ILLA ALIQUE QUE  
LA PLENAVA DE TIMOR DEL VITA—

O si non del vita de alique... Si vita  
Describe nimis generalmente lo que illa timeva,  
Io pote render lo multo plus specific,  
Io pote dicer que illa timeva in prime loco  
Le homines—. Nunquam de su vita habeva illa  
Sortite sol con un homine—e illa habeva trenta-  
septe annos.

E illa timeva feminas... Illas la abatteva,  
Illa diceva. Illa se semper sentiva inferior  
Quando illa se trovava con feminas de etate major.

E illa diceva, illa se semper sentiva inferior  
Con feminas de etate inferior “proque illas esseva  
de etate inferior.”

E animales—Illa timeva animales.  
E cosas ! Automobiles, per exemplo. Illa  
simplemente timeva cosas.

Illa nunquam poteva oblidar quanto periculosemente  
Illa habeva extendite su capite extra le utero—e lo  
habeva retrahite.







Homo Sonetticus Moorensis is set in twelve point  
Caslon type & printed at the Dolmen Press, Dublin,  
Ireland. The decorations are by Michael Morrow.  
400 copies are printed of which this is Number 200

June 1955



Homo Sonetticus Moorensis es componite in Caslon  
de dece-duo punctos e imprimate al Pressa Dolmen,  
Dublin, Irlanda. Le decorationes es per Michael  
Morrow. Es imprimate 400 exemplares del quales  
isto es numero ...200

Junio 1955



