

**DEKA PARSEC:  
SHELL-SHOCKED  
VIEWS OF LIFE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649157327

Deka Parsec: shell-shocked views of life by Louis Molnar

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**LOUIS MOLNAR**

**DEKA PARSEC:  
SHELL-SHOCKED  
VIEWS OF LIFE**



**DEKA PARSEC**



# DEKA PARSEC

SHELL-SHOCKED VIEWS OF LIFE

BY  
LOUIS MOLNAR

1921  
GRAFTON PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
LOS ANGELES

COPYRIGHT  
LOUIS MOLNAR  
1921

*Heart Fountain*



## CONTENTS

On The Mountain.....	9
Desert Places.....	21
Vicarious Activities.....	33
Charity.....	43
Lizard Lodge.....	55
The Count.....	63
Ceremony.....	73
Helping To Build Rome.....	83
Love Murders.....	93
The Postman.....	101
Walking.....	109
The Tourist.....	119
From Cellar To Garret.....	127
Caste.....	135
Suicide.....	145
The Grab Bag Vision.....	153
Thoughts.....	163
The Ideal The Only Real.....	171
Five Towns In One.....	179
The Poetic Attitude.....	189



## ON THE MOUNTAIN

"You win the tomatoes," said a voice very near me.

I jumped to my feet and looked behind the manzanita bush. There sat a large handsome man. He smiled at my surprised gesture, and then repeated: "You win the tomatoes."

"Good morning," I stammered, "but I don't exactly see—"

"I registered a bet," he explained, "that I was the only person on the mountain so early in the morning."

"Oh, I understand. It is early for city people to be on the trail. Were you going to the top of San Gabriel?"

"Well, no," he said hesitantly, as though he might be persuaded to change his plans. "I am going to Barley Flats, but it's all a whim, as you might say. I am studying the habits of nocturnal animals and insects. I like the mountain mists." He grasped the manzanita and shook a shower of dew upon the ground. "Look at that spider web. What perfect en-