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The Intentional? Fallacy?

by Morse Peckham

Nowadays in literary academic circles one hears with increasing frequency such remarks as, "The New Criticism is a dead issue," or "The New Critics have had their day; it's all over with." However a more accurate statement of the current condition is that the tenets of the New Criticism have so deeply entered current teaching, scholarship, and criticism that if the issues are dead, it is only because the New Critical solution to those issues has completely triumphed. Certainly, the more sophisticated undergraduate and graduate students I have recently encountered now take attitudes as self-evident which only a generation ago were heatedly argued against by what used to be called the old-fashioned biographical critic. Of the various bits of critical jargon which were once, at any rate, worth fighting about, perhaps the most commonly encountered is the "intentional fallacy."

The first of two famous articles by Professor Monroe C. Beardsley, then at Yale, now of the Swarthmore Philosophy Department, and Professor W. K. Wimsatt, Jr., of the Yale English Department, "The Intentional Fallacy" was published in the *Sewanee Review*, Vol. LIV, Summer, 1946. At the time that journal was one of the most distinguished and conspicuous places to publish any discussion of literary criticism or any performance of it, and the phrase entered the language of criticism with the utmost rapidity. A good many regarded it, and still regard it, as the clincher for the validity of the New Criticism. It has been reprinted several times in anthologies of criticism and aesthetics, and in 1954 it was collected with its companion, "The Affective Fallacy," in Wimsatt's *The Verbal Icon*, published by the University of Kentucky Press. As such things go, it is now a generation old and a critical classic.

Everybody knows, of course, what the phrase means, or at least what he thinks it means; but I daresay a good many people might be a little puzzled if they actually read the essay, for I know from diligent inquiry that a great many who use the term have never read the paper from which it comes. However, Professor E. D. Hirsch is one critic who has read it recently, and it is instructive to observe what he says about it in his recent book *Validity of Interpretation* (New Haven, 1966).

The critic of the arguments in that essay is faced with the problem of distinguishing between the essay itself and the popular use that has been made of it, for what is widely taken for granted as established truth was not argued in that essay and could not have been successfully argued in the essay. Although Wimsatt and Beardsley carefully distinguished between three types of intentional evidence, acknowledging that two of them are proper and admissible, their careful distinctions and qualifications have now vanished in the popular version which consists in the false and facile dogma that what an author intended is irrelevant to the meaning of his text. (p. 11).

I admire Hirsch's book, but it has serious weaknesses, and this discussion of the intentional fallacy is among its least convincing sections. He has excellently expressed what he calls "the popular version" in the title of the section in which the discussion occurs, "It Does Not Matter What an Author Means." The question is, Is there any justification in the original essay for this "popular version?"

To begin with, I must say that I do not find "The Intentional Fallacy" either clear, well-argued, or coherent. Indeed many of the authors' fundamental propositions are not argued at all. They are merely asserted, by fiat. The essay's success can only be accounted for by the fact that its dogmatism was uttered in a situation in which a great many people were prepared to accept them without argument. If the "popular version" has indeed been mistaken, it is perhaps because the mere title was enough for a good many critics, teachers, and students; it said all they wanted to have said; it summed up the doctrine of the New Criticism in a brilliant phrase which also gave fairly precise directions for the kind of verbal response one should make to a poem in interpreting it. Actually, the essay is rather careless, and so is Hirsch's account of it. For example, he asserts that the authors "carefully distinguished between three types of intentional evidence." It is not nit-picking to point out that the authors do not distinguish between three types of intentional evidence. Rather, they distinguish between three types of "internal and external evidence for the meaning of a poem," and they assert that one of these types, the biographical, which they call external, private, and idio-

syncratic, "need not involve intentionalism," but that it usually has, to the distortion of poetic interpretation. That is, when Hirsch writes "three types of intentional evidence" he has ascribed "intentional" to three types of evidence which Beardsley and Wimsatt specifically said were not intentional evidence.

This shows not only that Hirsch was so over-eager to prove that it is correct to talk about intention that he missed the Beardsley-Wimsatt point but also that the essay is easily misunderstood, or at least that it needs to be read with great care. There is, moreover, another reason for bringing up Hirsch. His book is, I believe, going to be widely read and will have a very great influence. It is undeniably an important work. No doubt his version of the Beardsley-Wimsatt essay will be pretty generally accepted as authoritative. Without wishing, therefore, to impugn the value of his work, I think it is of some importance to determine whether or not what Hirsch calls the false and facile popular version of "The Intentional Fallacy" has any justification in the essay itself, and this will serve also to begin an attack on what is a very vexing problem.

Professor Hirsch has subsumed the notion that "what an author intended is irrelevant to the meaning of his text" under the doctrine of "semantic autonomy." It is a good phrase, and I shall adopt it. Beardsley and Wimsatt exemplify it when they write that "the design or intention of the author is neither available nor desirable as a standard for judging the success of a work of literary art." (For "work of literary art" I shall henceforth use the term "poem"). Thus their primary interest is in evaluation, not in interpretation; but their argument amounts to the proposition that intention is irrelevant to evaluation because it is irrelevant to interpretation. At several points in the essay this assumption of the irrelevance of intention comes out very strongly. For example, "In this respect poetry differs from practical messages, which are successful if and only if we correctly infer the intention." Thus it is evident that, according to Beardsley and Wimsatt, the semantic functions of poetry are to be distinguished from those of ordinary language. Again, poetry "is detached from the author at birth and goes about the world beyond his power to intend about it or control it. The poem belongs to the public. It is embodied in language, the peculiar possession of the public." This last would seem to indicate that poetry is not, after all, distinguishable from ordinary language, until we note that the "poem is embodied in language." This certainly seems to indicate that it is other than language. Further, if practical messages require that we infer the intention it would seem that practical messages are not beyond the power of their utterers to intend about them or control them. Moreover, our authors say in a note, "And the history of words after a poem is written may contribute meanings which if relevant to the original pattern should not be ruled out by a scruple about intention." From other statements we glean that "pattern" here means "pattern of meanings," for "Poetry is feat of style by which a complex of meaning is handled all at once." It

would certainly be strange for practical messages — in which the authors include such kinds of discourse as science — to be open to new semantic functions. This note, then, seems coherent with the doctrine of semantic autonomy. Finally, at the end of the essay they write that to ask Eliot what "Prufrock" means "would not be a critical inquiry." To ask a poet what he meant would be "consulting the oracle," a superstitious act, presumably. At any rate, it cannot settle a critical inquiry having to do with exegesis.

All this, then, is coherent with the first quotation, which asserts that for practical messages it is legitimate to inquire for the author's intention. It is evident that we do indeed have here an instance of semantic autonomy and that the notion that this famous essay is an exemplification of that doctrine is correct. Hirsch is mistaken in thinking that the doctrine of Beardsley and Wimsatt is different from the popular version. By Hirsch's standards they stand condemned of the "false and facile dogma that what an author intended is irrelevant to the meaning of his text." The popular version is, after all, the correct one.

It is not difficult to refute the doctrine of semantic autonomy. It can be put in the form of asserting that poetry has unique semantic functions, different from those of all other kinds of linguistic utterance. It is evident that, in its radical form, this is not an historical or cultural statement: it does not mean, for example, that in a given cultural epoch poets are, as it were, assigned a class of message that they and they alone are privileged to deliver. No, the poem is embodied in language; presumably, then, either in practical messages something non-poetic is embodied, and this gives poetry semantic autonomy, or it means that the mode of embodiment is unique, or at least different from the mode of embodiment to be found in practical messages, which is ordinarily taken to mean all non-poetic messages. In this kind of criticism, as in the essay under consideration, the distinction is ordinarily confused, and perhaps it is unimportant; nevertheless, it is a distinction worth noting for what follows. In either case, however, the consequence is that the critic is privileged, or perhaps required, to employ a special kind of interpretation, called in this essay poetic "exegesis." That is, since poetry has semantic autonomy, there is a corresponding interpretive autonomy. Whether or not this kind of interpretation differs from the interpretational modalities used to interpret all other kinds of discourse depends upon the demonstration that there is a distinction between the two. But that in turn depends upon a basis for the interpretation, namely a general theory of interpretation. But such a general theory of interpretation does not exist. There is, therefore, at the present time no way of demonstrating either interpretive autonomy or semantic autonomy for poetry.

Furthermore, if the language of semantic autonomy differs from ordinary language, it would seem to follow that the language of interpretive autonomy differs from the language of ordinary interpretation. It is the objectors to the New Criticism and to semantic autonomy who claim that the New Critics offer not interpretation but another poem. The lat-

ter have always vehemently denied this, thus asserting that the validity of interpretive autonomy is not different from the validity, whatever it may be, of any mode of interpretation. Our authors give an example of this. In objecting to a scholarly interpretation of a metaphor by Donne, they assert that, "To make the geocentric and heliocentric antithesis the core of the metaphor is to disregard the English language, to prefer private evidence to public, external to internal." One of their points is that "moving of the earth" is antithetical to "trepidation of the spheres," not parallel, as their target, Charles Coffin, would have it. Assuming that Coffin is wrong, as I too think he is, it is impossible to use this disagreement for their theoretical purposes. Coffin may have been carried away by his learning and may have violated common sense in making this mistake; but it is only a mistake. "Moving of the earth" can be explained in terms of the Copernican hypothesis, even though it may be wrong to do so here. Galileo is said to have said that, after all, the earth does move, even though he was speaking Italian; and it seems quite fantastic to maintain that the geocentric and heliocentric theories are private evidence. The point of all this is that in arguing against Coffin, Beardsley and Wimsatt use the same kind of language that he does, the same kind of evidence, public knowledge, and the same kind of interpretive mode. To assert that a man has failed is not to assert that his method is in error, though Beardsley and Wimsatt seem to think so.

There are other ways of showing the impossibility of the doctrine of semantic autonomy, but it is much more instructive to examine and if possible to understand what kind of doctrine it is. It is probable that today Professor Beardsley would consider the proposition that a poem is embodied in language as exceedingly incautious, and it is possible that Professor Wimsatt would feel the same way, but we may be grateful for the statement, for it tells us a good deal. The notion of something supra-sensible being embodied in something sensible — for both written and spoken words are phenomenal and sensible — has an irresistibly transcendental ring about it. One could say that all they mean by this is that something originally in the mind of the poet is now embodied in language, but their own position, of course, forbids them to take this way out: it would throw them back on intentionalism. Now, anyone familiar with Christian doctrine can recognize the embodiment thesis as structurally identical with the theory of transubstantiation. Since, however, these days very few are familiar with the thesis of transubstantiation, including a good many professing and practicing Christians, it may be well to define it. It is the thesis that in the celebration of the mass the substance of the bread and the wine become changed to the body and the blood of Christ, though their accidents, such as taste, color, smell, and so on, remain the same. Thus the consecrated bread and wine belong, after this metamorphosis, to a unique category of physical substances.

The structural analogy to the doctrine of the semantic autonomy of poetry is remarkable. A supra-sensible quality, poetry, is embodied in a sensible

quality, language, and the result is a unique category of language, which requires a unique kind of interpretation. Carlstadt asserted that the bread and wine could not possibly be put into a unique category of physical substances, and that the Lord's Supper was a commemorative rite. Zwingli adopted this thesis, but Luther developed the theory of consubstantiation; the substance and accidents are not changed but a quality is added, as heat is added to an iron bar. In terms of the structural analogy proposed this changes little or nothing; the doctrine of semantic autonomy asserts also that a supra-sensible quality is added to a sensible quality. It is noteworthy that the clear-sighted Erasmus felt that the Zwinglian position was irrefutable, but preferred the old doctrine for the sake of peace.

The argument that Carlstadt originated and Zwingli and Oecolampadius and their followers accepted was in fact an instance of semantic analysis, and quite an elegant one. The argument centers on the word "is" in such Gospel passages as that found in Matthew xxvi, 26-28. "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The new position claimed that in such phrases as "this is my body" and "this is my blood" the word "is" should properly be interpreted as "is a sign of," rather than, as in the orthodox interpretation, "has become in a unique mode." Using the language that is here under question, the reformers were claiming that it was the intention of Jesus that his act should not be so interpreted, while the orthodox claimed that Jesus' intention was as they had defined it. This analysis suggests that to call upon "intention" is a way of explaining and justifying an interpretation, rather than a way of using knowledge of intention to control an interpretation. The possibility arises that Beardsley and Wimsatt in distinguishing language that requires inference of intention from language that does not have failed to make a sufficiently exacting analysis of the term "intention."

To this possibility I shall return. At the moment I would only remark that for the phrase "the doctrine of semantic autonomy" it would be reasonable to substitute "the doctrine of semantic real presence." This is a metaphor, of course, but that does not necessarily mean that it is a falsification of the semantic state of affairs we find here. Whether theologically correct or not, the reformers were claiming that the orthodox were indulging in bad thinking because the doctrine of transubstantiation was an example of ascribing to the sign of something the attributes of the thing itself. In this case, since the thing itself had ceased to exist — the episode of the last supper having had an historical existence — the body and blood said to be in the bread and wine as a consequence of transubstantiation have no existence. The reformers' denial of transubstantiation amounted to the assertion that the orthodox had made a logical error and had hypostatized or reified the non-existent referent of a pair of words. Likewise by the doc-

trine of semantic real presence, as applied in the assertion that a poem is embodied in language, Beardsley and Wimsatt have hypostatized the term "poem". Having done so, and having decided that poetry has certain attributes and not others, they then ascribe those attributes to a category of utterances. Thus the doctrines of transubstantiation and of semantic autonomy are instances of the same kind of thinking, or, to be a bit more precise, of semantic behavior. Consequently it is a justifiable metaphor to call the doctrine of semantic autonomy the doctrine of semantic real presence.

What kind of thinking is it? In magic we can see the same semantic behavior at work, or at least in certain kinds. Take the old stand-by, the wax image to which you give your enemy's name and which you stick full of pins and knives. Here again we have the sign, the ascription to the sign of the attributes of the thing signified, and behaving accordingly, that is, placing it in a special category of physical substances, or, as in semantic autonomy, verbal signs. On the whole this kind of magic seems intellectually more respectable than does semantic autonomy. After all, the waxen sign is a sign of something, a living enemy, not a sign of a reified verbal sign, poetry. Now it is also worth noting that the practitioner of magic cannot be refuted. Either his enemy dies, in which case he killed him by stabbing his waxen sign, or his enemy lives, in which case he made a mistake in magical technique. If he lives longer than his enemy, and continues his magical technique, he is bound, sooner or later, to have proof that his magic is efficacious. Likewise, any conclusion arrived at by the doctrine of semantic autonomy cannot be refuted. The easiest way to grasp this is to remind oneself of how frequently one sees it asserted that all interpretations of a poem are equally valid, the criterion being "interesting," rather than "true" or more or less "adequate."

Structurally, then, transubstantiation and semantic autonomy are instances of magic. Consequently, the doctrine of semantic autonomy in poetry may be justly called the magical theory of poetry. It is, however, useful to consider all three as examples of the same kind of semiotic behavior and look for a more general statement of that. I think it may be found in the theory of immanent meaning, which is undoubtedly the universal theory, a theory which we are only beginning to see through. It is simply the thesis that words mean, or, alternatively, have meaning. Even so sophisticated a philosophical position as logical positivism accepted this position, as the famous attempt to distinguish between metaphysical or emotional statements and empirical statements witnesses. The former were said to be meaningless, and the latter to have meaning, or to be meaningful. Meaning was said to be immanent in the latter, but not in the former. The inadequacy of this position comes out when we glance at the word "reference." Words are said to have reference. But when I say, "Look at the ceiling," you look at the ceiling, the sentence does not.

It is not difficult to see how the notion of immanent reference should arise. When I generate an overt utterance, and tell you to look at the ceiling,

you perform an act of reference, but you do it in response to my instructions. It is a verbal short-hand, therefore, to say that I have referred to the ceiling. But since my utterance is, among its other semantic functions, a sign of me, by another similar slip the act of reference is imputed to the utterance. Or it can go from your reference to the utterance to me, and by "it" I mean the chain of ascribing to the sign of something the attributes of that which it signifies. Thus you have attributed your attribute of reference first to me and then to the utterance, or first to the utterance and then to me.

Human beings, then, refer; words do not. They are signs to which, on interpretation, we respond by various modes of behavior, verbal and non-verbal. The meaning of a bit of language is the behavior which is consequent upon responding to it. Therefore, any response to a discourse is a meaning of that discourse. That is why an interpretation arrived at on the basis of semantic autonomy cannot be invalidated. However, language is a matter of conventions. Thus the correct meaning of an utterance is the consequent behavior which, for whatever reasons, is considered appropriate in the situation in which the utterance is generated. For example, if I say, "There is no God," and my respondent says, "That is a meaningless utterance," the response amounts to a claim that it is impossible that there should exist a situation in which any response at all could be appropriate, except for this response.

Let me sum up this position dogmatically, though not without leaning a bit on authority. Forty years ago Grace Andrus de Laguna, of Bryn Mawr College, published her *Speech: Its Function and Development*, a work which, long neglected, has been reissued and is being given serious attention. Her basic proposition is that both the animal cry and speech "perform the same fundamental function of coordinating the activities of the members of the group." To put it another way, all that the generator of an utterance can do is to present a set of instructions for behavior, either his own or another's; and all the responder to an utterance can do is to follow those instructions, or not to follow them. That is, if he knows how to interpret those instructions he can, if he so decides, behave in accordance with what in that situation is the conventionalized appropriate responsible behavior. I tell you to look at the ceiling; you look at the floor. You have obeyed only part of my instructions. I tell you to look at the ceiling; you fold your arms and glare at me. Have you disobeyed all of my instructions? Not at all. Any linguistic utterance is first of all an instruction to respond. That response to an instruction is so deeply built into your biological equipment that you cannot possibly avoid it. We may discern, then, three kinds of response to any utterance: inappropriate response, partially appropriate response, appropriate response. These are the meanings of an utterance.

At first glance it may seem that I am about to assert that the doctrine of semantic autonomy opens the way to justifying any inappropriate response. Not at all, and for these reasons. The error of immanent meaning is, for the vast majority of human interactions, not an error at all, or rather is an error of not

the slightest importance. When we say, "This is the real meaning of that utterance," we are simply responding to the conventions of appropriateness for the situation in which we respond to the utterance. Obviously, then, uncertainty about meaning arises when the conventions are unknown, are imperfectly known, or are disregarded. But why should they ever be disregarded? Once the magical theory of language has taken root, as it has in all living humans who have progressed through infancy, any utterance becomes a sign the response to which entails conforming one's behavior to a set of conventions appropriate to a situation. Thus, in any sign response there are two ingredients, the sign and the conventionalized behavioral patterns. By the magic theory of language, or immanent meaning, we ascribe to the sign the attributes of those behaviors. Thus, in responding to a sign we neglect the complementary circumstance that we are responding to a sign and its situation. To put it another way, the sign on which we focus is but one of many situational signs; it is but one in a constellation of signs. Since all signs are polysemous, that is, since all signs can be, theoretically, responded to by all possible behaviors, the only limit being the conventions we have learned, the sign on which we focus loses its compelling and unitary function to the degree to which we neglect the other signs in the situational constellation of signs. Without trying to trace the history of human semiotic evolution, it is sufficient to point out that the written language preserves an utterance long after the situation in which it was uttered has ceased to exist; this is what Zwingli and his reformers were trying to do, restore the situation in which Jesus' statements about the bread and the wine originally took place and determine their semantic function, that is, the appropriate behavior in response to his words according to the conventions of that situation. Conversely, human beings have the power of imagination, that is the capacity to create strings of verbal signs to which neither non-verbal or verbal response is possible. From that it is but a step to a kind of discourse to which non-verbal overt response is possible but not appropriate. And from there it is but another step to discourse to which overt non-verbal response is currently unknown but for which its situational constellation instructs us to attempt to discover appropriate and overt non-verbal response, as with a scientific theory, with its concomitant situational and conventional instruction to devise an experiment to confirm or disfirm it.

Thus there are numerous situations in human affairs in which the constellation of supporting situational signs is missing, are conventionally in part disregarded, never existed, or are unconsciously responded to. And here by "unconscious" I mean all signs not focused on, or more precisely, all signs the attributes of which have been ascribed to another sign or other signs. To respond to a situation thoroughly means to focus in turn on all the signs in that situation, determine whether or not they are appropriate, and to re-ascribe to each sign its appropriate attributes. Thus, if we go into a chapel to pray and to experience emotional relief as a consequence, a thorough examination of the situation will show that

the emotional relief experienced is a consequence not of responding to the prayer but also to all the religious signs of the setting in which we have played the suppliant's role. Consequently, I do not assert that the use of the doctrine of immanent meaning, or magical meaning, or semantic real presence, or semantic autonomy in interpreting poetry opens the way to any inappropriate response. It is not quite trivial to point out that any interpretive response is, for poetry, frequently, though not always, appropriate. (Some would assert that it is never appropriate.) Nor is it at all trivial to point out that the semantic autonomist focuses on only a very limited number of verbal signs. Even when in theory he claims that a proper interpretation must necessarily provide a unitary explanation for all terms in the poem, in practice he neglects a great many. Furthermore, his interpretation of a good many words such as articles, prepositions, and conjunctions usually conform to the conventions of interpretation for those terms. In fact, he is usually so taken with the free-wheeling possibilities for novel interpretations of nouns and verbs, with lesser attention to adjectives and adverbs, that he suffers from a singular paucity of seeing alternative possibilities for the lesser words as well as for syntactical relations. This is not surprising. A theory of immanent meaning inevitably leads to the neglect of the situational sign constellation, to, as it were, the neglect of focusing on focusing; the consequence is a compulsive ascription of attributes from what is signified to the sign focused on.

At this point something of a digression may illuminate what I am trying to say and provide a bit of relief from these dreadful abstractions. Professor Hirsch begins his *Validity in Interpretation* with a quotation from Northrop Frye, the source of which, unfortunately, he does not give us. It goes as follows:

It has been said of Boehme that his books are like a picnic to which the author brings the words and the reader the meaning. The remark may have been intended as a sneer at Boehme, but it is an exact description of all works of literary art without exception.

It is clear that this statement enrages Professor Hirsch. It enrages me, too; but I do not think that his reply to it adequate. And his reply, alas, is his book. Certainly, Hirsch was well advised to pick Northrop Frye as his point of departure, for the *Anatomy of Criticism* terminated the theoretical development of the New Criticism, which to be sure was never very powerful. In that book Frye took the doctrine of semantic real presence to its absolute limits: all poems mean the same thing. After that one either decided that the central doctrine of the New Criticism was absurd, as Hirsch probably did; or one concluded that it was now so well protected, so thoroughly proved, that it was no longer arguable and was self-evident. Even if one did not agree with Frye on the thing that all poems mean, he provided theoretical carte-blanc to make one's own thing that all poems mean.

However, Professor Hirsch has unfortunately at-

tacked Frye and semantic autonomy from an outmoded position, and I fear that his book, for all its many excellencies, will not have the salutary effect I am sure he hoped for, and that I hoped for when I started reading it. For the unfortunate fact is that Frye is right, as far as he goes. He merely does not go far enough. Hirsch's whole effort is to prove that the author brings the meaning as well as the words, and he does as much with this thesis as, I think, is possible, or at least worthwhile. However, Frye's statement is correct if divested of the theory of semantic autonomy and re-written as follows:

It has been said of Boehme that his books are like a picnic to which the author brings the words and the reader the meaning. The remark may have been intended as a sneer at Boehme, but it is an exact description of all linguistic utterances without exception.

Everything said here about the human response to signs points to one fact: the response to a sign requires on the responder's part a decision. To be sure, this statement may seem to need some qualification, and perhaps does. The rapidity of most responses to verbal and non-verbal signs alike certainly seems to indicate that the decision is immediate; that is, if by decision we mean those sign responses in which there is observable hesitation, as well as those in which alternatives are so fully explored that years may elapse before the response actually occurs, then it would indeed seem that the use of "decision" to refer to apparently immediate responses is inaccurate. I think the point is arguable, but until we understand a great deal more than we do about brain physiology, there is little value in arguing it. It is enough to say that a sign which involves the responder in uncertainty requires a decision if it is to be responded to, and that any utterance encountered in a situation other than the one in which it was originally generated offers the possibility of uncertainty and hence decision, unless, as with the bread and the wine, it has been, according to Zwingly, made part of a new situational sign constellation. This explains why Beardsley and Wimsatt can assert that meanings that emerge after a poem is written should not be ruled out by a scruple of intention. Thus, though I do not know if the position has any theological respectability or has ever even appeared in the history of theology, it would be possible to say that what Jesus meant in his remarks to the apostles is irrelevant; and I rather suspect that Newman's idea of the growth of Christian doctrine entails just this, the explanation being that though the Apostles would not have interpreted the remarks as the theory of transubstantiation does, that theory was implicit in Christian doctrine from the moment of its revelation. Thus it is not surprising that Professor Beardsley in his *Aesthetics*, published in 1958, should say that a semantic definition of literature is that "a literary work is a discourse in which an important part of the meaning is implicit." (p. 126). Such is the necessary consequence of any magical use of the theory of immanent meaning. And indeed Hirsch's discussion of "implicit" is not one of his happier passages. In fact, with his fundamental no-

tion that meaning is expression in language of a willed intention on the part of an utterer, it is evident that Hirsch also is working from a doctrine of immanent meaning. Thus, for all his efforts — and many of them are admirable and useful — he cannot dispose of the doctrine of semantic autonomy with complete and unequivocal success. This is what I mean when I assert that his book will not have the salutary effect he hopes for.

Poems that as teachers and students and critics we attempt to interpret do not fall in the same category as transubstantiation; an alternative semantic function has not been conventionalized in an historically emergent situation. We ask what the poem means. That is sufficient evidence for our purpose that uncertainty is present, and that a decision must be made. The poems we deal with were uttered in the past; the situation in which they were uttered are no longer existent. What are we to do? We must make a decision about what is the appropriate verbal response. On what grounds are such decisions properly made? That vast question I do not propose to answer here. My interest here is only to question the function of asking questions about the intention of the poet, and also to question the strategy of denying that such questions are in order when we interpret a poem.

Let us return to the point at which we started, the Beardsley-Wimsatt proposal that for one category of discourse it is improper to ask questions about intention, but for another category we must "correctly infer the intention." It would seem, therefore, that there are such things as correct intentional statements, and that it is possible to locate something properly called "intention." What is the status, then, of statements about intention? As we have seen, all a statement can do is give instructions for responsive behavior. What we call a referential statement — whether it be a book or a word — gives instructions for locating a phenomenal configuration. But it is not so easy as that. All signs are categorial. Thus a referential statement instructs us to locate a category of configurations. To instruct us to infer correctly the intention of the speaker of a particular utterance is to instruct us to locate a specific member of a category. Language, then, apparently can be specific in this qualified sense. But it must be observed that specificity is achieved, and a categorial member located, only because that particular member shares attributes with other members of the same category. Further, it is possible to tell one member from another only if the instructional statement includes other categorial instructions. Here the good old game of fish, flesh, or fowl is helpful, as is the recently deceased "What's My Line?" The person having to guess the correct word proceeds, within certain rules, by piling up categories the partially shared attributes of which gradually eliminate all but one specific term. In locating non-verbal specificities we proceed in the same way. On the other hand, interlocking categories need not be included in the instruction if the respondent is previously trained to do the locating without such instructions. If I say to someone in a room, "Bring me the chair," he would be at a loss to know which one I meant. However, if

my instructions were to bring me the chair which is the darkest in color, the interlocking categories of chair, color, and shade would make it possible to respond appropriately to my instructions, even though I myself did not yet know which chair corresponded to these specifications. Likewise, one member of a group can respond correctly to a simple, "Bring me the chair," if at some previous time I have instructed him sufficiently in the interlocking categories necessary for his appropriate response.

Beardsley and Wimsatt, then, have instructed us to infer the intention of a speaker. Thus in the situation just outlined an already instructed member of the audience infers that when I say, "Bring me the chair," his appropriate response is to take to me the previously designated chair. Now a problem arises, first, if it is the case that in my judgment his response is in fact inappropriate, and that my response to his action is to assert, "I didn't mean you, blockhead." And second, if the speaker of the instruction is no longer present in the situation in which the utterance is responded to. The normal test for appropriate behavior — the response of the speaker of the uttered instructions — is under these conditions impossible. Inference, therefore, is a term used to categorize this last kind of situation, one in which the instructions for response are incomplete and the authoritative judge of appropriateness of response is no longer present. What is the appropriate response in a situation of this sort, one which is characterized by uncertainty about what response is appropriate?

The Beardsley-Wimsatt proposal to infer the intention of a speaker seems at first glance to be a referential statement. It seems to instruct us to locate something, namely, an intention. The word "intention" is like such words as "will," "desire," "meaning," "purpose," and so on. They are said to be mental activities; they are supposed to occur in the mind. However, if, as we have seen, all terms are categorial and cannot bear a specific reference to a unique phenomenal configuration, then the status of the mind as such a phenomenal configuration is called in doubt. Indeed, when we ask what the mind is we are often given a list of its attributes, such as will, desire, meaning, purpose, and so on; and these are said to be the mind's contents. But this is nothing but a spatial metaphor, and these terms are but the attributes of the verbal category "mind." We may see this from another point of view. Every semiotic response involves interpretation, since we do not respond to a meaning immanent in the sign; and one of the most obvious things in the world is interpretational variability, the easily and constantly observed phenomenon that two people in the identical situation, judging by their overt responses, have interpreted that situation's signs differently. That is, all the word "interpretation" does is to draw attention to the actuality and possibility of difference of response to a given sign, or, more generally, to difference in sign response. "Mind," then, categorizes all responsive activity which exhibits differences in sign response, that is, for reasons suggested earlier, all responsive activity, which is all activity. The word "mind" then is a category which ascribes to human beings, at least, behavioral differences in the same

situation. And words like "will," "desire," "meaning," "purpose," and "intention" are terms which discriminate various sub-categories of behavioral difference. It follows, then, that the Beardsley-Wimsatt proposal to infer the intention of a speaker is not a referential statement; it does not and cannot give us instructions to locate a phenomenal configuration. If they believe it can, they are guilty of that common consequence of the theory of immanent meaning, hypostatization.

What kind of instruction, then, is their proposal? What *would* be an appropriate response? Some utterances instruct us to locate phenomenal configurations, to be sure; but others instruct us to generate verbal behavior. Such responses are the most mysterious and fascinating that human beings perform. Since language is tied to the world only by behavior, when the response to a generated utterance is only to generate another verbal response, it is not tied to the world at all, or at best only at various points, most frequently at the beginning of a chain of utterances, and, hopefully, at the end. One semantic function of the term "mind" is precisely to draw attention to this transcendence of the world by language. It is not mind that is metaphysical but language, and it can be said with justice that all language, by itself, is metaphysical. It is not, then, that language is the product of the mind; "linguistic behavior" is one semantic function of the word "mind."

To see what kind of instructions Beardsley and Wimsatt have given us in their proposal that for practical messages we infer the intention it is only necessary to examine the ordinary use of the word "intention" from this orientation. When in ordinary circumstances, that is, situations in which the speaker of the utterance we are responding to is actually present, we ask the speaker what he meant when we do not understand the utterance, that is, when we are uncertain as to what verbal or nonverbal response we should offer in response to his utterance, ordinarily he will give us additional instructions; this is one mode of explanation. "Bring me the chair!" "What do you mean?" "Pick up that chair, which is the darkest in color in the room, and bring it to me!" But instead of answering, "What do you mean?" we could elicit the same response, or get the same set of additional instructions, by asking, "What do you intend me to do?" or "What is your intention?" We will have, then, a general understanding of the term "intention" if we recognize that it instructs us how to categorize a certain kind of explanation, one given in response to a demand for additional instructions. But what does intention instruct us to do if the original speaker is not present? This is a more subtle problem.

Let us imagine that when I ask you to bring me a chair, instead of asking me what my intention is, you turn to a neighbor and ask him, "What does he mean? What does he intend me to do? What is his intention?" Let us assume that the neighbor has privileged information and gives the answer I gave when I was asked. Supposing then that you carry out the instructions, make the appropriate response. When it comes to judging that appropriateness,

which, as we have seen, is the only way possible to judge whether or not the response is correct, does the neighbor's statement of intention have as much authority as mine? Perhaps so, since we defined him as having privileged information, that is, information I gave him. However, if he does not have the information but generates his intentional statement from his interpretation of the situation, including his prior knowledge of the sort of thing I am likely to say in such situations, does his statement of intention now have as much authority as mine? Again, in terms of your response, yes; but possibly no, since at first glance it would seem that I must know my intention better than he could. Supposing now that you ask me, as you probably feel like doing, what my intention is in going through all this analytical rigamarole merely to demolish a position which by my account I have long since demolished? Presumably my answer — and at the end of this paper I shall offer an answer — is a report on what I intended to do when I set out to write this paper. This means, first, that I must have stated my intention to my self, because "intention" categorizes a class of statement, and second, that I consider that I have carried it out, that I have obeyed those self-directing instructions. Now as it happens in this particular instance the statement of intention I shall give as my conclusion was not generated as covert verbal behavior before I began to write but occurred to me only after the above question about my intention had occurred to me as a very sensible question to ask.

We may speak of two kinds of intention. One is accessible; a class of instructions or a class of explanations, that is, further instructions. But psychic intention is inaccessible. It happens, whatever it is, between the stimulus and response; it is responsible for those variations in interpretation and behavior which "mind" in one of its semantic functions categorizes. But in the sense that "mind" refers to what happens between stimulus and response, it is a word that we use as a bridge to cross an abyss of absolute ignorance. But furthermore, in actual behavior, psychic intention is doubly inaccessible. When we seem to be reporting on psychic intention we are in fact reporting on an historical event; the psychic intention happened before our statement about it, which we take to be a report on it. But, as we all know, historical events are phenomenally no longer existent. Whatever we say about them is not a report but a linguistic construct of a report of an event, and, for psychic intention, an inaccessible event.

Suppose you say to me, "It is obvious from the tone of your paper that your deliberate intention was to bore me to distraction while confusing me." Whether I agree with you or disagree, my answer will be, like yours, an explanation of a verbally constructed historical event, not of a phenomenally existent event. That is, both of us have responded to the ongoing situation; we have interpreted that situation; and we have offered an explanation of what is happening in that situation. That is, when you surmise a psychic intention that occurred in the past and I say that I am reporting such a psychic intention, neither of us is doing either of these. We are both making an historical construct in order to pro-

vide an explanation for the discourse we are currently encountering. Hence it follows that "to infer an intention" means to make a linguistic construct of an historical situation so that by responding to the semiotic constellation of that constructed situation we may gain additional instructions for deciding the appropriate verbal response to an utterance to which our initial response was decisional uncertainty. And this is true whether or not the utterance under consideration was originally uttered two minutes ago or two thousand years ago. The difference is one of relative difficulty, not of kind of behavior. Briefly, an inference of intention is a way of accounting for or explaining the generation of an utterance; it can never be a report. The speaker of an utterance has greater authority than anybody else in his so-called intentional inference only because he is likely to have more information for framing his historical construct, not because he generated the utterance.

From this point of view it is not difficult to understand what has happened when you assert that my intention was so-and-so, and I respond, "I wasn't aware of it, but I guess you're right; indeed, as I think the matter over, I'm sure you are right. What you are saying was my unconscious intention." In such cases I am simply admitting that your responsiveness to the reconstructed situation is superior to mine. The very fact that such chains of linguistic utterance can occur indicates that it is only probable that an utterer has superior authority in generating an intentional explanation; it is never certain; it is, then, always a matter for investigation, never for a *priori* fiat.

It is now possible to see with some clarity, I hope, the kind of error that Beardsley and Wimsatt have made. It is not merely that the doctrine of semantic autonomy is an error; just as important is their error in thinking that it is ever possible to locate an historical psychic intention. The inference of intention is an attempt to provide additional instructions for determining our response to the stimulus of a verbal utterance when we are uncertain. Even so fantastic an instance of providing additional instructions for interpreting poetic utterances as the *Anatomy of Criticism* is only that: an attempt to provide additional instructions. The doctrine of semantic autonomy, untenable on other grounds, is also untenable because it attempts to assert by a *priori* fiat that a certain class of additional instructions is, for the interpretation of poetry, inadmissible. But such a distinction is untenable because both semantic autonomous interpretation and so-called intentional interpretation do nothing more than construct a situation in order to derive additional instructions. And the failure of the Beardsley-Wimsatt distinction comes out in several places. It shows up in their attack on Charles Coffin, the interpreter of Donne, in which they confuse a theoretical error with a simple mistake; and again in their denial that the author is an oracle who can settle problems of interpretation. As we have seen, the generator of an utterance only has a pragmatic and probable superior access to information; he is not, by the mere fact of being the author, in a position of superior authority. It emerges in their assertion that "even a short lyric poem is

dramatic, the response of a speaker to a situation. We ought to impute the thoughts and attitudes of the poem immediately to the dramatic *speaker*, and if to the author at all, only by an act of biographical inference"; as we have seen in our analysis of the neighbor's instructions the author of any statement is always, from the point of view of the responder, a construct. That is, for every statement we always do what Beardsley and Wimsatt say we ought to do only in interpreting poetry. Finally it emerges in their avowed failure to make any sharp distinctions among their three kinds of evidence, and in their nearby statement that "the use of biographical evidence need not involve intentionalism, because while it may be evidence of what the author intended, it may also be evidence of the meaning of his words and the dramatic character of his utterance." The fact is that "evidence of what the author intended" and "evidence of the meaning of his words and the dramatic character of his utterance" are merely two different sets of verbal instructions for the same kind of verbal behavior.

Thus we may conclude, to put it broadly, that the trouble with "The Intentional Fallacy" is that its authors are not talking about intention and it is not a fallacy. The doctrine of semantic autonomy, or semantic real presence, or semantic magic, or immanent meaning is untenable; and equally untenable is their attempt to distinguish between two kinds of interpretation. When we interpret poetry, we go

through the same behavioral process that we go through when we interpret any utterance. Whether or not we use the word "intention" in going through that process is not of the slightest importance.

Finally, let me offer a *post facto* statement of my intention in going through all this analytical rigamarole. This kind of analysis is, for me at least, very amusing and profitable to write. That it is tedious to read I would not attempt to deny — even for those who have a passionate interest in this kind of verbal analysis, even if that passionate interest has been a result, as mine has been, of a profound dissatisfaction with the confusion into which their training in the study of literature has plunged them. The unhappy fact is that the language of literary criticism is filled with unanalyzed terms, and for the most part it consists merely of pushing around worn-out verbal counters to create pretty new patterns; and this kind of intellectually unsatisfactory and even pointless activity will go on forever unless we put a stop to it. And the only way to stop it that I can see is to engage in the kind of excruciatingly painful, exacting, and wearisome verbal analysis which I have offered here as an example, if not a model, of what we must do. We have indulged ourselves for so long that penance for our sins cannot be anything but humiliating and dreary.

HOW TO GET ALONG IN THE WORLD

Even should no music sound
Wave to the girl who circles round
And around on a merry-go-round;

Wave to the boy who waits in the back
Of an open truck;

Wave to the man on top
Of any mountain.

They have mounted
On, in, up,
Not because the thing stands,

Not for any reason save
Waving
Being waved to.

Smile and wave.
Say, I have seen you,
I see you.

— Hollis Summers

In Praise of Solitary Constructs

by Peter Israel

"Up to gale force," he'd told her on the phone, "waves to fifteen feet, the paper said, but it's blown off. We'll have it to ourselves, no one but the gulls"

So she'd come, without particularly knowing why. They were alone on the beach and the air so clear she could see the blocky shapes of islands far out beyond the deserted Amusement Palace pier.

All afternoon she worked on the city in a t-shirt while he broiled behind her, asleep maybe under the sunglasses. Any other man the sun would have scorched into a lobster long since, but he was so dark he only got darker. She'd planned it in the morning in the cold surf while he swam and during lunch while he ate four eggs benedict and nessel-rode pie. She wanted to finish before he woke up if he was sleeping, because when he woke up he'd want to go to the hotel and make love before dinner.

The work took her backward and forward in time. She used a long piece of driftwood with a sharp end, instead of a pail, a bar glass. She could finish the old city and the ramparts and most of the new, and if part of the new was incomplete, that was as it should be. New cities were always incomplete. And if the waves washed it away during the night as they would, leaving only a few smooth sand hillocks, that too would be all right. The city would have lived. What difference if an afternoon or hundreds of years? Let the archaeologists worry about it.

She chose a site not far from the water's edge but protected by a bulwark left by the storm, a bastion of sand piled with driftwood and debris. She'd little confidence in its permanence but the inhabitants lived off the sea.

She set them working first on the ramparts, digging deep in the moat and throwing the sand high, reinforcing key points with stones and driftwood timbers, building highest on the sea side, higher even than the natural bulwark which would take the first brunt of the storms, then gradually lower as they worked inland. The moat however as deep as ever to carry tidal waters safely into the delta. On the land side little rampart at all. Here in millennia to come the new city would rise, its avenues straight and

tree-lined, towers shining in the sun.

This vision kept them going when they could have used help. A bulldozer would have done, a single steamshovel. But though he'd watched when she first broke ground, propped on an elbow, now he was prone, broiling, as the sand tore her fingers. Besides, what had the ancients used? Slaves perhaps, animals when they had them, but they had also done it themselves, her ancients, with their own sweat and hands and whatever tools they had, impelled by faith or fear or the knowledge of necessity. When they had to dig they dug. When they needed water and had not yet dug canals, they formed bucket lines, they toted and hoisted. They prevailed.

And finally the ramparts were finished. She took off her t-shirt, stretched, decreed a rest. She'd intended to sluice them to test the drainage. There wasn't time. She fashioned a flag from seaweed and a stick and planted it on the highest point while drums drummed and the cheers of the populace rolled in her ears. As much as she wanted to let them celebrate, however, they'd only begun. Their security was provided for, but the city itself sprouted in her mind, vivid and concrete. Zealously she set to work, and the warmth spread in her stomach.

At the highest point within the walls she drew a square, Piazza dei Popoli it was called, and fashioned on one side a round Palazzo Pubblico and on the other, its twin spires soaring like arrows, the cathedral, an architectural miracle, its massive sandstone nave buttressed by wood and decorated with gargoyles. A hundred citizens hoisted into place the great shell for the dome of the city hall, gleaming white in the sunshine, and already the spouting waters of the fountain described marvelous patterns as they played. At both ends of the piazza rose the mercantile centers, twin counting houses of wealth where the burghers of the world traded millions as they strolled beneath the loggias. Messengers on horseback cantered through the piazza and wooden wheels trundled across the cobbled stones where one day cafés would spread their tables, but not yet.

Narrow streets, more alleys than streets, wound down crookedly from the piazza, the Street of the Chandlers, the Street of the Goldsmiths, the Street

of the Blacksmiths, of the Cobblers and the Carpenters and the Wheelwrights. The alleys had to be cobbled, all of them, and drains provided. Even if the sewage was only open gutter, the cobbles had to slope to the edges and the gutters to be tested. In places the buildings leaned so close together they drove out the sky, which was as it had to be inside the ramparts where space was at a premium, but buildings hastily constructed caved in and collapsed. Sometimes they could be shored up with timbers, still leaning precariously, foreheads touching, but more often demolished and built anew. Then the workers had to trudge laboriously up the alleys, whipping and prodding their donkeys, and it took far longer to rebuild inside the city than on the fringes. With so much to be done! A marketplace low near the inland gates and a place for the women to wash and port warehouses, inns for itinerants, barracks for the Republican Guards and the civil constabulary and crenelations and emplacements on the ramparts, taverns, repairs in the moat which filled constantly with sludge and facilities for the clerics who were always clamoring and conspiring.

And it was done! Miraculously it was done, enough so that the holiday could now be declared! There it was, their city, a testament to the faith and energy and ingenuity of the people, to their need to construct, to their endurance against nature, to their pursuit of wealth and the accumulation of wealth, to their social instinct, their sense of community, to their humanity.

Criers announced the holiday in the narrow streets. Trumpets blared and there was free wine in the piazza and long wood tables in the Loggia dei Mercanti laden with food and music and endless speeches and burghers danced with chambermaids and shepherds with the wives of burghers and there was going to be an election! Yes, they were determined to choose their mayor right then, the whole populace! Already candidates had thrust themselves forward and harangued from the fountain, promising lower taxes and foreign conquest, land reform, promising anything for votes, and parties formed rapidly in their defense and circulated through the throngs with petitions and promises. But the people would hear none of it. The people turned spontaneously to their founder and guiding hand, to the corner of the piazza where, solemn in her flowing white gown, she had witnessed the feast.

An afternoon wind fluttered the banners above their heads. Suddenly it was very still.

She shook her head. No, she said sadly. She could no longer help them. They had to govern and regulate themselves. It was their time.

But such an outcry greeted her denial, such a complaint and a wailing, that she wavered, and seeing her hesitate the crowds sent forth an emissary, a youth with blond flowing locks scarcely more than a boy, an apprentice in one of the crafts. On bended knee he beseeched her, expressing the need and wish of all the people.

She protested that she would not always be there. They knew that, he said, but in the beginning they needed a leader who would unite them. And it was true. She protested no more. She lowered her head

while her gown swirled about her and the cheers echoed off the buildings.

It took a terrible effort for her to wrench herself loose. Centuries had to pass like the flickering pages of a calendar. Anguished, she watched in the whirl of time the incursions of men and nature upon her city, the floods, the foreign besiegers, the eras of royalty and exploration, the ravages of famine and plague, the wars of brother against brother, the dramatic changes wrought by invention and industrialization, all the births and all the deaths, the crumbling of the old and erection of the new. Yet time had to pass.

In the modern era the old city suffocated. It had to expand or die, yet the people were adamant. The old quarters would remain untouched. No automobiles rolled through the cobbled streets. No new buildings which failed to pass the code. Cafés had come to the loggias and other changes more and less apparent, but women still washed their clothes by hand inside the ramparts and houses leaned together, shutting out the sky in places.

The new city sprang up like a circle of blight. Such was progress, inevitable and necessary, but it was with laden heart that she leveled the fields just outside the inland gates for a giant parking lot and built the railroad station and the fourlane highway, straight as a ruler, which led to the airport and the mountains beyond. In between were the swarms of developments, streets gouged into the land and paved, industrial parks belching sulphur and smoke, the high towers of mass housing jumping into the sky like ridiculous giraffes. The population had mushroomed. It needed housing, jobs, goods, it needed schools and transportation.

It was too much for her.

Tears welled in her eyes. She could scarcely hold them back. She was just working on a shopping center — My God, a shopping center! — when she felt his arms sliding around her waist.

He released her and she turned.

One of his feet was planted outside the ramparts. His other had just lopped the steeples of the cathedral into dust. As she watched, his big toe crashed through the great nave and the piazza lay choking under rubble.

He chuckled.

She didn't cry. She sucked her breath, bit her lower lip.

"Time we're going, baby," he said, yawning, stretching like a bear picking fruit.

She slapped him across the cheek, not hard.

He thought it was a joke. Maybe she would run any second and he was supposed to chase. But she didn't run.

Then he threw his head back and laughed. Then he laughed deep in the throat wholeheartedly. His whole head tossed and his wavy hair tossed.

"Did the big bad man ruin Baby Sheila's castle?"

"Look," he said, seizing her hands, "look at what the tide'll do!"

It was true. The waves had already breasted the natural bastion. She hadn't even noticed. Part of the ramparts were gone, her great ancient stone ramparts against the sea. She pulled loose and watched while a new wave broke over the barrier. It kept

coming through the moat and died in bubbles at the first buildings. The bubbles snapped and broke in the streets. Another wave was coming and she could hardly see it. The flag had disappeared.

"Come baby," he murmured, "let's go."

She felt the sliding arms again. His chest hair rubbed her back.

This time she cracked him hard, high on the cheek, and tried to rake with her nails.

"Ho there! Whoa!"

She did want to run but he held her firm, her face against his chest. He held her tight while she trembled and sobbed dry tears. She felt the muscles bulge in his arms. She couldn't explain, couldn't begin, didn't know, didn't want. He mumbled in her hair. She squeezed her eyes till they ached. She

wanted to bite into his chest meat.

She stopped trembling. She was all right.

"It's all right," she told him.

During dinner the storm broke again out of nowhere. Rain poured down and the wind bashed the hotel while he ate oysters and chops. Off and on during the night she heard it, flat on her back, the rain pounding the rooftop, the windows, the Amusement Palace pier.

By morning it had slowed. A mist drizzled from swollen clouds. There wasn't much point hanging around and when he suggested they leave right then in the morning, she agreed readily enough. They drove straight out the beach road and back.

A few months later she agreed to marry him without particularly knowing why or not.

THE SENTRY (June 6, 1968)

Under the Normandy waters, skeletons
of long dumb beasts burn
into the ocean. Eels and weeds twist
about the salt-gutted ribs drawn
down, neither welcomed, nor not.
Shell-casings hide and spawn
the crabs that clawed for meat,
the hungry fish that nosed to that water
for most of that dramatic summer.

It is now twenty-four years. The spell
is almost broken there. Tides swell
and cover the relics along the shore.

It is now beginning summer, in time of war,
and all is not well.

Behind a thatched cottage behind that shore,
behind its well that still draws water
tinted red to the eyes of its owner,
on a fencepost covered with moss,
a helmet rusts in the sun and rots
in the rain. Only the farmer cares
to remember the sides. His trees
scarcely notice the buried bayonets
that deflect their deepening roots.

It is now twenty-four years. The spell
is almost broken there. The bushes swell
and cover the relics beyond his door.

It is now beginning summer, in time of war,
and all is not well.

— William Heyen

History is What a Man Does

by John Ciardi

History is what a man does
entering a friend's house, and what he thinks
doing it. It is the right of the youngest son
against the eldest. It is written
in the answers he gives a beggar while guessing
that the man is needy or a professional,
and then in musing that need, too, is a profession.

These are advanced stages. It starts
by deciding which men shall be on a man's side
in the killing of others. All who join a man
in the killing he does are brothers
and holy; all others, "barbarians,"
the word meaning at once "stranger" and "enemy."

In ritual, then, manners become laws;
laws, religions; and religions,
institutions and administrations. Much depends
on how many battles are won and lost;
even more, on which. After climactic killing
comes peace, tilled by slaves. Commerce
and philosophy become famous handicrafts.

Uncomfortably, there remain the free citizens
too poor to own slaves, forbidden
to till like slaves, and not immediately
needed for the army. Still brothers
and ritual, they are your reserve
for the next killing. They must be fed
and amused and you must pretend to honor them.

They do have the old claim their fathers
had on yours while killing together,
and it does outlast generations. In the end
it becomes just too damned expensive.
Mercenaries are cheaper,
and need not be consulted as if votes mattered.
Money is the new government;

the poor are criminals; and criminals,
once caught and sentenced, are slaves.
It's so easy that you know instantly
your fathers were fools for not seeing it.
At that point, inevitably, religion changes
again. Ritual has already changed.
And you have thirty ships at sea

bringing home spices, rhinoceros horn, slaves,
and more change. Your cousin
loses a castle a day for two months
at dice. You conclude he's no good
but blood remains an obligation:
you lend him your dirk to kill himself
and have a good artist do his tomb.

The next day, entering a friend's house,
you discover he, too, is bankrupt.
After lending him less than you spent
on your last whore, you goose his wife.
The pitiful bastard goes rhetorically
for his dagger. Your thugs cut his throat.
His wife, simpering, asks you into her bath.

By now the slaves are sullen. Pirates
take two ships. Then six. The mercenaries
demand payment. Eight more ships are lost.
The mercenaries throw in with the barbarians.
The slaves set fire to the harvest.
Horsemen ride in from the north haggard,
interrupting even the loveliest orgies.

You take to your last castle,
luckily an island with unassailable cliffs.
In two years you're down to your own
sour wine, goat's milk, and mealy olives.
Someone else's ships sail by you.
You watch and grow older. Your son
forms a band of boys who will kill with him.

They go out in boats and come in with plunder.
One great axe-clanging oaf
brings you a jug of real Falerno
but trips, drops it, and the jug shatters
with your cup and tongue both out. Raging,
you raise the cup to bash his skull,
and your son knocks it from your hand.

"We have stood together, he and I,
and killed together. If this is my house,
no man may offend him in it.
If it is not my house, it cannot stand."
You know then how old you are.
"Are there beggars at the gate?" you ask.
"Here," he tells you, "there are no beggars."

A pity. They would have been something
to join: a thought, and none to take it;
understanding, and none to speak it to.
You remember that your father is dead,
and his father, and your son another man.
And what man are you who cannot remember
to the nearest province what you spent on whores?

Nelson Algren Talks With NOR's Editor-at-Large

It may well be that Nelson Algren is one of the few "American" writers around today. There are a lot of Southern, Jewish, New Yorker, San Francisco, etc. writers. But few indeed who have, in one book or more, moved as close to American experience as did Algren in *A Walk on the Wild Side*. Algren won the first National Book Award in 1950 for *The Man With the Golden Arm*, and in 1956 published *A Walk on the Wild Side*. Both books have become something by the way of contemporary classics, and a generation of young writers have found in Algren's work a kind of toughness, compassion and integrity not afforded by the work of those beloved by the various literary establishments, east and west.

Algren, as the interview following might suggest, is notorious for speaking the truth — and deeply respected for his habit of talking up the work of various young writers whose books he comes across. Neither habit is common to the literary genus in America. Here then is one of the shapers of contemporary American literature: Nelson Algren, alive and talking.

CORRINGTON: *Mr. Algren, I've never seen anything much about your first book, Somebody in Boots. What's the story on it? How did you come to write it?*

ALGREN: *Somebody in Boots* is a pure curiosity. And *A Walk on the Wild Side* is even purer and curiouser.

I was among the multitudes hitch-hiking on the highways and riding box-cars between 1931 and 1936. But was distinguished among them in that I was the only one draped in the dark, formal suit I'd borrowed money to buy, in order to look like the other youths receiving degrees at Urbana in June of '31. The suit was helpful as I received one cross-country lift because the driver had taken me for a minister. The high white collar and tie also helped to create this image; which got me a number of rides through the Southwest. I also carried a card from the school of journalism at the U. of I. entitling me to employment in any aspect of newspaper work I chose: I was splendidly fitted for the Fourth Estate, the card implied.

Which led directly to my door-to-door employment for Watkins Products and Standard Coffee in New Orleans. A fellow from Texas and myself developed a little racket in selling beauty-parlor certificates until we got enough bread to get out of town. We went down to the Rio Grande Valley, where we occupied an abandoned Sinclair filling station about a mile out of Harlingen. When that blew up I headed for West Texas, was in and

out of most of the county jails between McAllen and El Paso, the longest stretch being at Alpine. *Story* magazine published a short story of mine about The Valley, called *So Help Me*, in August of '33. I received a letter from James Henle of Vanguard Press inquiring whether I was interested in doing a novel. Five minutes after he had deposited the letter I materialized in his office to announce that I accepted his offer.

His offer consisted of a payment of thirty dollars a month for three months, and an immediate cash payment of ten dollars. I was startled to learn that ten dollars could be gotten for a novel. I hadn't known they were paying such prices.

The novel itself was entitled *Native Son*. The publisher changed it to *Somebody in Boots*. (Richard Wright later asked me if he could use the title the publisher had rejected, and I said yes, and he did.)

CORRINGTON: *It's obvious that Somebody in Boots is a kind of dark, almost humorous rough-draft of A Walk on the Wild Side. What's the connection?*

ALGREN: The book itself was, and is, obviously the work of a writer who confuses rhetoric with poetry and thinks all a novel is is a bunch of short pieces in sequence. It is, as you say, a grim piece of journalism and not a novel at all. What I did get out of it was a feeling for what a novel could be. I learned how to write a novel by writing this exercise about wild boys of the road, as the publisher billed it.

A couple decades later Doubleday wanted to issue *Somebody in Boots* in paperback, following the success of *The Man With the Golden Arm*. I took an advance on this proposal without first looking at the original novel. I hadn't looked at it for twenty years. What I read was embarrassing. I didn't want a book of such a title, and of such corniness, under my name. So I changed the title to *A Walk on the Wild Side* — and what began as a revision turned out to be an altogether new book, and surely the best I've written or will write.

CORRINGTON: *Why do you call Walk a curiosity?*

ALGREN: I say it is a curiosity because it wasn't that I wrote it so much as it was something that happened to me while I was preoccupied with more important matters. Something of the lost past gathered momentum —

and music — and gaiety — of which I was unaware at the time of putting it down. I hadn't an inkling of what I'd done until I received a wire, shortly after publication saying *Walk on the Wild Side* is a ballet.

I thought the sender was for the funny farm. He wasn't. It is a ballet. Which came true on the stage of something called The Crystal Palace in Gaslight Square in St. Louis in 1960.

CORRINGTON: *Did you see the movie they made of Walk with — God help us — Lawrence Harvey as Dove Linkhorn?*

ALGREN: No, I haven't seen the movie. I also keep moving when I see a crowd gathering where somebody has been run over by a garbage truck.

CORRINGTON: *When I read Walk — it was the first of your books I read — I would have sworn it was by a Texas or South Oklahoma or North Louisiana boy. How could a Chicago native come on like a Southwesterner, and make it sound so right?*

ALGREN: How come a Chicago kid wrote well about the Southwest? Because the C. K. was at the time, a Westerner: rolled handmade Bull Durham cigarettes with one hand, wore Spanish boots, talked with a drawl and always contended that Southern jails were better places to winter in than Northern ones.

CORRINGTON: *Seems to me Walk is a mighty optimistic book, given what passes for a world. Are you a yea-sayer about the nature of things?*

ALGREN: I doubt that what I would write today would be optimistic — not just because the world is falling apart, but that my own seams aren't as tight as they were twenty years ago.

CORRINGTON: *What are you doing now? Is there a novel in the oven?*

ALGREN: I'm the kind of writer who is superstitious as hell about talking about what he's doing: *nothing* is cooking. Like talking about a no-run no-hit game before the ninth inning is over.

As it happens, nothing is cooking anyhow. I have a racetrack short story in the works, and will head for Southeast Asia when it's in the mail. Will try to get a travel-book out of Asia. But am not thinking about a novel.

CORRINGTON: *Some years ago, Norman Mailer wrote a famous piece looking over what he called "the talent in the room" — that is, the writers who seemed worth looking over back in 1955. This is what he said about you:*

Algren has something which is all his own. I respect him for staying a radical, yet I do not feel close to his work . . . Of all the writers I know, he is the Grand Odd-Ball.

Would you like to return the favor?

ALGREN: I can't comment on Mailer because I haven't read him. He's the king of writers in which you get interested if you get interested in his personality. Mailer finds his own personality exciting, apparently. I find my own to be more so, to myself. I'm not sure what he means by the Grand Odd-Ball description but I never stuck a six-inch knife into my old lady.

He also recently described me, somewhere, as looking like "a skinny old con man who is in on every make in the joint and will sell out his grandmother's farm to stay in the game". This is flagrant slander as Grandma didn't own the farm. She lived on it as a squatter — at Black

Oak, Indiana — so how the hell could I sell land she didn't even own. It is true she wasn't much good — but she was smart enough to get out of paying rent, which is more than Mailer can boast.

CORRINGTON: *How do you feel about Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Fitzgerald? In one sense your career overlaps them and moves beyond them . . .*

ALGREN: I see Hemingway as a great tragic writer of short stories, a nocturnal writer closer to Hawthorne than any other American writer. Faulkner is, of course, the one monumental American novelist of this century. Wolfe is still indispensable to understanding of America, I believe. Fitzgerald was something of a stiff, but a sparkling writer.

CORRINGTON: . . . *to Styron, Bellow, and so on.*

ALGREN: *Lie Down in Darkness* is, to me, a classic, and as good as anything of Fitzgerald's, with whom I associate the mood Styron catches in the book. Nothing of his since — except his journalism — had caught me. Bellow is pretty much, himself, Herzog — a jackass of whom one tires after one laughs a while at the sorry little cuckold. But he is the most skillful of the sour-cream mafia.

CORRINGTON: *Shifting ground like crazy, it has occurred to me that Chicago's Daley and Bull Connor have a lot in common. What do you think?*

ALGREN: I don't know how anyone can compare Bull Connor and Richard Daley. It's like comparing Von Rundstedt with Tiny Tim. Connor was just a hired gun. Daley is the muscle of the National Democratic party. He had to do something about making the twenty percent of the delegates still behind Johnson appear to be a majority. The eighty percent spread that McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy had, had to be kept from expressing dissent; not to mention voting. All that political arrangement inside the amphitheatre corresponded to accumulation of force outside. Daley's job was to make the power go Johnson's way, to keep it for Johnson.

And when you accumulate weaponry and power, you use it. The denial of the parks to the teen-agers was based on the presumption that the parks belong, personally, to Daley. He had no legal right to deny them a permit. And, when they used them anyhow, they used them to sing around small fires at night and listen to folksongs and liberal churchmen sympathetic to them.

The beatings of those teenagers could not be witnessed without a disgust: a disgust with Daley and his police. The sight of an armed two-hundred pound man clubbing a teen-age girl doesn't go away just because the local press says it has all gone away now.

CORRINGTON: *Some sixty or so years ago, Frank Norris, the California writer, wrote an essay on "The Responsibility of the Novelists." Since then it's been fashionable to see writers as a national conscience or something of the sort. Do you buy this?*

ALGREN: The writer's responsibility is no different than that of the shoemaker's or the lawyer's — he is responsible for what he, as an individual, feels. If he is sufficiently self-satisfied that his own house is not on fire, even though all the others on the block are burning he will be able to continue assuring his readers that things aren't as bad as they seem.

Which doesn't mean that good writing can be done on

the barricades. No matter how concerned, he has to keep something of himself detached in order to perform as a writer: he has still to withdraw to his own place, and reserve enough energy to write with respect for the language he is using.

The only credentials essential to involvement in civil rights, etc. are that he possess a consideration for the conditions of others; and a conscience to push him to risking himself when the chips are down.

I don't have any appetite for using papal bulls, via TV or the press, about the condition of the novel or what's the matter with Whitey and what's the matter with Blackie. I'm not a PR man. If what I've written, here and there over three decades, doesn't amount to a belief in the right of the individual to his own life, there wouldn't be much point in my making a formal statement to that effect now.

CORRINGTON: *A lot of people see you as representing a voice from the Old Left. Do you see it that way?*

ALGREN: As I never responded to the Old Left, I'd play hell responding to the New Left. If my convictions have been on the left it isn't because there was a group on the left telling me what was right, but because what I believed came out on the left side, that's all.

CORRINGTON: *It seems to me the New Left is something of a drag. The overwhelming majority of them have never heard of Joe Hill, Frank Little, or Wesley Everest. Or of the IWW and Big Bill Haywood, and the rest who fought monopoly capital fifty years ago. Much less of Sazanov or Kaliev and the kids who laid the ground for the Russian revolution. I get the feeling that the New Left is, largely, a collection of cultural hicks.*

ALGREN: I don't consider it a drag that the New Left doesn't know and hasn't heard of Joe Hill and Frank Little. A lot of them never heard of Bessie Smith either. I don't see any reason why the heroes and heroines of one generation should be memorialized by a generation to whom they didn't belong. If a member of the New Left had never heard of Frantz Fanon or Che Guevara that would be a drag. Why impose past times on those who weren't there? I never heard of Sazanov nor Kaliev myself, and haven't missed them to this day. Regretting the passing of the IWW is like regretting the passing of the great circuses, or of Vaudeville. It was great, but it's gone. I don't know why it makes someone a "cultural hick" because he doesn't know who said "So long as

there is a soul in prison I am not free". If a young person is moved by that, does it matter if he never heard of Debs?

CORRINGTON: *Margaret Mead was in New Orleans recently and remarked that the contemporary university student is "ahistorical" — he knows next to nothing about the past. Observations?*

ALGREN: Margaret Mead is an old bag of solidified lard. She's a kind of anthropological CPA. How can she disqualify young people on the basis of being "ahistorical". Don't they have just as much right to disqualify her on the basis of being asexual? I think it is much less dangerous to operate without knowledge of the past than it is to operate without connection with the present: While she is programming the past, the kids are making a future.

CORRINGTON: *What writers, books, painters, philosophers and so on have held up best for you?*

ALGREN: The two writers who hold up best for me are Dickens and Dostoevsky.

The books that have held up best for me are *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *The Good Soldier Schweik*, Yama, Hemingway's short stories, *Twelfth Night*, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Anna Christie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Native Son*, *The Time of Man*, *Wolf Among Wolves*, *Of Time and the River*, *Light in August*, *Sanctuary*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Catch-22*, *War and Peace*, *The Lower Depths*, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, *The Blue Hotel*, *Journey to the End of the Night*, *The Trial*, *Jean Christophe*, *Madame Bovary*, *Peer Gynt*, *Hunger*, *Growth of the Soil*, Sean O'Casey, Orwell, *L'Assomoir*, and *Ring Lardner*. I'm not conscious of having my work shaped for me, but I'm sure Stephen Crane had something to do with where my interests in writing lie. And Alexander Kuprin also.

Toulouse-Lautrec is the most interesting man, if not the greatest of painters, to me. Also Kathe Kollwitz. I haven't read any philosophers.

CORRINGTON: *Suppose this is the great pulpit, and you have one chance to say something to young writers. What would it be?*

ALGREN: What I'd tell the young writer of talent would be to get the hell out of the country and join the third world: the one he's in is decaying, and he'll decay with it if he don't make a run for it to where life is beginning, not ending.

THE GAME

All his life, my father looked for money.
He saw it in cars, in strange women, whose eyes
Were bright as headlights, in yachts on sunny
Pages out of the Sunday paper. All lies.

In the evening he fiddled with numbers
Listening for the click that had his name
Written in script green as cucumbers,
All for the winning of a little game.

The bank was savage; the ponies, only horses,
Couldn't carry him over the gray hills;

And oh the market broke and spent his forces
To line the pockets of a hundred shills.

So at the end he drew himself within;
Stung, bitten, taken, had, he drew away,
Afraid of light itself so tender was the skin
In which he'd dared the world and seized the day.

In that dark room, he sat astride the years
Waiting for money, but it never came.
Fate found his books, as always, in arrears,
And darkness cancelled the suspended game.

— Stuart Silverman

Funeral

by Leonard Louis White









Medicine 1969: The Concept of the Whole Man

Some Observations on Trauma and
Stress Syndromes in Modern Life

by Shea Halle, M.D.

After years of practicing the specialty of Internal Medicine, I have rediscovered some of the meaning of Pandora's box. According to the legend in Greek Mythology, Pandora was trusted with a box that contained most human emotional ills such as fear, jealousy, hate, and envy. Her curiosity caused her to open the box and that is why the human race is beset with these problems. While diagnosing and treating patients, you begin to understand why the ancients tried to explain the personality expressions of man.

When religion gave us the Bible and the story of Adam and Eve, an attempt was made to explain the same question. What was the source of man's spiritual nature? Why was man filled with guilt, fear, anxiety and depression? Their explanation was the story of the fall from Paradise, the eating of the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. Even today, with all our advances in learning, we have no better answer. Strangely enough, with all our concern with knowledge, we are aware even less than our ancestors of man's spiritual makeup, and each generation must rediscover that a human being has more than just a physical side. This is especially apparent to me when examining patients sent to me for evaluation of injuries. Few of these patients are ready for rehabilitation months after the original injury. Review of the hospital and medical records will show very fine reports describing the handling of fractures, shock, ruptured spleens and lacerated livers. The surgeons and orthopedists have done their work well. Yet the patient, when I see him, almost certainly will have numerous complaints of nervousness, insomnia, irritability, even tearfulness, and objective findings of elevated blood pressure, tremor, general tenseness of muscles — Pandora's ills in modern terminology. No one has bothered to treat the total patient, to recognize that trauma often complicated with job dislocation and other adjustment difficulties, is associated with significant emotional reaction, especially when litigation is involved. The physical and emotional in man are always interrelated, and each intensifies and aggravates the other. In spite of all our progress in education, physical disturbance directly caused by emotional upset remains poorly under-

stood by most people. I should like to trace the development of my perspective and understanding of man's reaction to stress.

During World War II, my real education began when I saw an army training film designed to help the medical corps visualize the effect of fear or anxiety, the basic result of stress. Fear is an apprehension, uneasiness or tension due to a known cause — such as an external danger. Anxiety, the basic building block of man's emotional reaction, is the same reaction as fear, but with the source of danger unknown or unrecognized, usually a subconscious conflict. The training film showed a familiar house cat tied to a stake. A dog on a leash was brought towards the cat. You are all familiar with the picture. The cat's back is severely arched. All four limbs are rigidly extended. She stares at her enemy and her hair stands up. From the medical viewpoint, the blood pressure is elevated, the pulse fast, the mouth dry. The stomach and intestinal tract stop functioning, and lose most of their blood supply to the heart, muscles and central nervous system. Blood sugar rises; the respiratory rate increases. There is an increase in red blood cells due to contraction of the spleen. The blood clotting mechanisms change to allow faster clotting in case of injury. If the danger persists, so does the fear and its resultant reaction. After a time the cat becomes exhausted. The prolonged muscular tension brings fatigue. The cat falls down and the muscles quiver. She often vomits and has diarrhea. This is fear.

Fear and anxiety have always been known to man, but only in this century have we begun to unravel some of the physiology involved. Just fifty years ago Cannon, an American physiologist, gave us the concept of the sympathetic nervous system in man. This system serves man, in the same manner it serves the cat, when man is faced with a need for "flight or fight!" Loewi, in 1921, further delineated the autonomic nervous system and Seyle, in 1935, and since, has tried to demonstrate the vital role of the pituitary-adrenal axis in the body's adaptation to any change in its environment. Freud and modern psychiatry have looked deeply into anxiety and sought to bring understanding to the study of subconscious

conflicts, and their psychologic and somatic consequences. Much remains to be done in all these areas — yet much has become clear. If you can understand the emergency reaction of the cat, the “fight or flight” reaction, and the reaction of fear, then you also understand the basic anxiety reaction of man. Unfortunately, anxiety is usually chronic. It may be of varying severity. Its manifestations seem limitless.

In the army, problems resulting from acute and chronic anxiety came quickly, often camouflaged as physical distress. My army sojourn was at first routine and painless until my infantry regiment received orders to proceed immediately to a port for embarkation to the European Theatre of Operations. Sick call each morning had been negligible: three or four minor complaints. When overseas orders came, sick call became overwhelming. For the next several weeks, two different complaints were presented over and over: headaches and backaches. Each day was spent explaining to the patient that he was having “gangplank fever” (an army expression that caught the flavor of the problem). All infantry soldiers going toward a combat zone are entitled to some tension. Those with headache were abnormally anxious, responding like the cat with tensed scalp and neck muscles. The chronic anxiety, the fear of the unknown danger ahead, caused chronic headache. Many of these soldiers listened to an explanation and went back to duty and sought to overcome their fear. Some kept coming each day for further help. After several days they were evacuated to the station hospital for consultation. The low back pain patients were much more difficult. Many kept coming back each day. They were told that they were upset about going overseas. Their complaint was interpreted as due to a mixture of anxiety, with depression. The depressive reaction caused a sagging, poor posture that put abnormal strain on the low back. Finally in desperation, they were sent to the orthopedist in the station hospital. The headache cases were sent to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department. The consultations were answered with remarkable speed. The patients were almost invariably disqualified for overseas duty because of neuropsychiatric reasons. Many outfits had gone overseas from this camp, and the complaints must have been familiar to the station hospital physicians. As for me, I shuddered for several years when confronted with a complaint of headache or low back pain, for I had struggled for many weeks to help these men overcome their fear and felt defeated when they were forced to leave the unit. It disturbed me to see these men unable to respond to my explanation of their symptoms and prefer to accept the “psychiatric out” which has some stigma during war time and which often remains as a source of guilt.

During the next months overseas in the combat zone, it became apparent that man could tolerate a variable amount of stress, and wise leadership could detect “combat fatigue” and evacuate these cases early, before they became seriously deteriorated and permanently emotionally ill. These men presented themselves or were sent in by wise leaders — officers and non-coms, with many different complaints, some of which we will consider in more de-

tail later. Fatigue, palpitation, difficulty getting a deep breath, shortness of breath, chest pain, loss of appetite, abdominal cramps, tremors, sleeplessness, headache, backache, nausea and dizziness were a few. Some had self-inflicted wounds presented to me as accidental. Most had somatic or physical complaints which could be paralleled by some portion of the anxiety reaction in the cat of the training film.

Returning to America in 1946, I spent several years in further training and treated many veterans. The anxiety involved in going overseas to face combat, or just being overseas was easy to understand, but for years after the war we had to learn to understand and recognize a large amount of anxiety-caused illness due to the problem of readjusting to the civilian environment. It was interesting to see some men develop bleeding ulcers from the difficulty of adjusting to the army. Others developed the bleeding ulcer from the difficulty of readjusting to the job or wife and family. The influence of stress on a peptic ulcer was dramatically demonstrated in these patients. A patient with a peptic ulcer usually became free of symptoms when admitted to the hospital. During the past twenty years, I have seen this over and over. Removing the patient from his source of stress starts the illness healing. Hospitalization is not necessary, nor is diet control — just remove the stress. Much the same could be said for the asthmatic, the diabetic, those with irritable colons and many with hypertension. Patients with these illnesses responded well to treatment if they were adequately adjusted or protected from exhausting environment struggle. This is one of the basic problems in the practice of all medicine. Illness is often a small problem compared to the management of the patient's emotional status.

The war years taught me a great deal about illness. The practice of medicine since then has taught me that civilian life differs from war only in the intensity and concentration of stress. Much time could be spent studying the forces of our environment and their effects on us. The sociological and economic demands on American citizens, the unlimited horizon for aggressiveness, the general materialism, the need to compete for a high standard of living — these make captives of us all and make a real battleground in which we are all eventually wounded. As always, man responds with anxiety, but now it is chronic and subtle, not acute or dramatic as in combat.

I have chosen three large groups of patients to demonstrate some of the ways that anxiety influences illness in our society. In two of these groups the anxiety presents itself mainly through physical symptoms. In the third group, the anxiety is often missed because trauma and litigation somehow make it obscure.

The first group involves the cervical strain or whiplash injury. For many years the medical profession has interested itself in the patient who presents himself with neck pain that radiates down the arm. Many patients have no neck component to their pain and differentiation from angina can be difficult. In this patient an x-ray will often show considerable

degenerative changes in the cervical or neck vertebrae. These patients are usually over 45 or 50; a random sampling of people in this age group would show that a sizable number have similar degenerative vertebral changes. Few have symptoms. The x-rays may remain the same, but symptoms may come and go or never appear. A contributing cause is necessary. This may be a viral infection, or neck strain from exercise or driving. Any cause of neck muscle spasm or increased neck muscle tension can cause the vertebrae to be brought closer together, to narrow the nerve outlets and pinch the nerves. The pain is felt somewhere along the arm. The ordinary case responds within a few days to therapy. If you look closely at those who don't respond, you may find an elevated or labile blood pressure, chronic fatigue, general muscle tenseness. Whatever the fundamental cause of the strained neck, the tense neck muscles, and the arched back from chronic anxiety prevent recovery. With this insight, physicians can achieve good results with use of rest, hospital care, vacation and medication. Although depression does not present itself in obvious fashion to us in internal medicine, the response to the use of tranquilizers with added anti-depressant drugs can be dramatic. Unfortunately, our businessmen of this age are often very exhausted and can't escape their materialistic trap. They must get back to the combat of their job and keeping them well can be difficult.

With this background in mind, it is easier to understand my experience with the epidemic of whiplash injuries that come from automobile injuries. Rear-end collisions are statistically quite common today. A good jolt from the rear will almost invariably cause hyperextension of the neck with resulting strain of the vertebral ligaments and neck muscles. Most cases that I have seen have no evidence of bone injury by x-ray, and only mild to moderate strain. All these patients, in addition to their physical injury, have considerable anxiety. They are treated vigorously to achieve relief from pain and muscle spasm, and to obtain emotional relaxation. As soon as possible I try to give them insight into the vicious cycle that will follow if they don't work at getting well. If they are chronically anxious and/or exhausted trying to readjust, they may find it tempting to subconsciously express their resentments or anxieties in tension of the involved neck muscles. This is particularly true if litigation is involved. I suspect that the introduction of litigation makes them feel the injury must be severe enough to warrant the prolonged involvement. Subconsciously, there is added guilt from this dilemma. Most people will recover in less than one to two months if there is no law suit. I am not inferring that there is malingering. The anxiety and guilt are not on a conscious level. Justice is hard to achieve. Even though these patients will seem well in one to two months, some will have recurrent symptoms in future years and all have sustained emotional injury to some extent. The insurance companies would be delighted to know how many patients follow my advice and get well quickly. They would, I believe, do well to recognize that they are responsible for injury to a human being and not just for a bruised neck, which they belittle because

of negative x-rays and lack of objective evidence.

Review of two cases will illustrate some of these thoughts. A forty-two-year-old worker was struck from behind by a 500 pound weight, and sustained bruises to the left side of his head and neck. He was treated by surgeons and orthopedists but didn't respond well. After four months he sought an attorney who sent him to me for an opinion. Examination revealed obvious anxiety and depression. There were still subjective complaints of pain and tenderness in the injured muscles. Tranquilizers and anti-depressants gave rapid improvement, which purely physical therapy had not achieved.

A forty-year-old man was injured in a rear-end collision and sustained a neck strain. Despite all effort, this man was not helped until he was able to change occupations. In retrospect, he had been very unhappy in his work and very anxious to go into a different field though it paid much less. He believed that his wife would not accept the change. This is retrospective analysis. The neck pain remained real, and there was no malingering. The patient has been remarkably well and symptom free since the change in jobs.

A word of caution is indicated. I have been emphasizing the emotional reaction of human beings to stress. In many cases the physical injuries far exceed the emotional; in others it is reversed. In all, it is mixed and oft dependent on the patient's personality, which is a larger problem to the physician more often than the disease. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Leaving the neck we have our second group of patients. This group will give us further insight into the human being's reaction to stress. The group will give you unusual understanding of yourselves and those with whom you deal. This syndrome has been known for over one hundred years and has been called neurocirculatory asthenia or soldier's heart. With our better understanding today, we call it anxiety reaction with heart consciousness. It is the old cat reaction with many of the symptoms mimicking heart disease. The patient will present with part or all of the following complaints. There will be shortness of breath, often from minimal or no exertion, expressed mostly as deep sighing. There is palpitation, even at complete rest. There are pain and tenderness under the left breast. This group of symptoms was described well after the Civil War by the Surgeon General. During World War I thousands of such men were discharged with a diagnosis of chronic myocarditis or chronic heart disease. Some are still drawing pensions and many were drawing them ten years ago, thirty-seven years after the war. With our knowledge of anxiety, we can see how these patients have reproduced the fearful cat picture with some variations in emphasis. They exhibit elements of general anxiety plus an unusual fixation onto the heart. As in the cat, there is tension of the body muscles, but instead of arching the back, they hold the left arm and chest muscles in a state of tension; it may perhaps be due to a subconscious need to protect themselves from an unseen enemy. They also have general tension of the entire chest. Since the chest has to expand for one to breathe, they are

constantly reaching for a breath against a fixed chest wall which is supposed to work like a bellows. That is why the deep sighing effort — the reaching for a breath. Shakespeare referred to the "lover sighing like a furnace." Teenage girls sigh often. There are few of us who do not sigh at some time; perhaps at the anxious moment of soul-searching when attending a funeral service. This is not abnormal unless excessive. The other symptoms relate readily to the experience of the cat. The tense left upper extremity and left chest exert a strain on the joints which mark the attachment of the ribs to the cartilages. These cartilages attach to the sternum or chest bone. Usually this occurs at the level of the fifth rib under the left breast. There are many individual variations of this muscle tension. Some hold the upper chest so tightly that the joints strained are high up in front and back. Many of those who become anxious going into crowds or going shopping will come home with pain and tenderness in these joints. Some will awaken at night with their left arm numb because anxiety-ridden dreams cause the left arm muscles to be so tense that the circulation is impaired temporarily. Others, as you know from TV, get headaches and neckaches, all the same phenomena of muscle tension due to anxiety. Finally, the chronic fatigue and palpitation are attributable to the chronic discharge of the pituitary-adrenal axis which will keep the heart beating fast and also promote general exhaustion.

These patients maintain some level of anxiety constantly and can become disabled. Until recently, the day was rare that didn't present a patient with some part of this picture. The severe cases seemed to reach a peak about fifteen years ago, possibly in the war period. In World War I much of the anxiety presented in a much less sophisticated way: conversion hysteria or shell shock. The anxiety was hidden and fixed to an arm which was presented as paralyzed or to ears as deafness or to eyes as blindness. Less sophisticated societies and communities probably still see much conversion hysteria.

Anxiety with heart consciousness often becomes more common in times of great stress — individual or national. A death from a heart attack will bring many of the deceased's friends and associates to the internist with some of these symptoms. It is our job to rule out heart disease, and it is very helpful to be able to explain the dynamics of symptoms. A patient who knows his own physical or emotional reaction to stress can better learn to live within his physical and emotional limits. The orthopedist will also see some of these patients because they complain of pain and tenderness over various joints in the chest, front and back. It is startling to know there are still those without insight who cut out or inject some of these strained joints instead of treating the whole patient. On the other hand, after seeing the personalities involved, the severe chronic anxiety, the difficulty "reaching" some of these patients and the wonderful results from injection with the "holy" needle, it is difficult to be critical. Explanations may relieve anxiety, but sometimes for not more than ten minutes.

Before leaving these heart conscious patients, you

must note that we have not discussed what begets anxiety, and why the anxiety expresses itself in such varied ways. This part of medicine belongs to the psychiatrist. My part is to recognize as much as possible the degree of anxiety, and how it influences the patient's well-being. I have had the opportunity of reassuring psychiatrists who have presented themselves with "heart pains." When anxiety presents itself through physical symptoms, it is a problem for the physician. The psychiatrist will be called in if the emotional reaction is excessive and not controllable.

A third group of patients, especially prevalent in this decade, are those who have been examined by me — as an internal medical specialist — for evaluation of injuries and their sequelae. Although depressive elements were present in many of the anxiety reactions already considered, they become much more overt in this group. Almost everyone examined suffered from varying mixtures of anxiety and depression. One of the most common symptoms was a blood pressure elevation, sometimes mild, sometimes severe enough to threaten the heart and brain. There was insomnia, seen mostly as trouble getting to sleep, or as inability to sleep long hours. Irritability, chronic fatigue, loss of interest, change in eating habits, low threshold for crying, excessive sweating, and headaches were all common.

Here, briefly, are two examples:

A seventy-year-old retired professional man of great courage and maturity went fishing one day. He looked up from his small boat to see a large crew boat bearing down on him. Despite his shouting he was rammed, thrown about, and his boat was heavily damaged. He went about his business, insisted that he was not injured, and eventually saw an attorney because he sought recompense for his boat damage. He was sent to me for routine examination by the attorney. The patient claimed good health and denied illness. He was found to have high blood pressure and an abnormal electrocardiogram suggesting heart strain from the elevated blood pressure. Because of the lack of history, I called the man's wife while he was in the office. She told me that there was a tremendous change in her husband since the fright of the accident. His sleeping was so restless that she had to use a different bed. He was obviously anxious, irritable and just not himself for months. His bruises had healed quickly. The real injury — the anxiety and depression which caused high blood pressure and heart strain — remained hidden because this proud man would not acknowledge his fear. Proper use of drugs to lower blood pressure and control agitation at the right time would have prevented heart strain.

A second case involved a sixty-year-old nurse who was a guest passenger in an automobile that was struck by a negligent driver — who was nice enough to apologize. This woman had been treated by me for some time for moderately elevated blood pressure and many symptoms of anxiety and depression caused by family problems, overwork, and economic difficulties. In the accident she sustained numerous bruises, and a phlebitis. Her blood pressure rose from 160/90 to 250/130. She was treated vigorously for the blood pressure and emotional upset. There

was rapid improvement in all the injuries. Two weeks later she had two definite attacks of angina pectoris, her first such attack, with changes in the electrocardiogram. She seems to be responding to treatment. Judging the amount of heart damage or the future of her heart condition is not easy.

Both these cases illustrate the significance of the emotional reaction to trauma and the physical consequences of this reaction. I have pointed out that almost every accident victim whom I see suffers from the same type of reaction — no matter how many months after the accident. The cardiovascular system is usually strong enough not to collapse, but only too often it is needlessly strained. What is needed is total care of the patient.

The symptoms of anxiety and depression that I have mentioned are probably the most common expressions of emotional exhaustion in America today. This may be called "change of life" at times; they slip up on hard working trial lawyers, doctors and businessmen, who often seem not to know that they are human beings with emotional limits until this picture develops. The anxiety, high blood pressure, muscle tension, headaches, insomnia, irritability, and the need for two martinis before dinner, usually do not go further in these groups because they will not condone emotional illness in themselves. It is still not socially acceptable. They seek relief before they start to decompensate with the more severe depressive symptoms. They find relief in more rest, and avoiding overwork. Some will use whiskey, a good tranquilizer in moderate amounts. Others will use it to such a sorry excess that they end up with another disease: alcoholism. Others will use sleeping pills or tranquilizers. Still others persist in driving themselves into socially acceptable psychosomatic diseases, such as heart attacks, stroke or peptic ulcers.

The majority of deaths in America each year stems from vascular disease. Despite intensive research, there is no agreement as to cause, but statistics place emphasis on improper diet, obesity, high blood cholesterol and high blood pressure. To me high blood pressure, and its antecedent labile blood pressure, seem most significant; they are two of the most striking conditions accompanying early depression, and seem to be the result of chronic fatigue, long years of conscientious devotion to job and/or family, or, of course, to inner conflicts. All of us face problems; we must avoid over-reacting. This problem is so great today that the federal government will probably be setting up regional centers soon to check everyone's blood pressure in an effort to find the labile type early and begin treatment before advanced cardiovascular disease develops. The real answer probably lies in changing the demands that society places on those who are ambitious and conscientious. These mores have been established in great part by the depression generation who express their insecurity by their deep-seated need to enjoy their opportunity to work.

A recent interesting phenomenon is the emergence of the "hippies" and their various cousins. Each young generation has found some form of escape for those who are emotionally unable to cope with

growing up, maturing, and assuming responsibilities. Historically the church has offered monasteries and convents, with different degrees of isolation from society for those who could find more comfort away from the demands of ordinary living. Until recently, withdrawal into schizophrenia — dementia praecox — was another escape route taken by some who used the mental institution as a shelter, turning away from the emotional chaos of adjustment to adulthood. These avenues of retreat seem less attractive and less used today. Young people today do not wish to subject themselves to long years of disciplined, aggressive effort as did their parents. They are not motivated toward materialistic gains, and see their fathers working hard, absorbed in improving their economic status, part of a "go-go" society that permits of no leisure — particularly of the contemplative sort. They see their parents on a treadmill. The high standard of living once thought desirable now requires ever more effort to maintain. They know that the Sabbath day of rest and the Sabbatical year (both handed down out of the wisdom of the past as important to our dignity and poise) are regarded now as anachronisms and so they wander around the country in their strange dress, withdrawing from our main stream and offering us their message.

There is another group of individuals who make interesting study. This is comprised of musicians, teachers, writers, professors — the creative and academically oriented. They are sensitive and therefore vulnerable in dealing with a relatively insensitive world. My dealings with many of these people have taught me that their conflicts bring on gastrointestinal and upper respiratory tract disturbances. These systems barely adjust to daily needs. A minor viral infection or disorder must be vigorously treated to avoid disability. For the most part these people have earned respect from society — but minimal material rewards. Society seems to say that these people are not involved in the economic market place, are avoiding the hard competitive grind, and therefore do not deserve rich rewards. The conflicts of this group are, according to this thinking, due to their own making. I wonder if it is not true that a musician or teacher in our society subconsciously chooses his work to avoid the material struggle of the mainstream because his emotional makeup dictates that he would rather be poorly paid than emotionally exhausted or ill.

One other emotionally-bred dysfunction that is also the hallmark of modern American and is epidemic in proportion is the irritable colon syndrome. Again, the mores of modern America do not allow for easy expression of emotion, and our mature people, especially our talented leaders of business and government, maintain their poise but find their anxiety latching on to the large intestine with all sorts of resulting physiological dysfunction. The latest complications of this psychosomatic expression are diverticulosis and diverticulitis, outpouching of the colon due to recurrent spasms. A study of the colons of poised statesmen, executives, salesmen and the general population, amazes me with the incidence of problems. In the years to come, diverti-

culities will probably become the most common surgical problem of the abdomen. Again, the solution will come eventually when society changes, for psychosomatic dysfunction evolves as does the local society.

Change is not easy for a society, especially one such as ours that rewards the hardworking, conscientious person so handsomely, but it will come about as our citizens find they do not enjoy the psy-

chosomatic illnesses that are also among the rewards of our way of life.

Awareness then of the interplay of the mind and body and of the ways this interplay manifests itself may bring us closer to an understanding of ourselves, and our mores, and enable us to adjust our lives and ambitions so that we live within our emotional, as well as our physical, strength.

TOUCHING MYSELF

Coming home, the deadeast of calms
fills the road ahead of me.
The asphalt stretches and shrugs;
a thousand others pass over it.

I am in the afternoon's sigh,
wrapped around the steering wheel
like a dumb and fleshly yawn.
Nothing fills the mailbox. There,

or inside the door, I could
imagine the air in the box
growing something for me,
a feather, some light word.

At a loss in my own place,
I turn everything on. The radio,
the television, all the faucets.
I listen to the towels slap

in the bathroom, to the breeze
that is blowing in all this.
I hear a slant of things; dirt
like the ghost of the floor,

lamps that want to go out;
things want to spin,
or fall. Now there is a noise.
With everything that is

crying filling me, I will
go to bed; I will press the sheets,
say nothing, and touch myself
in the dark like a small child.

— Dennis Saleh

Generations

In Memory of Rishon Bialer

by Chana Faerstein

IN THE BEGINNING

1. The sun is a sparking
whirligig.

First day
wheels out from the blue,
a yellow tongue of beach
licking the sea.

2. Adam is clay, the dumb
stuff of kids'
games. His eyes
are stuck asleep.

Puffing with effort, God,
eyes round as suns,
kneads a rib.

3. In the grass of Paradise, shadows
are blue. Eve's hair
is blue, Adam's hollow eyes
blue fears.

The fruit
red as an eye.

ABEL

No coffins in this country.

Adam packs
clay on the tuber of his child,
planting the dead.

Earth opens a mouth
to blood.

Abel sticks in the ground
like a bone in the throat.
Nothing will cough him up.
Nothing will spit him out.

CAIN

Cain blunders down alleyways
of hollow towns, the suburbs
of memory.

No one speaks his language here,
no one knows what ghost
he strokes in his dreams.

What do these strangers
see in his face?

They never felt
God's fingerprint.

AND ENOCH BEGOT METHUSELAH

The pungent air of beds
evaporates
in those dry lists,
as if begetting
had only the future in mind.

But Enoch's wife
hearing her dark name, turned
under the tent and never
dreamed of ink.

NOAH

1. The ark noisy with children,
angels, birds — dim, stuffy,
close, the nest of home
where Noah broods,
at sea.

How can one think
in such a place? The world
presses around, and God
laps the boat with his tongues.

2. The ark, at least, is
home. Outside,
a square of blue, pale, tentative,
perhaps still wet.

Noah gropes, but the brave
animals sniff land:
the dove
a fist of light.

3. An angel burns, the wiry edge
of a flame that will not stand still.
The rainbow, strange, is white,
rushing out of his hands,
fresh, hissing light.

Is it a glass
he holds to Noah's face?
Is it a fire? a fence?

AFTER THE FLOOD

Yawning, the rain still drips
from memory,
damping the small dust down.

Sun buds in the sky.

Trees shake out their bushy tails.
Birds sing,
rolling the last drops off their wings.
New grass whets its blades.

BABEL

Lions crouch
golden and wordless in
their catacombs

Articulate,
a sphinx of masonry
opens its jaws on
desert sky

Hard words, and spit
for mortar — that
rough tongue of stone
grates on God's ear

ABRAHAM AND ANGELS

Strutting in wings and white
stiff gowns, the angels crowd
all on one bench, their wingtips
rustling for room.

Sarah's pantry is bare.
Abraham stoops (no wings) before
the splendor of guests.

Trees spout in all that sand.

SODOM

In the white noon
the angels, singly,
dragging their wings, spitting
the bitter sand.

The sea
wallows in its salts,
bleaching the sun.

Shade withers behind the rock
where men play,
rubbing their bones together,
tinder sticks.

HAGAR

Abraham mild-mannered, shy,
turning the flaming sword
in his simple hands.

His wife
in the parlor, brandishing
the prodigy of their son.

Hagar at the gate.
The desert lies all before her,
and behind,
last night.

THE SACRIFICE

1. The patriarch in dark velvet takes
candle and knife
like cutlery,
rehearsing under his breath
the benediction
on the death of an only son.

Isaac stoops under the raw wood,
carries his father on his back,
candle, velvet and all . . .

The candle's eye
watches, narrowly.

2. Limp on the woodpile
Isaac's body waits
as women wait,
fever trilling under his skin.

An angel beak
swoops down like Noah's dove
and plucks the ram, burning, from
its bush of thorns.

ESAU IN THE FIELD

Wind is game: Esau
hunts red wind or the wet
that swallows it: that sets
the bony hills on
edge: that wipes them
bare

At dawn he'll
quiver: sniff:
lick the salt air quick as a billy goat:
skitter off into the pointed cold
under the rope of sky

BLIND ISAAC

Fine bitter grasses spring
from the buried tubers of his eyes
and turn up toward some private reckoning.

Wild grasses blur
the stubborn blankness of those seams.

What color are his dreams? When day
seeps in like weather, what
stirs in those weeds?

JACOB'S DREAM

Jacob's a wild
dreamer. Angels strum
the rungs of his ladder,
playing their scales

He vaults
the hill where Moses plods,
the pillow under his dream
stony as Law

He sleepwalks up
the tree that Jesus climbs,
barefoot, two arms
stiff as starfish

He dreams a son
who climbs up other dreams

LEAH

The hands
are the hands of Leah, in the dark
tent: a lie
under his smooth hands.

His seven
good years turn lean in her,
turn sullen sons.

"I will not let you go!" she triumphs,
wrestling.
Night shrivels at their touch.

RACHEL'S SONG

Last night I dreamt a child
was in me large and warm
that hung upon my hips
as melons thick on vines
and curved into my lap
when I would squat to sit.

Waiting, I felt it turn
under my tightened skin.
Come, love, I called the man
who nudged into my dream,
come warm your sleeping hands
where love stirs into shape.

He saw his fingers span
my swelling stomach's rind
the way a deaf man tries
the flutter of a drum,
and touching, knew the need
my infant sang aloud.

JACOB AND THE ANGEL

That one is his match.

The rivals face to face,
honest as animals.
Wrestling, they know
each other to the bone.

At dawn
they grow tame
at the pool of the sky.

Jacob limps away
with the name on his back.

TAMAR

Moon after moon her body,
still empty,
leaks its mistake.
Death springs the lock,
spills her, always the same,
babies without a name.

She's nobody's bride.
Nothing in her but blood,
she carries it brewing for days,
simmering, gathering size,
then opens like a spigot
and spews it out.

The leech in the moon
bleeds her dream,
sucks her when it goes thin.
Tides come back for more,
gnaw her brown time,
wash her downstream.

JACOB IN MOURNING

The tunic stiff with blood
on his knees. The old man clenched
tight as a shell.
He cannot uncloset.

The brothers
flap around, their arms
vacant as scarecrows.

The sun
waves its bloody shirt
like war.

JOSEPH IN EGYPT

1. Green cattle pasture in
the fatlands
of Pharaoh's sleep,
up to their knees in dream.

Joseph, wide awake,
counting the cows to Pharaoh's
narrow face.

2. The brothers kneel, different
as brothers are,
fertile in gesture.

Dreaming, Joseph
touches Benjamin's cheek.
Eleven stars
at ease in the sky.

MOSES

Pharaoh gleams
in the perfume of court
where Moses brings
the blue weight of his body,
his Jewish hands
blessing or pleading, his brother's
open mouth.

Lips blurred in his beard, Moses
weighs on the floorboards,
stoppered with words.

SINAI

1. In all the desert, only this
mountain is green.

God walks the top, a cloud
whose arms withhold
the stones of Law.

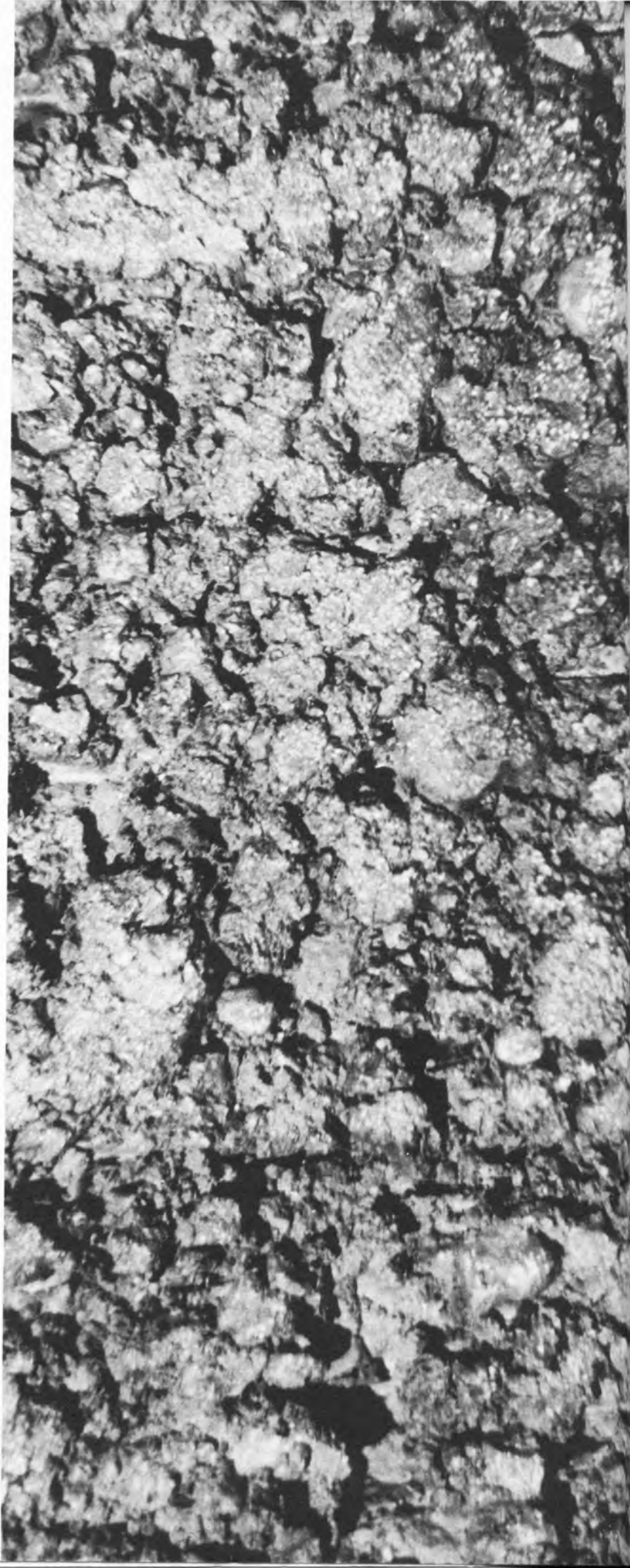
In the valley, their calf:
four-legged, squat,
stupid, for all its yellowness,
not shiny or large.

A God in that lean cow?
or God in the blunt
gravestones in the sky?

2. Angry! arms hooked
as bulls' horns lift
the tables of Law.

His body sprung with spite.

Dark fire
waits to flow
into the cracks of the stone.



The Day the Juice Ran Dry on Big George

by John Little

Each year, in Raleigh, Mississippi, the best tobacco-spitters in the United States compete for the coveted title of National Champion. Network television, radio and the major newspapers have reported the event, but until now there has been no in-depth coverage. Here, for the readers of NOR, is a report from the field by one of the contestants.

It was close to blasphemy. Here I was, in Raleigh, Mississippi, only a part-time chewer, tied for the lead in the National Tobacco Spittin Contest. I was tied with Johnny Stewart, the champion back in 1952. We had both spat seventeen feet, eleven inches, and there was only one spit left. That's where the blasphemy comes in. That spit belonged to George Craft, the current champ, the man who had wrested the title from Johnny in '53 and had not been defeated since.

The crowd watched as George ambled to the firing line, his jaws slowly working the tobacco. A slight breeze was moving across the runway from his left. He would have to compensate. Then, with no more to-do than a duck taking to water, he lifted two fingers to his puckered lips and launched an amber-colored stream a cool eighteen feet, eleven inches. He was still champ, and I had come as close to beating him as I ever would.

That was in 1956, and for the fourth straight year, George basked modestly in the limelight. He told reporters he had inherited his talent from his mother, who could hit the fireplace from any spot in the room without getting a dab on the floor. He lamented the fact that she never had a chance to display her ability professionally.

By the time he was fourteen, George could hit a lizard on the dead run five steps away, but the spitting was for fun then. He was fifty-three before he entered into live competition, taking first place in both the accuracy and distance divisions. The man he defeated that year was Johnny Stewart, and it was from Mr. Stewart that George would receive most of his competition through the years. It was Mr. Stewart who became the first man to break the twenty foot barrier in 1957 with a spit of twenty feet, three inches, only to have George come back with a colossal spurt of twenty-four feet, ten and one-half inches. It's still the world's record that marked his fifth consecutive title, and a legend was being built. His phone began ringing with calls from reporters as far

away as New York City. He received letters from servicemen overseas who had read of his victories in the *Stars and Stripes*. A couple drove from Pennsylvania to make him an honorary member of the Whittler's Society. And, most important, the townspeople began to call him Champ.

He wore his title with the dignity and humility befitting a champion. He was generous with tips to his competitors: "the timing's the thing. You got to let it go when the pressure is right" or "don't see how far you can spit, pick out a spot and hit it" and, to young aspirants like myself, "just keep plugging."

The streak had grown to an unprecedented nine consecutive championships by 1962. Big George appeared as invincible as ever when, only two weeks before the event, he was told he would have to undergo an abdominal operation. Pleas for a postponement went unheeded, and it was with several yards of tape holding his stomach together that George appeared to defend his title. Back again was his old adversary, Johnny Stewart. And it was simply a matter of outspitting public sentiment that day as Mr. Stewart regained his title after a wait of ten years. George managed third place.

And then, as if to rub salt in the wound, the contest was discontinued. George waited a full year to gain revenge, only to learn that he was not to have the opportunity. The official reason given by the sponsors was that it had become increasingly difficult to finance the event. But this was the year that James Meredith had integrated the University, and local speculation had it that the presence of a Negro might precipitate an incident. Some accused the spitters of cowardice, of being afraid to face Black Power on the firing line, but the sponsors countered with the reminder that Harvey Noblin, a Negro from hereabouts, had peacefully spat in previous years, and had actually taken the accuracy title in 1956.

At any rate, George was to suffer the ignominy of being only the third best tobacco spitter in the world for three years. It was a long embarrassing wait. He spent the time polishing the plaques over his mantle (a time consuming process in itself; nine distance trophies, and two for accuracy). Or he consoled himself with reading the lyrics of a ballad proclaiming his prowess with a cud of tobacco, or re-reading

newspaper clippings crediting him with being the man to innovate and perfect the two finger pucker delivery, the delivery that enabled him to lower his trajectory and increase his velocity, resulting in the record spit of 1957.

But champions do not traffic in yellowed newspapers, so it was with great anticipation that he greeted the news in 1966 that the public-spirited Raleigh Jaycees would reinstate the event. His salivary glands salivated anew. As the only Jaycee with actual spitting experience, I was chosen Spit Coordinator. A site was selected four miles west of Raleigh at Billy John Crumpton's pond, a local hillbilly group invited to entertain, an outhouse borrowed from Sharon Baptist Church and moved two miles to the spit site. The Smith County Coon Hunters Club was contracted to hold a coon-on-the-log. Joan Goddard, a folk singer from the coffee houses of Chicago, was imported to sing the ballad of Big George. And Ross Barnett agreed to head a slate of political speakers.

By three o'clock the day of the spit the tension was heavy. The coons had been treed, the songs wailed, the speeches spoken. The crowd had listened intently to Ross Barnett as he lifted his voice over the baying of fifty-someodd coon hounds to announce that there was something peculiarly southern about a tobacco spit.

The crowd packed around the heavy rope enclosing the spitting area as the runway was prepared. Four sheets of plyboard eight feet long were laid end-on-end and covered with white wrapping paper. The accuracy division came first, a sort of warmup for the big event. A regulation one pint spittoon is placed twelve feet from the firing line, each contestant permitted one spit, and the field narrowed to six. After the second heat, the field is further narrowed to three, and the spittoon moved out to fifteen feet for the final spit. It's a highly skilled event, but something of a hit or miss proposition, and does not generate the excitement of the distance division. On the last spit S. L. Houston nudged out Big George and Rev. Gerald Blanton, a paraplegic who does his spitting from a wheelchair, to take the trophy.

Now the big one, and George's chance to take his revenge on Johnny Stewart. However, it became apparent as the contestants signed up for the event that the defending champion was not around to defend his title. As Keeper of the Cuspidor, I held the spit up while a search of the crowd was conducted. I waited with mixed emotions; while his absence would take the edge off the victory, it certainly increased my chances of winning, and I was tired of placing second and third. Johnny was nowhere to be found, and I began the reading of the rules.

Every contestant would be granted three spits, the best of the three counting. In case the spittle separated, the most distant splatter the size of a dime constituted the object globule. No spittle missing the runway would be measured. The juice must be the product of a recognized brand of chewing tobacco — no adulterants, diluents, or other contaminants permitted (we operated on the honor system rather than submitting the contestants to salivation tests). Body english would be permissible, insofar as

the momentum does not carry the spitter across the firing line. And most importantly, the propulsion must originate from a spurting action, no hawking or blowing tolerated. Mr. Stewart was a forgotten man when I finished.

I led off and George followed with a shot of eighteen feet, ten inches. The lead held until Dwight Hunt, entering the contest for the first time, took the lead with a spit of nineteen feet, four inches. George's second spit was again eighteen feet, ten. The crowd began the shuffle, George had only one more spit to regain the title. Dwight Hunt could not better the distance on his second effort. Only the baying of irreverent hounds broke the silence as George stepped to the line for his last and final effort. But Big George was never one to choke in the clutch. Indeed, to choke at all in a spitting contest is to court disaster. He spat twenty-one feet, three inches with a nonchalance as irritating as it was awesome. He hardly even bothered to pucker. For the first time that day, the roar of the crowd drowned out the hounds. Once more I contented myself with third place.

Contacted later that week at his home in Pea Ridge, Johnny Stewart explained his absence in simple terms. He had fallen victim to an occupational hazard that has spelled doom for more than one competitor. During the three-year layoff, he had been forced to visit the spitter's most dreaded enemy, the dentist. He came away with a completely new set of choppers, which, he allowed, were all right for chewing purposes, but just were no account for spitting.

The next year was a repeat. Dwight Hunt captured the accuracy title with a bull's-eye. Big George repeated his twenty-one feet, three inch spit on his first effort and it held up all the way. One change was apparent, however; the veterans were absent. Perhaps they had simply given up on ever beating George. Whatever the reason, in their stead was a solid array of young talent. The oldtimers, now in the audience, looked on these youngsters at first with bemusement, but their attitude changed when the youngsters began laying out spits which came dangerously close to George's mark. In all there were seven spits of better than twenty feet. A new breed of challengers was among us.

For the first time since my debut, I did not finish in the top three. My embarrassment was not lessened by the fact that my last effort went astray and sprinkled two kids who had crawled under the ropes for a better view.

On August 31, 1968, the air was full of sounds: the baying of coon dogs, the braying of mules and politicians, (a barebacked mule riding contest had been added to the program), the picking and singing of musicians such as the Sullivan Family and the Crossroad Gospel Singers. And smells: barbeque chicken and freshly-cut alfalfa hay and chewing tobacco. And sights: century old loblolly pines towering over dogs, coons, mules, musicians, politicians, spitters, and the people who had come to see them.

The crowd was the real novelty. Country folk dressed up, city folk dressed down, new overalls and business suits, brogans and cardigans, cotton prints

and miniskirts, cosmopolitan television reporters interviewing owners of coondogs, college professors chatting with stout jawed Wallace supporters, tobacco spitters demonstrating their techniques for precision cameras. It was the largest crowd ever — over three thousand people from twenty different states, three thousand people who had driven a collective hundred thousand miles to watch a dozen people spit.

The crowd was still alive with the excitement of the coon sacking contest as it gathered around the ropes for the spit.

The excitement increased as George was inducted as a charter member of the Bull of the Woods Hall of Fame. They applauded as his accomplishments were recounted and he was presented with a gold-plated brass spittoon. They again applauded when he took the accuracy division with a lip and two bull's-eyes, and was awarded a second spittoon, the slightly used ceramic job that had served as the target.

So the crowd was not prepared for what was to follow. The clapping had hardly died when a young man, blond and lanky, took his position to begin the distance spitting. The crowd watched him take an open stance, feet apart and even with the line, and lean slowly backwards until his back curved into a bow, his right hand lifted for the two finger pucker. His release was smooth, almost fluid, as he raised to his toes and sent his upper torso forward.

And such a spit it was. It described a high arc and splattered down better than twenty-two feet away. The contest was off to a great start. Dwight Hunt's shot was equally long, but was off the runway and not measured. A buzz of anticipation ran through the crowd, they knew they were in for some real spitting. I knew it too, and silently scratched my name from the entrance list. A has-been at twenty-eight, and with good teeth. It was hard to swallow.

As defending champ, George came last. He fell short of twenty feet, and retreated with a little apologetic smile playing on his lips, as if to say "slippers."

Nothing changed in the second heat. The blond youth was introduced as Don Snider. He again placed first, George failed to improve. There was no smile.

When Don took his place for his final spit he re-

ceived a sprinkling of applause from the partisan crowd. He responded with a spit of twenty-three feet and nine inches, only thirteen inches short of George's record. The applause was spontaneous and complete.

An upset was clearly in the making. The tension grew as one by one the spitters stepped to the line, launched their projectiles, fell short, and retired.

Finally the crowd grew silent. The situation had gotten serious. Only the soft whirr of the television cameras could be heard when George took position for the last spit. He had come from behind before, had done it often enough for the crowd to expect it. As a matter of fact, he often seemed to waste his first two shots for dramatic effect. And only two days before he had twice gone better than twenty-three feet on a television program.

But some of us knew better. We saw him hesitate at the line for the first time. It was hard to watch, like seeing Ted Williams bat below .300, or Robert Frost forget a poem at an inauguration ceremony. But watch we did, and the applause started even before the spittle landed, just over the twenty foot mark.

It was the kind of ovation reserved for champions, and the kind champions most hate to hear, for it only comes when they're considered over the hill.

It continued while Don Snider received the trophy. It stopped long enough for the crowd to learn that he was from Eupora, was twenty years old. He had shown real talent, and they suspected they might be applauding him in years to come. Then they turned away to watch the mule race before going home.

For some that had travelled to Raleigh from neighboring counties and states, it was a unique and rewarding experience, something to tell the neighbors and grandchildren about. But for myself and the old-timers who had seen their champion fall, it was another story. We reminded ourselves that Ted Williams came back to hit a final home run his last time at bat, and that Robert Frost finally remembered the poem. So until next Memorial Day, when a seventy year old George Craft will have his chance for a comeback, the people of Raleigh will be quieter and wiser, waiting and hoping, and knowing that whatever happens now they will tell their grandchildren how it was when Big George puckered out.

THE SLEEPWALKER'S PRAYER

Lord, let me not slip. Turn me from
The door, fumble my hands at the latch,
Stub me at the jamb. Keep me,
O Presence, in the vegetable light
Of the icebox; if I am to throw open
That door, let me thrill in the cheeses
Like a new-born soufflé.

Father Nod, Dread Order in the Night,
Crisp my feet upon the tile.
May my sleep be that of the towels.
May I keep your order in my fingers
And knees, now and till morning Amen.

— Dennis Saleh

Ignazio Silone's Political Trilogy

by Benjamin M. Nyce

Of all the writers who have dealt with the crises of Fascism and Communism, Ignazio Silone is the only one who has written novels which have so far met the test of time. One suspects that his works will last, for Silone is the novelist of things that endure. Like George Orwell and Arthur Koestler, he is a political activist who has suffered exile and pain for his beliefs. He was, indeed, one of the key members of the Italian Communist Party before he became disillusioned with Communism. His belief in Socialism did not dry up as a result of his disillusionment, and he has recently returned to political activism in Italy. Like Koestler's, his novels are really the products of the spiritual crisis occasioned by his break with the Party. But unlike Koestler, he has consistently refused to let dialectic and theory dominate his fiction. Silone's fiction turns to the simple, lasting themes of communion, sacrifice, spiritual and moral regeneration, rather than to party programs and ideological disputes. This may explain its power to touch us more deeply than the fiction of such writers as Koestler and Orwell. But, in a broader sense, Silone's fiction is intensely political because it is concerned with the spiritual and moral attitudes of those few people who cannot abandon their desire to improve the condition of their fellow man. His fiction is political in the most elemental, Christian sense. For Silone, power is spiritual and is derived from self-abnegation rather than self-aggrandizement.

The simple, elemental nature of Silone's political drama is best illustrated by its geography. Unlike Koestler, who seems to be a citizen of central Europe rather than any single country, unlike even Joseph Conrad, who, at least in his politics, is thoroughly English but of no particular part of his adopted country, Silone is concerned with only one small section of Italy, the Abruzzi. After reading his novels, one feels one knows the hills and valleys and small stone villages — even the very rocks and paths of the area. Silone's major characters are mostly of peasant stock. They are stubborn, mean, uneducated but tough-minded. The little pieces of land each owns gives him independence and pride. They are stoic, they do not like rhetoric and abstraction. They know how to wait and to endure. Silone's attachment to the place of his birth is responsible for the

lasting quality of his fiction. It has given him the ballast to ride out the storms of warfare and ideological controversy which have brought other political novelists to destruction. It has enabled him to bring the political novel back to the basic problems governing man's relationship with his fellows.

Silone's emphasis upon simple, age-old themes has led to a certain primitivism in his writing. His disdain for technical innovation and formal devices has brought him very close to a disdain for artistry of any sort. Only a man with a deep faith and sureness could assume such a position and make it seem tenable. Silone's greatness is precisely that he communicates this faith so well to his readers. He is an anachronism in an age of relativism and unbelief, and, at the same time and for certain readers, the most modern and relevant of writers about politics. His primitivism has a political as well as a spiritual basis. His stubborn rejection of the niceties of conventional literary Italian, and his use of such ancient literary forms as the fable, the anecdote, the picaresque, come from the same source: an innate distrust of the capacity of the artist to deceive and to create false shows. He had seen artistry put to criminal uses in the rise of Fascism. Moreover, his aim is not to present a complex, variable reality in the manner of Pirandello, but to reduce things to fundamentals. For Silone, the suffering caused by the political turmoil in his country demanded a simple style. Silone is able to write good novels dealing with contemporary history because he can make the contemporary seem ages old.

The essential problem in Silone is whether it is possible to merge politics and religion, or, put more directly, whether it is possible to become a political saint. The first three novels encompass this drama and tell a single story. It is upon this trilogy that I wish to concentrate. In the first, *Fontamara*, Silone describes the conditions under which political activism begins. Fontamara is a small town in the Abruzzi and its people suffer a bed-rock poverty. The people are preyed upon by a number of forces. The first is the Trader who bribes the authorities and grabs the land and water so precious to the peasants. In defense, the peasants turn to such characters as Don Carlo Magna, Don Circostanza, "friends of the peo-

ple." These smooth talking, well-fed hypocrites are the first of a long line of public orators in Silone's novels. They are paid off by the Trader and deceive the peasants with words. But the worst of the forces which hurt the people are the Fascists. They are made up of petty tradesmen from the city and unemployed rabble. They enter the town one night and rape the women. In the face of all this injustice, the church refuses to stand up and fight. It prefers to maintain its established position rather than risk destruction.

Though the novel is a somewhat loose stringing together of incidents in which the peasants try to defend themselves, it gradually becomes the story of one man's bravery and sacrifice for the cause. Berardo is physically the strongest of the peasants, as well as the most bull-headed. He determines to acquire the money to buy land, which he feels he must have before he gets married. When he goes to the city to find work he meets a revolutionary organizer known as the Solitary Stranger and they are thrown into jail. Berardo's decision to sacrifice himself so that the Solitary Stranger can go free and continue the revolution is the first of a series of sacrifices which run through Silone's fiction. It is a political sacrifice with strong underlying Christian implications. It emphasizes the need for communion and self-abnegation if the political struggle is to succeed. By his sacrifice Berardo provides his often confused and ineffectual fellow townsmen with the trained political leadership they need.

Fontamara describes the birth of political action, and *Bread and Wine* develops and elaborates the progress of that action. It is the second and most important part of the single book Silone has said every author has in him. Pietro Spina, the book's central character, is the Solitary Stranger freed from jail and embarked upon his mission. His priestly disguise serves to underline the book's central theme of the relationship between politics and religion. As a youth Spina wanted to be a saint, but his desire to help his fellow man prevented him from retiring from the world to compose his own soul. The central question in *Bread and Wine* is whether one can satisfy the demands of the soul and of social betterment at the same time. At the beginning of the novel, Spina is a full-fledged political propagandist and organizer for the Communists. He is against the private ownership of land and he seems to believe that the world's wealth will eventually be shared equally. Forced to hide and rest in an out of the way village, he begins to change his views:

Is it possible to take part in politics, to serve one party and to remain sincere? Hasn't truth become for me the party's truth? and justice, party justice? Has not the organization ended up by extinguishing in me all moral values, which are held in contempt as petit bourgeois prejudices, and has not the organization itself become the supreme value? Have I then not fled the opportunism of a decadent church to fall into the Machiavellianism of a sect? If these are dangerous thoughts to be banished from my revolutionary consciousness, how, in good faith, can I face the risks of clandestine struggle? ¹

In Spina's self-examination the question of good faith is paramount. Political action in Silone de-

mands as much honesty and composure of soul as does a true religious vocation. At the end of the novel, Spina has rejected well-organized political activity. He still believes that "morality can live and flourish only in practical life" ² but the "practical" activity is rudimentary and unstructured and must remain so. As R. W. B. Lewis has pointed out, ³ political activity in Silone becomes the Biblical notion "when two or three have gathered together." A more organized politics creates a state of conformity and vested interest which betrays the original cause.

Silone's politics is thus disestablished and independent — and in the most Catholic of countries. As Spina says:

Freedom is not something you get as a present You can live in a dictatorship and be free — on one condition: that you fight the dictatorship. The man who thinks with his own mind and keeps it uncorrupted is free. The man who fights for what he thinks is right is free. But you can live in the most democratic country on earth, and if you're lazy, obtuse or servile within yourself, you're a slave. You can't buy your freedom from someone. You have to seize it — everyone as much as he can. ⁴

Whenever one of Silone's characters talks like this, the words are given a double weight because of Silone's own heroic observance of them in his personal life.

Two scenes in particular reveal Pietro's independence and help to define his rejection of party politics. They also reveal that *Bread and Wine* is Silone's most ideological novel. In the first scene, Pietro refuses to follow the party line enunciated by a character named Battipaglia. He points out that if he conforms to an edict in which he does not believe he will be committing the same sin the Communists accuse the Fascists of. The second scene follows directly after the first and is really a continuation of the argument begun in the first. Uliva, an old friend of Pietro, says he foresees already the corruption of their movement into orthodoxy and tyranny. The enthusiastic ideas they had as students have hardened into official doctrine. The Party cannot stand any deviation, even if it leads to the truth. Uliva's disillusionment is so great that he destroys himself. "Against this pseudo-life, weighed down by pitiless laws," he cries out, "the only weapon left to man's free will is antilife, the destruction of life itself." ⁵ He blows himself up with a homemade bomb, but he has really been destroyed by the dialectical process. Between Battipaglia's cynical rigidity and Uliva's honest but misguided nihilism, Spina must find a way to perpetuate the cause. He succeeds because his faith cannot dry up, and because he is able to pass on his belief to two or three others. The process of simple communion replaces the idea of the Communist state and the revolutionary spirit is saved. Silone's Communism is the primitive Communism of the earliest Christianity. Poverty is its badge of honesty, and its heroes are men who travel in disguise from place to place looking for kindred souls. They like to listen to peasants and simple men rather than to the learned. In a scene which is repeated throughout Silone's work, Spina meets one such man and says to him: "I'd like to talk with you

.... I want to know what you think of certain things."⁶ The man proves to be a deaf mute but that does not prevent Spina from communicating with him. Indeed, it is the wordless nature of their communication which is important, for words can neither confuse nor betray them. Their spiritual communion is the most solid base on which to build a relationship. It is, Silone seems to be saying, the one thing absolutely necessary for successful political action, the only thing which should never be betrayed. The humanistic basis of Silone's politics is stated most fully by Spina when he says to Uliva, "man doesn't really exist unless he's fighting against his own limits."⁷ At the end of *Bread and Wine*, the spirit of clandestine rebellion is abroad in the land. As in early Christian times, the history of martyrdoms and miracles has begun.

The Seed Beneath the Snow confirms the opinion that the central drama of Silone's fiction has been played at its best in *Bread and Wine*. Like the two earlier novels, *The Seed Beneath the Snow* is written in an anecdotal, loose form, but it lacks its predecessors' spareness and directness, and it cries out for foreshortening of its sometimes interminable dialogues. As in *Bread and Wine*, the novel dramatizes Spina's stock-taking after his break with the Party. There are major differences, however. Spina's politics now consists of companionship with a few peasants. He has abandoned political organizing and propagandizing. In fact, he is ashamed of his former activity when he compares the theories he used to enunciate with the simple, earthy wisdom of his friends. He teaches the deaf mute Infante — the same man he meets in *Bread and Wine* — to speak and, not surprisingly, the first word he learns is "companion," from the Latin meaning break bread together. The ritual of communion is established even more strongly in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* than in the earlier novels. When Spina sacrifices himself for Infante, after the latter has murdered his own father, the sacrifice of Berardo for the Solitary Stranger is recalled. The difference between the two sacrifices is more important than the similarity, however. Berardo's sacrifice is motivated by political rebellion as much as by a sense of solidarity with the Stranger. Politics has all but disappeared in Spina's sacrifice. It is an act of love of one man for another. Christian love is at the root of Silone's politics.

It would be wrong to suggest that *The Seed Beneath the Snow* verges, like its predecessors, on stark moral allegory. The novel is also a riotous and even rowdy social satire. In contrast to the open communion between Pietro and his friends Infante, Simone the Polecat, Don Severino, and Donna Maria Vicenza Spina, Silone has created a cast of foolish small-town bureaucrats and petty merchants who demonstrate their corruption in their support of Fascism. Whatever politics exists in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* can be seen in Silone's satire. Unlike Spina and his friends, none of these characters trust one another, and each is slavishly attentive to the local pecking order. At the center of this paltry crowd stand Don Coriolano and Don Marcantonio, the public orators. Like Don Circostanza in Fontamara, they are essentially apologists and propagand-

ists for the established order which bleeds and defrauds the poor. In the dinner party at Don Calabascas', Don Marcantonio appears, his face the "chalky whiteness of a bust in a burying ground; his horseshoe-shaped jaw . . . jugged out in the latest government approved style."⁸ The whole scene is rendered with such gusto that Don Marcantonio's humiliation and the memorable Sciatap's consumption of two glasses of straight vinegar, rival the best of Chaucer's fabliaux.

In opposition to the ridiculous and dishonest mouthings of Coriolano and Marcantonio (the names are probably taken from two of Rome's more high-pitched orators), we have only the mute but honest silence of Infante, who is learning the rudiments of a vocabulary. Politics has here retreated to such fundamentals as to lose the name of direct action. Nevertheless, there is the suggestion that a new revolution is beginning, and, as one would suspect in Silone, the seed beneath the snow has a purely spiritual and Christian origin. The question early in the novel, whether a newly descended Christ would be recognized, is partly answered when Infante helps a woman till her soil and then refuses payment. His action creates a number of rumors about the new Christ which spread quickly and widely among the believing peasants. But if the revolution has at least begun, Silone's position in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* suggests that open and concerted action is a long way off. Politics must remain hidden until the spiritual and ethical impulse which motivates it has flowered. Even when concerted action becomes widespread, Silone's political activist must be careful not to align himself too closely with any party or dogma, in case the rigors of orthodoxy begin to limit his freedom of conscience and of soul. Silone's final answer seems to be that under Fascism the political saint can only exist in exile, in jail, or in a state of covert communion with a few others.

The rest of Silone's work does not equal the first three novels. The fictional impulse is weakened in the second telling of the story of the break from the Party. Nevertheless, the fiction he has given us — particularly the early fiction — is remarkable for its continued power to move the reader. Silone seems to have accomplished the impossible: to write political novels which are esthetically pleasing in a period in which the esthetic political novel seems an anachronism. He has done so, however, only by abandoning the idea of concerted, party politics in favor of politics with brotherly love as its key platform. For most political novelists, this is hardly a suitable definition of working politics, but for Silone and for those who experienced the horrors of Fascist and Communist tyranny, it was perhaps the only sane and workable recommendation left to man. We are a long way from Henry James' treatment of politics in *The Princess Casamassima*, when Silone remarks, "for me writing has not been, and never could be except in a few favored moments of grace, a serene aesthetic enjoyment, but rather the painful continuation of a struggle."⁹ Silone's distrust of esthetics, his labeling of formal devices as mere "technical tricks" and of authors concerned with esthetics as "phrasemakers,"¹⁰ come basically from his belief

that "Italian society is tainted to the core with the ancient disease of rhetoric".¹¹ He had seen the word betrayed again and again. (One of the most interesting aspects of Silone's non-fictional *The School for Dictators* is the study of Fascist propaganda.) He wanted to give back substance and meaning to the word — to make it as nourishing as bread and wine, as common and true as the dust and stones of the Abruzzi.

Silone's fiction proves that he has the sense to make his fictional techniques perfectly suitable to his simple, profound message. There is nothing more esthetically important than that. Ultimately, however, it is his desire to focus upon the inner life of his characters that has made him a great political novelist. As he has said,

the writer moved by a strong sense of social responsibility is exposed more than anyone else to the temptation to exaggeration, the theatrical, the romantic and the purely external description of things, while the events in the inner life of the characters are what count in literary works.¹²

The Abruzzi peasants showed him that the important things in man do not change, even though there are many changes in political regime. As one of his peasant characters says, "Stones are still hard. Rain is still wet."¹³

By avoiding the political novel's tendency toward propaganda, sensationalism and topicality in favor of the ancient themes of communion and self-sacrifice,

Silone has made himself a successful propagandist to man's soul and conscience. His view of the novel's function is clearly that of a teacher who wishes to bring about right action on the part of his readers. He resembles the wise and elderly priests and teachers in his fiction (Don Severino in *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, Don Benedetto in *Bread and Wine*, Don Nicole in *A Handful of Blackberries*, Don Serafino in *The Secret of Luca*) as much as he resembles their youthful counterpart, the political rebel. His fiction demonstrates the necessity of continuity between youth and age. His rejection of massive organized political action in favor of the guerrilla action of small independent and honest outsiders, indicates that he believes in the perpetual revolution of free men.

NOTES

1. *Bread and Wine* (New York, 1963), p. 96.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 264.
3. R. W. B. Lewis, "Fiction and Power: Some Notes on Ignazio Silone," *Kenyon Review*, XVII (Winter, 1955), p. 28.
4. *Bread and Wine*, p. 43.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 179.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 124.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 179.
8. *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, (New York, 1942), p. 272.
9. *The God That Failed*, ed. Richard Crossman, (New York, 1949), p. 123.
10. Author's Preface to *Bread and Wine*, p. viii.
11. "Talking to Ignazio Silone," *London Times Library Supplement*, (June 4, 1964), p. 485.
12. Author's Preface to *Bread and Wine*, p. viii.
13. *A Handful of Blackberries*, (New York, 1953), p. 271.

DECEPTION

The kildeer limps from her nest
 Flailing, just beyond reach.
 The possum can take a solid hour
 Of clubbing. His flesh grows cold;
 His pulse barely crawls
 Until darkness.
 The copperhead lies under small leaves
 Where he couldn't be.

This morning there was no ugly mail.
 No one has called.
 There is no schedule.
 I am unusually calm.

— David Steingass

Zhenia and the Wicked One

by Natalie Petesch

To the poor, death comes suddenly — under the heavy load, or the careless knife, or in a haste to be born: or even at childlike and unaccustomed play. Mama, caught in the midst of the joyous Sabbath, had clutched at her heart, gasped, and fallen away from all she loved. The sirens had roared, the machinery of resurrection had been applied; but cold and staring, Mama had not stirred from her final vision; her eyes refused to shut upon the silent world.

Even to Zhenia it was clear that Mama had been unwilling to go; they dragged her reluctant feet in the dust as they shifted her from the street to the ambulance litter; a small round hole, like a larva on the bitten rose, had already pierced the sole of Mama's shoe; the pale O of mortality glinted at Zhenia's eye as they lifted her.

At once a covey of dark faces ranging from ebony and walnut to honey and pale olive fluttered at the windows of the tenements. Angelina Vittore called: "Jesus, Zhenia, what's happened to your mother?"

Zhenia tried in vain to curl her hand in Mama's, but the cold fingers would not respond. "I don't know. She was standing right here when she fell down."

In falling to the earth Mama's amber-colored combs had come loose from her hair, and now her long auburn braids lay on the floor of the ambulance. Zhenia saw the driver hold Mama's wrist, then lay the braids, wreathlike, on each side of her body. He scowled as he slammed the door and drove away.

The following evening Papa and Uncle Moishe went to the mortuary to see Mama. When they returned Uncle Moishe threw himself wrathfully into a chair beside the kitchen table where the burnt-out Sabbath candles now lay in strands of braided wax.

"Ah, that *mamser* of a mortician," he exclaimed.

Papa sank his elbows into the table, staring at the seamed and wrinkled oilcloth as if he had been reading into the future from his own palm. He groaned. "Please, Moishe, the children . . . Have more respect."

"But *what* a mortician!" Uncle Moishe continued inexorably. "We have to stand there while this so-called *mor-tiss-i-an* puts his hands on my sister's

beautiful hair; he picked it up like this, almost caressing. I thought I would choke him . . . But what could I do? You, Yankel, you were crying so hard, I couldn't stop you . . . We were all crying, *nu*? You can't stop in the middle of such heartbreak to shut up a fool . . . Then he says, this lunatic with eyes like a dead fish, he says, 'Such beautiful hair, Mrs. Kalatov's got, it's a shame to put it in the coffin.' He wanted to *cut* her hair, that ghoul . . . Then, just as we were leaving, to make it worse — or do you suppose, Yankel, to do him justice, that imbecile thought he was making it better?" Her father shrugged. "May the cholera take his goyische head — he says to your father that Channa's hair has grown *remarkably* since they brought her in last night. He says it's '*just amazing*,' he's never seen anything like it — like Death was an experiment, and he himself God's scientist . . ." Uncle Moishe stared at Papa, a filament of fear rising from the depth of his eye. "You know, Yankel, that the hair should grow overnight like that, it chills me . . ." Then, glancing at the children, and at Papa's reproachful eye, Uncle Moishe spat on the floor three times to show his contempt for the Evil One.

"Will you shut your mouth, Moishe, for God's sake," choked Papa. "So the hair grew, *nu*? Will that bring back my Channa? Why do you talk so much for? Go, better, call your sisters, tell them what time tomorrow will be the funeral. For me, it's impossible to talk to them. I can't do more . . ." With a groan Papa rose from the table, dragging his feet with a strange new lifelessness, as if sorrow had taken root in his bones. From his pocket he drew Mama's star of David and her wedding ring; then he walked like a man in a dream to Zhenia's room where, she knew, he would hide Mama's things in the family cedar chest in which Zhenia had put away the fallen combs — the same chest in which he had hidden away all his life that had any value: his prayer shawls for the synagogue, his passport, his diary of persecution in the pogroms of Russia; and his savings book marked VOID, Detroit First National.

When Papa had laid Mama's treasures with his own, he retired to the living room where he lay, face and body lifeless, in exhausted grief. Everyone, including Zhenia, went to bed, although no one ex-

pected rest, but only a sleepless night of mourning.

For a long while Zhenia lay in a silence so intense that she could hear the surf of blood in her ears. Then at last she rose. The rusted springs rasped plaintively as she leaped to the linoleumed floor. She padded to where the cedar chest rested beneath a window, her strained nerves recording Papa's will-less breathing as he lay in the living room. A trapped moth whirred by, bruising himself against the screen. Zhenia pushed the screen ajar and watched as his wings whirled away to darkness. Then she kneeled down beside the chest and raised the amber combs to her lips. They smelled of Mama's life, and she whispered aloud: "Mama, where are you?" Then she sat a long while in the darkness, scarcely aware that she was trembling with cold and a new kind of fear. As she clasped and unclasped the curved staves of the combs, she considered again the mystery of Mama's hair and the look of fear on Uncle Moishe's face, as though Uncle Moishe believed something unspeakable had happened to Mama, something stranger than Death and having to do with the survival of life in the stricken body. Something both terrible and mysterious: for if Mama's hair had become more beautiful than ever, then how could Mama herself be — ? Clearly, if Mama were really dead, then nothing would have grown in the night: Zhenia had seen a dead goldfish once at Angelina's house, and a fallen sparrow in the gutter — on them nothing had stirred, nothing grew — they had been beyond restitution. But Mama's hair had grown.

Last year, Zhenia remembered, before she had learned to read, her sister had read aloud a story about a beautiful princess who, having eaten an apple poisoned by a witch, had fallen into a deep sleep resembling death. Although her sister had assured her that witches do not exist, her best friend, Angelina Vittore, said that they did, that they were part of the Devil's empire and that *He* certainly existed. Angelina went to Mass every Sunday, and the priest, she said, "freed her from Sin," which came from the Devil. Her friend had also explained to her how the Devil still lived in Hell, how *He* had once been an angel, but now spent all His time tempting people, trying to make them wicked like Himself; that *He* could invade people's bodies, people's minds — that *He* could make people look dead if *He* wanted to Zhenia had decided that, after all, Angelina's devil was not much different from the Evil One, Ashmodai the Destroyer, of whom her brother spoke.

The possibility that the Evil One had invaded Mama's body and was imitating Death for his own wretched pleasure brought tears of joy to Zhenia's eyes: far better that Mama should be inhabited by a devil and be alive, than be guiltless and face annihilation.

But what could she do? The time was short; the burial, according to Jewish laws of hygiene, must be held as early as possible, which in this case would be the morning after the Sabbath. Zhenia unhooked the screen again — this time to make certain the lights were still on in Angelina's apartment; then she slipped on a robe, climbed up on the cedar chest

and eased herself out the window. There was no use waking Papa: she was not sure that Papa believed in the Evil One.

"But Angelina — just suppose that it was Ashmodai, or as your people say, the Wicked One —"

"Mostly we just say 'Devil,' " interrupted Angelina with an air of injury.

Zhenia dropped her hands, feeling a clumsy despair at her bungling expression: a time of crisis, she instinctively knew, was not one in which to remind friends of their differences. She sat silent, rebuffed. She had not wept when they carried Mama away — perhaps she had not then realized the seriousness of Mama's situation; but she began to cry now in bitter helplessness. If Angelina would not come to her aid, she alone could do nothing. For Angelina, five years older than herself, knew everything. She knew how to write the whole alphabet, both capital and small letters, how to fashion doll clothes out of corn shucks, how to make horse-chestnut necklaces by boring a hole through the nuts with a long, hot needle. What was more, Angelina knew whole prayers from the Bible, not in incomprehensible Hebrew (after a year's effort *Shamai Isroel* was still meaningless to Zhenia) but in *Christian*, which Zhenia understood easily. Indeed it scared her sometimes that she understood Angelina's prayers so well; it did not seem right for a Jewish girl.

Zhenia's voice rose in hysterical entreaty. "Oh, Angie. Isn't there anything we can do? If it is Ashmodai — the Devil, I mean? . . . "

"Do? You and I against the Devil?" Angelina's eyes widened suddenly with the lust of conquest. "Oh, that would be a good one, that would." And she popped a Uneeda biscuit into her mouth, at once wide awake and hungry. "Of course the first thing I'd have to learn you is a prayer. That's always been your trouble if you don't mind my saying so," Angelina added with a certain air of long-suffering. ". . . You don't know any *real* prayers Like this one, for instance, I've been gettin it by heart — my father says it's enough to scare the Devil from the gates of Paradise." And suddenly Angelina bowed her head, evoking piety and humility like a mantle as she murmured in a rush of syllables: Now shall the prince of this world be cast out. Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the deceit of the Devil Stand therefore having your loins girt about with Truth and having on the breastplate of justice wherewith ye may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most Wicked One"

On the last words Angelina blew her lips trumpet-like and inhaled a great clump of air which set her choking.

Zhenia stared speechless with admiration. "Angelina, you're just a *genius* to remember all that!"

Angelina nodded as though the suggestion were not beyond probability, then added generously: "I'll teach it to you. Then come next Sunday I'll offer up a prayer for your Mama's soul. And I'll say this prayer against the Devil And you must be sayin it at the same time at the funeral, right? The power of the two of us will maybe scare Him away. If your Mama's possessed"

"Possessed?" Zhenia racked her memory for a clue to the strange word which issued like a hiss from her friend's lips.

"That's when He gets to you. Then he can make you do anything. Look dead, even. Or you might fall down, like in an epileptic fit, kicking, and screaming like a banshee. The only way to ex . . . exercise Him is . . . Well, like I say, you got to believe in this prayer with your whole heart and soul." She looked at Zhenia dubiously.

"Oh, I do believe it," vowed Zhenia. "I will believe it . . ."

"O.K. then. That's all you gonna need. I seen it work once with a man at the Mission House — he had the d.t.'s."

"The d.t.'s?"

"Devil's tremens," explained Angelina grandly. "Now say after me . . . 'Now is the judgment of the world . . .'"

Zhenia repeated each phrase after her friend, surrendering herself to an imitation of the conviction she heard in Angelina's voice. When she had finished, she added silently: "Oh Lord of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, forgive me — it's all for Mama."

Outside the mortuary as they waited for Papa and her sister Anna to come with the hearse, Zhenia clutched at her brother's hand. She wished she could confide her secret to him, so that at the crucial moment he too could add to the prayers for Mama's soul; but Papa's arrival prevented her speaking.

Papa held open the door of the hearse, urging them quickly to enter. One could see that added to his grief was the shame of having been unable to manage the funeral with the dignity he felt he owed to Mama. The mortician had quarrelled with him, noisily and vulgarly, as he saw it, about Mama's hair. The price of the burial plot had been three times what he could have dreamed possible, and even without a headstone, with nothing but a concrete "bed" around Mama's grave, he said, they had insisted upon several hundred dollars cash, nearly a year's earnings. He would have to borrow from the bank. God knew that he had wanted everything to be done for Mama's honor, without neglect or confusion. He had, just now, been trying to arrange the funeral cars, all rented and black, so that each car would follow according to its occupants' relationship to Mama: Tante Becky, Tante Goldie, Tante Sarah, and Uncle Moishe Goldstein with all their families: then the first and second cousins and, finally, friends. There were to be at least ten cars. Mama was not to be buried alone: absolutely not.

"Only that mortician, a dark year on him, gave me such trouble my head hurts from fighting with him: between him and Moishe I had no peace! He only had it in his head he wanted to cut the hair, to make her look *modern*; he bragged on himself that he's an artist, that *meshugganah*. He said he knows how to fix people up for their grave . . ." At these words Papa crumpled up, covered his face and sobbed bitterly. "My poor Channele — I spent more money on you today than in ten years here in America . . ."

In a moment, however, Papa pulled himself together, scowling and giving orders with renewed

discipline: "Nu, get in. Zhenia, you sit by Anna in the back. Don't get mud on your shoes, you'll make your sister's dress dirty. And Anna — what's the matter, I have to tell you? — you couldn't find any other dress? — a pink dress on a black day!" He ignored Anna's protest that she had worn the dress when they left home, he could have said something to her at home about it . . . "Mitya, go sit near the *schwartz*, tell him how he should go. The Cemetery of Zion, tell him."

"No need for you to do that," the Negro spoke up promptly. "I know the way all the way. I been there a hunnerd times."

Papa turned from him as if with revulsion at such knowledge. "So — go."

The driver lashed at the engine. Then, perhaps sensitive to the implicit rebuke in the vizorlike hand Papa held across his brow, the driver began a glooming monologue. It was as if, dentist-like, he talked in order to distract them from their pain, but managed only to touch again and again an exposed nerve. Mitya glared murderously at him; Papa's eyes finally glazed into an unseeing vacuum.

"Reckon it'll rain again?" the driver asked after a long silence. "Seem like it rain ever time there's a funeral."

"May the *Moloch-ha-movos* take your black soul!" hissed Mitya in Yiddish, and leaping up, he threw himself into the farthest seat to get away from the driver.

To Zhenia, who had never in her life heard Mitya curse anyone, her brother's outburst was but further proof that their home had been invaded by the Evil One.

To Zhenia's surprise they emerged from the hearse into the smell of country air. The high grass along the roadside leading into the cemetery gates blew like a field of wheat: the mourners lapsed into a guilty silence at the rise of life in their veins. With a strange awkwardness they followed the pall bearers along the graveled path; the delicate roll of pebbles along the path seemed to startle them; they straggled into the grass near the edges as if to silence their own existence.

Zhenia walked between Mitya and Anna. She had not expected such a shining April day. She had felt, rather, as if there should have been ice, lightning and an eclipse of the moon; but everywhere about her the wet earth exuded a radiance from the morning rain. And now that the sun had come out, leaf and bird stirred; the moist earth dried with a heat that filled one's heart: with grief, mystification — and longing.

In the ten-minute walk from the car, the pall bearers had worked up a sweat, and one could see the relief in their eyes as they eased the coffin into the waiting leather stirrups from which, after the prayers, the coffin would be slipped into the grave. Then they stood up, trying not to stretch their knotted shoulders against the faint April breeze.

Aunt Becky, Aunt Goldie and Aunt Sarah gathered around the coffin as the prayers began. Papa and Mitya stood with the men. Zhenia stood transfixed at her sister's side: Anna was sobbing dry, wrenching

sobs that seemed to tear her apart. Zhenia could bring no tears to her eyes, but stood petrified with faith and fear that her work of salvation had come too late; for already the lovely pallid face with eyes like candlelight had been hidden from view, and the box was now being nailed down at the head

Anna's sobbing had loosened the pangs of others. Tante Becky began wailing and crying out aloud: "Why has God done this to us?" But there was no answer; not since Job had God deigned to explain His persecutions.

Four men, strangers to Zhenia, appeared at the burial site carrying wide flat shovels. Tante Becky fainted at the sight and Tante Sarah, the eldest, who once long ago when they were children had saved Mama from a fire, threw herself into the open grave.

"It's not right. It's not right!" she screamed. "She was the Baby. I took care of her. I should go first — I'm the oldest Come back, Channa, my darling, and I'll go before you I'll save you again from the fire."

There were murmurings and groaning among the mourners. They said Tante Sarah was having a breakdown; but after a few minutes of violent sobbing, her Aunt seemed to come to her senses. They lifted the spent and fainting woman from the grave.

Meanwhile Papa buried his face in his prayer book; his tears flowed bitterly on the unseen, unread page: "O God full of mercy, *O el mal rachamim* . . . May the soul of Channa Kalatov rest in peace. Amen . . ."

Zhenia trembled; she waited for a sign. The time must be right, for she and Angelina must work simultaneously to cast out the Wicked One.

The family suddenly huddled together in fearful density; with a shrieking of leather, the coffin was being lowered into the grave. One of the bearers lurched suddenly, so that the lower end of the coffin stood obliquely in the soft soil; for the last time Mama stood erect in this world.

The sun shrank behind a cloud; the birds fluttered nervously, and briefly the burst of morning rain repeated itself. Small, staccato pelts hammered on the coffin, softened and cunning.

Zhenia bowed her head almost to the ground; with her breath she stirred the dust about her nostrils as she whispered passionately, each word burdening her heart with a hundred more she knew not how to utter: "Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out. (Mama, Mama, I'm saving you . . .) Put on the whole armor of God (Of God, Mama, the God of Israel) that ye may be able to stand against the deceits of the Devil (not exactly *their* Devil, that is, but ours) . . . girt about with truth (oh yes!) . . . taking the shield of faith . . . extinguish all the fiery darts of the most Wicked One. (*Adonai elohenu adonai echod*) . . ."

As her tears began falling now over her clasped hands, she trembled with anticipation, hardly knowing what she dared to expect; her faith rose and fell with every breath. She waited — for a cry, a tearing

of the flesh wrenching itself free from some awful power: but there was no sound save the rasp of leather as Mama's coffin slipped from their slackened grasp into the earth. Someone threw the first handful of earth, and the volley of coarse dirt burst like richoceting gunfire in Zhenia's brain.

"Stop!" she cried, sobbing in terror. "Stop! They're killing my Mama — they're taking her away!" She rushed to the edge of the grave, but the exhumed earth which now stood piled high beside the waiting trench, seemed to her now treacherously steep and unassailable, and she felt almost at once, with a self-preserving spasm of betrayal, that it would be an unforgettable horror to stumble down that slope into the open grave; and she sobbed in despair and disappointment — at her failure and at her unsuspected cowardice

A strong hand seized her — Mitya's. "Zhenia! What are you doing, Zhenia? Come here!"

"But you don't understand!" Zhenia cried — more to convince herself than Mitya. "It's the Wicked One, the Wicked One who's betrayed us!" She threw herself with all the savagery of impotence upon her brother, flailing at him as if he and he alone were keeping her from saving Mama. And even as she struck at her brother who looked at her with eyes of pity, she heard Rabbi Shutz say:

"*Wass is mitt dem kind?* She is too young. She will be sick. Take her home, *nu?*" And to her amazement, the Rabbi, too, wept, their very own Rabbi Shutz, who wept only for the whole of Jewry on the Day of Atonement.

Her aunts pulled her away from Mitya who had locked her in his arms, as if by the protection of his love, he would crush her into silence. She felt Tante Becky kissing her.

"Are you all right, Zhenia? Speak to us, *mamele*. You see what it is to be an orphan?" she mourned to her sisters, and then suddenly they were all sobbing together at the memory of the pogrom which had orphaned them years ago, so that Zhenia's grief and theirs merged into a single broken cry.

"Too young, too young," Aunt Becky repeated over and over. "This is no place —"

But Zhenia refused to be taken home; instead she tore herself from the comforting arms of her aunts and hurled herself to the ground, giving herself up to a grief which she realized even then was never to be healed, for love could not overcome it: her prayers were powerless and Mama would be buried forever.

Now the gravediggers wielded their spades, and though Zhenia buried her head in the grass so as not to hear the blows, the clods of earth came down upon the coffin; falling relentlessly upon herself, and upon Mama — upon Mama's eyes blinded with the shards of a broken saucer, upon her limbs, broken so that they would lie straight, upon her hands folded in silent longing, and upon her hair buried still-living with the dead, till all that Zhenia saw was the pendulum of inexorable spades and the falling rain.

Jean Ingres' *Le Bain Turc*

by Richard Frost

At eighty-three he painted this: twenty-four naked women who clearly wouldn't care if they found themselves watched. (The frame is round, like the field in a telescope.) Over on the right, wearing a ruby necklace, is a sleepy redhead with her forearms behind her neck in that timeless pose, and she partly obscures two others so that you can't tell whether one of them is fondling her own breast or the other is doing it. Except that when you look at their faces, you know which one.



It is all very mysterious, very Eastern.
On the left, one girl is dangling her long legs
in the pool, and right behind her on tiptoe,
waving her arms, another is dancing delicately
to a tambourine played by a big Negress.
Off in the background there are more women, gossiping
or just lolling around. Some of them are eating things,
their heads thrown back in abandon. You feel sure
that Ingres knew exactly what he was doing.
There is a table in the immediate foreground
holding a few sweetmeats and cups, and a vase is floating
in mid-air right in front of the table, attracting
absolutely no attention in this environment.
Ingres must have posed twenty-four live models
and set to work busily. You feel sure of this
until you notice that the woman with the mandolin
is exactly as he painted her fifty-five years before
by herself sitting on a bed. She was not
there, looking that well, fifty-five years later
when in the fine Turkish climate of his imagination
Ingres placed those ladies where they are waiting.
The water laps in the pool, the mandolin
and castanets pluck at our senses,
and a brown-eyed slave squeezes an atomizer
of perfume into the long blonde hair
of one favorite, while Ingres folds up his paints,
rubs his chin, smiles, and lives three years more.

— *Richard Frost*

Stephen's Passage Through the Wilderness

by F. E. Abernethy

Life is one long series of recognition scenes, or climactic discoveries, or rites of passage which separate youth from maturity and ignorance from knowledge. The novelist uses these episodes as climaxes — in the literary sense — about which he builds stories that interpret life as he sees it. Primitive societies marked the passage from an old life to a new one, from youth to maturity, with elaborate rituals. Among Christians, baptism is a relic of this primitive ritual of passage, and the most notable celebration of this rite was the baptizing of Christ before his ordeal in the wilderness and subsequent emergence as a teacher. James Joyce parallels Christ's baptism and ordeal in a similar trial which Stephen Dedalus endures in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. In analogous rites of passage both Christ and Stephen Dedalus prove their courage and wisdom and go forth as men to spread a new style of gospel among the people.

The climax and recognition scene of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* occurs in Chapter IV, after Stephen turns away from the Church — more particularly from the Jesuits — and begins a life devoted to the pursuit of the free expression of art and knowledge. This point also marks the climax to Stephen's ritual passage from one life to another. The book as a whole presents the story of Stephen's escaping the labyrinthine ways of home, fatherland, and Church and freely soaring above the world on wings of art and knowledge; and the most difficult of the mazes from which he has to escape is that of the Church. The Jesuits, who have been in control of his training since he was six, cling to him and appeal to his pride and vanity and desire for power; but they can satisfy these desires only if he sacrifices to the Order his individuality and his sensitivity toward life. Stephen's conflict is great and the resolution of this conflict is the central incident of *Portrait of the Artist*. That this resolution was a major episode in the young James Joyce's life also is obvious from its place of importance in the book, the autobiographical fiction of Joyce's youth.

Stephen's renunciation of a life in the confines of the Society of Jesus is the climax of *Portrait* and is the culmination of a symbolical rite of passage, in this case passage from youth to maturity. Typically and

primitively this ordeal, frequently referred to as a puberty or initiation rite, is marked by ritual purification, the isolation of the novice, by fasting and mortification of the flesh, and by a final ceremony in which the elders catechize the youth.¹ Joyce subjects Stephen Dedalus, his *persona*, to this ritual in a manner much like a similar episode in the life of Christ, the ordeal of the forty days in the wilderness. For Christ as for Stephen this is the time of emergence into a new life as a prophet of a new order, and it was typical of Joyce to recognize a similarity of experience between Christ and himself. Joyce frequently saw himself as a Christ-like figure, sometimes as being resurrected from his dead-life under family-Ireland-Church to a real-life as an artist, sometimes as the persecuted prophet-artist being crucified by the Philistines. He was fascinated by the person of Christ and by his life literally and symbolically, and the effect of it on history; and he parallels Christ's ordeal in the wilderness with Stephen's ordeal among the Jesuits at Belvedere.² In both cases, the novices, Christ and Stephen, after ritual purification isolate themselves from society to fast and mortify the flesh for a prolonged period of time. At the end of their isolation, they are approached by their elders and tested. Both survive the final test and emerge into their new lives stronger and more confidently dedicated to their lives' purpose than before.

Among certain primitives the initiation rites, or those rites of passage that marked the translation of the novice from youth to maturity, were opened by ritual lustration and purification. The shaman baptized the novice with water, blood, milk, or saliva, which was intended, first, to cleanse him of evil and, secondly, to invest him with strength and life. Often, ritual purification required flagellation and the administration of strong emetics to purify and drive the evil out of man's system. The beginning of the great work of Christ's life is marked by the purifying ceremony of baptism, ministered to him by his cousin John. At this point in time he is pointed out to the people as the Messiah when "the Holy Spirit descended upon him in bodily form as a dove, and a voice came from heaven, 'Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased.' " (Luke 3:22) Thus is

Christ's life as a teacher begun with lustration and ritual purification. The same sort of ritual also signaled for Stephen the beginning of a new life. Or perhaps it was an ending of the old. For Stephen — and for Joyce — the Retreat that began on November 30, 1876, prompted what Richard Ellman, one of Joyce's biographers, refers to as "the last spasm of religious terror;" ³ it was the beginning of the end of an old religious affair. But for the Stephen of the story's moment, the soul's agony experienced during the Retreat of St. Francis Xavier, the mental flagellation, and the painful penitence paid for the real and imagined sins of his youth were all parts of a ritual purgation that drove him to full confession and purification at Church Street Chapel. Then "his prayers ascended to heaven from his purified heart," and the world of God's full pardon became holy and happy for him. His celebration of the Mass at the end of Chapter III is the climax of this ecstasy, and God comes down to the neophyte as He did to Christ; only this time He comes as a wafer, not as a dove.

— Corpus Domini nostri. —
The ciborium had come to him.

And so Stephen and Christ are ritually and personally cleansed and divinely appointed to go forth among their people to baptize them "with the Holy Spirit and with fire." (Matthew 3:11)

But they do not begin their mission immediately. There is first the trial, the ordeal that all neophytes must endure. Traditionally, when the novice is isolated during the initiation rite he is no longer a member of any class in the group; he is a non-person making an abstract passage from one level of his society (youth) to another (maturity); and he must do this alone. He fasts and mortifies the flesh in order to keep himself ritually pure and to attain contact with the supernatural. Christ "was led by the Spirit about the desert for forty days, being tempted the while by the devil." (Luke 4:1-2) This period of isolation is ended with the devil's three final temptations. Stephen undergoes the same ordeal, led by the same Holy Spirit, tempted by the same sort of evil that would cause him to deny his ordained life's purpose. The time element, however, differs; Stephen's time in the wilderness is longer, but the length of it is vague. Historically the time between Joyce's purifying confession at Church Street Chapel and the final temptation by the director was around two years, ⁴ but Stephen's ordeal in *Portrait of the Artist* is compressed. This period is a linearly vague but intense time in Stephen's life. After his purification, Stephen goes into his own desert or wilderness of isolation and remains there to endure the ordeal of fasting and physical self-torture until he can achieve a victory over the forces of Evil, which he now believes are fostered by the senses. This course of action parallels both Christ's ordeal and typical rites of passage observed in primitive societies. He assiduously mortifies and attempts to discipline each of his senses with the most refined of self-tortures, and perhaps it is the rigor of this stringent self-discipline that prepares both Christ and Stephen for the final stage of their rite of passage, the Test by the elders.

Initiatory rites of passage are conventionally concluded with a Test and catechizing of the novice by the elders. Since the youth's physical ability as a hunter and warrior have been tested prior to the initiation, the Test now is over his knowledge of the myths and mores of his tribe. The elders, costumed to represent the good and evil forces of his world, act out the stories of the tribe's myths and question the novice about the moralities and traditions of the tribe. To be accepted as a mature member of the group the youth must give the proper negative answers to the forces of evil and positive answers to the forces of good. Satan, an elder of the earth and a force of evil, comes to Christ at the end of his forty days in the desert with a final test of three temptations. First, Satan appeals to the flesh and the hunger that must have been quite sharp after a forty days' fast: "If thou art the Son of God, command that this stone become a loaf of bread." (Luke 4:3) After Christ's refusal, the devil then tempts him by offering him temporal power and glory over the kingdoms of the world if he will worship him. Jesus withstands him again, and Satan makes his final temptation. He appeals to Christ's pride in his Father and in his spiritual power over the lesser divinities because he is the Son of God and second only to the Deity: "Then he led him to Jerusalem and set him on a pinnacle of the temple and said to him, 'If thou art the Son of God throw thyself down from here . . . and (angels') hands shall bear thee up.' " (Luke 4:9-11) But again Jesus refuses to be tempted by Satan into a rash display of his powers. He has now endured his ordeal and is ready for his mission, and "angels came and ministered to him," (Matthew 4:11) and Satan departs defeated.

Stephen's "forty days" is also concluded with a Test, a final temptation which is presented to him by the director of Belvedere. The director as a Satanic agent is presented with his "back to the light," slowly looping a sash cord into a literal and figurative noose. As the sun sets behind him, the shadows which are cast give the director's face the appearance of a death's head; and from this ominous being, whom Joyce casts as a force of evil, a destroyer of the individual, comes the final Test, an invitation to become a Jesuit. The appeal of the temptation is to Stephen's vanity, his pride, and his desire for power and recognition, and the temptations themselves are analogous to Christ's. As a reward for renouncing the world and joining the Society of Jesus, Stephen is first promised temporal power and glory over the kingdoms of the world, because, the director tells him, "No king or emperor on this earth has the power of the priest of God." Then he is promised spiritual power superior to that of angel, archangel, or even the Virgin Mary, because a priest has the power to loose and bind and to exorcise and cast out devils. And finally he is told that he will be able to command even God, to "make the great God of Heaven come down upon the altar and take the form of bread and wine." Stephen considers and departs, turning his back on the tempter and all he represents.

These three final temptations of Christ and Stephen are closely parallel. The authors of both stories

present the three temptations in an ascending scale of importance, from the material to the spiritual, even though they use different specific offerings. Both tempters appeal to the initiates' natural vanity and pride. Stephen never has had the recognition of his peers that his pride requires, and he hungers for the temporal power that a priesthood would give him just as much as Christ hungers for the bread that could be his by the passing of a miracle of transubstantiation. Christ is set upon a mountain top and is shown the world that will be his if he will serve Satan; the director offers the same sort of power, power over kings and emperors, if Stephen will serve the Jesuits. Satan's final temptation will put Christ in the position of testing God, of seeing whether or not he can, by throwing himself off the pinnacle, bring the angels — or God himself — down to him. Satan assures him that he can, just as the director assures Stephen that when he is a Jesuit priest God will come down to the altar to him and take the form of bread and wine. The appeals are strong, but both Christ and Stephen withstand temptation and pass the final Test.

To the fully initiated tribesman come the women to cleanse him and prepare him for the feast. To Christ come ministering angels to comfort him after his ordeal. And to Stephen come the ministrations of

the "caress of mild evening air" and the sound of young men gaily singing to the accompaniment of a concertina. Both Christ and Stephen emerge from the ritual and go to meet their full purposes in life, to baptize their followers "with the Holy Spirit and fire," (Matthew 3:11) but Stephen's Holy Spirit becomes the beautiful young girl by the sea, the wild angel, "the angel of mortal youth and beauty, and envoy from the fair courts of life." And the fire becomes the ecstasy and the epiphany of the revelation of the world's knowledge of truth and beauty, unhampered by home, fatherland, or church. Recognizing their missions and feeling that "no prophet is acceptable in his own country," both Jesus and Stephen leave their homes and begin their new lives.

NOTES

1. van Gennep, Arnold, *Rites of Passage* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1960), Chapter VI, "Initiation Rites."
2. For further references to Joyce's Christ complex see Richard Ellman, *James Joyce*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), pp. 42, 136, 154, 200, 265, 303.
3. *James Joyce*, p. 50.
4. For a full discussion of Joyce's life during this period at Belvedere and an analysis of the autobiographical content of this section of *Portrait of the Artist*, see Kevin Sullivan, *Joyce Among the Jesuits* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1958), Chapter III, "Jesuit Bark and Bitter Bite."

THE CAT IN THE JUNGLE

has no yellow eyes
under the jungle bush.
 waits for the breeze
to move on, to move.
his thick fur stirs,
 catches an airy spillage

out of the tendrils.
the air is wriggly with scent.
 his eyes yellow open
noiseless as pith, or sap
crawling up a vine.
 The cat is awake

blinking into the light.
moves. then, it seems,
 almost without leaving,
flows into the jungle.
 almost he has not gone

— Stuart Silverman

No Place To Blow But Up: New York's East Village

by Shane Stevens

The two men walk softly, hugging the darkness close to the buildings. Each carries a brown paper bag. When they reach the middle of the block they stop in front of a wood-framed six-story tenement. They look up. Glass is broken in most of the windows, some are boarded. There are no lights showing in any of the apartments because no one lives there. No one has lived there for almost a year. The building was condemned and everyone evicted when one side crumbled onto the sidewalk, killing a four-year-old girl. Since then only the rats move through the rooms. The rats that come up from the sewer pipes at night, hungry after a day of sleep, ready to eat anything and everything in their way.

The two men walk up the bruised steps, push through the front door. In the darkness, one pulls out a lighter, flicks it, and fires a long ragged string that sticks out from a bottle filled with gasoline. The bottle is in the paper bag. He quickly lights the second bottle, and each man throws his Molotov cocktail into the center of the house. Within seconds they are on the street again. Behind them there comes an explosion. Sharp, powerful. Then a second. The night begins to glow with fire power. The two men are far down the block by now. They still say nothing but their eyes tell of their pleasure. The tenement will burn to the ground and there will be one less death-trap in the neighborhood. One less hangout for the junkies. One less breeding ground for disease. One less eyesore that is a constant reminder of the slums in which their families live.

Tomorrow's newspapers will mention the burning of a building in one of the city's ghettos. Someone will write an editorial denouncing the frequent fire-bombing of these old tenements. They will call it criminal.

The people in the ghetto call it something else. They call it "instant urban renewal."

The island of Manhattan is at the heart of America's biggest city. Whenever visitors talk of New York City, they're talking about Manhattan. Whether it's Wall Street or Broadway or Park Avenue, Manhattan is where it's at. The Empire State Building, Madison Square Garden, Grand Central Station, Central Park. It's all there. All the money is there, all the beautiful

people. The television networks, the major papers, the biggest department stores. Real estate is the most expensive in the world in mid-town Manhattan: a soft drink stand that holds about forty people is valued at one million dollars. Fortunes are won and lost, reputations made and shattered. Electricity is in the air, and excitement. Many thousands of people come to New York City, to Manhattan, year after year to make money. That's one part of the story. Many more thousands of people live in New York City, in Manhattan, year after year because they have no money to escape the broken-down slum tenements they live in. Harlem, Hell's Kitchen, the Lower East Side: all in Manhattan. That's the other part.

Manhattan's Lower East Side — the jumping-off place for millions of immigrants to America over the past century — is a three-mile-long corridor on the lower eastern end of the island, running from 14th Street southward all the way down to Chinatown and the beginnings of the financial district. In its thousands of ancient buildings lining the narrow streets live a half million people. Almost all of them are poor by today's standards; many of them, especially among the old, are destitute and forgotten. Within this area — in a box bounded by 14th Street on the north, Houston Street on the south, the Bowery and Third Avenue on the west, and the river on the east — is New York City's infamous East Village.

Until recent years, the East Village was simply the northern section of the old Lower East Side. Going into the late 1950's it was basically a Pan-Slavic working class area with a high population density — endemic to all ghettos — and a high proportion of elderly residents. A number of artists had been through the scene, some going back to the early days of the Beat movement and even before. Some were still living there. Rents were cheap, neighbors apathetic, and no one ever came around to bother a working writer or painter. There were not enough "odd" characters to offset the balance of the neighborhood, and so the long-time residents didn't bother themselves about the few strangers in their midst.

Then everything changed. Cynical tradition has it that the real estate operators, owning much of the next-to-worthless property in the area, decided that

something would have to be done to increase the value of their holdings. The obvious solution of rehabilitating the neighborhood was immediately rejected when they discovered it would take many millions of dollars to make the place a decent one in which to live. Then somebody got a brilliant idea. If the slum tenements couldn't be torn down, if the ghetto couldn't be changed to give it a more acceptable image, why then, just give it a new name. At no cost, and with one stroke of the pen, a new image could be given to increase the value of the land.

And the East Village was born.

There are, of course, other theories of how the East Village came into being. Among them is one that sees it as a sort of spontaneous growth cropping up in the speech of the young people who began flocking there in the early 1960's, and then picked up by the mass media. But local residents, hardened to the realities of big city life, seem to prefer the first version. Whatever its origin, the East Village began to grow. Blacks, young whites, artists and would-be artists of every description moved in. They all were attracted by the same things that had brought the earlier artistic wave. This time, however, they came by the thousands.

By the mid-60's the East Village was alive with singing poets, screaming Slavs and hip blacks. By this time, too, many thousands of Puerto Ricans found themselves, because of their low economic and social status, living in the most easterly part of the area, which quickly came to be known as the Far East. Then the hippies came, with their beads, bangles, long hair, love talk, surface drugs, and total disdain for the "straight" world. They broke the camel's back.

The stage was set, the characters mixed, and the curtain raised on a drama unique even to battle-hardened New Yorkers. In an area of less than one square mile, four distinct and separate cultures, traditions and life styles lived block to block, house to house, wall to wall and, sometimes, cheek to cheek. Hate was strong, distrust was total, and fear was universal. The PR's hated the blacks and especially the hippies, the blacks hated the whites, the hippies hated society, and the Slavs hated them all. Anything and everything set off pitched battles. The place was a flaming tinderbox and, to make matters worse, the cops sat on top of the keg of dynamite, pressing everybody down. There was no place to blow but up.

There still isn't.

The bottles start flying as soon as the first police car hits the street. Three cops stand on the corner, not knowing what to do. They wait for more reinforcements. One holds a garbage can lid over his head for protection.

A group of people stand in front of a locked candy store. They shout angrily to the cops, some in Spanish, some in English. Kids by the dozens run all around, shivering with expectation.

Bang. Somebody throws an empty garbage pail at the cops, narrowly missing one of them. He hesitates, thinks of running after the man. But he doesn't. Too risky.

The crowds increase with every moment. They

pour out of the steaming houses by the hundreds. An open fire hydrant lazily splashes water into the dirty gutters, flooding the corners and overlapping onto the sidewalks.

Three more police cars come tearing down the block, sirens screaming, red lights flashing. A fire-bomb goes off someplace up ahead; everybody turns to look and instinctively dive for cover. The cops still stand by their car, too outnumbered to do anything yet. They look out over the crowd. You can see in their eyes they know it's going to be a long night.

It is July 21, 1968. On Avenue D in the Far East. All the groups of the East Village are in the crowd, now numbering over a thousand. The majority are PR's, it's mostly their turf. But the hippies are here. The blacks are here. And the Poles and Slavs are in the neighborhood, watching, waiting. Everybody's trying to pick up on everybody else. There are old scenes to settle, new ones to begin. Hatred needs an outlet and the streets are where it all comes out.

The cops are in the middle. They're here to prevent violence, but violence is going to occur and they're going to be a part of it. They wear uniforms, they carry guns, they make a lot of money, and they don't even live in the city. They hold the poor people down and so they quickly become the target of the crowd. Old wounds can be re-opened in private. Now's the time to get the cops.

"Gestapo"

"Pigs."

"We don't want you around here, man."

"Get the hell out of here."

The cops are uneasy. When there are enough of them, they'll push the crowds back, breaking some heads, putting a little extra whump in their swing. Some will pull their guns in excitement or fear. Some may shoot. No one can predict what will happen. But right now they wait for more help.

Before this exercise in group frustration is over, it will have lasted three nights. A bar will have been firebombed, cars destroyed, stores damaged. Hundreds will have been injured, dozens arrested, several killed or permanently disabled.

Just another incident in the East Village.

What is it like to live in New York's East Village? That's hard to say because for most people it's not really living, just existing. It's three box rooms for \$59.10 a month. It's a turn-of-the-century brown-stained tub in the kitchen. It's rusty water and leaking pipes. It's slowly-escaping gas. It's German roaches, American centipedes, and New York rats. It's two-inch water bugs that crack like thunder when you step on them. It's bars on the windows. It's heavy police locks on the front door. It's a front door that opens into the kitchen. It's a two-inch lower floor on one side of the room than on the other side. It's a stink of urine in the halls. It's a view of a next-door alley or backyard filled with garbage.

But if you can't afford this kind of luxury for \$59.10 monthly — as many can't — then it's a bare-outside-wall, two-room, always-dark, pot-holed, ice-boxed, no-electric chamber of horrors that rents for only \$31 a month because of the kind-hearted slumlord

owner. With no heat, a one-foot cracked sink with a busted faucet, and the sandbox in the hall.

Families with kids, lots of them, live like this. The Grey Line sightseeing buses don't pass this way.

What else is it like living in the East Village? If it's east of Tompkins Square Park, which is the heart of the area, it's wanting to go out at night but being afraid to. It's walking the dark streets with one hand on your knife. It's passing cops who always walk in pairs. It's fear of every shadow, every movement. It's walking fast, faster, your blood racing. It's not having a good time wherever you are because you still have to get home. It's not being able to get away late at night because cabs don't ever come around and the buses hardly ever run. It's knowing that everybody is locked in the same as you, waiting for something to strike. It's standing guard over what little you have.

It's night in the East Village.

But with the grinding poverty, the inescapable fear, there is also beauty. The beauty and variety of life. The PR's have brought a vitality to the place with their music, their flair, their love of life. The hippies, too, have brought color with their shops around St. Mark's, their flowers and paints and swinging life styles. With their freedom of expression and movement, and their rejection of the materialist way of life. And of course, the blacks, and all the young artists — black and white — have brought an awareness, a "hipness," to the East Village that, under other circumstances, could have made it one of the great cultural colonies of the western world.

Unfortunately, there is too much hatred and mistrust. And so the East Village is a cultural and racial battleground.

During the spring and early summer of 1968 the enmity between the PR's and the hippies reached the boiling point. Tempers flared at the drop of a word. Guns were taken out of hiding. Knives became the fashion of dress. On both sides. The hippies had been through their blood bath the year before. Flower power was over; they were not going to be picked off so easily this time. They had learned the law of survival in the city. They started walking in groups and when they were sounded by the PR's, they gave it right back.

"Get a haircut, you hippy fag."

"Go sell your sister, spic."

"I cut your heart out for that, you mother."

"Watch his blade, man."

Thunkk. The razor knife is out. Whoosh. Another. And the two men slowly circle each other. The smell of death is already in the air.

This scene was to be repeated many times.

On the morning of June 1 hastily-printed handbills were found all over the Lower East Side. A two-page memo in Spanish addressed to the PR's. It was a plea for peace. Those who wrote and distributed it hoped to direct the furious energy, the murderous hatred into more revolutionary channels. It began simply: Who Is Your Real Enemy?

"You're living in rooms that are too crowded, too narrow. So are the hippies. You live with too many rats and bugs, too much garbage. So do the hippies. Your ceilings are falling down and all the pipes leak.

And you're getting tired of it all. So are the hippies. There are too few jobs for you and the city keeps making you promises and then they do nothing. And on top of everything, the cops push you around like you were shit and they call you everything from spic to nigger and you're sick to death of it. The cops do the same to the hippies. You can only take so much and then that's it. You got no decent job, no money, no hope and no dignity. Dignity, man. That's what they don't give you. So you're ready to bust out and break things up. That's right. But who are you going to take it out on? Not the hippies, man. They're your brothers because they're living in the same shit as you. Don't matter if they're white, black, brown or green. You're both outsiders in this society. You and the hippies. You're both guilty on sight, guilty of being alive.

"Now look around and see who your real enemy is. Who owns the stinking building you live in? Who runs the stores that charge you too much for everything? Who keeps you from getting a job, and if you do get a job pays you \$45 a week to take care of your family? Look around you, man. Who keeps you on welfare and then calls you lazy? Who promises you things in the newspapers and then never comes across? Who shows you things on TV you couldn't afford to buy in a million years and then says you're a failure because you don't have them? Do the hippies do all these things? Are they sucking your blood? Or are they getting sucked in and banged over the head the same as you?

"Look around and you'll see who your enemy is. It's the white man who owns your building and your block and this city and this country. What you have here is a racist society, a racist government, and racist law. That's who your enemy is, man. This white racist society that says you're shit because you're a PR. Or because you're a black man. Or because you're a hippy. Your enemy is the white power structure and every white man who won't let you have an equal chance in a country that's supposed to be built on equality, and who asks you to die in a foreign country but won't give you a chance to live right here.

"Look around and see who keeps you bottled up in a cage. And pushes your face in the gutter. And breaks your head on the pavement. And spits out sue cio when you're down. And gets paid to do the dirty work. That's right, man. It's the cops. They're the army of occupation that gets money for keeping you — and the hippies — down and dirty. They're the wall between you and everything you need. They're the white man's army that keeps you out of the white man's world. They're mean and they're vicious because they hate you. And because they're afraid of you. You and the hippies and all the outsiders of this sick society. And they'll beat you down and kill you every chance they get because that's what they get paid to do, and they're very good at their job. They don't care about black power, tan power, or flower power. All they understand is dollar power and they've already sold their souls to the man with the money.

"Now what are you going to do about it? Are you going to go and shoot up on the hippies who are the

same as you, who have no power, no money, no nothing? Is that what they did in Watts? Is that what they did in Detroit? Is that what they're doing in a dozen cities across the country? No man. What they're doing is taking it out where it counts. On the white man. What's happening is rebellion. Armed rebellion against the enemy. And the enemy is anyone who tells you to lay down like a dog and play dead. The enemy is anyone who carries a nightstick and a gun and uses them on you. The enemy is anyone who has nothing on his mind but money and killing. And when they can't make money on you any more, they'll see you dead. They know who *their* enemy is. It's you, brother. You *and* the hippies.

"Don't kill your brother. What we have to do is get our shit together and disrupt this insane society."

The handbill did little to alleviate the tension in the area. But it did serve to point up the direction in which things were moving. The day of the drop-out was over. White, black and brown were in it together. If the revolution didn't save them, they would all be picked off. Or so some believed.

Paul Krassner, editor of the *Realist*, said it all when he wrote that the blacks, the PR's and the hippies share the same goal: to have power over their own lives. "The only thing that matters is your right to do

with your body and soul what you *will*."

Unfortunately, without money, or education, or a decent job, there is little you can do with your body and soul. Except starve slowly over many years. Or die quickly, violently.

The East Village is still here. The garbage is still in the streets. The buildings still stink of urine and too much sex. The doors are still bolted, the windows locked. It still is dangerous to walk at night down these mean streets. The drugs, the pushers, the cops in pairs are all still here. So are the blacks, the PR's, the hippies, and the Poles and Slavs.

We're all just a year older.

It is October now. I look out my window and I see a car across the street stripped of everything movable. It looks like a Chevy. Or used to. It looks like nothing now, nothing at all. Tomorrow the little kids will cut themselves on the broken glass, and soon the rats will come around chomping on the upholstery and whatever else they can sink their fangs into. In about a week somebody will pour gasoline on the car and fire it up. Then maybe the fire engines will come and everybody can throw rocks and garbage can covers at them. Then we can all have a block party. Even poor people with no hope need some recreation.

There is a lot of energy in New York's East Village. There is little else.

THE LAKE (for Truedge)

I came
as a boy
skipping stones
in September.

I came
as a man
rattling sticks
in December.

I came
as I could
which is better
than never.

I come
as I am
without either
forever.

— Joe Gould

The Bumner

by Gerald Locklin

Julian Escargot was a man who had failed to live up to his illustrious name. Only surviving son of a long line of fugitive viscounts, Julian had grown up on a maple-lined street in Westport, Connecticut, taken his B.S. in Business Administration at Cornell, served honorably but without distinction in the boiler room of an aircraft carrier during the Korean scrimmage, and married, upon his return, a trim, domestically-oriented former sigma kap from Ithaca. Together twelve years, they had spaced out three daughters and a son. Mimi had kept her figure. Julian was very proud of her when people remarked on it, as they invariably did.

Monday through Friday, Julian labored without perspiration in the accounting offices of ZXT Corporation in El Segundo, California. The sixteen thou he drew from them allowed him to keep up the payments on two Volkswagens and a house in Torrance. Every Saturday at seven-thirty the same modestly plain girl from down the street came to watch the children while Julian and Mimi rode up to Hollywood for dinner and a film, or down to Newport or Balboa for a party with the gang. At a certain hour each of these parties threatened to degenerate into an orgy . . . but none of them ever had. Sunday mornings Julian trooped the family off to services at the First Lutheran Church of the South Bay. Sunday afternoons, if the Rams were playing at home, he got the taste of religion out of his mouth sharing a bag of popcorn with his son at the game. If the Rams were away, he watched a couple of games at home, switching channels and glancing at the enormous Sunday Times and smoking a lot of cigarettes.

For a long time, in fact, Mimi had been after him about the cigarettes.

"Honey," she'd say, "do you really enjoy the taste of those things?"

No, he had to admit; no, he really didn't.

"Then why do you bother with them? Did you read the article in the paper this morning?"

Yes he had read it.

"Cancer, emphysema, heart trouble, chronic bronchitis . . . even peptic ulcers! And how many years have you been smoking?"

He had started cadging weeds behind the garage when he was in seventh grade.

"Sweetheart, don't you understand? You're the perfect target for any one of those terrible diseases? What would I do if I lost you?"

On this occasion he put her off with a compromise — he would sacrifice his old favorite, the sailor's cigarette, for one of the filter brands. Maybe later he would consider a pipe. Mimi let him off the hook for the time being, but he had to admit to himself that he was a little worried. It was not that he was afraid of dying, for he was an honest, if weak, man and knew that he had nothing to lose. But what if he should fall prey to a progressive, long-term illness. He was very much afraid of pain; he was very much afraid of the humiliation of physical weakness, so less easy to conceal than that of the spirit. It was not so bad to lose one's soul — that was the national condition — but to publicly lose one's body was the ultimate disgrace. He knew he would not have the guts for suicide.

And so he began to think about giving them up . . . but just to think about it.

It was at a Saturday night party at the boss's place on the Lido that he got his first shock. He had lured the young wife of one of the new men out onto the patio. Nothing would come of it, he knew. For one thing neither of them really had the slightest intention of *letting* anything come of it — they were equally terrified of entering the uncharted forest of an intimacy. For another thing, there was the company principle: NOTHING SHALL EVER COME OF ANYTHING. No, all he was really soliciting was a kiss — the taste of a new lipstick that would transform the evening out of the ordinary. The memory of it might do the same for Sunday morning, maybe even linger into the afternoon.

They kissed and drew apart and looked into each other's eyes . . . and he felt a bubble working its way up his windpipe. He coughed and clapped a hand over his lips and stumbled towards the garden hedge. Alone for a moment he brought up a great hunk of phlegm . . . and thought he tasted blood in it.

"Are you all right, Julie," the girl inquired when he returned.

"Oh sure," he said, squaring his shoulders to repair her image of him. "Guess I've just been smok-

ing a little too much lately."

And they kissed once more; then decided maturely they had better rejoin the party before they were missed.

A week later, while driving home from work, Julian lowered his eyes to light a cigarette and plowed into the fender of a car slowing for an intersection. Fortunately, no one in the car ahead was hurt, but the front of the VW crumpled like a sad accordion. Julian paid for it out of his pocket rather than to risk the loss of his insurance. In a moment of weakness, he confessed the details of the accident to his wife. "But Sweetheart," she cried, "how would you feel if you had killed a child!"

A few days later he almost killed four children. Went to bed and left a butt still burning. Which fell out of the ashtray and onto the couch. The only damage was to the couch, but, in their panic, he and Mimi had evacuated the children out onto the street (the neighbors in their windows) and called the firemen. This time Mimi said nothing; for a week she said nothing. On Sunday night, after the children had been packed off to bed, Julian called her into the living room to iron things out.

"Honey," he cajoled, "you haven't been speaking to me."

"I've been thinking."

"Do I have to give them up?"

"I've decided that you don't have the will power."

That hurt him. It was true, of course, but he hadn't realized she knew him so well. Swallowing his pride, he asked, "Then What?"

"I have a plan. You won't like it, but I'm convinced it's worth a try . . ."

"Go on."

"Smoke to your heart's content tonight, because as of tomorrow morning you smoke only as many cigarettes as you can borrow."

"For Christ's sake, sweetheart, I hate people who are always bumming cigarettes. You know that."

"That's why I think it might work. You don't have to give up smoking altogether and the few you can bring yourself to bum won't hurt you."

Julian relaxed back onto a corner of the couch and took a pack from his shirt pocket. "A bummer!" he sighed. "How I've always hated bummers!"

The next day went just as he knew Mimi must have suspected it would. For the morning he was able to put cigarettes out of his mind altogether. He got as much work done as he used to in a week. He was really proud of himself.

So proud, in fact, that by lunch he decided he deserved a treat. He went with the usual guys to the usual table in the cafeteria and looked around for someone to hit up. Believe it or not, he had never noticed before that Harry Jenkins smoked a pipe and Bill Wheeler cigars. It had never mattered before. Willie Marsden didn't smoke at all. Looking around him, in fact, he was surprised to find how few people were actually smoking. Had the notorious cancer report actually had some effect? Of the few people lighting up at nearby tables, all were either just a little too far above or beneath him in the corporate hierarchy.

What the hell, he told himself, I didn't really need

one anyway.

By five o'clock he was just about out of his mind. He hadn't gotten a thing done all afternoon. Shamelessly, he had asked Rose the secretary for a Newton and she had given him two of the vile menthols, looking at him as if to say, You know goddam well you can afford them better than I can. It would clearly be against the rules for him to buy a pack from her. The two smokes, cherished puff by puff, had only whetted his appetite.

Driving home, his hands were shaking on the wheel. An evening without nicotine lay ahead of him. Oh God, he thought, and pulled into the parking lot of the next cocktail lounge he came to.

The tables were crowded but there were only two customers at the bar. One of them was smoking a stogie. The bartender was busy fixing martinis for table service. Julian turned to the fortyish woman next to him and said, "Say, I know this sounds stupid, but why don't you loan me a cigarette and let me buy you a drink?" The face that turned to him was lined with severity:

"I don't smoke."

"Oh, I'm sorry . . ."

"Cigarettes are the work of the devil."

"Huh?"

"They are spread throughout this country by the Communists."

"Hey, really . . ."

"They deprive our men of their virility, our women of their . . ."

"Now listen . . ."

"You want a cigarette? You really want a cigarette?"

"Yes," said Julian, "Yes, I really do."

"Then follow me to this number," she said, and scribbled an address on a napkin. While he looked at it, she got up from the stool and headed for the door. Julian looked up long enough to decide that she had, as they say in *Virginia Woolf*, kept her body. The address was all the way up in Echo Park. Nah, he thought, and ordered another drink.

Two drinks later he left the bar and turned his VW back towards the freeway.

It was an old one-story house at the top of a very steep hill. A somewhat gothic willow obscured the porch. The woman met him at the door and ordered coldly, "Follow me!" Inside the bedroom, she said, "Take off your clothes; I'll be right back." And locked him in the room.

The next time the door opened there was silhouetted against the light a masked figure of black leather tights and a bare pointed bosom. In one hand she held a gun; in the other a whip. "Turn over," she said.

"What the . . ."

The woman raised the gun and Julian flipped over.

"The devil has possession of your body," said the woman, and Julian heard the knotted tip of the whip being drawn across the floor . . .

Strange to tell, when she let up long enough to ask him if he felt the devil going out of him, he told her, "Not yet; his claws are tearing at my bosom; heal me, please heal me . . ."

When he returned home, Mimi was sitting up in

bed. She took a look at him and cried, "Oh, honey . . ."

"I got drunk trying not to smoke," he said. "I was attacked by juvenile delinquents. I don't ever want you to speak of it."

"Sweetheart, let me get you a cigarette . . ."

"No," he said, "I'm determined to show you I can stick to it. Now go to sleep."

The next day he avoided the bar where he had met the woman and drove to another in Hermosa Beach. He was relieved to see that there was not a woman in the place. To Julian's delight, the fellow next to him did not even wait to be asked before proffering his pack of *Gauloises*. Fellow turned out to be very bright and witty — an artist. Julian's best friend at Cornell had been an artist. The guys at work were such bores that he couldn't remember the last time he had enjoyed a decent conversation. After a few drams of Courvoisier, Julian's new friend suggested they amble across the street to his studio, where Julian could tell him what he thought of his recent collages. Julian was very complimented. Why not, he mused; why the hell not . . .

Friday evening he stopped along the PCH to give a ride to a hitch-hiker, a hippie chick with hair like noodles, an epidemic of freckles, but not, as they say, unattractive in her own way.

"You smoke?" he asked.

The girl observed him sternly. "You the heat?"

"The what?"

The girl relaxed. "Hey, mon," she said, "why don't you loosen your tie a little?"

"Okay," he said, "but what about that cigarette?"

"Tell you what, mon," she said; "you give me a ride to Seal and I'll turn you on to some real fine shit."

Besides the fact that he didn't know what the hell she was talking about, Julian was appalled by her language. This younger generation — if he ever caught a daughter of his talking that way he'd wash her mouth out with a bar of Ivory. But it had been that kind of week. And he was dying for a cigarette, no matter how shitty it was. "Seal Beach" he said; "I guess I can take you that far . . ."

The party was a kick, couples making it four at a time on the double bed and everyone so happy. It sure beat the old Saturday night parties, as far as Julian was concerned. And the girl he had given the ride to turned out to be a very sweet person. He found himself wanting to be in love again. That was just before she offered to split a cap with him . . .

Two days later Julian arrived home.

"Where have you been?" cried Mimi. "I've been calling everywhere. I even called the police and . . ."

"The heat?" he laughed, a new edge as of emerald to his voice. "The heat are no doubt chasing their own tails as usual."

"Julian Escargot, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!"

"Just bumming around," he said.

"Oh Julian," she said, "let's go back to where we were. I'll never bother you about your cigarettes again."

"Cigarettes," he said; "hell, I've given them up."

MY LOVE AND FISH

I can say nothing to goldfish.
Their lack of mind goes straight up
And down for bottom or surface feeding;
And above and under their hunger, lights
Go on striking their skins.

Thus my love, too,
When her hair drifts through our evening;
She also feeds on green air,
And no matter how earnestly I speak
Of essential Atlantis or the power
Of me, a similar fire strikes the roof
Of her tongue, and strikes and strikes
Until my talk bubbles out.

They, my love and fish, have grown
Such skins so long, gold goes everywhere
In them; and without thinking, hardly
Breathing, they sing songs of the seas
Sinking and sinking about me.

— R. Pawlowski

TO AN OLD NEW YEAR

I used to watch him shimmy
up a grand great oak and Hallo
me down two hundred feet, still struggling

at the second branch. His right hand
pointed taut as a pointer's tail,
he picked off countless numbers

of Indians dead these one hundred-
thirty years, as they came over
the green grown hill, shouting, we

imagined, Geronimo, Geronimo,
the White man lives! It didn't matter
if Geronimo wasn't born yet,

we always put him to rest
under mounds of last year's leaves
and gave him a General's last rites,

our cap pistols firing into
the tawdry sun. I thought then,
that this boy was immortal or

at least as alive as any boy
could ever be — under July's
humid sapping heat forty

miles from the Mississippi.
I should have known that fat thinking
children like myself with adventure

in their minds but not in their hands or
feet escape into manhood.
I should have known that these too many

years later, he would still
be seven, that I would celebrate
beauty in speed of a boy crushed

under a frozen two-ton Ford —
a small force, a country boy
deciding for one more break that would

not break. I should have known that Blessed
are those who choose for themselves,
and who live to survive their choice.

— *Lloyd Goldman*

MONUMENT AT WAILATPU

Knowing Depravity from Calvin
old Marc Whitman must have died
smiling, as a jagged
Cayuse hatchet jellied his relentless
brain. One hundred years prove
he didn't smile
in vain. This happy valley reeks with
God's inexorable plan, his grace: here
Whitman came with
Calvin's god and small
pox malignantly in
hand; with Augustin's heart
burnt cork he smeared
alien stone
age souls, he
dipped their well
pocked bodies in this
valley's many waters — at Walla
Walla vestigial un
elected savages atoned grim
souled Swiss or
rare Babylonian
sins.

Waiilatpu, place of rye
grass, once ground for this
valley's native councils, now
it honors Whitman, his
mission and his kin.
His hilltop monument tapers
to the sky — a finger gesturing
abuse, enshrined, officiously
fenced in. Down the hill, across
a road, beyond the mission's old foundations
a rutted creek bed commends the
Walla Walla and Cayuse, drained long
since and dead.

— Peter Michelson

ON THE BANKS OF PHLEGETHON

"The city that so valiantly withstood the French, and raised a mountain of their dead, feels the Green Claws again."
— *Inferno*, Canto XXVII

DA NANG, South Vietnam, Nov. 30—(UPI)—A man-eating tiger prowling the area near the demilitarized zone attacked a U.S. Marine Wednesday night and pulled him out of his foxhole. The animal dragged him into a jungle stream 300 yards away.

it is Blake's tyger burning burning
bright in the forests
of the night I wish I may
I wish I might have the wish
I wish tonight the hunters had not said
"The beasts have learned to associate
gunfire with human carrion . . ."

and it is Bradbury's imagined tiger science-factualized
treating men as men do on a planet on the prowl
where hot-eyed newsmen howl, "Here there be tigers."

and children whose fathers played
cowboys and innocence
squabble over who's to go four-footed
and learn to growl

"The Marine lashed out wildly
at the tiger with his free hand
(we are giving a hand to free hands)
and finally succeeded in breaking
the jawhold (and something inside
broke too — I cannot die by tiger —
I'm from Maine) as man
and beast battled in the stream."

. . . round and round the tigers go
yellow and black, black and yellow
chasing Little Black Sambo . . .

the Public Information Officer says, "Many tigers
have become man-eaters
in Vietnam during 20 years of war."
He speaks calmly, our modern medicine man,
knowing our capacity to be calmed by fact.

moonlight can be defined
by the way it shines on a tiger's hide
but how do I define the darkness
out of which he comes

— Paul Anderson



STICKS AND STONES

1

This pencil moves on the page
White as a swan quill,
Making its music,
Playing its tunes
With no more sound than a swan
Makes moving
Over the rippling lake.

Three hundred years ago
Men wrote
With the feathers of birds
And courtly fingers
Picked Morley's airs
From the lute with plectra
Made from the feathers of birds.

2

This pencil, Venus 2,
This unwieldy timber you
Can start a fire with,
This shaving
That writes *tree*,
This small stick
That bears the name of a goddess
And can write *love*
As cleanly as a knife
Cuts the names of lovers
Into the bark of trees,
This light toy
That can form a word
Heavy as *stone*,
Leaves its marks on this
White paper with no more noise
Than a pebble
Thrown by two lovers
In late afternoon
Makes, sinking
Through the water
Of a lake, played on
By the shadow of trees.

3

The river in its narrows
 Moves on over the stones,
 Riffles, moves on over
 The stones, reflects the sun,
 Moves on, covering the stones
 Played on by the shadows of trees.

A fisherman's rod
 Moves through its arc, the fly
 Settles on the water,
 Drifts through the sun,
 Plays in the shadows of the trees,
 Moves on over the stones
 To the end of the line, jerks,
 Drifts, jerks.

The fisherman's blood
 Hums in its veins,
 Moves on over his bones.

4

The small-mouth bass
 Hovers over the pebbles
 In the moving water,
 Watching the fly jerk,
 Drift, jerk.
 Dappled, motionless
 As a stone, he waits
 On his hunger, and will rise
 For the fly in one
 Invisible swiftness,
 As the fisherman's need
 Rises silently to words
 Through the depths of his dreams.

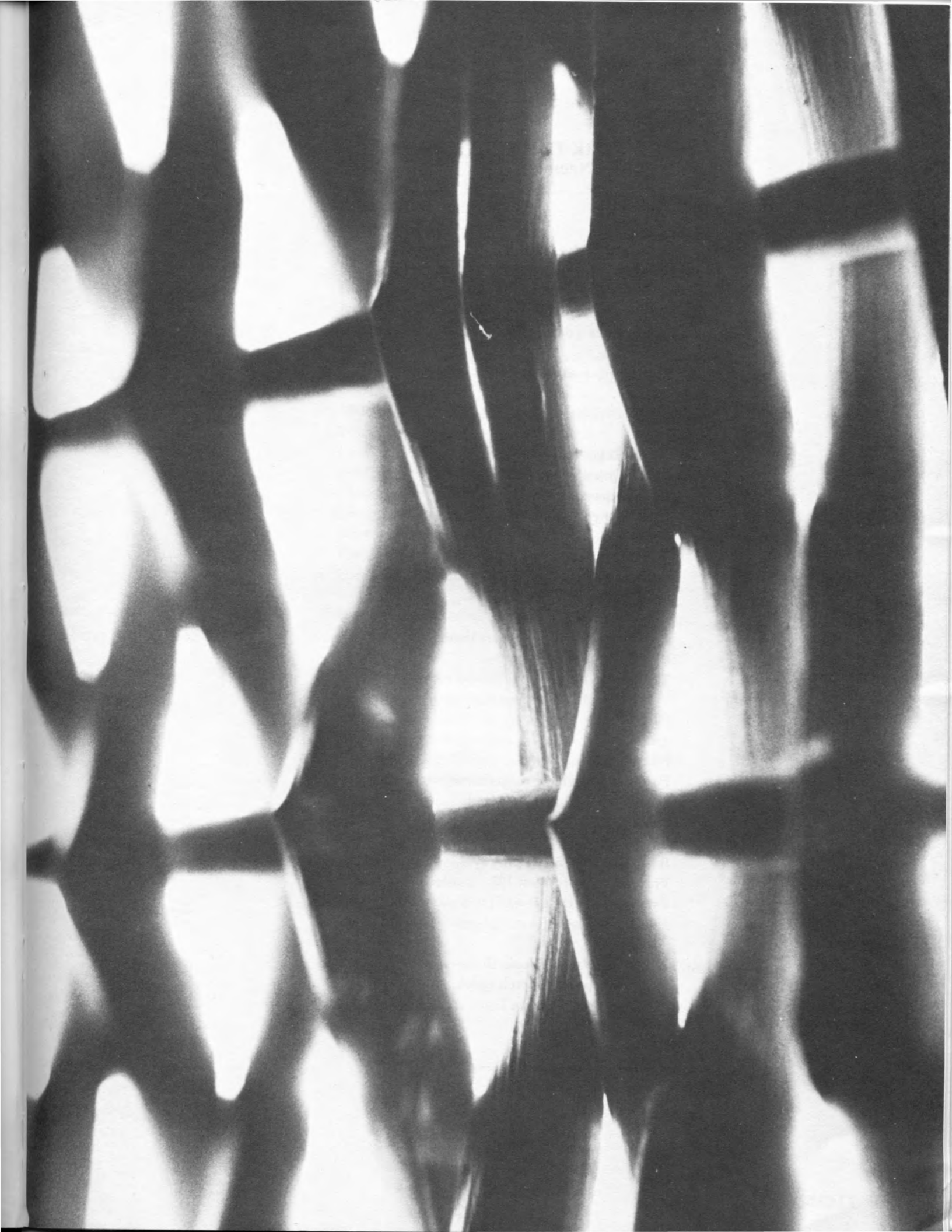
5

Scattered along the shore
 Among the stones
 Untouched by the lapping water
 The bones of birds
 Lie, bleached whiter
 Than this page, played on
 By the shadows of the trees.

6

Above the still lake water
 And the moving stream,
 Above their beds of stones,
 The wings of birds
 Make no more noise
 Than this pencil moving
 Across this page, leaving
 Its weight of words,
 Make no more noise
 Than the bass striking
 The fly, no more
 Than the fly drifting,
 Jerking, drifting, no
 More than the fisherman's need
 Rising through his sleep
 Leaving his dreams
 Through words that seem
 In their silence
 To fly under the sun,
 Nest in the shadows of trees.

— *Dabney Stuart*



NEW YORK THE NINE MILLION
for: Irene Neuman

I
Midnight.
Sleep until twelve.
Buy your paper now.
Sex is not to be had
For free or purchase.
Go home like a defeat from war
Masturbate,
It is the only sedative left: —
Take it . . .

II
One o'clock.
On west 8th and sixth, watch
The man pace, where
The curb wears into the gutter.
A woman will come, if he can
Keep the matches dry long enough: —
She comes a long way for, "A match, Buddy?"
O nail yourself to your sheets
O nail yourself face down
Kiss into whatever breasts are there
It is the only sedative left: —
Take it . . .

III
Two o'clock.
I start home.
For my wife I will be the sedative;
Second her motion to love, and
Sleep to revival time.

It is a long way through my eyes,
From West 8th to West 125.
Every voice in the subway
Has its own train.

Watch the man who looks in the mirror.
Watch him play the witch's trick.
Mirror, mirror, what am I?
Comb your hair,
Lick your lips,
It is the only sedative left: —
Take it . . .

IV

Morning.

To begin is holy.

Sunday is the idea of a sun splintered on pilgrims.

In Central Park the mind is not forced to cast a shadow.

Its religion is to relax.

That is its only sedative: —

V

Noon, and after;

About goodness, a final point must always be made.

With a week's blessing in heart

I walk up through my eyes from 65th to 125

See the buggied babies fighting the flies, while

Their nannies gorge themselves on chocolates, and

Thoughts of last night's love.

Brown nannies, white nannies

Push me up, push me down,

Pray all the grey-haired people

who peek in

Lose their frown.

VI

A man came from behind and spoke to me.

"For my ache, could you spare a nicotine?"

"Sorry, I don't smoke."

There is no pity in refusing.

I touched his hand; left a quarter there,

Enough to make his knee go supple as prayer,

It may have been his only sedative: —

I left him in the nineties, thinking

A confusion of thoughts:

rain: —

sundown: —

of pity and pain: —

That with Sunday's end the week has begun again.

— *Herbert Woodward Martin*

LOOKING FOR GRUNIONS

Poles, washtubs, nets, seines, gunny sacks
and a flashlight — as though we were afoot
to catch every creature in the Pacific —
we troop down, banging and chattering,
over the shell road, the dunes, to the beach
where the tide is touching its peak.
Someone steps on a broken shell, squeals,
and we dash into the water, weapons ready.

Soon I have tangled a seine around my own
feet. The full moon has eluded us in clouds;
the waves are empty, the tide recedes.
We, not the grunions, have been fooled;
they are not swarming on the beach, mating
with drunken disregard, as the almanacs
predicted; they are not even hiding

in the phosphorescent tongues that touch
our thighs; toes are insufficient bait.
Somewhere, the grunions hesitate, in dark
hollows beyond our nets, outwitting five
adults, four children, and the impelling
calendar. That they will not appear tomorrow
fried, on our table, with a mayonnaise

I can only applaud, grunions being most
excellent in their own element, adapted
to swift motion in the surf; but what
of their moon-pulled mating cycle, the sand
that is waiting for their summer eggs,
that impulse to come in, spawn, perhaps die?
Of love or of survival, I cannot say
whether they have chosen the better part.

— Catharine Savage

THE FURNITURE OF THE POEM

I'm driving my car back to you filled
with the furniture of this poem.
I have everything here,
even the school I screwed you behind.

In the glove compartment, what I
remembered of your hair. Right next to me,
your sweaters, a pack of cigarettes,
some lipstick. Look, in the ashtray,

your eyes. I've got your girdle stretched
over the steering wheel. Your earrings
dangle from the mirror. Thoughts of you
are everywhere. I'm really moving now.

I have your car in my trunk. I'm sitting
on your Father. Your Mother's in the
back seat looking for you. As I pull up
in front of your house, your bed crashes

off of the hood. The neighbors are coming.
I'm jumping out, see? Look, I have
your clothes. You're probably naked.
Don't be afraid, Here I am, Here I am!

— *Dennis Saleh*

EVERYWHERE THE DEAD

Everywhere the dead have been carefully disposed of.
Survivors lick their hands clean, dry them on their coats,
And huddle in fouled shelters scurrying for food.
They thirst, bright-eyed, and wait.

Some sleep, then abruptly wake, tired and aware,
As others clutch themselves and dream.
That in the outer darkness at the rim of light,
Great wings cock for their long clawed and radiant descent.

— *Wm. Pitt Root*

QUICKLY

Listen. The world is
Where women wash
And men rip trees
From the earth.
Believe that children
Play Arches one
Day & die the
Next. Things are
Lost in prostitution
And on subways
And in mother's
Arms know what
They are. Green
Grapes fall
As Men are stripped
And beaten as
Slaves . . . the gutters
Sing of pennies
And mould &
Fish bones but
There is a reason.
No clever answer
Will do.

He comes & He goes.
You do not matter.
You will be twisted
And broken if
You do not
Find someone

Quickly and love
Him — Homosexual
Whore, wife
Listen. The world
Is where women
Wash & men
Rip trees
Off the earth.

Listen
Quickly and
Love him!

— *Ruth Dawson*

PHOTOGRAPHS

One of my father; he stands
In hunting clothes in front
Of our house; two dogs
Nuzzle the fingers of
His outstretched hand;
Under his right arm
The shotgun that now is mine
Gleams in the sunlight -
I cannot tell if he leaves
Or if he is just returned.

° ° °

One of my mother, and blurred;
Sunday; the afternoon
Is smokey and overcast;
Standing beside the lake,
She balances on a rock
At the waterline, gazing out;
Someone is in a boat
Taking her picture; she
Is waiting for them to land.
The water . . . The shoreline . . .

° ° °

This one of me at six
At play in the back yard -
Marbles of some sort;
The ring is quite visible
In the August dust;
I have Ups, and am fudging;
Off to one side,
A group of three boys:
One is my brother and one
Is someone I do not know.

° ° °

I shut the album hard.
What good are these now?
They do not answer *What next?*
Or *What was I trying to prove?*
They do not explain us:
Such poses are unrecorded -
They lurk like money, just
Out of reach, shining
And unredeemed:
And we hold such poses forever.

— Charles Wright

SUPPER AT O'HENRY'S COUNTRY BAR-B-QUE

'They shot the lights out' Frycook says
Last night's brawl

on *High Chaparral* or
mankind?

As Ray Charles
weeps hosannas in his box

As bombs
blossom in psychedelic rows
on rail- and harbor-towns
men and women of America labor
in Los Alamos Alamogordo Las Vegas and LA
by vectors of egglight
wasting their eyes

Wet glass sticks
to the slick table simple needs
resist us We lose our minds
in a foreign tongue our best sperm
eaten by strangers

Drops of water drops of
grease love is heating its last raisins
in the bellies of men

and the stars are falling like snow
descending as fire on that other land

As Joan Baez says farewell
to Angelina

Fire also dies
it also dies when the food runs out love is
charcoal what is left afterwards
in black lumps

— Gene Frumkin

THE DOOR

There is a door
made of faces
faces snakes and green moss

which to enter is
death or perhaps
life which to touch is

to sense beyond the
figures carved in
shades of flesh and emerald

the inhabitant at home
in his dark
rooms his hours shadowed or

lamptouched and that door
must not be
attempted the moss disturbed nor

the coiling lichen approached
because once opened
the visitor must remain in

that place among the
inhabitant's couches and
violets must be that man

in his house cohabiting
with the dark
wife her daughter or both.

— *Lewis Turco*

INTRUSIONS OF THE SEA

From books and campuses I grew
to learn the strategy of sharks.
I'm of the generation schooled
for peace, then trained to murder
Abel after Abel trained
to murder me.

Who cares?

Who stops to prophesy?

Isaiah

died a different law
ago.

Ezekiel is just
a name.

Dead Jeremiah will not
rise.

Nations behave like
bourgeois wives with nothing
else to do but wait to be
offended.

That's the hell
of it.

No matter where I am,
the picture sickens me.

I wake
to walk it off . . .

In 1953
I woke to walk these same
fishmarket streets.

Korea
in a headline tossed and tumbleweeded
down the Mason-Dixon docks
toward the bay.

I'd seen
my share of starched monotones
of khaki.

I'd learned how rank
and uniforms could shrink
their wearers.

"Bodies to count
and boss," a one-eyed captain
told me, "That's all an army
means."

His missing eye
kept weeping as he spoke.
The other zeroed in serenely
on my target-face and froze
it in the gunsight of his mind . . .
Tonight he leans across the years,
his hunter's squint still
sniping from the turret
of his skull.

I'd like to say,
"Old salt, old gunner, what's
become of you?"

Who wears
the cap you crested like a fin
to cleave the wind?

Remember
me?

I'm one among the ditto
looies you prepared for glory . . ."
My only listeners are barrels
brimmed with shrimp.

Beside
a capstan splotched with pigeon
lime and barnacles of gum,
I stop where land stops.

The sea
sails level to the sky.
But underneath that calm, what
wars, what counterparts?

Silent
in sharkwater, the nearly blind
and brainless killers scavenge
for blood and targets.

Nothing
diverts them.

They've stayed
the same since God.

They breed
their own majorities.

They last.

— Samuel Hazo

FLIGHT 70

At thirty thousand feet the air
and the comedy run thin. The Texan's bravura
washes the cabin like ammonia.

A scrim of frozen clouds
separates us from the wounds of Appalachia;
but Our Hero, his ego wounded afresh
by that shot still echoing through his western world,
roars like a Lion at his own unwitting feast.

White cloud explodes across the wings as we
plough in to find a hole to Kennedy.
Under the dark water, darker images:
clouds? reefs? or schools of creatures like
ourselves? We grind against the air.
Put up or shut up, says the hush
which falls now.

The holiday
is suddenly over. Up there, where our lives
spun on a silver thread of disbelief,
all that depended on our presence had to wait.
Wine worked, potatoes sprouted in dark places,
moths blinked as buttons fell from last year's suit,
and our hands were tied.

In Manhattan
the Shubert is real, though its folded fantasy
is stored in Props. Somewhere in the city
the Texan is sweating over a deal gone wrong.

I lie in a dark room wanting to go back.

— Edsel Ford

GREAT NORTHERN

1
What is it about a GREAT NORTHERN boxcar
standing on a cold siding in West Chicago
that fills me with such a nameless joy?

2
Wave, boy, that's the WINNIPEG LIMITED!

3
Inarticulate, lacking paper words,
I celebrate the railroads in my blood.

4
Through the snowfields of central Minnesota
the EMPIRE BUILDER plunges into the night
and I shake by the thundering tracks,
crying hoarsely: love love love.

— Dave Etter

WINDFALL

Because it was there, tasting the wet morning,
hearing the air with its tongue; because it coiled
to a half-cone of rope, and tasted, and listened;
because it was there, and I was harvesting:

I hoed off its head at break of morning,
draped its body over a branch of flowering dogwood,
but the whip still moved, jerked and swayed
like a vine in the scented breezes of evening.

Another pink, dim blossom, but long-lived,
the flesh stump of its curved neck swung
(as though its eyes still held it on a string)
and wouldn't stop. It wouldn't stop. *It would:*

I found its staring head, and stamped, and heeled.
I didn't know why I did it, but I did.
Then the wind died, fell from the tree, but laden
with none of the promised, eventual fruit of Eden.

— William Heyen

THE GEYSER-FOUNTAIN (Town Hall, Vienna)

This fountain recirculates
Fulfilled in flowers of foam
Filtered between the rocks
And down again through pipes
To spurt forth higher than flesh can point
Than seeds can fly

The wind rips the veil
The bride is torn
Petals spill into the sun
While the birds in our blood take wing
Fly higher than the fountain's dawn
Deflowering, circling

Slitting the sun

— Larry Rubin

Reviews

Books

Venceremos! The Speeches and Writings of Ernesto Che Guevara, edited, annotated, and with an introduction by John Gerassi, Macmillan, \$7.95.

Ernesto Che Guevara was a man of total commitment — ideologically, physically and intellectually. Each of the selections chosen by John Gerassi for *Venceremos!* is full of statements, both verbal and written, by Guevara that his entire being was concerned with socializing all countries for the good of the greatest number. The progression of pronouncements as to the need, desirability and inevitability of revolution may seem heavy-handed to the reader, but it serves to accentuate the single-mindedness of the Argentine doctor-revolutionary.

Gerassi has chosen an interesting group of speeches and writings. Not all are brilliant or bad, but each in its own way pounds home its message.

The chronological arrangement shows the historical development of the Cuban revolution. I know much more now about the Cuban political foment than I did before I read this book. Although Mr. Gerassi implies that the collective effort and spirit which went into the book and is its *raison d'être* will not be understood by anyone over forty, the book will nevertheless help soften the intellectual ossification of the over-forty uncommitted.

"Song to Fidel" is the weakest piece in *Venceremos!* Verse it may be; poetry — at least as translated — it is not. It lacks the power that shows up in some of Che's speeches and articles.

The accounts of the various skirmishes and battles engaged in by the revolutionary forces are well-handled. They have an immediate, intimate and personal touch: "Comrade Montana and I were leaning against a tree, eating our meager rations — half a sausage and two crackers — when a rifle shot broke the stillness. Immediately a hail of bullets — at least this is the way it looked to us, this being our baptism of fire — descended upon our eighty-two-man troop." "The Revolutionary War" chapter is full of tales of bravery, cowardice and treason.

Che Guevara's knowledge of economics, industry, finance and commerce, as well as revolutionary activity, is well-established. In "On Development" Guevara said in 1960 that "the main task of the revolutionary government is not to industrialize for the mere sake of industrialization, but rather because industrialization means a better standard of living to everyone." "On Economic Planning in Cuba" sets forth the Cuban plans to reform. One of the first steps to be taken was to substitute Cuban products for imports wherever possible. Cuban technicians were scarce, so technical personnel had to be brought in from the Communist countries until the day Cubans could be educated in these various fields.

The thread of disgust for imperialists, war-mongers, Wall Street, United Fruit Company, and, above all, the United States runs throughout all of Che's utterances. Obviously the United States has missed the boat by not being realistic in dealing with Castro and Che's Cuba. No one can say that Che was not practical in his elemental approach to the early problems of freeing Cuba. It is

also impossible not to admire his thorough knowledge and manipulation of economics, industry and commerce in building what should eventually become a solid contributing member of the international community.

"On Revolutionary Medicine" treats the relationship of a doctor's responsibility to his profession as juxtaposed to that of his fulfillment as a revolutionary soldier. This 1960 speech clearly and unequivocally stated that the doctor should always be a doctor — obviously at various levels, ministering to the needs of the individual and to society as a whole.

Venceremos! "We can make it!" Che made it by being honest to his own ideals and living his life in just that way — this perhaps being the greatest appeal he has for young people today.

Reviewed by James Ross Kibbee

Portrait of Yahweh as a Young God, by Greta Wels-Schon, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 125 pp., \$4.95.

I think it was Pascal who said that the God of the philosophers is not the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. This is unquestionably true. The God of Plato and Aristotle is a logical construct, the "Idea of the Good" or the "First Cause" that sustains in equilibrium all that is. Yahweh, the God of Biblical religion, is, on the other hand, a distinct Personality with very strong likes and dislikes. If you believe that He exists, it is impossible to ignore Him as you can the God of the philosophers. The medieval philosophers of Islam, Judaism and Christianity attempted a synthesis of the God of the Bible with the God of rarified speculation, but the union has always been a tenuous one. The philosopher finds Yahweh too gauche and unpredictable, while the religionist who is not philosophically inclined finds the First Cause emotionally unsatisfying.

Greta Wels-Schon has come out four-square on the side of Yahweh. Her short excursus into religious thought is sub-titled, "How to get along with a God you don't necessarily like but can't help loving." Miss Wels-Schon was born in Germany in 1897 and, before the advent of the Nazis, wrote for several German and Swiss magazines. Now she lives in Mallorca, and it is the sunny, sexy topography, climate and culture of the Mediterranean to which she attributes her love affair with Yahweh, Jews and Americans. "As I am not an American," the author writes, "I can with detachment enjoy watching the rest of the world sneering in loud derision at America and her way of life, and coveting and copying her as best it can. Copying her, asking for and receiving her aid, and remaining anti-American all the same, whether ally or foe. And the parallel to anti-Semitism is obvious. For thousands of years the world has borrowed ideologies of Semitic origin, and remained anti-Semitic all the time."

Miss Wels-Schon utilizes some of the latest works of biblical archaeology in her discussion of Yahweh's early years. She does not claim to be a Hebrew scholar, and on the whole her work cannot be faulted on scholarly grounds. The one major exception is in her discussion of the names "Baal" and "El." She states that

"Baal" means "Lord with a capital L," when in reality it is a common noun meaning "husband," "owner," "master," impressed into service as the proper name of the Canaanite deity. In like manner she is wrong when she says that "el," the Hebrew for "god," is a purely generic term and carries no more weight than "sir." In actuality, "el" can have this generic significance, but is also serves as the proper name of the supreme god of Canaan, Baal's father. When the Second Isaiah has Yahweh say, "You are my witnesses and I am El," he surely had in mind this latter use. The author is also mistaken when she opines that the name "Yahweh" was not pronounced in the period of the prophets. The pious substitution of "Yahweh" by "Adonai" (the Lord) in the reading of the Scriptures does not appear until the post-exilic period in Judaism.

The image that most often comes into the mind of most of us when we think about God is that of "Father." Miss Wels-Schon is correct to emphasize that, in the Old Testament, the most frequent image for God is "Husband." Israel is the bride of Yahweh; the covenant between them is the covenant of the marriage bond. He was attracted to her in the wilderness and took her as His most precious possession. Though she forsook Him to go after other lovers from time to time, and though He punished her severely from time to time for her unfaithfulness, the Bible is nonetheless basically the story of God's reconciliation with His bride, for theirs is a marriage that can never be annulled.

Our author seems to have absorbed a characteristically Jewish attitude toward the affirmation of life (though she is not Jewish herself and never once quotes any post-biblical Jewish authorities). This is apparent in her emphasis on the marriage bond between Yahweh and Israel (Judaism unlike Christianity regards marriage as the only natural and the most blessed state possible for both man and woman, and perhaps for both god and people as well). It is also apparent in her observation that, while the New Testament teaches us to "die for a cause," the Old Testament teaches us to "live for a cause, to cleave to a cause in spite of everything. I am on the side of life, and wish some Jew would teach us at last how to inhabit this planet properly instead of aiming at the moon. But why a Jew? Because for a convincingly long time we have given obvious preference to Jewish ideologies, including anti-Semitism." The Bible is probably the most eloquent anti-Semitic document in history, for "in principle the prophets do not differ from other theologians: to exalt God, Man must be put in the wrong."

When philosophers treat the Scriptures they traditionally seek to soften the anthropomorphisms with which it abounds. Miss Wels-Schon adopts, as we might expect, a contrary approach. To her, Yahweh is meaningful because He is "Megalo-Anthropos, MAN writ large, as correctly reasoned, he is bound to be if MAN is his image. Like his images he cannot live without love." She continues,

Far too primitive for "abstract reasoning," I have failed to come to any *modus vivendi* with the Ultimate Reality, but end as I began with an image of God that is necessarily anthropomorphic. What I heard as a child about God struck me as uncannily "familiar" in terms of my thundering father, whom I suspected to be omniscient and who frightened me. And when I now, towards the end of my life and in pursuit of the Pillars of Hercules, withdrew into my own wilderness to read the Old Testament, I encountered in it the autobiography of God, whose images we are. And in the pathos of Yahweh and his immense loneliness, never mentioned to me by theologians, I found again an only too familiar human situation: our loneliness, our quest for love, and the endless and painful process of maturing and enduring.

This is an interesting book, one which resurrects the pagan milieu in which Yahweh grew up. (The author has some nice things to say about the pagan deities too.) But whether the author is really telling us anything useful for our contemporary spiritual life is questionable. Her Yahweh is a lustier and more exciting deity than the God of the philosophers, but is He essentially more true? To speak of God as Megalo-Anthropos seems to me to deny the whole thrust of human culture since Galileo and Copernicus, which teaches us that the earth is not the center of the solar system, no matter how strongly we might want it to be, and that nature does not exist solely to serve Man and his needs, no matter

how strongly we might want to think it does. The philosophers in the final analysis are right in synthesizing Yahweh of the Bible with the First Cause of Greek speculative thought. As a result we are intellectually all Hellenes, though emotionally many if not all of us are Hebrews. This phenomenon has contributed to the enduring strength of the great Western religions. Intellect cannot be sacrificed to emotion, and emotion cannot be sacrificed to intellect. The whole man, or woman, needs both, and it is to the whole man that religion must minister.

Reviewed by Roy A. Rosenberg

Government and Revolution in Vietnam, by Dennis J. Duncanson. Oxford, xiv, 442 pp., \$9.50.

Government and Revolution in Vietnam offers a plea for rational understanding rather than continued ignitable publicity, a lament for compassion rather than the bigoted non-dimensional idealism that characterizes all of the participants in the Vietnamese War. According to Duncanson, the problem of Vietnam pivots on the inability of successive regimes to maintain a stable government — a government capable of withstanding the forces of revolution, yet aware of the tides of change which threaten to engulf twentieth-century Asia. Further, the smaller nations of Asia are buffeted between xenophobia, a natural inheritance from their recent colonial experiences, and the choice of a powerful ally, a political necessity. Civil strife and the Cold War form unbreakable links in the chain of events leading to an administrative or revolutionary tragedy like Vietnam.

Duncanson's well-balanced study, formulated almost completely in Vietnam, includes sections on the Chinese and French heritages, the struggles of Ho Chi Minh and Ngo Dinh Diem, American intervention, and the "Failure of Nationhood." The Chinese heritage is the most obvious in a geographical sense and the most perplexing psychologically. The physical preponderance of China overshadows Vietnam; yet Vietnam could never consider itself a dependency of China. Despite a brief historical presentation of the bi-national relationship, Duncanson, perhaps like the Vietnamese themselves, is never sure of exactly what constitutes the Sino-Vietnamese attachment but is certain of what does not, i.e., a dependency on China.

"The Legacy of France" serves as an excellent introduction to one of the central figures of the book, Ngo Dinh Diem. Duncanson faults the French, and to a lesser degree the Chinese as well, for their deviation from empiricism in colonial administration and consequent discouragement of a practical approach to the responsibilities of government. The author especially indicates the failure of France, more concerned with Catholicism and its *mission civilisatrice*, to provide adequate colonial government on the local level. The Vietnamese peasant seems to have lacked any agency for ultimate protection or relief from the abuses of the local lord. From such a weak administrative framework, and as its product, emerges the government of Diem. Duncanson seems inclined to attack Diem, somewhat unjustly, for every difficulty in Vietnam from the absence of an adequate land reform program to an error in providing too little government rather than too much. He does condescendingly conclude, however, that "the true lesson of the Diem-Nhu regime must surely be less the personal wickedness of the two brothers as politicians than the general futility of stabbing at major problems one by one from a viewpoint bounded by the horizon of some immediate crisis."

Duncanson views American intervention as "altruistic," although founded on the strategic interests of democracy and the weak proposition that the Vietnamese peasant would undoubtedly select the material comforts inevitably ensconced in republican ideology.

In conclusion, Duncanson proffers several of the dilemmas in future peacemaking. Simultaneous military fighting and the Paris negotiations seem to offer at best a cynical attempt at peace. As Duncanson implies, the employment of military victory as a propaganda weapon diminishes the possibility of ultimate solution.

Government and Revolution in Vietnam presents the multifaceted problem of Vietnam ably and objectively with the possible exception of the author's treatment of Diem. The volume is well-researched, despite a heavy reliance on Western sources, and will serve as a good introductory volume to Vietnam.

Reviewed by Charles Pahl

Among the illusions cherished by and propagated among the American people, none is more deep-rooted than the myth that the country is a democracy with a free-enterprise economy. Professor Lundberg explodes this fantasy by showing that America is a plutocracy where the wealthy rule and where free enterprise is dead. One-fourth of the population subsists near or below the poverty line (\$3,000 a year for a family of four). No more than ten percent own any significant property. Massive evidence proves that the vast wealth of America is concentrated heavily in the hands of about one-half of one percent, who own personal assets of 75 to 700 billions of dollars and control huge corporations whose worth is defined in billions of dollars. Most of these super-rich are inheritors — families like the DuPonts, Rockefellers, Fords, Mellons — so that we have in America what Americans despised about Europe: an entrenched hereditary oligarchy, a society where the few rule the many for the benefit of the few. The overriding purpose of the wealthy, operating through the corporate structure, trusts and foundations, is to hold and increase their wealth. Such giant corporations as General Motors and Standard Oil continue to increase in size and power, killing off competition. Many companies hold large blocs of stock (and thus control) in still other corporations, creating a tight network of financial dominance of the economy. For every successful business enterprise, there are hundreds of thousands of failures, for unlike Biblical times, David cannot compete with Goliath when it's named U.S. Steel or B.F. Goodrich.

Another myth exposed by Lundberg is that of middle class prosperity, which is more apparent than real, for it is mostly dependent on the super-corporations. Although a man may own a house, a car, appliances, this is not the kind of property that confers power or security. Loss of his job or prolonged illness would destroy him financially. Ironically, from this subservient middle class comes the most fervent support for the present structure: any threat to the status quo is a threat to those who hold a stake in it, however tiny. A man who has one hundred shares of Alcoa stock will ferociously fight any threat to the system, even though the Mellons own seven million shares. In this way "a horde of (small) stock holding allies" help sustain the power at the top. Foundation grants are another method of minimizing criticism from a more perceptive source, the intelligentsia. Foundations wear the mask of philanthropy, but are set up to avoid payment of taxes and as a variant method of controlling corporations: their grants for scientific and technical research result in discoveries marketable by the corporations, and no creative thinker working on a foundation grant will dare criticize the source of his subsidy. This highly talented group thus become apologists for the system, or at least are kept within establishment-prescribed limits. So from many sides swells the chorus praising the beauties of "the American way." In fact, all these groups are powerless, politically and economically, and the system works not for their benefit, but for the privileged few.

Lundberg illuminates the subtle and often secret relationship between the super-rich and government. "The masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers," wrote Woodrow Wilson, and this is even more true today. A President may make war or peace, but Rockefeller oil runs the machine either way. There is sporadic friction between Crown and Baronage (recall John Kennedy's attempts to hold down steel prices), but in essence the plutocracy determines society's direction and quality. America's political involvements all over the globe are connected with the insatiable corporate drive for raw materials and markets, and the banner of "anti-Communism" is waved in order that the military-industrial complex may prosper. Bluntly, the American system values profits above human life, health, intelligence or well-being. Rampant crime, poverty, polluted air, rotting cities and a thousand other crying abuses testify that government is brutally ignoring public needs. The collusion between the wealthy and government is most evident in the tax structure, that "chamber of horrors" which allows many millionaires to escape *all* taxes. The burden is borne by the average worker who pays 16% or more of his income in federal taxes, and who indirectly pays corporate taxes in the form of raised prices. The tax structure, designed to benefit the wealthy, has been perpetrated by an establishment clique in Congress (who themselves are guilty of widespread conflict-of-interest). Yet the super-ruler-rich can be remarkably short-sight-

ed: to a man they detested and fought Franklin Roosevelt, who snatched the economy from disaster and salvaged it for them, making possible their renewed compulsive pursuit of even vaster wealth.

Ultimately it is the public who suffers. Lundberg does not go so far as to equate wealth with criminality, but he does point out that "business crime" (fraud in sales and advertising, illegal labor practices, trust and monopoly violations, bribery, dilution of products, padded expense accounts, price fixing, use of sub-standard materials, adulteration of food and drugs, etc.) is the rule not the exception, and seldom or lightly penalized. Corporation criminals are eminently "respectable" men, although they undermine the very foundations of law and government, having already destroyed free enterprise.

The Rich and the Super Rich is a thundering indictment of all segments of American society, for Lundberg accuses the electorate of being too ignorant, gullible and apathetic either to understand what is happening to them or to resent it. They are, of course, powerless to change it. No Marxist or socialist, he does not condemn capitalism nor the American governmental structure, only their abuse by "pecuniary anarchists." He suggests a few reforms, but these seem half-hearted attempts at patchwork on a system he admits is too far gone to save. The book might possibly have been better edited, as the last several chapters are repetitious and slightly peevish, with little additional information or insight. Nevertheless, those seriously interested in the question "who runs America and how?" and iron-minded enough to face the answers, cannot afford to neglect this book (if they can afford to buy it).

Reviewed by Margaret Vanderhaar

Look Out Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama, by Julius Lester, Dial, 153 pp., \$3.95.

In this iconoclastic little book that will undoubtedly shock and frighten white America, Julius Lester, a spokesman for the militant faction of Black Power and Nationalism, indicates the need to humanize America, to build America into a future City of Justice and Equality. Black Americans, especially the young militants, have finally seen through the soothing promises, the political hypocrisy, and the hoaxes of the privileged class. Still, one ought to be amused at the futile but rebellious humor that arises from Lester's awareness of the whites' claim to divine right. He rejects that claim and refers to Jack Kennedy as the "Monarch," and to "Bobby the K," and to LBJ as "President Lyndon Cracker Baines Johnson" or more simply as "Ol' Big Ears." White Liberals who believe in the divine right of white politicians will not find Lester's remarks humorous, of course, but Lester is doing no more than inverting the values and the order of the white world, the world in which the red neck is able to reduce the black man to the level of property by reminding him that he is a nigger. White Liberals will frown and Southern Congressmen will cry "Treason," when Lester refers to America as a "garbage dump," but the remark should come as no great surprise. Lady Bird has been implying that all along in her campaign to make America beautiful.

But the book is marred by the force of Lester's racial paranoia. For instance, he comments that a "white man does not have to drive a Cadillac to be considered a man, a human being. His worth as a human being is established in the whiteness of his skin." Black people may well believe this to be the case, but the remark only indicates a lack of real knowledge of white America. The multitude of status symbols is indicative of white America's need for assurances.

The issues with which Lester is dealing are immeasurably more complex than he shows he understands. For instance, he knows the kings of money and power — the privileged class — in this country are white and that they are businessmen, hard, calculating, and ruthless. On the one hand, he sees each businessman as the man with the whip, including the shopkeeper who is a slave to nickels and dimes. On the other hand, he sees every white as the man with the whip. But he cannot have it both ways. Either the privileged class (whose whiteness is accidental to their particular situation) is responsible and must pay for the humiliation and degradation of human beings, or it is every white man (primarily because he is white) who is responsible and must pay. While some whites are an essential structural unit of society, and some

of these are content with a vision of the future that is identical with the past, all whites are not responsible for the present situation. There are some who, like the black people, are aware that the jungle of rights and duties of white idealism leaves their existence unjustified. They are born by chance and make no claim to divine right. Lester involves himself in metaphysical assumptions that a child would find ludicrous. "It is clearly written that the victim must become the executioner. The executioner preordains it when all attempts to stop the continual executions fail." What Lester does not realize is that the executions have not begun. One only wishes the black militants would read André Prudhommeaux's *The Tragedy of Spartacus*. Spartacus, a rebel slave, crucified a single Roman citizen to show his army of seventy thousand rebellious slaves what would happen to them if they lost the last battle. In revenge, Crassus, the commander of the Roman legions, crucified six thousand of the rebellious slaves after he won that battle. Lester's faith in the justice of this world is naive.

Lester fails to provide any form of a program, other than the exclusion of whites, for the future City of Justice and Equality. This failure is common among many members of the Movement, and results from the American dream and its faith in the common man. White Anglo-Saxon England's bourgeoisie had a similar faith in the myth of the noble yeoman. Lester cites Prathia Hall Wynn who remarks that the "people are our teachers. People who have struggled to support themselves and large families, people who have survived in Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi, have learned some things we need to know. There is a fantastic poetry in the lives of the people who have survived with strength and nobility." Lester does not explain what Wynn learned. Where lucidity is absolutely necessary, he cites meaningless jewels of idealism. There is also a certain snobishness involved in Lester's pose. He remarks that white civil rights workers, "no matter how well-meaning, could not relate to the black community. Many white civil rights workers found that it was difficult to get people in the black community not to address them as Mr., Miss, or sir. It was something bred in the southern black man and the political effectiveness of whites was limited." Lester's disdain for the southern black man is marked and clear.

Lester, however, falls into more serious errors. He comments that the black people "had an experience which it was practically impossible for a white to have, because black people exist separately in America, while having to deal with America. A black knows two worlds, where the white only knows one." Lester implicitly rejects man's ability or capacity to communicate experiences. He rejects the multitude of worlds and experiences in which every man must live: the world of self, family, friends, society, religion, politics, business, and finally the world of poetry and the imagination. Yet, he seems well aware that the black man does not know two worlds. "We exist," he says, "in two cultural worlds and in two different societies at the same time, without being totally a part of either." If an individual is not totally a part of either world, then it is impossible for him to know either world except superficially, since, according to Lester, man is unable to communicate his experiences. Thus, Black Power is an attempt to create a new world for the black man from the future ashes of the white world that rejected him. In a word, Lester very clearly indicates that the black people do not have a world — or that the world they know is the meaningless world of the Absurd, humiliating, degrading, and sterile. This seems to be why Lester insists that "it is absolutely necessary for blacks to identify as blacks to win liberation," while "it is not necessary for whites." He sees a black world whose values will give dignity to black men as men; but this future world cannot be built without destroying the old one. "White radicals must learn to nonidentify as white ... (because) white is a condition of the mind: a condition that will be destroyed." The white world is a threat because it negates the black world.

Lester links Black Power to the Third World, to "what is transpiring in Latin America, Asia, and Africa. People are reclaiming their lives on those three continents and blacks in America are reclaiming theirs ... They are colonial people outside the United States; blacks are a colonial people within. Thus, we have a common enemy." He sees the black people playing the key role in the process of building the future City of Justice and Equality in America, but he goes on to say, "It is clear that America as it now exists must be destroyed. There is no other solution. It is impossible to live within this country and not become a thief or a murderer." When he rules out any non-violent solution to the problem of oppression — and there may well be none — he accepts

the very principles he professes in the name of humanity to reject: violent rebellion must include theft and murder.

Lester points out that the "black middle class ... know that because they are black, they are dispensable ... Thus, it is not surprising to find that some of the most militant blacks today are from the middle class." Thus, the black militants, ironically enough, are not revolutionaries, but bourgeois rebels who are rebelling because "they are dispensable." In "Materialism and Revolution" Sartre points out that "we cannot call the feudal colonial nationalists or the American Negroes revolutionaries," and that the revolutionary "is necessarily a worker and one of the oppressed, and it is as a worker that he is oppressed," and finally that the revolutionary is a worker who is "both an oppressed person and the keystone of the society which oppresses him." The Black Rebellion is essentially a bourgeois rebellion which is aimed at the black man getting his share of the profits — despite what Lester would have whites believe. That it is a bourgeois rebellion accounts for the black militants' insistence that they too are human beings with dignity. If Lester were revolutionary he would understand that dignity, like divine right, is another way for bourgeois idealism to maintain the *status quo* by allowing the individual to keep up appearances. Dignity makes the individual feel important, and prevents him from breaking through the walls of conformity.

Lester recognizes the existence of white hatred, but fails to make the distinction between a restrained hatred and the boiling hatred of a frenzied and frightened death machine. Even if twenty million black people were able to unite with the solidarity necessary for a rebel army to succeed, this unification would also succeed in forging one hundred eighty million whites into a machine that would make the Nazi ovens look like the stove in his mama's kitchen, and would give the privileged class, and its government, an excuse for wholesale slaughter. It is impossible for the black man to succeed in a violent rebellion because of his color. Every black, militant or Uncle Tom, killed would be written off as a rebel. A historical example of this tactic is Vietnam where the dead are classified as Viet Cong or suspected Viet Cong. The threat of violent rebellion is at the moment more effective than a violent rebellion itself. Yet, there are limits, and the patience of twenty million blacks is wearing thin.

Lester's book — its style is brilliant — should be read because it is certainly the barometer of the black man's frustration with the white community's indifference, an indifference that reduces him to the level of a *thing*. Good intentions are not enough to lighten the weight of the yoke of the oppressed and humiliated black man, and meaningless gestures can only produce a fierce indignation toward meaningful gestures, and ultimately an indifference that will lead to a series of holocausts, black and white. And it won't make any difference to the black militant. It will be worth it.

Reviewed by John Joerg

The Violent Friend: The Story of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, by Margaret Mackay, Doubleday, 566 pp., \$8.95.

Margaret Mackay's scholarly-but-readable biography of Fanny Vandegrift Osbourne Stevenson is a fine chiaroscuro portrait of the controversial *femme fatale* who, throughout her fourteen-year marriage to Robert Louis Stevenson, acted the part of the troublesome helpmeet and who, for the twenty years following her husband's death, was sustained by the legend she had helped to create.

Mrs. Mackay sees Fanny Stevenson as the fatal woman in Stevenson's life: the paradoxical preserver-destroyer without whom the romantic writer could not have lived. Ten years older than Stevenson, Fanny seems to have had a magnetic attraction for the adventurous young Scotsman when they met in France in 1876 — an attraction great enough to cause him to follow her across the Atlantic and the American desert to California, where they were married as soon as she could divorce Samuel Osbourne. During their nearly eighteen years together, more in sickness than in health, Fanny proved to have as insatiable a thirst for novelty as did her husband. The story of their wanderings on land and sea follows the same chronology given in any good Stevenson biography; but Mrs. Mackay paints nearly every adventure with Fanny in the center of the picture. Her many roles and, indeed, her many moods, ranging from viciousness to generosity, prompted

Stevenson to call her his "tiger and tiger lily" as well as a "violent friend." After Stevenson's death in 1894, she emerged as matriarch of the Stevenson literary empire, influencing publication of biographies and editions of his works. Her daughter-in-law reported that Fanny remained "much of a siren" even in her advanced years. She was "very vain and loved always the attentions of young men and was not happy without someone in her grasp." To her grandson, who also knew her in old age, she seemed "the Chief of us all, the Ruling Power." Her death in 1914 marked for him, as for others, the passing of an era.

Although *The Violent Friend* is rich in facts and details (albeit unfootnoted in traditional scholarly manner), and although it includes a 129-item bibliography, the reader finds the biographer using the novelist's prerogative to treat her subject imaginatively. Often the effect is to poeticize the prosaic, as when Fanny and her children are said to return to Paris from Grez "in the silver-gilt light that hovers over its pale mansard façades and coppery chestnut avenues in October." Such passages, the reader discovers, stimulate his metaphysical speculation about the difference between fictional biography and biographical fiction.

Stylistic extravagances notwithstanding, Margaret Mackay has delved incisively and compassionately into the life of the American woman who stood behind, and often beside, her more famous husband. The creative urge, argues Mrs. Mackay, seems to have been the greatest single force in Fanny Stevenson's life, providing both her deepest satisfactions and her keenest sorrows. The dualism of Fanny's personality suggested in the title of this study is later dramatized by the biographer. She feels Fanny was "the embodiment of a female Jekyll and Hyde. His [Stevenson's] success emphasized her own failure as a creative artist. Her coin of love-hate had admiration on one side, subconscious envy on the other." As a matter of fact, jealousy, along with her frustrated drive for self-expression, underlies one of the most shameful incidents of her life. The scandal concerned the publication under her name of a story which she refused to admit had been plagiarized from Katherine de Mattos, Stevenson's cousin. The matter embarrassed everyone except Fanny, who clearly enjoyed seeing her name in print. The quarrel which followed placed William Ernest Henley and Fanny at polar extremes and almost caused a rupture between Stevenson and Henley, friends of long standing.

But if Fanny had no real literary abilities, she did have a natural talent for gardening. Stevenson apparently attributed her love of "working in the earth and with the earth" to a "peasant soul" rather than to any flair for the artistic. In one letter she confesses: "When I plant a seed or a root, I plant a bit of my heart with it and do not feel that I have finished when I have had my exercise and amusement. But I do feel not so far removed from God when the tender leaves put forth and I know that in a manner I am a creator." But her creativity was thwarted at almost every turn. As a pioneer in Samoa she was often beset with difficulties, providential and otherwise. Once, for example, her native handyman ruined her expensive vanilla seedlings by planting them upside down — a mistake so ludicrous it could be topped only by her husband. Stevenson, unlike Fanny, was all thumbs, none of which was green. One of several amusing anecdotes about Stevenson in the book is taken from a reminiscence of Miss Adelaide Boodle, Stevenson's young literary disciple when they lived near Bourne-mouth:

Once when Fanny had to go up to London on business, she lamented the need of leaving just when she was ready to prune her raspberries for the first time. While she was away, Miss Boodle saw "the Squire" in the garden, hot and tired but triumphant, with bleeding fingers and a long knife in his hand. He had "hacked the plants to pieces." The next day she joined Fanny in the raspberry patch and found her in distress. Every promising shoot was cut off; there would not be a berry. "She did so love everything her hands had planted." Suddenly they heard a step. "Hush!" she warned the girl. "Louis must never know what he has done. He did it to surprise me and thinks it has been a splendid day's work." The next moment, "she was radiant, and I do not think he had one doubt of his success . . . He often talked eagerly about the raspberries they hoped to harvest.

Fanny Stevenson's frustrations were many, and Mrs. Mackay records most of them. She had an unfortunate first marriage; one

of her children died young and another later made a bad marriage; her career as artist failed; her attempt at writing fiction was met with scoffs and abuse; and her marriage to Stevenson was blighted with ill health and childlessness. The question implicit from the beginning of the biography is asked outright near the end: "Should Stevenson have married Fanny?" Mrs. Mackay's answer, a product of careful research and thought, is convincingly argued in the course of the book. The marriage was, "on the whole," right. Not only did she attract the "highly sexed" man physically; but she kept him absorbed and interested so that his books probably "contain more of her dynamic insight than we can know." The secret of their successful marriage — the "formula of the magnetism between them," says Margaret Mackay was "Sex and X." The X was "the originality, the individuality that made their affinity."

The Violent Friend should be of interest to any Stevenson enthusiast for the light it sheds on the domestic life of the writer. However, the book cannot escape classification as popular biography. Its style, its format, and much of its content limit its practical readership to the women's clubs of America.

Reviewed by L. T. Biddison

Being Geniuses Together: 1920-1930, by Robert McAlmon and Kay Boyle, Doubleday, 392 pp., \$6.95.

Memoirs belong to the young who seek a quest, to the middle-aged who want a change, to the old who need confirmation. Whether written from the point of view of "I alone have escaped to tell thee" or from the nostalgia of "those were the days," the most exciting autobiographies re-create rather than recount a period. More often than not, that period is one of struggle, and most often it is one of youth. Think of Ben Franklin's re-creation of his youth dwindling into dullness as he recounts his early success, or of Langston Hughes' great narrative of escape, *The Big Sea*, becoming a mere chronicle of adventure in its sequel, *I Wonder As I Wander*. Think of the first three-fourths of Harry Roskolenko's *When I Was Last on Cherry Street*, of Hemingway's sensuous *A Moveable Feast*, and one re-enters periods of wonder and tension when their authors felt they were wearing the world's skin.

That tender skin coarsens as one grows older; then it takes emotional or physical violence to break through its tough outer surface. Yet to Franklin there must have been a questing boy inside that old man shaking success by the hand, and his interior excitement races through the formal requirements of prose, stopping dead with success, though the prose runs on. To middle-aged Hemingway, broken in body and almost in mind, Paris was still a sign of hope where all his old anger and early love retained their freshness. And though nostalgia can be the most illusory, and surely the most destructive, of the kinds of sentimentality for those who rest on their laurels, it can also be a spiritual rally point for those whose spirits want to begin again — even though their bodies cannot. The Ben Franklin who wrote the early pages of his book was the one who wanted to begin again; the rest of the book belonged to the laureled instructor. So Hemingway's book is an old man's yearning for his particular origins, those of a time when he had just begun to collect his powers and just before he began to lose them; he would re-live those days and try to learn from them how he had made his start. So Hughes and Roskolenko write of times from which they feel lucky to have escaped; their writing is a form of saying, "Look, it's me, I'm making it," or "I have survived."

Originally published in 1938, Robert McAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together* shares this need to escape, though its author tried to disguise its intention. As short story writer and poet, he is probably forgotten today by all except survivors of the Twenties, literary historians, and devotees of the little magazine (he and William Carlos Williams edited the original *Contact*). Now Kay Boyle, editing and emending the manuscript of his book, clarifies his roles as patron, publisher, editor, and writer; and she offers, as well, her story in alternate chapters. Her collaboration provides the book with an affecting quality its earlier version lacked, since her tendency to romanticize a situation balances his tendency to degrade it.

Yet the book, as memoirs, recounts more than it re-creates, for it still smacks of too much opinion on McAlmon's part and now

too much sentiment on Miss Boyle's. He is prone to gossiping about his affairs and she to apostrophizing about hers. He is willing to tell us about the frailties of others but he censors any conversation about his own. She is willing to tell us all about her frailties but she knows too little about McAlmon's. Although McAlmon speaks highly of Miss Boyle in his portion of the book, and she acknowledges his financial and moral aid in her portion, her contact with him was infrequent, and her knowledge of his person is insecure. What she knows best about him has to do with writing, and she is honest enough to use other sources for information when her knowledge fails her. So we are offered parallel lives here, synchronized when Miss Boyle can manage them, documented when she cannot, and fascinating when the two share acquaintances and experiences.

Left in McAlmon's hands, we learn about his consumption of liquor and his aptitude for hard work; he is tightlipped about his private life. Son of a nomadic minister, he states that he has no religion, and he hints as well that he has been a cowboy, a hobo, and a farmhand. William Carlos Williams confirms that McAlmon worked as an artist's model in New York and that he lived on a docked tugboat. Kay Boyle demonstrates his financial generosity in Europe after his abrupt marriage to Bryher in Greenwich Village. McAlmon, though, reports his personal information offhandedly. He boasts of his acrobatics, but is silent about his emotional alliance with his wife and the cause of their divorce. His relationship to her family he reports in detail, but incidentally, as if bored by it. In short he replaces his inner life with his outer life.

All this has to do, of course, with McAlmon's attitude toward writing. He was against soul searching or metaphysics of any kind. He accepted Joyce's *Dubliners* because it dealt in realistic detail, repudiated most of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* because of its religious overtones, and considered *Ulysses*, except in passages, as word-spinning. He liked Hemingway's *In Our Time* enough to publish it but thought "Big Two-Hearted River" artificial. Homer's *Illiad* and *Odyssey* ere exciting because they seldom strayed from their plots; Dante and Milton were intolerable because "they possess the medieval or Catholic mind" for long passages. Placed in the context of his life, McAlmon's demand for simple narrative is ironic. He was a man of keen intelligence; and no man with his range of interests and companions can be thought simple.

Yet he believed that surface detail determined reality when he wrote fiction, and that opinion and scene were enough when he wrote autobiography. This attitude included some use of the intellect and he approved of at least part of the avant-garde. As publisher of Contact Editions, he printed the surrealist Robert Coates and the mind-staggering Mina Loy. But he was provincial American to the core in stressing the new and in attacking the traditional. He disliked Eliot because he was bookish and Menck-en because he was condescending. Yet he published the "poetic" Pound (despite reservations), H. D., Williams, and Hemingway because he felt an immediate response to their "hard-edged" imagism. Imagism, of course, is nothing else if not attention to surface detail.

It is also more than that. He rejected that part of Hemingway which stems from Sherwood Anderson, and he repudiated Anderson because of an "emotional attitude" he shared with Eliot. Anderson, he felt, tried to think like a child and Eliot attempted to write like an old man; the first was not ruthless enough and the second "blubbered" like an adolescent. Yet both men are imagistic in their early work and their language is "hard-edged." McAlmon's real complaint is that Anderson "injected 'soul' and highfalutin, sensibility into the hearts of childish boobs," and that Eliot was dissatisfied with the surface of reality. Clearly McAlmon disliked psychology, for Miss Boyle states that he had an "almost pathological mistrust of the subconscious."

So in *Being Geniuses Together*, he offers, instead of psychology, anecdotes of the tasty disreputable kind — data to discuss an author's life rather than his work. But the information is usually pointed at others, Gertrude Stein, for example, or Joyce, or Hemingway, not at himself, and information it remains, for McAlmon refuses to draw conclusions. Joyce, therefore, is "our tenor," drinking under the table to escape company, and his companion is McAlmon, totting him up five flights to the Mrs.: she is the one who makes the insinuations. One asks why. If her speeches shear the expatriate god of his divinity, they also illustrate his humanity. For, if Mrs. Joyce played the suffering wife, her husband re-enforced her role. Everybody else's genius, he remained the "boy" who needed her. His drinking released his tension while his

drunkenness released hers. By publicly harranguing him, she vented her need for recognition, and he vented his for her attention. They shared a relationship which Joyce controlled. McAlmon understood this; he shows Joyce sobering himself when the occasion demanded it. Yet he seldom voices his insight; and since his book is based on anecdotes, one wonders why. Are such anecdotes (as Malcolm Cowley has suggested) McAlmon's method of eating sour grapes for not being recognized, or are they (as I suspect) his boy's way of smashing idols who failed him?

Re-reading McAlmon's fiction confirms my suspicion. His stories ostensibly deal with the limitations of provincial life and experience. Often they center on an abbreviated relationship and though they describe the beginning of a new life, they also imply a cutting loose from the past. At the end of "Blithe Insecurities" a young male states: "The end of nothing has come, but I feel as if everything were going to begin new and strange in my life." At the end of "The Indefinite Huntress" a young female says: "I have a strong feeling I'm breaking loose to learn what living is about." In the meantime one bears the present, as the boy in "The Jack Rabbit Drive" learns to bear it, by rejecting the past, and by seeking new values in the future. The protagonist of "The Studio" asks: "what does one do with situations?" and he answers: "Use them, or search continually for new situations that are doubtfully more valuable."

Doubtfully is the word underscored, and in "The Highly Prized Pajamas," a story set in Paris, McAlmon demonstrates his pleasure in a whore's capacity not only for rejecting the past and wheeling pleasure out of the present, but for refusing to trade independence for security. When her Canadian lover departs, she laughs at his sentimentality — an offer of marriage — and McAlmon adds: "There was no unkindness in her voice. It was simply ruthlessly unhuman, ironic, unbelieving." In his autobiography McAlmon uses similar diction to criticize Hemingway's "My Old Man": "children in my experience are much colder and more ruthless in their observations than the child characters in this type of writing." I submit that McAlmon also wanted to obliterate the human in himself; that he tried to destroy the past by writing it down and by embracing what he thought to be the code of children and whores.

This theme, perseverance through rejection, pervades his part of *Being Geniuses Together*. Only when he encounters talent in dire circumstances does he dull his ruthless attack. Then he offers spiritual and financial aid. Marrying Bryher, he helped her make her break from her family. When she no longer needed him, he moved on. He published writers who could not be published elsewhere, and he used the money from his divorce settlement to aid indigent authors. His generosity was as unlimited as sometimes it was indiscreet. He was proud, and though he was used, he did not mind if the affair entailed only money.

What he could not tolerate was human weakness in any disguise. His cold disabuse of friends was an attack as much on their stylistic morality as on their personal morality. He wanted gods but they became humans. He needed a pantheon but he could not believe. The closest he came was in the person of Williams, but the poet-pediatrician had little time to spare, and so McAlmon moved to Europe. There he again met disappointment; and his autobiography is an attempt to escape its presence, just as his fiction is an attempt to escape his own.

At the end of the English edition of *Being Geniuses Together* — but not re-printed in Miss Boyle's edition — McAlmon, then thirty-eight years old, writes: "Quite a few people who once struck me as important have faded out . . . but others have taken their places. Life begins, they say, at forty, . . . so let us go on till it does begin. . . . It is that it shall keep going on with some degree of interest and justification that counts." McAlmon's tone no longer dissuades us, as it did not convince him. He knew his future was to repeat his past and he tried to escape them both in the present. He feared Anderson and Eliot; for if he succumbed to their insight, he would live in despair.

He fooled Joyce, who thought him tough, but he did not fool Miss Boyle. She saw him as a kindred lost soul, and she repeats a moving experience. At a party, escaping the crowd with McAlmon, she says she hopes the Black Sun Press will publish a collection of his poems:

. . . I thought the book should begin with the poem I'd been saying aloud to myself since 1923. "Which poem?" McAlmon asked. "You know — 'Oh, let me gather myself together,'" I said, and I found it diffi-

cult to go on saying: "Where are the pieces quivering and staring and muttering..." McAlmon did not say anything until we were near the farmhouse door again, and this time I opened it, and the light from inside fell on his face. "For Christ's sake, six years saying the same poem? When are you going to grow up, kid?" he said. Then he began jerking out — not laughter this time but the words of self-vituperation. "The God-damned, fucking, quivering pieces of me! Good enough to be flushed like you know what down the drain! Stinking enough to be tacked on the barn door in warning to the young!" he shouted. "Fouled up enough for — what? You finish it! I'm fed up with whatever it is I'm carrying around inside this skin, rattling around inside these bones!" He struck his chest violently with his fist, and his face was as hard as stone. "For Christ's sake, don't care about me! Stop it, will you? Let the God-damned pieces fall apart!"

The past would not stay dead. His code of imperturbability plus his writing preserved his self-presence by defacing his past. Reminded of that past, he knew he could not alter it. Writing, therefore, became his therapy; he hated to revise. When Pound offered help, McAlmon denounced it as subterfuge; and, after all, one may revise art, but one repeats therapy. Kay Boyle, citing Victoria McAlmon, implies that McAlmon was paranoid, that "even as a little boy he had believed everyone was out 'to get him,' and that he feared betrayal even before he had been so bitterly betrayed."

Her insight is acute; another is even more telling. For him, Victoria McAlmon states, to love was to lie "because one woman had made it seem that way." McAlmon spent his life courting his past and being rejected by his future. His code evolved from a childhood he never outgrew. In his youth he had needed someone to worship and he was jilted. His defeatist attitude, ironically parodied by *Contact's* motto (to "contact a world which theretofore had eluded him") was matched by his kindness and explains his smashed idealism. Yet he never came to grips with his need, or if he did, he does not mention it in *Being Geniuses Together*. Instead of facing it, he tried to destroy it. His lenient attitude toward himself also flaws the effectiveness of his memoirs. His book recounts his episodes with others, but because he largely remains a pretended spectator, the episodes never unify into a whole. Miss Boyle tries to unify that whole and though she does not — and perhaps cannot — succeed, she brings a personal dimension to his life that he never permitted himself. When Robert McAlmon died in 1956, he was alone. I suspect by his unpublished manuscripts would show him still searching for his soul. *Being Geniuses Together* charts his public route midway; Miss Boyle raises a monument to a lost sensibility.

Reviewed by Lloyd Goldman

Poetry

The Homer Mitchell Place, by John Engels, University of Pittsburgh Press, \$4.25; paper, \$2.00. **Shall We Gather at the River**, by James Wright, Wesleyan University Press, \$4.00; paper, \$2.00. **The Blue Stairs**, by Barbara Guest, The Citadel Press-Corinth Books, \$1.75. **The Body**, by Michael Benedikt, Wesleyan University Press, \$4.00; paper, \$2.00. **Onions and Roses**, by Vassar Miller, Wesleyan University Press, \$4.00; paper, \$2.00. **Spring Journal**, by Edwin Honig, Wesleyan University Press, \$4.00; paper, \$2.00. **Blood Rights**, by Samuel Hazo, University of Pittsburgh Press, \$4.50; paper, \$2.50.

Alexis de Tocqueville predicted that democracy would dry up "most of the old springs of poetry," but would free the American poet to himself — not as an individual unique and separate, but rather as an individual acting out of "that universal and eternal plan on which God rules our race." And American poetry has fulfilled his prophecy: Whitman's "every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you," Poe's dream of spirit, Emerson, Dickinson, Robinson, Frost, Stevens, Williams, all of them writing the interior narrative, always a metaphysical poetry in which the self unites all selves, in which spirit moves through the poetic act into material fact.

And today the confessional poet seeks to confess for us all, as the central concern of the American poet remains spirit's uncomfortable self-assertion in this pained physical world. Not that "confessional" poetry is by any means the dominant mode of our years, for we live in bounteous days when (despite all claims of critics and anthologists) no school or camp of poets calls the tune to which all others must stiffly jig. Lowell confesses and blesses the ugly, Berryman dreams out loud, Bly rants and blossoms; there are important poets at every hand, each speaking in his own voice and way, each as true as his own honest hand: George Garrett and Evan S. Connell, Jr., Paul Zimmer and Thomas McAfee, Julia Randall and James Whitehead, Bink Noll, Henry Taylor, John Haines, Robert Watson, (do not edit out, good editors — Miller Williams, John William Corrington), David Slavitt, Mark Strand, James Seay — these just first favorites that come to mind, for the list could fill pages. All of them, these good poets and their peers, are concerned vitally with spirit's difficult compact with flesh, with (to use James Wright's words) "the beginning of my native land, / This place of skull . . ."

1.

Against such season I have said my prayers . . .

— John Engels

John Engels and James Wright write a poetry of the wound, bone's blade and nerve's noose — Engels in his first book, *The Homer Mitchell Place*, and Wright in his fourth, *Shall We Gather at the River*. Both books reflect what Wright's dust jacket calls "a period of intense personal reorientation," Engels in the face and hands of a God whom he fears "may as well be malevolent as benevolent," and Wright "among/Lonely animals, longing/For the red spider who is God." They write poems of the soul's vastation, of the ash land where bare fact alone must carry the spiritual burden.

John Engels' book is unified by his dark acceptance of a fallen and possibly lost world, one in which the only complaint is of silence, one in which even prayer must be flavored with the taste of sin's "apples on the tongue." The image of a rented house is central to the book, one in which the Landlord is enigmatic and frightening, a house of "cellars where dark water rots," of "muddy gardens and neglected lawns," where "My lot is littered with the bones of leaves."

Engels' poems are hard as loss and strong as doubt's hold, especially those grown specifically from the death of his infant son, as in these lines from "Poet at Daybreak, Before the Grave":

. . . such brawn

Of elm-bone braces in my house, and groans
Its grave tune to my point of days,
The rotting spine leafs violently in praise,

The fingers flower inward on the bone.

But in the doubt, praise is possible; behind Bluebeard's seventh door may be "the sound of real breath/And women splashing on the naked shore." The lunatic landlord may say, "Welcome," and we may find we were "Never wholly absent from his heart." John Engels offers us no sure conclusion. Does man's soul in his shame and death, like the Homer Mitchell place, grow "sturdy in its fall" or rather fall "away/To no articulation but decay"? No answers, but the truth of the question rendered solid and real as the old abandoned house itself.

James Wright's new book is less controlled, a faltering in his steady growth, a falling off from *The Branch Will Not Break* (1963). Perhaps because the book is a gathering of poems written over eight years (although Wright always composes his books by holding poems back until they find a true fit), or perhaps because these poems are almost too raw, too intimate — not the interior drawn artfully into fact, but the exposed quick itself, the shrill pain, the shattered cell.

The river is the Ohio of his youth or the Minnesota of his manhood or the mysterious Red, all the scene of drownings, of dark suckholes, with neither hell nor heaven on the other shore. Occasionally Wright succumbs to Robert Bly's too easy discovery of mystery in a simple gaze ("I open my eyes and gaze down/At the dark water"), but he wins his own victories, rouses imagination to figure inner being, as in "Living by the Red River":

Sometimes I have to sleep
In dangerous places, on cliffs underground,
Walls that still hold the whole prints
Of ancient ferns.

Wright expresses spiritual poverty in images of the physical, the

cold, the hunger, fear of the cop, loneliness of the drunken Indian, with only J. Edgar Hoover to whom we all may confess. It is a frightening book, record of the broken branch, sinning Judas, of the bright something "gone lonely/Into the headwaters of the Minnesota." Wright's talent remains throughout, weak but sustained by a love and spirit moved to poetry even by the stripped recognition of "How lonely the dead must be." And the living.

2.

I like it here very much now.

— Michael Benedikt

By way of explanation and confession: I know very little about the New York poets. I think I met Kenneth Koch's sister-in-law or possibly his "cousin"; I name Arnold Weinstein friend; a Princeton student and admirer of Frank O'Hara, hearing that I was from Virginia, surmised that I must write poems that are "close to the soil"; and I admire the poems of Koch, Weinstein, O'Hara, John Ashbery, Edward Field, Barbara Guest and Michael Benedikt very much.

Barbara Guest's *The Blue Stairs* and Michael Benedikt's *The Body* are similar in their fresh approach to the interior by way of the bright surface, an uncommon attention to language as a plastic medium, a comic ease, a making new by a recognition of the old (the emphasized *cliché*, the quotation mark as strong weapon), a presentation of an essential set of relationships detached (and saved) from rational analysis, open to eye, to ear, to imagination. John Ashbery once said that he was working for a poetry which, like music, is capable "of being convincing, of carrying an argument through successfully to the finish, though the terms of this argument remain unknown quantities," or is able "to reproduce the power dreams have of persuading you that a certain event has a meaning not logically connected with it, or that there is a hidden relation among disparate objects." Barbara Guest and Michael Benedikt, although both are more open to immediate perception than Ashbery's *The Tennis Court Oath* and each is original and individual, share that serious quest with pleasure and light heart. Both make language new and vision by separating them from the poetic and the ordinary at once, making the simple mysterious and the mysterious simple, placing all experience at the same level which is a new level of alertness.

And, of course, it is impossible to convey their effects, their successes. A stanza from Barbara Guest's "Fan Poems":

Who walks softly causes mutiny among the lilies
as a chateau is perverse refusing wings,
refusing a colder climate for its rooms;
and the blossoms fall repeatedly, exciting
those unique flower beds when at morning's edge
they hasten to lift themselves to a cautious heel print.

Or, two stanzas from Benedikt's wildly comic "The European Shoe":

In case you are an aircraft pilot, you must take care
that the European Shoe does not creep off your
foot, and begin to make its way carefully along the
fuselage.

Gaily it sets out into the depths of my profoundest
closet, to do battle with the dusts of summer.

There is no way. Both are fine poets; both of these books are joys. And both Barbara Guest and Benedikt make play of words out of a conviction that, in Benedikt's lines, "Underneath the liquids and the various unobservant stuffs/There is a spirit, shifting around from foot to foot."

3.

*There's
more than darkness to the night.*

— Samuel Hazo

If all of these poets are involved in the creation of spirit in fact by poetic action, Vassar Miller, Edwin Honig and Samuel Hazo are openly and positively religious as well (although in no sense orthodox). Vassar Miller's poems are those of a Christian praising God from the burden of the flesh; Edwin Honig's, those of a man whose natural faith can impel him to "run out and dance/in the foggy streets of Providence, play God —/maybe bring out the sun!"; and Samuel Hazo's, those of a man "redeemed but still at odds with blood and bone."

Vassar Miller's *Onions and Roses* is her fourth book, a proper sequel to her earlier collections which established her as a very

important religious poet in a secular time. It is, like those, a product of her varied spirit, for the poems can be as taut as any metaphysician's or as flowing and personal as your own voice. And she is as able as ever to turn theological argument into new experience as fresh as each day. Consider, for example, these lines from "The Wisdom of Insecurity," in which true wit engages the stark fact that there is "no abiding city, no, not one":

When the earth opens underneath our feet,
It is a waste of brain and breath to beg.
No angel intervenes but shouts that matter
Has been forever mostly full of holes.
So Simon Peter always walked on water,
Not merely when the lake waves licked his soles.
And when at last he saw he would not drown,
The shining knowledge turned him upside-down.

This book is an offering to God, herself, a prayer, as in "De Profundis," for God to "Accept me, though I give myself/like a cast-off garment/to a tramp, or like an idiot's/bouquet of onions and roses." Vassar Miller's bouquet is a worthy offering.

Edwin Honig's *Spring Journal* is both a new book of poems and the beginning of a newer one, for the long title poem is "the first portion of a work in progress" designed for no smaller task than "to render fully the sense of *being alive*." Like Louis MacNeice's *Autumn Journal*, the poem attempts a fusion of personal and public history; it is the clumsiest poem in this book and the most exciting, for it offers promise of a creative experience of genuine magnitude. The mind's approach to fact is Honig's central concern in the other poems as well. In a world in which death will not die, the mind must make its own way, must accept and create, grow or become lost in circumstance. One small poem, "Cuba in Mind," illustrates that concern as well as Honig's control, his ability to make words work full time:

You think, "I've never lived there.
I could never live there."
Anywhere you live
freedom builds within
or breaks your bones.
You have lived there.
You live there now.
Cuba is home.

Honig has a keen sense of metaphor and an imagination able to carry his seeing and his knowing into the reader's eye. He can face the dark, turn over in his sleep "like a basket of broken bones," but he can also celebrate birth and life, love's needs, the natural motion of things, make poems that hum with life.

Samuel Hazo's *Blood Rights*, a collection of forty-two new poems and sixteen "transpositions" from the Arabic of the contemporary Lebanese poet Ahmed Ali Said, is his fifth book and his best. The translated poems carry their flavor through into English, and Hazo fuses the best qualities of Arabic verse and his heritage into his own poetry — an awareness of the passing moment, of its mystery, of aloof nature, a faith in the poet's power to transform and live. Hazo is also a Christian poet, living through a time of hard war, violence and guilt, yearning for resolution, making a poetry (to use the title of George Garrett's recent book) "for a bitter season." To a commencement of scoundrels, his fellows of blood and bone, he wishes only "what I wish/myself: hard questions/and the nights to answer them,/the grace of disappointment/and the right to seem the fool/for justice." Realizing that "Death's Only Rhyme Is Breath," he makes strong poems of that sharp fact, as in "Intensive Care":

An alien to every element,
I wait for fates that wait
to finish me. Too near,
I'll burn. Too deep,
I'll burst. Too high,
I'll choke. Too old,
I'll sicken to a final
infancy. Each breath is my
reprieve, and each reprieve,
the name of my re-sentencing.

But in sharkwater, Samuel Hazo continues to swim, to believe, to create poetry in which faith and fact make hard connection and are one.

We are lucky in one season to find seven poets of such quality, seven books in which spirit manifests itself in "This place of

skull," a variety of manner and matter and a common belief in the value of the poet's doing, his making, his being.

Reviewed by R. H. W. Dillard

Technicians of the Sacred: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia & Oceania, Edited by Jerome Rothenberg. Doubleday, New York, \$6.95.

In *Technicians of the Sacred*, edited by a poet with an instinct for remote cultures, ceremonial songs are presented in their context as ritual and also as a living force in literature. In this anthology of primitive poetry, Jerome Rothenberg shows the accessibility of the songs by juxtaposing them with contemporary analogues.

Mr. Rothenberg considers a society primitive when it is so close to ritual that its poets — those shamans, priests and sorcerers — can actively create it, and are the chief "technicians of the sacred." Using Mircea Eliade's phrase to define the scope of his anthology, the editor represents civilizations as varied as the ancient Chinese and the modern Eskimos.

The book's central weakness is its division into two parts, texts and commentaries, which separates the poems from their translators' names, their ritual settings and modern counterparts. This gives the poems an air of homogeneity which is misleading, especially since they are reprinted from such fine collections as Arthur Waley's *Chinese Poems* and Professor Raymond Firth's *Tikopia Ritual and Belief*. Translators (who range from Ezra Pound to Buell H. Quain, the late anthropologist) should certainly be identified with the poems.

Another disadvantage to the two-part division is that many of these primitive songs come alive only in their ceremonial contexts, with descriptions of the music, dance, magic and pantomime of which the words are a part. Like complex movie scenarios, they require experts to know what the sound, lights and actors can accomplish.

Still, the collection is exciting when it is read as a whole, the poems linked with commentaries that contain ritual meanings and contemporary parallels. For example, a shaman's vision is compared with visions by Whitman and Ginsberg, and primitive events (a Cherokee friendship dance, a Kwakiutl grease feast) are paired with present-day Happenings.

In many commentaries, the archaic and the new are connected in such a way as to enrich our understanding of both, and to widen the possibilities of language. Fragments from ancient pyramids are set against fragments by Ezra Pound and Armand Schwerner, and American Indian picture-writings (drawings that transmit sacred songs) are joined with picture-poems (drawings with words) by Blake, Appolinaire and Kenneth Patchen. In his notes on the *I Ching*, the editor is concerned with form: he reprints Tristan Tzara's *Manifesto on Feeble Love and Bitter Love* to illustrate random composition, and Andre Breton's "Free Union" to show development by contrasting images.

A few of the parallels show the complexity and individuality of primitive expression. In songs by a pygmy and by Lorca, tragic recognition is brought about by shifting polarities of light and darkness. A Himalayan's chant about clothing and food is compared to Neruda's "Ode to My Socks," in terms of Baudelaire's perception of the heroism of everyday life. And two haunting poems have identical refrains — one is a Navaho "night chant," invoking a deity, and one is a chant by Neruda, calling back a deified friend.

There are flaws in this interesting anthology. Mr. Rothenberg's prose is affected and unclear. His taste is not at all catholic; the omission of all European primitive poetry and of many relevant modern poets is arbitrary. To critics and anthropologists, this collection may seem amateurish — but then, the root meaning of amateur is lover, and the editor does convey his love of the sacred singers he has chosen.

Reviewed by Grace Schulman

The Original Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayaam, in a new translation with critical commentaries by Robert Graves and Omar Ali-Shah, Doubleday, 86 pp., \$5.00.

No Persian poet has attracted so much attention in the western world as Omar Khayaam. The impact of his verse has been made almost entirely by the version which Edward FitzGerald presents in his extremely free translation.

A knowledge of Persian has been necessary for any reader looking for the full range of Khayaam's poems, because FitzGerald's translation, made from a fifteenth-century manuscript at Oxford, though beautiful and pleasing to the English ear, strays too far from the spirit of the philosophical verses which comprise the Rubaiyyat. Arberry's translation of a thirteenth-century manuscript, now at Cambridge, appeared in 1952 and helped the situation but we have not had a genuine translation until now.

I do not wish to claim that the Graves-Ali-Shah translation is by any means perfect, since "Perfect Translation" is a contradiction in terms, but it offers the English-speaking reader the truest insight yet into the mind and poetry of Khayaam.

Besides the authentic translations, based on Ali-Shah's understanding of Khayaam's work and Graves' ability to cast it into verse in English, this short book provides the reader with two critical introductions. Both attack FitzGerald not only for his lack of knowledge of Persian, but also for the free style of his translation, which turns out to be not even a re-creation but a totally new creation.

Surely none can deny FitzGerald's contribution to poetry, but the fact is that the contribution is his and not Khayaam's.

Furthermore, contrary to FitzGerald's hedonistic interpretation, the introductions to this book set forth the mystical interpretation of Khayaam. There is no doubt that Khayaam was influenced by the mystical movement in Persia.

But to see him as a mystical poet only is to veil the real spirit of his poetry. Apart from the hedonistic interpretation of FitzGerald, the influential interpretation of Hadaynt the Persian scholar who denies that Khayaam was ever a mystic, and the Ali-Shah-Graves mystical interpretation, there is Khayaam's Socratic Existential spirit. Khayaam is far too wise to be a naive hedonist, but he is also far too skeptical to be a mystic in the true sense of the term.

The *Rubaiyyat* has held — and deserved — our interest and affection for centuries, and I believe that the spirit of authenticity behind the labors of Ali-Shah and Graves will invite the English-speaking reader to return to the *Rubaiyyat* more frequently, and more profitably, than ever.

Reviewed by Bahram Jamalpur

Records

Project name: "Music in America." Project origin: The Society for the Preservation of the American Musical Heritage, founded and directed by Karl Krueger, former conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and largely financed by "angel" Henry H. Reichhold. Project purpose: to acquaint the concert-goer, the record collector, the historian, and the public in general with neglected or unknown American musical works of the 18th, 19th and early 20th century. Project evaluation: a revelation. Not every recording by the Society is above the historical interest level, but so many reveal good compositional workmanship, high-level inspiration and genius vitality that the listening experience makes one realize how provincial our musical attitudes are regarding these generally forgotten American composers.

With the large number of selections already available from the Society, it would be impossible herein to discuss each piece adequately. The following items are a random sampling of what is available:

MIA 98 The Moravians: Eleven Songs by Moravian Composers.

None of the religious groups that poured into the colonial American melting pot was more musical and enlightened than the Unity of Brethren, popularly called Moravians. Most Moravian composers were ministers who tried to glorify their Lord through music. Unless their God had a tin ear, they succeeded. Works by Jeremiah Dencke, John Frederick Peter, Simon Peter, Johannes Herbst, John Antes, Gottfried Müller and David Moritz Michael are performed by soprano Maud Nosler and conductor Thor Johnson.

MIA 99 *The Moravians: Three Trios* by John Antes.

It wasn't considered a proper occupation for Moravian ministers to write secular music, but Antes and John Frederick Peter did so. The three trios performed here are Haydn-modeled but possess their own distinctive fragility.

MIA 105 *The Moravians: John Frederick Peter Quintet No. 1 in D major; Quintet No. 2 in A major; Quintet No. 3 in G major.*

MIA 106 *The Moravians: John Frederick Peter Quintet No. 4 in C major; Quintet No. 5 in B-flat major; Quintet No. 6 in E-flat major.*

John Peter — also known as Johann Friedrich Peter — came to America in 1770 laden with a generous collection of music in manuscript which he had copied. Using these as his models he labored for the next forty years and became the finest of all Moravian composers. The quintets are reflective of the classical structure of the period, attractive, entertaining, at times brilliant, and thoroughly satisfying as new musical discoveries. Peter once confessed, "I learned music with much trouble and through many floggings." No creative hesitancy or hard labor shows through these cheerful quintets with their triplets, trills, quickly repeated staccatoes and other period ornaments bedecking homespun-sounding simple thematic structures.

MIA 103 *Instrumental Music of the 19th Century: John Knowles Paine (1839-1906) Symphony No. 1 in C minor.*

Years ago I came across this recording in the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso, checked it out, played it incessantly, and was so overwhelmed by, and possessive of, the musical discovery that I confessed to the head librarian that I would never bring the recording back. Times have changed the necessity for such extreme methods of acquiring the Society's once-unavailable-to-the-public pressings.

Paine's *First Symphony in C Minor* appears to have been the first symphony by a native American to be published — by a German firm. His *Second Symphony* (MIA 120) was the first American symphony to be printed by an American publisher, and, as Karl Krueger points out, Paine was the first true symphonist among native American composers.

The *First Symphony* thrusts itself forward from the first bar with unrelenting symphonic architectural assurance, bravado, superb melodic invention, Brahmsian orchestral texture, and an extroverted openness of statement that rank it as a major re-discovery and monument in American music.

For this listener, the *Second Symphony* has less sense of cohesive rightness than the *First*, but there is drama, urgency, lyricism and appeal enough in it to make it deserving of concert hall performance occasionally.

Karl Krueger fires up the American Arts Orchestra in the *First Symphony* and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London in the *Second*. In his conducting assignments, Krueger obviously enlists the all-out efforts of his players in these salvaging and resurrecting efforts.

MIA 104 *Instrumental Music of the 19th and 20th Centuries: George Whitefield Chadwick (1854-1931) Sinfonietta in D major; Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920) Notturmo for Orchestra, Nocturne for Orchestra, Three Tone Poems for Double Quintet and Piano, Opus 5.*

G.W. Chadwick and J.K. Paine were eminent shapers of the American musical tradition. Both are almost unrepresented on record, little is known of the biography of either, yet both molded the talents of some of America's most distinguished later composers.

Chadwick's work mixes the "Boston classicism" of the period with an outright "Americanism" of direct expression which keep his work "proper" and "ingratiating." Perhaps in the future the Society may find the opportunity to record his *Symphonic Sketches* which were once available in an engaging performance by Howard Hanson on Mercury Records (SR 90018). Chadwick's *Second Symphony in B-flat, Opus 21* is also available on MIA 134.

Griffes is a major minor composer who would have been a major major composer had he lived beyond his 36th year and produced a large body of works.

His music is impressionistic, exotic, mystical, as delicate as the best of Debussy and Scriabin, and totally original in texture. By comparison with other early American composers, with the exception of Ives, Griffes is well represented in the Schwann catalogue, but that well is not good enough. The society has also rec-

orded his *Two Sketches for String Quartet* (MIA 117) and the early Humperdinck-inspired *Symphonic Phantasy* (MIA 129).

MIA 118 *Instrumental Music in the 20th Century: William Grant Still (1895-) Afro-American Symphony.*

Sibelius said, "He has something to say." Others called this Negro composer the American Tchaikovsky. Again, none of this man's work is listed in the Schwann catalogue wherein there are listed fourteen available recordings of Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite* and twenty-five versions of the first Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker Suite*.

The *Afro-American Symphony* was composed in 1930. In putting the American idiom in symphonic form, Still is as successful as Gershwin in the endeavor and far more subtle with his victory. Blues-based, minstrel-tuned at times, rowdy and reflective — this is a brilliant symphony lovingly performed by Krueger and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Other finds: poet Sidney Lanier's music for flute and forefather Benjamin Franklin's *Quartetto for Three Violins and Cello*, both pieces on MIA 117; an album of choral music in the 20th Century (MIA 116) which contains three hymns by Charles Ives, one of which, *Turn Ye, Turn Ye*, written by him when he was fifteen years old, is a hymn-gospel creation of gentle magnificence; Victor Herbert's Richard Straussian symphonic poem *Hero and Leander*, the operetta composer's most extended and significant orchestral composition (MIA 121); Henry Gilbert's *Humoresque on Negro-Minstrel Tunes* (MIA 128), a 1910 creation which sounds as if it might have been prepared specially for a Boston Pops Concert; and Arthur Bird's *Third Little Suite for Orchestra* (MIA 131), a seductive piece with wit and brio.

George Frederick Bristow, Horatio Parker, George Templeton Strong, Arthur William Foote, Joseph Gehot, Alexander Reinagle — the society has documented the works of these musical pioneers. Recordings are for sale to non-members of the organization for six dollars each. Information concerning the organization and its wonderful warehouse of musical Americana can be had by writing the Society for the Preservation of the American Musical Heritage, P.O. Box 4244, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Reviewed by Don Brady

The music of the tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler is charming, simple, and sincere. Many of his pieces are little folk dances. In fact, his current album, *Love Cry*, (Impulse A-9165) is uncannily like a collection of Norwegian folk songs and dances on an Ethnic Folkways LP, number P-1008. The elements are the same ... simple, even naive, melodies; uncomplicated harmonies, usually built on triads; repetitious vocal chants; and a prevailing air of religious inspiration. The difference is in the more sophisticated rhythmic aspect of Ayler's music. It is, after all, based in jazz. Drummer Milford Graves and Bassist Alan Silva provide the greatest jazz interest in the album. Ayler's brother Donald is an adequate trumpet player.

Why Ayler's music cannot be accepted on its own simple terms is beyond me. It's fun to hear, although I have no plans to spend an evening listening to it. And it's often touching in its melodic simplicity, as much good folk music is.

It does not, however, require much analysis, and I'm puzzled at the endless outpouring by the critic/apologists of the avant-garde who insist on treating Albert Ayler's work as a profound manifestation of spiritual forces. There is a religious element to his music, but that doesn't make hearing it a religious experience. I am more puzzled by the attempt to project Ayler onto the same musical level as that occupied by the late John Coltrane. To listen carefully to any Coltrane album, then to one by Ayler, and conclude that their playing or their aims are similar is to deny the musical evidence, Coltrane's music was complex on every level, harmonic, melodic, rhythmic, and spiritual. Ayler's is simple. That doesn't have anything to do with good and bad. It's a fact.

So, keeping in mind that Ayler is not the second coming of anyone, merely a pretty good tenor player with his own vision, his music on this album can be recommended as interesting. It contains some new compositions, plus air-play-length versions of "Ghosts" and "Bells," the works that gained Ayler his first critical acclaim in the avant-garde camp.

There's a theory ... and recorded evidence to support it ... that working with Thelonious Monk for six months in 1957 helped Coltrane establish the direction he was shortly to take toward his famous "sheets of sound" style. Coltrane himself has been quoted as crediting Monk with helping him work out difficult harmonic problems.

At any rate, playing with Monk was a stimulating experience for Coltrane, and hearing them together is a stimulating listening experience, made possible again by the re-issue of *Monk's Music* (Riverside 3004). Perhaps you must be a devotee of the so-called middle period of Coltrane's music to be chilled by his probing solo on "Epistrophy," a composition full of trickly little harmonic nooks and crannies, all of which are thoroughly explored by Coltrane.

The other players are Monk at the piano; Ray Copeland, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto saxophone; the imposing bassist Wilbur Ware; Art Blakey on drums; and Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone. Yes, Coltrane and Hawkins together, a sort of living encyclopedia of the tenor.

Coltrane was never less than an intense player. But with Monk his intensity took on a palpably Monkish quality that had to do with more than the fact that they were playing Monk's compositions. It had to do with a way of improvising on the theme as

much as on the harmonic changes, a method used before Monk adopted it, but never more personally. That approach, perhaps, is what Coltrane appropriated during his time with Monk.

The album has been revived from the catalogue of the lamented Riverside company by the people at ABC Paramount/Impulse in a spirit of public service at the instigation, I should imagine, of Bob Thiele. Without it, any collection of important jazz records has a vacancy.

Also Recommended:

Miles Davis, *Miles in the Sky*, Columbia CS 9628.

Cal Tjader-Eddie Palmieri, *El Sonido Nuevo*, Verve 8651

Jimmy Rushing, *Living the Blues*, Bluesway 6017

Duke Ellington and Swing Era Sidemen, *The Duke's Men*, Epic EE 22006 (Reissue)

Victor Feldman, *The Venezuelan Joropo*, Pacific Jazz 20128

Wayne Shorter, *Adam's Apple*, Blue Note 4243

Art Tatum, *Piano Starts Here*, Columbia CS 9655 (Reissue)

Jay McShann, *New York-1208 Miles*, Decca 9236 (Reissue)

Bill Evans and Jim Hall, *Undercurrent*, Solid State 18018 (Reissue)

The Lee Konitz Duets, Milestone MSP 9013

Reviewed by Douglas A. Ramsey

notes on contributors

F. E. ABERNETHY is a member of the English Department at Stephen F. Austin State College. He has published widely in the field of American folklore, and is the editor of three books on the subject.

NELSON ALGREN is introduced in the preface to the interview.

PAUL ANDERSON is Associate Professor of English at the Air Force Academy. He has published in several of the quarterlies and writes that he has studied "poetry and fishing with John Williams at Denver."

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DON BRADY is NOR's regular reviewer of classical and semi-classical recordings.

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R. H. W. DILLARD is a member of the English Department at Hollins College in Virginia. Knopf published his first book of poems, *The Day I Stopped Dreaming About Barbara Steele*.

DAVID ETTER has published a volume of poems, *Go Read The River*, and is awaiting the publication of a second volume, *The Last Train to Prophetstown*. He was a Bread Loaf Fellow in Poetry in 1967.

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EDSEL FORD is the author of several books of poems, the most recent of which is *Looking for Shiloh*, which won the 1968 Devins Memorial Award. He was also winner of the 1967 Dylan Thomas Award of the Poetry Society of America.

RICHARD FROST teaches English at the State University College in Oneonta, New York. He was a 1961 Bread Loaf Fellow in Poetry, and received a 1968 Faculty Fellowship for Writing from S.U.C. His latest book, *The Circus Villains*, is in its second printing with Ohio State University Press.

GENE FRUMKIN, long-time editor of one of this country's best quarterlies, *Coastlines*, is presently teaching at the University of New Mexico. He is the author of *The Rainbow-Walker*.

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SAMUEL HAZO is Director of the International Poetry Forum and the author of five books of poems, including most recently *Blood Rights*. He is at present Visiting Professor at the University of Detroit.

WILLIAM HEYEN has published a book of poems, *Depth of Field*, and has published poetry and critical articles in a score of journals. He teaches English at the State University of New York at Brockport.

PETER ISRAEL is a former chief editor at Putnam's and is now living in France where he devotes all his time to writing. His first novel, *The Hen's House*, was published here by Putnam's and he has just completed a second novel.

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NATALIE PETESCH has published previously in *The University Review* (Kansas City) and *The New Mexico Quarterly*. A native of Detroit, she has taught English in California and Texas. Her first novel, based on the civil rights movement, has just been completed.

DOUGLAS RAMSEY is a well-known television newsman in New Orleans, where he is established also as a radio reviewer of the jazz scene. We are very pleased to welcome him as NOR's regular reviewer of jazz recordings.

WILLIAM PITT ROOT was Wallace Stegner Writing Fellow for 1968 and has a Rockefeller grant for 1969, for both of which he has been on leave from Michigan State University. His first book of poems, **The Storm and Other Poems**, was published this month by Atheneum.

ROY A. ROSENBERG is the Rabbi of Temple Sinai in New Orleans.

SYLVIA ROTH works as an art therapist in Nenuet, N.Y., where she lives with her husband and three children.

LARRY RUBIN'S second volume of poems, **Lanced in Light**, was brought out recently by Harcourt, Brace & World. His poems have appeared in most of the major magazines in this country, and he has been anthologized often. He was a Fulbright Lecturer in American Literature in Norway in 1967.

DENNIS SALEH is Lecturer in Poetry this year at University of California, Riverside. His poems have ap-

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GRACE SCHULMAN is a regular reviewer for NOR. She lives with her husband in New York City, where she is completing work for her Ph.D. in English at NYU.

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SHANE STEVENS lives in the world he writes about. His first novel, **Go Down Dead**, received wide critical acclaim. A 1967 Bread Loaf Fellow in fiction, he is at work on a second novel.

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HOLLIS SUMMERS 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**.

LEWIS TURCO has published two books of poems, including **Awaken**, **Bells Falling**, and a text-reference book, **The Book of Forms: A Handbook of Poetics**. He teaches English at State University of New York in Oswego.

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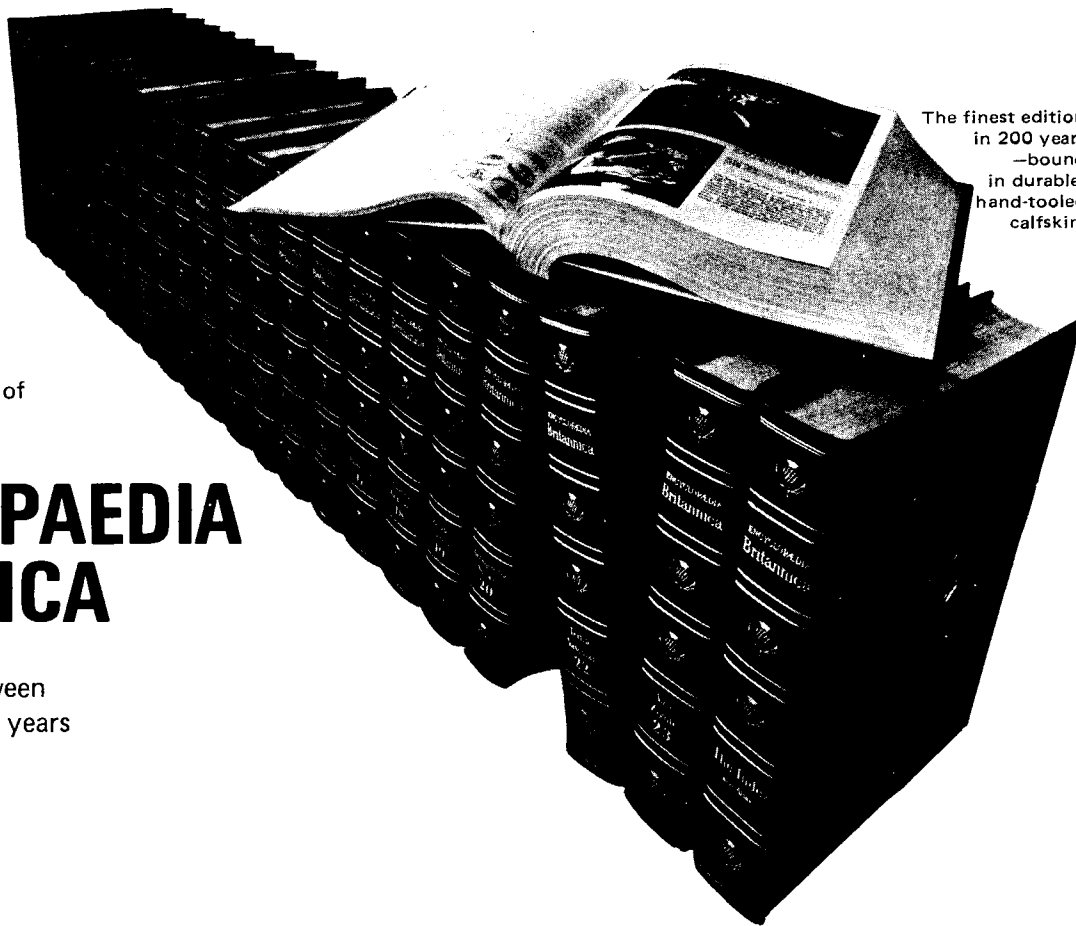
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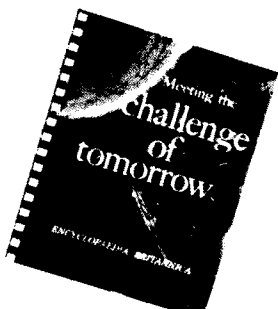
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