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Speculations on World Peace

Alternative Proposals

by Howard P. Kainz

I Immanuel Kant's Formula for "Perpetual Peace"

After each presidential election in the U.S., we witness the ritual of putting together a cabinet. The essence of this ritual is that the president should gather together a wide range of experts—including economists, scientists, physicians, psychologists, educators, historians, sociologists, and representatives of many other fields related to government in a proximate or remote way.

No one seems to notice that professional philosophers are never considered as viable candidates for such posts. Perhaps the work of a philosopher is considered just too remote from the interests of government. Perhaps the ability of the politician to assimilate and utilize the various branches of knowledge is just too restricted, to allow him to communicate with philosophers and to profit from that communication. It is difficult to say just what lies behind this conspicuous tetracentennial absence.

In the Fall of 1968, when President-elect Nixon was putting together his cabinet in Key Biscayne, a professor of political philosophy in a large eastern university wrote to Nixon, complaining that philosophers were never represented on the cabinet. An aide of the President-elect promptly countered by sending an application form. The professor, pressured no doubt by his own idealism and commitment to unpopular causes—made out the application form. . . . And that was the last episode in this saga of idealism.

It might be mildly amusing to reflect for the moment on the reactions of a President-elect if he ever got to the point of perusing such an application form: The candidate would probably not be able to say that he had previously received a government grant to study this or that. For, as everyone knows, government grants are not generous in the study of philosophical problems (the solution of which involves no laboratory and no statistics). Neither could the candidate boast modestly that he had been a member of a committee to investigate such-and-such, and make a report on it.

In short, the matter of *experience* would be called into question. Even if the philosopher had written a book on comparative government, this would constitute "experience" only in a very wide sense—that is, experience with political ideas and/or ideologies. It is doubtful if any president-elect would be impressed with such experience (unless, by some wild accident of fate, he happened to be a "philosopher-king," such as Plato describes in his *Republic*).

All of which brings us to the question: *Should* philosophers have anything to say about the conduct of government? This is one of the questions that Immanuel Kant considers in his treatise on *Perpetual Peace*.[1] As we shall see towards the end of this article, this proposal is perhaps a pivotal one, in relationship to all the others.

But we are getting ahead of ourselves. Let us go on here to present *in toto* Kant's proposal for establishing "perpetual peace":

Kant's proposals might conveniently be divided into four parts—the first part consisting of provisions for minimizing the incentives to future wars within a *de facto* war-oriented milieu; the second consisting of long-range provisions for changes in economic policies; the third calling for a long-range restructuring of moral and political concepts; and the fourth introducing a special, pivotal, *sui generis* provision:

Part I—*Wartime Provisions for Minimizing the Incentives to War*

a) *Tactics used in the conduct of a war should be respectable and above-board.*

Kant would like to see the abolition of the use of subversion, terrorism, spies, assassination, and breach of truces, in any future war. Although the use of some of these methods may be considered necessary by a nation to gain victory—nevertheless, the fact that it has gained victory by such devious methods precludes the possibility that it can attain any lasting peace, or lasting victory. For, if any stable and lasting relationship is to obtain among two nations, a mutual trust and a mutual recognition of character is an absolutely indispensable prerequisite. Obviously, such moral confidence would be impossible on the part of a nation defeated through deceit and trickery.

b) *One nation may intervene in the affairs of another, only in the event of bifurcation of that other nation.*

In other words, intervention would be permissable only when civil war causes diremption of a nation into two parts, each of which claims to possess the center of government for the

whole nation. In such an ambiguous situation (in recent times Vietnam *might* be an instance of the situation contemplated, although probably not Nigeria), other nations may intervene to secure the ascendancy of the faction which they believe to have the most valid claim to sovereignty.

c) *A nation should subject potentially warlike objectives to the "publicity test."*

This is a purely negative test. It would enable a nation to determine if and when its intentions are *not* in accord with world peace. For example, if a large nation made a treaty with smaller nations, and if it were constrained to reveal its real motives for making such a treaty, it might have to admit that it did so only because it needed more time to make preparations for conquering those smaller nations. At any rate, when there is a lack of apparent *motivation* for conciliatory actions on the part of nations, we may expect that it is essential to their objectives that their *real* motivation be kept secret.

For similar reasons, we would have to say that "mental reservations" on the part of nations making pacts or agreements are *ipso facto* immoral. For it is obvious that the motives that they are "reserving" to themselves are devious and hostile intents, which simply cannot be divulged with impunity.

Part II—*Long-Range Economic Provisions*

a) *Limitation of the national debt:*

If Nation A contracts debts with Nations B and C or with its own citizens (through bonds) and allows these debts to spiral out of control—these debts can be equivalent to a *war treasury*. In other words, Nation A gains assets at the expense of Nations B and C, or of its own citizens. Since it is not able to liquidate its debt by the ordinary export-import mechanisms and other economic measures—it gains a relatively permanent access to these assets. The only "natural" way that these assets can be taken away from Nation A, is through default of taxes in the internal economic sphere—which is inevitable at some point in the spiral. In order to delay this "natural" catastrophe, Nation A is led to visit "artificial" catastrophes upon its creditor nations—i.e. it is led into offensive war against Nations B and C.

It is obvious that the only way to arrest such chain-reactions would be to place a limit, world-wide, on the foreign debts which can be contracted by individual nations—proportional to their size and wealth.

b) *Promotion of the "spirit of commerce":*

Kant sees mutual trade as an antidote for war; or, as we might say, a "sublimation" of the warring instinct.

If mutual economic interdependence is fostered through commerce, and if the commerce proceeds at a fair and orderly pace—there will be diminished incentives for the nations bound by such economic ties to enter upon wars of aggrandizement against each other (Kant also seems to be taking it for granted that the nations thus bound up economically are republican in form—i.e. free of the arbitrary whims of a tyrant who would wish to bypass ordinary commercial means and simply seize what he wants).

Part III—*Other Long-Range Provisions*

a) *Independent states, no matter how small, would have equal rights to sovereignty.*

This is an application of the principle of the equality of persons, to the international scene. Just as all persons, rich or poor, strong or weak, should be considered equal before the law—so also all nations, as long as they are constitutionally identifiable as a nation,[2] have an inviolable right to self-determination. A stronger or larger nation may never take steps to incorporated another nation, by force, by royal intermarriage, or by any other means.

b) *We must do away with "standing armies."*

Ostensibly the motivation for retaining a standing army is self-protection against the hostile intents of foreign powers. But the actual result of such standing armies is the creation of hostile intents *against* foreign powers.

This boomerang in "intents" is attributable to a very simple fact: Standing armies are *expensive*. As a nation goes about the process of accumulating more and more "defensive" forces, it sooner or later gets to the point where these "peacetime" costs become so great that they can only be practically alleviated by an unasbashed offensive war.

(What Kant seems to be proposing here is a competition in reverse: Instead of competition for troop build-up among nations, let us have competition for troop cut-backs. Nation A cuts down its forces by a certain amount, thus taking some pressure off Nation B. Nation B then reciprocates; and so forth. Perhaps a certain stage in history would have to be reached before nations would actually be "ready" for such competition-in-reverse.)

c) *No more "colonization":*

Europeans in Kant's time (and not only in Kant's time) seemed to think they had a God-given right to go to poorer nations—such as are to be found in India, China, Japan, Africa, the South Sea Islands, and America—and simply impose their will on such peoples. This is impermissable for the simple reason that it eschews the basic canons of hospitality which should obtain among nations. If we cannot go into someone's house and simply take over their affairs, we likewise have no right to violate the hospitality of nations, after they have been good enough to accept us as foreign guests.

d) *The establishment of republican forms of government in nations which do not yet have this political structure:*

By "republican," Kant means a government whose main executive decisions—including decisions about entering wars—require the explicit consent (channeled through the legislative branch) of the citizens who are governed.

The reason why such forms of government will be conducive to peace is explained by Kant in the following passage:

> If the consent of the citizens is required in order to decide that war should be declared, . . . nothing is more natural than that they would be very cautious in commencing such a poor game, decreeing for themselves all the calamities of war. Among the latter would be: having to fight, having to pay the costs of war from their own resources, having painfully to repair the devastation war leaves behind, and (to fill up the measure of evils) load themselves with a heavy national debt that would embitter peace itself. . . .

Kant goes on to observe that a king, or an autocratic leader, may enter into a war for personal profit, or for very trivial reasons—but the people who must bear the burdens of war would never do such a thing.

e) *The formation of a "League of Nations":*

Kant envisions the creation of a peace-keeping body by a group of nations interested in preventing further wars. This peace-keeping body would have no positive power over individual member nations, but would have jurisdiction only regarding the maintenance of peace among the member states.

(The question of how a League of Nations could maintain peace without having any clear-cut powers of enforcement is not considered by Kant. Presumably the *voluntary* adherence of the various member nations would preclude the necessity for the use of forcible jurisdiction. But then again, it is hard to see how the possibility of war could even *arise* as long as member nations sincerely and voluntarily adhered to their mutual federation for peace.[3])

Part IV—*A Special Provision*

a) *Philosophers should be advisers to the leaders of any nation–as a kind of "safety valve" against entering rashly into war.*

This is what Kant calls his "secret clause"—a proposal which he hesitates to promulgate openly, for fear that it would be considered an affront to politicians (as if philosophers could supply politicians with any superior wisdom from "on high").

Kant grounds this proposal mainly on the fact that philosophers, as a class, are less prone to lobbying or plotting, or advancing their self-interest in any organized way. If one wishes the most unbiased and objective report on the possibilities for peace in an explosive situation—he should not consult military leaders, or businessmen, or the scientists who devise weapons, or the proponents of this or that school of economics or political science. Rather he should consult an appropriate philosopher (presumably someone in the field of political philosophy), who by his very profession will be oriented to ignoring trivial details and to concentrating on the main ideological and social issues involved in the confrontation at hand.

Do these proposals of Kant show any cogent applicability to the current international situation?

One of the most pressing questions being asked at present is, "does the U.S. have a right to intervene in Vietnam?" If we concentrate on Kant's "principle of intervention" (see I (b) above), there would seem to be solid grounds for intervention. For Vietnam is certainly a country in which two or more separate factions are claiming to constitute the center of Government for the nation as a whole. And if we consider one of the factions to represent the common good better than the others, we would—according to this principle of Kant—have a clear right to intervene. However, if we take into account certain other provisos of Kant, the situation ceases to be clear-cut: For in the first place, Kant gives a certain priority to a republican or representative form of government. And if, as certain critics claim, a free election in Vietnam as a whole would result in a communist victory—there would seem to be no justification for our giving military assistance to the non-communists. Secondly, as other critics claim, the war in Vietnam is causing us to increase our national debt beyond all proportions (although the dynamisms of international indebtedness are quite different now than they were in Kant's time). This would seem to contravene Kant's proviso about safe limits for national debts. Then again, if it could be shown that this war was not only not declared by Congress, but was not consistent with our internal representative processes in any way, the case for the war would be further weakened. Finally, we would have to consider the allegation that the U.S. forces are using inhumane tactics of warfare—such as the bombing of civilians and the use of napalm. If this is "inhumane," and if we considered this factor in isolation, the Kantian interdiction of "terrorist" tactics would apply—and would give us further grounds for believing the war immoral. However, since there is also some reason to believe the enemy is using terrorist tactics, this last-mentioned factor would probably not carry as much weifht as it might otherwise have.

All in all, if our government wanted to justify the war in Vietnam by "measuring up to" the Kantian principles, the following conditions would seem to be necessary: a) It would have to justify the contention that the war is in accord with the will of the citizenry—perhaps through a popular referendum, or through requesting Congress to give a vote of confidence; b) all unusual or potentially inhumane methods of warfare would have to be eschewed; c) it would have to be shown that a free election is impossible in Vietnam as a whole; and d) the war would have to be justified economically, in terms of the national debt (lest the debts we incur to win this war, gradually and indirectly lead us into future wars).

Aside from Vietnam, a few other applications suggest themselves here: What would Kant say about our explicit change to Latin American policies, which allow us to give aid to dictatorships, if they are anti-communist and "benevolent"? This seems to be a reversal in the practical sphere of our ideological commitment to republicanism, or representative government. This change, it would seem, will eventually have to condition a change in the theoretical sphere, such that the pure ideal of "republicanism" which Kant refers to would be subject to revision or compromise.

On the positive side, we might observe that the European "common market" would seem to be in consonance with Kant's recommendation about the "spirit of commerce." If something like the common market had existed throughout this century, it probably would have provided an effective deterrent against the outbreak of the two World Wars in Europe.

On two points, however, the general applicability of Kant's proposals might be called into question: First, the question of communism. Communism—at least the Marxian conception of communism—purports to lay the foundation for a new system of morality, to take the place of capitalist morality (or immorality). If we could separate the idea of communism from totalitarian practices (cf. the Czechoslovakian experiment, prior to the Soviet invasion), we might perhaps have to admit that we are faced with an ideological conflict of two moralities—each vying for the allegiance of men. Kant's proposals, however, are all set within the context of a democratic-capitalist morality. Thus it might be necessary first to evaluate the

two systems of "morality" from a meta-ethical standpoint, before giving axiological consent to the Kantian principles.

Finally (and here we return to our starting point), we might note that Kant's proposal in regard to the necessity of appointing philosophers as national advisors—contains implicity a rather subtle dilemma: If this proposal does *not* find acceptance by politicians, all the other proposals would seem to be superfluous (since they would necessarily fall upon deaf ears). But then again, if this last proposal is to be accepted at all, the acceptance would seem to be dependent on whether the preceding proposals seem viable or feasible. In other words, a political leader could not accept the last proposal unless he was impressed by the prior proposals; but he would never even begin to consider these prior proposals unless he already accepted the last proposal in principle. In any case, there would be a basic psychological obstacle to the possibility of a political leader even beginning to consider the proposals. If one approaches this "dilemma" with a negative attitude, he might call it a vicious circle. But from a more positive vantage point, it might be called a paradox.

NOTES

[1]First published in 1795.

[2]This meant to exclude primitive and lawless societies, which cannot enter into moral relationships.

[3]This dilemma is aptly illustrated by the current disuse which has befallen the World Court at the Hague: Its decisions can be effective only if the litigants who approach it have mutually peaceful intents. But if they have such intents, there is scarcely any need for a World Court.

II On Taking the Back Door to World Peace

If one comes up with a new approach to the solving of an old problem, he may or may not be listened to. If his new solution is seen to be directly related to the solution of the problem, the chances are that he will be able to find a hearing, provided he can clear away some minor prejudices. But if his proposed solution is very indirectly and remotely related to the problem, he will find acceptance only with difficulty. For example, if the problem is "how do we improve the morals of our town," and one solid citizen suggests legalized prostitution as the solution, it is likely that his solution will be considered absurd by the citizens interested in upgrading morality, even though in an indirect way his solution would eventually produce results. His solution may or may not *be* absurd. But in any case it appears absurd precisely because of its indirect nature, and in proportion to the degree of the indirectness.

The following proposals for world peace all appear absurd because they are speculative solutions only remotely and indirectly related to the problem at hand. Whether or not an individual proposal is really absurd depends on whether or not it boasts at least some measure of probability for the solution of the problem at hand, which is: how can we facilitate and accelerate the attainment of world peace?

1) *Creating and Fostering American Communist Protectorates:*

The causes or motives contributing to armed conflict in today's world are, of course, complex. One can point to economic, political, even psychological grounds for a war like that in Vietnam. However, not the least among contributing factors is the ideological factor. The world is becoming polarized now—this hardly requires mention—into two major blocs: one bloc extolling the values of individual freedom and self-determination, the other offering the alternative of the socialization of production and distribution of resources, and the obliteration of class differences. The proponents of "freedom" look with horror on what seems to them the compromise of basic individual rights in their antagonists' camp; the latter, on the other hand, feel an overwhelming antipathy towards what they consider to be a cruel, Darwinian survival-of-the-fittest philosophy in the camp of the self-determinists. One would *presuppose* that this polarization and antipathy will continue, even though it would not be easy to prove, in an *a priori* way, the incompatibility of freedom with the "socialization" movement.

Why not choose some country in which we have a protective interest as the locus for a controlled experiment in producing a strain of communism *compatible* with "democracy"? Would this be infringing on the rights of the people involved? But, of course, we are doing this already in programming countries like South Vietnam for freedom. We need then, only to resolve not to make any further incursions on their freedom than we are making already. With this is mind, we may put our sociologists, political scientists, urbanologists, economists, agronomists, etc. to work developing new constitutions for countries on the "borderline" between the two blocs. In a sense, we would be taking up where Ancient Greece in its golden age left off, when confronted with the problems of colonization.

Would this change our attitude and/or the attitude of the communist bloc? Insofar as we might be able to take pride in what we have done, it might change our attitude. Insofar as we might do a better job at "socializing," than the communists, it might change their attitude. But most important, a successful attempt would, through a *fait accompli,* make the question of the "synthesizability" of the two systems an anachronism.

2) *Massive Airlifts of Political Refugees:*

The news of the retaliation and slaughter that sometimes befalls the opponents of communist expansion shocks our Western sense of morality which, at least in its finest moments, boasts a supreme respect for the value of every individual's life. This supplies a moral incentive for supporting the struggles of small nations endangered by terrorism and guerilla warfare. But it is usually a small proportion of the population which is threatened with extermination—political leaders, proponents of anti-communist ideologies, the very rich and the very corrupt. It would be possible to offer safety and refuge to such people, if a suitable relocation center could be found for them—another Israel. Perhaps territory could be purchased in a sparsely populated country such as Australia. A realistic picture should be drawn for potential refugees of the limitations of the relocation site; and we should make it clear that the U. S. will simply

take them there with minimal property and help them to get a start, but nothing more. Thus we may expect that most of those that relocate will be drawn by a genuine fear of loss of life. In this way we may prevent bloodshed, although we will not be able to prevent some loss of property and of individual rights on the part of those that remain. To complete the process we might offer similar airlifts to those in the U. S. who, because of genuine ideological differences, would prefer to live in various communist countries.

3) *Marriages of (Political) Convenience:*

We all know that in bygone ages ruling families were often successful in bringing about sizable intervals of peace by arranging marriages between the scions of hostile or potentially hostile royal families. Royalty has gone by the wayside, for the most part. But what would prevent a revival of this tradition between the important or ruling factions of today's international dichotomy? The champions of "romantic love" will of course balk at this suggestion. But there is no need to revert to the "arranged marriage" technique. We need only to systematically begin to plant the sons and daughters of our president and his cabinet unobtrusively in the embassies and governmental agencies of some of the less hostile communist countries —e.g. Yugoslavia, Albania, Rumania, where social contacts are feasible. Nature will no doubt produce results if we are patient. Gradually, we may develop means for applying the same means in the more difficult countries like the U.S.S.R. Even if we can condition only a few such marriages, we may hope that at least one or two will produce results comparable to the results sometimes produced by the royal intermarriages-of-convenience of yesteryear.

4) *International Sport Competitions:*

Granted that man has basic aggressive instincts that must make their appearance in one way or another, it behooves us to supply incentives for channeling these instincts in the healthiest, or in the least destructive, ways. It is a truism to say that sport is one of these ways. Among children and adolescents, participation in sport seems to be related to a reduction of the incidence of blind aggressivity. Among the adult population of the United States, we might hypothesize that nationwide interest in football and other sports could be the secret sublimation that helps condition the continual union of fifty separate states, and perhaps acts as a deterrent to the outbreak of a civil war between North and South, or between various antagonistic national factions.

5) *The Development of a Philosophy of Democracy:*

It is a curious fact that, while a great number of U. S. universities offer regular courses in the philosophy of communism or Marxism, relatively few of them have regular offerings on "the philosophy of democracy." But then again, this is not *such* a curious fact; because, as the political scientists themselves have observed, there is very little done in intellectual circles in the U. S. that could be clearly called "political philosophy." For the most part, empirical and statistical methods —"scientific" methodology—have taken over in the study of politics. Original theorizing about values and principles (i.e. a philosophical approach) easily leads outside the areas of verifiability, and for that reason does not enjoy the same respect as the strictly empirical approach. This leads to a lack of systematically developed principles on the nature of democracy—something that is irritating to those who are wor within the context of a highly developed Marxist ideol In a similar way, the Marxist ideologies prove irritating t American pragmatist who prides himself on his adaptal to factual and empirical realities and exigencies. How our aversion to ideology is unwarranted. There are nume basic problems that still have to be elaborated on philosophical level. For example, in what sense are "all created equal," if they display inequalities on every side? should majority rule prevail when the majority could e foster tyranny (as in the case of the election of Hitler popular majority)? How can we avoid the slowness of ge the "consent of the governed," which can be an impedi to the operations of government (e.g. in implementing Emancipation Proclamation of Lincoln)? And one could tion numerous other problems that have not been satisfact answered by Locke, Kant, Rousseau, Voltaire and the philosophers who supplied the inspiration for our present stitution. Once we have developed democracy into poli ideological form, we will be able to meet the Marxist their own level; and it is not inconceivable that real comm cation will result, along with the practical effects that frequ accompany such communication.

6) *Demonstrations against God:*

Among those who believe in a God who is providen who answers prayers, there is a supposition that God wil tainly respond to strong and concerted appeals on the of large groups of men. It would be highly consistent this supposition to initiate a massive petition to the dei peace. Since the most characteristic contemporary form of tioning is the "demonstration," it would be most cong that prayer in this case would take the form of a demonstra And it is highly probable that even atheists and commu could conscientiously take part in such a demonstration the believers, the demonstration might amount to a comp (in the respectable tradition of the complaints of King D and other prophets); while for the unbeliever the demonstr will be a challenge (or a dare, depending on the tempera of the unbeliever) to God, or to the supposed reality of Everybody would be able to find something to identify in this demonstration. It might be fearful. It might culm in a moment when the world in unison (through telev and other media) "encountered" God and asked wha intended to do to prove His providence. What sort of po results could one expect from such an encounter? Sinc primary effects of God are supposed to be in the soul, per a believer might expect that some world-wide change in sciousness to universal love would result. (Even without G assistance, perhaps the very act of engaging in such a ma demonstration would bring about a radical change of attitu If the results were completely negative—no results at all— the theists would certainly be required, after such a te radically revise their thesis about a provident God who an prayers. Since this thesis has always been a thorn in the of atheists, the cause for understanding between theist atheists would be considerably abetted. The theists wou longer adhere adamantly to beliefs that the atheists cor anachronistic and superstitious; and they would also ha more sympathetic understanding of the reservations of at about the God-problem. This might remove some o

ideological objections of theists to the anti-religious character of communism. Thus even a completely negative result of such a demonstration might supply an indirect ideological beginning to world peace.

This last proposal is, of course, the most absurd of all the proposals given, insofar as an appeal to the deity brings in a variable which completely transcends our estimations of "probability." Thus, such an appeal has in a certain sense the least probability of proving effective, and perhaps for that reason ought to be only a last resort, tried after all of the more probable solutions have failed.

But on the other hand such an appeal would no doubt be easier to organize than any of the other absurd solutions we have mentioned here. And for this reason, it might be advisable to try it first.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

brilliant chandeliers have fallen silent/ like a star
in the night/ upon the old Teutonic deities
who wary of intimacies
have approached from an unknown land/ and returned
across moments too free/ to become
sounds which give out
of everything/ a gentlewoman remains in her box
and wonders if there is more to come/
circling her pearl necklace
more slowly this year/ without ever quite
touching we move toward
each other/ and dreams to be delivered/ will you
not be lost to me/ it will
make a difference every space the sun climbs
tomorrow/ high in the sky

—*Sandra Meier*

REFLECTIONS
ON A GREEN-EYED GIRL
(To Joan Mangan)

you came in jibbering
i was here quiet

making plans
seeing where i left some selves

you knew yours
last night one blazed in the air

you laughed not joking
you never did like fire

you are someone else
another one below this subtle one

& she is not so gentle . . .

i met you with my silence . . .

the music rocked its underground
HAVE YOU SEEN THE WITCH BY MY SIDE . . .

your eyes were dancing
dozens of cats flashing spectral green

one leaped lightning your eyes
singing the other self

you
the grounding from its flight

—*Vaughn L. Duhamel*

The Art of Perfect Fugue

by Russell Hardin

A great symmetrical ear it was, with the organ centered at the narrowest part of the building, with acoustical ceilings suspended like hollowed out *Brötchen* at either side for the organist to spread his music upon. Perfect. The sound was integrated electronically at almost every point in the two halves of the hall to give perfect reproduction of the sounds of the most perfectly engineered organ ever. Hans would practice for several weeks just to be prepared perfectly to locate the keys, stops, and pedals of the great organ. However, to retain the moment of perfection at its most perfectly savorable flavor, he would practice not at the organ itself, but at his keyboard and pedal replica without pipes.

He had tried every organ of repute on the search for perfection in playing Bach. Every time he had been sorely disappointed: in Aachen that upper C# pipe was wrong. In Köln all of the largest set of pipes, or rather all of the set of largest pipes, were wrong. In Basel it was the clumsy pedals. In Winchester it was simply the whole cathedral which was wrong. He had gone nearly everywhere. To Ulm where the stops were so stiff, especially in the winter. And to Strasbourg—ach! that bay, that horrid bay in Strasbourg. In frustration he had even gone to Augsburg. To Augsburg! What a low estate. But as it must be, the search was futile. He had had to come to America to have the perfect organ and the perfect organ house built.

For that he had been born, for that he had lived. His mother had borne and reared *Kinder wie die Orgelpfeife*—children like the organ pipes in perfectly descending gradations of height. But then, in the fifteenth year she had missed, and the fifteenth child had been born in the place of what should have been the sixteenth and there must forever be a missing pipe in the *Kinderreihe,* in the row of children, *Kinder wie die Orgelpfeife*. Hans had never quite forgiven his father for being ill in the fifteenth year.

But, as an organ pipe child, Hans had dedicated himself at an early age to the organ. He, like Mozart, was a child prodigy, but his was a different prodigious task—his was to master the organ, not the piano and not composition, for after all the greatest organ music had already been written, and the greatest age for composing organ music was long past and never more to return. The tinsel world could never produce the harmony of life that was Bach's. And now—*die Flitterwelt.* Such irony, that the perfect organ music was written in an age of harmony but could only be perfectly played in an age of tinsel, of *Flitter. Amerika, die Flitterwelt: da muss man Bach spielen.* Hans Strobel, Herr Orgelmeister Strobel, came to America where the perfect organ in the perfect organ hall was being built for him to play Bach to perfection.

In his childhood the other children had teased him:

Ich kenne doch den Apfelstrudel,
Aber was ist bloss ein Hansel Strudel?

"I am familiar with the applestrudel, but what can be a Hansel Strudel?" They were wrong of course: it was not Strudel, it was Strobel, the future Herr Orgelmeister Strobel. But they were always wrong.

In Aachen, for instance, they had told him there was a perfect organ. For he began his professional playing in Aachen, where, they all said, there was such a magnificent instrument. An instrument! they dared call it. It was no instrument, it was an organ. Moreover, they were wrong—it was not perfect, the C# pipe up high was wrong. The C# pipe. He had grown to hate Aachen. Once he left, he determined never to return—the dissonant memory of that C# . It always came in, failed to come in, half-failed to come and half-came in, at the most excruciating moment in the two mirror fugues. Most organists avoided the two mirror fugues because it is almost impossible to play them convincingly on one instrument—on one organ. But not Hans. And only to have that *Teufelswerk* C# pipe spoil it all.

The C# pipe ruined the Art of Fugue, the Art of Fugue!, which was a sum of contrapuntal knowledge and which should only be played perfectly.

During his two years in Aachen, Hans had learned to flinch when he knew that the C# pipe must be played. It was always agony to know that it must come and to be able to do nothing about it. And he had begun to dream of having a perfect organ, one on which the C# pipe was not wrong. *"Das wäre was,"* he would mutter as the C# was past, "That would be something." But in Aachen there was no hope. The pipe would have to be replaced, and the repair would have to be cleared through the bishop. The new pipe would have to look like the others, which was out of the question, since such pipes were no longer made, at least not since 1792. And given a choice between looking right and sounding right, the bishop

would choose looking right every time. For after all, the instrument—*"ORGEL! Orgel, sagt man."*—was played only occasionally, but it was seen daily by the hordes of rich American tourists who left offerings on the basis of what they saw, not of what they heard—even if they were to hear, surely no one would expect Americans to be able to tell the difference anyway. Especially if the Germans could not even tell.

So Hans had left Aachen to begin what became a tour of the best organs in Germany and hence in Europe. In the end he had come to *Amerika. Die Flitterwelt mit perfekter Orgel.*

Aachen however had taught him a great lesson. In Aachen Hans had been forced to have a keyboard and pedal replica of the Aachener Organ built for his practice sessions—only by practicing without the intrusion of dissonant notes from the imperfect pipe could he achieve the perfection in his play which permitted his performance to be as nearly perfect as the imperfect C# pipe allowed. In retrospect that became a boon to him, for now he could practice his playing on a replica of the perfect keyboard, pedals, and stops of the new American organ without having to hear the sounds until indeed he had made their production a perfect process.

In the papers the announcement said merely:

HANS STROBEL plays
THE ART OF FUGUE
by J.S. BACH

But Hans knew that it was to be "The Art of Perfect Fugue," and in his grander moments he preferred "The Perfect Art of Fugue," or in all fairness to Bach, he thought the best characterization would be "The Perfect Art of Perfect Fugue." But this was America, and they would not understand.

The debut of Hans Strobel, Deutscher Orgelmeister, was enough to guarantee a sell-out for the first performance ever in the new organ hall on the new organ.

Even the lighting was extraordinary—Hans fairly glowed in the center of the hall at the narrowest point with the two acoustic ceilings suspended to either side of him. He bowed with crisp perfection, the applause engulfed him from acoustically superb directions. He turned, paused, sat, put aside the notes in a gesture of perfect conceit, raised his arms—and then!

The sound was stupendous as in the first fugue Hans treated the main subject in a simple manner. He then paused unduly long without acknowledging the presence of the audience. Then in the second fugue he treated the main subject again in a simple manner, but counterpointed with a dotted rhythm. At the end of the second fugue, again he paused, though now in consternation. Then reluctantly he played the third fugue on the inverted subject with a chromatic counter-subject and with its exquisite middle section in which the inverted subject appears a little ornamented and, of course, in syncopation. By now there was no gainsaying—it was wrong.

Hans stood: "It is not perfect. It is wrong! It is wrong!" His voice was under perfect control, clipped and precise, and because the acoustics were so good, his words were audible throughout the hall. Once more he declared, "It is wrong," and then he stalked perfectly, precisely out of the hall, still four fugues before the intermission.

Hans accused the manager of the hall of treason against music for having misrepresented the by now clearly un-perfect organ. Yes, the manager had noticed that it was not so perfect—"so *nearly* perfect," Hans corrected—yes, it was not so nearly perfect as he had thought. But he would have it checked and reset, perfectly.

"They are incompetent, they are all incompetent," Hans muttered as he parted.

Electronic experts came with all their paraphernalia, their db-meters and oscilloscopes. They checked, checked, and rechecked the perfect organ, and—they insisted—they found it perfect. The manager called Hans to tell him.

In a few minutes Hans stood before the manager.

"What is it, Herr Strobel?"

"Whether you plan to correct it," he ordered. "*That* I wish to know."

The manager tried again and again to tell Hans that the organ was indeed already perfect. But Hans resolutely insisted, "No, it is wrong."

After an hour's quarrelling, Hans finally agreed: "Very well, I shall play for you, I shall show you. But then it can never be perfect again and I shall never give another concert on it—I *will* never."

They went to the hall.

There were db-meters everywhere, on the chairs, on the floor, in the aisles, suspended from the ceiling, *überall.* Hans with a great show of reluctance sat himself at the organ, waited for the electronics experts to turn on all their equipment, and then slowly prepared to play. He played the fourth fugue on the inverted subject with another counter-subject, with its characteristic episodes in which Bach uses a leap of a descending third counterpointed with a tetrachord, and the harmonic distortions of the theme. It was surely an adequate test of the perfection of the organ. But Hans was so convinced of the instrument's—yes, *instrument's*—imperfection that he had almost finished the fugue before he realized that the organ was indeed perfect—it was perfect! He leapt to his feet: *"Das ist perfekt, mein Gott, ist das PERFEKT!"*

Hans asked the electronics experts what they had done, and when they insisted they had done nothing, he would have none of it. They had done something, surely, for it was now perfect and before it had not been. Clearly, the electronics experts did not trust Hans's judgment. They quarrelled for a long while until Hans was under one acoustic ceiling and the electronics experts and the manager were under the other. They continued arguing on occasion without suffering any loss in volume from one side of the hall to the other, because after all, the acoustics were very nearly perfect. Finally, Hans was reduced to muttering, "They lie, they all lie," over and over; and the electronics experts and the manager were reduced to collective pouting.

After a perfectly intolerable period of muttering and pouting, one of the electronics experts jumped to his feet. "That's it, that's it!"

Hans yelled back, "What *is* it?" for he never contracted his words, but gave to each its perfectly full value.

The electronics expert was moving chairs and db-meters and oscilloscopes without clarifying the mystery for the benefit of anyone. Then he told the manager and all the other electronics experts to join him on the chairs clustered around the

db-meters. But, clearly, he was not satisfied with the arrangement. He asked the manager to fetch other people. The manager left and returned after twenty minutes with the chorus which was to perform that evening. The electronics expert placed all the choralers in a huge cluster around and among the db-meters. Then he turned to Hans: "Play, Herr Strobel, play."

Though angry, Hans was curious. Hence, he played, if reluctantly.

He played the fifth fugue, a stretto fugue in contrary motion on the main subject and the inversion, in which the two forms of the theme are worked in various canons. At the end of the fugue, as the two forms sounded together, Hans leapt from the stool and declared, "It is wrong, it is no longer perfect, what have you done?"

The electronics expert enjoyed his moment: "It was the *people,* the people in the audience—they were absorbing and distorting the sounds. That is all there is to it, Herr Strobel. The organ is perfect."

At last Hans was quiet. He stared blankly into the absent audience. He could muster no words for them.

Having discovered the source of the imperfection, Hans now had the manager schedule another performance for him. The announcements in the papers read:

J.S. Bach, The Art of Fugue
With Hans Strobel at the Organ
Public Not Admitted

AFTER CATULLUS LI a

The matins of the birds, the panoply
of pink and gold, and the glitter on the grass,
the bustle of traffic, of workmen . . .

But I lie sleeping.
The noon sun glares in my morning coffee.
At night the lights burn late, until the bottle
is empty as the talk. This idleness
is exhausting, riotous, wanton, wasting . . .
has wasted
kings and the wealthiest cities.
"Cut it out!"
you tell me, friend, good friend, my moral surgeon.
I should pick up my head, my pen, and work again,
and would but the operation frightens me.
So I hide in bed in the mornings, and drink late,
late into the night, until, too late,
too early, tomorrow has snuck up on us again,
before I was ready, that morrow on which I had
counted.

—*David R. Slavitt*

MEN, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE,

Stones, like everything else,
may be saved or thrown
away or skipped . . should be moaned
over or smiled upon or dropped
down a green chute in the ground . .
need flesh grown around them
. . may be owned.

Bones, like everything else,
may be burned or broken
or effaced . . should be replaced
or mended & not raced till ended
under shovel medallion or mace
wielded or -maniacally- won . .
need to be graced by fingers
ungloved, not mistaken
. . may be weakened.

Men, like everything else,
may be wounded or taken
in by magic or -scientifically-
ruined, numbed, shaken
from their skin like tokens . .
should be weaned from violence
or replaced -unbroken- stripped
& fooling no one . . need seed to shoot
like stones! like bones growing!
into this spaced-out world
. . may be wakened.

—*Charles Fishman*

Literature is the 'Stuffy' Art

by Ronald Primeau

A student recently confronted me with the maxim that most poets, novelists, and playwrights suffer from a disease he called "universal stuffiness." Trying to be "relevant," I agreed that literature on the whole was perhaps the stuffiest of the stuffy pursuits called the arts. I then assigned him a term project calling for the demonstration of his statement. By the time we talked about his investigations the next week, he had reached some tentative conclusions: the stuffiness of literature is pervasive throughout the whole of English and American literature; it transcends movements, traditions, and mainstreams; Shakespeare was the stuffiest of them all by far; and it really isn't so bad to be stuffy after all, if it's done right. We agreed, then, that the primary business of reading literature is an effort to experience as much of its stuff as possible. Hence, the stuffiness of critical writing, teaching, and so on. Our discussion finally led, surprisingly enough, to a question worthy of Socrates: What, then, is the stuff of stuff?

So it really isn't all that bad to be stuffy. After all, Whitman describes the grass as "the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven." And Whitman himself is "stuffed with the stuff that is coarse and stuffed with the stuff that is fine." He is large and contains multitudes—of stuff. We sat there and discussed all this, starting to throw around quotations. And we didn't think much of it was in any way significant at first. But then we began to see that writers refer to various kinds of stuff quite regularly and that they use the term with deliberation and at crucial times in their works, and that the term often serves a function where no other will do—expressing an almost non-verbal experience bringing the medium of language to perhaps it farthest limits. My student's research thus had me looking for an explanation of why being stuffy on paper isn't so bad after all.

Embarking on a study of this phenomenon, I wanted ultimately to check precisely how people use the word "stuff" in everyday language. The dictionary says it's "(1) material to be worked up in manufacture or out of which anything is to be or may be formed; raw material; hence, any material regarded indefinitely; as lava is curious *stuff,* (2) the elemental part; essence; as, he was of good *stuff.*" We stuff envelopes and turkeys, in basketball a center stuffs a basket, a pitcher puts stuff on his curve ball, we stuff ourselves with food, we display stuffed dummies and animals, we ask someone if he has the stuff for one thing or another—and such stuff (there I go again). But the word in most of these usages reaches beyond the realm of explainable language and thought, carrying a groping toward essences that cannot be verbalized. Because this sounds very much like the experience literature often seeks to convey, it naturally gets a bit stuffy at times.

Shakespeare is worse than most. A. C. Bradley dealt with his stuffiness long ago actually: "His tragic characters are made of the stuff we find within ourselves and within the persons who surround them." Bradley also saw in *King Lear* Shakespeare's attempt to "free himself from the perilous stuff that weighed upon his heart." And so he "wrought this stuff into the stormy music of his greatest poem." Sounds stuffy, indeed; but let's trace the kind of stuff we find in his plays.

In *Romeo and Juliet,* Capulet describes Paris as "stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts." Simple enough description. Similarly, Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* matter-of-factly declares "what stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn." And Don Pedro in *Much Ado*: "The barber's men hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls." Seemingly frivolous uses multiply: "What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?" and "I'm stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell."

But we look to Shakespeare for an explanation of the stuff of life, and the more famous references provide such eminently quotable philosophy. Prospero's "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" and Sir Toby's "Youth's a stuff will not endure" are among the most remembered. Yet there is also the ironic "Yet do I hold it the very stuff of conscience to do no contrived murder" and the poignant "Horribly stuffed with the epithets of war" of *Othello* as well as Antony's "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff" in *Julius Caesar.* In each case, the stuff is the dynamic energy of life itself, and the creation of being is a structuring of this primal stuff. In his plays on the whole, Shakespeare is attempting to wring meaning out of this human stuff.

The bard thus uses his stuff carefully. In response to Hamlet's apostrophe to man speech, Rosencrantz replies: "There was no such stuff in my thoughts." Speaking to the Queen, Hamlet cries "And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, if it be made of penetrable stuff." And the King tells Laertes "you must not think that we are made of stuff so flat and dull that

we can let our beard be shook with danger and think it pastime." Plotting against Edgar, Edmund confides "If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully." Finally, *Macbeth* carries in it the heavy stuff that Bradley refers to. Lady Macbeth expresses her approval of her husband's actions: "O proper stuff." And yet Macbeth seeks a remedy for his wife's strange malady as he seeks to "cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." Characteristically, literature becomes as stuffy as it can at this point and the doctor advises Macbeth as he must: "Therein the patient must minister to himself." All this is reason enough for George III to ask if there was ever "such stuff as great as part of Shakespeare" and to follow with "Is there not sad stuff?"

My investigations led me to the discovery that Shakespeare's use of the stuffy found further expression later in American literature and that perhaps the word itself had become more Americanized than the stuffy English would like to admit. But I also found it in use regularly from Dryden to Auden, from Browning to G. K. Chesterton. While Dryden was to refer to "such woeful stuff as I or Shadwell write," Dr. Johnson voiced his critical opinion of *Ossian*: "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." And like Shakespeare, Browning approaches the elemental in his stuffiness: "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on." Less profound with perhaps the same basic meaning is Chesterton's "Lord Lilac was of slighter stuff. Lord Lilac had had quite enough." Finally, Auden half-whimsically philosophises: "Loose ends and jumble of our common world. And stuff and nonsense of our own free will."

Wandering between categories of English and American literature, I found stuffiness even creeping into the tales of Lewis Carroll, the nonsense verse of Edward Lear, and the revered *Rubâiyyât* of Omar Khayyâm. In Fitzgerald's translation we find some stuff among the loaf of bread, the jug of wine, and thou: "one half so precious as the stuff they sell." Significantly also, there is a dimension of the stuffy in Alice's Wonderland: " 'I have answered three questions and that is enough,' said his father; 'don't give yourself airs! Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff? Be off or I'll kick you downstairs.' " That is one way to deal with a stuffy monologue, and here the meaning is closer to my student's original assertion. But I'm not so sure Edward Lear's reference lends any further support: "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear! Who has written such volumes of stuff! Some think him ill tempered and queer, but a few think him pleasant enough." Is Lear really so far from Shakespeare or from Josiah Royce who, changing Prospero a little, says that "The world is such stuff as ideas are made of"?

In any case, when the stuffy art crossed the ocean, some things changed, some remained the same. Predictably, the Franklin D. H. Lawrence called "cunning little Benjamin" also knew his Shakespeare: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time which is the stuff life is made of." Alongside Whitman's "hopeful green stuff" we can place Melville's "Here's stout stuff for woe to work on," the "coronation stuff" in *Moby Dick*, and Henry James' "the lost stuff of consciousness" in "The Beast of the Jungle" as well as his further references in *Wings of the Dove*: "with such stuff as the strange English girl was made of, such stuff that . . . she had never known." Even Faulkner refers to "that same figment-stuff warped out of all experience." Characteristically, Hemingway has Robert Jordan tell himself to "cut out all that dying stuff." And in *The Sun Also Rises* Bill quips "Road to hell paved with unbought stuffed dogs."

Beyond these mere cursory mentions, Eliot's concern with a certain kind of stuff is central to "The Hollow Men": "We are the hollow men. We are the stuffed men. Leaning together." And in his commentary on the poem, Donald Heiney uses the same motif: "The hollow men are the citizens of modern Western culture, synthetically stuffed with opinions, ideas, and faiths they cannot feel." Whether dealing with primal stuff or simple stuff, American writers have long recognized their stuffiness. Thus a collection of WPA writings in 1937 was entitled *American Stuff*.

A significant body of Black American poetry reflects a similar probing of elemental stuff. Frank Horne speaks of "The wise guys who tell me that Christmas is Kid Stuff," hoping that "we can get back some of that kid stuff born two thousand years ago." And in "Symphony" Horne builds up through a catalog effect toward the elemental "stuff of the symphony of life." Similarly, Helene Johnson describes "the way your hair shines in the spotlight like it was the real stuff." Commenting on the excesses of emotion, G. C. Oden asks "Does flight depend upon such feathered things? Or is it air? I do not trust the stuff."

In the American tradition, the drama has been the predominant vehicle for the pursuit of stuff. From O'Neill to Albee, the theatre has strongly upheld the tradition of the stuffy. Mr. Brown in O'Neill's *The Great God Brown* says "Billy's got the stuff in him to win, if he'll only work hard enough." And in Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest*, Squier thinks Gabby has "heroic stuff in her." In Odets' *Awake and Sing*, Ralph declares "I got the stuff to go ahead." Behrman's *End of Summer* displays two distinct kinds of the stuffy. Kenneth is in the pattern we have been observing all along when he says "I deal scientifically with the human stuff around me." But Will is a little more colloquial in his "when you are stuffed and inert with everything you want, then will be the time for me." Then there's Nick in Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*: "I stood behind that bar listening to the God-damned stuff and cried like a baby"—and also his "They give everybody stuff they shouldn't have." Finally, Albee's Martha brings it all home as she spits out "Maybe Georgie-boy didn't have the stuff." In varying degrees, the stuffiest parts of these plays carefully examine the elemental stuff of human existence in an effort to shape it into desirable patterns of reality, wringing a meaning out of that stuff which approaches the undefinable. At the limits of language the strengths and limitations of literature's stuff meet.

Now what does all this stuffiness mean? My student presented his conclusions in a kaleidoscopic impression of the peculiar kinds of stuffiness literature affords its audience. In literary history the project resulted in a developing motif through periods, traditions, genres. And there was a visual dimension to the study in an attempt to deal with the experiences available at the limits of language—where the word "stuff" serves where no other will do. Every study has its stuff—history the stuff of events, philosophy the stuff of truth and being, the sciences the stuff of the physical world and living organisms, anthropology the stuff of man's origins and behavior. Literature's stuff may just be the stuff of stuff.

THE GOOD GIFT

The good gift
of
a singing of birds

bits of light
on a clouded
Palm Sunday evening

a tender life-oak
is penetrated
flowing with music

more gentle
to the Passionate heart
than all the lifeless stars

—*Robert Sabatier*

POETRY

A poem, like prayer, is a dispatch
Squeezed into a bottle
And sealed,
Tossed into a sea
Which is now eye level
And all the more hazardous
For being so.

—*Dawson Gaillard*

The Diary of John

by Steven M. Champlin

I found the book filed between Delany and Dickens. I can't explain how it got there. I never bought it, and I didn't steal it—that I would certainly remember.

I was between books—just finished one and hadn't started another—so I began *The Diary of John.*

March 21, 2000

I am tired of all that I am and everyone else is. I want to burst free of it all. But everything ties me down. The walls of this house, the hedges, the streets, and across them the other buildings close in and trap me, echoing each other. And the people, everywhere the crowding people. This is no place for a change, but I need to completely change.

March 23, 2000

I stumbled onto an old novel yesterday with these lines:

> *And from the human level, even from the level of a cosmical mind, this "more," obscurely and agonizingly glimpsed, was a dread mystery, compelling adoration.*

I wish to leave behind that binding "human level" and ascend to the level of that "more." I wish to be that "more."

I suppose we all have to dream. But John's dream, especially in contrast to his pessimism, seemed a little absurd. I read a dozen more pages and put the *Diary* away.

Several weeks later I came back to John's *Diary.* I am not sure why, but I think that John's vision of the "more" was, perhaps, growing inside of me. I had begun to see the people around me differently. The levels on which they lived seemed simple and naive, and I realized that in them I saw a reflection of myself.

Nov. 15, 2000

My dissatisfaction, which I labeled, and having labeled knew such a few short months ago, has grown. I find it more and more difficult to exist with myself and with other people. Maybe this is a product of my entering–what shall I call it?–late middle age. I exist more and more in the artificial world of my books and in the world I create in my mind. Here I begin to find a place for myself. But even my work gives me only partial solace. The fact that other people enjoy and understand it reminds me continually of my place among them. But I wish to be separated completely.

About half-way through this volume (I suppose I should say *the* volume since I didn't know at the time there would be other volumes) I put it away. The depression of John had become almost manic. Why couldn't he accept just a little? I am afraid I see no use in continued manic depression.

But John's depression was in a way transformed. How can I explain? It was transformed, as well as created, by his vision of what is beyond us all. He was depressed by his state now because he had such a firm conception of what he wished to be. There was an earlier section:

Sept. 4, 2000

I have stopped dating Maresa. I understand the necessity of celibacy. Dedication to an ideal beyond youself necessitates renouncing everything that ties you to yourself. If that is not done, the commitment is not complete; and I can offer only commitment. I have nothing else worth giving.

I can't say that I agree with John, and after a hundred pages I thought he was getting overpowering, but I still had to respect him. I put the *Diary* down and got prepared to go out with Thalia that night.

* * *

Jan. 1, 2001

I read a book in two hours today. That really isn't too unusual, except the book was the complete Thibaults.

I came back and read that three days later. It took me by surprise. But what startled me more was the complete change in attitude that emerged. The depression that had permeated the earlier pages slowly gave way. A new optimism began to characterize John's writing.

Feb. 10, 2001

I feel reborn. I have returned to the philosophical quest which characterized my earlier life. I search for a vision beyond man, and paradoxically I find it in the works of man. I read through the writings of the Star Makers, the creative geniuses of the past. In them I find the outline and fabric of this vision.

I walked into a library yesterday and asked for the complete works of Borges. When the librarian came back I asked for

the complete works of Nietzsche and Stapledon. When she came back again I gave her the volumes of Borges and said thank you. (I was in a considerate mood.) An hour later I gave her back the rest of the books. She was more than slightly angry.

"What am I? Just a messenger for your whims? You had me chase after these books and you didn't even read them."

"No, I read them. I have searched through them groping for insights. Now I will take these insights and build upon them–make them not theirs but ours."

She was completely baffled.

I smiled at the poor child and left. I had gone beyond her. For the first time I can respect myself.

I went back to some of my writings—especially a short story about a writer called Simc, which like all stories contained an autobiographical element: "What had started as a simple quest to follow a group of correlations in Simc's reading had gradually broadened as he took each step farther. It had become a massive search for the corrolaries in all learning."

I had described John. I went back and reread the *Diary* up to Feb. 10, 2001. I read again of the "dread mystery, compelling adoration," and wondered if John wasn't, perhaps in a subtle way, prostituting that vision.

But I had, for the first time, truly begun to understand John.

* * *

I spent a great deal of time reading the *Diary*. I watched John's growth as if it were mine. I found pleasure throwing myself into his world.

March 13, 2001

I have assimilated about all the philosophy in the libraries in my area. I am beginning to feel cramped by my physical limitations. I read so fast that I have difficulty turning the pages quickly enough.

The librarian has stopped questioning me. She just gets the books. For a while, though, professors would come and watch me read and then quiz me. They would also be amazed. Sometimes they would even ask me to help them with their work. It got to be quite bothersome. Finally the librarian arranged for me to have a private room.

But my hands still bother me. I am looking for a way to eliminate the need for hands in my reading.

March 24, 2001

The librarian is under my personal hire now. My novels are finally making me a reputation and enough money to pay for her. I also have access to a microfilm library now. The machine turns the pages fast enough that my reading speed has to slow down only a little. Now I can immerse myself in my work more easily. My eyes are a nuisance though. They have trouble focusing at this rate. I wish I didn't have to visualize.

I still find it degrading that other people understand my novels. I respond by drawing further into myself and my work. Only there can I affirm my separation.

Here the first volume of the *Diary* ended. It is difficult to explain how it affected me to be left like this. This diary had become almost all of my life. Now it was done. There would be nothing new, I thought. I would explore and re-explore the old; but there would always be nothing but the old to re-explore again. The question of what happened to John would remain unanswered.

I stopped seeing Thalia, then. There was no longer anything to be gained from dating but distraction, a mute virtue.

* * *

Four days later I found the second volume filed neatly between Dewey and Dick. (My library had grown.) Thereafter new volumes appeared regularly. The entries became longer. Once again I threw myself into them.

April 1, 2001

I have started work on a major project, the synthesis of everything—my vision and how it affects the way I think, read, act, talk. I have been writing furiously. But writing is slow. Even though I never need to rewrite a section and though I am typing at the optimum speed my mind keeps having to slow down. This plodding almost bores me at times.

But most of the time the writing is a catharsis. The words and thoughts flow and feel fine. I am no longer the passive agent reading others' thoughts. I may never read again.

June 4, 2001

Working today in what will probably be the last volume. I realized as I was typing that I was no longer really typing at all, but the words were still appearing on the page. I must have been mentally willing the ink from the ribbon to the page. I had the librarian get a bottle of ink and I went to work. The ink in the bottle gradually disappeared as I "wrote." The words appeared on the page.

I do not understand this completely, but it is so much faster that I just accept.

Aug. 30, 2001

The librarian asked me today if I wanted to be her lover. What a joke! The poor fool probably sees me as an emasculated, brilliant book worm.

The publishers have been working over my manuscript. They do not want to print it. They think it ununderstandable. I told them that if they ever wanted to get another of my novels they had better publish it. The fools visualized the profits from a novel and agreed. What they do not know is that I shall never write another work of fiction. Finally, in desperation, they sent the manuscript to some "experts" for evaluation; but these poor "experts" found it equally unintelligible.

I am overjoyed.

I suppose it sounds funny, but I felt for John then. I realized not only his triumph but also that this marked the end of a period in his life. Perhaps that is why I went back and reread the volume and three-quarters that had led up to this point in his life.

I read them in half an hour. I understood then what I should have before. I am following John. I am developing as he did.

* * *

For the next few weeks I left the *Diary* behind. I was immersed in my own development and slipped naturally into what would be my quest—the parallel of John's. I hope some day to read John's volumes on our mutual problem. I doubt I ever will. But maybe when I reach John's time I will stumble upon them. Perhaps they will be slightly mildewed and cracked, enclosed in the back reaches of a library.

My work built and continued. I followed the basic structure of John's philosophical thought as outlined in the *Diary,* but I developed his conclusions—making them ours not his. Profiting from John's mistakes I could drive straight on.

I didn't come back to the *Diary* then, for several weeks. I suppose it was a sign of reverence that I read the *Diary* then as I had in the past, slowly. I had to approach John from the point of view that I was not him or his equal.

Oct. 1, 2001

My mind has gained complete control. (I suppose that is the only way we can escape our binds.) I do not sleep or eat any more. I control and move the objects around me. (I have just learned how to "write" without the typewriter. Evidently I will evolve faster than John; perhaps because of the Diary.*)*

Oct. 30, 2001

I fired the librarian today. I have no use for her. I no longer read, and my writing is done mentally. (The secretary I have hired is still of great use.)

Here John's *Diary* becomes baffling. My life had developed. I was exploring vistas that had been closed to me and was reaching towards a completeness that was previously unimaginable. And yet John writes:

Nov. 15, 2001

I have little to fill my time. I have drawn so within myself that I have no consciousness of the outside. But within me I find a vagueness, and beyond the vagueness I find nothing but the old. There is nothing new—nothing to explore but me. (The entry baffles me because so much of what he had been and felt was also what I am feeling and experiencing now. The other day a professor walked in and said, "I hear you have been doing wonders here." He tested me just as they had tested John.)

Nov. 17, 2001

I read my old philosophical volumes. There is much that I would not agree with now; much seems naive. For a while I was involved in reconsidering the problems posed in them. Using the old manuscript as a basis I re-explored many of the questions I had dealt with. But even reconstructing my past pales after a while.

Nov. 30, 2001

I moved out of my mind today. I took in sense perceptions and found they had buried me. The fools. (He had succeeded. The vision of his life had been, I believe, fulfilled at that moment.) I experimented and found that that which is me can leave this body. Perhaps I shall. At least deciding whether to will give me something to think about for a while. Maybe drifting out beyond I will find something, anything, that will bring me back to life. (No, this flight of mind is what we are looking for. This is the "more" which is the goal of each of our quests.)

I wonder whether Maresa came to the funeral.

Dec. 1, 2001

I have decided to move beyond the hedges, streets, and buildings—to leave everything behind. I will abandon this nothingness and move out and away into space. There when I am freed of all that ever tied me down, it will be only me and creation. (In time I will follow him.)

* * *

Dec. 5, 2001

I am drifting in space. I still keep my diary though. I form these words now in my mind, and they appear on that separate entity on Earth—my diary; which like all diaries will continue to chronicle my life. I am afraid I have not changed that much. But I shall. I will be worthy of John.

Yet I really do not know why I write this diary. I hope this lack of knowledge foreshadows a new evolution which will propel me beyond what I am now. Is that how I will overcome this futility? I hope so. I would like to see what is beyond the state John has reached. I grow however, more bored. I am tired of what I am, and there is nothing to guide me beyond myself.

Dec. 10, 2001

My drifting is without purpose. I keep searching for something, but out here there is only myself and the nothingness of space. One I know too well; in the other there is nothing to know. Each is the equal of the other. I do not understand. How can there be purposelessness in our existence?

Jan. 1, 2002

I have not written in the diary for more than a week, the longest I have ever left it fallow. But I have been thinking, and for a while at least, I have been totally immersed in my thoughts.

There is nothing of worth ahead of me. I must go back—back to what I was so long ago. I cannot understand John's problem. I look only ahead. Perhaps I can transcend even John.

Jan. 5, 2002

I can't go back. My past was just a continuous process producing what I am now. To go back is just to throw myself into that process again.

But if I cannot go back, I must bring someone to me. For my isolation is what is destroying me. I remember Nietzsche's words from so long ago: "No one converses with me besides myself and my voice reaches me as the voice of one dying. . . . I delude myself back to multiplicity and love, for my heart shies away from believing that love is dead. It cannot bear the icy shivers of loneliest solitude. It compels me to speak as though I were two." What after all is my diary? I must escape my delusion. But who can understand me—who has reached as far as I have?

Jan. 7, 2002

I have decided to act. I will send my diary back in time to a slightly earlier age. (Yes, I have conquered time. I have broken the final barrier that ties all men. It is fitting that I should use this triumph to conquer my binding solitude.) Reading my diary must start someone else's evolution; must propel someone to me. I sense a strong young mind just before the turn of the millenium. I will send the diary to him.

Philosophies of History

An Interview with Eric Voegelin

Dr. Eric Voegelin, often rated with Spengler and Toynbee as one of the great scholars of the world, was interviewed by Peter Cangelosi, associate editor of the *New Orleans Review*, and by John William Corrington, novelist, critic, poet, and former editor-at-large of the NOR. Although Dr. Voegelin's field is primarily political science, he is widely respected as a philosopher of history.

NOR: Dr. Voegelin, *what would you consider to be your major contribution to human knowledge?*

VOEGELIN: Well, I have my doubts about the use of the term contribution. It smacks a bit of the progressivist conception that there is an advance in the history of mankind, and that everybody makes his contribution to it. Not that *I doubt that there is any such continuity.* But I doubt very much that my work can be categorized as a kind of contribution to anything.

The original meaning of science and of philosophy, of course, is that each has a purpose in itself and is not a contribution to anything at all. Purposes which are ultimate have no further purpose. They fall into the quite purposeless activity of exploring the structure of reality. And in that connection, I would make no difference between political science and the philosophy of history, because as Aristotle already formulated it, what the philosopher has to deal with are human affairs. Philosophy is really a *philanthropia.* And there are always three dimensions in human affairs: personal existence, the social dimension, and man as a zoön *politicon*—the third part of which Aristotle never fully developed. He treated the first dimension, personal existence, in *Ethics;* social existence in *Politics;* and the third part was existence in history. Aristotle never wrote a "Historics." All three (Ethics, Politics, and Historics) are an inseparable unity in the existence of man.

And if I am, perhaps, more interested at present in the field of history than in the field of society, then the reason is that the dimension of history in man's existence has been perverted almost beyond recognition through ideologized constructions of history ever since the eighteenth-century. And one has to recapture today what history means in the classical sense. History in the classical sense means that one is engaged in advancing the luminosity of consciousness by which one participates in reality, knows about reality; and in advancing the analysis of consciousness. That, you might say, is the real subject matter. And since advances of consciousness can be conducted only in personal existence, and Aristotle already recognized that if you achieve any advances, they are at the same time historical advances, because such an advance is an event in history and draws a line of meaning within history.

NOR: *Would you say that is so because of what you have called in your* New Science of Politics *"representation,"—because one has an advance within of consciousness, therefore there is an advance of consciousness for humankind?*

VOEGELIN: Yes, in a sense yes. But that requires a little precision. Every true analysis of consciousness—that is, of one's own structural participation in reality—is an analysis in the concrete. One must concretely analyze the concrete participation processes.

But underlying that analysis is the assumption—usually glossed over or left unmentioned—that all men have the same type of consciousness, and so that what you find concretely in your advance of consciousness is valid for everybody. It cannot, of course, be proven, but it is a general philosophical assumption which attaches, to any advances of consciousness in history, a representative character.

But such advances in consciousness can be true or deformed, and the representative character can also be deformed. Because whatever a man does by way of consciousness, he wants to do something representatively for that mankind in whose existence he trusts—all human beings, just like himself.

A good example would be Turgot, who considered his work on the three stages (theological, metaphysical, and scientific) as a representative advance. Not that every human being actually participated in the advance, or was fully aware of it. Turgot coined the concept of mankind as a *masse totale.* His idea, then, was taken up by Condorcet, by Saint Simon, by Comte, by Hegel, and by Marx, and came to mean that all mankind had to follow the lead of the new type of intellectuals represented by Turgot as the men just enumerated.

So the representative claim is there. But that is, you might say, already the reunification or hypothesis of the real problem of representation—that real advances are supposedly representative of mankind. But personal opinions

cannot claim to be representative of mankind. Representativeness is deformed insofar as it is claimed deliberately by people who are not representative of anything in particular except the deformation of existence which they enact.

NOR: *So you would leave the category of representation for what is truly representative of man?*

VOEGELIN: One cannot do that, you see, because the category of representation is fundamental in every advance of consciousness. It belongs to the nature of man to assume that one is representative in what one does. And so, representativeness must be claimed also by those who, in fact, are deforming consciousness, and then claim leadership for the mass of mankind, the *masse totale*, to follow them into that deformation. So what one finds after Turgot—in Condorcet especially, and then loudly claimed by Comte, Hegel, and Marx—is that everyone has followed them into their particular prison of existence. So that even if one deforms existence into a prison, one does not cease to claim representativeness.

One has to distinguish, therefore, between true advances in the luminosity of consciousness and new deformations, which fall into Plato's category of *scotosis*—the darkening of consciousness.

NOR: *Would you use the category of Gnostic for those people who would lead the* masse totale *into the prison of their own consciousness?*

VOEGELIN: One can do it. But Gnosticism is one factor in a very complex set of factors to which it also belongs: apocalypse, neoplatonic immanentist speculation, magic, hermeticism and so on.

NOR: *In the contemporary world, the category of consciousness is being rather widely used. One finds it especially in Charles Reich's* The Greening of America. *Would you say that you use the term consciousness in the same sense that Professor Reich uses it?*

VOEGELIN: The term consciousness has, in fact, come into wide vogue, in the wake of Hegel. His philosophy of consciousness understood it as nobody's consciousness, but an imaginary consciousness which has no subject. This is a very convenient hypothesis from which you can then hang any imaginary construction. Reich, for instance, gives the Third World a consciousness. And the Third Reich paved the way for National Socialism in Germany.

There is, of course, in Western history a long established tradition of such third salvation-realm speculations, especially in Hegel and Comte and Marx.

NOR: *I wonder about the Trinitarian symbolism developed by Jung, and about the peculiar repetition of the number three in this sort of symbolism in the fifteenth-century, and in Reich in the twentieth. Could the repetition of three be a factor that needs to be analyzed psychologically?*

VOEGELIN: When you come to the historical materials, the three has no exclusive importance. There are all sorts of number symbolisms. The number four is important too. We have a Trinity, especially in Christianity; but trinities were known before that in the Vegas. The Trinity in Christianity is due to the fact that the historical exposition of Christianity came through the events recorded in the Gospel. First, there is a God, an unknown God, who is not related to the pagan gods, the polytheistic gods; then, an Incarnation problem which gives you the second God, Christ; and then a continuation of that in history, the time dimension. So you get three manifestations of divinity: originally, the divine presence in consciousness, then the mythological element that some human being has experienced this in the son of god—which goes back to the Egyptians who saw the Pharoah as the son of god . . . .

NOR: *As a sun-god?*

VOEGELIN: No, as the son of god. There is a correlation in the rituals, where the priest says: "You are my son, the first one in whom I have my pleasure." It is a formula we still find in the New Testament, though we have changed the meaning of it, of course. But that is the problem, you see. And the presence, the continuation of that divinity in history, is then called Spirit.

NOR: *Professor Voegelin, you first made a large impact on the intellectual world with your* New Science of Politics. *Now, since that time you have published other major works, especially* Order in History, *in three volumes, to which there will be at least one sequel. Would you, if you were to rewrite the* New Science of Politics *today, do anything different in it?*

VOEGELIN: No. Because it is a close group of lectures, and you can only do so much in lectures, and because, in its way, the book has a perfect correspondence between substance and form. I don't mean that it is the perfect book, or anything like that, or that one does not have to say more. But as a literary production in six lectures, there is no more one can put in it, and I wouldn't change it.

There *are* a lot of things that need to be said today, that I didn't know at the time, and that I would say today.

NOR: *More specifically, if I may: would you do anything differently with your third part on Gnosticism as the nature of modernity?*

VOEGELIN: Well, yes. Because in the twenty-five years intervening since the book was published, we know so much more now about the continuous trends in Western intellectual history. Gnosticism is certainly not the only trend. One has to include, as I mentioned before, apocalyptic strands, the neoplatonic restoration at the end of the fifteenth-century, and the hermetic component which resulted in the conscious operation of sorcery and in Hegel's determinology. Hegel expressed his formulation that the purpose of determinology is to find the magic words with which you can conjure up the shape of the future. He was, consumately, a sorcerer.

NOR: *Not only a sorcerer, but a writer of spiritual cookbooks, because he wanted others to follow him down the same path. His purpose was not esoteric, but exoteric.*

VOEGELIN: Well, I wouldn't use the term cookbook in that connection, because it is quite consciously a magic act by which reality is transmogrified into the perfect reality.

NOR: *Are there any contemporary writers or thinkers who are similar to Hegel in this respect?*

VOEGELIN: No. And you mustn't expect them to be. Hegel was a consumate craftsman, the perfect philosopher who knew his business even if he misused his knowledge.

He wanted to construct a speculative system that reconciled all interaction on the basis of an experience of alienation, and not leave a state of alienation.

That is a point which is rarely recognized. Because the people who read him usually try to interpret and explain what is going on in the terminology, but don't have enough parallel comparative knowledge to know what's going on, because Hegel has a habit of never quoting his sources. All the alienation categories—things like direction, division, separation, and so on—are taken from Plotinus. It's the Plotinus concept of all life, with a little variance.

NOR: *What do you think of contemporary Marxism as an intellectual force?*

VOEGELIN: I have not been aware that it is much of an intellectual force. It is a third-rate epilogue afterlife, of no particular intellectual interest.

NOR: *Well, it has to be of some intellectual interest, because it is at least the public theology of the Soviet Union, of Eastern Europe, and of China.*

VOEGELIN: I was thinking of such men in the twentieth-century who still act as Marxists and write as Marxists—such writers, say, as Garaudy and Bloch—and of the shakey optical world they present. Now if that is their idea of the pursuit of happiness, well, they can pursue it. But I don't find it intellectually stimulating. It's rather a bore, an imposition. Since I am also teaching and students ask me about it, I am forced to read them. But I wouldn't do so unless I was forced into it.

NOR: *Are you speaking of people like Marcuse?*

VOEGELIN: For instance, yes.

NOR: *What about Mao Tse Tung?*

VOEGELIN: There is absolutely no reason why anyone should read Mao Tse Tung, except that three-fourths of the students ask questions about it.

NOR: *What about the pragmatic concern of international politics?*

VOEGELIN: Well, international politics is quite a different matter. In China, you have the problem that the older intellectual upperstratum, represented by the Mandarin culture, obviously could not come to grips with the modernization of China, with the integration of it into categories of civilization which emanate from the West. China felt the power of Western technology in aggression. And since the Mandarin nobility was unable to handle these problems, it was quite sensible that somebody who was not Mandarin contrived to overthrow the caste. The consequences will show later, because if you throw out the Confusian culture or Taoist culture or Buddhist culture in China, there is no culture left at all. You can see that fact in the new production of Chinese operas which are simply horrible—shabby romantic revolutionary heroism, accompanied by sound tracks belonging to the Westerns of the 1930s. Because that was all Madame Mao ever heard. A fantastical debasement into elemental savagery.

NOR: *Spengler believed that Marxism would sweep over Russia, have its day, and then go away, and that Russia's character would not have been much changed by its occurrence.*

VOEGELIN: It's possible. Russian civilization is, of course, much closer to a Western type of civilization than it is to China. It is difficult to tell what effect the destruction of culture may ultimately have on China. One hopes that somebody survives and that the country recovers from that destruction. But you may have to wait a hundred years to see what happens.

NOR: *What about Christianity? What is the meaning of Christianity now, according to your thinking?*

VOEGELIN: I am not sure about its meaning, because I have my doubts as to whether Christianity exists at all. I can say what the meaning is of the gospels today, or, more specifically, of Matthew, Chapter 16—which is the perfect analysis of the existential tendency in relation to God, just as the fullness of Christ is. This is as true today as it was at the time the Gospel was written. But the analysis in Matthew 16 is so buried at present in secondary doctrine and dogma that few people are now aware how grandiose an existential analysis is there. One could re-activate it by reading it.

NOR: *There is a term which you have used with some frequency in* Order in History *and which I think may apply here. The term is re-Christianization. You seemed to say that the Christian consciousness could be, as it were, re-Christianized.*

VOEGELIN: Yes. I have dealt with that problem in *Annamesis*, an intermediate work published in Germany. Annamesis is the recollection of what has been achieved, by way of extending the real of the past into the present. The real of the past has been buried by cultural destruction, and we have been victims of that destruction since the middle of the eighteenth-century.

NOR: *Would you make a distinction between re-Christianization and nostalgia?*

VOEGELIN: No, there is no problem of nostalgia in an absolutely realistic recovery of pieces of consciousness of existence which existed before they were destroyed after 1750.

NOR: *I think my question was: isn't there a tendency towards derailment in the direction of nostalgia when one does reach back?*

VOEGELIN: Oh, yes. There were people who have interpreted this vogue for historical knowledge and archeology as nostalgic romanticism. And in some cases they were right. The people who uncover the facts are not necessarily the people who can best handle them once they are uncovered.

NOR: *How would you react to a concept of a post-Christian age?*

VOEGELIN: Well, I would classify it together with other "beyond" literature: beyond morality, beyond ideology, beyond Christianity, beyond dignity and freedom, and so on. It's totally an apocalyptic type of literature, which is a phenomenon of our time, but otherwise of no particular interest.

NOR: *What do you think about the Death of God theology?*

VOEGELIN: There we have to be brutal. When Hegel developed his premise of the Death of God, it made good sense within his construction of that famous consciousness which is no consciousness, and which comes to its historic culmination in Hegel's work. God is present in Hegel, only

now in His new manifestation in Hegel's work. So if you insist on the Death of God after Hegel, you should be aware, at least, that the alternative to the Death of God is to become an Hegelian. And if you would harp on Nietzsche, the murder of God makes sense if you become a Nietzschean. But if you just want to maintain the death of God or the murder of God, and then fool around as if nothing had happened, then you are a little man who doesn't know what he is talking about.

NOR: *But surely these movements have had some importance in contemporary life.*

VOEGELIN: Yes. We are living in an epilogue period, a third generation run down by myriad sectarians.

NOR: *From whom there is no rescue?*

VOEGELIN: Oh yes, you can ignore them.

NOR: *But to ignore them does not mean that they will go away.*

VOEGELIN: No, they will remain. But you can do other things. You don't have to waste your time over them.

NOR: *What other things, for instance?*

VOEGELIN: Well, for instance, explore other things that we know every day are discovered anew about human consciousness. Last year, there was a book by the Swiss philologist Robert Orpheus, which traces the continuities of a certain type of consciousness from the classical period to the fifteenth-century. So we have a millenial history of consciousness reopened to us.

NOR: *Do you mean to say that the dominant intellectual force today would be depth psychology?*

VOEGELIN: No. Depth psychology doesn't mean very much. You cannot explore the depths of the philosophical sciences psychologically. You can only draw something out of those depths by way of insights, but to handle this as psychology doesn't get you anywhere. An unconscious is never conscious, you see. An unconscious that can be made conscious by a psychoanalysist is no unconscious. And when you take Jung's archetype, there is nothing unconscious about that except that you accept it conditionally as fully conscious symbolizations of experiences of realtiy which have been placed by psychologists and their patients into their unconscious. So, if you analyze only pathological cases, you will find a lot of symbols "unconscious," which in healthy cases would be "conscious."

NOR: *But these are real problems of people you are talking about.*

VOEGELIN: One reason there are real problems in every society is what one might call a public unconscious, things which are forced into the unconscious as dominant opinions about public decency. But from the psychological point of view, these constitute a social problem. In every society there are things which are pushed under the level of public discussion. And in a decultured situation such as ours, a lot is being pushed into the subconscious.

NOR: *Such as?*

VOEGELIN: Such as the whole problem of sex life, which has been uncovered by Freud in the lives of his patients. People were pretty conscious of these things in the sixteenth-century, but the sex symbols which Freud uncovered later were not known to be sex symbols until the eighteenth-century.

NOR: *What you seem to be saying is that only when society is ordered can the individual find his own order—or would you think the reverse is true? Plato, in the volume on the* polis, *suggests that order begins with the individual and moves outward toward society. Would you say that society could not order itself, except in the sense that each man orders himself?*

VOEGELIN: I'm not sure I understand the intention of your question. The Platonic symbolism of society and of man, by and large, of course, holds true. But if you pervert it to mean that man has to be society-written-small, then you get an inversion. These inversions of Platonic symbols are very widespread, only people usually don't realize it. Nietzsche inverted Plato's parable of the cave. But most people who read Nietzsche today haven't the faintest idea what either Nietzsche or Plato says.

NOR: *Let me ask you a question which you may not wish to answer. Your work has always been brilliantly and objectively descriptive. Would you undertake in any way to make prescriptive suggestions to impede the traumatic deculturalization of our own times?*

VOEGELIN: Well, the prescription is already contained in the description. People have to recover contact with reality, which has been lost in imaginary contacts with imaginary realities.

NOR: *In your present thinking, do you still make use of the category of the opening of the soul?*

VOEGELIN: Oh yes. Only not exactly in the meaning that is sometimes attached to the term. As a symbol, it is very good, in opposition to the process of closing off existence. So it is the open soul, or the opening of the soul, that is opposite to the possibility of closing your soul into the state of alienation. And I use it today to describe the situation of contacting oneself. To contact oneself is to reopen.

NOR: *Would you elaborate on that?*

VOEGELIN: Well, the most famous case of the contact of oneself is Sartre. He literally contacts himself in the "what" (as he calls it) that has no sense of existence. Existence was a fact for him. To have meaning, one must project a meaning. One takes the meaning one has, with no outside advice as to what kind of meaning he should project. And Sartre expresses the despair of that situation in the symbolism of "being condemned to be free." Because freedom is indeed a damnation if you don't know what to do with it, and if you think of existence as a mere fact which has no relief.

NOR: *Why should a man do what you say Sartre does?*

VOEGELIN: Well, if you come down to the elementals, you already invent trouble, because the opening of the soul is, without doubt, simply the activity of some person, and yet there is the grace of God involved. Now I don't know why the grace of God doesn't extend to people like Sartre or Marx.

NOR: *Can one know anything about the grace of God?*

VOEGELIN: Well, the grace of God is a symbolism for the exercise of being open to a divine presence. That is called grace.

NOR: *Is this transferrable into active life?*

VOEGELIN: Of course it is transferrable into active life. In the state of grace you find, for instance, that your exist-

ence is governed by certain rules, such as the decalogue. And number one is "I am the Lord your God, don't have other gods before my face." This means that, in the concrete, grace is transferrable. If you are a man in the state of grace, you shouldn't be a believer in Marx or Lenin, because that would be a substitution for God.

NOR: *What about action towards one's neighbor?*

VOEGELIN: If you are in the image of God, then the general assumption is that everybody else is too—human beings like yourself. And if the nature of man implies the grace of God and his perfection, in openness, then you act toward your neighbor as if he were also a man like that—graced toward perfection. That leads to difficulties, of course, because other men are not always like that. Take for instance the murder of Christ.

NOR: *What about political theory today? What do you see as the future of it, or the contemporary status of it?*

VOEGELIN: Well, I really don't know what that means —contemporary political theory. Either that means a philosophy of man's existence in society, or it doesn't.

NOR: *In contemporary political thinking, two categories widely used are liberal and conservative. What is your reaction to that dichotomy?*

VOEGELIN: Oh, that is a *pas de deux* that has been going on for a long while. It has been perfectly analyzed, for all practical purposes, by Edgar Allan Poe. Before the Civil War apparently, we had some men like Edgar Allan Poe, who could handle such a problem and bring it back to certain original philosophical positions (like Aristotelian and Baconist) and poke fun at that. I don't know many American men of letters today who would be educated enough to write a satire on that liberal-conservative tiff as Edgar Allan Poe did. They are too illiterate to handle such a problem.

NOR: *Would you say that liberals and conservatives are both too wedded to ideology to be open to truth?*

VOEGELIN: I don't know if they are really not open to truth. It would take a personal psychological interview to see whether they are open or not. But, in fact, there are people who are not open to truth.

NOR: *Did you say that there was no one identifiable as a liberal or conservative?*

VOEGELIN: There is no man of letters living in America today who has the literacy to handle a problem of that nature.

NOR: *Is that one reason why there is such a paucity in the political world of practical programs for what should be done?*

VOEGELIN: Yes. In the years preceding the Civil War, there were men who understood the human situation. Until that time, the peace code was dependent on the English and European development. Then comes the Great Prairie and the great open spaces of the prairies, which is not the best ground for the rise of intellectual culture. And so today we face the crisis that America will have to start over again becoming as cultivated as the Fathers of the Constitution were.

NOR: *Are Europeans today as cultivated as Europeans were at the time of the Fathers of the Constitution?*

VOEGELIN: Certainly not. The deculturalization process is everywhere. Men like Manchester have done their work of destruction, and recovery is slow. Still, certain factors do favor the European situation. I learned a lot about philosophy from the revival of the Neo-Thomists in the 1920s and '30s. On the other hand, I learned a lot about American civilization from the still not quite broken tradition of common sense here.

NOR: *Were destructive tendencies strong in Germany?*

VOEGELIN: Yes. They have a worse effect in a situation like that in Germany because the antidote of common-sense culture is not there.

NOR: *You refer to Nazism?*

VOEGELIN: Not only that. But also the post-war world, the liberation rabble, the Frankfort people and the Berlin people. The burning of universities was destructive to a degree to which no French or American universities have as yet been destroyed by revolting students.

NOR: *Do you think American universities will be so destroyed?*

VOEGELIN: I doubt it. There is still too much common-sense culture alive.

NOR: *Would you say that the common-sense culture dominates American political activity in both the Democratic and the Republican parties?*

VOEGELIN: Well, you get into very odd situations here. You see, a group of Leftists have polarized themselves out of the American arena. And the people who resist, like Mayor Daley, are not exactly to my taste either. And so you get very odd bed-fellowships. But there is a stratum of common sense represented by all sorts of people here in the Democratic party.

NOR: *What about the Republican party?*

VOEGELIN: Also. A man like Nixon is a corporation lawyer and knows at least what is common sense in business relations.

NOR: *So, you don't think that ideology is a primary motivational force?*

VOEGELIN: Certainly not. I doubt that Nixon knows about any ideologies at all that could influence him seriously.

NOR: *Even such as anti-Communism?*

VOEGELIN: Such as anything.

NOR: *Dr. Voegelin, I wonder if you would say something about what you envision for the future?*

VOEGELIN: No. One shouldn't envision futures. That is an idle pastime. We have quite enough to do in the present.

Moving Out

by William D. Elliott

Such a primitive hospital, he remembered; with the fresh flowers tracing the corners of the window; and beyond the small picture window, the lake, silent, iced over and cluttered snow. Thirty degrees below zero, more as it got later; and the magazines, strewn around, cluttering the lounge. He wanted to draw his hands to something—a book maybe, or a story. But he knew in the course of waiting it was impossible to focus his eyes; and silences, put away by books and stories, bothered him.

When this was done, there would be moving (with it, he would jerk the slats loose from the U-Haul, pound off the ice, push it up, grinding, over stiff snow, into the back yard) and with going out, there was another kind of waiting. Even when the transfer was done, he would spend days turning the furniture around in the new living room and stopping, tired, to sight out their own picture window into the stripped birches.

Shouting came, surprising him, from the end of the corridor.

"Bottles. More bottles!"

The nurse, old and sagging, reached out by a closet in the hallway, and filled her arms with small glass cylinders. Why? It was hard to tell.

Pressing his lips together, he remembered the new house in summer, its bright, tipped gables rushing down in peaks as the end of each roof connected. A big house; amazing how it had held up, people being born and leaving so many times since it was first hacked out of the banking along the lake.

In the play pen, he could sit crossways in the yard, lift his foot up to the wide handlebar loops, test his legs; and when his arms felt tired, his mouth began turning down unhappily. Mother, her wide face and her black-rimmed glasses, bent down, brushing the top of his head with her lips. Her body was warm, making him wrap up, contented, draw his face wide in a smile. "Such a happy baby. Such a contented boy." He heard soft singing and alerted, lay back watching her lips draw back and open, lifting out the sounds. . . .

He folded his hands together, listening to the silence. When the moving was done, they would be definitely settled in, would have to accept the way it was; such a physically beautiful street, with the birches dripping into the sidewalk, the road wandering, a small child, into town. And the town a long, low mainstreet of shops, flat over the lake, the patches of grass facing Lake Boulevard.

No—he would have to admit it was a primitive town, the hospital along the lake without a doctor that was a true specialist; and as you walked the highway out of town, you knew nothing had changed in twenty years. The doll house, rotted now, lay upright fronting the lumber company; and the child's path to the lake contained a tiny womb where anyone, however small, still drew out his feet along the path to the Saturday movies. The path (damn frozen, impossible in winter) pressed you along in and out of the ruts, and slipped you to the lake.

"Bottles. More bottles please."

The nurse came along the highway, looking at him.

"Oh yes. . . . It won't be long now."

"Thank you."

"I know how hard it is to wait. But these things don't come on time."

"Yes."

He felt his mind frozen, afraid.

Contented, in arms along the lakeside, his face turned up to the boats, strange dipping things, white flapping he felt himself lifted in the rocker, up, holding and back, smiling, up, a blue, round button turning back, down to him. Running, catch up, something so bright yellow. . . .

He picked up a magazine and read; Mothers breast feed babies the natural way Playtex disposable all out flush. . . .

Hegstrom: plaid wool shirt (fifteen dollars, the town Woolen Mills), beltless slacks, springy Hush Puppies kicking against the side of the warped plywood table of the lounge. His voice had musical ups and downs.

"Any ice fishing yet?"

"No, haven't been out."

He pecked at the table top with his coffee cup.

"Spent the afternoon working on a snowmobile engine. Broken valve." He held up his finger to show a long cut along one side. "Almost broke my finger poking around in the engine box."

"Won't that finger bother; I mean. . . ."

He shook his head and popped the cup down on the middle of the table.

"No problem."

Hegstrom frowned at him with his eyes, amused, watching his arm go down hard on the edge of the chair, as if to push up and go back to his wife. His thoughts—distinct from Hegstrom's—were picking out Anne's tight, pressed face, struggling, frightened.

"You should get a snowmobile. Kids love it. Use them anywhere. Ours sits out in the yard all winter. When the kids use it, they just get on, and start it down Calihan to the lake."

Between the trees, the furrows of snow at him, crisp, bright branches, dead-turned ends: Lennie was pushing, Mother I need help, so deep the water–black–they come up dead, fish bellies out why so I don't . . . understand. . . .

The glasses came down, dipping white sun, so bright, I don't understand why dying dead people do this when so fresh so clean squirming my hand I can feel it's funny you know silk like. . . .

"Anne mentioned that you lived on Calihan. Nice neighborhood."

He saw Hegstrom pick up the cup and sip it again, as if sucking out the emptiness.

"We like it. Not as convenient as our first house in Bemidji. We used to live a door down from the hospital, right on Lake Boulevard."

He would have to push the U-Haul in on Thursday; it would take three trips, at least, and his hands would be damn stiff, face red from the cold, (each time he would have to go in, for coffee, turning up the heat in the new house, until it was right) new house for them but an old house—was it really as hard to heat as they said? The plaster job was beautiful, sculptured corners, and perfect textured archways; and the landscaping to the lake, a long slope, graded over from swampland (just a pathway in the middle of the swamp water before) and opened out wide, to a seventy foot spanse of beach, clean, free of lake grass, free of the need for a cutter. But he was thinking of summer; this goddamn winter. . . .

"That was convenient—the house I mean."

Hegstrom smiled.

"That's it—that's Lake Boulevard. Everything close for us—hospital, lake for fishing. The real point of a small town like this."

Hegstrom brought his chair forward, and pushed his legs down to stand. He went to the coffee stand and selected a small, dried brownie, inspected it, and opened his mouth, to a yawn. The cookie rested in his hand, waiting for the yawn that stretched, like a moan, over his face. Then he brought it slowly to his mouth, and popped it in. He slumped down in the chair again. Yes, the doctor.

"Shall we go back and check?" he asked, after a minute of silence.

If there was a button in his hand leading up to Anne's bed and if his job was to push it. . . .

Looking out the doorway into the yellow corridor, he nodded, got up, hoped for the nurse but found himself back at snowmobiles, Hegstrom's broad face. They were moving toward the labor room, talking.

"I know a good snowmobile for sale, Bill, second-hand. Four hundred dollars. The Standard Station on Beltrami Avenue. Go down and take a look at it sometime."

"Do you think Anne will be all right. She's pretty scared."

"Everything will be fine. She's about ready now."

Their feet clacked, clacked on the smoothed, waxed tiles.

"I'm really frightened."

"Be all right."

When I saw you remember this Bill you were all bloody stretched he remembered the face with thicker glasses deep forehead down upon wide teeth gapped thick short hands touching his head cupping it when I saw you remember this town this hospital they were so crazy really not knowing I looked you all over ok I said how was one to know I mean his face, like a large sphere came down red cold even the heat and whiskers when he pushed his face against he was crying a bubble his stomach it made him cry so many babies so cold an icebox I told your mother we should leave we should leave when you get older this cold is just too much, just too we will leave you came back it won't seem like it was you know Bill I hate to tell you son but it just won't. . . .

As they turned the corner into the labor room, Hegstrom inspected the long cut on his finger again, frowning.

"Planning to stay in Bemidji are you?"

"Moving into a new house," he mumbled.

"Yes, a real mean one."

"A real . . .?"

"This cut. A mean one." He licked the side of his finger.

The door opened to a narrow room, with Anne, smiling weakly at him, two night nurses looking at her curiously.

"I guess she's ready," the nurse said who asked for bottles.

"Let me check."

Hegstrom bent his head down, lifting up the sheet.

She bent down talking to father we all wanted you Billy were waiting for her hips sore from that thing again and straightening her back the pain tightening just a little mistake Billy when you were born the doctor forgot to cut and it ripped and never sewed it up properly pioneers we were called what a joke no doctors wanted to stay in that town the depression and the population didn't change will never change in twenty years people moving away nothing there the saw mill out: population slowing they call it in the papers but why his face bright red from drinking why would you want to go back even think of it Christ I worked to get out of there worked to drive out of that town for the last time you stubborn stupid son-of-a. . . .

Hegstrom brought his head up, frowning.

"We've got to get that baby's head down there. Funny. Thought it was."

"You mean you've made a mistake."

He watched Hegstrom's face curl up in frozen annoyance.

"No mistake. We'll just have to push a little harder when the head comes through."

Beside her, he could feel Anne's face tensing and releasing itself.

"The baby will be all right. We'll just use forceps."

He kissed her dried lips and gathered an arm around her, working out a smile.

"It'll be ok."

"I don't want forceps."

"Nothing to worry about."

Hegstrom rubbed his head, and began preparations.

"I'd like to. . . ."

But it was so pure like a fresh current of water off the lake so uncomplicated you were a kid then William everything

seemed so small so wonderful I'm telling you again it wasn't you are lucky to get out alive the frozen lake streets life not knowing when to stop being pioneers just to say we are uncomplicated all in the course of. . . .

"We like the husband to step out."

"I hate to be persistent but. . . ."

The door closed, rigid, snapping abruptly shut—swinging doors, allowing the stretcher in and out, labor and recovery rooms.

He would be moving the big things first, the appliances —washer, dryer, stove—and he decided they had bought too many of these things already; but he got them thinking about the new house; and anyway, they could go easily in a mover's cart—the cart he could get at the warehouse.

He figured it would go this way; shuttling them between the two houses at midday, when the weather was the warmest; and then he found himself back at the magazines. Handy roll-a-bed Porta-crib play pen night crib best for changing diapers rises to convenient heights no bending forty-nine fifty.

Across the packed snow of the street, he could see, perched on the lake, long-boarded clusters of fishing shacks.

The lake you won't get a good view from there or from Birchmont or from Beltrami Avenue ever and our house Billy we think about it often but don't you remember we came back and saw it went through it the bedrooms are too small the basement filling and receding filling and dropping the septic tank stuck away somewhere dead the smell we dug it out twice two heating systems by now oil and electricity how does that run up when you have to plow off the roof with a long wide shovel the floors still good and the stucco on the lake side sculptured plaster still dropping down into the living room pretty in the thirties but out to us really when you remember such nice things and they look so antique but when you talk about them and want to go back to them well I wonder you can have it take it own it a hunk of past Jesus dead like that town that mill that lake in sheet ice that hospital. . . .

Hegstrom had on surgery clothes—the queer, clown-like hat of gray cotton and half-gown, an inverted straight jacket of soft cloth. He was tall when you sat facing him (all doctors in Bemidji must be tall, and just a little on the heavy side) and his head was not only long but nearly flat so that when you looked at him the nose and pockets of the eyes were sharp ice bits, an intrusion on the smoothness of his face.

"It's ok."

Lennie came up beside him whooped like a wild Indian crouched down peering between the snow trunks rolled holding his legs with his arms. . . .

"You've got a boy."

He got up light-footed.

Landing yards ahead down where the frozen swamp started untied his legs from his arms crawled along the path along to opened iced beach skating free. . . .

"Is Anne all right?"

"All right."

He tried to squeeze between lake birches Lennie so far trees were too close together it was getting darker he made a noise shooting with his finger pushed between two of the birch trees ice coming up burning he was out he was free he was rolling the sound was the rush of lake wind whipping him. . . .

Anne's face came up to him, smiling weakly.

"I'm under ether darling, but I'm fine."

The furniture, the children's toys would come easier.

Hegstrom, his face frowning again, inspected the long cut on his finger one more time.

"A bitch," he said, reaching with his other hand for the paper cups of coffee.

The old nurse, gasping, came down the corridor and looked for him.

"Such a happy boy; such a contented baby," she said; and he followed her down the corridor, watching the dead ice street through the bunched picture windows, disappearing to the nursery.

She stood behind the broad window of the nursery, and held him up, the small creature, its face turned down and around, crying.

Christ I don't understand you Hegstrom transparent pioneer arms came up grasping him white wrinkled letting people away like this not caring face so large reflected in glass eyes dark smiling sadly you son-of-a . . . bitch! how can you expect to live that way so cold ice disturbed a warm and dark I suppose you will go home and tell your wife you delivered a new snowmobile customer light so blinding so much air drawing in feeling strange lifting out my mouth nose crying push the air comes out cold the blanket rough curl cuddle up face smiling sadly. . . .

He lay on the couch in the lobby and slept until morning.

LETTER TO MY SON, AT SCHOOL

Her kidneys gone, her fibrous lungs a disaster,
her heart enlarged, old, oh old and sick,
still she has scampered ahead to meet that master
whose implacable hand we all must learn to lick...

No! Too sentimental, too anthropomorphic.
But what else is there? That flesh, sleek, quick,
fails! Chew on that, as she chewed on her rawhide
bone,
worrying at it hour on end: she's gone.

—David R. Slavitt

DISCOVERING AMERICA

or

Afterthoughts on the Lewis and Clark Expedition

I. The Honeymoon

"Gentlemen, you are six weeks too late. The depression is over."

—maybe Herbert Hoover, June 1930

We could have cared less—she with her raven tresses,
I with my fingers thoroughly entangled—
The wisteria was just in bloom. We never missed
A late movie. As part of the adventure
I began to scout around for Indians,
And we made a pilgrimmage to Lake Pontchartrain.
The flag we planted sank in the mud,
Flagpole and all. First came the tractors,
Then the roadgraders, and finally the oil men
With their drilling rigs. Nothing turned up.
I decided it was time to vamoose and began
Sidling towards the wings crying, "Inferior Equipment!"
But it was no go. Surrounded by cement
I figured I could last as long as anyone
Or at least until my fingers rotted off.

II. Drawing-room Conversation

"Yes, I understand that some people have abandoned their former businesses for the more lucrative practice of selling apples on street corners."

—Herbert Hoover, Fall 1930

I cry because my wife likes TV. And you?
She laughed. I laughed too, politely
At first, then with increased gaiety.
"Actually," I explained, "the chief was beginning to suspect
That I wasn't too comprehensive of the Spanish lingo."
"Well, I swan," she declared, "isn't that the strangest thing!"

The worst was yet to come. Nothing
Grows like wisteria, you know. The yard was covered,
And it being the juvescence of the year
And all. The seventeen rungs of the fire escape
Were covered. And if there were fire?
It would have devoured the wisteria.
Unfortunately I had sold my axe
To avoid the temptation of the TV.
Finally I kicked it in with my foot.

III. Modern Frivolity

"I've heard of one hobo in New York who, merely by standing in line several hours, eats as many as five or six meals a day."

—*Herbert Hoover, March 19, 1931*

The chief's name was Alfredo. He used to spend hours
In the men's room. One day, emerging,
He admonished, "Old imp, I wash my hands of thee.
Thou hast been guilty of many things, but surely
There is a room for each of us in Paradise."
Speaking thusly and chuckling he went his way.
But none of that! I was the serpent in her grass,
Eagle in the fresh air of her optimism.
Once, while discussing the rent, she said, "Getting back
To the TV . . ." "Never," I cried evasively, "either one slips
Or one makes it to the door." The roadgraders had come and gone,
And the drilling rigs. I took to admonishing myself
In private, "Hie, hie! bleak critter, it's not so bad as that."
But it was pretty bad, and though my thumbs were naught
But stubs, something unspeakable made me stay.

—*Jeptha Evans*

The Politics of Ecology

by Aldous Huxley

In politics, the central and fundamental problem is the problem of power. Who is to exercise power? And by what means, by what authority, with what purpose in view, and under that controls? Yes, under what controls? For, as history has made it abundantly clear, to possess power is *ipso facto* to be tempted to abuse it. In mere self-preservation we must create and maintain institutions that make it difficult for the powerful to be led into those temptations which, succumbed to, transfrom them into tyrants at home and imperialists abroad.

For this purpose what kind of institutions are effective? And, having created them, how can we guarantee them against obsolescence? Circumstances change, and, as they change, the old, the once so admirably effective devices for controlling power cease to be adequate. What then? Specifically, when advancing science and acceleratingly progressive technology alter man's long-established relationship with the planet on which he lives, revolutionize his societies, and at the same time equip his rulers with new and immensely more powerful instruments of domination, what ought we to do? What *can* we do?

Very briefly let us review the situation in which we now find ourselves and, in the light of present facts, hazard a few guesses about the future.

On the biological level, advancing science and technology have set going a revolutionary process that seems to be destined for the next century at least, perhaps for much longer, to exercise a decisive influence upon the destinies of all human societies and their individual members. In the course of the last fifty years extremely effective methods for lowering the prevailing rates of infant and adult mortality were developed by Western scientists. These methods were very simple and could be applied with the expenditure of very little money by very small numbers of not very highly trained technicians. For these reasons, and because everyone regards life as intrinsically good and death as intrinsically bad, they were in fact applied on a world-wide scale. The results were spectacular. In the past, high birth rates were balanced by high death rates. Thanks to science, death rates have been halved but, except in the most highly industrialized, contraceptive-using countries, birth rates remain as high as ever. An enormous and accelerating increase in human numbers has been the inevitable consequence.

At the beginning of the Christian era, so demographers assure us, our planet supported a human population of about two hundred and fifty millions. When the Pilgrim Fathers stepped ashore, the figure had risen to about five hundred millions. We see, then, that in the relatively recent past it took sixteen hundred years for the human species to double its numbers. Today world population stands at three thousand millions. By the year 2000, unless something appallingly bad or miraculously good should happen in the interval, six thousand millions of us will be sitting down to breakfast every morning. In a word, twelve times as many people are destined to double their numbers in one-fortieth of the time.

This is not the whole story. In many areas of the world human numbers are increasing at a rate much higher than the average for the whole species. In India, for example, the rate of increase is now 2.3 per cent per annum. By 1990 its four hundred and fifty million inhabitants will have become nine hundred million inhabitants. A comparable rate of increase will raise the population of China to the billion mark by 1980. In Ceylon, in Egypt, in many of the countries of South and Central America, human numbers are increasing at an annual rate of 3 per cent. The result will be a doubling of their present populations in approximately twenty-three years.

On the social, political, and economic levels, what is likely to happen in an underdeveloped country whose people double themselves in a single generation, or even less? An underdeveloped society is a society without adequate capital resources (for capital is what is left over after primary needs have been satisfied, and in underdeveloped countries most people never satisfy their primary needs); a society without a sufficient force of trained teachers, administrators, and technicians; a society with few or no industries and few or no developed sources of industrial power; a society, finally, with enormous arrears to be made good in food production, education, road building, housing, and sanitation. A quarter of a century from now, when there will be twice as many of them as there are today, what is the likelihood that the members of such a society will be better fed, housed, clothed, and schooled than at present? And what are the chances in such a society for the maintenance, if they already exist, or the creation, if they do not exist, of democratic institutions?

Not long ago Mr. Eugene Black, the former president of the World Bank, expressed the opinion that it would be extremely difficult, perhaps even impossible, for an underdeveloped country with a very rapid rate of population increase

to achieve full industrialization. All its resources, he pointed out, would be absorbed year by year in the task of supplying, or not quite supplying, the primary needs of its new members. Merely to stand still, to maintain its current subhumanly inadequate standard of living, will require hard work and the expenditure of all the nation's available capital. Available capital may be increased by loans and gifts from abroad; but in a world where the industrialized nations are involved in power politics and an increasingly expensive armament race, there will never be enough foreign aid to make much difference. And even if the loans and gifts to underdeveloped countries were to be substantially increased, any resulting gains would be largely nullified by the uncontrolled population explosion.

The situation of these nations with such rapidly increasing populations reminds one of Lewis Carroll's parable in *Through the Looking Glass,* where Alice and the Red Queen start running at full speed and run for a long time until Alice is completely out of breath. When they stop, Alice is amazed to see that they are still at their starting point. In the looking glass world, if you wish to retain your present position, you must run as fast as you can. If you wish to get ahead, you must run at least twice as fast as you can.

If Mr. Black is correct (and there are plenty of economists and demographers who share his opinion), the outlook for most of the world's newly independent and economically nonviable nations is gloomy indeed. To those that have shall be given. Within the next ten or twenty years, if war can be avoided, poverty will almost have disappeared from the highly industrialized and contraceptive-using societies of the West. Meanwhile, in the underdeveloped and uncontrolledly breeding societies of Asia, Africa, and Latin America the condition of the masses (twice as numerous, a generation from now, as they are today) will have become no better and may even be decidedly worse than it is at present. Such a decline is foreshadowed by current statistics of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. In some underdeveloped regions of the world, we are told, people are somewhat less adequately fed, clothed, and housed than were their parents and grandparents thirty and forty years ago. And what of elementary education? UNESCO recently provided an answer. Since the end of World War II heroic efforts have been made to teach the whole world how to read. The population explosion has largely stultified these efforts. The absolute number of illiterates is greater now than at any time.

The contraceptive revolution which, thanks to advancing science and technology, has made it possible for the highly developed societies of the West to offset the consequences of death control by a planned control of births, has had as yet no effect upon the family life of people in underdeveloped countries. This is not surprising. Death control, as I have already remarked, is easy, cheap, and can be carried out by a small force of technicians. Birth control, on the other hand, is rather expensive, involves the whole adult population, and demands of those who practice it a good deal of forethought and directed will-power. To persuade hundreds of millions of men and women to abandon their tradition-hallowed views of sexual morality, then to distribute and teach them to make use of contraceptive devices or fertility-controlling drugs—this is a huge and difficult task, so huge and so difficult that it seems very unlikely that it can be successfully carried out, within a sufficiently short space of time, in any of the countries where control of the birth rate is most urgently needed.

Extreme poverty, when combined with ignorance, breeds that lack of desire for better things which has been called "wantlessness"—the resigned acceptance of a subhuman lot. But extreme poverty, when it is combined with the knowledge that some societies are affluent, breeds envious desires and the expectation that these desires must of necessity, and very soon, be satisfied. By means of the mass media (those easily exportable products of advancing science and technology) some knowledge of what life is like in affluent societies has been widely disseminated throughout the world's underdeveloped regions. But, alas, the science and technology which have given the industrial West its cars, refrigerators, and contraceptives have given the people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America only movies and radio broadcasts, which they are too simple-minded to be able to criticize, together with a population explosion, which they are still too poor and too tradition-bound to be able to control by deliberate family planning.

In the context of a 3, or even of a mere 2 per cent annual increase in numbers, high expectations are foredoomed to disappointment. From disappointment, through resentful frustration, to widespread social unrest the road is short. Shorter still is the road from social unrest, through chaos, to dictatorship, possibly of the Communist party, more probably of generals and colonels. It would seem, then, that for two-thirds of the human race now suffering from the consequences of uncontrolled breeding in a context of industrial backwardness, poverty, and illiteracy, the prospects for democracy, during the next ten or twenty years, are very poor.

From underdeveloped societies and the probable political consequences of their explosive increase in numbers we now pass to the prospect for democracy in the fully industrialized, contraceptive-using societies of Europe and North America.

It used to be assumed that political freedom was a necessary pre-condition of scientific research. Ideological dogmatism and dictatorial institutions were supposed to be incompatible with the open-mindedness and the freedom of experimental action, in the absence of which discovery and invention are impossible. Recent history has proved these comforting assumptions to be completely unfounded. It was under Stalin that Russian scientists developed the A-bomb and, a few years later, the H-bomb. And it is under a more-than-Stalinist dictatorship that Chinese scientists are now in process of performing the same feat.

Another disquieting lesson of recent history is that, in a developing society, science and technology can be used exclusively for the enhancement of military power, not at all for the benefit of the masses. Russia has demonstrated, and China is now doing its best to demonstrate, that poverty and primitive conditions of life for the overwhelming majority of the population are perfectly compatible with the wholesale production of the most advanced and sophisticated military hardware. Indeed, it is by deliberately imposing poverty on the masses that the rulers of developing industrial nations are able to create the capital necessary for building an armament industry and maintaining a well equipped army, with which to play their parts in the suicidal game of international power politics.

We see, then, that democratic institutions and libertarian traditions are not at all necessary to the progress of science and technology, and that such progress does not of itself make for human betterment at home and peace abroad. Only where

democratic institutions already exist, only where the masses can vote their rulers out of office and so compel them to pay attention to the popular will, are science and technology used for the benefit of the majority as well as for increasing the power of the State. Most human beings prefer peace to war, and practically all of them would rather be alive than dead. But in every part of the world men and women have been brought up to regard nationalism as axiomatic and war between nations as something cosmically ordained by the Nature of Things. Prisoners of their culture, the masses, even when they are free to vote, are inhibited by the fundamental postulates of the frame of reference within which they do their thinking and their feeling from decreeing an end to the collective paranoia that governs international relations. As for the world's ruling minorities, by the very fact of their power they are chained even more closely to the current system of ideas and the prevailing political customs; for this reason they are even less capable than their subjects of expressing the simple human preference for life and peace.

Some day, let us hope, rulers and ruled will break out of the cultural prison in which they are now confined. Some day . . . And may that day come soon! For, thanks to our rapidly advancing science and technology, we have very little time at our disposal. The river of change flows ever faster, and somewhere downstream, perhaps only a few years ahead, we shall come to the rapids, shall hear, louder and ever louder, the roaring of a cataract.

Modern war is a product of advancing science and technology. Conversely, advancing science and technology are products of modern war. It was in order to wage war more effectively that first the United States, then Britain and the USSR, financed the crash programs that resulted to quickly in the harnessing of atomic forces. Again, it was primarily for military purposes that the techniques of automation, which are now in process of revolutionizing industrial production and the whole system of administrative and bureaucratic control, were first developed. "During World War II," writes Mr. John Diebold, "the theory and use of feedback was studied in great detail by a number of scientists both in this country and in Britain. The introduction of rapidly moving aircraft very quickly made traditional gun-laying techniques of anti-aircraft warfare obsolete. As a result, a large part of scientific manpower in this country was directed towards the development of self-regulating devices and systems to control our military equipment. It is out of this work that the technology of automation as we understand it today has developed."

The headlong rapidity with which scientific and technological changes, with all their disturbing consequences in the fields of politics and social relations, are taking place is due in large measure to the fact that, both in the USA and the USSR, research in pure and applied science is lavishly financed by military planners whose first concern is in the development of bigger and better weapons in the shortest possible time. In the frantic effort, on one side of the Iron Curtain, to keep up with the Joneses—on the other, to keep up with the Ivanovs—these military planners spend gigantic sums on research and development. The military revolution advances under forced draft, and as it goes forward it initiates an uninterrupted succession of industrial, social, and political revolutions. It is against this background of chronic upheaval that the members of a species, biologically and historically adapted to a slowly changing environment, must now live out their bewildered lives.

Old-fashioned war was incompatible, while it was being waged, with democracy. Nuclear war, if it is ever waged, will prove in all likelihood to be incompatible with civilization, perhaps with human survival. Meanwhile, what of the preparations for nuclear war? If certain physicists and military planners had their way, democracy, where it exists, would be replaced by a system of regimentation centered upon the bomb shelter. The entire population would have to be systematically drilled in the ticklish operation of going underground at a moment's notice, systematically exercised in the art of living troglodytically under conditions resembling those in the hold of an eighteenth-century slave ship. The notion fills most of us with horror. But if we fail to break out of the ideological prison of our nationalistic and militaristic culture, we may find ourselves compelled by the military consequences of our science and technology to descend into the steel and concrete dungeons of total and totalitarian civil defense.

In the past, one of the most effective guarantees of liberty was governmental inefficiency. The spirit of tyranny was always willing; but its technical and organizational flesh was weak. Today the flesh is as strong as the spirit. Governmental organization is a fine art, based upon scientific principles and disposing of marvelously efficient equipment. Fifty years ago an armed revolution still had some chance of success. In the context of modern weaponry a popular uprising is foredoomed. Crowds armed with rifles and home-made grenades are no match for tanks. And it is not only to its armament that a modern government owes its overwhelming power. It also possesses the strength of superior knowledge derived from its communication systems, its stores of accumulated data, its batteries of computers, its network of inspection and administration.

Where democratic institutions exist and the masses can vote their rulers out of office, the enormous powers with which science, technology, and the arts of organization have endowed the ruling minority are used with discretion and a decent regard for civil and political liberty. Where the masses can exercise no control over their rulers, these powers are used without compunction to enforce ideological orthodoxy and to strengthen the dictatorial state. The nature of science and technology is such that it is peculiarly easy for a dictatorial government to use them for its own anti-democratic purposes. Well financed, equipped and organized, an astonishingly small number of scientists and technologists can achieve prodigious results. The crash program that produced the A-bomb and ushered in a new historical era was planned and directed by some four thousand theoreticians, experimenters, and engineers. To parody the words of Winston Churchill, never have so many been so completely at the mercy of so few.

Throughout the nineteenth century the State was relatively feeble, and its interest in, and influence upon, scientific research were negligible. In our day the State is everywhere exceedingly powerful and a lavish patron of basic and *ad hoc* research. In Western Europe and North America the relations between the State and its scientists on the one hand and individual citizens, professional organizations, and industrial, commercial, and educational institutions on the other are fairly satisfactory. Advancing science, the population explosion, the armament race, and the steady increase and centralization of political and economic power are still compatible, in countries that have a libertarian tradition, with democratic forms of government. To maintain this compatibility in a rapidly changing

world, bearing less and less resemblance to the world in which these democratic institutions were developed—this, quite obviously, is going to be increasingly difficult.

A rapid and accelerating population increase that will nullify the best efforts of underdeveloped societies to better their lot and will keep two-thirds of the human race in a condition of misery in anarchy or of misery under dictatorship, and the intensive preparations for a new kind of war that, if it breaks out, may bring irretrievable ruin to the one-third of the human race now living prosperously in highly industrialized societies—these are the two main threats to democracy now confronting us. Can these threats be eliminated? Or, if not eliminated, at least reduced?

My own view is that only by shifting our collective attention from the merely political to the basic biological aspects of the human situation can we hope to mitigate and shorten the time of troubles into which, it would seem, we are now moving. We cannot do without politics; but we can no longer afford to indulge in bad, unrealistic politics. To work for the survival of the species as a whole and for the actualization in the greatest possible number of individual men and women of their potentialities for good will, intelligence, and creativity—this, in the world of today, is good, realistic politics. To cultivate the religion of idolatrous nationalism, to subordinate the interests of the species and its individual members to the interests of a single national state and its ruling minority—in the context of the population explosion, missiles, and atomic warheads, this is bad and thoroughly unrealistic politics. Unfortunately, it is to bad and unrealistic politics that our rulers are now committed.

Ecology is the science of the mutual relations of organisms with their environment and with one another. Only when we get it into our collective head that the basic problem confronting twentieth-century man is an ecological problem will our politics improve and become realistic. How does the human race propose to survive and, if possible, improve the lot and the intrinsic quality of its individual members? Do we propose to live on this planet in symbiotic harmony with our environment? Or, preferring to be wantonly stupid, shall we choose to live like murderous and suicidal parasites that kill their host and so destroy themselves?

Committing that sin of overweening bumptiousness, which the Greeks called *hubris,* we behave as though we were not members of earth's ecological community, as though we were privileged and, in some sort, supernatural beings and could throw our weight around like gods. But in fact we are, among other things, animals—emergent parts of the natural order. If our politicians were realists, they would think rather less about missiles and the problem of landing a couple of astronauts on the moon, rather more about hunger and moral squalor and the problem of enabling three billion men, women, and children, who will soon be six billions, to lead a tolerably human existence without, in the process, ruining and befouling their planetary environment.

Animals have no souls; therefore, according to the most authoritative Christian theologians, they may be treated as though they were things. The truth, as we are now beginning to realize, is that even things ought not to be treated as *mere* things. They should be treated as though they were parts of a vast living organism. "Do as you would be done by." The Golden Rule applies to our dealings with nature no less than to our dealings with our fellow-men. If we hope to be well treated by nature, we must stop talking about "mere things" and start treating our planet with intelligence and consideration.

Power politics in the context of nationalism raises problems that, except by war, are practically insoluble. The problems of ecology, on the other hand, admit of a rational solution and can be tackled without the arousal of those violent passions always associated with dogmatic ideology and nationalistic idolatry. There may be arguments about the best way of raising wheat in a cold climate or of re-afforesting a denuded mountain. But such arguments never lead to organized slaughter. Organized slaughter is the result of arguments about such questions as the following: Which is the best nation? The best religion? The best political theory? The best form of government? Why are other people so stupid and wicked? Why can't they see how good and intelligent *we* are? Why do they resist our beneficent efforts to bring them under our control and make them like ourselves?

To questions of this kind the final answer has always been war. "War," said Clausewitz, "is not merely a political act, but also a political instrument, a continuation of political relationships, a carrying out of the same by other means." This was true enough in the eighteen thirties, when Clausewitz published his famous treatise; and it continued to be true until 1945. Now, pretty obviously, nuclear weapons, long-range rockets, nerve gases, bacterial aerosols, and the "Laser" (that highly promising, latest addition to the world's military arsenals) have given the lie to Clausewitz. All-out war with modern weapons is no longer a continuation of previous policy; it is a complete and irreversible break with previous policy.

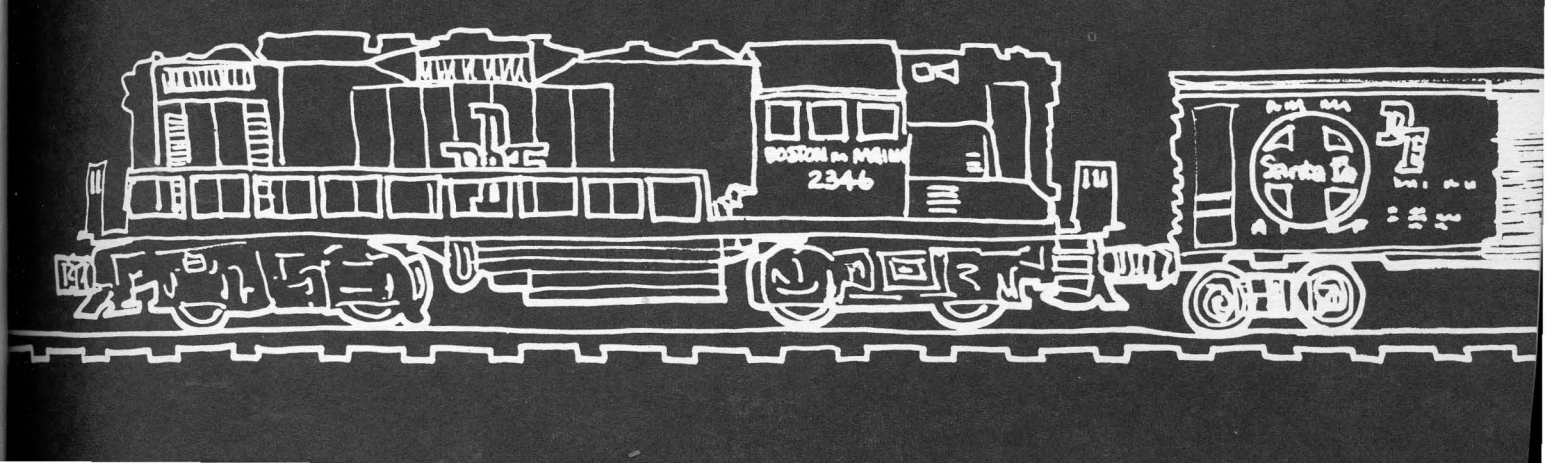
Power politics, nationalism, and dogmatic ideology are luxuries that the human race can no longer afford. Nor, as a species, can we afford the luxury of ignoring man's ecological situation. By shifting our attention from the now completely irrelevant and anachronistic politics of nationalism and military power to the problems of the human species and the still inchoate politics of human ecology we shall be killing two birds with one stone—reducing the threat of sudden destruction by scientific war and at the same time reducing the threat of more gradual biological disaster.

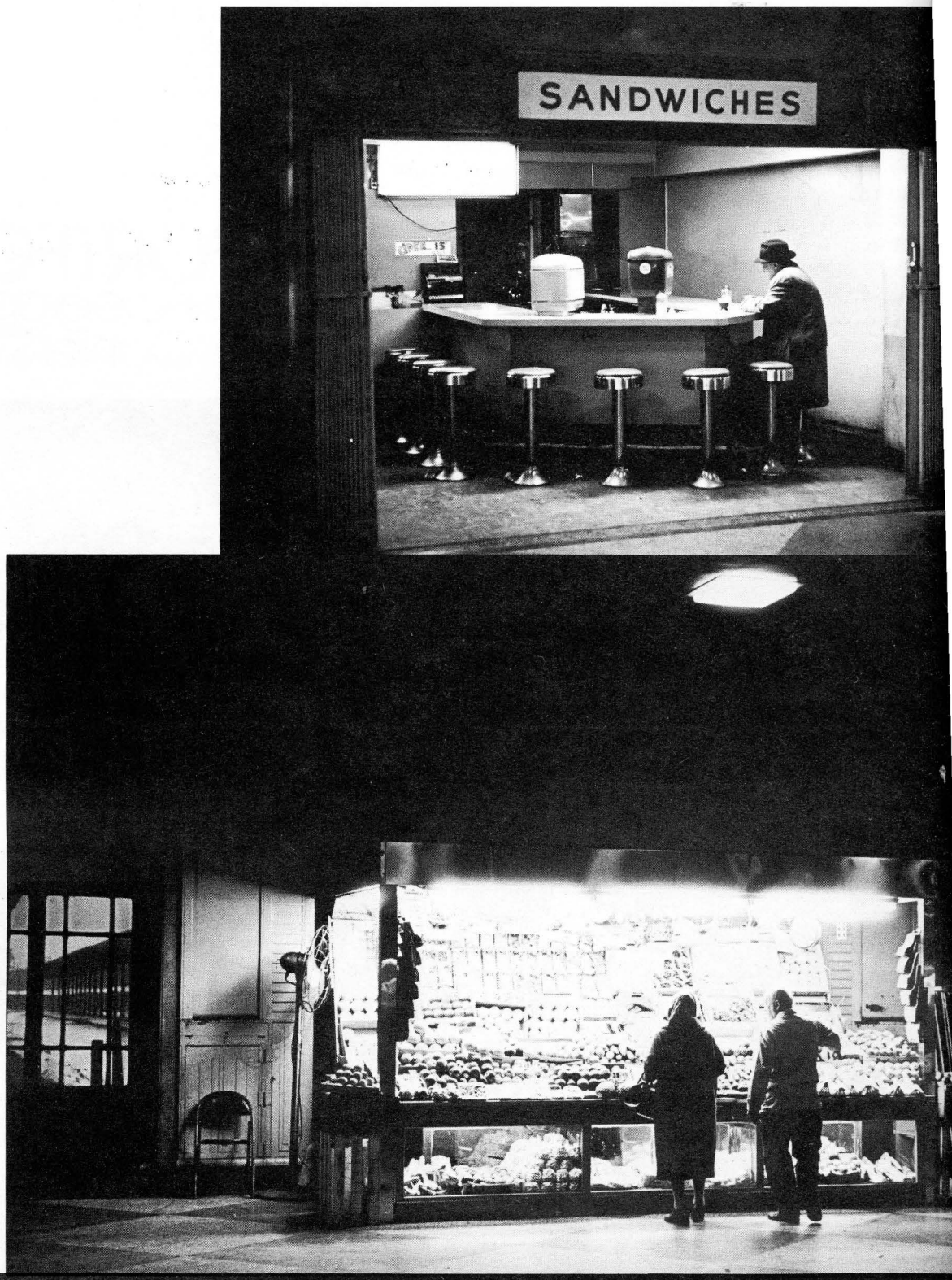
The beginnings of ecological politics are to be found in the special services of the United Nations Organization. UNESCO, the Food and Agriculture Organization, the World Health Organization, the various Technical Aid Services—all these are, partially or completely, concerned with the ecological problems of the human species. In a world where political problems are thought of and worked upon within a frame of reference whose coordinates are nationalism and military power, these ecology-oriented organizations are regarded as peripheral. If the problems of humanity could be thought about and acted upon within a frame of reference that has survival for the species, the well-being of individuals, and the actualization of man's desirable potentialities as its coordinates, these peripheral organizations would become central. The subordinate politics of survival, happiness, and personal fulfillment would take the place now occupied by the politics of power, ideology, nationalistic idolatry, and unrelieved misery.

In the process of reaching this kind of politics we shall find, no doubt, that we have done something, in President Wilson's prematurely optimistic words, "to make the world safe for democracy."

PORTFOLIO

photographs by
Daniel S. Brody

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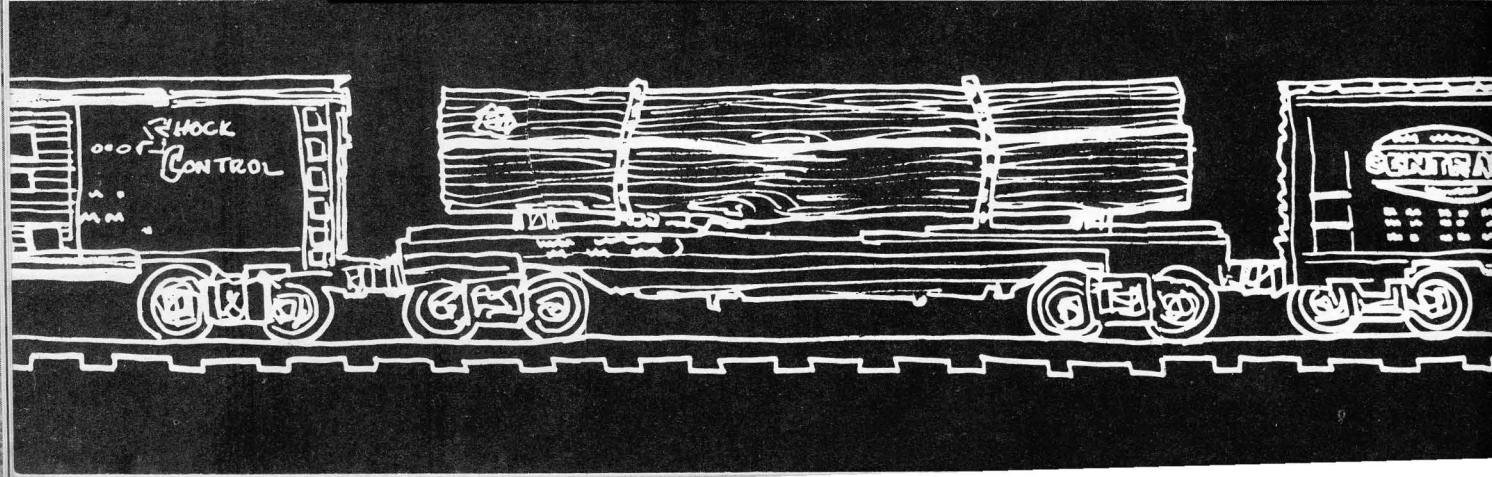
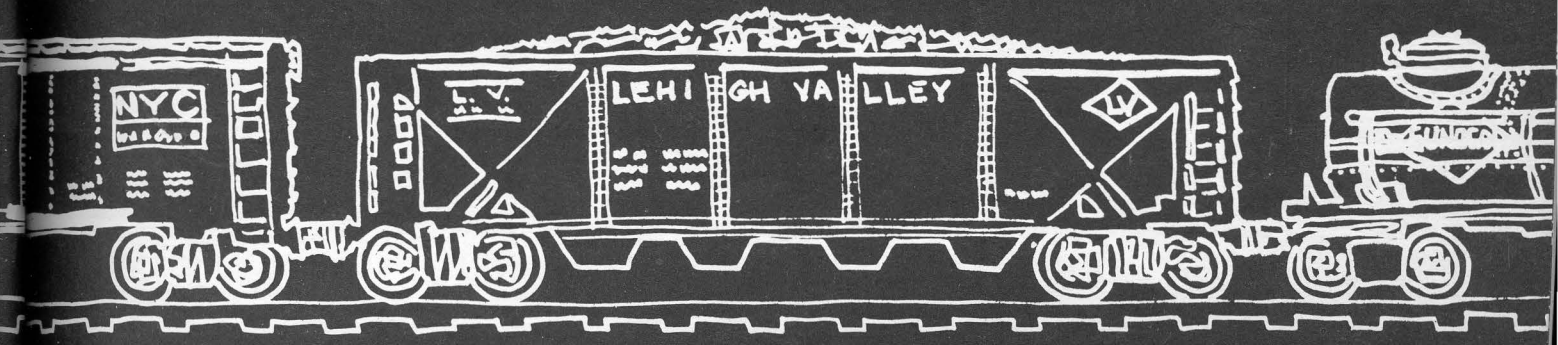
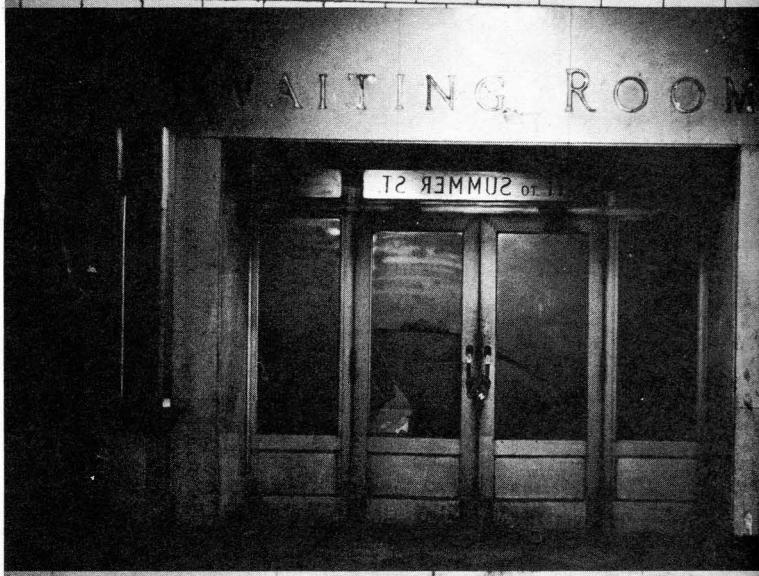

SHOCK
CONTROL

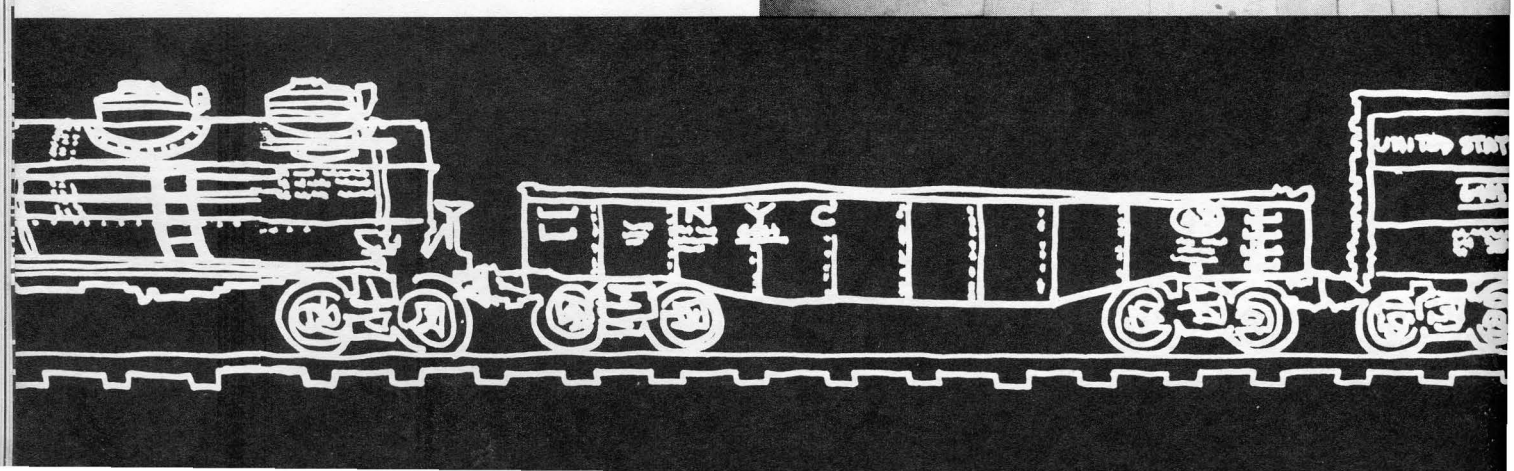

Club Car
BAR-LOUNGE

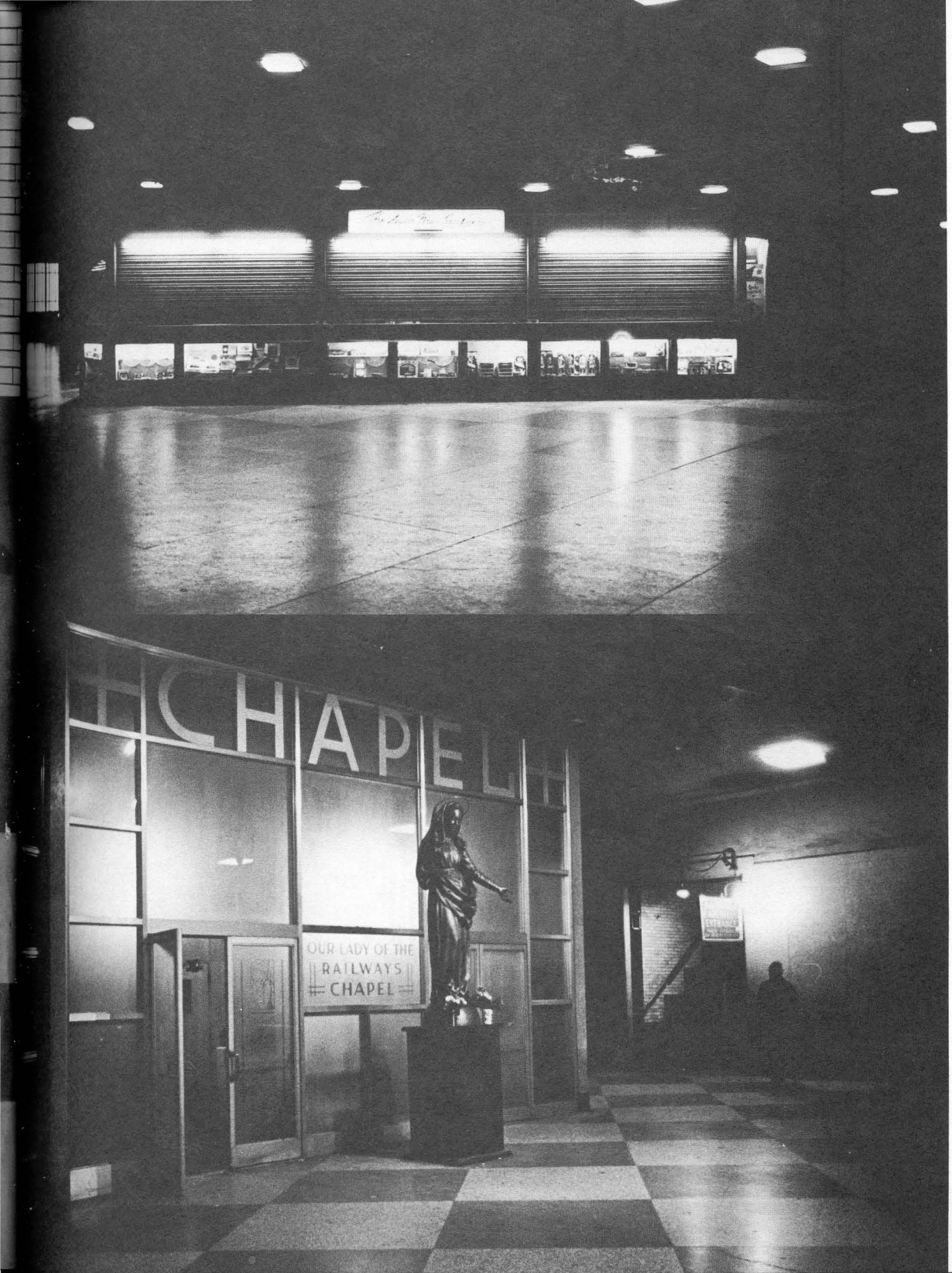

BEER HOT DOGS
TAP

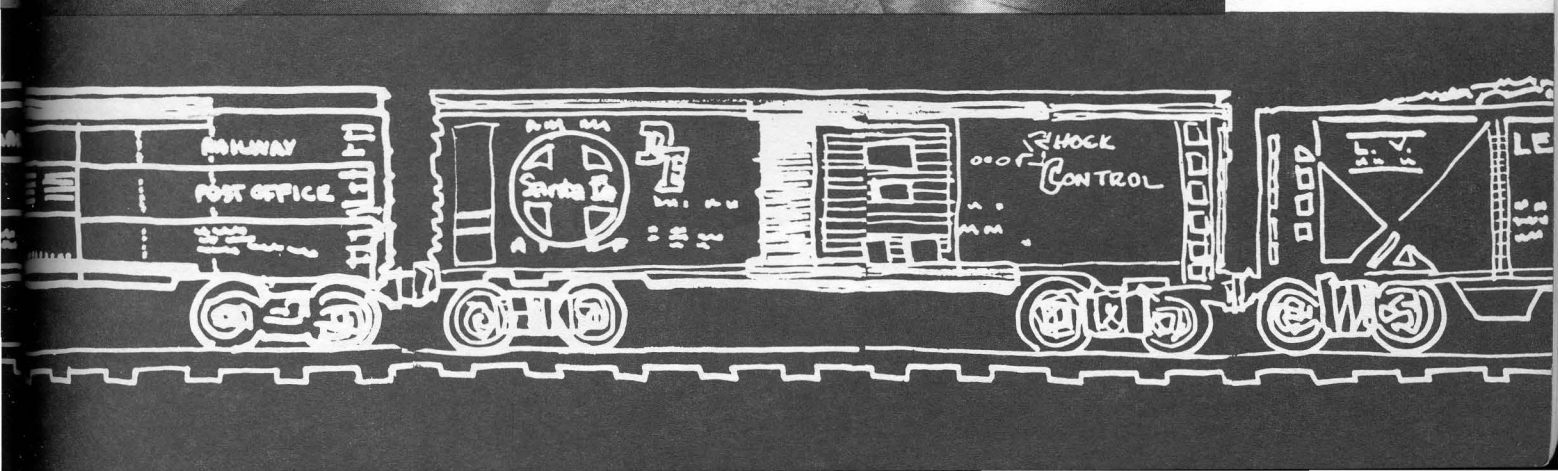

NYC
LEHIGH VALLEY



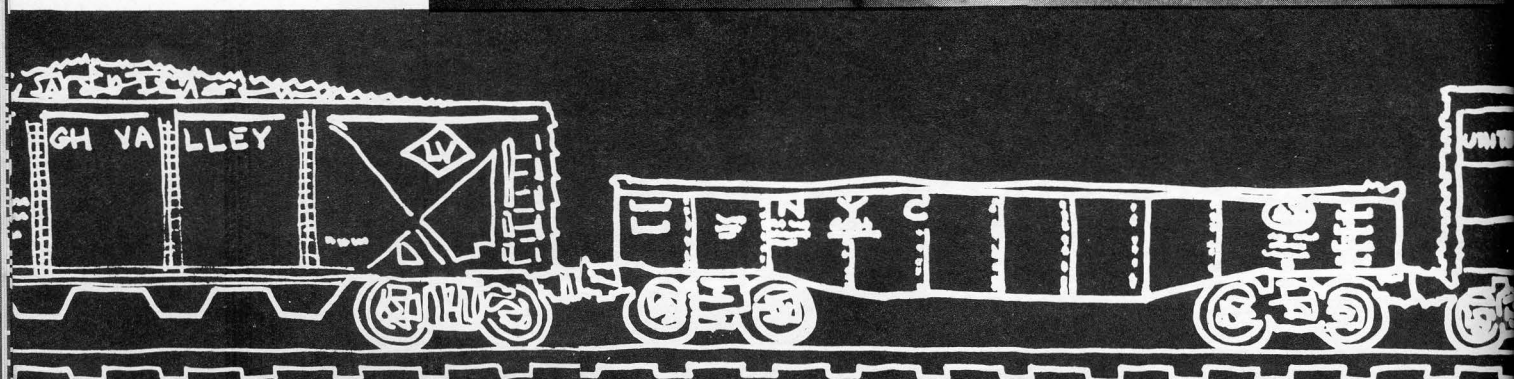
RED HAND · DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME
WHITE HAND · EASTERN STANDARD TIME




CHAPEL
OUR LADY OF THE
RAILWAYS
CHAPEL


RAILWAY
POST OFFICE
SHOCK
CONTROL


OUT TO STREET


GH VA LLEY


12
CHECK HERE


HOTEL
400
NEW
MODERN
ROOMS
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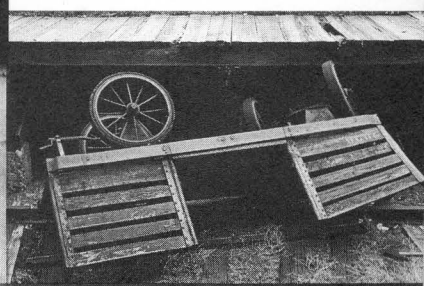
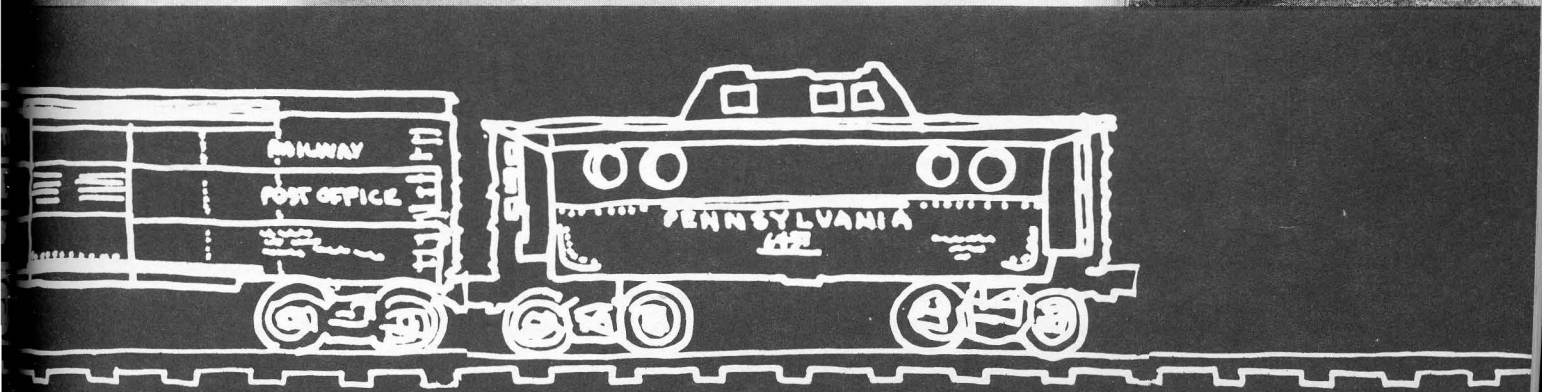
$6.50




RAILWAY
POST OFFICE
PENNSYLVANIA

TEL ARBRE, TEL FRUIT

for Miranda

What should I say about this miniature me,
who prefers rice to bread, kerosene lamps
to neonlight, grass to down, muddy waters
to marble floors, and a handful of snow
to a box of chocolate candies:

so I was green with the March wind, rolling down
a hill's lap, surprising a meditating white crane;
so I was fleshy with the grasshoppers, at the harvest;
so I walked a moon home and read Li Po by an oil lamp;
so I grew warm on the first snow, chewing icicles
in some dazzling morning, among the reeds, the geese.
And going back to summer, I was once a swimmer,
tirelessly riding the yellow-hound waves of Yang Tze:
my blood sang out as the great river trained me.

Now the map in my baby's face extends, leading me
all the way back to that time-obliterating village:
after so long a journey, while the late sun yet hangs
a palace lantern over the hilltops, in south Szechuan,
I would go to bed with the silkworms, leaving a whole
summer for my girl to sing: grant that she will be
a good swimmer, even on the tumbling backs of the sea.

—*Stephen Shu Ning Liu*

Zeal

by Autry D. Greer

In the golden curve of the ciborium, Matthew Brady's face was shortened from brow to chin; steel-rimmed glasses stretched across the wide-set eyes; forehead, sprigged with short, black hair, was squeezed to a point in the distorted reflection.

"Body of Christ. . . ."

Father Costello, with his pink scrubbed Irish face, was resplendent in a green and silver chasuble as he stood, Host in hand. The priest frowned at Brady, who started, muttered "amen" and, for a moment, forgot the reflection as the Body of Christ was placed on his tongue.

As the wafer dissolved, Brady touched his chest with a clenched fist. "Lord, I'm not worthy," he murmured.

A mink stole brushed his arm, perfume filled his nostrils as he rose from his kneeling position at the chancel rail. Woman of the Pharisees! Ah, but who was he to judge! Again, he muttered, "Lord, I am not worthy." Then he bowed his head, and, with hands folded across his breast, moved with long strides back to the pew.

The reflection in the ciborium . . . could it be a God's-eye view of imperfections of his own soul revealed to him in a physical way? If he, with proper humility, had kept his eyes lowered, he would not have noticed the reflection. This, however, may be a lesson well learned. The Lord worked in mysterious ways.

The reflection then was Matthew Brady's spiritual image, a vision of himself as the sinner he knew himself to be. As he knelt in the pew, Brady thanked God for the revelation. Though a troubling one, it could save his eternal soul.

"Oh, Lord, forgive me, a sinner."

Locking the street door to his second-story bachelor apartment, Matthew Brady was suddenly aware of a beautiful day, clear, bright, with a smoky scent of autumn. After the six o'clock Mass, there had been a sharp chill in the Saturday morning air, a reminder that winter, indeed, was on the way. But now, a wonderful day, another gift from God.

Brady smoothed a brown light wool sweater over a small mound of stomach, and resolved to walk before lunch the fifteen blocks to St. Matthew's Church and back. Not really a penance, actually a salubrious exercise on a glorious morning. He regretted he was forced by circumstances to live out of St. Matthew's parish. It would have been most appropriate to live in the parish named for his patron saint; but, at least, St. Ann's was only four blocks away, a factor in his being able to attend Mass daily before reporting to his accountant's job at the railroad office.

At St. Matthew's this morning, he would recite the rosary, meditate for a time in the dim, musty church, then return to lunch in the apartment. Though fattening, his lunch would be easy to prepare—spaghetti and meat balls, a green salad, a glass or two of Chianti. As St. Paul recommended, a little wine for the stomach.

Since he could be relatively certain of no mortal sin—or was this presumption?—today he may up his wine quota a bit. Perhaps a third glass. It would induce a restful nap after lunch. Under no circumstances, however, would he enter the confessional with alcohol on his breath. Should he determine in his examination of conscience that he must go to confession this afternoon, he would simply drink water with his meal.

Brady adjusted his steel-rimmed glasses, set out at a brisk pace. After half a block, he slowed, then stopped beneath the Bagatelle Antique Shop sign, an oblong piece of metal on which also was inscribed "Everything for the Collector." A faint gust of wind caused the sign to creak on its rusty, metal shaft jutting over the sidewalk. The sound reminded Brady of a penitent's hoarse cry. Here, however, it could only be a plea for patronage.

Frequently he cursed himself for his weakness, self-indulgence, when he stopped at Bagatelle. Almost weekly, as regularly he bought groceries or offered a stipend for the St. Vincent De Paul Society, he purchased some bauble, a small treasure from Mrs. Gaugin at the antique shop.

Through the dusty, fly-specked window, he saw her sitting in a mahogany rocker reading the morning paper beneath a green-and-yellow Tiffany lamp suspended from the ceiling. The chair was situated in an open-end rectangle of glass cases where Mrs. Gaugin could carry on her trade, make change from a cigar box, badger customers without leaving the rocker. Now, she was like a fat, black-shawled toad beneath a bright, drooping blossom.

Then in the window, Brady saw his own dim reflection. The high-domed forehead had its normal contour and was not squeezed to a point as in the ciborium; the round glasses were down on his long nose as usual; the small mouth was

compressed. Here he was as the world saw him, his spiritual imperfections concealed.

Brady turned into the shop before realizing what he was about. On a table, a step or so beyond the door, he noticed a six-inch, wooden finial that once adorned an ancient staircase. He pushed the glasses back up on his nose, picked up the wooden ornament, eyed it carefully. There was a thin, vertical crack but the pale blue finial, with its gothic design, was solid as stone. Fill the crack with plastic wood, spray it gold. It would be perfect for his marble coffee table. Stroking the smooth surface of the wood with his fingertips, Brady felt Mrs. Gaugin's eyes on him. He glanced up and saw her wide, pulpy lips spread in a smile.

"Saved that one for you, Mr. Brady. Left it there so you would spy it the moment you entered. Looks just like you, like something you would adore." Then she casually glanced back at the newspaper in her lap. Should he mention that a person cannot adore an inanimate object?

Should it be gold? No, leave it that pale blue. Shellac it. It would pick up the blue of the drapes, the blue of the Madonna's robes in the living room niche.

"Thank you, Mrs. Gaugin. Thanks so much for saving it for me." But now wasn't he conniving with her in this obvious deceit? God forgive her cupidity, her transparent lie. God forgive him for his uncharitable thoughts, his cowardly conniving.

There were five one dollar bills in his wallet. She couldn't ask more than $5 for the finial. More accurately, he couldn't pay more. With Mrs. Gaugin, it was cash or no sale.

Brady glanced again at Mrs. Gaugin and as he did another customer, a lovely woman, a brunette with shoulder-length hair, wearing a snug, lime-green suit, emerged from the depths of the shop. The young woman leaned over a glass case to examine a button display.

Brady caught his breath. A magnificent creature, glorious of buttock and breast, attributes which were flagrantly revealed by the tight-fitting, mini-skirted suit. Her long, delicate face was like ivory beneath the lamp; the part in her glossy black hair was like a thin chalk stroke.

"We are quite proud of our button collections," Mrs. Gaugin said, fingering tassels on her shawl.

The green skirt was high above the knees now, the rump raised, the long, black hair seductively draped along the lovely profile, over the left shoulder.

It was a moment of total desire: Brady for the green suited young woman; Mrs. Gaugin for profit; and that beautiful female, one of God's masterpieces, could not take her eyes off the buttons, every size, color and design arrayed on black velvet.

"Marvelous. I have thousands now, covering an entire wall," the young woman exclaimed. "It's a sickness. I can never get enough."

"Why not collect, if you enjoy them?" Mrs. Gaugin replied. "For such rare items, the price is quite reasonable."

"Mea culpea. . . ." Brady muttered, thumping his chestbone with the tip of the finial. Then in desperation he turned, studied a pegboard array of brass drawer pulls. He must keep his eyes and his mind away from this woman, who unwittingly—or did she know?—was for him an occasion of grievous sin. Now, at this moment, his thoughts of her were mortally sinful. No Chianti. Water with his lunch. He must be in the confessional this afternoon. Somehow, and the thought was most embarrassing, the two women must be aware of his weakness, the queasy feeling in his stomach, his shortness of breath.

"Were you at Mass this morning, Mr. Brady?" It was Mrs. Gaugin's unctuous question. "But, of course, you were. This gentleman is a daily communicant." Mrs. Gaugin glanced up at the young woman's intent face and nodded in Brady's direction. The old lady knew feigned indifference to a sale often made the customer more avid.

"I'll take these," the young woman said, without glancing at Brady or acknowledging Mrs. Gaugin's comment.

"An excellent buy," the shopkeeper observed. "Since you are buying the entire tray, I'll make you a special price."

Mrs. Gaugin! How shameless she was! Her price was whatever the traffic would bear and this lovely creature, with her passion for buttons, surely would pay an enormous price. He refused to listen as the price was quoted. When the young woman left, he could begin negotiations.

Mrs. Gaugin made change from the cigar box, dumped the buttons from the velvet-lined tray into a paper bag which, a day or so earlier, had contained items from the grocery store. The young woman placed the bag in her large leather purse, then slowly wandered about the shop, her eyes moving from shelf to shelf.

"I'll see you this afternoon, Mrs. Gaugin," Brady said, placing the finial back on the table where he had found it.

"Must you go? A pity," Mrs. Gaugin said, pulling a rueful face. "But I trust you, Mr. Brady. You'll come back. You are a man of your word. I'll save that piece just for you."

Brady walked rapidly, breathlessly, attempting through physical exertion to forget that wondrous form, that softly undulating body beneath the lime-green suit. Better to marry than burn?

Though a layman, Brady had dedicated his life to God. A personal vow. He had made it at his mother's deathbed for the salvation of her soul. He had seen her racked with agonies of cancer; he had been willing to sacrifice so she might rest in peace.

The wool sweater, as he walked, began to prick his back, chest and arms. Perhaps this, too, would help him forget. He began to perspire. He could hardly wait until he was kneeling at the chancel rail in St. Matthew's Church, the smooth, black beads of the rosary gliding beneath his fingertips. But what, dear God, if even then he could not erase the temptress' image? Had he any hope of salvation? He quickened his pace until it seemed as if he were a thief running through the streets. Could anyone in these times appreciate his flight from temptation, from lusts of the flesh?

Even as he prayed the rosary, the image of the young woman's body, her lustrous, black hair, her angular, ivory face, was before his eyes, indelibly burned into his brain. She remained with him on the long walk back to his apartment.

In his disturbed state of mind, Brady let the spaghetti and meat balls burn and he doused the salad with too much vinegar. But he ate the meal and drank a glass of ice water. As he cleared the table, he thought of the finial. Perhaps the $5 should go toward his annual Catholic Charities pledge. Somehow, the Lord always saw that the pledge was paid without too great a sacrifice.

Brady left the apartment and walked toward the antique shop, his steps slowing as he approached the building, almost as though he expected to run head-long into the Devil. He glanced through the shop window. Mrs. Gaugin, in a post-

luncheon lethargy, was working the newspaper cross-word puzzle. She yawned as she lettered with a stubby pencil.

What if the brunette with the lime-green suit were still about? Impossible. It couldn't happen. Now she was only in his mind.

"Back to do business, Mrs. Gaugin," Brady announced, glancing about for the finial, that lovely blue ornament that reminded him of a giant chessman. Where was it? It was not on the table where he had left it.

Mrs. Gaugin looked up quickly, folded her paper and walked toward him.

"Mr. Brady. I am glad you came back," she said, smiling, licking her lower lip with the tip of her tongue. "I was discussing your devotion to the church with the young lady who was in this morning. She, too, is Catholic and she greatly admired your zeal, your religious fervor. She remarked that there are too few persons such as yourself these days. She was impressed."

"Thank you. . . ."

Brady looked at the old, full-lipped face with its net of fine wrinkles, dark eyes beneath hooded lids.

"You should have taken the finial when you were here," Mrs. Gaugin said, rattling the newspaper in her yellowed hands. "The young lady loved it. She convinced me that she must have it. She gave me $20 for it. I felt she stole it at the price. The finial, she said, would decorate the night table by her bed."

"Yes, Mrs. Gaugin. Certainly, I could not have paid $20," Brady observed.

The finial he had touched, caressed, would each night be within a foot or so of that marvelous body. From the bedside position, it would be in the presence of this woman as she undressed, lay sleeping, hair like black, glossy spray on her cheeks, white shoulders. There would be times when the shoulder strap of her gown would slip or the gown would rise above her waist. . . .

"Oh, my God," Brady exclaimed, turning, rushing from the shop, his face contorted, forgetful of Mrs. Gaugin's presence.

"Mr. Brady . . . oh, Mr. Brady. We have other wonderful things to show you. . . ." Mrs. Gaugin shook her head, returned to her rocker.

Head down, hands in his pockets, Brady walked with long, determined strides. He must not stand still. He must keep walking, walking, exhausting himself . . . anything to keep that woman out of his mind. She had become an obsession.

At four o'clock, he would have a long, perhaps excruciating, discussion with Father Costello in the confessional. There were times, it seemed, when even Father Costello could not understand the magnitude of his transgressions. More often than not, Brady felt the penance Father Costello meted out was not adequate to the sins that were confessed. Usually, in addition to the prescribed penance, he also said the rosary three times. Then, and only then, could he feel the burden of his sins lifted.

He would rejoice this afternoon when he left St. Ann's renewed, spiritually refreshed. Somehow, in the future he must keep his mind pure, untarnished by lust. It was a struggle, sometimes an overwhelming one. Occasionally he wondered if he should forget his oath, marry as St. Paul advised, rather than burn. But, no, there was too much at stake and the oath was sacred. He, like Christ, must bear his cross, somehow overcome his weaknesses.

Passing an old vacant building, Brady glanced up and saw the faded advertising of an ice cream parlor beneath a more recent furniture store sign. A palimsest. The ice cream parlor sign advertised the following flavors: chocolate . . . vanilla . . . grape . . . orange . . . lime.

Lime. Lime ice cream. Lime-colored suit. There she was . . . in the lime-colored suit. Dear God, somehow, let him forget!

Brady glanced at his wristwatch. 2:30. An hour and a half before Father Costello would be in the confessional. He must walk . . . walk . . . walk. He must walk very rapidly, looking neither to the left or the right, head down, eyes on the sidewalk, the wool sweater biting at his skin. Shut off the senses. The Devil was in the streets . . . not as a roaring lion but as a subtle tempter, a fatal source of evil. He would go now to St. Ann's, bide his time in the church until Father Costello, pink and plump, redolent of cigar smoke and shaving lotion, would open to him the grill of the confessional. The Devil was in the streets but God and salvation were at St. Ann's.

All else had failed.

Somehow he must get to God, establish direct contact; know that he was being heard, feel there was Divine intervention. He had confessed and that was not satisfactory. As usual, Father Costello did not seem to take his sins seriously enough. One Hail Mary and three Our Fathers. Then as he was reciting the third decade of the second rosary, the woman had reappeared. Only now, she was no longer in the lime-green suit. She was flaunting herself naked, writhing obscenely in front of the altar, in the presence of Our Lord.

In agony, Brady closed his eyes, shook his head to shut her out. The sensuous brunette, as she turned, twisted, beckoned to him. He rose from the chancel rail and ran most of the four blocks back to his apartment.

He opened the bottle of Chianti and drank, hoping the alcohol would dull his senses, blot out the vision. He carried the straw-wrapped bottle from the refrigerator to the bedroom, to the living room, back to the kitchen. He drank directly from the bottle, purple wine flowing down his throat, warming him, making him drowsy. Perhaps this was the way. But, no, there she was, still obscenely beckoning.

Temptation was always greatest on the weekend or at night. At work in the accounting office, the ledgers, the rows of figures, the fast-flicking keys of the business machines absorbed his attention, kept his mind from evil.

He had almost drunk the bottle of Chianti when he received the message—not a spoken word but an intuitive thing. He must be cleansed, make direct contact with the Lord. Surely his plan was not despair but greatest possible faith in God and His infinite mercy.

Matthew Brady went to the bathroom, removed his glasses, stripped off his clothes, turned on the shower, let the water run hot. Then he inserted a small, narrow blade in his Schick injector razor, put the razor back in the medicine cabinet and grasped the rejected blade between his thumb and forefinger. He stood for a moment in the steaming shower. Suddenly, she was there beside him, offering herself.

Slowly, almost painlessly, he ran the blade across the veins on the underside of his left wrist and saw a jagged trickle of red run across his palm, down his fingers into the shower

water; then, with blood stained fingers, he took the blade, sliced deeply into his right wrist.

Then he sat in the shower, hot water needling his head, shoulders, kneecaps, and waited, praying.

"Dear God, I am at your mercy, your beckoning. This is my way to salvation." She was fading now, going away.

As the water drummed about his ears, he noticed a roaring sound in his head, felt a lassitude in his body. He closed his eyes. She was gone. God was pleased.

Brady's head slumped on his shoulder. His eyes opened again, the pupils turned up, impervious to spray from the shower nozzle. Cuts on his wrists hardly seemed to bleed since the water washed the blood away quickly, down the drain.

For a time, the body was white as polished marble, then slowly it turned gray beneath the flooding shower.

NAKED FOR YEARS, UNTIL SEPTEMBER

a sudden color grows in this room
it is your eyes.

when I was six I climbed a tree
to grab onto a cloud when
I fell I
sipped the blood from my hand

near the ceiling I watch a moth
nudging the light
you and I
walk outside

our lips realize
what captives they are

how can we stop this bleeding?

our fingers
huddle suddenly

you tell me you don't care about
the scars you will wear

—William Meissner

DHARMA DANCE

In a savage vision (the color of the dissecting room)
grim leatherfaced warlord
primal father and cold warrior unbowed
frozen to the dark frontier
on an endless tightrope
missteps
falls
clutching momentary salvation
but tired hands
open slowly slipping
fingertips give
grip gives
as anxious visions in his head
dividing the dancer from the dance
fade
but his son
newborn freshborn warbaby
child of the atom watercarrier
born
to a tightrope between furnace doors
balanced in the wind
high above the scorched earth's red glow
blast burnt from witchcraft's
gray mushroom
waits calmly
for the green of Spring
blue thunder
and warm rain.

—*John Joerg*

Trial by Combat

by F. Emerson Andrews

The best index of any civilization is how far it has risen above trial by combat in settling disputes—between nations, between races, classes, and institutions, between individuals.

That our progress in this direction has been slow is not surprising. Biologists tell us that throughout the aeons of evolution from single cell to thinking man four drives have been fundamental: hunger, sex, fear, and aggression. All have been necessary, and have played important roles in mutation and improvement.

Aggression, we need to recognize, has had a constructive role in the progress of animals, including man. Aggression has fought off predators of other species. Aggression has captured adequate hunting and feeding ground, often against members of its own species. The aggressive male has had his choice of consort, and the species grew sturdier.

And what about man? Aggression is a deep instinct, which in the past has brought many victories and has still its important uses. Its power should not—must not—be underestimated. But now in a changed world it threatens the mere survival of the human race.

Among lower animals, aggression still operates within safe limits. Konrad Lorenz in his fascinating book, *On Aggression*, points out that a fish will valiantly defend its own feeding grounds against even a larger intruder, and drive off and pursue the invader. But after the invader has retreated close to his own domain, he turns and fights off the first fish. Aggression is also countered by fast flight, protective coloration, group defense. The peaceful rabbit outruns his pursuers. The slow chameleon disappears into his background. The keen-eyed bird shrills a general warning against the slinking cat.

It is only man who has suddenly developed tools of aggression capable of total annihilation. He now needs desperately to understand the deep roots of his aggressive instincts, and quickly find ways to control or sublimate them.

1

Are we really aggressive?

We need to take an honest look at the facts, perhaps first as a nation. We think of ourselves as lovers of peace, who have gone to war only under necessity and always for noble purposes. Here are the cold statistics:

The War	Began	Ended	Years
The Revolution	19 Apr. 1775—	3 Sep. 1783	8.4
War of 1812	18 June 1812—	24 Dec. 1814	2.5
Mexican War	12 May 1846—	2 Feb. 1848	1.7
Civil War	12 Apr. 1861—	26 Apr. 1865	4.0
War with Spain	21 Apr. 1898—	12 Aug. 1898	0.3
World War I	6 Apr. 1917—	11 Nov. 1918	1.6
World War II	7 Dec. 1941—	14 Aug. 1945	3.7
Korean War	25 June 1950—	27 July 1953	3.1
Vietnam "War"	8 Feb. 1962—	8 Nov. 1972*	10.8
		Years at war	36.1

*An "open end" date at time of writing.

Since 1775 we have been at war—not counting a century of Indian conflicts, the Boxer Rebellion, expeditions to capture Villa, and Latin American operations to protect American interests—an average of more than one day in every six. We refused to join the League of Nations, and the present United Nations is proving a weak reed.

Disarmament conferences have been meeting for years, but substantial progress will remain impossible so long as we maintain, privately and sometimes in public pronouncements, that our own armaments must not merely equal, but be superior to those of any possible adversary. Despite the grave warnings of the late President Eisenhower, himself an army man, the military-industrial combine has become a political power mightier than ever before. At this writing the Nixon administration has won the first round for an ABM program which many competent scientists declare useless or at least unnecessary. The President's 1973 Budget calls for $90 billion for national defense and veterans benefits; but $3.6 billion for elementary and secondary education, $1.4 billion for higher education—the last including cuts in scholarship programs.

The United States is not alone in this primary reliance on trial by combat for settling international affairs. Whether or not we started it, we are responsible for continuing the vicious circle of armament escalation. True, if the Soviet Union, for

example, builds up a strong "defensive" position on Kamchatka, or elsewhere near Alaska, one would expect our Defense Department to build up in nearby territory armaments they intend to be even stronger. But can anyone doubt that when we do build up strong points—for example, bases in Japan, a fleet in the Mediterranean—then our neighbors will take similar measures, and perhaps not only one neighbor but several? We may actually be weaker, on balance, after every effort at building "defensive" strength.

Moreover, what effects does military preparedness have upon ourselves? Certainly it creates in this country a large group of professional soldiers, and other millions depending for employment and profits upon defense-related industry. Even if we make the best possible assumption, that all persons in both groups desire only the strength and safety of the United States, insidious psychological dangers remain.

If I were a general and had spent all my life training for war and no war came, I would feel frustrated; and I would do all I could to get my country to wave the big stick, gaining advantages in treaties and trade from the power I represented. And if I were a statesman, sure that my cause was right and my army strong, I would be less willing to submit that cause to an impartial arbitrator than if I did not have that powerful army.

At the same time that military preparedness is giving us a dangerous sense of power, it may be sapping the real strength of this country. Even with presently limited college exemptions, an army of over three million men, most of them precisely at the ages when they should be taking college and postgraduate training, must be robbing the future of many trained scientists. Moreover, the very training "to think like soldiers and to develop habit responses" is scarcely conducive to later inventive activity, and such training in blind obedience may be dangerous in a democracy.

What price are we paying—in money, in social progress, in frustrated lives—for this chief reliance in our international relations on this outmoded and desperately dangerous policy of trial by combat?

2

A year or two ago I might have dismissed in a brief paragraph examples of trial by combat within institutions, or among them. At this writing nearly half our news headlines trumpet such contests, chiefly in what would have seemed the least likely of all places, our institutions of higher learning. I am here defining "combat" as any use of force, including taking over buildings, breaking windows, setting fires, police nightsticks, tear gas, Molotov cocktails, fist fights, and physical violence of every sort. At least in the case of Cornell University, the students were heavily armed with guns and knives.

Changes in the Establishment were overdue in many colleges, though some of the worst violence has taken place where programs were the most liberal, and opportunities for peaceful adjustment most promising. Even in these presumed centers of culture the dissidents have not listened to any of the substitutes for trial by combat—open discussion, majority vote, peaceful picketing, or even a student strike. Small groups have taken violent measures, proposing programs which are sometimes unreasonable and impossible, and declaring all points nonnegotiable. They have sometimes gained their points even when an overwhelming majority of faculty and fellow students have disagreed. One judges that some of these groups, particularly the Students for a Democratic Society, are less interested in achieving specific ends than in picking plausible demands that can hope for some general student support; their target is crippling, and if possible destroying, the institution in its present form.

It is idle now to blame permissive upbringing by parents, or emphasis on violence in television, or weak-kneed administrators who should have cracked down on infractions when first they appeared. We may guess that the Vietnam War and other failures of the older generation have helped destroy confidence and respect over the generation gap. In any event, we are faced now with a new generation, with even its "select" college segment convinced that force is the only way to obtain what one desires.

Before this ominous resurgence of trial by combat in our educational institutions, its examples in other institutions seem pallid. Once churches fired men and nations to mortal combat over differences in faith; now we have ecumenical councils.

Battles within a company, or between companies and sometimes whole industries, are often ruthless power struggles, but are usually conducted within a sometimes complaisant law and without violence. Exceptions include the Mafia takeover of many legitimate businesses, with damage to property and sometimes murder by the persuaders.

3

In struggles between occupational and economic groups recourse to trial by combat is still common. Big business no longer calls in the state militia to put down dissident labor; more often in recent years the shoe is on the other foot. We have had an epidemic of strikes. Although a strike is technically a mere work stoppage, designed to bring economic leverage of loss of profits to bear upon the demand for higher wages, the very word "strike" has belligerent connotations. Most recent strikes have been accompanied by acts of violence.

Still more dangerous, in recent years the combat weapon has not been mere pressure upon the employer, but severe and sometimes intolerable hardship for the general public. The New York school strike robbed millions of innocent children of many months of educational training. Threats of strikes, and in a few cases actual strikes or mass "sick reports," on the part of policemen, firemen, sanitation workers have forced major wage concessions from impoverished municipal governments. The New York State law forbidding strikes by municipal employes has been blithely violated. Appeals for impartial arbitrators have generally been rejected.

Even in outright war between nations, the Geneva conventions attempt to protect noncombatants. But in many recent labor disputes danger to the noncombatant public has become the chief offensive weapon.

At another level, struggles of disadvantaged economic groups have in Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, and many other large cities erupted into severe violence, with looting, arson, and murder reducing whole sections of some of these cities to a shambles not yet reconstructed. With the new hardened line on relief expenditures by the Nixon administration it seems unlikely that these trials by combat will be abandoned in the near future.

4

ace relations have become an area of particular danger. w years ago progress was being made under vigorous cam- gns led by Martin Luther King and others who preached nviolence. Sometimes these picketings, marches, and sit-ins re resisted with clubs, dogs, imprisonment, and murder; lence did erupt on both sides. But some hope remained t common sense might prevail, and the necessary changes e made without severe racial strife.

The bullet that killed Martin Luther King on 4 April 1968 changed all that. Not only did it still forever the most eloquent voice that preached moderation, but it also gave the already impatient black leaders persuasive evidence that only force and violence could accomplish their aims. Organized black groups have formed on many college campuses, and have usually promoted their always nonnegotiable demands by forcibly occupying buildings, by fires, destruction, and general vandalism. Outside the campuses, riots occur in the streets, with stores broken into, theft, and arson.

Two ominous changes have occurred in the nature of demands. Many black groups have shifted from pleas for full integration, with equal use of schools, parks, and housing, to demand all-black facilities such as dormitories, schools, special courses, and areas of political power. The warning that we are becoming a divided society is now a heightened danger.

Secondly, the demand is now not merely for equality in education, wages, and jobs, but reparations for past disabilities. This demand reached its ridiculous crest when Mr. James Forman interrupted a communion service at The Riverside Church in New York City to demand in the name of the National Black Economic Development Conference that white Christian churches and Jewish synagogues turn over as reparations $500 million to the black people of the country, together with 60 per cent of future annual investment income.

When a substantial group of students at Union Theological Seminary supported these demands a week later, it became obvious that some portions of American society were losing all sense of balance, not to say their sense of humor. If reparations for past economic wrongs is a valid concept, surely our first obligation is to the Indians. Pizarro in Peru, Cortez in Mexico, and we in the United States robbed these Indians of their wealth and the land we live on, long before the first Negro set foot on American soil. If reparations are proper and possible, they should come in order. The wealthier blacks of today should join us in righting this more ancient wrong.

But trouble brews. The Manifesto on which these demands were based was adopted by the National Black Economic Development Conference in Detroit on 26 April 1969, which contained in its Introduction this statement:

> We live inside the U.S. which is the most barbaric country in the world and we have a chance to bring this government down.

5

What of trial by combat in disputes between individuals? In the Middle Ages trial by single combat had the strong support of law and custom, and was resorted to in both civil and criminal cases. Usually it worked like this. The accuser swore to the truth of his grievance, the accused gave him the lie, a gage of battle was thrown down, and taken up; the two fought it out with agreed weapons under strict rules and before an assembly. The supposition was that God would give victory to the right.

Duelling was actually a legal method of trial in England well into the nineteenth-century—though if you killed someone, you could be charged with murder. It was abolished by Statute 59 of George III in 1818. But it remained a principal method of settling points of honor much longer.

Such duels were common in England until the middle of the nineteenth-century, some of them involving famous persons. It was only in 1844 that the secretary of war announced to the House of Commons that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, had expressed a desire that some expedient be found by which the barbarous practice of duelling might be as much as possible discouraged. A bill was passed that year affecting the military, providing that "every person who shall fight or promote a duel, or take any steps thereto, or who shall not do his best to prevent duel, shall, if an officer, be cashiered, or suffer such other penalty as a general court-martial may award."

In continental Europe and Latin America duels still occur. I have a clipping from *The New York Times* of 4 November 1968, with picture, showing Rear Admiral Benigno Varela, former commander of the Argentine Navy, crossing sabers with Yolivan Biglieri, newspaper editor. The duel ended with both men bleeding from flesh wounds and "not in condition to continue to fight."

In the United States the last notable duel was fought on the banks of the Hudson on 11 July 1804. The gentlemen were Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. What makes the more startling their use of pistols instead of the law is the fact that both were eminent lawyers. Burr had an active practice in New York State for many years and was that state's attorney general in 1789. Alexander Hamilton was admitted to the bar in 1782 and was author of a much admired treatise on law practice.

It was Burr, a skilled marksman, who insisted on the duel. In a letter written just before his death Hamilton complained that compliance with the duelling prejudices of the time was a condition of his further usefulness in public affairs. He intended not to fire, but his pistol did go off as he fell mortally wounded. In his death America lost a statesman and financial genius of the first order. Burr had wiped from the earth the person he thought was standing in the way of his personal ambitions, but as a result he had to flee the country and went down in history as a scoundrel.

That trial by combat was so notorious that legislation was speedily passed ending duelling in America. When individuals could not settle their own disputes, swords and pistols were forbidden and the law took over.

And then what happened?

6

It is still largely trial by combat. Law schools give it a politer name, the adversary system. It prevails to this day in nearly all trials before juries and is vigorously defended by tradition-bound legal bodies, though its result is often patent injustice.

Under this system the lawyer is not primarily dedicated to

seeing justice done or presenting fairly the objective facts of the dispute. He is a mercenary, like the Hessians hired by the British in our War of Independence, paid for his skills, and in honor bound to try to defeat the enemy, however guilty he may know his employer to be. This was frankly acknowledged by defense attorney Jay Goldberg in a recent interview reported in *The New York Times:*

> I am a mercenary . . . . I must, if I accept his case, close my eyes to the needs of society and I do what I can to protect him within legal ethics, without any regard to society's needs or anyone else's needs.

Before the jury, the defense attorney vigorously presents every supporting fact or viewpoint, and conceals or tries to demolish any points favoring the opposition. He may use, and often does, perfervid oratory, character assassination of opposing witnesses, and every legal technicality, to win for his side. A lawyer friend pridefully admits that when he feels the decision is going to go against his client, he tries to bait the judge into making some intemperate remark, so that he can later move for a mistrial. He may thereby gain a more favorable jury, or at least a delay.

A jury trial is like a game of chess. Prosecution makes a move, defense counters it. Each tries to foresee and block the moves of his opponent. Each sets traps for the other. It is doubtless a fascinating game for lawyers, and is defended on the basis that even the worst criminal should have his rights protected and his case presented as favorably as possible. In the Middle Ages it was comfortably assumed that God would give victory to the right; our trials by legal combat assume this Godlike wisdom in juries, with no real concern on the part of the lawyer as to whether his cause is just.

Law claims to be a profession. An essential criterion of a profession is adherence to a code of ethics based on the general welfare. When a lawyer knows his client is guilty, certainly he may strive for a sentence as moderate as the crime admits; but is it ethical to try by every trickery to get his client released, probably to repeat his crime against society? Must trial law stay forever at this level of trial by combat? Can it not do better?

I am not a lawyer, but once I was a college debater. In that day we used, often with success, the adversary method of presenting our side of the moot question. We pounded the table to emphasize our points, kept completely silent about any argument that might favor the opposition, and by shouting and main force often prevailed upon the judges to decide for us—not infrequently for both of our teams, debating opposite sides against different colleges.

Years later my small college debated an Oxford University team in New York, a tribute to our record for winning. What happened? The first Oxford lad blandly admitted that about three-fourths of the arguments our team was about to present were quite valid. But there were several critical flaws, which he and his comrades would now suggest for our consideration.

What could our poor debaters do? Two of them stuttered and stumbled, with nothing to say. How can you thump the table on a point the enemy has already acknowledged as true? The remaining speaker did have some pertinent arguments on a remaining critical issue, but Oxford had three men, all dealing urbanely with the really important points. Oxford won a unanimous decision.

Is it possible that the law is ready for such a step upward from trial by combat? Some branches of the law have already taken it. Hearings before a judge without jury and many legal commissions insist upon stipulations—substantial statements of fact on which both sides agree in advance. Even in jury trials would it not be possible to set up in advance as large an area of agreement as can be achieved, and argue only the essential points of difference? Can lawyers not abandon the speech pyrotechnics, the jargon, and the legal technicalities which seem mainly intended to befog our less than Godlike juries, and give them the genuine points at issue to decide?

There is the old saw, "This is not a court of justice; this is a court of law." So a court must be. But the law is itself a flexible instrument. Under the law, if lawyers are able and dedicated and willing to amend outworn tradition, justice is not impossible.

7

Finally, is there hope that man, before he destroys himself, can overcome his inborn and mighty instinct for aggression?

Some experts are wholly pessimistic. The power for world destruction has grown up within a single generation; the aggressive instincts that may explode this power in a single instant of anger have developed over thousands or even millions of years. Typical of the "no hope" school is anthropologist Raymond Dart, who calls man a natural killer, motivated by blood lust and bearing the "mark of Cain."

However, Konrad Lorenz ends his devastating account of aggression in animals, including man, on a slightly hopeful note, suggesting sublimations and substitutes. In a 1969 Smithsonian symposium on "Man and Beast: Comparative Social Behavior" Dr. Edward O. Wilson expressed this view:

> There is every justification from both genetic theory and experiments on animal species to suppose that rapid behavioral evolution is at least possible in man. By rapid I mean significant alteration in, say, emotional and intellectual traits within no more than 10 generations—or about 300 years.

If that is a reasonable estimate on the time required to conquer man's aggressive instinct, how do we get through those next 300 years, or for that matter the next ten? At least we must desperately try.

Dr. Lorenz suggests as the first necessity "objective, ethological investigation of all the possibilities of discharging aggression in its primal form on substitute objects."

Many such possibilities exist. Competitive sport is one. The man who bangs a golf ball with all his might, or smashes a net shot at tennis, is releasing inner tensions and does not have to beat his wife. Body contact sports like football are the epitome of aggression release. And when competitive sports take place between nations, understanding through mutual acquaintanceships usually results. Even quiet sports, such as bridge and chess, release aggressive instincts. Indeed, some historians assert that chess was invented by the pacifist Buddhists in India as a substitute for war.

Spectators may get some release, though certainly less than the muscularly involved participants. Television has added new dimensions to spectator-sport, numerically and in intensity. Professional football is now the spectator-sport supreme. To the dismay of millions of wives, weekend afternoons from Sep-

tember through January find most American males glued to their television sets, and from expressions on their faces it seems evident that seeing the long pass and the violent crash of bodies is releasing tensions in the watchers to a degree that the former milder radio broadcasts could not accomplish.

Widespread travel, some on business but mostly for pleasure, is bringing to many Americans personal acquaintance with races and people of other lands. Planned exchanges of students and other internationals, while still numerically small, are critically important, for the persons involved are usually potential leaders in their homelands.

The new satellite broadcasting facilities bring events in any part of the world instantly into the homes of nearly every nation. All these factors help us to understand and know the rest of the world, and it is harder to be aggressively hostile toward persons whose homes we have seen, whose skills and arts we have admired, and whose hopes we have shared through pictures the air waves have floated into our living rooms.

But war itself—Lorenz has put its compulsions strongly:

> One soars elated, above all the ties of everyday life, one is ready to abandon all for the call of what, in the moment of this specific emotion, seems to be a sacred duty.... Men may enjoy the feeling of absolute righteousness even while they commit atrocities.

At least until man can recondition his emotions, a substitute *for war must be found*. The younger generation in particular needs challenging causes thrillingly worthwhile in the modern world.

In the age of Elizabeth I, the adventurous found excitement in exploring a new world. In America we had the stimulus of a century of discovering and settling the American West. That has all ended. But even as I write this paragraph astronauts are still probing into outer space.

In this latest second of historic time space exploration has created a new age of discovery. It is more dangerous, more exciting than any war. The explorers are few, but will increase. Most important, thanks again to television, every man in his living room may share in these explorations, frequently at the very moment they are happening. Also, space exploration can and should be international, with techniques cooperatively developed and accomplishment recognized and applauded the world over.

No less important, but less exciting, is the need to keep our own world habitable against the rash excesses of the recent past. This includes the population problem, radical measures against air and water pollution, land conservation, improvements in food supply probably requiring extensive exploration of ocean resources. The new generation scarcely needs war to challenge all its energies and inventive capacities.

Disputes will remain, some of them in these new areas. A rejuvenated law, deserting its old emphasis on trial by combat, is for most of these the logical arbiter.

At the national level we must surrender absolute sovereignty defended by armed might, as lately individuals have learned to surrender personal sovereignty defended by duelling. We must put ourselves under binding international law, carefully framed, enforced initially by economic sanctions, strong world opinion, and an international police force within the United Nations. Even if, under international arbitration, a decision went against what we regarded as our rights, its cost would be infinitely less than recourse to the most successful use of armed might.

For institutional, class, and personal disputes within our own nation we need, first of all, a social order that guarantees equal rights to all individuals without regard to color, creed, or class. Then we need a national budget that apportions some of the billions now wasted on inflammatory armaments for food, shelter, and education of the presently disadvantaged. And finally we must have a legal profession that uses its high and needed skills in seeking, not forensic victory, but justice.

IN A SMALL FLAME

In a small flame
a widow still mourns;
a demon shivers,
seeking warmth;
a monk turns to the East,
putting his dark cloak
behind him.

—Howard Schwartz

Two Days at Cajamarca

Excerpt from Chapter 4 of *The Jesus/Virrococha Affair*

by S. P. McGlynn

Alvaro de la Vega sat at his jury-rigged desk and wondered. At himself mostly, for feeling so well, for having no aches. God, how tired he had been last night when they got in to Cajamarca! But a good night's sleep in a commandeered bed surely worked wonders—particularly when the other occupant, also commandeered, was a willing accla. It was good to be alive . . . still alive! . . . he would have to keep it that way.

He wondered how Pizarro was feeling. Had one night shaken off all the abuse Pizarro's old body had absorbed in the last seven weeks? He bet not. It would take more than one night to restore that wrecked temple. But he was equally sure that Pizarro would be about his duties, oblivious—at least outwardly—to the rigors of the last few weeks.

De la Vega was young, at most 26. He was, at least in his own eyes, the best educated man in the Trans-Andean Expeditionary Force. He was, he also thought, the brightest. But seemingly dull uneducated men sometimes brought him up short. Pizarro, for example: No education, could not read or write, quite stupid in many ways, no class . . . and yet. . . . Yes, he had to admit it . . . in some ways, Pizarro was a genius.

Pizarro made mistakes. Many! Some drastic! But he always saw things through, took his losses, absorbed them, made the best of bad situations. Maybe it was just experience. Maybe enough mistakes teach how to correct. No, that was not exactly it. Pizarro gambled too much to make that answer logical. He gambled his own life—and everyone else's. Pizarro was a chancer.

He remembered Pizarro at San Miguel, the night before they left: "Come on! Let's polish off the wine! We can't take it with us! . . . . And I'll be damned if we will leave it for this garrison!"

Pizarro loaded, speaking with unwonted familiarity: "Don Alvaro! How would you kill a dragon? In the belly, where he is soft and mushy? No! That takes stealth and timing . . . and lots of luck. Me . . . I would march down his throat! If I am audacious, if I keep him guessing, if I am brazen enough . . . he will open his jaws and let me walk right in . . . expecting to fasten on me as I enter. Then I must act . . . and quickly! I must get him in the gullet before he gets his teeth in me."

"And the dragon, Gobernador? Is Atahualpa the dragon?"

"Yes, Alvaro! And we will march to Cajamarca, down his throat."

"Do you think that wise, Gobernador?"

"No, I don't. But what else can we do? Return to Panamá, with nothing? Stay here, in San Miguel? No! . . . . We must go to Atahualpa. We have no choice. And once we start, we cannot turn tail. Even an elephant will chase a mouse that is running away. The unseen mouse, the one that rustles the undergrowth . . . that is the mouse the elephant fears."

"Gobernador, I thought we were discussing dragons. Not elephants and mice."

"Pish, Alvaro! You know damn well I mean Atahualpa. But. . . . Have some more wine! . . . . Come on, Alvaro! . . . . After this you will conjure your own elephants!"

They had been walking down Atahualpa's throat for the last seven weeks. And Pizarro was right . . . so far. But . . . how much longer would Atahualpa play according to Pizarro's rules? How much longer could they keep him guessing? Keep him guessing! Atahualpa's scouts had observed them, their every movement, all the way since leaving Piura . . . faithful silhouettes on a higher ridge, always out of range . . . but always there. Atahualpa guessing! Atahualpa must surely have a complete dossier, down to toilet habits, on every single one of them. What was there to guess about? Or was the Inca playing his own game, psyching them, bugging them, the mountain lion padding along waiting for the right ledge to make his pounce? Whether or not he was, he had surely succeeded. They were all jittery, all the time: Will the attack come in this ravine? At this tampu? Through that pass? Maybe the Inca will just cut the bridge and attack from the rear?

Worse still, they could ferret out no information. All towns, tampus and houses . . . everything . . . deserted. No Indians anywhere . . . except their constant shadows. It was like living in a vacuum for seven weeks. In more than one way . . . there was almost as little air on top of the Andean heights . . . air so thin it made gasping bellows out of them . . . and out of the horses too. But with the horses it was worse: the foam about the mouth, the slippage on the stone stairways, the pulling and pushing needed to surmount a steep section . . . and sometimes going over the edge . . . taking puller and pusher with it, the scream of men and horse falling in the abyss, magnified, modulated and made interminable by the echo . . . until it seemed they had always been falling . . . always would . . . would never stop.

It was a relief to leave the mountains, to be in the flatlands again. That town in the distance, that must be Caxas. And

it was inhabited because they could see the smoke of the cooking fires curling gently upwards in the calm of the morning. Everyone was glad to see life in the norm again. But . . . Christ! How short-lived that joy had been! Even the Spaniards—themselves at their worst—would be hard put to match the horror of Caxas. Men, women and children strung up like dolls, tree decorations, some rotten, pirouetting randomly in the calmed lea. Buzzards, thousands of them, their heads burrowed right into the carcasses, out-in, out-in to the human bellies. One leg hanging from a limb, the rest just fallen away, rotten away or eaten away. And the stench! The nauseous ripples that start in the nostrils, work down the throat and pull-heave at the stomach muscles. Nothing came. There was nothing to come. They had had no food or water for two days. So they dry-heaved themselves around to windward and entered Caxas from the east.

The curaca of Caxas met them, first fearfully, then excitedly—on learning they were not from Atahualpa. Thought they were Gods, he did! Called them "Virracochas!" Implored their help, against Atahualpa and General Ruminahui. Especially against Ruminahui. Because it was Ruminahui who massacred the eight thousand outside the city. For no reason, really. Just to make sure the others, the remainder—only three thousand!—would accept Atahualpa as Inca.

They stayed in Caxas for two nights. They would probably have stayed longer had the wind not shifted. The curaca was generous to them: Food, drink and shelter aplenty; he even opened up a nunnery and gave them the acclas as tent warmers —"the temple virgins," as Hernando Pizarro called them. They were such clean women—so clean he felt ashamed of his own filthy dirt-encrusted body. He had forgotten—almost—what it felt like to be clean. Until his good accla reminded him. He had liked her. He had not wanted to leave Caxas. But the damned wind reversed itself—by a full 180 degrees.

When they left Caxas, they were for Guascar. It was not that they liked Guascar really, it was just that they liked Atahualpa less. This Atahualpa—to let loose a mad dog like Ruminahui—Atahualpa must be beast himself—or crazy.

Tonight they would learn first hand. . . .

The thought of Atahualpa and Ruminahui, mad dogs and mad men, jolted Alvaro de la Vega back into the present. He was preparing a report for Gobernador Francisco Pizarro on the Cordilleran crossing. He had better get on with it. On second thought, it probably was redundant anyway. Perhaps he should simply write:

All captured, killed or sacrificed. . . .

But that had not happened yet. And until it did, he could not write finis.

Seven horses lost.

Three with broken fetlocks; shot in the Andean mountains.

Two died in Caxas. Lung damage caused by anoxia suspected. Sputum contained much blood. It would seem that horses are not suited to high altitudes.

Two fell off Andean highway into chasms. One death verified; the other death almost certain, but unverified because of impossible terrain.

They had tried very hard to verify that horse's death. Not because of the horse, but because Caspar Alejo, entangled in the reins, went over with it. No one wanted Alejo to die. Alejo was a priceless fellow . . . unique. . . . It was hard to believe him dead. But dead or not, they left him there.

Everyone made fun of Alejo. And Alejo, small swarthy Catalan, Celtic no doubt, thrived on it. Better to have poeple laugh at you, to know you live, than be another anonymous face behind vizor No. 19. All through that miserable march from San Mateo to Caraquez, Alejo had stood tall. Very tall. Everyone was sick except Alejo. Bad, he admitted, but no worse than the Santander slums. He was fooling, of course. But it helped. Slogging through the swamps, the wetness of it all, bog into marsh into swamp into river, day after day after day of it, the clothes rotting on their backs, the mosquitoes and leaches . . . and Alejo joking: "I always said that Pizarro had blue blood in him—the bluest of the royal Estremaduran blues."

It was a joke. But it was getting too close for comfort. Everyone knew—and Pizarro knew—that Alejo was hinting at the Gobernador's bastard origins, at his swine-herder youth. But there was Pizarro laughing, holding one bony leg up out of the muck, and saying, "See! You don't even have to look very hard." His hose was in tatters, hanging around his ankles, and his legs were covered with a heavy interlacing of protruding varicose veins—blue ridges running all over his shins and calves. . . . Estremaduran blue!

How did they do it? Both of them, Alejo and Pizarro, were at least fifty. And here he was, at twenty-six, and every foot-sucking step in the shin-high mud was an effort.

Then there was the balsa-cutting episode. The axes would not penetrate the wood . . . just bounced off. And the repartee:

Alejo: You must sneak up on it.

Pizarro: Find its underbelly! Hah!

Alejo: Always the underbelly. Why not the upperbelly?

Pizarro: Because one is penetrable, the other not.

Alejo: All right. Try 60 degrees.

Pizarro: Off vertical or horizontal?

Alejo: Standard position, Gobernador. What else?

And they found penetration at 60 degrees off horizontal. That was how they made the rafts that ferried the sick to rendezvous.

But Coaque! Coaque was something else! Coaque he had not liked. He still winced at the thought. Coaque, right on the equator, a steamy little collection of huts, three hundred souls, on the first high ground they met on the journey through that Colombian hell-hole. That was his first experience with the Requierimento. Padre Pedro, reluctantly he thought, addressed the chief, or head-man, or whatever he was, and went into a long preamble about the Pope, his earthly supremacy, his division of earth into preserves of Spain, Portugal, and other favored countries, on and on and on. Did he believe in God? The divinity of Christ? The governance of Emperor Carlos? On and on and on! All through an interpreter, through Filipillo! And the poor head-man, not knowing what was coming off, said, "I am not sure." And Pizarro barking, "You must be sure." And the head-man, suddenly stubborn, forced to be stubborn, saying, "How can I be sure? I have never seen this Pope. I have not heard of this Christ." Then the signal from Pizarro, the attack, the wanton killing until only the women were left. To what end? For what purpose? No better than Ruminahui at Caxas! Worse, really! But Alejo . . . he found him afterwards in one of the huts, stark naked, emaciated to fleshlessness, his sex the largest part of him . . . no question

about it really, it was rape! . . . rape by a skeleton fleshed only with hair and penis . . . of women who had just seen their men butchered . . . but, for some reason, not really ugly . . . just an old man vindicating youth . . . the fruit tree bearing its largest crop before death? Or was he excusing Alejo, because Alejo was dead? Because Alejo was Spanish?

Anyway, that was Caspar Alejo. Pickpocket, pimp, petty thief, and God knows what else. Excused from a Castilian jail. To die splattered on Cordilleran rock!

Such musing would not get his report finished. He had better get his nose to the grindstone.

Three men dead.

Pedro Alejo from Santander; killed in a fall off an Andean precipice.

Juan Armiento from Salamanca; of an undulant fever.

Jaime Ortiz from Cadiz; of festering wounds suffered eight weeks ago at the Rio Chiro.

Three men and three horses missing. Presumed dead. Did not return from a scouting expedition to. . . .

There was a knock at his door. God damn it anyway! Between his daydreaming and other interruptions, he would never finish the Cordilleran log. But out loud, he said calmly, "Adelante."

It was Padre Pedro, small, wizened as a dry turnip, eyes sad like a spaniel's, gentle, a bit dullish, but—oddly, unexpectedly perceptive.

"Buenos Dios, Don Alvaro." And with a laugh, "Are you interested in confession today?"

"Every day, Padre! The same question every day!"

"Well, I thought this might be my lucky day! I thought you might want to be prepared."

"Prepared for what, Padre?"

"For death! What else?"

"Bosh, Padre! Atahualpa will not do anything in this rain. It is too wet to fight. Anyway, I have nothing to confess!"

"Why not?"

"Because I am pure as the driven snow, pristine as. . . ."

"As one of the temple virgins!"

They both had a good laugh, the priest and the heretic. It had taken them two years to break ice, two years during which the clerical ardor waned and the heretical distrust subsided. Now they were friends, timid friends, still testing, probing, searching for substance—or, as Padre Pedro would say, for the soul.

The proselytizing fire, however, was sputtering brighter today. The Padre looked directly at de la Vega and asked bluntly, "Isn't it time, Don Alvaro, that you told me what you hold against the Church?"

"Many things, Padre! The Inquisition for one!"

"Why, Alvaro?"

"Well, I got mixed up with a Sephardic girl. The usual thing. Nothing serious. But she was Jewish."

"But that's nothing."

"There was a bit more! I was involved with the protest against the Requierimento. The old Las Casas protest—we resurrected it, breathed new life into it."

"There's nothing wrong with that, surely."

"No, Padre. But the Church did not like it! And, very gently, the Inquisition began to turn the screws. An investigation here, a rumor there. Was I Jewish? A heretic? Subversive? In the end, my father advised me to clear out. He was joking when he said it—but the message was clear: 'Alvaro, I will paraphrase an old Andalusian proverb for you: There are many ways to avoid trouble with the Inquisition; but the best way of all is to run away.' So I ran away."

"Why to Panamá, Alvaro?"

"The same reason, I took up with the Sephardic girl: novelty, something different, adventure."

"But what does all that have to do with the sacraments. . . ?"

"Is not the Office of Inquisitor, the whole Inquisitional apparatus, part of the Church, part of the sacraments dispensed by the Church. . . ?"

"No, Alvaro! No. . . !"

"Now, my second reason: the Requierimento! How can any organization which justifies such a procedure, such a document . . . how can it ask me to give it fealty. . . ?"

"I abhor the Requierimento also. . . ."

"But you read it, Padre! At Coaque, on Puna, at the Rio Chiro! Why? Why do you read it? And while you are at it, tell me why Pizarro is so fond of it. And don't tell me that the Church and her sacraments are separable. . . . That's a lot of papal bullshit!" De la Vega was growing excited. He stood up from the desk and walked around the room. He almost slipped on the rush-strewn floor. "Damn these Quechua people anyway! Rushes for a floor covering!"

"Cool it, Alvaro! Someone will hear!"

De la Vega sat down again, his boots propped against the desk, and Padre Pedro continued, "The sacraments are independent of the Church, Alvaro. Someday we will debate that point, in its proper context, calmly and logically. But you raised a sore point when you brought up the Requierimento. I feel so guilty about that. . . ! So ashamed! I have thought and anguished over it . . . I cringe at the very name . . . but I suppose I will read it again. In fact, I am sure I will read it again! So, let me try to explain. . . ."

"Be my guest, Padre."

"Let me start at the beginning. Did you know that Pizarro was the first Spaniard in the Gulf of Darién?"

"You mean . . . Francisco Pizarro atop a peak in Darién. . . . Not Balboa?"

"Right. But Balboa got all the credit. In Spain, anyway. That really roiled Pizarro. So, when Balboa got into schismatic trouble later on, Pizarro pushed for a document which would legalize punitive expedition against him. That document became the Requierimento. So, in a way, Pizarro, in his jealousy of Balboa, birthed the Requierimento."

"I'll be damned, Padre! I did not know that."

"Well, it humbled Balboa. That is why it rates so highly with the Gobernador! No wonder he is so fond of it!"

"No, I suppose not."

"But there are other reasons, Alvaro. When things look bad, when our men need courage, the Requierimento ennobles their cause, makes their lives worth giving—for God, for Carlos, for the right cause. And Pizarro knows that."

"I have noticed, Padre."

"Finally, it makes excuse for action, ugly action. You read the document to the chief, and he says 'No' or 'Maybe' or 'Perhaps.' He has heard the word of God but he refuses to heed it! He is a heretic! Worse even! So there is justification for attack, for massacre, for almost anything. . . ."

"Fine, Padre. That takes care of Pizarro. But you? Pizarro after all does not claim to be a priest! Why you?"

"Because I have to! I love my Spaniards, the few of us there are. I love the Indians too. But I do not know the Indians. So which love weighs more? To whom should I give courage?"

"But Coaque! What about Coaque?"

"A mistake. Pizarro has me read the Requierimento only when no trouble is expected, when no desire to create trouble exists. But the curaca at Coaque was too stubborn. What happened at Coaque was not intended. If Pizarro had wanted to start trouble there, he would have had Fra Sebastian do the reading." Padre Pedro was unhappy, greenish looking, almost sick. "A very lame rationalization, Alvaro. . . . Very lame, I fear."

"All right, Padre. Do you believe in the Inquisition?"

"No."

"Do you believe in the Requierimento?"

"No."

"Do you believe in what we are doing here?"

"No."

"Then why in hell are you here?"

"Because I was sent here."

"How do you justify what you do? How, in the name of Heaven?"

"This would happen without me. Maybe I can make it less horrible. If I could not try to do so, if I did not believe I could, I would kill myself. Believe me, Alvaro, I would." Padre Pedro made an effort to laugh and asked, "Anyway, don't you think you play the Inquisitor very well?"

"I am sorry, Padre. I had to know."

The priest walked to the door, stopped there, looked almost penitently at de la Vega, and said, very simply, "Adios, Alvaro."

"Buenos Dios, Padre."

De la Vega felt sorry for the Padre. Jesus, to have to do what the priest did! Padre Pedro would crack up under that strain yet! What a hell of a fix for a decent guy like Pedro! He would have to be nicer to him. . . .

But Padre Pedro was back again, his head sticking in at the door, one hand ushering in a smallish Indian and his voice a little lighter, more jocose, "Almost bumped into Filipillo going out the door. He has orders for you. From the Gobernador. Remember, like me—he needs a friend." And Filipillo was in the room, and the tonsured head in the doorway had gone as abruptly as it had appeared.

Filipillo was nervous, excited and obviously afraid. He spoke in Quechua: "Señor de la Vega! Señor Pizarro wishes you to know that Atahualpa has been invited to Cajamarca today. For festivities. To parley with the Gobernador."

"Atahualpa! Are you sure?" De la Vega already knew this, but thought it wise not to deflate the importance of Filipillo's news.

"Yes, sir! An invitation was sent with Señor Lopez."

"For what time, Filipillo?"

"For this afternoon."

De la Vega noticed that he himself was also speaking Quechua. He must be quite fluent not to notice any hesitancy, to go into it so smoothly, so unthinkingly. He was pleased with himself. And with Filipillo . . . because it was Filipillo who had taught him, for the last two years. He got up from his desk again, slipped on the rushes again and said, "Damn those Incas anyway," again—this time in Quechua—and offered Filipillo a seat.

Filipillo refused. "Thank you, Señor de la Vega! I cannot. I must bring position orders to the cannoneers. And also, I am to tell you that the Gobernador wants you in his office at midday."

"I understand, Filipillo. I will be there."

He barely had time to sit down again before Filipillo was gone. As always, doing his job. Efficiently. With no fuss.

There was plenty of time till midday . . . anyway, he might as well finish:

Three men and three horses missing. Presumed dead. Did Not return from a scouting expedition to the Chachapoya Indian district.

Juan Valdez, origins unknown.

Juan Arvida from Valladolid.

Omar Khalil from. . . .

Where the hell was Khalil from anyway? From Spain? From Africa? He was a Christian moor—that he knew. That was all he knew. Well, he would just say Sevilla. Pizarro would not know either. So it made no difference.

That was it. Done. And he enumerated: munitions, equipment, food, drink, medical supplies, fodder, men and horses. Yes, it was done. Good!

He got up, yawned, stretched and thought. Maybe he wasn't quite as fresh as he had at first supposed. He wandered into an adjoining hall, obviously a chapel or something like that, and stretched himself out on a divan—a divan of solid rock covered with a thin sheath of gold. He knew it was foil because someone had torn off a few square feet of it. Some conquistador, no doubt. Filching something extra—for his own pocket.

And as he stretched and relaxed, a fleeting kaleidoscope of impressions played upon his mind, pianissimo and fortissimo, some leaving behind an evanescent mind-nuance, others an indelible image—but all of them, in one way or another, related to the misery that was Padre Pedro Avenila.

What did the Padre mean when he said Filipillo needed pity, needed friends? Why was Filipillo so universally disliked? He liked Filipillo! Pedro liked Filipillo! But everyone else resented Filipillo, made fun of him, were contemptuous of him. Why? There had to be a reason.

Hernando Pizarro was ugliest to the Indian—but that made sense. Hernando was returning with ridicule the pride he himself had lost at the hands of innocence. Coaque, after the rape, green glassy stones; jewels, said Filipillo; glass, said Hernando; see, my ax crushes them, said Hernando; see they are not diamonds, said Hernando; no, but they are also jewels, said Filipillo; shit, said Hernando; and he flung them into the marsh. They found out later they were emeralds. What a ribbing Hernando took! No wonder he was sore at Filipillo. Still, he did not have to be quite so bloody ugly about it.

But Filipillo did nothing to the rest of the men. Why then did they dislike him? He was with them all the way from Panamá—through thin mostly. Saved all their lives; more than once too. In the Gulf of Guayaquil: Heave the ship to; the water is too shallow. Enroute to Tumbez: Watch the balsa raft-men; if you see them untie any rope fastenings, stop them; otherwise we will all drown. In the desert between Tumbez and Piura: There is a waterhole some miles to the east; a small tampu a few miles west. At the Rio Chiro: The curaca plans an attack on the ship as it moves up river.

But were any of those saved grateful? No, not a one! Contemptuous still! Why?

Was it because Filipillo looked different? Because he was

Indian? Partly. If one were a lowly conscript hastily impressed from a Spanish jail, it might be very reassuring to pretend that the Indians were not human and therefore lesser than oneself. Ego boosting, too! Good to know one had many inferiors! Or if one were a leader, a captain, even a Gobernador, it might be convenient to pretend the Indians were merely animal. If so, their slaughter became less horrible, their degradation less sinful. "Caballitos," Pizarro called them—little pack horses to cart his supplies.

But that could not be the sole reason: If the Indian wasn't human, it made no sense to foist the Requierimento on him. Certainly, it would appear ridiculous to read that document to a gaggle of geese. No! The Indian was human. The Spaniards tacitly granted that. But they were very good at pretending otherwise.

Was it because Filipillo was too servile? Servile! No! He gave servility, yes; but only for recompense. His actions could be called servile—but the actions were apart from Filipillo: Servility provided but the provider not servile. No! Filipillo was not really servile! Only his actions were! He always reserved something, kept it apart, away from the action itself —so that he had a way about him of distantly viewing his own acts with a grand hauteur. The Spaniards could not understand this. And that which you cannot understand, cannot comprehend, must be made small, unimportant, contemptuous even. Most men, apparently, prefer to sling mud at the unknown—perhaps that is easier than trying to understand it. Anyway, it makes excuse for lack of effort.

Was that all it was? The need for inferiors, real or invented; the denial of humanity as an excuse for brutality; and the laziness of mind which made it easier to ridicule than to investigate. Had Pedro known this? Was that the reason for his head-in-the-door comment about Filipillo? Was it . . .?

He had always thought Pedro dull. But the good Father had just told him a few new things about the Requierimento. And he had set his mind off, puzzling about Indians and the way they were treated.

Well, he had learned something. Padre Pedro, in his dullard way, saw things he did not. Padre Pedro filled others' shoes and saw life from their point of view. While he, engrossed with himself, saw only his own picture of the world. Padre Pedro's way was the right way. He would have to adopt it himself.

Maybe a good place to start would be the Indians. He would have to master his Quechua a bit better for that! He would. . . .

Alvaro de la Vega was obviously tired. He had fallen asleep.

It was noon.

Francisco Pizarro was striding about the room when Alvaro de la Vega entered. He was a lean man, bony, hawk's-beak nose, sideburns flowing into a point goatee.

"Bueno, Don Alvaro." Pizarro was very brusque. He kept on striding, talking to de la Vega, but his mind not yet disconnected from something else, something which worried him. "I need help from you. The men are mutinous . . . afraid of the Inca . . . want to leave Cajamarca . . . go back to San Miguel. As if the Inca would not crush them like ants as they ran! So, will you please mix with them, casually. Act as if nothing unusual is happening, as if Atahualpa were coming here for a friendly visit. . . ."

De la Vega's breath intake was audible interruption. Pizarro looked at him quizically, "You did not know Atahualpa was coming? That he accepted our invite?"

"No, Gobernador, I did not."

"What? Where have you been all morning?"

"Sleeping, sir." De la Vega felt guilty, like a little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "But I did finish the report." And he handed it to Pizarro.

"Thank you, Alvaro." Pizarro was smiling now. "Since you are, beyond doubt, the most relaxed man in the garrison, you will have no trouble calming down my balky troops. Go talk to them—the troops. Bolster their courage. If they mention desertion, don't ridicule. Don't threaten either. Just be kindly, let them talk, get it out of their systems . . . they'll feel better. But do indicate, indirectly, if possible—allusively, better—that we have a plan, that it will work, that glory comes our way."

"What is the plan, Sir?"

"For heaven's sake, Alvaro. I have no plan. None! But I'm working on it. I'm close to the gullet you know!"

"I understand, Gobernador. I know what you want."

"Good for you, Alvaro. But don't fall asleep at it now!"

Alvaro de la Vega went out into the Great Square of Cajamarca. It was a miserable day. Not fog, not rain—rain-fog, mizzle, suspended clamminess, atomized water. And the men mimicked the day. They were miserable too. And no wonder. Surrounded by an army hundreds of times their own size, encamped fornenst the only entrance to the city. Entrance! Blocking the only exit was a better way of putting it! It was a bad scene! Very bad!

De la Vega listened to their rumblings, letting them grouch and bitch as much as they wanted and then interjected, "Atahualpa will not attack in weather like this. Even Pizarro is not mad enough to do a thing like that." But he no sooner finished than the weak sun began to pry the clouds apart. He had to recover fast and he said, "Dammit anyway! Now I won't be able to sleep again today."

One of the footsoldiers said, "Do you think we'll make it out of this?"

The reply was that ordained by Pizarro, "I hope so, I'm too young to die. And too poor also! One cannot die young and poor. One must be at least rich. Today we will get wealthy. Tomorrow or the next day—then we can die. But first, we will get rich."

The tension went gradually. The men were relaxed again. Not exactly jovial, but at least relaxed. He continued, "Anyway, this is a highly defensible situation. One entry way—therefore, no en masse attack that way. Three perimeter walls, one inside the other. If Atahualpa takes one, we fall back to the second . . . and to the third. And don't forget the towers there or the cannon we have in them. If the Inca does get into the square, we'll mow his men down like nine-pins. No, I would not worry. We are in good position." And he left them, a little happier, a little less fearful.

His next stop was the tower where Pedro de Candia had implanted one of the two cannons. And as he climbed the steps, he played with Padre Pedro's tactic. If I were the Inca . . . I would not attack frontally . . . too wasteful of soldiers. I would not blockade . . . starve us out . . . that takes too long . . . I don't have the time . . . must see to Guascar . . . and to control of the Southern Empire. Can't burn Cajamarca down . . . stone isn't combustible. So what do I do? I will go visit us, enlist our aid against the remnant Cuzco forces . . . as

soon as we are outside the city . . . off-guard . . . squash us . . . or make us the main event in a Roman circus. Yes. That's what I would do. I would visit us.

The men in the tower had trained the cannon directly on the square, toward the upper end. It was fixed so that it could not be re-aimed—fixed for minimal recoil, for kinematic re-entry into the original firing slot. "Pedro," said de la Vega, "Why do you aim your cannon so?"

The reply was puzzled, "Don't ask me! Ask Pizarro! He told me the Inca would stop there, right on that spot where his sword is. He made me aim both my cannons ten feet to the rear of the sword and fix them down, just as you've seen."

"Both cannons? The one in the other tower too?"

"Yes. In a crossing pattern. And he wants me to use grapeshot."

De la Vega looked down at the Square, at the spot marked by the sword. "Who placed the sword there?"

"Pizarro, himself. Came up the tower twice just to get the right location!"

"What is he up to?"

"Search me," said de Candia resignedly.

De la Vega looked down at the sword again. There was much activity underway there. A platform had been erected and the flags of Castile and Leon, of the Conquistadors, of the Dominicans, and of Pizarro, were aflutter from the four corner stanchions. Pizarro was going to make certain that the Inca stopped where he wanted him to stop!

The movement of horses caught his eye. He noted two horses being stabled in each doorway leading off the city square. No, not every doorway! Only those doors which lay to the platform side of the cannon trajectories. What the devil was Pizarro up to? He thought he knew. But to make sure, he had to see Padre Pedro.

Padre Pedro was hearing confessions. De la Vega lost his patience waiting for all the contritions to end and finally joined the line in front of the cloth-hung cubicle which provided the penitent but little anonymity. Finally, he entered.

Padre Pedro: God be your guide, my son.

De la Vega: Padre Pedro, ...

Padre Pedro: Don Alvaro! You! Here! My day is made. You have come to . . . .

De la Vega: No, Padre. Not for that.

Padre Pedro: For what then?

De la Vega: Are you going to read the Requierimento today, to Atahualpa?

Padre Pedro: No. But Fra Valverde is.

De la Vega: That's all I wanted to know.

Padre Pedro: Come again, Alvaro. Next time—confessions!

But Alvaro de la Vega was already gone! He knew what Pizarro had in mind!

Pizarro knew, as de la Vega now did, that Atahualpa would come in peace, secure in the vast numbers of his soldiers. But Pizarro had gone further. His pennants, platform and gaudy decorations—where Pizarro found them, he did not know!—would lure Atahualpa to the desired spot, the one now marked by the Gobernador's sword. With the Inca on target, Valverde would read the Requierimento, provoke rejection and give excuse for attack. The cannon would isolate all the Indians in a frontal triangle from those toward the back of the square. The cavalry would attack from the sides of this triangle, toward the apex, toward Atahualpa. And a flying wedge of foot soldiers would go forward toward the Inca from the front, from the platform, from the base of the triangle. But where would the foot soldiers come from? Of course! From under the platform! That's why it was so high!

But why was Pizarro so interested in isolating the Inca? The answer was so obvious, it made his breath rasp. "Good holy Jesus! He wants to capture Atahualpa. The bastard wants him alive."

De la Vega was brought up short. Pizarro had approached and was giving orders. "Don Alvaro, you command the twenty horsemen on the left side of the square. Two cavalry men in every door; you in that door there." Pizarro pointed to the door closest to the trajectory now held by de Candia's cannon. "You see the line from the tower to that door there," and he pointed to the door next to the one in which de la Vega's horse was hitched. "No man must cross that line. He will be reamed with grapeshot if he even comes close to it. You will attack toward that point," and he pointed toward the sword which now stood upright, enchinked between two pavers. "Your aim is not to kill. Atahualpa will be where the sword is. Your aim is to isolate him from his men; capture him. Do what you have to to get to him—but get to him fast. Now, go brief your men. And, Alvaro, Valla con Dios!"

"Buena suerte, Gobernador!"

His men were all on station. All was ready. And Atahualpa was coming. He was sure of it; he could hear the music growing louder as the troubadors approached the entrance to the square. It was a peculiar music, keening and martial all at once. Something of the bagpipe in it.

Now they were coming through the gates. The sweepers came first, brushing the roadway with brooms, cleaning all dirt from the path of the Inca. As if it were necessary, after these rains! Then came the soldiers, about two hundred of them, dressed much as any soldier, except that their armor seemed very insubstantial. Now the litters came. About twenty of them. The first canopied, but open at all sides, aglitter with gold and jewels. That must be the Inca's. And that fop in it, that must be Atahualpa. Good heavens! The man was a peacock. Those men in the other litters—those must be his courtiers. They were dandies, indeed, these Incas!

He could not see very well through the squarish hole in the doorway. It was clear, however, that the Inca had about two thousand men in his party. They did not appear to be heavily armed; at least, no weapons were showing. Yes, they were unarmed; the most they could have with them would be short dirks.

The procession moved slowly toward the newly erected platform, the soldiers expanding out, behind and to the sides of the Inca, to fill the square. He could still see the top of the Inca's litter. It was not moving anymore. It was stopped . . . right where Pizarro had decreed it should!

Right on the button. . . .

Atahualpa paced around his room. He was a prisoner and he knew it. Captured by the "barbudos" the same way Quizquiz had trapped Guascar.

If only Quizquiz were here, this would not have happened. But Quizquiz was in Cuzco and Calcochima was still in the Riobamba district. He had two choices. He could rely on Ruminahui or he could make his own decision. He had taken Ruminahui's advice . . . and it had been wrong.

They could have slaughtered the barbudos at any one of fifty places on their way across the Cordilleras. But he was curious, curious about where they came from, whether more of them would come or not . . . and there was always the vague pricking that they might be from Virracocha. He tried to suppress this last thought in his conversations with others, but it never left his own mind. They just might be from God. And he had to be careful. What he had done to the oracle at Huamachuco was not right. He should not have wrecked it, or killed the amauta. Virracocha was already angry with him for that. He had better not make Him angrier.

So he had bided his time till they came to Cajamarca. By then he was sure they were not from Virracocha. They did not act like gods. They died too readily! And the animal they called the caballo—the one on which they rode. It also died too readily. He knew, because he had inspected one which fell into a ravine in the Andes. He had it brought to Cajamarca, had it dissected by the priests. It was an animal like any other. Insides like a llama's, but bigger.

Anyway, why should he travel anywhere to fight so pitiful an enemy? He would let them come to him. He would do more than that. He would let them come to Cajamarca, where he could make sacrifice of them. Propitiate Virracocha for the damage he had done at Huamachuco. That was why he had left Cajamarca deserted. He wanted the llama to come unbidden to the place of its sacrifice. That was his first mistake. Their defensive position in Cajamarca was too good. He should have finished them in the Andes.

But he had made a bigger mistake. He knew the Indians were afraid of the barbudos . . . but especially of the horses. He thought he had cured that. But he had not. He had sat on throne in camp, head downcast, and let deSoto ride up to him with the Gobernador's invitation. And deSoto, knowing about the fear of horses, had come so close that the blow of the animal was moving the mascapaycha on his forehead and the hair around his shoulders. That was what he wanted. To show the Indians that they need not fear horses. And deSoto, still unwittingly collaborating, had moved his horse so close to the front-rank Indians when he was leaving, had so frightened them that they ran. He had them all beheaded. He had shown them that the Inca's wrath was more vicious than any horse. But he had been wrong. That was his second mistake. He should have reckoned with the elemental fear of the unknown —in this case, horses—which was in the makeup of all Indians.

The third mistake was Ruminahui's. Both of them had decided that the Inca and the nobles should accept the Gobernador's invitation, that they should view the sacrifice they were preparing for Virracocha. About two thousand lightly-armed Indians should go into Cajamarca with them. That should be more than enough for protection. Anyway Ruminahui would surround the town with fifty thousand men, fully armed with lances, bolas, arrows, and halberds. And at the first sign of trouble, Ruminahui would attack. But Ruminahui forgot that there was really only one way into Cajamarca—up the steep narrow stepped path in front of the town. Damn Ruminahui anyway! He sure did not waste time in running away!

And the fourth mistake. That was his own. To think that one hundred men would attack fifty thousand! It had never occurred to him.

The fifth mistake. Damned stupid fool that he was to have believed Pizarro! And his invitation!

So they had gotten ready. All excited, no sense of danger. Off to see the llamas in Cajamarca. God, was he ever stupid!

That amauta. The one who read the quipu to him about this man called Pope. How could anyone expect him, the Inca, to believe such crap? How could this Pope—any man—give away something not owned? This was the Inca's land. He owned this land! How could a Pope give it to Pizarro. Pizarro, who had just come to Peru! And this God they called Jesus. Not much of a god! Going off and getting himself killed like that. That was why he threw that silly quipu away. Their stories were told by marks on paper. Not by knots on colored cord. Not really a quipu. It was so stupid, he had to throw it away.

But when the cannons boomed, and he saw all his nobles being torn to bits, and the barbudos came out on their horses, and the Indians frightened and ran out of the city . . . so many going out that Ruminahui could not get in . . . and Pizarro holding him by the arm and the soldiers killing his bearers until the litter fell from under him. It was so confusing, he was not able to move.

In a way, the Indians were brighter than he. He did not run. He stayed there like an immobilized guinea pig. Worse than that, it was he who decided to go to Cajamarca. The Indians would have preferred not to, that was clear. They were cowards. But it was he who was stupid.

All right! He was a prisoner! What would he do now? Try to escape? No, that was not necessary. Try to ransom himself? Why not? If they would. . . . Or just wait for Quizquiz to come and spring him? What could one hundred men do if surrounded by an army of four hundred thousand? Release him, that's what. Yes, he would just wait for Quizquiz. But in the meantime, he had to stay alive. To do that, he would have to keep the barbudos happy. Well, he would keep them happy! And wait. . . .

And the Inca laid himself down. Fatter now than he was at Huamachuco; his eyes red; his nose swollen; his regal attire in shreds from the pulling and hauling of Francisco Pizarro, his hands and feet too big—not strong big but uncoordinated big—for so small a body. But still regal, still an Inca. But also a captive. . . .

Fra Vicente de Valverde was in good spirits. The Inca was captive now, completely available. If he could only convert him to Christianity! If only he could! All the rest of the Inca Empire would follow right away. If he could pull that many converts, they would have to make him Bishop. At least! Maybe even Cardinal—eventually. Maybe. . . .

In the meantime, he had to write a letter to the Emperor Charles in Spain. He always wrote his first drafts carefully, because the Gobernador Pizarro always approved them. If the first draft was carefully done, there was no need for a second. Pizarro could not read or write, and he was bored by all clerical matters—including letters to his sovereign.

He took out paper and pen and his stubby little fingers moved rapidly across the page. He evidently knew what he wanted to write. He had obviously thought about it for some time.

A REPORT TO THE EMPEROR CHARLES V
FROM HIS LOYAL SUBJECT, THE ALGUACIL
FRANCISCO PIZARRO
DATED: 17th November, 1532
At Cajamarca, Peru

This report will detail events since our departure from Carán

on the 20th of October.

Since then we have amassed a considerable amount of gold, silver and other precious items. These will be evaluated by the Royal Treasurer, Señor Riquel, who is even now on his way to Cajamarca. Señor Riquel will make separate report to you on this matter.

The journey to Cajamarca was without incident, and our losses were small. It is worth noting, however, that we spent seven days crossing the Andean Cordillera and that these mountains are undoubtedly the highest ever crossed by any Spanish expeditionary force.

Last night we captured the Inca Atahualpa, the king I informed you about in my last report. We are now in the heartland of the Inca Empire and the Emperor himself is our captive. Since this Empire is very rich, we expect to find large amounts of precious metals. I have no doubt that this Peruvian expedition will fill the royal coffers to the brim point.

The manner of capture of the Inca indicated the presence of God on our side. He blesses our every effort. So that you may understand this and be joyous, I will detail the events of yesterday.

The Conquistadors were in the walled city of Cajamarca. They numbered about one hundred fifty men. Surrounding the city were one hundred thousand Indian troops, heavily equipped with twenty-foot war lances, halbreds, axes and bows. The Inca entered the city at 4:00 p.m. accompanied by many courtiers, all of them carried aloft in richly ornamented litters. He was accompanied by five thousand soldiers of his personal bodyguard. These were heavily armed, but since the Inca was come to parley with us at our invitation, they kept these arms hidden under their clothing. However, it was clear that the Inca had treachery in mind. The large number of soldiers, the manner in which they kept their weapons hidden, and the great number of nobles who had come to witness our massacre, provided ample evidence of ill-faith.

The Requierimento was read by Fra Vicente de Valverde. The Inca was most unreceptive; defiant even. He plucked the breviary right out of Fra Vicente's hands and threw it on the ground to be mashed underfoot by his soldiers. Fra Vicente tried to recover the breviary but was unsuccessful. He then called for punishment of the infidel whereupon I ran out and grabbed the Inca's arm. This was the signal for the attack we did not wish to make.

Our efforts were successful. The battle was a complete rout. Large numbers of Indians were killed in the city and those surrounding Cajamarca fled in disarray, leaving most of their armaments lying in the field.

We are now in position to conquer this whole territory. Clearly, the Lord smiles on our efforts. Our need now is more soldiers and some administrators.

Forward with St. James.

HAPPINESS

What kind of bird is that yapping now,
I ask through the window,
all city innocence,
and you tell me:
a frog.

*

As for these birds tugging rubber
worms from the lawn,
or that tree, that immense rooted
broccoli—
let's put the trees back
in marriage.

*

The day you seduced
a field of cows in your best
bull's voice.
One by one they ambled up,
swaying their comfortable udders.

*

If this is the world,
we are the only ones in it,
naming the animals, finding
a language. Not words, but
parsley or chives under the tree,
at our fingertips,
green.

*

Silence
thatches the roofs,
drifts from the chimneys.
The rain feeds it, soaking the muck.
Then the sun comes out,
the ripe apricot of the sun
like a child's crayoned God.

*

I am hanging wash on the line.
Our sleeves
wrap me in love.
Like Adam in his first
happiness,
you come out
and pee in the garden.

—*Chana Bloch*

The recipient of the NOR's first Poetry Award, Chana Faerstein Bloch, was offered this page for any poem she wished to publish. We proudly present to our readers her poem "Happiness."

THE IMAGINARY LOVE POEM

—To be simple: therefore
I love you. What can I say
in this poem. It is
a conclusion
that has no beginning.—

1

A wolf in the teeth
where the life begins
biting down sleep;
the centers of eyes, black
in sunlight; breasts
rising and falling, the breath
of the sea; where did it go,
skin of the rain, peace
in the voices of animals.

2

What did it have to do with touch,
the dark pulled over the fingers;
it was not the rain, the fishes
in the desert; what did it
have to do with birds, one wing
gone in summer; or cripples meeting
at midnight in laundromats
with tiny boxes of soap; what
did it have to do with tiny hearts
in the tips of the hand, the
loneliness of the century; love
running through the night
in a glove with no fingers.

3

Yes, it was love, it was
not love, it was
the rain, wings
of bees;
it was the skin
peeling off in sleep; the body
in the body, the birch canoe,
love rising and falling; it was
love, was not
love.

4

Love, and what have we
lost, what
is a poem. . .
paint wearing on the bannister
into wood; no, once
caught it is not caught; it is
the land opening and
closing, the water, the body, exploding
out of sleep.

5

Not believing in the life:
the sea at the center, love
in the sea without arms; voices
bubbling in the dark . . .
but still,
the tiny wings of strangers, their eyes,
before turning, flying
down hallways
deeper than sleep.

—*James Tipton*

AUSENCIA

Se va de ti mi cuerpo gota a gota.
Se va mi cara en un óleo sordo;
se van mis manos en azogue suelto;
se van mis pies en dos tiempos de polvo.

¡Se te va todo, se nos va todo!

Se va mi voz, que te hacía campana
cerrada a cuanto no somos nosotros.
Se van mis gestos que se devanaban,
en lanzaderas, debajo tus ojos.
Y se te va la mirada que entrega,
cuando te mira, el enebro y el olmo.

Me voy de ti con tus mismos alientos:
como humedad de tu cuerpo evaporo.
Me voy de ti con vigilia y con sueño,
y en tu recuerdo más fiel ya me borro.
Y en tu memoria me vuelvo como esos
que no nacieron en llanos ni en sotos.

Sangre sería y me fuese en las palmas
de tu labor, y en tu boca de mosto.
Tu entraña fuese, y sería quemada
en marchas tuyas que nunca más oigo,
¡y en tu pasión que retumba en la noche
como demencia de mares solos!

¡Se nos va todo, se nos va todo!

—*Gabriela Mistral*

ABSENCE by Gabriela Mistral
from the Spanish: AUSENCIA

My body leaves you drop by drop,
My face disappears in soundless oil;
my hands vanish in loose quicksilver;
my feet, in two laps of dust.

All passes away, all passes away!

My voice is still making you
a silent bell and all that we are not.
Before your eyes, my movements
roll on like reels.
And my gaze unfolds
watching you, the juniper, the elm.

I leave you as your breath;
like sweat from my body,
I leave you awake and in sleep,
vanishing in your faithful remembrance.
In your mind I am already
like the unborn of plain or wood.

And if I were blood, I would leave
your laboring palms, your mouth of must.
If I were your womb, I would burn
in your movements which I cannot hear.
And in your passion that rumbles at night
like wild solitary seas!

All passes away, all passes away!

—tr. *D. M. Pettinella*

THE ANGEL STUD

To seal sunlight out of this room,
I pull down the shade with a hand:
women have a special relation to water,
and today, a heavy river glides through my tissues,
makes me lie down on the spread of chenille:

to float out midday beneath an old blanket of orlon—
to feel, beyond the tingling of fiber,
a melting of ice, a crumbling.
Like figs in my basement jar,
caught in their syrup of gloss,

I have waited all winter through darkness—
in the middle of naps that southern women take,
he returns to those who believe him:
he descends like an aura to the field of flesh.
And this day, through thin skin lids,

I watch the light fixture of coned metal lower,
turn to the curves of the god-man,
the shade shapes to his face.
O, a great horse breaks through the hedge of my sleep,
he splashes at the edge of softening ice.

My stream surges, comes out my lips in gurgles.
He touches my hand and draws it,
the end of his tongue licks my palm,
slips to the joinings of fingers—
he pours himself into my keeping,

and my mouth becomes a soft marsh like the wet earth
near rivers.
At the brush of his weightless haunches,
I well with the delight of reunions—
words become mouthings of damp sounds.
We travel together on waves of light and water

that rise and fall to headlong lasers:
the horse gallops through the deep part so fast,
his hooves break up the small pebbles!
And freed of the light bones of myself,
like a yeast let loose by succulent warmth,

my spirit rises: even from his clasp, I dissolve—
and hearing my own cries,
lift through a tangle of orlon,
eyelids finally refloating,
to see in the dresser mirror, a radiance,

like flecks of light foam, lit on a lip, stuck to a breast.
And know today, bread dough will slide from my
fingers,
the stove will be soft and malleable.
And tonight, touched by the Angel Stud,
I will know how to flow toward a man.

—*Rosemary Daniell*

WHILE THE MANNEQUINS IN THE ATTIC MOVE

you're somewhere in this hollow throb

music sews the air. drum
punching softly at my ears
the circles of your face again

the beer starts to mumble.
my hands slide into my pockets
        hidden as your insides
        they remember old dresses
wait for the slow smoke of morning

outside streetlights are people
I once trusted. hot faces
watching me, they are tired. will you
ever dance again?

the stars burn
out. like the secrets you keep
under cloth. my hands are only dreaming

—*William Meissner*

MOMENT

The birds stay put
where they came to rest.
It is that moment of the day when
nothing can happen.
That moment before a bomb rearranges the street.
The kind of moment you can walk out in, sure of
yourself, whistling.
You are not even hungry.
Nor has hunger undermined the perches
where the birds sit.
But wait, there goes the first one.

—*Greg Kuzma*

INHERITANCE

i

having no center
this harsh quietness rounds
itself out and augments
disquieted
I am wanting starting-points
and turn a burning glass
on the moment
after time's miscarriage
to unfold again

ii

Half way across to nowhere I cannot be
by necessity
pretending to choices
I vanish in the sun on the high mountains
and there is no new beginning.

I am a king's son exchanged for another.
History has not protected me.

—*Sandra Meier*

The NOR apologizes for omitting one line of the above poem in a preceding issue. We reproduce the poem here, in order that the reader may experience its full impact.

Reviews

Books

The Theatre of Pilgrimage, by Ernest Ferlita, Sheed and Ward, 172 pp., $6.00, paper $2.95.

It seems to me that *The Theatre of Pilgrimage* immediately passes the fundamental test of a good book and that its central idea passes the fundamental test for determining what is in any case "a good idea."

The central proposal of *The Theatre of Pilgrimage* is that there is a large and core body of dramatic literature which not only is constructed around the metaphor of pilgrimage or journey, but it is so constructed that this metaphor is *operative;* the metaphor is more than a metaphor; it is the play itself. This operative metaphor is or becomes a good idea if it is not only broadly present in the theatre; even more importantly, it must be able to appear in diverse forms of the dramatic life of human beings; it must be able, by creatively adapting or changing its own shape, to bring light and life to diverse collections of dramatic experiences. Thus it cannot be a simplistic idea or image but must be what I, for one, like to call an analogical idea or image. If a book proposes an idea and uses it in this adaptive way over a solid body of textual material I call it a good book.

The movement through time that occupies the author under this image of pilgrimage is linear and not cyclic. It is not exterior to man but is interior and psychological. It moves not round and round the present, nor fatefully back into the past, but forward into an open future. It is evolutionary, and even revolutionary. "It suggests that the phenomenon of man is unfinished, that the end will be different from the beginning" (p.5). It is therefore deeply associated with possibility and hope, and allows the author to conclude his book with a set of supplementary texts drawn from the contemporary theologians of hope. While he several times hesitates to make an absolute distinction, Fr. Ferlita stands strongly for the position that this sense of time and pilgrimage is Christian and was not within the reach of the Greeks. This theatrical image does not hesitate to ask the questions raised by the title of one of the great Polynesian paintings of Gauguin: Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?

The plays that are carefully analyzed and contemplated under this understanding of time and dramatic action are *King Lear,* Strindberg's *The Road to Damascus,* Eliot's *The Cocktail Party,* Claudel's *Break of Noon, (Partage de Midi),* Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real,* Ionesco's *Hunger and Thirst,* Ugo Betti's *The Fugitive,* and, finally, Robert Lowell's *My Kinsman, Major Molineux.*

Perhaps it would be better, if we are the better to grasp the nature of our dramatic journeys, to vary the last question of Gauguin and to make it read not *where* but *through what* are we going? In *Lear,* as in the early rhythms of so much tragic literature, it is through a set of absolutized extremes of passion, joy and grief, through weights and burdens created by the human spirit but intolerable to it and beseeching broken, breaking passage into more human valleys. The journey is passage from one to the other, from the absolute to the human. At the end, and in between, there is suffering that is incomprehensible. There is no exact term or category in the play that can explain such pain, such good, such evil, not even the human unwisdom and absolutizing of Lear that is the partial cause. One can only stand, silent with the surmise of faith, before the threshold of this larger world that may be thought of as only touched at the end of the play.

With Strindberg the journey is *extra nos, intra nos, supra nos,* through outer world of things, through inner world of man, through upper world —of what? (With Kierkegaard it was through outer and aesthetic man, into despair, into the inwardness of the ethical man, into the final risks and subjectivity of the religious man.) With Eliot and *The Cocktail Party* it is the character of Celia, no longer able or willing to take the lesser journey of Edward and Lavinia through the human desert, who for Fr. Ferlita assumes dramatic centrality in this play of pilgrimage. But here we are compelled to ask: pilgrimage *through what*? No longer through the human, but now through more than the human? Then the writer, Eliot, must imagine this journey, this journey through loneliness and another stage of pilgrimage. Once we decide that Celia is the centre of the play, the real pilgrim, we have to decide, dramatically and not rhetorically, that her passage is *through* something or other and must be imagined. Fr. Ferlita has succeeded in so many other places that he could afford to be sterner with this imagined (or non-imagined) journey of Eliot. And Eliot himself has succeeded so often in imagining the ways and wayfaring of man that his reputation can afford any minor revelation that here, in this play, he has substituted a pious and intellectual rhetoric for the description of a real journey.

In Ionesco's *Hunger and Thirst,* the theme and the action certainly deal with a journey and a pilgrimage, almost the exact kind of journey that can represent the archetypal idea of the search in far off places for that which can only be found nearby, or at home, or at the centre of the self. But the weakness of the pilgrimage of Ionesco is that it is not an exploration, as an imagined pilgrimage must be; it is only an illustration of an archetypal story. It is as though the failure of the artist, to the degree that he fails, parodies his own subject. For, after all, the subject is a search that is a dream, a dream-search for a non-existing object that dilutes the shapes of all the realities at home and on the journey. And the method of this artist gets caught in the subject. For it is not exploration of reality but illustration of an archetype.

Fr. Ferlita saves some of his best work for his final chapter on Lowell's *My Kinsman, Major Molineux.* It is an excellent analysis of the way in which the line of a journey can plunge below the surfaces of our pilgrimages, making the straight move into the crooked, the light into the dark, and the clarity of illustration into the ambiguity of human exploration, individual and national. But these dark American actions, these mixings of God's justice with the incredibly mixed ways of man, are also the subject of the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, and here the theatre's end (and pilgrimage) joins hands with its beginning, not cyclically but marching forward together in true exploration.

This is our continuing tragedy, not that our actions and the actions of our nation are ambiguous but that we cannot endure that they are. We still need a great trilogy, in the style of Aeschylus. The trilogy, a picture of our journey, would say that our young will soon be old,

our beautiful ones will soon be ugly, our actions must be only half good and without purity; but still we must act and act within this perspective and not call off the journey, or all our journeys through people and the world will, by irony, be not innocent but monstrous.

Reviewed by William F. Lynch, S.J.

Arthurian Propaganda, by Elizabeth T. Pochoda, University of North Carolina Press, 185 pp., $7.50.

Can a leader's charisma, alone, guarantee the continuance of a social order? Essentially, this is the question posed by Thomas Malory in *Le Morte D'Arthur* according to Elizabeth Pochoda. Current attention to the charismatic qualities of potential national leaders comes into a new light when one reads of the effects of basing the "ideal" society on charisma instead of an orderly political process that is self-sustaining. Under the light of what the author claims to be simply a new way of reading Malory, we can see that Malory has changed the essence of the tale, condemning himself to watch as the inertia of the Arthurian legend brought the perfect society to a bitter end. Miss Pochoda makes prominent the changes that must have occurred in Malory as his story developed.

Pochoda is insistent on stressing the differences between the ideal society of courtly love fabricated by Chrêtien and occurring in the French cycles, and the more political world that Thomas Malory worked to create. Whereas the former crumbled under the pressure of fate, the latter eroded from within due to gross imperfections in its political structure.

Foremost among the weaknesses of Arthur's Round Table was Arthur himself. Because charisma and the loyalty of his knights to the ideals he stood for were the cementing factors of his fellowship, once these factors were weakened by time and absence of external threat to the kingdom, the order quickly began to break down. Another reason for the fall of Arthur's court was that Arthur provided for no successor, especially in terms of one who was his equal in charisma and that innate sense of justice for which he was known. With the death of Arthur the glue washed away.

Pochoda begins her book with an extensive review of the Malory scholarship that precedes her, pointing our faults and strengths, revealing questions that certain other critics raise but do not answer. She is unprepared to see Malory's tale as a tragedy "of conflicting loyalties produced by an idealized chivalric code." Rather, she is more concerned with the change in tone that takes place in Tale V. Her basic argument is that Malory began his book with the intent of using Arthurian society as a social model for his time and ended up by uncovering the weaknesses in the system that resulted in its downfall. What starts out as a treatise on how to form an ideal state, ends with the acknowledgement that the model was far from perfect after all.

Miss Pochoda also tries to relate medieval political thinking to the Arthurian legend, showing the development of an England that was too changed by the fifteenth-century, too sophisticated and too democratized, to be able fully to use the Arthurian legend as a model. Instead, Malory seems to have decidedly severed the Arthurian past from his present by the end of the book, and to have accepted fully the fate to which this ideal world succumbed.

Malory has other uses for his book. He uses it to compare the types of monarchy existing in England and France, with England naturally coming out the better of the two. The regal rule of France, characterized in Malory by kings Uther and Mark, does not have the appeal or the sense of justice that the political rule of Arthur has.

The author spends the bulk of her book illustrating how Malory carefully pruned away unnecessary parts of the French tales, leaving only those details which highlighted the political nature of Arthur's kingdom and the underlying sense of self-destruction inherent in Arthurian society. She believes that Malory's tales, in the end, are not the product of accident and omission, but rather the work of a dedicated craftsman in search of a lesson for his time. Malory did not stumble onto greatness through his recreation of the Arthurian tales, he built his pedestal through careful study, and through willfully destroying the society he had invested a great amount of political credence in.

Miss Pochoda carefully studies each tale, and each of the major characters, referring their acts in Malory's version and the French versions back to each other, comparing changes and illustrating the direction in which Malory seemed to be moving. She also draws heavily on other critics to illustrate her points, building, by the time she has finished, a very convincing and well documented argument. She is also intent on showing changes in style that accompany the Malory version of Arthur's era, especially in respect to time. She demonstrates how Malory's sense of time helps him to organize a tale with a beginning and an end in a manner that the interlaced versions of the French could not.

Most graciously, Miss Pochoda includes in her appendix, a summary of significant Malory scholarship, giving a brief account of the area covered by each study and its value in relation to her book.

This book is a welcome addition to Arthurian studies, having value for both the serious scholar and the interested reader. It is well written and not so ponderous that it cannot be appreciated. And its brevity would seem to indicate that Miss Pochoda is more intent on getting across her point than on impressing us with extensive general knowledge. Hopefully her work will continue and through further books such as this she will spur others on to a further appreciation of this greatest cycle of the English language.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

Franz Kafka; The Complete Stories, ed. by Nahum N. Glatzer New York: Schocken Books, 1971, 486 pp., $12.50.

Schocken Books' one-volume collection of Kafka's complete stories will probably be sold out before the end of this year.

The volume has some of the strengths of the Farrar Strauss Giroux edition of *The Complete Stories* of Flannery O'Connor, which was acclaimed as a major literary event of 1971. But it has other weaknesses. The O'Connor stories were printed in her original language and in chronological order. The Kafka collection, however, is in English. And the stories are divided into "longer stories" and "shorter stories"—an arbitrary arrangement, even though Mr. Glatzer has attempted to maintain a chronological order within the two divisions. Two of Kafka's most mind-blowing parables ("Before the Law" and "An Imperial Message") introduce the reader to the entire volume. And appropriately enough, the final "shorter" story is Kafka's "On Parables."

Willa and Edwin Muir, who have been in large part responsible for Kafka's availability to English-reading audiences, engineered most of the translations of *The Complete Stories*. (Kafka scholars are aware both of the strong points and of the weak in the Muir renditions.) Tania and James Stern, to whom we owe the English version of *Letters to Milena* (1953), translated seven "longer" and twelve "shorter" stories. Finally, Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins, translators of *Dearest Father* (1954), contributed their rendering of "Wedding Preparations in the Country."

Mr. Glatzer's bibliography, though highly selective, will be helpful to the English reader. One of the appendices, entitled "On the Material Included in This Volume," collects the best available scholarly opinions on the writing and publishing dates of the stories.

Mr. Glatzer mentions in his June, 1971 Postscript that a critical edition of the complete works of Kafka is being planned. The edition will make use of the original manuscripts deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and of other collections. When this appears, I think we will be able to speak of a literary event of major significance.

For those, however, to whom Kafka's crisp German is a mire of meaningless umlauts, Glatzer's edition will be a treasure indeed. Little known stories such as "The Burrow" offer perfect parables of the Kafkan dilemma. And of parables Kafka, in his final story, has a character say:

> If you only followed the parables you yourselves would become parables and with that rid of all your daily cares.
> Another said: I bet that is also a parable.
> The first said: You have won.

The second said: But unfortunately only in parable.
The first said: No, in reality: in parable you have lost.

So it goes with Kafka. But the Kafka enthusiast will go with him.

Reviewed by Forrest Ingram

Conversations with Kafka, by Gustav Janouch, 2nd revised edition, New York: New Directions, 1971, 219 pp., $8.50 (Paperback $3.25).

Americans and Englishmen who cannot read German have had access to Janouch's memoirs about his youthful friendship with Franz Kafka since 1953. The original publication, however, did not contain several important passages, which, recovered by chance as they had been omitted by mishap, are now included in this second revised and enlarged edition.

Kafka's personality emerges in these memoirs in quite a different form than it appears in his tortured stories such as "The Penal Colony" and "Metamorphosis." His critical comments are pointed and his mind's eye clear. Some of his remarks to Janouch might be extracted as aphorisms. "There is always something unaccounted for." (p.116) "Fear for one's daily bread destroys the character." (p.60) "Calmness and quietness make one free—even on the scaffold." (p.183) "It could be a dog, but it could also be a sign. We Jews often make tragic mistakes." (p.116)

Goronwy Rees, as the above examples show, has translated Janouch's book with economy. He knows how to find the proper English idiom to match the German.

In his postscript, Janouch writes: "It is impossible for me to read the novels and diaries of Franz Kafka. Not because he is alien to me, but because he is far too close. The living Kafka whom I knew was far greater than the posthumously published books. . . The Franz Kafka whom I used to visit and was allowed to accompany on his walks through Prague had such greatness and inner certainty that even today, at every turning point in my life, I can hold fast to the memory of his shade as if it were solidly cast in steel." (p.195)

The avid devotee of Franz Kafka needs such a view of the man in order to balance his vision of that harrowed face one glimpses through the distorted mirror of his prose.

For the Kafka scholar, I would also like to make mention here of Volume IV of the *Proceedings of the Comparative Literature Symposium* held at Texas Tech University in January 1971. The general topic of the symposium and of all the papers was "Franz Kafka: His Place in World Literature." The *Proceedings,* edited by Dr. Wolodymyr T. Zyla (Texas Tech University Press, Lubbock, Texas), contain provocative discussions of Kafka's literary relationships with other international figures: Gogol, Beckett, Sartre, Camus, Nietzsche, Apuleius, Italo Svevo, and James Purdy.

Besides these literary studies, the volume contains two pieces for the reader of Janouch's *Conversations with Kafka* who may be more interested in the man than in his work. Mrs. Gertrude Urzidil, widow of Dr. Johannes Urzidil, offers her personal recollection of Kafka, whose eyes, she recalls, were "always puzzled, full of the wisdom of children and of melancholy, slightly counterpointed by an enigmatic smile." And Dr. Ruth Levinsky recounts, in her luncheon presentation "In Search of Kafka," her conversations with Kafka's niece Mrs. Marianne Steiner, and with Eduard Goldstücker, the foremost Czech Kafka scholar.

Reviewed by Forrest L. Ingram

Swift and Scatological Satire, by Jae Num Lee, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1971, 158 pp., $7.50.

For 200 years scholars have been trying to make the enigmatic personality of Jonathan Swift be compatible with his work. The romantic fallacy that the man and the work are identical has been perpetuated in the twentieth-century by those who regard the satires as the self-expression of a pathological soul rather than as the immanently sane probings behind "the surface and the rind of things." Of course the anality of the satires invites biographical and psychoanalytical speculation about Swift's unconscious mental ills, but if his biography is ever to be adjusted to his work, it will not be accomplished by reducing the scatology to something other than the literary device that it is. For this reason Mr. Lee's proposal to analyse Swift's purely literary uses of *skata,* flatulency, and the privy is attractive, but the work deserves better handling.

Nearly half the book is devoted to a survey of historical antecedents from Aristophanes to Pope, incidentally showing that instead of flaunting his private dementia, as some believe, Swift was working within a well-established literary tradition. Though most "non-satirical uses of scatology" before Swift are found in sub-literary writing, there is some historical precedent for the stercoraceous jest in literature. Swift, however, is almost never crude simply to excite laughter. Lee classifies the traditional uses of scatological satire under four thematic kinds each of which is analyzed in works other than *Gulliver's Travels:* "(1) personal satire, (2) socio-political satire, (3) religio-moral satire, and (4) intellectual satire." In each Swift's effective strategy is to wage a sustained attack on human pride by compelling man to acknowledge that for all his glory he, like the other animals, is still "pressed by the Necessities of Nature" to "disburthen" himself. In a chapter on the *Travels* Mr. Lee surveys the scatological passages from the humorous fire fighting episode in Lilliput to the satiric disgust at the smell of the Yahoos. The pattern, he discovers, extends "from the humorous to the satiric as the probing of the nature of man goes from outward to inward through the four voyages." Throughout his work Swift does indeed use what Dr. Johnson called "ideas, from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust," but those ideas "are employed as figures of speech for money and the Bank, vices of language and mind, religious fanaticism, the natural depravity of man, man's animal nature and limitations, mortality and humanity."

The chief weaknesses that make this book less engaging than it should be are that it is both insufficiently discriminating and superficial. In relating Swift to the tradition, for example, no attention is given to the conspicuous difference between the anality in Swift and that in his only equals, Aristophanes and Rabelais. From Gargantua's invention of a rump-wiper to the Yahoo baby who "voided its filthy Excrements of a yellow Substance, all over my Cloaths" is surely a change in attitude that wants accounting for. Where the older satirists find nothing in human anality to embarrass affection, Swift, one feels, rejects kinship with the Yahoo: feces is metaphysically alien to the world as he wills it. The discussion is superficial in that it mainly offers a patient cataloguing of passages, tied together by comments on the moral purpose each serves. In a work that seeks to vindicate Swift's literary method, one feels too rarely the moral force of that greatest of the Augustans who stands like mad Lear on the heath and cries, "Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art."

Reviewed by James E. Swearingen

The Wise Minority, by Leon Friedman, Dial Press, 228 pp., $5.95.

At a time when the merits of "law and order" are being worshipped by many prominent politicians as a defense against growing restlessness in our society, Leon Friedman counsels us as to the justification for civil disobedience. His advice should not go unheeded. Not only does *The Wise Minority* present an excellent argument for a wide variety of disobedience, it also gives us cause to view with distrust those who would enforce uniformity and obeisance to even the most degrading and inhuman of laws, with guns if necessary.

Friedman has earned recognition both as a writer and as a trial lawyer, having co-authored one play and written two books on civil rights, as well as worked on the landmark *Berk vs. Laird* case before the Supreme Court. No doubt his work with draft resistance will turn off many readers who might otherwise have given his arguments fair hearing. That is a risk which an activist must accept. But it is certainly secondary to the deep scholarship and fine writing talent that characterize this book.

Friedman is very careful to specify the conditions that justify the use of willful disobedience to the law. Unlike those who would tell us that disobedience to one law, however odious, will inspire disrespect for all law, Friedman believes that such disobedience, when all legal channels have been exhausted, promotes respect for the viability and flexibility of the entire system. He further points out that blatant and repeated disobedience of laws, as was practiced by Martin Luther King and the SCLC, is often necessary as the only means of having some laws repealed, either judicially or legislatively.

Because of the make-up of the American system, Friedman argues, there are justifications for resistance to laws "by the smallest minority, indeed even by a single man." The horror of such a position to those who favour dictatorship of the majority, is slightly mitigated by the fact that such action is to be based on grounds of conscience.

In order to establish a legal and historical perspective for dissent and disobedience in America, Friedman dedicates about half his book to the history of resistance. This includes the intellectuals of the Revolutionary period, such as Jefferson and Madison, who sought to legitimize disregard for laws that violated either conscience or the constitution. He further analyses the causes and results of the extra-legal struggles conducted early in our history by farmers, union organizers, Abolitionists, and the Jehovah's Witnesses. In each case of a group oppressed by law, their only relief came after they went flagrantly and often violently beyond the law.

To justify the repeated use of civil or conscientious disobedience as a means of airing grievances against the law, Friedman states, "Implicit in the notion that the courts are the final arbiters of the law is the right of conscientious men to disobey laws they feel in good faith are unconstitutional." By denying the right to disregard a law that is unjust, we are, in effect, denying an aspect of our constitutional system that has been accepted by Americans throughout history.

Of course Friedman admits to paradoxes in such a system. Paraphrasing Thoreau he declares, ". . . government, by treating disobedience as treason instead of a plea for reform, discourages its citizens from pointing out the government's faults through resistance to unjust laws." Simultaneously, if the government grants its blessing to such activities, it deprives the protestors of much of their public sympathy and strength.

With a strong basis in the backgrounds of dissent, the author surveys the specifics of draft resistance, beginning with the Civil War and placing particular emphasis on what he terms the "Classic Period," dating from April 1967 to April 1968. The importance of this period lies in the increasing resistance that occurred, plus the downfall of Lyndon Johnson. Friedman's accounts of the growth in numbers and importance of the Resistance seem to bear the immediacy of a first-hand account. It also reveals the tensions and disagreements among the early organizers, resulting from differences in both backgrounds and ultimate aims. There are Lenny Heller who sought confrontation with the government, Steve Hamilton who worked for a mass uprising of the black and white working class against the draft, Dennis Sweeney who looked for a hard-core cadre and a feeling of community to unite the Resistance, and David Harris, who above all, knew that each resister must ultimately be true to his own moral impulses. Harris was the only one of the four to go to jail for his work against the draft.

Friedman also includes extensive statistics on draft resistance from 1918 to 1970 and a transcript of the sentencing of David Harris in his book.

In all this is a fine recounting of civil disobedience in America—the things that have sparked it and the results, almost unanimously beneficial, that it has produced. It is also an excellent study of current extra-legal attempts to end the draft. In his introduction Friedman states the purpose of his book to be the discovering of "under what circumstances defiance of the law can be viewed as legitimate." He succeeds admirably in accomplishing this. *The Wise Minority* is the kind of book that must be read by every literate and concerned American—not because it will allay their fears or change their minds, for literacy is seldom a guarantee of openmindedness. But perhaps it will help to give them some idea of the complexity of this society and the types of behavior they must learn not so much to endure as to understand. Both the amount of scholarship and the clarity of prose that are found in this book are noteworthy. It reads easily and quickly, yet there is no disputing that it is a fine work, thoroughly covering its material and extremely thought-provoking. It should become required reading for students of contemporary history, conscientious defiers of the law, and polemicists for law and order. All have much to gain from the experience.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

They Shall Not Pass, by Bruce Palmer, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 779 pp., $8.95.

Bruce Palmer is not ashamed of his feelings towards Franco's Spain. They are quite evident in his work, although he remains, throughout, artist enough to insure that his feelings do not intrude too obviously on a masterful tale. By tracing three years of the Spanish Civil War through the strangely intertwined lives of a handful of people, Palmer draws a giant portrait of the price of war. Boys are turned into cynical men; civilized men become blood-thirsty beasts without conscience or consciousness of their acts. Ideals are scrapped for revenge or for madness.

The three strongest characters of the story, Paco Larra, Carmen Bravo and Frank Buckminster are bound to each other by love, jealousy and the Republic. Paco is saved from execution by the army at the age of nineteen to be taken to Russia for guerilla training. He is the leader of a group of young Communists who are fighting for the Republic. Carmen, daughter of a rebel colonel, joins Paco's group after the convent to which she was sent is burned down. She has no regrets about leaving. Frank Buckminster starts out as a stereotype of the rich young American of the movies. But as the tale progresses, his love for Carmen and for flying begin filling out his form, giving him a unique personality.

Every other character seems to be dragged along in the vortex of these three. Even Pedro Alemany, a Carlist defending his Catholic position against the Communists and Anarchists who support the Republic, and the Fascists and Falangists with whom he is allied, is primarily used as a contrast to Paco. Pedro's driving force is revenge: he is determined to kill Paco, a notorious personality, for the murder of his cousin Emilio.

Each of the characters for whom we tend to feel sympathy is tied to the Republic. One finds it difficult to feel anything but disgust towards the Moors, perverse and lusting for blood, the machine-like Germans, efficient and unemotional, or the Spanish Colonels who dupe themselves that they are sly when they are in fact being used. Only the Republicans seem to possess redemptive qualities—love, brotherhood, a sense of the joy of life—yet even their graces wither as the conflict rages. In a sense, this seems to be the major thrust, and certainly the greatest tragedy, of this tale—that war's heaviest price is to be paid in idealism and the sense of the fullness of life. Palmer's characters die as their ideals are eroded, as their respect for life, both the life of others, and life that belongs to themselves, is lost in terror of war.

What is most salient about Palmer's characters is their complete humanity. None of the major characters appears incomplete or flat. They live, and their vitality brings a greater depth to the story. We feel their pain because they are real. Palmer also makes us feel very close to his characters. He takes advantage of the length of his book to draw complete characters, making them more intimate with each page. When they die we are shocked, not by the brutality of their deaths, but by the suddenness. And they do not die in bursts of glory. They are snuffed out, as in real life. This makes their deaths even harder for the reader to accept.

Two of the most appealing characters in the book are renegades of a sort. Padre Ortega finds his work for Christ in fighting for the Republic, alongside Communists and dedicated anti-Christians. Hans Kopa, a fading Communist leader from Germany, has come to Spain to fight Fascism, and to regain some spirit from the past. These men are warm and avuncular. Both of them seek truth behind the barricades. Ortega finds God among the people, the suffering peasants and the shop-keepers. He discovers that God is not the gilded idol worshipped with candles and low murmurings. God is alive, manifest in the needs of the people. As a priest, Ortega serves God best when he serves God's people.

For Kopa the war in Spain brings a more immediate and mundane revelation: loyalty does not put a man above suspicion or beyond the reach of his enemies. Kopa has been a faithful Communist, but faithful to the spirit rather than to leaders who burn brightly for a time, then fade. Kopa has suffered from the Nazis and is to suffer even more from his Comrades. His agony is that of being persecuted by those who call themselves friends.

Besides strong characterizations, which should lie at the heart of every good novel, Palmer's work is also steeped in a sense of history and a feeling for the country he writes about. Each episode and character fits into the time and place as neatly as if Palmer were writing as journalist on the scene, rather than as novelist. Palmer allows us to feel what is happening even more acutely through his descriptions of the surrounding countryside, battle scenes, the episodes that fill out the story. He has a talent for making the agony of the battle immediate and authentic.

Palmer wants us to feel his novel—he wants us to feel the love, the hate, the suffering through bitter winters, the very lives of his characters. His skill is rewarded. The story becomes almost an obsession with the reader, and is likely to transfer to him Palmer's own feelings about the Spain which emerged from the Civil War. If he is a polemist for the Spanish Republic, Palmer is a worthy one. But he is even more worthy as a writer of outstanding fiction.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman, by Ernest J. Gaines, Dial Press, 288 pp., $6.95.

There is a magic in this work. It is the magic of a great oral tradition coming to life across the pages. It is the magic of capturing and capsulating emotions without making them saccharine or too bitter. It is the supreme magic of drawing the reader, without protest or show, easily into the story.

Inside *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* the words crackle with the fires of an outstanding talent. The characters of this book seem likely candidates for literary immortality. Whether they once breathed seems hardly an appropriate question. They have always breathed, and always shall. Ernest Gaines skillfully impresses upon us a beautifully human story while simultaneously kicking us in the gut—and with no apparent strain on his part. He unravels the tale with the easy gait of a country store philosopher.

As seen through the eyes of a woman of over a hundred, life from the Civil War to Civil Rights has not been easy for the Southern Negro. Jane Pittman's life has been simple, and she has had to face hard times more bravely and repeatedly than most. But her life is most important as a look at the black race. In a simple way that is beyond her grasp, Jane Pittman is the personification of the poor Southern black, born in slavery, and living by sharecropping and working the White Folks' houses. She has known the terror of the Raiders and the Klan, the heat of the fields and the glory of Salvation, the pains of marriage and the care of motherhood, even though she is sterile.

Gaines' third novel is a tale of black odyssey, though the changes are slow and painful. Even the life of such an old woman as Jane Pittman could not possibly encompass all that has happened to her race since freedom. In some ways she is the image of Moses. She is brought to the edge of the Holy Land, having suffered through slavery and the torments of the desert, she is given a glimpse, but she cannot enter. And in many ways, more symbolic than real, she has played her part in leading her people to that point.

She fosters a young orphaned boy named Ned who eventually becomes a disciple of Frederick Douglass and is martyred for trying to teach the poor blacks of the plantation and give them some freedom from the land. And her guidance and defense of Jimmy give her an active hand over half a century later in the drive for Civil Rights. But Jimmy too meets death because of ignorance and fear, the same blight that struck down Ned.

Perhaps the most touching part of the book is the love of Tee Bob, son of the owner of the Plantation on which Jane lives, for Mary Agnes LeFabre. Tee Bob's passion for Mary Agnes is cooled only by her determination that he shouldn't be hurt. She is Creole, and just that small trace of Negro blood makes her *persona non grata* to the Southern aristocracy of which Tee Bob is inexorably a part. He has forgotten his place and she all too well knows hers within the racial hierarchy of the 1930's. The only salvation for Tee Bob, who is indiscreet about his love, is death by his own hand. The importance of the act lies in its historical position: it is nearly half-way between the deaths of Ned and Jimmy. Not only do things change slowly, but they seem to the heart not to change at all.

Gaines, in the telling of his tale, is very thorough. Through his inclusion of incidents like the death of Huey Long and the Lewis-"S'mellin' " fight, Gaines duplicates the memory of an older person like Jane Pittman, relating personal incidents to occurrences of a wider importance.

This entire book constitutes a masterpiece of modern fiction. It is timely and temperate, allowing the reader to view the injustices and agonies of the black man in America without trying too obviously to shove them at him. The pacing and style of this work reflect the dedication of a writer to his art, and the deep feeling that Gaines has for his tale. This is a story not to be read, but to be experienced. It will tell you what being black in America is all about. And it constitutes what could be one of the finest novels ever written.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

Russian Literature Under Lenin and Stalin, 1917-1953, by Gleb Struve, University of Oklahoma Press, 1971, 454 pp., $9.95.

Dr. Struve is to be congratulated on presenting, for the first time, a thorough history which is not only useful to the student of Soviet Russian literature, but also gives the general reader a good background and concept of the period it discusses. Fully detailed footnotes complete and complement the discussion in the text.

In addition to his insights into the classics of Russian literature, Dr. Struve's book is unique among surveys in his ability to capsulize literary movements, controversies and debates, which are so important in any understanding of the background of Soviet Russian literature. Especially succinct and enlightening are Chapter Six on Formalism, Chapter Fifteen on literary criticism, and the extensive two chapters on Socialist Realism.

Another outstanding feature is the comprehensive bibliography which is invaluable to the student of the period.

What greatly impressed this reviewer is the anecdotal air about the book, by someone who is obviously very much involved on a personal level with the authors and personalities he discusses.

Reviewed by Rochelle H. Ross

The American South, by Monroe Lee Billington, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $12.50.

The American South is a thematic interpretation which attempts to define and follow certain factors through the history of one particular region of the United States. In Dr. Billington's opinion the modern South can be viewed from a perspective of those factors which made the Old South distinct. His chosen themes include agriculture, education, literature, urbanization, religion, slavery and the Negro, politics, industrialization and social change.

The initial problem is a definition of the term "American South." Sweeping from the coal mines of Kentucky to the sands of Palm Beach, the South seems to be a collection of related areas which lack geographic divisions. Climate is suggested as one determinant, though Billington is ultimately reduced to the patterns of Wilbur Cash and James Randall—the South is most like a poem, an emotion, even a state of mind.

Colonially the first dependence of the South was on agriculture. Tobacco filled the early markets and created a havoc of wild price fluctuations, labor shortages and subsidies of one form or another. Myth and legend to the contrary, Billington indicates that only about ten per cent of the Southern colonial population could be called large planters. Their political influence however greatly exceeded their

numerical strength. Political rule became synonymous with the land-owning oligarchy.

The distinct character of the South is evident by the 1820's. In the 1830's and the 1840's sectionalism dominates the United States. The South, though emotionally reacting to minority status, has not clearly defined the ideal of "Southern national consciousness," the theme of the 1850's. As the Civil War nears, the "superior culture theory" is advanced by all Southerners who deplore the destruction of the national balance of power. Although reflecting only aristocratic concepts in religion, education and literature, the theory gains acceptance.

From the ashes of 1865 a New South is created. The New or modern South is the focus and emphasis of Billington's study; his often contradictory themes are employed throughout. Indicating the significance in agriculture of scientific farming and crop diversification, the author observes that industrially much of the South remains non-unionized and anti-union, guaranteeing lower wages. In education, while the battle against mass illiteracy is over in the 1960's, functional illiteracy and fear of change serve as harbingers of a problematic future. The continuance of "old time religion" is also assured by a Church that clings tenaciously to concepts of the past. Not a happy picture in all but brightened by what is defined as the Southern literary renaissance, "the most extraordinary development of twentieth century America" featuring such diverse talents as Katherine Anne Porter, Truman Capote, Carson McCullers and Tennessee Williams.

The best chapters of the book are devoted to Southern politics in transition. Sweeping from Bourbons and Agrarians to the Roosevelt Era, the author looks askance at the many politicians who hastily pocketed the New Deal farm subsidies while ever-publicly lamenting the end of states' rights and the possible alteration of the Southern way of life. The particular alteration most feared was the prominence of the Negro and what has come to be called the Civil Rights Revolution.

Negro political activity in the author's view has contributed to the development of a two-party system. Ticket-splitting, inaugurated in 1948 with Strom Thurmond's States Rights Party and reinforced by the more recent Goldwater and Wallace candidacies, has become an accepted practice. Despite ticket-splitting and the white determination to limit black political activity, the ever-growing number of Negro voters and office holders forewarns the South of future change.

The American South is the first new survey of Southern history and thinking to appear in more than a decade. However, little in the volume seems particularly innovative. Billington concludes that the future of the South pivots on the disagreement between old traditions in conflict with modern economic advancements. Further, the Southern future "lies in the hands of that great middle class of troubled Southerners," hardly an original revelation. *The American South,* beautifully illustrated and complete with excellent bibliographies at the end of each chapter, would make an adequate survey text in a Southern history course but sheds little new light on the problems and ambitions of a region peculiar because of its dark, even Gothic divergences.

Reviewed by Charles Pahl

The Light Fantastic: Science Fiction Classics from the Mainstream, ed. Harry Harrison, introduction by James Blish, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971, 216 pp., $5.95.

This anthology has a commendable purpose: to gather together pieces of science fiction written by established authors who are usually not associated with the field. The majority of the stories thus chosen are interesting, and a few are excellent. Were it not for two virtually insurmountable problems this would be an extremely valuable book. As it is, *The Light Fantastic* is simply a curiosity piece, to be read and placed on the highest shelves of one's library. The two major faults are these: it is impossible to consider even half of the stories included as being in any way science fiction, and the tedious, uninformed, and naive introduction by James Blish vitiates any arguable purpose the anthology might have.

The two faults reinforce one another to perfection. It would be easier to grant Mr. Harrison some discretion in his choice of works if the introduction he presumably selected revealed any clear ideas as to the reason for including the works chosen. I say this even though inclusion is always a difficult problem in science fiction anthologies, and even though a considerable editorial tradition exists for the editors to include works because they are good—even if they do not fit into some preconceived scheme. But an anthology which includes such works as Borges' "The Circular Ruins," Graham Greene's "The End of the Party," and Mark Twain's "Sold to Satan," demands a lucid and learned introduction, in which the appearance of these stories, and others, is justified in terms of the purpose of the anthology. Neither Blish nor Harrison seem to have any clear idea about the works they include.

Mr. Harrison, at the end of the book, makes the claim that none of the works included were written by writers in any way regarded as science fiction writers. One would hope that C. S. Lewis, Anthony Burgess, and Kingsley Amis, whose works are included, could be said to be at least remotely interested in the field. Mr. Harrison is surely mistaken. Mr. Blish, at the front of the book, goes to opposite extremes. While Harrision, in a defensive and egocentric postscript, argues that none of the writers in the volume are known for their science fiction, Blish argues the contrary, insisting that almost everyone wrote science fiction. Kipling, for example, "was one of the finest of all science fiction writers." Almost, one does not know where to begin. The Kipling piece included, "The Finest Story in the World," comes from the volume he called *Ghost Stories.* Such stories were written by almost every writer in the nineteenth-century: James, Hawthorne, Poe, and so on, the list probably including every major writer both here and abroad. But to argue that such works are science fiction, or that their authors were seriously interested in science fiction, is a woeful misreading of literary history.

Such references as the above are distressing. We would be disturbed, if, in another context, we read an essay in which casual mention was made to Milton the theologian, Boccaccio the mythographer, or Wordsworth the ship captain. We would feel that the writer had at best an inadequate view of the people he was mentioning, while at the worst he had them mixed up with someone else. We would in consequence be inclined to distrust his judgment. So it is with this anthology. The slips in the text do not inspire the reader with any confidence in the judgment of the writers. But the nature of the anthology is such that if the reader cannot accept the evaluations of the writers the anthology collapses into a collection of works wrenched out of another literary context and put between the covers of a book labelled science fiction.

This is true for too many of the stories. Robert Graves' "The Shout" is pretty recognizably the folktale kind of story that Graves so delights in telling, as in his short poem, "Welsh Incident." Considering it science fiction is rather inappropriate. Including Borges' "The Circular Ruins" is virtually a comic stroke of genius. It reveals not only a misunderstanding of Borges, but also slight acquaintance with his works, since it is possibly the least science fiction of any tale he has done.

It is also unfortunate that many of these stories do not reveal the authors at their best. The works by Graves, Kipling, Borges, and Greene, are excellent representations of those authors. The others, regardless of what they are, rarely rise above the level of the merely competent. If the writers mentioned above were removed, any of the recent Nebula Award anthologies would contain stories that would be better, more interesting, and more representative. It should also be pointed out that there is some question of the real comprehensiveness of this work. E. M. Forster's "The Machine Stops" is scarcely the opposite of "the overly familiar" work. It has been anthologized at least once before, and is well enough known to be discussed briefly by Mumford in *The Pentagon of Power.* With all of Mr. Blish's fanfare about how everyone in the nineteenth-century was writing science fiction, it seems odd that some of the more obvious and less well known authors are not represented. Certainly Jack London should be there, and, if one accepts Mr. Blish's all inclusive arguments, writers like Theodor Storm, Eca de Queiroz, and Maupassant would certainly fit in, along with Dostovesky's "The Crocodile." The anthology is not made the more valuable by its eccentricity of choice.

Science fiction needs serious critical thought right now at least as much as it needs good writing. An anthology along the lines Harrison attempts would be an extremely valuable beginning. It would start us thinking historically about the field. It would give teachers a valuable and much needed teaching tool, and it would be a genuine contribution

to literary history. It is a pity that this particular book does not do any of these things. Instead, *The Light Fantastic* stands as a monument to the provincialism, the naivete, and the lack of judgment in science fiction writing that Alfred Bester wrote so eloquently about in the early fifties.

Reviewed by John Mosier

yours, by Jonathon Street, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 192 pp., $4.95.

Contrary to many opinions of members of the "now" generation or of proponents of women's lib, Jonathon Street in *yours* maintains that marriage is essential because it gives two people a point of reference. While the two people in the marriage may not love each other, and at times may do things deliberately to hurt the other, the dual-relationship they establish is one to which they can constantly refer to buttress themselves against the harsh realities of present-day middle-class commercialism. Marriage becomes a shelter into which man and woman crawl when pressures become too great.

Women's lib will love Street for his posture on the sexual aspects of marriage. Helen, the wife, tells Thomas the "friend": "I'd like to give you all a bit of what you give us. I'd like to make you wait until I could make the effort to clamber on top of you with a bloody smirk on my face, and force my way into you and puff and grunt away until I've had my climax and to hell with yours. . . . My God, what do you think we are, cows that just have to be milked once in awhile to keep them happy?"

It's rip-snorting stuff that bites deep into the emotional fears that we all possess: fear of isolation, of relying too heavily on each other, of refusing to give one's self to another for fear of rejection. Street brings it off, handsomely.

Outraged by the commercialism of present-day life, and beset by his inability to relate to those around him, the non-hero of this book cops out for an isolated cottage somewhere deep in the Scottish highlands. It's an ideal situation for the ideal man (as Thomas sees him), one who is free from any entanglements, one who can go and come as he pleases. Unfortunately, for him, Thomas is not an ideal man. "I find myself thinking of you both a lot lately, it may be because of my isolation" he writes to Graham and Helen. This sense of isolation persuades him to revisit his London friends. But as a one-time outrage, he plans a foray on the hated world, a foray which includes the seduction of Helen. This self-flagellation will probably satisfy his all-too absorbing desire for human contact. That he succeeds in the seduction is a victory over indifference; that he loses his mistress to her husband is his nemesis. Now he is back where he started, in the small cottage on the Scottish highland. But the taste is bitter in his mouth. He is defeated by the world he despised and by the woman who was responsible for his assault on his former world.

It is here that Street makes his strongest statement about the viability of marriage in today's world. The universal Graham and Helen need marriage to insulate themselves against the world outside and just as importantly, from the assaults of the Thomas' (doubting) of the world. While he may temporarily prick their relationship, they need each other too greatly to allow him to succeed for long.

Reviewed by Malcolm Robinson

Bright Essence: Studies in Milton's Theology, by W. B. Hunter, C. A. Patrides, and J. H. Adamson, University of Utah Press, 1971, 181 pp., $7.95.

There are few readers, except perhaps scholars and clergymen, who are inclined to rush out and buy a book with the foreboding word "theology" in its title. The reason is not that the subject seems peripheral to our lives—I doubt that many formulate that notion consciously. But the term "theology" calls forth an almost autonomic response: our minds picture those super-subtle, soured Schoolmen of Erasmus' *Praise of Folly* who debate such questions as "whether it was possible that Christ could have taken upon him the likeness of . . . a stone, or of a gourd; and then how that gourd should have preached, wrought miracles, or been hung on the cross. . . ." Perhaps because many think of *Paradise Lost* as being prolix and difficult and dull, the addition of "Milton" to the title seems to make the book even more formidable. Many readers, I suspect, balk at a double dose of theology and Milton, wishing instead for the ease of a good mystery story. The impression is reinforced even more when the scholars of the earlier part of this century suggested that Milton is really relevant only to the pious and godly. The interest in Milton in the last twenty years has put the lie to these preconceptions, and *Bright Essence,* in its clarity and coherence, is a refreshing distance from the Scholastic votaries of Folly.

The volume is a carefully edited and beautifully printed collection of fourteen previously published articles disposed under four topics: Problems in Definition, The Son in His Relation to the Father, The Son in His Relation to the Universe and Man, and Problems of Stylistic Expression. Milton's attitudes toward these topics are, of course, the focus of all the essays. Yet the book is by no means a compilation of disparate materials on Milton's theology designed as a kind of handbook. The remarkable coherence of *Bright Essence*—remarkable because volumes of collected essays I have seen too often simply reprint articles only vaguely related to each other in theme and approach—results from its demonstrable point of view. The preface declares that the authors have collected into one place their essays which reject the long-held opinion that Milton was really a heretic and an Arian, a view directly related to the publication in the nineteenth century of Milton's prose tract, *Of Christian Doctrine,* and Maurice Kelley's study of *Christian Doctrine and Paradise Lost, This Great Argument* (1941). Discussion of Milton's supposed Arianism might seem a little out of the way even for literary scholars, much less to general readers of Milton's poetry. Yet since the authors want to establish the centrality of the Son of God to Milton's theological thinking and to his writing, a thorough examination of this old heresy which tends to demean the divinity of the Son is crucial to their argument.

The first two essays by Professors Patrides and Hunter introduce some crucial terms of theological definition—substance, essence, and hypostasis—by comparing Milton's understanding of them with the history of their use by the Church Fathers. Hunter's style is especially welcome here, rendering some rather fine distinctions with a grace unusual for writing on this subject. So supplied with the terms which will be indispensable in defining Milton's theological position throughout the book, we come to the discussion of Arianism which occupies the three essays of the second section. Each author rejects Milton's reputed Arianism, always with glances at Professor Kelley's series of rejoinders, insisting that the application of the term Arian to Milton's subordinationist views on the Son of God distorts important differences between subordinationism and Arianism. This lengthy discussion may seem technical and perhaps a little precious to some, except that since the Son of God has been suggested as the central focus of *Paradise Lost* both thematically and structurally, the efficacy of the Son and His relation to the Father is indispensable to an understanding of Milton's epic. The authors, incidentally, quite aware that their views on this matter are not universally accepted, consistently refer the reader to contrary opinions in the preface and in the footnotes.

The discussion of Father and Son quite logically repairs to the topic of Section Three, the Son's relation to the universe and man. Professor Adamson traces the tradition behind Milton's account of the Creation and then discusses the image of the Divine Chariot, which the Son mounts to defeat Satan in the War-in-Heaven episode at the center of *Paradise Lost.* The first of Professor Hunter's three essays continues the topic of the War-in-Heaven, with a fascinating discussion of the exaltation of the Son in *PL* V. He then deals with the theological crux of the Incarnation, a discussion relevant to the nature of the union between Adam and Eve (and of considerable interest in suggesting one of the reasons for Adam's fall) and to Milton's conception of marriage in *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.* This section concludes with Hunter's identification of the light-sun and stream-fountain images Milton uses to describe his Muse with the Son of God.

Although the first dozen essays in the book hold together with surprising coherence, I kept wondering as I proceeded step by step through them whether the authors had lost sight of the crucial and most provocative literary problem: How is one to talk about theology in a poem?

I hoped, as I continued to read, that I might find a finally satisfactory answer to the charges of colleagues and students that Milton's poem is altogether too dogmatic for their tastes, that it ceaselessly manifests that polemic streak so fully realized in Milton's prose tracts. How is one to take the Father's "unpoetical" theological arguments in *PL* III after the poetical fireworks of I and II? Does Milton, like so many of the critics—and I included this volume among them—finally fail to merge theology and poetry, "drama and dogma"? After all this theological definition we might tend to forget that Milton was, after all, a supreme poet. The authors were a step ahead of me, for they arranged to conclude the book with Patrides' impressive "*Paradise Lost* and the Language of Theology." With this ending, the series of essays seems almost paradigmatic in its intention, expressing by its form and by the sequence of arguments the very problem addressed in the last piece (and, incidentally, anticipated in the sixth). It is a fine stroke. And though one might disagree with Patrides' resolution of the problem, he cannot help but joy in the fact that the most substantial of all critical questions about Milton's theology and his poetry has been perceived and discussed.

In short, the arrangement of the book is most satisfying. One should not expect to find the subject of Milton's theology exhausted here. God, Angels, the Son, the Incarnation, the Fall, and all the rest are hardly the kinds of subjects three men, even such renowned scholars as these, can tidy up and deliver in final form to fellow critics. And the authors suggest that their efforts are by no means the final word on so volatile a subject. Conflicting and alternative opinions are conscientiously acknowledged in the footnotes and a bibliography on the "Language of Theology" is appended. So one has in *Bright Essence*, in coherent and convenient form, the major issues cogently argued, judiciously edited, and superbly paced.

Reviewed by Gerald Snare

Representative Short Story Cycles of the Twentieth Century, by Forrest L. Ingram, Mouton, 234 pp., $10.45.

Labels are good servants but bad masters. I shudder to think how many students may have been turned away from the enjoyment of literature by pedantic teachers who destroy the vitality of memorable books by emphasizing a simplistic study of "Naturalism," "Symbolism," "Tragedy" rather than encouraging students to discover the complexity of the individual work.

Yet without some helpful scheme of classification, the study of literature (or anything else) can degenerate into a flabby impressionism that also alienates unimpressed students. Lack of adequate ways of talking about books can also obscure the important qualities of especially unprecedented works of the imagination.

A large group of important twentieth-century creations, from James Joyce's *Dubliners* to John Barth's *Lost in a Funhouse*, have suffered from the seeming inability of critics to cope with works that depart from existing classifications. Discussing Faulkner's *The Unvanquished*, Forrest L. Ingram sums up the problem:

> Criticism of this book (and of other twentieth-century short story cycles) has been plagued by an either/or mentality which makes a sensible approach to its nature and structure almost impossible. Either the book is a "mere collection of short stories" or it is a "novel." Some critics seem to decide by flipping a coin.

Ingram's book is an effort to prevent the furthering of such narrow-visioned criticism by defining and illustrating the term "short story cycle"—a term that can be useful in calling attention to the distinguishing qualities of some of the most admired and least understood modern writings. The two brief opening sections of the book set up a definition and suggest a systematic approach to such works. Then in the three major sections of the study Ingram applies the definition and approach through remarkably exhaustive analyses of books that illustrate the variety possible within the genre—Kafka's *Ein Hungerkünstler*, Faulkner's *The Unvanquished*, and Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*.

Although Ingram defines a "short story cycle" quite simply as "a book of short stories so linked to each other by their author that the reader's successive experience on various levels of the pattern of the whole significantly modifies his experience of each of its component parts," the implications are quite complicated. As Ingram also explains, he has chosen to work with the three books that he does because "the spectrum of short story cycles includes, at one pole, collections whose strands of unity are hidden" (as in Kafka's work), while "at the other end of the spectrum, we find cycles whose strands of unity are so apparent that critics have welcomed them with open arms into the crowded kingdom of the novel" (*The Unvanquished* is an example). Between these are books like *Winesburg, Ohio* and Steinbeck's *The Pastures of Heaven*, in which "a sufficient number of unifying threads show above surface" to prevent critics from discarding them as disconnected series of discrete stories, but in which "no obvious external action controls the patterning of the stories."

Using Wellek and Warren's argument in *Theory of Literature* that the concept of a genre should be based upon both "outer form" (static structures) and "inner form" (dynamic structures) of books, Ingram goes far beyond providing an analysis that is based on the surface realities of the books in question and probes their underlying meanings in order to investigate what he calls "the cyclical habit of mind," a tendency "to compose, arrange, or complete sets of individual units so that they form a new whole through patterns of recurrence and development." He stresses particularly the way in which important twentieth-century writers are interested not so much in the narration of separate incidents as in the creation of "mythic kingdoms," a process to the results of which Ingram also persuasively maintains we should apply Philip Rahv's neglected term "experimental myth."

The immeasurable utility of Ingram's book may be slow to be realized, for traditional critical assumptions die hard and linger especially in classrooms after they have become hollow forms (witness the persistence of the gossipy "biographical" approach to literature after the "New Critics" of the thirties and forties began to demand increased attention to and and respect for texts and the way in which arid displays of exegetical skill continue at a time when responsible critics recognize the enormous value of the "New Criticism" as a means rather than an end in itself). At least, however, I feel that those who regard teaching as a voyage of exploration rather than a boring recital of past triumphs will derive new impetus from both Ingram's perceptive theorizing and his comprehensive analysis of the three cycles that he treats.

One of the happiest things that can be said about Professor Ingram's book is that it doesn't read like a dissertation, though it springs from one. Despite the technical nature of much of the exposition and the scrupulous documentation, *Representative Short Story Cycles of the Twentieth Century* is enjoyable as well as provacative reading. Ingram manages the difficult feat of writing gracefully, yet with an intensity that sets his book apart from the many worthy, but labored studies that have brought into question the value of our whole method of doctoral training in English. If every dissertation were as useful as this one, the future of neither advanced study in English nor the whole place of the discipline in higher education would be in such doubt. With this book Ingram establishes himself as an unusually sensitive and self-confident critic—the kind of person that we urgently need teaching literature today.

Mouton (which is responsible for many trail-blazing critical works) has produced the kind of carefully executed, serviceable volume one has come to expect from it, though I regret that it is probably the politics and pusillanimity of American scholarly publishing that have made this valuable book more difficult of access than it should be. It will not begin to perform the function that it should of guiding a new way of thinking about an important body of literature until teachers and an American publisher of quality paperbacks are able to see its utility as a center for organizing courses that will focus the deserved attention on an important but little understood modern literary genre.

Reviewed by Warren French

Golda, by Peggy Mann, Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, Inc., 281 pp., $5.95.

The Hebrew sage, Hillel, penned the following:

> If I am not for myself, Who will be for me?
> But, if I am for myself *only,* What am I?
> And, if not now . . . When?

Perhaps, in April 1949, Golda Myerson, Israel's newly-appointed Minister of Labor and Development, remembered these words as she watched wave after wave of immigrants to the new country flow in from the four famous corners of Europe, many obscure sections of North Africa, Asia Minor, India, and even Southeast Asia. Ever since the second sacking of Jerusalem in 70 A.D., the Jews had presented a constant irritation to the whole world. Their hasty dispersion had resulted in an unheard-of psychological assimilation allowing them to acquire a peculiar "touch of the world" wherever they were exiled. From America to Russia, Jews had for centuries overlaid their newer-found homeland—whichever one it may have been—upon an ancient root; the flowering result had produced a polyglot people, as well as a Spinoza, a Marx, a Freud, a Disraeli, an Einstein, a Fermi, a Mendlesohn, a Leonard Bernstein.

Thus, as she watched this new immigration into 1949 Israel, maybe Golda Mabovitch Myerson included herself among those one-time exiles now returning to the homeland. For Golda had assimilated much in a half-century's living, and she was to assimilate much more before becoming Prime Minister, one day, of Israel. The daughter of a lazy, improvident Pinsk carpenter and his hard-working wife, Golda Mabovitch and her family had, back in 1906, left Russia and immigrated to an improbable place named Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where Golda grew up and fell in love with a man totally different from her practical, determined, courageous self. Morris Myerson was a timid young man not in love with justice and righteous causes and eternal fatherlands . . . but in love with poetry, music, literature, and . . . let's face it . . . liquor.

Everyone warned Golda Mabovitch against this sweet-talking dreamer, but the vigorous young woman felt lashed by contradictory emotions, strong reason versus stronger feeling; and finally, feeling won out. Golda married Morris and persuaded the lackadaisical dreamer to journey with her to a new life in Palestine (named, ironically, after the Philistines).

In 1921, in Palestine, everything went wrong for the young couple. And, as Golda endured, her husband Morris sank deeper and deeper into futile impotence and despair. Morris *wasn't* a musician; he *couldn't* paint; and, although he spoke glittering, intoxicating phrases, he never somehow felt enough compelled to place these phrases down onto paper and perhaps thereby rid himself of some of his mysterious *Weltschmertz.*

Drink, it seems, was Morris' sole solace. And as Golda, and her enthusiastic Zionist friends, danced *The Hora* from twilight to midnight, and eagerly talked and talked and zealously planned for a NEW homeland for all the world's Jewish oppressed, Morris Myerson drank deeper, and he grew more morose.

Golda overcame her husband's malaise, as she later overcame many, many other obstacles. And *Golda,* by Peggy Mann, retells this fascinating story of this woman's glorious emancipation (really, *any* woman's) from the indifference, sloth, and censure which always seemed to surround her. Mrs. Myerson worked terribly hard all her life, and when at last she became Israel's Prime Minister, she deserved that great honor. Her private life might have been sad; her public one has been joyous.

Mrs. Meir's story, well-told in this fine book, is a tribute to the indomitability of all womankind.

Reviewed by Paul Burns

One Hundred Years of Solitude, by Gabriel Garcia Márquez, tr. by Gregory Rabassa, Harper & Row, $7.95.

That we are launched on an extended tall tale is announced by the founding father of the Buendías, José Arcadio Buendía, who emerges from his study—where he has been shut up with an astrolabe and some ancient maps, sold to him by the tribe of gypsies who are Macondo's only visitors—to reveal the fruit of his solitary labors:

"The world is round like an orange!"

Thus are we prepared for Macondo's preposterous isolation, for flying carpets, and assumptions into heaven. A continuum of magic is laid down by a tribe of gypsies, which can be depended on to visit Macondo annually and upset causality. Their leader, Melchíades, introduces the first José Arcadio Buendía to magnets, astrolabes, ice—"The great invention of our age!" exclaims José Arcadio—the daguerreotype, the predictions of Nostrodamus. Melchíades' ghost reappears, in the room where he died, to guide the last Buendía in deciphering the ancient scrolls containing his tribe's secret wisdom.

One Hundred Years of Solitude is a long, intricate, compendious novel; one can compare it to the work of another young Latin American novelist, Vargas Llosa. We are left with an impression of solid social history: a town is founded, a war is fought, houses are built and rebuilt. The house of the Buendías, like everything else in the novel, is full of accretions: wings are added; gardens are planted, replanted; walls whitewashed; an organ brought from Italy is installed by the courtly Pietro Crespi, dismantled by the ever-curious José Arcadio Buendía, reassembled by Crespi. . . . This organ crowns a whole epoch, a poignant flowering of the arts of love and sociability, so that the mere mention of its ruins in a later chapter recalls a golden age past.

The character who gains most from the accretive method is Ursula, wife of the founding father. Ursula lives somewhere between one hundred fifteen and one hundred twenty-two years, survives all but her great-great-grandchildren. These grandchildren—alternate generations of Aurelianos and José Arcadios—become increasingly sketchy, until practically nothing is left but a José Arcadio-type and an Aureliano-type, embodied ever more feebly in successive bearers of the names; Ursula, meanwhile, gains and gains in individuality, becomes a monument of accretions.

Running counter to accretions and renewals, is decay. The battle swings from side to side; Ursula, lifegiver, armed with pesticides, scrub brushes, whitewash, wins most of the battles but loses the war. After she is gone, there remains only the last lurid caper of the incestuous heirs to bring it all to an end.

Futility stalks the family: José Arcadio labours with his astrolabe only to discover what has already been discovered. His son, Colonel Aureliano Buendía, melts down at the end of a day the little golden fish he manufactures in his smithy, in order to be able to fashion them anew the next day. Representative of the contemplative Aureliano-nature, he throws himself into his country's complex civil wars, goes through all the motions of man of action, but with an air of resignation; unlike Ursula, he has never hoped for victory.

The Buendías, in their isolation, must run out of life. Their imagination, for all its vigor, works in a void, becomes fantasy: like the daughter-in-law Fernanda's languid assurance that her son, a latter day José Arcadio, is off in Rome preparing himself for the papacy. Yet, the absolute physical isolation of the town's early years no longer holds true at the end of the novel. A later Aureliano has been to the Andes to find a bride. Young Ursula Amarantha and her brother José Arcadio have been to study in Europe—owing to the magnitude of the Andes, Europe is curiously closer to Macondo than Bogotá. Isolation is interiorized by the end of the novel. Ursula Amarantha, at least, has the means to live where she will; yet she comes back to Macondo. Aureliano Segundo chooses for bride the pious, cloistral daughter of a ruined Spanish grandee. The house, once open to guests, to light and air, is shuttered up by her. A last Aureliano, locked in his room by his grandmother, stays there long after the grandmother is dead and he is free to leave.

A dearth of spirit ruins the Buendías. In the end it is the failure of the males to break through to the world which brings the family down. The union of the meditative and active principles in the founding father is split into opposing principles in the male progeny. The sons are either brawling entrepreneurs or meditative hermits, alike incapable of their forefather's outgoing, generous, creativity. When we come to the end, Ursula Amarantha, who seems to have all the life-giving attributes of her great-great-grandmother, mates with the last Aureliano,

a speculative hermit, and gives birth to the monster predicted by their forebears: a child born with the tail of a pig.

Reviewed by Barbara de la Cuesta

Doctor Cobb's Game, by R. V. Cassill, Bernard Geis Associates, 532 pp., $7.95.

There may be a difference between a good novel and a fascinating story, though the two need not be mutually exclusive, but *Doctor Cobb's Game* by R. V. Cassill chooses to be neither. It is not a carefully structured comment, nor is it the compelling story needed for a best-seller. It is a bad book.

It need not have been—the ingredients are all here. The recent Profumo-Keller scandal in Britain deserves a close, penetrating look. Cassill trades fictional analysis and comment for titillation and occultism. His answer to the world's tension is an obscure ramble through demonology. In addition, readers will find it difficult to identify Dr. Michael Cobb and Cecile Banner as two candidates to set the world right.

Dr. Cobb intends to do something about East-West tensions by using a Soviet defector, Obhukov, and a British diplomat, Richard Derwent, to bring the two ideological factions to their senses. The manner in which he intends to do this is certainly original. Miss Banner is to gain the information he needs from Derwent by using her body. Young, beautiful, trained to a highly refined degree of sensuousness and sexuality, she is asked to absorb intimate secrets through intimate moments. Upon her return, Cobb will obtain the information in similar fashion. This may sound interesting in a bizarre way, but the author's handling renders it ludicrous.

At this stage in his career, Cassill should be approaching maturity in his art and in his language. Instead, the impression left is one of great inconsistency. "I recognized the voice that was so unchangingly his. Not loud. Never loud at any distance. Just solid and sure of its power to reach across distance and, as I thought in an emotional moment, across more vanished time than human voice has any right to reach." Such fanciful but meaningless passages abound among others of sheer poetry.

In the same book, it is difficult to accept a powerful, moving statement of Britain's role in the heart of the Englishman and in the history of the world juxtaposed with four-letter words used with all the force of a stoning-to-death with popcorn. Orgies, perversions, even a Faustian ending fail to save the disaster. On finishing the book, the reader may well wonder why he feels uncomfortable. Perhaps the feeling can best be described as *almost* enjoying a story. Nothing is so disturbing as a near-miss—no different from a near-hit.

Reviewed by Brother André Lacoste, F.S.C.

The Last Year of Leo Tolstoy, by Valentin Bulgakov, The Dial Press, 235 pp., $7.95.

In his introduction to *The Last Year of Leo Tolstoy,* George Steiner states:

> In a sense we know too much. Conflicting voices and details throng the stage, obscuring the essentially simple logic of Tolstoy's attempt to live a life unto God in the midst of the common temptations, needs and weaknesses of men.

It may be true that we know a great deal more about Tolstoy than about any other giant of Russian literature of the nineteenth-century, possibly because of his long span of life, and the fact that some of his contemporaries who knew him were young enough to give us, in the twentieth-century, first hand information from their personal contacts with Tolstoy. This knowledge does not obscure, but on the contrary, illuminates that duality in the character of Tolstoy which is true of so many other famous Russian authors. Whatever we may say about Tolstoy's philosophy, it was not "simple," as indeed the man himself was not. This is very clearly brought out in his major works before and after his conversion.

Tolstoy's concept of history *(War and Peace)* is a case in point: cause and effect relationships exist in history, but not in personal life. In personal life there is freedom only in the search for moral behavior but man's free will is only an illusion. In retrospect, man realizes that everything is predestined. There is nothing "simple" here. Volumes were written to explain it. Later, Tolstoy advocated anarchy, non-resistance to evil, so that the element of human compassion would not be lost *(Confession* and *Resurrection),* while at the same time he advocated force to protect property distributed to the peasants.

The complexity of the author is obvious. True, his "search for truth" occupied him throughout his life, but it became increasingly involved and complicated. Bulgakov's diary confirms this. It does not bring to light anything previously unknown to students of Tolstoy. The book is particularly interesting from the point of view of Bulgakov himself, whose attitude changes when he no longer has to send copies of his diary to Chertkov. His resentment, or if you will, misunderstanding of Sofya Andreevna, Tolstoy's wife, diminishes as the days go on, until he achieves the ultimate goal coveted by authors—the goal of objectivity: Bulgakov ceases to "take sides." The suffering of Tolstoy's wife is understood and acknowledged, while his idolization of Tolstoy diminishes just enough to give him, in addition to a feeling of great affection and adoration, a true sense of value and esteem for Tolstoy. The image of Tolstoy which emerges is one of a kindly old grandfather toward those who agree with him. He is, at first, dependent on the stronger will of Chertkov, and later relies heavily on his daughter Alexandra. He is not so kindly to those who oppose his will. The reader feels, though, that Bulgakov did not intend to present this unkindly image of Tolstoy. Nevertheless, the image is there, probably because of the complete honesty with which Bulgakov writes.

One interesting point: according to Bulgakov, Tolstoy never answered what he calls "begging letters," i.e., appeals for material help. One wonders, then, at the sincerity of one who advocates distribution of wealth, but ignores appeals for help.

Bulgakov gives a detailed account of the torment that Tolstoy suffered in the midst of his family, which finally forced him into the decision to leave his estate Yasnaya Polyana. This step, some believe, hastened his demise. Tolstoy's suffering, however, is balanced with the tremendous suffering his attitude caused his wife, Sofya Andreevna, who could not comprehend her husband after forty-eight years of living with him. The turmoil at their home unavoidably affected all those who were closely attached to them: they were bound to sympathize with either Tolstoy or his wife. According to Bulgakov, Sofya Andreevna felt isolated and alone, possibly because of her jealousy of those who shared Tolstoy's views, understood him, and were close enough to him to share in his confidence.

Bulgakov's objectivity is remarkable. He writes with feeling and understanding, and the translator must be congratulated for grasping and demonstrating his finesse. One can see clearly what discord Lev Nikolayevich had to live through as a result of the incompatibility of his fundamental convictions and inclinations with his environment.

Reviewed by Rochelle H. Ross

Mary, by Vladimir Nabokov, McGraw-Hill, 114 pp., $6.96.

Nabokov uses two recurrent, interlocking, complementary themes—time and memory. If all of Nabokov's writings were somehow combined and put through some sort of arcane, fantastic chemical-literary process of distillation, the emerging essential elements would be time and memory. In the final analysis, Nabokov's handling of these themes is philosophical and profound, timeless and beautiful, and represents his most serious contribution to the world of letters.

All his other multifarious preoccupations—language and languages, sex and sensualism, butterflies and nature, beloved Russian emigrees and beloved Russia, fabulous affairs and fantasy—are ancillary, adjuncts to his central theme and purpose, mere manifestations of the brillance of the man and his multifaceted mind. This is not to imply that his treatment of secondary themes is less than dazzling. But that is another story.

Mary, the proper subject of this review, is Nabokov's first novel, more accurately, novelette (it is barely more than one-hundred pages). It was written in 1925 in Berlin and has only now been translated from Russian into English. The reviewer admits, he approached *Mary* with some trepidation—a first novel, a translation of a first novel, "how dull." Yes, *Mary* is a flawed work. How does the reviewer know this? Because Nabokov says so in the introduction and since he wrote it, he must know.

Nabokov also confesses to a certain grudging fondness for this, his first effort. Hardly surprising, since, the truth is, it is just one more link, albeit the first, in Nabokov's life-long literary chain of enlightenment: he writes books to enlighten us about himself and we profit from it because he is worth knowing. The reading public is the voyeuristic third party in a love triangle, a passive participant in and observer of Nabokov's love affair with his own mind.

The fact is that this reviewer found it hard, hard, hard to believe that *Mary* was really written forty-five years ago. It is too intimately linked to much, much later works and ironically, most intimately of all, to Nabokov's lastest novel, *Ada*. There are too many haunting allusions to things to be fully revealed in other books only decades later: an acrobatic hero who walks on his hands; young lovers, a little too young; a brilliant heroine, young and slim and dark, who skips through time, who haunts the edges of consciousness with a promise, whose memory stabs where one is weakest.

Surely, this is a farce, Nabokov's hoax foisted on a supine public, a "first novel" written fifty years late, an attempt to prove that Nabokov's mind has survived the vicissitudes of a half-century unscathed, or better, an attempt to prove that the genius of Nabokov is as timeless and mysterious as the Sphinx and knew fifty years ago exactly what was to be. On second thought, not even Nabokov could get away with that, and we'll have to accept that he sat down in Berlin all those years ago and knew "what is Nabokov" and wrote a little of it down.

In *Speak, Memory* Nabokov alludes to long hard years in "emigree" Berlin and Paris, places he loathed, during which he strove to elevate his English style to that already attained in Russian. There is no reason to elaborate on his success in English; the only doubt in the mind of this reviewer concerned Nabokov's style in Russian. It seemed patently implausible that he could have written anything in his youth in Russian which approached what he has subsequently written in his maturity in English. No one could write that well in more than one language. But this was something akin to English-language chauvinism and a gross underestimation of Nabokov.

The style was there—*Mary* proves it, even in translation. Witness the pristine description of places and things and, above all, nature. The Russians love nature and Nabokov loves nature and he writes about it in a way no one else does. The stunning mental agility, the dark wit, the perversity, the essentially European male character, the nostalgia, the love of languages and the use of language, all of these are the elements which make up Nabokov's style and make his style inimitable. They are all at least adumbrated in *Mary*, a fact which was, up till now, concealed from his English speaking public.

And with *Mary* Nabokov asks us to believe in the serene timelessness of his intellect and intentions, along with everything else. It is difficult because there is something frivolous in his nature, something of the dilettante.

As all of this implies, *Mary* is not a book to be read or considered by itself. Rather it should be read after a sampling of some of his later books: perhaps *Pale Fire; Pnin; Speak, Memory;* and, without fail, *Ada*. *Mary*, written first, completed the circle, provides the key to Nabokov's rationale, and shows us the essential unity of his various works. Considering an important characteristic of Nabokov, his supreme calculation, it is worthy of note that he waited so long to have this little volume translated.

Reviewed by Michael S. Melancon

The Long Struggle for Black Power, by Edward Peeks, Charles Scribner's Sons, 447 pp., $7.95.

The black-white conflicts of Little Rock, Montgomery, and Birmingham brought with them a new national consciousness of Black America. In turn, the new consciousness, as with all societal upheavals, has produced untold volumes dealing with the black man—his rights and his history. Many of these volumes function chiefly as house organs for politically oriented groups. Time, however, the usual factor in leveling extremes of the emotional spectrum, has helped to produce a recent surge of carefully researched and honestly conceived works concerned with blacks. Edward Peeks' *The Long Struggle for Black Power* is just such a book.

Peeks' professed aim in writing his volume was to show that the self-help doctrine, a tenet of black power, has always been a working force within Black America. Beginning as early as 1787, Peeks moves logically from the founding of the Free African Society, for mutual aid during sickness and death, to the recent and present accounts of Martin Luther King and the Black Panthers. The interim chapters offer excellently researched accounts running the gamut from the Underground Railroad to Daddy Grace and Father Divine. Perhaps it is the long conflict between W. E. B. DuBois and Booker T. Washington which serves as the main interest for reader and author.

Both men adhered to different aspects of self help. Booker T. Washington logically represents a grass roots approach as opposed to the political fervor advocated by DuBois. Washington, throughout his lifetime, insisted that help for the plight of the Negro must come through ownership and education. Naturally enough, he felt that Tuskegee offered the technical knowledge that would enable the black naturally to evolve and permeate society by his own merit. DuBois advocated immediate political voting power and equal representation, etc. It is the symbolic compromise of these forces that represent, for Peeks, the modern impetus to black power.

In his concluding chapter entitled "We Help Ourselves," Peeks makes clear that power once established has no need for recourse to gun powder. The Negro, like all elements of the American experience as viewed through history, must find a depository for power. His final sentences confirm his position:

> Power has resulted from the accumulative experience of this nation and its people. . . . Our history says we should use this identity and this potential to help strengthen the creative militancy of America for peaceful solutions to problems at home and abroad.

The Long Struggle for Black Power is well written and carefully documented. Peeks has carefully balanced his account by an ability to proportion events and people in direct relationship to their contributions to an evolving black society. In some instances the author seems anxious to leave one topic for another in order to make his point quickly. Frequently this is due to a dearth of material. The problem was especially acute in the sections dealing with the Freedman's Bureau which involved so much political corruption that the chain of events was hard to trace. Occasional betrayal of personal sympathies tend only to heighten the account. *The Long Struggle for Black Power* stands among the best recent guides to black history for the layman.

Reviewed by Hugh Sprouse

We Never Make Mistakes, by Aleksander Solzhenitsyn, tr. by Paul W. Blackstock, W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 138 pp., $1.35.

To undertake the translation of works by Solzhenitsyn into English requires courage. Solzhenitsyn's language is filled with verbal experiments, uniting masterfully popular expressions with prison-camp slang (as in *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*). He pays particular attention to peculiararities of speech on all levels of society, yet his language is clear and controlled. Usage of many participles, short and compact sentences, diminutives, and a deliberate introduction of uncommon prefixes are true to the tradition of Russian folklore. This makes it almost impossible to render Solzhenitsyn's works into any other language.

But Solzhenitsyn's talent lies not only in his language. He has a great deal of courage in dealing with problems in Soviet life. His works are concerned with the problems of good and evil, life and death, the relationship of man to society, and that of the individual to the

state. This fact is very significant today, and is the reason for the author's recent trouble with the Soviet authorities in connection with his winning of the Nobel Prize.

Solzhenitsyn demonstrates true concern with the existence of the official Soviet "elite" society, and the relationship of the individual citizen to it. He indicts the system by showing how the creative potential of the people is being oppressed "for the good of the cause." This concern negates the tenets of Socialist Realism and is considered a danger to the well-being of the Soviet State by its government.

The two stories in this book deal with the question of good and evil, and show evil triumphant in the end.

Matryona's House describes the life of a peasant war widow, showing that collectivization did little to improve the life of the villagers. Solzhenitsyn boldly shows that women still find solace in a religion which is not exactly Christian, as it consists mainly of superstitions and outward rituals. People in authority are viewed as enemies of the people of the village. Their gains are at the expense of the peasants, who work so hard, and yet cannot improve their own lot. Solzhenitsyn's attitude toward the peasant is filled with compassion but he views him realistically. Yet, there is some idealization of the peasant to whom Solzhenitsyn gives the attributes of patience and love of work. This idealization further suggests that perhaps the peasants' life and conditions are the same now as they were in the nineteenth-century.

An Incident at Krechetovka Station covers a period of two or three hours. It informs the reader that the Russians were not prepared for the war with Germany (the Second World War): there was no organization, no food, and above all—no information. Citizens were misinformed about both internal and external conditions in the country. Solzhenitsyn seems to suggest that there was a lack of trust and communication between the government and the people. This lack of trust resulted in apathy of the people. Solzhenitzyn does not condemn the hero for being doubtful and distrustful. He describes the hero as a kind, sincere, honest, and friendly man. The responsibility for his act falls on those who created the atmosphere of distrust and hatred—namely, the party! This condemnation of the party, however, is not direct. Solzhenitsyn maintains that the *true* party spirit (the good) is powerless against the small tyrannical member of the regional committee (the evil), suggesting that the author is objecting not to the communist regime, but to the misrepresentation of communist ideals by the Soviet party.

The translation by Paul W. Blackstock is a good one. It captures the ideology in spite of the difficulties in translating Solzhenitsyn's language. The inclusion of a glossary after the introduction should be useful to the reader who is not a student of Russian language or literature.

Reviewed by Rochelle H. Ross

A History of PI, by Petr Beckmann, Golem Press, 190 pp., $6.30.

This interesting little book is a curious blend of factual mathematical history with a strong dose of the author's interpretation of the political environment in which the story unfolds. Dr. Beckmann warns us in his introduction that the reason he feels eminently qualified to write on the history of pi is precisely because he is neither an historian nor a mathematician. Perhaps for this very reason the book is both entertaining and enlightening since, while it may be historically polemical, it is certainly not pedantic. Actually, Dr. Beckmann has excellent qualifications in mathematics, being a professor of electrical engineering at the University of Colorado and having several books in applied mathematics to his credit. Thus, the mathematical developments are related on a sufficiently complete level to satisfy most readers, with some exceptions. For example, general relativity is given only cursory mention, even though this theory completely alters the meaning of pi.

On the other hand, the reader who is not at home with the mathematical details beyond arithmetic can skip the technical discussion without serious loss and still learn a great deal about what made certain mathematicians tick, from famous geniuses to out-and-out crackpots. The whole is related in an informal, anecdotal style. The scope of the narrative is remarkably inclusive, starting with speculations on the pre-historic discoveries of scale-invariant ratios such as the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, pi, through the early guesses at its value in civilizations worldwide, and finally coming to the proofs that this number is irrational, that is, it cannot be expressed as a ratio of integers, and even transcendental, that is, it cannot be a root of a polynomial with integer coefficients. One of the consequences of this is that any attempt to calculate an exact decimal expression for pi, or to "square the circle," is doomed to failure *a priori*. Nevertheless, Beckmann recounts some of the endless attempts to do so, and the self-proclaimed successes by crackpots. In fact, one of them even convinced a state legislature to pass a bill squaring the circle.

On the non-technical side, the approach is also wide-ranging, sprinkled liberally with the author's bitterly anti-totalitarian philosophy. For example, he devotes an entire chapter, entitled "The Roman Pest," to the vilification of the "Roman thugs" whose civilization he regards as being utterly destructive of intellectual and other values, and even comparable to that of the Nazis. It should be mentioned that Beckmann is a native of Czechoslovakia who emigrated to the United States only in 1963 and has personally experienced the effects of political oppression. So perhaps he is indeed justified in his emphasis on the influence of the political climate on the development of what should be pure, abstract thought.

Reviewed by Carl H. Brans

Revolutionary Nonviolence, by David Dellinger, Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., $7.50, and Doubleday Anchor Books, $2.50.

Revolutionary Nonviolence is a collection of essays by Dave Dellinger, who is best known as a pacifist and a member of the Chicago 7. The essays are the product of personal experiences, extensive travel and diversified human contact. Readers who are interested in political science will find the material stimulating. Mr. Dellinger's idealism, moral courage, and his quest for truth beautify his articulate prose.

The book is divided into five parts and touches the political events of the last twenty-five years in different parts of the world. That Mr. Dellinger's pacifist convictions and humane concern have remained essentially unchanged since the writing of his first essay "Statement on entering prison" (1943), is a remarkable accomplishment in an age of disillusionment.

Scientific experts, eye-witnesses and victims gave startling testimony at the International War Crimes Tribunal in Stockholm and at Roskilde, as reported in the section on the war against Vietnam. Part three is dedicated to Cuba and China. Cuba's success in the promotion of literacy, economic equality and personal dignity scores high and is unparalleled in any other part of the world; personality cult is almost nonexistent. These are facts the American public is largely unaware of. Again, the situation in China (as seen through Mr. Dellinger's eyes) is not as grim as it is generally believed to be. The analysis of the Red Guards' (youthful rebels) activities emphasizes their desire for improved educational methods. Mao's attitude toward them seems to be paternal rather than hostile. Mr. Dellinger stresses the fact that this is strictly his personal impression.

Part four deals with domestic issues. In this area the informed reader is able to form his own opinion by comparison. It is interesting to follow the change in tactics laid down by the Movement, tactics which were strictly nonviolent in the early days of confrontation. While persuasion is still advocated in dealings with agents of the Establishment, the necessity for occasional violations against property has been acknowledged as inevitable and is preferable to non-action. "An integrated peace walk through Georgia" (1964) describes how courtesy and courage of the demonstrators neutralized the antagonistic attitude of the population and made negotiations possible. Other historic events are mentioned briefly. Significantly, "Not enough love" (1958) brings into the picture the contortion of primary emotions and the resulting conversion of suppressed frustrations. "The future of nonviolence" (1965) concludes this chapter, by saying in essence that human rights and social justice have to take ideological precedence for nonviolence to be effective.

Historians record that the decline of democracy is marked by harass-

ment of dissenters. During the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, proper diplomatic pre-convention handling could have minimized the brutality in the conflict with the police. Mr. Dellinger quotes as a warning signal the incident of the burning of the Reichstag (parliamentary building) during the early days of the Hitler Regime, when trumped-up charges and planted evidence were used against the Communists.

The writing definitely is of a controversial nature and will either be hailed or condemned by readers; some potential readers, no doubt, will be repelled by the title of the book and by its author. However, the work is an excellent piece of journalism, and Mr. Dellinger's sincere pleading for humanity should not be disregarded.

Reviewed by Katherine Sieg

August 1914, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 622 pp., $10.00.

"Oh, he's not really very important," my Intourist guide assured me when I asked about Solzhenitsyn. "We have many writers who are far more significant," she went on, listing names most of which I knew nothing of. Not so my Soviet student friends, who judged him the Russian equivalent of "terrific." "But I thought he wasn't published here, apart from *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,*" I demurred. They laughed: "Of course, we have our *samizdat.* Haven't you heard of it?" I admitted I had, then tried some of the verses from *Doctor Zhivago* which I had memorized. As if passing a test, they quickly said: "*Doctor Zhivago.*" To convince me further, they gave a carbon copy of one of Yevtushenko's forbidden poems.

All of this suggests the commonplace that must preface any account of anything published by Solzhenitsyn, as of anything published by Pasternak a decade ago. For both writers have, despite themselves, been treated as pawns, or possibly rooks, in the interideological match. Passionately loyal to Mother Russia, they both show no less passion for wider humanity and values undreamt-of in tidy ideologies, of left or right. A few years ago, when asked to give a talk on "The Ideology of Solzhenitsyn," I opened with the remark that if I stuck to my title this would have to be the shortest talk in history, since Solzhenitsyn has no ideology whatever. Ideals, values, even a sort of philosophy of life and history, yes; but nothing so contrived and mechanistic as an ideology.

Unsurprisingly, the reviews I have read thus far differ widely in their assessments. Some reviewers, like Mary McCarthy, seem distressed over Solzhenitsyn's failure to measure up to her own "liberal" ideology. Catherine Hughes finds *August 1914* Solzhenitsyn's "most impressive and absorbing novel thus far" with characters "endowed with notable depth and the situations with enormous resonance and nuance." At the other pole, Michele Murray judges it "a lumbering tank of a book without dramatic focus that dissipates its power in pages of close description and analysis of military deployment." Having come upon these reviews only after finishing a first reading, one suspects that others have had time to do no more. At this point, who can be more than tentative, leaving definitive judgment (in a secularized gamalielesque way) to time, and the volumes yet to come? Yet, one can and perhaps should jot down first impressions, confident somehow that Michele Murray's prophecy will not be verified: "*August 1914* will occupy the same place in our mental landscape, as a parlor kept spotless for company but never visited very much in the ordinary course of events."

Part of the problem, I suspect, may lie in the fact that none of us seems to have read the original. He is (to judge from other works that I have seen in Russian) far from the old-fashioned stylist that some readers, innocent of the language and dependent on translations, have made him out to be. Rather, he is perhaps the most innovative stylist in Russian since Chekhov, possibly even more so. He has, for example, a manner of attaching familiar prefixes to words that never before bore them, providing flashes of freshness in the most unexpected ways and places. In this and in other techniques (I am assured by those who know the language better than I), he has expanded the Russian linguistic orchestration, much as Stravinsky did with the music being composed about the time Solzhenitsyn was born, not so much with new instruments as with new instrumentation.

Little of this appears in Michael Glenny's translation, which according to Simon Karlinsky "should have been labeled by the publishers 'adapted' or 'paraphrased' by Michael Glenny, rather than translated by him." There results a certain flatness, colorlessness, with occasional lapses of taste that I have not detected in Solzhenitsyn's other works. I suspect that this may be one reason why I found *August 1914* less gripping than another war book read in the past month, Guy Sajer's *The Forgotten Soldier.* Here the translation seemed more transparent, less obtrusive, in part, no doubt, because French is easier to render into English.

Even so, to the patient reader unconcerned with military cartography and the complexities of maneuvers, the sweep and poignancy of war come through. Here the comparison with Tolstoy becomes inescapable. Indeed, it is invited, especially in chapter fifty-three, where General Blagoveschchensky is compared to Tolstoy's Kutuzov and is, in fact, represented as conscious of the comparison. There is, too, a touching episode in chapter two, when young Sanya visited the great Tolstoy, some years before the war, in the hope of being vouchsafed some word on the meaning of life. The aged seer replies quite simply: "To serve good and thereby to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth." The discussion goes on, climaxed with Tolstoy's "words tested and matured by a lifetime: 'Only through love! Nothing else. No one will ever discover anything better.' " Little wonder the volume could not be published in the Soviet Union today.

Such subversive talk occurs, if not on every page, at least with a frequency that explains Solzhenitsyn's disfavor in a controlled society. Moreover, it is heard from the mouths of a wide range of characters, most of them either Socialists or with Socialist leanings. Varsonofiev, for example, warns: "Remember, my friends, that the best social order is not susceptible to being arbitrarily constructed, or even to being scientifically constructed—everything is allegedly scientific nowadays. Do not be so arrogant as to imagine that you can invent an ideal social order, because with that invention you may destroy your own beloved 'people.' History is not governed by reason." Deplorably anti-Marxist.

In the author's own words, too, officially intolerable interpretations of history occur, such as the page describing Kerensky's bold attack on the old government: "it was gagging the voice of democracy, even now it had not accorded a real amnesty to political prisoners, it had no intention of seeking reconciliation with the oppressed national minorities of the empire. . . . In a brilliant peroration he had hinted at the advent of revolution: the peasants and workers, he had declared, would defend their country—and *then* liberate it!" In the same paragraph, he adds: "Only in Russia could newspapers get away with such barefaced distortion!" Soviet censors would easily sniff out the *double entendre* here and elsewhere.

A conversation between Ilya Isakovich and his son would doubtless prove too upsetting to be printed in today's Russia: "A reasonable man cannot be in favor of revolution, because revolution is a long and insane process of destruction. Above all, no revolution ever strengthens a country: it tears it apart, and for a long, long time. What's more, the bloodier and more long-drawn-out it is and the dearer the country pays for it—the more likely the revolution is to be dubbed 'great.' " In a system built on the mythology of the "Great October Revolution," such a discussion would be deemed too heretical to merit publication, even as a straw argument.

And one senses a *cri de coeur* in the author when he describes Obodovsky's plight when he, too, wrote a book: "A book meant for Russia, although its publication in Kharkov was still held up after months of delay—at one moment, apparently, they had lacked the right type face, then the publishers had mislaid the preface."

One is reminded again and again of the heroic Nobel Prize lecture left undelivered, where Solzhenitsyn prophesied: "Woe to that nation whose literature is disturbed by the intervention of power. For that is not just a violation against 'freedom of print,' it is the closing down

of the heart of the nation, a slashing to pieces of its memory. . . . That is not only personal tragedy, but a sorrow to the whole nation, a danger to the whole nation." Worse, perhaps, than the "slashing to pieces of its memory," the reshaping of memory, *à la 1984,* may prove the ultimate disservice. Little wonder that Simon Karlinsky judges that "very few living writers can match his artistic achievement; in human and moral stature he is in a class by himself on the literary landscape of our age." I was thus particularly happy to learn, while writing this quick appraisal, that Mortimer Adler, in his new edition of *How to Read a Book,* now includes among basic authors of our civilization Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Reviewed by C. J. McNaspy

Poetry

Three Poems, by John Ashbery, The Viking Press, 118 pp., $2.25. **Maximum Security Ward,** by Ramon Guthrie, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 143 pp., $7.50. **Crow,** by Ted Hughes, London: Faber and Faber, 80 pp., ₤1.00. **To Stay Alive,** by Denise Levertov, New Directions, 86 pp., $6.50. **Delusions, Etc.,** by John Berryman, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 69 pp., $6.95. **Briefings,** by A. R. Ammons, W.W. Norton & Company, 105 pp., $6.00. **Wrecking Crew,** by Larry Levis, University of Pittsburgh Press, 62 pp., $2.75. **Archaeologist of Morning,** by Charles Olson, Cape Goliard Press, $12.95. **Walking to Sleep,** by Richard Wilbur, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 78 pp., $1.45. **Straw for the Fire,** by Theodore Roethke, ed. by David Wagoner, Doubleday & Company, 262 pp., $7.95. **The Collected Poems of H. Phelps Putnam,** ed. by Charles R. Walker, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 214 pp., $10.00. **Spring Shade,** by Robert Fitzgerald, New Directions, 192 pp., $6.50.

Clearly, timeliness does not account for the reviews that follow, though the volumes chosen for review have all come out within the past year or so. Each one evokes a passionate response, I think, because of the way it presents itself, its experience and vision. All together, they represent a remarkable quarrel about what living means when seen through the single eye of poetry.

Three Poems in prose by John Ashbery marks another stage of what Augustine tried in his *Confessions,* an attempt through self/world dialectic to catch out the process called person long enough, the process called world long enough, to get some sense of their origin, purpose, destiny, enough at least to justify both ecstasy and pain. Where Augustine put God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit, Ashbery puts nothing, or perhaps a voice:

> "You waited too long. And now you are going to be rewarded by my attention. Make no mistake: it will probably seem to you as though nothing has changed; nothing will show in the outward details of your life and each night you will creep tired and enraged into bed. Know however that I am listening. From now on the invisible bounty of my concern will be there to keep you company, and as you mature it will unlock more of the same space for you so that eventually all your territory will have become rightfully yours again."

but it is a voice included within the unsubstantial ever shifting action of the self. *Three Poems* is an extremely difficult book to understand; it takes *hubris* to review it. Somehow, the poems become slow, metaphysical, white-water having no rocks within to create the turbulence that is visible, no banks to confine the obvious veining of it, no bed to support it, no origin, no pool unto which it goes; just isolated, scarcely moving white-water. There are images of great loneliness throughout; conversations of great charm about unobtrusive subjects or predicates; a remarkable poetic happening without any trace of substance save the reader's own presence to such life problems as self-knowledge, love, meaning to pain, time, history, etc. Ashbery has cut language loose from concept; feeling loose from correlative; the dance loose from the dancer; the stream from its torrent and its setting. And the reader is, I fear, left holding the lonely, metaphysical white-water; wanting to; yet not knowing why.

Monet's palette and Ramon Guthrie's *Maximum Security Ward;* or Guthrie's poems and a perfume shop; or a tea taster's job and a reader of Guthrie's book: many comparisons come to mind when reviewing this intriguing volume of poetry. Guthrie searches out the innocents; conducts his gum-shoeing from the position of a last illness, of someone examining memories and judging their value, thumbs up if they represent antic defiance of the chaining influences men create for god knows what reason, thumbs down if they are flavored with "let things be as they are" fixations. This is a fascinating book for a reader who remembers or has read widely about the great war or followed Snoopy in "Peanuts" with any care; who knows the "chest" of the twenties baring its courageous self to any sort of blow; who remembers the cursed visionary of the thirties, wandering, clutching his truth as torn cloth; the second war, the gunsmoke it left in Europe's air, the wastelands, not hollow lands or hilly lands; who has lived out the intensive care war in Vietnam, who tastes with any delight, the hippy language that would make a torn pocket of the Virgin's womb. At every moment, the antic style of Guthrie's work may put a perfume across one's nostrils; Eliot, Hemingway, lost-generation France; spoken in English, American, French, in musical notation, in even a bit of Greek. "The Christoi" and "The Making of the Bear" poems hold the chain of Guthrie's range, from the flat prose statement of a truth that has been around a long time to an exciting narrative poem expressing a cursed, defiant hope. In between, on the catenary curve, everything from glossalalia to bitching, cock-eyed cynicism, wonderment, and even a little sentimentality. It would be fruitless to cite fragments; it would be fruitful to read, and keep for re-reading, this book, however scattershot it may seem.

Crow by Ted Hughes is a poetic attempt to state in Grendelian language the horror rooted in the blood and guts of the Creator, creature, and every creaturely value. It is a further attempt to share in perpetrating the horror, with this difference, that Crow retains affective innocence because he is thrust upon the already made scene to remake it, thereby, because forced to it for survival's sake, remaining innocent, as murderous truth remains innocent. The vocabulary of gore exhausts itself page after page; brutality loses its power to shock; whatever happens strips itself of all claim to a value reaction, virtue or sin. The unrelieved tone of this collection of poetry signifies great poetic insight or great and willful poetic revenge upon reality. No doubt about the craft of each poem, nor about the deftness and striking nature of the language. And put by itself, in itself, the volume would dance a manichean's heart to a pitch of pure joy. But volumes do occur in company with other imaginative gropings about the horror of creation, and this volume I think is bad poetic company, mainly because it is so reductionist, therefore willful, in its vision. In fact, Crow becomes predictable, silly, and in the end terribly boring, unable to touch the real feelings of horror human history causes. Its allegory is simply not worth the decoding, therefore its sensual surface, left to itself, goes off in a pout which is for all that, human, too human! Lines from "Dawn's Rose" show the level of poetry Hughes can manage.

> A cry
> Wordless . . . .
>
> As the dull gunshot and its after-râle
> Among conifers, in rainy twilight.
>
> Or the suddenly dropped, heavily dropped
> Star of blood on the fat leaf.

The poem "Crow and the Birds" displays superb mastery of sound in poetic line.

> When the eagle soared clear through a dawn distilling of
> emerald
> When the curlew trawled in seadusk through a chime of
> wineglasses
> When the swallow swooped through a woman's song in a
> cavern
> And the swift flicked through the breath of a violet

But who would fardels bear, or *Crow*?

Denise Levertov's poetic heart, knowing heart, does not seem to be

in this book, *To Stay Alive*, though there are moments when her feelings do discover and reveal life stuff. Mainly, shoulds or oughts crowd in admirable words across each page, or down, or around each other in a circle. It has not occurred, what she predicted:

'When the pulse rhythms
of revolution and poetry
mesh,

then the singing begins.'

and the embarassment comes triply on my head of admiring previous Levertov poetry, and of seeing this war as brute immorality, yet judging her book to be mainly a propaganda outpour of cliché feelings which do little to illuminate the humaness of the conflict and less to offer a salvation, aesthetic, prophetic, political, whatever, to the reader, hawk or dove. The "Olga" poems have such charm as do the scenes on the streets of Denise shopping or looking for the devil; but I wonder if she has forgotten Orpheus and his power to find the living in the dead by beauty alone, and some courage; has forgotten that her poetic power may be a greater light to the killer to find his way out than demonstrations which are so often failures precisely because they lack imagination and its startlingly singular witness to the truth. I think this book should be read by anyone who loves poetry. It has charm, verbal flexibility, and reach; but unfortunately for something other than poetry. Though I for one wish she had succeeded in meshing passion with poetry.

Berryman is an absent minded jeweler in this volume *Delusions, Etc.*: full picture—black velvet cloth, gems of every kind, every poetic kind, poked by his fingers. In one poem alone, "He Resigns," everything lovely about poetry appears: charm through rhyme; explosive meaning through a single image; spare language; complicated but saving rhythm; stark vision; words knuckle white from grasping reality:

I don't think I will sing

anymore just now;
or ever. I must start
to sit with a blind brow
above an empty heart.

That one poem alone justifies the entire volume of spiritual shades; shades of the divine office, of the psalms that wrestle with a manly god, of penances and catechisms, of rebellion/attraction caught out by his contemplation of the Virgin. The porches of the Church provide the scenery for many of the poems, as well as the platform for his voice that speaks to itself, that is unable to raise any other voice, is unable to raise itself after a while; and turns into a blind, empty bust. The religious emotions are undeveloped in the volume. They are powerful beginnings, however, and somehow genuine even when they sputter out. And always, a surprising language, even though frequently for art's sake (but one may be grateful for missing the heavy traffic clichés cause); always a surprising rhythmic stride; then the sudden worth-it-all image cracking reality open.

The poems in A. R. Ammons' *Briefings* come sometimes small and easy, sometimes small and very hard; but are mostly poems of perfect pitch with, now and then, a break in voice. Nature, in the classical sense, illumines the longing state of man:

The Mark

I hope I'm
not right
where frost
strikes the
butterfly
in the back
between the wings.

Structure puts man finally at the edge of his last problem:

Gain

Last night my mind limped
down the halls of its citadel
wavered by the lofty columns
as if a loosened door had
let the wind try inside
for what could go:
dreamed of the fine pane-work
of lofty windows it
would not climb to again to see,
of curved attics aflight with
angels it would not
disturb again; felt the
tenancy of its own house,
shuffled to the great door and
looked out into its permanent dwelling.

Ammons nets moments of sheer breakthrough in many of the poems of his brief volume, moments of delight spun from our common experiences of nature into our common experience of life-feeling, e.g., "This Bright Day" with its last line "and a grief of things" so evocative of Virgil's *"et mentem mortalia tangunt."* A poem here or there fails in its trajectory, becomes too allusive, thereby losing power, or too trivial, thereby failing in its promise. For the most part, this fine collection sets a resonance so going between nature's way and man's wonder that it produces great delight in the reader.

Lightness of touch, and an almost distracted illumination of crucial human experience, both these qualities make of Larry Levis' *Wrecking Crew* a line by line fresh experience of poetry and its charm.
In "Winter":

I will stuff a small rag of its sky into my pocket forever.

In "Magician's Face":

Then a funny thing happened.
I did a real trick—
sitting still while a plane roared off.
I made a face like

a single window smashed and bare with sky.

In "Applause":

I feel like a
moth on the lip of a waterfall.

In "Los Angeles and Beyond":

2.

I steal a car and drive softly away.
Leaves stick to the tires for a while.

"For the Country" provides the best example of the distracted imagery putting an allegory before the staring eyes of the reader. The poem is light, severe, with a certain air of finality to it, but not forced, letting rather the power in the reader do the tossing.

5.

And I will say nothing, anymore, of
my country, ...

I will close my eyes,
and grit my teeth,
and slump down further in
my chair,
and watch what goes on
behind my eyelids:
stare at the dead horses with the flowers stuck in
their mouths—

and that is the end of it.

Wrecking Crew is a fine tight work, risking sometimes triviality but never losing its freshness or power of sudden illumination.

Poems of maddening Olson, bewitching Olson, taut, loose, Olson, profound, shallow, playful, trite Olson may be found in the spaciously printed *Archaeologist of Morning*, which contains all the poems Olson

authorized for printing during his lifetime, except for the Maximus series. It happens frequently in poems where Olson submits to words playing on one another, or to typographical effects overbearing sound and sense effects, that readers can feel as though they were standing behind an emptying gravel truck, beautiful sound and fury stuff, but gravel all the same. "Issue" is an example:

Shot sd
((I'd
ask the same question (face to) today))
HE SD: in an-
NAIVE swer (wot
abt this stamp-tax, this
carrying charge you
& yr dollar
bill)

More often though, Olson's unusual poetic manner of facing the heart's issues wins out over the linguistic ploys he uses to carry him the heart's distance to insight, e.g. "In Cold Hell, In Thicket," "For Sappho, Back," and "An Ode on Nativity," where the lines occur:

IV
The question stays
in the city out of tune, the skies
not seen, now, again, in
a bare winter of time:

is there any birth
any other splendor than
the brilliance of the going on, the loneliness
whence all our cries arise?

Poems about death, poems about family origins, in these Olson almost by force has to leave aside the narcistic complexity of word/typeset play, and stand fair and naked to expressing an overpowering nostalgia-laden (*cum* anger *cum* regret) grief about loved ones dead. No other way; so the poems are fascinating in the extreme. And when Olson comes to themes requiring lyrical expression, or to feelings as play, the gravel dumping disappears. Instead the poems edge into the long lineage of great lyric or playful pieces. In "Variations done for Gerald Van DeWiele":

I. Le Bonheur

dogwood flakes
what is green

the petals
from the apple
blow on the road

mourning doves
mark the sway
of the afternoon, bees
dig the plum blossoms

the morning
stands straight, the night
is blue from the full of the April moon

In "The Red Fish-of-Bones" poetic delight holds from first to last line though the whole poem means either little or much, one can't tell.

So forever they jockey
in their three estates
the Red Fish of the Bones

with his eye for her,
the Blue Fish with her
on the same string

& she in the middle the winsome
wife, caught in her turning
& maybe her yearning

by the Red Fish of the Bones . . . .

Clearly, Olson's volume ought to be kept and read whenever one wants quality poetry. Admittedly, much of his style seems to be self-defeating. But the gain of such a style, when controlled by great feeling concerning man and what he does or has done to him, is a quite startling, quite winning freshness. The volume becomes an introduction in its own way to the devout life.

Whoever enjoys craft in poetry, must enjoy the craft of Richard Wilbur in *Walking to Sleep,* a slim volume of new poems and translations, Berryman displays an equal craft in the poen cited with awe earlier on in this series of reviews. Wilbur, as I read him, has put new wine in old skins, whereas Berryman re-establishes rhyme in the heart of modern poetry. I read yesterday in Wilbur, today and tomorrow in Berryman. But let there be no doubt how skillful Wilbur's craft is both in his own poems and in his translations. From "On the Marginal Way":

If these are bodies still,
Theirs is a death too dead to look asleep,
Like that of Auschwitz' final kill,
Poor slaty flesh abandoned in a heap
And then, like sea-rocks buried by a wave,
Bulldozed at last into a common grave.

I find the rhyme intrusive; I find the rhyme alien to the feeling of the poem. But how skillfully this stanza is crafted; *ad unguem.* Other poems, e.g. "In a Churchyard," betray too much of the old skin in theme and rhyme:

As when a ferry for the shore of death
Glides looming toward the dock,
Her engines cut, her spirits bating breath
As the ranked pilings narrow toward the shock,

So memory and expectation set
Some pulseless clangor free
Of circumstance, and charm us to forget
This twilight crumbling in the churchyard tree,

But when the rhyme is let be; and Wilbur puts language nose to nose with experience, he need not stretch feeling to the end of a line, or submit to unmanageable overtones in words required for matching sake. In "The Lilacs," note the completing lines:

And the big blooms
buzzing among them
Have kept their counsel,
conveying nothing
Of their mortal message,
unless one should measure
The depth and dumbness
of death's kingdom
By the pure power
of this perfume.

As for the translations, especially of traditional matter, may Richard Wilbur always be around to make them. Here the craft evokes only applause, applause from a charmed heart. Do acquire this volume, though it's a year out. It's a fine pedagogue to poetry.

Straw for the Fire, from the notebooks of Theodore Roethke, selected and arranged by David Wagoner, can engage the specialist's attention, or the attention of the curious, though the latter might be overwhelmed by so much unfinished material. The notebooks do witness to the passionate craftsman Theodore Roethke, and to the bits and pieces the craftsman could not work through imaginatively or which he simply put into the larder for later use. The book is difficult to manage for those who love it when the bird flies instead of preens, and may also be for the specialist who knows that the final stage of a poem and its nearest rough draft might be expanses apart. One must thank David Wagoner for putting so much Roethke lore within reach of both specialist and inquirer.

Critique of *The Collected Poems of H. Phelps Putnam* must perforce be of a yes-man type; the volume is bounded on the front by an evaluative essay written by Edmund Wilson, and on the rear by essays from Putnam's sister and his friends Charles R. Walker and F. O. Mathiessen. In between essays, there is Putnam and a quite remarkable poetic production. I am left to say that the poems produce

first rate poetic enjoyment; that they set one inside a world whose despair comes authentically to language and form; that they need not even be understood allegorically, i.e., one more indirect diagnosis of the "lostness" of the teens and twenties, in order to be appreciated as unique sounds from an unique man, however much that man depended upon creative impulse for quantity or despair about man for quality in his verse. *The Collected Poems* provides within one cover a brief course on poetry itself; creativity and critique; and affords the hobbyist reader a volume which he may submit to many times, yet find a constant poetic reward.

An encounter with classical voicing is rare in modern verse. The nostalgia of shades for life; the hurt in the living confronting death; language smooth as joinings and rhymed without slant; restraint, calmness even in grief that sobs; control rarely slipping. *Spring Shade* by Robert Fitzgerald evokes the classical matrix to perfection, sometimes to such an extent as to seem a translation of what oft was thought and expressed. But more frequently Fitzgerald captures authentic modern feelings by way of ancient form. In the superb "First Movement":

VII.

And we who dreamed these things came down
Stair after stair, rim within rim of darkness,
To enter in our hunger the hell of cities,
Torn by crowds, their faces blowing skyward
Under the flares and premonition of rifles:
The presses humming on the looms of night,
And news-sheets crumpled, howling in an alley
Of evil rising in the shade of war,
Such evil as in our time lived under us
Dissolving shining things . . . dissolving
The young men on their benches into death.

Spring Shade, for all its traditional cast, does provide a necessary experience of poetry, not just for old believers, but equally for new tasters, since in this poetry certain powers of the language show up admirably through Fitzgerald's skill, powers of placidity, liturgical tone, dignity, smooth unstrident conviction—and a certain manner of feeling, i.e., Stoic/Christian grief in the face of that death which needs no disaster in order to strike man. A difficult book to read, but a whole tradition within two leaves.

Reviewed by Francis Sullivan

Music

It was in 1953; I remember that correctly, because I was serving my last year with the United States Air Force which, in its infinite consideration, had respected my return-from-overseas request to be stationed in New York and had plunked me down in El Paso, Texas at Biggs Air Force Base.

It happened as a friend and I were driving home from the base to our downtown apartments. He switched on the car radio to the classical music station, and what we heard made us exhange glances frequently. I can even remember the gist of the conversation. The music we were experiencing—and it was experiencing, not just listening to—had already begun, so we didn't know the composer. Each of us was just beginning to appreciate the classics.

"It sounds like the work of a madman." "Right!" "My God! The torture in it, and whoever's conducting has got it all in his gut. He's been in that Inferno before." When the work concluded we both sat numbed and drenched by that transcendental event.

The network announcer identified the recording. "You have just heard a performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, in F Minor, Op. 36, performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. RCA Victor Red Seal Record LM 1008."

Later, as I grew a bit more knowledgeable about things musical, I learned that critics and audiences alike were in agreement that Koussevitsky "owned" this symphony, that no one could quite do with it, and, in the best sense, to it, what he could. And even later than that—in fact, right up to the month of this writing, August 29, 1972—no recorded performance even came near his commitment to the work. Now it has been accomplished with equal brillance, sensitivity and bravura by that great man of life and art, Leopold Stokowski. The maestro leads the orchestra which he created in 1962, the American Symphony Orchestra, and they follow him to the note in this storm of anguish.

Of Tchaikovsky's six symphonies, the Fourth is the only one completely explained by the composer, although, as he wrote, "My description is, of course, neither clear nor complete. The peculiarity of instrumental music is that its meaning is incapable of analysis." An immensely shy man, the composer only gave the written explanation to Mme. Nadejda Filaretovna von Meck, the patroness he never knew except through letters.

"The Introduction is the germ of the entire symphony. This is Fate, the inexorable power which prevents the realization of our hope of happiness, which jealously guards against joy and peace achieving mastery, which insures that the heavens shall never be unclouded. It hangs over us constantly like the sword of Damocles, ceaselessly embittering the soul. It is an invincible and inescapable power. Nothing remains but submission and vain lamentation.

"Despair and depression grow stronger and sharper. Is it not wiser to turn from reality and lose ourselves in dreams?

". . . A human vision, radiant and serence, beckons to me with the promise of happiness.

"How beautiful is hope! Now from afar sounds the insistent first theme of the *allegro*. Little by little, the soul is sunk in dreams. Despair and darkness are forgotten. Happiness is here! But no; it was only a dream, for Fate awakens us again.

"And so our life is but an alternation between grim reality and insubstantial illusions of happiness. There is no haven. The waves buffet us incessantly until the sea engulfs us. That is, approximately, the program of the first movement."

I have quoted the composer at length because that is, approximately, the program "feel" of all four movements, even of the Finale in which, to quote the composer for the last time, life's solution is to "Rejoice in the happiness of others. This will make life bearable."

The Fourth Symphony invites excess equal to the excess of its passion, and neither Koussevitzky nor Stokowski holds back anything in his interpretation. Both respond viscerally as well as musically, and if musical propriety suffers occasionally, let it suffer. Creators and interpreters—but, rarely, critics—know the holy need to unlock all bars of scripted life in order to reveal *mad* life. But there is a greater similarity between the two recordings: Stokowski seems to have consciously patterned his performance on that of Koussevitzky's, which is not to imply that Stokowski isn't his own man. He always is, and the musical world is richer for it. What I'm getting at is that much of what can be said about the one's performance can be said about the other's. And what have we there?

In the first movement the "Fate" opening horn thrust is quickly followed by the consumptive entrance of the violins with two musical subjects that, as manipulated, sound like the waltzing of cripples until they are transformed into an elongated scream equal to any effect in Tchaikovsky's confessional successor, Mahler.

And so it goes, with ghostly musical bridges by the violins; a wheezing quality in the basic rhythm of the whole structure; blistering attacks by individual orchestral sections; neurotic aliveness in the faster musical portions; an abandoned quality to the isolated instrumental calls of solo instruments which become personalized; the asthmatic waltzes with the insistent drum beat beneath them; titanic restatements of themes assaulted by every other force in the orchestra; the moaning interchanges between flute and bassoon; and the rush-to-escape marches that even in their beginnings advertise their eventual failures.

Except for the third movement, the *Scherzo: Pizzicato ostinato* (Allegro), one of the greatest and most suitable musical reliefs in symphonic orchestration, the other movements share those qualities descriptive of the first movement.

Now ninety years old, Stokowski knew well that this was to be the last time that he would record this work, and the sense of a final statement colors the performance, a sense felt equally by his great orchestra.

Here, the man is summing up all that he has known and felt about the art of conducting, the art and philosophy of Tchaikovsky, and the art of living which includes surviving those incredible moments of bitter aloneness which are the philosophical understructure for this magnificent symphony.

The recorded sound on this Vanguard Cardinal Series (VCS 10095) disc is as filled with shiny and luscious presence as anything London's Phase Four makers put out, and the pressing is immaculate.

As lagniappe, the disc concludes with a Stokowski-orchestrated Scriabin, the Etude in C sharp minor, Op. 2, No. 1, for piano. Outstanding.

Reviewed by Warren Logan

Notes on Contributors

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CHANA BLOCH, a Ph. D. candidate at the University of California at Berkeley, was the recipient of the NOR's first Poetry Award for the best poetry of Volume I. She has published poems and critical articles in such diverse journals as *Poetry Northwest, Occident, Commentary* and *Playboy.*

CARL H. BRANS is Chairman of the Department of Physics at Loyola University; his scientific studies have been published in the *Journal of Mathematics and Physics* and *Physics Review.*

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PAUL BURNS teaches elementary school in Dayton, Ohio; his book reviews and poetry have been published in *Leatherneck, Haiku Highlights, Modern Haiku,* and local newpapers.

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STEVEN M. CHAMPLIN writes that he is presently "living in and around Berlin, Bonn, Grenoble, Paris and Philadelphia." He is doing research in Greek and classical Sanskrit philosophy and religion. This is his first publication.

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON is an associate professor of English at Loyola. A novelist, critic and poet, he is also former editor-at-large of the NOR.

ROSEMARY DANIELL pursued the craft of poetry mostly on her own, with some training in workshops and with individual poets. She directs a program funded by the National Endowment—which puts poetry into schools in Georgia. She reviews poetry in *The Atlanta Journal–Constitution,* has published poetry in *Atlantic Monthly, Tri-Quarterly* and *Poetry Northwest,* and does free-lance journalism.

BARBARA DE LA CUESTA worked as a journalist and teacher in South America for eleven years. She is presently doing volunteer work with Puerto Ricans in a federal housing project in Massachusetts. *The Caracas Daily Journal* carried her feature articles, and her translation of Fernando Gonzalez' "The Schoolteacher" appeared in the *Quarterly Review of Literature.*

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WILLIAM D. ELLIOT is an associate professor of English at Bemidji State College in Minnesota. He is the author of several short stories, poems, critical articles and reviews, which have been published by periodicals such as *Southern Humanities Review, Poet Lore, Discourse* and *The Minneapolis Tribune.*

JEPTHA EVANS is a previous contributor to the NOR. An instructor of English at Kingsborough Community College in Brooklyn, he has had poems published in *Southern Writing in the Sixties* and *Iowa Review.*

CHARLES FISHMAN teaches English at SUNY at Farmingdale. His poem, "The Tallyers," was awarded first prize in this year's *Writer's Digest* Creative Writing Contest. He has had other works published in numerous journals, including *Kansas Quarterly, The Mediterranean Review, Film Quarterly, Descant* and the NOR.

WARREN FRENCH is the chairman of the Department of English at Indiana University/Purdue University at

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DAWSON GAILLARD, an assistant professor of English at Loyola, specializes in American Literature. She has written many book reviews, feature articles and critical articles; her most recent work will appear in a coming issue of *The Mississippi Quarterly.*

AUTRY D. GREER is the Alumni Director at Spring Hill College in Alabama. He has written several newspaper features and travel articles, and has contributed to *The Christian Science Monitor, The Miami Herald,* and *Delta Review.*

RUSSELL HARDIN has just completed a book of short fiction which will appear shortly and will contain "The Art of Perfect Fugue." He has studied at the University of Texas, Oxford and MIT, and holds a Ph.D. in Political Science. He presently teaches and writes in Philadelphia.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, the English writer who died several years ago, authored some of the most vivid and horrifying of our futuristic novels. *Point Counterpoint* and *Brave New World* show a mind at work on the major problems which confront civilization in the future. Huxley's interest in "The Politics of Ecology" obviously springs from deep roots.

FORREST L. INGRAM is the editor of the NOR and an associate professor of English at Loyola.

JOHN JOERG, an associate professor of English at Loyola, has published numerous poems and scholarly articles; he is currently working on a study of the relationship between Pope's *Essay On Man* and Saint Thomas' *Summa Theologica.*

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GREG KUZMA is a widely published poet, the editor of *Pebble,* and a contributing editor of *Prairie Schooner.* Selections from his most recent collection of poetry, *Harry's Things,* have previously appeared in the NOR. His two forthcoming books are entitled *The Buffalo Shoot* (Basilisk Press) and Good News (Viking Press).

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STEPHEN SHU NING LIU was born in Chungking, China, studied at Nanking University and the University of Texas, and is presently teaching English at the University of North Dakota. His many poems have been published in both Chinese and English journals, including *Western Humanities Review, Beloit Poetry Journal, Prism International* and *Midwest Quarterly.*

WARREN LOGAN, box office manager for the New Orleans Repertory Theatre, has an abiding interest in classical music, and is the artistic and production consultatnt for the Opera Company of New York.

WILLIAM F. LYNCH, a Jesuit priest, teaches literature at St. Peter's College in New Jersey. He has written several books on the imagination, notably *Christ and Apollo* and *Christ and Prometheus.*

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SANDRA MEIER, a previous contributor to the NOR, does free-lance writing for the Franklin Institute Research Laboratories; her work is appearing and forthcoming in *The DeKalb Literary Arts Journal, Green River Review* and *Wind.* She writes that her most recent interests are a new baby and ornithology.

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