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Selected and Edited by Miller Williams

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From the Introduction:

Any view of Chile which doesn't include Neruda, of course, would be a false view. He is, and will continue to be, a great presence. He has given us six poems which are translated into English here for the first time.

The younger poets of Chile are leaving Pablo Neruda at last to his own greatness. . . . to react with their own senses, in their own voices; Nicanor Parra with his "antipoems"; Enrique Lihn with his dark, introspective lyrics; Armando Uribe Arce with his short verses that call to mind Pound, the *Rubaiyat*, and haiku . . .

The prose is more freewheeling, more relaxed than much of the poetry [but] these stories could have come only from South America—if not only from Chile—only now.

The poems, in Spanish and English (en face) are those of Miguel Arteche, Efraín Barquero, Rolando Cárdenas, Luisa Johnson, Enrique Lihn, Pablo Neruda, Nicanor Parra, Alberto Rubio, Jorge Teillier, and Armando Uribe Arce.

The stories are by Poli Délano and Antonio Skarmeta.

The play is one of Raúl Ruíz.

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Contemporary Fiction and Mass Culture

by John Aldridge

Back in the late Forties, when I began to write criticism, it was fairly easy to find people to discuss the literary situation in America or recent developments in poetry or the novel. Almost every literary person in those years seemed to have his capsule overview of the contemporary state of letters—and it took no great insight or knowledge to have one because "the literary scene," which is what, quaintly, it used to be called, had a clear shape to it and a kind of heroic practical simplicity that made it relatively easy to analyze.

For one thing, the American literary world of the late Forties was still very largely a middlebrow world, bounded at the lower extremity by the *Saturday Evening Post* and at the upper by the *Saturday Review*, which had not yet dropped *"of Literature"* from its title-page, apparently out of shame, and which could still make some claim to literary seriousness, if only because it still assumed that books were more important than movies, records, and the political opinions of Norman Cousins.

The critics most people read in those years wrote not for *Partisan Review* or *Commentary*, but for the Sunday book supplements and the liberal weekly magazines. And everybody knew who the great writers were, and the promising young men, because at regular intervals like stock-market reports there would appear surveys of the established reputations or "round-ups" of new talents, in which new young Hemingways and Fitzgeralds were excitedly discovered. Or on almost any Sunday morning over coffee it was possible to read one of those trend articles inviting us to feel panicky because plot was fast disappearing from fiction, and poetry had somehow ceased to rhyme, and literature would never get very far unless our writers stopped being obsessed with the "morbid and depressing" aspects of life, and began exploring the affirmative values to be found in this country's vast industrial potential. I recall one such article which warned, in all seriousness and solemnity, that the American novel would never again be great until some genius learned to make use of the vital dramatic materials contained in the statistics relating to our production of machine guns in that particular year. They were, as I remember, extraordinarily high.

At any rate, it still seemed possible at that time that the Great American Novel might at any moment be written. And there was even a robust sector of American poetry, occupied by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Ogden Nash, and Eddie Guest, whose work spoke directly to the minds and hearts of good, plain, average people. The term "lowbrow" still meant something as a cultural classification (it applied to those who were too stupid and ignorant to subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club), while the book clubs and the best-seller lists were the things you sneered at if you thought of yourself as a highbrow—along with Hollywood, which was where writers went when they wanted to sell out their integrity and drink themselves to death.

All in all, it was a good, wholesome, well-meaning, philistine time, and it was exactly as innocent, confident, and doomed as the period immediately preceding the cataclysm of the First World War, or the decade that ended so dramatically in 1929. For in the years since then, the whole social, cultural, and intellectual life of America has been turned inside out. A series of violent revolutions have overthrown all our old comfortable assumptions about the nature of literature and society, and we have entered on a bewildering new era in which to talk about the literary situation or recent trends in the novel or any of the old capsule subjects seems as formidable and dangerous as an attempt to describe the new mathematics or to summarize the politics of the New Left.

Just how it all came about is not very clear because it is characteristic of our problem that changes have been so rapid and so seemingly total that they have destroyed our memory of the realities that were changed. Yet if one thinks carefully back over the developments of the past fifteen years, one can recall certain signs and portents

which, if properly read at the time, might have taught us something about the shape of the future which was already emerging around us.

For example, what some of us thought of as, or mistook for, the opening phase of the real contemporary literary movement—the brief postwar creative renaissance of the late Forties and early Fifties—was obviously not a beginning at all but a final ending. That period marked the end of the kind of novel which formed the classic center of the fiction of the Twenties and Thirties—when the novel still had a relatively simple and dramatically exploitable connection with social experience—and it now appears that nearly all those young writers who seemed so very promising and new right after the war (writers like James Jones, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, Irwin Shaw, and William Styron) were really old-fashioned and unoriginal, just because they could not disengage their imaginations from the literary modes and styles which had been perfected by their elders and betters.

Clearly, even at that early date, American literature and American life had changed in some fundamental way, while our writers were still giving us warmed-over impressions of our *former* literature and life, rewriting the story of Hemingway's war or inviting us to increasingly more ritualistic explorations of Faulkner's South, in which the corruption came more and more to smell like Chanel #5, and all those incestuous brothers and sisters were really just boys and girls in drag.

But very few of us were aware that a fundamental change had taken place. Our attention was distracted or benumbed by the process of settling down into the greyness and dullness, or, depending on our politics, the anxiety and heartbreak of the terrible era of McCarthy and Eisenhower. And there were only a few scattered literary works to remind us that something new was on the verge of happening—works such as Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March,* Ellison's *Invisible Man,* Alan Harrington's *The Confessions of Dr. Modesto,* William Gaddis's *The Recognitions,* the novels of John Hawkes, which almost nobody read, and behind them all, the distant, irritating rumble of the Beats.

But then before we knew it, McCarthy and Eisenhower were gone; another war had been fought, this time in Korea; the Cold War had been fought without quite becoming hot; Kennedy for a brief exciting time was President; and we found ourselves in a new world, a new society, and suddenly confronted with a novel which seemed, while we slept, to have made radical adjustments to the change.

Over the past few years two major adjustments have become particularly visible. The old social novel of the Twenties and Thirties, as it was written by Fitzgerald, Lewis, Steinbeck, Farrell, and Thomas Wolfe (and as John O'Hara alone seems still able to write it) has virtually disappeared, and a strong counter-movement is now under way not only toward surrealism and Black Humor, but toward anti-novelistic experiment and a new mode of novelistic self-burlesque and parody.

This is perhaps to say that the novel has lately retreated from society into style, into an obsessive preoccupation with its own technical resources as an art form. To a very large extent this has been the result of the breakdown of the old connections between the novel and the social world. But it has also been the result of a new interest on the part of the novelist in discovering how the technical resources of fiction can best be used to bring back into the novel some of the excitement and vitality it appears lately to have lost—and lost, it seems to me, just because the novel has too often been written according to various entrenched habits and modes of perceiving reality, which have now become so easy, so familiar, and so automatically in the possession of modern writers, that they are fast killing off the pleasure of discovery traditionally found in the reading of novels.

The novel, in other words, seems to have had to become increasingly self-preoccupied in order to insure its own survival as a major literary genre, and it is not at all surprising that one of the important forms its self-preoccupation has taken is the form of self-parody, self-criticism, and other kinds of inward surveillance, which seem to indicate its dissatisfaction with its own conventional effects.

For some years now in France the so-called anti-novelistic movement has apparently been trying to bring about a revolution in the conventional view of just what aspects of experience are still worth recording in the novel. The leaders of this movement, dedicated theorists of fiction as well as novelists such as Robbe-Grillet, Claude Simon, and Nathalie Sarraute, all seem to be united in the opinion that the old truths which the novel has traditionally dispensed are no longer the imperative truths, and that in order to communicate the imperative truths new fictional arrangements of experience are necessary.

In this country the rise of Black Humor and the extension of the Sick Joke into the cosmic laugh of apocalypse, the transliteration of Pop Art into the Pop Novel, have opened new and bizarre dimensions in fiction. Black Humor appears to be a development from the pioneer work of such writers as Nathanael West and Djuna Barnes in relatively recent times, but it also draws on the classic precedent of Melville, Kafka, Joyce, and even, I suspect, Laurence Sterne. Up to this moment it has attracted talents as diversely original as Nabokov, John Barth, Thomas Pynchon, Joseph Heller, John Hawkes, and Terry Southern.

Heller's war novel, or burlesque of a war novel, *Catch-22,* is an example of the Sick Joke extended to book length and turned ultimately into the most deadly satirical commentary on some of our most cherished hypocrisies involving patriotism, hero-

ism, democracy, and the glories of self-sacrifice in wartime. Barth's *The Sotweed Factor* is, among other things, a burlesque of the traditional English picaresque novel form, and manages at the same time to say something entirely devastating about some of our most cherished myths of American history, particularly the myth that sex did not exist in Colonial America until Benjamin Franklin imported it from Paris.

Terry Southern's novels, *The Magic Christian* and *Candy*, occupy a curious and scurrilous area lying somewhere between literary parody and *soft*-core pornography, while some of Nabokov's novels combine the effects of parody, pornography, French anti-novelist experiment, and sheer fakery, with a stylistic subtlety and comedy which we have scarcely seen in the novel since Joyce. All these writers are producing a kind of fiction which seems to me a very precise adjustment to the radically new conditions in which we now recognize—perhaps because they are telling us—that we live.

But the first development I mentioned, the disappearance of the older social novel, the kind which dealt directly, even photographically, with the social scene, has been historically inevitable for almost the whole of the modern age. It might even be said that the writers of the Twenties and Thirties were the last to have the advantage of *discovering* American social experience at just that moment when the forces of modernity were beginning to act upon it and profoundly transforming it—and, furthermore, that these writers were addressing an audience which found their work meaningful at least partly because it was discovering realities which were new, surprising, shocking, and therefore profoundly instructive to that audience.

As I have noted elsewhere, one of the most potent and appealing themes of the American novel of those years was the theme of first confrontation of the modern world and first initiation into the new circumstances of modern life. Although they differ greatly from one another in nearly every other respect, such works as *Winesburg, Ohio, Sister Carrie, Babbitt, Manhattan Transfer, Of Time and the River, Studs Lonigan, The Sun Also Rises, This Side of Paradise,* and *The Great Gatsby* are alike in the one respect that at some point in each of them either the characters or the contemporary reader—or in most cases, both—came into relationship with experience of a kind unknown to them before and markedly different from the provincial experience of their origins.

These books are all in this sense attempts to answer, either directly or indirectly, the familiar and obsessive provincial question which the European novel had begun to answer a hundred years before: what is *real* life like; what is the nature of experience, particularly the new *modern* experience, in the world outside the neighborhood, the town, or the region? And the fact cannot fail to seem remarkable today that this was a question for which virtually a whole American middle-class provincial culture was seeking an answer. And the interest of that culture in the novel was very largely sustained by the promise the novel held out of supplying it.

It is no accident that Scott Fitzgerald was able to refer, however jokingly, to *The Sun Also Rises* as "a Romance and a Guide Book," and to his own *This Side of Paradise* as "a Romance and a Reading List." Beneath the lightness of tone there is a perfectly serious point. Although it is hard for us to conceive today of any really literate person's turning to a novel for either romance or information, whether about books or the better bars of Paris and Pamplona, these are exactly the elements that the general reader of their time found *initially* most fascinating in these two novels. They provided him with a portrait of life at its most interesting and adventurous remove from provincial experience, yet plausible enough to be accepted by the provincial imagination—and they provided him with a set of facts supposedly essential to anyone desiring entry into that life.

What was important was that the reader did desire entry into that life. It was symbolic to him of all that his own life was not, and he wished to be informed about how he should behave if he should ever succeed in gaining entry. Hence, Hemingway's preoccupation with the rules of social form, with the etiquette of correct conduct in situations of physical and psychic test, and Fitzgerald's passion to *learn* the rules, to become an acceptable member of the club, made a powerful appeal to the reader's imagination as well as to his native interest in process and know-how. The novel in their hands was, therefore, an educative form, an extension and extender of his grasp of reality, a rulebook for the conduct of the desirable life that lay beyond the limits of the undesirable life in which he felt enclosed.

It is this educative element which the novel has lost in our time. It has lost it, first, because it no longer seems able to penetrate and explore the basic realities of contemporary society and, second, because the educative function has been taken over so completely by the mass entertainment media that the public has been very largely purged of its provincialism, and now exists in a state of nervous sophistication in which it requires not so much instruction as the excitement of steadily increasing violence.

Also, nothing could be more obvious than that society itself has outmoded the social novel by making it almost impossible, at least at the present time, to write. The rise of mass society has made it harder and harder for the novelist to perceive human beings in their individuality and uniqueness. The breakdown of the class structure, which formerly provided the novelist with the very terms of character discrimination, and at the same time was essential to the creation of certain types of dramatic conflict, has left us with a baffling sense

of the blank impenetrability of the individual life, of life lived privately and anonymously without relation to definable social institutions, social manners, and social norms. The small-town experience, and a bit later in literary history, the city-slum experience, were both accessible to novelists precisely because they existed within definable social limits and had attached to them distinctive patterns of conduct, even distinctive character types, that were the direct outgrowth of the meaningful interactions of people within a collective social experience. But the phenomenon of suburbia is a very different matter, for suburbia is so largely familial, house-centered, and house-*concealed*. The most incredibly bizarre and dramatic events could be happening behind the lowered Venetian blinds of the house across the street, and we would know nothing about them—while if these same events occurred in a small town or city slum, they would very probably either spill out into the street and become instantly the subject of excited gossip, or be proclaimed to the world by angry voices shouting behind paper walls.

Suburbia, in short, is not an accessible class organism or community organism, and it is most certainly not a collective social *experience*. Rather, it is a heterogeneous aggregate of individuals characterized not by their individuality or their collectivity, but by their isolation in a pattern of life that is determined almost solely by considerations of physical convenience—the nearness to schools and shopping areas and to centers of commerce and education, where the men at least live their *real* lives in a professional community of social *ex*-communication.

Suburbia is one condition working against the continued survival of the social novel, but so, oddly enough, is its most militant antithesis, the New Bohemia currently inhabited by the more sophisticated university students. I am thinking specifically of the tendency of this group to assume styles and poses of social involvement which are actually evasions of social involvement, and which enable them to remain aloof from participation in American life, and at the same time comfort themselves with the illusion that they are aggressively engaging the most controversial *issues* of American life. For so many of the behavior patterns assumed and promoted by the young are merely the exterior modes of their own intellectual and emotional problems, and have little or no connection with the behavior patterns of the society whose problems supposedly concern them so profoundly.

Rather, they are imitations, and often very poor imitations, of patterns which were originally the property of genuinely rebellious, genuinely individualistic creative people, who were dedicated to the development of their talents and their rebellious art in a condition of Bohemian freedom from bourgeois bigotry and censorship. The saddest fact about the New or Neo-Bohemia of the present time is not only that it is unearned in the sense that it is related to neither poverty nor art, and is old-fashioned in the sense that it is an imitation of the past, but that it has developed into a convention of the dreariest and deadliest conformity. Ultimately, the New Bohemia is simply an academic version of suburbia, and its inhabitants are precisely as inaccessible to the social novelist—because they are similarly estranged from social connection and are similarly anonymous and interchangeable even in, *especially* in, their rampant individuality.

The most obvious fact of this present moment in America is the democratization of modernism in all its forms. This is, above all, an age in which yesterday's morally liberating ideas—once championed by the intellectual few—have been translated and adulterated into the fashionable prejudices of the many. The great intellectual revolution of exceptional men in the early years of the century has become the merely revolutionary stance and etiquette of average men at mid-century.

It is not surprising that those of us who are old enough may live these days with a recurring sense of *deja vu*, of having been through it all before and again and again and again, since we see the world engaged in wholesale and seemingly perpetual reenactment of dramas of rebellion which we ourselves took part in many years ago and thought were by now played out. Causes we may have fought for in lonely places, and with an at all times despairing sense of our aloneness, the causes of sexual freedom, racial and religious tolerance, honesty in political life and in personal relations, the flight from suburbia, are, curiously enough, still being fought for, but no longer by lonely men in lonely places.

Now there are mob demonstrations and picket lines and teach-ins and sit-ins and turn-ons and drop-outs and cop-outs, all feverishly carrying on our old private wars. The issue of pornography, which we had supposed the original court decision on *Ulysses* had settled for good back in 1933, will undoubtedly soon be raised again for the twentieth time—and this time, you can be sure, not by a radical great work but by some dreary little exercise in merely fashionable eroticism. The *Playboy* Philosophy continues piously, portentously, and endlessly to preach freedoms which we have concrete proof were achieved, at least by some of us, twenty years ago. Which of us who are now forty could not have written and, for that matter, did not write in secret that Philosophy twenty years ago, thinking that we alone had been privileged to see the vision, not knowing that out there in the great world lived millions of others waiting to spring passionately to the call. But perhaps it is just as well we did not know. If we had, the world might be one huge, teeming Bunny Hutch by now.

It is probably the fate of the middle-aged to see the freedoms they fought for become the easy privileges of the young—now that the middle-aged are too old to enjoy them. It is also understandable that many of our former causes will continue to

inflame the young, because some of them were not really won, and what is happening today is that the general population has had a chance to be educated up to an awareness of them. It is even understandable that one's private heresies and fantasies can and must become in time the common assumptions of the mass of men. But what is truly disturbing is to see the old patterns of rebellion being melted down in the mass culture melting pot into a mere style or convention of behavior which seems to have behind it little if any of the old individualistic spirit of rebellion. As Irving Howe has said, "The decor of yesterday is [being] appropriated and slicked up, the noise of revolt magnified in a frolic of emptiness—denied so much as the dignity of opposition."

In fact it is precisely individualism which seems to be most endangered today by the new emphasis on individualism. A person assumes the company manners of rebellion. He puts on the official face and the official clothes of rebellion; and to that extent he has become a manikin in the New Bohemian fashion industry, with outlets from Coast to Coast, and as predictable in his behavior as any of the General Motors slaves he so vigorously despises. He is no longer able *personally* to discover experience because he is being pressed on all sides by contemporaries who are acting and thinking and turning on and sitting in and dropping out just as he is. Even sex, that most personal of all rebellious discoveries, is likely to be abstracted into a cause before he has a chance (and the privacy!) to engage it as an experience.

For what is obviously emerging from all this Neo-Bohemian ferment is a set of life attitudes as repressive of individual thought and action as the most authoritarian codes of the old middle-class society. The young are indoctrinated with notions of non-conformity which are as stylish and fashionable as miniskirts and long unwashed hair, and which can be worn with perfect safety on any occasion calling for instant heresy. It sometimes seems that they have little party lines for thinking about everything. Civil Rights are good. The Peace Corps used to be good, but is now suspect. Sex is very good. People over thirty are awful. And these dogmas are of course burlesques of individualistic thought. They are expressions not of independent minds prepared to risk everything for the sake of the truth as they see it, but rather of immature and uncertain minds seeking acceptance within the peer-group. For the New Bohemians seem more than anything else to want to be loved and approved of by their fellow rebels.

At least one *assumes* that all this is so, if one can judge by appearances. But perhaps this is just what one cannot do, because appearances are proving to be increasingly deceptive, and the mass information media are coming more and more to be the inventors of reality rather than the objective reporters of it. There may once have been a time when one could be fairly sure that an article describing the existence of certain trends of thought and behavior was in fact reporting realities. But today it is quite possible that a whole cultural phenomenon can be manufactured out of a few extreme statistics, perhaps to achieve a sensational effect or simply to create the impression that something in the world is happening coherently, that there is some kind of order in mass human behavior. This may be fated to happen in an age when no one can be sure what the prevailing reality is, when experience grows too diffuse or contradictory to be clearly understood. Then someone comes forward and exploits our bafflement by *inventing* a reality which *can* be understood, by imposing a fraudulent order upon a condition of chaos.

The women's fashion industry is constantly guilty of this. It creates a fiction that women are wearing a certain style when, in fact, that style may not be worn at all or even exist outside the designer's imagination or drawing-board. And it is possible that we are being similarly sold on the idea that the young are wallowing in a swamp of carefree promiscuity, LSD, marijuana, and pornography. Certainly, when we open our eyes and look around, this seems to be true of only a small minority of students. So we may all along have been mistaking a sensational fiction for a true report of the way things are.

But there seems to be less and less connection between the lived experience and the depicted and reported experience of our time, perhaps because the depicted experience answers our need not only for some sense of order in chaos, but for some measure of drama and excitement in a life which is growing steadily harder to engage and relate to in an exciting way.

It may be that in addition to advertising and promotional fictions, we have also created *rhetorical* fictions, verbal descriptions of emotions we do not really feel but would like to think we feel. Both in conversation and in writing we are prone to make use of wonderfully vivid metaphors for psychological events and intensities of feeling—particularly sexual feeling—which we may not need to experience because in the act of describing them we have already imaginatively had them. We speak so enthusiastically and religiously of various forms of orgastic fulfillment, of such gigantic superclimaxes of release, of the explosions of whole nebulae of psychic suns, that one wonders if we are really not psychically feeble, and have concocted a kind of cosmology of ecstatic verbalisms to hide our impoverishment and allow us to think that what we describe exists.

Certainly, it seems to be so that the mass communications media are increasingly usurping the place once occupied in our lives by events. This is to say that the media are becoming more and more our substitutes for experience, and as they do so, we recognize that they are ceasing to be media *of* anything, and are taking on value as experiences in and for themselves. Most of us now seem to ac-

cept it as a matter of course that we will participate far less vigorously in living events, in personal relationships, in confrontations between the self and the environment, than we do in the filmed versions of somebody's imaginary events—and these filmed versions need not relate any longer to events in the actual world, need not be like life but only like themselves. Television has *become* our relation to much of reality in replacement of our physical engagement of reality. We have also tended to replace direct life-experience with *analyses* of media experience. Critical assessment has become such an essential part of media experience that in a sense a film or television program is completed by us rather than by the author. Our critical analysis relieves him of the job of imaginatively mastering the work. Hence, artistic meanings are increasingly meanings we *project* upon the work, the success of a work thus coming ultimately to rest not on the degree to which it is structured and made coherent, but the degree to which it is left open and provisional and therefore receptive to whatever meaning we wish to give it. An example of this is the great wealth of discussion lately carried on over the Mike Nichols film, *The Graduate,* a film which evidently does not so much mean anything in particular as invite meaning as a sort of charitable contribution from the viewer—and it follows that the discussion is finally much more interesting than the film.

If any of *this* is true, and is not itself a rhetorical fiction, then it becomes easy enough to understand why the young are so obsessed with the problem of making contact with reality and with participating in the vital actualities of experience. Because they are constantly being assaulted on all sides by fictions, they want the real unadulterated thing, and they want it to the accompaniment of the real intensities of response which the mass media and our flights of language only simulate.

In any case, the interest the young are now showing in the possibilities of the mind-expanding drugs and in probing beneath the surfaces of sexual repression, as well as in pushing back the barriers of social repression, must have behind it some fundamentally healthy urge to reestablish contact with the actualities of feeling that are so difficult to reach and to recognize at the present time. And certainly their interest in such apparently prophetic figures as Marshall McLuhan and Norman O. Brown is symptomatic, for these men show promise of being able to explain just what these actualities are, and just where and how they are to be found.

It may also be significant that, to the extent that the young respond to fiction at all, they seem to respond to the kind of fiction now being produced by Nabokov, Barth, Heller, Southern, and others, which expresses a distrust of appearances that is comparable to their own, and a comic disdain for all those conditions in our world which inhibit their search for aliveness.

It may in fact be just here that the two tendencies I spoke of—the decay of the old social novel and the growth of the new novel of Dark Comedy and self-parody—will finally join. For the novel of Dark Comedy is at least informed by a passionate skepticism, a passionate determination to get down to the hurtful, bitter truth. And when it becomes clearer that the New Bohemia is developing into a conformist establishment and a veritable Babbittry of the educated classes, the satirical guns of Dark Comedy may at last be brought to bear upon it. If that happens, the novel will have become a social novel once again. It will have become centered once again in the cultural realities and hypocrisies of its time and be able to resume its traditional work of penetrating the illusion which hypocrisy generates—and in so doing, of monitoring our conscience and satirizing our extravagant pretensions. And who knows, it just might become once again the teacher of our provincialism and a trustworthy guide to the real world that lies outside or beneath the limits of our current bafflement.

EDICT

I hereby declare the right
Of all free people everywhere
To use the word.

The most palpable fact about the word
Is that it is in the language;
The most elusive: it has held
More people in parenthesis
Longer than any word
Since Creation.

I also appoint a committee of poets
To compose a litany
Based on the almost limitless
Intonational possibilities of the word.

I want that word slick,
Unbarbed, fitted for free
And painless movement through
The narrowest passages of the mind.

I also urge the committee
To consider the possibility
Of everybody using the word,
Regardless of race, creed, color,
Or condition of past servitude.

—Alvin Aubert

The Nature of Light

by James Robinson

The person who can see these words is familiar with light, and generally takes it for granted. When we take time to think about it, we find life without it inconceivable. How could we survive without books, movies, traffic lights, T. V.? How could we find our way to any place? We are excited by the brilliant and delicate shades of sunset. We know a woman's frustration in trying to match a red skirt and a red blouse bought in different shops. We know the vital usefulness of light and its effects upon our emotions. We can describe it to each other because we are familiar with its effects. We know what the blues in a Van Gogh and the browns in a Constable look like. It is when we try to understand light "scientifically" that we get into trouble. When we ask 'What is it' (as, being human, we are bound to do) we run into problems.

Science is a particular extension of curiosity and knowledge. Our curiosity, among other things, provides the motivation. The experimental work provides the knowledge. Through science we are able to predict what will happen to a system under a particular set of conditions. For example, an apple will fall *down*—and it will hit the ground with a force dependent on the size of the apple and how high up it was before it fell. This is 'common sense'; people were surely aware of this fact earlier, but it was not until Newton interpreted the phenomenon 'scientifically' that the full implications of the Law of Gravity were understood and their impact on science materialized. With science we are able to approach a 'truth' logically and unemotionally, or we try to do this; scientists like all other human beings are illogical and emotional. Nevertheless, science permits us to pull aside some of the veils that shroud what we call 'truth'. Now we may never come to recognize an ultimate truth, because this requires wisdom. But we can recognize what we call a *scientific truth*. We recognize it because it enables us to predict correctly what will happen to a system under specified conditions and because we can test its validity. The 'scientific truth' and the 'ultimate truth' usually approach each other but they do not always coincide.

In the past, science has been furthered by the use of man-made models of a system, such as an atom. Based on the model, new experiments were devised and new information obtained. Recently, as the systems that science is exploring have become increasingly complex, we have resorted to mathematical instead of physical models. This has permitted refinements in our ability to predict; it has done little to help us understand, to approach the 'ultimate truth'.

We become content to calculate rather than understand. This is particularly true when we are considering light and relativity. The mathematics involved is unassailable. Our lack of understanding is abysmal. Experimental work has proved unequivocally that light is a wave form of energy. An equal number of experiments prove it to be a particle. More and more experiments 'proved' more and more that light sometimes seems to be a wave and at other times a particle. Of course these two descriptions of light are incompatible and mutually exclusive.

In our frustration and confusion, we have turned to mathematics, because mathematics can accommodate the data and does not care if light is a wave or a particle.

The problem has been left this way for many years, but it is still a source of irritation to the nonmathematical scientist and to those who would like to discover 'ultimate truth'. In an attempt to resolve the contradiction, the following description of a model of light is proposed. This model would explain the apparently wanton behavior of light. Basically light has the properties of a particle, but some aspects are wavelike. Let us speak of it, than, as a particle which has some properties which would be expected to be wavelike.

A particle of light energy is called a 'photon'. It has long been assumed that the photon has zero electrical charge and zero mass. However, certain considerations, such as its electromagnetic character and the Compton effect indicate that it has both

charge and mass. Based on these and other observations, the proposed model (Fig. 1) has been developed. It will be described and then defended in terms of the classical experiments that provide the basis of our understanding of light. The terms of the description should present no great problem to a reader who remembers Physics I.

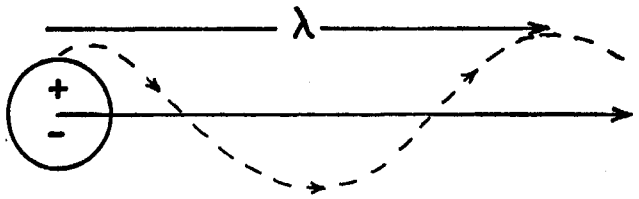


FIG. 1—PROPOSED STRUCTURE OF A PHOTON

It must be emphasized that Fig. 1 is not intended to portray the relative size or shape of the photon, merely the distribution of the component parts.

The photon is depicted as a particle with one + and one — charge, each charge equal to one-half of the charge of a positron and an electron respectively. The charges rotate around the center of mass of the particle. As with all moving electrical charges, this produces a local magnetic field.

When the whole particle moves forward, the path or locus of either charge will describe a distorted sine-wave as can be seen from Fig. 1. This movement of a charge in a sine-wave shaped path produces properties that are 'wavelike'. The movement of the complete particle is, however, best described as particulate.

It can be seen from Fig. 1 that the particle has two forms of energy, translational energy governing the translational movement of the whole particle and rotational energy arising from the rotation of the particle about its center of mass.

Translational Energy of The Photon

It is known that when light reflects from a surface such as a mirror or bounces off an atom, that its translational velocity, or speed through space, remains the same. This indicates that collisions between photons and other bodies are elastic as far as translation motion is concerned and that the velocity of light is independent of any collisions the photon may undergo.

However, the rotating charges should allow some magnetic interaction with the electromagnetic charges of its environment. All matter is composed of atoms which themselves are an assembly of positive and negative electrical charges. Therefore any environment, except a vacuum, will seem to be a magnetic field to the photon and therefore there will be a magnetic interaction between the two. This interaction will affect the velocity of the photon through the environment, leading to the conclusion that light changes velocity in different media, such as water, air or glass, because of the change in magnetic environment. This would explain the change in velocity of light when it goes from one medium, such as air, to another medium, such as glass.

It should also be pointed out that if the particle is Newtonian and behaves like other normal objects its final velocity will depend on the relative velocity of the light leaving the emitter and on the velocity of the emitter itself, unless some other interaction takes place. Observations indicate that the velocity of the light emitter is not superimposed on the velocity of light and from this the Special Case of Relativity was developed. This will be discussed later.

Rotational Energy of The Photon

This is the energy involved in the rotation of the charges and the mass of the particle about its center of mass. The quantity of energy involved is given by quantum mechanics as

$$E = h\nu \qquad (1)$$

where E = the energy of the particle
h = Planck's Constant
ν = the frequency of the radiation in cps

It can be deduced from this equation that when ν equals 1 cps then $h = E$. Based on this model this means that h is the rotational energy of the photon at unit frequency. This of course is a fundamental physical constant and would explain the widespread importance of Planck's Constant h.

Transfer of energy from photons to other bodies is common. The energy transferred from the photon can be deduced from equation (1) as follows:

$$\text{Energy before transfer } E_1 = h\nu_1 \qquad (2)$$
$$\text{Energy after transfer } E_2 = h\nu_2$$
$$\text{Difference } \Delta E = h(\nu_1-\nu_2) \qquad (2a)$$

where ν_1 and ν_2 are the frequencies of the photon before and after energy transfer. For example, a beam of yellow light may fall on a blue glass, the yellow light with frequency ν_1 is absorbed and reemitted as light in the infra-red (ν_2). The light loses energy according to equation (2a), the glass gains the same amount of energy. Often the glass is heated up in the process. We have only to feel a car window on a hot summer day to know that the glass has absorbed radiation from the sun and has become hot. The model implies that the photon lost rotational energy in the process and that the glass gained the energy lost by the photon.

The model also proposes that all radiation such as infra-red, visible light, ultra-violet, x-rays and gamma rays are similar particles but differ in their rotational energy. The physical properties of these different radiation forms, such as their penetrating power, depends on how easily their energy is transferred (absorbed) to the surrounding medium. Probably the wavelength or frequency of the photon must be sympathetic to the magnetic fields of the absorbing material before energy transfer can take place. This explains why x-rays can travel through walls and flesh, but visible light cannot; the x-ray is not absorbed and passes through the

wall, the visible light is absorbed and does not pass through. If the medium, such as flesh, does not absorb the radiation, it is transparent to that radiation. The laws which govern the absorption of radiation by matter are well defined mathematically by quantum mechanics as the difference in permitted energy levels of the medium. The energy levels involve the vibration or rotation of molecules, etc. However, discussion of this vast area of science is outside the scope of this discussion, but some of the conclusions will be called upon when necessary.

CLASSICAL LIGHT EXPERIMENTS INTERPRETED IN TERMS OF THE MODEL

Certain well-proven experiments have been carried out to explore the nature of light. These are split into two types, those that 'prove' that light is a wave form of energy and those that 'prove' that it is a particle. We shall examine these.

LIGHT AS A WAVE

X-ray diffraction

Imagine that we have a crystal, such as salt, and that it is so highly magnified that the layers of atoms (or ions) making up the crystal are visible. These atoms form the crystal lattice. Now irradiate the crystal with x-rays A, B as shown in Fig. 2.

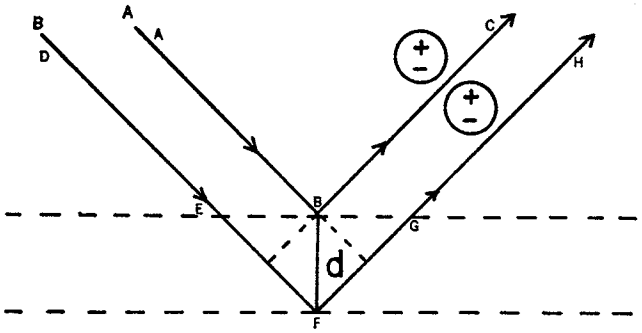


FIG. 2—WAVE MOTION OF THE PROPOSED PARTICLE

The x-ray beam is split up by the crystal lattice and leaves the crystal in well-defined paths.

Fig. 2 shows a beam of paralleled light entering a crystal along paths ABC, and DEFGH. The lower path travels an extra distance EFG compared to path ABC. It can be shown that the path DEFGH is permitted if the extra distance is equal to a whole number of wavelengths of the x-ray beam.

Mathematically this is expressed by the Bragg equation as

$$n\lambda = 2d \sin\theta \qquad (3)$$

where λ = The wavelength of light
n = a whole number
d = distance between the crystal layers
θ = angle of incidence of the x-ray beam

It can be seen that when light is represented as a wave that the two waves are in phase with each other at all times. The lower beam must travel a whole number of extra waves in order to remain in phase when the beam re-emerges from the crystal. When they are in phase, reinforcement occurs and there is a light beam. If the extra distance is not a whole number of wavelengths, the two beams recombine out of phase and self-destruction takes place. This means there is no light beam when the angle at which the beam meets the crystal lattice does not satisfy equation (3).

This phenomenon of destruction or reinforcement is well understood if light is a wave. But it is difficult to interpret in terms of a particle.

When we examine the behavior of the proposed model in these conditions we are reminded that the particle has rotating charges. If we follow the path of one of these charges we see that it has a waveform. When the beam is synchronized the charges rotate and attraction between particles occurs. This is shown in Fig. 3.

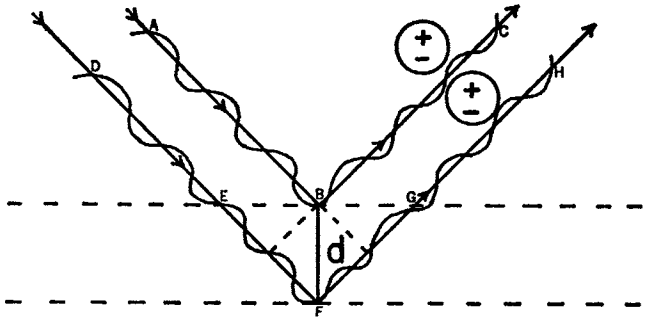


FIG. 3—WAVE MOTION OF THE PROPOSED PARTICLE

When the lower beam enters the crystal it again travels the extra distance EFG. The charges in the particle remain in phase if the particle rotates a whole number of times during the extra distance travelled. If the extra distance does not allow the particle to rotate a whole number of times, the two beams recombine out of phase, repel each other and loss of light occurs.

It can be seen that this explanation is as plausible as that incorporating light as a wave with a definite wavelength. In fact the particle also has a 'wavelength' in the distance between crests in the path of the electrical charge. This is equal to the distance travelled forward by the photon while it is rotating once completely. It would be expected that such a particle would have properties similar to those experienced in x-ray diffraction and illustrates how a particle can have a wavelength.

Interference Fringes

To demonstrate interference fringes a beam of light is split into two beams. One beam continues in a straight line, the second is diverted at an angle, then reflected back to the original beam. This is illustrated in Fig. 4.

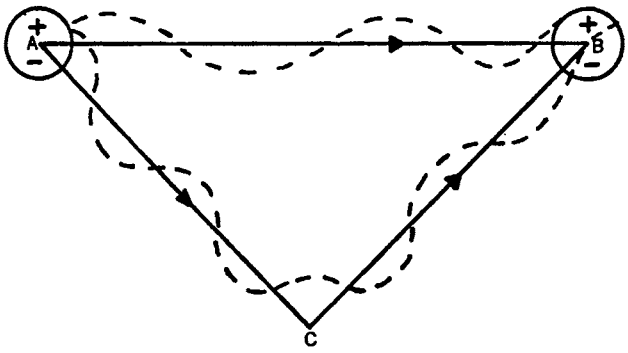


FIG. 4—INTERFERENCE FRINGES

One beam travels path AB. The second beam travels path ACB. If the extra distance is not a whole number of wavelengths, then the two beams come together out of phase and annihilate each other producing no light or darkness. This is called 'interference'.

The light seems to be wavelike in character in order for it to behave this way. However, if a charged particle such as the model is the form of the light, then the locus of each charge is wavelike. For the beams to recombine photons travelling the longer path ABC must rotate a whole number of revolutions in the extra distance. Under these circumstances the two sets of photons recombine in phase and there is light. If they are out of phase, they repel each other and there is darkness.

It has been said by one of our greatest scientists, Dirac, that individual photons presented with this optical set-up will still produce interference fringes. This state of affairs would not be satisfied by the classical explanation given earlier, or by the proposed model because it suggests that the photon interferes with itself. However, if the photons are charged particles, as proposed, the charges may be repelled by the sides of the optical system. For example, if the negative side of the photon meets the negative electron of the composite atoms, they will be repelled and deflected. Further if the positive side of the photon meets the negative electrons then attraction takes place and the photons are again deflected from their path. In between these extreme conditions the photon is not deflected. The net result would be similar to an interference pattern depending on the relationship of the charges of the particle with the sides of the system. The proposed model should therefore have properties which would be expected to produce interference fringes.

Polarization

When a light beam passes through certain types of crystals, such as iceland spar, the beam is split and two separate beams emerge. The light is said to be 'polarized'. There are other ways of polarizing light which need not be discussed at this time.

The classical explanation for this phenomenon is that the light travels forward and that electromagnetic vibrations or waves occur *across* the direction of travel. Some may be horizontal, some vertical. This is depicted in Fig. 4. When polarization occurs the beam is split into two beams. The planes of the waves in the two half-beams are at right angles to each other. In the original beam the two half-beams were combined. However, when they pass through the crystal they behave a little differently towards the crystal and separate from each other. In the process the light has been separated into two polarized beams.

With polarized sun glass, one-half beam is absorbed and only the other half-beam reaches the eyes. The light intensity is reduced without necessarily changing the color of the light.

With the proposed model we have a similar explanation of polarization. The direction the light beam travels is the direction of motion of the center of mass of the photon. The electromagnetic vibrations or waves called from the classical explanation are reproduced by the rotating electrical charges. As explained earlier, the actual path followed by either charge describes a wave-form.

The plane of rotation of the charges is not specified. However, on polarization the original beam is split into two beams. The planes of rotation of the charges in each beam are mutually perpendicular and the same sort of properties would result.

This explanation is exactly parallel to the accepted classical theory, except that in the case of the model, the planes of rotation of the charges are involved; in the classical model the planes of vibration of the waves are involved.

THE PROPOSED MODEL AS A PARTICLE

Compton Scattering

It was observed by Compton that collisions take place between light particles (photons) and electrons. A typical collision is illustrated in Fig. 5.

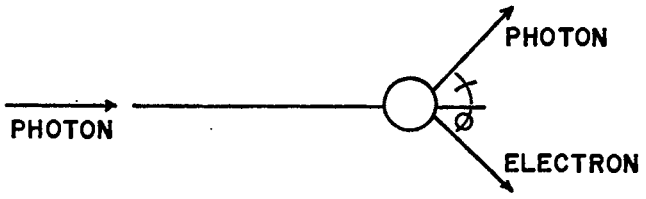


FIG. 5—COMPTON SCATTERING

After collision, the photon changed direction by angle θ and the electron by angle χ. By measuring these angles, and by knowing the mass and energy of the electron, Compton was able to deduce that the momentum of the photon was $h\nu \div c$.

For "Newtonian" bodies (those that we are commonly familiar with) the momentum is mass x velocity, i.e. mv. However, it is generally stated that the photon has no mass and therefore $m = o$ and the velocity was c (the universal constant for the speed of light). The momentum as a Newtonian body is therefore $mc = o \; x \; c = o$, i.e. it has no momentum.

Compton was faced with the problem of a body having momentum, but no mass. His solution was to use a relative mass with no term for the actual mass. The calculation can be carried out as follows:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{momentum} &= \text{mass } x \text{ velocity} \\ &= mc \text{ where } c = \text{velocity of light} \\ \text{but } E &= h\nu \quad (1) \\ \text{also } E &= mc^2 \quad (6) \\ h\nu &= mc^2 \quad (7) \\ \text{or } m &= \frac{h\nu}{c^2} \quad (8) \end{aligned}$$

$$\text{Momentum} = mc = \frac{h\nu}{c^2} x\, c = \frac{h\nu}{c} \quad (9)$$

It should be noted that equation (8) indicates that the mass of the photon is equal to $h\nu \div c^2$.

It is difficult to comprehend the notion of momentum with no mass. To many this solution is a mathematical solution which satisfies the data but not the curiosity. It seems reasonable to deduce that any particle which has momentum also has mass. It can also be deduced that when a body travels at the speed of light that its mass is infinitely great. It is discomforting to admit then that the only thing we know which travels at the speed of light, that is, light itself, does have momentum but certainly does not have infinite mass.

The expression (8) also indicates that the momentum, and hence the mass, would change with the change in frequency of the particle. These peculiar observations emphasize our lack of real understanding of mass and energy and point out the lengths to which we are prepared to go to defend some of our holy cows.

In the proposed model, it is considered that the photon is a particle, with mass (which may be variable) and would therefore be expected to behave in the way observed by Compton. Collisions between a particle (an electron) and a 'wave' are difficult to imagine. But collision between two particles is common. The Compton effect therefore strongly supports the view that light is a particle such as the one described as the model.

Photoelectric-Effect

It was observed that if a metal surface was electrically charged negatively, then irradiated with ultra-violet light, that electrons were emitted. This is called the 'photoelectric-effect'. It was found that the frequency of the light had to be greater than a certain minimum frequency or no electrons were emitted from the metal surface. If the frequency was less than this minimum value, even large increases in the intensity of the light would not cause electrons to be emitted.

Einstein interpreted the phenomenon as follows: the amount of energy required to remove the electron from the metal surface depends on the particular metal. The energy required to remove electrons from copper is different from iron. The energy of the radiation must be at least equal to the energy required to liberate the electron. This required amount of energy is the 'work function' of the metal. He concluded therefore that the energy of the radiation must be at least as great as the work function of the metal.

The energy of the ultra-violet light photons is given by $E = h\nu_0$. Therefore the minimum energy is when $E = h\nu_0 = \phi_e$, where ϕ_e is the work function. When the actual frequency ν of the radiation is less than ν_0, then E is less than ϕ_e and no electrons are liberated. When the actual frequency ν of the radiation is greater than ν_0 the electron is liberated. Further the electron has the excess energy from the photon. It can be deduced that this excess energy is given by $E = h(\nu_0-\nu)$-(10), where E is the energy of the electron. ν_0 is the minimum frequency to liberate electrons, ν is the actual frequency used. From this experiment Einstein was able to calculate the work function of the metals.

This experiment was considered proof that light was in the form of a particle. If it were a wave then the electrons emitted should depend only on the intensity I_0 and not the frequency of the light. As the light source is moved away from the surface I_0 decreases and so the energy of the emitted electrons should decrease. In practice this was found not to be the case. Fewer electrons were emitted, but the energy of each electron was given by (10).

If we substitute the model for the photon, we see that the rotational energy of the particle is transferred to the electron. Some of the energy is required to liberate the electron (the work function) the rest becomes kinetic energy of the electron. The equation (10) still obtains. Further when the intensity of the radiation is decreased, the total number of photons reaching the surface decreases. Fewer electrons are liberated. However, the energy of each electron is the same. This interpretation fits the observed data.

RUTHERFORD'S OBSERVATION

Rutherford calculated that the energy emitted as α-rays from 1 gram of radium is about 47,000 ergs. If the radium is removed 100 meters from a detector the amount of energy reaching the detector would be very small. In fact it would take 10^{15} seconds to build up sufficient energy to cause the detector to register. This is about 300 million years. When Rutherford tried this experimentally, he was able to detect the α-rays immediately. If light was a wave form it would have dissipated most of its energy over the 100 meter distance. The experiment was strong support for the contention that light was a particle. The energy of a particle is independent of the distance travelled. On arrival at the detector it should be detectible immediately

no matter how far it had travelled, as was observed.

Interpretation in terms of the proposed model is as follows. The model is a particle, therefore, the energy of each separate particle would be independent of the distance it travels from the radium source before impact with the detector, as observed. As the source moves away from the detector, the photons spread out and many will miss the detector. But those that do hit the detector still have sufficient energy to be detected immediately.

This is similar to the way in which buckshot leaving the barrel of a gun spreads out as it goes further from the gun. However, if there was no air resistance, the energy of each pellet would stay constant, but the number hitting the target would decrease as the target was moved away from the gun.

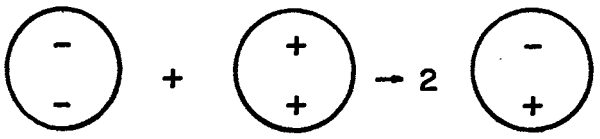
Turning to the proposed model the energy of the particle involved is the rotational energy. We would expect the particle to behave in the way that Rutherford observed. When the particle (α-ray) leaves the radium it has a certain energy ($h\nu$). If it hits the detector it will have the same energy no matter how far it had travelled. The model is therefore compatible with Rutherford's experimental results.

Conclusions

If light were similar to the model proposed, each of the six experiments described would be explainable. The apparent dualistic nature would be explained in terms of a single model which does not actually have dualistic properties, but does have properties, which appear sometimes to be wavelike even though it is a particle.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PHOTONS AND OTHER PARTICLES

It is known that if an electron and a positron collide they form two α-rays. The latter are high frequency light rays, or photons. The electron has a negative charge and the positron a positive charge. This suggests a relationship between electrons, positrons and photons which may be represented as follows:



ELECTRON + POSITRON → 2 α RAYS

FIG. 6—RELATIONSHIP WITH ELECTRON AND PHOTONS

This relationship conserves the electrical charges, but indicates that the electron and the positron are each composed of two half charges rotating around the center of mass in the same fashion as the photon.

Such half charges of the electron have never been observed, but this does not mean they do not exist. Perhaps they are too unstable to exist alone and need to be paired with an equal or opposite charge. It must also be pointed out that the twin charges and the size of the electron would be such as to produce tremendous repulsive forces at this close proximity. Normally this would preclude the stable existence for such a particle as an electron made of two half negative charges. Perhaps these half charges are not actually separated from each other on the electron but provide two centers of negative charge rotating about the center of mass, but still joined together. In this case no strong repulsion would take place within the electron, only a distortion of its shape into two, similarly charged, poles. Such an arrangement could be termed a 'duo pole' which is similar to a dipole but with equal instead of opposite charge.

There are numerous points of similarity between electrons and photons. Atomic structure theory was developed by Bohr, de Broglie and Schrodinger. Their theory was built around the premise that the electrons orbiting around the nucleus of an atom have a wavelength and exhibit wavelike characteristics even though we know that the electron is a particle. Atomic theory is at the heart of modern chemistry and physics and in it we have an electron with properties that are sufficiently wavelike to have a wavelength. However, there is no doubt in anyone's mind that the electron is a particle. It is clear therefore that the idea of a particle that has wavelike character is not without parallel in modern physics. The photon could be such a particle.

PROPERTIES OF THE PROPOSED MODEL OF THE PHOTON

The rotating charges of the particle would set up intense local magnetic fields each perpendicular to the axis of rotation. This local intense field may explain why very low concentrations of atoms (e.g. 1 part per million of concentration) can absorb certain light very strongly. It suggests a strong attractive magnetic field between the electron of the atom and the absorbed photons of the light. To obtain interaction it would seem that they would have to be in phase with each other and spinning at the same frequency. The absorption may be due to the formation of an electron-photon pair which moves to a higher energy level and giving an 'excited' atom. Spectrography tells us that excited atoms exist for about 10^{-8} seconds—a long time for atoms, then throw off a photon and return to the unexcited state. The proposed model would be expected to behave this way.

The intense local fields would cause mutual attraction between photons that are in phase and spinning with the same frequency. Photons not in phase would repel each other. The net result would be the accumulation of clouds of photons in phase with each other, but out of phase with other clouds of photons, even though they are at the same fre-

quency and originate from the same source.

The size of the photon is small and the magnetic fields generated by the rotating charges would be intense locally. But at distances great compared to the size of the photon, the fields generated by these opposite charges would balance each other out. The net result is that the light would be unaffected by a distant magnetic field such as a magnet or charged wire even though they are affected by a local field such as the electron on an atom or molecule. This would explain why magnets do not affect light beams normally. They are too far from the two charges to affect one differently from the other and the net result is no interaction.

COHERENT LIGHT FROM LASERS

The difference between light from a laser and ordinary light is that the laser light is synchronized and that ordinary light is not. Light is synchronized when the waves follow each other in an unbroken line over long distances. Also, other waves occur at each other's side and these too are in phase and parallel to each other. When such a beam of coherent waves falls on a surface, each crest adds to the effect of the previous crest. A large energy build-up can occur on the surface very rapidly. Perhaps the surface will be broken down or destroyed. In any event when a laser beam falls on a surface, the material is heated rapidly and frequently destroyed.

With ordinary light, a cloud of photons may be coherent and may begin to create an energy build-up on any surface on which it falls. However, the next cloud of photons may be out of phase with the first cloud. Any vibrations set up on the surface by the first cloud would be nullified by the next cloud of photons. Each cloud tends to destroy the energy taken from the previous cloud. Accumulation of energy is difficult and the surface is not damaged.

In the creation of a laser beam, light is pumped into a population of molecules, which absorb the photons and become excited. A pulse of light is then injected into the population of excited molecules. This pulse is a single cloud of photons which are coherent to each other. The coherent cloud as it passes the molecules exerts an intense magnetic field on the excited atoms (which contain the absorbed photons). The light pulse strongly attracts the photons which are also in phase. The extra photons join the light train and increase its size. The molecules are re-excited by pumping more light into them and the process is repeated. After several reflections through the excited molecules, the light train emerges as a laser beam. According to our model, the beam is a collection of photons, whose charges are synchronized and mutually attract each other. By attracting more photons the wave train increases and a laser beam is produced.

THE DOPPLER EFFECT

At some time or other we have all stood at a railway level crossing and heard the whistle of a train as it passed by. As it approached us the whistle seemed to be a higher note than when it left us. This effect is called the Doppler Effect.

It is known that sound is conveyed by compression waves in air and travels at a constant speed through the air, no matter what the speed of the source is. In the example above the source is the whistle of the train. The explanation for the change in note in the Doppler Effect is that when the train is moving toward us, more compression waves reach our ear per minute, i.e. the frequency is higher. When the train recedes fewer compression waves reach our ear per minute, the frequency is lower and the note is lower. There is no change in velocity of the sound, but the note or the frequency changes.

A similar phenomenon is observed with light and the explanation accepted at present is similar. However, there are some inconsistencies. For example, light is not conveyed by air. This is evident because it can travel through a vacuum, while sound cannot. For a long time it was suggested that light travelled through an all-pervading 'ether'—even in a vacuum. However, the ether theory has largely been discredited. There appears to be no compression wave set up in a medium when light passes. The light seems to be an independent energy form which can pass through a vacuum. To explain the change in frequency observed when a light source moves toward us or away from us, an alternate explanation for the Doppler Effect must be provided.

The proposed model is a particle. An alternate explanation is that the velocity of the source is added to the velocity of light. More vibrations per minute reach the detector and the frequency seems to be higher.

This implies that the speed of light is not constant. Such an implication is in direct contradiction with the Special Case of Relativity. We shall therefore examine the development and consequences of the Special Case of Relativity.

However, before discussing this problem it should be pointed out that none of the models of light which have ever been proposed offers any explanation of the apparent singular velocity of light.

The accuracy of the model described in this article will stand or fall on its own merit. Like all other models it gives no hint as to why the Special Case exists. However, it is impossible to ponder the structure of light without asking, "What is non-Newtonian about light particles"? Why should light always have the same velocity in a vacuum even though the source or the detector may be moving relative to each other? Some thought on the subject is presented below.

THE CASE FOR THE SPECIAL CASE OF RELATIVITY

The Michelson-Morley Experiment

The basis for the Special Case of Relativity is

the Michelson-Morley experiment. It can be illustrated as follows:

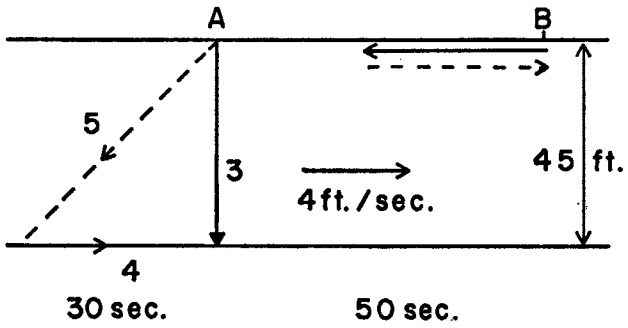


FIG. 7—SWIMMER IN RIVER

A and B are two swimmers who can each swim at 5 ft. per sec. through still water. They both get into a river which is flowing at 4 ft. per sec.

Swimmer A starts from the side of the river, swims directly across and then back to the same point on the side of the river. As shown in Fig. 7, his velocity going across the river, relative to the bank, would be 3 ft. per sec. It should therefore take him $45 \div 3 + 45 \div 3 = 30$ secs. to complete the journey.

Swimmer B decides to swim the same distance as A, but instead of going across the river, he goes upstream and downstream. When he swims up the river the flow of the river is against him and his velocity is (5 ft. — 4 ft.) = 1 ft. per sec. The time taken to travel 45 ft. upstream is 45 secs. When he turns and swims down-river, the flow of the river is with him and his velocity is 5 ft. + 4 ft. = 9 ft./sec. The time taken to travel 45 ft. downstream is $45 \div 9 = 5$ secs. The total time to complete the trip is $45 + 5 = 50$ secs.

Each swimmer travels 90 ft. through water and returns to the same spot. However, each takes a different time to complete the trip because the velocity of the river is superimposed on their swimming velocity.

We can carry out a similar experiment substituting two beams of light for the two swimmers and the movement of the earth as it rotates for the moving river. One beam of light was *across* the direction of rotation of the earth, the other beam *with* the direction of the earth's rotation. If the earth's rotational velocity was added to the light beam, they should travel at different velocities. By recombining the two beams the effect can be checked. If they travelled at the same speed and were independent of the earth's velocity, they should recombine to form a single light beam. If they travelled at different speeds as the swimmers did, they would produce an interference pattern on recombining with each other.

The experimental set-up is illustrated in Fig. 8.

Beam A travels across the direction of the earth's rotation, and B with the rotation of the earth.

The results of the experiment showed that the

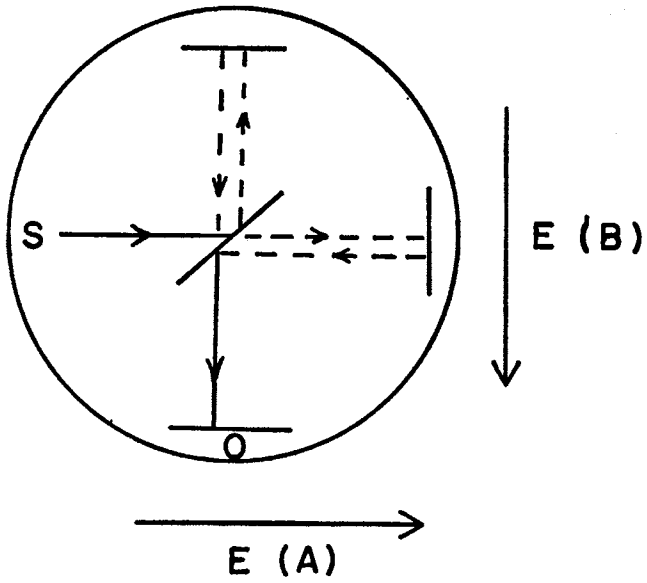


FIG. 8—MICHELSON-MORLEY

two beams of light travelled at the same velocity. It had to be concluded that the earth's velocity was not superimposed on the velocity of the light and that light always travelled at a constant velocity, no matter what the relative velocity of the light source and the observer.

Let us imagine that two men are set across from each other as shown in Fig. 9.

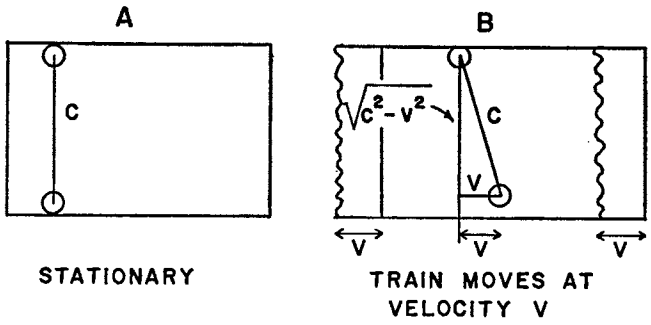


FIG. 9

In each case one man lights a match. In case A the light seems to travel at velocity c and takes time T to reach the other man. In the second case, the train and the observer moved while the light from the match was travelling from one man to the other. The velocity, however, still appears to be c and was not affected by the movement of the train. In case B the velocity of the train was v_1; the velocity of light was c. The third side of the velocity triangle is given as $\sqrt{c^2-v^2}$.

Einstein explained this by saying that the time changed at a different rate for the two men in case A and B and caused a compensation, resulting in the two beams having equal velocity. For the moving man, time flowed more slowly. Velocity is measured as distance ÷ time. If a beam travels a greater distance but the time taken increases accordingly, the velocity remains the same. Based on the

simple velocity triangulation shown in Fig. 8, he derived the time relationship as:

$T = \tau\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$ where T = time for beam A, τ = time for beam B.

Without doubt this equation and beautiful philosophy has led to some great advances. However, time is man-made dimension. The concept of variable time is alien to all man's instincts. Although this mathematical explanation has been extremely valuable to science, it is difficult to accept as a reality.

Let us re-examine the Michelson-Morley experiment, as illustrated by the two swimmers. Each returns to the same point on the river bank *which is stationary throughout.* The mathematics is infallible. However, when we consider the two beams of light, they do not return to the same point in space. The whole piece of equipment moves with the rotation of the earth's surface during the experiment, as opposed to the river bank which is stationary.

To use the swimmers as an illustration of the Michelson-Morley experiment, the velocity of the river must be superimposed on the beginning point and ending point of each swim. This can be done if the swimmers start from a log floating down the river. Swimmer A swims 45 ft. across the river and back to the log (which has floated downstream). Swimmer B does the same but goes upstream and downstream. However, each swimmer now swims 90 ft. at 5 ft./sec. and the velocity of the river is not apparent. For example, swimmer A travels 5 ft./sec. through the water, and so does swimmer B. The velocity of the river is superimposed on both swimmers equally and does not give a difference in velocity. No effect would be observable.

Applying the same reasoning to the Michelson-Morley experiment, the two beams of light should take the same time to travel their respective paths. The effect of the earth's rotation would not be apparent, and no interference fringes would be observed.

If this interpretation is correct, the Special Case of Relativity may still be valid, but the Michelson-Morley experiment may not be used as experimental proof.

If we do not question the validity of the Special Case of Relativity we run into some problems which are difficult to explain. Some examples are given below.

Suppose we have an observer U placed between two light sources as in Fig. 10.

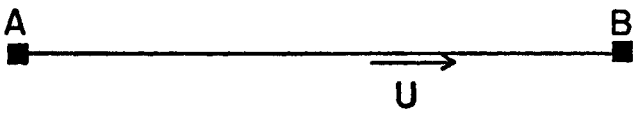


FIG. 10—CLOCK PARADOX

The light sources A and B are stationary relative to each other, U is moving towards B and away from A at velocity v.

Let us consider the relationship between the time flow and B. At Newtonian speeds the velocity of the light would be c + v. To compensate for this increased velocity, the time must also increase in rate in order to effect a compensation. Hence time at U moves faster than B. By a similar argument, the time at U flows slower than A. But A and B are stationary, relative to each other. Hence the time at U flows faster and slower than at A and B. The time flow is different between U and A and U and B, but the time flow at A and B is equal. We therefore reach the uncomfortable conclusion that the time flow at U depends on whether we refer to A or B. This suggests that time at U flows at two rates simultaneously, a state of affairs scarcely conceivable.

Absolute Rest

If we know, as we now say we do, that the speed of light is a constant equal to c, then we are saying that we know an absolute velocity which is independent of all the systems of the bodies in the heavens or earth. We also say that the speed of light (c) minus the speed of light is zero. This is tantamount to saying that we know what is 'absolute rest'. Such a condition is meaningless because 'rest' is always relative to something else, such as the sun or earth or a distant star. To say that we know what is absolute rest is presumption. It means that we know which of the bodies of the heavens are moving, and at what velocity. It is meaningless to contemplate absolute rest and therefore meaningless to contemplate an absolute velocity.

The Measurement of c, the Speed of Light

Any challenge to the Special Case of Relativity must not be taken lightly. Many measurements of c have been made in the past. They have all confirmed that the speed of light was a constant c and was independent of the relative velocity of the light source and the receiver. Perhaps a systematic error has crept into the experimental work or the calculations.

For example, when light passes from one medium to another it changes velocity, e.g., when it passes from a vacuum into glass. Perhaps its velocity through the glass depends on the environment in the glass and is a constant. Under those circumstances when it returns to the vacuum it would return to a constant velocity, no matter what the velocity before it entered the glass.

A common method of measuring c is by use of the formula $c = \lambda\nu$, i.e., the velocity of light is equal to the wavelength times the frequency. However, if the receiver moves toward the source at a velocity of 1/10 of c, then the apparent wavelength is $10/11\lambda$ and the frequency $11/10\nu$, and the product is again equal to c. That means the relative velocity is eliminated in the calculation.

Finally, if a light source and a detector move toward each other at velocity V, the speed of light

should be c + V. However, the Special Case says that the time changes according to equation and the velocity is maintained at c. Surely the same time change that occurs with the translational velocity of light should also occur with the frequency of the light. In which case there would be no apparent change in frequency when the receiver moves towards the source. In other words, we should not observe a Doppler Shift, if the time flow for the light was different. The fact that we do see a Doppler Shift suggests that either the vibration of light and its velocity through space are controlled by different time flow, or the Special Case of Relativity is not valid.

In conclusion we must confess that we are no nearer to solving the real enigma of the dualistic nature of light, or the Special Case of Relativity, which seems incomprehensible to all except the pure mathematician. He accepts it as an extra variable and has made great use of it.

Finally, we must not allow ourselves to fall into the trap of believing that we understand these things merely because we can handle them mathematically.

DEATH IN THE FAMILY

The rich family my uncle worked for
Took forty newspapers.
He read them all,
Skipping society and sports,
In an old armchair
By the basement furnace.
His taste was crime,
The kind you learn to get
Between-lines in first rate papers.
In time he got so good
He didn't have to read at all,
Just feed the furnace page by page
And sit there taking it in with the heat.
He lived on premises.
One good Friday morning when he didn't
Show up for work the cook and the
Gardener, an ex-ferry-boat pilot,
Searched the estate.
They found a silver dollar
Tail-up by the furnace door,
The chair ripped by leopard's claws,
Or the fangs of a wolf.
Not a trace of blood anywhere.

—Alvin Aubert

IN A WASHATERIA

All that
Ragtime
Behind glass
Tumbling in shapes
And colors
To a rattle of grit
And buttons
Things the toughest
Whore in town
Wouldn't let you
In on.

—Alvin Aubert

The Hermit

by William Harrison

He fled to a deserted ranch up in the Flathead country of Montana, to a desolation of old log buildings in the high timber country beyond Columbia Falls, beyond the Polebridge Store on the North Fork near the Canadian border. The ranch had once belonged to his father, but now the heavy winter snows and the frenzies of wandering bears had left the lodge and outbuildings lonely and ravished. Rubble, all of it, but a sturdy rubble: the great logs—so large that a man's arms couldn't encircle one—stood as heavy and as bold as pyramids. In spite of the snows, then, and the furious summer weeds, the ranch was still intact when old Ossinger arrived.

He took up residence in the south wing of the lodge in the late summer, rebuilt the main fireplace, and shoveled out silt and broken glass from the huge rooms. No one remarked on his presence except Gammon, the mailman, and Cone, the storekeeper. Every Tuesday Gammon picked up the hermit's nearly illegible grocery list from the large wooden box with the heavy leather straps which appeared at the main gate. On Wednesday, after Cone had filled the list at his store, Gammon delivered the hermit's weekly supply of groceries. Ossinger would lift his load onto his back and shuffle down that rough mile of road into the ranch. The gate remained closed and no one ventured in, and soon the peak of Mt. Kintla was patched with snow and the frosted pine needles cracked underfoot as Ossinger made his Wednesday pickup. Then winter completed his isolation; tons of snow sealed him off and he was forgotten until spring.

On the cold winter mornings which followed, Ossinger stood in the ruins of that vast ranch—his father had built it in hopes of turning it into a speakeasy resort with jazz bands and skiing and private planes on a runway in the east meadow—trying to decipher the world into which he had come. He read the elusive script of nature: the strange markings left by stags on the trunks of the pines, the glossy hieroglyphics of a snail's path across the stones of the river. In those long winter evenings he sometimes added his own slanting handwriting to that mystic alphabet around him: clumsy sentences composed in the glow of his massive hearth. He struggled to read, to comprehend, to add his signature to those encompassing him. Time was a great tablet, he sensed, on which all living creatures scribbled, and though the language of this place was obscure and confounding, he kept trying to see it. He grew hypnotic, dazed, visionary. In the mornings, wrapped in a blanket in that immense main room of the lodge, racked with hunger, his arms and legs shivering, his eyes would narrow and glaze; he would suddenly peer into the patterns of a bird's frail, small scratchings in the snow of the window ledge. "Let me see," he'd whisper to the gaping room around him. Or he'd touch the delicate braille of the frost on the window itself, and summon all his will to know. Finally, overcome by cold and hunger, he'd build his fire, stir up a small pot of coffee, and open his cupboard. But by noon, often, his trance would return. The winter passed; though at its mercy, he survived.

He appeared at the Polebridge store in late March and his odor filled the room like the sour musk of a wet bear. Cone, the storekeeper, left the door open although snow blew around their feet from the porch. Ossinger loaded his box with gear: two traps, two flyrods, lures, a net, a six-inch knife, three pans, then enough staples to bring its weight to more than a hundred pounds. Then he pulled from his old coat a book of checks and wrote out payment in full; the bank was the First Federal of Chicago. While Cone inspected it, Ossinger jerked his straps into place, hoisted the box to his back, and started out. "You're not carryin' that no eight miles when I got a good truck sitting out back!" Cone called after him. But Ossinger didn't acknowledge him.

Moments later Cone's new Dodge pulled up beside Ossinger on the road. The storekeeper swung the door open. Ossinger stopped and looked at him, then gazed up at the gathering swirls of snow,

then unloaded his burden into the back of the truck and climbed atop it. They drove up the North Fork road to Ossinger's gate where he jumped down from the truck and shouldered the box again.

"I'll drive you all the way," Cone said. "Let me."

"Nobody can come in," Ossinger told him.

Exasperated, Cone looked at him and said, "Hell, man, you're crazy," then turned the truck around and headed back.

Insane, insane. The melting spring snows boomed down every crevice in the mountains; the high winds started, causing hideous blowdowns along the ridges, whipping the pines around the ancient ranch until they sang a high and bedeviled music into Ossinger's ears. Insane, they whispered, and he couldn't argue with them, for he continued to read the elements and creatures of his place as though they really had something to say; *the spider is a mathematician, his web a signature of order; the beaver is an engineer, and he makes a watery wall of China; the mosquito autographs my kneecap; the loon is a singer; the eagle decorates the sky with his transient dives and arches.*

Do they say anything, Ossinger wondered, except their own names? Is there love among them and do they want to communicate with one another and their universe? Or do they simply mark the world with their separate vanities? And am I mad to keep asking?

Cone stood behind his counter that spring thinking about the hermit and consequently about himself.

Those who came to the North Fork country nowadays, he reminded himself, have two houses, often three, and they come on vacation to glance up idly at Kintla, to fish in Hay Creek and the river, and they abandon nothing of an old life. They're tourists buying a change of scene—even the ones who spend the summers—and they go back to office politics and city money. On paper, they own the whole Flathead country. A lawyer in Idaho, a teacher in New Jersey, a young banker in Oklahoma: each imagines that he owns a place up here. Not true, though, Cone knew. Standing behind his counter, he thought of Ossinger: the only man in three decades to begin in this wild country as he, Cone, had done.

Cone was deliberately enigmatic. He had lived his life as a friendly storekeeper, always good natured and neighborly, but he kept his reserve, always hiding more than he shared of himself, and this had become a source of personal power and vitality for him. When he talked—because of this reserve—other men listened. Often, somewhat cleverly, he allowed someone to imagine that he had offered them the secret of himself; he seemed to wink at them and silently present them with the key to his inner life. He never actually did this, but allowed first one neighbor then another to imagine it—which increased his power even more than a natural austerity might have done. Every man in the North Fork felt that he knew Cone best, yet when they talked among themselves his neighbors admitted that Cone was a mystery, a curious pleasure in their midst.

He was a reader of books, and his interests were, in order, studies of the female nude, history, supernaturalism, and the birds of North America. He had two shelves of erotica, more than a hundred book club selections in history and wildlife, and the major texts of clairvoyance and the occult. He sat every evening in the big Morris chair by his cook stove in the back of the store and read his books and newspapers—he had no radio—until he fell asleep and his hand dangled off the arm of the chair and touched the head of his Collie bitch, Jenny, who slept on the floor beside him. Eventually Jenny would nudge him and he would get up and go to bed. He would lie in his bunk, then, surrounded by his frayed volumes. The books of nude studies had collected since his wife's death; supernaturalism had originally been her interest, which accounted for that; history had been Cone's father's passion; the wildlife books had come to the shelves almost by necessity—because Cone had to know what he looked at. There were also six novels, all by Zane Grey, and a book of poems by Robert Frost, his wife's favorite. At times, adream in his bunk, his books, his customers, and his dead wife would float behind his eyes; and in the mornings, positioned behind his counter, he'd long to say something important to his first customer—just to hear himself utter it—but, of course, he'd keep his reserve.

When Cone went down to Kalispell at the end of the month, he didn't cash Ossinger's check with the others, but instead asked his bank to write to Chicago, to ask about the account, and, if possible, to run a credit check on his new neighbor. He felt uncomfortable doing it, but couldn't help himself. Then, back at his store, waiting for the report, he could only know what the old man put into his belly: the pork and beans, salted crackers, canned meat, potatoes. He could only talk to Gammon while he waited, asking, "Is he out on the road waiting when you deliver to him on Wednesday?"

"Never," Gammon told him. "Oh, he might be off in the woods, waitin' for my truck, but he don't show his face. Too proud to let me see him pickin' up that box of vittles, I reckon."

Ossinger: a German name. Probably a madman, a lunatic, Cone decided. The old man's smell seemed to linger in the store, and soon, at night, the pages of Cone's book seemed to blur before his eyes, and he strained to recall what the old ranch looked like—he had been on the property six or seven times—and to imagine how Ossinger managed. That was it: how could a man manage absolutely alone? Cone was struck with a curious jealousy; he was provoked, agitated, and felt, somehow, outdone, and couldn't help speculating about everything: how does he cut his wood and haul it? does he keep trot lines? has he started re-

building the whole place or does he live like a pig in one of those rotting rooms? how? what sort is he?

On a sudden warm day in early April the letter came. Ossinger enjoyed good but unestablished credit. His bank account was in order. He had been in prison for thirty years.

"That," said Cone, slapping the letter against his thigh, "is just exactly what I thought! Something like that anyway! Just what I thought!"

That summer the tourists poured into the North Fork, spilling across the Polebridge from Glacier Park, coming up for picnics and fishing from Columbia Falls. One evening a float party stopped on the gravel bar at Ossinger's place, half a mile from his lodge; they cooked a meal, pitched their tent, sang songs until midnight, and in the morning left beer cans and paper strewn around. Ossinger went down after they were gone, gathered the trash and burned it. The water glistened, excited him, and he spent the remainder of the day fishing and walking along the river. He caught one bull trout, a mean, old, yellowed six-pounder, and he gazed into its pale and empty eye as if some fierce prophecy hid in it. Then he threw it back, watched it knife away. At late evening, tired, he cut across the peninsula of thick woods to a cluster of rocks further down the river on his property; web and moss reached out and touched him as he made his way through the new underbrush. Then he watched his grey hackle drift on the ripple, bob, and saw the flashing sides of the rainbow which took it. Nature is metaphor, he told himself, and I am a landscape.

He slept deeply that night, until a noise outside the lodge the next morning waked him. From the window he saw a young couple. Their Jeep was no more than twenty feet from his front porch and they were talking to each other with great excitement; the girl was plainly exhilirated by his place, and she spun around, her bright orange skirt billowing around her brown legs, and her voice was innocent and full of laughter. A few moments later, dressed, Ossinger stood on his porch before them.

"Who in the world *are* you?" the girl asked, breathlessly. "And what is this place?"

"The gate on the road was closed," Ossinger said. Though he tried to deliver this line sternly, he smiled.

"If you *live* here, sir, then we're sorry," the boy said.

"I do live here," Ossinger said. "And the name of the ranch is Limbo. And the ground you stand on is haunted, all full of bones and time. You can look inside the lodge just for a minute, but then you'll have to go."

"We don't want to bother you," the boy answered.

"How you talk!" the girl exclaimed, laughing and unafraid, and she took her boyfriend's hand and led him onto the porch. "He said we could look inside! Come on!"

They entered his door and saw the great vacant rooms, rafters menacing in the shadows above them, the large, single chair draped with skins in front of the hearth; the room was cool and ancient, like a cavern. When the young couple returned, Ossinger had left them alone.

Loneliness is pure, he wanted to tell them, *but vain like everything else. This is my place and the gate is shut, and those who trespass here are the curious ones, those who come to find me, and curiosity is a form of love and communication, a gentle touch that doesn't bruise or break the skin.*

"Hellooo-oh!" they called, but he watched them from an upstairs window without answering. They closed the gate behind them when they left, and that afternoon at the Polebridge Store they told Cone what had happened, what the old man had said to them.

Cone began to think about the hermit again after that, in spite of the heavy summer business, the traffic in his store, the lost travelers. When, after Jenny had thrown her third litter, one of the puppies turned out exceptionally strong and full in the chest, Cone decided to put it into the grocery delivery.

"Maybe he don't want no dog," Gammon objected.

"We'll see about it," Cone answered.

"Shouldn't you put in a note too?"

"No, just the pup."

"I'm not even sure this is with postal regulations," Gammon said, placing the animal inside the cardboard box next to the cornmeal.

"Who the hell said you're a postman?" Cone asked, grinning. "Aren't you just my grocery boy, mine and that old coot's? Make your delivery."

The gift was never acknowledged and Cone wondered, then, among other things, what had happened to his big male pup. He brooded until August. Then Gammon came up with his brother-in-law one weekend for a float trip on the river and they asked Cone to join them; they planned to go up to the border and float back to the store, and since they'd float by Ossinger's ranch, Cone agreed to go.

En route from the border they took several grayling and a few trout and whitefish, stopping at every likely looking gravel bar for the enthusiastic brother-in-law. He was a tall boy, a young school teacher with a gold tooth. Finally they went by Ossinger's place and Cone strained to see something; the old buildings occasionally winked into sight beyond the pines. "Over here! Pull over here!" Cone shouted, when they had almost gone past.

Silence descended around them as they fished from Ossinger's gravel bar. The nearby woods were dark blue, full of the lush summer undergrowth which curled at the feet of a few Tama-

racks which rose up like spectres. Cone listened, but heard nothing. Then, while his companions fished, he climbed the path for a better look. Beyond the meadow he saw the old lodge and six outbuildings, like a holy ruin, all of it, rotting and splendid. His eyes narrowed. His curiosity was almost painful—a gnawing in his chest—but he returned to the rubber raft. The brother-in-law was holding a trout beside his face, posing for a photograph.

September again. Cone's preoccupation with Ossinger grew. Twice he rode the mail route with Gammon, obstensibly to talk though Gammon was a dull conversationalist, a man who liked football too much every autumn. Then one day Cone enclosed two books in the grocery delivery, one of his ornithic picture books and the journals of Lewis and Clark by DeVoto. After a week he received no response.

By this time he had devised a character for Ossinger: another lonely intellectual, one of those tormented academic types who frequently invaded the North Fork, a man cynical toward Western technology. Cone would stand behind his counter, sigh, and wonder how many subjects Ossinger could be authoritative about. A week passed and he sent two more books, a novel from his book club and one of his photography anthologies with only a few nudes. He waited for an answer, again, in vain. Then, once more, he became self-critical. Am I, he asked himself, just a fake? Living up here on the frontier: is that just pretense? I'm probably just a storekeeper, mercantile and corrupted, and not what I've imagined at all. He gazed up at the bright red and white cans of soup and felt, because of Ossinger, an imposter and a sham.

Yet he fought off his impulses to go and see the hermit. He remained guarded, a man closed like a fist against all sentimentalities. He had practiced a life of caution, after all, and had deliberately tried to make a riddle of himself and to hoard his personal feelings. And isn't that, he wondered, what a man is: the reticent creature, a thing born to be tucked into itself, an inscrutable beast, too, taught by every society to endure pain and anxiety in a silence which could be interpreted as strength? He knew that he wanted to visit Ossinger, that he wanted to walk down that road into the old man's ranch, shake hands, talk with him about the Flathead country, about growing old and the ways of the world which they had both abandoned. I'm sixty years old, he wanted to say, and you're older than that, Ossinger, and time bullies us, but we fight madness, not death, and we understand paradoxes, too, especially that a man often struggles against loneliness by isolating himself. He wanted to tell Ossinger this and much more, about the old days on the North Fork, about his wife's death. Let us devise our fatal calendar together, he also wanted to say. Let us be friends—on our own terms, of course.

But he wouldn't go. Instead, when the first snows wafted down from the mountains in October, he sent two more books. Then, on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, he added a small turkey to Ossinger's grocery order with a note indicating that he was doing this for all his regular customers. A lie, naturally, but he didn't care. He hid the items down in the bottom of the cloth sack so that Gammon wouldn't see them.

Ossinger, asleep in his stinking blankets, listened to the sound of another winter.

Nature: does it ever write in a language of love or is it the alien and neutral scrawl? Birds, descend on my porch. Sing. Talk to me. Bears, poor, shy friends, linger here. The snows are coming to shut us off again. I watched the puppy die. Distemper. His hind legs weakened and he sprawled and bumped and tumbled after me, sliding on my father's floors, wanting, I believe, to sleep in the pulse of my hand. His head nodded at the last, twitched and rolled, and his eyes went out before his last breath. A puppy in my food box. A message from you, Cone, and did I, I asked myself, have to depend on another person? Or is the sky infinite with milk? Can the trees transform me? Can I become a leaf and will the seasons translate my isolation?

Books, then. The prison library: rows of molded encyclopedias, stacks of National Geographic, *Bibles and religious pamphlets, some hundred volumes in all. I read them every one in the second year. Spent the first in disbelief. Turned dumb after that, turned sexless, went mad and betrayed. Books in my food box. I read with a slow fingernail.*

My wife, Cone, held her breasts to my lips. The honeyed nipples. Thighs to addle you, slim as those in the photographs you sent, all white, all silk. The memo of sex: misplaced and lost. Betrayed by a kiss, a torso, a friend too weak for my friendship. I killed them both, old storekeeper, and misplaced the wondrous memo, and failed to tell you about it while you watched me prowl your shelves. Her hair—did I tell you even this?—grew in the coffin and cushioned her, wrapped her round, then, lovely brown stuff, choked her soul. Doing life, I dreamed of it. Doing life which was never singular, for I was at least two young men and three old ones those years.

I lie here in hibernation with the facts of myself: divorced from my childhood by time, divorced from Chicago by space, divorced from a wife by murder. One year I befriended a Negro, but he killed his cellmate. Two years I worked in the infirmary. Complaints every day from the men whose lives had become sores. Another year learning leatherwork. My teacher paroled, at last, leaving behind a room of scraps, shoestrings, mistakes. And all the years, storekeeper, her hair encompassed her in the grave, hair wet with my kisses. Observe the leaf, its veins exposed: a small hopeful

hand meant to catch the raindrop, a servant of the elm. Observe the fossils in my river rocks: dumb notations eternity will never read. Clearly, a person very much like myself did a terrible act, but after such a long homage to guilt, what then? My father, old rube, old dreamer, is long dead. His last poker hand pays the yearly taxes on this ungainly ranch, provides my refuge. My kin is gone, conceded to the elements in Ohio, Florida, Illinois. No sons. No friend with whom I once drank beers, talked books, shot snooker, dreamed vocations: his name yellows in a forgotten headline, his bones are chalk.

I've spent two silly days hauling colored rocks from the river, encircling my lodge with them, enjoying their dazzle. The flow of the river, old storekeeper, flows in me, and the rocks, thrown down like mystic runes around my house, guard my sleep. Odor of pine. Sharp axe. And, in strange moments, the aurora borealis. No mistake in coming here, old storekeeper; I am awed, and awe—a lost and holy emotion—cleanses me.

Kneeling, Ossinger laced his boots. Drawing on his mackinaw, he wondered about the depth of the snow on the main road. Eight long miles. He stepped onto his porch as a hawk spiraled above him in the cold sky.

Homage to guilt, yes, but when does a debt end? Guilt is so time consuming, dear sender of turkeys, and soon I should probably build the ranch. Rent the pasture to cattle, watch them graze. Putty the windows, calk the doors, sweep and polish. Will young, bright girls come, then, to fill the meadows with laughter? Or a widow, perhaps, slim and grey with a mouth sweet as cloves who will read the ranch and sleep in the crook of my arm for one night or forever? Or will an old man, a brother, stroll down this road, my crude food box on his back, smiling, with whiskey and news and weather talk?

With a grunt Ossinger lifted his empty food box onto his shoulders and turned toward Polebridge. His knees pumped high in the snowdrift until he reached the tire treads in the road. *Gammon's path.* His thumbs wedged in the straps, loosening the bite of the leather through his coat. *Two miles then rest awhile,* he decided. He didn't think about the return trip.

Last winter loneliness piled up in drifts around my lodge. Some days I stayed in bed, listened to the wind, wolves, small scratchings, the rumble of my own belly, the creakings of the rooms. On such days the soup froze at the hearth and the forests filled with ghosts, whirlwinds of sleet, and to rise, to pad across the cold floor, was an act of will, an affirmation. Sleep in those foul blankets, odd dreamer, and never rise: the thought occurred to me. Suicide. The final homage. But I finally jumped out to blow on the stale ashes, to kindle the fire, lace my boots, cover my ears, tote my food box. Suffered hallucinations, yes, but damned if I'd embrace the bed forever. On the road one morning I saw myself lurking behind a pine; he was slightly older, perhaps, somewhat less erect with mannikin hands, but with my same brow and scrawny neck, and he shuffled behind me as I picked up my food. Not there now, no. But there he was, marrow of my marrow, his breath asteam, his footfall crackling after mine. Or one night, sitting warm in my chair and needing logs, my hands became transparent and I watched the blood pulsing around the tips of my fingers like an endless, slow locomotive. Wrote it down in my diary. And who will read me when I'm gone and my words are finally punctuated? The book will turn into pastel cheese for the rats of the ranch, and they'll eat it and grow wise. Last winter: ah, neighbor, my own self-inflicted confinement at last. Blizzards of days. My hands chapped, broke open and bled.

Of course Lewis and Clark, thank you, shot the rapids, went down with fever, took lovemaking disease from the indians. The frontier, neighbor, is a fragile thing; push on it and it breaks, spills like Atlantis into the twisted waters of history, never recovered. Of course those pioneers saw the plumage of North America, too, thank you again, Cone, and the eagle watched itself being watched. And they dreamt of slender naked girls in their nightbags. Thanks for those. Books: they made books out of wind-waving grass. My eyes have dimmed by firelight; thanks for the eyestrain, but I'm buying kerosene this time and is that what you wanted? My money after all? Passing the logging road now where the devil-eyed drivers go hopping downstate, downworld, taking the curves with their chains banging. The logging road and the community meeting hall. I'm halfway, neighbor, and the tracks widen.

A cabin along the road struck out of log. Fancy a family living there, four children, all dirty, very poor. Initials cut into that Tamarack, some thin nick which becomes a scar wide as the trunk, deep as the furrows of a face. A young man returns to find his beginnings, looks for his landmark tree, but the undergrowth is heavy and he stumbles. The traces gone. Look for memory in vain; try and forget and you can't. She was thin in the neck, Cone, and liked oranges. Liked to undress them. Slipped those slices in, let the juice run down. A transparent viper on her chin. Ben and I drove our vans in those days. St. Louis, Dallas sometimes. The road and the coffee warm in your palms and beer and snooker when the trips were finished and Ben your bones are chalk because of the trips I made alone. Is the boy dead who cut his initials there? Of course he is. A man now, all dead. The pup sleeps beneath my colored stones, and should I mourn him? Would he lie in vigil on my grave, or was he too much of a pup for such loyalty? Memory is the art of old men.

The other arts failed me. Hands too thick for leathercraft; watchbands I made resembled belts, belts resembled pulley straps, pulley straps resembled the steers from which it all began. Should've

tried to take those leather scraps on the floor of the prison shop and build a cow. The art of tenderness escaped me, too. My infirmary, Cone, was a butcher shop. Didn't have the knack. Salt in their wounds. Joked when I should've wept, wept when I should've guffawed. Bedside manner poor. Stepped in bedpans. Watched the Mexican's swollen backside after they had whipped him and couldn't budge, couldn't lift an iodine bottle. The end of my hospital tour.

Father, Alice, Ben, the Tamaracks of Time. The old man made and lost his money at stud, bunko, roulette, tiddledy winks, hopscotch. Would bet on the weather, on beans in a jar, on the speed of a cockroach, on the end of man. Liked Alice, too, because she gambled on her neck, her thighs, the shape of her cheek. Liked Ben for the chances he took running bootleg whiskey in the cold Chicago dawns, liked him for getting me to join him. And, at the last, liked me for the dare I took, for pulling the trigger. A ranch built of fantasy and ego. The outbuildings were never more than skeletons, but death repossessed a dream of elegance in the lodge: velvet chairs, walnut roundtables, ermine rugs. The airstrip: unfinished. The jazz bands: never summoned. The chandeliers: never lighted. Slow droplets from the mountain springs melt the rock and begin the avalanche; a continent slides into the Pacific, its frontier vanished, and the old man explains to me in the courtroom that violence was the natural thing, that Chicago is a violent city, that the age is violent. I see the cougar's leavings, the skin of a fawn, and believe him. My rocks are stained with the gore of indians, bison, antelope, wayward journeymen. My father, old gambler, was an American historian.

But the body of Alice comments on the centuries. What more can a silly man ask than beauty? What can a truckdriver dream? I imagined beauty as goodness, and that was my foolishness. The mountains, lovely killers, sit serene and cold. Alice, eroded by the boredom of her decoration, kissed me good-by, kicked a tire on the van, and waved me off on my last route. Beauty: tolerate it, old storekeeper; have awe for it, but never worship it, never grow impassioned or jealous. Above the mountain our moon will soon burn like a fragrant wick, the stars will swim in harmony, the comets will mesmerize us. We are here, in this place, alive; in our sentence we learn our praise and pardon, return to innocence, and fall in love with beauty once again.

Ossinger kicked a stone in the road and turned down the last hill. His food box tapped his rump in rhythm as he walked.

On the porch of the Polebridge Store he kicked the snow off his boots. Jenny, the Collie bitch, greeted him with quick, white puffs of her breath, and he watched her carefully, studying her face for a trace of his dead pup. Slowly, then, he opened the door and set his foodbox beside the counter. An overpowering odor of hot stew poured forth from Cone's rooms in the back; Ossinger's stomach tightened with noon hunger.

"Be with you in a minute!" Cone called. Then, when his customer made no reply, he added: "Just go ahead and take what you need!"

Ossinger stood in the middle of the room, rows of canned goods towering around him. Crackers, apples, yams, onions, candy, tobacco. He struggled with his mackinaw, wrestled his hands free, and dropped it across a stool beside the potbellied stove. His eyes still watered and he dabbed at them with his fist. Beyond, through the opened door, he could see Cone's living quarters, the shelves of books, the worn chairs, the pipe rack and plastic humidor.

Silence hung in the room around him and he didn't know what to do with himself. He listened to Cone shuffle around the back room and breathed the deep, meaty smell of the stew. He swallowed hard. His food box glared at him from across the room, and he didn't know whether to fill it or not. Beneath his unmoving feet a small rivulet of melted snow appeared, and he was slightly embarrassed for his presence, for his own rank body odor, for his discourtesy to Cone on the road months ago.

Yet he walked over to the doorway and looked in. Cone stood, his back turned to Ossinger, stirring his meal. The silence grew until every bubble of the boiling stew seemed to pop distinctly in the room.

Ossinger looked up at the high shelves of books, swallowed hard again, and said, "You sure have a lot of books, Cone. Sure do."

Cone turned around suddenly. "Ossinger," he said. Drippings from the spoon which he held fell on his shoe, the floor, the edge of his cook stove. His brow knitted slightly; slowly, then, and with a certain confusion of movement, he drew the spoon up to his lips, blew on it, and took a taste. "It's just right," he said. "Sit down and have some with me. It's the best I've ever made."

"Well," Ossinger said, taking the two steps to Cone's table, "I don't mind if I do."

Thomas Altizer talks with NOR's Editor-at-Large

Thomas Jonathan Jackson Altizer bears the name of a great rebel, and his work in theology over the past decade surely carries on the tradition. His *The Gospel of Christian Atheism* is a premier document in the rise of a new theological vision called by the mass media "The Death of God Theology," called by Altizer and his several colleagues "Radical Christianity."

For many years, the major currents of Protestant theological thought could be encompassed under the designation of "Neo-Orthodoxy." Such eminent theologians as Karl Barth and Paul Tillich probed the roots of Protestantism and reasserted the essential values to be found in the writings of both Luther and Calvin. The foundation of this thought was—and is—the utter transcendence of God, his "otherness," his sovereignty, his distance from Creation except through the act of faith. The entire structure of Neo-Orthodox thought is contingent upon this conception, and it is here, at the root, that Radical Christianity makes its dramatic and brilliantly-conceived attack.

In the interview that follows, the editors of *NOR* would hope that Radical Christianity's most notable spokesman is given an opportunity to present his thought and the experience which underlies that thought with more precision, more breadth that mass media articles have in the past permitted.

Thomas J. J. Altizer is a surprisingly young man, an exceptionally articulate man, and one whose sincerity is as obvious as his intelligence. If his break with the great tradition of both Protestant and Catholic thought is a dramatic, even a shocking one, it is clearly a serious departure and one which, from a number of points of view, must be understood and valued not as a thoughtless aberrational, but as a reasoned attempt to reconcile the facts of contemporary history and thought with the whole symbolic structure of Judeo-Christian understanding as it has descended to us.

Professor Altizer, an Associate Professor of Religion at Emory University at the time of this interview, has accepted a post as Professor of English at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York.

John William Corrington: *How much poetry is there in the Death of God theology? Are you seeking to affirm what Whitehead might have called an authentic occasion: the ceasing to be of something that was? Or is the Death of God a radical metaphor?*

Thomas J. J. Altizer: Well, as I understand metaphor, at least in this theological context, it certainly is not divorced from reality, and certainly is not conceived as being merely abstractly illuminative of reality. But rather a metaphor—such as a metaphor of the Death of God—is intended to speak, not perhaps of what Whitehead would have known as an occasion, but nonetheless of a total transformation of a form of consciousness. Within my mode of understanding there can be no truth or awareness of reality apart from consciousness, and therefore a transformation of consciousness which is reflected in true metaphors or full metaphors, or radical metaphors, embodies or reflects all that we can know of or speak of as reality—all that is truly real to us.

Corrington: *Would you accept the position that all human knowledge is symbolic knowledge? If you would, does the old dichotomy of immanence and transcendence and this kind of thing still stand in a meaningful way? Are you not simply pouring God from two categories he once occupied —human and divine—into one of them?*

Altizer: Yes. Well, I am anti-Kantian. I'm Hegelian at this point, if you like, and I think it's necessary for theology, and particularly for Christian theology, to work on this overwhelming problem of closing the chasm between subject and object, subjectivity and objectivity, or even from this point of view, the phenomenal and the noumenal. Indeed it's my conviction that the central ground of the Christian faith, namely the proclamation of the Incarnation, can only be meaningful as it effects a coming together in some sense of all those antinomies or chasms that split human existence asunder and divide consciousness and experience and isolate any fragment of humanity in its own point or sphere.

Corrington: *In* The Gospel of Christian Atheism *you say that "Faith must now abandon all claims to be isolated and autonomous, possessing the meaning or reality transcending the actuality of the world, and become wholly and inseparably embedded in the world." How would you respond to the proposition that this carries with it precisely the same burden of exclusivity that plagues, in*

theoretical terms, those positions which we call radically transcendent?

Altizer: It does. In a certain sense it is the inherent opposite of these forms. And thus, for example, it's just as intolerant of transcendental forms of theology as they are intolerant of immanent forms. That, I think, would be a point I'd concede.

Corrington: *That's what I would call a head-on answer. Quoting again from the same page, "A modern and radical Christian is seeking a totally Incarnate Word. When the Christian Word appears in this, its most radical form, then not only is it truly and actually present in the world, but it is present in such a way as to be real and active nowhere else." How can this position be distinguished from Gnosticism? Is not the very hallmark of a Gnostic order in its primary phase the claim that it will wrench the ultimately-transcendent into history; will, in a sense build a New Jerusalem here and now?*

Altizer: Of course you're speaking according to Eric Voegelin's understanding of Gnosticism, which I believe is a completely nonhistorical understanding. He is speaking of modern Gnosticism there. If you accept his understanding of the term, then this kind of theology is unquestionably Gnostic. But in *The New Science of Politics* almost everything becomes Gnostic.

Corrington: *On page 26 of* The Gospel of Christian Atheism *we find, "The radical Christian is a revolutionary. He is given to a total transformation of Christianity, a rebirth of the Christian word in a new and final form." Both in your espousal of revolution on a theoretical level and more particularly in your apocalyptic and essentially escatalogical claims for the new revelation, one finds overtones of Marxism's finality of the classless society, an end to the dialectic of history. The question then has to be asked again: How does such language and such ideation differ from Gnostic utterances like radical Puritanism's Fifth Monarchy, Marxism's Worker's Utopia, or the notion of a final solution to the problems of Europe as proposed in the concept of the Third Reich? I'm concerned with what seems to be Gnostic language and Gnostic thought.*

Altizer: I would say it would be more accurate to refer to this as apocalyptic language, rather than sticking simply within Voegelin's understanding. For example, you remind me of Norman Cohen's book *In Pursuit of the Millenium*. He is a British conservative historian who identifies the apocalyptic movements which culminated in the radical Reformation of the seventeenth century, and he goes on up to Communism and Nazism, and understands modern totalitarianism, which is what you are speaking of, too, of course, as rooted in sectarian, apocalyptic, Christian forms. Now I think this is true historically, that is to say if you like, that political totalitarianism is an aberration that does have a ground, I would say genuinely, in Christian apocalypticism, because this is really Christian. I mean, you can say the same thing about the New England Puritan communities.

Corrington: *The Puritans, Communists, and the Nazis certainly proclaim morality at every phase of their development though in fact they rarely pursue it as we understand it.*

Altizer: Yes, but this pursuit of the total kingdom of God on earth—that has a Christian origin. I mean, after all, that was the original Gospel.

Corrington: *There's nothing really parallel in Greek thought.*

Altizer: Oh no! I would say nothing parallel anywhere so far as I know. Partially in Islam, perhaps. At any rate, after all, we know that the original proclamation of Jesus was a proclamation that the Kingdom of God is dawning, the world is about to come to an end, and we have all these gospel statements to the effect that "all of you will not die until the kingdom of God comes into power, etc." This is all embedded it seems to me in the fundamental ground of the original Christian tradition. Now I think any fundamental ground can have negative expressions, can, in a certain sense, move in a demonic or negative or aberrational way, etc. It seems to me that this, in effect, has happened. And it is even my conviction that the Christian of good faith must assume a certain kind of responsibility for totalitarianism. He mustn't pretend that this has occurred apart from him and apart from his faith.

Corrington: *History would not indicate that to be the case.*

Altizer: No. No.

Corrington: *Certainly you've had aberrations like the Inquisition, the time following the Protestant Reformation: Luther's persecution of the Anabaptists, Calvin's execution of Michael Servetus.*

Altizer: The following century—all the wars of religion, savage as almost anything in Europe—.

Corrington: *The Thirty Years' War, which left only 20% of the German people alive as I remember. These were primarily apocalyptic Armageddons.*

Altizer: Well, they're partially apocalyptic. They're certainly Christian. It's interesting that you don't find that kind of religious war in the Orient for example. As a matter of fact, despite popular opinion, you don't even find it in the Islamic world, that is a war in which one is impelled to slaughter every nonbeliever on earth.

Corrington: *But, of course, this goes all the way back to the Old Testament when the Jews went into Canaan under the command of God. "You shall slaughter every male Canaanite and enslave every female and child." And Calvin said to this that if they had not all been predestined to damnation God would not so have ordered, as I remember. You certainly make a good case for the fact that the totalitarian principle is embedded deeply in Christian thought. I suppose finally that it is embedded in any thought of exclusivity, the unique-*

ness that Christianity proclaims and that you accept on one level.

Altizer: Yes, of course this is a problem in its own way in every religion and in a certain sense in every culture. You get a phase of empire or of domination or dominion or whatever. It's not generally speaking only a Christian problem, but in these particular expressions it is largely a Christian problem.

Corrington: *You say with great force in* the Gospel of Christian Atheism: *"The original heresy was the identification of the Church as the Body of Christ," yet it seems that this concept of the Mystical Body is the very pillar upon which your concept of the total incarnation might be founded. By ignoring the possibility of this Mystical Body, it seems that you discount the idea of a second Reformation.*

Altizer: I think that's true. That was a particular phase in my work in which I thought it was necessary once and for all to be in a certain sense delivered from ecclesiastical tradition and ecclesiastical theology. You may not be acquainted with an article of mine which does a lot more with this in a positive was in *Cross-Currents,* "Catholic Theo-Philosophy and the Death of God". At this point I am quite a bit beyond that position, and I should also mention that the original title of this was "Catholic Theology and the Death of God" and there was some kind of mistake on the part of the editor. He apologized for it.

Corrington: *Would you conceive that the Mystical Body of Christ could be repristinized, as Voegelin labels the attempt to reorder the existing body of symbolization and so forth.*

Altizer: Yes, I believe it. I speak about it in "Catholic Theology and the Death of God".

Corrington: *But I notice the prevailing tone of* the Gospel of Christian Atheism *is exceptionally pessimistic and becomes finally a statement of the Incarnation, but a desperate statement. Where does it go from there? The mystical body of Christ is the question. Don't you conceive that the framework of this symbolism could at least partially be repristinized, perhaps in terms of the Death of God theology, and made new again?*

Altizer: Oh, yes. I'm fully committed to that.

Corrington: *Most Catholics of any subtlety have always made a distinction between the Church and the Faith, that is between the hierarchy, the beaureaucracy, and the certainty of Christ's presence and God's grace. To such a Catholic most of the hierarchy's alarms and excursions, prohibitions and caviats are of no great significance. The Faith, in a word, is too important to be left to clerics. What does radical Christianity have to say to these people?*

Altizer: Well, I think that such people have to concern themselves not only with the hierarchy, but with the internal religious life of Catholicism or any form of Christianity, for that matter. I mean such questions as prayer and the meaning of Christ today, because I'm convinced that it's not just the hierarchy that has to be transformed; it's the whole body of Christianity, even in its highest expressions. Not just transformed in a negative sense; not just negated, but negated in a positive way so that it can be reincorporated into a new form.

Corrington: *That sounds very much—particularly that last phrase—like a twentieth century man reaffirming the kind of attitude that was typical of the highest expression of the Reformation.*

Altizer: Well, perhaps so.

Corrington: *It's more technical now. You are a metaphysician rather than a moralist in your attack. The sixteenth century man tended to be a moralist first. I have to exclude Calvin.*

Altizer: Luther, too, reached a whole new theological understanding. It's anti-metaphysical if you like. But it's a new understanding of Christ, and of grace, salvation, and faith, of course, which is quite substantive, quite powerful and revolutionary in some ways.

Corrington: *In that case, the parallel between your position with whatever ethical overtones it might have in later developments would be analogous to the Reformation tradition?*

Altizer: Yes. I think you could look upon this whole radical movement as being a new form of the Reformation, particularly if you take into consideration the so-called radical, or left-wing reformation which perhaps only now is coming into its own theologically.

Corrington: *It seems to me the one Protestant figure that the Catholic church has made not the faintest attempt to come to terms with, negatively or positively, is Calvin. Luther is attacked, finally in some sense absorbed. But Calvin has not been so approached by the Church.*

Altizer: Yes. I think in part there are accidental reasons for this. So much of your Catholic scholarship in this area has been Germanic, and Calvin is a minor figure in Germany compared with Luther. So far as I know, and I don't know that much about Catholic theology and scholarship, but so far as I know, Catholicism has not come to grips with something as seminal as Max Weber's understanding of inter-worldly asceticism, which is really an understanding of Calvinism. This is something that still has to be done; perhaps it will be done soon. I don't know.

Corrington: *An interesting portion of your second book was the section on Teilhard de Chardin. Your final assessment, if I can put it crudely, was that Teilhard remains, despite all, a kind of naysayer to the phenomenological world?*

Altizer: Yes. I'm not sure I would stick with that position now.

Corrington: *I wondered about this. It seemed that you were not fully convinced.*

Altizer: Yes. I arrived at that prematurely. I have come in contact with an interesting lay Catholic theologian at Webster College who is a Teil-

hard specialist. He spent a year at the Teilhard Institute last year, and it is his thesis that Teilhard's theology is just as radical as ours, which I had sensed and believed but couldn't spell out. I think this will be a very healthy position for him to develop since the Jesuits are now so concerned to make it appear that Teilhard's theology is totally orthodox.

Corrington: *I think the question of orthodoxy is not going to be a question for long. Today, even on the ethical level, there are problems where the attitude of the church is just not resolved.*

Altizer: Of course, in my own point of view, I'm a little bit distressed that the Catholic radicals, for the most part, seem to be focusing their attention on more pragmatic or ecclesiastical or simple moral issues and not really getting to some of the gut theological-religious questions. I think that will change. I think in fact it is changing. But thus far, the Catholic rebellion, or whatever you want to call it, has been focused on the authority of the Church which, you realize, is a very important Catholic problem, but it hasn't really come to grips with some of the gut theological and religious issues.

Corrington: *I think one reason that this would be more true of Catholicism than of Protestantism is that there is a center to Catholicism, a source of authority which can be attacked and in Protestantism, you would find it difficult to locate an individual or group of individuals like the Curia to focus your attack on.*

Altizer: Yes, in a human sense, that's true.

Corrington: *It has been argued that your position is a reaction to and a repudiation of the entire Protestant tradition that extends from Calvin to Barth. You would see the doctrine of God's sovereignty and utter transcendence as heretical, if we can use the word to indicate ideational aberration as, indeed, a kind of reversal of the ramifications, if not the fact, of the Incarnation. Is this an accurate—albeit rough—idea of your attitude?*

Altizer: Partially accurate. I have a dual, or I would like to say dialectical, attitude toward this. I think we have a dual movement here and that each pole of the movement is essentially the opposite of the other. That is to say I think that God, progressively, in the course of Christian history becomes manifest in ever more alien, mysterious, transcendent forms. And I think the theological positions that record this movement are true. And thus, for example, I have a very real sense of loyalty to Kierkegaard or Barth and I think that this kind of theological understanding is essential to one pole. This pole thinks negatively in the sense of understanding this movement of the Divine Form, of the manifestation of the Divine Form, is becoming ever more alien. It's that very alienation of God that makes possible the death of God and that movement, neo-orthodoxy, is essential to any understanding of the self-annihilation of God, or the death of God. So I wouldn't want to look upon these as being simply heretical. I think they're negative in a certain sense, but true.

Corrington: *Would you say that your theology addresses itself to that Catholicism which, following Trent, established a fairly extensive Thomistic* modus vivendi *between radical immanence and radical transcendence?*

Altizer: I think not here. If I understand that Catholic theological movement, neither the transcendence nor immanence is radical. It seems to me that transcendence and immanence are here balanced in such a way that they're not negatively related, one to the other.

Corrington: *In a sense the Thomistic settlement which is sort of the Catholic theological analog to the Elizabethan pragmatic settlement, is a situation in which neither transcendence nor immanence are permitted to go beyond certain bounds. It is a symbolic settlement, as it were. In a sense you're not even addressing yourself to this level of things, but rather attempting to address yourself to the realities of the theological* nous, *universe, which lies beyond, in your terms—since you reject the neo-Kantian—any symbolic settlement that we may choose to make.*

Altizer: Yes, in that sense.

Corrington: *In other words, I may affirm that God is alive in me, and you simply do not answer that question. You neither dispute me nor deny it. Your conception is something outside that affirmation.*

Altizer: Yes, although I would dispute you. In this sense: once a philosopher, a typical analytical philosopher, asked me if there is any way that my position could be falsified. I said, yes, it could be falsified if one could point to any genuinely modern or contemporary language which truly speaks positively of God. That is to say if we could find any either conceptual or imaginative language, which has intrinsic power in its own right—and I would be willing to accept common criteria for this. Of course I could be disputed by a Catholic since I don't think that neo-Thomism has much real conceptual power. Now Loñergañ might be a problem here, for example. The easier arena, easier in the sense that it is much clearer, to examine would be imaginative literature. Here, it seems to me that even in Catholic literature, or even in someone like T.S. Eliot, it's not possible to employ God-language imaginatively in such a way as to celebrate, or to rejoice in or to be fulfilled in that which one names as God.

Corrington: *I'll quote that passage from* The Gospel of Christian Atheism: *"Even the language that the Christian once employed in speaking of Christ has become archaic and empty; and we could search in vain for a traditional Christian language and symbolism in contemporary art and thinking." Since the Reformation, however, there have been at least two distinct languages employed in speaking of Christ. The Protestants have one and the Catholics another. Are you saying that*

these related metaphorical systems are separately but equally moribund?

Altizer: Yes.

Corrington: *In other words, the Protestant shivers when he hears of "Christ's Most Precious Blood" or the Sacred Heart, which, of course, is a central metaphor in Teilhard. And the Protestant, on the contrary, is perfectly happy with "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood", "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb", which gives the Catholic something of a start. From the Catholic standpoint, there is a sort of barbarian grandeur to the Protestant language, and a sort of self-contained contemplative tendency in the Catholic language. Would you say that both of these are moribund?*

Altizer: Oh, yes. And, beyond that, when we do have positive visions or conceptualizations of Christ in either Protestantism or Catholicism, they relate negatively to their own roots and traditions. I think a beautiful example here is Teilhard's vision of Christ. I have read some of the Jesuit exegesis but I cannot imagine how anyone could possibly assert that Teilhard's vision of the Cosmic Christ and the cosmic energy of Christ is reconcilable with traditional Catholic dogmatics.

Corrington: *It's been suggested that the "flight into matter" of Radical Christianity represents a kind of theological stock market crash. That it does not represent any alteration of symbolic relationships between God and man but rather a collapse of faith. In other words, that God is still alive but man's capacity to open himself to God has atrophied.*

Altizer: That's quite true. But the point at which this question must be taken up from my point of view is, has this atrophied in the Protestant man of faith? That is to say, is there any Protestant today that could give witness to God?

Corrington: *You specifically name the Protestant. Would you feel willing to extend that to Catholics?*

Altizer: The situation is rather different there. In part because they share quite different conceptions of God, and I think that the Protestant has more fully given himself to the peculiar distinctive meaning and reality of God that has become real in modern history, shall we say. It would seem to me that most Catholics at least until recently have been able to maintain a ground in earlier traditions which the Protestants have not. So that makes them quite a bit different from the Catholics.

Corrington: *It occurs to me that with ultimate diplomacy you might be suggesting that there is a kind of cultural lag here. That the Protestant experience has compacted itself within 400-500 years and the Catholic experience, contrariwise, has not reached the point that the Protestant experience reached say, with Kierkegaard.*

Altizer: Oh yes, I think that's very definitely true in many ways. It seems to me that since the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution—which is equally important I believe—Catholicism has been in retreat. This is changing now, of course. But we are so close to the new Reformation or renewal that there hasn't been enough that's come out of this to make any firm judgments, it seems to me.

Corrington: *Your position was taken as early as 1900 by a Paulist father who said that the very strength of the Jesuit contribution to Catholic history—stopping the Reformation, as it were, in its tracks—for many years gave the Catholic Church catching-up time which was not taken advantage of, and that the kind of discipline that Ignatius stood for, which spread throughout the Church, the wall that had kept out the Barbarians, is now keeping us in. You would say that Catholicism is bound to have its Kierkegaard, then?*

Altizer: Oh yes. It will be quite different, but I think that it will occur.

Corrington: *In a nation like America, where you have such tremendous interpenetration, isn't it possible that Catholic experience, using Protestant experience analogically, may skip certain historical phases?*

Altizer: Yes. As Bishop Pike likes to say, "Catholicism is leap-frogging across Protestantism into the future."

Corrington: *This is a probability, and it seems also a very good thing, would you not think?*

Altizer: Oh yes.

Corrington: *At this question, I have to risk impertinence, but risk is at the heart of everything we're doing. One of my colleagues has observed that the New Theology seemed a mixture of what he called "Black romanticism and metaphysical illiteracy". He claimed that theologians in no case were philosophers; he went on to say that the Death of God is needlessly theatrical, and that, presuming any validity in Thomas'* Analogia Entis, *as a philosophical principal, or neo-Kantian epistemology, the most that could be said to have died is a symbol system which will be re-pristinized or replaced sooner or later. In other words, having never perceived more than Moses' "hinder parts of God", postulation of His death is meaningless.*

Altizer: Well, it's unwarranted so long as you don't move any further into history than Kant, but once you move into the 19th century, once you move into Hegel and Nietzsche, you're in a whole new philosophical world.

Corrington: *His structure is an epistemological argument based not on Kant but on neo-Kantian thought—Cassirer primarily—which is quite different, in that it substitutes symbolic form for the knowledge of phenomena which Kant claimed. We know phenomena no more than we know noumena. We know only symbolic projections. This, it seems to me, is a position that has to be argued.*

Altizer: Well, it would have to be argued perhaps. I would maintain that this position is impossible for the Christian theologian. I think that it *is* possible for the Jew by the way, and Cassir-

er's Jewish roots may be more important in his thinking than many people realize.

Corrington: *As a Catholic, it seems eminently acceptable to me. You would suggest that this is the peculiar result of my own Catholic background?*

Altizer: Oh, I would doubt that ultimately it could be successful. It all depends, of course, on what you mean by Catholicism. For example, in your own statement, you mention the *Analogia Entis*. I can't imagine how you could reconcile that with the Cassirer position. Because that analogy in some sense, I presume, must be ontological for a Catholic. It doesn't seem that it could possibly be for Cassirer.

Corrington: *It seems that the nexus between Thomistic thought and Cassirer's thought is that in neither case are we equipped, finally, with more than a philosophy; the* Analogia Entis *states an ontological nexus to noumenal existence, if you will. But this is an affirmation, a claim based in faith.*

Altizer: You don't believe that natural theology as generally understood, is thought to be genuine theology, as opposed to what we nowadays think of as philosophy? For example, in many of the encyclicals there has been the insistence that it is anathema to say that there can be no genuine knowledge of God. And it seems that that is consistent with the fundamental Catholic position. I mean, knowledge of God in the full sense. I mean *real* knowledge of God.

Corrington: *I think there are more underground systems working in Catholicism than Protestants may realize.*

Altizer: No doubt. I must confess that this is the first time I've ever heard of any synthesis between Thomism and Cassirer. It's all new to me.

Corrington: *It has always seemed obvious to me that no direct knowledge of God, except pure revelation, was possible.*

Altizer: No *full* knowledge, I think you ought to say, apart from revelation. But nevertheless, it depends on what one means by direct. I mean there can't be an *immediate* knowledge of God apart from revelation. But there can be *real* knowledge of God apart from revelation. You really can know that God exists, for example. There's really a tremendous emphasis in Catholicism and its official teachings placed on the rational demonstrability of the post-existence of God. That is somehow essential to Catholic faith, that one can demonstrate the existence of God.

Corrington: *I'll likely never get the chance, but I think that I could defend my position at a heresy hearing.*

Altizer: That would be very interesting.

Corrington: *I might need your help.*

Altizer: I'd be opposed to you there. I think this really is essential.

Corrington: *Your reputation for conservatism should have warned me. This is a much lighter question, and yet I think that it may have very important bearing. Certain spokesmen have used the Death of God theology as a kind of intellectual counterpart to the "Social Gospel", that has been kicking around for quite awhile. Would you agree that God's death obliges us to turn our attention fully and exclusively to man and his problems and needs?*

Altizer: Yes, in a very real sense, one cannot know that God is dead without being so turned. That is, to know that God is dead is to be released from any relationship to or orientation toward the transcendent, and consequently to be compelled in the opposite direction, to the world, immanence, to immediate actuality.

Corrington: *I'm sure you've thought of the political and social consequences of your thought. It occurs to me that the kind of attitude Protestants used to have toward duty, a sense of duty which frequently caused them to do pretty desperate things, would be essentially obliterated by this doctrine. In other words, the current movement toward hedonism would be triumphant. This in no way disturbs you?*

Altizer: Oh no. It depends on what you mean by hedonism. I think, like Norman O. Brown, the celebration of the Body is profoundly Christian. This is something that has to come forth in Christianity, and is indeed coming forth.

Corrington: *This is Thomistic at one level—in that neither the spirit nor the body is a man. The union of the two is a man.*

Altizer: Yes, but there is something quite different in these modern celebrations of the Body where, in a certain sense, man is not real until spirit passes into body, until body becomes a total comprehensive reality. A glorious witness to this is Nietzsche's whole Dionysian "yes-saying."

Corrington: *Would you suggest then that this position, simply as a by-product, denies the concept of personal immortality as Protestant and Catholic thought have both understood it?*

Altizer: Yes. I think the doctrine of personal immortality in its given and in its fundamentally traditional form has perished in both Protestantism and Catholicism.

Corrington: *Would you suggest then a position similar to that of Judaism? An uncertainty as to precisely the nature of spiritual continuity?*

Altizer: No, I don't think so.

Corrington: *I have never been able to really get hold of a solid Judaic doctrine of personal immortality. It doesn't seem to be in the Old Testament.*

Altizer: That's another question. It's certainly not in the Old Testament, except that you have something approaching it in some of your late apocalyptic literature, and something approaching it in Daniel.

Corrington: *There is a point in II Maccabees. "It is good to pray for the dead", I think is the quotation.*

Altizer: You begin to approach it in very late literature. That's right.

Corrington: *Would there be any implication in your thought of transcendental, if I can use that term, existence of spirit; a kind of* weltgeist *of which we become part at our death?*

Altizer: In a certain sense yes. I mean that I'm committed to the omega point of Teilhard. I'm not committed to his personalism—I think that's no longer possible. But I am committed to belief that that which has been most real in experience is drawn into the final reality, although drawn into it in a new form, and in a certain sense perishes in terms of its original identity, but nonetheless in terms of full life is actually present in this final total body of the New Jerusalem.

Corrington: *The kind of language you're using here leads me to recall your concept of Proust. That what was most real for Proust—the past—became, in fact, life for Proust, transformed radically through the imagination. In one sense Proust had no life. And in another had one surpassing in its intensity and meaning almost every other human life.*

Altizer: Yes, I could be sympathetic to that.

Corrington: *So that in a sense, in an obviously qualified sense, the Death of God suggests that we must learn the lesson of Proust, and apply it to our notion of immortality?*

Altizer: Yes, among others. And Rilke, certainly. Of course we learned this from Rilke's understanding of death.

Corrington: *Is there, on the part of the representatives of Radical Christianity, an express purpose of spreading in almost evangelical form, what you have termed "the good news, the glad tidings of the death of God"?*

Altizer: We vary a lot on that question. I think quite a few of us have this attitude by one means or another. Harvey Cox, for example, intrigued me by telling me not long ago that one of the things in the American tradition we had to make very much our own, was the Protestant revival and the personal witness, and that we are called to do this in radical terms and make it very much a part of our work. Cox, in fact, does this.

Corrington: *It has been said that much of the current radical theology depends both for its uniqueness and effect on a kind of MacCluanesque mass media rhetoric which is both imprecise and irresponsible. Most people take the death of God to be a verbal extravagance, and the philosophical position, as one commentator would suggest, simply seems a case of swallowing Hegel whole.*

Altizer: There is no question about it, in my own understanding, Hegel is absolutely crucial. Now, I can't imagine that many thinking persons who are open to the imagination and the thinking of the 20th century could find the death of God to be an extravagant statement. It seems to me on the contrary, particularly among those who are religious or Christians among thinking persons, that the death of God has been real for a long, long time, and absolutely real in a certain sense. But previously, it was thought to be the antithetical opposite of faith, but very real, and always a temptation, you know, and always the deepest opposition to the gospel.

Corrington: *It seems to me that the problem here is that all mankind in the 20th century after the holocausts of Europe has cried "Eli, Eli, Lama sabacthani". But there is a difference between God's death and His withdrawal.*

Altizer: That's right.

Corrington: *I think that the man on the street is more than conscious of the withdrawal, but as Mark Twain might have put it, "Word of God's death is greatly exaggerated".*

Altizer: Yes, here it seems to me is where a fundamental decision of faith is called for on the part of the Christian, as opposed to the Jew at this point. I think it is perfectly consistent and perfectly possible for a Jew to speak of withdrawal and eclipse, as, say, Buber does. I don't think this is possible for the Christian who believes that the fullness of God is present in Christ, that Christ has already come, that in a certain sense redemption has occurred. It doesn't seem that in that context it is really possible in a real and full sense to speak of the withdrawal of God.

Corrington: *In that case, in a very ironic sense, Christ becomes a scandal to the Gentiles.*

Altizer: Yes, very much so, in many ways.

Corrington: *Well, we were warned, in the Christian Revelation, "I will come to be a sword between father and son". In* The Gospel of Christian Atheism *you say, "In naming Christ as the full embodiment of love the Christian confesses that Christ is a fullness of time in the world; Christ is the pure actuality of the total moment, a present and immediate moment, drawing all energy forward into itself and negating every backward movement to His eternity. Every nostalgic yearning for innocence, all dependence upon a "Sovereign Other", and every attachment to a transcendent beyond, stand here revealed as flights from the world, as assaults upon life and energy, and as reversals of the full embodiment of love." It would seem that you are here constructing a kind of straw man, who has no more savvy than did Chaucer's prioress. Admitting that the West is full of such people, what about those committed Christians who yearn for no past, depend upon nothing except whatever grace God may choose to send them, and whose concern for transcendence lies, as it were, in escrow while they do God's work in the world?*

Altizer: I would say that such committed Christians are very probably radical Christians, that this really isn't possible on the basis of traditional, dominant theological conceptions. That kind of statement is really an attack upon the dominant forms of Protestant neo-orthodoxy. It is not directed at all, at least not by intention,

against a straw man. It is directed against the ruling theological systems in Protestantism, at least. This is more anti-Protestant than anti-Catholic. But it's directed against all of the dominant theological figures that have thus far ruled in theology in this century, at least the last generation or two.

Corrington: *I think the historical lag again becomes significant here. Because I think for example that Protestantism, as a body of men and women, has really not yet been much affected by Barth. He is quite a distance from them. In the difficulty of his work, quite a distance from the ordinary man.*

Altizer: Well, I wonder now if he's really any more distant than St. Thomas Aquinas is from the average laymen in the pew. See, I think that Barth's influence has been pervasive in terms of molding seminary education, molding the thinking of leaders of the church—

Corrington: *But that takes quite a bit of time. In other words, while no one of the post-War generation in the seminaries has been untouched by neo-orthodoxy, yet many of these men, when they get into the parish situation, find it just as well to leave this sort of thing—theological speculation and the rest—to others.*

Altizer: Well, theological speculation, yes, but I think that they've been deeply affected by the whole mode of understanding Scripture and proclaiming the Gospel, and Christian witness by these major theological movements.

Corrington: *Well, would you expect the Gospel of Christian atheism then to take its place and move in a fairly similar fashion?*

Altizer: Oh no, it's not that important—it won't be that influential.

Corrington: *I wonder. Aquinas is eminently translatable to the simplest terms. And I wonder if Barth is quite so translatable.*

Altizer: I think so; I think you can see it in Barth's sermons.

Corrington: *How would you answer the contention that your radical immanentization of Christ is a concealed form of theological reaction? Neitzche's famous claim that the Reformation was a reaction to the Renaissance might be laid at the door of the new theology. It's fairly clear that the Pantheon of new theology heroes are 19th century writers and thinkers—the inventors, if you will, of psychic inner space. But aren't we well beyond the hand-wringing of Raskolnikov? We stand at the edge of outer space. What if we should find the technological key that opens the galaxy to us? Wouldn't the symbol of transcendence be repristinized? Isn't the immanentization of Christ a kind of desperate limitation on the possibilities of the universe.*

Altizer: That's certainly possible. Although just speaking theologically, it's very interesting that the Christian thinker who's had the fullest vision of the cosmos, Teilhard, also has been the Christian thinker who's had the most immanent understanding of Christ. Now these *may* be possibilities, but in terms of theological statement, I don't think that they are as yet a possibility.

Corrington: *After I read* The Gospel of Christian Atheism, *I saw the Starship Enterprise on* Star Trek *and something about that ship, not the show, the ship, attempting space, brought back the sense of transcendence. The sense of a universe, yet to be experienced.*

Altizer: Well, Bill Hamilton makes a nice little point that I think can be expanded when you're acquainted with this. He speaks in one of his essays about his children's attitude toward the stars, and contrasting it with his own experience as a child, that what they want to know is, which one of those, Daddy, did *we* put up there? And they have an attitude, you know, well, this is something we're conquering. This is becoming a part of *our* world, whereas for him, in his childhood, the stars were beyond, strange, mysterious.

Corrington: *It's been suggested that the Death of God theology is the end-product of the entire complex of late 19th century theological and related* wissenschaft. *The higher criticism, Darwinian biology, enormous gains in anthropological, archeological and even geological knowledge, plus, of course, textual science. The argument then runs that, having discovered, on so many levels, that our primitive understanding of God was no more than the product of our ignorance and misinformation, the New Theology simply extrapolates, and claims that* all *previous conceptions of God are phenomenologically and even spiritually fraudulent. The argument concludes that the very logic of your position implies that the New Theology is simply another landmark in abortive attempts to grasp the nature of Creation and its Author? Would you comment?*

Altizer: I think it's possible. But in a way it seems to me that this is simply an attack on all theology.

Corrington: *Well, of course, this is partially the ground for my earlier statement regarding* Analogia Entis *that it would be very difficult to read Catholic theology alone, without noticing an enormous growth of pattern. And to some degree, like it or not, certain contradictions. Much of Augustine is not today canonical, if you will. Some of Thomas is not canonical. We have lacked major thinkers since Thomas, but I suspect that Teilhard will again—*

Altizer: Well, Newman was a major thinker. I think.

Corrington: *In the same terms with men like Augustine? Or Thomas?*

Altizer: Well, one of the Catholic theologians I most admire, Przywara, states in the preface to his Newman anthology that Newman was Catholicism's greatest theologian, or words to this effect, since St. Augustine. It's very clear as to whom, you know, he was lowering in relation to Newman.

Corrington: *The following is from* The Gospel

of Christian Atheism. *"So long as the Church is grounded in the worship of a sovereign and transcendent Lord and submits in its life and witness to that infinite distance separating the creature and the Creator, it must continue to reverse the movement of the Spirit who progressively becomes actualized as flesh, thereby silencing the life and speech of the Incarnate Word." What are we to make of words like "submit" or a phrase like "actualized as flesh"? It is difficult to grasp alternatives to submission, if indeed the fact of God places Him at such distance. And the fact of our existence in pragmatic history places us here. Again, is "the Spirit actualized as flesh" the Holy Spirit or is it Christ? Or do you acknowledge any Trinitarian distinctions? Is the thrust of this final phrase that Christ was not actual previous to the Incarnation? The first half of the sentence sounds a bit like Pelagius; the second, a little like Arius rising from his troubled grave.*

Altizer: Well, I think that submission as a form of faith is only possible for the Christian, to speak in Lutheran terms, insofar and at such points as he lives under the Law. But it's *never* possible in moments of living in Christ or in grace. And submission's a very interesting word, yet of course the primary word is Law, which is a source of submission. And I just think that this form of religious faith is not truly possible at the center of Christian faith. Now to refresh my memory: you passed on then to "Christ in spirit," was that it, or to something in between?

Corrington: *Yes, that's it.*

Altizer: I, in a sense, follow Paul in identifying Spirit with the triumphant or post-crucifixion Christ or of Christ by Crucifixion-Resurrection. That is to say that Spirit here only becomes real as a consequence of Crucifixion and Resurrection. So, in a sense, Spirit is the actualization or progressive universalization of the movement of God in Christ in Crucifixion and Resurrection. To use Trinitarian language here would be a kind of reverse or modern dynamic Monarchian, to use these ancient heretical pegs; that is to say, believing that in terms of the Christian dispensation or Biblical-Christian modes of faith, God or the Divine Process first appears and is real in the form of Father, then by means of an ultimate self-transformation, appears as real in the form of Son, and then in the form of Spirit. And that this is a dynamic, forward-moving process, for these are not three persons of God existing simultaneously.

Corrington: *The three—*

Altizer: Three *forms* of God, in the course of His own movement.

Corrington: *Three revelations, as it were.*

Altizer: Yes, three revelations, if you like.

Corrington: *Well, this brings us to the next question. In your work you refer favorably to the tradition of Joachim of Flora, whose doctrine you virtually enunciated. Since Eric Voegelin establishes this tradition as a prime source of modern Gnostic symbolism, I take it that the Death of God theology would stand opposed to Voegelin's analysis of the modern Gnostic sickness as set forth in* The New Science of Politics.

Altizer: Absolutely.

Corrington: *This is from Voegelin's recent article, "Immortality, Experience and Symbol" in the* Harvard Theological Review: *"Hegel has tried to combine philosophy and Revelation in the act of producing a system of dialectical speculation. He imagined an inchoative revelation of God through Christ to have come to its fulfillment through consciousness, becoming self-consciousness in his system; and correspondingly, he imagined the God who had died in Christ, now to be dead. This Hegelian dream of making God a consciousness so that consciousness can be Revelation belongs to the post-Christian age." This kind of* doxa, *metaphysical dreaming, as Voegelin would have it, in which the terms of Revelation are equated with any other forms of information, is frequently characterized as Gnosis. Would you accept either the characterization of Hegel's thought given by Voegelin or the idea that Revelation is of a different order of experience than existential knowledge?*

Altizer: Would you mind repeating that phrase, "the terms of revelation . . . ?"

Corrington: *". . . are equated with any other forms of information."*

Altizer: Does Voegelin himself say that or is it your language?

Corrington: *That is my language. Voegelin says Hegel "tried to combine philosophy and revelation in the act of producing a system of dialectical speculation". I think Voegelin is making the distinction as he does in* Israel and Revelation, *that Revelation—well, you've* got *it. You know, it's* given, *whereas speculation of any sort is open to all manner of interpolation—*

Altizer: Yes, that seems to be the common Protestant position as well. You have a chasm that is more the Protestant than the Catholic in some ways, because it supposes a kind of chasm between reason and revelation, or consciousness and revelation. I'm *very* much opposed to that, of course. I believe that revelation continues in history and that it becomes manifest through consciousness and experience. And that what in fact we have, not just in any form of knowledge, but in the higher and fuller forms of knowledge and vision is an unfolding of, a realization of that revelation which originally appeared, shall we say, in the Bible.

As I understood the real implications of Catholicism, the Catholic cannot identify Revelation with Scripture, in the sense of *written* Scripture.

Corrington: *No, Catholicism has always presumed that tradition—*

Altizer: Right. Recently, in fact, Protestantism I think has been giving tradition a kind of autonomous authority, which seems to me is very, very dangerous. It doesn't seem to me that truly understood, the Catholic can distinguish tradition from revelation, that no real line can be drawn between

the two, which means among other things, you never, as the Protestant does, can identify Revelation with a book. You never can identify Revelation with a particular body of human language, or human statements.

Corrington: *Well, the doctrine of the Assumption is grounded in tradition, not Scripture.*

Altizer: Yes, but I think, see, that from a genuine Catholic point of view you can't draw that kind of distinction. And consequently, you cannot identify Scripture with Old and New Testaments. The real sense, just as tradition unfolds and develops and becomes ever more Catholic, I would say, ever more universal, so likewise the true meaning of Scripture if you like, or the true meaning of Revelation unfolds in a parallel manner. And thus a thinker like Teilhard has been accepted so fully by so many Catholics today. It seems to me no question whatsoever that his position is almost wholly incompatible with the literal authority or even the traditional allegorical meaning of the Bible. But I think, more truly understood, we're seeing in a visionary like Teilhard a new form of revelation which is in continuity with the Bible, but nevertheless carries that original form of Revelation into really a very different form, a much more comprehensive form, a much more incarnate form.

Corrington: *You would see that Teilhard in some senses is parallel with your own thought.*

Altizer: Oh, yes.

Corrington: *It stands to reason that you are aware how intimately related are human theological and political conceptions. Would you speculate on the political implications of the Death of God theology, should it gain large currency?*

Altizer: It'd be very difficult to do so. I think there's an interesting fact— I believe it's a fact, although my knowledge is limited—but so far as I know, there's been an interesting theological shift. You know, in previous neo-orthodox theology and in that situation in which there *was* still liberal theology, it was commonly true that theologians on the right theologically, or the neo-orthodox, were on the left politically. And one thinks then of a Barth or a Niebuhr, for example. Now the situation has been turned about and so far as I know, everyone who is on the left theologically now, is on the left politically. And again, so far as I know, everyone who's on the right theologically, is on the right politically—insofar as I really know.

Corrington: *Turning to more personal issues for a moment, in what sort of spiritual milieu did your thought begin? We tend to be interested in the biographical origins of Paul's and Luther's thought. What about yours?*

Altizer: (Laughter) I mean, again, I'm of too little importance. But I'll say a little bit anyway. I was intensely religious as a child and adolescent. But was brought up by—is it fair to say half-believing or half-practicing Episcopalians—if you get my meaning? But progressively I became more and more interested in religion, and once I was in college, I was deeply drawn to mysticism, particularly Oriental mysticism. And it was not until I returned to college—I went to the University of Chicago, after being in the Army for a brief period—and was in a later phase of my undergraduate work there, but largely through reading Paul Tillich and Niebuhr and a few other theologians, to whom I was introduced by a member of the college faculty, that I reached anything that can be called a mature acceptance of the Christian faith, or thought of myself in any way as being Christian. And then I rather quickly entered Theology School at the University of Chicago. Throughout my theological career as a student at the University of Chicago, I was in violent rebellion against the dominant theology of the school, which was liberal Protestant. And this was *so* violent that at one point I refused a fellowship because I was judged to be disloyal to the divinity school. During that period I was mostly a kind of Barthian-Kierkegaardian and meanwhile I was deeply drawn to Roman Catholicism, went through a period of wanting to be a monk, and even tested a monastic vocation. And it was only really after I left school and began teaching on my own that I truly began to be drawn in the radical theological direction, although I built—on previous things— I had been reading, Nietzsche, for example, since I was a freshman in college.

Corrington: *Let me insert this question, because I think it has to do with it. It's hard to suppose the enormous publicity given the Death of God theology has not worked certain changes and possibly dislocations in your life, considering* Time *magazine's coverage, and so on. How's it been, in this regard? I know the University defended you fully.*

Altizer: Oh, yes.

Corrington: *Have you had any other problems that have arisen from the publication of your thought?*

Altizer: Well, the real problems, humanly speaking, are—what shall I say?—first, the very attention has made a large number of people come to me for help of one kind or another. There's been overwhelming correspondence. I've tried to answer all of the letters that seemed to be serious, But I'm sure that I missed some, because there were literally thousands of letters. There have been an enormous number of people who sought me out, who have sent me articles, manuscripts. And I try to be conscientious about this. Among other things, I felt that those of us who are doing radical theology were just simply not listened to for many years by the so-called Establishment. So that I feel a moral imperative, particularly when it comes to people who are engaged in their own theological work, to try to—you know, answer them—and also to read their stuff. At least enough to satisfy myself that there's nothing real here—and if there is, try-

(continued on page 109)

The Benefits of an Education

Boston, 1931

by John Ciardi

A hulk, three masted once, three stubbed now,
carried away by any history, and dumped
in a mud ballast of low tide, heeled over
and a third swallowed in a black suck
south of the Nixie's Mate—itself going—
gave me a seal of memory for a wax
I wouldn't find for years yet: this was Boston.
Men with nothing to do plovered the sand-edge
with clam rakes that raked nothing. I walked home
over the drawbridge, skirting, on my right,
Charlestown ramshackled over Bunker Hill
and waiting for hopped-up kids to ride The Loop
and die in a tin rumple against the girders
of Sullivan Square, or dodge away toward Everett
and ditch the car; then walk home and be heroes
to ingrown boyos, poor as the streets they prowled.

There, house to house, the auctioneer's red flag
drooped its torn foreclosure to no buyer.
Now and then a blind man who could see,
and his squat wife who could stare out at nothing,
sat on the curb by the stacked furniture
and put the babies to sleep in dresser drawers
till charity came, or rain made pulp of all.
The rest lived in, guarding their limp red flags.
The bank was the new owner and that was all.
Why evict nothing much to make room for nothing?
Some sort of man is better than no man,
and might scrounge crates to keep the pipes from freezing
until the Water Co turned off the meter.
Or come Election, when men got their dole,
the bank might get the trickle of a rent
that wasn't there.

I'd walked those seven miles
from Medford to T Wharf to get my job
on the King Philip. Well, not quite a job,
but work, free passage, and a chance to scrounge
nickels and fish all summer till school opened
Miss Bates and Washington Irving.

The King Philip
rose sheer, three river-boat-decks top heavy;
but she could ride an inner-harbor swell
and not quite capsize, though, God knows, she'd try.

Excursion fishing. She put out at nine

from the creaking stink of Sicilian fishing boats
praying for gasoline they sometimes got.
And came back in at five—in any weather
that might turn up a dollar-a-head half deck-load
doling four quarters into the first mate's hand
as if the fish they meant to eat were in it
and not still on a bottom out past luck.
Sometimes a hundred or more, but of them all
not twenty would turn up with a dollar bill.
It was all change. We called the first mate Jingles,
waiting for him to walk across the wharf
and spill his pockets into the tin box
in the Fish Mkt. safe. When he came back
his name was Dixon and we could cast off.

Your dollar bought you eight hours on the water,
free lines, free bait, your catch, and—noon to one—
all the fish chowder you could eat.
Good days

the decks were slimed with pollock, cod, hake, haddock,
a flounder or two, and now and then a skate.
(A sharp man with a saw-toothed small tin can
can punch out Foolish Scallops from a skate's wing.
A Foolish Scallop is a scallop for fools
who eat it and don't know better.) I made a scraper
by screwing bottle caps to an oak paddle
and went my rounds, cleaning the catch for pennies,
or grabbing a gaff to help haul in the big ones.

Dixon, jingling again, took up a pool—
a dollar for the biggest cod or haddock,
a half for the largest fish of any kind.
No house cut but the little he could steal
and not be caught or, being caught, pass off
as an honest man's mistake in a ripped pocket.
The deal was winner-take-all. And the man that gaffed
the winning fish aboard was down for a tip.

One Sunday, with over a hundred in the pool,
I gaffed a skate we couldn't get aboard.
Dixon boat-hooked it dead still in the water,
then rigged a sling and tackle from rotten gear
and I went over the side and punched two holes
behind its head. Then we payed out the hooks
the fireman used for hauling cans of ashes
to dump them overboard, and I hooked it on,
and all hands hauled it clear to hang like a mat
from the main to the lower deck. We couldn't weigh it,
but it was no contest. Dixon paid on the spot.
He counted it out to fifty-seven dollars,
and I got two.
We took it in to the wharf

and let it hang—a flag—till the next day
when we cut it loose with half a ceremony,
mostly of flies, just as we cleared Deer Island.
The Captain didn't want that shadow floating
over his treasury of likely bottoms,
so we let the current have it.

After five,
the fireman rigged the hose, turned on the pressure,
and I washed down, flying the fish and fish guts
out of the scuppers in a rainbow spray
to a congregation of God-maddened gulls
screaming their witness over the stinking slip.
For leavings.

Fishermen are no keepers. One to eat,
a few to give away, and that's enough.
The scuppers might spill over, and the deck
on both sides of a walk-way might be littered
with blue-backed and white-bellied gapers staring.

I cleaned the best to haul home. Or I did
when I had carfare, or thought I could climb the fence
into the El and ride free. Now and then,
Gillis, who ran a market next to ruin,
would buy a cod or haddock for nothing a pound
and throw in a pack of Camels.

And half the time
an old clutch of black shawl with a face inside it
and a nickel in its fist would flutter aboard
like something blown from a clothes-line near a freight yard,
and squeeze a split accordion in her lungs
to wheeze for a bit of "any old fish left over,"
flashing her nickel like a badge, and singing
widowed beatitudes when I picked a good one
and wrapped it in newspaper and passed it over
and refused her ritual nickel the third time.

"I can afford to pay, son."

"Sure you can."

"Here, now, it's honest money."

"Sure it is."

"Well, take it, then."

"Compliments of the house."

"God bless you and your proud mother,"
she'd end, and take the wind back to her line.
Then the Fish Mkt man got after Dixon
for letting me steal his customers. Nickels are nickels:
for all he knew, I might be stealing from him
ought of that pocket of nothing. But I foxed him.
Next time the old shawl came I sent her off
to wait by Atlantic Avenue. (And I'm damned
if the Fish Mkt man didn't call to her
waving a flipper of old bloat, calling "Cheap!

Just right for a pot of chowder!") After that,
I made an extra bundle every night,
cleaned and filet'd, and when she wasn't there
I fed the cats, or anything else of God's
that didn't run a market.
Then five nights running
she didn't come. Which, in God's proper market
might be more mercy than all nickels are,
whoever keeps the register, whoever
folds old shawls for burial.

Some nights—
once, twice a week, or some weeks not, the ship
was chartered for a stag by the VFW,
or some lodge, or some club, though the promoter
was always the same stink in tired tout's tweed.
He rigged a rigged wheel forward on the lower deck.
Sold bootleg by the men's room. Used the Ladies'
as an undressing room for the girlie show
that squeezed its naked pinched companionway
to the main deck "salon" to do the split
or sun itself in leers, clutching a stanchion,
or, when the hat was passed, to mount the table
and play house, if not home, two at a time,
with a gorilla stinking of pomade
who came on in a bathrobe from the Ladies'.
Two shows a night, prompt as mind's death could make them
while it still had a body. And on the top deck,
for an extra quarter, Tillie the Artist's Model
undid her flickering all on a canvas screen
lashed to the back of the wheelhouse, where the Captain
keep a sharp Yankee watch for the Harbor Cruiser.

He was a good gray stick of salt, hull down
in some lost boyhood that had put to sea
with the last whales still running into myth.
And down to this, or be beached flat, keeled over
like Boston, or that hulk off the Nixie's Mate,
to stink in the mud for nothing.
Nevertheless,
It was some education in some school.
I panted at those desks of flesh flung open,
did mountains of dream homework with willing Tillie,
and, mornings, ran a cloth and a feather duster
(God knows where it came from—I'd guess Mrs. Madden
who cooked the daily chowder of leftovers
in her throbbing galley) over the counters, chairs,
and the great ark-built table, still flesh-haunted.

If it wasn't an education, it was lessons
in something I had to know before I could learn
what I was learning. Whatever there was to learn
in the stinking slips and cat-and-rat wet alleys

off the black girders and the slatted shadow
of the Atlantic Avenue El in Boston
where the edge grinding wheels of nothing screeched
something from Hell at every sooty bend
of the oil-grimed and horse-dolloped cobbles
from Federal Street to the West End's garlic ghetto,
where black-toothed whores asked sailors for a buck
but took them for a quarter, in the freight yards,
or on the loading platforms behind North Station,
or in any alley where the kids had stoned
the street lights to permission.
I took home
more than I brought with me of all Miss Blake
and Washington Irving knew of Sleepy Hollow.
(It had stayed clean and leafy I discovered
year's later—like the Captain's boyhood
waiting its fo'c'sle south of Marblehead—
yet, a day further on the same road West,
the hollows had turned grimy, and the hills
fell through tipped crowns of slag—like Beacon Hill
stumbling through trash-can alleys to Scollay Square.)

Still, I got one thing from my education.
One stag-night when the tired tout's bootleg sold
too well for what it was, four poisoned drunks
lay writhing in the stern on the lower deck
in their own spew. And one, half dead but groaning,
green in his sweat, lay choking and dry-heaving,
his pump broken. While from the deck above
girls clattered, the pimp spieled, and the crowd raved.

Dixon came after me with the tout. "Hey, kid,
got a good stomach?" Dixon said. "Yeah, sure,"
I told him, honored.
"It's a dirty job."
"What isn't?"
"Five bucks!" said the tout. "Five bucks!
Here, Johnny. Five bucks cash and you can hold it!
My God, the guy could *die*!"—and passed the five
to Dixon who spread it open with both hands
to let me see it before he put it away.
"And a deuce from me if you'll do it," he tacked on,
taking my greedy silence for resistance.

"Who do I kill?" I said, taking the line
from George Raft, probably.
"Look, kid, it's legal.
You *save* a guy!" the tout said in a spout.

"Lay off," said Dixon, and putting his hand on my shoulder,
he walked me off two paces. "It's like this.
The guy's choked full of rotgut and can't heave it.
I tried to stick my fingers down his throat

to get him started, but I just can't make it.
Kid," he said, "it takes guts I ain't got.
You got the guts to try?"
And there I was
with a chance to have more guts than a first mate,
and seven dollars to boot!
"Which guy?" I said—
only for something to say: I knew already.

"The groaner by the winch. I got a fid
to jam between his teeth if you'll reach in
and stick your fingers down his throat."
We raised him,
half sitting, with his head back on the chains,
and Dixon got the thick end of the fid
jammed into his teeth on one side. "LET'S GO, KID!"
he screamed, almost as green as the half-corpse
that had begun to tremble like a fish
thrown on the deck, not dead yet, though too dead
to buck again.
But when I touched the slime
that might have been his tongue, I couldn't make it.
"Dixon, I can't do it!"
"Well, damn your eyes,
you *said* you would. Now put up, or by God
I'll heave you over!"
"Wait a minute," I said,
catching my education by the tail.
"Can you hold him there a minute?"
"*If* he lives.
Now where the Hell you going?"
"I'll be right back,"
I called, already going, "I'll be right back."

I ran for the locker, grabbed the feather duster,
and ran back, snatching out the grimiest feather,
took out my knife, peeled off all but the tip,
then fished his throat with it, twirling the stem
till I felt him knotting up. "Evoe!" I shouted
for Bacchus to remember I remembered.
not knowing till later that I mispronounced it.
"EE-VO," not giving Bacchus all his syllables.

"Heave-ho it is!" roared Dixon and ducked aside
as the corpse spouted. "There, by God, she blows!"
And blow she did. I've never seen a man
that dirty and still alive. Except maybe the tout
clapping me on the shoulder. "You did it, kid!
By God, you did it! Johnny, didn't he do it!"

Dixon wiped his hands on the drunk's back
where he had twisted and sprawled over the winch-drum
(what reflex is it turns a dead man over
to let him retch face-down?) and fished the five

out of his pocket. "Where'd you learn that trick?"
he said as I took the money and waited for more.

I could have told him ,"Dmitri Merezhkovsky,
Julian the Apostate, but it wasn't
on Miss Blake's list, and certainly not on his.
"How about the other deuce?" I said instead.

He was holding the feather duster by the handle
and turning his wrist to inspect it from all sides
and looking down into its head of fuzz.
"What's this thing doing on a ship?" he said.

"Waiting for Romans," I told him, guessing his game
but hoping to play him off. "That's history, Dixon.
When a man went to a banquet and stuffed himself,
he'd head for a men's room called a *vomitorium.*
tickle his throat with a feather, do an upchuck,
and then start over. How about that deuce?"

"If you're so smart, then you can figure out
I said if you used your fingers."
"Hey," said the tout,
"If you ain't paying up, get back my fin!
If you can welch on this punk kid, then I can!"

"Go peddle your sewer sweat," Dixon said. "Here, kid.
You earned it right enough. Go buy yourself
more education." And stuffed into my pocket
a crumple I unfolded into—one bill,
while he went forward, shoving the tout away.

Six dollars, then. One short. But the first cash
my education ever paid, and that
from off the reading list, though of the Empire,
if not the Kingdom.
Meanwhile, the hat passed,
the crowd's roar signalling, the pomade gorilla
came from the Ladies' and pushed up the stairs
from his own *vomitorium* to the orgy
where low sisters of *meretricis honestae*
waited to mount their table through lit smoke
into my nose-to-the-window education
one deck below the Captain's Yankee eye
on watch for the Harbor Cruiser and the tide,
bearing off Thompson Island to the left,
Deer Island to the right, and dead ahead
Boston's night-glow spindled like two mists:
one on the flood-lit needle of Bunker Hill,
one on the Custom House, both shimmering out
to sit the waters of Babylon off Boston,
whose dented cup—an original Paul Revere
fallen from hand to hand—I drained like the kings
of fornication, mad for dirty wine.
And for the kingdoms opening like a book.

NOR is pleased to present to its readers Chapter One of a New Novel

by Seymour Epstein

That Sunday was typical of late October. Lavish sunlight made the trees flare, and the air seemed to be celebrating a victory of some kind. These autumn splendors always produced a restlessness in David Lang. He felt he should be traveling toward more and more varieties of this special beauty, culminating in a scene that would be the perfect emblem of the season. But even as the old dream stirred in him, other considerations acted to check any impulse to action. He realized that the very preparations needed to capture such a day would almost surely guarantee its loss. Setting out for more always brought less. Besides, there were trees in plenty where he lived. True, the view was something less than panoramic, but he had learned not to reject the available for wanting the world.

So when Hal Simons phoned mid-morning inviting him outdoors to tennis and the weather, David looked toward Dodie who was having her coffee in the breakfast room.

"It's Hal," he said.

"Yes?"

"He wants to play tennis," David informed his wife. "He says it's the last chance. The nets will be coming down next week."

"Well, then, play," said Dodie. "I'm not going to be here anyway."

"Oh? Where will you be?"

"I told you."

"Did you?"

Dodie looked at him. "Tell him yes," she said.

"Okay," David said into the phone. Then: "Just a minute—" He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Will you be taking the car?"

"It's not absolutely necessary," Dodie said.

"Wouldn't it be more convenient?"

"Yes, it would be, of course."

David removed his hand from the mouthpiece. "Could you pick me up?" he asked Hal.

"Sure."

"In about an hour?"

"The courts are going to be crowded," the other warned.

"Make it a half, then."

David hung up. He continued to sit in the armchair next to the phone. The sunlight coming through the window behind Dodie ignited the loose strands of her brown hair. Blinded by the brightness, David could not make out her face.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sure you told me, but I can't remember. Where are you going?"

"To the museum."

As she said it, there appeared in David's mind a section of a room where art books were sold. He saw the center racks on which rows of buff-colored, gold-embossed books were displayed. He tried to remember when and where he had seen those books before, but he couldn't.

"Modern Museum?" he asked.

"Yes," Dodie replied. "I see you do remember."

"Special exhibit?"

"Matisse."

"I like Matisse."

"Would you like to come?"

"I've already agreed to play tennis with Hal."

Dodie turned sideways to the table and crossed her long legs. She assumed her favorite posture—the posture of a tall woman who had never come to terms with her height—of hanging curved over her own middle, like an unsupported plant bowing to gravity. But the arc of her spine was counterbalanced by the backward tilt of her head. Her arms were interlocked across her stomach. She was not a pretty woman, although attractive in a special way. Her features, particularly her nose and mouth, were a little too heavy, too thick. All the sexy euphemisms David had applied ("sensuous," "Mediterranean," "voluptuous," "ripe") had little effect on Dodie's own estimation. She couldn't remember a time when she had accepted those features as natural to her being. They were a crude imposition, and her quite lovely green eyes had learned to stare at the world in a way that denied her other features. Actually, those features

weren't gross, just a bit too heavy, but the long emotional divorce observed by their owner had put its subtle stamp on the general composition of the face. Just as she had rejected her name, Dorothy, and had substituted her own childish mispronunciation, "Dodie," (cherished and used by her parents long after the usual period of pet names), so she had transformed her face by the power of will into a more acceptable image. Her eyes reigned. They subjugated all else. They established by imperious example a way of seeing and judging. Now she turned those eyes toward David and shook her head.

"You hate museums," she said.

"That isn't so," David replied, smiling. "I hate the *atmosphere* of museums."

"I fail to see the difference," Dodie said.

"Did you really tell me you were going?" David asked.

"I really did."

"When?"

"One day last week. I don't remember exactly what day. The day I made the arrangement with Jean Ferguson, I think."

"Is Jean your museum companion?"

"She has been before. She is today."

"Does she still wear those chippie clothes?"

"You are out of your mind. Jean has excellent taste."

"Maybe it's the way she walks. Does she really know a thing about art?"

"She has a feeling for it. What's the difference? I like being with her. A museum companion, as you call it, is not necessarily one who shares your tastes . . . just doesn't inhibit your own. Jean likes to go to museums. So do I."

David turned his eyes away from the brightness throbbing around Dodie's head. He looked down into his lap and examined the handsome plaid pattern of his robe. Regimental colors of blue and green. Viyella. Saks Fifth Avenue. Dodie's gifts were always tasteful. More, they surprised the receiver with an unexpected view of himself; a sudden enhancement through the eyes of another. She had a gift for gifts.

"I would like," David said, without raising his eyes, "for us to get back to doing things together."

Dodie tipped her head and raised her eyebrows. "Like what?" she asked. "Going to museums? "That's your fault, not mine. You simply don't enjoy yourself. That can't be helped. I don't blame you, but on the other hand I'm not going to stop going because of that. What else don't we do together?"

"Oh—everything. We used to play tennis."

"I'm not in your class."

"I'd be happy to play with you."

"You would not. You'd much rather have a fast man's game."

"We used to listen to music," David said.

"You never put a record on the machine."

"Because you don't listen with me."

"Do you need me to listen? If you wanted music, you wouldn't wait for my companionship."

"You are a necessary coefficient to everything," David said, smiling again. "Music isn't good unless you're listening with me."

"Oh, David please! . . . We go to plays together. We go to movies together. We entertain people together. We go visiting together. We eat together and talk together and sleep together. We do more things together than most people do."

David slapped his hands on the arms of the chair, pushing himself upright. He said, "True, true, and true—but I'd be willing to make a small wager that you know exactly what I mean." He walked into the breakfast room and poured a cup of coffee. "Answer me one thing," he said.

Dodie waited.

"Are you happy?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm happy."

"Why don't I believe you?" David asked.

"I can't imagine."

"Yes, you can imagine."

"Are you trying to pick a fight?"

"No."

"Please, don't," Dodie said. "I think we've had enough for one lifetime."

"I shouldn't like to think we'll never have another fight again," David said.

"Why not?"

"Our fights had vitality. They were, in a way, a passionate connection."

"I'm glad you think so," Dodie said, dullness in her voice.

David sat down in a chair diagonal to Dodie's. He leaned over and put his hand through the opening of her robe, pressing his hand against her thigh. His touch was devoid of lust.

"No," he said, "our fights were rotten. I'm glad they're done with. I'm glad we've reached some sort of peace. I think we have, and perhaps it's that that scares me. I wouldn't want it to be the peace of the dead. . . . All right, you go to the museum with Jean Ferguson, and I'll play tennis, and this evening I'll take you out to dinner."

"Lenny will be phoning this evening," Dodie reminded him.

David nodded and withdrew his hand. He saw again, in sharp detail, the book store to the right of the vestibule. This time, however, the view had expanded, and he could make out art books displayed on racks against the wall. On the other side of the room was a row of telephone booths and a counter where customers could take their purchases. The peculiar aspect of the scene was the vision that floated through it, like a spectral cinema trick, of a cloakroom he well remembered. He hadn't been to the museum in—well, a long time—but surely he couldn't be mistaken about that? There had been a cloakroom there. Or was that another museum? "Then we'll have dinner at home," he said, in reply to Dodie's reminder that their son would be calling from college, while at

the same time trying to separate this overlay of images. For he was certain that it could be no more than one of those simple displacements of memory.

"Is there a book store, just as you enter the place, to the right?" he asked.

Dodie looked puzzled. "What place?" she asked.

"The museum."

"Yes," she said. "I think there is."

David nodded.

Hal Simons was a wiry, unsmiling, obsessive player. David had met him on the courts, and as happens with two men who play a fairly equal game there had developed between them a competitiveness whose importance it was their mutual fiction to deny. They played together, they said, because they gave each other such a good game, such a good workout. The truth, however, was that it mattered greatly who won. The fact that Hal won most of the time in no way dulled the edge of their competition. He never won by much. Sets see-sawed back and forth, the extra deciding game having to be played more often than not. David was always near enough to winning to maintain an underdog striving. Hal was always near enough to losing to keep him tense. Their tennis matches were to them what sex was to suspicious lovers.

The day was perfect for tennis—bright, cool, windless. There was no waiting for a court. David and Hal volleyed for several minutes, then began a set. Hal won the serve. He took two practice shots, then whipped across a safe serve with that awkward chop of his. All David could do was scoop it up in an easy lob. Hal was at the net, where he put the ball away. The second serve was more manageable, but David, tight with caution, flubbed it into the net. He groaned.

"If it's going to be one of those days, I'll quit right now," he said. "Find yourself another man, Hal."

"Come on, come on, come on," Hal said impatiently. You'll loosen up."

They played. Hal won the first game. He won the second game as well. David felt a spasm of self-disgust. He was playing his wooden-armed worst. He counseled himself to keep his eye on the ball, take a full swing, do all those basic things he knew must be done if he was not to go down to disgraceful defeat. But his reflexes remained hobbled in a potato sack while Hal, gallingly accurate, placed his shots where he pleased. Helpless to prevent it, David observed how his own ineptitude fed Hal's confidence, until the latter dared to come up to the net on each return, risking what he would not normally risk, discovering supple possibilities out of his certain supremacy. And even while David's soul blistered in frustration, he thought of how like life this was, this ratio of perversity: my loss, your gain. He would have hesitated to express such a thought aloud, rank as it was with superstition, but in that corner of his mind where beliefs led their own lives this one was noted and stored. One man's weakness teaches another man tricks of power.

Why all of this—rage and rumination in the brilliant autumn air (with the odor of burning leaves just reaching his nostrils)—should make the turn that it did and pass through that museum book store to the right of the vestibule, David wasn't at all sure, but after a moment's reflection it seemed to have a relevance. This powerlessness he was feeling now had its counterpart in the powerlessness he had felt with Dodie. It would have been such an easy thing to say, "I'll go with you. I like Matisse," even enduring Jean Ferguson's company, which he really didn't mind so much; but there was their honesty, their deadly honesty, their terrible, armed honesty crouching behind loaded machine guns, ready to shoot at the first false gesture. As though two people—any two people!—could get through years, not to mention life, without false gestures. But that was the way Dodie wanted it. . . . *"Let's, for God's sake, be honest about what we like and what we don't like. It's so transparent when one of us does something just to please the other. And so irritating in the long run."* . . . Perhaps she was right about the transparency part of it, but he wasn't so sure what was best in the long run.

But Dodie saying so—like this malign game of tennis—was the result of certain well-founded assumptions. He had never been able to control, or at any rate conceal, his reactions. He was a dead giveaway in most situations. Surely the defeat he anticipated was written plainly across his face. Surely Hal knew he had a partner standing on the other side of the net, an invisible incubus poking an invisible tennis racket around David Lang's sneakers, hooking the handle in the crook of David Lang's arm. Just so Dodie could always see the boredom glazing his eyes as they walked through room after paralyzed room in this or that museum looking at paintings whose marvels fell upon his senses without, alas, producing a ripple. The ugliness of modernity! The suffocating surfeit of the past! And if he just could have left it at being glazed, dumb, rippleless, no doubt Dodie could have lived with his apathy tagging along like a silent mutt on a leash. But of course he couldn't leave it that way. Sooner or later, he would strain and bark. Sooner or later, he would see to it that she enjoyed it as little as he did. How often he had felt it coming, his nasty outbreak, and how often he had pleaded with himself not to give into it. But he did, he did—just as now he ran too close to the ball, telling himself *please* to measure his distance, but running too close just the same, trapping himself into that crippled swing that put the ball where Hal could tap it to the other side of the court with joyless efficiency.

Really, it was like serving a life sentence, living with a body so little responsive to his wishes. It wasn't that he was physically incapable of hit-

ting the ball properly. He had done it often enough in the past, played whole sets with ease and form. There was nothing ineluctable in this nauseating performance. Nor was there anything inelutable in his museum behavior with Dodie. They were, the two circumstances, different cells of the same prison. No one had condemned him to this prison but himself. It was not a question of trying harder—trying harder usually meant lashing about more violently in his confinement. All he had to do was ask that other self of his who stood outside the bars to open the damn door. That other self had the key. Always. And he must remember that he would be forty-eight before Christ's next birthday, and it was very likely he would go lashing around in this ridiculous imprisonment until he was too feeble to try to break out. His life, his precious life, that he had looked upon as a continual preparation for ultimate accomplishments and realizations was developing the crooked smile of a loser.

David could see that smile as he was about to execute his backhand futility against a drive that wouldn't have given trouble to a player of even moderate competence, and he felt a cold contempt for the clown who would not only lose the point but lose it with so much effort. In the instant before swinging his racket, David ceased to care, truly ceased to care about the winning and losing. He took a half-step away from the ball he had wooed with such clumsy ardor, gripped his racket tightly, brought his arm and body back, and then released a pliant swing that sent the ball skimming over the net well out of Hal's reach. On Hal's next serve, David again measured his distance and stroked the ball with caressing indifference, delivering a hard flat drive that touched the foul line on the far side of Hal's motionless surprise. He went on in a passion of disinterestedness to win the game, the set, the day.

"And what the hell happened to you?" Hal demanded sourly, as they walked off the court. "I mean like from one second to the next?"

"I discovered the key," David replied.

"You discovered nothing," Hal said. "Are they still charging six bucks for thirty minutes?"

David laughed. It had occurred to him during his spell of self-mastery that Hal would seek and find no other explanation but this, a couple of secret sessions with a pro, a little surprise reserved for the dramatically perfect moment. For how else does a man improve? Like that? He buys his improvement from an expert, that's how. David knew that much about Hal, and he also knew that their acquaintance could never extend beyond the confines of a tennis court. What conversations they had had convinced David that Hal's curiosities ended where his own began.

He said, "Frankly, Hal, I suddenly realized that you were not the man to beat. I was."

Hal nodded. David understood the nod and smiled. It meant: *shit.*

They walked to Hal's car, got in, and drove away. David glanced at his watch. He would be home in a few minutes. He did not as a rule mind being alone, but the thought of waiting for this particular day to burn itself to a blue ash troubled him. He knew there would be no comfortable reading of the *New York Times* today, anticipating as he did the pervasiveness of Dodie's absence. He saw again the art book room in the museum. That now-familiar vision was beginning to tease at him like a musical theme he was trying to remember.

"What do you do with your Sundays?" he asked Hal, both to divert his mind and because of a sudden desire to know whether there was indeed no more to his dour-faced companion than tennis games and that Wall Street area stationery store.

"Watch football," Hal replied promptly. "Professional. I don't like college games."

"Is there that much difference?"

"Christ, yes. They're two different sports."

A skeptical snort escaped David. That kind of statement wasn't meant to be taken literally, of course, but he had always found these sport fan exaggerations a little annoying. After all, he had watched both professional and college games, and anyone who would claim a substantial difference between the two was blowing up his little expertise like a puffer fish.

"Oh, come on, now," he said. "What the hell's the difference? Really?"

"You ever watch football?" Hal asked.

"Sure I have."

"Then you should know."

"What should I know?" David asked, not entirely successful in concealing his irritation. "The same number of men, the same rules, the same uniforms, the same playing field, the same running back and forth from the benches after each play. The pros may be better, but please don't tell me they're playing a different sport."

"I'm not telling you a thing," Hal rejoined, turning his head, shrugging, high in his disdain. "If you don't see the difference, you don't see the difference."

They drove in silence. David looked out the window. It was absurd, feeling angry about a thing like this, but it was an absurdity to match the one that had made their tennis games such soul-wrenching contests. Why *had* they played with such stupid ferocity, dragging away from each defeat such a stupid load of bitterness? Quite simply because *they didn't like each other.* That obscured fact suddenly glowed like a nova in their unexplored universe. Not merely as tennis opponents, but as men; because he had played with many different men in the past, men no better than himself, and losing had never occasioned the kind of inner abrasions he experienced when he lost to Hal Simons. No, clearly he had found the cause. It was a personal thing. He didn't like Hal. Hal didn't like him. To lose to someone you don't like was more than a blow to the ego; it threatened

one's whole delicate and complex system of values—values which, given fairly equal conditions, should provide one with minor triumphs. A day of discovery. He felt better. Thank goodness the season was over. He wouldn't have to face Hal again with the embarrassment of his new knowledge.

"Maybe you're right," David said at last, feeling a valedictory forgiveness toward the man whose acquaintance he could end at the ideal moment. "I guess I'm not a real football enthusiast. Maybe I'd see it if I were."

Hal made a noise in his throat.... *"You bet your ass!"*... David smiled.

They came to David's house. David opened the door of the car, got out, then leaned in again to offer his hand to Hal. Hal took it.

David said, "All in all, Hal, you're a better player."

"We're about even," Hal returned, with autumnal grace.

Before going upstairs to shower, David gathered the sections of the *New York Times* from the breakfast room and living room. After showering, he lay down on his bed wrapped in a terry cloth robe, the paper beside him. He searched for the book review section, always his first choice. He began to read the lead review, and after two columns felt sleep gather at the back of his head and curl forward like a soft gray wave....

The dream began with himself in a large, stately home. The foyer was spacious, and to his right a staircase led up to the second floor. He was wearing a navy blue overcoat, and the feeling was that he had been summoned here for some very grave reason. A man appeared, someone he didn't know but who knew him. The man put a hand on his shoulder and at the instant he did that, apprehension seized the dreamer's heart. Together they mounted the stairs, the man murmuring consolatory words. Then they were in front of a door, a large door with a large bronze doorknob deep and intricate in its chasing. Still holding a hand on his shoulder (which he oddly saw rather than felt), the man reached for the doorknob and opened the door several inches. Inside the room, Dodie was lying on a bed, naked, knees drawn up and apart, receiving with dreaming ecstasy the deliberate, energetic thrusts of the stranger above her. Hoarsely, David cried out, struggling in the dream against the dream, knowing in the dream there would be an awakening. Dodie and the stranger heard his cry and turned to him. Dodie's eyes were pitying, asking silently that the man with David lead him away from the terrible sight. The stranger, too, showed compassion, waving him away from the door. This solicitude for his feeling was at once grotesque and moving. The horror was not his alone. They shared it with him. But that did not end it. The stranger resumed the act; the man with a hand on his shoulder began to shut the door; and the thought of being closed off from the scene administered a jolt of dread infinitely worse than anything he had witnessed. He struggled again toward the wakefulness that would rid him of this anguish, knowing in his dream that it was a dream, but still unable to relieve the pressure crushing his heart. With a sob, he awoke.

Opening his eyes and looking at the familiar objects of the bedroom, David restored, item by item, the truth of his life. There was his dresser, there Dodie's, there the mirror before which Dodie applied her creams and cosmetics, there the wicker basket, there the silk screened abstraction of the Japanese artist, there the electric clock that informed David that he had been asleep for less than an hour. He lay unmoving, breathing deeply, as after an immense exertion, the dream still in him like a great clot. His very blood washed at it, crumbled it, dissolved it in reality.

David picked up the book review section again and tried to read, but the shock of the dream had so quickened the pulse of his body that he could not give himself to the sense of the words. While every nerve remained steeped in the relief of knowing that the dream was only a dream, a covert dog's-snout of curiosity sniffed back to the nightmare that had so frightened him. With mixed terror and fascination, he reconstructed fragments of the dream: Dodie seen with a voyeur's eyes in the act of love; that strange aura of woe and lasciviousness; the tender regard for his feelings displayed by the oneric cast assembled in the underworld of his mind . . . and again Dodie, Dodie, legs drawn up and apart, that entranced look. . . .

Getting quickly off his bed, he dressed and went downstairs. He headed straight into the kitchen and rummaged about for some food. It was not yet three in the afternoon. He had no hope of seeing Dodie before five o'clock, and the two intervening hours stretched before him like a desert. How he longed to see her! Never, not even in those aching weeks before Dodie had accepted him as lover, as possible husband, had he so longed to see her! The dregs of his dream had produced a poignance that he wished to give her, quickly in full flush, because it was at least as true of him as all the resentments and recriminations encrusting their lives. That poignance, warm and confessional, would release him from his stiff-necked, destroying *attitudes*, and he would be able to tell her of his regard, his love.

Therefore he must find something to do, some brainless, unimportant activity that would keep him occupied until she returned. Drive around in the car? He didn't have the car. Dodie had taken it. David went to the window in the living room, looked out, saw across the street a pyramid of brown leaves. Yes. That. He would rake the leaves. Front and back, he would rake the leaves, every last one.

He went to the garage and found the rusty rake

he had bought some twelve years ago when he and Dodie had moved into their lovely, half-timber, English Tudor house, house of his dreams (careful about dreams), and he had tended lawns and shrubs and gutters and walks with a city boy's rootless passion for property. He had lost his passion for property, but his enjoyment of the house and the trees remained.

The day had become overcast. The leaves covering the back lawn announced their death more brownly than they had done in sunlight. David raked, beginning at the edges and working in toward the center. When he had completed the back lawn, he walked around to the front and began there. Heaping his second pyramid of leaves, he thought to transport it to the back and prepare a smoky offering to the season, but he remembered reading somewhere a city ordinance forbidding such fires. Was that only for certain times? Certain places? Dodie would know. Dodie knew about such things. But hadn't he seen white columns of smoke rising that day? Surely he had smelled burning leaves. The hell with it. He would do it. He went to the garage for the bushel basket, and he filled it with leaves which he carted to the back and showered over the pile there. All dry, these leaves. They would burn. He took matches from his pocket and started the fire. Then he returned to the front for the remainder of the leaves, and there was the car in the driveway, and there was Dodie standing on the front steps looking quite perfect in her white turtleneck sweater and tweed suit. David's heart performed a surprised genuflection at the sight of her.

"I'm burning leaves," he said.

"I don't think you're supposed to," she said.

"I wondered," he said. "I'll take the chance. I love the smell."

"So do I."

"And how was Matisse?" he asked.

Dodie smiled, and David saw again the art book room to the right of the vestibule. He saw the rack where the buff-colored, gold-embossed books were displayed. As though to rid him at last of the perplexity of the scene, the figure of a friend, Arthur Gerson, appeared before the rack.

"It was lovely!" Dodie said, her voice soft with beauty it couldn't hope to express. "Unbelievably lovely!"

And then David knew that he had never had a meeting with Arthur at that museum. This image was not his; this memory not his. He knew that Arthur was Dodie's lover, and that it was Dodie herself who had given him this information. But he continued to smile at her, a part of him still celebrating her sudden presence on the steps of the house. His dream had been more than a portent, and now his life was changed, but he kept sealed off the nerve of acknowledgment for a few more heartbeats, then he looked down at the still green grass combed ragged from his rake.

"And how is Arthur?" he asked.

Dodie had turned to the door and was reaching for the knob when he asked his question. She remained so, hand poised, and her face was marked with the same poignance he had wished to give to her no more than an hour or so ago.

THEY CALL THIS QUARTER FRENCH

They call this quarter French,
though blessings here are colder
than their beer who loot the runeless
and convert the commerce of my closest
hour to base sandwiched coin.

They call this quarter French,
where currency is fenced from black
iron hearts and every gate gapes wide
on neon ghosts, a bitter loaf carved
from time's long bones.

They call this quarter French,
where no one has died for love or art
or made a masterpiece of either
since both became the meat of Fortune's
grope.

I am alien, from a corner of this state

where they would say, *without a parson*
love is the soul's death by misadventure,
whiskey for wounds of one kind
or another, and nothing is sold
except what can be bought.

Art there is rare as the Roc's
prodigious turd, and pain and sun
and Jesus choked always within
a single lost blind testament,
stitched into the homespun of our souls.

But I have seen bodies fused by
fire in a motel, the black bed blazed,
they guessed, by some great spark
without a certain cause. There
should be monuments to the stark brew
we drank and, one drained day bleeding a
pinestenched rain, I yet may find
the words to tell you why.

Up there my father paid insurance
claims on artful madmen's broken cars,
on whiplash lies, on
those whose word was better than their bond,
and roughnecks who swore chunks
of crumbling derrick in their eyes.

None of my old neighbors would grasp
this place or do well in its midst.
For them sin is the undertow of
our blood's goal: those who drown
in painting or in gin or voyagers
past Hercules, lost on the way to Nineveh,
gone down in the sea's sharp groin.

For them, sin and its capaciousness,
grand as the fiend's wide cloak,
is a form of art, a mean demanding love,
a long dive beyond fearing.

To find a place where it is counterfeit,
offered in a stall, would make them
question grace and doom and fists and sanity.
Which is most likely why they write to me
and ask about The Quarter, *is it French?*
I write back and say, *come see,*
not surprised to see they never come.

—John William Corrington

Yahweh Came From Seir

A Critical-Historical Study of Israel's Encounter With Her God

by Roy A. Rosenberg

One of the observations made throughout the ages is, to quote the version of Howland Spencer,

How odd of God
To choose the Jews.

The idea of the universal God's choice of one particular people to spread the true faith among the families of men seems, to say the least, illogical. Modern biblical scholarship, however, enables us to better understand this concept of "chosenness." In the ancient Semitic world every people had its god: Marduk was the god of Babylon, Kemosh was the god of Moab, Melkart was the god of Tyre, etc. Yahweh was the god of Judah and Israel, and was conceived in the earliest period not as the god of the entire world, but as the god of his people and of the regions in which they dwelt (or in which they had the ambition to some day settle). Biblical religion in its later evolution came to teach, particularly in the inspired words of the Second Isaiah (about 540 B.C.), that Yahweh was indeed the God of the entire world. The Jews, as the only surviving people who had been devoted to him in ages past, were to serve as the "witnesses" to his divine kingship. Hence the One God "chose" the Jews, not in the days when He was already worshipped as the One God, but in the earlier period when he was but one deity among many.

Inquiry may be made as to how Yahweh first came to be associated with Israel. A scientific reading of the Patriarchal history in the Book of Genesis shows us that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob paid homage, not to Yahweh, but to El, the father-god of the Canaanite pantheon. He was known in the Patriarchal traditions by a number of titles, but most frequently as El Shaddai ("the Mountain One"). The intrusion of the name "Yahweh" in the Patriarchal narratives is the work of the later biblical editors, for Exodus 6:3, addressed to Moses, states, "I appeared unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as El Shaddai, but my name Yahweh I did not make known to them." Thus we learn that the worship of Yahweh was unknown in Israel until the time of Moses.

The cult of Yahweh in Israel, at the earliest period, was the responsibility of the descendants and relations of Moses known as Levites. We find considerable evidence linking these Levites to the Calebite clans that settled in the regions of Hebron and Bethlehem. I Chronicles 2 tells us that Caleb married Ephrat or Ephratah, whose name has been given to the region of Bethlehem in Judah, that the sons of Caleb included Mareshah the father of Hebron, and that the sons of Hebron included Korah, the Levite who rebelled against Moses (Numbers 16). Another tradition (Exodus 6:18) names Hebron as the son of Kehat the son of Levi. Whether we take Hebron as descendant of Caleb or Levi, it is apparent that the city of Hebron, formerly called Kiryat-Arba, early became a center of the cult of Yahweh. It is to Hebron, for example, that Absalom goes when he wishes to give thanks to Yahweh for his safe return to Jerusalem (II Samuel 15:7). An attempt to harmonize these two traditions about Hebron is found in Joshua 21:9ff. There it is stated that Kiryat-Arba was given to the "family of Kehat who belonged to the Levites," while the fields and the surrounding villages were given to Caleb. This directly contradicts the tradition of Joshua 12:13f and Judges 1:20 that the city of Hebron itself became the possession of Caleb. The true solution to the difficulty lies in the realization that, contrary to what later tradition taught, there was originally no separate "tribe" of Levi. The Levites were the cultic functionaries associated with the nomadic Calebites and related clans.

To the tradition that Joshua gave Caleb the region of Hebron we must juxtapose the statement of Josephus (Antiquities 5,2,3) that the land near Hebron was apportioned to the progeny of Jethro, who had left his own land to accompany Israel in the wilderness. The connection between Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, and Caleb lies in the fact that the father-in-law of Moses is called a "Kenite" (Judges 1:16, 4:11), while Caleb is described as an ancestor of the Kenites (I Chronicles

2:55) and a Kenizzite (Numbers 32:14, Joshua 14). The Kenizzites and Kenites were related clans specializing in copper and iron work. Biblical tradition recalls that both of these groups became part of the tribe of Judah (Numbers 13:6, I Samuel 30:29).* Before the absorption of the Kenites into Judah, however, they were in close association with Amalek (I Samuel 15:6). The key to all of these involved relationships among Levites, Kenites, Kenizzites, etc., is to be found in Genesis 36, which contains the table of the descendants of Esau or Edom, and of Seir the Hurrian. Here we find that Yitran, which is linguistically the same as Jethro, is a descendant of Seir, while Reuel, another name applied to the father-in-law of Moses (Exodus 2:18), is a son of Esau. Korah appears as a son of Esau and a Hurrian woman, while Eliphaz the son of Esau, well known from the Book of Job, is named as the father of both Amalek and Kenaz. The implications of these details is clear: Levites, Kenites, Kenizzites and Amalekites are all to be derived from the mixed Hurrian-Aramean population of the Negeb and Transjordan which the Bible traces to the patriarch Esau. As to Yahweh himself, it is well known that earliest tradition visualized him as coming from the land of Seir. Judges 5:4 reads,

> Yahweh, when thou didst go forth from Seir,
> When thou didst march from the plateau of Edom,
> The earth trembled, the heavens dropped,
> Yea, the clouds dropped water.

And Deuteronomy 33:2 tells us,

> Yahweh came from Sinai
> and dawned from Seir upon us;
> He shone forth from Mount Paran,
> and came from Meribath-Kadesh.

It is interesting that Deuteronomy 2:29, reflecting the levitical influence under which the Book of Deuteronomy was written, preserves the tradition that during the Exodus Israel passed through the territory of "the sons of Esau who dwell in Seir." Numbers 20:14ff., however, reflecting a later period of bitter enmity between Judah and Edom, claims that Edom refused to allow Israel to traverse its land.

It is possible that the tribe of Judah itself, as well as the associated tribe of Simeon, was in origin a coalescence of the nomadic Edomite clans that revered Yahweh. Genesis 26:34 names "Judith the daughter of Be'eri the Hittite" as one of Esau's wives, "Judith" being a feminine form of "Judah." These clans left the Negeb to settle in the hill country north of Beersheba. The name "Yehudah" (Judah) is the only one of the twelve Israelite tribal names to contain the element "Yehu," signifying the tribe's allegiance to Yahweh.

*Archeological work beginning in 1962 has uncovered a Temple of Yahweh at Arad, dating from the time of the Judean monarchy. This was in all likelihood a sanctuary of the Kenites, since Judges 1:16 indicates that they had settled in Arad. For a report on the excavations at Arad, see *The Biblical Archaeologist* 31 (February, 1968).

As we might expect, the Levites, the cultic functionaries of Yahweh, are associated at an early date with Judah. Aaron's wife is the sister of Nahshon, "prince" of Judah (Exodus 6:23). In Judges 17 and 18, the priest in the tale is called both a "Levite" and a "Judean." At the end of the story his name is given as Jonathan the son of Gershom the son of Moses. Coming from Bethlehem in Judah, he settled first in the hills of Ephraim and was then spirited away by the Danites to the north. Similarly the Levite of Judges 19 dwells in the hills of Ephraim, but his concubine, and presumably he himself, had come from Bethlehem. These tales thus reflect the migration of levitic families from Judah northward.

Since tradition portrays the custody of the Ark of Yahweh as the most important of the levitic liturgical tasks, it may be assumed that the priests of the sanctuaries of Shiloh and Nob, who flourished during the time of Samuel and Saul, were derived from the Levites. They held custody of the Ark until its capture by the Philistines (I Samuel 4). Names like Aḥivah, Aḥimelek and Aḥitub persist among this line through several generations. We learn, therefore, that these levitical priests were particularly devoted to the invocation of Yahweh as the Divine Brother (Ah). The name of the only priest of Nob to survive the slaughter by Saul does not follow the pattern, however. He is Abiathar, a name which means "the Father is Yeter" (i.e., Jethro). The priestly house of Shiloh and Nob thus revered Jethro as an ancestor, and invoked Yahweh as his (and hence their) Brother. Yahweh as the Brother of Jethro is, more precisely, the *'amm* of Jethro's descendants, the "father's brother" who, among the nomadic tribes of Arabia of this day, functions as the head of the extended family.

It is because Moses had married into the family of Jethro (and Yahweh) that his descendants and relations became the Levites (*lewiim*), the "consorts" of Yahweh. The root *lwy* is kin to Akkadian *lawū* and Arabic *lawā'*, "to twist, turn." There are also two words in Hebrew and Aramaic for wife or consort, *liwyah* and *lewiyyah*, derived from *lwy*. The Levites as the consorts of Yahweh accompanied him on his journeys.

We learn from Deuteronomy 32:10 that Israel became Yahweh's son by adoption:

> He found him in a desert land,
> in the howling waste of the wilderness;
> He encircled him, he cared for him,
> he kept him as the apple of his eye.

(This describes the adoption of Israel by Yahweh. The clans making up Judah had been devoted to him from a much earlier date.) Moses, who had married into the family of Yahweh, united Israel in a covenant bond with Yahweh. Part of the Yahwist tradition was that the deity was destined to become lord not only of Seir, Judah and nearby regions, but also of the more fertile areas to the

north. To conquer these regions, however, he needed a people that was on the move, in search of a homeland. Hence the union of Israel and Yahweh. (That the cult of Yahweh was in origin pre-Israelite is confirmed by the pre-historic and semi-legendary tradition of Genesis 4:26, which ascribes it to the time of Enosh, the second generation after Adam. It is significant that the son of Enosh is Keynan, the eponymous ancestor of the Kenites.)

It was the desire of Israel to settle in Canaan that brought about the identification of Yahweh with El, the god of Canaan who had been invoked in his various manifestations by the Patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Israel accepted Yahweh only after being convinced that he and the "god of the Fathers" were one. The god who came from Seir and found Israel in the wilderness did not countenance the use of images, but El's cult, stemming from the sophisticated urban centers of northern Mesopotamia, Syria and Canaan, knew of no such prohibition. Those who venerated the bull at Sinai, and later at Jeroboam's temple in Bethel after the separation of Israel from Judah, merely worshipped "Bull El," though they called him "Yahweh," in accordance with the customs of the Patriarchs. The non-Israelite Levites, however, who first brought the cult of Yahweh to Israel, showed their loyalty to their ancestral form of Yahwism by their slaughter at Sinai of those who had bowed the knee to the bull. (Exodus 32:-26ff.)

It was the union of the cult of Yahweh with that of El that made possible first, the conquest of Canaan in the name of Yahweh, then the expansion of the claim of Yahweh to dominion "from the wadi of Egypt to the river Euphrates" and, as the Jewish exiles returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, the proclamation by Second Isaiah of Yahweh as the universal Divine King.

OF R.H.

(June 23: had dinner with R.H. & wife & kids. Afterwards, conversation alone with R.H.: he is in love with C.)

A life unhinged—the
stuff of good art. Or
an age unhinged. Bob,
we have spoken of
watching and writing.

But what did I seem
last night? Surely
you knew me a watcher.
And with what designs
on your passion?

I was a spy
for my poem. Have
we not confessed, one
to another, the curious
thrill of betrayal?

Knowing me, you
whispered secrets,
opened the doors
of apartments. And I?
Did I smile like love?

—John E. Matthias

Eulogy

by Shael Herman

I didn't know any poets
till I met my Hebrew teacher
though at ten I wasn't much
on poetry/
people talked about him
a strange old man
they'd say, noting
the way he walked like a prisoner
his hands locked behind him
always pacing back and forth
humming sad tunes
staring up the street
while his blind wife sat on the porch
knitting
or swept the steps
they say he rented/& that's all
most folks knew

my dad said he was from Poland
he had been here 20 years
teaching for 50 dollars a month
in good times
for nothing in bad ones
my first lesson from him
was that anything I did
had to be very good
at services he always sat in the front
so he could hear
he corrected you in front of everyone
waving his finger like a big carrot
then reaching over your shoulder
to the place you went wrong
his three tufts of hair
bristling like dandelions
you were always catching your breath
and trying to keep from going red

from anger or embarrassment
usually he was right
and all the kids sat behind him
laughing at you
waving their hands in their ears
when you got caught;
when you were very bad
you went to his study
lined with dogeared notebooks
and yellowed Bibles
that he still used
he crossed his bony legs
and sat with one arm
over the chairback
his hand supporting his head
the skin around his elbow
puckered like a rhino's hoof
he put down his cigar
with half-chewed gum on the tip
and spoke with a heavy Polish accent
his voice always sounding like it
came through a cheap tape recorder
he begged softly
always for the sake of your people
your heritage
not to play baseball
when you had lessons
I was looking at the trees

He was best the day before Yom Kippur
the cigar in one hand
waving his carrot finger
across his face
as he told about the suffering Jews
how some old rabbis in Spain
got stretched on a rack
and were combed with steel teeth
for their religion
he was good on Hitler
and each year he buried the blade
a little deeper / it was the only time
he ever cursed
you could see the gas chambers
going up block by block
the endless lines of naked children
moving from cattle cars
rabbis mopping the gutters
with their tongues
while the SS strapped them
with belts / he told us
how they made human lampshades and soap
piled the bodies ten deep
in ditches,

the older ones first
because they burned faster
and how things hadn't changed much
since then
so we should honor our religion
(though I think his daughter converted).

five years ago
I went to New York with him
the same gaunt man
trudging to the platform—
his hands still locked behind him
to get an award
and scholars surrounded him
wherever he went
he spoke to them in hollow whispers
I remember I was very impressed
and felt bad when he had to eat custard
all the time because he had
throat cancer and how terrible
it must be for one poet to lose
his greatest gift
when we got home
the old man had an operation
after that he never spoke at all
every day he got thinner
his eye sockets hollowed
from staring at death too long
reminding me of a rabbi
I'd heard about
his elbows were all puckers
when he tried to talk
there was only a rattle
like the scratching of dry leaves
caught by a wind
I never saw him again
he died while I was away
and I don't know who went to the funeral
I have heard that a student
read a few of his poems
but there was no eulogy

II

before Yom Kippur
he spilled ghetto stories
like a torn sack / first came
the pacing behind his desk
then the sad lament
of a wandering peddler
who tells stories when he
can't sell / he liked
to tell us about an officer

he met when he was ten:
early one morning the Germans
came thru
shattering glass
crashing in doors / their fists
making angry shadows
beneath a corner lamp;
a huge captain
faceless in a helmet and jackboots
broke into the attic
trampled chairs and trunks
knocked the boy's grandma
to the floor / when he left
there were papers and photos every-
where / that night
the family huddled around the candles
and sang
about midnight
there was a knock
his grandmother limped to the back
crying the raid had started again
it was the captain
this time politely begging to hear
an opera
he'd found among the records
that morning / for four hours
he lay on their couch
and listened
motionless
except when he puffed
a cigarette in his silver holder
not knowing the family was in the kitchen
praying

they came out when he began to talk
about himself:
how the SS forced him to help
and he couldn't see his wife
till all the Jews were gone
how he never mixed pleasure and work
it was just another job
but he liked bartending better
then he was gone / a week later
the Jews were too
the old man told this story
when I was ten
even then he hadn't figured it out;
he only remembered the trains.

III

When I grew up
I learned that Jews aren't much

on religion or heritage
except during wars
but I missed the old man
because he believed
sometimes
like my last summer in Germany
I felt him looking over my shoulder
and remembered what he'd said
things hadn't changed much there;
though you usually had to scratch
to find out
that night I was in a train station
not even scratching
it was crowded
drunk soldiers flowed over the platform
and marched back and forth
to keep warm / the tired ones
knotted up and sang
or jingled change
till it was time
we met somewhere outside Berlin
a German soldier came into the compartment
where I was stretched out
on a seat / he was frail and drunk
his tie drooping over the beatup army jacket
and he kept getting up
to chase girls down the hall

he was a butcher by trade / and we talked
about useless things at first—
baseball, girls, German beer
then he asked why I was lying down
and I said I was relaxing
he began to stutter, the beer
drizzling down his chin in soft foam
Americans had no sense of duty
he hammered it to the wall
and I stared at it all night
he bragged about Hitler
and German destiny
and the master race / and how
it was OK to kill a few Jews
when Americans were shooting Negroes
by the thousands

then my teacher was back / his hair
bristling again
just like the day before Yom Kippur
asking in his Polish accent
if I remembered the concrete blocks
the bearded skeletons
and the lampshade jokes

When I awoke
the German boy was gone
I got off the train and looked around
not much different from the movies
except for some dirty kids
marching up the platform
with toy rifles / in my pocket
I found a picture post card of Kennedy
with
LET'S BE FRIENDS – KURT
across the back.

IV

Then there was my German job
rolling thru the hills
I thought of the old man
and how he used to finish his sermons
saying nice Jewish boys
couldn't know his terror;
we were three hours into the hills
when we found the place
on the edge of a village
with cow manure along its cobblestone
streets / a wide plain moving away from it
and the hills squeezed round
like rough knuckles in dough
someone said Rommel built it
but he never decided what to do
with the 40 mph winds
and gray 30 degree weather
all summer / no one else had either
but the men got off work
whenever the sun came out.

In the bushes around the camp
you could see silver missles
pointed east / there was no time
for peace / the first day
I went around with my boss
a blue-eyed blonde who sold whiskey
before he joined up / first we saw
Otto, the VW man, a tall guy
with ears glued on his head
like loving cup handles
he tried a '59 on me, bragging
the whole time how he bathed his kids
in ice water to make them tough,
immobile
the VW was too.
Then came room hunt;
the first was in a beer hall
with a fat woman bartender

who didn't shave her armpits;
She was OK I thought;
but the German shepherds weren't.
the next place was as nice:

young Germans
some with scarred cheeks
others one arm shy
sat at wooden tables
covered with beer bottles
or threw knives at a dart board
we ate supper there and my boss
talked about his Hamburg weekend
I'll bet you didn't know
a man could spend $1000 in 3 days
on horses and sheep / but
he was quite a lover

I left the next morning
rolling thru manure piles
and foothills / on the bus
I talked to a young soldier
who amused himself
by whispering to his sleeping wife
that she'd get it
like her folks did—
2 bullets from the SS.
As I rode
the old man floated
in front of me / his cigar
waving thru blue smoke
he made the same sermon:
nice Jewish boys like me
could not know his terror

THE PUPPETEER

That cheering is the puppeteer's unmercy.
He has forgotten his naked hands fingering
Her entrails, her lungs, in the oven mouth.
Children bubble tears at her breast.
Like crepe paper at a parade her mind
Streams away. The sun, by repeating himself,
Learns not to hear her scream, joins the parade.
She knows this, but her mind streams away pleading
To the sun. Her ashes fatten habitual earth.
Down the final jaws the puppeteer dances
The cooked children. How can the stones, the trees,
How can you and I, ever swallow again?

—Robert Pack

The Reel Finnegans Wake

by Bernard Benstock

The process from novel into film results in a product which is both a separate entity and a by-product which invites comparison with the original. It is possible for the film to be a better work of art, although this is rather rare, unless the novel was very bad to begin with. Or the film might lessen the tendency to comparison by achieving a distinction of its own apart from the merits of the source material. There is a predisposition, however, toward denigrating the achievement if it uses the novel for its basis but fails to accept the challenge of transferring novel into film. It is obvious that the devotee of a particular book is going to be a difficult customer to please when he sees it tampered with radically—or even butchered wholesale. To such an aficionado it is a foregone conclusion that *Finnegans Wake*, for example, can never be anything but the book that James Joyce wrote; yet we have seen a film version of it before our very eyes this afternoon. A novel that presumably takes 100 to 1,000 hours for an adequate reading has just passed through us in 97 minutes, although I doubt that any student who needs to have read the book for an examination will be able to answer questions on the basis of this particular crib.

What I am concerned with in the next few minutes is not film criticism. I have no intention of judging the entertainment value of "Passages from Finnegans Wake," or even the degree of intellectual satisfaction derivable from the film. I am concerned only with its relevance to Joyce's book. Since only a fragment of the work can be exposed to cinematic treatment, I am not going to estimate its faithfulness to the original, but emphasize those aspects of Joyce's *Wake* which are essential, those elements which must be governing principles in the transformation of *Finnegans Wake* the novel into *Finnegans Wake* the film, or the stage play, or the opera, or the comic strip. I will be presenting my criteria for approaching the *Wake*, what I consider intrinsic in the work.

To begin with, *Finnegans Wake* is structured sequentially. This may not be particularly apparent to the reader who is conditioned by the development of a narrative line in a work of fiction. Nonetheless, there is a time scheme as well as a fundamental structure that governs Joyce's novel, especially in the interaction of the cyclical and the spiral continua. The external structure, which divides the material into four books of eight, four, four, and one chapters (in turn suggesting four fours plus a ricorso), is intended for the book format only and need not be transmitted into a film version. But other structural elements can and should. The generation sequence is of primary importance: the *Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* maintains that the progression exists in terms of the Book of the Parents, the Book of the Sons, and the Book of the People, with the last chapter as ricorso. An alternate view is that the first chapter (evolving from the incomplete sentence of the last) concerns the grandfather figure, Finnegan himself, whose fall is instrumental as the seminal theme in the *Wake*. During his wake he is resurrected, but time has passed (a generation or an eon) and Finnegan is replaced by his successor (probably his son-in-law), Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, the father figure. Just as the first chapter focuses on the fall, death, wake, and resurrection of Finnegan:

> The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan (3.18–19)
>
> Dimb! He stottered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! (6.9–10)
>
> Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye diie? (6.13)
>
> Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad (24.16–17)

so the second chapter introduces Earwicker as the

central character of much of the novel's action. His arrival by sea (as a Viking invader, as Noah disembarking on dry land, as an Eastern potentate on his barge) is also an important germinal incident, anticipated in the last paragraph of the first chapter:

> Humme the Cheapner, Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym, came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turbane dhow, **The Bey for Dybbling,** this archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklow-pattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong updipdripping from his depths. (29.18–25)

The motif of the maritime invader is reworked over and over again in the *Wake,* reaching its fullest development in the Tavern scene anecdote of the Norwegian Captain.

But this is in time past, a time past that keeps recurring throughout. The present concerns an established Earwicker, pubkeeper in Chapelizod, husband of Anna Livia, and father of Shem, Shaun and Issy. The second half of Book One does much to establish the identities of the other four members of the immediate family, after the first half had concentrated on Earwicker himself. Book Two is divided evenly between the children as children and Earwicker on the night of his fall, culminating in the-dream-within-the-dream. Earwicker's dream is primarily concerned with the son who is his favorite and his chosen successor, and Book Three is essentially that dream, in which Shaun undergoes the rise and fall that echoes his father's and grandfather's—the last chapter recording an interruption in which the children are seen at dawn as infants. With the final ricorso, dawn breaks into day and Anna Livia records her final monologue concerning her husband and sons, addressing it to her father. The family pattern of three generations (including the crone who wanders through the events as Kate the Slop, cleaning up the pub) is vital to the fictional format of *Finnegans Wake*: one of Issy's footnotes labels them the "Doodles Family," using ideographs to depict Earwicker, Anna Livia, Finn, Kate, Issy, Shem and Shaun.

The cyclical pattern of three successive ages and a ricorso returning to the first age; the spiral pattern from chaos and barbarism through civilization and decadence to a stage of renewal; the generation pattern from Finn through Earwicker to his sons, their quarrel and reconciliation, and the woman's role in putting the pieces back together again—each of these is inherent in Joyce's masterpiece. Nor can the basic incidents of the plot be ignored, although here the time sequence is only suggested, repetitive patterns superseding lineal construction. The narrative line of *Finnegans Wake,* despite digressions, interruptions, editorial notations, and instant replays with variations, involves the sin committed by Earwicker one night in Phoenix Park, his encounter with the Cad the next day at the same spot, and the digging up of the letter in the midden heap by Biddy the hen—the letter that contains either an account of the sinful event or an exoneration of the guiltridden Earwicker. The dream which is *Finnegans Wake* is the dreamer's attempt to find vindication in the botched manuscript, while censoring and suppressing the incriminating evidence that his guilty mind keeps uncovering. Lucifer having been "hurtleturtled out of heaven" (5.17-18) is duplicated in Finnegan's fall from the "offwall," while Adam's fall from grace is enacted by Earwicker in his transgression in Phoenix Park. It is night. Earwicker is seen walking through the park. He finds the public convenience closed—

> thinconvenience being locked up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers abusing the apparatus (520.6–8)—

he looks about him, and seeing no one, he urinates behind a bush. A titter of laughter is heard, and two girls can be seen watching him. Then a roar of laughter discloses three drunken soldiers spying upon the tableau of Earwicker and the two maidens:

> There's many a smile to Nondum, with sytty maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindlelight. But look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawling in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang for every busy eerie whig's a bit of a torytale to tell. One's upon a thyme and two's behind their lettice leap and three's among the strubbely beds. (20.19–25)

Given this prototypal situation, the variations are numerous. We have seen in Alain Renais' cinematographic technique the possibilities for multiple variations on plot incident (in *L'Année derrière en Marienbad,* for example, where the love triangle is played out in several ways through replay of the crucial confrontation scene along several different lines). The park scene here could then recur in various mutations: Earwicker squatting to defecate—whereas initially

> he dropped his Bass's to P flat (492.3),

in this one we have

> a collupsus of his back promises, as others looked at it (5.27–28)—

or a variation in which it is the girls who are urinating:

> both the legintimate lady performers of display unquestionable, Elsebett and Marryetta Gunning, H 2 O (495.24–26)—

while Earwicker peers at them through a telescope from behind a tree:

> he did take a tompip peepestrella throug a threedraw eighteen hawkspower durdicky telescope . . . spitting at the impenetrablum wetter (178.26–30).

Further variations implicate Earwicker as masturbating rather than micturating—

> Later on in the same evening two hussites absconded through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels, to pay himself off in kind remembrances (589.33–35)—

which then develop into many more frightful possibilities that trouble the mind of the guiltridden dreamer.

Interspersed with the nocturnal scene is the daylight encounter with the pipe-smoking Cad, who greets Earwicker with multilingual versions of "How do you do today, my dark sir" (or "my fair sir"), asks the time—

> By the watch, what is the time, pace? (154.16)—

and as often as not waves a gun in Earwicker's face:

> Haves you the time. Hans ahike? Heard you the crime, senny boy? (603.15–16)

Earwicker is quick to deny any guilt whatsoever, but his stuttering implicates him with every word he utters:

> I am as cleanliving as could be and that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can afford to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against parson with the person of a youthful gigirl frifrif friend chirped Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousines in Kissilov's Stutsgarten or Gigglotte's Hill (532.16–22).

That night behind the counter in his pub Earwicker learns that all media are conspiring against him. The Cad has spread the word through a bizarre chain of confidants (his wife, her confessor, a group of ne'er-do-wells at the race track and down-and-outs in a flophouse), and all the world seems to know of Earwicker's guilty escapade. The tales told by the pub customers join with the radio and television, including news broadcasts, weather reports, and recordings of bird songs, to proliferate the indictment—all of which Earwicker attempts to scotch with a run-on denial and apologia that incriminates him even further. When he has cleared the public house of its customers and drunk up the dregs in their glasses, he collapses into a troubled sleep.

All the while a hen named Biddy is scratching up an old letter buried in the kitchen midden. Attempts to deliver the letter—

> carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of Shaun (420.17–19)—

prove as multiply futile as attempts to read it, and both the incriminating and the exonerating versions vie with each other throughout. In one the evidence weighs heavily against Earwicker:

> When she slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And why there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his handmud figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. (420.5–9)

But a final version records Anna Livia's vindication of her husband:

> When he woke up in a sweat besidus it was to pardon him. (615.22–23)

Her mamafesta had been quite specific in placing the blame on the temptresses and the malicious soldiers:

> First and Last Only True Account all about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker, L.S.D., and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only can Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalizod about Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly Showing all the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats. (107.1–7)

But Anna Livia's final monologue as she leaves in the morning reopens the case: she wearily acknowledges her disappointment in the Viking conqueror who has become her pedestrian husband—

> I thought you were all glittering

> with the noblest of carriage. You're only a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny (627.21–24)—

and her thoughts return to her father, the giant god, the "cold mad feary father" (628.2). Yet for all its repetitive patterns, *Finnegans Wake* never quite repeats itself, but plays upon variations throughout. Edifices that crumble do not crumble the same way twice. For Joyce the changes are subtle but important, as in:

> Teems of times and happy returns. The seim anew. (215.22–23)

> Themes have thimes and habit reburns. To flame in you. (614.8–9)

> Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders? —This aim to you! (510.1–2)

And Joyce reminds us that

> This ourth of years is not save brickdust and being humus the same roturns. He who runes may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle, crumbling! (18.4–7)

A second important aspect of *Finnegans Wake* is that it is funny. Although no individual sense of the comic is the same as any other, there is little chance that any filmmaker approaching Joyce's book will fail to capitalize on that aspect of it. He can begin almost anywhere and include almost any part: the hilariousness of Joyce's language and the absurdities of his characterizations and situations will leap from the page onto the screen. Yet what kind of comedy is it essentially? Much of it depends upon the verbal factor, the punned word on the printed page.

> Phall if you but will, rise you must (4.15–16)

is only a flat statement denoting resurrection unless the Ph in "Phall" is noticed, giving phallic emphasis to the rise. Other puns are both visual and aural: "the crime ministers preaching" (242.11) plays upon prime ministers (political preachers) and criminal ministers of religion. The effect here depends upon a slightly delayed reaction. The primary sense cannot be perceived as quickly as the eye picks out "Phall if you but will." The inspired afterthought that provided simultaneous subtitles for the "Passages from Finnegans Wake" film both acknowledges the necessity of offering words for ear and eye and attests to the impossibility for cinema to act upon Joyce's language: in a film the eye should be fully occupied by the visual image on the screen.

Much of the humor in the book is bitter humor, which brings me to a third essential: Joyce's cynicism. I would not ordinarily stress Joyce's cynicism, but it becomes crucial when we are offered a treatment of the *Wake* that ranges between the benignly bland and the naively rosy. A great deal has been written about Joyce's humanitarian view of life and what Sean O'Casey calls Joyce's "cosmic laughter" in *Finnegans Wake*. I have contributed to this viewpoint in my study of the *Wake*, but not without introducing important caveats as well:

> Joyce views man's possibilities in the new stage of development foreshadowed in **Finnegans Wake** through a mock-serious perspective, thus discouraging optimistic attempts to codify his attitude under a single black-or-write classification.
>
> .....
>
> Joyce does not appear to delude himself concerning the future being engendered during his own lifetime; there is no sense of retrogression from the present wasteland to a romantic, orderly, comprehensible past.
>
> .....
>
> But it seems fairly certain that the bugaboo of Joyce's morbid cynicism has been laid to rest for good, and whatever else it may turn out to be (all things to all critics), the scope and wit and warmth of Joyce's view of the world he knew and lived in and fought in will survive the morbidity and cynicism of his times.

I immodestly quote myself so as not to implicate other Joycean commentators in the propogation of these views. I find the tone of *Finnegans Wake* to contain bitterness but not rancor, anger but not hostility, concern but not despair. Set against Eliot's waste land, Hemingway's *nada*, or Lawrence's apocalyptic hysteria, Joyce maintains a healthy and balanced attitude. In an age when some of the best writers allied themselves with a spiritual fascism, Joyce could see through the weaknesses of liberalism without turning to the brutality of fascism in negation and contempt. But he assiduously avoided sentimental excesses (probably for just the reasons cited by Clive Hart in his recent article: that he often found sentimentality intruding into his approach and had to consciously root it out). Nothing is more foreign to Joyce's attitude than visions of husband and wife kissing antiseptically in an innocent bed of roses: Earwicker snores drunkenly in complete oblivion to the proximity of his aging bedmate; or the couple sleep head-to-foot in painful awareness of each other but attempting to dream of pleasures greater than those possible in their conjugal bed;

or they engage in a spate of marital lovemaking that proves definitely unproductive and probably unsuccessful; while in the past looms the possibly hypothetical conquest of the Irish maiden by the Viking corsair (the only touch of romance in the entire fabric). God in *Finnegans Wake* is represented by a void, the "cold mad feary father" who has been abstracted out of contact with the world. Contemporary society is ostensibly ruled by the Four Old Men, myopic judges puritanically committed to condemnation. The individual is guilt-ridden and lousy with fear. But the universe, if not actually benign is at least indifferent, like that perceived at last by Meursault in Camus' *L'Etranger*.

The last essential is that *Finnegans Wake* is obscene. By this I do not mean that it is intended pornographically (to cater to the sexually disturbed or pervert the sexually normal), but that it is blatantly indifferent to the pretended moral strictures of contemporary society. Joyce involves himself to the utmost in all the bodily functions, advocating a democratization of sexual attitudes. Sexual guilt is the nightmare from which Earwicker is attempting to awaken; sexual innocence is the final state of being in which all aspects of sexual adventure and misadventure are accepted without prejudice as the natural contingencies of the human animal. Earwicker need not have actually committed the malpractices he attributes to himself in his darkest moments—or even be capable of them—but he knows that they exist in the same world in which he lives, and that the Cad has pronounced his "Thou Shalt Nots," and the Four Old Men are intent on convicting him, and the Twelve Customers are adept at humiliating him on mere suspicion. His urinating and defecating are natural and human; his voyeurism and exhibitionism and masturbation are pathetic. The threats of punishment far exceed the nature of these petty crimes. Any real sexual encounter is both wish-fulfilment and dread, while behind them loom the horror of sexual aggression and the punishment contained in venereal disease:

> It has been blurtingly bruited by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile disease. (33.15–18)

Specifically the disease is listed as:

> A pipple on the panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey knocked on the postern! (539.13–15)

And homosexuality is as distinct a possibility as heterosexual indiscretions:

> Ascare winde is rifing again about nice boys going native. (374.28–30)

Shaun the moralist is not much better, as can be seen from the hundreds of double-entendres that he lets slip out:

> First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. (433.22–23)

> Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears. (433.33–34)

> For if the shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong will he look till he rises? (434.32–34)

> Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly. (436.14)

And his brother Shem, not as fortunate in his pursuit of women as the popular Shaun, contents himself with looking up the skirts of girls, drawing diagrams of his mother's private parts, and writing on his own body with ink made from his own excrement. But no one in the book can best the narcissistic Issy when it comes to licensious behavior. Her footnotes to the Lessons chapter read:

> Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk's a queer arrangement. (260.n2)

> Startnaked and bonedstiff. (264.n1)

> One must sell it to some one, the sacred name of love. (268.n1)

> Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pullovers. (268.n4)

> Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad. (269.n3)

There isn't a page of *Finnegans Wake* that would pass a perceptive censor, but censors, fortunately, are rarely perceptive. In the 1960s, in an era in which the film has experienced the range of erotic possibilities from Antonioni's *Blow Up* to Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, any film versions of *Finnegans Wake* that fails to bring down the wrath of the bluenoses upon it is merely a bowdlerization.

Snakes

by Jackson Burgess

Alex Pringle lived in the northern suburbs of Atlanta. His wife had one of those grotesque nicknames that Southerners sometimes—recoiling from "Ann Melinda" and "Sarah Sue"—give to pretty girls. She was called Scooper. Scooper ruled Alex absolutely, having nothing else to turn her hand to, but Alex did not mind. The only thing that ever bothered Alex about his wife was that Scooper sometimes seemed to him a little too knowing; Alex had a vast respect for life's complexity and variety, and he left holes for their accommodation in his understanding of things. He was fond of anecdotes of no special point, which he would end with a shrug and a wondering shake of his head, as if to say: "Isn't that the damnedest thing?" and he was sometimes shaken by the way Scooper would assure him that it wasn't the damnedest thing at all, but perfectly in the order of nature.

One night they were having company in for dinner. Scooper, having set various timers and alarms, made herself pretty and sat down in the livingroom to do her nails, while Alex prepared a tray of drink-mixings. When he set the tray on the coffee table he stood for a moment admiring his wife. Scooper was a small woman, delicate in her gestures and transparently blonde, but she was also very stylish and cool, and Alex was struck, as he'd often been, by her combination of childlike sweetness and womanly sophistication. Here was a wonder, indeed! The mystery of his love for Scooper stabbed him to the heart, frightened and exalted him, and he sat down and told her about a remarkable thing that had happened to him earlier that day.

"I gave Stan Sinclair a ride home today," he began, "and he started telling me about his kid's snakes. Buddie has these snakes he keeps in cages, and while he was at camp Stan was supposed to take care of them. Anyway, one of them died and Stan was talking about how he was going to catch hell from Buddie for letting his snakes die. So I told him about the snakes I had when I was a kid."

Alex paused and Scooper went "Ummm?" He continued, "I told him about building a whole row of cages out behind the garage when we lived down at South Fork. I told him about the different snakes I had, and about how I went sort of snake-crazy for a while when I was twelve and thirteen."

Here Alex paused and chuckled to himself. "Now this is the strange part. After I put Stan out I was driving along, and all of sudden it occurred to me that maybe I *didn't* have those snakes when I was a kid."

Scooper gave him a quizzical glance, then returned her attention to her nails. Her perfect, brownish eyebrows, however, came down over her perfect, gray eyes. "I don't understand," she said. "Do you mean that you had made it all up?"

"No. I remembered it, perfectly clearly. It's just that after a little bit I began to doubt the memory. I know that I wanted to have snakes, and I read books about them. Those cages. I even remember drawing the plans for the cages. The thing is that I just don't believe I ever built them and caught the snakes and kept them. Don't you see? Planning and thinking about it, I got to thinking of it as *done* —as good as done, anyway—and now I can't remember." He paused. Scooper appeared to be thinking about the matter. "It's weird," he suggested.

"How old were you?" she asked.

"Twelve or thirteen."

"Boys that age often get interested in snakes. Puberty," she said.

"I know all about that," he said. "What gets me is that I have this perfectly good memory, but I don't believe in it, for some reason."

"Most people's memories of their childhood," said Scooper, "are all mixed up with fantasy."

As Alex thought about that, Scooper finished painting and began slowly to fan her two hands in front of her, to dry the polish. She regarded him, sunk in meditation, and smiled. "It's perfectly normal," she said.

"I can't get over how clear this memory was," he said, "and I can't figure out *why* I don't believe in it."

"You've repressed the memory."

"Why?" he demanded.

"Guilt-feelings."

"Then," he said, "I must have done it, if I felt guilty about it, although I'll be goddamned if I know why I should feel guilty now about having a snake-collection when I was twelve."

"It doesn't necessarily mean you actually had the snakes," Scooper gently corrected him. "You could feel just as much anxiety over the fantasy-desire to keep them."

Alex was profoundly dissatisfied with all this. He had not had any idea of impressing his wife with his own complexity and mystery; rather, he had wanted her to join him in an obeisance before the ineluctable darkness which surrounded their life together and gave it meaning. Her reluctance to bow down, he respected, knowing that it was not so much impiety as a faith vastly firmer than his, but the argument, so far as it had gone, had turned his attention from the wonder of the thing itself to its meaning for him: had he, or had he not, kept snakes? Was he, in fact, this man or that? The possibility of alternative histories dismayed and unnerved him. He poured himself a small glass of whiskey, without asking Scooper if she would join him.

"Did your father help you?" she asked.

"Help me what?"

"Build the snake-cages, if any?"

"Of course not."

"Why 'of course'?" Scooper wanted to know.

"He was a farmer, on a small farm, during the Depression. Farm kids amuse themselves, and he wouldn't have had time to help me build cages for a bunch of snakes. He worked his tail off."

"Do you remember if you ever showed the snakes to your father?"

"I suppose I did. He couldn't have missed them. They would have been right under his nose. Look, I only mentioned it because I thought it was kind of amazing how I could have this clear memory and still not believe in it."

"And I only suggested," said Scooper, bridling at the irritation in his tone, "that I thought there was a logical explanation."

"Namely?"

"That it was this adolescent sexual thing, with your rivalry with your father, and puberty, and so forth, and that as a result of the violent emotions associated with it you've repressed the whole thing."

"What 'thing'?"

"The whole memory," she said, drawing up her shoulders.

"Of what?" Alex insisted.

"Of your feelings about your father, and puberty."

"But I haven't forgotten anything about my father, or about puberty, for that matter. I remember my sexual awakening, and my sexual education, and masturbation and all. Why should I remember all that, and then forget about the snakes? And besides, I haven't forgotten—I remember, and I doubt my own memory."

"It doesn't make any difference," Scooper said, "whether or not you really had snakes: the feelings of guilt got attached to them, as phallic symbols, and you've cloaked the whole thing in a sort of mist."

"What do you mean it doesn't make any difference? It makes a hell of a difference."

Scooper flushed. For all her liberation, and her Freudian thought, Scooper was a Southern lady, and she did not like to be addressed rudely. She was about to make this clear when the doorbell rang, and their company was upon them.

The guests that night were a man named Gummy Wilson, who was Alex's best friend at the lab, and his wife, Amy. Alex said that he got along well with Gummy because Gummy was another country boy from Pittman County, and while this was true it was also true that Alex found Gummy reassuring—Gummy being several years older than he, a grade below him, and unconcerned. Neither Alex nor Scooper cared much for Gummy's wife; she was rather drab and unrelentingly oracular, given to premonitions and stories full of ". . . so I just told her. . . ." In fact, she reminded each of them of his mother.

After greetings, sittings down, and the distribution of drinks, Amy got off to a firm start by telling them that this one was going to be a girl. They knew better than to ask her what made her think so, but this caused a brief silence in which the conversation languished, so Scooper quickly said to Alex: "Maybe Gummy knows about your snakes, Alex."

"Oh, I doubt it," he answered.

"What snakes was that?" Gummy demanded, and Alex was forced to recount the whole business, from the beginning. He took very much the "damnedest thing" tone that he had taken with Scooper, but when he finished she at once asked Gummy if he remembered any snakes in cages behind Alex's garage.

"I wasn't out at Alex's place much after his brother went to college," Gummy said, shaking his head. "I don't remember any snakes, but I'm—what?—seven years older than you? Or eight?"

They figured out, after a bit, that Alex's snakes (if any) had come after Gummy left to go to college himself. Amy remarked upon the universality of snake-worship in pubescent boys and placed it not in Freudian terms but in the context of primitive religion, proceeding thence into Genesis and the symbolic interpretation of the Bible, where she was stopped by Gummy, who suddenly cried: "Hey! Remember that summer Boy Scout camp, the year I was a junior counselor? You were always fooling around with snakes in the nature hut."

"That's right!" said Alex, feeling that perhaps he was at last to find the ground under his feet. "Ralph Stonesifer was nature-study counselor and he taught a course in reptile study. I took the

course, and then I helped him with the snakes." He explained to Scooper: "He was my first big hero."

"You were Ralph," said Gummy, "at Hi-Jinks," and the whole magnificent summer came back at once. And Hi-Jinks, when the counselors waited table, and a camper was elected to head each counselor's table in his place. He was supported to parody the counselor he replaced, as the boy elected to impersonate the head counselor had walked around with a pillow strapped to his behind because the head counselor had had a boil on his bottom, but Alex had not found anything to make fun of—not because he was unwilling to kid Ralph Stonesifer but simply because he could not see any vulnerable point. Probably no other camper could have done it either, for Ralph had been the hero of the whole camp.

He explained about Hi-Jinks, and about his astonishment at being elected to stand in for Ralph. "He was from South Fork, and the summer I'm talking about he was just about to go back to quarterbacking Georgia for the third year. I never did understand how I got elected to be him."

Gummy said, "You were a popular camper, Alex," the Boy Scout council-fire cliché sounding very odd from this middle-aged man. "Besides, for the last two weeks of camp you were practically Ralph's shadow."

"Brother!" cried Scooper. "And you wonder why you can't remember that time!"

"I remember it perfectly well," he said. "I remember every detail of that summer camp—the snake hut, Ralph Stonesifer, and everything. I even remember the color of the neckerchief Ralph loaned me for Hi-Jinks: red with a yellow border."

"You said this Ralph was the counselor in charge of snakes, didn't you? And you've got a block in your memory about snakes. It's so perfect: snakes, puberty, latent homosexuality—everything!"

"Now wait a second," Gummy cried. "I didn't mean to give the wrong impression. Christ! Compared to a lot of those kids, Alex was an angel. There's a lot of funny stuff goes on at those camps, but Alex was never mixed up in that!"

"Exactly," Scooper replied. "The others didn't *need* snakes."

Amy found this riposte hilarious, but Gummy, Alex saw at once, was offended and hurt. He sat back in his chair, cradling his drink in both hands, and shrugged, tilting his head to one side.

Amy, too, saw that Gummy's feelings had been hurt, and like a good wife she covered his discomfiture with an earnest question. She said, "Alex, maybe the snakes at the camp are the ones you remember."

"I don't think so. They were in a kind of terrarium, with partitions, and a glass front. Mine were in boxes, with screen wire."

"Hell of a damned thing to argue about," Gummy observed. "I don't see what difference it makes whether or not you had pet snakes twenty years ago."

"Exactly," said Scooper.

"Particularly," Gummy added, "when it's something you can't ever settle anyway."

Alex realized that he was flushing with anger and embarrassment. Everyone else realized it too, and there was one of those nervous pauses in which everyone tries not to catch anyone else's eye. Amy leapt to the rescue.

"I don't think you did," she said in tones of no-nonsense finality. Gummy gave her a "can't-you-quit?" sort of look and Scooper smiled politely. Alex was taken aback. "Oh?" he said.

"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

"Because I've known you for years, and you aren't the type."

Gummy said, "Aw, come on!"

"What type?" asked Alex.

"The type to keep snakes. Oh, I'm sure you wanted to, and got real excited and read up on snakes and all that, but you just aren't the sort of person."

"This was ten years before you ever met Alex," her husband growled.

"People don't change that much in a hundred years. I know just the kind of little boy Alex was."

By now Alex was quite angry, and hearing Amy and Gummy both refer to him in the third person topped it off. He was not, however, the kind to fly off the handle and start yelling. Instead, he grew quite calm. He poured himself another whiskey and freshened the other glasses and then he set his drink upon the coffee table and went to the telephone in the hall. He didn't excuse himself, or say where he was going, but something about the air with which he left the room made them all, by agreement, sit in silence and listen to his voice.

He said: "I want to call person-to-person to Mrs. Darden Holloway, in Fort Valley. I don't know the number. —H as in hopeless, O-L-L-O-W-A-Y. That first name is Darden, with a D, as in dog." There followed a pause. Amy looked at Scooper, who was visibly disturbed by what they had heard, and Scooper said, softly: "His sister."

Alex's voice came once more from the hall. "Mildred? Alex. Sorry to bother you. You eating? Listen, I want to ask you a sort of strange question. It's about when we lived out on Church Road. Did I ever build a row of cages behind the garage, and keep a collection of snakes in them?" There followed a short silence into which Alex inserted one "uh-hunh." Then he said, "You're sure?" and another silence ensued. Finally he said, "Thanks, Millie. Sorry to bother you. How're the kids?" He then had the gall to stand and chat with Mildred for several minutes about children and relatives, before he hung up and came back into the living

room. He sat down, smiling, said: "That takes care of *that,*" and picked up his drink. He sipped it with great relish.

"Well," said Gummy, "what'd she say?"

"What difference does it make?" Alex inquired pleasantly.

Gummy scowled. "Five minutes ago, you were all worked up about it. Didn't she remember either?"

"She remembered."

Scooper said, lightly, "All right. Just tell us."

"But what difference does it make to you? You said yourself that the fact of whether or not I kept snakes was irrelevent. You know all about the repressions and the symbolism and the latent homosexuality. With all that, what do you care about a few lousy snakes?"

"That's not fair!" Amy cried.

"Amy knows I didn't keep snakes, by analysing my character, and Gummy isn't interested in trivia, so what shall we talk about now?"

Amy turned to Scooper and said, "Just ignore him." She smiled mischievously at Alex. "Within five minutes he'll be jumping out of his skin to tell us."

But Amy was wrong. There was a furious scene and Gummy left the house in a rage, dragging Amy. Alex and Scooper fought intermittently and exhaustingly for three days thereafter and on the fourth day Alex took a suitcase full of his things to the Hotel Georgian Terrace. For about a month he came every evening to spend an hour with the kids before they went to bed, and after the kids went to bed he and Scooper would sit in the kitchen drinking coffee and arguing. In time they were divorced, and the last I heard was that Scooper had remarried and moved to Dallas, while Alex had gone from bad to worse and had become a Theosophist, or perhaps a Rosicrucian. Of course Amy and Gummy told everybody how it had all started, and everybody agreed that it was the *damnedest* thing.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH ATLANTIC

The variety is bewildering in its sameness.
A quick skittering of light is thrown off as the waves move,
a myriad of planes, shard from the dark liquidity;
they surge upward, are swallowed
and disgorged in an instant,
so that the distance is a brilliant haze, a slow throbbing
that steadies against the intense blue of the horizon,
where the eye moves upon its limit, pauses, and returns

to the sea. It is a vast circle, whose far rim, perfect
and unbroken, contains a slow violence of motion;
what one sees is a world of surfaces, of beaten froth
spreading like vapor under
the sea-slate opacity;
but for a moment, all seems depthless. One can imagine
a life that one cannot see, of which one is the lone God,
the indifferent center, still in ignorance, and blind.

But one is not a God, nor would be; it is too easy.
To be human is difficult; one makes choices, may be
wrong, cannot afford ignorance, and must take his chances.
I think of Melville and Crane,
of the agony they saw
hidden by the gentle swelling of an endless water,
and of that awful Paradise and source that only man
conceives, out of a nameless need and his distant sorrow—

hence vortices that twist down infinitely to a peace
that is soundless and still, and hence those white monstrosities
to which we give ironic names. We never believe them,
quite; therefore we can use them
as if they were using us.
And the sea remains as it has been—inscrutable, dark,
free of us in its ancient rolling, passive to the chance
that whips it to a fury or smooths it in calm billows.

Too civilized to see a lurking there, too primitive
to see nothing, we are aware of loss; somehow the sea
is less real suspended between the brute nerves that perceive
it and the changeling terror
of god or ghost that lingers
in us, primordial as the sea, depthless as its caverns.
The waves trough ambiguously, the foam clots on the slick
patina, a milky translucence bursts down to darkness. . . .

We would have it something other than what it is—either
a watery chaos that is our beginning and end,
that old pollution compact with shapes crawling blindly out
from a primeval dark, or
a wide world of mineral
and common gasses linked in intricate simplicity,
moved by the profound forces that we name for our comfort
and chart for our pleasure, as if we made the ebb and flow.

Meanwhile, we move forward upon it, swaying a little,
yawing in the powerful slow surging of wave and wind.
Water flakes from the prow and scatters whiteness, a thin spray
is blown back in our faces,
we look to where we're going.
It is a quiet harbor that will take us; locked by land,
we shall look long at the blue shallows of our anchorage
and be puzzled by a stillness that is empty and strange.

—John Williams

House of Gold

by F. H. Griffin Taylor

Gigantic, powerful, brooding, good, Michael Quin floated at the hub of the universe. Trees, mountains, the top of highest Carantoul—he overreached them all. He was above all things, except the mist. And what a mist! He had never seen its like. "So thick, I couldn't see my hand before me," he heard himself telling his grandmother later. He held his hand before him, and was disappointed to see his pink fingers. Never mind, they were next to invisible. Or perhaps the mist was thinning. No—that wasn't it: but it had begun to move.

He watched it steadily. It moved quite slowly at first. It eddied around his huge frame. Gradually it moved faster, until watching it gave him a sensation of dizziness. He closed his eyes. He felt the coldness of the mist on his cheeks, and licked it from his lips. It had no taste at all. He opened his eyes. The mist was on his eyelashes. It was like looking through bead curtains. He opened his eyes as wide as they would go. Now the mist was moving fast. It rushed on and around him like herds of fire-crazed animals, like a blizzard of white bison. But he never blinked, he never flinched. They were, it was, powerless against him.

It was going faster than ever, a hundred miles an hour. Faster than that, faster than man had ever travelled. Or perhaps, perhaps the mist wasn't moving at all. Perhaps it was he who moved. That was it. Already he was over America; or maybe still over the sea. No, America: panic rose in him at the thought of being over the sea. But what was this? The mist was changing direction. And again it changed. It was rushing in all directions. It was frantic. It must be stilled.

Imperiously he raised his arm and stretched out his hand; and almost at once, it seemed, without a murmur, the mist lifted, rolled a time or two, hesitated and was gone, sunk upwards into the blue. And the sun shone. His hand glistened before him. Droplets of moisture glistened from the torn place by his wrist, the one into which his hand would sometimes slip by mistake as he was pulling his jersey on. Through his fingers, around them, over them was the morning sky, and below and just touching his wrist the peak of Carantoul, tallest of the Macgillicuddy Reeks.

The peak? He dropped his arm and stared intently at the distant mountain, and then slowly around at the tops of all the other mountains, those of Tralee in the north, the Tuomeys in the south, the Macgillicuddies in the west. All of them free of mist. This was a special day indeed. If only he had a telescope! With it he could have easily picked out the very place on the rock-rim of Carantoul where they found his father and killed him. That would have been something to tell the Burke boys! He strained his eyes to see the spot. It was no use. That was the worst of living in the centre of the world.

He looked around at the great mountain-edged bowl at his feet. On the lakes there was still mist. They were full of it, like huge cauldrons of boiling witches' brew. From them long streamers shot skywards with agonized twistings. Snakes. This was what it must have been like the day St. Patrick threw them out. He wished he could have seen that day; or that other day when the Saint smote the mountains with his staff, and made the Gap of Dunloe: St. Patrick raising his staff and growing to immense size, until he was big enough to lean over and smite down on the top of the Tuomeys. He turned his head and searched out the Gap. He saw it clearly, a deep black cleft. At this time of day the mountains were full of black places. Hastily he looked away from them to the fields and valleys below.

The rounded humps of the foothills lay crouched like brown dogs sleeping in the sun. Then the mist-filled lakes, then the dew-soaked fields, and the hedgerow trees of all shapes and sizes like people waiting. For their king. For him. For he was king of all he surveyed. His palace was vast. Down below the brown dogs lay, heads on paws, and watched breakfast being cooked in the huge vats. Radiating out from where he stood were the fields, the innumerable rooms with floors of solid blocks

of precious stones, of opals, and in the shadowed places jade. And the hub of the kingdom, the world, the universe, the point on which it turned, was the throne on which he stood, his own and private elm-tree stump.

He shivered and stamped his feet. The stump was slippery. One foot was numb. He bent down to rub his calf. His stockings and his bare knees were covered with beads of moisture, yet under his socks his legs were dry. If he touched his stocking, even with the tip of his finger, the moisture immediately ran through and wet his leg. He ran his forefinger carefully over both his stockings. They were stretched to the band of elastic below the knee, so stretched that he could see his skin through the thin wool, more like netting than knitting. How could they keep him warm? But his grandmother would not let him go barefoot like the other children. Quins had never gone barefoot yet, she always said.

The numbness in his foot gave place to pins and needles. He remembered a gallon can which he had held all the while in his left hand. It was the old one, dented and dulled from years of use. There was no room for it on the stump. He stood it on a level place beside the stump and made sure it would not roll off the field bank on top of which the stump was rooted. The foot pained so that he scowled and grimaced and bent backwards almost double. If he were really a king, he thought, he would have ordered his servants to rub his leg for him, and bring him dry stockings, new ones without holes. And he wouldn't have worried about what his grandmother would say if she saw him; not that she could, because, although he had his back turned to her and the house, he knew she could not see him unless she came into the field, which she never did at this time of day.

"Good morning, Michael."

He started and straightened up at a man's voice which came from his right. He stepped off the stump and walked along to the end of the field bank until he could look down at the white road and at the approaching figure. It was Mr. Kennedy the road-repair man. He was smoking a pipe with a metal cap over the bowl, which was also, as a further precaution against rain, upside down. Cords bound his trousers below the knees and he walked with a decided limp. He was small, thin and stooped. Nevertheless he carried easily on his left shoulder several tools including a large hammer.

"Good morning," said Michael. "Is it breaking stones today?"

"It is."

Mr. Kennedy stopped and looked around carefully at the sky.

"A fine day, praise be to God," he announced. Then, pointing at the sun with the stem of his pipe: "But a hot one." He nodded his head with a ducking motion.

"But you get used to it, it's God's Will, may His Holy Will be done." This was a sign that Mr. Kennedy had nothing more to say about the weather. He put the pipe back into his mouth, the bowl right way up. A wisp of blue smoke curled out of it and at the smell of the tobacco, rank and acrid, Michael turned his head away. The sun was full on the Macgillicuddy Reeks.

"The mountains! Look—they're beautiful! They're all gold!" he said.

Mr. Kennedy glanced at them and then back at Michael. He took his pipe out of his mouth and spat into the white dust.

"All is not gold that glitters," he said with gloomy satisfaction.

"No," said Michael still looking at the mountains. Mr. Kennedy, who had as a young man been in England, was fond of saying that the streets of London were *not* paved with gold.

"Why isn't it?" he asked. "How do you know?"

"How?" Mr. Kennedy looked serious. "A man grows up and finds out such things. You too, Michael, when you grow up."

"Never," said Michael fiercely.

"And where is it you're off to" Mr. Kennedy ignored his outburst.

"Oh, Judy didn't bring the milk. Granny sent me after it."

"Didn't she *now*?" Mr. Kennedy was greatly surprised. "Judy, why, she's like a clock."

"Perhaps they forgot to wind her up," said Michael.

Mr. Kennedy looked hard at him and then gave a chuckle, a high pitched, bubbling sound like the noise a gander makes when it senses danger. Michael was first pleased, then slightly uneasy at the success of his remark, not that he had the slightest intention of questioning the man's laughter. He hoped only that, together with Judy's non-arrival, it would make Mr. Kennedy forget to ask him when it was that he was coming to work on the roads. "We need men like you," he would say, and it was this appeal to his pride which always caused Michael to grin sheepishly and half-promise he would. But he didn't want to. And he didn't want to work for Mr. Mara, either. Of course, if he went to work for Mr. Mara, a prosperous farmer, he wouldn't have to work for Mr. Kennedy, an unprosperous road-mender. But he was not worried. He had quite another ambition, and no one knew about it. It was his own secret. He wanted to get to the other side of the mountains. He wanted most of all to be a sailor. Sailors see the world. Sailors have telescopes. He laughed heartily, a sailor's laugh.

Mr. Kennedy shifted his tools to a more comfortable position against his neck.

"Don't be losing your way now," he said humorously, and, having turned his pipe bowl down again, plodded off.

On his way back to the stump Michael picked a handful of blackberries. They had the cold taste of the mist on them. He ate staring down at the stump. It had four splits in it, radiating out from

its centre. From the outside end of each split, paths led along and off the bank. They had been made by and were known only to him: the one he had just been along to see Mr. Kennedy; one back to his grandmother's; and two forward to Mr. Mara's. Which one of these two should he take now —through Mara's orchard or through the chapel yard? He preferred the latter. It was more direct, a fact known to very few. The elm-tree stump sat apparently at the very point where the wall which divided Mara's from the chapel joined the field bank. But when the road people had said the tree was dangerous and told Mr. Mara to cut it down, he had refused, and proved to them that the tree grew more on the chapel side than on his. As much as they argued with him they had been forced in the end to agree, and Mr. Kennedy had had to do it.

It had been a very tall tree, easy to climb. Michael was proud when they called it dangerous. But he had felt close to crying the morning in the previous winter when Mr. Kennedy and another man had arrived with axe and saw. It had groaned and fallen like a warrior giant.

"You're as sentimental as your poor mother was, may she rest in peace," his grandmother had said.

Afterwards Mr. Kennedy had awkwardly paced the trunk, his face as full of daredevil determination as if he were walking a tight-rope.

"Perfect for coffin boards," he had said. "Fit for a king." Who would come to Kilallee for a coffin? Who would make it? Where would it be buried? And what king?

"But the chapel is a ruin," Michael had shouted triumphantly. The men had looked at him like people disturbed in their sleep. They would never understand.

He finished the blackberries and picked up the pail. He stood poised on the edge of the stump. Which way? One jump and he would be over the mountains and on his way to France, America or Brazil. Especially Brazil. Gradually he would visit every country on earth, and each time he would bring his grandmother all kinds of presents.

"To Brazil," he shouted, and in one leap was down the path and in Mara's orchard. As he ran he chanted, "The mountains are gold. The mountains are gold."

The grass was tall and wet, and under the trees lay windfall apples. One tree was hung low with huge fruit, glass-green and tender. His mouth watered at the sight of them. He would pick some on his way back. He came to the bank at the other side of the orchard and with a jump he was on top of it. It was well-trimmed, squared by the sickle of the owner himself, the furze short and thick, with here and there yellow flowers showing. He plucked one and chewed it for the momentary tang of nectar. He looked at the farm buildings from which came the sounds of voices, and clanking of pails, and boots on cobblestones. Immediately below and oblivious of him stood Judy. She had her back turned, and was slowly and erratically throwing food to Mr. Mara's turkeys. They were Norfolks, all bronze, even the blue-green feathers bronze.

"Coo-ee" shouted Michael, as he imagined Australians do.

Judy gave a frightened squawk and dropped the pan of food. Michael was already down the bank as she turned. She stared down at him as though he were a ghost.

Michael chewed the yellow flower and watched her. She was middle-aged. Her face was broad and fleshy and dirty looking. She had a staring wall eye and untidy grey hair. She wore a large size in men's work boots, which had been cleaned and polished by the dew to the colour of fresh mud. She smelt like a garlic-skin tobacco-pouch.

"You're a naughty boy and may God forgive you," she said without conviction. While she spoke she twisted one side of her mouth downward and spittle ran out of its corner. When she had finished talking she sucked the saliva back into her mouth, and what had gone beyond recall she wiped on the back of her hand.

"You're the naughty one," he said. She hung her head like a cow scenting strangers. Something had really upset her. Michael was sure of it. "Why didn't you come down? Did they forget to wind you up?" He began to swing the milk can to and fro.

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know." She giggled, showing her only tooth. She made a grab at the milk can, and then watched Michael furtively as he swung it out of her reach. Once her clumsy fingers latched on to it they would never let go.

"You'd better tell me." Michael had recourse to a threat which never failed. "Or I'll watch you smoking your pipe."

"Ah glory be to God!" she moaned in anguish. It was her one pleasure and she took it alone, on her bed, sitting half-turned from the window. "You wouldn't now. Not that."

"I would so."

"May God and your grandmother forgive me." She rolled her eyes as she capitulated. "It was a wild dream I had about you, and you taken away altogether."

It wasn't until she made a grab for the pail that he realised he had stopped swinging it. Her body was firm and heavy like a calf's. He pushed her away.

"Tell me," he ordered violently.

Her answering leer was troubled and uncertain. She was breathing heavily, and spittle, falling off the point of her brown chin, formed a pendant on her man's sweater; like Ceylon, he thought, pearl of the East, India's tear.

"A terrible fright it gave me," she said. "A man and a woman in a grand motor car found you walking on the road and took you away with them."

"Which way?"

"Through Killorglin." She gestured towards the west.

"And what next?"

"Oh, they took you to Dingle Bay and on a big ship."

A big ship! His heart gave a leap.

"I think," she added, and sucked in spittle.

"You think? You had better be sure."

"Or perhaps it was that they kept you in Killorglin and fattened you and fed you to the Puck at the Fair." She giggled, torn between a lust to tease and a desire to comfort.

"You be quiet with your nonsense!" Michael trembled with rage. What right had she to trifle with his secret ambition? He knew he would get no further with her. His anger left him, but he still trembled. The Puck? It was a black goat, and the tinkers went on pilgrimage to see it once a year, taking offerings and sacrifices. Judy suddenly smelt of goat. Mr. Mara came out of the cowsheds and went to the dairy. Michael began to walk toward the farm.

"God forgive me but it's the truth I'm after telling you," Judy shouted. She would have followed him but was distracted by bumping into the pan she had dropped. Ignoring her, Michael went into the farmyard through a wicket gate. There was a smell of straw and dung and milk. He inhaled deeply, washing away the Judy smell. She had told him the truth. But why hadn't she brought the milk down? Who had stopped her?

Mr. Mara stood by the dairy door. He was a stout, upright, middle-aged man, a childless widower. He had a placid, saturnine face. He wore the brim of his dirty hat bent down over his eyes. He smelt of sour soiled buttermilk.

"Good morning Michael. The boy has grown every time I see him," he said softly to the brim of his hat. "And when are you coming to work for me, Michael?" His eyes looked out from under the brim. He had never put the question so directly before, nor looked so piercingly.

He knew. He knew about the dream, Michael was sure; and at first he did not realize that he had failed to answer.

Mr. Mara looked from the boy to Judy in the middle of the turkeys.

"Has Judy been annoying you?" His voice was gentle. "Don't be listening to her. Her tongue is too big for her poor head."

He cleared his throat to go on.

"Granny sent me after the milk," Michael interrupted.

Mr. Mara checked himself. He turned and went into the dairy. Michael followed. It was dark and cool inside, and the floor was running wet.

"One of these is it?" Mr. Mara stood over some gallon cans.

"Yes—the new one."

"A pint was it?"

Mr. Mara took the can and went to a large basin covered with a muslin cloth. He turned back the cloth and the warm milk gave off a little steam.

"That's scarcely enough for two people, and one a growing boy," said the farmer, and dipped three ladles of milk from the basin into the new can.

Michael took it from him and handed him the battered empty one.

"Thank you Mr. Mara." Michael heard his voice clear and young between the dairy walls. It should falter and show gratitude, he thought miserably; especially as he knows about the dream. It should quaver and show fear.

He turned abruptly and went out. He could smell the rising heat. All was silent—no voices now.

"He knows, they all know." It was as though he were thinking with his cheeks, the blood ran so hot in them. He tightened his lips wishing that he would cry. Seeing Judy he kept to the left and went through another gate into the oblong of land where the chapel was.

He had to pick his path with care. Unpleasant weeds—bramble, thistle, nettle, deadly nightshade—flourished in the chapel yard, especially along the stone wall which separated it from the road, and around the chapel itself. It had a window at Mara's end, three on each side and a doorway at the other end. It was small but it was famous, because of the priest whom they came and took away one day, while he was saying mass. Who had 'they' been? It was vaguely assumed that they were English, but no one was sure. What mattered was the way the priest had died. They had tried to force him to reveal the secrets of the confessional. They had looped a wire around his head and, with the aid of a twig, turned it tighter and tighter. But he would not give in. Finally the top of his head fell off like a slab of cheese. Since then people had respected the chapel, but avoided it. Michael was proud of living near its fame; but sometimes on dark nights he had to hide his head under the bedclothes to stop thinking about it.

He had come opposite the side windows when suddenly his knee was stinging, a mass of stings. He had walked into a clump of nettles. He wanted to hop, but remembered the milk. The best dock leaves were to be found inside the chapel. Not many weeds grew in there, but those that did were much bigger than any that grew outside. Was this because it was holy ground? The elm tree, for example, had been a fine one, fit for a king's coffin. How explain that? He went through the doorway into the chapel.

A large dock grew by the altar: it was an old one and must have had an enormous root. He went across the flagstone floor between the weed-grown patches of disintegrated rubble. He placed the milk-can in the center of the altar, and plucked some leaves. He rubbed at his knee and leg with them, until the leaves were dark and limp and shredded, and their juice stained the white nettle stings green. The stinging disappeared quick as the mist. He threw the broken leaves away and

wiped his hand on his socks. The sun shone over the wall on the altar and on him. He was warm. There was a hum of insects, and for a moment Mr. Mara's turkeys raised a clamour in the other field.

Why had they stopped Judy from bringing the milk? Was it that they didn't want her to worry his grandmother, or scare him? Him? Didn't they realize that, when the moment came, that was how he would go? But was it?

He considered. Up to now he had not tried to imagine the circumstances under which he would go. Supposing they, the man and woman in the motor-car, were to come for him now, would he go with them, without even saying goodbye to his grandmother? He felt again, as he had felt a while ago when he was flying over the sea, the first swirls of vertiginous fear. He turned to pick up the milk-can. He stood looking at it.

It shone in the sunlight like silver, like a chalice. It was the consecration. The congregation knelt, heads bowed, waiting for the bell to ring. He was the priest. The large dock was his altar boy. The hum of bees was the thunder of distant horsemen: they were coming for him to take him away. One of them carried a wire neatly coiled in his pocket. He must finish the mass. Slowly, reverently, standing at the centre of the altar, he raised the chalice aloft. His eyes were on it where it gleamed above him. At any moment he must lower it, to turn and face his accusers, those who were to take him away. Would they never come?

He began to chant:

"Tower of Ivory,
House of Gold,
Ark of the Covenant.
The Minstrel Boy to the war . . ."

It came with horrifying suddenness. From a window to his left and behind him came a bubbling choking shriek, which rose to a crescendo and died away in a faint echo between the ruined walls.

The milk-can fell. Before he heard it crash he was already crouched behind the altar on the side furthest from the scream. Blood pounded in his temples and beat in his throat, yet he felt cold all over. Even the stone flank of the altar was warm to his knees and hands. What were they going to do?

Nothing happened. After an age, he raised his head and, exposing just that portion of it which the priest had lost, looked along the altar. The sun was in his eyes. Then he saw still peering cruelly in at the window the head of one of Mr. Mara's turkeys. He was weak with relief. What a fool he had been. He should have known that motor-cars hardly ever went along this road.

He shouted and waved his arms and rushed towards the window. He was prevented from getting near it by the nettles which grew there. But the turkey hurriedly withdrew its head and he could hear it moving resentfully away. How had it known he was there? He listened suspiciously for some sign of Judy. She would be giggling. There was no sound. No, it was a mystery. He went back to the altar and examined the milk-can.

It had remained upright. Even so, some of the milk had spilled. It was fortunate that Mr. Mara had given him the extra. With his sleeve, he wiped the drops from the side of the can. Where they had lain the tin gleam was dulled, and no amount of rubbing would make it shine again. What was worse, however, was that the bottom of the can was dented. He could do nothing about that. What would his grandmother say? He tried to mop the milk that had spilled on the altar, but it had mixed with the dust and sunk into the stone.

He went out of the door into the full sun. He crossed the churchyard and, holding the milk-can carefully, climbed the bank to the elm stump. It was no longer slippery. The wood was almost dry already. The mist had gone from the lakes too. The fields had turned emerald again. He wished he had not gone for the milk, but instead had kept on walking until he came to Carantoul. On a day like this he would have easily found where his father was killed: it was marked by a pile of boulders. He gazed at Carantoul. It was many miles away. Ten, twenty miles the other side of it was Killorglin. On second thoughts, no; he couldn't have gone. He had agreed to play with the Burke boys down by the Cross this morning. He would tell them about seeing where his father was killed. Would he tell them about Judy's dream? Yes, he would.

"Michael!" His grandmother was calling.

He hurried down the bank and across the small field. Some chickens scurried out of his way: two Rhode Island Reds, three White Leghorns, and one Kerry's Own as his grandmother called it.

"Mind the hens, Michael." She stood in the doorway of the cottage. She was very old. She had white hair and a black apron, almost transparent from many washings. The large veins on her crooked hands were grey.

"You were a long time," she said mildly, as she took the milk-can. He saw her fingering the dent, but she did not mention it.

As if in explanation, he impulsively told her of Judy's dream. She watched him sadly and when he came to the part about the man and the woman her lips tightened.

"If you are going to play with the Burke boys you had better hurry," was all she said. She never explained things. No one ever explained anything.

He went along the garden path to the road. When he turned to latch the gate behind him, he saw she was still standing as he had left her. But her lips were still pressed together.

"If some stranger should offer you a ride, don't go. Terrible things have happened." She spoke with slow emphasis. "You promise me?"

"I promise," he said gaily and ran off down the road, his feet thudding softly in the dust. Ridiculous! What was wrong with strangers? The world was alive with them.

A hundred yards from the house was a small

bridge over a culvert. He leaned over to watch the water spiders and to hear the water chiming on the stones. Caught against the culvert was a green ash stick. He clambered down among the weeds, the water-cress, the piercing scent of wild mint, and retrieved the stick. It was neatly cut and fashioned. How on earth had it got there? Back on the road he held it to his shoulder and sighted along it. It made a perfect gun. Carrying it at the trail, he ran toward the Cross. The way was downhill, and curved between high banks. On the first curve he passed a pile of road-mender's flints, made by breaking up boulders and stones, tens of thousands of taps with a hammer. Around another curve and he came to the junction with the road which led to the Gap of Dunloe. A thick copse shaded the road junction. He turned into the Gap road, and went down it fifty feet to an iron cross set in the tall grass in the shade. There was no sign of the Burke boys. He sat down by the cross and began to plan his tactics for the battle when they arrived.

They nearly always began by playing the same game. The cross commemorated the death of Captain Creaven: on the cross, inside a glass case, was a square of paper, which read: "Captain Michael Creaven Done to Death on this Spot June 9, 192... RIP." The paper was streaked with rust marks from the Cross, and you could not make out the exact year. Michael had several pieces of rust from the cross in a matchbox by his bed, for he had been named after Captain Creaven who was a cousin of his father's. They had been taken together on the side of Carantoul. His father had been killed and Captain Michael Creaven wounded. The Black and Tans had put him into a lorry and when they had got this far they had stabbed him to death with their bayonets. This was the game that Michael always played with the Burke boys. Today it was his turn to be Captain Creaven.

Still they did not come. He listened for their voices. He could always hear them approaching a mile away. That was one of the drawbacks to having brothers and sisters. All he could hear was a tap-tapping from down the Gap road: Mr. Kennedy was busy with his rocks. He raised his stick and fired silently at a blackbird. Why didn't they come? Their mother didn't like them to play with him at the Cross, he knew that. Once, while playing hide-and-seek under her kitchen window, he had heard her refer to him in an angry voice as "that orphan Quin boy who doesn't get enought to eat at home, always on my doorstep whenever I've made apple cake, his mother a fool to marry a Quin, and he asking to get killed with never a thought of the sorrow he'd leave behind him." He was glad she wasn't his mother and no matter how much money he made in Brazil he wouldn't bring back anything for her, as he would for everyone else.

Away? His thoughts went back to Judy's dream. "Just imagine," he imagined himself telling the Burke boys. "Here now, and tonight in Dingle Bay." His grandmother had been born near there, not far from Killorglin. Once he had asked her about it, but all she could remember was that you could hear the sea, like thunder sometimes, and that it often rained. She said she would not go back there for all the tea in China. But would he ever get to Dingle Bay, let alone China? What about the Puck, the ancient, stinking, all-wise billy goat, the King of the Fair at Killorglin with all the tinkers in attendance? He had to get past that first. He shivered, and listened again for the Burke boys. No sound. They weren't coming. Perhaps their mother had made apple cake, though generally she baked on Thursday. Or perhaps she had heard about Judy's dream and wouldn't allow the boys to come; that was more like it. Well, he would go home and read in the books his father had left, all he had left. The Burkes had no books at all in their house. He looked at the cross, almost lost in the grass and listened again. The tap-tapping had stopped. That meant that Mr. Kennedy was eating his bread and cheese, and smoking his pipe.

He would go home and climb in the back window to read. He had to read in secret. Mr. Mara and Mr. Kennedy said he was wasting his precious time, reading; while his grandmother sided with the priest, Father Degnan, who had said it would give him bad habits and that some of the books were trash, putting occasions for sin and foul thoughts into his mind, like the one by Rider Haggard, *She,* which he had found him reading at school one day and confiscated, saying "Trash like this should be burned." When he was alone he had cried with fury and helplessness, hating them all, wishing them all dead. Wasn't it one of his father's books with his name written at the front? But what did they care? They did not understand. It was from the books that he had learned about Brazil, and the world, and precious stones. What was sinful about that? Why should he have to confess that? So he had got into the habit of not confessing it. Was that a "bad habit"? He got to his feet and walked dejectedly to the road junction, and turned to go home. He was consoled by feeling hungry.

He picked and ate blackberries as he went along, and his fingers and lips were stained with purple. Soon the berries grew too high in the hedge for him to reach. He came to the pile of flints. It was set back in an embrasure cut into the bank at the side of the road, and it was as solid as a fort. He lay down on the road and fired at the fort. They fired back: he flicked at the dust with his fingers so that he might see how close their bullets came. He had a charmed life. He would shoot down their flag and then take them by storm. A blackberry in the hedge above trailed a long shoot low over the centre of the pile: it was their flag and he took careful aim at it. He began to squeeze the trigger, but as his fingers tightened he became immobile, taut, all ears. What was that?

A vibration in the road became a tremor. The

tremor became a sound. The sound became a thrumming. A motor-car!

He could not believe it. Was he dreaming? But it was very loud now, it was past the Gap road. What should he do, where could he go? The hedge was a thorn-capped cliff. He looked wildly about him and then, as a roar came around the bend in a pillar of dust, he leaped for the pile of flints, scrabbling at the stones with his feet and free hand. But he had misjudged the distance. He slithered back to the road, simultaneously twisting his body and gun at bay, as a shining car, flashing light from windows, chrome and paint, swerved to avoid him and shot past. For a moment he believed with a mixture of bitter disappointment and piercing relief that after all Judy had been wrong. Then there came a terrible squealing like that of a pig when it sees the butcher's knife and, as it always did at that sound, his blood ran cold. The car had halted. The cloud of ochre dust was billowing gently up and out and around him as he watched the car come backwards until it was opposite him, stop and fall abruptly silent.

The dust was settling. The car gleamed black as a fallen angel. Heat shimmered around it like a halo. There was a violent smell of hot metal and oil.

"Hello sonny." The driver's voice was soft and ingratiating, but his eyes were coldly curious. His hair was black and shiny like the car. His mouth was like a line cut on a piece of wood with a penknife. Beside the man sat a woman. She had a long, white, tired-looking face under a large pale hat. She was looking at Michael anxiously, as though she were in a hurry to be away to an appointment for which she was already late. The man put out an arm, clothed in a dark blue sleeve with three gold buttons on it. His hand was brown and smooth and had large clean fingernails.

"Hello sonny. Are you all right? Thought for a moment there we were going to hit you."

Sonny? What did he mean? Michael wanted to say "I am an orphan." But the man spoke again.

"Up Guards and at 'em, eh?" He gestured at the stick which Michael found he was gripping with both hands, one end on his hip, the other pointing at the car in the 'on guard' position for fixed bayonets. Michael felt his face grow hot with embarrassment. He lowered the stick and, turning, used it as an alpenstock to climb the pile of flints. He was three feet higher. The flints bit through the thin leather of his soles. He was standing in no hollow square, on no fort, but on a pile of stones as desolatingly real as Mr. Kennedy's hammer.

"Could you tell us if we're on the right road for Killorglin?"

Michael nodded and was about to speak. But from where he now stood he could see into the back seat of the car and what he saw struck him dumb. It was something Judy's dream had not prepared him for. It was a girl.

"Can we give you a lift?" He ignored the man's voice.

She was about his own age. She wore a pale green dress and hat. She sat with her hands clasped awkwardly on her chest and she was wearing long green gloves. She never looked at him, not once, not even a glance. Her face was pale, like the face of the Infant of Prague at the Priory in Killarney. His grandmother had taken him to see it, whenever they had gone into market. They had gone several times, until this time a year ago, when the donkey had died. But he remembered the Infant perfectly. It stood on a ledge above his head. It was the size of a real baby, but more delicate looking, from being indoors all the time. For a long time he had thought it was real. It had pink and white cheeks and a little secret smile and one hand raised. It wore a green and gold crown and a green silk cape which stuck out on all sides like a bell and came so low that you couldn't see its feet. There were all kinds of rings and brooches and jewels pinned to the Infant's green cloak. There were several rings on the tiny fingers of the upraised hand. They were grown-up rings and they hung untidily on the small hand, far too big for the two fingers raised in the act of blessing. He had always been unable to take his eyes off the untold wealth of jewels and the last time he had been there a man, a rough looking stranger, had told him the names of the precious stones. "A fortune from the afflicted," the man had said. "And to think it is made of wax, like a candle, except it doesn't have a wick," the man said as they looked. But his grandmother had pulled Michael away.

The girl had the exact look of the Infant, except that her face was sad and had no pink in it. What was the matter with her?

"Can we give you a lift?"

He became aware of the man's voice, soft, insistent, with a strange Englified accent. Could he *be* English?

"Won't you get in?"

For an instant the woman smiled crookedly at him, but at once looked anxious, pleading again.

"No, sir." He could hardly hear his own voice. "Thank you."

"Why not?"

"I live here." Michael's throat was parched. "My house is there." He pointed up the rise towards his grandmother's house. The man squinted his eyes, but all they could see was the gable-end of the chapel, stark against the sky like a rusty spear point.

"There?" He studied the spur of masonry. "Um. Well, jump in! It's quite a step on a hot day. Think of how surprised your mother and father will be when you drive up in a car."

Michael was taken unawares. His mother and father! It was like hearing a voice out of one of his day dreams, so close, so private, that he was terribly tempted to do as the man said. But how could he ever explain to him that they were dead?

"Isn't this a nice car? Wouldn't you like to ride in it?"

What nonsense! Of course he would. But what about the girl—she wasn't enjoying herself. She still stared straight ahead. He craned his neck to see the expression in her eyes and a blinding pain shot through his temples. He had forgotten the blackberry shoot and it had caught him around the forehead. He pulled the thorns out, one by one.

Suppose he did get in and go with them. They would take him and dress him in a new suit. Gloves as well. By tomorrow he would have the fine drawn waxen look of the Infant of Prague. They would have to lift him all stiff into the boat. He felt the sway of the deck beneath him on Dingle Bay, while someone pulled his new cap down to keep the rain out of his staring eyes. No. He couldn't. He wouldn't.

"No, sir." He shouted although he had not meant to. But his throat was no longer so parched. He saw a look of surprise on their faces. They looked at each other uncertainly. "No, sir." He brandished his gun. "I tell you no."

They did not look at him again. Now they all looked ahead. The ungnarled hand, the blue sleeve with the gold buttons—were they real gold?—disappeared. The engine started. The wheels moved. A pillar of dust arose. It grew higher and higher as the sound grew fainter and fainter. He heard the barking of the dogs from Mara's. He jumped to the road and ran in the dust. It whirled around him like a sandstorm.

He ran with his head back, staring. He beat at the air with his stick. He ran past his grandmother's house; he did not want to go in. Then he climbed up that one of the four ways which led from the road to the elm stump. The pillar of dust had settled: the stump was yellow-white with it. He knelt and carefully wiped it clean with his sleeve before standing on it. His gun—what should he do with that? He drove it deep into the soft soil in front of the stump.

The sun was almost overhead. In the far distance on the Killorglin road there was a hump of dust trailing a long tail, rolling and settling. There was not a shred of cloud on Carantoul. The lakes were steady, a regiment of sapphires. Close by, in his grandmother's garden, a chicken clucked gently, at ease with the world, warm, her crop full; it was one of the Rhode Island Reds and he knew her eyes would be hooding, her beak half buried in her feathers like a single ear of wheat in a field of poppies. He threw his head back and gazed up into the blue sky; forced his eyes to slide slowly around to the sun, closing his eyelids as the light became unbearable, but still gazing, seeing now a web, then a net, then a suffusion of scarlet, his own blood.

He opened his eyes suddenly and knew for one instant panic as he saw, for that roaring second of time, nothing, only gaping vertiginous darkness. Then the day closed back over that black hole as his vision cleared, and with leaping bounds he went down into the orchard, his jaws aching at their hinges as the saliva spurted in his mouth, already tasting the juice of the apple.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Something is happening.
Before it gets the upper hand
I write my will.
I do it without benefit of counsel.
Who needs that kind of advice.
To my daughter, age four, I leave
An egg.
To my wife,
Instruction to destroy
The incubator.

CODICIL

Nothing is happening after all.
But keep the egg, daughter.
By right it's yours.
When there's time
From keeping my other things whole
We'll have a look at it
Together.
As for the incubator, my
Patient wife,
That part still holds.

—Alvin Aubert

BALLAD FOR BABY RUTH
(Or How to Burst Joy's Grape)

Chocolate kisses! Milky Way! Forever Yours!
And Baby Ruth at home
Amid the not-so alien candy corn:
white tipping the top,
Then orange tapering fat to yellow,
and yellow yellowing;
While out there in the Milky Way—
another fruit flavored,
Life-savoring sunset: orange of apricot,
orange of cumquat,
Cantaloupe orange, orange of nectarine,
and apple-red
Blinking blue to plum, and banana-yellow
pulsing up from green.

And here is a honey-do gum-drop kiss
Forever yours until our teeth decay,
And here is my vanilla bean,
And here is my milky way!

Shaped like pears, frolicking yellow
flute notes leap;
Bassoon-round-sounding plums bulge purple
to the edge;
Are you filling up, my Baby Ruth?
Has your quick
Lip-licking pink tongue tasted yet
the whole, hoped message
Of orange light now mellowing yellow home:
marshmallows fondled gold
By fire-flame-flutter; tang lemon in chill
hot-summer tea;
Peach marmalade; or blueberry jelly
with peanut butter?

And here is a honey-do gum-drop kiss
Forever yours until our teeth decay,
And here is my vanilla bean,
And here is my milky way!

For the candy light comes up, surrounds,
yellow spreads out,
Purple thrusts in, flavored with malt, with salt,
with egg whites whipped,
And your teeth shiver, your gums quake,
your taste-buds rise,
Nourished with vegetable oil, with syruped corn,
with butterscotch, with milk,

And your left ear blushes to a horn's red flare,
your right to an oboe's blue.
And the orange light comes up, Baby Ruth, comes out,
goes in, for you, for me,
Where last the first void was, and is,
and will forever be.

And here is a honey-do gum-drop kiss
Forever yours until your teeth decay,
And here is my vanilla bean,
And here is my milky way!

—*Robert Pack*

LOVE

Love neglects to knock. Outcountenancing doors,
it comes into its house as if it holds
the deed. As enterprising as an attic
squirrel, it crowds the hangers tight upon the rod
and forswears its public coat. It salts the soup
before it tastes and wipes the soap from its
child eyes with the first towel comes to hand.
It runs shocked fingers through where fabric's thin.

Love wears a glow that rounds all edges off,
and lingers with its lips upon soft,
silken things like lips and breasts. It stands
hand at the switch and bids the other cross,
then catches up, and sets the first foot into
the further dark and turns the covers down.

—*Biron Walker*

I KNOW A SPOT JUST OVER THE HILL

I thought they stood
For good times.
Women on any Monday
My mother
Were Saturday night Circes,
Their sagging milk sacks
Adjusted to goddess shapes
By a factory in New Jersey.

The eyes look at me
And I see myself.

A patient on a weekend pass
Explains love.

Emma Jean wiggles
Believing in playboy.

Jo once
Flung her secretary hips
Over me.
For one jukeboxbeer moment
I was a Mississippi Ulysses
Passing rocks without wax
In my ears
But her tongue said no.
Her husband belched
"I taught her everything
She knows" and
With all her education
She killed him.

I was going to Mt. Carmel
But down the way
Jezebel was eaten by dogs
Ahab failed.

Their sharpened faces
Are marble,
Reflected sun
Catches my eyes.

The decadence here
Stops being literature,
Orders a doubleshot
Of sour mash.
His sister
Pulls off her shoes and shirt
And straddling the
Yellow line
Is hit by a semi
On its dark way
To Centerville.

—*William Mills*

PITY

She asked me twice
Didn't I kill the
Catfish
Before I took the pliers
And stripped his hide.
I said no,
You'd have to break his neck.
She sat there, watching.
I, now uneasy,
Blood bright on my fingers
Saw her wince,
The whiskered fish
Twisting.
Looks like torture that way,
She said,
And I said look
If you ask that question
It leads to another.
This is the way it's done.

—*William Mills*

EASTER SUNDAY: NOT THE ARTIST

1

The unmade girl on my bed
crawls beneath herself to find sleep.
I search her face
for a line to put in my poem.
There are no lines.

Last night she wore
a hat of rayon flowers
at midnight vigil mass
and asked me
How are you doing
at forgetting
what you are not?
And when the priest
consumed the blood
and didn't spill a drop
she said
I could stand a drink.

2

Any movement now
would be indiscreet;
my thick-fingered heart
does not want to feel her deeper.
There is no life in meaning.

After mass
she said

she was an honorary virgin
and when I told her
Time is what stands between us
she said *Shut up*
then remade my bed
in someone else's likeness:
We'll sleep together soundly
since I have no place to go;
tomorrow
you can help me look.

3

She stirs now with open lips,
eyes open slowly.
Mine close.
I hear her sit
and feel her looking at me.

Somewhere is a secret she knows
too true for dreaming
dark in the room of her thoughts.
I feel like screaming
but her fingers seal my lips.
And when I look
I see her laughing,
leaning close:
You didn't touch me. Why didn't you touch me?
I say *You drew the line.*
She settles back and smiling says
There are no lines.

—Ralph Adamo

THE PROFESSIONALS

"... for they had contracted
American dreams...."
—LOUIS SIMPSON

I. Ph.D. He has layers and layers of pages
tucked under his skin—
brain cells circulate in his lymph like oxygen.

He tunnels through the long libraries of night.
The knives and forks of his eyes
dismember

thousands of minuscule syllable-lives, limb from limb,
and joint by joint,
picking the sentences clean like chicken-bones.

There are teeth in the thighs of bindings—
a permanent bite. And the swellings will never go down.
His perfect memory scoops out the delicate flesh of paragraphs

like testicles from a scrotum.
In dreams, he fondles the disembowelled centuries
like so many pet spaniels.

II. Real Estater Our handshake
shifts, my hand
a doorknob
turning in his grip.

In his eyes, a door keeps
slamming shut;
behind his smile,
a key twists
in a dark lock.

His handkerchief
spreads like a welcome
mat, too white
to be true, a flag
or a mask.
Wherever
he stays, or looks,
for sale lurks.
He will lease my
undug grave
to bones in search
of a bed...

He sleeps
in my telephone
wire. At his touch,
the doorbell shrieks.

—Laurence Lieberman

THE STONE

If I could move. If my dark speck
could become an eye,
My rough edge an ear. If I could smell
that dark shape hushed there—
If it is there. If I could grow to touch
that stirring shade—
If it does stir, if it is there.
How can I change?
How can the flecked dark of my eye see
the dark flecking
Somewhere out there? Can my ear's rough edge
hear the swell of a shape
Outward, making the space stir
so it fills between us
With something to hold—as a claw can hold?
Can I grow a claw?
Can I grow a foot to move that claw?
Would it take too long,
Longer than a claw can remain a stone?
Are there stones
That can stay still? Are there stones
with no specks for eyes,
No edges for ears? Have they grown backwards
dwindling to what?
Can they change minds and grow a claw to hold,
and a foot to move,
In the dark where a dark shape stirs
having grown a claw,
And a foot to move that claw, seeking
something to hold?
Would it hurt to grow a claw? Would a hurt claw
hurt what it held? If the dark
Thing frightened me, I would eat it with a mouth
and two claws that could grip.
The dark swallowed inside me, would I
become a stone?
And if I frightened the dark thing,
would it eat me?
If I cried *don't eat me*, would it hear?
What would it do?
How would I make that cry? How long can a stone
remain a stone? Can a stone cry?
Can a claw? Can a mouth? I will try.
I will try to find you
If you are out there. If you are out there,
try to find me.

—Robert Pack

Reviews

Books

White over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550–1812, by Winthrop D. Jordan, University of North Carolina Press, 651 pp., $12.50; *Soul on Ice*, by Eldridge Cleaver, McGraw-Hill, 210 pp., $5.95.

One of the most startling results of three centuries of horrible and almost hopelessly entangled relationships between whites and blacks in the United States is the degree to which the contenders on both sides of a conflict that is rapidly approaching a holocaust came in time to resemble each other. Cast in opposing roles of the degrader and the degraded, the contending groups revealed their likeness through a common participation in the negative options characteristic of a country that has made it a national policy to put its worst foot forward.

Frederick Douglass' famous description of slavery as "a system begun in avarice, supported in pride, and perpetuated in cruelty" was of course perfectly accurate. And his words used to expose American hypocrisy, in the 1852 Fourth of July Address, describe without a change of syllable our present position in Vietnam:

> Your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity . . . your denunciation of tyrants brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons [a] thin veil to cover up *crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages* . . . [italics added]

Yet Douglass avidly sought integration in such a society. In fact most Negro effort to cope with a belligerent, exclusionist white society, from Douglass and DuBois to Martin Luther King, has been a pursuit of integrationist status. As Harold Cruse in **The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual** has observed, "Each generation comes of age in a sick world whose inner agonies are numbed by the narcotic fantasies of the American Dream. And when each generation reaches twenty-one, what do they hear the big-time Negro leadership saying? Let us integrate—that will solve everything!" Which in a sense is understandable, since the Negro actually has known no social, economic and political system other than the American one.

When all attempts at meaningful integration have failed, as they have today, the Negro is drawn toward violence in the best American tradition. The circle is closed and the opposing forces of black and white confront each other in images of striking resemblance. Whites loot the world by day; blacks wreak havoc by night. Contending shouts of "nigger" and "honky" merge into a weird cacaphony of global indecency. Thus it is that a master/slave participation in the American Dream/Violence syndrome provides the basis, paradoxically, both for black frustration and the white resistance it is destined to meet.

Which is **not** to sanction both sides of a controversy in which the moral imperatives rest so clearly on one. For it is one thing for Eldridge Cleaver to assert, "We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it," and quite another for whites to enslave, rob, cheat, murder and exploit black people. As a matter of fact, blacks and whites bear the heavy cross of their common crucifixion because of the white man's historic and psychic need to define himself in terms of black men—the master assigning to the slave all of the terrifying attributes unconfronted and unresolved within himself. "Black ape!" cries the white man. "White devil with the blue eyes of death," replies the black man—each unaware, except in the hidden recesses of intuition, that in the psychodrama of daemonology apes and devils are one and the same. What indeed does "white man" mean denied any reference to "black man"? Each slumbers in the brain of the other and on awakening screams out his anguish and torment.

In the last fifteen or twenty years, the force of current events has revealed this to be a major problem in American history, a problem that historians (like the rest of their white compatriots) had politely avoided. However, it is no longer possible to evade the issue and some historians have begun an almost agonizing re-appraisal of the past, attempting to determine the quality and dimensions of the relations between white men and black men in America. Winthrop Jordan's **White Over Black** is a recent and impressive addition to this endeavor.

It is impressive on one level simply because of its

magnitude. Jordan has set himself the ambitious, even awesome, task of delineating and explaining white attitudes toward Negroes in the period 1550-1812. With meticulous concern for detail, he traces these slippery attitudes from the first encounter between Englishmen and Africans to the beginning of the antebellum period of American history. He has carefully ferreted these attitudes out of letters, journals, travel accounts, religious tracts and legal documents and has painstakingly recounted the tale of the degradation of black men in white America.

Jordan has placed the current charge of white racism in an historical context; has followed its roots back to 1550, when white Englishmen first saw black Africans as convenient repositories for the projection of their own dark impulses. This was the psychological pattern for white racism in America. White Englishmen who looked at Africans perceived them as savage, heathen, lascivious, ape-like and black. White Englishmen who migrated to the new world intensified this response and embodied it concretely in economic, social, legal and political degradation.

However, Jordan does not simply catalogue these attitudes and chart their progress; he also attempts to explain them. This, too, is an impressive aspect of the study, because Jordan has tried to reach beyond the traditional common sense assumptions about human behavior that most historians generally accept. He has traveled into the realms of both individual and social psychology and has attempted to incorporate the intellectual souvenirs that he picked up on his journey into his historical analysis.

In this framework, his major argument is that black men have provided a sense of identity for white men by showing white men who and what they are **not.** In a society that lived in a delicate balance between freedom and control and in an environment that invited total freedom from civilized and traditional restraints, where communal structures threatened to collapse, black men were made to symbolize all of the subterranean evils that menaced the American mission in the wilderness. Thus, by perceiving black men as radical opposites of themselves, white men always had a touchstone for their own identity and never had to confront the disruptive parts of their own psyches.

This is indeed an imaginative and exciting approach to historical analysis. Unfortunately, however, it is often buried under the overwhelming mass of detail that Jordan presents and the argument loses its cogency in the chronological structure of the work. For, despite Jordan's good intentions and high ambitions, **White Over Black** is ultimately little more than a well-done, but pedestrian, historical account.

Perhaps the best evidence for this indictment lies in the formal chronological organization of the book. Instead of allowing the psychological argument to dictate the structure of the work, Jordan has simply arranged his material according to the traditional rules of the historical game. This leads to a good deal of confusion and at last to an unhappy sense that the author is not in firm control of his study. One can never be absolutely certain of just where Jordan is or where he wants his reader to be.

Attitudes are admittedly elusive customers and Jordan has pursued several paths in his attempt to track them down. But, the main highway of his work (i.e., the chronological road) appears to be the least likely one of all. For, attitudes seem to form an intellectual and psychic stratum that is almost independent of time. And, while their overt expression may certainly change with the intellectual currents of the time, their core seems to remain impervious to external change and hence they might be better illuminated by some other method.

Indeed, such alternative methods are suggested in Jordan's own study. For example, he might have adopted a thematic approach dealing with the ideological content of the attitudes that he examines. This could have avoided repetition and provided the work with a clarity and force which it lacks. There are certain leitmotifs that are scattered throughout the work that might easily be gathered into major themes. The connection that white men made between Negroes and apes first appears in chapter one. It reappears in chapter six, linked to ideas of biological order; it returns as an element in the case for slavery in chapter seven; and emerges again in chapter thirteen as part of the idea of the Great Chain of Being. The themes of skin color and the myth of the Negro's sexuality run through the book in parallel fashion. Thus, one who wants to trace the path of any specific theme faces the arduous chore of plotting its course through a veritable mountain of detail without any real guarantee of obtaining a coherent whole.

There is, however, an even more imaginative means of arrangement that is outlined in the book's preface. Jordan states that his book ". . . treats attitudes as existing not only at various levels of intensity but at various levels of consciousness and unconsciousness." Again, the book would probably have gained a great deal of lucidity and depth if he had treated his ideas schematically in terms of a spectrum of consciousness. As it is, one is never quite clear about what levels of consciousness or intensity Jordan is operating on. Generally, he appears to be examining ideas at a fairly high degree of consciousness, punctuated here and there by dips into the unconscious. He indicates, for example, that the highly intellectual Chain of Being is linked to sexual impulses at "a level deeper than scientific doctrine." (495) However, because he never makes any clear-cut delineation between the various levels, his plunges into the unconscious appear to be almost gratuitous and are not subjected to any kind of systematic analysis. Had Jordan followed this scheme, he might have produced a valuable conceptual model of the psychological dynamics of racism in American history.

Had he constructed such a model, he might have provided an operational dimension to his concluding prescription of self-awareness. In light of his failure to give a sharp diagnosis of the illness, however, Jordan's comment that the road to health is through self-consciousness sounds hollow and even naive. We cannot possibly get onto that road if we do not know where we are.

Again, conceivably, if one wishes to erect such a framework, the raw materials can be found in the book. But, again, this is an Herculean labor, complicated in large measure by a great deal of obscure writing. Jordan seems to have borrowed from the social scientists a writing style that places a premium on obtuseness heaped upon obfuscation. There are pass-

ages in the book that demonstrate a lapse into a kind of intellectual cuteness at the expense of clarity that is inexcusable. For example, to illustrate an unconscious connection between Negroes and feces, Jordan cites an account of an eighteenth-century dream dealing with pots and explains in a footnote that "Some readers will find this paragraph incomprehensible or supposititious; they might ask themselves why. If these materials have no particular psychological significance, a whole generation of American mothers has been hoodwinked by Dr. Benjamin Spock on the subject of toilet training." (256) Some readers will also find Jordan's explanation incomprehensible.

This kind of precious prose is reminiscent of the polite novels of the nineteenth century that dealt with seduction and in which the crucial scene was described in code language so as not to offend the sensibilities of young ladies. In the same way, Jordan avoids offending the sensibilities of academics. The data in "White Over Black" rubs our noses in the dirty history of American racism; but Jordan's presentation is so polite, so academic, that we are not really sure that we have smelled anything bad. There is a coolness, an aloofness in this book that strips this horrible and shameful history of its horror and shame; that reduces it to the polite minuet that can be danced in the graduate seminar.

This is not to suggest that Jordan should have written a polemic in the style of James Baldwin. But, there is something radically wrong with a study of the pathology of racism that does not make us uncomfortable, that fails to emphasize clearly the sickness of this particular response. Surely, we must try to understand the response of white racism, but understanding must not give moral legitimacy. Jordan, of course, is not a proponent of white racism, he does not actually lend moral sanction to the attitudes he describes. On the other hand, the tone of the book and the method of presentation dull the cutting edge of the moral argument. The reader is so busy trying to follow Jordan through his labyrinth of detail that he tends to lose sight of the broader perspective of the study. Furthermore, the tone of the book is so even-handed that one is not even aware of moral differences. For Jordan discusses the principles of environmentalism and the punishment of castration for black men in the very same academic key.

Consequently, one reaches the end of the book, notes the concluding plea for self-awareness (in the same modulated phrasing), pauses on the note of almost flippant pessimism about that effort and goes on to the next work on the reading list. One may even scan one's own emotions casually before moving on to the next title, but Jordan does not challenge us to expend much more of our moral energies. Hence, a note of despair would have been more appropriate.

But despair cannot emerge naturally from Jordan's study because Jordan has not outlined the full tragic dimensions of the problem. For, he has created an artificial historical environment by treating white attitudes toward black men only as they affected white men. It is as if a scientist were to examine a cancer cell in a laboratory; he would learn a good deal about the mechanics of the cell's existence, but he could not learn very much about the nature of the illness until he had seen it work on its victim. The same is true of the study of white racism; we may learn something about the mechanics of this social illness, but we can have no idea of the extent of its crippling powers unless we are willing to study its victims. Jordan has been too antiseptic and has not made us aware of the poisonous impact of this disease.

This kind of approach leads to some moral inversions. "The Revolution," Jordan comments, "entailed upon Americans a dilemma of tragic proportions. It irreversibly altered the context in which 'all men'—and hence Negroes—had to be viewed." (p. xi) He also indicates that the white attitude toward Negroes was purchased at great psychic cost. Surely one may shed a tear or two for the travail of the slave-owner, one may weep for the lacerated conscience of the white man who had to see black men as apes so as to buttress his own identity. But the real tragedy of this tale lies in the lacerated bodies and the shattered egos of black men. Surely we can sympathize with the white man who had to project his sexual impulses onto black men; but the nature of his psychological problem pales when compared with the horror of the black man who was castrated as a result. We can also sympathize with the moral dilemma of an Adolph Eichmann, who simply followed orders. But the fact of the matter is that six million people were killed as a result and the proportions of his moral dilemma shrink to almost nothing in light of that fact.

Again, Jordan does not say that white men suffered more; but by refusing to look at the suffering of black men, he creates this illusion. "This is not a book about Negroes," Jordan says, "except as they were objects of white men's attitudes." (p. viii) Unfortunately, however, this leads to a critical distortion and thus it becomes questionable as to whether this is a legitimate separation even for the purposes of analysis. The simple fact here is that white men and black men were locked into the racial tragedy of America. White men had the power to impose their attitudes on black men and the power to force physical acquiescence from black men; which, in turn, reinforced the strength of white attitudes. If we are to understand the force and the dynamics of white attitudes, we must examine them in this context. To view white solely as active agent and black solely as passive object is to violate the nature of this history.

Indeed, it may well be that this false perspective may prove to be the fatal error of white racism. Because of their power to coerce black men into behaving according to the needs of white exploitation, white men have constructed a pattern of expectations. Now, black men have begun to act in unexpected ways. Our ancestors were more astute than we. As Jordan has indicated, they expected slave rebellion and experienced no surprise when it occurred. But we of the twentieth century are shocked when black men rise up against the obscene conditions of urban slums. We are learning, however. We are spending millions of dollars on tanks and mace and thus following the same nightmare path of repression that our forefathers so ignobly trod. If urban riots have shown that our expectations were incorrect, we will simply increase our power and bring reality back into focus with our expectations.

The problem of white racism is so complex and so profound that it seems fatuous to assume a simple solution for it as does Jordan in his concluding plea for self-awareness as "a way out from the vicious cycle of degradation." (p. 582) Even if white men admit

that the demons that they project onto the Negro are their own, this will not have much impact on the immediate fate of the black man who is watching the rats eat his children in his slum tenement. For men —even those white men who accept their own demons—generally do not willingly relinquish the social and economic gains that white men in this society derive from the exploitation of black men.

Moreover, time is running out. We cannot wait for Jordan's millenium of self-consciousness. White America is rapidly approaching a time when we will have to admit the logic of racism openly by building concentration camps to hold those who refuse to accept our expectations; or we will be forced by black men to change our behavior. In that latter case, our attitudes would have to follow suit.

While Jordan is investigating the collective mind of a white society as it distills a poisonous racism, Eldridge Cleaver reverses the procedure by exploring the interactions of a single black mind—his own—which turns out to be a breathtaking adventure. The difference between the two performances (apart from the restraints of formal scholarship imposed on Jordan) is like the difference between Cleaver's "stiffassed honkies" and his swinging black studs doing the Twist. Indeed it is part of Cleaver's thesis to demonstrate the social and personal disfunctions caused by the alienation of (white) Mind from (black) Body. It is also his purpose to reveal to us how one black man, who had been denied his soul by a culture that abstracts color as the total reality and relegates men to a limbo of spiritual as well as physical ghettoes, discovered the way back to moral and psychic health.

It should not be surprising that Cleaver's book is composed of letters and essays mostly written while he was in various California prisons. For a Young Man who is black to go West ("an incredible dreamer") from Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was born in 1935, there was the choice of Watts, where he actually did live, and prison by age eighteen, where he ripened into manhood. "I had stepped outside of the white man's law," Cleaver tells us, "though looking back I see that I was in a frantic, wild, and completely abandoned frame of mind." From the first letter "On Becoming" to "Convalescence" near the end of the book, **Soul On Ice** reconstructs in virtuoso prose the fall and redemption of a human being cursed by American racism. "A lot of people's feelings will be hurt, but that is the price that must be paid."

"I became a rapist," Cleaver writes with candor. "Rape was an insurrectionary act. It delighted me that I was trampling upon the white man's law, upon his system of values, and that I was defiling his women—." Later he writes from Folsom Prison, "I'm perfectly aware that I'm in prison, that I'm a Negro, that I've been a rapist, and that I have a Higher Uneducation. I never know what significance I'm supposed to attach to these factors." "Never know, indeed?" a society shocked with indignation may be expected to ask. But wait. Cleaver parries:

> My answer to all such thoughts lurking in their split-level heads, crouching behind their squinting bombardier eyes, is that the blood of Vietnamese peasants has paid off all my debts; that the Vietnamese people, afflicted with a rampant disease called Yankees, through their sufferings—as opposed to the 'frustration' of fat-assed American geeks safe at home worrying over whether to have bacon, ham, or sausage with their grade-A eggs in the morning, while Vietnamese worry each morning whether the Yankees will gas them, burn them up, or blow away their humble pads in a hail of bombs—have canceled all my IOUs.

This is an early step toward an awareness that liberates. "I realized that no one could save me but myself. . . . I had to find out who I am . . ." For Cleaver salvation meant a long, excruciating journey out of the self-pity and sexual anarchy into which he had, wounded, retreated in his youth. In this struggle he was to receive aid, while still in prison, in the form of a tender and requited affection from his lawyer, Beverly Axlerod, a moving account of this strange romance forming a brief chapter of the book.

By the final portion of the book (Cleaver does not date all the entries) we find an essay titled "To All Black Women, From All Black Men" that starts, "I have Returned from the dead, I speak to you from Here and Now." In a clinching rapprochement with the Self purged of the guilt, suffering and expiation of a lifetime of "negated masculinity", the new voice salutes the Black Bride of Passion, "not in the obsequious whine of a Slave to which you have become accustomed, neither do I greet you in the . . . unctuous supplications of the Black Bourgeoise . . . but in my own voice do I greet you, the voice of the Black Man." It is a deeply moving experience, and the essay is a gem in a narrative laden with treasure.

Love, in fact, whether in its transmogrifications of lust or a passion for freedom, is the healing force that in the end dominates a bitter self-hatred engendered by racism. "The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less," Cleaver learned. The warmth of love that was beginning to thaw a "soul on ice" not only restored Cleaver to humanized relations with women but also penetrated to the core of his religious and intellectual experience. Converted in prison to the Black Muslim religion, Cleaver made the painful, and dangerous, transition from the racist mystique of Elijah Muhammad to the enlightened nationalism preached by Malcolm X, who had broken ties with the Black Muslims after his pilgrimage to Mecca. With all the fervor of the old faith (Cleaver had been a Muslim minister) into the new cause, Cleaver became a stirring proselytizer for "an alliance between the Negro revolution, the New Left, and the peace movement." He turned his back with finality on the Negro's historical drive for integration, and like Malcolm X ("black, shining Prince!") pinned his hopes for racial readjustment on a coalition of black nationalists, alienated white youth (and for that matter, revolutionaries everywhere). He wrote enthusiastically:

> There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect, and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history. From the beginning of the contact between blacks and whites, there has been very little reason for a black man to respect a white. . . . But respect commands itself and it can neither be given nor withheld when it is due. If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself . . . can change, if

young whites can change, then there is hope for America.

A similar awakening grows out of Cleaver's intellectual contact with Lovdjieff, the Christ-like teacher of muggers and thieves at Folsom Prison, who fired Cleaver's imagination with the potentialities of knowledge and tempered a haughtiness of spirit that still chilled his soul. There was the memorable day when Cleaver turned in a class assignment that foamed with bitter hatred for whites. "How can you do this to me?" he recalls Lovdjieff pleading. " 'I've only written the way I feel, I said. Instead of answering, he cried. . . . Two days later, he returned my essay—ungraded. There were instead spots on it which I realized to be his tears'." That Cleaver was aware that, "It was certainly strange to find myself, while steeped in the doctrine that all whites were devils by nature, commanded by the heart to applaud and acknowledge respect for [Lovdjieff and the young white rebels] is proof positive of the stature and perception of one who with every good reason still despised the "architects of systems of human exploitation and slavery" and spewed out his contempt on a nation of "euphoric liars . . . a lot of coffee-drinking, cigarette-smoking, sly, suck-assing, status-seeking, cheating, nervous, dry-balled, tranquillizer-gulched, countdown-minded, out-of-style, slithering snakes."

As his spiritual and intellectual insights converged into sharper focus, Cleaver began to make full utilisation of his extraordinary writing talents, taking aim with a deadly prose style at everything around him until he has in a relatively short period become without any doubt one of the best general culture critics today. Some of the essays in **Soul On Ice** are modern classics. "Rallying Round The Flag", "The Black Man's Stake In Vietnam", and "Domestic Law and International Order" are sober, reasoned pieces that show a firm grasp of left-oriented political critique. At least two of his essays are notably in the Mencken spirit: "The White Race And It's Heroes" (which begins, "Right from the go, let me make one thing absolutely clear: I am not now, nor have I ever been, a white man"), and "Lazarus, Come Forth," an essay on the care and feeding of Negro celebrities, American style, and boxing as a manhood symbol in America, centering on the Muhammad Ali-Patterson controversy. The essay titled "Notes On a Native Son" is probably the most penetrating and illuminating discussion of James Baldwin's literary career we have, causing us to wonder just what indeed are the limits of Cleaver's range.

"The Allegory of the Black Eunuchs", one of the longer pieces in the book, invents an eerie, haunting monologue to explore the subterranean structures of an old Negro who has wandered too long in the netherworld that separates blacks from whites. In a companion essay, "The Primeval Mitosis", Cleaver delves into sexual mysticism to create a satiric fantasy of American sex mores. There are overtones of Plato in the premise of a Unitary Self fissioned into Man-Woman hemispheres in eternal search of reunion. **Soul on ice** of course alludes to much more than the bleakness of the black man's lot. The unnatural cleavages in our culture (the primeval mitosis) also decree "an icepack death of the soul" for the Omnipotent Administrator and his Ultrafeminine, even while it robs the Supermasculine Menial—"the walking phallus symbol"—of his mind. Thus the alienated parts, Mind and Body, of a dismembered, caste society are doomed to yearn in anguish and frustration for a reunion.

From the single book that he has written so far it is clear that Eldridge Cleaver has in his possession a formidable arsenal of linguist weaponry. As the occasion (or the battle) requires, he can display a finely honed humor, or he can lay on with a savage and caustic polemic; he is by turns lively and grave, analytic and rhapsodic, both seductive in his lyricism and crotch funky. Like Malcolm X he is as supple, swift and deadly as a streetfighter. And like Malcolm X (and Mark Twain), Cleaver, who is equipped with a natural and authentic sense of language, has forged a powerful idiom of expression out of a combination of the racy vernacular of the ghettoes and prisons and his own profound and passionate zeal as a rebel.

While this review was being written, it was learned that Cleaver has been implicated in an Oakland, California, murder involving a clash between members of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, which he serves as Minister of Education, and police. Without having the details of this distressing report, we recall at once Cleaver's contention that often what society regards as criminals are only black men at war with a law enforced System of oppression. "We knew," he wrote in **Soul On Ice,** "that black rebels . . . do not walk the streets in America: they were either dead, in prison, or in exile. . . ."

Just how long blacks must continue to wrestle with the "devils" of the white world is uncertain, though with the recent slaying of Dr. King things are looking worse instead of better. One thing is certain, however. With the rise of a new generation of black men like Cleaver whites will have forever lost their "apes".

Reviewed by Barbara S. Benavie and William Couch, Jr.

Whitewash I: The Report on the Warren Report by Harold Weisberg, Frederick, Md., 224 pp., $4.95; *Whitewash II: The FBI-Secret Service Coverup* by Harold Weisberg, Frederick, Md., 250 pp., $4.95; *Photographic Whitewash: Suppressed Kennedy Assassination Pictures* by Harold Weisberg, Frederick, Md., 296 pp., $4.95; *Oswald in New Orleans: Case for Conspiracy with the CIA* by Harold Weisberg, Canyon, 404 pp., 95¢.

Harold Weisberg's four books are a series of honest and penetrating studies of what the Government and its agencies did or did not do, and what the Warren Commission might have done had at least one responsible official sufficient interest or courage. Weisberg writes with intense passion, and his books reflect the intensity of a man thirsting for justice with a guardian angel sitting on his shoulder. These books are filled with cold, hard fact that destroy any illusions one might have about benevolent paternalism in Washington, the misfit assassin and the "magic" bullet—the 6.5 millimeter bullet that the Commission says went through Kennedy's neck, Connally's chest, shattering his fifth rib, smashing through his wrist, and finally lodging in his thigh—and then, fell out of Connally's thigh and wedged it-

self under the mattress of a stretcher in the Parkland Memorial Hospital, where it was later found. Yet, this bullet, for all the damage it had done, magically remained almost as fresh as a pristine bullet fired into a wad of cotton. According to Weisberg, the "Warren Report" is not only erroneous but intentionally misleading. Weisberg shows that some of the witnesses lied, including Marina Oswald, Lee Harvey Oswald's Russian wife, who was, in fact, held prisoner by Federal agents for three months without the benefit of an attorney. Howard Leslie Brennan, the Commission's star witness, who the "Report" claims saw Oswald fire the rifle from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, was unable to circle the correct window in which three Negroes were watching the motorcade, and which is directly beneath the sixth floor window from which the assassin was supposed to be firing, did not identify Oswald in the police lineup, and then admitted to Commission member McCloy that he had not seen the rifle discharge, the recoil or the flash. The "Report" claims Cecil McWatters, the bus driver on whose bus Oswald rode for four minutes going back toward the Depository after having walked seven blocks away from the Depository, identified Oswald, though McWatters declared that he identified a schoolboy, not Oswald. William Whaley, the first Dallas cab driver to be killed while on duty since 1937, claimed that Oswald had taken his cab to two different locations, though he was unsure which, near his rooming house—actually five or more blocks past his rooming house. Whaley identified Oswald as the No. 3 man in the police lineup, although Oswald was actually the No. 2 man. Later Whaley declared under oath that he had signed a blank piece of paper for Jack Ruby's friend, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander, before viewing the lineup. Helen Markham fingered Oswald as the triggerman in the murder of Police Officer J.D. Tippit, but after she listened to herself in a conversation with Mark Lane, the attorney Oswald's mother hired, on tape, admitted that she lied to the Commission. Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebeler assured her not to worry about it because no one was going to give her any trouble.

Weisberg demonstrates through careful research and analysis that the witnesses who would invalidate the Commission's single assassin theory were either not called, or were dismissed as unreliable. Only 94 of the 552 witnesses appeared before the Commission. According to Weisberg, "About a sixth of all the hearings had as few as a single member of the Commission. Most had but the Commission lawyer, empowered to administer oaths, the stenographer and the witness." Some important witnesses, such as David Ferrie, who died of natural causes naked in bed with a sheet covering his body, including his head, Col. L. Robert Castorr, a close friend of Gen. Walker, Loran Hall, William Seymour, Lawrence Howard, and Mrs. R.E. Arnold, who stated that she thought she saw Oswald on the first floor of the Depository about 12:15, were not included in the Index of the "Warren Report," and H.L. Hunt's son, Nelson Bunker Hunt, turns up in the testimony but not in the Index. Yet, in a classified document in the National Archives, the FBI indicates that it interviewed Nelson Bunker—who is Nelson Bunker Hunt. Weisberg also points out that the curious and unprofessional behavior of the Dallas Police was never called into question, and Ruby's request to appear before the Commission in Washington—not in Dallas—was refused by Earl Warren. Mrs. Sylvia Odio, who was visited by the "False Oswald" gave a description of a "Leon Oswald" that parallels the description given by Perry Russo, apparently of Ferrie's roommate, but Mrs. Odio's testimony was rejected on the basis of Dr. Augustin Guitart's diagnosis that she "suffered a very serious emotional breakdown," and in the fall of 1963 "was not physically well." Dr. Guitart, as Weisberg points out, is neither a physician nor a psychiatrist—but is a physics instructor at Xavier University in New Orleans. An eye-witness to the Tippit killing, Domingo Benavides, who was twenty-five feet from Tippit when the gunman shot him, testified that the gunman was not Oswald, but a "Latin type" and had "wavy black hair." Benavides was not taken to the police lineup because he was not sure that he could identify the killer—and did not appear before the Commission. Benavides was sure, however, that it was not Oswald.

Further, the Commission did not have complete access to the CIA files as the "Report" claims. Weisberg also points out that Emmett J. Hudson, the groundskeeper of Dealey Plaza, testified that the three road signs along the right side of Elm Street facing the Triple Underpass had been moved, that the hedges and shrubbery on the grassy knoll had been trimmed, which means that "all the projections and points essential to photographic analysis" were destroyed. This means that an accurate reconstruction of the crime would be impossible. Yet, the Presidential limousine was not used in the Commission's reconstruction of the crime, and the car that was used "was not an exact duplication." In fact, the seats were not the same height, and Connally's stand-in was not the same size as the Governor. Thus trajectories and angles of fire in the reconstruction are meaningless. Further, even before the members of the Commission had an opportunity to examine the many photographs that were taken at the time of the assassination, pictures were returned to their owners without copies being retained. This seems to be a curious way for the investigative agencies to act if they were serious about conducting an honest investigation. For instance, Mary Moorman, a witness to the assassination, whose first picture shows the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, was never called as a witness, and the Commission was not interested in her pictures. Other witnesses, Mrs. Muchmore and Orville Nix, took pictures, but their photographs were returned without copies being kept. Another witness, Robert J. Hughes took 8 mm. movies at the corner of Main and Houston at the time of the assassination. The Hughes film shows no one in the window of the sixth floor of the Depository, the window from which Oswald was supposed to be firing. It also shows the Presidential motorcade at the same time. A single frame from this film appears in the evidence as Exhibit 29 with the caption "Picture was taken moments before Assassination." Yet, oddly enough, even this single frame is cropped to exclude material, and the film itself is not in the Archives nor is it in the Commission evidence.

Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas dress manufacturer, was standing on a raised concrete abutment on the grassy knoll facing the Depository, taking pictures of the Presidential motorcade with an 8 mm. Bell

and Howell movie camera. Zapruder, unlike any other witness, watched the assassination through a telephoto lens, saw the President get hit, and "grab" his neck. Weisberg astutely points out that Zapruder's testimony indicates that his film had been tampered with, and that Kennedy had been hit before frame 207, before the President began disappearing behind the Stemmons Freeway sign, although any shot before frame 210—according to the FBI—could not have come from the Depository. This means that Oswald, even if he had been in the sixth floor window of the Depository, could not have fired the first shot. Further, Weisberg points out that the Commission used a copy of a copy of the Zapruder film, including blurred slides from it, when the original was available from "Life" who purchased the film for $25,000. Recently, Weisberg learned that Zapruder "actually sold the right to suppress his film." Weisberg also calls attention to the fact that frames 208 to 211 were missing from the evidence, that frame 207 "has a bluish alteration," and that frame 212 was spliced. Interestingly, it was the FBI who numbered the frames. In the evidence Zapruder frames 314 and 315 were reversed so that Kennedy's head moves forward instead of backward, giving the impression that he had been hit from behind. Hoover casually explained it as a printing error.

Unlike the members of the Commission who were busy men without adequate time to devote to the assassination, Weisberg employs all 26 volumes of the testimony and evidence, though he complains, and rightly so, about things like Marina Oswald's nail file being entered as evidence. Weisberg has also studied many of the formerly classified documents in the National Archives that he pressured the government into releasing. The testimony and evidence the Warren Commission published is quantitatively tremendous, poorly organized, and complex, so that Weisberg's books ought to be studied rather than merely read. They must, however, be read in their order of composition because Weisberg, especially in **Oswald in New Orleans** (with a foreword by Jim Garrison), assumes the reader already knows what pains the FBI and the Secret Service—not to mention the CIA—have taken to coverup the greatest scandal in the history of the United States. When Weisberg tells the detailed story of Oswald and the "False Oswald" in New Orleans, it is the inside story of an intricate web of associations linked closely with the CIA, from Gordon Novel to Clay Shaw, David Ferrie, Ricardo Davis, Sergio Arcacha Smith, Carlos Bringuier, Kerry Thornley, Dean Andrews, and back again to Guy Bannister, a former FBI agent, who, like so many others linked to the assassination, died in June, 1964, of a heart attack. It is also in part a story of Garrison's investigation, headed by the quiet and mild mannered Chief Investigator, Louis Ivon, whose excellent work on the assassination—aside from heading the normal investigations of the office—has largely gone unsung because he avoids publicity. In fact, after Chief Investigator Ray Beck left the D.A.'s office, Louis Ivon became Chief Investigator for the Orleans Parish D.A.'s office in December, 1966, before William H. Gurvich, Secretary and Treasurer of his brother's detective agency and night watchman service, volunteered his sophisticated photographic equipment to Garrison, and made his unsuccessful bid for the Chief Investigator's position. Among other things, Weisberg points out that Arcacha's Cuban Revolutionary Council, which had its office in the same building as Bannister's detective agency, was located at 544 Camp Street. This is the first address that Oswald had stamped on his "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" leaflets. Bannister and Arcacha, a former Batista diplomat, were old friends. When Arcacha, Ferrie, and Gordon Novel allegedly burglarized the munitions bunker in Houma, Louisiana, they stored the stolen munitions in Bannister's office. Ironically, Arcacha, who has been charged with a bill of information, is under the protection of the Dallas Police and Jack Ruby's old friend, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander. Kerry Thornley, a former marine buddy of Oswald's, who has been indicted on three counts of perjury, was one of the only two men who claimed Oswald was a communist. The other, Carlos Bringuier, a Cuban attorney, debated Oswald on WDSU. Yet, there is nothing to prove that Oswald was a communist, or even a Marxist. Weisberg points out that Seth Kantor, a long time UPI reporter, noted that Oswald claimed, "I'm just a patsy," and George Meller, a member of the Russian community in Dallas, told the Dallas police that the FBI told him that Oswald was all right. Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebeler, questioning Oswald's marine buddy, Nelson Delgado, inadvertently made the point that the novel, **Animal Farm,** a book that Oswald was particularly fond of recommending, was anti-Communist.

There is so much in Weisberg's books that is based on fact, not speculation, that is based on clear sighted analysis, that the only way Washington can tolerate him is to ignore him, and to hope, by applying pressure in the right places, that everyone will do the same—which may well be one of the reasons why Weisberg had to publish three of these books himself, and why all of the books are difficult to find.

Reviewed by John Joerg

Victorian Minds, by Gertrude Himmelfarb, A. Knopf, 392 pp., $8.95; *Robert Browning and His World: The Private Face*, by Maisie Ward, Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, 335 pp., $8.50; *Dickens The Novelist*, by Sylvere Monod, University of Oklahoma Press, 512 pp., $7.95; *William Morris—His Life Work and Friends*, by Philip Henderson, McGraw-Hill, 388 pp., $9.95; *Lytton Strachey—The Unknown Years*—1880-1910, Volume I, *The Years of Achievement*—1910-1932, Volume II, by Michael Holroyd, Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, 460 pp., 720 pp., $21.95 the set; *Feasting With Panthers*, by Rupert Croft-Cooke, Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, 309 pp., $6.50.

> Art begins with abstract decoration, with purely imaginative and pleasurable work dealing with what is unreal and non-existent. This is the first stage. Then Life becomes fascinated with this new wonder, and asks to be admitted into the charmed circle. Art takes life as part of her rough material, recreates it, and refashions it in fresh forms, is absolutely indifferent to fact, invents, imagines, dreams, and keeps between herself and reality the impenetrable barrier of beautiful style of decorative or ideal treatment. The third stage

is when Life gets the upper hand, and drives Art out into the wilderness.
—Oscar Wilde, "The Decay of Lying"

Oscar Wilde's suggestion that Wordsworth found in stones the sermons he had already hidden there has a particular relevance in an age when self-reflexive art has become such a popular mode. A culture confronted with increasing philosophical relativism and the growth of phenomenology, the use of metaphors borrowed from psychoanalysis and the implication of a plurality of egos, and most recently, the myth of apocalypse would doubtlessly harbor a different vision of biography than did the Victorians. Wilde certainly realized the irony of his statement; in attacking the exponent of romantic "sincerity," he was pointing toward a different relationship between art, life, and propaganda.

Today, we are accustomed to self-consciousness as an adjunct to modern art. One has only to read Norman Mailer's **Why Are We in Vietnam?** to realize that parodic structure is a most effective agent of morality. As in the Victorian novel, Mailer's **D.J.** enters the novel without either identity or parents. As befits a post-McLuhan age, he defines himself by role—that of the pop radio disc jockey. The novel itself recapitulates not the traditional subdivision into chapters, but rather a sequence of "intro beeps." What the reader encounters then is not a novel, but a pop radio show whose spatial and temporal increments are denoted by the electronic time tones that precede a newscast. Even the dust jacket of the novel depicting two photographs of Mailer, alternately with a black-eye and an expensive Madison avenue suit, is part of a "meaning" that embodies the self as having no sincerity. **D.J.** has no self; only a popularity that can be measured by Trendex. There is no more plot in the novel than in any top-forty radio show where the Supremes sing their latest hit and the Coca-Cola commercial back-to-back, as all identity becomes but another **Advertisement for Myself.** Message and medium become identities only at the expense of some dehumanization. John Barth's hero of **The End of the Road** opens his reminiscence with enough tentativeness: "I am, in a sense, Jacob Horner." And even the most sincere of biographies, Sammy Davis Jr.'s **Yes I Can,** although commencing with a sincere, earnest self whose sincerity is re-enforced by its consciousness of minority status, concludes with its visualization of all life as an endless performance.

To be sure, the novel is by no means the only villain. Robert Rauschenberg's "combine" paintings of 1953-55 suggest the final breakdown of the cubist attempt to fit three-dimensional life within the confines of a two-dimensional canvas. Certain characters appear not within the frame, but outside of it. By allowing the contents of the paintings to spill out into the spectator's space, Rauschenberg literally began to fill the gap between art and life. The title of one of these paintings, "Rebus," suggests the manner in which the images should be read, not as literal narrative or illusionistic space, but as fused metaphor.

A similar tendency is to be seen in the growing popularity of a literary criticism that seeks to locate the contours of a particular artist's "world." Largely influenced by G. Poulet and the growth of structural anthropology, its current practitioners construct a kind of metaphoric space in which both author and canon have a simultaneous existence that is virtually indistinguishable. Both are part of the same "supreme fiction," and the aim of the critic is to explore the dimensions of that fiction. One of its spiritual kinsmen, the anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss, has intimated in **Tristes Tropiques** that the ensemble of a people's customs always has a particular style—that is, that they form into systems. Convinced that the number of these systems is not unlimited, Levi-Strauss has theorized that human societies like individual human beings at play or in their dreams, create culture from a repertory of ideas which it is possible to reconstitute. Although we do not create in an absolute sense, the very act of living may have a characteristic pattern and symbolic organization that gives it the fabric of art.

The revival of interest in late Victorian lives is at least partially the result of our own inability to distinguish life from art in either our lives or our art. Obviously, biographies of Morris, Strachey, and an impending biography of Oscar Wilde coupled with New York exhibitions of Aubrey Beardsley and Simeon Solomon would suggest a more general shift in our evaluation of the Victorian accomplishment. Clearly, the center of interest will locate itself later in the century, as the "bread-and-butter" faces of Carlyle, Arnold, and Dickens yield to the more ambiguous portraits of the so-called Decadents. Yet, what the recent flurry of activity points to is a definable relationship between those well-known identity-crises that characterized the lives of Victorian sages and the self-conscious loss of identity that became a trademark of the **fin-de-siecle.**

Gertrude Himmelfarb's **Victorian Minds** (A. Knopf, $8.95) is an ambitious attempt to establish the modern relevance of nineteenth-century spiritual tension. It is a book unfortunately marred by a lack of unity, most likely resulting from its growth into a book from a collection of discrete essays. Miss Himmelfarb doubtlessly well knows the dangers of positing an organicism from a utilitarian epistemology that grows by quantitative accretion; it was after all one of the difficulties faced by John Stuart Mill in that late essay, "On Theism." Apart from this structural weakness, **Victorian Minds** impresses one as being worthy of attention. Extending her temporal province well beyond the years of Victoria's reign, this astute intellectual historian is at her best on those peripheral figures who, though not chronologically Victorians, exhibit an ideological kinship. She reminds us that Malthus' "Essay on the Principle of Population" in converting an optimistic proposition into a pessimistic one, seized the public's predisposition toward apocalypse just as thoroughly as the H-Bomb which substitutes a mechanical for a human "explosion." It was Malthus who questioned the rhetoric of Condorcet and Godwin and saw behind this vision of perfect justice and infinite perfectibility the fallacy of attributing all social evils to particular human institutions. A deeper cause of corruption Malthus found in the "principle of population" that would inevitably result in a surplus of mouths over loaves. Yet the implications were far more horrifying than the geometry, for the responsibility of their miserable condition was placed upon the poor themselves, not because they were poor **per se,** but rather because they were closest to the condition of natural

man. Godwin and Condorcet, both disciples of Rousseau, had elaborated the idyllic, natural garden of man's childhood. It was Malthus, we are reminded, who turned that garden into a wasteland long before the devastation of a World War did the same for T.S. Eliot.

The real value of Miss Himmelfarb's contribution arises from its demonstration that social progress in Victorian England was not so much the product of a liberal imagination, as we had been previously led to believe by the work of Elie Halevy and E. P. Thompson, but rather part of a dialectic that alternated between a veneration for the efficacy of human institutions and an enshrinement of the more random rights of humans. She illustrates this divided sensibility of the Victorian Mind by exploring the way in which Malthus went beyond his original conviction that liberty was a consequence of the moral reformation of the lower classes to a belief that it was a precondition. Rather than trusting "moral restraint" as the mode of alleviating the human condition, Malthus became convinced that the denaturalization of the lower classes was the first step in their necessary embourgeoisement. Between the first and second editions of his work, Malthus obviously came to doubt the absolute responsibility of the poor for their poverty, and became convinced that institutions were the only answer. Strangely, institutions were the only product incapable of being bred by the congenitally poor.

Her discussion of John Stuart Mill centers about a well-known feature of his achievement; namely, that "On Liberty" exhibits a liberalism not entirely consistent with the remainder of Mill's thought. The authoress, using its publication date and the revisions now at our disposal, intimates that the banner of liberalism may be the product of Harriet Taylor rather than Mill. It is an understandable proposal from Miss Himmelfarb, who leads a double existence herself as the wife of Irving Kristol, the former editor of "Encounter" whose journal bears not a little resemblance to "The Westminster Review."

The second half of **Victorian Minds** is characterized by a shift from the study of intellectuals in crisis to that of ideologies in transition. In a fascinating chapter entitled "Varieties of Social Darwinism" Miss Himmelfarb details the somewhat incestuous inversion by which Darwin was made to legitimize the doctrine of **laissez-faire** in spite of the fact that the free, unrestrained competition of individuals had become doctrine three quarters of a century prior to the **Origin of the Species.** Doubtlessly, the most original essay in the book is the final chapter in which the events surrounding the passage of the Reform Bill of 1867 are examined to disprove the "Whig-Thesis." Demonstrating the weakness of the commonly held idea that only Disraeli's opportunism saved the bill for the Liberals, we are shown rather that the Second Reform Bill was a Conservative Bill. The creed of Coningsby and Sybil—notably that the Tories were the national party and that the aristocracy and the working class were natural allies—in effect demonstrated that the social hierarchy was independent of political arrangements. What Disraeli's philosophy did in effect was to liberate politics by divorcing it from society—a decision not unlike that reached by a Populist president of the United States a hundred years later. Gladstone's failure, in a sense, stemmed from a characteristically Liberal failure of nerve. Sustained only by precarious political arrangements (more precarious since each attempt to lower the minimum rate for enfranchisement created more working class voters), Disraeli's vision was matched by Gladstone's warped Realpolitik. What we are shown is the first step in that change which made the terms "Liberal" and "Conservative" reverse their nineteenth-century meanings in the twentieth century.

When Matthew Arnold said that the cultured man was defined by his ability to change his mind, he was pointing the way by which we might "see life steadily and see it whole." The recognition of a world becoming increasingly fragmented is matched only by a painful fragmentation and alternation of judgment to keep things in phase. What Miss Himmelfarb has done is to take the cliche of the divided Victorian Mind (demonstrated even in recent titles: **The Other Victorians; The Age of Equipoise**) and to demonstrate it modernity. **Victorian Minds** is a book that forces us to change our minds, a precondition for the growth into culture.

Maisie Ward's **Robert Browning and His World: The Private Face** (Holt-Rhinehart, $8.50) is the first volume of a projected two-volume comprehensive biography of the poet whose first sustained effort, **Pauline,** never sold a copy. Miss Ward has written a highly readable, if popular, account to complement her two previous excursions into the field—biographies of Chesterton and Newman. This first volume covers the period from 1812–1861, the year of Elizabeth's death. It accompanies a partial Renaissance in Browning studies that has included the publication of letters and most recently, the announcement by the Ohio Press of a multi-volume textual edition of Browning's poems.

In her introduction Miss Ward limits the responsibility of the biographer to that of an impartial selector of data, doubtlessly a response to the psychoanalytic speculation of Betty Miller, one of her predecessors:

> Only a novelist has the right to create a character, when faced with "dry, puzzling, authentic fact, one sometimes envies him. Above all some problems must be left as the problems they are. The biographer is not a judge. His task is different from that of a painter. . . . From an immense mass of material he must try to make so fair a selection that the reader can use it to form his own picture. Just as acquaintances quarrel over a man's character, so should readers.

Throughout this biography Miss Ward is the victim of that limitation, for she seems unwilling to realize that "facts" too are but part of a metaphoric "world." Although she has had access to documents previously unknown, and has made two trips around the world in search of Browning material, Maisie Ward's portrait, like Browning's own childhood sketches, remains fragmentary.

Miss Ward's efforts to relate Browning's life to his art impress one as the performance of a biographer whose imagination has never developed beyond the amateur. A childhood passion for animals is used to explain away the animal-imagery that recurs in "Cali-

ban." Her style is pervaded by an intrusive moralism, as when she tells of the youth's earliest reading choices, Quarles' **Emblems** and Wanley's **Wonders of the Little World,** and then follows with the words, "It would be unthinkable to give either to a child today." And even more annoying to mar a biography with such trivia, as if it would not be unthinkable to give the little Robert Browning a Batman comic book. The more intriguing aspects of Browning's life, such as his interest in abnormal psychology which doubtlessly bears upon such poems as "Porphyria's Lover" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" are left practically untouched.

Browning's courtship of Elizabeth Barrett, as would be expected, occupies a considerable portion of this first volume of **Robert Browning and His World: The Private Face.** Unfortunately, here too, Miss Ward shows herself to be an astute collector of data, but so indiscriminate in its selection as to irreparably harm her study. Elizabeth's **Autobiography,** written early in her teens, tells us a great deal about the person who occupied such an important place in the life of Robert Browning. She could have told us, for example, how the **Autobiography** reveals a fear of spatial imprisonment and how this metaphor becomes part of Browning's self-appointed role as St. George both in his life (a picture of the rescuer was hung above his study desk) and his art (where it forms the mythic dimension of **The Ring and the Book).** Even in childhood, the young Browning regarded himself as an excoriator of evil spirits. But Miss Ward has instead chosen other provinces that hold interest for a different audience, as she details the symptoms of Elizabeth's tuberculosis. One imagines tourists holding this book as they enter the apartment at Casa Guidi in Florence, but we still need a Walter Jackson Bate or an Aileen Ward to complete Browning's portrait.

In many ways Sylvere Monod's **Dickens the Novelist** (University of Oklahoma, $7.95) suffers similar defects, although the excuse is better. When this book was originally published in French in 1953, under the title **Dickens Romancier,** it was a pioneering study. Making extensive use of the materials in the Forster Collection, Professor Monod began a reevaluation of the Victorian novelist. Until the publication of this study, most readers continued to see in Charles Dickens a serial novelist with some pretension to social reform—but little more. Yet, one must seriously wonder what the demands were that prompted the publication of an outdated book in 1968. Although the dust jacket promises that the author has updated his information and revised some of his original judgments, the reader familiar with recent Dickens scholarship discovers an appalling failure at this task. One must begin by saying that the book's obvious lack of unity is not helped by the editorial decision to compartmentalize the presentation into headings like "Part I: Preparation," under which we find subdivisions like "Political Apprenticeship" and "Dickens Culture" as if the two were mutually exclusive. A part of the book's failure stems from its hybrid nature, for Monod has written neither a critical biography nor an essay in criticism. It is this feature as well as any other that causes it to wear its age so poorly.

But one can choose other more specific features of Monod's approach to criticize, for the compartmentalist method extends much farther than his own organization. He sees Dickens' career as being subdivided into "pre-**David Copperfield, David Copperfield,** and post-**David Copperfield**" with that novel representing the consummate achievement in the canon. Such judgments were, one supposes, fashionable in the fifties, but it results in a severe bias when taking into account Dickens' stylistic evolution. With such a predisposition, Monod is forced into regarding Dickens' later novels, specifically **Our Mutual Friend** and **The Mystery of Edwin Drood,** as aberrant declines from greatness. Clearly, one of those two novels has a genuine claim to greatness and the other, unfinished though it is, is interesting insofar as it indicates a return to the motif of vicarious manipulation of character that had been seen in Miss Havisham. And, certainly **The Mystery of Edwin Drood** has a fascinating claim upon our attention in the light of those curious pieces that polarize the scientific and literary imagination in the **fin-de-siecle.** Whether or not we see a particular work of art as decline or growth always depends upon perspective, be it Dickens' late novels or Picasso's "Les Saltimbanques."

Throughout **Dickens the Novelist,** there is sufficient evidence to indicate that Professor Monod is imprisoned by Dickens' chronology. Rather than visualizing **Sketches by Boz** as the astonishing imaginative exercise that it is, the author sees in it only an apprenticeship with little merit:

> In short, the *Sketches,* in spite of the many visits to the British Museum mentioned in the tenth chapter of "Characters," confirms that their author's culture had been acquired not so much in the reading room as in the playhouse. It is understandable that, in later days, he should have been more chary of displaying such fragile and unconvincing knowledge.

Such paragraphs recur throughout the present study and lend little credence to Professor Monod's claim that he has modernized the American edition. To assume that culture is acquired in company with the other material objects of the universe is not only to admit one's ignorance of Leslie White, but, more significantly, to deny that "culture" is also the sum total of symbolic activity—and not merely "knowledge." And, after Freud and Huizinga, how can one believe that reading rooms, too, are not in their own way, but variations upon playhouses? What is revealed is not only a certain theoretical failure, but the author's apparent unfamiliarity with the recent work of either Harry Stone or Taylor Stoehr.

Yet the mediocrity of Professor Monod's **Dickens the Novelist** is not without some unique claim upon our attention, if for no other reason than its testimony that the fruits of the scholar, too, are not exempt from stylization. And insofar as critical books—as most other products of the human imagination—are prey to the winds of fashion over a fifteen-year period, it may just be that precisely such an achievement as **Dickens the Novelist** serves to make us academicians more conscious of our own mortality.

Philip Henderson's **William Morris His Life, Work, and Friends** (McGraw Hill, $9.95) recalls for us a different side of Victorian England, a side whose self-conscious realization of its own mortality

gives it such a kinship with our own age of "sick" humor and "camp" taste. This book, like Morris' wall paper designs, which are herein reproduced in color, depicts a "Topsy" colorful in the extreme. Henderson, a lecturer in art at Birmingham, has previously edited a selection of Morris' letters, and his biography strikes a good balance between Morris' private and public life. Commencing with the period of transition between the first and second generation Pre-Raphaelites, the author discusses in detail the ill-fated decoration of the Oxford Union whose lasting effect upon history was doubtlessly the association of Ruskin, Rossetti, and William Morris. The suspicion of some historical link between the Oxford Movement and those PRB patrons that developed a religion of art is strengthened by Henderson's discovery that Morris hesitated to take the Bachelor's degree because of the demand that all candidates swear affirmation to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Anglican Church. Making abundant use of the recently edited Rossetti letters, Mr. Henderson demonstrates how the sexlessness of so many of the Pre-Raphaelites masked considerable marital infidelity, such as the curious liason between Jane Burden and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Like any good biography, Henderson's asks us to reconsider the achievement of a so-called "minor" figure in the light of the stylistic evolution of both visual and verbal art. Morris' thoughts on refusing the Chair of Poetry at Oxford in 1887—that the Professor of an incommunicable art was in a false position—are ample testimony to the fear that his views on the relationship between art and life were neither entirely clear nor entirely consistent. In an effort to establish the conditions for the growth of a spontaneous, popular folk art, Morris was, almost by necessity, forced to confuse a sociology of the arts with an aesthetic theory. As so many twentieth-century folk artists have discovered, the two are not always devoted to the same ends. The solution to problems advocated by a folk art may deny the conditions which produced the art. After all, once "we shall have overcome," there will be little need for such a song, and its utterance would have become an example of hermetic art rather than public ritual. This is only to say that Morris' program for an art that would unite all the people, thereby obviating our false hierarchy that divides all art into "greater" and "lesser" was, insofar as it was didactic, mitigating against its own existence.

For Morris, human time and artistic time were always out of phase. As we became more progressive in terms of technological advance, art displayed an increasing tendency to regress and become separated from human concerns. What those lectures to Working Men's Institutes reveal is Morris' desire to regress both man and art into its childhood so as to commence the cycle over again. The outcome —a medieval idyll in which man finds himself a participant rather than a spectator—is to be seen in "News from Nowhere." There, the autumn in which a fallen human race finds itself, is redeemed as the eternal springtime of an artistic utopia. In the springtime of man's existence, he is capable of a kind of polymorphous art that does not require the mediation of the imagination. The implications of such an aesthetic are clear enough: in order to avoid the separation of man and his art that capitalism had brought about (that separation that Marx equated with the Fall and termed "alienation"), Morris proposed a mixed-media mode of folk art. That the division of labor was a feature of mortal existence long before the introduction of capitalism mattered little. In order to get human and artistic progress in phase, one had to be bent slightly!

Henderson's **William Morris His Life, Work, and Friends** also suggests that we might reappraise the entire relationship between the avant-garde as a stylistic phenomenon and a political philosophy. In his desire to escape the demands of an art-for-art's sake with an art that would touch the lives of all the people, a certain element of parody intrudes. Renato Poggioli has recently suggested that it is this touch of parody that always limits the life of avant-garde movements. In Morris' case, the rebellion against an elitist art posed by handicraft was hampered by the fact that such "low" art as was sold by Morris & Company was often more expensive than the fine art patronized by the upper classes. Morris' complaint that a machine-made art lacking humanity was destroying both the body of art and the mass of humanity was scarcely to be diminished by a communal art that was just as dehumanized. The most interesting feature of the Art and Crafts Movement was this process by which the "self" was turned into art, providing some aesthetic basis for the dehumanization that has become a feature of so much modern art that depends upon performance rather than form or content for its meaning. Like current hippies who decorate their bodies, assume the rhetoric of the child and employ the naturalism of flower children, there is some relationship between the rebels and the Populist President who becomes for them an Establishment symbol. Strangely enough, the most memorable expression of both hippies and art nouveau practitioners has been poster art—the art of self-advertizement.

It is this element of self-consciousness in Morris' aesthetic as well as in his own poetry and prose for which Professor Henderson has attempted to supply the background. Clearly, we must reread those prose romances like "The Wood Beyond the World" in order to see them, not as mere variations upon the "romantic image" with its quest for some ideal figure, but rather as self-reflexive tales like Pater's "Imaginary Portraits." There, the questing figure is sacrificed in order to bring about an Apollonian realm of art. Unlike the romances of Scott, their structure is not linear but labyrinthine, suggesting the realization that every quest always returns to the imagining self. Like so much of Morris' work, they too may well be the monuments to their own creation.

If the transposition from life to art characterizes the evolution of both in the **fin-de-siecle,** then Michael Holroyd's two-volume biography of a biographer shows us the extent to which history itself is shaped by the necessary dehumanization. Holroyd's **Lytton Strachey: A Critical Biography** has already been chosen by three major book clubs—testimony enough to its young author's achievement. To the psychologically-oriented reader, the two volumes are carefully related. In Vol. I, **The Unknown Years 1880–1910** Holroyd tells of the **fin-de-siecle** family life of the frail, eccentric Lytton at Lancaster Gate in London. There was even an element of that divided exis-

tence with which Miss Himmelfarb characterized so many "Victorian Minds." Although Jane Maria Strachey possessed all of the trappings of the "new" woman including an admiration for John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty" and a zeal for women's rights, the independence of her mind was clearly superficial. At home she instinctively put her husband before herself in every way and although exposed to many eminent writers—Carlyle, Browning, Ruskin, and George Eliot—her comments and observations were always banal.

One of the more interesting features of Strachey's youth, both at Leamington College and later in Liverpool, was a sequence of illnesses that were clearly psychosomatic. His diaries are filled with reference to agonizing headaches interspersed with a diet of beaten-up eggs and port. Between the lines of Holroyd's superb biography, emerges a Lytton Strachey continually striving to transcend an ego tormented by anxieties. In many ways, his chief accomplishment **Eminent Victorians,** may well represent precisely such an effort to escape the self. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday the youth's diary reveals a failure to write his own autobiography:

> Another effort! God knows there is small enough reason for it. My other autobiographical writings were the outcome of excitements really quite out of the commonplace; but this is *begun,* at any rate, in the veriest dog days imaginable.

Later, he readily admitted that "my character is not crystallized"

> . . . there will be little recorded here that is not transitory, and there will be much here that is quite untrue. The inquisitive reader, should he peep between the covers, will find anything but myself, who perhaps after all do not exist but in my own phantasy.

The words could, just as well, have been a description of **Eminent Victorians.**

Strachey can by no means be dismissed as simply an appalled and curious spectator of life. He was a partial participant in a world whose spectacle fascinated him. The ironic detachment was clearly something of a mask assumed so as to disguise a febrile and erotic vulnerability. What emerges in this first volume is Strachey's effort to create a bifurcation between emotion and thought that manifested itself as an artificial barrier erected between his obvious literary enjoyment and his powers of interpretation. It is a barrier which recurs throughout the entire corpus of his criticism. Again and again, Strachey's essays like "The Poetry of Blake," an essay that he contributed to the "Independent Review" in 1906, are climaxed with a hopeless wonder and exhaltation at the mysterious processes of literary creation. Unable to reconcile a fragmented world pervaded by the increasing relativism of a new philosophy (Bergson coming to the British via a translation of T.E. Hulme) with artistic harmony, Lytton Strachey turned his thoughts to the mystery of its immaculate conception. He was forced to conceive of poetry as a world of its own, self-sufficient and safe, and not to be associated with "the particular griefs or joys or passions which gave birth to them."

In circumscribing this self-sufficient realm with its own mythology and in giving it a local habitation and a name, Strachey and his Cambridge friends were insuring the survival of the self as art. Such was Bloomsbury. In one of his best chapters Holroyd asks for a revaluation of Bloomsbury as legend and myth. Attempting to discount the commonly held view of the group as a clique of readers of the "Principia Ethica" debating how best to translate its "message" into the various realms of art, economics, and literature, the author of the present study clearly doubts whether it was a "group" at all. Holroyd has discovered that Roger Fry, whose aesthetic has often been identified with that of G.E. Moore, actually dismissed the "Principia" as "sheer nonsense." Clearly, the "group" did not exist formally, but rather as a **tendenz** that included a certain set of attitudes: agnosticism, an appreciation of French impressionist and post-impressionist painting, and a slight leaning toward socialism. This "atmosphere" has clearly persisted unto some contemporary spirits: Noel Annan, Quentin Bell, Kenneth Clark, and Cyril Connolly.

Holroyd's study tends to ignore the obvious influence of Matthew Arnold upon the revival of Hellenism that was Bloomsbury. Taking a cue from Arnold's desire to "see life steadily and see it whole," Strachey and his companions, Clive Bell, Virginia Woolf, and Geoffrey Keynes, became in a sense apostles of the Apostle of Culture. Late in his career, Arnold apparently realized that culture, like any other religion, necessitated a sacrifice. If its "unconscious poetry" was the most meaningful part of any religion, logic necessitated that art should become a kind of secular faith with its own ritual. The reader of Arnold's late prose of the seventies and eighties—**St. Paul and Protestantism** and **God and the Bible**—quickly discerns therein the call for a faith that demanded the sacrifice of self. The Hebraized Protestant ethic in emphasizing faith as a resting in the finished work of the Saviour substitutes calling, justification, and sanctification for the **experience** of St. Paul: the sacrifice unto the life of Christ. Arnold demands the surrender of the self as a necessary condition for the achievement of the new Hellenism. What emerges is the stylized, effete, Apollonian god of culture as the only survivor in a nineteenth-century world of endless conflict of will—the world so graphifically described in Schopenhauer's **The World as Will and Idea,** the most popular philosophical essay of the **fin-de-siecle.**

It is with such a context in mind that an institution like Bloomsbury and the collateral homosexuality detailed in Volume II takes on meaning, if not justification. The seemingly endless affairs and homosexual rivalries from Cambridge to the Acropolis may be viewed as the literalization of such a sacrifice. In turning his anxiety-ridden life into the highly stylized fabric of art, Strachey was in a sense surrendering his ego and creating unity out of the bifurcation that tormented his literary achievement. Like Yeats' artist who can be what he does only through a symbolic castration, Strachey's life became the monument to his art. In an early essay entitled "Diaphaneite," Walter Pater described the unworldly type of characters which qualify as "culture heroes":

> Like the religious life, it is a paradox of the world, denying the first conditions of man's ordinary existence, cutting obliquely the spontaneous order of things.

In the effort to negate the masculine will, this figure must assume "a moral sexlessness, a kind of impotence, an ineffectual wholeness of nature, yet with a divine beauty and significance of its own." Like Pater's **The Renaissance,** Strachey's **Eminent Victorians** is of a hybrid genre in which biography is transposed into art. Each of those representatives of Victorian England from Thomas Arnold to Florence Nightingale become sacrificial victims who yield their own identities to an identity-as-art. Each of the lives is in a sense a recapitulation of the one preceding it, as Strachey creates the first "camp" culture heroes of our literature from the divided sensibility of Victorian sages. Perhaps the best example of this new mode was Yeats' **Autobiographies** where all history, including the history of one's own life, is but infinite reincarnation of the same central sacrifice. Significantly, the Edwardians' experiments with formal transposition indicate some desire to end artistic alienation by objectifying the ego. It was clearly related to that symbolic murder of Victorian parents by their wayward sons as well as the dismemberment of Dionysus that leads to the birth of an effete, golden Apollo.

Rupert Croft-Cooke's **Feasting With Panthers** (Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, 309 pp.) completes the survey of recent scholarship in the nineteenth century. And, not unlike Strachey's biographies, one wonders whether a different yardstick must be employed in evaluating an account of such "lives." Croft-Cooke has delved into the nether side of the **fin-de-siecle**: his parade of panthers includes Ernest Dowson, Simeon Solomon, Oscar Wilde, Lionel Johnson, and an array of house guests. The book can be permitted to lay no claim to truth, for Croft-Cooke often errs in chronology and frequently draws inferences from the words of the Decandents that are both exaggerated and vicious. He frequently moves from the art to inferences about the private lives of the figures discussed. Of Pater, he remarks that "Emerald Uthwart" and "The Child in the House" give "socially idealized pictures of his [Pater's] upbringing at Enfield with distinguished ancestors in the background." When one deals with a literary figure who clearly experiments with masks and personnae, as Pater does, such an assumption is treacherous. And when Croft-Cooke then assaults the "tendency by biographers, critics and historians to make all the facts fit with some preconceived pattern," one sees a brand of masochism that would surely have shocked Swinburne himself. Nor is the book particularly well written; the author is addicted to certain words like "fantastic," occasionally varied with sentences like the following: "That was not the only occasion on which Beardsley spoke bitchily about Dowson, but he **was** bitchy about his acquaintances. . . . " Enough said.

"Feasting With Panthers" is clearly no biography. There is nothing in its pages that cannot be found elsewhere, in Longaker's biography of Dowson or Cecil Lang's edition of Swinburne's **"Letters,"** for example. It is rather a sequence of sketches of late Victorian lives with no particular principle of organization employed. The only constant element would appear to be a participation in one or another **vice anglais.** It is indeed time that critics began to see in "Decadence" something other than behavior which may or may not be aberrant.

Yet one wonders if there is not some relationship between the divided Victorian "mind" and the hermaphroditic lives that were its legacy. In effect, what emerges in the nineties is the stylization of the spiritual tension that Miss Himmelfarb found to be so characteristic of the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century. **The Picture of Dorian Gray** literalizes the extent to which art and life assume each other's rules: Dorian regresses into the Hellenic posture of art while Hallward's portrait, in becoming subject to mutability, assumes the gaze of guilt that is the legitimate adjunct to life, not art. Dorian's Hellenism vies with Isaacs' Hebraism until both are more or less reconciled in the personification of the "double," Sybil Vane. Rather than a fascination with the child that Mr. Croft-Cooke finds so enchanting in "Cynara," he should perhaps have concentrated upon the facts of Dowson's involvement: namely, that his love for Adelaide Foltinowicz came substantially after the appearance of the nympholepsy in the poem. Life imitates art, rather than the other way around, as Wilde insisted.

Such a pictorialization of the lives of the Decadents is clearly involved with the entire question of parody. What appears sad is that they did so much finer a job at stylizing life than do biographers like Croft-Cooke. Even when looking at a Beardsley landscape framed through the outline of a vagina, art is making a statement about its origins while simultaneously condemning the viewer whose voyeurism is satiated with art rather than life. From Beardsley to cubism—that attempt to fit a three-dimensional life onto a necessarily two-dimensional canvas—is, after all, a short enough distance. The implications of parodic structure are clear: we are always tempted to give our loyalties to the facticity of life rather than the tease of art. In viewing those numerous Catholic conversions of the nineties, the question of "sincerity" may be no more applicable than it was for Oscar Wilde. Art was seldom as sincere as life for the Decandents, and our own demands may make of us victims rather than participants in the parody.

Reviewed by Jan Gordon

Poe the Detective, by John Walsh, Rutgers University Press, 154 pp., including reprint of *The Mystery of Marie Roget,* $7.50.

In terms of common sense, good writing, and sound scholarly procedure, **Poe The Detective** must be classified as another mistake springing from good intentions, another specimen of the literary inert.

First of all, the book is overpriced. Then it is almost exactly the wrong length. Walsh might have limited the scope of his subject and produced a valuable article for one of the journals; or he might have retained his present materials and expanded them to a more appropriate length, especially in the area of his own ideas on the various facts his re-

search has turned up. In addition, the study lacks focus and proper proportion. As it stands, **Poe the Detective** covers three main areas of interest: the murder of Mary Rogers, the treatment of the murder case in the New York newspapers, and Poe's transmutation of the whole affair into fiction. Major space in the volume is devoted to the first two; the literary or artistic aspects of "Marie Roget" are altogether ignored, Walsh's emphasis lighting upon the ways in which Poe worked out Dupin's solution from contemporary newspaper accounts, then later altered the story to conform to unfolding developments in the case.

The physician at Mary's inquest testified that she had been raped repeatedly, beaten about the face beyond recognition, and strangled with a strip of lace trimming torn from her dress. Since gangs of toughs and drunken hoodlums frequented the Jersey resort where her body was found, the newspapers naturally speculated that Mary had been the victim of one such gang. Enter Mrs. Loss (the Madame Deluc of Poe's story), a woman who ran a roadhouse in the neighborhood where presumably the crime took place. Mrs. Loss told police that her sons had discovered some of Mary's clothing in a thicket nearby the Loss establishment. The thicket showed signs of a violent struggle, as if trampled by many feet; Mrs. Loss further informed the police that she had seen Mary Rogers on the fatal Sunday and that she had also noticed a gang of troublesome drunks wandering about in the vicinity. For the newspapers and for most of the public, this information confirmed the notion that Mary had been murdered by a gang.

Poe's Dupin devotes most of his energies to proving that Mary could not have been murdered by a gang, that in fact the crime must have been the work of a lone man. Having composed his story soon after the newspaper accounts began to die down, Poe thus readied "Marie Roget" for magazine publication before the last startling development in the case.

Enter Mrs. Loss again, on her deathbed. The details are all rather vague (no fault of Mr. Walsh); but just before she died, Mrs. Loss gave out the information to someone that Mary Rogers had visited her roadhouse that Sunday for the purpose of procuring an abortion, and had died during the operation; she and her sons had helped to dispose of the body. Mrs. Loss's sons were arrested, and the newspapers announced that the Mary Rogers case had finally been solved. Yet the prosecution of the Loss boys fizzled out mysteriously, and Mrs. Loss's confession suffered the curious fate of public acceptance and official denial or indifference.

Walsh speculates that Poe possibly altered a few details in "Marie Roget" just after the Mrs. Loss story broke in the press. But there is no speculation involved in Poe's alterations for the appearance of "Marie Roget" in his collected **Tales** of 1845. Although the changes had been previously noted by W. K. Wimsatt, Walsh reviews them here once again in greater precision and clarity. He shows us word by word Poe's deliberate additions and deletions—all designed to make Dupin's analysis accord with the revelations of the dying Mrs. Loss. The alterations were surprisingly skillful and economical, and Walsh's presentation in this section of his book is impressively lucid. We are in his debt for a clear look at a fascinating episode in literary history, as well as an illuminating insight into Poe's personality as an editorial con-man.

Yet we leave Walsh's book with a frustrated sense of dissatisfaction at his having left so many things unsaid. In regard to the crime itself, for example, Walsh apparently accepts the abortion story as conclusive; and he certainly creates the impression that the Mary Rogers case is closed. But if Mary died during an operation for abortion, why was she found fully clothed? Why was she battered so brutally? Why was she strangled? Why did the physician at the inquest say that she had been raped, and why did he miss the fact that she had been aborted? What of the hints that New York journalists were not only involved in reporting the case, but were possibly involved in the murder itself? In short, CARRAMBA! what really happened to Mary Rogers?

As for Poe's story, surely it deserves more profound consideration than it receives in Walsh's study. As a matter of fact, in studying Dupin we are in the presence of a significant moment in modern human relations. We have been subjected, over and over, to the theme of the dehumanization of twentieth-century man. But is Poe not the initiator, in the Dupin series, of another aspect of the same theme—the dehumanization of violent death? This is the beginning really of the pattern: the solution, rather than the crime, is the important thing. And the echoes of this orientation are still reverberating—as we concentrate today on the details of the Warren Commission Report, without giving much thought to the man who bled in Dallas; or as we wonder who was **in** enough to be invited to the private showing of the film version of **In Cold Blood,** without much consideration of the four shattered heads in a Kansas farmhouse.

In sum, Walsh's materials in **Poe the Detective** are awesome and tremendous. But the author is simply not equal to the occasion; the Mary Rogers murder case and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" are two subjects of surpassing interest, but they need intelligent discussion by a critic-historian who will provide sound argument pro and con, analysis of the implications in both areas, and insights that suggest that the writer is aware of the significance of his materials.

Nonetheless, **Poe the Detective** is a valuable exercise in Poe studies—not for any conclusions of its own, but for the extremely stimulating stream of reflection that it will set off in the minds of those who can appreciate the genius of Edgar Allan Poe. Thus, along with other very limited studies of Poe in recent years, the Walsh book is recommended reading.

Reviewed by William Goldhurst

Babel to Byzantium, Poets & Poetry Now, by James Dickey, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95.

This collection of brief reviews reveals a side of Dickey that might have been expected: a deep commitment to the art and a critical fervor for poetry. It is a comprehensive survey of what's happening and will fill many people in on the poetry of the fifties and sixties. Some of the books reviewed by Dickey are not "important" ones, either because they were

not any good, or they never got the attention they deserved.

He called them as he saw them, but always seriously. There is none of the bright, clever hatchet man or the gush about everything rhymed. This is an earnest reviewer at work. If he is moved by a poet, he is the publisher's best friend; if he isn't, his remarks are so pointed that one probably won't even bother to look at the poet's work. When he is sure of his feelings, he doesn't continue to hedge and fence, to be tentative and agnostic.

Later, others will describe James Dickey's criticism in detail, but the following suggests his direction, his concerns: "The important thing is not to say something, anything, with wit and skill, but to say the right, the unheard of, the necessary thing: necessary because the subject is what it is, and because the writing man, including his relationship to the subject, is what **he** is." He is quite capable of appreciating a poetry structured by meter and rhyme, but he never allows his attention to be diverted from the essences, the "right and necessary" things.

Most of the book is devoted to reviews and they are admirably done. I found myself ordering books on the sole strength of what Dickey says.

I would never call James Dickey away from the making of fine poems (if I could), but the essay "Barnstorming for Poetry" is something special, and Part III of this book, "The Poet Turns on Himself" asks for more prose in the coming years.

Reviewed by William Mills

The Magic Animal, by Philip Wylie, Doubleday and Co., 1968, 358 pp., $5.95.

Philip Wylie's new book on the nature and the fate of mankind is designed as a companion piece to his earlier **Generation of Vipers.** In **Vipers** he said in essence that the world is going to hell in a handcar. **The Magic Animal** is an attempt to tell why the world is going to hell in a handcar, and how we might be able to stop it.

The new book suffers many of the flaws of the old. Wylie's prose still hammers forward with the humorless intensity of a soapbox orator, and with much the same showy style. He employs hyperbole, a liberal sprinkling of catchwords, and whole strings of one-sentence and one-phrase paragraphs in a style that attempts to be memorable and succeeds only in being meretricious. All too often he fails to support his conclusions with proper evidence, or any evidence at all. On page 81, for example, he takes a letter from one Columbia professor "as perfect proof of the dishonesty of all behaviorists." Perhaps the book's greatest flaw is the author's apparent inability to maintain a consistent viewpoint. This was no great matter in **Vipers** and may in fact have been a virtue, since a gadfly must be ready to attack from any direction. But now Wylie is not gadfly but guide, and we like for our guides to know where they stand.

Yet beneath the oratory the book has important things to say. The author's view of man is based on recent investigations into animal behavior in relation to the behavior of man, most notably those by Lorenz and Ardrey. Man, he says, is not above or outside nature, but an animal within nature, governed at least in part by instincts of agression and of territorial possession and defense. Wylie then extends this view to say that man is different from other animals in his ability to imagine, to build "territories" in his mind. Religious creeds and political ideologies are the handiest examples. Then man's instinct causes him to defend these purely imaginary territories as fervently as if they were real. Imagination has also caused man to abandon the built-in morality of other animals, which always has one "purpose"—or at least one result—continuation of the species.

Whether this view can ever be shown to be true or not, it provides Wylie a basis for attacking war, religion, and the systematic spoliation of our environment through technology. He calls for a recognition of man's true state as part of nature and for a return to a natural morality with a conscious goal the same as the unconscious goal of other animals. That goal is the maintenance of an environment fit to be inhabited by later generations of our species and the maintenance of a species fit to inhabit the environment. There is a lot to disagree with in both his attacks and his recommendations, but there is a good bit to agree with as well. The reader is likely to find when he finishes the book that he is thinking, as the author hoped he would, "in other categories" than the ones he thought in before he began.

Reviewed by August Rubrecht

Latin American Christian Democratic Parties, by Edward J. Williams, University of Tennessee Press, $7.50; *The Last Best Hope: Eduardo Frei and Chilean Democracy*, by Leonard Gross, Random House, $5.95.

The growth of Latin American political parties has been afforded very little attention by students of the area. The general lack of interest resulted from the inability of many Latin nations to institute traditional and enduring political parties which were responsive to the views of a large electorate. Throughout the nineteenth century Conservatives and Liberals, both representing the higher economic echelons of society, vied for immediate political supremacy, while failing to establish a permanent party structure. The emergence of middle class and labor parties in the twentieth century has introduced the quality of continuous political evolution in an attempt to secure for the broadened electorate the advantages dependent on the maintenance of political power. The success of these parties has incited at least a moderate beginning of scholarly activity into this phase of Latin American development.

Professor Edward J. Williams offers the first book-length study of **Latin American Christian Democratic Parties.** His purpose is "to describe and analyze" the Christian Democratic parties, and he asserts as well that "the analysis should be construed as only a beginning; it is a modest effort, not a **fait accompli.**" His textual volume is a very good beginning and much more than a modest effort.

Dr. Williams begins by tracing the origins of the Christian Democratic movement in Latin America. Lingering about two decades behind its European counterpart, Latin American Christian Democracy first appeared in Argentina, where the original Dem-

ocratic Christian Union was founded in 1916. Parties of a similar appeal soon followed in Uruguay and Chile. Today they are present in every nation of Latparties, the Church, and the military, are detailed. in America except Haiti and Honduras.

In Dr. Williams' opinion the growth of Christian Democratic parties has been greatly aided by three major catalysts: 1) the presence of progressive youth and student groups; 2) the ideological splits within the old Conservative parties; and 3) the growing opposition to dictatorial or authoritarian regimes. Frequently the three factors have "worked in tandem."

The ideological characteristics of the Latin American Christian Democratic parties are carefully elucidated by the author. The word "Christian" often presents an immediate misunderstanding, yet the term according to Dr. Williams is basic to a comprehension of the movement which boasts of a nonconfessional base. "The stress is on Christian duty rather than on special truth or a particular Christian competence."

Dr. Williams also explores the domestic and economic policies and programs of the Christian Democratic parties. Their relations with international organizations and local coalitions, including other Finally, an assessment of Christian Democracy is included. This assessment is an evaluation of the reputation, organization, and future of the movement. Dr. Williams expects the middle class and especially its women to increase rapidly in influence and to use Christian Democracy as the most viable anti-Communist force. He points to the election of Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei Montalva to the Chilean presidency in September of 1964 as both the fulfillment of Christian Democratic goals and as the possible harbinger of the future for Latin America.

Dr. Williams has produced an informative and important study concerned with an often disregarded area of Latin American concentration. Any student of Latin American political parties must consult this work in the future and will appreciate the excellent bibliography compiled by the author. Dr. Williams was undoubtedly handicapped by the enormity of his material, but he has successfully completed the task of pioneering a sadly neglected frontier.

Of lesser success and significance is **The Last Best Hope: Eduardo Frei and Chilean Democracy.** Author Leonard Gross, a former Latin American correspondent for **Look** magazine, has produced neither a scholarly volume nor an incisive discussion of the internal complexities of Chilean politics. **The Last Best Hope** is rather an appreciation or even a glorification of Eduardo Frei Montalva and of his opportunity to bring about in Chile what his campaign slogans describe as a "Revolution in Liberty." Mr. Gross indicates that the success or failure of Frei's "Revolution" will dictate the immediate political course of Chile and could serve as the forerunner of similar predicaments in other Latin American nations.

Gross faithfully chronicles the early life of Frei, the son of a minor government bureaucrat, and his rise to a position of political prominence. Using a series of first-hand conversations with Frei's political friends as source material, he seems intent on constructing a biographical story reminiscent of Horatio Alger. "He was poor, the son of an immigrant Swiss-Protestant father and a Chilean-Catholic mother. A friend remembers him in the patio of their high school one winter day, wearing summer clothes, and without a coat." After establishing Frei's "inevitable" commitment to social problems or to the "fight for society instead of himself," Mr. Gross continues, "His drive amazed everyone. . . . With his work, athletics, and student activities, he would not get to his studies until late at night. He would finish early in the morning, sleep a few hours, and arise refreshed." Frei's subsequent electoral defeats and even the threatened excommunication are dismissed summarily.

In 1958 Frei representing the Christian Democratic party—initially a splinter group from the old Conservative party—ran unsuccessfully for the presidency. He finished third with 20.7 percent of the vote but succeeded in founding a political base for the next presidential election.

The election of 1964 was expected to be a pay-off to the Communists for forty years of careful spadework and vindication of the theory of peaceful revolution. The key to the success of the Communists, whose actual voting strength measured 12.9 percent in the peak year, was the splintered, multi-party system in Chile. This system allowed a powerful left-wing coalition, composed of the Communist, Socialist, National Democratic and Vanguardia parties known as FRAP, to develop. Their candidate was the popular Socialist, Dr. Salvador Allende. In response to Allende's program, which included expropriation of all large landholdings, nationalization of minerals (copper), and heavy taxation to achieve a redistribution of incomes, Eduardo Frei and the centralist coalition offered democratic change or a "Revolution with Liberty." The strongest contributors to Frei's victory were women, who according to Mr. Gross' statistics favored him by 368,657 votes.

Following the election of 1964 Frei's popularity declined rapidly. The Senate voted 23-15 in rejecting his request to undertake an eight day official visit to the United States. The fortunes of his Christian Democratic Party have fared poorly as well. Mr. Gross feels that the party has not solidified on a definite role for private enterprise in Chile and that it has failed to organize the urban workers. In the election of 1967 the Christian Democrats were able to poll only 36.5 percent of the total vote. There is a deep resentment in Chile concerning change; those of a Convervative persuasion insist that changes are too rapid and that they are dislocating society, while those of Liberal tone assert that Frei and his "Revolution" are moving much too slowly.

The Last Best Hope is an introduction to modern Chile. The major weakness of the volume is the bias of the author who attempts to mantle his hero with a Kennedy-like magnetism or charisma. What emerges too often is a glimpse of arrogance so closely associated with the **personalista** of the past and curiously isolated from the evolution of a modern nation.

Reviewed by Charles Pahl

China and the West, by Wolfgang Franke, University of South Carolina Press, $5.95.

Wolfgang Franke can be described as an "old Chi-

na hand." His experiences in China at Peking's Sino-German Cultural Institute (1937–1945) and later as a Professor at Szechuan, West China, and Peking Universities eminently qualify his presentation of the problems and misunderstandings that have conditioned the relationships between "China and the West."

Professor Franke deliberately emphasizes China in his short study, which pretends to be neither a history nor a summary of Sino-Western developments. He acquaints his reader with specific incidents that have influenced or colored China's view of Western Civilization from the thirteenth century to the present.

Despite the earlier journeys of Giovanni de Piano Carpini and William of Rubruk to the court of the Mongol Empire, Professor Franke asserts that the true discoverer of China for the West was Marco Polo, whose lively accounts of Eastern opulence were regarded as fantasy by a great majority of his contemporaries. The Portuguese in 1517 sent the first official embassy to China. From the first encounter the European visitors provoked mistrust from the Chinese.

> Following their own custom, the Portuguese fired a salute of a few rounds before the city. This was misunderstood by the Chinese. In the first place, they were not acquainted with this custom, and in addition, it was strictly forbidden to carry armaments in the harbour of Canton. This caused considerable agitation amongst the Chinese, and from the beginning the unknown foreigners were met with deep suspicion.

As Professor Franke insists, from the beginning the relationship between China and the West seemed ill-fated.

The first intellectual contact between China and the West was inaugurated by an Italian Jesuit, Matteo Ricci, the true founder of the Chinese mission system. Ricci quickly perceived that missionaries to be successful must be accorded a respected position in the social structure of China. To this end Ricci and the Jesuits began to assimilate Chinese customs and ways. Their success aided in the revelation of China to the West and weakened the traditional contempt which the Chinese **Shen-shih** adopted when dealing with the rootless and barbaric Europeans.

Professor Franke advances from the early mission system and its subsequent decline to the reactions in China against the "colonial invasion" from Europe in the nineteenth century. Most significant at the time was the enforced acceptance of "unequal treaties" which virtually destroyed Chinese sovereignty and created direct submission to control by the West. This era of Western hegemony in Professor Franke's opinion did not end until 1949, when the largely emotional and mutual attitudes of suspicion and hatred which prevail today became the governors of diplomatic relations.

China and the West concludes with a brief summary of educational advances in sinology throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The purely linguistic approach to Chinese studies has been replaced by an area-study approach which concentrates on the comprehension of China as an evolving nation and a peculiar civilization. Yet, Professor Franke is fearful that inherent prejudice in both Europe and the United States precludes any objective understanding of China by the public. He insists that a thorough knowledge of modern China must be accompanied by "a willingness to understand without prejudice the forces that guide the development of China."

China and the West is an excellent introduction to several of the misunderstandings which have shaped Western relations with China. Wolfgang Franke has clearly demonstrated many aspects of the Chinese viewpoint in the pre-Communist era and has adequately explained the Chinese reaction to Western interference.

Reviewed by Charles Pahl

The Poetry of Emily Dickinson, by Ruth Miller, Wesleyan University Press, $10.

Although Emily Dickinson's first editors arranged her poems by themes ("Life," "Love," "Nature," "Time and Eternity"), Ruth Miller shows that clusters of images, such as the sea, the bond, the natural world, are the poet's true concern. The fascicles, those threaded booklets into which the Amherst poet transcribed her poems as though she were her own editor, publisher and printer, contain narratives of quest, unified by imagery that deepens as it modulates from one poem to the next.

In the critical biography published in April, Miss Miller, an associate professor of English at Stony Brook, argues that Dickinson's true form is a structured series of poems, similar to the **Divine Emblems** of Francis Quarles. Dickinson describes a woman's search for acceptance, her suffering, her resolution in self-reliance, in poetic or religious faith. A typical sequence is a kind of ritual re-enactment of the poet's painful isolation, and ends with a poem celebrating the strength to survive.

Miss Miller's study is part of a slowly evolving picture of Emily Dickinson. Within the past thirty years, biographers (notably George F. Whicher and Thomas H. Johnson) have changed her image from a withdrawn, lovable spinster named "Emily" to an unsentimental, independent woman named "Dickinson," who may offer readers more to admire and less to love. Her experience, though limited, was richly varied. Her isolation was no shy seclusion but a passionate retreat that would enable her to reach the world through her poetry. Her love poems were informed by love for a man whose departure, in 1862, preceded the most productive period of her life.

Miss Miller presents Dickinson as a tough-minded, courageous woman whose legendary self-doubts were masks. "Are you too deeply occupied to say if my Verse is alive?" she wrote to Colonel T. W. Higginson, in a tone that was not timid but ironic. While she wanted his admiration, she was scornfully aware of her own worth.

Samuel Bowles (not Wadsworth) is identified as Dickinson's friend who "left the land" in 1862. After Bowles rejected her as a woman and as a poet, and Higginson discouraged her from publishing, Dickinson renounced fame, retired to her room and wrote. The "Master" letters, passionate outcries inspired by Bowles, were written to herself in an effort to alleviate despair.

While the letters hide her suffering, the poems after 1862 show increasing self-confidence. In solitude, she contemplated the division between her strong self-image and timid mask. Then she considered philosophical polarities of motion and stillness, transience and permanence. She became a poet of contradiction, transforming commonplace objects by presenting their effects in images of opposition. This method is related to the sequences, which are dramatized by conflicts and united by expanding metaphors.

Miss Miller's study is carefully documented. She makes wise use of the Johnson edition, the Houghton Collection and R. W. Franklin's monograph on Dickinson editing. However, she is harshly condescending to Johnson, whose definitive edition is still the basis of modern Dickinson scholarship, and to Charles Anderson, whose full-length study is still the most perceptive work on Dickinson.

Her original thesis has important implications for future critics, who might seek Dickinson's meaning in multiple images that clarify one another as they change and expand. Dickinson's poetry is about seeing; the new theory suggests that her dramatic power depends on the speaker's continuing choice to see, developed progressively in sequences that present the terrible conflict between perception and blindness.

As interesting as it may be to speculate on these implications, Miss Miller's thesis is not persuasive in any sustained way. She fails to use her promising method to illuminate the poetry, or to provide structural interpretations that show how the poems enrich one another. Her writing is awkward, wordy and obscure—perhaps this is because she has no central vision of Dickinson's concern.

Reviewed by Grace Schulman

The Theatre of Mixed Means, by Richard Kostelanetz, Dial Press, 311 pp., $6.50.

The aleatory arts of the twentieth century have led to the blurring of boundaries between Art and Aesthetics. One of the new arts, the theatre of mixed means, is working for a total dissolution of these boundaries so that Art will become Life and Life will become Art.

Richard Kostelanetz tries to analyze what is, to most people, a confusing mishmash of mere muscular activity, flashing strobe lights, film projections, and electronic noises that have neither plan nor intention. These spontaneous sights and sounds used to be called "Happenings." Now they are called "Pure Happenings" and "Staged Happenings."

As he explains these free-form arts, Kostelanetz sounds like any other critic who must label the unlabelable. He chatters like Polonius reading the kinds of plays available from the troupe of actors that have come to Elsinore. Polonius uses literary terms, "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral;" Kostelanetz uses theatrical terminology of time-space-action.

According to Kostelanetz, time and space are fixed or variable; space is open or closed. In a footnote he points out, "As 'open' is the equivalent of 'variable' and 'closed' equals 'fixed,' then three aspects—space, time, action—distributed two ways produce the possibility of 2^3 or eight [kinds of mixed media theatre.]"

For example, a Pure Happening is performed in an undefined space, with no limits imposed on the amount of time used by the participants nor on the actions they choose. A Staged Happening, on the other hand, is confined to a specific cube of space, although the time that the participants use and the actions that they choose are variable.

Kostelanetz interviewed John Cage, Ann Halprin, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Whitman, Ken Dewey, Allan Kaprow, Claes Oldenberg, La Monte Young, and the members of the Us Company (USCO). Their statements make up the largest portion of the book and make it an entertaining and valuable document. To these practitioners of the new theatre, a play is not a story devised to be performed by actors on a stage in front of an audience. Theatre, according to John Cage, is simply "seeing and hearing." A supermarket opening is an art worthy of aesthetic participation; so is a football game; so is a riot. Value judgements are a waste of time.

John Cage says, "We waste time by focusing upon . . . questions of value and criticism and so forth and by making negative statements. We must exercise our time positively. When I make these criticisms of other people, I'm not doing my own work. . . . Rather than using your time to denounce what someone else has done, you should rather . . . reply with a work of your own. . . . Your criticism of a Happening could be a piece of music or a scientific experiment or a trip to Japan or a trip to your local shopping market."

For all their protests against the traditional forms of theatre, the artists occasionally react like show business personalities. Kostelanetz asked Allan Kaprow, "In what sense is one Happening better than another?"

Kaprow answered, "I've often wondered, because I know that some of them flop, that some of them read better than they actually perform, that some of them that read badly turn out magnificently in enactment, and that some are just as interesting when read as they were in performance."

Reviewed by David Dannenbaum

Poetry

For two and a half months I have shopped around, slept around, twenty current volumes of poetry. I have read at random, and I have read straight through. And now I pontificate, as if with the authority of the Pontifical College, knowing, painfully, I am a single, not very frocked, reader.

Very well, so this is not The Golden Age of Poetry, although I am uncertain what Golden Age means. I assume it implies a time when great singers perform before great audiences. It also supposes, for readers, a place in time for proclaiming; it supposes committees and elected or appointed officers. This is no Golden Age. And, anyhow, I am concerned with the private affairs of single readers and single writers.

Yet, if the late nineteen-sixties is not a season boasting a golden adjective, it is, at least, a season that variously shines: the stuff is scarce in our prose-world, it

is valuable, as imperishable as any commodity, it can be divided, it can be used again and again, it is a good exchange for time. Naturally some counterfeit articles appear, God very well knows why and we can guess: kin, connections, conniving. But, generally, the poetry of this quarter is honest currency, with purchasing power. Serious poets are earnestly striving to express their poems, not their winsome personalities. A number of men and women write well about matters that matter. It is a season to be fairly jolly.

Various rings could be drawn circling, recircling, trios and quintettes of relationed current poets: east and west coast, home and field poets, the people who stand in the happy stance of Pulitzer Prize awards, the people who are obviously, sometimes too obviously, influenced by men named William—Blake, Wordsworth, B. Yeats, C. Williams. I choose, instead, to mention several books that have impressed me variously, looking at first volumes as well as established work.

Robert L. Peters in **Songs for a Son** (W. W. Norton, 1967) has written a series of poems about the death of a child. In the jacket material Mr. Peters says:

> I have tried to treat an anguishing personal experience without sentimentality and with enough sense of the universal to comfort readers and hearers who have undergone their own bereavements. I hope to convey the existentialist truth that the worth in such an experience is the fact of having undergone it.

It is a dangerous book to try to write. Mr. Peters has succeeded.

The three parts of **Songs for a Son** begins with a "Prelude."

> Life
> presses on the brain
> shoots in its mercury
> sets the patient
> quivering.
>
> Brain
> absorbs, declares, informs
> and, drawn-lipped autocrat,
> locks in all speech,
> all scenes, all taste
> and smell, dumps
> everything.

In cold simple language the book progresses, remembering, reflecting, experiencing. It is a book to be read whole. The impact of the poems comes from accretion. The poems keep happening to each other. Quoting individual pieces can give only a slight notion of the effect of the collection. Still, I quote "Encounter," one of the small poems, immediate and naked.

> You heard, son,
> the ominous
> beat-skip-beat
> of the heart
>
> and scrambled down
> from the yellow swing
> bearing mouse in hand
> and saw the red trickle,
> the straightened tail,
> the eye glazed pink,
> the paws curled in.

And here is the last stanza of "Coda":

> What we seek, what binds us,
> is a wish to share with
> sleek beasts waiting
> in the fields, all turned
> head to head, toward the
> waning sun, a semblance
> of calm.

Between Oceans (Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968, $4.50) is also a well-made book, but Patricia Goedicke's poems matter more individually than do the Peters's poems. Mrs. Goedicke dances the reader through three turns. "Honor your Partners" deals with the close partners who enclose a human being: parents, sister, mate. The first poem, "Family Portrait," concludes:

> Only my dumpling dove
> My mother my mother
> She will move over
> To give me cover,
> And under her warm wing
> I shall live on and on
> I shall be white
> And beautiful as a swan.

"Stranger in the House" presents Death, sexual fear, turning to life; "The Ditch Where the Dinosaurs Huddle" presents a cheerful house with a young wife and a handsome husband who, ". . . make love on a burning deck,"

> Their fire flames out over the whole valley
> and they think of the house as a stout ship
> they will go down with happily.

"In the Circle of the Dance," the most sternly constructed of the three sections, moves from the family to the community. "We're coming as fast as we can/ I keep telling you," says "People Who Live in Glass Houses." And the poet comes out of the greenhouse. "But even if nothing happens/ Obstinate as Buddha we go on," asserts "In the Tunnel of the Body." "Between Oceans," the final section of the book begins with an exquisite elegy, "Back at the River: for Nicholas." Death is the center, but "Once, Somehow" reminds us:

> Once, somehow
> Someone in the audience should rise and say
> Remember the day we lay in bed
> Drinking coffee, reading the papers,"

and concludes:

> Going nowhere special for once
> We woke up in the right place.

Finally, "An Accidental" tells of Charity and Jonathan, laid to rest in a cemetery where wander a bird-lover with dictionary, and lovers.

> . . . Bird-lover, where do you put down your heavy book?
> Lovers, how do you sleep
> Without each other how do you live through the day? Look
> An accidental bird,

Unclassified, unknown, settles on the tombstone.
Charity is making supper.
Jonathan eats it. She rubs his back. He holds her hand.
He says it loud enough:
My people oh my people
Comfort me.

Between Oceans does not try to solve the world. It states. And the statement affirms. Mrs. Goedicke is in charge of her world. She is a craftsman. In a variety of forms she has produced an admirable volume.

Mark McCloskey shares Patricia Goedicke's sense of the peom as form, the book as unit. Often Mr. McCloskey is a very formal poet. His attitude is both warm and cynical. He is both real and surreal.

If I must go, do not be sad,
I'll leave my dragon with you,
For he shall guard your house
And burn your enemies.

begins the title poem of **Goodbye, but Listen** (Vanderbilt University Press, 1968, $4.00), to conclude:

Now that I am going, listen,
Let me introduce you to my dragon

Who breathes fire and is fond of daisies.

Here are love poems,

Now for the first time, you leave,
And I am here alone
Trying not to make the rain and wind
Something other than they are

a number of domestic pieces, religious poems.

Were I an ox or mule, a star
Or bedouin among his sheep,
Or persian sorcerer, or sprite,
I might have seen you, Lord, a man.

* * *

So come: I'm neither thing nor brute,
Nor foul and magical like man,
Nor sprite: I'm how you come to light
Confusing me, and so your fool.

"Advent" concludes:

It is Advent when we daydream
Across December's flat shadow-fields,
Below the wrinkled sky that blows
Starlings like passion away,
When taking up an eastward view and hope,
We pray that Advent falls
And light's again invented in the air.

Mr. McCloskey is a young man to watch for.

If any current poetry book will sell to a public too large to be placed in a poet's living room, **The Pearl Is a Hardened Sinner** (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1968, $3.95) by Stanley Kiesel will probably be that seller. I hope education colleges buy it by the bin. Mr. Kiesel, of Los Angeles, taught kindergarten for fourteen years; his volume is subtitled "Notes from Kindergarten." His poems are often clever and touching; they are also often good prose, hoping to look like poetry.

Mr. Kiesel is pro-child, pro-humanity, anti-smugness, anti-organized-virtue. His book is eminently quotable. Marsha "looks like something spoiled in the darkroom," "a little unaddressed envelope." In "Marsha"

Mother arrives, parachuting in from the society page
Her soup kitchens, she proclaims, are at our disposal;
But the charity closest to her heart (she insists) is her pet child.

You alms-giver, there is nothing non-profit about you,
Your breasts are selfish with milk.
This child was a hobby of your bedclothes,
A little memorial to an expensive perfume.

"Ronnie" has a mother who "is a pincushion, mewing in our face," "Father: a shellacked cigar with punched-out eyes." Casey's parents are

. . . so buried in a snow
Of money and money-cares; her talent lies
In stocking up canned goods, and his, in
Breastfeeding his lawn. I've met them;
They look as if their pleasure has had a flat tire.

But even the side of the angels can become monotonous, and sentiment easily turns sentimental. **The Pearl Is a Hardened Sinner** is a better pick-up than read-through book. The quotable quotes, like any collection of Picturesque Speech, tend to cloy; the reader is likely to begin to feel over-virtuous, assuming the book is needed by somebody else. Still, I do not mean to knock a man for being a better man than poet. And I'm not likely to forget "Kindergarten Teacher," even though I'm not sure what determines a Kiesel line.

Her intentions are to see that Blue
Is never painted next to Green,
And that the sexes use separate toilets.
Governed by the laws of washbasins, the
Children become little domestics
Of her hysteria.

Her spirit is like a wilderness;
Her face has no water hole. Every
Sham can burp her, any psycopath can
Have her for dessert. If she does love
Something she makes a meal out of it.
A few gray hairs
Are the extent of her ideas.

She belongs to ". . . The Association/ For the Advancement of the Idea/ That Intractable Children/ Be Given Off As Vapor."

I do not mean to pretend to be a positive and friendly thinker about all volumes of verses. **Voices in the Dark** (Doubleday and Company, 1968, $3.50) is surely the most unlikely book of the season. It deserves mention, to prove what can be wrought and published during these skittery sixties. I take no particular pleasure in attacking Mona Williams, a sincere and pretty woman according to end-papers. But I must speak of **Voices in the Dark.**

The book is a little novel. Three voices speak: John, campaigning for public office; Beth a girl who volunteers to work for John and becomes his mistress; and Alice, John's cold, musical, religious wife. Beth has a baby, calls John, almost loses the baby. Alice attends to Beth. The next to last section of the

book departs from the trinity of voices in the dark to record a scene eavesdropped by "The Little Girls," Alice and John's daughters. Alice and John take the baby. Beth has the last words:

> It isn't fair
> To live a suppliant or sponging guest
> Upon the wise and disciplined, but they
> Must take some warmth from us, where we have burned
> Our bridges there is light—
> Oh, merciful
> Is nature. I am armed with need—what else
> Is weapon for the weaponless? What else?

All of the voices, including the little girls' speak in iambic pentameter. Two more speeches must suffice. John says:

> I spend but little time these days at home,
> I think that Alice and the little girls
> Are happier without me. I've become
> So irritable, unloving and ungiving;
> I have consumed myself in a bright burning
> Elsewhere and I have precious little left
> To warm the house that used to be my home.
> Poor Alice—not to know how poor she is!

Alice says:

> When first I saw her standing by the crib
> Not even touching him—I knew I'd won.
> She didn't know it yet, I saw that, too—
> Something must be offered, said or done
> So that she would believe it her decision.
>
> And in a way, it was, but not her will—
> It was her weakness that decided it.

Howard Nemerov owns at least three voices, and all of them are authentic. It is a pleasure to approach a new Nemerov volume. Again I am not disappointed. In **The Blue Swallows** (University of Chicago Press, 1967, $4.50) Nemerov, a natural inheritor of Yeats and Frost, again displays his sincerity, his elegance, his craft; here again is the essayist, the clever man, the dramatic lyricist.

The essayist may be illustrated by "The First Day."

> The long and short of it seems to be that thought
> Can make itself unthinkable, and that measurement
> Of reach enough and scrupulosity will find its home
> In the incommensurable. We shall not, nonetheless,
> Admit to our discourse a Final Cause, but only
> Groucho Marx, who said, 'Closer? Any closer, lady,
> And I'll be standing behind you.'

To this voice I am occasionally inattentive. In "Departure of the Ships" I fail to listen carefully until the last stanza. But Nemerov has a way of making me start again.

The clever man who is not afraid of light and humorous verse is heard in "A Full Professor."

> Surely there was, at first, some love of letters
> To get him started on the routine climb
> That brought him to this eminence in time?
> But now he has become one of his betters.
>
> * * *
>
> Publish or perish! What a frightful chance!
> It troubled him through all his early days.
> But now he has the system beat both ways;
> He publishes and perishes at once.

It is the dramatic lyricist I most cherish. **The Blue Swallows** abounds with excellent examples of this Nemerov voice. I recommend "The Human Condition," "Lobsters," "On the Platform," "Decorated Skull in a University Museum," "Interiors," "Christmas Morning," and, of course, the title poem, which ends:

> O swallows, swallows, poems are not
> The point. Finding again the world,
> That is the point, where loveliness
> Adorns intelligible things
> Because the mind's eye lit the sun.

Daniel Hoffman's fourth collection, **Striking the Stones** (Oxford University Press, 1968, $4.50) gives us another look at Mr. Hoffman's quiet angular poems. Again we find his playfulness.

> Shaking the President's Hand
>
> Who'd be likely to forget
> His brief squeeze by those brisk fingers,
> The First Citizen's! The touch of kings
> Was blessed, a gift to remedy
> The King's Evil. Here
> Where every man's a king,
> What did I touch a President to cure?

Although the quiet poems must be listened to carefully, it is these I prefer. "Entering Doorways" begins:

> Entering doorways
> Exchanging rooms
> The last room leaving
> Lost words ringing
> In the head clinging
> Seeking silence
> The silence clanging
> This side the threshhold
> Snatches of old talk
> Entering doorways.

"A bare tree holds the fog in place," says "Testament." "A sky too hot for photographs," says "In Provence"; "In sickness and in health you found some places/ where our own poems grow," ("Words for Dr. Williams"); "The mice rot in their tunnels in a field/ Where phantom harvesters cut phantom grain./ A poisoned acre grows a poisoned yield," ("Crop-Dusting"); "I stand on gritty Coonamarris," ("Lines for Jack Clemo"). The book is full of lines and poems to listen for.

Gary Snyder's poems in **The Back Country** (New Directions Paperbook, 1968, $1.25) speak loudly, boldly, sometimes baldly. Some of the pieces are too easily anticipated, but generally the collection is vigorous, entertaining.

The book is interestingly made. "Far West" contains poems of our western mountains, "Far East" of Japan, "Kali" of India, "Back" of the United States again. The final section is made up of a group of translations of Miyazawa Kenji; Mr. Snyder's own work is close to the Japanese writer—metrically free, colloquial. Three very short pieces can illustrate the tone and manner of the first three divisions of **The Back Country.**

Once Only

almost at the equator
almost at the equinox
exactly at midnight
from a ship
the full

moon

in the center of the sky.

Yase: September

Old Mrs. Kawabata
cuts down the tall spike weeds—
more in two hours
than I can get done in a day.

out of a mountain
of grass and thistle
she saved five dusty stalks
of ragged wild blue flower
and put them in my kitchen
in a jar.

Artemis

Artemis,
Artemis,
so I saw you naked—
well GO and get your goddam'd
virginity back

me, me,
I've got to feed the hounds.

In the Acknowledgments to **Amulet** (New Directions Paperbook, 1967, $1.50) Carl Rakosi points out, "In 1941 James Laughlin published a selection in the **Poets of the Year** series entitled **Selected Poems** . . . I did not write again until April 1965." In the Thirties, with William Carlos Williams, Louis Zukofsky, George Oppen, and others, he was a member of the Objectivist Group. Now he appears for another generation, precise, sturdy as ever, witty, objective after the manner of the Objectivists, which isn't exactly objective.

To the Non-Political Citizen

You choose your words too carefully.
Are you afraid of being called agitator?

Every man is entitled to his anger.
It's guaranteed in the Constitution.
Every man is also entitled
to his own opinion and his own death,
his own malice and his own villany.
But you spend too much time goosing.

Two of the new poems have appeared in **The Paris Review.** Perhaps sparser than the earlier poems, they illustrate Carl Rakosi as a man of one piece. In "The Lobster" (lobsters are popular this season—at least four poets write about them) Mr. Rakosi observes:

nobody has ever
seen this marine
freak blink.

It radiates on
terminal vertebra
a comb of twenty

upright spines
and curls
its rocky tail.

saltflush lobster
bull encrusted swims

backwards from the rock.

"The Founding of New Hampshire" asks,

Are the woodsmells getting sweeter
or the broker working at my back
so that all the concord in the timber
can not warm this house?

I skip books I would like to sing about to point out the availability (I find it hard to imagine for whom) of an anthology, **Up The Line to Death, The War Poets 1914-1918** (Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1967, $4.50), selected and arranged by Brian Gardner, with a short Foreword by Edmund Blunden. **Up the Line to Death** is a subject-matter anthology, subject-matter organized with units bearing such headings as "Happy is England Now," "To Unknown Lands," "A Bitter Taste," and "At Last, at Last!"

The "Biographies" admits of Robert Graves: "He has disparaged his own war poetry, excluding it nearly all from his collections." Gardner includes it. The concern of the collection is not poetry, although, by inevitable happy chance, some good pieces appear: Yeats, Hardy, Cummings.

Mr. Gardner's Introductory Note tells us that war poems written by such men as E. A. Mackintosh, Robert Nichols and C. H. Sorley "are in danger of being relegated to dusty shelves and, together with whizz-bangs, puttees and wire-cutters, to the memories of aging men. Mr. Gardner asks,

> Had he lived . . . Charles Sorley would now have been the same age as Robert Graves. Would he have had a comparable reputation? Had Graves not survived, and he very nearly did not, would he have had the minor reputation now of a Charles Sorley, on the strength of one slim volume of poetry? How would the Fabian Rupert Brooke, who would be younger than Siegfried Sassoon, have reacted to the 1930s? What kind of work would he have produced? Would Wilfred Owen, a year younger than Sir Osbert Sitwell, have been a senior man of letters today?

There is more, and it is melancholy work.

I find it unimaginable that any of the twenty late-1960 poets under consideration would have written the second stanza of C. H. Sorley's "Untitled."

Cast away regret and rue
Think what you are marching to,
Little give, great pass.
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that, went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

For statement, for craft, I would defend an anthology of the poets of our time.

I've been trying to say, we live in a silver age.

Reviewed by Hollis Summers

Records

Buyer, don't beware. Years ago, budget-priced recordings usually contained pedestrian or sonically-dated performances of standard repertoire. Then along came such imaginative and aggressive companies as Vanguard Records, and the scene changed. Now Vanguard has done it again with the introduction of their compatible-stereo, $3.50 priced Cardinal line. Artistry and engineering are first-rate, and much of the musical territory covered is new ground for the casual record buyer.

Most exciting of the Cardinal offerings are the Charles Ives releases conducted by Harold Farberman, the most recent package being the four symphonies on three records (VCS 10032/3/4, $10.50).

Ives' First Symphony was written to please the European, German classical tastes of his teacher, Horatio Parker, Professor of Music at Yale in the 1890's. Ives already had better things to say musically, and he was already at work on his incredibly brilliant Second Symphony, but Parker's traditionalism demanded that Ives give him a neat, conservative, four-movement piece. Ives did so, probably receiving an A for the effort. The symphony's best moments resemble Brahms and Dvorak; its most bombastic ones, bad Tchaikovsky or confused Kalinnikov. The first movement meanders, not from lack of material but from overflowing the banks of traditional symphonic form with excess of ideas. The second movement is lyrical, soaring, structurally cohesive and the symphony's most satisfying section; the third movement, an acceptably tailored scherzo with a distinguished trio. Like the first movement, the fourth is oversupplied with musical invention and staggers on its way to cyclical resolution. Still, the whole is more than just a student effort; it contains many arresting and inventive moments, and it deserves more hearing provided the music can be as well served as it is by Farberman.

Three years after writing his First Symphony, Ives finished his Second. Here is a Declaration of Independence for all American music and probably the boldest single composition by an American composer, unless one gives that accolade to Ives' Fourth.

As conductor Farberman points out in his lengthy and excellently detailed notes for this album, audiences generally love this work, musicologists generally are fascinated and fractured by it, and orchestral musicians generally consider it a big "put-on."

This is Ives unbuttoned and unbuckled. Sounds of brass bands, out-of-kilter barn dances, a mixture of quotations from the European masters, march cadences, fragments of Stephen Foster—they are all here even for the non-professional's ear. Listen, for example, to the last movement which mixes Dvorak and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," Wagnerian sonorities and "America the Beautiful," hymnal solemnities and "Turkey in the Straw." Here, as elsewhere in the work, the whole of European compositional theory is wedded and bedded with colorful scraps of Americana, Yankee exuberance and national pride, and, at the movement's end, bringing up the rear and sounding over the whole, is "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," shoving the symphony to a brilliant, bawdy, roaring, slam-bang conclusion.

The music is as complex as it is celebratory, but Farberman masterfully clarifies the vertical and horizontal structure in each symphony. His is dynamic, committed-to-the-cause interpretation minus conductorial rhetoric.

Descriptive, imagistic, contemplative music—these are the impressions given by Ives' Third Symphony, which is autumnal as Brahms' Third, as pastoral as Beethoven's Sixth. Unlike his first two symphonies, Ives gave this work the cover title of "The Camp Meeting" and its three movements the sub-heads "Old Folks Gatherin'," "Children's Day" and "Communion."

The music is as suggestive to the professional musician as it is to the layman. For conductorial purposes, Farberman broke the "Children's Day" movement into such subsidiary images as: Children gather. Commotion. Lots of energy. First game—sudden starts and stops—tag?—frenzied chase—out of wind—rest, etc. Certainly the extra-musical connotations of this lyrical piece will differ for each listener, and ultimately such visualizations are unimportant for the enjoyment of the music, but confessing to such imagistic evocations does accentuate the work's attractiveness and power to involve.

In 1947, thirty-six years after he had composed it, the Pulitzer Prize committee gave Ives an award for his Third. After so long a time of having been unrecognized or snubbed, he replied, "Prizes are for boys. I'm grown up . . . [prizes] are the badges of mediocrity." With that same independent spirit which characterizes his music, Ives gave away the prize money.

If the Third Symphony can be called Ives' "Pastoral" then, continuing the Beethoven analogy, his Fourth may be equated with the "Choral." This last symphonic statement by Ives defies the content and organizational structure of its period; it is sublimely religious and at times sublimely irreverent in its statements; and it is physically gargantuan. But Ives is most revolutionary, most visionary in this symphony's second and fourth movements, which have never been more clearly articulated than by Farberman. This is complexity **in extremis**; music, modern as tomorrow, with nightmarish rhythmic demands, massive sonorities, and sections of music not to be heard distinctly but to be combined simultaneously and experienced with musical statements expressed orchestrally with equal strength and volume. In painting the technique would be collage; in theatre, a happening or environment; in film, montage; and in the most modern of modern music, "independent time structures," "atonal sonority blocks," "clouds" or, as Farberman terms it, "a combinatorial segment." Here is Ives using the technique fifty years before his time.

The composer meant this symphony to make a Transcendental statement. It strikes the modern ear as an existential one, but perhaps that observation only reinforces Ives' contention that "All is One." Philosophy aside, the symphony is still an avant-garde statement by the Superman of American music.

ALSO RECOMMENDED:

CLASSICAL

Beethoven: Sonata No. 30 in E major, Op. 109,
Sonata No. 32 in C minor, Op. 111.
Bruce Hungerford, piano.
Vanguard, VSD-71172

Beethoven: Sonata No. 8 in C minor, Op. 13,
Sonata No. 17 in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2,
Andante in C major,
Allegretto in C minor, WoO 53.

Bruce Hungerford, piano.
Vanguard, VSD-71174

Schubert: Sonata in A major, Op. posth. (D.959), 21 Waltzes and Ländler.
Bruce Hungerford, piano.
Vanguard, VSD-71171

Australian pianist Bruce Hungerford played five of the Beethoven sonatas in Carnegie Hall in 1965 and raised the critical roof. These new recordings should earn him equal praise. The performances of this material are brilliant without being steel-edged, delicate yet masculine, spirited but not abandoned, objective but devoted. Hungerford is no rising young pianist. He's at his zenith.

Reviewed by Don Brady

Altizer Interview

(continued from page 35)

ing to encourage them, and this and that, and meet with them. So, I've become theological adviser to a publishing house which is now taking theology very, very seriously. And one of my tasks is to spot theologians who can contribute something book-wise, and to work with their material. So that—that's an enormous amount of work. Now that's one big difference. And then the other big difference has been that although previously no one ever wanted me to speak anywhere, really, I've had an enormous number of speaking engagements, which have really sort of worn me out and I'm tired of them now. But it was *exciting* doing this—I had a great deal of fun, and also it gave me an opportunity to meet a great many people, many of them very exciting, and have influenced me and been very helpful to me, and I'm just delighted to have met them. But it's been turbulent, from that point of view. But there hasn't been very much real unpleasantness. A little, but nothing major.

notes on contributors

RALPH ADAMO lives in New Orleans. He has published in *Shenandoah* and *The New South Quarterly* and is an Associate Editor of *Confluence.*

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THOMAS ALTIZER is introduced in the preface to the interview.

ALVIN AUBERT teaches at Southern University in Baton Rouge, La. His poems have appeared in *Prairie Schooner, Motive* and *Southern Writing in the Sixties.* He was a 1968 Bread Loaf Scholar in Poetry.

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BERNARD BENSTOCK is one of the most distinguished Joyce Scholars, and the author of *Joyceagain's Wake.* He teaches at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio. *The Reel Finnegans Wake* was originally read at the conference of the American Committee for Irish Studies held at the State University of New York at Cortland, May 10, 1968.

DON BRADY is Chairman of the Drama Department at Loyola University in New Orleans, and a veteran reviewer of recorded music.

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JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON is the author of two novels, *And Wait for the Night* and *The Upper Hand,* and several volumes of poetry, the most recent of which is *Lines to the South.* A collection of short stories is forthcoming from Putnam's.

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JOHN MATTHIAS has appeared in *The Literary Review, Prairie Schooner* and other journals, and the anthology *Poets of the Midwest.* He is a Fulbright and Woodrow Wilson Scholar now teaching at Notre Dame.

WILLIAM MILLS teaches at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. He has been a cattle farmer and a welder, and recently competed in his area's regional karate tournament.

ROBERT PACK is a critic and anthologist as well as a poet. Author of a volume on Wallace Stevens and co-editor of the well-known *New Poets of England and America,* he teaches at Middlebury College in Vermont. His forthcoming book of poems will be published by Rutgers University Press.

CHARLES PAHL is a member of the faculty of the Department of History at Loyola University.

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ROY A. ROSENBERG is the Rabbi of Temple Sinai in New Orleans and teaches Bible at St. Mary's Dominican College. *Yahweh Came From Seir* was originally read at the combined meeting of the Midwest Section of the Society of Biblical Literature and the Middle West Branch of the American Oriental Society held in Holland, Michigan in 1967.

AUGUST RUBRECHT, a native of Arkansas, is a linguist presently with the University of Florida.

GRACE SCHULMAN, whose work has appeared in *Poetry Northwest* and *Shenandoah,* is writing a critical study of Marianne Moore.

HOLLIS SUMMERS, poet and fiction writer, teaches at Ohio University. He is the author of four novels and several books of poetry, the most recent of which is *The Peddler and Other Domestic Matters.* He is a member of the staff at the Bread Loaf Writers Conference.

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BIRON WALKER teaches English at the University of Florida. He is co-editor of the text, *College English: The First Year, The Modern Essay* and *Invitation to Literature.*

JOHN WILLIAMS is the author of several novels, including *Butcher's Crossing* and *Stoner,* and two books of poems. A Rockefeller traveler in Italy in 1967 and Visiting Professor at Smith College in 1968, he teaches regularly at the University of Denver.

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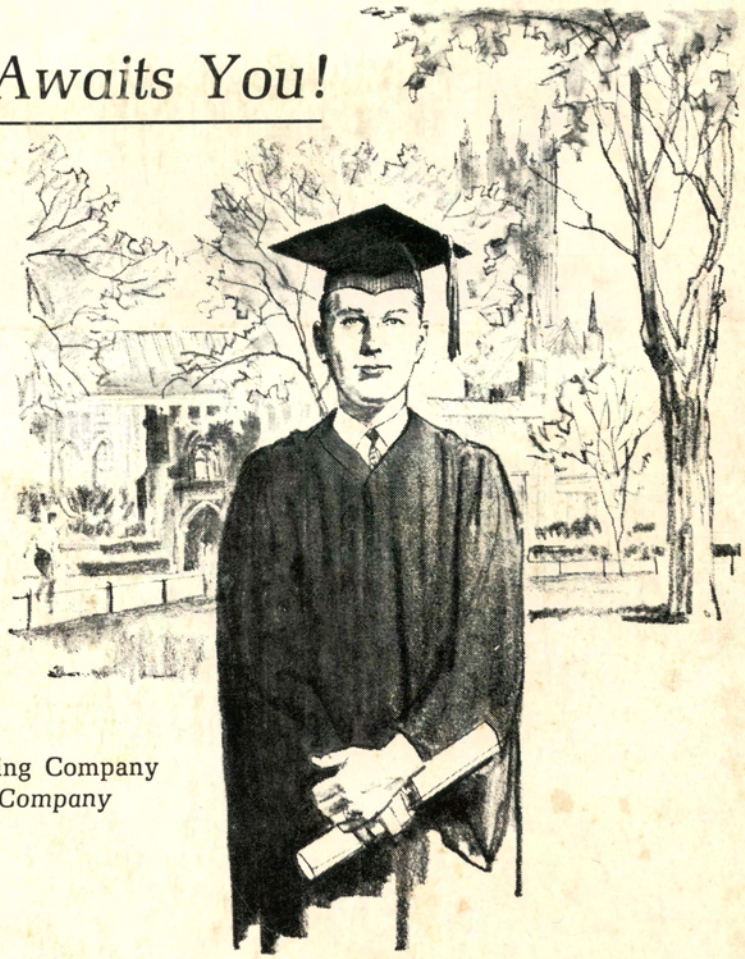

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