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## The ring of time eb white summary

The document moved here after the lions returned to their cages, creeping angry over parachutes, a small bunch of us drifting away and into an open door nearby, where we stood for a while in semi-darkness watching a large brown circus horse go harrumphing around a practice ring. His trainer was a woman of about forty, and two of them, a horse and a woman, seemed caught up in one of those terrifying treadmills this afternoon, of which there is no apparent escape. The day was hot, and we kibitzers were grateful to be briefly out of the sun dazzle. The long reign, or tape, by which a woman led her charge counterclockwise in his dull career formed the radius of their private circle from which she was a revolving center; and she, too, entered in a small perimeter of her own in order to accommodate the horse and allow him his maximum range. She wore a short-skirted costume and a conical straw hat. Her legs were bare and she wore high heels that probed deep into the loose tanbark and kept her ankles in a state of constant confusion. The great size and humility of the horse, repetitive exercise, warmth of the afternoon, all developed hypnotic charm, which called boredom; we viewers were experiencing languor—we neither expected relief nor felt entitled to any. We paid a dollar to get to the premises to be sure, but a few minutes earlier we got our dollar when the whip of a lion got caught around the toe of one of the lions. What more did we want for a dollar? I heard someone say to me, excuse me, please, with a weak voice. She was halfway into the building when I turned around and saw her-girl sixteen or seventeen, politely threading her way through us onlookers who blocked the entrance. When she showed up in front of us, I saw she was barefoot, her dirty little legs fighting for uneven ground. In most ways she was like any of the two or three dozen showgirls you'll meet if you wander about the winter quarters of Mr. John Ringling North's circus, in Sarasota-clever proportions, deeply toasted by the sun, dusty, eager, and almost naked. But her serious face and the naturalness of her manner gave her a kind of quick resolution and brought a new note to the gloomy octagon building where we all cast our lot for a few moments. As soon as she squeezed through the crowd, she spoke a word or two to an elderly woman, whom I had taken for my mother, entered the ring, and waited for the horse to stop in front of her. She gave the animal a few affectionate lunges on his huge neck and then turned on board. The horse immediately continued his rocking kana, the woman goaded him off, chanting something that sounded like: Hop! Hop! When trying to regain this mild spectacle, I am only acting as a recording secretary for one of the company – the company of those who at one time or another gave up, without showing resistance, to the bedazzlement of the circus rider. As a writing man or secretary, I have always felt accused of 10 000 mundane or otherworldly spells, as if I could be personally responsible if even a small one were to be lost. But it's not easy to communicate anything of this kind. The circus is closer to being in the world in microcosm than anything I know; way, it puts all the other showbusiness in the shadows. His magic is universal and complex. From its wild disorder comes order; from its rank the smell rises a good smell of courage and courage; from its preliminary tearing comes the final splendor. And buried in the familiar boast of his advance agents lies the modesty of most of his people. For me the circus is at best before it was put together. This is at best at certain moments when it comes to the place, as if burning glass, in the activity and fate of one artist of so many. One ring is always bigger than three. One rider, one airman, is always bigger than six. In short, one must catch the circus unwidly to experience its full impact and share its gaudy dream. The ten-minute drive the girl reached-as far as I was concerned, who wasn't looking for it, and quite unconscious to her, who wasn't even striving for the to-do thing of trying artists everywhere, on any stage, whether battling in Shakespeare's tidal streams or defying the movement of a horse. Somehow I got the idea that she was just cadging the ride, improving the glowing ten minutes diligently in a way all serious artists seize the free moments to hone the blade of their talents and keep them upholstered. Her short tour included only basic posture and tricks, perhaps because they were all she was able to, perhaps because her warm-up at this hour was odd and the ring wasn't rigged for real training. Several times she turned around and on to the horse, grabbing his mascu end. She made a few knee-stands-or whatever they called a knee-dropping and quickly bounced back on her feet again. Most of the time she just went standing, well winged on her breasts, her hands hanging easily on her hips, her head upright, her straw-colored ponytail easily brushing her shoulders, blood exertion showing faintly over her tan skin. Twice she managed a one-foot position-type ballet pose, with her arms outstretched. At one point the neck strap of her swimsuit broke and she walked twice around the circle in the classic attitude of a woman making minor repairs to the garment. The fact that she stood on the back of a horse while doing it invested an affair with clownish meaning, which mounted the spirit of the circus-jocund, but charming. She just rolled the strap into a neat ball and stored it inside her bodice while the horse dangled and rolled beneath her in obedient innocence. The swimsuit proved as self-resasive as its owner and stood up well enough without the benefit of the strap. The richness of the scene was in its simplicity, its natural-state horses, ring, girl, even on the bare feet of a girl who engulfed the bare back of her proud and ridiculous mount. The fascination grew not out of nothing that happened or was done, but from something that seemed to go around and around and around with a girl, visiting her, a steady sheen in the shape of a ring-ring ambition, happiness, youth. (A positive pleasure from balancing in trouble.) In a week or two all would change, all (or almost all) lost: the girl would wear makeup, the horse would wear gold, the ring would be painted, the bark would be clean for the horse's feet, the girl's legs would be clean for the slippers she would wear. Everything would be lost. As I watched with others, our jaws adroop, our eyes light, I became painfully aware of the element of time. Everything in the hideous old building seemed to shape the circle, in accordance with the course of the horse. The rider's gaze, as she peered straight forward, seemed to be circular, as if bent by the force of the circumstances; then time itself began to run in circles, so the beginning was where the end was, and the two were the same, and one thing hit the next and time went around and around and nowhere. The girl wasn't so young that she didn't know the delicious satisfaction with a perfectly beased body and fun to use it to do a trick most people can't do, but she was too young to know that time didn't really move in a circle at all. I thought: You'll never be as beautiful as this—an idea that made me acutely unhappy—and the flash in my mind (which is too many busybody to suit me) had projected her twenty-five years forward, and she was now in the middle of the circle, walking, wearing a conical hat and hi-heeled shoes, painting an older woman, holding a long rein, caught in a treadmill in the afternoon long in the future. She is in that enviable moment in life [I thought] when she believes she can go once around a circle to make one complete circuit, and in the end she is exactly the same age as at the beginning. Everything in her motion, her expression, told you that for her the ring of time was perfectly formed, nameless, predictable, with no beginning or end, like the ring in which she was traveling at the moment with the horse that rolled under her. And then I slipped back into my trance and time was circular re-time, passing quietly with the rest of us in order to disturb performer. Her ride ended as nonchalably as it began. An elderly woman stopped the horse and the girl slid to the ground. When she walked up to us to leave, there was a quick, small round of applause. She smiled broadly, in surprise and delight; then her face suddenly regained its gravity and she disappeared through the door. It was ambitious and courageous of me to try to describe what was indescribable, and I failed as I knew I would. But I have imposed my duty to my company; and besides, a writer, like an acrobat, must occasionally try a piece that is too much for him. In any case, it is worth reporting that long before the circus comes to town, its loudest performances have already been given. Under the bright lights of the finished show, the artist is enough to reflect the electrical power of the candle, which is aimed at him; but in the dark and dirty old training rings and in makeshift cages, no matter what light arises, regardless of excitement, regardless of beauty, must come from the original sources—from the internal fires of professional hunger and joy, from the enthusiasm and seriousness of youth. It's the difference between planetary light and star burning. E.B. White's Ring of Time in E.B. White's Ring of Time, the author gives a narrative about his journey to the circus rehearsal, where he describes a fascinating scene of a young girl practicing a horse act for an upcoming show. As a writer, he feels it is his duty to record the events he is witnessing and communicate it to his readers without letting anything out. As hard as it can be, a beautiful and fleeting moment is something he wants to eventually capture. When it comes to the scene, White feels something magical about the surroundings of this circus as it passes the rehearsal, but he is primarily set on a young woman who passes by him. Young 'clever proportions, deeply toasted by the sun, dusty, eager, and almost naked'; girl is the one thi ... Thi...