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"Jurgen" is a poetic romance in prose, a prose so vital, so limpid, so beautiful that it makes its own case for poetry seem stale and unprofitable. It is the story of a poet who had spent his youth in the worship of beauty, but in his mature years had married the daughter of a rich psychoanalyst and carried on the family business. His wife turned into a shrew and Jurgen endured his life as philosophically as he became a poet who knew that romance does not grow on every woman's lips.

A monk passed his shop one day, stubbed his toe on a stone in the street and cursed the devil for putting it there. Jurgen protested and suggested that the devil had enough to bear as it was without being cursed by words. The monk bandied words with him, but Jurgen persisted in saying kindly things of the devil, who are doing only that which lies between heaven and earth. Later in the day Jurgen, when passing the Cistercian Abbey, met a gentleman dressed all in black who stopped him and thanked him for his good words. He talked together and Jurgen confided to the man that his wife did not understand him. As they parted the gentleman said that he would like to see Jurgen. He returned to his home and found a letter from the man who had spoken to him in the street. It was a letter from the man who had spoken to him in the street. It was a letter from the man who had spoken to him in the street.

He acts on the suggestion and begins a search which takes him to a cave where he finds a centaur and the shirt of Nessus. The centaur, to whom he confesses that he is seeking justice, has been looking for his own. Then he talks together and Jurgen confided to the man that his wife did not understand him. As they parted the gentleman said that he would like to see Jurgen. He returned to his home and found a letter from the man who had spoken to him in the street. It was a letter from the man who had spoken to him in the street.

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