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IN MEMORIAM
to
HODDING CARTER, JR.
1907 – 1972
Journalist, Scholar, Humanitarian
and
Friend of the New Orleans Review

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might properly be termed tragic lose their force. It is the very act of attempting to be infinite that dooms the consciousness; but the fact that it dares to be paradoxically asserts its vastness, a vastness which challenges the infinite. Consciousness extinguishes itself in seeking immortality, but the seeking defines a kind of immortality.

A similar problem involving the paradox of action, the opposition of the capacity of the human consciousness to desire the infinite while being constrained by the finite may be traced as the root of the tragic mode in *Macbeth*. Macbeth is faced with the saint's dilemma: he is told by the witches that he is going to be king of Scotland; he reflects, and tells himself that if fate will have him king then fate may make him king without his exerting himself on his own behalf. But like Eliot's Thomas a Becket—although morally on the other side of the tracks—his dilemma is how will inaction become action. It is a proposition which simultaneously both is and is not, the ultimate paradox of choice which makes choosing impossible. Experience says that this is absurd. Action or inaction are equally paradoxical; it is the ultimate paradox. The whole pressure of the Great Chain of Being, the Christian Ethic, and the primitive code of hospitality combine in telling Macbeth he must not kill Duncan. Yet choosing not to kill Duncan seems equally impossible, because he knows he is going to be king. And besides that, he *wants* it. He is a human being, and he dares to want. That is of course the basic error influencing his tragic choice. Thomas a Becket had to avoid wanting to be a martyr and avoid knowing that he was avoiding wanting to be a martyr. He had to dare *not* to dare to want. That's what it means to be a saint on the right side of the tracks. It is simple to say that Macbeth simply should not have killed the king; it is being a human consciousness having to make the choice that makes the decision a tough one. So the audience knows where the correct choice lies morally, and condemns the act overtly, but the audience recognizes also the impulse and the rationale, and covertly approves the consciousness which makes the choice even while being repelled by the choice itself. The audience knows that choice is impossible, knows that any choice leads as ultimately to extinction as not choosing. But again the enabling paradox—choosing may be extinction, but choosing is being. And of course Macbeth's celebrated conscience contributes to the sense of the dilemma of consciousness. People with the visual imagination of a Macbeth just shouldn't kill people in dark rooms. Unless they want a *real* taste of consciousness, that is. For Macbeth the resultant sense of consciousness is so intense that it leads him to the ultimate rejection of consciousness, to madness, to finally drink relief from it by rejecting it, saying "life's but a walking shadow."

Once the choice has been made and the act performed, the final thrust of action commences in the action of a tragedy. The possibilities are measured, the personality makes a decision which accommodates itself to its own highest estimate of itself. But the fruits of the action absolutely reverse the motive for the action. Somehow experience of consciousness should be proportionate to the effort of achieving it. Macbeth gets nothing but pain and fear; so did Faustus. This failure of reward has nothing to do with simple poetic justice, although in dramatic terms the ironic fulfillment of the witches' promises contributes to the main effect. The failure simply confirms the hard, and hard-to-recognize truth, that human aspirations are infinite while man's capacities are finite. Today we try to pass laws to make each other happy, but the tragic implications of the yearnings of consciousness are no easier to put down than they ever were.

READING POETRY IN WISCONSIN

for Stephen Dobyns

Monday nights at the local Bijou
must have been like this. The featured attraction
plays to the all but empty
house. Once or twice
a match uncovers a patron,
but that's it. Couples
grope in the balcony's
perfect privacy as the images
continue below: a nun disappears
around a final corner, the hero waits
in lines for hours at banks,
startled deer hide from hunters,
standing deathly still.

—*Michael G. Culross*

INHERITANCE

i

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

ii

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

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

—*Sandra Meier*

MAU MAU

I.

Lurking near the speaker's rostrum
Honing my butterknife to machete sharpness
Against my pre-war Florsheim,
My fingers knead the plastic Jay-Cee tablecloth
And I find reassurance along its tattered edge.
Invisible, I smile across the clearing into the banked fires
of their eyes:
The village sleeps through the minutes of the last meeting.

Tense,
Crouched against the rumbling pigmeat in my gut,
I wait.
The sentry drifts among the huts, counting noses.
I wait.
The crier follows mewling out the date and hour of next month's meeting.
I wait.

The village sleeps.

I watch the native fingerman.
He stands,
He smiles,
He tells them I am here,
On the outskirts of the village.

The village sleeps.
Swiftly,
Silently,
On bare feet, in lionskin,
I move into the circle of banked fires
To begin the killing.

II.

softly
in the holiest hours of the morning
I prowl the murky caverns of their eyeless minds
belled and feathered, lionskinned
my spear seeks out the soft places
my torch and shield cast cursed shadows

along the tunnels behind their mindless eyes

swiftly
in the holiest hours of the morning
I stalk them through their sleeping semiconsciousness
caverns, tunnels, quicksand, fire
bells and feathers,
spear, torch, and shield
the spectre shadow on the brainpan
emerges from a corner of the darkened master bedroom
darts behind the half closed door
dances through the smoke of a restless cigarette
my laughter curls toward the stippled ceiling
words unsheathed a day ago
hack away at the soft places
carving out the heart
whittling the liver and the lights
disembowelling

softly, swiftly,
in the holiest hours of the morning
I have driven the gazelle into the cave
to butcher it
I feast upon the sacred parts torn living from it
I bathe in its blood in the murky torchlit cavern
I brutalize the carcass with my spear
seeking out the soft places
behind the mindless eyes

brains, bones and blood
burnt offering
curls toward the ceiling
in the holiest hours of the morning

III.

the searchlights scream
and we are found
pain creeps
death leaps
in the white light circle
of the killing ground

the villagers' laughter sears my dancing feet
i see my head impaled upon a toothpick

shaken in my face
my friends-in-effigy dangle
like participles
at the end of vicious sentences
the ritual liquor drips from sneering lips
  the ceremony starts:

  here we are tormented
  by our too-fat captors
  (how did they run us down?)

  they fumigate us, burn our clothes,
  cut away our credit cards
  (we let ourselves be tricked by fools)

  we are spitted, basted, baited,
  flayed by dull gay blades
  (these cripples are our conquerors?)
  then cut down
  left for the women and children to mock
  tomorrow

  the ceremony ends
and everyone departs
the best of friends.

IIIa.

here in the living room
the sanitation squad moves slowly back and forth
  meticulously picking up my pieces

  dusted
  emptied
  straightened
  put in my proper place
(invisible, i watch myself eradicated)
  until no trace remains

above, in the upstairs of the world,
in the master bedrooms,
in the holiest hours of the morning
the village sleeps

—*Bryan Lindsay*

Sometime—Later—Not Now

by Timothy Findley

1950

We're over thirty now, Diana and I, but in 1950 we were twelve. It seems such a long time ago that I can't quite connect it up to the world we live in today. Certainly, there seem to be no straight lines back to that time, only the crooked, wavering lines of spliced memory. We were peaceful children, then.

No.

We were placated children.

Our world had been secured for us by a World War that closed in a parable of Silence. And so I think we were placated children—doped—by horror. And I only say it here because I think there was a crazy serenity to our childhood which you might not understand if you were not alive then. The adults we lived with walked around our lives very decisively on tip-toe, with plugs in their ears and with shaded eyes. So much of holocaust had happened that people acquiesced to reality without daring to look at it, because it could only turn out to be another nightmare.

And so we grew up protected from all subtlety. We were quiet and with good reason. We knew the big things—life and death, period—but none of the small things. The best we knew was how to be still and quiet, which meant that we learned, excessively, not to know ourselves.

My name is Davis Hart and I grew up loving Diana Galbraith.

Her parents and my parents had been in the War together—which is to say that our fathers had served in the same regiment and that our mothers had spent the War wandering from army camp to army camp, sometimes taking us with them, but more often leaving us behind with a woman called Maria Tungess, whose grasp of discipline was still back in the "Child-in-the-Locked-Cupboard" era.

When the War ended our fathers returned to civilian life, which was a life of absolute comfort supported by absolute money—got by absolute panic. People didn't just want to be rich in the 1940's. They *had* to be.

The Galbraiths owned a summer island and we would spend our vacations there like one family—my brother Eugene, my sister Maudie and me and Diana.

I remember a day of the summer in question, 1950, when Maudie, Diana and I sat high up on a rock we called, for obvious reasons, "The Elephant's Back." Eugene, being older, was allowed to own a gun and he was elsewhere on the island trying to kill something. He was fourteen, then, and Maudie was eight—almost nine.

My memory of this conversation starts with Diana flinging a stone into the water far below us and I look back on the whole scene as if I were that stone—looking upward—plunging down. I see us, high on our rock, through the shimmer of a surface I shall never be able to break open. And our conversation is as stilted and formal as something heard without inflection.

"Mother thinks we're going to get married," said Diana, and Maudie laughed. "It isn't at all funny. She really thinks so."

"Maybe we will," I said. I was lying down with my hand over my eyes.

"No. I don't think so," said Diana, and I sat up. I was hurt by the matter-of-factness with which she dismissed me from her future, and not at all by just the marriage question—which, naturally, had never entered into my thinking at that age. "In fact, I'm quite certain," she went on, "I'm not going to get married at all."

"How do you know your mother thinks we'll get married?" I said.

"I heard her say to to your mother. She said 'when Diana and Davis are married . . .'—just like that. And Aunt Peggy didn't argue about it, either. They both think it's going to happen."

"What'll happen to your children," said Maudie, "if you don't get married?"

"What children?" said Diana.

"Your *children*," said Maudie. "Aren't you going to have them?"

"You don't just *have* children, stupid. Doesn't she know anything, Davis?"

"I don't think so," I said, and lay down again.

"I know everything," said Maudie—and immediately refuted that by saying, "You're not allowed to have your babies until you're married. And if you don't get married your babies die inside of you."

"Who told you that?"

"Miss Tungess. She didn't get married yet and she's had seventeen babies die right inside of her. So far."

"You can't walk around with something dead inside of you," I said. "If you did—you'd die yourself."

"She flushes them down the toilet."

There was some kind of pause after that while we all thought about what might be floating around in the sewage system and then Diana said, "Anyway, the important thing is, I don't want to know who I'm to marry at all—'til I decide to get married. And so far, I've decided not to get married, so I don't need to know anyone."

(She stands like a boy in my memory, wearing khaki shorts. Feet wide apart. Canvas running shoes. A pale yellow polo-shirt with a hole over the point of one shoulder blade, and she pulls her braid over this shoulder and starts to undo it and then to do it up again. She is always preoccupied with some nervous gesture of this kind. The weaving of her hair.)

"If you don't get married, what will you do, then?"

"I'm going to play the piano. You know that. Go to Europe and go to France. I'm going to become a very—very famous person."

She wet the end of her braid in her mouth and looked at it closely.

"As famous as Rubinstein," she said after a moment, drawing the braid through her fingers. "As Rubinstein. As Malcuzinski—as Moiseiwitsch." These names were magic to her. Incantation.

"They're all men," said Maudie.

"They're the three greatest pianists in the world. That's what they are. And I'll be one of them."

I watched her carefully. As I've said, I was "in love" with her. I had loved her from the moment I realized she could be taken away from me, which first happened for about six months when we were seven years old. I didn't want her to grow up to be Rubinstein, because I realized that being Rubinstein meant belonging to another world and to a lot of other people.

Later on it was clear to me that Diana herself knew this about love—that she always had. But she never mentioned it because, as a child, (which I take to mean the period up until she was fourteen or fifteen) as a child, she was aloof from it. She was aloof not just from loving, but from being loved. I think that probably, out of her dark eyes, she stared at times at those of us who loved her and said to herself, "they love me" and knew it and was grateful—but she never would mention it to us—or to anyone. She was an only child—the only child of parents who were close to their money in the way that they might have been close to a preferred firstborn son. They loved Diana, but she came second.

Diana had a very strict, very demanding father (we called him Uncle Ross) and all her life she was nervous with the ambition to please him. The piano was her mother's idea, for Mrs. Galbraith had once had concert ambitions of her own. She started Diana early, and as it turned out, it was highly probable that a prodigy (or at any rate, a greatly gifted —even brilliant pianist) had been discovered. But she was not allowed to concertize, only to study. The concerts and the fame would come later, when they should, and in the meantime there was the promise of that—and the work.

In many ways, like many people of talent, Diana only had power over one part of her mind—the driving part. Over the rest she exercised no power at all. Moments of incident came into and went out of her life, strewing about them the careless, thoughtless wreckage of all uncontrolled events. And there were times (this was equally true of her as a child as it was true of her as an adult)—there were times when it seemed that she simply did not care about events—while at other times, as you will see, it was as though the events, or happenings, within the emotional territory of her life were a complete mystery to her—guided, as they were inevitably guided, by outside forces—her mother, her father, her friends.

But the "piano thing"—as we referred to it then—was of the driving part of her. It *was* the driving part. It was her ambition. Through it Diana became an unchildlike child. She had the features of a child, but not the mien. She had the voice, but not the words. She dressed like a boy, but there was no tomboyishness about her at all. She was really more like an adult dressed up as a child—forced, for a while, to play the part of a child. But as a child she had no childhood. None that I witnessed. None that Maudie did, as her friend, and certainly none that her parents saw.

And so on that day, on the Elephant's Back, I heard about the future from Diana herself.

You could tell—absolutely, once and for all—that it was her real ambition—the piano thing. You could tell that she really did mean it. She wasn't dreaming about it, or just hoping about it. It was something that was going to come true. It was there, in her face, that day. It was in the way she held her hands out and in the way her feet were set right down into the rock. Diana was going to be famous and I knew it—and I knew, right there, that that meant I would not go on being a part of her life.

"So I don't want to know anyone now I may have to marry later," she said. "I only want to know myself. And that's all."

And Maudie had said, "But what about your babies?"

And Diana said, "They'll never happen, that's all. Because I'm not going to marry."

And that seemed to be that.

"They'll all die," said Maudie with a requiem tone that was rapt with thoughts of Miss Tungess and her flushing toilet.

"No. They won't die," said Diana. "They just won't happen."

It was her own epitaph.

1958

When I was twenty, Diana introduced me to a girl whose name was Tanya. Naturally, I fell in love with her. I fell in love with everyone Diana introduced me to. If they were close to Diana, then loving them would make me a little closer to her, myself.

Tanya was a poetess. Not a poet, a "poetess." She had straight blonde hair and a round, incredibly beautiful face. Her eyes were green and her only drawback was that she bit her fingernails. At parties—and in fact the first time I met her—she wore gloves in order that people shouldn't know. But she had a good figure—round—and she had that

face and her voice was marvellous, too. It was the sort of voice one imagines the French courtesans must have had—hoarse from too many pleasures.

Tanya wore black stockings long before they were adopted by fashion, and her shoes had the highest heels I have ever seen. Aside from that, her style of dress could be described as "Mexican-Russian"—a lot of white with basted-on colors and eccentric things like shawls and capes. On some occasions she dressed as a man, but she was never without her stiletto shoes.

I adored her. Leave it at that.

She was at the University and she shared the same lectures as Diana, who by now was a student of languages as well as of the piano. I was not a student, myself. At that time I was an actor—the thwarted competition (I took the thwart to be my age, in those days) of Guinness, Olivier and Redgrave. Tanya, Diana and I were inseparable—and there was one other.

His name was Brett Slatten and he belonged to Diana.

Brett Slatten had a big head. I mean it quite literally, however much it could be said in the other sense. It was immense. It was the head of David, with hair like that—curly (black) and worn naturally—shorn ad hoc, never barbered. ("We're going to a party . . ." snip, snip.) He had bad teeth, but that didn't matter. He had a crooked smile. (I practiced this smile for several weeks but it always came on straight.)

Brett Slatten was the son of a Mennonite farmer, and his ambition in life, somehow, was to write the definitive biography of Hart Crane. I don't think that I could sum him up with a better description than that.

And so, as I say, we did everything together. Brett and I hardly ever spoke. Diana and Tanya did all the talking. We just stood there with them, smoking cigars, Brett looking incredibly Byronic, and me wishing that I did—thinking that I did—and probably looking more like Shelley after he'd drowned. (I had started to let my hair grow long just two days after I first laid eyes on Brett, but my hair is straight and the effect was somehow different. I was also the color of paste.)

In those days you could still buy beer in quart bottles. They were green, and Brett and I both wore dark corduroy jackets most of the time with great, wide pockets. At parties we would walk about with a quart of beer in each pocket and another in hand. It was the best time of my life. Drinking didn't hurt you then. You never had a hangover. You could smoke until you couldn't breathe and it didn't matter. Sex was still something you expected to perfect, and it involved a lot of fun and a lot of excitement. Your bodies were clean and they were like walking laboratories in which you experimented with everything at length. The mind stretched wide, like elastic, as you encountered all knowledge, and it was all let in and it was all let out. You weren't obliged to hold onto it. Your eyes never tired of looking and they were never shut.

Until we met Jean-Paul.

Jean-Paul was a French millionaire who wore carnations in the lapels of exquisite suits and who carried a cane and gloves and wore hats. He had great, sleepy eyes and he had been in an automobile accident.

He was the first person we had met to whom anything of great physical consquence had happened. Part of his skull was missing and had been replaced with a metal plate. He drank pernod. We had never drunk pernod. We met at a party.

Within half an hour of meeting, Jean-Paul had captured us and was whisking us away.

"Steal a little something thoughtlessly on the way to drink," he said, organizing our escape in typical French phraseology.

Brett stole a bottle of wine and I stole five bottles of beer.

We threw on our overcoats (it was winter) and we left.

Jean-Paul led us to a Citroen parked haphazardly partly on and mostly off the street. It was the old kind of Citroën. Ugly and black.

"My dear," said Tanya, "he really *is* French."

"You refer to the way I park?"

"No," said Tanya. "I mean the Citroën."

"Ah!" said Jean-Paul. "I am more French even than that." And he winced, as though in pain, and made a very Gallic gesture which suggested he was resigned to a burden of immorality too heavy to bear.

This delighted everyone, naturally, and once he had passed around his cigarette case filled with Gauloises, we were absolutely his.

For the rest of the evening we rode around in the car and went to several bars, some of which we'd never visited before. The waiters everywhere seemed to recognize Jean-Paul and we were given immediate and excellent service everywhere.

Eventually, after we had made a mysterious stop at the request of Jean-Paul—at the bus depot so that he could use the washroom (he must have been ill, because he was gone for almost half an hour) we drove off, singing gaily, to another party.

At that party we all got drunk and I can only remember Tanya dancing a Russian dance and some serious-faced old man insisting that she was one of the Romanovs in exile. Asleep, we were driven by Jean-Paul to his house where we all awoke in various bedrooms the next morning.

Sometimes, there is a day whose atmosphere you spend the rest of your life trying to recapture. Such a day was that next day in Jean-Paul's house.

First of all, perhaps it should be explained how it was that Jean-Paul lived alone in such a large, expensive house, in a city where he was ostensibly only a visitor. He let us know very little about himself, but he did say that he was here attending to some business for his father. His father was an outrageously wealthy man, Jean-Paul told Brett, and the wealth was in some sort of exotic, possibly intriguing business. Jean-Paul was often abroad, and this time he was to be here for two years. And so, he had rented this house from an interior decorator who had gone to Europe. Fair exchange.

As houses go, it was the epitome of purchased taste. Most of the furniture was Empire and there was a lot of plum carpeting and velvet drapery everywhere. Rococo mirrors, Olympian paintings and Regency gew-gaws completed the picture. It had the charm of money and it had

authentic atmosphere, but the latter, I am certain, was attributable to the presence of Jean-Paul and not to the ownership of the interior decorator. For Jean-Paul brought with him a collection of recordings, prints and books that were not entirely suited to the house and which became, for us, its predominant atmosphere.

The music was the music of Bartok, Satie and Poulenc. The prints were of works by Klee and Munch. The poetry was the poetry of Rilke and the books were the novels and other writings of Hermann Hesse, Gertrude Stein and Guillaume Apollinaire. There were prints, too, from Marie Laurencin, drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew and photographs of Nijinsky, Lincoln Kirsten and Josephine Baker. It was all, as you can see, the cult of Paris in the twenties and early thirties, and from that moment we made it our own.

On the morning of that day when we awoke in that house, we drank black coffee, listened to the Poulenc recordings and smoked Jean-Paul's cigarettes.

We drove out in the Citroën and we bought bread, smoked oysters, Dutch gin and escargots in tin cans. We all bought flowers that day and we all wore them. We became a parade. It was the only time that it ever happened without calculation or without the wish of repetition. I remember it all without recalling a single important detail. It was that innocent—that betrayable.

So.

At two o'clock we went to an art gallery somewhere and booed the paintings. At two-thirty we were put out on the street. By three we were back in Jean-Paul's house, where we drank the gin and ate the snails with melted butter, lemons and garlic, and where we lay on the floor and listened to the Poulenc records again and again and again.

And Diana.

Diana let down her hair and she laughed and laughed and laughed.

Later on we all danced and Diana tried, very successfully, to play one of the Poulenc pieces on the piano from memory. After that there was a terrible argument about Kafka—about the Metamorphosis story—and it was loud and operatic with everyone taking part.

All I can remember is that Jean-Paul proposed that the metamorphosis had been self-induced—that it was wished for and that is was profoundly sexual—that it represented more than man-into-bug-like-incapacitation. It represented a sexual change as well, the change from aggressive to passive participation in sex. The man lying under the bed when the woman wanted to come in . . . the hugeness of the woman. The way she fed him. He saw a great deal of significance in the writing around all the entries into the room. Shoving things under the door . . . the fact that it was a *man's* room. He went on about it for a long time, with a smile—until Brett exploded.

When the argument was over we all pretended that we were bugs and we crawled about, flapping imaginary legs at the ceiling and passing gin in saucers across the floor at each other. Finally, this induced Brett to laugh and Jean-Paul said, "Yes. There is only one here—one—who would be capable of that, of really changing from one to the other. Only one."

We all cried, "Who?" each hoping to be the one—the one who might be so dramatically doomed. "Who?" we said. "Me?"

"No," said Jean-Paul, "not you. Brett."

Immediately we all looked under the piano where Brett had crawled to drink his gin.

"I'm a bug," he said. "Don't bother me. See me! The bug! I'm the beetle under Diana's piano. I will never change!!"

We all roared. Even Diana, whose one abhorrence was beetles.

I forget the rest, except that later on that evening we went to yet another party—given, I think, by an artist, (at least it was in a very studio-like place) and Diana drew an enormous beetle on the wall and labelled it "BRETT." Underneath it Jean-Paul wrote "do not look under the bed" and he added, smiling at Diana, "Any bed, my dear. He might be there."

This period of our lives lasted for about a month. Of course we all returned to our own homes once a day and most of the nights. Diana and Tanya went on attending lectures at the University and I did some acting on radio. Jean-Paul had his business to attend to nearly every day. The only immediate change was in Brett.

He decided to leave the University. He was going to commence his book. Studying didn't matter. There was only one thing to study, anyway—the work of Hart Crane. It was decided that he might as well live in Jean-Paul's house, because it would be quiet there, and Jean-Paul had seized on the opportunity of playing philanthropist and patron to a budding genius.

Jean-Paul bought a great many books for Brett and every day he went off to his place of business, leaving Brett alone with paper and ink and bottles of beer so that he might create his masterpiece.

All of this happened about two weeks after we had met Jean-Paul.

And now it was, when they had a house in which they could meet—a place for privacy—that it became clear to me how much in love Diana was with Brett. She would go there between lectures every day and make things for him. She would even go if she had only five minutes. She would stand beside him and pour his beer for him, empty his ashtray, put her fingers inside his shirt, kiss him and go away. She would not even speak.

I asked her if she was studying the piano every day as she should be and she said, "Of course. Of course I am. One has to—one must—if you want to be Rubinstein." And then she would look back through the door at Brett and put her collar up and ask me if I wanted her to drive me anywhere. "No," I would say. "I'm not going anywhere, Diana. Bring Tanya as soon as the lectures are over . . ." and then she would drive away.

When I wasn't rehearsing or actually doing a radio show I would sit in Jean-Paul's living-room and look at books. That was when I read Scott Fitzgerald first and Gertrude Stein and Thornton Wilder. But I have not gone back to Fitzgerald or to Gertrude Stein. Someday, perhaps I will, but Melanctha made me incalculably sad and Nicole Diver disturbed me to such a degree that I remember reading about her just a page at a time, and then pacing up and

down that lovely room and playing a Bartok piano concerto on the gramophone, until Brett nearly went mad and would yell at me, every day, to find a new, sensible heroine —like Anna Karenina or Emma Bovary. Of course, I never found either. I was stuck with Nicole. She was part of the scenery.

Tanya and I had a fight, I remember, one evening—and she left. I asked Jean-Paul if I could spend the night. He said, "Yes."

Diana had to leave early that evening, and so Brett, Jean-Paul and I were left alone. We drank. I got wildly drunk and I passed out. In the morning I awoke in the living-room.

I remember the waking up very clearly.

It was a beautiful, snowy morning—white and secret and enclosed. The house was comfortable and warm and it smelled of furniture-wax and cigarettes and of Diana's perfume. Yes. She had even given in so far as to wear perfume. I forget what it was called but I would know it in an instant if I should ever smell it again. It had the odor of a ballet—of flowers and of wine and of air that was stirred by the movement of dancers. You smell it sometimes at the theatre when the curtain rises. It was a sad smell—old-fashioned and nostalgic and lovely, like the remembrance of a person whose mementos are found between the pages of an antique book.

I lay on the sofa and lit a cigarette. I even drank some pernod, I remember, lying there like that. And I thought for the first time in years of our conversation on the Elephant's Back. I thought, "It doesn't matter, because Diana is in love, and even if it isn't me she loves, and even if it never will be, the fear of being without her is gone. And the fear, forever, that she will never love. It's good," I thought, "it's good that Brett is good—that he loves her and that he's a genius," (we really all did think so) "and she will be safe. One day she will play the piano for her children and be glad that pianists *can* have babies and her fame will be that she is Brett's wife."

I gave her up so easily, lying there that morning, because I couldn't bear to be unhappy.

And so I lay there, almost as happy as I might have been if I had been Brett himself, with Brett's future, and with Brett's assurance of Diana and with Brett's unbounded genius. It did not matter that it was not true. I, after all, was me. I, too, had a future, and if I did not marry Tanya then I would marry someone else and the someone else would love me or I wouldn't marry them. I tried to remember why Tanya and I had fought. I laughed. I could not remember. So I decided to telephone her. I would wake her up and apologize and tell her that I loved her and that I wanted her to come right over and drink a pernod breakfast with me.

I got up, then, and went into the hall. The phone was in Brett's study. But he'd locked the door—or someone had. Wasn't there another telephone? One upstairs in Jean-Paul's bedroom? Yes. There was.

And so I went up and I must have gone up quietly and for some thoughtless reason I have always ever since regretted, I forgot to knock on the door to Jean-Paul's room. Instead I simply opened the door and stood there.

Writing that down—re-reading it—I feel as if I had stood there ever since because what I saw opened a vista for me of enduring despair and of unhappiness, forever, for Diana.

They were naked. I guess they were doing something. I didn't see. All I could see was who they were and what they'd betrayed.

It wasn't that it was two men. That didn't even cross my mind. It was just the infidelity. The lie.

And the structure of everything came apart.

"SPRING: 1960"

Miss Gailbraith played with such cold command that I wondered at her given age. She sits as though her real desire was to hypnotize the keyboard. In the whole recital there was not one hint of warmth. It was as though she might be taking vengeance on the music. I received the very distinct impression that Miss Galbraith was one of those electrical machines that immobilizes things at the touch. Her playing is faultless—even brilliant—but there is the definite feeling after each successive interpretation that Miss Galbraith has carved something for you out of rock. This works, exquisitely, with the Scarlatti and Bach pieces which she chose. It has its moments, even, in the Beethoven, but it certainly did not suit the Debussy. Furthermore, Miss Galbraith is too young to have chosen to play the Poulenc pieces with which she concluded. She was either too young or, oddly enough, too old. At any rate, she does not understand them. They are witty, humorous and light—not pieces of ice. Perhaps when she is a little further along, life will serve to melt a little of this damaging overlay of complete withdrawal from her performance, and I am sure that we will then have the right to lay claim to a superb new artist—of the first mark.

1964

When I was twenty-six, which means that Diana was twenty-six as well, I had been acting in New York for three years, and I got a phone-call at the theatre one evening.

"It's Diana."

"Diana!"

"I've been here for months. But I just couldn't phone or get in touch. I wanted to be sure I was staying. You know me—I hate to make announcements before I'm sure of them."

"But I'm so glad you phoned," I said. "Will you meet me tonight after the play?"

"No," she said, "but I will tomorrow. I want you to come to Columbus Circle. I'll meet you there. I have something to show you, Davis. But I don't want to say what until you get here."

"All right," I said. "I'd be delighted. What time?"

"Come at two o'clock, Davis. Two o'clock."

I said that I would and we hung up.

Diana.

She sounded different. She sounded old. She sounded muted. It was like the sound of the trumpet with its mute applied—the same, but distant; the attack all gone.

The next day I went up on the subway to Columbus Circle and came out into the traffic by the Park. I looked everywhere. It was two o'clock on the nose but I could not see her. And then I did.

She wore the braid of hair still; it was bound in a circle on top of her head. She wore no make-up—and a blue overcoat. Her hands were in her pockets.

Her eyes looked tired. The braid of hair had been sloppily coiled and it was not clean. When I came close to her, all I could smell was her coat. It smelled of camphor and I could tell that it was second hand.

She did not smile. She took my arm.

"We can walk, Davis," she said.

She called me by name nearly every time she opened her mouth. Her speech was entirely formal and her voice never achieved anything beyond one tone.

"Are you married, Davis?"

"No."

"How is Maudie?"

"She's fine. She's still in Canada."

"And Eugene, Davis, how is he?"

"He's fine, I guess. He's coming here, you know. With Mavis Bailey. You remember her."

"Oh, yes. Did they marry?"

"No."

I smiled.

"But one day . . . I suppose they will."

We walked up on the Park side into the Seventies until we came to a corner with a light. There we crossed and saw a street of houses—old, red-faced, probably boarding houses—or perhaps houses where dentists had offices. They were lit with a long arm of sunlight from the Jersey shore. I had friends up in the area and I remember someone saying that Marc Connelly had once lived in an apartment on the corner.

"What is this," I asked.

"The street, Davis."

"Is this what you want to show me, luv? The street?"

"Part of it, Davis. Look. That one there. It's mine."

She pointed out a tall rust-colored house on the North side. In front there was an iron railing and there was a sign.

"PIANO LESSONS—ACADEMY TO GRADE 7"

"Inside," said Diana, "there are five pianos."

For the first time, she smiled.

Then we went in.

All the rooms and the hall, downstairs, were empty—except that in each there was a piano, a chair and a bench.

"Upstairs is just old bedrooms, Davis. Don't look. Come now into the kitchen. We'll have a drink together."

I followed her and in the kitchen we took our overcoats off and she poured us each a glass of Scotch. I noted that she poured herself more than a double and that she drank it neat.

"Well, what is all this?" I said.

"I'm going to teach," said Diana. "I will love it."

The tone—the pitch—the gaze remained the same. Fixed.

"I will love it," she said.

"And how did you manage it?" I asked.

"Daddy died."

"Oh, Diana. I'm sorry."

"He left mother the house in Toronto and the island and some securities they'd held in tandem. Since I'm his only child and of age, he left all the money—all the actual money—to me. Mother has her own inheritance from her family and so Daddy left me *his* money. It was kind of him, Davis. It was very thoughtful."

"And so you bought yourself a houseful of pianos?"

"Yes."

"But why New York?"

Her expression altered very slightly.

She poured herself another drink. I noticed now that she had developed a nervous habit that involved her hair. She would wet her fingers, absently, as part of any other gesture she happened to be making, and in the course of the gesture she would then wet the tip of the braid with her fingertips. It was a graceful thing, the way she did it, but once you had cottoned to it, it became annoying because you saw, then, that it was continually happening.

She did it while she poured her drink and while she answered my question.

"I went to Mexico," she said.

I looked away. I did not really want to hear the rest, but I was curious enough to have to listen.

"Yes. I followed them. But I had other reasons. I went to study with di Luca. In Mexico City. But after I'd been there a month he told me that I should not expect to concertize . . ."

"Why, in heaven's name? You were brilliant."

She held up her hands.

"Too small," she said. "I do not have the 'ultimate extension'."

She said that in quotes herself, and laughed ruefully. It made me angry.

"Who the Christ-all is di Luca, anyway? He's only one man. One lousy retired pianist."

"He's the best, Davis. He is the best. He does know."

"I've heard you play," I said. "I've seen you. I've seen you play Liszt—I've seen you play Ravel. Where in the name of God do you need more extension than that?"

"Flexible—growing extension, Davis. The ultimate. No—don't . . ." I had started to speak again. "It's all right. It's over. It never began. And so I will teach. And I *will* love it."

"Stop saying that, for God's sake."

"I'm sorry, Davis," she said. "But it's the truth. I will."

She paused. She sat back in her chair, holding her drink. She lit a cigarette, touching her hair in the process, and then she said, "Anyway, after Mexico City I went to Acapulco."

"I wish you hadn't," I said in a whisper. I don't think she heard me, for she went right on talking.

"Of course, it was pointless. I didn't see them. I don't think I wanted to, but I did want to know. I saw Jean-Paul's father. He winters there, you know. Straight out of a movie. He had a moustache and he was terribly, terribly French. I explained, more or less, who I was and he invited me to lunch. The long and the short of it is Jean-Paul is dead. After you came here—I don't know when, exactly, we discovered Jean-Paul was taking dope. He needed it because of the pain. That metal plate—you remember."

"Yes."

"Well, it began to press on his brain and it gave him great pain. And so he began to have morphine—or heroin—or something. God knows where he got it from, but he got it—probably through his father's connections in Mexico. You

know that his father is mysteriously rich. Well, it's all in drugs. He's not a criminal, but of course, in that world, I suppose there are criminal connections. And Jean took advantage of this."

"Yes. Well. Now we know. I wondered about his color, sometimes."

"Well, that's what it was. Anyway. Jean-Paul was taking these things and . . . well . . ."

Here she paused. I could tell that it was because she could not quite bring herself to mention Brett as casually as she would like to. Her face twisted and the nervous gesture happened twice, very precisely, before she continued.

". . . and so, I believe, was Brett."

Inwardly I sighed. It was hard to listen.

"He looked awful. Of course, after what you found them up to, Brett made no pretense at all. He looked it, he dressed it—he even began to talk like that. I don't know—I don't know, Davis. I don't mind. He was beautiful. He *was* perfect. In every way. Oh, need I say more? I could understand. I could understand. I *could* understand. I . . . But he . . . he wouldn't let me."

"That was his pride."

She changed, instantly. She stood up. She yelled.

"It was *not* his pride."

She turned away.

"His pride was that he would do anything—be anything—for or to anyone—to get what he wanted. That was the genius in him. It had never been *me* to begin with. Just money. I didn't know it. I didn't know that. But it was. It was the money I had and the fact—the fact that we lived—could live—the way we did. And Jean-Paul's money. When there was Jean-Paul, then there was Jean-Paul's house. And the books. And ultimately, of course, Jean-Paul would bring him to Mexico. To Hart Crane's old doorstep. They even went on a boat, for God's sake, and threw roses into the water where Crane jumped."

"I think that's rather nice," I said.

"Do you really!" she flashed. "Well, you would think that was nice, wouldn't you!"

"I'm sorry."

"Oh. Yes. I'm sorry too. I didn't mean that."

"Go on."

"Well, they never arrived anywhere. Because Brett gave Jean-Paul an overdose—by mistake—by *mistake*—and Jean-Paul died on a train and Brett—Brett, the Beetle—do you remember, Davis? Hah! Brett went down to some crazy Puerto where the film people go and now he plays his metamorphosis under the beds down there. He sells his ability—you remember—his talent for change—to *them.*"

At the end I wanted to tell her not to talk like that—that she mustn't talk like that because it would lead to the dangerous thought that she had not just been *used* by Brett, but that *she* had used him. That she had bought him for herself. And I knew that wasn't true.

"And so you came here."

"It was away. It wasn't home. I had the money—oh, not so much as all that, once I've paid for all this—but enough. And so I'll end up with children after all.

She turned then. We smiled.

She poured another drink. I could tell that there was something else, but she did not know how to say it.

"Davis?"

"Diana?"

She looked into the glass.

I was glad to see that she was crying. It was better than the monotone—the stare—the twitch—the hardness.

"Davis," she said.

"Yes, Diana."

"Now tell me the truth, Davis. The honest to God truth."

"I will try, luv."

I watched, then, and as she began to speak, I didn't watch, because at the first movement of words across her face I knew what it would be and I thought, "What an awful world it turned out to be, Diana, that world we thought was such fun." And I loved her so, right then, from so far back—so long ago—that I could not look at her for fear of seeing the disappointed face, at last, of a child.

She said, "That night, Davis. That night. The three of you—all alone. Tell me . . . did *you*?" she said, looking at me, I thought, really unafraid of the answer. There was even the try for a smile. "After all—I mean . . . I was a good girl, Davis. And so . . . if you . . ."

The hair again.

Pause.

". . . what was it like? To belong to Brett?"

1969

About a year ago I saw her mother, Mrs. Galbraith. It was at the theatre in Toronto. I was not in the play—I was a member of the audience, for a change. (I was home for Eugene's wedding to Mavis.)

She stood away, perhaps thirty feet away from where I was standing, with friends, in the lobby. It was intermission.

As I say, it was Mrs. Galbraith I saw first, but then I saw that there was another figure beside her. It was the figure of a child who was dressed in drab brown—a coat cut straight with a little fur collar, and she wore brown cotton gloves. Her hair was cut very short, even for a child, and she wore a beret—one of the kind with the little tail of string on the top. She wore lisle stockings and flat-heeled, patent leather shoes with straps across the instep. I wondered whose child it could be. Perhaps it was a niece. This child was at least eleven or at the very least, ten.

I looked at her, wondering who it was—whose figure that could possibly be, so bent over (she bent in towards her middle, from the small of her back) and I was thinking that perhaps she was ill, or perhaps retarded, when all of a sudden one of the gloved hands strayed up to the string on the top of the beret. And I knew.

And I knew.

And I knew and excused myself from my friends and I crossed the foyer.

I said "hello" to Mrs. Galbraith.

"Davis," she said. "Oh, my dear boy. I'm so glad you're here. In a letter four or five years ago, Diana said that she had seen you."

I looked at Mrs. Galbraith. I looked her straight in the eye, all the way back to my childhood. And she looked at

me but her expression wavered on the verge of tears. She nodded.

I looked at Diana. It was almost impossible for her to look back. Her eyes were only able to open if she looked straight ahead, from a set position.

She said, from a seeming distance, "Is it you, Davis?"

And I said, "Yes. It's me."

She said, "Let me see you, then."

I looked at Mrs. Galbraith. Mrs. Galbraith said, "Put her hands on your shoulders, Davis."

I did so, and as I did the action lifted Diana's head.

"That's quite an extension," I said.

She smiled.

"Hello."

Nothing will ever be as hard again as that. Looking back. Right into her eyes.

It mattered so.

I said, "Hello, Diana."

And she let down her arms.

Her head fell, till all I saw was the top of her beret.

I made a hopeless gesture at Mrs. Galbraith and simply walked off. I think I went to the washroom. I don't know. I certainly didn't go back to the play.

I haven't been able to say it till now, but now I will and that's the end of it.

"Goodbye, Diana."

Goodbye.

FUNDAMENTALISM

You don't say things like that, they said.
Why not?
Because it isn't nice.
And I believed them, trusting as I was,
And sensing that that tone of voice
Was one step short of hand upon my . . .
But then one day my world exploded loud:
My Gramp and I were fishing at the time,
And he'd just hooked a dobbie through the neck
And thrown his line into the frenzied play
Of water over rocks—There ought to be
A bass or two in there, he said. And then,
As dobsons often do, the pesky thing
Attached itself beneath a rock and clung
So no amount of coaxing or coercion
Could loose that baited hook. His line came taut
And snapped. Shit, he said.
Not loudly—just a nonchalant remark.
As natural to him as not to me.
I told him what they'd said and he replied,
Their ideas are their'n, mine are mine.
And yours are your'n, my son. Now watch your line!

—*Thomas A. Grange*

INTELSAT and the World of the Future

by Clarence J. Kramer

That the mass media profoundly affect the lives of man and societies is beyond question, though the depth and extent of the impact has not yet been adequately measured. Moreover, how these effects are achieved, and how the mass media should be organized to ensure optimum social benefits, are matters that are far from clear.

As an example, consider the 1970 political campaign in the United States. The role of the mass media, especially television, was very much an issue. This was not only because Vice-President Agnew charged these media with presenting a distorted view of the nation's problems and of the present Administration's response to them, but because serious men recognized that television is effecting fundamental changes in American political life. The ability to project a satisfactory TV image may now be the most important prerequisite for political success. It would be naive to believe that we have anything like an adequate understanding of this phenomenon. But if there is one safe prediction about future elections, it is that the results will provide more ambiguous evidence about the significance of television.

Take another example. It was estimated that nearly a half-billion people the world over, constituting the largest audience for any event in the history of mankind, by means of televised transmissions participated in an astronaut's first steps on the moon. And some months later, when several other astronauts had to abort a similar mission, as many people or more shared the perils and thrilled to the success of their hazardous return journey to the earth. It staggers one to imagine the global sorrow that might have ensued had either of those space-age adventures ended in disaster.

Our ability to share in these events illustrated dramatically how modern communications technology can introduce new factors into the life of every man. But as with politics in the United States, these new factors may, on the social and spiritual level, lead to effects about which we as yet know very little.

Unfortunately, discussion about the "communications revolution" is sometimes misleading, because it is based upon false or inadequate information and because, with slight regard for existing constraints, it indulges in wild extrapolations from what is presently no more than a promise on the technological horizon. This situation can result in some intoxicating rhetoric, to be sure, but sober consideration of the complicated structure of modern communications might in the long run be more useful in making life satisfactory in our still badly divided global village.

As a case in point, consider the communications satellites that have enabled us to develop a truly global system of telecommunications.

Insofar as it makes sense to talk at all about the "history of mankind," and not just the history of separated tribes or peoples, that history is a function of men's ability to communicate with each other across barriers of time and space. Leaving out of account questions of language and the more philosophical problems of communication, this ability is ultimately limited by the nature of the physical world, and at any given time by the stage of technology. At what distance can the human ear detect the spoken word, or distinguish the beats of a drum? How far is a signal fire visible? How far and fast can a bird fly or a horse travel? How far can a telegraph wire be stretched, or an underwater cable be laid? How rapidly can electrical signals be transmitted so that they will be distinguishable from noise at the receiving end?

Radio did away with the necessity of wires, but there were still difficulties due to peculiarities of the ionsphere. The use of higher frequencies, necessary for television and broadband communications, entailed other difficulties because waves of such frequencies travel in straight lines, much as light does, and are similarly obstructed by natural obstacles such as mountains. To keep such a high-frequency wave roughly tangent to the earth's surface, a series of reflecting antennas is needed. Over oceans and in difficult terrain these could not be constructed, but with the development of communications satellites these last limitations have been overcome.

Quite simply, a communications satellite functions as a receiving and transmitting station in the sky, at a sufficient height to receive and transmit line-of-sight signals over approximately a third of the earth's surface, almost as if a powerful flashlight on the earth were to direct a beam at a highly polished celestial mirror which would then reflect

that beam somewhere else. These satellites with great precision are launched into a special orbit 22,300 miles above the equator, where their movement is exactly synchronous with the rotation of the earth. Consequently the satellite appears to be stationary relative to the earth. There are many other possible orbits, but it is this sort of synchronous satellite that is utilized within the INTELSAT system. Three such satellites, one each over the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, are sufficient to receive and transmit all forms of telecommunications from and to all parts of the earth, with the exception of some remote areas near the poles. As of today, five of these satellites are in actual operation.

This abbreviated description makes no reference to the many cumulative technical achievements which occurred mainly during the last century and which made possible the technology of present communications satellites. Quite a number of these, it is worth noting, arose out of military research and constitute an unexpected "people's dividend."

It is not my purpose, however, to consider in detail the history of telecommunications or to dwell on the technical considerations. Suffice it to say that the successful placing of a communications satellite in orbit and its successful operation afterwards, though it may now seem routine, is the result of a tremendous cooperative effort on the part of many scientists, engineers, industrialists and administrators.

For practical purposes, the beginnings of the present global system of communications satellites can be traced back to the administration of President John F. Kennedy in the United States. There was a movement then to which President Kennedy lent his prestige, to ensure that the public should benefit directly from the enormous United States investment in space research, especially after it had been demonstrated that it was feasible to use satellites for communications purposes. After prolonged hearings, the Congress in 1962 created the Communications Satellite Corporation (Comsat) to develop an international system of communications satellites on a commercial basis. The corporation was given a mandate to create a global system on a non-discriminatory basis as expeditiously as possible, giving special attention to the needs of developing countries.

The corporation created by Congress was in many respects unique—what one Senator called a "strange hybrid" —with explicitly defined responsibilities to the President and the Congress, subject to constraints of the Federal Communications Commission and the Department of State beyond those imposed upon other corporations, but nevertheless with a traditional obligation to seek a profit on the investment funds provided by its stockholders. Comsat is not, as many seem to think, a government entity.

Soon after Comsat was organized, discussions were initiated with a number of other countries on the question of how to structure a new international organization for the global system envisaged by President Kennedy. It was decided that the organization should take the form of an international commercial joint venture open to all countries that were members of the International Telecommunications Union, and that investment and voting strength should be on the basis of a quota related to the member country's telecommunications traffic as indicated by statistics. Furthermore, joint ownership was to involve only what is known as the "space segment" of the system, that is, the actual satellites and the tracking and telemetry facilities necessary to keep them on station. The ground segment, that is the earth stations and associated terrestrial facilities, would be owned and operated by each country individually as it saw fit, normally by a governmental ministry or private entity in charge of that country's telecommunications. Thus, unitary development of the space segment was insured, while national sovereignty was fully respected.

The agreements establishing this International Telecommunications Consortium, or INTELSAT, were opened for signature in Washington in August 1964 and consisted of a pair of interrelated agreements. The first of these signifies a government's acceding to the terms of membership, and outlines the overall purposes of the Consortium and the conditions to which the governments as parties to the Agreement bind themselves. The second agreement is signed by representatives of the communications entities designated by each government to act for it in the Consortium. These entities, known as signatories, are often the national P.T. & T. organization, but in some cases a government may act for itself through one of its ministries. Such is the case in Mexico, where the Department of Communications and Transport is the Signatory. As already indicated, Comsat, a private corporation, is the designated entity for the United States. Here again one finds a blend of public and private interests. As even this inadequate sketch may suggest, quite a number of tensions were built into the organization from the beginning.

The initial Agreements also stipulated that Comsat, the United States' signatory, should act as manager of the INTELSAT Consortium, subject to direction by a governing committee to which any signatory with an investment quota of 1.5% or more, or any combination of signatories with a joint investment of that amount, was entitled to membership. As signatory for the United States, Comsat's investment quota accounted originally for nearly two-thirds of the total INTELSAT investment and its voting power on the governing committee was proportionate. Comsat was precluded from taking unilateral action, despite its sizeable vote; but it held an effective veto power, since no action could be taken without its consent. In fairness it can be said that this power was never exercised arbitrarily. Still, the double role of Comsat as manager and signatory, and the complexities of its character as a U.S. Corporation, have occasioned much misunderstanding and suspicion among other signatories.

Furthermore, from the beginning and largely because of Comsat's initiatives, the lesser developed countries were encouraged to join the Consortium, even if their investment was minimal and their use of the system a matter for the future. As of today, nearly two-thirds of INTELSAT's seventy-seven members are developing countries, and most INTELSAT members have an investment quota of less than one percent. Comsat's quota is presently a bit over fifty percent.

As these developing countries have become members, and have begun to participate actively in the affairs of INTELSAT, another tension has become manifest—that between developed industrial nations who are intent upon procuring construction contracts and nations with no space industry. The former are naturally interested in getting their share of procurement contracts, even if this means higher charges to the Consortium; the latter are interested only in making sure that the best product is obtained for the least money. They object to what they regard as a subsidization of developed industrial nations.

From the beginning it was planned that arrangements governing INTELSAT should be reconsidered after experience was gained. Negotiations designed to establish definitive arrangements for INTELSAT have been in progress for well over a year. (It may be of interest that the first INTELSAT plenary conference convened by the U.S. State Department in February 1969 was the largest international conference ever held in Washington.)

There negotiations have been difficult and have involved some thorny issues. This surprises no one, since INTELSAT, though ostensibly a purely commercial enterprise, inevitably touches upon considerations of national pride and power. There are likely to be important changes when agreement is finally reached; but in its essentials INTELSAT will remain much the same—a commercial enterprise rendering services in return for payment.

In this way, INTELSAT differs from most international organizations, and this fact should be kept in mind. INTELSAT is a complicated organization, and the facts about it are not well known, even by some communications specialists and educators who are concerned with satellite communications.

Conceivably things might have been worked out differently. There were certainly those in the United States who thought Comsat should have been made a public corporation, on the model of the TVA; and there are those who deplore the fact that INTELSAT was not from the beginning structured as a single global corporation. And some feel that the development of a global system should have been entrusted to the United Nations. The tacit assumption seems to be that the system might then have more directly served public needs and given greater priority to such things as educational television. The assumption is easily made, but it does not bear up well under scrutiny.

It is futile, however, to speculate upon what might have been. The amazing thing is not that the INTELSAT system has fallen short of perfection, but that anything at all could be formed out of the amalgam of private interests, public concern, national pride, technological competition, and inherited suspicions that characterizes the international scene.

By their very nature, of course, international telecommunications require cooperation. And no doubt the fact that satellites help satisfy a felt need in the field of communications has a significant bearing upon INTELSAT's success. But beyond that, the design and evolution of the INTELSAT Consortium required creative efforts and patient negotiation. The Consortium achievement is without precedent in the field of international relations. While INTELSAT, then, may not be the perfect model for future international enterprises, we can hope that its success will be duplicated in other areas as we face the necessity for more and more international cooperation.

What matters most in the final analysis is that INTELSAT has worked and is working. The global system envisaged by President Kennedy in 1962 has been achieved in a remarkably short period of time. As a result of the INTELSAT system, improved telecommunications are now available to a growing number of countries, including many lesser developed ones. Twenty-nine countries have constructed a total of forty-two earth stations for operation within the system, including seven countries in Central and South America; and by the end of this year, these numbers will have increased. This means that direct communication links with the rest of the globe are available to every part of the world.

Furthermore, even as more advanced satellites have been launched to provide greater circuit capacity, versatility, and reliability investment costs per circuit year have dropped, and INTELSAT's charges for services have been periodically reduced. Further reductions will go into effect next year. These charges, of course, are levied upon the signatories, who own the earth stations and lease capacity from the Consortium. How much of any given rate reduction is passed along to ultimate users, or how much of a surcharge is added for terrestrial services, is not determined by INTELSAT.

Early in 1971, INTELSAT began to launch and put into service a new generation of satellites, the INTELSAT IV's, each with a minimal capacity of 5,000 voice circuits, equivalent to 12 television channels. By employing narrow-beam antennas and special modulation techniques this capacity can be increased to as much as 12,000 circuits. These satellites are capable of receiving and transmitting any form of electronic communication on a multiple access basis. Countries within the INTELSAT system will have access to the very latest in communications technology.

At the present time, a country must still construct an earth station with an 85- to 90-foot antenna in order to take full advantage of INTELSAT satellites. This is due to power limitations of the satellite. As the technology continues to develop it is predictable that larger and more powerful satellites will be orbited, and consequently the earth station requirements will become less stringent. Meanwhile, however, costs of earth stations have substantially decreased as construction techniques have become routine and equipment production standardized. An earth station that cost in the neighborhood of $8 million five or six years ago, can today be built for less than half that amount and will incorporate technical advances achieved during the interim. So, as the system has become more sophisticated, costs have decreased to a point where even relatively small user countries find themselves able to participate in it profitably.

Nevertheless, under the present conditions of technology, the full potential of the system cannot be realized if a country or a region has an inadequate communications infrastructure. The INTELSAT system provides for the transmission of signals from earth station to earth station. But

that means little if a country with an earth station does not have the domestic telephone lines, broadcasting facilities, telephones and television receivers to bring those signals to an ultimate user. For lack of a receiver or a telephone, a doctor or teacher in the jungles is as isolated as if the communications revolution were not occurring. And for lack of maintenance men and spare parts more than one experiment in educational television has miscarried.

At a recent conference in Washington, there was an especially interesting Comsat exhibit. One could scrawl a message and 830 milliseconds later receive a facsimile copy. During that fraction of a second the message had been transmitted around the world via satellite. Such a demonstration dramatized the potential of the new technology. And it is understandable that those who recognize what a crucial role communications can play in future developments find in this technology bright hopes for a better world. But the time when every man on earth can be in instantaneous touch with every other man by means of his private videophone is still far off. Too much talk about long-range possibilities may divert attention from problems closer at hand and discourage more mundane efforts at development.

We have sufficient grounds for realistic hopes. We know that in the foreseeable future our ability to communicate with each other globally will increase tremendously, at least to the extent that such ability is a function of circuit capacity and technology. We know that the INTELSAT system will be fleshed out with domestic satellite systems such as that under development in Canada and those under consideration in the United States, Brazil, India, and other places. We know that terrestrial systems using microwave, cable, and traditional landlines will continue to develop and that the costs for all these will probably continue to drop. We know that international telecommunications traffic, global television programs, news exchange, data networks, will continue to grow. We know that as more and more of the developing countries participate in the global system, the strangle-hold of colonial powers over communications will be broken once and for all. We know these things because they are presently within the state of the art, or are reasonable extrapolations from clearly distinguished trends or current laboratory developments.

However, face to face with this potenial of modern communications technology, we must pause to reflect. For we do not know what the impact of these developments will be, whether we should regard them as promise or threat. Since in any case they will occur, the real question is how these developments can be moderated or accelerated in order to realize the promise and obviate the dangers.

Perhaps it is true that any significant scientific or technical development will cause a division of opinion between those who see it as a threat and those who look upon it as another giant step in mankind's development. Historically this seems to have been true on both the theoretical and the technical levels. There were those who damned Galileo, Copernicus, Darwin, and Freud, and those who regarded them as liberators, just as there were those who smashed machines and others who welcomed them. The radio, the automobile, jet airplanes, moon-landing missions, birth-control pills, television, these and other modern developments have elicited similar ambivalent responses.

Controversy on such matters is often sterile, because it is based upon the tacit and unfounded assumption that changes in man's condition are subject to an either/or evaluation. Either they are an unmixed blessing, or they are an unmitigated curse. Such simplistic thinking with respect to technology in general must be discarded, especially as we become more aware of side effects, pollution, and social and psychological ramifications. One need not be told that developments in mass media occasion the same sort of controversy.

But there are especially puzzling aspects in the realm of communications. For the world about which we suppose ourselves to be communicating and which we hope can be improved and unified by means of communications, that world in itself largely is a creation of communications media. What is more obvious than the fact that our judgments about what we call the world are conditioned by and have reference to what might be termed a "second-order reality," one with which we have little if any direct experience? Because distortions and simplifications are unavoidable in all mass media, quite apart from deliberately contrived distortions, this second-order reality may bear questionable resemblance to the world in which we actually live and with which we are daily in more immediate contact. Furthermore, it is so extensive and remote that we can seldom directly verify assertions about it; we are reduced to checking them against other second-order assertions. Distinctions and the ability to discriminate are lost, and our own verifiable judgments come to seem irrelevant compared to the vastly more significant abstractions we are presented with by the mass media.

If they were not so pathetic and dangerous, the passionate outbursts of many young people against what they term the Establishment would be comical and ironic, as would be those of their parents against some equally vague entity called Youth. Many are captivated by analogous abstractions on the international level. Perhaps mass media unavoidably creates an oversimplified world.

Though they should not be exaggerated, dangers implicit in the mass media ought to be taken into account when contemplating their use for purposes of development or for mass educational programs. Any gospel they spread must of necessity be a simplified one. Furthermore, as we are learning from experience, there may be unanticipated side effects in terms of social unrest, political upheaval, and general discontent. Perhaps it is because of an intuitive recognition of this that some national authorities are wary about satellite television broadcasts. The impact upon illiterate and uneducated masses could be explosive.

In the long run a remedy for the simplifications and distortions associated with the mass media may come not from controlling them but from encouraging decentralization and free access to the media. Modern technology has made the underground press and pirate radio and television stations possible; and while we may not applaud their purposes, the multiplicity of viewpoints they provide is a healthy thing. Similarly, as cable television, develop-

ments like cassette video records, and greater circuit capacity on satellites become a reality, some of the dangers of mass media may be dissipated.

At the worst such multiplicity of media and programming may mean no more than that one falsehood will negate another in the mind of a reader or viewer, leaving him intellectually paralyzed. At the best it could provide the media with self-correcting tendencies and a new capacity for criticism.

One might feel that such comments about the role of mass media are too sophisticated to be relevant, when what is really of concern is how to use the media in a framework of modern technology like satellites to improve the conditions of those whose lives now seem subhuman or intellectually and spiritually impoverished. That suspicion may be correct, though it appears reasonable to suppose that such efforts will be more effective as we understand better the effects of media.

It is easy to assume that improvement in communication techniques is the key to a better future. Experience in highly developed countries like the United States does little to support this assumption. Though it is clear that modern media and communications have done much to unify a traditionally heterogeneous population in the United States, it is equally clear that these same means can intensify latent polarizations and can spread spiritual and social unrest like a plague.

The point is that under present world circumstances we cannot afford the luxury of easy assumptions, nor can we afford to gamble exclusively on dramatic new methods to the neglect of older more traditional approaches. The use of satellites to relay broadcasts of instructional television, for example, might enable a large country like Brazil or India to change the lives of millions of their populations. It might. But there are important conditions that will have to be met, and in a way the satellite will be the least of their problems.

Their chief problems will lie in the area of program production, of avoiding bureaucratic rivalries, of adjusting their educational system to make good use of the broadcasts, and of providing the social, economic, and political context in which there is a likelihood that the rising expectations of the newly instructed masses could be fulfilled.

We can now transmit enormous amounts of information with incredible rapidity to virtually the entire world. This is a marvelous fact in itself. But in every sense of that term, much homework needs to be done before we can be sure that this power will lead to the benefits most of us expect.

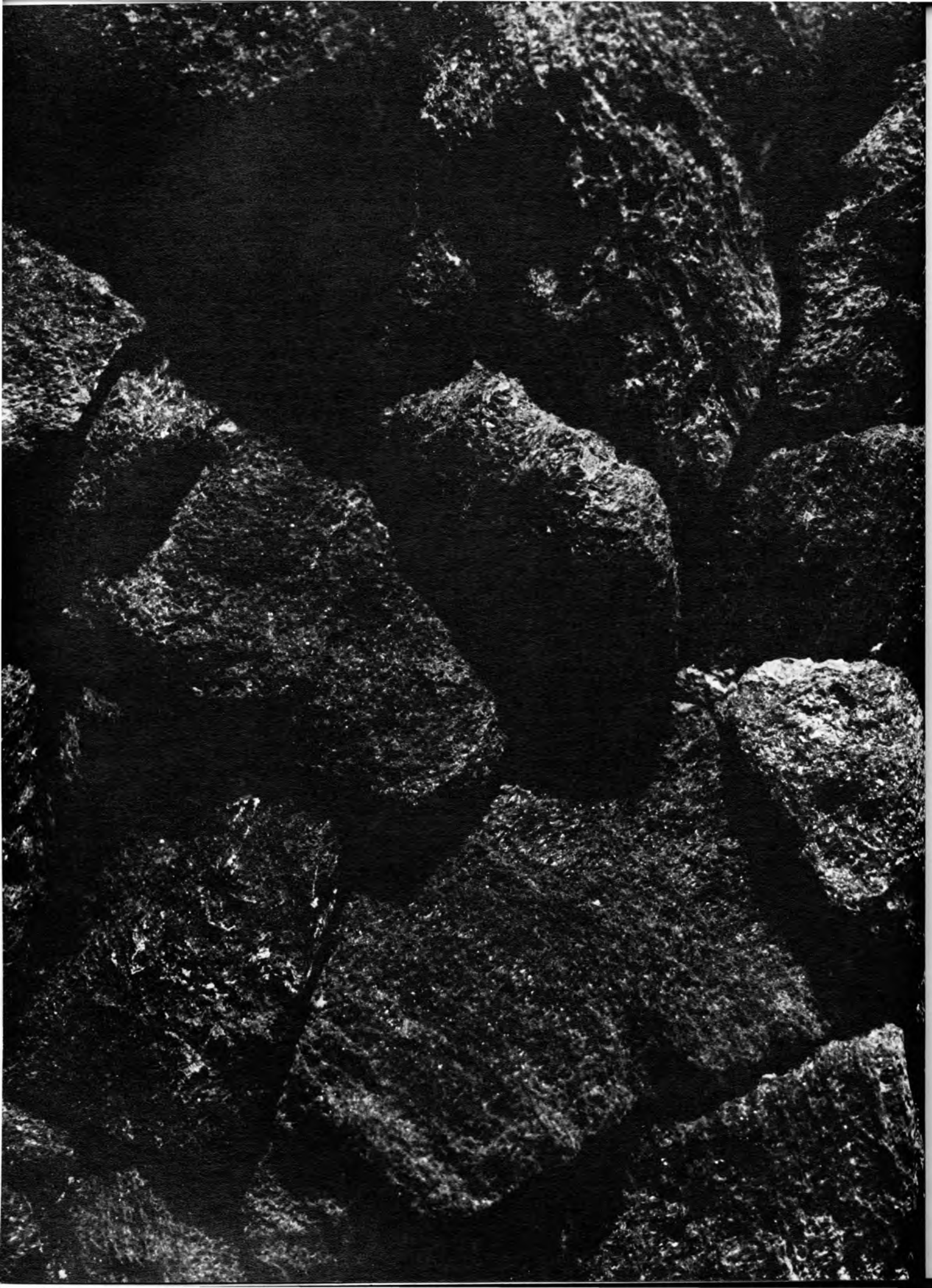
We sometimes forget the obvious truth that the most highly developed communications system in the history of the world can equally well transmit the ravings of a lunatic or the musings of a saint. To insure that it is the latter rather than the former would entail solving a whole galaxy of problems—psychological, political, economic, philosophic, and spiritual. It is a useful exercise to imagine the complexities of such a laudable enterprise.

To conclude: modern technology has provided mankind with tools of immense power and flexibility in the area of communications, which by means of satellites and development of the INTELSAT system have been linked into a global network. This system, which is still evolving structurally and technologically, provides a realistic and responsive means of making available to all men the best communications possible within the present state of the art and under the constraints of the present world. Whether or not this system and the communications revolution of which it is an important feature will significantly benefit mankind depends upon how well those who originate mass communications understand their own art, upon their ability to communicate a sense of urgency to political authorities. As with any revolution, the effects of the communications revolution may be unpredictable and uncontrollable. It is the responsibility of communications people to understand the problems sufficiently to ensure that such would not be the case.

TO MY HUSBAND

You say you're not an organ grinder
I know better.
Why else have me wear your ring,
Dance and sing,
Dress up for all your friends,
Smile and pass the cup for them
To drop their copper comments in?

—*Jo A. McManis*



The Black Man and the American Experience

An Interview With Lester Granger

Lester B. Granger, long-time executive director of the National Urban League, retired from the league in 1961 after over twenty years of work with one of America's foremost Negro service organizations. Under his leadership the Urban League pioneered in employment desegregation for the black worker. The league's most outstanding achievements include pushing for and finally winning integration of the nation's armed services and the institution of state and federal Fair Employment Practice laws.

Since his retirement Dr. Granger has served as president of the International Conference of Social Workers and he has also travelled extensively—to Japan, India, Africa, Latin America and Europe. He has also taught at several colleges and universities, most recently at Loyola University in New Orleans.

NOR: *Would you talk a little about some of the experiences you had during your younger years which helped shape your consciousness as a Black?*

GRANGER: Once, when I was in high school in Newark, a girl at school whose father ran a vaudeville and motion picture house invited a box party for a show. Some dozen students were to go for the evening. I was sure I was going since I was one of the most popular members of the class. They used to call me the political boss of the class. No one ever got elected without me, but I never noticed that I myself was never elected or nominated.

Anyway, I came home and told my mother that there was to be a box party and she said, "Did-so-and-so invite you?" And I said, "No," and she said, "Well, don't count too much on going. Because it's one thing to have friends at school and it's another thing to have friends at a reception. This is like a reception."

So she got me ready for the letdown. But I had talked to enough folks about going that I could not bear to tell them that I hadn't gone. So I got a ticket and sat in the show and watched them up there having a good time. But my mother was so wise, I didn't feel badly about it. I was only embarassed at having assumed that I would be invited.

NOR: *How about your relations with White students and faculty at Dartmouth when you were in college during the years before World War I?*

GRANGER: Though we were at a college where there was absolutely no official difference in treatment because of race, we were left completely alone as a social group. There were six Negro students when I attended. It grew to eleven in my junior year and then diminished to half a dozen. Never a large number. And at no time during those four years was there ever any close association between the Negro group and the White group. We made our own society, play group, and the rest.

We got what we deserved, what was due to us as students; but when social affairs came along, we were out. I sat for one year in chapel without ever having a White student sit next to me on either side. After my freshman year, I compared notes with my older brothers who had attended Dartmouth ahead of me and with them it had been the same. I was surprised my older brothers hadn't told me.

It was not hostility; it was avoidance, an assumption that you lost caste if you got too buddy-buddy with a Black student. And this was all to the good because it conditioned me for life after college.

There was only one instance I had of being at odds with a professor on a racial matter, and this was a habit he had of saying "darkie." He said it once in class describing a Shakespearean word picture to the class. He said, "Don't you see this lazing group of people, totally lazy like a darkie asleep on the Mississippi levee?" One or two folks looked my way and I could see it happening that there were little side glances, but I was watching the professor, and I could see the moment when he realized he had used the word. He came to me after the meeting and "I'm sorry, Granger," he said. "I know you are," I said. "I saw you blush."

And that was it. But there was a second time it happened, a month later, and he came up to me afterwards flustered and tried to apologize, but I said, "Don't do it. I wouldn't have you change your beliefs or your ways or your practices for me. Just consider me a student in your class . . . I've got to take your class."

NOR: *I understand there was segregation in all the social clubs, even the alumni club.*

GRANGER: Yes, the Dartmouth Alumni of New York. They refused my membership once. Years later it came to the attention of one of my classmates who is now on

the West Coast, a Jew. He raised so much hell and got no action from them that he presented his resignation. Ten years later they asked me if I would like to join the club and I said, "Hell, No."

NOR: *After you left Dartmouth you joined the Army and went to Europe for the First World War. It seems that after you came back you were something of an "angry young man" for those times, a reader of Marcus Garvey.*

GRANGER: The fact that I was fairly interested in Communism proves to me that I had no philosophy. I had only feelings and my feelings were generally angry on the race question.

NOR: *What, besides discrimination in the Army, contributed to these feelings?*

GRANGER: Exclusion from what would be considered the campus at college left me with a sour taste in my mouth for Dartmouth for a good while, until I was old enough to separate the college from the transient student body. And by that time what I learned at Dartmouth was small compared to what the world had taught me.

My joblessness when I came back was another factor. Having had an officer's commission meant absolutely nothing in my search for a job. It didn't impress White employers that I served under the son of a vice president of the National City Bank of New York, who got interested in me and said that there was a job for me when I came back. He had to confess later that the color bar was up even at the branches of the bank. So we shook hands.

NOR: *Dr. Granger, as a young man you had wanted to go overseas and follow a career free of the American prejudice against Blacks. But I understand that you have a story that illustrates your satisfaction with the life you eventually made for yourself in the United States.*

GRANGER: Yes, I was going to Africa and the son of a friend of mine was flying with me—he was going to Nigeria. This was in the sixties, around '62. He told me he was going to take up a post for an American company which had an office there, and he talked of the salary and the lively job and his reactions to it. And he said, "I guess you think I'm pretty silly going off this way, don't you? But," he said, "it's my chance." And I said, "Listen, I don't think you're silly at all, you just make me very unhappy, and very envious. At your age I was trying to do the same thing." And I said, "You're just making me realize that I was born thirty years too soon."

But I don't think I was born thirty years too soon now. Because what I have done is to experience in my own country the kind of excitement that comes from a new environment, the kind of accomplishment that I had been hoping to achieve overseas. In Africa, for instance, or Latin America, I would have escaped the restrictions of jim crow treatment. I would have been a privileged character in Africa or in Latin America with my modest command of Spanish at that time. I would have been a thoroughbred American, not Negro, but a favored American and would have escaped race, or racism. But if I had, I would have swapped the chance to take part in and contribute to a battle that is largely won, and that is now in its mopping up stages. And I wouldn't have had the feeling of pride that I have in my own race, and the larger community leadership. I never would have understood America.

NOR: *How was it that you switched from teaching to community services work with the Urban League?*

GRANGER: In 1937 the Urban League executive office was a two person organization: the office secretary and the executive himself. He got enough money from the Community Chest to add an industrial secretary which was standard in all leagues. The second person, of course, is a labor secretary who handles the league's job-getting, job-affecting responsibility. He learned that I was not employed so he sent for me and asked if I'd be willing to join him. I grabbed it just as if I was a drunken sailor reaching for a bottle of booze.

NOR: *What experiences in those early years stand out in your recollection?*

GRANGER: Misery, misery, misery. I went to points with misery, as a field agent for the National Urban League for cases of need and problems of discrimination. They were reported to the national office by persons we didn't know or by local leagues that didn't want to deal with such cases.

I think of one old gentleman in northern Mississippi whose house I found with great difficulty, to whose house I could not be directed within hearing distance of a White person. It was in a town where a teacher who had written a number of letters informing us of discrimination had been run out of town by a would-be lynching party. I finally found this old chap and when I walked up to the house on top of a hill, he said, "Where do you come from?" And I said, "New York." "You got New York license on your car?" I said, "Yes, I can't talk to you?" He said, "Yeah, you can talk to me, but get that car out of here." He said someone might have seen the car there, say, and been over asking, "What's that man from New York want talking to you?"

Later he told me a story. A White man had an argument with another White who had a Negro field hand walking in town with him. The Negro's employer knocked the other White chap down in the sight of spectators who laughed, including the Negro. After a violent argument the White chap went home and got his gun and came up and shot the Negro, just like you would shoot a dog.

I was expressing shock and he told me, "That ain't nothin'. You see that creek over there?" "Yes." "A man's in there, White man, too." I looked over. "You won't see him, he's underneath that water."

An organizer, a White organizer was preaching organization of the Negro farmers. The posse got a hold of him, and the posse organized a lynching party, and took him down to the river and tied him up and tied chains around him, and threw him in the creek. This is the kind of thing that went on, in the northern part of Mississippi during the Depression when nobody dared to make a formal complaint. If you did . . .

I drove through there again ten years ago, and even giving consideration to the changes nationally, it is the same damn town it was then. That was the raw, stinking South of the 1930's and '40's.

NOR: *When you travelled around the South in the thirties, where did you stay? In people's homes?*

GRANGER: For the most part, yes. Or in the case of the big city, at a very poor lower class Negro hotel. Now and then, in a place like Memphis, there would be families who would invite me; or where people didn't have the facilities, and many of them did not, I would stop on the highway and sleep in the car.

NOR: *Even though it did pioneering work in the thirties, the National Urban League has been attacked as the most conservative of the Negro organizations. What are your feelings about this criticism?*

GRANGER: Well, as a matter of fact, the term "conservative" can be a compliment or a derogatory expression, depending on the person that uses it.

The NAACP took the field of legal rights, citizen rights that could be defined legally; and we took the field, I suppose you would say, of human rights: the right to work, the right to live in a decent home, the right to get a decent education. The NAACP was a "fightin' " organization; they were in the courts, and they made brave speeches; whereas we were a stodgy group, and we were often described as being "the White man's organization" because we never allowed ourselves to be dominated by any racial group.

We never achieved popularity in the mass use of the phrase, but we did achieve recognition. I know that at the end, when I retired, I was amazed to find myself called a staunch fighter for civil rights—which I was. But I had never looked on my public and considered it civil rights—civil rights was when you sued somebody.

When you consider the things we went into, we were anything but conservative. For instance, when I joined the Urban League in the thirties, labor unions were an anathema to Negroes. Eighty percent of the AFofL unions barred Negroes either by ritual, by constitution, or by gentlemen's agreement. For any Negro organization to urge Negroes to join unions was a mild scandal among some and a cause for amazement among others.

NOR: *What are the league's relations with labor unions currently?*

GRANGER: We broke the ice in the forties. When I came in, the few New York unions, the garment workers, for instance, were friendly. It took a few years to get it across to unions that we were an unofficial arm for labor, or an unofficial arm for labor's antagonists, depending on what labor did. The good unions accepted us and the boss-ridden unions did not. They didn't want this kind of monkey business going on in their backyard. Today the rising number of white-collar workers has tended to offset the influence of the highly skilled unions. It's the highly skilled people that have been the toughest contenders.

NOR: *When you approached an employer, what tactic did you use to get him to hire Negroes? Did your tactics depend primarily on the employer's reasonableness?*

GRANGER: We didn't approach an employer who wasn't reasonable or didn't have the reputation for being decent. We had a phrase, "It's decent and fair." And we found that that was more effective than anything else. Everybody wants to be considered decent, wants to be considered fair, even if he's the worst crook in the world. Who wants to be an ogre? I don't.

We picked out our targets, and I think it was about 500 corporations that we went after. And they accepted or declined on the basis of the job that we offered them: to help us to work qualified Negro workers in the largest numbers in proportion to the numbers in the population. We asked them to take a look at their performance over a year's time and give us a report. That's all we asked them to do. We had not one single employer who said this had been a failure.

NOR: *What is your opinion of the presidents you have worked with over the years in your fight for Negro employment?*

GRANGER: Negroes lost their Republican bias when Hoover failed in the Depression. He didn't have the slightest idea what to do and he was unable by tradition to shift, to play different notes to get a tune. And when Roosevelt came in, like a fresh gust of air into the tobacco-laden room, for the first time in their lives, Negroes could turn to the federal government for something. But all in all, Roosevelt betrayed Negroes. FDR felt that, in order to maintain his ascendency, he had first of all to keep the Southern Democrats. Secondly, he had to have the support of organized labor. Thirdly, he had to have the support of the big city Democratic bosses. So he had the most reactionary elements on the race question. And he wasn't thinking of leaving that same territory to become a Don Quixote—which he wasn't.

Later, when Truman used his small town wisdom, his political boss connections and his own experience as a protégé of one of the biggest bosses in the country—in the White House—one of the first things he did was to court the Negro voters. It wasn't hard to do that then, because they hadn't had any recognition from anybody else.

NOR: *Wasn't it under Truman that you helped desegregate the armed forces?*

GRANGER: He was President, but it was Secretary of the Navy Forrestal who initiated and carried out desegregation. And Truman took all the credit.

NOR: *What about Eisenhower's administration?*

GRANGER: Once, in a conference with Fred Morrow (a Negro advisor to the President), Phil Randolf, Roy Wilkins and Martin Luther King, Eisenhower told me, "If I run again, I'll probably be elected without the Negro vote, as I was before. One thing is certain though: that the Negro vote is not going to elect me, no matter what I do. But I'm disturbed, because how can the Negro voters expect to get any consideration from any administration when they gave 85% of their vote against a man who in no way has indicated hostility to Negroes, and they don't even know who he's going to run against yet?"

NOR: *What about the last ten years as far as the Republicans and Democrats go? Especially in reference to Blacks' interests.*

GRANGER: The race situation? Oh, I'd say Johnson and Nixon have the best records. Johnson gets the credit because he's well-known in civil rights legislation.

NOR: *Well, Nixon has been attacked for ignoring the Blacks.*

GRANGER: Nixon does what Johnson would have done if the Negroes had done to Johnson what they did to Nixon. As I told my friends in New York, "You're doomed as long as Nixon is in the White House."

NOR: *In view of recent political trends, especially the rise of Negro militantism and Black Power, what changes are occurring in the tactics and general role of the Urban League since you left?*

GRANGER: The rise of the protest movement and Martin Luther King certainly helped the Urban League because it called attention nationally to the problems of the Negro. King may have had a vision, but he certainly had no plan, and after publicity the movement needed plans and organization for concrete action.

My career with the Urban League took place during an enormously fast-changing era and I consider myself fortunate to have been involved in it. And I was just as lucky to have retired from the active scene when I did in 1961, because my background and years of experience would have made me unable to deal effectively, to negotiate as well with the new Black Power people as my successor Whitney Young was able to do. We've begun a new era, the mopping up stages of the Negro movement, and I am content to sit back and watch. Since I retired I haven't meddled with the league and I've managed to stay out of jail, so every time an anniversary or celebration comes along for the organization, I'm invited to the festivities in New York as the honored grand old man of the Urban League.

THEODICY

Six shots, six bottles gone
off the wall;
that's god where the bottles were.
I plugged your heart full of holes;
the slowing dribble from the vat
came closer and closer to truth.
People make a terrible noise
when they break. Borgia
believed Isabella's corpse.
I believe now
before my merit badge comes, my
pedigreed gun.
Soft brown skin must go,
the browner eye with the ox-bow loop;
the crags flossed
with night or daybreak.
I cannot shoot!
You go too far away;
I have no help when I wrap
in white linen
the lucent smithereens;
no one to stand in the grave I make
to receive in his arms
and bury
as seed in a womb
all the pieces I shot apart
of god where the bottles were.

—*Francis Sullivan*

Divine Dialogue

by Kenneth M. Pruitt

A single figure in a white lab coat is standing on a bare stage. He is pacing nervously and clinching and unclinching his fists. He stops his pacing abruptly and seems to be listening for something. Then the sound of approaching footsteps is heard. No one else is visible but when the steps seem very near, they stop. There is a loud, reverberating sound of electronic feedback and a deep, powerful voice speaks.

GOD: *The first charge is "destruction of the natural balance."*

SCIENTIST: Can't you get along without these corny theatrical effects?

GOD: *You are very impatient—and very nervous. You have all the symptoms of a guilty man accused.*

I might point out that you have neither prestige nor authority here. I have read your scientific papers. Indeed, I have re-reviewed your entire career. I was not impressed. Or rather, I should say that my impressions were negative. You see, I had such high hopes for you. It seemed to me that a man of your background and talents should have been able to . . .

SCIENTIST: This whole god damn procedure is ridiculous! I can't defend myself against these charges. How the hell do you expect me to answer . . .

GOD: *Now really Dr._____! Do you think your collection of oaths and childish vocabulary of 4-letter words serve the purpose of emphasis* here? *They are in rather poor taste you know. They remind me of one of your favorite games. That was, making up caricatures of me and poking fun at them. You really did make a joke out of me and then you enjoyed laughing at your own joke. But the joke was on you. The mockery was a mockery of yourself.*

SCIENTIST: But I never did! I never made fun of you. The swearing's, just a habit of speech. I have never mocked you. There is no need for me to indulge in that kind of childishness.

GOD: *Oh, you never made fun of religion? You never snickered at the orthodox? You never condescended to all those lesser folk who had to have some spiritual crutch to lean on? Ah, I see some signs of recognition on your face. You were always quick to turn your dialectic on any mystical ideas of religion. But I don't recall that you ever proposed anything to take the place of what you were so eager to destroy in the name of rationality.*

But never mind. You are not being judged for that today. That was, as you would say, a misdemeanor. You are being charged with three felonies. The first of which is destruction of the natural balance. How do you plead?

SCIENTIST: I'm innocent! You can't blame me for changes in the ecology brought about by progress.

GOD: *Oh, but I certainly can. You know the rules of the game of natural balance. You know what happens when you disturb the ecology. Even when it is done in the name of "progress." The result is the death of species.*

SCIENTIST: There's nothing new about that. It was going on before man ever came down out of the trees. Evolution and change, natural selection, the survival of the fittest. That's *your* way of doing business. You can't blame me for the death of the undaptable.

GOD: *Of course, I am not disturbed by the natural course of evolution. Species come and species go. We lost the pterodactyl and the tyrannosaurus and the trilobites. but they really weren't too satisfactory and we got the buzzard, the lizard, and the horse shoe crab to replace them. The wool-*

ly mammoth and the saber tooth tiger weren't effective in a changed environment so they vanished and were replaced by the elephant and the lion. They come and they go. It's an old story.

SCIENTIST: Let's get on with the farce. Please spare me high school biology lectures.

GOD: *You are beginning to try even my patience! Forgive me if I insult you with high school biology. You may know the facts but you haven't learned the lessons.*

Very soon after man came down out of the trees, you began providing him lots of effective toys. When he learned how to use them—fire, the plow, clubs, dynamite, insecticides—the species started disappearing by the hundreds and nothing is taking the place of the ones lost. I don't mind losing a few due to your lack of judgment. I can get by without the albatross, passenger pigeons, dodo birds, sea cows, and the whales. But now you are on the verge of annihilating every sizeable warm-blooded creature on the face of the earth except for the ones whom you select to honor with "domestication."

SCIENTIST: You're talking about conservation and environmental control. That's big stuff. That's not my problem. I carry out the work I was trained to do. I'm not a politician. I can't control the world. The Secretary-General of the UN or the Russian Premier or the American President—those are the people you ought to see about this.

GOD: *I knew you'd say that. You are, by your own symbolism, an ostrich (another threatened species, I might add, just like your own). When the going gets rough and the problems complex you always stick your head in the sand of professional dedication. But the problems don't go away, do they?* (The scientist tries to speak.) *Be patient. You'll have your turn.*

You helped the rest of your race find its way from the stone age, into the iron age, to the machine age, and to the space age. Down through all of these ages, you gave your fellows the tools to alter the balance in what they deemed to be their *favor.* (The scientist tries to speak again.) *Please, don't interrupt! With the tools you gave him, man was able to alter the balance with greater and greater effectiveness until now the natural balance is destroyed!*

You helped man move progressively from small clearings carved out of the wilderness by hand-tools into the present glorious age of vast, desert wastelands, huge gullies, and nude mountains. Now finally, to make certain that the altered—rather destroyed—balance is permanently altered, you have filled the streams and seas with garbage, laid bare the whole face of the earth, and in a colossal grand finale, poisoned the very air that you breathe with the gases of your "progress."

SCIENTIST: I can't help it if the government is so stupid that it doesn't police the industries. Policing the environment is not my job. I am not competent in the areas of social management.

GOD: *Well now, that's very interesting. You are all in favor of the government's policing industry. Yet when the government tries to police you, or rather when it tries to tell you what you should work on, you get very upset. I remember very well the time when the National Science Foundation tried to get you to . . .*

SCIENTIST: But that's different. Politicians don't know enough to make policy decisions about *my* work. To get that kind of knowledge takes years of training. They aren't competent to manage scientific investigation.

GOD: *Ah, that's a good one! Now you say that the politicians don't know enough to make policy decisions about what you* should *do but you expect them to know enough to make policy decisions about what you* have *done. Come now, you must admit that your argument is inconsistent.*

If you do not have enough confidence in the wisdom of your elected officials to let them have a hand in deciding what you will *make, then you cannot possibly argue that they are competent to deal with what you* have *made.*

Is this all that you can raise in your defense against the first charge?

SCIENTIST: You act as though we had ignored these problems. We have recognized them for a long time. We have done a lot of work on such things as the gap between our technology and our civilization. If you just looked at the literature, you'd find lots of contributions on these problems.

GOD: *Why do you use the first person plural? "They" are not on trial. "You" are. Moreover, you are being called to account for what you have done and what you have failed to do in light of your full knowledge of the problems.*

I have read all of your publications carefully. Not a single one of them deals with problems such as the "gap" between technology and civilization, or environmental quality, or conservation, or anything related to charge number one.

In fact, I find that most of what has been

written on these and related subjects has been written by philosophers, historians, poets, preachers, and even politicians. Now, I know that you don't hold such people in very high esteem, so, for lack of proper authentication by you, their cries of alarm have largely gone unheeded.

You obviously have no defense. We won't waste any more time on this charge. We must get on to the second charge. By way of introducing this charge, I would like to ask you if you ever considered what man was going to do with all the leisure time your labor-saving gadgets provided for him?

SCIENTIST: Look, I can't solve every problem of man's existence. I can't know everything. Isn't it enough that I freed man from having to break his back just to feed himself? Do I also have to worry about what he does when he isn't on the job?

GOD: *As a matter of fact, you do have to worry about that. But let's discuss the subject in the context of charge two. Charge two is as follows: "You are accused of destruction of man's will to live." How do you plead?*

SCIENTIST: How can you accuse me of that? I can't motivate man. The will to live is an individual, private matter.

GOD: *You are very dense today, aren't you? But then you have always been slow to recognize and even slower to act upon problems growing directly out of your precious work. Let me put it to you as plainly as possible. A man's will to live depends upon his having the option of meaningful activity. Don't look so incredulous. I think even you will be able to understand and agree with this.*

You know that when a man's existence is threatened, he becomes highly motivated. In the face of hunger, pain, or mortal danger to himself, or his loved ones, his will to live becomes very intense and asserts itself most strongly. This we know and understand. Consider, if you will, what happens to a man when he is well-fed, comfortable, and not faced with any obvious threat. He has the option of idleness or activity. And unless the option includes meaningful activity, his will to live will shrivel and die.

SCIENTIST: You are being inconsistent. You just finished accusing me of destroying the natural balance and now you imply that man has everything made—no hunger, no threats. That doesn't sound like a society which has destroyed nature's balance.

GOD: *Oh, he isn't threatened with starvation and destruction right now. At least, not in an obvious way. Of course, many people are starving but they are not located at the power centers and we don't count them. But for the rest they are content to assume that there will always be the kind of abundance they have now. It is not true, of course. But let us give man his little illusions of bliss. He is still not happy. He has lost the will to live and it is your fault.*

SCIENTIST: It isn't my fault! I am not an entertainer. I can't help what man does in his leisure time.

GOD: *Come now. You are not so naive. You have always known the dangers. One of your oldest "old sayings" says something about the devil finding work for idle hands.*

What you have done is to create a society of the elite working class. Only a few are given the privilege of working, that is, the option of meaningful activity. These few workers laboring in your efficient farms and factories produce all the necessities for all of the others. You have provided, for a time at least, a living for all men, but you have taken away from most men any reason for wanting to live. It is no crime to feed a starving man or to give him shelter. But it is the worst sort of crime to deny a man the privilege of using his own brains and body in the name of his own survival.

SCIENTIST: I see the problem. I understand it. I couldn't survive without my work. But it isn't the same for most other people. It isn't the same for the carpenter, the plumber, or the truck driver.

GOD: *How do you know that? If you replace 75% of your carpenters with automatic devices and with engineering advances in the construction of prefabricated houses, do you think that those replaced carpenters can contentedly draw their salaries for whittling on the park bench? No! They are men just like yourself. They need food, but they also need the pride and sustenance of creating the means for their own survival.*

SCIENTIST: But the labor unions are to blame for all of this. They started by demanding a 50 hour work week, then a 40 hour, then a 30 hour.

GOD: *You forget that the labor unions were born out of the machine age. They began as an act of self-defense. And they ended with acts of self-destruction. The unions are a symptom. They are not the disease. They should have been an alarm signal for you. You are responsible. Your brains produced the machines that started this whole vicious circle. Why haven't you turned those brains to finding a solution? What*

can you say in your defense?

SCIENTIST: I'll admit to part of it. The automation is a tough thing. We all know that. We also know what idleness can do to a man. But what about all the things we gave him to take the place of work. What about the radio, phonograph, television, movies, automobiles and all of the good things in life he could never have had the time to enjoy?

GOD: *No. That is not acceptable. You see all of the things you listed are hobbies. Man doesn't live for his hobbies. That classical guitar music you like to listen to is a pleasant change of pace from your daily work. It is something you rest and relax with. It is not something you live for. By your own admission, you live for your work. That is true for all men. They all live for their work. That is, they all live for the sake of living. They live in order to keep life alive.*

Now, because of what you have done, man sees life going on regardless of what he does or does not do. His efforts are irrelevant. Life is indifferent to them. He has lost the option of meaningful activity and has therefore lost the will to live. You are accused of destroying man's will to live. I see that you have no defense against this charge either.

We come to the third and final charge. You are accused of giving man the means to destroy his enemies.

SCIENTIST: You can't accuse me of giving man weapons. He has always had some kind of weapon.

GOD: *Weapons, per se, are not the problem. Weapons are not unique to man. All animals have weapons. But the weapons of the so-called lower animals are personal weapons, that is, individualized weapons. The animal can direct his weapons only against an immediate and present enemy.*

SCIENTIST: I can't accept the responsibility for what man does with his weapons.

GOD: *It is true that you are not invited to the council chambers when important decisions regarding matters of war are being made and I suppose that you . . .*

SCIENTIST: Yes, of course, even you admit that. So how can you accuse me of being responsible for what the idiots do . . .

GOD: *Stop! I am not one of your students. You cannot lecture me into a subdued and respectful silence. You are the student here. You are the defendant, but hopefully you are also trying to learn.*

Now, although you are not invited to help in the decision of whether or not your country should go to war, you provide the tools, that is, the weapons, which will be used to carry out that decision. Except for you and the products of your brains, man would still be using his teeth and nails against his enemies. He would still be using his personal weapons. And, therefore, his enemies would still be personal enemies—which means that the power of destruction would still be under his personal control.

SCIENTIST: I hope I don't give you further offense if I point out that I am powerless to influence one man's hostile reaction to another and I cannot be held responsible when that hostility expresses itself as murder.

GOD: *Of course. That is perfectly correct. But you see the satisfactory expression of personal hostility seldom requires the destruction of the object of the hostility.*

An angry man may shoot his adversary or he may beat him. Many people die of gunshot wounds. Few people die of beatings. When a man raises his fist to strike the second or the third or the fourth blow, he may hear his opponent say "please, don't hit me again," or "I give up" or his opponent may prostrate himself on the ground as a gesture of total surrender. By these means further blows may be avoided.

The surrender signal is, as you well know, a highly developed technique of self-preservation among the lower animals. It has lost its effectiveness with man. This is partly because it is so seldom used or acknowledged and partly because of the impersonal nature of man's weapons.

A waving white cloth seen at a distance of 100 yards from the rear sight of an M-1 rifle is a good deal less persuasive than a pair of terrified eyes 14 inches away staring imploringly out of a bloody face.

And what are the chances that a double-spaced type-written translation of diplomatic jargon will prevent the pressing of a small red button by a well-manicured finger?

SCIENTIST: I know. I know. I hate it all. The hydrogen bombs, the cobalt bombs, the napalm, the missiles, the chemical and biological agents. I hate it all. But I can't do anything about it.

GOD: *You are not very convincing. You have not tried. These weapons are your creation. You are responsible for what men, who could not have made them without you, do with them.*

SCIENTIST: But what can I do? Any kind of real protest will just neutralize my professional effectiveness.

GOD: *What you really mean is that it might endanger your fat government contract. But*

the problem is yours not mine. You are here to answer these charges. Pleas of not being able to have acted differently are not a defense. Such pleas merely reaffirm your guilt.

You see, it is all so intimately connected. Because the balance has been destroyed, man's sense of living in harmony with nature is gone, so he suffers from constant anxiety. Because he has lost the option of meaningful activity, he lives in constant despair fed by a sense of worthlessness. Because of the despair and the anxiety, he is increasingly hostile to himself and he vents this hostility on his fellow man. Since you have given him effective, impersonal weapons, he can express his hostility by mass destruction and ultimately by the total decimation of his own species.

You brought all of this to pass and now you must accept the responsibility. Have you nothing further to say in your defense?

SCIENTIST: No. I am tired of fighting you. I am tired of struggling with myself. I am tired of living with this conflict.

GOD: *I know that you might feel more comfortable if judgment were to be rendered by a jury of your peers. But that would be a meaningless sham. I make the charges. I know the defense. The judgment is mine alone. But you seem weary. Perhaps you would like a rest. I could pass sentence tomorrow. When you have rested you might bear up with more dignity.*

SCIENTIST: No. I have been postponing this all of my life. The time has come. I do not choose to delay it any longer.

GOD: *Very well. I find you guilty of all three charges. I sentence you to return from this place of judgment to the world you left and there to live out the remainder of your days in the same helpless and hopeless way as before but with the full knowledge and memory of what has passed between us on this day forever burning in your soul!*

(There is another loud reverberating sound and the sound of departing footsteps. The scientist stares after the footsteps and then walks dejectedly from the room.)

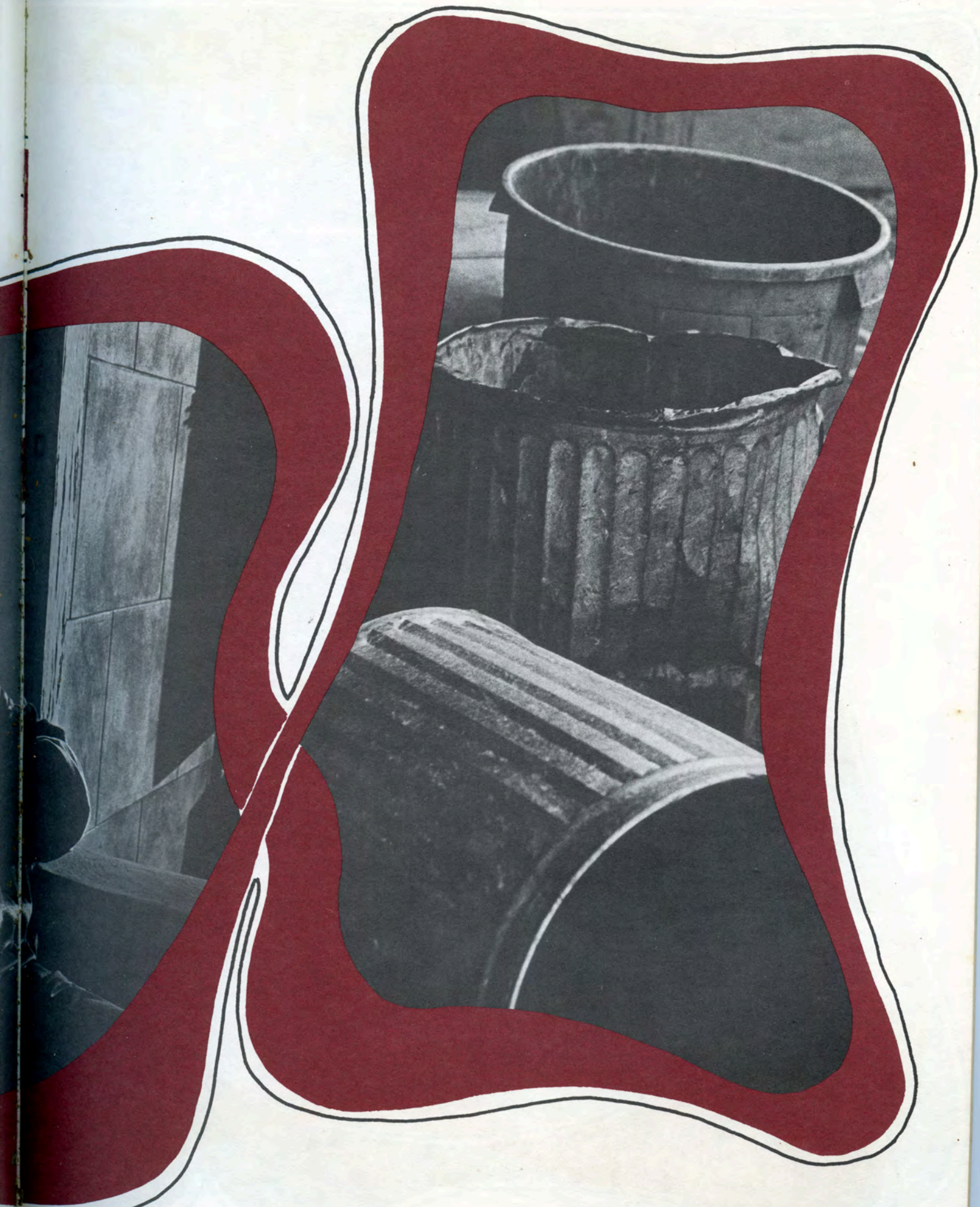
PATTERNLESS

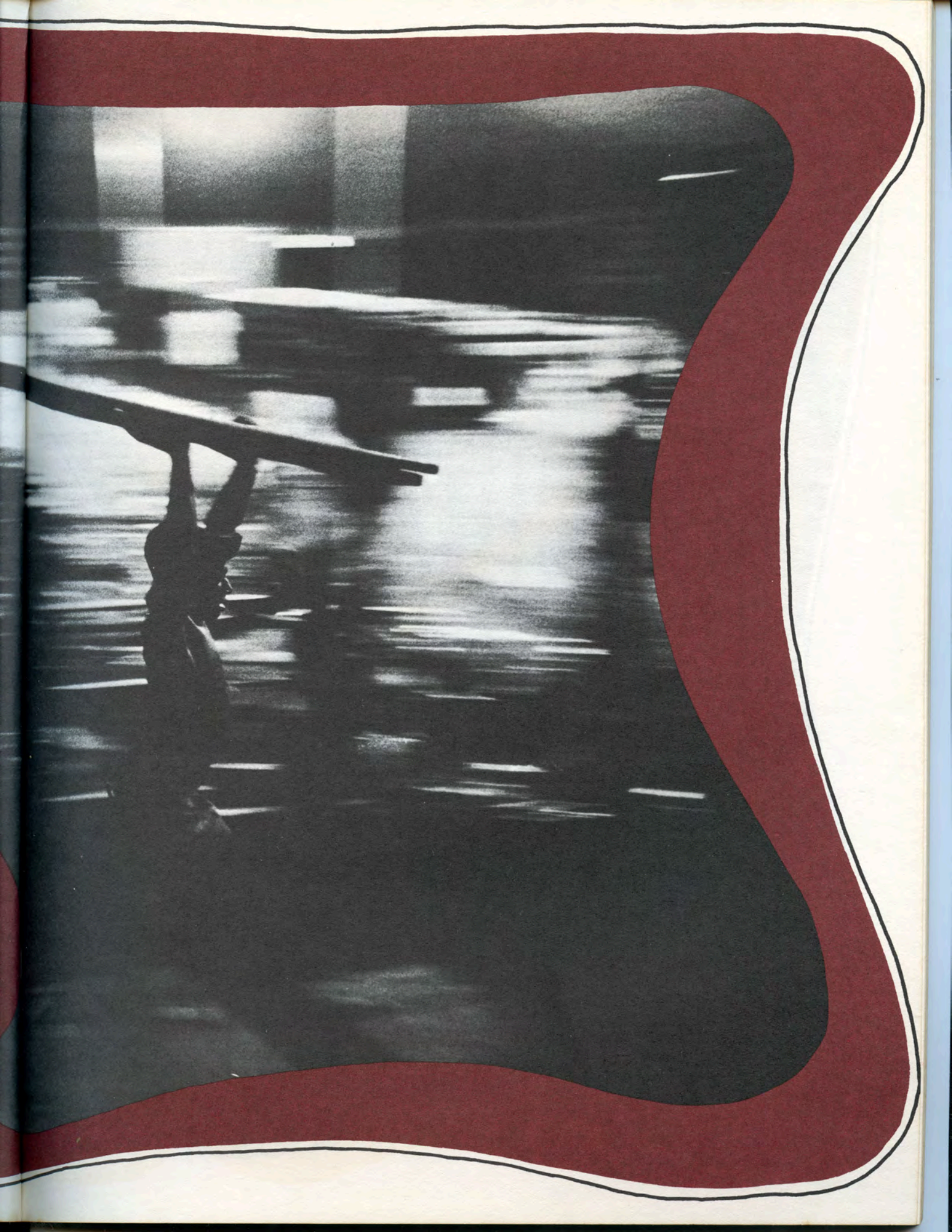
Writing words you'll never read
is looking up through this weak eye
to see the flat dark sky without its stars
though I know that they are there . . .
or to see a grey unbroken haze
where you have told me there's a moon.
We come so close we nearly touch
but have no proof of love beyond
the glimmers in our eyes,
the tremors in our tones . . .
We lack a frame, a motto over us
that says *E pluribus unum*
or *Will you take this woman?*
I am not a child to be caressed
before approving eyes.
Nor are we birds whose nerves
are prearranged; but patternless,
we have no chance to kiss . . .

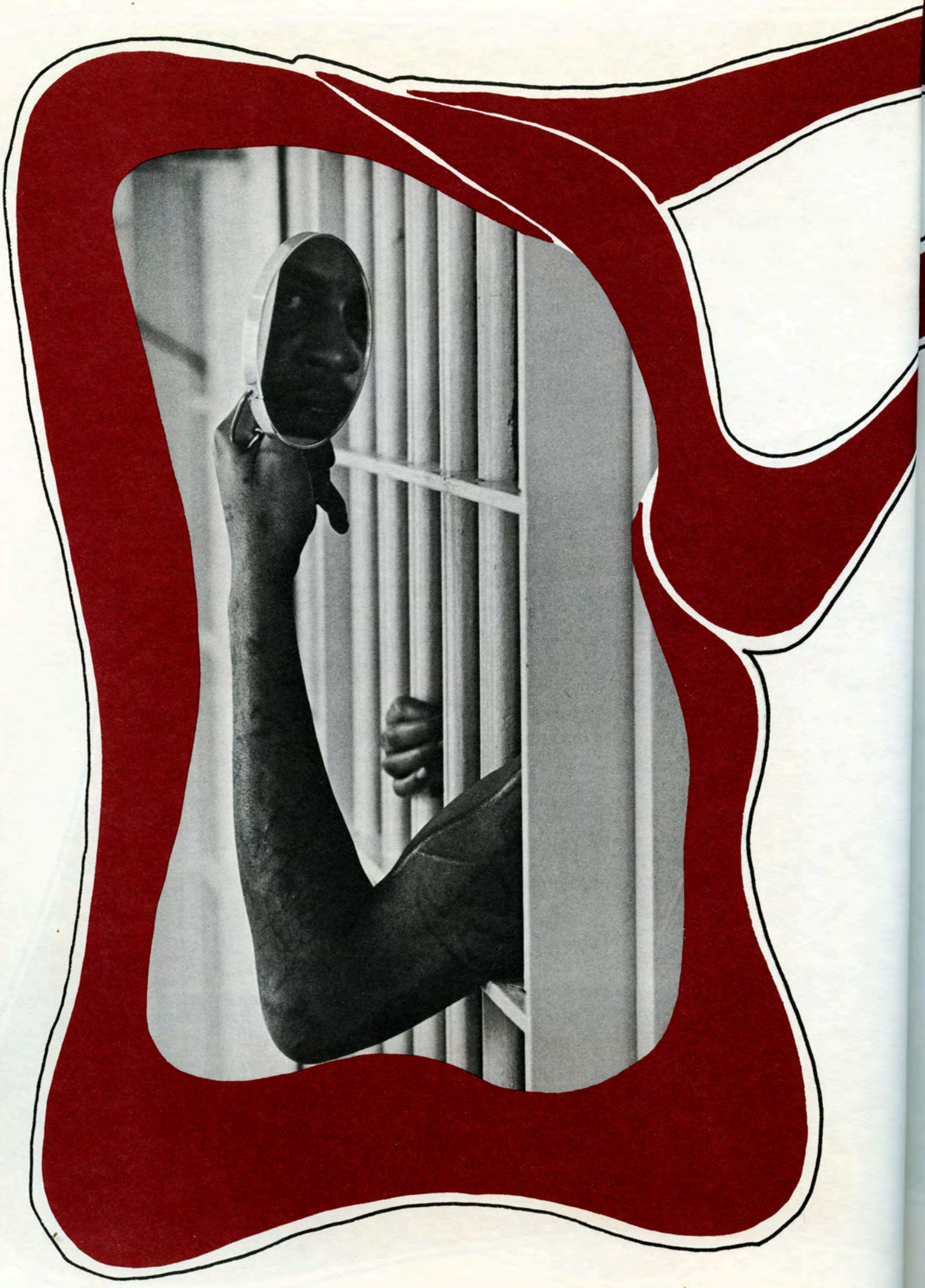
—*Myrtle Chamberlin*

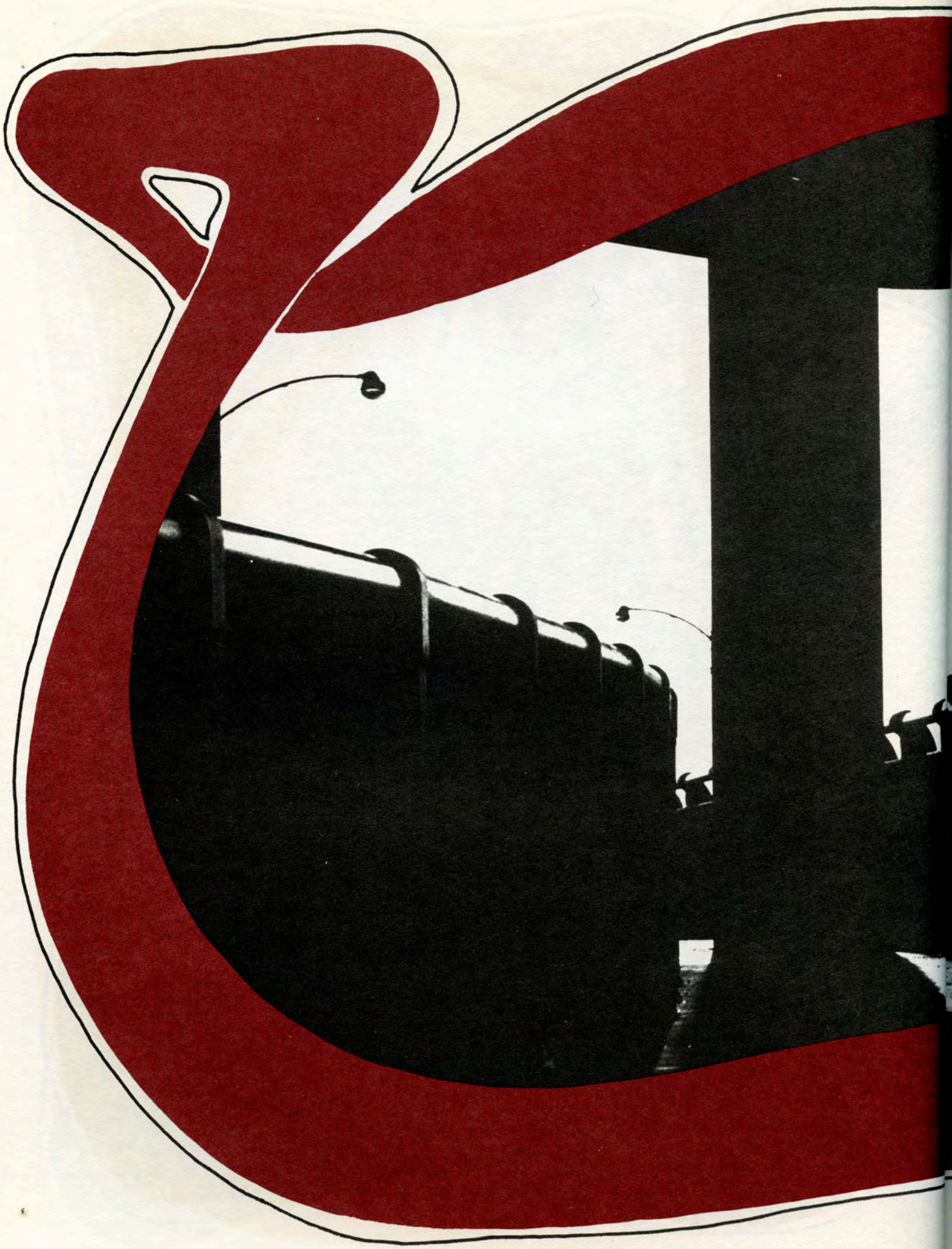
PORTFOLIO

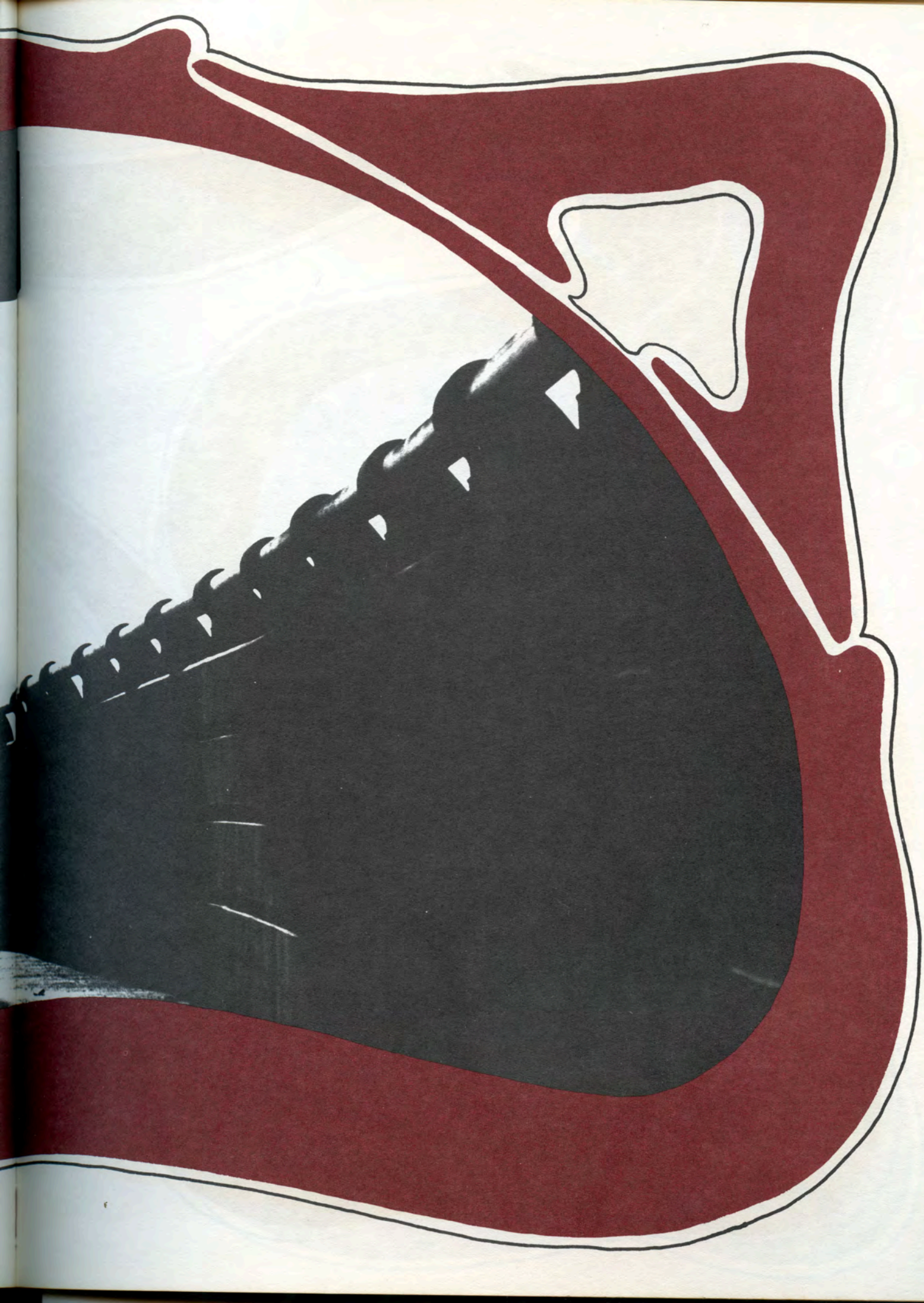
photographs by Bob Coleman

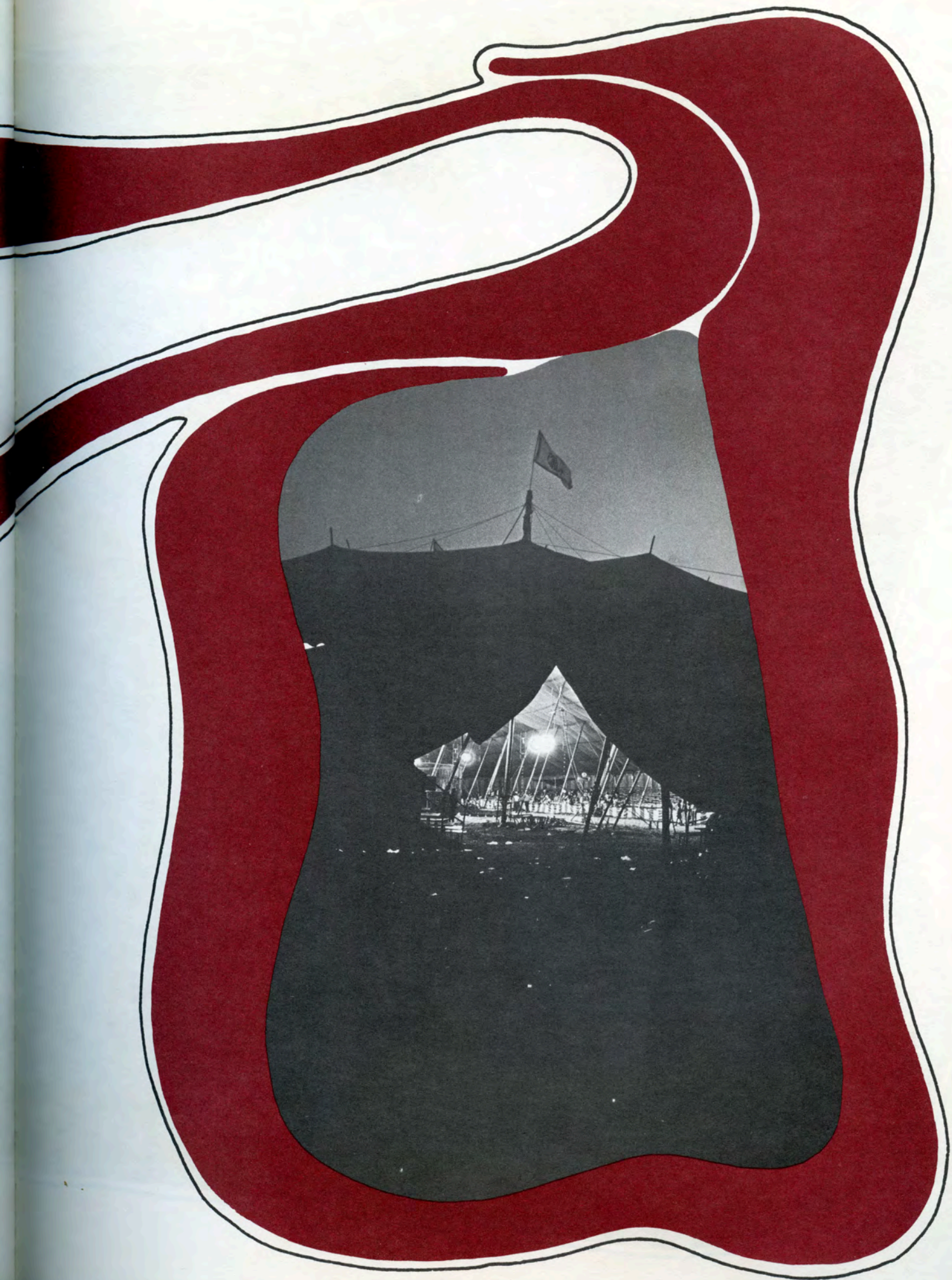


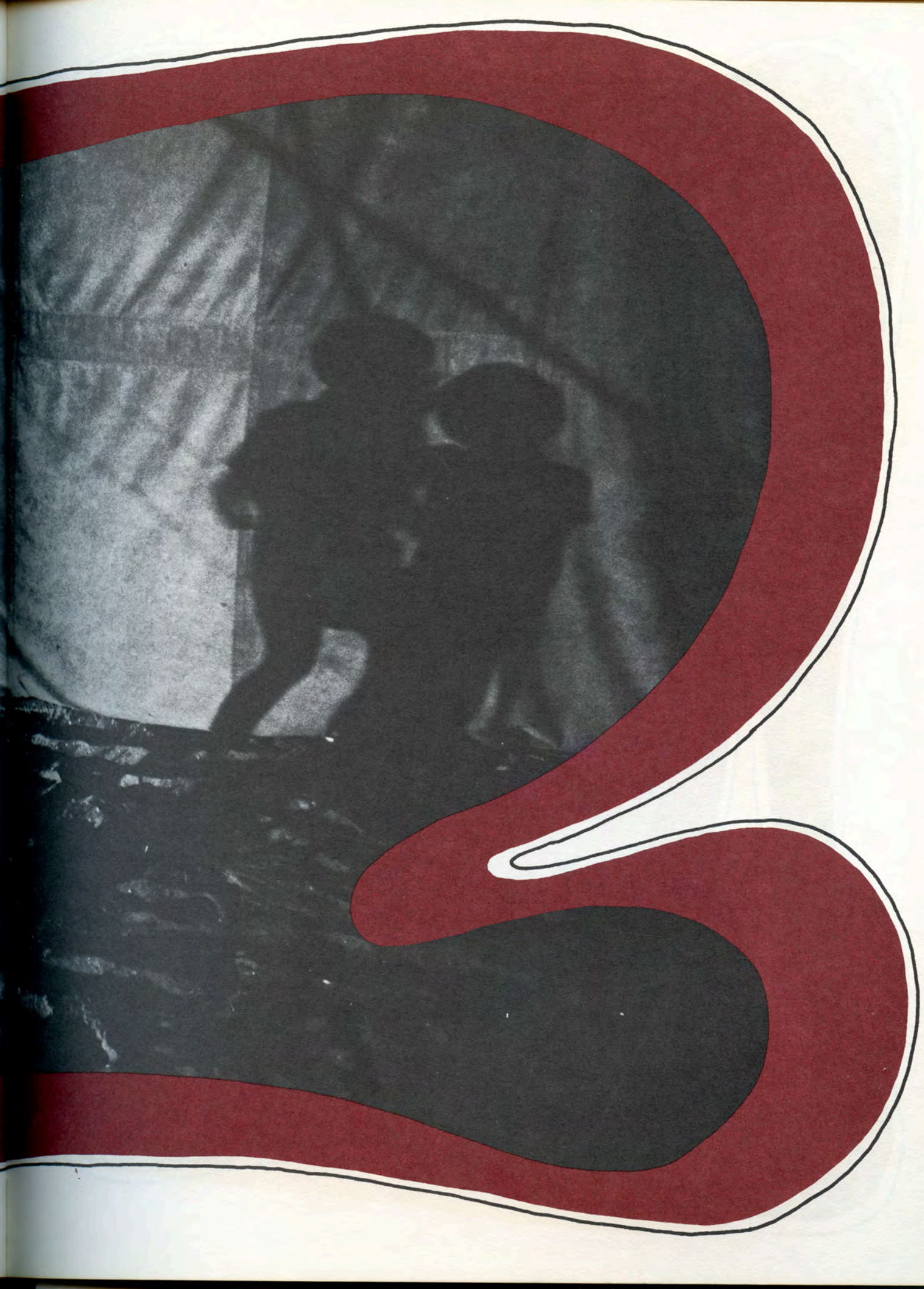










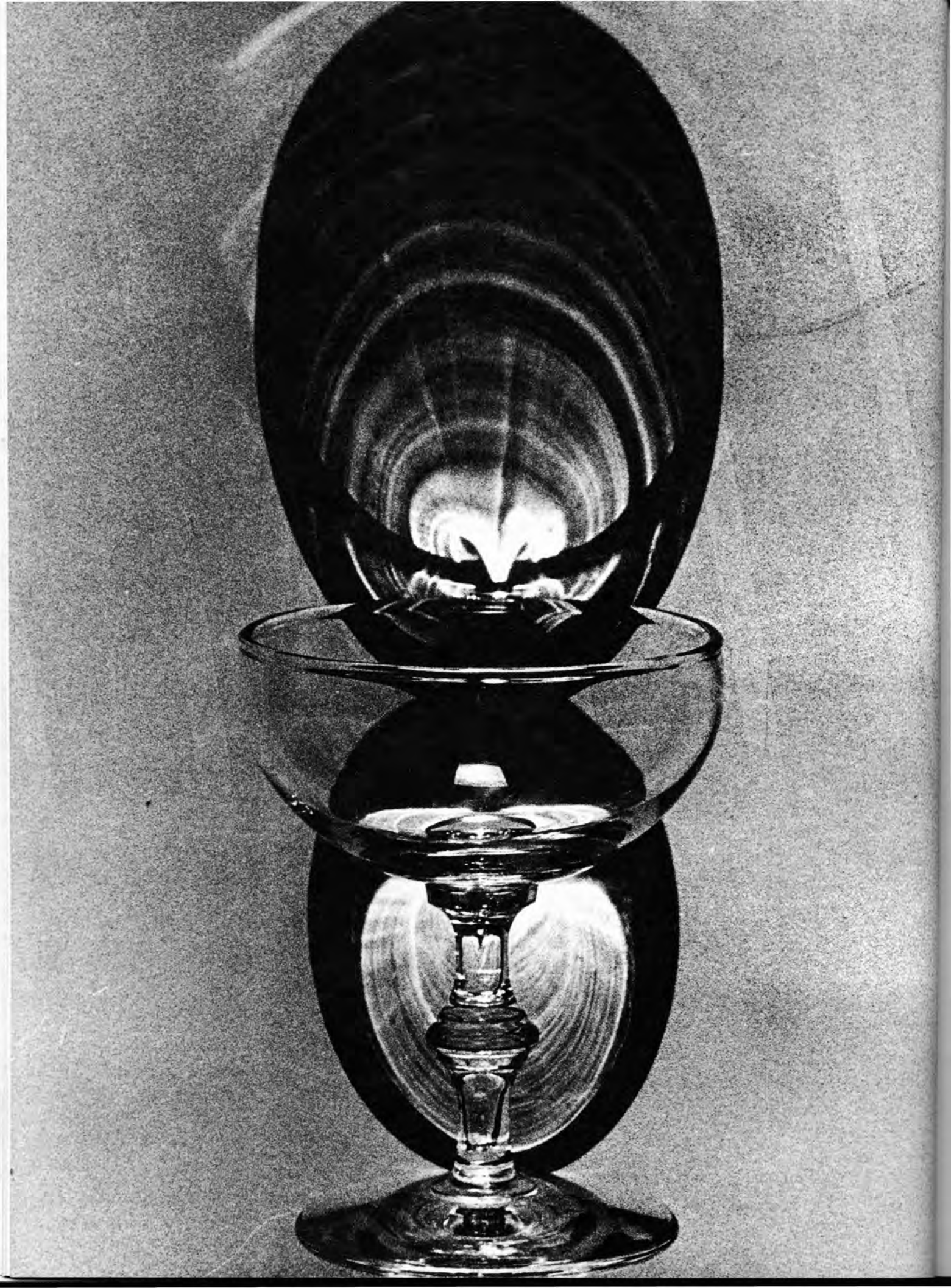


THIS SAME GLASS

Through ceiling-high
windows
—this same glass—
I once saw frost
harden to splendor
springing castles
of brittle
and glaze
and then
change
to velvet yellow
specks
on fields of white
and green.

This afternoon
beyond your glass doors
—this same glass—
I watch the rain
whipped by the wind,
sliding the leaves.
I taste the wet,
the sting.
I hug myself
to know
I am not rain.
My arms are not
like yours.

—*Mary Enda Hughes*



Clean Hands, White Palms and a Heart of Gold

by Curt Leviant

Shirley came to work at eight. But didn't really start till eight-thirty. That was Rachel's fault. For she started the precedent the very first day by asking Shirley if she'd like a cup of coffee, feeling guilty for, among other things, not cleaning the house herself, and for becoming part of the establishment now. Without answering, Shirley sat down at the table, slowly took a napkin out of the holder and primly wiped her rosy lips as if she'd just finished a meal.

"I don't take cream nor sugar," she said, hardly moving her lips. "Just black and hot."

Ben, behind Shirley's back, mimed a chewing motion, a piece of bread torn from the mouth.

"Would you like a nice fresh roll with butter and jam?" Rachel said.

"What kind of jam?"

"Strawberry or orange."

"I don't eat rolls, only danish with my coffee. But I take one now cause I got up too late to make breakfast."

Ben sat down opposite her and had a cup of coffee too. Shirley's smiling eyes were lowered, gazing into the cup. Her smooth dark brown skin shone, no trace of wrinkles on her ingenuous baby face. At the edge of the chair, Shirley blew at the coffee, took slow little sips and dainty bites, chewing carefully, like a princess afraid of eating like a plebe. Her sausage fingers could hardly tear the roll in half. She moved the chunks from one cheek to another. Ben, looking into his now empty cup, thought he would never see the brim of coffee in her cup descending. It was 8:15. Rachel was doing the morning dishes, washing furiously, wordlessly, afraid to look at Shirley for fear the maid might think that she was rushing her.

Shirley looked up once to see Ben tilting his cup, then covered her eyes with her lashes and continued to sip demurely.

The State Employment Agency had sent her the day before for an interview. She was to work Monday, Wednesday and Friday from eight to one and get one dollar and seventy-five cents an hour, plus seventy-five cents for transportation, which seemed reasonable enough to Rachel. Moon-faced Shirley, bulging all over, puffed up the stairs to the second story of the two-family house. She stood in her gray raincoat, her pocketbook dangling from her limp hand.

"I'm Shirley. The Agency tell you what I do and don't do?"

"Yes," Rachel said. "You do general housework. You don't do cooking. You don't do the outside of windows."

"No painting. No gardening either."

"Now about your wages," Ben said genially. "I'm afraid we won't abide by the Agency terms."

Shirley sniffed and buttoned the top button of her coat.

"That is, I don't think one dollar and seventy-five cents per hour is quite fair for this type of work."

Shirley dug into her black bag. She moved a pack of cigarettes and fished out a dime. "Can I call the Agency? That case I've got to get me another job."

"Shirley," Ben smiled. "We aim to give you *ten* dollars for the five hours."

"They tell me to get official rate." She shook her head. "They don't allows no bargaining."

"She doesn't understand," Rachel said. "We're going to give you *two* dollars an hour. Not one seventy-five."

Shirley dropped the dime back into her bag, eyes downcast. "That's real nice of you."

"We'll see you tomorrow at eight. Sharp."

She didn't make a move to turn and go down the stairs. Ben fidgetted. Would it be polite to tell her to go now?

"Um, can you call me a cab?"

Ben turned his cup up to his lips and drained a last drop of sugared coffee. He peeked over the rim at Shirley, who sipped and chewed as though filmed in slow motion.

"Well, I got to get to work," Ben announced. Shirley's snack had already cost him one dollar.

"Let me tell you what to do," Ben heard Rachel saying as he walked out. Chair scraping, Shirley rose, pushing away the unfinished cup. Ben could have sworn that Rachel would carry the cup and saucer to the sink and brush away the crumbs.

The next morning, Rachel, against her will again, asked Shirley if she wanted coffee. This time she said, "Thank you, ma'am."

"Call me Rachel."

"Thank you, Miss Rachel." While Rachel went to get a

cup, Shirley pulled out a danish from her pocket and spread it on a napkin.

Rachel gave a little cry of astonishment. "Why'd you do that? Look, see I bought you one."

Shirley pointed to hers. "It's all right."

"Okay, then, I'll save it for you for Friday."

"Won't even be fresh tomorrow. Why don't you eat it and I buy a fresh one for my morning coffee break."

At one p.m. Shirley once again asked Ben to call her a taxi. He asked her how much a taxi cost.

"One fiftv, including quarter tip."

"How much is your bus here in the morning?"

"Ain't no buses up this way," she looked down. "If I wakes up in time, I walk over. Takes me twenty, twenty-five minutes. Lordy, it sure makes me tired. If I don't wake up in time, I calls a cab." Her shoulders shook in laughter. "I usually gets me a cab."

Ben took her coat off the rack. She picked up her black leather bag.

"That means it costs you three dollars transport a day—that's about one third of your day's wages—which leaves you seven dollars for the day's work."

"You forgot the girl who takes care of the baby."

"Oh, I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not," she laughed, head down. "I *was*. My husband was killed a year ago."

"Sorry to hear that. Vietnam?"

"No. Drunk. Tried to cross the track and train run him right over. Slice him in two."

"Do you have a good babysitter?" Ben said quickly.

"Neighbor. Friend of mine. I pays her dollar an hour."

"That leaves you with two dollars. You're better off not working."

"You said a mouthful there. That's why I don't always go to work. I got to rest sometime to buck up my money situation. I save cab fare—"

"That's three dollars a day."

"And baby sitting."

"That's eight."

"And when I don't go to work, the welfare gives me another six. How much does that come to?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"Pretty good, ain't it."

Ben started down the stairs.

"Never mind the cab. Come on. I'll drive you home."

In the car she told him where she lived and asked, "Mr. Brenson, how come you always home? No other place I worked at man of the house is always about. Don't you work?"

He laughed. "Sure, I do. I go out to work in the evenings. But I have all sorts of work, plans and drawings to do in my home office during the day. Don't you see me sitting in my office working?"

"I guess."

"Are you all alone in town?"

She lowered her head and chuckled. Her neck was like the trunk of a tree, thick and brown, fixed on her shoulders. "Family live in South Carolina. My dad, he's a roofer."

"Working?"

"Not no more he ain't. Fell off a roof. I send them money if I can."

"That's very sweet of you. Especially considering you have so little of your own."

"Yeah. Everyone say I got a heart of gold."

"Funny, that's what they say about me too."

"Skin makes no difference," she said suddenly. "It's the color of your heart that counts."

"A heart of gold," he said.

"Did you know we all got white palms?" She turned her stubby black fingers and bared her palms. Ben looked, then stared intently at the road. It was indecent, that naked flash of tan skin with its dark wrinkles at the joints.

"We all got white palms and hearts of gold," he said.

The houses changed now from clapboard white to rickety grey. Houses with peeling paint; houses with broken, leaning fences; houses with peeling paint cheaply painted over. Ben had never seen a real slum. There would be children horsing around on the streets. People dangling out of windows, open fire hydrants, and lots of noise and rubbish.

"Here, at the end of the street."

A model street. Little green lawns. Three-storied, dark wood-paneled apartments. Where had he seen them before?

"A nice project," he said. "They build em pretty nowadays. You live here?"

"It ain't a project. Them's regular rental apartments."

The street has a dead end, he said to himself, knowing, a memory vaguely stirring. Then the train's whistle, and the overwhelming clatter as it passed, surged the memory forward. Three years back, only a few months after marrying Rachel he had considered one of these apartments. Neat, three rooms, tiled bath. The bait was one hundred and five dollars per month. Perfect rent. Cozy, pretty, scantily integrated. The toothy rental agent had the contract in his hand and kept looking at his watch. "Well, Mr. Brenson." And offered Ben his pen. "You like it, we like you. Sign. Now."

About to sign, the train roared by. The noise filled the room like a magnificent tidal wave; it made the walls hum. The locomotive roared through the kitchen and Ben ducked to avoid the wheels. Clouds of coal dust settled in the corners.

"This is where I almost took a place. And you live here now? It's so expensive, how can you afford it?"

"It ain't bad for one hundred and thirty dollars a month."

"Don't you mind the trains constantly roaring thru?"

She shook her head. "Reminds me of my husband."

Ben opened the car door for her. She stood at the curb talking over the roof. All he saw was the southern half of two flesh globes pressing the roof and her fingers tapping her bag.

"Mister Brenson? Do me a favor, huh? Tell the Agency you fired me tomorrow."

"Don't tell me you're—? Don't you like working for us?"

"Sure. But tell em I'm fired."

"What in the world for?"

"I can't afford working for you. If I work three times a week welfare stops and if that stops I can't support the baby and me, and I got to save up some money so my boy friend in Philly can marry me. I'll just keep working private for you. Okay?"

"Okay, I suppose."

"Thank you, Mr. Brenson. See you Friday morning."

Ben phoned the woman at the Agency. No, there was nothing wrong. Shirley was just fine, a bit on the slow side, but competent. They had just decided that they didn't need a maid any more.

"Rachel, do you realize she pays one hundred and thirty dollars a month rent? That's only twenty less than we do."

"Maybe she makes some money on the side."

"With that shape?"

"Tastes vary."

"She pays one hundred and thirty dollars a month." Ben paused. "In the Bayard St. apartments."

"You're kidding."

"I'm not. The very same house we looked at. How does she do it? I figured out it's more expensive for her to work than to laze around at home."

As if reading Ben's thoughts, Shirley didn't show up on Friday. On her way home on Monday she did not say a word. Was she upset that Rachel had told her mildly to call up if she couldn't come? But her sealskin face said nothing. Just before Bayard Street she asked Ben to drop her off at a little grocery store. She came back with a can of green peas, two bottles of coke, some pretzels and a small jar of instant coffee.

"Having a party?"

"No, me and my baby eats pretzels and coke for breakfast."

"Don't you give him milk?"

"He don't like milk."

"What do you mean he doesn't like milk? Milk is good for him. A child has to drink milk so he can grow big and strong."

"I grew up big and strong on coke. I don't like milk either."

"What'd you pay for that little can of green peas?"

"I don't know. Fifteen cents I guess."

"At the supermarket you can get a can twice the size, two for twenty-nine cents. It always pays to buy the large economy size. Same for the coffee. That's the way to stretch your dollar and make every penny count."

Shirley didn't come on Wednesday and Friday. On Saturday night when Rachel and Ben were ready to leave for the movies, Rachel discovered that her gold watch was gone.

"Let's not panic. When did you wear it last? And where did you put it? Did you check all your pockets? All your pocketbooks? Maybe it's in the bathroom."

"I wore it Sunday evening. Since Shirley came I always keep the jewelry box hidden in back of the hanky corner."

"Did she clean in the bedroom?"

"She always does."

Ben looked at Rachel and then stared at the floor. "No, let's not say it. So far nothing's missing as far as I know."

"Except that beautiful gold watch. Come on, let's not beat around the bush. I'm sure she took it and so are you. I distinctly remember placing it in the box on Sunday nite and I haven't worn it since. She was here on Monday and hasn't shown up since. Do you notice how she always talks down to the floor? Never looks you in the eye."

"And after the raise we gave her. And me driving her home to save her a buck-fifty."

"Should we fire her, Ben?"

"And then what? Retrain another one. At least we're used to her. We'll just have to be more alert."

"I'll ask her if she saw it. Perhaps put it somewhere inadvertently."

"The classic question. Don't say that. Then she'll suspect and it'll hurt her feelings."

"Hurt her feelings? For goodness sake! She stole my watch and you tell me to watch out for her feelings."

Ben checked the living room. All the knicknacks were in place. No books were missing. Glass and brass ashtrays, all there. The painting on the wall. Did she do it to punish us for hiding the jewelry box?

"Boy, that burns me up. That just burns me up." He smacked his fist into his palm. A two-hundred-dollar watch for which he paid one hundred fifty dollars.

"The ingratitude of it," Rachel said from the kitchen. "I'm so upset I don't even know what I'm doing."

"We won't say a word. I'm going to get that watch back."

"How?"

"Leave it to me," he said. "Just lock up anything that isn't nailed down."

Ben coundn't work. The plans lay on his drawing board fluttering with self-propelled nervous energy. After all those favors, why had she done this to them? And he contributed to the Negro scholarship foundation, and voted on the right side of all race questions. He couldn't be accused of being a phony liberal, for the area where he lived, two blocks down began the Negro section, and he was proud of saying that he lived in an integrated neighborhood. He made a point of taking Linda in her stroller to the public park three blocks away where the Negro children played. He let his two-year-old share the swings with them and pushed them in turn along with Linda. Sometimes they sat, but mostly they stood, pumping and swinging, knees out and bent, and screaming until they were almost horizontal to the ground, while others ran and ducked under the swings. Ben saw this and felt dizzy. Vertigo. And forbade Linda to stand on the swing.

Ben thought of calling the police, but decided against it. What proof did he have? And what if a Negro cop answered. They had some on the force now. Hearing that a maid had been accused of stealing, perhaps he would charge Ben with some forgotten ordinance. Instead, Ben called up the Agency and asked what to do about a possible theft. The woman asked the girl's name.

"But you fired her two weeks ago."

"Yes, but we just disc–"

"I'm sorry. She's no longer listed at your house. We take no responsibility once the maid has left her position."

"But I just recently discovered . . ."

"Sorry, sir. Those are our regulations."

Ben put the receiver down. "That foxy bitch. I'll fix her wagon."

The next time she showed up everyone played dumb. Ben scrutinized her wrist, then realized she could never

get that dainty thing on her. If Shirley suspected anything she didn't show it. Her face, wood and sealskin, smooth and mute. She came up the stairs, sniffing. "Sick. Got me a real bad cold. Over it though."

Shirley hung her raincoat and bag on the coat rack in the hall and went to the kitchen for her coffee. Ben's little office was right off the hall and a door that could be locked with a skeleton key separated the hall from the living room. If he locked that door, the coat rack would be cut off from the rest of the house. When the vacuum cleaner began its monotoned hum later in the baby's room, Ben, heart pumping, shoved his hands into the pocket of her raincoat. Found nothing, except a key. He snapped open her bag. No watch. Not even a penny. Just a pack of cigarettes.

Shirley lumbered in a speed zone and rhythm of her own creation. She took her half-hour breakfast, bringing her own fresh danish, and waited for Rachel to serve her. Ben wondered how Rachel kept herself from scalding her. Right on her fat thighs with the boiling water. Burn baby, burn. During the day, Rachel only once raised her eyebrows at him. "Well?"

"Nothing yet."

"Should we let her go?"

"Wait," he said. Despite the fact that she disturbed his privacy, his concentration. Like a strange wind intruding through the apartment. With Shirley in it, the house was like a museum of which he was the guard and not the owner. The guard who lets strangers into his house and then at five himself departs. Alone with Rachel and Linda he felt his house a home again. His. Cozier. The walls moved closer. He could relax. No more a museum to be cleaned and buffed.

But at night Ben seethed. Eyes open, he projected dreams of revenge on the ivory ceiling.

The following Monday he paid her as soon as she had hung up her coat and bag, then sat down in his office to work. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her with her broad back to him, her arms moving. After coffee he heard her going down the creaky back stairs with the laundry. He leaped up, closed the living room door. Looked around. Drew the shade of the little hallway window. Quickly opened her bag to withdraw the ten dollars. Eventually, he'd get back the value of the watch. He fumbled with the clip, opened it. The black bag was empty. A dead, black-lined pocketbook. Empty too, the pockets of the coat. She'd stuffed the money into her brassiere.

Some days later, Ben tried another ruse. He waited till she slammed the living room door, then

"Ah, I see you, Mr. Brenson," she said peeking through the keyhole. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

He stood, the door pressed to his heart and ear, hearing the sound of the wood pounding against his body and Shirley vacuuming down the hall in the baby's room.

He slid his hand into her coat pocket and took her key. "I'll fix your wagon. You'll be whistling Dixie by the time I get through with you." Locked the living room door with the skeleton key and left it in so that no key could open it from the other side. Then ran out the front door and locked that too. The coat rack was now isolated. Bayard St. apartments, he whispered to the steering wheel. No good, he realized it would take too long and both Rachel and Shirley would be suspicious. "Great idea, thanks, head," he said and drove instead to the shopping center, had a key made in the hardware shop, and ran back up to the house, chose the new key—an error now would be fatal—and slipped Shirley's key back into her bag. He unlocked the living room door. Off in the distance a train was receding. Shirley was cleaning in the kitchen. He looked out the baby's window into the back yard where Rachel was sunning Linda.

Ben parked one house away from Shirley's and with deliberate speed walked up the six long steps, hundreds of eyes piercing his back, and into the hallway. The mailbox guided: apt. no. 2, first floor. He listened. The cleanliness enhanced the silence. Muted it. He breathed deeply and opened Shirley's door, then locked it, key in pocket. He flicked on the lights. The apartment, on the installment plan, get now, pay later, was dotted to his surprise with new cheap furniture. She had a powder blue refrigerator and screaming red linoleum on the kitchen floor, although the management didn't provide the latter. Ben ran into the bedroom, opened the drawers of the two night tables, lifted the twin bed mattresses, looked in shoeboxes, searched closets and dressing table. Inspected the baby's bed. The watch wasn't there. It wasn't in the living room either. Not under the yellow nylon rug. Not under the plastic covered sofa, nor in the cracks between the foam rubber and sofa's back. In the kitchen he opened the blue refrigerator, expecting blue fish and blue cheese. Instead, a huge can of open green peas with some mold floating on top. Ten bottles of king size coke. Some beer and cold cuts. The freezer compartment had only ice cubes. Shirley didn't buy frozen foods. The pantry, nearly empty. The doors resounded, although he closed them gently. Empty barrels make the most noise. He looked in the bathroom, behind the shower curtain, in the medicine cabinet. Nothing. Flicked on the sink light. Gazed down the drainpipe. Something glittered there. Ran back to the kitchen. Opened the door under the sink. Great. There was a hammer and monkey wrench and a bag of rusty nails. He took the garbage pail back to the bathroom and began undoing the U-pipe under the sink, letting the water drain into the pail. A train passed. A freight, endless. Ben ducked, watching out for the wheels. The noise enveloped the entire house, drowning out heartbeat, stamping out thoughts. When the noise faded, the door slammed.

Petrified, Ben stood grasping the wrench.

They looked at each other. He, a tall thin Negro—he wore a little black beret like a skullcap on the back of his head—his hands in his pockets. Ben, the sweat steaming up from his armpits, blinking at the newcomer.

"Hey, you live here?" Ben said, not recognizing his own voice.

"I'm her cousin."

"From Philly?"

"How'd you know?"

"I'm telepathic."

Ben hunched down again and gave a final twist to the huge nut. The water slurped out and a gleaming lipstick cover plopped into the pail. All that glitters is not gold.

"Women. Lipstick. No wonder sinks clog."

"You the super?"

"Yeah. The super, the plumber, the all around man. No wonder pipes leak. Drains are for water."

Ben screwed the U-pipe back on.

"Shirley home?"

"Don't know. Maybe sleeping in the bedroom. I don't open up closed doors. Asked me to fix a leak, so I fixed it. You aimin' to stay here?"

He hooked his thumbs into his belt and rocked on his heels. "Nah."

"Know what time it is?" Ben asked.

"Come again?"

"I said, do you know what time it is?"

He came closer. His eyes bulged. Ben looked for scars on his face.

"She tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"She told you. If you knows I'm from Philly, she told you." He rolled up his jacket sleeve and displayed a forearm full of watches. All men's.

"Take your pick. Ten bucks each. Cheap."

None of them told the same time. The fence in Chicago kept his watches on Central Standard.

"You don't have any ladies watches, do you?"

He leaned back and laughed so hard his beret fell off. "Oh you're one of those, eh?" He picked his hat up. "Men's watches is my line. If you see Shirley tell her I be back tonight."

Ben closed the lights, put back the tools and left the house a minute later. He looked at the windows on the other side of the street. The eyes had disappeared. But the pierced feeling in his back remained. Outside, there was no trace of Shirley's boyfriend. Perhaps he was watching from some doorway, taking Ben's license number. In the car, his legs shook.

Oh no, Shirley would not outwit him. No sir, she would not outwit Ben Brenson. There was a way to get that watch back or give her a taste of her own medicine. He couldn't stand ingrates. Ingrates he couldn't stand. He waved his arms, trying to dry the sweat in his armpits. Next time he'd take something of hers. But next time he went, Ben knew, even if he had the heart to lift something, he'd be caught. It was the Shirleys who triumphed, along with the cousins from Philly. And the Bens, the kind, the good, the scared, with clean hands and hearts of gold, it was they who lost out in the end. To nerve and cunning. Grab and take. The slick and sleek inherited the earth.

The following workday (he no longer offered Shirley rides home) he waited till one p.m., then took his watch from its hiding place between the sweaters, slipped it into her pocketbook and called the police.

He went down to meet them, pacing up and down on the sidewalk. The May green blossom of the trees and the flowers in the gardens did nothing to lighten his mood.

When the police drew up, he told them, "Upstairs. First my wife's watch. Now mine. I've had enough."

They followed him up. Two big cops. All white. "Where's the suspect?"

"Here she is," he said. "Shirley. Come into my office."

"You Shirley?" the cops said.

"Yeah." Her arms hung limp, her eyes down.

"Where's the watch?"

"What you talking about?" Shirley said.

"My watch. Where is it? First Rachel's, then mine."

"There's a watch missing," the cops said.

"Why you all pickin on me? I didn't take no watch."

"No?" Ben gave a little hysterical laugh. "Is that the way you thank us for higher wages and taxi service? For morning coffee breaks?"

"I brought my own danish."

"Why'd you take that watch from my drawer? It's in your pocketbook. I know it. Go ahead and look, officer. It's there."

Shirley pressed her bag to her chest. "I don't go snooping into people's drawers." Then, a generous gesture. "Go ahead. Here. Look."

One of the policemen opened her bag. "Nothing in it," he said.

Ben clutched his head. Another bit of inventory for her Philly boy friend. "She got rid of it already. Moved it into her bra. Where she keeps her money."

Shirley folded her arms across her chest. "Oh no you don't. None of yous is touchin me."

"Sorry, Mister Brenson. We can't search her without a warrant. File a complaint and we can take her down to headquarters and have a policewoman search her."

"Just a minute," Ben said. He walked to the window and looked out. Did Shirley manage to drop it into her bra the few minutes he had walked downstairs? Or throw it out the window to the grass? He wouldn't find it on her. For she was a Shirley and the Shirleys won out. *He'd* be sued. For false arrest.

"I changed my mind, officer. Thanks just the same."

The cops walked out. Shirley, hesitating for a moment, followed them.

Ben walked into the baby's room. Rachel was moving the crib back and forth, lulling Linda to sleep. Seeing Ben, Rachel stopped, put a finger to her lips. A vacuum of silence filled the room. He thought he heard a faint ticking. Rachel's heart or mine? he thought. He looked at his wrist. Saw nothing there. The ticking grew louder until it filled the room. The watch—too gentle for a tiny golden watch —in the plastic pocket of the baby's dressing table. He saw a sly smile of triumph in Rachel's eyes. He didn't have to ask her when or where she'd lifted it.

Shirley had won again.


STRAVINSKI IGOR

"Where's Stravinsky's Tomb?"

"Dov'e la tomba di Stravinski?"
I asked again and again,
jogging along, trying to reach the spot
in Cimitero San Michele
a few minutes before closing time.
Somehow, every gardener or lingering mourner
knew and pointed.
I wanted to see the simple grave,
before Manzu covered it with his monument.
I got there, out of breath,
snapped the photo,
and hurried back to the last vaporetto,
trying to hum phrases of the "Threni."
Instead, what kept popping into mind
was the "Alleluia"
from his "Symphony of Psalms."

—C.J. McNaspy

Alexander Solzhenitsyn: Freedom of Conscience

by Rochelle Ross

When the Swedish Academy announced the Nobel Prize winners for 1970, the name for literature was Alexander Solzhenitsyn of the Soviet Union. Those of us who are students of Russian literature and admirers of the author wondered if he would go to Sweden to claim his prize, or if his fate would be similar to that of his predecessor, Boris Pasternak, who in 1958 was forced to decline the honor under pressure from the Soviet Government. We certainly hoped that Solzhenitsyn would once more assert his free spirit and individuality, which brought him both the Nobel Prize and the scorn of his government, by accepting the prize.

The major works of Solzhenitsyn, one of Russia's greatest authors, are almost unknown in his native land. To understand that, we must bear in mind the restrictions in the Soviet Union on creative writing. Only a writer of Socialist Realism may be published in Russia today.

What is Socialist Realism? According to the statutes of the Union of Soviet Writers, created on April 23, 1932, in order to subordinate literature to the party plan, Socialist Realism is "the creation of works of high artistic significance, saturated with the heroic struggle of the world proletariat and with the grandeur of its victory of Socialism, and reflecting the great wisdom and heroism of the Communist Party . . ., the creation of artistic works worthy of the great age of Socialism."[1] A. A. Zhdanov (1896-1948), who is famous for his notorious "purges," said in his inaugural address at the first Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers held in August, 1934, in Moscow:

> . . . in the age of class struggle, a non-class, nontendentious, would-be, apolotical literature does not and cannot exist.

In this same address, Zhdanov defined Socialist Realism:

> . . . truthfulness and historical concreteness of artistic depiction must be combined with the task of ideological remolding and reëducation of the toiling people in the spirit of Socialism.[2]

Obviously, this concept of literature subordinates artistic values and individual freedom of expression to the political program of the Communist Party. The writer, like all other individuals in the USSR today (in themselves unimportant) became part of the monstrous machine which was structuring Soviet reality as the Party wanted it understood. Little wonder, then, that much of Soviet literature is less than mediocre. With the exception of the "war years," the period between 1941 and 1946, when some permissiveness was evinced in an effort to arouse the Russian people to the defense of their homeland, Socialist Realism continued to dominate the scene of Soviet literature. Authors who did not conform to the "Party-line" were expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers, which meant that they were denied permission to publish their works.

Ironically, the best works of Soviet writers were never published in the Soviet Union. One well-publicized example is that of Boris Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago,* published in the West, and not in his native country, because Pasternak demonstrates too much individuality in his work. Instead of a poetic "freshness of vision," the Soviet Government saw in his work a dangerous tendency towards criticism and non-conformity.

Like Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn indicts the system by showing how the creative potential of the people is oppressed "for the good of the cause." He fulfills the dangerous role of voicing the protest and articulating the suffering of those Soviet citizens who cannot speak for themselves. Solzhenitsyn writes with sensitivity, sincerity, understanding, and concern for the individual in modern society—his is a passionate cry for freedom with no respect for the tenets of Socialist Realism. He is not afraid to demonstrate the corrupting effects of the official ideology on moral issues. His heroes have a conscience and struggle with it. It is this attention to the individual's conscience, defying Socialist Realism, that caused his expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers. Consequently, *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* have never been published in the Soviet Union. The only way Soviet citizens can become acquainted with Solzhenitsyn's works is through *Samizdat* (which means "self-publishing" and is a pun on *Gosizdat* which stands for the State Publishing House). *Samizdat* refers to works copied by hand, or typewritten, then circulated.

There are many who, like Arthur Miller in his introduc-

tion to his wife's photobook about a visit to Russia, maintain that the only criticism and attack in Solzhenitsyn's writings is against Stalin and Stalinism. This is a very definite and grave mistake. Solzhenitsyn's writings deal with Soviet reality, as he experienced it, and is continuing to experience it to this day. Almost all of his work is autobiographical. The fact is, that abuses against human dignity and freedom persist under the present regime of Brezhnev.

Solzhenitsyn's first battle with Socialist Realism began in 1962, when, by order of Nikita Krushchev, his book *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was published in the Soviet Union. *One Day,* according to Sidney Monas, is a story told on two levels: (1) an account of existence in a Soviet concentration camp which has "the direct quality of an experience lived . . .," and (2) a parable presenting the camp as a microcosm of Soviet life in general. (*Hudson Review* 16: 118-121, 1963). This parable relationship was supported by M. Howard, who maintains that the dominant theme in *One Day* is the "way in which the creative energy of the people has been squandered and continues to be squandered for the good of the cause." One result of Stalin's concentration camps was that, for the first time, the intelligentsia really got to know the *narod,* (the people). *One Day* attempts to transmute that knowledge into a world of literature. Of Solzhenitsyn, Mr. Howard says that he has "in terms of the Russian literary tradition, broken through a barrier as an interpreter of the 'popular' mind," (*The Slavic Review* XXIII: No. 3, 1964).

Victor Ehrlich, renowned critic of Soviet literature, denies the symbolic feature of *One Day* in his article "Post Stalin Trends in Russian Literature" (*The Slavic Review* XXIII: No. 3, 1964). He believes that *One Day* is not an overt indictment of the system, nor does it imply the notion of the forced labor camp as a microcosm of Soviet society. Mr. Ehrlich maintains that criticism of individual bureaucrats and agencies is often encouraged by the Party, although criticism of injustices in "high places" is forbidden. He is prepared to concede that some analogies between the life in the camp and life outside the camp occur in *One Day,* but insists that it is only for the purpose of showing that life is grim for *narod* under any circumstances. "This is candid and charming enough, but not necessarily tantamount to the proposition that the forced labor camp is a natural outgrowth or epitome of the Soviet system or that the Soviet Union is a police state" (*The Slavic Review:* XXIII No. 3, 1964). Mr. Ehrlich warns against attributing to Solzhenitsyn inferences which come naturally to Western readers of *One Day,* since even "a truly heterodox Soviet intellectual" is often unable to accept "an unequivocal inward repudiation of Soviet totalitarianism." He agrees, however, that Solzhenitsyn's importance lies in having broken through a barrier as an interpreter of the popular mind.

Another interesting view of *One Day* is presented by Georg Lukács, who considers Solzhenitsyn "the one who has succeeded in really breaking through the ideological bulwarks of the Stalinist tradition."[3] This is not to say that Mr. Lukács regards Solzhenitsyn as an author who is disillusioned with socialism. He points out that Solzhenitsyn is attempting to work "humanly and intellectually, socially and artistically, toward a reality which has always been the starting point of genuinely new forms in art." (p. 29). For the Marxist Lukács, who feels that literature must be firmly rooted in the social context which gave it life, there is no question of sterile avant-garde-ism here; the connection between Solzhenitsyn's works and his contemporary reality is easily identifiable. The present-day problems of socialism are very different from the problems of the 1920's, and they must necessarily influence the style of current Socialist Realism. He maintains that "the most genuine moral victory is gained by strengthening and deepening real Marxist and socialist convictions through the rejection of Stalinist distortions, while remaining receptive to new problems" (p. 31). In other words, Mr. Lukács seems to identify Solzhenitsyn's works with the trend of Socialist Realism of the present, which demands the development of a style which differs from the style of the 1920's. Mr. Lukács may be right, but obviously the proponents of Socialist Realism in the Soviet Union do not agree. They do not admit to the reality of existence as described by Solzhenitsyn.

Krushchev apparently permitted the publication of *One Day* because it offers criticism of the Stalinist era, describing the author's experiences in one of Stalin's "labor camps." The value of the book, however, lies not in the condemnation of one regime or one period of history, but rather in the treatment of the question of freedom—the freedom which can only be appreciated by one like Solzhenitsyn, who was denied everything, including his freedom.

The only freedom possible under the physical conditions described in *One Day* is the freedom of the conscience to create and observe its own moral values. Ivan Denisovich, the hardworking simple peasant, by trade a carpenter, must make an adjustment to camp-life. He strives to do an honest day's work, even in the prison camp, in order to maintain some of his self-respect. In his portrayal of Ivan Denisovich, Solzhenitsyn's attitude toward the peasant emerges: he draws him realistically, with all his faults, yet idealizes him in the manner of Tolstoy by giving him the attributes of patience and love of work. The same question of freedom is raised in *The Love Girl and the Innocent,* where the hero Nemov refuses to compromise with camp authorities, although he knows that compromise is the only road to survival in a Stalinist labor camp.

Nemov's struggle with his conscience brings about his demotion from a privileged supervisor to an ordinary laborer whose chances of survival are slim, but he cannot compromise his inner sense of morality and decency. The officials "may do with me whatever they want" says Nemov, "but I will not let myself be turned into a bastard."

This same struggle with conscience occurs in the recently translated *Incident at the Krechetouka Station* where the nero, Lieutenant Zotov, is faced with the alternative of choosing between his feeling for the ex-soldier Tveritinov, and suspicion—the ever-present temptation of Stalinist ideology. The latter triumphs, but Zotov feels that there is something wrong. The story ends with Tveritinov's arrest, and Solzhenitsyn's comment that everything was done according to instructions, as it should have been, but still

there was something amiss . . . [4]. This struggle within the hero between his socially-defined duty and his individual conscience is precisely that feature of his work that attracts readers to his writings and, at the same time, arouses the anger of Soviet authorities.

Solzhenitsyn's preoccupation with moral and ethical issues is evident in his major works as well as in his short stories. In *Incident* duty wins, but in *The First Circle* this same struggle with conscience leads to a crisis which forces the hero to follow his conscience's dictates. Volodin makes a phone call to Dr. Dobroumov to warn of the trap set for him by the NKVD, hoping that he will not have to pay the tragic consequences of his act.

The First Circle is Solzhenitsyn's appraisal of Soviet society, a society in which a telephone call may cause a man's downfall, or worse—may cost him his life, but Volodin must make this phone call or lose his humanity. He cannot forsake the man who attended his mother, and for whom he feels affection. The doctor's telephone is tapped, and Volodin's voice is identified by a special technique developed in the Mavrino Institute. The Institute is a prison, but the inhabitants of *Sharashka,* as the prisoners call it, (meaning something deceitful, sinister), live under the best possible conditions—as if to compensate for their exploitation and dehumanization. They are in *The First Circle* of Dante's *Inferno.*

Solzhenitsyn even makes ironic use of one of the prisoners to pass his iudgment on this society. The prisoner Rubin argues:

> Our ends are the first in all human history which are so lofty that we can say they justify the means by which they've been attained.

Individuals count for nothing in the plans of the leaders. Whoever criticizes the regime is made to believe that he cannot see beyond his own petty self, cannot see the glorious ends that the leaders foresee for mankind.

Another prisoner, Slogodin, replies: "Morality shouldn't lose its force as it increases its scope."

Rubin is troubled by Sologdin's taunting words: "You haven't the slightest chance of getting your freedom! But if you did, you would just beg . . ." Sologdin demands his freedom, but there is no escape from the hell created by one man, the tyrant Joseph Stalin.

Solzhenitsyn portrays Stalin's true character in a scene with the chief of Security, with whom he discusses the progress of the "secret telephony." He spread terror around him because he trusted and befriended no one and because not even his closest associates ever knew when sentence was passed. "Stalin made no accusation; his yellow tiger eyes simply brightened balefully, his lower lids closed up a bit—and there inside him, sentence had been passed, and the condemned man didn't know." Tragically, most of Stalin's victims are innocent. The judicial procedure of the Stalin regime is satirized in the mock trial of Prince Igor in which Rubin, to entertain his fellow inmates, acts as prosecutor, and obtains a conviction of Igor, a 12th Century Russian hero, on charges of treason in accordance with "Sections 58-1B, 58-6, 58-9 and 58-11 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Socialist Federated Republic" by which he himself was convicted. Rubin concludes his accusatory speech with these words:

> I have but little to claim of dreadful accusations, to the dirty jumble of crimes, which has been revealed before your eyes. In the first place, I would like to reject once and for all the widespread rotten opinion that a wounded man has the moral right to let himself be taken prisoner. That's basically not our view, comrades! And all the more so in the case of Prince Igor. They tell us that he was wounded on the battlefield. But who can prove this 765 years later? Has there been preserved any official evidence of a wound, signed by his divisional military surgeon? In any case, there is no such official attestation in the indictment file, comrade judges!

Rubin voices the author's condemnation of the Soviet regime, but Solzhenitsyn's feelings are expressed even more clearly through Gleb Nerzhin, who refuses his freedom from prison although the alternative may be hard labor and death in Siberia: "Why live?" says Nerzhin, "Just to keep the body going? Precious comfort! What do we need it for if there's nothing else?" In this respect Nerzhin is perhaps the main protagonist of the novel, since he is the one to whom Solzhenitsyn attributes that strength of character that allows a man to remain independent, think independently, in spite of all the suffering that he has gone through.

Although *The Cancer Ward* tells on one level the story of the life and death struggle with cancer of a whole parade of characters, one of whom is the author himself, the meaning of the book extends to the recurring question of freedom. The theme is expressed by Alla who believes that "only the person who does nothing can avoid error," by Oleg, who says: "Now I want to live for a bit without guards and without pain, and that's the limit of my dreams," and by the personal problems and aspirations of the other patients.

Even in a hospital, the oppression of the Soviet system is an important fact of life. The charts of the patients can be used in a trial as evidence against them or against their doctors. The problem of the responsibility of freedom is suggested in the account of the doctor's trial told by Lev Leonidovich:

> See what bastards doctors are! And in the audience sat doctors, realizing what idiocy this was and watching the defendant dragged down irretrievably; after all, it was really we who were being dragged down—today you, tomorrow me!—and yet we kept silent.

Finally, the problem of what happens to people who have lost their freedom is sadly expressed by Kostoglotov's reflections at the zoo in front of the bear cages:

> The most profound thing about the confinement of these beasts was . . . they had lost, together with their homelands, the idea of natural freedom.

The recurrent theme in all of Solzhenitsyn's works is the theme of struggle for survival: to Ivan Denisovich, it is a struggle to live through another day in camp; to the patients in *The Cancer Ward,* it is the struggle against the

dread disease; in *The First Circle* it is a question of overcoming the political hell. Implicit in this theme is the price one may have to pay in order to survive. Oleg in *The Cancer Ward,* says:

> The camps helped many of us to reach the conclusion that betrayal, the ruin of good and helpless people, is too high a price. Life isn't worth it.

Solzhenitsyn's heroes are young intellectuals who have to overcome the struggle with their conscience in the face of temptation to give in to what is expected of them by the authorities. The reality which is their life reflects the suffering and destruction of the Russian land, and the only thing they have to sustain themselves with is the concept of *"spravedlivost"* (fair play). In a letter written in October, 1967, and circulated through *Samizdat,* Solzhenitsyn explained that fair play exists even if there are only a few people who feel it. "When the question arises," says the great author, "for whose sake should we exert ourselves? For whom should we sacrifice?—We can reply with assurance: for the sake of fair play. Like our conscience, it is not at all 'relative'; in fact, it is our conscience, but not a personal one—it is the conscience of mankind." (My translation).

In his preface to the articles on "The Solzhenitsyn Affair" (*Delo Solzhenitsyna*) published in *Novyj Zhurnal (The New Review),* A. V. Belinkov writes that those who are familiar with events inside the USSR become extremely frightened for authors who are published in the West. He calls them the voluntary victims who conduct the necessary battle against the iron-rule of the authorities for all those who are unable to speak for themselves. We must always remember what a price these voluntary victims have to pay for their courageously expressed thoughts. Belinkov informs us that the Soviet authorities tried to stop publication of Solzhenitsyn's works in the West by promising to publish them in Russia. They did not, of course, keep their promise, but succeeded in delaying the publication of *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* in the West. Belinkov asserts that the only guarantee of Solzhenitsyn's freedom and safety is his popularity outside of Russia. Many authors have stood trial for similar "offenses" and have been convicted without the West's being aware of it, because they were not well known outside of Russia.[5]

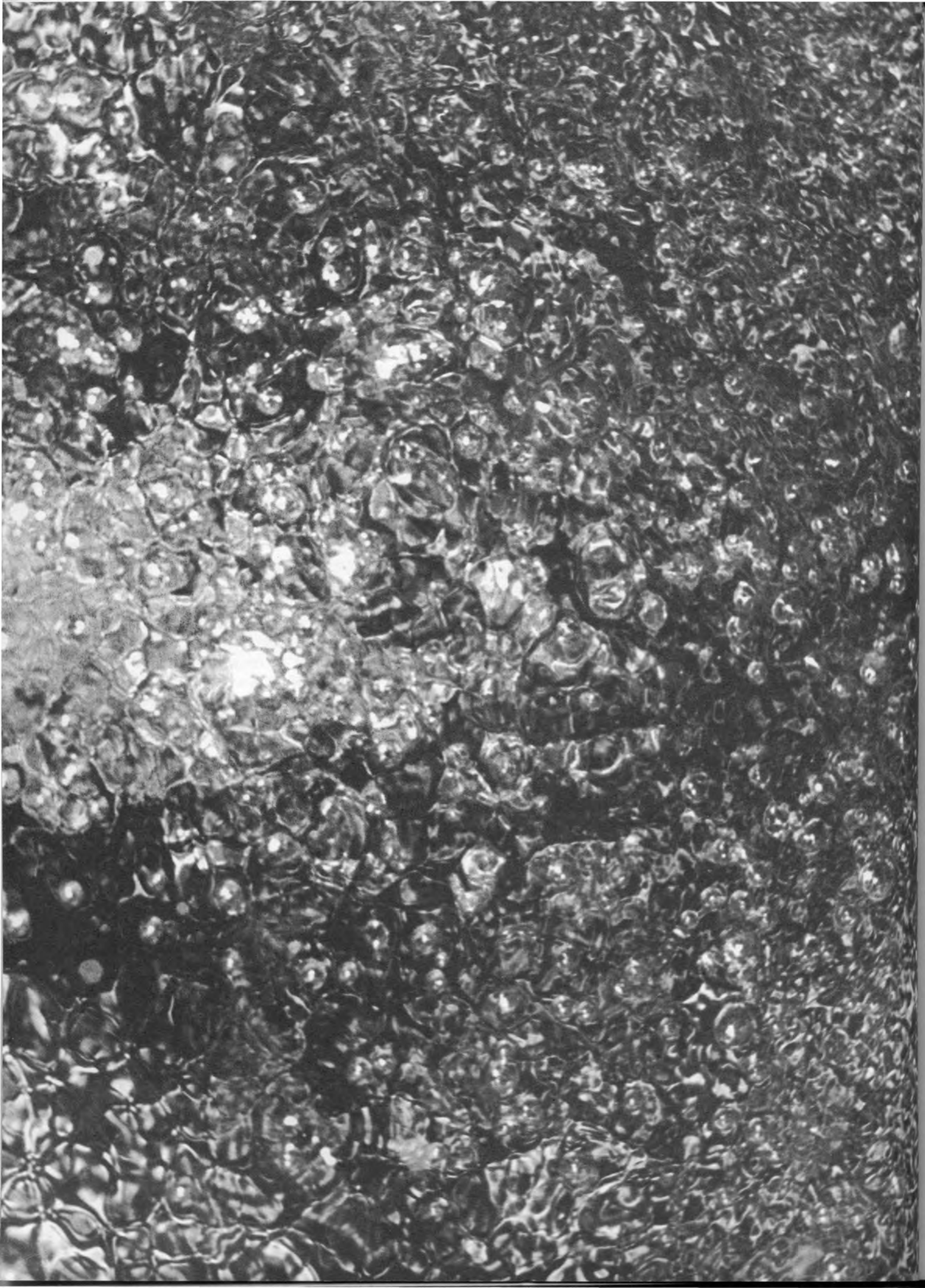
In 1969, *Novyj Zhurnal* published a revealing article about the meeting of the Union of Writers of November 17, 1967, at which time the possibility of publishing *The Cancer Ward* was discussed. There is information available that reveals a secret directive to the members to expel Solzhenitsyn from the Union of Writers. This directive was dutifully executed. Members who participated in the report and whom the critic of *Novyj Zhurnal* calls "guardians of the homeland," offered this comment on Solzhenitsyn's manuscript: "It nauseates the reader." That *The Cancer Ward* would be denied publication in the USSR was obvious even before the meeting took place and its results made known. However, the meeting was necessary in order to guarantee that only the "right" people remained in power in the Union of Writers. The majority of the 52 members were opposed to *The Cancer Ward.* Only very few were in favor of it, and these were members who had already lost power within the organization, or who were soon to lose whatever power they still had when their feelings became known.

Regardless of the ideological meaning of his works, it is impossible not to be moved by Solzhenitsyn's prose style. While in volume and number of characters he brings to mind Leo Tolstoy, while in his attitude to the "little man" he resembles Gogol and Dostoevsky, and while in his censure of the system he makes one think of Turgenev, his language is a great innovation in Russian prose. It is heavy with a slang appropriate to the milieu he happens to be describing. (Thus, for example, in *One Day* he uses camp slang, spotted with profanities.) The dominant feature of this language is its *muzhestvenost'* (masculinity): it is strong and clear, filled with popular idiomatic expressions. His sentences are short and compact. Considerable use of diminutives gives the feeling of traditional Russian folklore. An unusual use of prefixes creates new words with a particular lexical shade of meaning but his neologisms are clear and effective. The occasional use of profanity, which is taboo in the puritanical prose of Socialist Realism, removes him even farther from his contemporary authors. Solzhenitsyn's narrative is direct and objective with special attention to small details, presented in a calm, detached manner. Through economical suggestion rather than exhaustive description he brings to life his characters and situations. At the same time, Solzhenitsyn opens before the reader a world of which he was previously unaware. Unexpected metaphors and paradoxical descriptions, through a process of *Ostranenije* (making strange), transforms the familiar and ordinary into something unusual and rich with new meaning.

It would seem that the Russian leaders and their bureaucracy have always had a highly developed sense of literary values: they have always persecuted the best of Russian literature.

NOTES

1. Gleb Struve, *Russian Literature Under Lenin and Stalin,* 1917-1953. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press), 1971, p. 256.
2. R. G. Scott, editor, *Problems of Soviet Literature: Reports and Speeches at the First Writers' Congress.* (London: Lawrence), 1935, p. 12.
3. Georg Lukács, *Solzhenitsyn.* (The MIT Press), 1971.
4. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, *We Never Make Mistakes.* (New York: The Norton Library), 1971, pp. 13-87.
5. *Novyj Zhurnal,* "Delo Solzhenitsyna" #94, p. 145, (1969). #93, pp. 209-268, (1968).



Tabula Rasa on Tiptoes

by Hugh Fox

Screen begins black. Child begins walking toward audience for a long time, coming from far distance. Huge echoes of his feet as he walks, becoming more and more terrifying. Reaches forestage (wearing brown velvet suit with lace collar, short pants), opens mouth and roar comes echoing out accompanied by a flower. Paddle (kind you always see hanging on fraternity walls) reaches out of darkness, swats child on ass. Child looks around (creaking sound, metal on metal, full of echoes), doesn't encounter swatter, takes small bottle of paint out of pocket, begins to paint brown velvet suit. All colors come out of single bottle. Paints fuchsia, lime-green, hot-pink, flaming-orange, etc. Baroque scrolls. Music: "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." As he paints he begins to dance, rises off-stage, floats, flies. Then suddenly a hand appears, pulls an imaginary chain and it rains all over child, all the paint melts, runs together. He stands staring at run-together paint. Sighs heavily, with cavernous echo-chamber effect. Hands reach out of blackness, pull off his clothes (naked he is a sexless stick), dress him in long pants with patch on knee, sweat-shirt that has "Patronize Your Local Pyramid" written across it, basketball shoes, and finally pull a baseball cap down over his eyes, teasing out straight hank of hair from under the cap and letting it hang across his forehead.

Tapping of baton on music stand. Tuning up of orchestra. Music begins: Strauss' "Perpetual Motion." Child is led to blackboard by disembodied hand, begins to write—in Arabic. At first hesitatingly, then with more and more ease, until he is able to interchange chalk between both hands; takes off his shoes, stands on his hands and writes with his feet. Then he starts to write THE WIND BLOWS ROUND THE CORNER in English, music stops, buzzer sounds and hand reaches out and twists his nose. In distance we vaguely hear (amidst cheering and applauding) "Play Ball!", hand grows talons, moves menacingly toward child, child runs (sound of horses galloping, plus grandstand crowd) and hides under concrete dunce cap. Sounds of guitars, very hip, far out. Child sticks head out, music stops, hand grabs him by neck, lifts him up, carries him to center of stage.

A long "blade" is stretched across stage. Sharp edge glints and glimmers. Grass on both sides of blade. Child made to walk across blade now. With each step sound of locomotive puffing. Laborious at beginning, slowly picks up speed, until it is finally puffing along with lickety-split smoothness. Child also picks up speed and "efficiency," until he is able to dance on blade—on ball of one foot, hands waving like a swan.

Only the grass tempts him. He wants to touch it. Dances a little soft shoe (to the tune of Durante theme song "Dick A Dicka Do"), then stops, glances around sneakily, all sound cuts off, and he bends over, touches grass, the alarm (siren) is activated, and the hand of "authority" moves into the picture, cuffs him on the head. Child cries, poised on blade-edge. Locomotive sound starts up. He ignores it. It "waits" for him—"invites" him. He keeps crying. It starts again. He reacts, starts moving toward the blade as the locomotive starts speeding up. This time he's not going to stop. Cheering from invisible grandstands. He reaches end of blade . . .

Suddenly the whole stage changes. Three seamstresses rush up to child, fit him out in long gown, a kind of "academic toga", and the owner of the hands that have been slapping him around becomes visible. He is a huge "angel" with wings and wearing white gown, glasses, looks very bookish. He approaches child (now fitted out in gown), to the accompaniment of "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 1, presents him with a glowing (radioactive) ice-cream cone.

The child accepts all this with a certain stoicism, but he's bored. The angel begins a long gibberish speech (The Gettysburg Address slowed down to the point of unintelligibility), and the child reaches up in the air with the ice-cream cone, starts drawing animals: a dog, a parrot, a peacock, a giraffe, an alligator. They all glow too and come alive, start moving through the air with stuttering grace. (Fuchsia animals on green background. Only the outlines of the animals, though, no "filling.") Child keeps drawing. Elephants now. One, two, a whole herd of elephants. Buffalos, dinosaurs. Then imaginary animals, four-legged mammals with long fishlike feather tails and horned heads whose horns build curve on curve into complicated interlaced Baroque patterns, long thin fish with birds' wings, and filaments sticking out all over their bodies like shreds of glowing chiffon . . .

The Angel now approaches child while the animals cir-

cle around in the background. He doesn't hit him now, but talks to him, "reasons" with him. All sound stops. The angel's words still come out as gibberish. He pleads with the child, the child stops drawing, all the animals stop and hang suspended in a kind of zodiac pattern. The Angel continues on and on, the child listens, getting more and more convinced, and finally he shakes his head OK.

The animals all crack now, like old plates. The cracks widen, they finally split open, fragment, splinter, fall to the ground in glittering heaps that glow for a few moments and then get duller and duller until the glow stops altogether.

Now the child starts to grow old. In "twitches." Twitches once, ages five years. Twitches again. Another five years. Face starts to get lined. Bags under eyes. Twitches again, hair turns white. Twitches again, it all falls out. Again, and he stoops over, cane appears in hand.

He stands on dark stage staring at audience as the sounds of footsteps echoing big and hollow start to "invade" the scene. He glances into distance and as he realizes who's coming and why, his clothes "change," blur out, and when he comes into focus again he's become an angel with wings, white gown, bookish glasses, etc. Also, he looks younger. Is it because of the white wig?

Now he begins to fade out as a young boy comes into view, kind of rhythm walking-tapping along, chewing bubble gum. He stops, snaps his fingers, blows huge bubble that comes out with technicolor shot of carnival (ferris wheels, shoot the shoots, etc.) superimposed on it. The "Marseillaise" sounds in the background, a triumphant trumpet solo. Then as bubble and trumpet move toward climax together a paddle appears out of the darkness, moves toward bubble.

Blackout . . . just before the paddle touches the bubble.

POET XI

Brings out all his goods
the bits and pieces of his merchandise
and spreads them out for our appraisal

gaudy sleazy scarves
velvet bodices and ribbons for the lacing bright
  and tight
barpins and rings with such a vivid colored glass
you can hardly tell they're not for real
eyeglasses every shape and size
lengths of calico and bombazine
tinware
such copper pots and brass
all brought forth with skill and rapidly

but if you hesitate and do not buy
even after smooth persuasive talk
and every virtue lavishly extolled
he climbs back into his caravan
trundles creaks away
until his wagon is a dot on the far horizon
then is gone from sight

—*Barbara Terry Grimes*

Ubu Roi and the New Comedy

by Judith Cooper

Ubu Roi by Alfred Jarry has been increasingly recognized as a play which was an important precursor of the contemporary avant-garde theater in France and which has had a significant influence on the entire modern theater. The first performance of the play took place to the accompaniment of violent jeers and hurrahs on the night of December 10, 1896, at the Théâtre de l'OEuvre in Paris. The author, Alfred-Henri Jarry, who was barely twenty-three years old, was as yet completely unknown outside of a few literary circles. Nevertheless, the performance was a theatrical event of such magnitude that it has often been compared to the violent "bataille d'Hernani" which marked the beginning of the Romantic theater.

Before the curtain rose, Jarry, who resembled an overgrown marionette, marched solemnly on stage, sat down and read, in a monotone voice that matched his deadpan face, a very enigmatic speech. He described Ubu, the main character, in terms of a complex pseudo-scientific metaphor, mentioned the fact that the actors would all wear masks "in order to represent more exactly the interior man," spoke briefly about the scenery and about the orchestra that would *not* perform and closed on the following note: "As for the action, which is about to begin, it takes place in Poland, that is to say Nowhere."[1]

Jarry retreated, the table was removed and the curtain rose to reveal a set painted by Jarry himself with the assistance of such artists as Pierre Bonnard, Vuillard, Toulouse-Lautrec and Serusier. Arthur Symons, who was present at the turbulent *première,* gives a detailed description of the scenery in his *Studies in the Seven Arts:*

> . . . the scenery was painted to represent, by a child's conventions, indoors and out of doors, and even the torrid, temperate and arctic zones at once. Opposite to you, at the back of the stage, you saw apple-trees in bloom, under a blue sky, and against the sky a small closed window and a fireplace containing an alchemist's crucible through the very midst of which trooped in and out these clamorous and sanguinary persons of the drama. On the left was painted a bed, and at the foot of the bed a bare tree, and snow falling. On the right there were palm trees about one of which coiled a boa-constrictor; a door opened against the sky, and beside the door a skeleton dangled from a gallows.[2]

But if the audience had been surprised by the enigmatic speech of the author and the highly stylized decor, their greatest shock was yet to come. Firmin Gemier, who played the part of Ubu, stepped forward and delivered the opening word in a flat, clipped voice suggestive of that of the author himself: "Merdre!" With the pronouncement of the slightly distorted but perfectly recognizable obscenity, pandemonium broke out. It was fully fifteen minutes before the audience was quiet enough for the performance to be resumed. And the vociferous interruptions continued throughout the evening with each repetition of the "word." (It occurs thirty-three times in the course of the play.) Here is how William Butler Yeats, who was also present, described his own reactions to this important and tumultuous literary event:

> I go to the first performance of Jarry's *Ubu-Roi,* at the Théâtre de l'OEuvre, . . . The audience shake their fists at one another, . . . The players are supposed to be dolls, toys, marionettes, and now they are all hopping like wooden frogs, and I can see for myself that the chief personage, who is some kind of king carries for a sceptre a brush of the kind that we used to clean a closet. Feeling bound to support the most spirited party, we have shouted for the play, but that night at the Hotel Corneille I am very sad, for comedy, objectivity, has displayed its growing power once more. I say, after S. Mallarmé, after Verlaine, after G. Moreau, after Puvis de Chavannes, after our own verse, after the faintest mixed hints of Condor, what more is possible? After us the Savage God.[3]

It is understandable that the audience should have reacted violently to *Ubu Roi* since the play presented a new form of comedy, elemental and ferocious, for which there were no immediate literary precedents. Ubu—puppet, clown, buffoon—appeared on the scene at a time when the theater was dominated by the realistic and naturalistic schools of drama brought in vogue by Antoine and the Theatre Libre. In contrast to the prevailing tradition, *Ubu Roi* is entirely anti-realistic in every aspect—plot, character, language and *mise-en-scène.* It seems to share more

common characteristics, especially the *esprit gaulois,* with medieval farce or the works of Rabelais than with the plays of Dumas fils, Augier or Scribe that were popular at the time.

In actuality, *Ubu Roi* grew out of a series of schoolboy satires invented by Jarry and his classmates at the Lycee in Rennes against a hated physics professor named Monsieur Hébert. The boys naturally imitated or burlesqued everything they read in or out of class. Their models include some of the greatest names in literature: Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare and others. The comedy of *Ubu Roi* reflects the primitive, joyous and brutal humor of adolescence.

If the scenery of *Ubu Roi,* described by Arthur Symons, evokes visions of a child's bedroom, the action of the play itself suggests nothing so much as the nightmare fantasy of an extremely intelligent and precocious child. Ubu, a greedy, vulgar officer in the Polish king's army, assassinates the king, usurps the throne, kills a number of people, pillages the countryside and is finally defeated by the fourteen-year-old orphaned prince and his supporters. It is obviously the parody of a traditional plot of high adventure or tragedy. One can easily discern echoes of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth.* Parody is also present in the individual episodes which are equally traditional in such a plot. They include a conspirator's dinner, a military review at which the assassination takes place, a purge of the former supporters of the king, two battles, a fight with a bear in a cave, a dream sequence, and finally, a voyage by water.

The characters reveal the same exaggerated simplicity as that of the basic plot. In fact, they are essentially overgrown marionettes and as such also seem to have come from the world of children. The cast includes such familiar types as the good but gullible king, the bereaved queen who dies of sorrow, the young prince who must avenge his father, the undeserving usurper of the throne, his ambitious wife, and the conspirator who later repents and helps to bring about the downfall of the usurper.

As the title indicates, the play is dominated by the monstrous and grotesque figure of le Père Ubu himself. In Ubu, Jarry has created a new comic type. Ubu's most conspicuous characteristic, his enormous belly, is the physical manifestation or symbol of his entire nature. He is the embodiment of the basest human instincts: greed, egotism, ferocity and cowardice. He is a total glutton—for food, riches, power—and an ingrate. He is a complete coward who squeals and weeps at the very hint of danger to his person but who, at the same time, enjoys, indeed relishes, what is often totally gratuitous ferocity. Above all, Ubu is overwhelmingly obscene. His trademark is, of course, "merdre" but his repertoire also includes a wide range of other obscenities and curses.

The character of Ubu, while embodying the most basic and general human vices, is unique in the very exaggeration of these vices and in his total incomprehension that they are vices. It is difficult to imagine the most hardened criminal stating with the candor and innocence that Ubu does: "Soon I'll have made a bundle, then I'll kill everybody and I'll go away." (III,iv) Ubu's motives are of the very lowest kind but, at least, he does not try to camouflage them as virtues. He is no Tartuffe. His lack of hypocrisy is the least objectionable aspect of his character and at the same time one of the most frightening. By the honest admission of his vices, by his open enjoyment of them, Ubu is forcing us into complicity with him. As grotesquely monstrous as Ubu is, we cannot help but recognize our basic identity with him and to admit that he is merely the exaggeration of our own secret vices and desires. Ubu seems to be aware of this; he mocks us while we are mocking him.

Ubu not only overshadows the other characters in the play, he and "la Mère Ubu," who is both literally and figuratively "his other half," also monopolize the dialogue. The style, then, is intimately linked to the character of Ubu, to the point that it has been dubbed "le parler Ubu" (Ubu talk) in Parisian literary circles. It presents a unique combination of seemingly disparate elements: vulgarity and fanciful invention, pomposity and colloquialism, a limited but piquant vocabulary and a sophisticated use of rhetorical patterns. The style employs many of the traditional techniques of the burlesque, including the use of repetition, accumulation, exaggeration, puns, platitudes and jargon. And its free invention of language both hearkens back to the medieval theater and looks forward to the linguistic ingenuity of Ionesco and other contemporary avant-garde dramatists.

Thus, the adolescent mentality that first created Ubu is reflected in both the subject matter and the form of the play. It reveals itself in the obscenity, in the gratuitous violence, in the slapstick, in the stereotyped characters and in the verbal play. But this same primitivism of subject matter and style is part of Ubu's unique and important contribution to the modern theater. The elemental aspects of Ubu's nature are precisely those which give universal validity to his character. Ubu is a reflection, albeit distorted, of the inner nature of mankind. Jarry called him "our ignoble double." Or, to use Freudian terminology, he is the universal Id.

The original schoolboy satires were first performed as puppet plays by Jarry and his classmates in the attics of their homes and *Ubu Roi* remains basically a *guignol* both in its dramatic nature and in the stylized techniques used in staging the play. In fact, the principles of the marionette theater formed the basis for Jarry's dramatic theories which were in complete revolt against the dramatic conventions of his day. Jarry was one of the first dramatists to recognize and advocate what he called the "suggestive superiority" of the marionette theater with its simple and universal gestures over the more common and superficial techniques of realism and naturalism. His ideas planted the seeds for total renovation in the modern theater.

His theories first found expression in a letter written in January, 1896 to Lugné-Poe, director of the Theatre de l'OEuvre, in which Jarry offered the play for production and made specific suggestions as to the manner in which it should be staged. His suggestions all pointed to the kind of stylization that is typical of the marionette theater; the use of a mask for the main character, the adoption of a special voice or accent by the actor who played this role, the adoption of a single decor with changes of scene indi-

cated by posters or placards, and the use of cardboard horses' heads to be hung around the actors' necks in the equestrian scenes.

That Jarry was becoming conscious of his role as an innovator was clearly revealed in later letters to Lugné-Poe about the forthcoming production of the play. Another revolutionary idea that he proposed was to use a young boy for the role of Bougrelas, the fourteen-year-old orphaned prince who finally routs Ubu and his partisans from the country, a role that would be played by a woman according to the conventions of the day. Jarry was quite obviously rebelling against this and other theatrical traditions that he considered to be sterile.

Jarry's ideas on theatrical technique were more generalized in the article "De l'inutilité du théâtre au théâtre" which appeared in *Le Mercure de France* in September, 1896. Again Jarry reworked and developed some of the ideas he had already expressed in his first letter to Lugné-Poe, among them his theories about scenery and masks. His rebellion against sterile traditions and his growing scorn for a public who insisted on these same traditions were particularly evident in this article. His discussion of *trompe-l'oeil* scenery was a frontal assault on the use of scenery to create an illusion of reality which was a prevailing trend in both the *théâtre du boulevard* and in the realistic and naturalistic drama.

Jarry's ideas of acting techniques and character portrayal were also anti-realistic. He expanded upon his idea of using masks which, he said, should represent the essence of the character: the Miser, the Coward, the Avaricious man, etc. Varieties of facial expression could be achieved, according to Jarry, by the skillful use of lighting in conjunction with movement by the actor to change the placement of shadows on the surface of the mask. His theory of acting technique thus approached the techniques of pantomime but he condemned the sterile conventions of pantomime as categorically as those of the realistic and naturalistic schools. What Jarry repeatedly called for was the gesture that through its simplicity and universality would express the very essence of humanity embodied within the character type.

In later articles, principally in "Questions de théâtre," first published in *La Revue Blanche* on January 1, 1897, and in "Douze arguments sur le théâtre",[4] Jarry continued to develop his concept of the conflict between the artist and the general public. He completely rejected the works of art that appealed to the crowd and praised highly those that were directed to the elite audience that frequented the small avant-garde theaters such as the Théâtre d'Art and the Théâtre de l'OEuvre. He spoke with increasing confidence of a rebirth or renaissance in the theater that he saw taking place in these and other small *théâtres à cotés*. He called this new theater, and the capitals are his, "un théâtre ABSTRAIT." One of the most interesting and significant ideas presented in "Douze arguments sur le théâtre" was that dramatic literature is distinct from any other literary genre and must necessarily follow different rules of construction from its very inception. A novel adapted for the stage did not constitute a true example of dramatic literature, according to Jarry.

These articles constitute the major part of Jarry's theatrical manifesto. In them we can see him moving from specific ideas about the staging of *Ubu Roi* to a new and revolutionary theory of total theater. The new theater that he advocated, which he called an abstract theater, was a synthesis of techniques and principles of the marionette theater, of the formal traditions of pantomime, and of the symbolist movement in literature. What Jarry had come to realize was that "slice of life" realism or the comedy of manners reflected only the superficial realities of life and that the deeper realities of human existence could best be revealed through the use of symbols or signs. He also was aware that all of the techniques for staging a play, scenery, lighting, costumes and acting, can take on symbolic significance as well as that which is incorporated into the text of the play itself.

The theories that Jarry expressed, in conjunction with the example that he gave with *Ubu Roi*, have had a profound influence upon the entire modern theater as well as on other forms of literature and art. That influence was crystallized when Antonin Artaud founded the Theatre Alfred Jarry in 1927 for the express purpose of bringing about the theatrical revolution that Jarry had called for in 1896. Artaud took the essence of Jarry's vision of the world and of his random remarks on the theater and formulated from them a complete theatrical philosophy, published in 1938 under the title *Le Théâtre et son double*, which has become the basic manifesto for the contemporary avant-garde movement.

Furthermore, many of the themes and techniques that were present in *Ubu* or that Jarry discussed in his writings on the theater have become important motifs in modern art and literature and especially in the contemporary avant-garde drama. The figure of the puppet or clown has become an equation for the human condition in the modern world. It is an image that contains multiple allusions, all of which are equally meaningful. It can be an image of man's helplessness to control his own destiny either because of tendencies within himself or of factors outside himself over which he has no control. The mass hysteria that prevailed in Nazi Germany and Stalin's Russia, indeed the mechanical goose-stepping of the Nazi soldiers have given contemporary emphasis to this aspect of the puppet as symbol. Or, as in Samuel Beckett's play, *Waiting for Godot*, the clown or buffoon can present an image of perplexity, a being who is faced with the absurdity or meaninglessness of life. Another important aspect of the figure of the puppet or clown is that it has traditionally incorporated elements of both the tragic and the comic. If tragedy is in fact dead, as George Steiner has suggested in his book, *The Death of Tragedy*, then what more fitting replacement for the tragic hero can we find than the puppet or clown? From yet another point of view, if we follow to its logical conclusion Henri Bergson's theory of the comic as something mechanical encrusted on the living,[5] then we see that the puppet figure embodies the very essence of comedy.

Another motif which has gained increasing significance in modern art and literature and which is related to the puppet in some respects is the motif of the mask. Again

it is a device that contains multiple allusions. Following the example of *Ubu Roi* and the suggestions of Jarry, the mask has often been used by a kind of inverse logic as a physical means of reflecting the inner reality of a character through the exaggeration or crystallization of a single character trait. An interesting example of the use of this aspect of the motif of the mask can be found in the title of the collected edition of the plays of Luigi Pirandello, *Maschere nude* or "Naked Masks." Or the mask can be used as the symbol of the roles the individual plays or is forced to play in society. In a play like Jean Genet's *Les Nègres,* the actors can change roles during the course of the play by assuming, removing or exchanging masks.

Violence in all its many forms has undoubtedly become a central theme in modern literature and drama. Ubu's gratuitous ferocity has been so overshadowed by actual events of history that it no longer seems exaggerated or shocking. His unblushing enjoyment of his own ferocity remains perhaps his only singularity. Similarly, Ubu's obscenity that shocked and stunned audiences in 1896 has long since been outdone by works aimed at a much larger audience. But we must still give the credit to Jarry for having been the first to burst the dam of literary propriety.

It is not just isolated themes and techniques of *Ubu Roi* that have had an influence on the modern theater. The general atmosphere or mode of *Ubu* has become the dominant mode of an entire group of contemporary plays that have been given the appellation of the Theater of the Absurd. There are several characteristics that are basic to this type of play and which these plays have in common with *Ubu Roi.* There is a total disregard for, if not deliberate flaunting of, conventional realism, and this often creates a dream-like or hallucinatory atmosphere that tends frequently to be nightmarish. A similar lack of orthodoxy and realism is present in the language or dialogue which includes verbal fantasy, nonsense and sometimes a total breakdown of meaning. But the most important characteristic of these plays and the one which more than the others makes them deserving of their appelation is a new and peculiar mixture of tragic and comic elements. Broad clowning and ribald farce accompany or alternate with actions or scenes of violence and horror. The general atmosphere or mood that is created, then, can be characterized as being grotesque or absurd. Martin Esslin in his study on *The Theater of the Absurd* argues quite convincingly that this new type of play is the one best suited to express the realities of life in the twentieth century with its own distinctive attitudes, preoccupations and anxieties. He states:

> The Theater of the Absurd . . . can be seen as the reflection of what seems the attitude most genuinely representative of our own time's contribution.
>
> The hallmark of this attitude is its sense that the certitudes and unshakable basic assumptions of former ages have been tested and found wanting, that they have been discredited as cheap and somewhat childish illusions.[6]

Furthermore, according to Mr. Esslin, what makes this new kind of play particularly apt as an artistic expression of the absurdity of the human condition is that it presents this absurdity in the form of the plays as well as in the subject matter.

It is not difficult to understand that Jarry's sardonic vision of the world has attained increasing significance in a century in which man's powers of destruction have far outstripped his ability to control them and in which his mastery of technique has overshadowed his understanding of himself and of the increasingly complex world in which he lives. In this absurd world of the twentiety century, comedy seems quite appropriate as an artistic reflection of our feelings of bewilderment and helplessness in front of the chaos which we cannot comprehend. And consequently, laughter becomes a means for catharsis. Jarry was the first of the moderns to understand that the more elemental and violent the humor, the greater the catharsis it produced. William Butler Yeats' sorrowful prediction, made after having attended the first performance of *Ubu Roi,* has indeed come true; the "Savage God" is here to stay.

NOTES

1. Alfred Jarry, *OEuvres completès* (Monte-Carlo: Éditions du Livre, and Lausanne: Henri Kaeser, 1948), IV, 23. This translation and all others, unless otherwise indicated, are my own.
2. *Studies in the Seven Arts* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1907), pp. 373-374.
3. *Autobiographies* (London: Macmillan, 1955), pp. 348-349.
4. This article is actually a collection of fragments published in the *Dossiers Acénonètes du Collège de 'Pataphysique,* No. 5 (1959), pp. 1-6. The Collège de 'Pataphysique, founded in 1949, is an elite group of writers and scholars, including among others Eugene Ionesco, Boris Vian, Jacques Prévert and Roger Shattuck, whose members are dedicated to the propagation and elucidation of Jarry's works in their *Cahiers* and *Dossiers.*
5. See Henri Bergson, *Le Rire. Essai sur la signification du comique,* in *OEuvres,* (Paris Presses universitaires de France, 1959). English translation entitled "Laughter" by Wylie Sypher in *Comedy,* Anchor Books (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1956).
6. *The Theater of the Absurd,* Anchor Books (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1961). p. xviii.

HARBOUR, AT NIGHT

I look for myself
walking the dark seawall
  steps to the pier
wet with night's blood
and slime of other days
  surprised
the lights are out
or drowned.

One boat has cabinlights
and moth, I move to them
as if there were
  love there.

The dock moves under my feet
swings like a deck
and I touch tar pilings
to not fall in
  and to leave
fingerprints, in case . . .
ghosts of my hand
and its salt.

  Charms to read
boat names. *Sea Fever*
Domani. Domani's crew
has left a careless hawser
for me to trip on
but her home harbour
  a happy town
where I waited for you
and heard you call

  look for myself
in the deep ruffles of water
held by a film of oilskin
  mist moves across
like a fox
dripping at the mouth.

  In my pocket
salt swirls of my fingers
curl in on themselves.

  A gull wakes
flaps, disgruntled
  under the pilings
crabs eat, v-tooth claws
clacking all night
against *Domani's* frame.

—*Ruth Moon Kempher*

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Touching

by Robert Taylor, Jr.

A small man with feet as small as a woman's, Kenneth Crishner sat on the barstool closest to the door and waited for his wife. At the other end of the bar was a dark and handsome man wearing a bright blue sport coat, an orange neckscarf, and white sneakers. He looked Latin. Crishner was fascinated by the flash of the Latin's grin. To him such grins radiated warmth and arrogance, and a sense of the tragedy of life.

Crishner sold for a living. He sold luxury bathroom fixtures, was the company's sole representative in Northern California, excluding the Bay Area and Sacramento, districts in their own right. Crishner preferred working in the Northern District. There was more freedom, he believed. You could make your own appointments. People were friendlier.

His wife hated it. It was part of his tragedy, he believed, to be married to a woman who preferred cities. You could not say that this was the heart of his tragedy, however. At the heart of it all was something deep, something dark and unexplainable, a mysterious longing for something, a vague sense of having once lost something wonderful and valuable, a heartfelt fear of someday finding something frightening. He could not explain this to anyone. He would not think of trying. He felt that no one would understand, and that this, too, was part of his tragedy.

He had considered disappearing into the wilderness. There was wilderness in the Northern District, and it was not far from Chico. You could reach the Yolla Bolly Wilderness Area in a few hours, park your car at the boundary, and step in. No one would ever know. They would find your car, but they would never find you. Perhaps they would believe you had been eaten by a bear.

Kenneth nibbled on popcorn. It came with the drink. He supposed that you could come into the Chiquita, sit down, not order a thing, and yet nibble popcorn. Jose was not the kind to mind, unless you were disorderly or were irritating to other clients. Jose's clients were very refined. Yet Kenneth had never seen anyone quite like the man of Latin blood at the end of the bar. Salesmen who could smile the way the Latin smiled were always your top men, leaders, setters of the pace.

He tried such a grin himself, using the mirror behind the bar. He saw himself narrowed by two slender-necked vodka bottles. He could see the yellow popcorn hulls caught in his teeth, and his nose drooped sadly, resembled a white candy bar with almonds. It seemed merely to have been jammed onto his face once and to be near dropping off. It seemed to be crumbling.

When his wife came in, she said:

"Who's the interesting-looking fellow over there?"

She whispered, yet her voice carried. Kenneth was embarrassed. He felt that he had been caught.

"I don't know," he said. "How should I know?"

"He looks exciting. Does he come here often?"

She rubbed her arm against his; he wished she would not.

"How should I know. You're here as often as I am."

She had started joining him over a year ago, saying that they should do things together more often.

"I just wish I knew who he was," she continued. "He looks familiar. Like he's been in the movies. Oh, I know who it is. Fernando Lamas. He reminds me of Fernando Lamas."

"You could introduce yourself to him. Tell him you want his autograph. Go ahead. I won't be jealous. Not a bit."

Her daiquiri was set in front of her. She took a sip. The way she pursed her lips around the little straw she reminded Kenneth of a flapper from the twenties, a chubby one without dimples. Her face was very round. Her eyes were too, and were outlined with mascara. She often said her eyes were the high points of her face, meaning that they were the most attractive features, and prided herself on playing them up. Kenneth had never done anything, or said anything, to encourage her in this belief, and yet she clung to it.

He glanced at the Latin. The Latin's friend was talking now, not loudly, and moving his hands around in forceful gestures. Kenneth's wife spoke:

"You could go introduce yourself. Then introduce me. It's not a woman's place to introduce herself to a man. Only on rare occasions. Maybe at a party."

Again she rubbed against him. He pulled away, stood up.

"Are you going to?" she asked.

"I'm going to the men's room."

"You could stop on your way back."

On his way back, he saw that she had worked up the nerve. She was sitting next to the Latin, her legs crossed, her foot bobbing up and down. Her shoes were fancy evening slippers, glittery things with tiny heels and delicate straps. On a smaller woman they would have looked nice.

"Here he is now," she was saying. "Come here, dear. Meet this interesting man."

The Latin's name was Rosario. He was an American citizen, born in San Diego.

"I would have guessed Rio," said Kenneth's wife. "Or Santo Domingo."

"Never been there."

"Mr. Rosario is in sanitation, Kenneth. Isn't that a coincidence."

Rosario laughed, as did his friend, whom Rosario had introduced as his partner John Brill. Brill's laugh was pitched high, in contrast to Rosario's, which was low and mellow. Both men had very dark eyes and sharp noses. Brill wore a shoestring tie with shiny silver tips. When Rosario stopped laughing, he stared hard at Kenneth and said:

"You have a sense of humor, Mr. Crishner. You do not laugh, but I can tell. I can tell by the light in your eyes."

Rosario smiled as he spoke. His voice was clear, free from foreign accent. At the suggestion of Brill they moved to a booth so they could talk better. Rosario sat opposite Kenneth, Brill opposite Kenneth's wife. She sat next to Kenneth on the outside.

"Billie," said Rosario. "It is a strange name for a woman. I've never heard of it."

"My parents wanted a boy," she explained, "but they got me, and I got named Billie."

"Strange," said Brill.

"My friend, it is not so strange. She just gave us a logical explanation."

"People always wonder if I was named after Billie Burke. The movie star. But I wasn't. I was named after my daddy's best friend, Billie Steele. It was a bet. Daddy won."

Rosario looked at Kenneth: "Your husband has a devilish sense of humor. I see him laughing in his eyes."

Kenneth felt embarrassed. He laughed.

"See," smiled Rosario, "he overflows. He is effervescent!"

Kenneth felt his cheeks grow warm. He blamed the Bloody Mary at first, then told himself he was embarrassed for his wife. She was being forward. She was flirting first with Rosario, then with Brill. He would not have minded if he imagined there was any chance she might succeed. But she could not succeed. Not with either of these two. They were not her class. She was making a fool of herself. And all the time she had her hand on his, Kenneth's, thigh. The hand was heavy and wet. She kept clinging to her daiquiri with her other hand, swishing the ice around. She talked nervously, but excitedly, occasionally squeezing Kenneth's thigh. But the warm flashes came when Rosario spoke, not when Billie squeezed.

"You are a silent man, Mr. Crishner. The strong silent type. Yet effervescent inside." Rosario smiled then at Billie. "You are lucky. I'll bet you feel very lucky to have such a man for your husband."

She squeezed, this time pinching Kenneth, and he jumped. Brill cleared his throat. Rosario laughed.

"He's a good salesman," Billie said.

"I'll bet," said Brill.

"I can tell," said Rosario. "It comes out in many ways. But tell me. Do you have children?"

Billie giggled and almost spilled her drink. Alcohol affected her rapidly. Her speech was beginning to thicken, as if her tongue were growing larger, nurtured by the daiquiri. Kenneth had made an arrangement with Jose to make her drinks weak, but he suspected sometimes that Jose forgot. This time he was almost certain. She was intoxicated already. Kenneth had to answer Rosario's question.

"No," he said. "We haven't any children."

Rosario winked.

"Not yet, you mean," said Rosario. "You haven't given up trying, have you?"

"Oh, no. We won't have any, though."

"It's glandular," Billie suddenly said. "And genetic."

"Not impotency?" Brill asked. He tapped his fingers on the table.

"Oh, no." People always thought impotency. Kenneth knew it was what they all thought, even when they did not say it, and few people ever said it. Few were as bold as Brill. Kenneth believed that they thought it because they feared it in themselves. Kenneth smiled at Brill. He felt sorry for him.

"Impotency!" said Rosario. "My friend! Look at him. Impotency? What a question."

Brill smiled and took a drink. He was drinking beer. So was Rosario. Out of frosted mugs. Rosario ran his fingers up and down the side of his mug. He took small sips, and always sighed afterwards, frowning slightly. He had an expressive face, Kenneth felt. It was smooth and his nose was sharp. His black hair was not greasy, yet had a purplish gleam to it. It was combed straight back and stood high and springy, yet was thick and very black, a nice contrast to the bright orange neck-scarf.

"It's a matter of the glands," Billie said. "The doctor says it's in the genes. It's no one's fault."

"Do you have pets?" Brill asked.

Rosario touched Brill lightly on the shoulder.

"My friend, you are too abrupt." (He turned back to Kenneth.) "Yet he is a quick thinker. You will have to excuse him. Do not take his abruptness as rudeness."

"Oh, no," said Billie.

"It's all right," Kenneth said. He sympathized with Rosario for having such a dull-witted companion. "It's a natural question. No offense on my part."

"Or mine," added Billie.

"Well, then, you may answer if you like. I only hope he does not offend you. I might just explain that he is not from San Diego as I am. He is from Needles. It is in the desert."

"Well," Kenneth began, "as a matter of fact we have poodles. Two."

"Two!"

"Both are males. They're like children."

"I almost feel we should get a baby sitter when we leave them alone. Kenneth thinks I'm silly for it, but still—they're not fully grown."

Rosario seemed to understand. He nodded his head wisely and looked at Kenneth with compassion. His eyes were very dark.

Brill said:

"They are foolish dogs."

Billie giggled again, slapping Kenneth's thigh.

"They are not, my friend," said Rosario. "They are simply dogs. A dog is neither foolish nor wise. These are human qualities. You cannot apply them to dogs. Am I right, Mr. Crishner?"

Kenneth nodded his head. He did not know that he agreed, however. Sometimes it seemed to him that the poodles were very human. They seemed to enjoy looking at themselves in the mirror, for example, and were fond of salty foods. Once his wife had caught them being obscene with each other.

"I think you have a great deal of insight, Mr. Crishner. You do not say much, but you communicate. You have your little ways of communicating, eh? I like this. You have self-respect. This is good."

Kenneth cleared his throat. His wife spoke:

"But, Mr. Rosario, don't you really think animals can be like humans in many ways? Maybe not foolish or wise, but, still, can't they be happy and sad?"

Kenneth felt ashamed of his wife. It seemed that she was being extremely foolish. Surely it was obvious to Rosario and Brill. Rosario seemed to be an extremely perceptive person, and even Brill, although he was slow, must have seen the foolishness of Billie. It was not that she was flirting. Kenneth was not jealous. He had long since decided that he would not be jealous should she form an attachment to someone else; but she never did. She said she loved him. If she loved someone else, he would not be jealous. She had asked him if he would be, and he had told her no. Yet she did not form any attachments. As she once put it, "It's just me and you. I'm a one-man girl! I just wish you would carry me away to the big city!"

"Honey," Kenneth began, "you're being a little foolish, don't you think?"

She didn't answer at first, but then looked at him.

"Are you talking to me? I was waiting for Mr. Rosario to answer."

"Rosario. Leave off the mister, please. Call me Rosario."

"Kenneth, what did you just call me?"

"I said don't you think you're being a little foolish. I didn't call you anything."

"Yes, you did. You called me honey. Didn't he, Mr. Rosario?"

"Please. I must insist. Call me: Rosario."

"Rosario. Didn't he call me honey, Rosario?"

"Yes. He did."

Brill also said yes.

"Do you find this strange, Mrs. Crishner?" asked Rosario. "He calls you other things, I imagine. These names lovers call each other when they are alone! Enchanting."

Billie blushed. Kenneth was ashamed. He saw no reason for her to blush. She was not a modest woman. There were no names, anyway. It was only a slip, calling her honey. It was only a figure of speech.

"She calls me Kenneth," he said to Rosario. "That's all."

Kenneth felt warm. He scratched his head and tapped his feet.

"You're a very affectionate couple," Rosario continued. "It comes out."

"We've been married eleven years," said Billie. "I met him in the laundromat. Not here. The one on J Street in Sacramento. Remember, Kenneth? I was in beauty college at the time."

"And what about you, Mr. Crishner? Excuse me. May I call you Ken?"

Kenneth nodded. He said:

"Of course, you may. As to your other question—"

"Question?"

It was Brill who interrupted.

"As to your other question," continued Kenneth, "I was doing what I do now. Selling. I've always been a salesman."

"It is the backbone of our nation," said Rosario. "I admire this in you."

"I've always wanted to live in a big city," Billie said. "It's my only regret, Rosario. It's not Kenneth's fault, though."

"San Francisco?" Rosario asked. "It is a beautiful city. Hills! Blue water all around. The ocean."

"San Francisco or Los Angeles. I'm not really particular that way. Even Sacramento." She shrugged her shoulders, then turned to Kenneth. "It's all right, dear. I'm not complaining."

"She's complaining," said Brill. "She's complaining like Hell." Kenneth suddenly felt a liking for Brill. Brill was small, about Kenneth's size, with reddish ears, very black hair, and slightly protruding teeth. His lips were well-formed and smooth. They glistened, looked slippery. Kenneth had an idea. What if Brill was attracted to Billie? What if the feeling was mutual? The idea excited him.

"She's complaining like Hell," Brill repeated.

"It may sound like that, but I'm not really. I have a lot of advantages. It's not like we're tied down with children. I have freedom. A lot of women would like to trade places with me, I can tell you."

"I'm sure of it," said Rosario. "I do not believe you were complaining. My friend, I think you are wrong again. Pardon me for saying, but you do not see the specialty of this case. Perhaps it is your background. He is not from a city, you see."

"Was it Needles?" asked Billie.

Brill and Rosario both nodded yes.

"I've always wanted to go there. You hear a lot about it on the weather. How big is it, Mr. Brill?"

"Not big. Small. In the desert, you see. There isn't much water."

"Oh. It's very hot, then, I imagine. That' s what you hear on the weather."

"Very hot. Yes. The weather is right."

"Hotter even than Los Angeles, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. Hotter."

"It's near Yuma, isn't it?"

"No. Yuma is not very near Needles."

"No?"

"I once thought so myself," said Rosario. "Everyone thinks it's near Yuma. Yuma is in Arizona. Needles is in

California."

"It is near Arizona," Brill explained, "but not so near to Yuma. There are palm trees in Needles."

"We have them here too," Billie said. "Tall ones. Are yours tall?"

"No. Not so tall."

"I'll bet you have plenty of iguanas, though, don't you?"

Rosario gazed at Kenneth. He said:

"I have the feeling we have met before. Perhaps in other bodies, eh?"

Kenneth was shocked at Rosario's suggestion. It was as if Rosario had inner knowledge of other minds. Kenneth had often had the feeling of being in the wrong body, of being a misplaced soul. It was, he believed, another facet of his tragedy. He was fascinated, secretly, with reports in newspapers of successful seances. In between appointments with clients he often visited an old woman who read palms in a hut on the Oroville highway. She hinted of exotic past lives filled with love and sensuality, of moonlit nights beneath weeping willows, of rustling gowns, fluttering fans, and dark-eyed gentlemen in checkered waistcoats who won fantastic sums of money gambling on riverboats. She predicted a turn of good fortune in his life very soon, perhaps an inheritance.

Kenneth grew more jovial in spirit as the evening progressed. Many things were spoken of. Rosario spoke with authority about a variety of subjects. Brill, too, knew much. Both seemed to Kenneth men he could respect, men he would like to know. Kenneth wished Billie were home and he were with Brill and Rosario by himself. What a grand time they would have then, the three of them. It occurred to him that they might bowl sometime. He used to bowl. As he talked with Rosario, he thought of the three of them at Holiday Lanes in bowling shoes. Brill could keep score. He could almost hear the pins crashing, and Rosario's ringing shout:

"Strike! Nice work, Ken!"

Their feet touched beneath the table. It was an accident when it happened, but neither of them moved afterwards. He knew immediately that it was not Billie's foot he touched. This was a substantial foot. Soon both feet, both of Kenneth's and both of Rosario's, were touching. Rosario had no shoes on, and then Kenneth managed to slip off his own without bending to untie the laces. Rosario put his feet on top of Kenneth's. They were warm and heavy feet, Kenneth thought. Athletic feet. Potent feet.

Rosario smiled and Kenneth blushed. It was like a dream. Brill and Billie became shadowy figures beside the looming image of Rosario. Kenneth lost track of what was being said. He felt very warm, very close to Rosario. It occurred to him that Rosario was homosexual, that Rosario and Brill were homosexual partners. Yet Brill seemed unaware of what had happened beneath the table. Brill talked enthusiastically to Billie. She also talked enthusiastically. Perhaps they too were touching beneath the table. And no one suspected a thing. Kenneth thought: this is different, this touching. Not evil, not homosexual. It is simply a momentary meeting of minds, a strange bond of sympathy, mystical, spiritual, a union of souls.

He became aware that Brill was speaking of impotency. Brill mentioned genes and hormones and psychological aberrations.

"Sometimes," Brill said, "it is simply a matter of incompatibility. Barren women have been known to bear children when husbands are changed. Husbands believed impotent have fathered flawless children via new wives. Exciting things happen."

Billie was fluttering. Kenneth felt her hand on his thigh. He let it stay, let her have her little pleasure. She squeezed, then released, squeezed, released, as she spoke to Brill. Brill had both hands on the table; one held his beer, the other traced outlines in the moisture on the mug. His voice was distinct now.

"Exciting things happen," he said. "I am opposed to monogamy. What is essential is that we touch one another. This is at the heart of things."

"What a lovely thought, John," said Billie. She patted Kenneth's thigh.

"It is a need," said Brill.

Then Billie talked about her needs. She spoke with enthusiasm, but Kenneth kept losing track of it. He concentrated on the touching beneath the table. He lowered his hands, but touched Billie. He let that hand come back up. For an instant he imagined he could reach Rosario's hand, but it was too great a distance. He would have had to stretch too much to make the reach. It would have been obvious to Brill what was going on. Even Billie would have observed.

"You'll have to come to dinner," Billie was saying. "Both of you. It's so unusual to meet people so agreeable right away."

"Do you have many friends?" Brill asked.

"We used to have a lot of friends. They all had children, though."

"Interests change."

Rosario gazed at Kenneth, and, while gently letting his foot slip up onto Kenneth's calf, said:

"We can all agree on that, I think. Can't you agree on that, Ken?"

"I think so."

"I thought so. Perceptive man! Of course you think so. See what is happening here before our very eyes. We are all touching one another. Am I right? We have communicated." He pronounced "communicated" slowly, lingering on each syllable. "We have reached out and found. It has been a very interesting evening. An evening of discovery."

"It isn't over yet, is it?" Billie asked. "It isn't time to go home yet, is it, Kenneth? What time is it?"

"It isn't time yet. It's still early."

It only seemed late. The bar was almost empty. It was never crowded on a week night, but usually there were more people by this hour. Jose wiped the bar. Kenneth could see a few heads in another booth.

For an instant Kenneth found himself almost wanting to leave, to go home with Billie and forget about the Chiquita and Rosario. Then he thought of the wilderness, of driving his Volvo to the edge and walking in, never looking back, losing himself in the brambles. But Rosario would not let him go. Something in Rosario's eyes said to Kenneth: Do not go! And he could not go. It was as if he were already

lost, already in the brambles, lost, where he wanted to be. There was no turning back, no desire for Billie or home. He sat there and let Rosario touch him. He touched back. It is ridiculous, he thought. Playing footsies under the table—two grown men! But he could not stop. It was as if he could not get enough of it. All evening. Touch, touch, touch. He forgot about making sense and concentrated on exploring every contour of each of Rosario's feet. Using his toes he managed to pull his socks off, and Rosario did the same. There was no thought of how they would manage to get them back on again without being discovered. They gave themselves up to complete abandon, forgot about the rest of the world. Through their bare feet they lived loose and wild lives, without thought of consequences. They were careless lovers.

TWO SERVANTS & A BROKEN PILSNER GLASS

What happens if the lady of the house sees dust,
I wonder, when across the way,
in an apartment not much larger than our own,
we observe two servants in the kitchen
preparing dinner.

"Let us dress up as a butler and a maid,"
I ask my husband.

He is worrying about a broken pilsner glass,
as if our marriage had been abused.
It was a Christmas gift.

Things have been too long or too short.
Our rug has ragged edges.
Pictures hung with adhesive tape have fallen
and a towel rack never would adhere.

In a house with two servants, I wonder
what there is to come upon.
Today, arranging things, I found an old letter
which I had saved.
Some things have been difficult to say.

My love, he says the people across the way
must be famished.

—*Sandra Meier*

THE PRESENTIMENTS OF HALLOWEEN

Ghosts pass like children on Halloween.
I pass out roasted chestnuts and
shut the door. The floor creaks,
the windows shake.
It doesn't matter; I'm safe and grown,
the rug is warm.
The bell is ringing; what harm, what harm?
There's this negro child,
brown, broad-nosed, mild,
    wearing blackface,
all cleanly done, the lips rounded big and full,
the eyes goggly. *Why, Boy, haven't you heard?*
The word these days is pride in race.
You ain't got no costume, Man.
I can't give you nuts nor can-
dy, Man Man.
He wore a neat plaid shirt,
    a cerise bow tie;
    his face was black on black.
    "Pay me, White Lady,
    For we're all to die."
I've counted my quarters
And saved my dimes.
I'm a reasonable woman
Who reads the Times
And I know, goddamn you,
That we're all to die
But you've got time yet
And so do I.
And so do I.

That face stayed still in
the chilly hall, darkness racked
by a black
caricature of a caricature.
How can one be sure?
My family played upon the Yiddish stage.
In those days blackface was all the rage.
Your trick's too good.
I'll give you a treat.
Take some candy and nuts
For my white hands and feet.
He just smiled,
His cheeks sinking in,
black hollows settling as
his mouth turned back,
eyes watching until eyes
turn to black.
Death sucks at my bones.
Won't my money do?
to get rid of you
Is there no price?
For my livid face shivering
he disappeared, but nights are rank
with his waiting. Fear furnishes
my cell.
I am shrouded in white
hate, a white rug rots
in a cold white life.

—*Elizabeth Klein*

Next to Godliness

by Robert D. Hoeft

I should have known better. If my memory were a little bit more exact I would have known better when God walked along the line of new babies and poked me in the stomach with a hearty, "You're ready" to launch me into life. But knowing me, I probably twisted my foot coyly on the nearest cloud and looked down at that celestial fingerprint in my stomach with humbleness and pride.

But all of this reminiscing from the south forty of prenatal existence is merely to try to explain how I got destroyed. So, to the point.

I had been up to my precious navel in studying, tests, and the attempted seduction of every girl within range of my bug-eyed radar. Scalps of willing nubiles hung from the belts of the most raggle taggle varlets in pimpledom, while I, the distilled essence of college manhood had not made a *coup*. It got so bad I even asked my roomie where I was screwing up. And anybody would have to be desperate to confide in a vacuum like that. Hubert (just the name is enough to pull the plug) is the kind of guy who will borrow your shorts and return them with pubics attached. No couth in a carload.

I'm five eight and I like to think of myself as wiry (push ups and all the frills to keep up that tone). Hubert has a gut that must have launched a thousand sips. If he needed the extra cash he could get a subsidy check from the government for not planting wheat in the fallow land under his fingernails. A real missing link, but the women just about wear him down to a nub.

His eyes are worse than magenta ping pong balls, but those twin Rudolph's are beacons to the girls. What it does is make *me* see red. Through clear blue prisms I view the world with a high compression optimism. Around the next corner my.ship is just pulling into harbor. Every mail delivery will tell me that I have won first prize in the sweepstake of Life. Hubert, on the other hand, sees life as a huge canoe of excrement paddling madly towards the waterfall of not-a-damned-bit-too-soon destruction.

I could go on down the list comparing my sartorial splendor to his Salvation Army collection, and pointing out that my nose is Grecian while his is more like a blob of melted grease. But I resist. (If you don't get the distinctions by now, I have failed to make my point.) In a movie I would be the guy on the white horse, but in life I turn out to be mounted on a black spider.

So, after another of those, "Yeah, it was nice" farewells from my target for the night who almost smashed my well shined boot in her door in her eager rush to put something between us, I had to ask him.

"Mike, old buddyroo, you come to the right fellow." He rolled a fresh cigarette from buffalo chips and rubber bands and smiled at me. He was a caution when he smiled (at least the color reminded me of the middle bulb on the traffic light).

"I just can't figure it," I told him.

He waved a hand and rolled off the mattress he had on the floor.

"For a few bucks I can give you a seduction course. Six hours of transfer credit good in any U across the land."

When I told him I had no intention of paying he lay back down on the mattress and started picking his nose. When I saw his elbow disappear I took a quick walk. Later when I came back from a solitary pizza and had to step over three bodies on the mattress just to get to my bed, well, I got second thoughts.

The next morning after the two little lovelies had crawled back into their bras and slithered into their skirts (with me watching discreetly from the loneliness of my king size bed) I conceded that I was at school to learn.

"See ya lover," the red head purred and wallowed out of the room with a kind of tidal wave walk that must have measured on the nearest siesmograph.

"Now that *she's* gone," the blonde spoke huskily, "It's just you and me." She flicked her clothes off and jumped back on the mattress.

"Nah." Hubert yawned, holding her away by pushing against that protruding part of her anatomy, that pink-tipped and spear-like beauty that threatened to punch a hole in his hand. "Later, Baby, I gotta sleep."

"When?" she asked reluctantly, getting back into her clothes as he handed them to her. "When? When?"

"I'll let ya know."

"Promise?"

"Sure, sure. Close the door easy when you go." He had his eyes closed and was half way gone. While she was look-

ing down at him with the disappointment etched in her beautiful face he started to snore.

"I'm not doing anything," I said flashing my teeth that are right up there at the top of the brightness scale.

"Who asked you?" she snapped and started for the door.

"Look," I said pulling back the sheets, "genuine silk." Her hand closed on the knob. "Imported from Thailand. Pedigree worms." The door swung open. "Jasmine scented pillow cases carried across the desert on albino camels." She took a step through. "And on the back a secret formula in Sanscrit. I got in translated and it tells how—" Maybe she already knew how. The door slammed on my Sanscrit secret.

I reached up to the head-board where I had been chilling a bottle of 1959 Liebfraumilch in my built-in refrigerator. As I sipped that fine draught I wondered about a few things. Some of the conclusions were obvious. The way it was going I was going to be in grad school before I shared my bed and boredom with a member of the fair sex. Hell, I would settle for an unfair member if she would just jump between my imported sheets.

All my classes had done for me was fill me with vital stuff like what Byron had for breakfast on the morning he swam the Hellespont, or the differences between an Italian and an English sonnet (not the sort of thing that you can whisper in an ear to expedite a zipper).

For an English major my knowledge of female psychology was poor. My God, didn't I read all those dirty poems and snicker right in chorus at the prof's intimations about the dark lady of the sonnets because "Heh-heh, we all know about *that* don't we." And several "Heh-heh's" later I sure thought I did. All you had to do was write poetry and the women would climb all over you like female Tenzings. Sure. So I got my pentameter foot in the door jamb of immortality by getting published in the college literary magazine, *Mist*.

When the thing came out I carried it around with the cover showing. Three poems by Frank Bradly: *Dog is God spelled backwards so be kind to that cur down the street, (if he ever looks in a mirror he might remember that you kicked him); The flower of love is a long time blooming and a soon time weed;* and *Raga, Zen, LSD are but fly-specks in the beautiful field of your eyes where teams of hostility scrimmage with the alienation that can be found only in the shadow of your X-ray.* And those were only the titles. What was inside was even better.

I had just covered the board with all the vitals; sex, religion, and up to the micro-second comments on the problems of life. The women would LOVE it (and me). But the trouble was that the only person on campus who read the damned things was the editor. And it turned out that he was fruitier than a banana boat from Panama. God. I had to start skipping Seventeenth Century Poets when he found out who I was. It was hell on ego and grades and my lust continued.

As I finished the last glass of wine I stared up at the ceiling and beyond. Okay, so somebody up there didn't like me; he didn't have to get nasty about it. Right? I smashed the crystal against my genuine electric fireplace that snapped and flickered but didn't warm anything (except the heart of the electric company). I got out of my imported silk sheets and carefully buttoned up my Hong Kong sharkskin suit. Then I buckled up my real sharkskin shoes and tipped one glossy toe into the fetid mass of bubble gum and sweat that was Hubert.

"Buzz off."

"It is I Frank, your roommate." God, even the computer had failed me; we were supposed to be compatible to the third power.

"Buzz off, roommate."

"Off your aspirations and on your feet, Hubert."

"You and what army, fink?"

"Frank!" I corrected him, but in my heart's core I knew. I outweighed him by thirty pounds of muscle. But I knew. In a fight that flabby cub bear would flay the Technicolor daylights out of me.

He started to tell me to buzz off again when I told him I would take the course from him. Twenty bucks.

"Great. Buzz off."

"Right now, Hubert. A minute saved is a minute earned. I want victory now!"

"Christ! Ya won't let up will ya? Okay. Okay!" He rolled out of his mattress like a woolly caterpillar. Chunks of old gum were matted in the hairs of his chest. What came wafting up from his armpit would have stopped an ICBM dead in its tracks.

"Look at ya," he sneered.

"Magnificent," I retorted, "well favored and impecc-"

"Horse pucky, buddyroo. Ya been readin too many ads. Le'mme get a whiff." That melted blob of a nose moved at me and drew back. "Whuueh! Ya smell like a squashed daisy." He raised his right arm and fanned the pit with his left hand. "Get a load of that."

Oh, God. The room spun like an old 78. I clutched the nearest support which just happened to be his extended arm.

"Gas attack! Jerry is using gas; everybody into their masks. Man the trenches!"

"It gets to ya, don't it, buddyroo." His voice came from somewhere. "That's what they go for, a man what smells like a man. First lesson."

I was breathing through my handkerchief and waiting for the mortar attack that was sure to follow.

"Point number two." My eyes cleared just enough to see his lips form little circles. "Don't dress up in all those fool clothes."

"Hong Kong!" I clutched at the fabric in my coat.

"King Kong. That's what it makes ya look like. Ya gotta project naturalism. You're so far gone I'll have to rub garlic in your ears." He was looking at me as if he were calibrating how many buds it would take. "Maybe if I put a chunk of limburger in your shoe . . ." His eyes got squinty. "Yeah, that might do it."

I mumbled something about the Geneva Convention but he didn't seem to hear.

"Lesson three. Hang loose. Most of the time you're hoppin' around like a fart in a frying pan. You can spook 'em with all that activity. Hang loose and they'll come around just to see what makes ya tick."

"Lesson four. Don't take it if they gift wrap it. Drives

'em crazy. Every stud is on 'em like a hen on a June bug. Ya don't want it and they push it on ya. Lesson five. Get lots of sleep 'cause you'll need it. Now buzz off an' let me sleep."

I slipped a twenty under the flour sack he was using for a pillow and crept out of the room. I could have taken my XKE but maybe the simple approach is the right one. I decided to walk. And as I strode along the street I couldn't help but glance at my reflection in the store windows. If I were a girl I would have jumped all over me. I mean, I looked that neat. There wasn't a hair out of place or a millimicron of dirt anywhere on me. But what the hell; look what they had got. Empty the bladder on it! When I was sure no one was looking I reached down to the gutter and smeared some dirt all over my face. Nothing.

At the corner as I waited for the light to change a VW whipped by and the honey in the no-bra sweater gave me just the embryo of a smile as she air cooled by.

"Hot Damn!" I jumped down in the gutter and rolled around like a pig on vacation. When I got up, there were candy bar wrappers sticking to me and proof that the car was not the only means of transportation. One of those apples of the road was squashed on my chest.

Just as I was about to check the results in a window the VW zipped by again and this time the sweet thing smiled and waved (her sweater). Oh, boy! My pure reaction was to gallop over to the beetle and pop inside, but I hung loose. No frying pans for this cookie. I ignored her. Oh, I sulked a little bit at her through casual eyes, but for all practical purposes she was the invisible girl.

By the third time around I was down to a tee shirt and bare feet. Like catnip to a kitten. She screeched to a stop that took five thousand miles off the tires. Man, I played it cool. I was still looking through the glass at the girl and slouching down so loose I thought I was going to have to sue the city for building the sidewalk so close to my shorts.

"LOVER!" she screeched and this time she was waving her skirt.

"Buzz off," I snarled.

"Take me! I'm yours!" She was about to have a petit mal right there in the front seat of the beetle. There wasn't much room but I wiggled in cool as you please and told her to keep her hands to her self. She did. For a block. Then I had to fight her off all the way to her place.

It was a week I'll never forget. We did everything in her bed except sleep and I was ready for all of it. Oh, boy! But when she tried to chain me to her bed post I had to cut out. Selfishness is one thing I never did admire in a woman. It was my duty to spread myself around. And besides I could feel myself getting more attractive. I had picked up lots of she-sweat and stuff that mixed nicely with my he-sweat and stuff. I knew I had arrived when a spider started his web on my navel to get his percentage of the flies. Oh, I couldn't bring down an ICBM with my pits yet, but the mosquito I tried it on had a sudden change of flight plans.

Hubert was picking his nose when I got back home. I gook squatted down in front of my guru and we had a drag race to see who could get in up to the elbow first. I wasn't even sad when he won. Nobility is a bi-product of my new found power.

"Lesson six. I forgot to tell ya last time." He looked a little funny.

"Yeah, buddyroo." I rolled one of his special cigarettes and popped it into my mouth. Buffalo chips and rubber bands have a lot going for them once you develop the taste.

"Lesson six." He really did look weird all of a sudden.

"Yeah, yeah."

"Don't hang too loose or ya come apart."

I started to laugh. And then I couldn't. His right arm fell off where the pit had rotted through.

"Hubert! What the hell—"

"It's a sweet life, buddyroo," he gasped, "but ya can't reverse the process." He opened his mouth to smile and his saffron yellow teeth spilled out click-click-click on the floor. The last thing he said, he had to gum like an old man. "The dirt, ya see. It takes over. He started to teeter and he put out his one remaining arm to steady himself. I think that's what did it. He must have moved too fast or set up a shock wave. His other arm fell off. And then he just collapsed inward like a hollow sand castle and all there was left of him was a terrible stench and a little rubble of yellow teeth.

That was twenty-three days ago. I'm very fussy about time; each new X I put on the calendar could be the last. The thing is I don't know how long Hubert had been on that kick. We had roomed together for two months so there should be some time left, but I didn't know how much.

At first I tried locking the door, but they found me: pneumatic red heads, willowy blondes, deprived brunets. The door hangs open now. They come in streams, sometimes queuing up around the inside of the room. I provide what they want.

Everything is the same as when Hubert was here. I greet them on his mattress. But now there are these saffron yellow beads I wear. And when I have a moment, I hold them to my ear. Perhaps there *is* a lesson seven. Sometimes in a lull between these opulent, driven creatures, his teeth seem to be trying to tell me something.

"Hubert! Hubert! Talk to me!"

Is it the beginning of the disintegration of my mind, or do I actually hear it, faint and dry and dusty? Do the teeth really move, or is it my trembling hand?

I should have known better.

I put my ear closer and there is the sound, terribly soft, like a spider would make if it whispered.

"Buzz off, buddyroo."

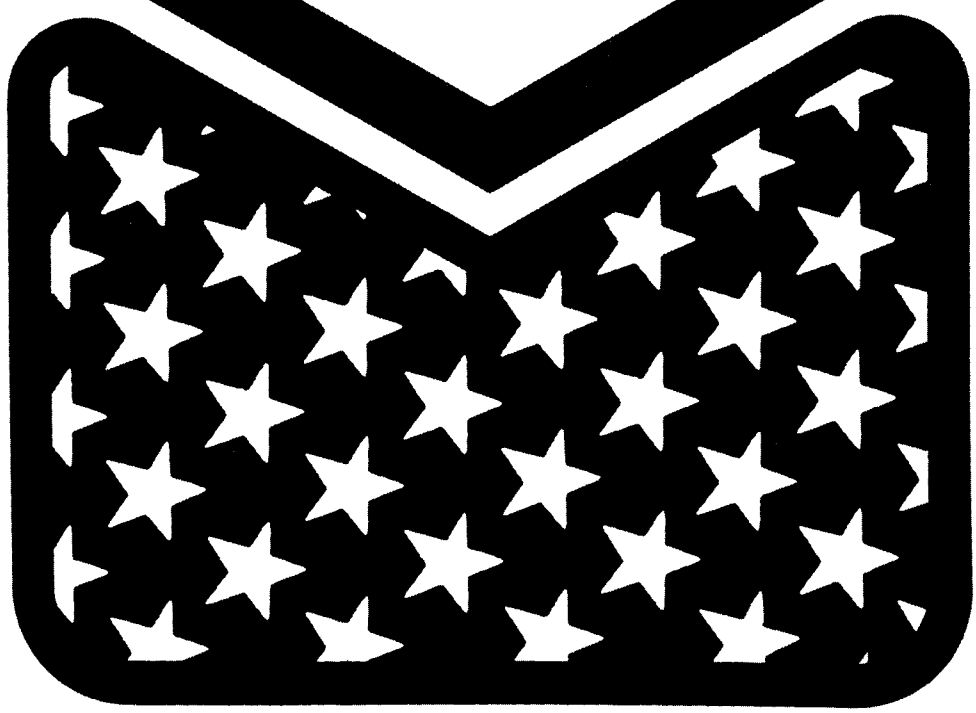
THE NEW ORLEANS REVIEW
PRESENTS
ITS FIRST POETRY AWARD
TO

CHANA FAERSTEIN BLOCH

FOR HER LYRIC SEQUENCE

"GENERATIONS"
IN MEMORY OF RISHON BIALER

WHICH APPEARED IN
THE NEW ORLEANS REVIEW
VOL. 1, NO. 2, pp. 143–148



The NEW ORLEANS REVIEW Poetry Award will be given to the poet or poetess who, in the estimation of the editors, has most contributed to the excellence of the magazine during the publication of a single volume of four numbers. The Award consists of a certificate of award and an offer of one guaranteed page in the NEW ORLEANS REVIEW for the publication of any poem the author chooses to have published. Mrs. Bloch receives the poetry award for Volume 1. Announcement of the Award for Volume 2 will be made in the next issue of the NEW ORLEANS REVIEW.

LOSSES

in memory of my father

1
The dream with the broken leg
came again last night.
Let's see how you run, I said
and it churned its arms, bright
as a pinball machine and began
like a wobbly child.

Then it was gone
as dreams
slip off the pale skin of the mind
and go where they come from.

2
Dive down
to the sandy bottom of sleep,
haul it back.
It sifts
through your fingers.
You surface,
less than you started,
into the morning.

All day you count your losses.
There is a hole in your heart
where the joy drains away.
You are keeping a strict
account, bits and pieces
stashed under the rafters
of your head.
What you don't have,
what you gave away,
what you let go.

3

With a slight
turn of the head,
so slight that perhaps
the head stays still
and only the eyes move,
everything happens.

The feet are planted
in their old windowboxes.
It is the nose, perhaps,
twitching for the light.

The light reflected off stones
is saying something else,
is saying something.

That fraction of inch fits
the bone back in its socket,
the wing on the bone.
The body rides on its sinews again
and the ground springs back.

—*Chana Faerstein Bloch*

THE BIBLE SALESMAN

A sound on wood breaks late morning sleep.
Loosed from the weight of the walrus-man,
the house lights on its stilts of brick.
And dreaming of knives, still in the spin
of the board she is strapped upon,
her wrists wired by the line for clothes,
the blades just missing the place in her groin—

Delilah, of comic books, in a black suit, skin-tight.
But this sound commands she rise from the thread-edged spread,
to move in her dress of night, not jet, but blue—
voluminous, to cover her wrong-filled form.
To look blindly out her corrugated face,
printed by stitches of designs on chenille—
to rush in her thin, translucent skin
with weight, a thrown knife's directness.

Yet with touch the knob moves from her,
swings as a door onto heaven:
with what must be the largeness of God,
a man by his height ascends, fills up the porous frame—
cheeks sun-blazed, a Bible rides his golden arm,
a bulge shining as through righteousness.
Before the halo that eats the East,
the curls of his head change into circles.

Surely, an angel is the one who leans toward her,
come to release her from midways, from danger.
Yes, he is opening Old Testaments and singing,
"Lady, for $10.98, let me give you salvation.
Let my power stop what gores without mercy.
Freedom from knives, sticking the flesh of your thigh,
pinching the stuff of your arm.
O here, hear the Song of Solomon."

As divinely guided, he moves,
the couch bends with the weight of his radiance,
the can beneath a corner is light-struck,
the hairs of his arms pull flame through the window,
as forced in the field of magnets, she slides.
And fingers flicking the pages of leaf
as surely as wings move for their motion,
his gaze draws up hers as through metal.
Gold-edged, the words dissolve from her vision.

For without breath, something is melting,
like cotton candy, in the warmth of her mouth.
She knows herself falling, kneeling,
she hears her own speech begging—
her face presses the dark of his lap.
"O Lord, this must be the one:
over the hearts of men,
his very books stop bullets."

And lo, he stiffens with love and wrath,
his soft light becomes as a staff—
from her straps, her board, she floats,
with sudden ascension, shuddering.
She flies from the shrouds of her night dress,
the dark blue mounds at his feet.
As freed from corsets, from wires, she soars,
impaled and let loose at once

as though he has raised her high,
his voice declaiming in liquid,
"Only the sensual are innocent."
The tongue of the angel whorls in her earlobe—
"The outpourings of God are always blessing."
And hollow, lightened, she changes to vessel.
"Because he first had Bathsheba,
David learned to love God," he whispers.
The carousel music crashes.

Clothed in his one light hair, she lies in a new sleep, dreamless.
Yet beneath the layers of dozing, the tender sounds of a door closing,
she knows she will hold this knowledge, like Christ's mother,
for when, in the covers of darkness, the walrusman moves,
limbless, heavily flapping; or while, with new light belly,
she serves the cornbread, the cabbage:
that the carnival dream never comes twice.
That her sin has been accomplished.

—*Rosemary Daniell*

Dear Beauregard
I am not a lesbian after all

Old man
I sometimes do
remember
you who would have ended the whole thing
like "uh gentulman" but endured as I
ripped from you the Hollywood-ending-happily-
ever privilege and wrapped my flesh around
my cold from loving bones
then bade you my departure

You'd lament
a thing they'd done to spoil me
like paint my eyes too green
or teach me proper elocution

You'd lament the games
my girlfriends and I played
in our gone with the wind skirts
and our harem veils of discarded curtains
Yes, I took my turn as the Sultan
and only you would brand our girl-finger games
lesbian

Old man
you lamented my education
when I ran as freely as the dogs
with bands of young "homosexuals"
or wore my boy's clothes
dancing "chocolat" for you
and wore you out or tried to
later even in the dogwood tree.

Old man
ten years have passed
I have love left
I am folding my lesbian curtains
an offering under your dogwood tree.

—*Barbara Gravelle*

IN LOVE WITH THE SUPERMARKET ARTIST

By day he paints showcards in poster hues: letters
Chicken for stewing @ neat numbers,
Trolleys out carts loaded to the cars, courts
And receives dimes, sorts returned empties, settles
The vegetables into domed and transient still-lifes
Which women shift and spill, knifes cartons with wounded thumbs
(O I have stewed his chicken alone, I have
Bypassed the vegetables to preserve his architecture)
And by night paints: returning home to quarters
Below mine, paints for his bare-breasted walls;
After he strolls the dog, after he cooks droll odors,
Paints smooth and blue-breasted girls from models unknown,
(They do not come to his door, I watch his door)
Paints nightlong, never darkens his rooms for love,
Paints blue: imposter women without hair, until dawn
When with bruised eyes he returns himself emptied to the store.
(O wounded and wanting pink nudity I own,
I shave off my hairs, I paint my breasts blue)

—*Nancy G. Westerfield*

AFTERNOON THE CIRCUS LEFT TOWN

this could be a day without corners,
a drunken clown doing handstands on a tightrope

in a room that has stopped breathing
I think I hear music
quiet as flies' footsteps
songs I have memorized

the wind circles in the yard, a mad dog
searching for a place to hole

the three rings are closer now

I hear my voice walking on stilts
out the window:
I don't care where you're going
or how fast
I look down at the ten roads of my fingers

—*Bill Meissner*

TEMPO

Apro le finestre e porte—
Ma nulla non esce,
Non entra nessuno:
Inerte dentro,
Fuori l' aria e la pioggia.
Gocciole da un filo teso
Cadono tutte, a una scossa.

Apro l'anima e gli occhi—
Ma sguardo non esce,
Non entra pensiero:
Inerte dentro,
Fuori la vita e la morte.
Lacrime da un nervo teso
Cadono tutte, a una scossa.

Quello che fu non e piu,
Cio che verra se n'andra.
Ma non esce non entra
Sempre teso il presente—
Gocciole lacrime
A una scossa del tempo.

—*Clemente Rebora*

TIME

I open doors and windows—
Nothing escapes,
No one enters;
Inertia within,
Air of rain outside.
Drops from a taut thread
Fall when shaken.

I open soul and eyes.
No look escapes,
No thought enters;
Inertia within,
Death beyond life,
Tears from a taut nerve
Fall when shaken.

What was is no more,
What comes will disappear,
The present forever taut,
Never enters or leaves.
Tears drop
Shaken by time.

—*tr. D. M. Pettinella*

DON QUIXOTE IN SUBURBIA

for John Palcewski

20 charred filters crushed
into each tray
matchsticks split & strewn
like lashes from a
straw doll
wine bottle distorting
gray sky in green glass:
you've left your signs
for the posse
blazed my few stunted trees
with neuroses
guffawed over our delicate
house of cards
deposited your bond of spit
upon the breastplate of the Ace . . .
how can we thank you
for these amenities?
you defy analogies,
must be viewed
as brain waves
on a graph
as laughter on a
facing face:
your remains settle into
images that lag
inches behind perfection
as relics behind their saints

—*Charles Fishman*

BARBARY

my brother has gone
to commit crimes of iron
on the high seas
Spanish pirates
with their blood-cries
and their dark hair unbound against their shoulders
have enticed him into their sails
have taken and touched his wildflower blondness
at fifteen he is their whore
he sucks at their robes and gold rings
and like them
he ranges hostile the soldiered oceans
his savage head now barred and alert
as if he were only
another wolf
waiting in the darkness

—*Susan Waggoner*

WHY YOU ASK OF ME

North of town a
terrace stand and
binded to it many
rose and
people come from
miles
around in search of
self
in silent
petal. They come to
dawn and
sit
for day and come the night
as
many
stay—such a lovely
place
to die

—*Dominic D. Ted MacCormac*

MATHEMATICAL POEM

I. Series

Far.

Far.

(meaning: window tree mountain sky)

I once wrote a poem called Distance.

The ideal.

Her name was . . . an infinite series: $1+1/x+1/x^2+. . .1/x^n$

Over the Hall of Mirrors, a mechanical lady, laughing hideously:
can't get close to her!

Hall of Mirrors. A barber shop, mirror in front and in back,
reflections of reflections going and going—a lot of me's,
front and back.

When I tried to put my hand in her blouse she laughed: "Goddam
mechanical ladies," I said. "Unreachable (window tree mountain
sky)!" And she: "You seem distant tonight $(1+1/x+1/x^2+. . . 1/x^n)$!"

The past: "Wait for me Gramps!"

The Past: the remote past, the distant past, the hidden past,
the past past . . .

A butcher shop. Hanging from the ceiling an immaculate
carcass, frozen stiff. Outside the shop down the streets
beyond the suburbs a winding highway a dirt road and finally
a pasture with grass, trees. In the shade of a tree a cow
stands, breathing, chewing her cud. The sound of flies buzzing.
She swishes her tail, goes mooo . . .

Swish swish swish swish . . .

In ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs the symbol for infinity is an
astonished man! Between the two mirrors I went on forever,
receding into the distance, approaching zero. I was an infinite
series. I was an ancient Egyptian hieroglyph. I was astonished.

"I can't get close to you," I told her. "You remind me of
a poem called Distance. I wrote it once." She laughed
hideously.

When the lantern disappeared over the hill I cried out, "Wait for me Gramps!" We were going to feed the cows in the remote past the distant past the hidden past or the past past . . .

"True love is an infinite series," she declared mechanically. As . . . $1/x^n$ approached nothing I was astonished. O!

Far.

. . . a world in which each moment lasts forever, and in which each sensation, prolonged indefinitely, becomes unbearably intense: the echo chamber in a house of glass. Between two mirrors an infinite number of me's, an infinite number of mechanical ladies, and an infinite number of hideous laughs.

Her name was . . . she was my ideal. True love! Swish swish swish swish . . . Wait for me Gramps!

Window tree mountain sky . . .

When Gramps and I went to feed the cows it was out of sight. "My ideal," I reminded her. She laughed hideously, and the moos of the cows went on forever.

II. Summations

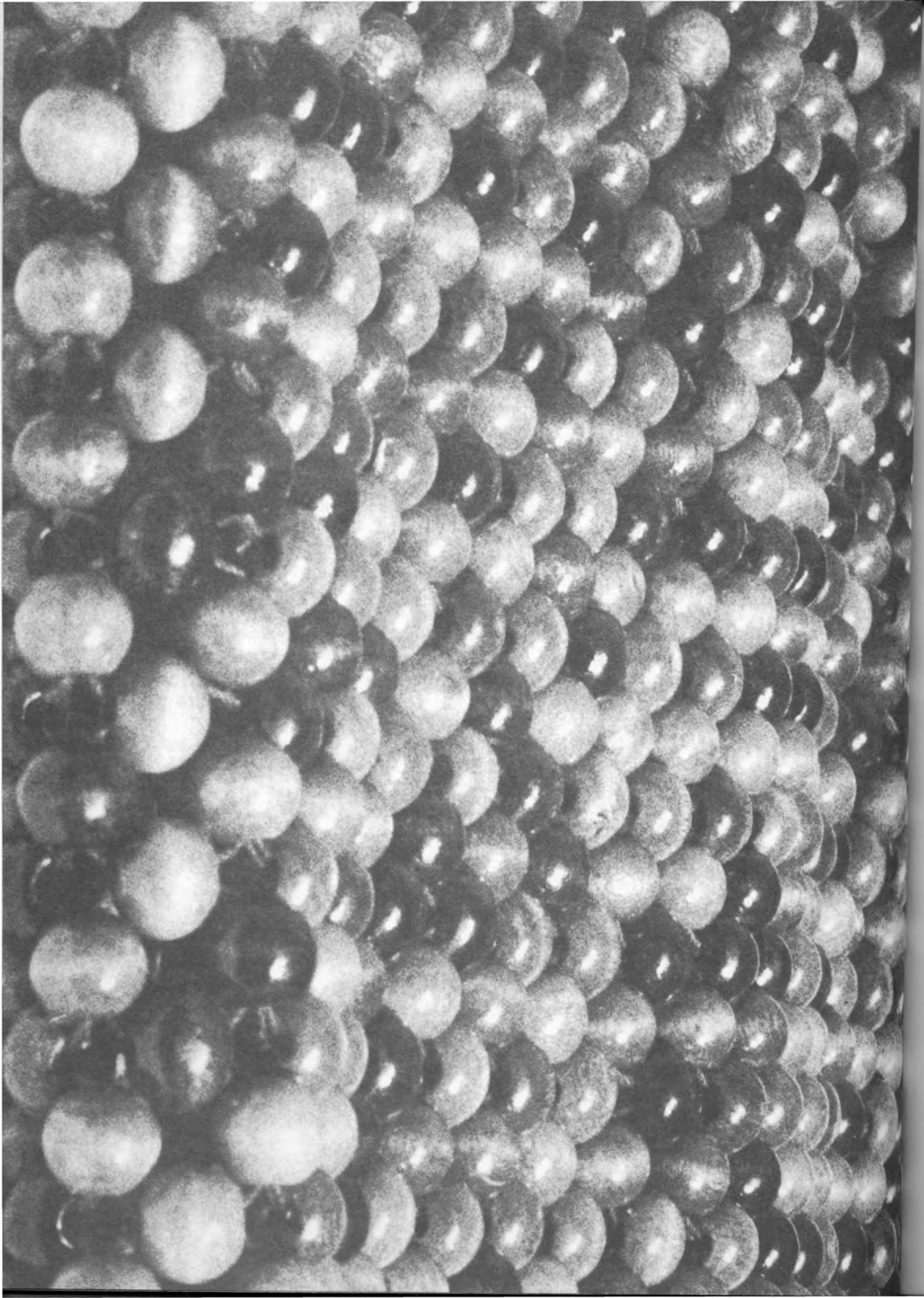
Full of too many me's, the mirrors broke, as I mechanically screwed the mechanical lady, who was hideous. Her name was Maud maud maud maud . . . and when I told her I was approaching nothing she murmured, "O! You've gone too far!"

In an infinite number of cities an infinite number of people whose footsteps fill the canyons of streets with thunderous echoes leave the streets and enter the butcher shops. They see hanging from the ceilings an infinite number of carcasses, frozen, immaculate. They visualize real pastures with real cows, alive, breathing. They lick their chops, go mooo . . .

Moo moo moo moo . . . The cow and the carcass face to face.

In a world of lasting moments when I cried "Gramps" it was unbearably intense. An infinite number of me's fed the cows, screwed the mechanical ladies, and approached nothing in an infinite series. O!

—*Jeptha Evans*



Reviews

Books

Mark Twain: An American Prophet, by Maxwell Geismar, Houghton Mifflin Co., 564 pp., $10.00.

The River Knows the Way

The careful reader of Mark Twain criticism in America must be weary of that supposedly grand and raging Mississippi always portrayed as so calm, so replete with good laughter. It is "the early books of Twain, the idyllic childhood theme, the trauma of middle life, the career broken in half," writes Maxwell Geismar, that is always being discussed. Every time the river seems to turn dark or capricious or ominous, we are whisked over to shore and presented with a tombstone that reads: Historical Marker in Twain Criticism. Where we expect to learn more about Twain, we find a listless and chummy encampment, and the extending vision of Twain further down river is obscured by that next turn. So the two old men of our boredom push the quaint raft back out onto the melancholy river.

It is to these historical markers that Maxwell Geismar's *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* takes us with open eyes. He shows us that Mark Twain once lived there all right, but that he has moved further away from Hannibal, Missouri, than such critics as Van Wyck Brooks, Bernard DeVoto, F. R. Leavis, Charles Neider, Justin Kaplan and Leslie Fiedler ever imagined. It is all the way down the river that Geismar's study takes us, down to where the river swells and rampages and finally empties gracefully into the sea of world literature. It is the powerful undercurrent of that river (Twain's prophecy), that becomes, at the river's end, a new source; a true beginning for Twain's last period to live in American criticism.

Geismar's thesis is that Twain was not a broken and defeated man in his final years, and that much of his last and posthumous work is his best. This view is diametrically opposed to the traditional view of Twain that began with Brooks' study, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920; revised 1933). This study, Geismar asserts, "set the style for the whole school of Mark Twain criticism," and it has been this school "which in a different Freudian form has been revived and refurbished in the contemporary period."

It is Twain's writings against imperialism, organized religion, racism and war that reveal his great power that was, as Geismar says, "enhanced, rather than broken or diminished, by his depth realization of life's pain and evil. He retained to the end the central source of his artistic virtue: that untouched spring of pagan, plenary and endemic innocence, that full sense of joy and pleasure in life, which sprang up even more freely in his final decades."

This prophetic and caustic time in Twain's life convinced Brooks that "it was some deep malady of the soul that afflicted Mark Twain, a malady common to many Americans." This malady is discussed in the first chapter of *The Ordeal of Mark Twain,* but Brooks never tells us what it is. He does tell us (a page earlier) that we cannot attribute Twain's attitudes "to anything so eternal as the hatred of tyranny." Does this mean that Twain did not hate tyranny? Brooks was speaking in general, but he might have been more specific and blamed Twain's "malady" instead of Theodore Roosevelt's campaign in the Phillipines for these words by Twain to the President:

> Only when a republic's *life* is in danger should a man uphold his government when it is wrong. There is no other time. The Republic's life is not in peril. The nation has sold its honor for a phrase. It has swung loose from its safe anchorage and is drifting, its helm is in pirate hands. The stupid phrase needed help, and it got another one: 'Even if the war be wrong we are in it and must fight it out: *we cannot retire from it without dishonor.*' Why, not even a burglar could have said it better. We cannot withdraw from this sordid raid because to grant peace to those little people upon their terms—independence—would dishonor us. You have flung away Adam's phrase—you should take it up and examine it again. He said, *"An inglorious peace is better than a dishonorable war."* You have planted a seed, and it will grow.
>
> *from Letters from the Earth*

The "stupid phrase" Twain was referring to, was of course, "Our country, right or wrong!" What Twain said of Roosevelt is more than apt for the United States' present position in Southeast Asia. And it was Twain who said what must be considered a cliché by now—that we must "look to Rome." As Geismar has pointed out: "It is no wonder the 'War Prayer' became a favorite sermon among those who protested the Vietnam War in the 1960's," and it is the "product of the American Empire which Twain himself had forseen as emerging from the ruins of the Old Republic."

Mark Twain: An American Prophet is admirably stuffed with Twain's own words from that last period. "I know I have quoted from Clemens in great detail in terms of a formal literary study. I did this," the critic confesses, "because I never thought it was excessive . . . " And later in the study he admits to having wanted to quote from Twain's letters and notebooks, but did not for lack of space. "It is not just that when Mark Twain is good, he is too good *not* to quote. But also, much of the material reprinted here has been buried in his more obscure books . . ." These healthy quotations are not without Geismar's insightful comments, and except in rare instances, Twain's words have their own life. Geismar lets Twain do his own talking, and this alone convinces the reader that Twain's spirit was hardly broken. As for the other Twain critics, Geismar does his own talking.

Not only does he attack Brooks, but he has entire chapters detailing the shortcomings of Bernard DeVoto (Chapter 12) and Charles Neider (Chapter 13), especially for their editions of Twain's long *Autobiography.* He scores DeVoto for being too "cautious" in his edition (*Mark Twain in Eruption, 1940),* and for omitting

passages that DeVoto judged to be "fantastic and injurious," and others that contained "violent animosities." Geismar claims that DeVoto, like the Cold War critics later, "was poorly prepared either to recognize the radical depths of Mark Twain's social criticism, or more important, to accept it."

On Neider, he is even more harsh: "At least DeVoto *presented* the best aspects of Twain's social commentary even while he devalued them . . ." Geismar continues:

> Charles Neider, in 1959, simply repressed and deleted this whole area for the most dubious reasons . . . In his introduction Neider pointed out that "for the first time the whole manuscript is being used as the source, not parts or sections of it." But he neglected to say that his new version was the most severely streamlined version of the *Autobiography* to appear yet . . . The index of Neider's *Autobiography* is almost an index of missing persons . . . And of absent social causes . . . it is notable mainly for its lapses . . .

Entire chapters are not dedicated to other critics, but Englishman F. R. Leavis, "whose critical opinions colored a whole sector of academic criticism around the mid-twentieth century," receives at least four pages of powerful decimation. Geismar focuses on Leavis' introduction of Twain's *The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), and says that Leavis

> uses the word "nigger" with almost obscene pleasure in his absurd introduction . . . it is interesting to note that the first mention in *Tom Sawyer* is of "Negro boys and girls." The point here is that Clemens himself, with a few rare exceptions, used "Negro" this early when speaking in his own voice, and "nigger" when it is used as the common usage of the period.

Much earlier in his study, Geismar observes that in 1869 (in *The Innocents Abroad*), Twain "initiated a lifelong admiration, at once esthetic, moral and social, for the dark-skinned peoples of the earth." (Note that much of what Twain understood in his last years can be found in the more modern and more psychologically sophisticated context of Franz Fanon, and even in the lyrical exhortations of Eldridge Cleaver, a writer who Geismar encouraged while that black leader was still in prison. The introduction to Cleaver's best selling book, *Soul On Ice*, was written by Geismar.) And yet, it is still not uncommon to read about some civil rights group having Twain's work plucked from our library shelves.

In his approach to Twain's personality (which he sees as always buoyed by wit and satire in the last decades, instead of by the despair most critics claim), Geismar has used the insights of Otto Rank's cultural psychology. A comprehensive discussion of this concerns the Twain story, "The Facts Concerning the Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut" (written in 1877). This story "was actually the prelude to a dark line of surrealistic parables which would include *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, 'The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,' and *The Mysterious Stranger*, in a different and more complex vein of Clemens' talent." The discussion runs many pages, but Geismar substantiates Rank's larger view, "rather than the much narrower concepts of Freudian psychological blockage and trauma—an ideology of personal neurosis which hardly can encompass Samuel Clemens' outgoing soul and his cosmic empathies . . ."

In "Carnival of Crime," Twain's narrator meets "the shriveled, shabby dwarf" who turns out not to be Satan (as the narrator accuses), but his own conscience. The narrator proceeds to tear the dwarf "to shreds and fragments," and cries out the last line: "At last, and forever, my Conscience was dead!"

Perspective

by William Kuhns

The Realist Presents the Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog, co-edited by Ken Kesey and Paul Krassner, **The Realist,** March-April, 1971, 128 pp., paper $1.00. **Drop City,** by Peter Rabbit, Olympia, 162 pp., paper $1.50. **The Movement toward a New America: The Beginnings of a Long Revolution,** ed. Mitchell Goodman, Knopf and Pilgrim, 725 pp., $5.95. **Don't Shoot—We Are Your Children!,** by J. Anthony Lukas, Random House, 461 pp., $8.95.

Wait. Has it passed? Or are copies of *The Greening of America* still making the rounds, the page corners still collecting creases? If so, one had best wait in silence before embarking on any commentary about the fresh directions being taken in the youth culture. Because for a wizenthin Yale professor of law, Charles Reich casts a large shadow, and an unusually dark one. It is all one can do to separate night and day within the confines of that shadow.

If that sounds like a put-down of sorts, it is; but for reasons that have less to do with Reich's book than with its spectacular success. Reich, with his Consciousness I, Consciousness II, and Consciousness III (hup, hup) has spelled out some Mighty Big Ideas, and those ideas—one thinks back to McLuhan—have at the same time defined and obscured an important new terrain. Reich's theories loom so big that you cannot really disprove them, or to the satisfaction of his enthusiasts, discredit them. Yet they have the unhappy effect of a thick fog obscuring the ground that so badly needs to be mapped. As long as the book and its ideas circulate, you are forced to relate to it; you are in the position of the cartographer filling in most of the blank areas on his sketchpad with—fog.

So, perhaps on a fool's presumption, I will assume that *The Greening of America* is behind us, that the Big Think it proselytized has had its day. Little truths can be all one can wish for. Of course, one can only hope . . .

In the opening entry to the Ken Kesey-Paul Krassner collaboration of *The Realist Presents the Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog,* J. Marks writes of John Lennon's much-publicized announcement that he was totally disillusioned with his Beatles experience:

> He leaves everything behind. Except of course our sense of wonder. And that fragile debris ultimately saves us and our most primal ideal. Like Lennon we are fashioning from our disillusionment some kind of new reality. And nothing is lost . . . nothing is lost! Like a freaked-out friend said to me when I was lamenting Altamont: "Ah, yes, it's true, there were some terrible things that went down in 1970. But just think of it—just think what a bright, strong light it took to cast such a dark shadow!"

Lennon's song in which he made the statement, and J. Marks' article, are both entitled "The Dream Is Over." Is it? And if the dream is over, is it *all* over with? The big, media-accessible evidence would seem to suggest so: 1967, the hippie funeral; 1968, the debacle of Chicago; 1969, Altamont; 1970, Manson—a steep enough decline,

A Freudian nightmare of guilt? Rather, Geismar thinks the fable "is the hero's *liberation* from the repressive burden of civilizational discontents, his defiance of conventional morality, his determination to be himself at all costs . . ." and not the simple profile of "Clemens' burden of sin and guilt." The critic comes to these conclusions not as an anti-Freudian, but as one who employed the Freudian schemata brilliantly in his earlier studies, and who has grown to understand its limitations. (Like his subject, Geismar grows more and more radical with years. His radicalism has banished him from the Halls of Ivy to the Dog House, but he was never really comfortable there, and since his attack on the James Cult in *Henry James and the Jacobites,* he never will be.)

Geismar explains how the limited Freudian view hampered an otherwise fine study by Justin Kaplan, his popular Pulitzer Prize winner, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* (1966).

> Mr. Kaplan's biography is an essential supplement to Albert Bigelow Paine's standard three volume work published in 1912. I have used both biographies throughout this book, but Paine's, despite its obvious Victorianism and omissions, with an increasing admiration, and Mr. Kaplan's with an increasing reserve. To use, as Kaplan does, orthodox Freudianism on Twain's talent and work alike is simply to reduce all that was original, bold and best in him to some kind of trivial personal maladjustment . . . the Freudian symbols have a sometimes interesting but usually minor significance. They cannot define a culture hero such as Twain; while Rank pointed out that the Artist is not a cured or sublimated neurotic—but an artist.

While I have spent much of this review discussing Geismar's debates with other critics, I hope I have not overshadowed some of the other fine aspects of the book. There is, throughout, a very intelligently detailed appraisal of Twain's work, and not just when that work has been ignored or debunked by other critics. In fact, there are times when Geismar seems to be too detailed, or almost too faithful to that last Twain period. There are portions of Chapter 6, about Twain's interest in Christian Science, and portions of Chapter 8, about Twain's speeches, which might have been trimmed down. It is when Twain is least interesting that Geismar's study is least interesting. The low point for this reviewer was the section of Twain's literary criticism, and especially his rebuff of James Fenimore Cooper. His earlier chapters, stingier than we might wish them to be, are still highly engaging reading. Perhaps we will be given a sequel to predate this volume, as it is clear by the length of this present study that the publishers could not have afforded to make it even longer.

Mark Twain: An American Prophet should be of interest to the general reader for its open and lucid style. It is well documented and gracefully written, and Geismar's chapters of *The Mysterious Stranger* and Twain's death are self-contained works of art. And Geismar's debates with the other critics will send the reader "back to the source," as John Barkham said in *The New York Post* where "I am bound to say he has won me over."

Samuel Clemens took the name "Mark Twain" from his experiences as a cub pilot, experiences that he relived in *Life on the Mississippi.* A "Mark Twain" is the leadsman's cry that means a two fathom sounding, or "safe water." But we are steered beyond these waters in *Mark Twain: An American Prophet,* long after the Cold War critics have dropped anchor. We find ourselves on a stretch of river, charted by Geismar, which is anything but "safe water." This stretch is dark and turbulent, and very few have gone this far. Samuel Clemens did, and now Maxwell Geismar takes us, if we're willing to go, all the way down river, where the Mississippi knows the way to the sea.

Reviewed by Robert Bonazzi

Perspective . . . continued

by almost any measure.

And yet . . . The most immediate thing you notice as you read through *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog* the first time is that it braces your faith in the movement. This is no ordinary supplement to *The Whole Earth Catalog* that Stewart and Lois Brand started in Menlo Park three years ago: that wonderful Atlas-sized Sears, Roebuck of the communal movement, listing all varieties of tools, from tents and materials for building geodesic domes to books on organic gardening and mushroom cultivation. Almost as soon as *The Whole Earth Catalog* became an overnight success story, Brand announced that he would fold it sometime in 1971. There is still another Catalog due: but this is the last of the supplements, and easily the finest.

Stewart Brand joined Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters in its latter days—that West Coast group that catalyzed the lifestyle which would erupt in the Haight-Ashbury in 1967. As trusted old Prankster friends, it was not surprising that Brand would ask Kesey to edit a special supplement to the Catalog; but to ask him to co-edit it with Paul Krassner —the put-on artist extraordinaire, wily cohort of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin in the foundation of Yippie, founder and editor of that rude, sometimes brilliant, sometimes abysmal, irregular, tasteless oddity *The Realist*— well, what could come out of a collaboration between noted novelist and West Coast icon Ken Kesey and Jewish, New York spoof-monger Paul Krassner?

Possibly the most engaging and encouraging document yet to emerge from the dropout movement. For openers, *The Last Supplement* has the form, the cover, even the pulp paper of a comic book. Robert Crumb drew the cartoon on the cover, a whimsical, irreverent spoof of the Last Supper peopled with Crumb regulars: Mr. Natural, Flakey Foont, Lenore Goldberg and Angelfood McSpade. The cover sets the tone. For *The Last Supplement* is essentially a catalog of spiritual tools; a rich compendium of ideas, directions, suggestions, recommendations, hints on ways to keep the soul intact, the mind responsive and alive, consciousness clear of the ruts. It is something of a post-acid guide to the highest of highs; one needs only mention some of the titles to suggest its direction—"The Bible" (Kesey); "Sufism" (George de Alth); "Yoga Sutras of Patanjali" (Hassler); "Martin Buber" (Kesey); and "The I Ching" (Kesey).

Paging through *The Last Supplement* a third or fourth time, lighting on the little quotations and the smaller essays and pausing over their wisdom, one suspects that between Kesey and Krassner, Kesey—thankfully—was the greater architect. In his opening essay, he talks about throwing a hexagram from the *I Ching* to decide how to put the catalog together:

> And the thrice-thrown Ching was:
>
> 18. KU—WORK ON WHAT HAS BEEN SPOILED (DECAY)
>
> This doesn't mean to me just the catalog; it means, to me, as I find myself almost exactly a decade later right back in the same place involved with the friends in what is, to me, the same task we started ten years ago (usually things come down fast and subtle, demurely

Pushkin, by Henri Troyat, Doubleday, 625 pp., $10.00.

"At the threshold of Russian literature—somber, prophetic, tormented—stands this young man surrounded by a halo of joy. The prelude to Gogol's caricaturist realism, Turgenev's artistic nihilism, Tolstoy's hatred of civilization, Dostoevsky's obsession with mystical torture, the prelude to all that spleen and blood, obscurity and suffering, was Pushkin and his astonishing gaiety." Henri Troyat, the author of *Tolstoy,* brings us a biography of the first great Russian author, Aleksandr Sergeevich Pushkin.

Pushkin—the Russian poet who, as the foremost 19th Century critic Vissarion Belinsky pointed out, was the first who "dared to write about a mug of beer or a jug of punch . . ."

Pushkin—who in 1881 was declared by another Russian author, Fydor Dostoevsky, to be Russia's national poet, creator of its ideal woman . . .

Pushkin—father of Russia's literary language, the poet who at the age of 18 was already a legend . . .

Troyat says of Pushkin that he was in too great a hurry to live to think about his poetic mission. From his youth, Pushkin was "on intimate terms with the owner of every dive, the madam of every brothel, and every prostitute in St. Petersburg" and was "the perfect example of the most licentious debauchery." Of the poet's character, Mr. Troyat says that he was "stubborn, impetuous and full of mischief," in an amazingly detailed account of his life containing facts which combined to produce in the poet that dualism of Slavic culture and Western civilization which ultimately collided and fused, and "from which conflict engendered in him a voice that had never been heard before." Arrogance, insolence and smug self-importance were indubitably his gravest shortcomings. His best friend said of Pushkin that he was "a mixture of extreme boldness and extreme timidity—both unjustified—and that was what got him into all the trouble."

To Pushkin, love was an occupation, a reason of being, "an art, a profession in itself, on the same level as poetry, and his entire life was to be divided between the two." To Pushkin, love and poetry were divergent manifestations of a single force. He was in love with love. To him, women were a pretext for his outpourings of passion and lyricism.

Troyat weaves in historical facts, not only of a political nature, but also of the literary and critical development in a Russia where the people were divided not only by social stratification, but also by a complete lack of communication. He gives an accurate account of the wild social life in the two capitols of Russia, Moscow and St. Petersburg, and draws an excellent picture of Russian mores and customs. He brings to light the outrageous conditions of serfdom and trade in human livestock—a glum view of a country where people "spent their time being madly gay in order to forget all the reasons they had not to be," and the only country where its own language was ignored, where the younger generation had no knowledge of anything relating to their own homeland. The author rightly points out that Pushkin gave the Russian people a sense of pride in their indigenous culture, something they had never experienced before.

The biography contains a detailed analysis of many of Pushkin's outstanding poems and main works, as well as a minute account of the polemics which followed their publication among Pushkin's contemporary critics, but Troyat's evaluation of Pushkin's political tendencies is questionable. Troyat seems to contradict himself: he confuses the terms "revolutionary" and "rebel." In the first part of the biography, Troyat states that Pushkin loved freedom and equality as much as he loved to flirt with girls, and drink wine or play cards, and that Pushkin's inclinations were well-known to the Decembrists, who felt that he wasn't trustworthy. He maintains that Pushkin's *Ode to Liberty* and *The Village* are his "liberal bequests covering this first phase of his ca-

Perspective. . . continued

> slipping past our poor zombied consciousnesses so that all we usually get is the toss of a vanishing coyness to give us a hint of what we've missed, but sometimes things come down broad and imperious as though underlined with ALL RIGHT GET IT THIS TIME FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!) so that I can imagine the WHAT that has been SPOILED to be nothing short of what I shall call THE REVOLUTION and the WORK to be done is to try once again to *function primarily as a pointer rather than as a seller.*

A pointer rather than a seller . . . pure Kesey. He was always probing out there, a little out front of everyone else, his hunches and guesses and enthusiasms leading him to the places that would eventually becomethe landmarks of the drug movement in the sixties. Kesey, never selling his latest direction, but to the hip world of the West Coast, *knowing,* and by going there and doing it, *pointing* the direction. Throughout it all, the bus trips, or the famous acid tests with the light shows and the creation of acid rock, Kesey was the first. And now, well there's no question: Kesey is pointing to something else.

The Last Supplement reaches its best moments by far when Kesey writes. Not only can he write with the supple authority of a shrewd backwoods orator, but as avatar of the West Coast acid experiment, he catches history in his own biography, like glints off a rock caught in the crook of a moving stream. In two paragraphs (I cannot resist from quoting them) he describes the drug movement and its two most critical transitions:

> Jerry Garcia says that a man's theories about himself will build up, like tartar on a tooth, until something breaks the shell or until he succumbs to the twilight security of an armored blind man. The first drug trips were, for most of us, shell-shattering ordeals that left us blinking kneedeep in the cracked crusts of our pie-in-the-sky personalities. Suddenly people were stripped before one another and behold! as we looked, and were looked on, we all made a great discovery: we were beautiful. Naked and helpless and sensitive as a snake after skinning, but far more human than that shining knightmare that had stood creaking in previous parade rest. We were alive and life was us. We had been cleansed, liberated! We would never don the old armors again.
>
> But we reckoned without the guilt of this country. And when something isn't cleaned up that you know in your heart ought to be cleaned up, you must justify yourself to the mess and the mess to yourself. So, what with justification being the spawning ground of theory and theory being the back-up of justification, it didn't take us long to begin to take on new shells—different shells, to be sure, of dazzling new design, but, if anything, more dangerous than our original Middle-class-American armorplate with its Johnson's glo-coat finish—because drugs, those miracle tools that had first stripped us, were now being included in the manufacturing of our new shell of theories. The old story.

If Kesey sounds, ultimately, as though drugs had led back to the same old starting place, it is partly because the drug mystique had outgrown the drug experience. We need new ways of breaking out of the shells—but what?

The media have already pounced upon the religious revival springing up throughout the country among the young: the balded, chanting "Hare Krishna" monks; the rousing number of Jesus freaks, in cities and large rural communes; the followers of Zen, of Sufism, of Taoism and dozens of

reer." The Decembrists, states Troyat, "knowing how fickle he was, heartily applauded his verse and took good care to exclude him from their brotherhood." This is the traditional view of Pushkin's "revolutionary" activities, which is supported by the great majority of Pushkin scholars. Later in the biography, however, Troyat calls Pushkin a revolutionary. In his analysis of *The Bronze Horseman* he states: "It was the work of a revolutionary, to be sure, but of a revolutionary who had been disappointed by the failure of December 14, a revolutionary convinced of the futility of revolution, a revolutionary who had gone out of business." Here is where the term "revolutionary" becomes confused with the term "rebel." For Pushkin, far from being a revolutionary, was indeed a rebel desirous of *personal* freedom. Essentially, Pushkin was a monarchist, who desired freedom of thought and equality before the law under the Romanovs. He wanted better understanding, better communication between the classes. The poet's entire life points toward this conclusion.

Troyat also brings to light new materials, such as heretofore unpublished letters of Pushkin's killer, George D'Antes. He also projects a new view of the Green Lamp Society when he states that members of the Green Lamp were "a collection of wordly Jacobins, liberal rich men's sons, and officers' Don Juans."

An interesting historical item is the discussion of Alexander I's military colonies. "The military colonies will continue to exist," said Alexander I "if I have to pave the road from Petersburg to Chudov with corpses." This statement, contrary to traditional view, illustrates that Alexander I was a true descendant of Peter the Great, and had been very closely related to his brother, Nicholas I. Troyat's evaluation of Alexander I's character brings the latter much closer to his brother than is traditionally accepted, and this raises some interesting questions about the historical period during the reign of Alexander I.

Finally, Troyat points out that Pushkin's message did not outlive the poet: "The secret of his vivacity died with the light of his eyes, and his spiritual sons are remote from him. They admired him, they envied him, but they did not imitate him. Perhaps he was inimitable."

Reviewed by Rochelle Ross

John Donne's Christian Vocation, by Robert S. Jackson, Northwestern U. Press, 180 pp., $6.50. **John Donne, a Life,** by R. C. Bald, ed. by Wesley Milgate, Oxford U. Press, 583 pp., $15.00.

The present interest in Donne's theology rests largely on scholarship published in the fifties: Helen Gardner's edition of the *Divine Poems,* Evelyn Simpson's edition of the *Essays in Divinity,* and the Potter and Simpson edition of the *Sermons.* As a result, the sixties was a decade of increased interest in Donne's theology, an interest that shows every sign of continuing unabated into the seventies. One might hope for an eventual reconciliation of the many personalities our own schizophrenic age has projected back upon Donne.

Robert S. Jackson attempts such a reconciliation, but his scholarship is weak and his critical method scarcely rational. He has a single theory, that Donne was a mannerist. Although scholars such as Heinrich Wöfflin and Wylie Sypher are duly noted, Jackson does not actually bring their work to bear on his subject. When he applies the concept of mannerism to poetics, it seems to mean what we have always meant by "metaphysical," but he is more interested in applying the term to Donne's life style, using it as a psychological category. Briefly put, the mannerist is one who lives to reconcile opposites; in Donne's case these "opposites" are the poles of his inner and outer life.

But there is always something vague about these reconciliations —the yoke that links the poles is forged largely of mystery and in-

Perspective . . . continued

exotic religions, old and new. But the image that comes through the TV screen and the pages of the newsweeklies suggests that for these kids the religious quest is just as emotionally governed, just as improbable and apocalyptic as the drug quest was.

Here Kesey serves as a most welcome pointer. For when he writes of the I Ching, of mantras, or of Martin Buber, it isn't with the urgency borne of paranoia that one senses in other quarters of the religious revival. Kesey seems to be pointing toward satori rather than the purgative flames of the visionary; toward peace rather than the tortured martyrdom of the soul. To wit, his comments on reading the Bible:

> Get familiar with it and its drama. Take your time. Get a purple satin bookmark and keep your place and ease through a chapter or two before you go to sleep, (it'll wipe the salt of your mind clean of Lever Brothers and you'll dream like Milton), or just cut in here and there now and then during the day, in a little quiet place with a bit of hash and some camomile tea with honey and lemon in it. A little at a time, steadfastly, and maybe a big hit once every week or so, say, for instance, on Saturday (for the Old Testament) and Sunday (for the New). Keep it up for a while. You'll be amazed.

The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog becomes valuable, not as a book but as a testament; or, to use Kesey's phrase, not as a seller but as a pointer. Even after all that has collapsed, failed, crashed to splinters, those very pioneers who did so much to get it all started in the first place are now onto something—something connected to the far, mysterious past, something vital and absolutely necessary yet maddeningly elusive; perhaps an access to volatile myths and rhythmically felt rituals—it is hard to pin a label on it, yet that's where Kesey's pointing. If you stand behind him and cock your head just right, you might get a glimpse. Try. It's worth the effort.

Then turn to *Drop City,* a barely known, modest little paperback by Peter Rabbit, one of the founders of the most famous early commune, Drop City. The commune movement has come a far distance since Drop City was founded in 1966; but anyone who has spent time at a commune can readily sympathize with and chortle over the things the Droppers went through, for the Droppers went through it all—the hassles of building living quarters with less money than some suburbanites spend on carports; the scrambled, sometimes tortured chemistry of a dozen-odd very different people living closely together and sharing their possessions over some time; the early run-ins with local cops and hostile neighbors; the growing threats posed by reporters, relatives and friends, and urban freaks dropping in to use the commune as a decompression chamber for the city jitters.

Drop City may likewise be the best autobiography we have yet from someone in the dropout generation. Peter Rabbit (his dropout name) is no fiery radical, waving Marcuse and preaching armed revolution; he was never part of the Haight scene or any of its urban equivalents; yet his story mirrors the story of thousands his age and younger who have sought some alternative, and who have sought it not in San Francisco or Boston, but in Kansas or Colorado.

cantation, never of solid information. "Although," Mr. Jackson writes, "Donne's resolution by paradox is hidden from verbal daylight . . . the man who has made the journey behind the veil leaves some tracks which can be dimly seen, even by us much later in time and even if one of the tracks we see is mystery itself" (p. 19). Mr. Jackson says his own book is a mannerist book, "since it expresses a strained communication between myself and John Donne, in which I adopt now a critical stance toward him and now an uncritical one, now see him as though he were far off from me and now as though he were nearly myself; and I join these two positions dimly, by analogy or by intuition rather than by logic or Scholastic methods" (p. 7).

Such spooky goings-on do not justify Mr. Jackson's errors. Donne did not die in 1629, for instance (p. 143). More seriously, Mr. Jackson blatantly ignores information that would damage his theory, as when he attempts to explain Donne's need to reconcile the poles of Church and Court. This reconciliation could occur only if the King were to invite Donne to join the Church, which happened, Mr. Jackson says, late in 1614. But Walton says that the King invited Donne to take Orders in 1611, just after the publication of *Pseudo-Martyr,* and that for three years Donne denied the King's repeated entreaties because he sought secular employment, feeling himself unqualified for the clergy. Mr. Jackson relies on Walton elsewhere, and gives no reason for suppressing him here. As Mr. Jackson says, his method is not scholarly.

Finally, it should be noted that this work, claiming to deal with Donne's spiritual life, makes no reference to the *Essays on Divinity,* the *Devotions,* or the *Sermons.*

R. C. Bald's life contrasts with Mr. Jackson's in almost every respect. Running to four times the length of the other, Mr. Bald's biography has no single thesis, scrupulously avoids guess work, and does not attempt to offer original readings of the poems. What it does is bring together all available facts about Donne's life. Mr. Bald refuses to accept upon faith assertions from the older biographies of Walton, Jessopp, and Gosse, but insists always on the need for external verification; thus his documentation is wide ranging, leading him often to corrections of the earlier biographies and to new information. So, at one point, he quotes from the "Privy Seal Docket Book" to verify an action taken by the King that may have touched obscurely on Donne's fortunes; elsewhere *The Naval Tracts of Sir William Monson* is used to establish a date. Mr. Bald demonstrates thorough familiarity with the records of the churches and institutions with which Donne was associated and with out-of-the-way sources relating to Donne's contemporaries, such as *The Private Correspondence of Jane, Lady Cornwallis.* Furthermore, his knowledge of the conduct of church affairs, and even the physical structure of now altered or demolished buildings, rests on a study of numerous church histories and related documents from the seventeenth century to the present.

In short, the research which Mr. Bald has done is monumental. Most readers will find facts and details that seem unimportant, but everything is there. He does not need to defend the significance of these details; his work is pure research and will be a major source for future scholarship and criticism.

But to praise this work merely for its wealth of scholarly detail is to ignore its general clarity as well as the light it sheds on particular aspects of Donne's career. For instance, a chapter devoted to Donne's participation in the Doncaster embassy at the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War helps us appreciate his proximity to the international events of his day and prepares us for the controversial matter in the sermons. In a later chapter Mr. Bald discusses the conservative and orthodox stance that Donne took in the pulpit, attacking the arguments of the Roman Catholics and, in particular, the activities of the Jesuits, but becoming increasing-

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Peter Rabbit writes with a sly devious charm; his frankness and spontaneity are touched with a hint of that impish smirk characteristic of the put-on artist. A sample from the early autobiographical chapters:

> I was a Catholic. Did you ever smell a nun? All nuns are named Mary but they've got another name too. The ones with male second names are the deisel dykes, like Sister Mary Joseph, etc., but the ones with names like Sister Mary Ellen are the femmes. They smell the best. Everytime I smell a femme nun I get a hard-on. Always for Christmas I'd give my favorite femme nun some sweet-smelling soap. My nun always smelled best. I'd say, "Sister, the big boys bother me when I go tee-tee, please go with me Sister, please hold my hand."

Drop City's beginnings were casual. Three kids—Curley, Drop Lady and Clara—paid out $450 for six acres of what they euphemistically called "goat pasture"—actually, bone-dry Colorado scrubrock. "A town had once stood on this goat pasture. Foundations and dumps and excavations and cisterns were everywhere. The town had been El Moro —the moor, the black, the nigger—which was fitting. Niggers on the river of lost souls."

The first building the early Droppers erected was—symbol of the communes, and maybe the future?—a dome. Like later domes, this was strictly a scrapheap operation, only of a lower order. Using the lumber torn from abandoned bridges and old foundations, the Droppers managed to piece together a dome of sorts. "It was supposed to have been a two-phase geodesic dome but it wound up being a truncated dodecahedron. And when pentagonal windows made of junkyard auto windshields were added, it looked like the Great Pumpkin."

In making later domes the Droppers grew more sophisticated, mostly due to the help of Luke Cool, an "authentic genius" who pioneered the ideal, near-free material for making domes: axed-off cartops. Luke Cool would take a bunch of Droppers to auto dumps and wrecking yards and for fifteen or twenty cents a car, they would be allowed to stand atop the roofs, legs straddling the middle, and chop out the sheet metal of the roof. "If you cut carefully around the edge, you can get a 3'12" by 7' sheet of 27-gauge steel with a baked-on enamel surface from each car, 3'12" by 9' from station wagons. Droppers loved station wagons." Luke Cool would take the chopped-off tops, outline them with chalk, and cut them to outline with metal shears. Then, folding down the lips and drilling holes for metal screws, fasten two pieces and gradually build up the dome like an igloo. Communes throughout the country have since been using the technique, but it was a Dropper original: a house without a frame, the first non-arctic igloo.

So much for utopia. Today's commune experiment, as *Drop City* shows, is something else again from the utopian, semi-revivalist experiments of the nineteenth century. The reality of a modern commune is quite enough to overpower any nostalgia for utopia: too many difficulties scrimping together the basics, day after day; too much hard work wrenching a tiny garden out of the stubborn rocky soil; and too much—none of this at Brook Farm—mischief. Sometimes, the world being what it is, Peter Rabbit, Luke Cool and the others had to resort to things like theft, only they always did it in grandiose style. Such as the time when they were coming back from a cartop collecting campaign in the junkyards of Sante Fe, learned they were one short, and, passing through Taos in the early morning hours, no-

ly aware in his final years of the threat of Puritanism. Certainly the clarified view Mr. Bald offers of Donne's pulpit career must be considered by future students of his poetry, particularly the religious verse.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Bald did not live to experience the reception of his magnificent biography. The manuscript was in the final stages when he died. It was edited and brought to the press by Wesley Milgate.

Reviewed by Bruce Henricksen

Inside the Third Reich: Memoirs, Albert Speer, translated Richard and Clara Winston, New York: MacMillan, 596 pp., $7.50.

Albert Speer, the architect who became Reich Minister for Armaments under Hitler in February 1942, may with some justification be regarded as one of the most valuable members of the German government. It is true that without the genius of Goebbels, Hitler would have had great difficulty in controlling the German state, and that without the genius of Dr. Todt, much of the early armaments production and construction would not have been done. But Speer took office during the disastrous winter in Russia, and before the massive losses of Operation Citadel. Without his leadership, the Germans would have had very little to fight with, regardless of their psychological state.

The mystery of Speer has never been so much that he accomplished these things as reconciling his achievement with his character. Speer's logic, his intelligence, his efficiency, seem all the more remarkable when placed beside his other traits. Heinz Guderian remarked shortly after the war on Speer's sensitive heart, his open manner, his good comradeship, and his role as a peacemaker in the recurrent internal struggles of German bureaucracy. How one man could be all of these things is an interesting question. When one realizes that Speer, alone of the civilians, and with a very small number of army people, dared to speak his mind to Hitler, particularly about the course of the war; one wonders how he survived his employer.

One becomes aware of these problems, and others, from other sources before reading the memoirs. Speer's epigraph is taken from Karl Barth: "Every autobiography is a dubious enterprise." This proves only all too true, as does the title: we learn a great deal of interest about Hitler's inner circle, and historians, as well as serious thinkers, will find much food for thought in these pages. Unfortunately, we gain very little insight into Albert Speer, in many ways the most fascinating member of the government. In one sense this is admirable, as we are spared the elaborate justifications, the whitewashing, the breastbeating, so common to such works. Speer has no intention of apologizing, nor of justifying many of his actions. He makes no more of an attempt to present an apologia for his part in the regime than he does for his attempts to kill Hitler. Despite the studied informality, the casual frankness, and the remarks at the end about the dazzle of technology and the transcendence of kindness, Speer remains one of the more upsetting enigmas of the war. As there are many people, myself included, who have always felt that a thorough understanding of Speer would lead us to a better understanding of modern man, the elusiveness of the memoir is unfortunate.

At the same time, even if we have trouble understanding, or finding, the "real" Speer, there are several false ones that we can eliminate. Geoffrey Barraclough, in an elaborate and closely reasoned review in the *New York Review of Books,* has thoroughly attempted to demolish Speer. This is an important essay. No one writing on Speer can afford to avoid a confrontation with it. Professor Barraclough argues that Speer's memoirs are an elaborate attempt at self-justification written by a man who took advantage of his position at the end of the war to write himself into German

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ticed a darkened motel with a number of cars parked in front. The car, it turned out, farthest from the road was a gleaming, brand-new gold Cadillac. As Peter Rabbit comments, "It was fated."

As, perhaps, was Drop City. The original Droppers gradually split from Drop City: always there were reasons, but lurking in the background, one suspects larger reasons: the economic difficulties—one, not to mention twenty, could not live off this gnarled soil—the growing influx of visitors, urban freaks, and would-be Droppers; the annoying presence of characters like lewd Lenny, who all too easily upset the precious symbiosis of the community. Drop City has generally had, among those hip to the communes, a reputation as an "artist's" commune—one made up of semi-professional artistically inclined people, able to support themselves by their work. The idea may have some validity, but in the case of Drop City it was only slightly deserved. Except for the Droppers' famous Ultimate Painting—a weird mutant between akinetic sculpture and a full-blown light show—the Droppers never really *made* much intended for the straight world; one or two wrote books, a couple of others painted, but Drop City encouraged something other than writing and permanent art, a life absorbed in the smaller things, a life more tribal than individual.

Drop City provides a slender, limited basis on which to assess the communal movement in America; yet it is the best book we have so far. Peter Rabbit makes a fine guide; in much the same way that Ken Kesey can convey instantly the mood and direction of the West Coast acid heads, Peter Rabbit catches the hope, the exultation, the raw futilities, and the small, shining triumphs of those young who have gone into the wilderness to try starting all over again.

Kesey and Peter Rabbit can give you some idea where the youth culture is going. Mitchell Goodman's thick vast anthology can show you where it has been. *The Movement Toward a New America: The Beginnings of a Long Revolution* is roughly the thickness, and easily twice the weight, of the Bronx telephone directory. It falls somewhere between a super-scrapbook and a one-volume encyclopedia: a massive compendium of articles from underground and overground newspapers and periodicals relating to the movement. Yet its very density—three columns of small type fill most of its 752 pages—conveys almost in a visceral way the enormous size, the range, and the vitality of the movement.

Mitch Goodman has been around; one may recall his phone call at the beginning of Norman Mailer's *On the Steps of the Pentagon,* the phone call that drew Mailer to Washington. Mailer describes Goodman as a man of conscience and character (in contrast to Mailer himself), and the conscience shows on these pages. While there is almost nothing on the drug cults or the Haight experience, and surprisingly little on rock music, entire sections are devoted to Black Liberation, Woman's Liberation, Prison Reform, the Schools, Alternative Media. In sum, Goodman's massive anthology is a piecemeal history of the protest movement, as distinct from the drug-rock-commune movement. Of course the two movements have constantly intersected with one another, like the strands of protein in Watson's model of the DNA molecule, but they are not, at least to judge from Goodman's book, altogether one and the same

affairs in a fashion totally unjustified by his actual record as Minister for Armaments. Such arguments, if successfully concluded, would force us to a twofold reevaluation: of a certain amount of the historical claims about German governmental affairs, and, more importantly, towards a revision of *Fall Speer*, the enigma of an intelligent and decent man who becomes the architect of near-victory for a monstrous tyrant.

It is hopeful that Barraclough's arguments will lead someone to undertake a thorough study of German statistical studies done during the war, as there has been considerable suspicion about their accuracy before, most notably in the case of the records of the *Luftwaffe* aces. It is quite impossible to take the actual arguments seriously at all. Every sentence is a classic example of error, ellipsis, and seems more the result of genuine ignorance rather than a conscious attempt at solving the problem. Space does not allow for a detailed analysis, but a quick glance at one very typical sentence gives us considerable insight into the method used. Barraclough says: "The war ended with the Me. 109 and FW. 190 fighters which were standard equipment in 1942 . . . For all Speer's 'technocratic genius' the German War industry never achieved a technical breakthroughin any way comparable to the astounding American success in developing the Thunderbolt and Mustang long-range fighers." We might note first the interesting use of the year 1942. The Me. 109 was first produced in 1936. This is not particularly startling, as the Spitfire was designed at the same time. Indeed, most planes flown during World War II were designed before the war started, the outstanding exception being the Grumman F4 series and the German jets. One reason why the Germans were still using the 109 when the war ended—although there are a great many reasons—was that it was still an excellent airplane, as Air-Vice Marshall Johnson has remarked. It was so good, in fact, that the Israelis were scoring victories with it well after the War. The plane was in production until 1958.

The failure of the industry was not to produce outstanding new designs. At the end of the war the industry had produced 1,062 jet planes, a significant number. The failure of these plans was a command failure on the part of Hitler and Goering. These planes, by the way, were certainly more of a technical breakthrough than the Mustang or the Thunderbolt. In speaking of American genius, it should be noticed that Boeing had incredible trouble in getting the significant American plane, the B-29, into production. Built in a country with unlimited resources and free from air attack, the B-29 was built exactly on schedule—the original pre-war schedule of 1940. Even then it was three months late.

One should also point out some of the other outstanding weapons produced: the series XXIII Schnorkel submarines, the "King" Tiger II tank, the V bombs, not to mention the jets. In plain fact much German equipment, like the 109, was so good that it went through the war with nothing more than continuous updating. If anything, one could argue that the exact opposite of Barraclough's argument is true. The Sherman tank, the Allied mainstay when compared to operational German and Russian models, was obsolete by the time it got to North Africa, much less France.

Barraclough's statistical analysis is similarly awry. It is all very well to demolish some of the claims made about boosts in production; as noted earlier, German statistics have been questioned for many years. It is another thing to let the statistics interfere with the actual situation, and to say that German quality was sacrificed at the expense of quantity, and that the increased production in some things came only at the cost of a reduction in others. Theoretically, this is an argument. It does not account for the fact that, according to Allied sources, when they invaded Normandy they faced well trained and exceedingly well armed troops whose weapons were in every case equal to theirs, and in some cases, (notably armor) demonstrably superior. This was after Stalingrad, after Kursk. And after Normandy, there was still enough left to

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movement.

The Movement Toward a New America offers a chronicler's history of the mid- and late sixties: the only perspective given to events is the density of the pages sandwiching each one. No matter. The book makes for somber, sometimes jolting reading sessions; for even if the articles and essays do not point out clear, explicit alternatives to the ills they diagnose within the American system, they make it clear that the ills follow broad lines of their own—no overnight liberal program is going to make them go away.

Don't Shoot—We Are Your Children! by J. Anthony Lucas offers a perspective of another sort, a perspective within a personal dimension. In late 1967 the bludgeoned bodies of Linda Fitzpatrick, 18, and James "Groovy" Hutchinson, 21, were found in the cellar of a Lower East Side tenement. *The New York Times* assigned Mr. Lucas to pursue the background of the grisly murders. The resulting story, "The Two Worlds of Linda Fitzpatrick," depicted a yawning chasm between Linda the soft, often sullen daughter of a wealthy Connecticut businessman and Linda the hippie, the one who would always buy dope for the rest of the crowd. The story won Lucas a Pulitzer prize, and led him to investigate nine other children.

The stories are sobering and disturbing. In some cases, such as those of Linda and Groovy, the split between the children and the parents could be seen from afar; in others, such as the stories of Roy de Berry and John McAuliff, the split grew subtly and took shape late. The closer one looks, the less one sees in common—beyond a vaguely articulated disillusionment with America—among these children, and the more one sees them apart—unique, separate individuals. All told, the stories of Linda and Groovy remain the most pathetic of the ten: not only because of the brutal murder that ended their lives so abruptly, but also because one could sense within these two a futility, a desperation, a tortured flight from society and from themselves. (Another, less obvious reason, might be that with the other eight, Lucas was able to interview them in depth—the stories of Linda and Groovy are told from the outside, trying to move inwards.)

Lucas' conclusions about the children he depicts is encapsulated in a quotation he drew from the esteemed psychologist, Erik Erickson, in an interview. Erickson stated, "The values of any new generation do not spring full blown from their heads; they are already there, inherent if not articulated, in the older generation. The generation gap is just another way of saying that the younger generation makes over what is covert in the older generation; the child expresses openly what the parent represses."

There's a grounding principle of sorts here, and Lucas grabs onto it and follows it through the lives of the young people he has written up. The moods of change, of increasing leisure, of rebuilding an ethic on an economy of abundance a rather than on an economy of want, have been shifting loosely through our society long before the first hippies appeared—indeed, one can trace the shifting mood back to the end of World War II. Today's parents have made some break with the way they were brought up; they have sought larger sexual freedom, more leisure activities to some extent—but to an even larger extent they have

launch an armored offensive in midwinter involving a quarter of a million men, an offensive so formidable that Patton's reputation derives almost totally from it.

I suppose that the only fair conclusion is that Professor Barraclough simply doesn't like Albert Speer, or Nazi Germany either, and let it go at that. This is certainly an acceptable position, although it scarcely has the merit of originality. I am afraid, however, that regardless of how one feels about Speer, one is stuck with his record, just as one is finally left with Napoleon's victories. Although it is certainly possible to overestimate these achievements, and although many people have done so, there is still something quite remarkable about an architect who could become a successful technocrat under such conditions.

Of course one reason that it is difficult to like Speer, apart from his involvement in the regime, is that he is hard to understand. Possibly the only way that we shall ever come close to understanding Speer is to see him not as a faceless technocrat but as the reembodiment of that peculiarly Germanic legend of Faust. Speer also, as an artist and intellectual, sold his soul to the devil, his service, and paid the price. The myth, when translated into modern terms, can become a frightening vision of the nightmare world of the future, and Speer a member of what Noam Chomsky has called "the Mandarins." The final fascination of the memoirs, and of the man, is that they demand constant rereading in the hope that we will find answers to these questions, and possibly learn something about man in the process. Whatever the answer is, one can only hope that *Fall Speer* will be a unique event, rather than a gloomy prefiguration of what will increasingly become an irresistible and unexplainable temptation for modern man.

Reviewed by John Mosier

The New Religions, Jacob Needleman, Doubleday, 232 pp., $5.95.
The Second Coming: Satanism in America, Arthur Lyons, Dodd, Mead, 203 pp., $6.95.

Modern man, disoriented, alone, fearful, has become a prime target for new ideas. He searches for relevance and direction, and is greedy to analyze his search. Poets, novelists and psychologists are all adding their weight to the search for modern man's ultimate meaning. The two books we are concerned with reveal an aspect of the new quest that has become more prominent in recent years, the search for a transcendental meaning.

Needleman and Lyons cover widely different points of view in their books, each surveying extremes that are often treated more as fads than as substantial changes in the culture. And as their subjects differ, so do their attitudes.

Needleman, a philosopher and psychologist, tends to be objective and optimistic toward the manifestations of Eastern religion that have found their way into American life. These new cults, he believes, hold alternatives to the already dead Christianity that most Westerners still cling to. Rather than appeal to the external conditions of man's existence, these cults attempt to control the animals, outwardly manifested as appetites, within man so that he may eventually know himself and his true abilities.

While Lyons agrees with Needleman that Christianity is dead, or at best ineffectual, he sees Satanist groups for the most part as excuses for deviant and anti-social behavior on the part of "those who feel themselves unable to come to grips with the social system as it stands." Lyons treats Satanist groups only as examples, except for the San Francisco based Church of Satan. He sees Satanism as one of the effects of social upheaval, and believes that this era has provided Satanism with a most fertile age.

Of the two books, Needleman's is the more easily read and appreciated. He deals extensively, and impartially, with a number of sects, including Zen, Transcendental Meditation, Tibetian

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repressed their deeper feelings and inclinations. Not so the children, Lucas argues; and what frightens the parents about the children's bizarre and unusual lifestyle is not how different it is from the lifestyle that the parents would sanction, but how close it is to the desires and inclinations which the parents themselves have felt, and yet have repressed.

The principle makes sense in larger ways. Reich and others would have us believe that the children have somehow brought off a "revolution of consciousness" among themselves; they have found some new shape, some fresh dimension of the mind. This interpretation implies some drastic break-off point from their parents, a cultural mutation of sorts. From Erickson, Lucas has inferred another process entirely: one in which the children mirror their parents, particularly aspects of their parents that the parents themselves have kept under tight confines. Lucas affirms a principle of continuity between parents and children which overrides the most drastic kinds of discontinuity.

The question here is of the most critical order: not only in finding ways to bridge the so-called generation gap, but in determining whether the freaks and heads and hippies and radicals are truly capable of creating alternative and workable institutions. In a recent essay entitled "The Cooling of America," *Time* magazine, that undaunted purveyor of the American scene, described the entire dropout-culture as no more than a momentary lapse into a state of physical and mental catalepsy, brought on by the explosive energies let loose by hard rock and drugs and let loose in the brain. Tom Delgado, a rock musician from Detroit, has said "The youth culture is not a way out of the trap, but a way of anesthetizing yourself while you're still *in* the trap." If the movement has broken off from the mainstream of American life and carries little or no residuum from that mainstream—meaning that if the children have denied their very genes and their bloodlines—then, most likely, *Time* and Delgado are right. It is a truism of anthropology that no generation can begin *fully* anew; there was only one Adam and Eve. On the other hand, if Erickson is correct, if the dropout young don't essentially deny, but subtly affirm their bonds with their parents, then the process takes on a larger, and hopefully more auspicious significance.

Erickson's interpretation hardly means that the children will be coming back to the fold; that the religious quest reflected in *The Last Supplement* will lead to the churches, or that the Droppers, scattered from their original commune, will build domes in the suburbs and sell lots of life insurance. A large percentage of the dropouts—so much should be apparent by now—are incapable of the sanctioned life; they must build their own institutions and alternatives—in effect, create their own new sanctions. But goodbye, Consciousness III—at least we have some means, some handle, by which to perceive this quest for alternatives as lying within a process of cultural continuity. Somehow one finds it easier, in the end, to believe in and work for change with precedents and roots that run deep than for a "revolution of consciousness" which draws its greatest impetus from the world it is trying to escape.

William Kuhns

Lamaism, Krishnamurti, Meher Baba, and Subud, in addition to several fads. In no case does he pass judgment. He attempts merely to interpret these groups for his readers, drawing extensively from documents of the sects, and the experiences both of those who have succeeded and those who have failed in their practice.

Needleman is keen to the shift to "relevance" being made within Western religion. He questions, "are the leaders being led?" The answer seems to be a resounding "Yes" in the form of a great turning away. Rather than apply themselves to the great social issues that Western religion (most noteably Christianity) seems intent upon tackling, Eastern thought is almost totally self-centered, interested only in the release from suffering, both personal and social. This task, it seems, is best accomplished by a turning inward to discover the spiritual forces that make man one with God.

Needleman sees these new religions as a potential boon to Western man, capable of serving as effective alternatives not only to Western religions, but to psychoanalysis, encounter groups, drugs, and a vast array of intellectual placebos and social crutches. The only hesitations that Needleman has about the groups he deals with are not of their intrinsic validity or effectiveness, but of their value for Western man, particularly in America, and the sincerity and depth of faith of the young adherents. These religions, he believes, lie in danger of becoming less esoteric and going the way of Christianity and Judaism, with a host of followers and a handful of believers.

"Many books on Satanism have of late flooded the market, but few have adequately covered the subject." Thus Arthur Lyons begins his own somewhat shaky analysis of Satanism. One is never sure exactly where Lyons stands. Perhaps he is just an interested observer with very strong opinions, mainly about Christianity. Lyons bears no love for Satanism either, but at times it is easy to feel that the purpose of *The Second Coming* is somehow to drag the Christian name through the literary mud.

Lyons does give what appears to be a good history of Satanism and Devil Worship, only slightly marred by his inadequate documentation. Only his direct quotes are footnoted, so it is sometimes hard to tell where fact leaves off and opinion begins. Lyons does make some interesting observations while he is tracing the history of Satan and his followers. He believes that devil worship, to a great degree, reflects man's recognition that the evils of Satan are the evils that are in man himself.

Another flaw in Lyons' work is that he devotes too little time to any actual study of Satanism in modern America. The history of Satanism from the Egyptians to the 1960's takes up over half of the book. After that he only studies one group with any real detail. The part of the book that he does devote to modern Satanism reads much better than his historical sketches. Unfortunately, some readers may never reach that point of the book.

Lyons recognizes that there are various types of Satanists, just as there are categories of Christians. There are those who dabble in Satanism as a social game, and those who follow Satan because they are weak and find strength in a group that dominates and consumes them. There are Satanists who are in it for the orgy, and then there are the dangerous Satanists, who Lyons believes are highly organized. His belief must be based on some degree of fact, for the jacket notes indicate that "he has compiled detailed lists of names and addresses which have been safely deposited in the event of his 'accidental death.' " Or Lyons has a penchant for melodrama as a Public Relations technique.

In general, however, whether we are to take the Satanist groups seriously or not, they suffer, at least ideally, in comparison to the Eastern sects that grow beside them in the same garden. They both flourish among fertile young minds that are particularly sensitive to the problems of an uncertain age. *The New Religions* wins literarily and philosophically over *The Second Coming*. Needleman has charm and easy style, and does not suffer from the self-consciousness that seems to underlie Lyons' work. It is useful, however, to read the two books together, to learn to tell the roses from the weeds.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

Ballantine's Illustrated History of World War II, ed. Barrie Pitt, New York: Ballantine Books, Inc. (50 vols to date), 596 pp., $57.00.

One might ask why there is a need for yet another history of World War II. Basically, the *Ballantine's Illustrated History of World War II* answers three very real historical needs. The first is that much new material about the war has come to light since the last attempts. Marshall Zhukov's articles chronicling his viewpoints regarding the four great battles in which he was certainly the principal architect of Russian victory have only appeared in Russian since June 1965; their translation into English was as recent as 1969. Shortly after Khruschev's downfall a one-volume abridgement of the standard six-volume official Russian history was issued, and this countered the tendencies of that work, *The Great Patriotic War of the USSR,* to downplay Stalin but to emphasize Krushchev. One might add a tremendous list of equally important additions to our knowledge of the war. The second reason for the history's importance is that it is not a chronological narrative of the war. The format, which deserves detailed explanation, allows the reader to approach the war in an absolutely unique way. The third reason behind the history is that it is the first major war narrative making use not only of British and American authorities, but also relying extensively upon research into German, Japanese, and Russian sources. As such it suffers, of course, from a certain defect in unity. But this defect is more than made up for by its refreshing lack of the party line that has colored almost all previous accounts of World War II.

To date there are over fifty volumes, or monographs, available, each averaging about one hundred and sixty pages. These are divided into four categories: battles, campaigns, weapons, personalities. The editors, then, have chosen to approach the war from the viewpoint of an enormous number of specialized monographs dealing with these four areas. When one considered that four monographs have been devoted thus far to four individual airplanes, three to separate types of ships, and seven to the specialized combat forces that were created during this war, and have flourished since it, one gets a good idea of how specialized the editors' approach has been. For example there are extremely good studies of the naval wars in both oceans seen as a function of intensive studies of aircraft carriers, submarines, motor torpedo boats, and types of aircraft. Not only do these studies overlap, or complement one another, but additionally there are separate studies of the major battles and campaigns, so that the reader who sees Pearl Harbor as a battle fought as an extension of Yamamoto's belief in the aircraft carrier can place this account side by side with A. J. Barker's lucidly written study of the battle of Pearl Harbor itself.

Such an approach, although it has its own complications, marks the first really decisive change in the writing of military history since the Greeks. Of course the complication immediately becomes a twofold one. First, the reader must do a good deal of serious reading in the history in order to get a balanced picture of the various aspects of the war; second, he must have the enthusiasm to wade through some pretty formidable monographs. Indeed, the question that plagues the entire series is one of audience. I can imagine the reader who might pick up Charles Whiting's balanced account of Patton and read it with some pleasure, only to discover that if he is really interested in an analysis of Patton's career with III Army he will have to read four detailed campaign studies, plus the weapons monographs on allied armor, panzer division, and Martin Blumenson's chronicle of the Sicily invasion. This comes to at least as much material as Ladislas Farago's biography of Patton, itself a hefty tone.

Now of course military historians, even amateur ones, are pretty well accustomed to wading through a gigantic amount of print. Heinz Guderian's memoirs, even in their abridged English version, run to four hundred pages, and Guderian is by no means the most loquacious of the WWII generals. This approach, then, is not one calculated to make the history a best seller, an approach made all the more curious by the publishers obvious resolve to keep the cost down to an absolute minimum: the monographs are published in paperback, are printed cheaply, and in most cases are

poorly proofread and offer photographs of an extremely poor quality. The real value of the word *illustrated* in the title lies in the excellent maps and detailed drawings, although it must be said that many of the photographs have never been published before.

The question of audience is further compounded by the incredibly cavalier bibliographies appended to the volumes. It is certainly true that the whole question of documentation in military history is one vast unmarked minefield. Frequently it does little good to reference points of view by opposing generals in a battle because so many of them seem more intent on whitewashing their mistakes than on chronicling events. However, it is distressing to find that although Geoffrey Jukes has obviously acquainted himself with all the available Russian sources, he does not list many of the most blindingly obvious ones in his account of Stalingrad, nor in his study of the battles in the Prokhorovka area near Kursk. Similarly, John Williams, who has written a concise and accurate summary of the French campaign in 1940 *(Fall Gelb)*, could have at least listed the excellent history of the French army written by Paul de la Gorce, not to mention Guderian's account. Again, the omissions are made even odder by the fact that Williams seems quite familiar with these sources, as well he should be.

One, of course, has other carps to make. Kenneth Macksey's book on allied armour spends too much time not only on British armor, but also deals in too much detail with campaigns (France and Malaya), covered well by others. In addition, although everyone in the history series, as is quite natural, concedes that the Russian T-34 was the best medium tank built during the war, Macksey has precious little to say about it—a most serious omission. This again illustrates a serious drawback to the history: to grasp Macksey's work, one has to read it using three other studies as glosses.

But the series is notable in its own right, as well as for its approach, which hopefully will be adopted by others. Although the monographs are unequal in achievement, the least that can be said is that the accounts of the major campaigns are uniformly excellent, and that even though the most esoteric ones on special weapons and forces are spotty, at their best they are impressive contributions to our understanding of what one hopes fervently will be the last "great patriotic war."

Reviewed by John Mosier

The Study of Literature: A New Rationale of Literary History, by George Watson, Charles Scribner's Sons, 237 pp., $7.95; paper $2.45.

George Watson writes as one who, once and for all, is fastening the lid onto the coffin of new criticism. Perhaps in 1972 this is not such a weighty task—as Watson himself admits, literary history managed to take care of itself even in the heyday of new criticism. The justification for Watson's book, then, would be in the newness of its rationale. But the promise of the subtitle is not fulfilled.

Thus, in the early pages, Watson objects to I. A. Richards in a tone very reminiscent of Helen Gardner's *The Business of Criticism* (1959). It is noteworthy that Watson fails to mention Miss Gardner at all. Much time is also spent in the early pages dusting off the old notion that the function of literature is not necessarily moral. His ideas concerning meter, one topic of his third chapter, are equally as quaint—meter "dignifies" the poem and makes it "memorable." In fact, it seems to be meter that explains the survival of poetry. "The ordinary language of the past, if it had survived, would surely have dated more damagingly than the metrical language of poetry." Prose, on the other hand, must be studied with an appreciation of its ability to utilize syntactical complexities, ambiguity, and semantic change. The inference seems to be that these categories are less applicable to the study of poetry.

Such cavalier handling of logic is found again in the chapter dealing with the relationship of literary study to the study of cultural history. It is Watson's contention that in France and England literature is more central to cultural history than is any other art. "The sculpture of Henry Moore is said in some degree to have its literary sources: but how many poems are known to have a Moore sculpture as their source?" These abuses of logic are all the more irritating when coupled with Watson's habit of simply dismissing the poor soul who does not see things his way. Thus anyone who does not agree with his defense of the concept of intention in literary criticism "should be sent about his business."

And yet there is much that will repay careful study in this very uneven book. Watson's defense of the concept of intention *is* sound, as is his argument that comparative literature is best thought of as a branch of literary history. A very fine chapter summarizes the changes in attitudes toward the editorial art from McKerrow's edition of Nash to the present, concluding with a well reasoned argument in favor of modernized editions of Renaissance works originally printed without authorial supervision. Another excellent chapter deals with the abuses of the "history of ideas" approach to literature which have caused scholars to rummage around in the minor poetry of an age looking for "unit ideas," apparently assuming that the major poets could not think but could only "borrow" ideas from the great warehouse of their milieux. Chapters on linguistics, psychoanalysis, and sociology present discussions of the relationship of these disciplines to literary history.

One would not want to recommend Watson's entire book; too often his arguments are tired and weak. And yet some sections, such as the one on editorial problems and the one on history of ideas scholarship, do manage to throw significant light on their respective topics.

Reviewed by Bruce Henricksen

A Commentary on the Complete Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, by Paul Mariani, Cornell U. Press, 361 pp., $10.00.

Dylan Thomas once described his process of writing poetry as a moving from the darkness into the light. Essentially, this is the same movement undertaken by Gerard Manley Hopkins throughout his life, although Paul Mariani indicates that the "light" for Hopkins, unlike Thomas, was the state of being more Christlike, more saintly.

A Commentary on the Complete Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins presents an in-depth study of all of Hopkins' known works. Mariani covers everything from "The Wreck of the Deutschland;" which he insists is at least the equal of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," to fragments of only a few lines length. The book, however, is more than mere chronology or surface analysis. It is the portrait of the complete artist, portraying Hopkins' works and the emotional and intellectual movements within his life that bear them along.

In his introduction Mariani says that he chooses not to treat the poems simply as documents, but as works of art. This is the key to his success. In analyzing the development of Hopkins' work he gives us a study of artist and priest in dialogue with God.

It is probably because Mariani so obviously loves the works of Hopkins that he does such a fine job. He strives to transmit his intense love on to his readers, hoping that they too will feel the poems as he has felt them. However, he does not rely on emotion alone to carry the book, just as Hopkins did not rely solely on emotion to carry the awesome burden of his poetry. This commentary, so obviously well researched and thought out, provides an important addition to our understanding of one of the finest writers in the English language.

Mariani traces the origins, inspirations, and derivations of many of Hopkins' works. Using roughly the chronology of Hopkins' life to serve as a scaffolding for his study, Mariani goes on to place the poetry in perspective, tracing the high inspiration that animated Hopkins at Oxford and in Wales, and the moments of desperate sterility that he was intermittently to feel throughout his life. Mariani also illustrates the development of Hopkins' style;

the tightening of the syntax, the greater control over the argument, the utilization of Welsh poetic devices, and the continual state of being manifest through Hopkins use of verbs.

Mariani devotes almost a complete chapter to the study of "The Wreck of the Deutschland." "The Deutschland" signals more than just an evolutionary step in Hopkins' development as a poet, insists Mariani. "It points to a transofrmation of the poet into one of the most dynamic and distinctive voices not only of his time but of all times." Mariani also studies the ten Religious Sonnets of 1877 in detail, revealing the Christocentric nature of Hopkins' poetry and the intense love of nature that fired much of his work. Each group of sonnets is carefully analyzed and given its proper place within Hopkins' creative life.

Holding to the concept that a deep religious insight lies within the heart of each of Hopkins' poems, Mariani contends that this insight can only be apprehended by a continual rereading of each of the poems. In this manner the poem is allowed to "explode in upon us."

Those two poems which Mariani feels are Hopkins' most important, in terms of his development as a poet, "The Deutschland," and "Felix Randal" are given special treatment in the book. But with each of the poems, Mariani manages to capture the tone and spirit, translating them, beautifully explained, into prose. He is on to Hopkins' tricks, and knows how to read them for his audience. At the same time, Mariani makes few negative value judgments on Hopkins' poetry, although the relative importance that each poem has for him can usually be determined by the amount of attention it is given.

This book is an excellent tribute to the work of Hopkins. Read along with the poems it provides valuable insights into the understanding of each of the works. Comprehension, as Mariani contends, can be gained only by living with the poems until they can be felt from within.

Read by itself, this book provides a moving portrait of the artist in transition and in agony. It provides the reader with studies not only of the poems, but of the techniques as well. Mariani provides two excellent appendices on Hopkins' prosody and on his use of the sonnet, in addition to a study of Hopkins' use of rhythm, included in the last chapter.

Easily read, this book deserves a place next to the poems of Hopkins. Its worth, both as reference and as introduction, cannot be over-emphasized. It will serve as a reliable guide through Father Hopkins' intricate images while simultaneously providing excellent groundwork for any study of modern poetry. Read with or without any previous knowledge of Hopkins poetry, Mariani's book is a fine interpretation of art and artist.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

The Love-Girl and the Innocent, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Bantam, $.95.

Solzhenitsyn's play presents, through polemics, a clash between contradictory moral values. The central conflict is between the hero Nemov, who is unwilling to compromise in order to survive, and Lyuba, the girl who realizes that the only way to survive in a Stalinist labor camp is through compromise. Interestingly, the corrupting effect of the official ideology is not restricted to the privileged class, but is presented as a universal principle: no one escapes. The clash here is between the philosophy approved and required by the Communist State represented by Lyuba, and the personal, individual conscience of the hero. Nemov will not allow raising camp production to interfere with Zeks' interests, but he is quite willing to raise it by cutting down corruption in the administration. For his "efforts", Nemov is demoted from a supervisor to an ordinary laborer, as he had anticipated. As a laborer, Nemov's chances for survival are very slim, yet he cannot compromise his feelings of morality, of decency. He finds his strength not in religion, however, but in his own inner self. What Nemov stands for, in essence, is this: "They [the officials] may do with me whatever they want, but I will not let myself be turned into a bastard."

Similar to other Solzhenitsyn heroes, who are young intellectuals, Nemov has to overcome not only a conscience struggle, but sexual temptations as well: he has to decide whether he should compromise, and share Lyuba with the bosses of the labor camp, or refuse to share her, in spite of all the advantages the "sharing" would bring. Nemov refuses, and thus rejects the camp philosophy of living the best way one can and of sacrificing moral values for material ones. He suffers the consequences of his actions.

It is this very attention to the individual conscience which brought down the wrath of the Soviet Union's government upon Solzhenitsyn, expressed through the Russian Writers' Union who expelled Solzhenitsyn from its ranks.

The play is full of stylistic devices borrowed from Russian folklore: negative metaphors, popular Russian expressions and proverbs. It is typical in style and content of the great Russian author.

Reviewed by Rochelle Ross

Poetry

The Swimmers and Other Selected Poems, by Allen Tate, Charles Scribner's Sons, 196 pp., $5.95; paper $2.45. **The Far Fields: Last Poems,** by Theodore Roethke, Doubleday, 95 pp., $1.95. **Theseus and Other Poems,** by Frederick Buell, Ithaca House, 89 pp., $2.95. **Poems for the Game of Silence,** by Jerome Rothenberg, Dial Press, $7.50; paper $2.45. **No Place for Hiding,** by John L'Heureux, Doubleday, 60 pp., $4.50; paper $1.95. **The Tatooed Desert,** by Richard Shelton, University of Pittsburgh Press, 73 pp., $4.95; paper $2.50. **Trying to Come Apart,** by James Den Boer, University of Pittsburgh Press, $4.95; paper $2.50. **The Ladder of Love,** by Paul Baker Newman, The Smith, 79 pp., $2.50. **Wonderings,** by Kenneth Patchen, New Directions, $5.95; paper $1.75. **A Question of Survival,** by Richard Moore, University of Georgia Press, 106 pp., $5.00. **News of the Nile,** by R. H. W. Dillard, University of North Carolina Press, 59 pp., $3.75. **Freeway and Other Problems,** by Lawrence P. Spingarn, Perivale Press, 40 pp., $4.00; paper $2.00. **Argument for Love,** by James Humphrey, Horizon Press, 57 pp., $2.00.

It would be an imposition on distinctive poetic achievement to try to classify the books of poetry under review; to set them in categories even for the purposes of a more easily manageable criticism. The thickened, heavy poetic vision of Allen Tate; the light, charmed mysticism of Theodore Roethke; the suicidally restrictive verse of James Humphrey; the unsparing eagle's eye view of John L'Heureux; each apparition must be valued for its distinctiveness.

The most monumental poetic visibility in the group is certainly Allen Tate's *The Swimmers and Other Selected Poems.* The author says in his introductory note to the volume: "There are altogether ninety-nine poems of some two hundred fifty written over a period of little more than fifty years." He includes one very early poem "because of its juvenile absurdity." A reading of Tate's poetry evokes an experience of sculpture and, by a curious simultaneity, an experience of echo effects. There is a great solidity, stolidity, to the carefully worked physical appearance of each poem, i.e., the rhythms of line, the abrupt rare words (escheat, estopped), the rhymes, the sonnet form which appears rarely today. The themes developed have also great weight; problems of civil war, the heart vs. impersonal society, cultural decline, racist stagnation, problems of belief and forms of belief. "Ode to the Confederate Dead" supplies ready material for citation:

> What shall we say of the bones, unclean,
> Whose verdurous anonymity will grow?
> The ragged arms, the ragged heads and eyes
> Lost in these acres of the insane green?

The refrain as well:

Seeing, seeing only the leaves
Flying, plunge and expire.

Tate's work has great power. It yields itself only to careful study. It is the nearest thing to communicating in Latin short of Latin itself. One hears harmonics of the classical posture toward human event and feeling; there are reminders of Latin prosody, sonority, word order, long train language; and classical themes surface. Thus, as suggested above, the experience of this poetry is layered; it is like moving among and deciphering sculptures in a field, in this case *aëre perennius;* it is hearing echoes, always there, of the perennial images of earth, of human experience, of the "where are we going" problematic.

Theodore Roethke is pure Orpheus and palpable to the last drop and like a song of the omnipresent concrete. Every sense, every sensation, speaks of life and death in their classic struggle; equally the whole of the world of spirit is inextricably guessed at, discerned, made to appear, sung about in a poetry so concrete as to replace what seems to be the real world. Manifestly, such poetry represents only one ideal of poetic vision, of religious vision as well, and so through a number of vision areas. The ability to make the world speak with the ring of truth about continuity as opposed to annihilation is certainly Roethke's most extraordinary poetic accomplishment in this volume.

All finite things reveal infinitude:
The mountain with its singular bright shade
Like the blue shine on freshly frozen snow,
The after light upon ice-burdened pines;
Odor of basswood on a mountain-slope,
A scent beloved of bees;
Silence of water above a sunken tree:
The pure serene of memory in one man,—
A ripple widening from a single stone
Winding around the waters of the world.

The Far Field

Such an astonishing sensitivity to living forms, their struggle to remain living, rounds out, balances, the agony of more socially involved poetic sensitivities and their poetic search through the junkyard of war, racism, suppression, looking for songs of innocence or songs of experience. Roethke's poetry puts on display the creatures that suffer destruction, it touches the heart of the death-life conflict in larger terms than our right now. He reveals the lean toward innocence, toward continuity, that hints outward from concrete nature and particular man. Rhythm, language, image, Adam's knowledge of the names of things, are finely woven together by Roethke's great poetic craft.

Frederick Buell sees half the pear that requires response from poets; the showing half in which the senses are extremely at home and should often be left untroubled. The sensations of sexuality, of natural light, of male and female ocean, land, forest, whatever senses can happily recognize, appear superbly in the flexible language, verse, poem-structure of this volume. But in the final impression, Buell's poetic vision insists on interpreting reality through rose coloured genitalia. Hence, paradoxically, abstraction. Especially in the very rich Theseus poem where the sensual levels inherent in that story are exploited, but not the intimations of darkness, destructivity, the jealousy of gods and men, the whole often frightening, inversely sensual, implications of Greek myth about the universal nature of man and his destiny. In "Pennsylvania," however, an integration of fine gifts culminates a mature, human, lyric expression; its conclusion holds both ends of the poetic tension together.

I turn; I see
    beneath the soiled, stacked
layers of cloud, above the rising damp useful ribbon
    the sun, red, ardent, near-
ly dying, but which gives a clear, fiery
    image through this gash
under cloud, and there
    it burns,
both far and unyielding, with both compassion and rich pain.

"New York Gothic" is a powerful and revealing poem because the polarities of city and nature evoke from Buell's matured skill a tension that proves living and nourishing.

One passes along the chains of the darkened crossroads,
one turns again, a new incline, and,

entering one's own door, one catches oneself still
still seizing at the other self,

still grasping as if up at the mid point of his own back
towards what seem the roots

of the fear, of the abnormality,
that which presents itself as an emotion;

but still the genius, inside, languishes as always,
sobbing on its carpet of bone.

This review intends no quarrel with sensuousness in poetry; mysticism often borrows heavily from that type. But sensuousness occupies only part of the sensible. One pokes at so important an abstraction. *Theseus and Other Poems* is a fine volume; with which one can quarrel; delightfully.

Jerome Rothenberg, *Poems for the Game of Silence,* sees, or appears to see, an extremely complex reality just beyond the reach of any expression. Shouts and silences become reaches for that intelligibility just beyond; numbers also, visual poetry, incantatory sounds, traditional images, ethnic histories. One receives the impression of a single man trying to tune every instrument of a symphony orchestra to a new key for which there exists no pitch pipe. There are poems in this volume that are rich; others about which one can make no comment whatsoever since it is difficult to tell what the poems "be." The section "From Sightings & Further Sightings" provides an example of the latter; "The Seven Hells of Jogoku Zoshi" an example of richness, though one permeated by a strange thematic paradox which condemns the condemnation of the evils of this world, as in the following citation from "The Third Hell":

And love? was this love too, this delusion?
The kingdom of hell knows better, will pay them in kind not kindness
The kingdom of hell, the white kingdom, the country of worms, the defiled
the distorted, the broken, the perjured, the twisted, the maimed
the pathetic mad hungry creatures who clawed after love, the deformed
The kingdom of earth was no better

Even when meaningless, the tuning is clear; colors, shapes, enduring human problematics, death, plague, famine, war—all triggers that unleash built-up experience. But Rothenberg lets each theme float like a separate balloon in a clouded air. It may be that he is the contemporary shaman, or in fact the *bricoleur,* who will use any means possible to render mystery respectfully visible; perhaps he assumes the role of the psychopomp. When he tells us, we will know; but it is interesting, profoundly moving, to walk along the edge of the canyons he includes as poems in this book.

There is a startling and powerful resumption of ascetical tensions in John L'Heureux's *No Place for Hiding.* Pretenses about the flesh and the spirit come down; about good guys and bad guys; about who the just and the unjust are; about the impact of the ascetical tradition on personal sensitivity and sensibility. Pretenses are down due to an intense poetic embodiment that mirrors in appearance on the page and in the ear the unsparing examination of conscience that marked the work of the monks of the desert centuries ago, or of the Jesuits in professed houses planted starkly today in the best sections of town. The lines and rhythms are clean, permitting the poetic experience an uncluttered stance. "Ritual" is a perfect example:

we have heaped words like stones
you and I
upon the still born carcass
we thought we recognized

and still you say more
your grace
your soft eyes gone too adamant
to say it

only to say it
we face each other stones in hand
the small body
forgotten

What is unusual about L'Heureux's poetry is that often it can be a zany caper about the life and death seesaw which distracts the reader just enough to make the crucial issue more agonizing and acceptable. "Evening Prayer" provides one quick example; on a more extended, audacious, breath-taking scale; take the poem "from St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Jesuits: His Autobiography." The latter is fresh poetry; it touches present day nerves; it touches a long and powerful tradition. "The Daugher of Her House" manifests L'Heureux's analytic power in a less subjective way; the last few lines stop in the air:

In her red wig and willful lovelessness
she sits forever brooding in the antic chair.
Her wide gray eyes look in, appalled staring.

One could object that John L'Heureux's poetry explores reaches of feeling and problematic unfamiliar to contemporary society. If this is true, three thousand years of spiritual tradition have disappeared from contemporary awareness, problems of the soul, of body, of love and where it begins and ends, of Cain with rocks in his hand, priests with rocks in their hands, and of pearls of great price. This volume of poetry stands out from many others in bold relief.

The poetry of Richard Shelton comes on as a rare and lovely thing, even though it is a minutely recorded account of life being stripped by desert forces to life's surrealistic residue, and could cause uneasiness to many whose sensitivities are unprotected. There is always the residue to restore comfort, the consciousness of self which persists through the dying process, through the purgative way. The images Shelton uses appear like objects the desert has already claimed, or which life has rendered useless and turned into memorabilia.

and I remain in the desert
caught in the ropes of myself like
rosaries staying here with penitent
stars whose confessions frighten me

He Who Remains

The trees, the smell of gone people hanging on a wall, requests made of old shoes, the meeting of desert and sea, rarely beautiful, surreal objects, each is taken up and made to speak the vision of insubstantiality, the only quality life can boast of in the desert. From "The Tatooed Desert":

the gentle eyes of the river
looked up without reproach and those
floating past spoke to me
This is cremation by water they said we who are
burned here rise up without ashes
we are repeated
in the sound of wax bells ringing
and the testimony of mouthless trees

Great power is achieved in this poetry by great simplicity; deep engagement in today's problems by remoteness. In "Eden After Dark" one finds an overwhelming moment at the end of the poem:

in a paradise of burned bridges
the sadness is everywhere
we are already tired
of the war and there is
so much killing left to be done

we have given up sleep

at night we close our eyes quickly
and fall forward
into the arms of despair

The achievement of Shelton's volume—an illumination of crumbling life by artifacts picked up on the desert of experience and made into images. One may not be willing to rest too long inside that vision however delicate and surreal its presentation, but like visions have always haunted poets, and this poet has given it superb realization.

where the tongue
we left on the windowsill
to ripen in silence
is beginning to wake up
and speak
the exact words of the dead

Cortege

He has made the desert speak about himself and man.

There seems to be a double current to James Den Boer's poetry; serious archetypal poetic experience captured by a drifting, scattershot, sometimes deliberately low key imagery, as in the title poem:

write trying
to come apart. Come apart. Stop writing
do not stop
come down the trail to the last camp
and the sound of typing. I have split rock
and found blood, and words,
and gone into the sea,
the strange sea, for silence.

I am afraid to come apart. I am trying
to come apart. I am coming
together

Trying to Come Apart

So Den Boer's poetry has often a fascinating hitch in its stride, a sense of deep experience gone collecting images from everywhere in order to pin them like medals on an agony or love or a sense of death or a sense of terror. Section II is particularly effective, the broken love, the aimlessness and searching, captured in a most germane drift of verse, rhythm, imagery. From "Biltmore Beach":

The priests called the cops,
the cops took me in,
and I knelt at the rail
of the booking-room
confessing everything:

I love Jesus, I love her,
I love you guys,
I am drunk and disorderly.

Open your cold doors then,
bless me with the clanging iron
and the turned key.

The danger of this style can be that it disperses poetic energy sometimes to the point of disappearance and then one must remember rather than be reminded of the depths of the issue being expressed. Den Boer has a rich, sharp power of observation and description and can draw strong moods through this power:

In my garden I am lonely
as a god; the animals sense
my fear and rustle nearer
in the dark. I tremble,
hear the wind rising in the dark.

The Garden

There are many skills displayed in this volume, skills not yet fully integrated it seems. One feels that they will be and looks forward to the integration and powerful poetry.

A calm, extended, concrete passion inhabits the poetry of Paul Baker Newman; it is a delight to read such whole cloth, a harmony derived from an integrated vision. It is a matter of smooth style certainly, a style without hitches, a style where the joinings barely show; it is a matter of middle language, of sea, woman, water, shadow, cloud, with enough concreteness to involve deep emotional contact, and enough spirit to nourish the larger mind while

keeping contact with the world. In "To the German as Hypothesis" one finds this ideal expressed in verses taken a bit out of context:

> Trees and parks
> where I explored the pathways that I loved
> discovering in leisure what I most admired:
> minds like Hawthorne's or like Emerson's,
> calm minds as leisurely and proud as swans,
> ignoring all except their own reflections

That fine balance of style and poetic vision can again be seen in a very palpable poem, "From Phaistos to Hagia Triada":

> Make a religion of the simplest things:
> concrete, hot, whitewashed, a few flowers,
> the sun in the white glare burning
> luminous into the shadows, the blue
> either of sky or sea, the wind, the green
> of heavy grass rippling where black skirts
> toil heavily among the vineyards, stone
> split by the frost and sun, and you
> your own self walking in the midst of these.

The elements are almost abstract, yet they hold emotion close, into the earth, so that it is a wisdom of earth that one hears spoken in these lines. It is a matter finally of a superior and flexible poetry, capable of a flawless, humorous discussion between god and a mexican peasant, of giving sailing instructions, of straight-on looks at terror, of great gentleness:

> Gentleness is heartbreak. It is all
> a long romance with death.
>
> *Wave Motion*

One should keep this volume of poetry, because it will. Hopefully, *The Ladder of Love* is an introduction to a growing wisdom through a growing, rich poetic form.

One ideal of poetry appeared in the classical advice to mix materials so that they would be both *"dulce et utile."* An abundant sweetness and usefulness pervades Kenneth Patchen's *Wonderings*. It's like holding a spectrum at both ends; a childishly delightful verse, sweet nightmare cartoons, zany remarks that lose their smile a bit when they ring true in the harsher world, and statements from bodies of great and tested wisdom. And the cartoons, and the drawings, and the splotches of ink draw more than a glance. This book has an air of gum-drop universality; takes a short time to read; a long time to forget.

Richard Moore's *A Question of Survival* becomes a fascinating book to read because its poetic form clashes with its poetic vision. Moore's ability to produce rhyme is extraordinary. His sensitivity to the poetic dimension of human experience in this modern time comes on as equally great. The rhyming and the experience seem terribly at odds with one another, to one at least who has been brought up on a steady diet of rhyme for remote and lofty themes, or nursery material, or limericks, and "unrhyme" for the straight-on encounter with contemporary experience.

> Kittens consumed our honeymoon. We fed
> them with little bottles; rubbing them, we'd vex
> their little bowels to move into Kleenex;
> and on each hotel bed we'd watch their loving romps—
> till all this ended in the Georgia swamps.
>
> *A Question of Survival*

The poem cannot be reckoned a mock epic, after the manner of Pope. It treats the profound theme of a mistaken marriage and its breaking up; it is a poem which ends with a belt in the mouth for the reader:

> Your eyes filled with foreboding—
> and General Eisenhower
> proclaimed the earnestness of the hour
> and said that creeping socialism must be stopped.
> We drove to Jacksonville and had the baby chopped
> out of your body.
>
> *A Question of Survival*

So one has to read this volume with eyes unfocused; one eye caught up in the extraordinary versatility of rhyme, the other by the sure sensitivity of the poet to the range of poetic experience. But like spotlights flashed separately on a wall, rhyme and theme, therefore the reader's sight, never quite come together. There are however, moments when this unresolved focus disappears and fine powerful poetry rushes out harmoniously:

> Dry leaves are clicking somewhere over darkened pavement
> like paws of little dogs running.
> The leaves are not on leashes
> when autmn comes,
> and they will nip the traveler
> with memories
> of what has withered out of him
> and scuttled into doorways
> and found out many drains.
>
> *Leaves at Night*

A poetic effort at rhyme and vision may be a step toward re-establishing obvious craft in poetry. If the effort can be carried through, the spotlights brought together, an ancient voice may be restored to proper power in contemporary writing.

R. H. W. Dillard has produced a poetry of momentum, a seizing of meaning and reader in a strong motion of line and image to a culmination. There are admittedly grotesque images in several poems which reveal the grotesqueness of experience; as there are frequent quotations from other authors to set moods which the poet then exploits. But the motion of the poems seems to be Dillard's most impressive effect, as in the last stanza of "Act of Detection":

> The quick mind, quick
> As the centipede, the shark's
> Hard thrust circling
> The room, the room, circles
> The room, wall, curtain
> And door, closed door,
> Locked door, shut window,
> Circles and bumps the mirror,
> And sees the eye, bared
> Tooth, the quick grimace,
> Skull in the mirror, face
> The mind at bay, the mind.

The same movement, like an emotional travelogue, or register of names, occurs in "News of the Nile", a movement almost kin to the huge departure boards in European railway stations that change like the flail of a sternwheeler and give out half the world before coming to a specific name and stopping. Again, but this time with conclusive force, take some lines from "Salt Lake":

> And discover
> That the grey surface
> Of your mind is as smooth
> As a balloon blown past
> All trace of a pucker.

Dillard's writing has range; it is a serious poetry; it evokes a sense of at-homeness from one who desires to see poetry provide both being and meaning.

> Think of the breath
> Of caribou which hangs
> For hours in the rigid air,
> Of the unknown eskimo,
> Of the polar bear, white
> On a white plain, scenting
> The hard white air.

There is simplicity, evocation, strong imagery in these lines. Dillard's best work travels this way.

One notices an eighteenth century posture to Lawrence P. Spingarn's *Freeway and Other Problems*, i.e., the faint suggestion of heroic couplet, the social criticism, the barbed final statement, the personal satire, above all, city concerns. His style surfaces fresh and breezy as in "Cocktail Hour" and "Fashion Show," a style which often serves as a preparation for something strong and memorable and compassionate:

Announcers stammer. The trim models blanch,
And, when the fur is stripped from each of them,
A frightened child runs weeping to her bed.

So with the themes that draw his poetic skill; faults of man, yes, but sympathy with man also as in "A Novena for Cardinal Spingarn" and "Underling." Another side of Spingarn's skill shows in the more solemn poems, where satire is not at work, where a certain crazy play is absent, e.g. "The Idiot in the Bus: Aegina" ("He beat his wings on the walls of our sight"); "The Huntsman" ("While women you kissed [once] starve in their beds/And sons in darkness cry your absent name."); and "Walrich." Spingarn displays great versatility; proves to be quite a toss-salad poetic talent, blending together disperate styles of verse, disparate attitudes, dramatic and satirical flair, and an unmistakable compassion.

Argument for Love, by James Humphrey takes twenty minutes to read carefully. It should be read carefully because there is something to the volume or there isn't; and one should attempt to know which. I think there is, but can only capture the volume's meaning in terms stolen from the other side of the grave, from Vergil's *Aeneid,* Book Six, where the life of the soul in the other world takes on frightful clarity in the phrase: *"cava sub imagine formae volitant."* Humphrey's emotions and expressions mimic this wordly life, in an impoverished and life-hungry way.

Reviewed by Francis Sullivan

Music

The Cutlet Polka

In the October '71 issue of *High Fidelity* magazine there is an article by Thomas R. Bingham titled "Ten Neglected Rock Classics." As might be guessed by the title of the article, it is a lament for some great records almost totally forgotten or obscured. I picked up my copy of the magazine yesterday, and today Mr. Bingham's article is picking me up on a strong wave of nostalgia and triggering off this sob of mine for records not in the "going, going" but in the "long time gone" category. However, such woe-tales involve so many deaths that it would be a grave error to Cassandra about them all. Instead I'd like to lament something delightfully simple and complex: the passing of the recording of the *Cutlet Polka* paraphrases.

Once upon an afternoon in the year 1877 Alexander Borodin's very young and adopted daughter, Gania, wanted to play a piano duet with her father. A good idea he told her, but one problem: she couldn't play the piano or any other instrument. Responding that she could, she stepped to the instrument and picked out with the first fingers of each hand *The Cutlet Polka* tune quite popular with Russian tots at that time.

Instantly intrigued, Borodin devised a polka, a *Requiem* and a mazurka, all to be played by a pianist capable of using all ten fingers, while his two-finger collaborator kept repeating the *Cutlet* theme.

For reasons unreasonable which give art so much of its fun, *Cutlet* variations became the in-thing with Borodin's colleague. Intrigued, Rimsky-Korsakov composed a *Carillon* on the theme, a dozen dance movements, a fughetta employing the name of Bach in muscial notation, and many more *Cutlet* recipes, most of which never made print.

Composers Cui and Liadov put *Cutlet* on their menus, and soon the four composers served up a collection of 16 Paraphrases, all for piano duet, the upper part consisting of the theme, played without variation or rest solely with the index finger of either hand, the lower part written for an accomplished pianist.

The *Paraphrases,* published in 1879, caught Liszt's attention, and he declared them a textbook on the "science of harmony, of counterpoint, of composition." And then Liszt composed a little "paraphrase" on the tune which was to serve as prelude to Borodin's polka.

Meanwhile, in the same year that Borodin's daughter wanted to play duet with papa, *Cutlet* was published in Glasgow, Scotland, in 3/4 time, not as in the Russian 2/4 time, and under the expanded title "The Celebrated Chop Waltz." (A cutlet, by any other name would . . .). In 1879 a second edition appeared in Glasgow, this time called *The Celebrated Chop Sticks Waltz.* The rest is history and title abridgement: *Chopsticks.*

In the spring of 1951 Alfred Frankenstein, one of America's great musical critics, suggested to Werner Janssen, that the latter orchestrate the *Paraphrases.* This he did, and in the process discovered that a large part of the variations had already been orchestrated by Nicholas Tcherepnin, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov.

Intrigued by the whole affair, Columbia Records put on disc the eight movements of the Tcherepnin version and five more movements brilliantly transcribed by Janssen. For anyone lucky enought to find this charming musical gem, the Columbia issuance number is ML 4480, the performers Werner Janssen and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

Tcherpnin's orchestrations sometimes purposely sound like something out of a pretentious ballet suite and, of course, the fun of it all is in the huffing and puffing. In contrast, though, he colors the Rimsky-Korsakov *Berceuse* with a melancholy "raindrop" effect backed by exquisitely muted woodwinds and horns in order to achieve what is genuinely a haunting effect. Further, in several very slight musical ways, Tcherepnin hints at the thematic relationship between the *Chopsticks* theme and the *Dies Irae* construction, a preoccupation that was to obsess Rachmaninoff. The two other highlights of Tcherepnin's orchestrations are an out-of-focus music-box-like waltz based on a Liadov-Cui collaboration with its mysteriously limp-like flow and a Rimsky-Korsakov *Carillon Final* that sounds like a steal from the "Great Gate of Kiev" *Pictures at an Exhibition* material.

Janssen's work is equally virtuoistic, exhibiting a marvelously mock-solemn setting of the Borodin *Requiem,* a gigantic dance-stepping Borodin Mazurka and for a closing, a grand pomp-and-circumstancy Cortege by Liadov.

All in all, it was a great deal done with a very little which, of course, is where the whole *Cutlet* affair began. Sad that this record of the *Chopsticks* metamorphosis is lost to interested listeners forever.

Reviewed by Warren Logan

Notes on Contributors

JOHN F. ADAMS teaches English at Washington State University; his many articles have graced the pages of such journals as the *Texas Quarterly, JEPG, The Shakespeare Quarterly* and the *Bucknell Review.* He has also published booklength fiction and non-fiction.

GARY ATKINS, former editor of Loyola's student newspaper, *The Maroon,* is a graduate student in communications, at Stanford University; last June he assisted Dr. Granger in composing his memoirs.

CHANA FAERSTEIN BLOCH is completing her Ph.D. at the University of California at Berkeley; a set of her poems which appeared in the *NOR* (I,2) now receives the *NOR* award for the best poetry of Volume I. Her poems can also be found in such journals as *Poetry Northwest* and *Occident.*

ROBERT BONAZZI, editor of *Latitudes,* is the head of Latitudes Press and teaches English in a Brooklyn ghetto; his poetry, fiction and reviews have appeared previously in the *NOR,* and in places as stiff as the *New York Times* and as loose as *The Fly's Eye.*

MYRTLE CHAMBERLIN is the chairman of the humanities division, and an instructor of English at a junior college in Missouri; while working on a novel, she continues to publish poems in several journals, including the *Beloit Poetry Journal.*

JUDITH COOPER is an assistant professor of French at Loyola, and is now in the process of publishing a book on *Ubu;* parts of the manuscript are included in her article.

MICHAEL G. CULROSS is a lecturer in Creative Writing at the University of Wisconsin in Green Bay; not only is his poetry widely published, but he also gives poetry readings at American universities and high schools; a film has been made based on his book of poems, *The Bushleaguers,* and has won several awards.

ROSEMARY DANIELL pursued the craft of poetry mostly on her own, with some training in workshops and with individual poets. She directs a National Endowment-funded program which puts poetry into schools in Georgia. She reviews poetry in *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution,* has published poetry in *Atlantic Monthly, Tri-Quarterly* and *Poetry Northwest,* and does free-lance journalism.

JEPTHA EVANS teaches English in Brooklyn; poems of his were included in *Southern Writing in the Sixties,* and previously in the *NOR.*

TIMOTHY FINDLEY is a Canadian free-lance writer who has two novels to his credit and a third in the works with Putnam's. His first two novels have been optioned for films, and his fiction has appeared in *Esquire* and *Tamarack Review.*

CHARLES FISHMAN has published poems in the *New York Times, Descant* and the *Colorado Quarterly;* he claims to hold the world's record for hitch-hiking from Seattle to New York. The earth around his feet, he says, is littered with birds at Farmingdale, N. Y., where he teaches English.

HUGH FOX teaches in the Department of American Thought and Language at Michigan State University; he is experimenting in mixed genres, and is trying to publish a novel or two. This is the second of his pieces of experimental writing to appear in the *NOR.*

THOMAS A. GRANGE is an instructor of English at LSUNO; his poetry has been printed before in the pages of the *NOR;* and his drama reviews have added distinction to the New Orleans underground paper, *The Word.*

BARBARA GRAVELLE's poems have been included in the pages of *Twenty-Five Women Poets,* by the Red Hanrahan Press, and in *The Anthology of Underground Poetry,* published at Berkeley.

MYRIAM GRIFFITH, a student of Sociology at Loyola, worked last summer with Dr. Granger while he was a visiting professor at Loyola.

BARBARA TERRY GRIMES writes poetry and lectures on contemporary poetry in New Hampshire.

BRUCE HENRICKSEN is a member of the English faculty at Loyola, and a Donne specialist; both *the little review* and *Voices International* have published his short fiction.

ROBERT D. HOEFT is embarking on a quarter sabbatical for writing from Blue Mountain Community College where he teaches English. Though better known as a poet, his fiction has appeared in *Fine Arts Discovery* and *Readers and Writers.* He has written four novels.

MARY ENDA HUGHES, a member of the Sisters of Notre Dame, is teaching English in Baltimore; her poems show up in several small magazines.

RUTH MOON KEMPHER has published three books of poetry and more than 350 individual poems; she teaches creative writing at Flagler College in Florida where she is also a student.

ELIZABETH KLEIN teaches in the division of Rhetoric in the English Department at the University of Illinois.

CLARENCE J. KRAMER is the Dean of Faculty at Marlboro College in Vermont. Before his present appointment, he worked for Comsat.

WILLIAM KUHNS is an assistant professor in the Department of Communications at Loyola. He has published more than ten books on subjects ranging from *Environmental Man* to *The Electronic Gospel*.

GREG KUZMA is a widely published poet, the editor of *Pebble*, and a contributing editor of *Prairie Schooner*. Apple Press just put out his complete collection of *Harry's Things*; several other poems from this series have also appeared in the pages of the *NOR*.

CURT LEVIANT has published short fiction in various literary magazines, including the *NOR*, the *Quarterly Review of Literature*, and the *North American Review*. One of his stories was included in *Best American Short Stories, 1966*.

BRYAN LINDSAY is the chairman of the general studies humanities program at Eastern Kentucky University. His poems can also be read in *Southern Poetry Review, and* poems can also be read in *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Voices International*.

WARREN LOGAN, box office manager for the New Orleans Repertory Theatre, has an abiding interest in classical music, and is the artistic and production consultant for the Opera Company of New York.

DOMINIC D. TED MACCORMAC, an undergraduate at Loyola, is a native of Ireland; his poetry has appeared in *National Anthology of American Poetry*, and previously in the *NOR*.

ROBERT A. MARTIN teaches English at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College; he contributes poems to many small magazines.

JO A. MCMANIS, an assistant professor of English at Loyola, has had an article published in the *Southern Review*, and has contributed reviews to previous *NOR's*.

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SANDRA MEIER is an Information Analyst at the Franklin Institute Research Laboratories; some other poems of hers will appear in the *Green River Review*.

BILL MEISSNER is a poet working towards his MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Massachusetts; his poetry has been included in *The Smith, Beloit Poetry Journal* and the *West Coast Review*.

JOHN MOSIER, the Executive Secretary for Academic Affairs at Loyola, and an assistant professor in the English Department, is in the process of publishing a book, *An Introduction to the Study of Science Fiction;* he has also written a number of reviews and an article for the *NOR*.

D. M. PETTINELLA is a multilingual translator whose work has appeared in many magazines here and abroad, including *Fiera Letteraria*, the *Southern Review*, and the *NOR*.

KENNETH M. PRUITT is a professor at the Molecular Biological Institute of the University of Alabama; his publications extend into the fields of chemical evolution, molecular biology, and the human interest aspects and problems of the scientist in today's world. His play, "Divine Dialogue" has had several successful public performances.

CLEMENTE REBORA, 1885-1957, was born in Milan; he joined the Italian army during World War I and was wounded in action. Suffering from nervous disorders for years, he returned and dedicated himself solely to his work, and finally, deeply agitated by spiritual problems, he entered a monastery and was ordained a priest. He is considered one of the finest Italian poets of his time.

ROCHELLE ROSS, a native of the Soviet Union, is an assistant professor of Russian at Loyola University; she has published several articles, in both Russian and English, in such prestigious journals as *MMLAP* (Canada) and *SCMLA*.

FRANCIS SULLIVAN is a Jesuit priest teaching Religion at Loyola. His rugged and compact poems have been published in *Poetry Northwest, Hiram Poetry Journal* and *The Yale Review*. He is now the poetry editor of the *NOR*.

JAMES SWINNEN is a graduate student of English at LSUNO; his poetry and reviews have previously been seen in the *NOR*.

ROBERT TAYLOR, JR. is a NDEA Fellow in American Literature at Ohio University; his fiction can be found in *Descant* and the *West Coast Review*. He has recently finished a novel, *Under the Double Eagle*.

SUSAN WAGGONER is a senior at the University of Iowa; her poems have been anthologized in a book put out by *Avant Garde Poetry Journal;* her first collection, *Poems from the Sunday Tribune*, has been published by Windfall Press.

NANCY G. WESTERFIELD since 1966 has published her poetry in various journals, in the *New York Times Book of Verse*, and in the Borestone Mt. Awards book, *Best Poems of 1970*.

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