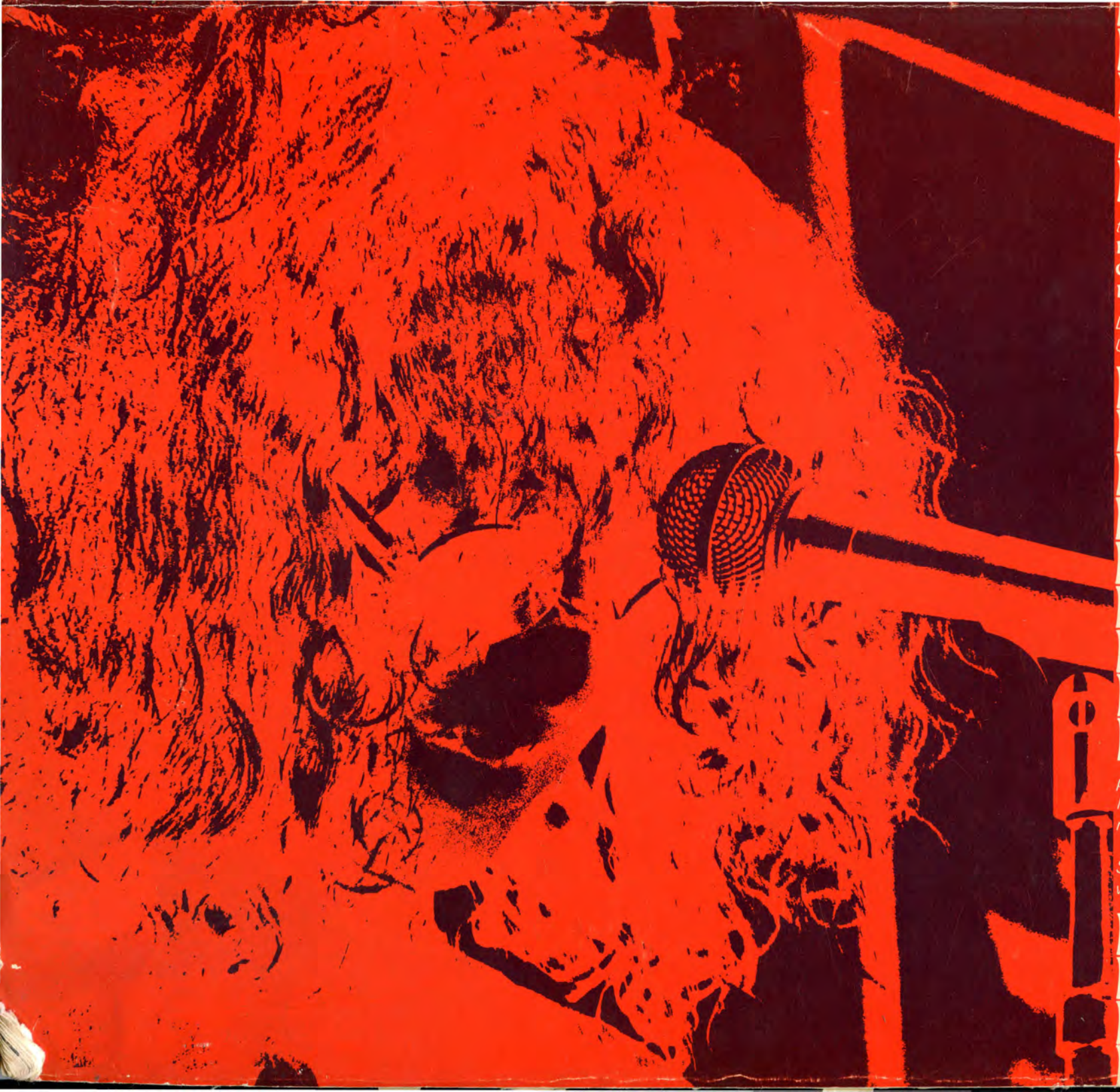

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The Dialectic of Art and Philosophy

by Thomas R. Preston

Laurence Sterne's hilarious eighteenth-century novel *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Esq.* offers a useful context for coming to grips with the confusing relationship between art and philosophy. Tristram tells us that Walter Shandy, his father, "was systematical, and, like all systematic reasoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature to support his hypothesis." Tristam, on the other hand, finds the very notion of system an abomination: "Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a multeer drives on his mule,—straight forewards;—for instance, from *Rome* all the way to *Loretto*, without ever once turning his head aside either to the right hand or to the left,—he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible: For, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can by no means avoid." These two quotations alone, I think, indicate clearly that Walter Shandy is a philosopher and Tristram an artist.

Tristram's dissociation of himself from his father and the terms defining that dissociation pointedly suggest that philosophy and art form radically dissimilar approaches to reality. The dissimilarity between philosophy and art is often overlooked, for in Western culture philosophers and artists seem to be closely allied. In our own era, for example, we have Camus and Sartre writing both philosophy and literature. And yet for all their literary stature, both men are significant primarily as philosophers rather than as artists. In the final analysis, Camus and Sartre prostitute literary modes to convey philosophical systems. *No Exit* is not a play but a philosophical disquisition on man's supposed inability to reach beyond a finite world that for Sartre makes little sense from either a rational or a moral perspective. I do not mean that philosophers cannot use imagery, myth, and other artistic devices. Plato undoubtedly made brilliant use of traditional Greek myths, and with the allegory of the cave he gave Western culture its most celebrated metaphor for the human condition. The point is that in philosophy artistic devices serve as illustrations and analogies for logical argument. There they are discrete entities, whereas in art they are organic and dependent facets of a larger metaphoric structure. When philosophers like Camus and Sartre play the artist, they seek to impose a discursive mode of thought on the non-discursive. As a result art loses its integrity, and I suspect that philosophy grows muddled. "No Exit" is a fine metaphor expressing the idea that man is limited to a finite existence, but in the play it serves merely as an analogy sustaining the dreary logical discourse carried on by the actors. *No Exit* is a philosophical pill trying to hide behind the sugar of art.

The dissociation between philosophy and art has been further obscured because artists have continually and liberally stolen ideas, concepts, and even images from philosophers. Plato claimed that the eye was the queen of the senses, and I venture to say a good doctoral dissertation could be written—and undoubtedly has been—on sight imagery and the opposition between physical sight and spiritual insight in Western art. From the literary realm alone *Oedipus Rex*, *King Lear*, and *Samson Agonistes* come effortlessly to mind. These thefts from the philosophers (and I am not denying that the philosophers have reciprocated in kind) have been so effectively used in Western art that art critics and historians almost unconsciously label certain artists and groups of artists after philosophic traditions—in literature the Platonic School of Spenser, for example. Most artists undoubtedly create out of specific philosophic traditions, and the greatest art often employs specific philosophic systems, at least for organizing purposes, as Dante's *Divine Comedy* suggests. But art is not created ultimately to reveal philosophic systems or the conception of reality expressed by a philosophic system. Art rather destroys system itself to reveal, in Ernst Cassirer's terms, the "inexhaustibility of the aspects of things."

As the foregoing references to system suggest, philosophy is primarily concerned with simplification, with abstracting the forms of reality into generalized categories. Philosophy seeks to synthesize, to assimilate the forms of reality and the human ex-

perience of them. Art, in contrast, is primarily concerned with complexification, with increasing the forms of reality and disposing them into ever new configurations. Art seeks to multiply the forms of reality and their human experiencing. In different terms, where philosophy tries to limit reality and the human experience of reality conceptually, art tries to expand reality and its human experiencing imaginatively. An individual work of art may or may not then presuppose that reality is conceptually limitable. All art, like science, however, does presuppose that reality is cognitively orderable, that, as in myth, in Cassirer's terms, "a fundamental and indelible *solidarity of life* [exists] that bridges over the multiplicity and variety of its single forms." This revelation and ordering of forms in art occurs essentially through the process of metaphoric identification.

According to the Aristotelian tradition, art is an imitation of nature or of life. The mimetic doctrine has been variously interpreted to mean that art reveals *belle nature*, what is usually called artistic idealism; that it reveals the artist's mind, usually called artistic expressionism; that it reveals objective phenomena, usually called artistic realism; that it reveals sordid objective phenomena, usually called artistic naturalism. The mimetic doctrine makes most sense, I think, and is most valuable for distinguishing art from philosophy when it is interpreted to mean that art reveals new forms of nature or of life, whether or not these forms are assumed to inhere in reality or to be imposed upon reality by the artist himself. As Cassirer notes, art deals primarily with the intelligible rather than the phenomenal world, and through its revelation of forms interprets or confers meaning on the phenomenal world. Put in another way, art paradoxically rearranges the phenomenal world to make accessible forms of reality which are not immediately perceptible in the isolated phenomena themselves. This rearrangement of phenomena is the metaphoric process of transferring, in varying degrees of complexity, the ascribed qualities of one phenomenon to another phenomenon whose ascribed qualities may be complementary, supplementary, or even contradictory. The concept of the "concrete universal" in art means ultimately that art arranges specific phenomena (the concrete) to show forth an intelligible order of pure forms (the universal).

This intelligible order of pure forms emerges from the interaction and fusion of the qualities ascribed to phenomena. Thus art engages in what Cassirer calls a "continuous process of concretion," but the process is paradoxically carried out to reveal intelligible, universal forms that, in turn, confer new meaning on the concrete. Great art is always distinguished by the subtlety and complexity of its "concrete" image patterns, of its metaphoric structure, for it is only through metaphoric structure that forms of reality are revealed. This last statement undoubtedly sounds extreme, for we know that the scientist also reveals forms of reality, and it does not seem that he proceeds by metaphoric identification. I suggest here that the scientist, in fact, does so proceed, and that his various "models" are nothing more than metaphoric structures whereby the ascribed qualities of one set of phenomena are transferred to another set. The difference between science—hard or soft—and art lies in the fact that the forms revealed by science relate to the way man intellectually distributes reality in time and space, whereas the forms revealed by art relate to the way man intuitively responds to reality through time and space. Both art and science reveal and order, through metaphor, the world of intelligible forms. In Cassirer's terms, "Science gives us order in thoughts; . . . art gives us order in the apprehension of visible, tangible, and audible appearances."

The new intelligible forms of reality revealed by science and art can be later incarnated in the phenomenal world, so that we can truly say that life or nature often imitates or reveals art. The eighteenth century, in fact, understood such imitation to be a moral imperative. Henry Fielding, for example, ends the first chapter of his last novel *Amelia* by noting that "life may as properly be called an art as any other; and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accidents than the several members of a fine statue or a noble poem. . . . as [novels] . . . may properly be called models of Human Life, so, by observing minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall be instructed in the most useful of all arts, which I call the Art of Life." Alexander Pope makes the moral imperative to imitate art abundantly clear in his "Epistle to Mrs. Blount": "Let the strict life of graver mortals be/A long, exact and serious Comedy;/In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach./And, if it can, at once both please and preach." Fielding and Pope both hope, of course, that only worthy forms of reality will be incarnated. But art also reveals horrible and malignant forms, and we can never forget that these too may find their way into the phenomenal world.

Through the metaphoric process of identification then art continually attempts to reveal and order more and more forms of reality, many of which become incarnated in phenomena. Implicitly, art also creates more and more possible ways that man can relate to the phenomenal world—changing and transforming his experience of it. At the same time, however, this multiplication of forms cannot go on unassimilated, for it is doubtful if man can intellectually and emotionally sustain the barrage. Ironically, after dissociating art from philosophy, it becomes necessary to relate them again, only now from a different perspective. Philosophy, by providing categorical concepts to abstract the new forms of reality that art reveals, offers man a necessary psychological safety valve. Thus, while embodying radically different approaches to reality, art and philosophy yet enjoy a definite dialectical relationship. As it continually subsumes newly revealed forms of reality into safely generalized categories, showing how the various forms are related, interpreting them rationally, and pointing out their value for society, philosophy allows man the time

to assimilate and accommodate them conceptually. When it is the descriptive synthesis of the forms of reality revealed by both art and science, and not the procrustean system of Walter Shandy, philosophy fosters a societal stability that retains past modes of existence while remaining open to change and reform.

In effect, philosophy plays Apollo to the Dionysius of art: by limiting reality, it also limits and contains the potentially explosive forces that may accompany the onslaught of new forms of reality, particularly as these new forms become incarnated in phenomena. Thus did Locke, Hume, and Berkeley provide a philosophic framework to contain Newton, Boyle, Swift, and Pope in eighteenth-century England. By contrast, France, in the same period, failed to produce the philosophic categories that could assimilate the new forms of reality revealed by those utopian sociologists ironically named *philosophes*—Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu. The consequence was, of course, a societal revolution so violent that French life regained a semblance of societal stability only under the repressive hand of the man on a white horse. When philosophy fails to synthesize, interpret, and accommodate new forms of reality for man, he tends to become terrified of them and, trying to hold them at bay, to rigidify his social structures. The result is usually a societal revolution followed by another state of repression, as France and Russia suggest. The American Revolution does not fit these conditions because from the outset it was a political rather than a societal revolution.

At the present moment, however, in the United States, indeed in almost the whole Western world, as in eighteenth-century France, the dialectical relationship between the Apollo of philosophy and the Dionysius of art seems to have broken down, for the new forms of reality revealed in both art and science and incarnated in such phenomena as the black revolution, the new left, and campus protest appear to have overwhelmed modern man; in fact, they appear to be threatening the destruction of Western culture itself. From the Dionysian perspective of art, Blake is certainly right when he says that "The Road of Excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom." But it should be recalled that the Palace of Wisdom may collapse if the energy released on the Road of Excess meets no philosophic detours of containment. Campus protest, for example, may be at times necessary to awaken many of the sleeping owls in the academy. But is the object to reform or to destroy the academy? As in the sixteenth-century reform of the Church, the whole fabric can easily crumble, a consummation that an increasing number of new left protesters seems to think is devoutly to be wished. I am not suggesting that the academy call in the police, but I am suggesting that the academy's present dilemma arises precisely because it lacks a modern philosophic synthesis on which a proper response can be based, a response that includes both reform of the academy and integration of the protesters into academic life. Failing to respond properly, the academy suffers more violent protest until it must confront the kind of terrorist attitude allegedly expressed by an SDS defense committee member in Math Hall at Columbia: "You fucking liberals don't understand what the scene's about. It's about power and disruption. The more blood the better."

The sexual mores of liberals are not of much interest to anyone, but a growing thirst for blood is. It suggests very much that the twentieth century is about to be treated to the "Wars of the Academy," just as the sixteenth century was treated to the "Wars of Religion." The latter wars left Christianity in a shambles from which it has not yet recovered, despite all the recent ecumenical gestures. The academy, if it does not come alive, may rapidly go the way of Christianity. Talk of reform, of course, permeates the academy now, but this talk must very soon lead to reforming action. It is easy to caricature academics; yet Pope's famous image often comes too close for comfort: "Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,/We never suffer it to stand too wide . . . ./We ply the memory, we load the brain,/Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain;/Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;/And keep them in the pale of words till death. . . ./Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,/We hang one jingling padlock on the mind." The real question is whether the image, without the benefit of a meaningful philosophic synthesis, can be changed before man becomes terrified and the social structures rigidified.

Just as Blake's praise of excess is right, so is Hamlet's cry, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But Hamlet also learns a lesson from Horatio's philosophy, a lesson that enables him to understand his failure to act immediately after speaking with the ghost: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,/Roughhew them how we will." Philosophy then is as necessary for man as art and science, and yet it has currently abandoned him for logical analysis and symbolic logic. Except for Marshall McLuhan, whose work is limited to the electronic media, no Aristotle, Plato, Aquinas, Kant, or Hegel has screwed up the courage to reach out and grasp conceptually all the new forms of reality that have appeared in the twentieth century. Unfortunately, those new forms of reality revealed in the "stately pleasure-dome" of Dionysius, if not assimilated through dialectic into the categories of Apollo, may themselves be facing the prophecy Coleridge suggests in "Kubla Khan":

> Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
> Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
> Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
> And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
> And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
> Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The ancestral voices prophesying war recur throughout the history of Western culture and are being heard even now. Protest, as in the campus situation, may also be at times necessary to awaken the sleeping guardians of the culture. But again is

the object to reform or to destroy? Unhappily, like the academy, the culture seems paralyzed, and protest gives way to the ancestral voices echoing in a new left graduate student who, interpreting Che Guevara's possible reaction to the pacifism of Paul Goodman, puts these words into the late Che's mouth: "Amigo, I want there to be more Vietnams, as many Vietnams as possible. Wars without number, murders, executions, surprise raids, night attacks, bombings and burnings and beatings . . . ." The possibility, of course, exists that we do not really want to reform and to preserve Western culture. As Pope suspected in the eighteenth century, modern man may be haunted by a death wish; he may actually desire falling back onto the throne "Of Night primeval and of Chaos old." Or, perhaps, the horrible, malignant forms he feared and revealed in the *Dunciad*, no longer restrained by a dynamic philosophic synthesis, are merely becoming incarnate in our present phenomenal world, as they only recently did in Nazi Germany. It is not yet, one hopes, time to despair that "the all-composing hour/Resistless falls." Yet in the left wing terrorists and the right wing cries for law and order the Goddess Dullness begins her advance. If it continues, we may experience the worst: "Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;/ Light dies before thy uncreating word;/Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,/And universal darkness buries all."

THE NEW WORLD

My uncle of us all, inveterate
salesman, the rich man's handsome son,
his sterile heir apparent

and codicil to 1929,
that United States middle-aged
dreamer with his *Playboy* fold-out

blonde grown pudgy as her mother,
wears dentures, tints his hair, is paunchy,
bankrupt, full of plans, and you

cannot divorce him, you did not
elect him, if you discard him,
you cannot lose him or trade him

or sell him for he is rehabilitated,
is A-OK, is spic and span
and wheeling, and you will finance him,

you will take him for a spin, stating
yesterday he was young, and today
he is tested, and tomorrow

full of chain-smoke, portfolio
in hand, he will stride like his ancestors
into death without cash.

—*Lloyd Goldman*

The Man at the Wall

by John Morressy

I used to read back over the inscription whenever I had some spare time like this, but that was long ago, when I was near a part that I understood. If I want to see that part now, I have to go past the pictures. So I stay right here, at the place where the inscription ends.

The wall runs from horizon to horizon as straight and even as a ruled line drawn across the sky. Off to the right, the surface is smooth. There are no words, no letters, not a single mark from where I stopped yesterday to the far end. To the left, as far as the eye can follow and beyond, the inscription is chiseled into the wall, but it stops right here. I can't do any more because they haven't come with my supplies and my instructions.

This is what I don't like, the waiting out here with no work to do. I want to keep busy, and when they're late there's nothing for me to do but sit here idle and wait for them to come.

There's not much to look at. Behind me are the dunes, low dunes tufted with little knots of dry grass, and beyond them, far off in the distance, I can see what look like mountains, although they may be nothing more than higher dunes. Someday I'm going to go out there and look around and see if there's anybody out there or anything worth looking at besides the dunes and the grass and the mountains, or the higher dunes, if that's all they are. But I can't spare the time now. I have a little extra time like this once in a while, when I'm waiting for my food and my instructions, but it's not enough to allow me to wander off out of sight of the wall. It's not good to get too far from the wall.

I don't know what's on the other side. It's not my side and I don't want to know about it. But I don't think they have any inscription over there. I never hear the sound of mallet and chisel, and I would if someone were working on an inscription. Sounds carry in the silence out here, and that's one sound I couldn't miss. The only familiar sound from the other side of the wall comes when they arrive with my food and my instructions—sometimes a new chisel—and I don't always hear that. There are other noises, but I try not to pay attention to them.

They ought to be here soon. I can't tell they're coming until they're actually here, because they never come out on my side of the wall. They always use the other side, whether intentionally or not I don't know, but whatever their reason is, it keeps me from anticipating their arrival. I can't see them and I don't know they've come until my things are lowered in a basket. That may be their reason for coming out on the opposite side of the wall: they may assume that once I know they're coming I'll slow down or perhaps stop working altogether. That's something they don't have to worry about, not with me. I want to get the job done, and done properly.

The other side of the wall must be different in at least one respect. It must have a road, or a track, or a path of some sort, otherwise they'd have a difficult time making the trip out here every day. I wonder why I'm on this side, while the road is on that side, though. I wonder did they station me on this side of the wall because the road is on the other side, or did they build the road on the other side because the inscription is on this side. It might all be pure chance. Perhaps there's a man on the other side right now wondering why he was stationed on that side and not on this. Or maybe he's finished his job and gone now, and that's why I never hear him working. I'd like to talk to him sometime. It would be good to know if there are other stonecutters working on the wall, and what sort of instructions they get, and what they do when they finish. He might know about the sound I heard, too, that sound like a scream, only cut short.

I shouldn't be thinking like this, though. If they wanted me thinking about what's on the other side they'd have put me there, and they didn't, they put me on this side to cut the inscription, and that's what I do.

The inscription is my responsibility. I cut it just at eye level, in regulation letters six inches high and an inch deep. I'm careful, but I can work quickly without sacrificing quality, and there aren't many who can do that. It's probably the main reason why I was chosen for this job. I'm only guessing at that, I really don't know why I was chosen, and it's been so long that it's getting hard to remember what they said to me, but I know I've always had a reputation as a fine stonecutter. From here, I can sight down

the row of letters and numbers I've inscribed, and the line of tops and bottoms is as straight as a ruler. It's a perfect piece of work, and I'm proud of it. I'm really glad to be working on this wall, even though it means being out here alone with nobody to talk to. This is a good wall, the kind you don't see being built these days. Today everything is wire fences, or wooden paling, or flimsy things like that. Not this wall, though. This wall is built to last a thousand years.

The surface is absolutely smooth, except for the inscription and the pictures. I have a little box that I stand on in order to be able to work near the top, but even when I stand the box on end and stretch as far as I can, I can't reach the top of the wall. Once I grew so curious I tried to jump from the box and get a grip to pull myself up and look over, but it didn't work. I fell and bruised my leg badly.

They knew about it. I don't know how they found out, but they knew. My rations were cut to two slices of bread and a cup of water a day for the next ten days. I don't try anything like that any more, especially now that I know it's useless. With just this box to stand on, a man couldn't hope to reach the top of the wall. And even if he did, he'd never be able to get a grip and climb over, because the top of the wall isn't flat, it slopes upward and rounds off so a man can't get a fingergrip to pull himself up. Nobody's going to get past this wall.

The only bad thing is the pictures. I don't mind working hard and being out here alone under the hot sun and through the cold nights, but having to work on the pictures is hard. Some of them nearly got me sick when I was cutting them. What makes it a little better is that pictures only come up once in a while, so I have a good break between them, a few weeks sometimes, long enough to forget the details. I don't have any trouble with the inscription, and I'm especially glad of that because the inscription is something I have to work on every day. I don't understand the meaning of some of the words I put down, but that doesn't make any difference, I'm not required to understand them, just cut them into the stone, and the words are no problem to cut even when I don't understand them. They never give me any trouble. It's the pictures that give me the bad dreams. To do the inscription, I just follow the instructions and cut whatever they say. Lately the letters have been changing here and there, and sometimes the spelling looks strange. But then, there may be new official spellings for the words I'm being given. That's possible. And they don't keep to one language in the inscription, either. That's another thing. The part I've just been working on reads *ta hranxlux qlda, ta obrtlo di fuom qldoan.* I don't understand it. I don't even know what language it's in, and I'm not curious to learn. I was given that wording in my instructions, enclosed with my rations, written on a plain yellow card and sealed in an envelope, so I know it's right and it belongs on the wall. I don't have to know the meaning.

Sometimes the inscription calls for numbers, and they're harder because of the curving lines, especially in the threes and the eights; I don't like to do threes and eights, but then, when they give me numbers to cut I don't get as much to do each day, so it all comes out even. The symbols are the hardest part. The ones like the triangle or the dagger are no trouble at all, but there are others that can take a lot of time to get just right. Some of the symbols I can't even describe. There was one that made me dizzy when I looked at it, and I had to stop a few times, four or five times it must have been, and come right down off the box and stretch out on the ground and take a drink of water before I was able to finish it. I don't know how I ever did that one, I never thought I'd be able to, but I have my quota to fill and they don't accept excuses. That was a hard one, though.

However much trouble the symbols may be sometimes, I'd rather do them for the rest of my life than do more pictures like the ones I had to do that time a few months ago. I don't go near that section of the wall any more. I want to be able to sleep. I'm a man who's never in his life had trouble sleeping. I work hard all day in the open air in all kinds of weather, and when I crawl into my sleeping bag I'm sound asleep in a minute and I don't stir until morning. But after I worked on those pictures I didn't sleep right for weeks. One night I woke up screaming. I was drenched in cold sweat and I could hear my heart beating. I think what affected me most was the picture with the children and the spikes. I don't want to think about it any more.

The sun is at the point where I can see it if I step back about five paces, just the upper edge of it bright against the top of the wall. This is late for them to be coming out. It can't be that today's a holiday; they always announce holidays in advance and give me special rations and an extra day's supplies, and sometimes a bottle of whisky. We haven't had a holiday for a long time, though, not since the day when I heard all that noise off in the distance on the other side of the wall, first the clanking and the loud rumbling, and then the noise that sounded like a lot of people moving. It was then that I thought I heard the scream, but the sound was cut short, so I can't be sure. It could have been an animal, or a machine creaking. It doesn't make any difference, anyway, because it stopped right away. Just after that came the holiday, a two-day holiday, and they sent me a bottle, no, two bottles of whisky and said I could go ahead and get good and drunk, and I did, but I was ready for work on the third morning. They gave me a funny order that morning, I remember, it said "You are to repeat the word TRIUMPHANT until otherwise ordered," and I cut that word in a hundred and thirty-one consecutive times until they sent orders to stop and begin a new inscription immediately, a list of names it was, and I stopped in the middle of a word, right at TRIUM, and went on to the list of names that they kept sending me for months. Then the pictures came and the bad part started. I don't want to think about the pictures.

It's not very pleasant being out here alone with nothing to do. I could go back into my tent and sleep while I'm waiting, but I don't like to sleep during working hours, it's not natural. A man ought to work by day and sleep by night.

There's not a sound from the other side. It's not like them to be so late. They're usually punctual. Something must be wrong.

They'll come, sooner or later. They always do. That time I was writing TRIUMPHANT over and over I didn't hear from them for weeks, but they kept right on sending my rations. Even if there's a problem over the inscription, they have to come out with the rations. I can hold out for a few days, I've learned to set aside a little food in case they cut me back to bread and water for some reason. I have scraps of food and a few unopened tins and some water, enough to last for two days, maybe four if I go easy on my meals. So there's really nothing for me to worry about. I can hold out if they don't make it for a few days. But that's all speculation. They'll come out today, a little later than usual, maybe, but they'll be here. There's no reason for them not to come. The inscription has to keep on, and I'm the only one to do it, and I can't do it if they don't tell me what I'm to do and give me food and drink to keep up my strength. I can't do it. It's not a matter of whether I want to do the job or not. They know that.

Maybe if I rest for a while I'll feel better. I'd hate to be asleep when they come, after waiting all this time, though. They'll probably expect me to get right to work, and if they don't hear my tools immediately they might cut down on my food again. I don't want that. Still, I'm hungry and I'm feeling tired now, thinking about sleep so much. I don't want to go into my supplies yet. I'll just squat at the base of the wall, that's a good idea, instead of going all the way back to my tent where I wouldn't have a chance of hearing them when they come. This way I'll wake up as soon as I hear the basket land, and I can get right to work. I'll just settle myself right here at the base of the wall.

The sun is just barely showing over those distant mountains or high dunes or whatever they are, I never found out, it will be going down in a few minutes, and no one has come.

They'll be here tomorrow morning, though, right on time, I'm sure of that. I'm not going to lose confidence in them over something like this. They'll come.

They have to come, there's no two ways about it. They have to. I haven't got enough supplies to last for a trip all the way back to the gate. I'm weeks away from the gate, maybe months, maybe even years, I can't tell any more because I lose track of time out here where every day is just like every other. There may be another gate nearer in the opposite direction, but then again there may not and I don't see any reason to take a chance.

I could try cutting steps in the wall and climbing over, so I could wait by the road or the path or the highway they must have on the other side. I couldn't do any worse over there. There's no one else on this side and no road, so I really couldn't lose and I might be picked up by someone and be back at the gate by tomorrow night.

But I don't have any orders to cut steps into the wall. I could get into serious trouble for something like that.

They might be testing me, to see if I can act without orders. They could be waiting back at the gate right now, timing me to see how long it takes me to get there on my own.

But maybe they're testing my loyalty, and if I leave my post, I lose everything. I'm a stone cutter, and if they take me away from the inscription there won't be anything for me to do and if there's no work for me they won't have any reason to feed me.

I think it was a scream I heard that time. It could have been something else, but I think it was a scream.

Would I be loyal to stay here, though, when there's no work for me to do, and there may be serious trouble back at the gate? They might need me there more than they need me here, that's possible. I'm a stonecutter, but I can fight as well as the next man when the time comes, and one good man, if he's on the spot at the right time, can make all the difference.

If I walk back I'll have to pass by the pictures.

They have to come. I'm the only one who can do the inscription the way it has to be done, and the symbols, and even the pictures, it doesn't matter that they frighten me, I still do them perfectly.

They can't get along without me. They'll never get anyone else to do those pictures, never, nobody else would be willing to stay at the job and keep working the way I did even though I felt that I was going to faint or vomit or just throw away my tools and run off beyond the dunes to where I'd never have to see the wall again. But I stayed at the job and finished it, and it was perfect. Every line was absolutely perfect. I did my job.

I'll wait right here, where the inscription ends. They'll come. They have to. They need me.

Edgar Allan Poe and the Conquest of Death

by William Goldhurst

Critics have often observed that Edgar Allan Poe was obsessed with death. His works abound with charnel houses, coffins and graveyards, violence and torture, murderers and their victims, innocent young heroines who sicken and die. To some extent all this is related to Poe's own experience; in his relatively short life—he was dead at forty—Poe had more than his share of personal misfortune. He never knew his father. David Poe, an unstable man who drank too much, disappeared into utter obscurity some time before Edgar's first birthday. Elizabeth Arnold Poe, the author's mother, died when he was three. In his teens Poe developed a close emotional attachment to the mother of one of his school chums; a year later the lady became mentally deranged and died. Poe's foster mother, Frances Allan, whom he dearly loved, died when he was twenty. Edgar's brother, William Henry Poe, was a young man with a taste for adventure and a considerable gift for writing poetry. He died at the age of twenty-four of tuberculosis aggravated by alcoholism. Edgar was then twenty-two. Virginia Clemm Poe, Edgar's wife, died at the age of twenty-five. For years Poe had nursed her through sieges of tuberculosis, periods which by his own account drove him into agonies of despair.

No doubt these events took their toll on Poe's emotions and found their way in altered form into his poems and stories. Of all authors of the modern period—with the possible exception of Thomas Mann—Poe seems the most relentlessly pursued by death, both in his private life and in his artistic preoccupations. At the same time Poe's insistence upon this theme reflects the general atmosphere of his period and the collective experience of his contemporaries, as well as the relative medical helplessness of his time and place. The early death of loved ones was a familiar and recurrent experience for most people living in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Yet for present purposes the important point, the point that deserves emphasis, is not that Poe merely reflected or yielded to the inevitability and awfulness of those conditions, but that in his imagination he struggled against them, defied them, and triumphed over them. A close reading of his works reveals an essential pattern of meaning which virtually all Poe critics have overlooked, in which Poe resists the finality of death and tries to overcome or conquer death in his fiction. This pattern may be simply and conveniently designated the Will against Death.

The most fascinating and subtle expression of this theme is found in "The Gold Bug," which we shall examine in some detail presently. But the same basic idea appears in an interesting variety of shapes and guises in many of Poe's other works, which we would do well to explore briefly before proceeding to our later analysis. A promising starting point for this general inquiry is D. H. Lawrence's observation that the headnote to "Ligeia" is the "clue" to Edgar Allan Poe.* Lawrence singled out one sentence as particularly significant: "Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will." Although Lawrence does not explain or elaborate, he has instinctively and with astonishing accuracy hit upon the main premise which underlies the pervasive Will-against-Death theme.

Both premise and theme are illustrated clearly and powerfully, if not quite explicitly, in "Ligeia," a tale incidentally which Poe considered his best ("The Gold Bug" he ranked second). "Ligeia" is a story about the death and resurrection of a beautiful young woman. The narrator, who early in the story marries Ligeia, tells us that he read some unfathomable message in her eyes, and also that she was a woman of "gigantic volition." Mid-way through the story Ligeia sickens and dies, but on her deathbed she converses in "wild words" with the hero, speaking a "melody more than mortal . . . harboring assumptions and aspirations which mortality had never before known." As she lies dying, Ligeia shows her husband a poem she has written. Its title is "The Conqueror Worm," and its implication is that death triumphs over man. Ligeia is desperate at this thought. "O God!" she screams. "Shall these things be undeviatingly so?—shall this Conqueror be not once conquered? . . . Who—who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its vigor?

*Lawrence makes this point in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (London, 1933), p. 69.

Man doth not yield him to the angels, *nor unto death utterly,* save only through the weakness of his feeble will." (Italics are Poe's.)

Soon after Ligeia's death the narrator moves away and in the course of time remarries. His second wife, Rowena, dies mysteriously and is laid out on an ebony couch in a dimly illuminated chamber. That night the narrator sits in the deathroom dreaming—not of Rowena, but of Ligeia! Several times during his vigil he fancies that Rowena's body is stirring. Hours pass and finally Rowena rises and totters with feeble steps to the center of the chamber. She lets fall the cloak which conceals her head and face; and the narrator sees that it is Ligeia.

In order to grasp the meaning of "Ligeia," which is in no sense obscure, we need only recognize the story's pattern of the return of the loved one after death. The "wild words" and the "melody more than mortal" which Ligeia utters on her deathbed can only refer to the lady's conviction that death is not final, that it can be conquered by an exercise of the will. The same idea underlies the compelling but undecipherable message which the hero read in Ligeia's eyes before her illness commenced. The disturbed stirrings of Rowena, near the end of the tale, indicate that Ligeia is attempting to assert the "gigantic volition" the author has stressed earlier. In other words, Ligeia is exercising her will against death, and she succeeds.

Several other Poe stories trace a similar pattern of the death and return of the beloved. In "Morella," the heroine utters the same "melody more than mortal" that Poe mentions in "Ligeia": but this time the message is explicit. "I am dying," says Morella, "yet shall I live." This promise she fulfills, returning in the person of her daughter, but only briefly and tragically, as we discover in Poe's macabre climax to "Morella." "Eleanora" is also based on the Will-against-Death theme. Again there is the death of a beautiful young woman, and again she makes a promise to the hero-narrator just before she dies. In this instance Eleanora says she will "return visibly in the watches of the night." Later, the hero finds a new sweetheart, but her manner and appearance signify that she is the reincarnation of Eleanora. (Poe edited out this significant detail in a later version of the story.)

In "The Fall of the House of Usher" the theme of the Will against Death is clearly suggested by Lady Madelaine's terrible struggles to escape from the family vault where she has been prematurely interred. This story also contains the image of the ghoul or grave robber, a figure who appears in other tales (see "Berenice"), and who is mentioned in "The Bells." The ghoul in "The Fall of the House of Usher" is the family physician; at least this is the suspicion that prompts Roderick to bury his sister in the Usher mansion, rather than in the family plot. It will be well for the reader to bear in mind the ghoul image for later reference.

Then there are Poe's tales of mesmerism and premature burial, which indirectly reveal the author's preoccupation with the idea of the Will-against-Death or some variation on the theme. "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," which was accepted as authentic by some of Poe's contemporaries, concerns a sick old man who is hypnotized at the point of death. The hypnotist and several colleagues observe the body of Valdemar for a period of seven months; occasionally Valdemar speaks to them from beyond the grave. When the doctor awakens the subject from his trance, the body decomposes before their eyes. "The Premature Burial," one of Poe's story-essays, lists several recorded cases in which supposed dead bodies were buried alive. Poe emphasizes the horror of this fate and says: "the idea of premature burial held continual possession of my brain." But the statement obviously has significance beyond its face value. Poe's obsession with being buried alive is only partially horror; in another and very important sense it is wish-fulfillment. A spirit visits the narrator in "The Premature Burial" and shows him the world of the undead; the hero perceives that a vast number of bodies have changed position after they have been buried or entombed. In other words myriads of mankind who were presumed dead were not really dead at all; in a grotesque way they survived beyond the moment of their apparent decease.

Other stories, such as "The Oval Portrait," show how a Poe character conquers death by having his life-substance incorporated into a work of art. And there are dialogue stories, of which "The Colloquy of Monos and Una" is typical, which consist of post-mortem conversations between characters who describe the process of their decline and decease, emphasizing the idea of sentience after death. Even "The Raven," perhaps Poe's best known work, acquires new interest and significance when seen in relation to the Will-against-Death theme. The hero-narrator of the poem keeps resisting the notion that his sweetheart, his lost Lenore, is irrevocably dead. The raven, symbolizing a small terrifying voice just within range of the hero's consciousness, makes him accept the possibility that her death is final. At this thought the hero suffers utter demoralization.

In all these works Poe seems to be trying to convince himself that the dead are not really dead, that there is some redress against the finality of the supposed end. Poe's intense concentration on this idea may be attributed to personal trauma, as suggested earlier. Or perhaps his reasons were more professional and aesthetic; the Will-against-Death theme might be seen as a reflection of Poe's involvement in the main patterns of the Gothic-Romantic tradition in which he worked.*

Whatever the forces behind the recurring theme, it finds its fullest and most perfect expression in "The Gold Bug," one of Poe's most widely read and least understood stories. The hero of the tale is William Legrand, a former New Orleans resident of a distinguished Huguenot family who has lost his wealth and position and has withdrawn to Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina. Here, cut off from society, he lives a primitive existence in a hut, with a Negro slave and a

*See R. P. Adams, "Romanticism and the American Renaissance," *American Literature,* XXIII (Jan., 1952), pp. 419-432.

Newfoundland dog for company. Legrand's sole connection with the mainland is his friendship with the intelligent and sympathetic person who is telling the story. The adventure begins when Legrand, in his wanderings about the island, comes upon a peculiar bug or beetle, golden in color and marked on its back with curious lines that resemble a human skull. In order to protect himself from the bug's bite, Jupiter, Legrand's servant, picks up a scrap of parchment that is lying nearby on the beach, wraps the bug in this covering and gives it to his master. The parchment turns out to be a coded message written by the famous pirate of the seventeenth century, Captain Kidd. Legrand deciphers the code, interprets the rather cryptic message that is revealed, and leads Jupiter and the narrator to Captain Kid's buried treasure.

Scholars who have worked on "The Gold Bug" have discovered that for the setting Poe used his own knowledge of Sullivan's Island, where he was stationed for a little over a year during his period of enlistment in the army. They have also found that Poe's gold bug is a reconstruction of two known species in the area—one the "click beetle" and the other a large insect of fiery gold coloring. One critic has further suggested that Poe was influenced, in his description of the gold bug, by an illustrated article about the Death's Head Moth, which Poe probably read shortly before he wrote "The Gold Bug."*

All this is very interesting, but it does not help us to understand Poe's meaning in the tale, which is conveyed through symbolism, puns, and *double entendre*. The first clue to the real, though submerged, content of the story is the position of the hero, William Legrand, on Sullivan's Island. It is on the *eastern* end of the island that Legrand has settled; and if we read another of Poe's tales written around the same period, "The Island of the Fay," we find that the East is the portion of the island that represents death. More generally, we see as "The Gold Bug" progresses that Poe's geographical symbolism establishes the mainland as life and the island as death. Legrand, without resources or status in society, has symbolically entombed himself. He is, to use a common expression without the usual connotation of sarcasm, dead to the world.

Next there is the bug itself. The narrator tells us that Legrand has "hunted down and secured . . . a *scarabaeus* which he believed to be totally new." Legrand, we are told, is in "one of his fits of enthusiasm" over this discovery. And well he might be. The golden color of the bug suggests money, which in Legrand's circumstances represents a hope of restored fortune and status—in effect, a return to life. But the beetle also resembles a death's head, which symbolizes, obviously, the hero's present condition of death. The word "scarabaeus," which Poe uses repeatedly in the early portions of the story, provides us with an additional clue to the author's meaning. A scarabaeus was regarded by the ancient Egyptians as a symbol of resurrection and immortality, and as such it was often placed in the tombs of dead noblemen. In his discovery of the golden beetle, then, Legrand has found a sign of the life that conquers death. If he but read its true meaning, Legrand, the dead nobleman, now possesses a means of escape from his tomb.

Let us now consider the names Poe assigns to the major characters in his story. The hero is William Legrand; the Negro servant calls him "Massa Will." With less than an elementary knowledge of French (which Poe knew well), we perceive that the name "Will Legrand" is a readily translated reference to The Great Will. Like Ligeia, the woman of "gigantic volition" who is convinced that man dies only through the weakness of his will, William Legrand is a personification of the Will against Death. For confirmation of the idea that part of Poe's meaning is conveyed through puns, we have only to consider the Negro slave Jupiter. Early in the story Jupiter visits Legrand's friend on the mainland to deliver a message from his master. But Jupiter also wants to express his concern over Legrand's peculiar conduct since he found the gold bug:

> "What does he complain of?" [asks the friend]
> "Dar! dat's it! [answers Jupiter]—him never plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."
> "Very sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"
> "No, dat he ain't—he ain't find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."*

A moment's reflection should be sufficient to show us that Poe is suggesting here, through *double entendre*, the fact that: 1) man is not confined or restricted to any state or condition, including death; and 2) God is distressed because man does not exercise his will against death (the mind of Jupiter is heavy thinking about Master Will—thinking, that is, about its disuse and lack of exercise).

For enlargement upon this particular passage in "The Gold Bug," let us return for a moment to the headnote from "Ligeia," where we find the sentence: "For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness." In other words the God in man is that part of him which struggles to claim his immortality; the God in man is the Will against Death. It might also be illuminating to recall at this point the "wild words" of Ligeia as she touches upon the Will-against-Death theme, and the narrator's disturbed reaction to her "melody more than mortal." Because of Legrand's playful hocus-pocus with the scarabaeus in "The Gold Bug," Jupiter and Legrand's friend are also disturbed. They think he is a madman.

After unearthing Captain Kidd's treasure, which they estimate conservatively at one and a half million dollars, Legrand treats his friend and serv-

*The first two points are found fully developed in Hervey Allen's *Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York, 1934), pp. 170-180. The third is advanced by Carroll Laverty in "The Death's Head on the Gold Bug," *American Literature*, XII (March, 1940), pp. 88-91.

*All summaries of Poe stories and poems, as well as direct quotations, are derived from the two-volume text edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn and Edward H. O'Neill, *The Complete Poems and Stories of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York, 1946).

ant to an explanation of the steps leading to its discovery. Critics have studied Poe's cryptogram in "The Gold Bug" and have pointed out that there are errors in Poe's principle and method of solution; other commentators have praised it as the work of a gifted amateur.* But the real significance of the cryptogram in this symbol-laden tale has once again been overlooked. First, the message in cipher which Legrand decodes is an organic and subtle reference to the fact that the tale as a whole is in cipher—in the sense that Poe's meaning is conveyed through techniques of symbolism, punning, and *double entendre*. Secondly, the message itself, once decoded, contains several images that reiterate themes planted earlier in the story; thus it is doubly a code.

In paraphrase, Captain Kidd's message states that a telescope held at a certain angle from the "devil's seat" in the "bishop's hostel" will reveal further clues to the whereabouts of the treasure. As a result of some ingenious investigating, Legrand learns that a large hill near the island (on the mainland) is the "bishop's hostel" referred to; the "devil's seat" is a niche in a ledge projecting out from the rocky hill. Seating himself in the niche and directing the telescope at the prescribed angle, Legrand sees a large tree in the distance. There appears to be a rift in the foliage; and Legrand, focusing the telescope, sees a white object that turns out to be a human skull nailed to a dead branch.

Through the eye of that skull Jupiter later drops the gold bug; then Legrand traces a straight line from the trunk of the tree, through the spot where the gold bug fell, out fifty feet—and there, buried under the soil, is the treasure. The precise progression of Legrand's operations may be calculated thus: "bishop's hostel" ⟶ "devil's seat" ⟶ human skull ⟶ treasure. Taking our cue from Poe's technique elsewhere in the story, we may interpret that progression as follows: heaven ⟶ hell ⟶ death ⟶ resurrection. All this, of course, though the agency of The Great Will. In other words, the determined human consciousness traverses the spiritual universe, entering even into death, but finds the necessary means to transcend ultimate difficulties, and emerges returned to life. It needs pointing out, perhaps, that "The Gold Bug" is Poe's adaptation of Goethe's *Faust*, with the theme of salvation through striving preserved very much intact, but with certain prominent details given an emphatic American twist. The necessary means to transcend ultimate difficulties was, for the impoverished Edgar Allan Poe, money. And there can be no doubt that Poe's hero, once in possession of the treasure, returns to the mainland; thus he is saved, he is resurrected, from a condition equivalent to death.

*The first point of view is developed by J. Woodrow Hassell, Jr. in "The Problem of Realism in 'The Gold Bug,'" *American Literature*, XXV (May, 1953), pp. 179-192. The second may be found in Arthur Hobson Quinn's *Edgar Allan Poe: A Critical Biography* (New York, 1942), pp. 327-328.

Throughout "The Gold Bug," Poe makes use of every opportunity to keep his theme before the reader's eyes. On the journey to unearth the treasure, Jupiter carries three spades and a scythe. On a realistic level, these implements are perfectly natural and necessary: the scythe will be used to clear the way through some thickets, and the spades will be employed to dig up the treasure chest. But as symbols the scythe and the spade have ineluctable associations with death. In addition, Legrand makes more than one reference, during his discussion of the cryptogram, to Captain Kidd's piratical symbol: the human skull. Death and again death.

Finally, when Legrand and his companions unearth Captain Kidd's treasure chest, they encounter the bones of two skeletons—the remains of the pirate-assistants whom Kidd murdered in order to keep his secret secure. This, in fact, is the note on which "The Gold Bug" closes. As mentioned earlier, there are direct and oblique references to ghouls in "The Bells" and "The Fall of the House of Usher." Poe's peculiar interest in this theme perhaps led him to imply, at the conclusion of "The Gold Bug," that Will Legrand, in digging up the remains of the long-dead pirates, was momentarily and inadvertently playing the role of ghoul. On reflection, the use of this image is not so peculiar after all. In one sense it represents a Poe signature. In another and more significant meaning, the ghoul by his action resurrects the dead. All meanings point to the theme of a movement from death to life.

Thus "The Gold Bug," surely one of the richest and most fascinating stories in American literature, and one which Poe claimed he had written with an eye to popular appeal, won the hundred-dollar first prize in a contest sponsored by the *Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper*, where it first appeared. In a curious way it was the most astonishing and skillful hoax of Poe's career.

Whether Poe consciously intended all the meanings I have ascribed to the story is impossible to say. The question is probably irrelevant, for it is certain that consciously or otherwise, in composing "The Gold Bug" Poe was drawing on one of his most profoundly held convictions. The result is a brilliant dramatization of a timeless and universal theme, one that has been memorably expressed by another, more recent poet:

> Do not go gentle into that good night.
> Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

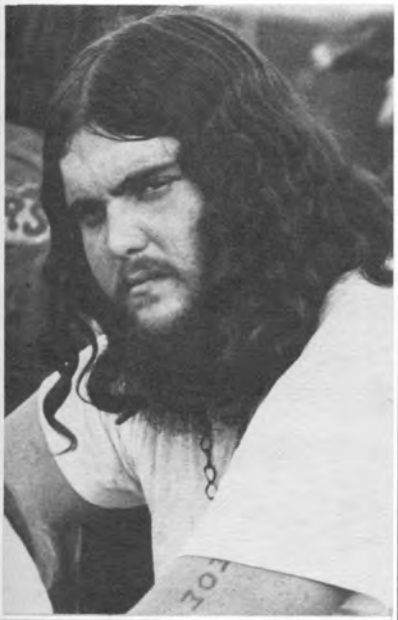
In the face of terrible disappointments Edgar Allan Poe never for a moment abandoned the struggle to mine the authentic gold of his superb talent. And ultimately, though he never uncovered a pirate's treasure which might have enabled him to continue his troubled existence into a serene old age, Poe triumphed. His conquest over death is assured in the tributes which later generations have paid to his genius.

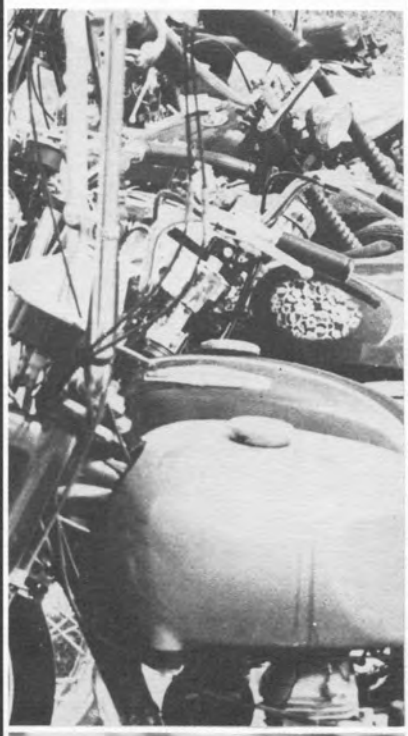
"3 days at Prairie-ville"

Photographs:
Leonard Louis White

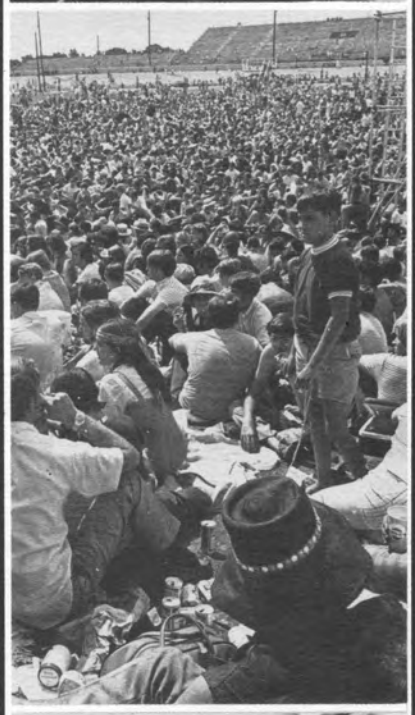
Narrative:
John B. Cotter, Jr.

The ultimate irony of the New Orleans Pop Festival may well have been that it was held at a speedway in Prairieville, Louisiana—60 miles from New Orleans and a life-time removed from the style and ideals of the rock-drug movement.





Prairieville is everything its name connotes. Drugs still mean aspirin and doctors and hospitals. Grass is what you mow on the acre or two around your house. Everybody knows everybody. Telephones are mostly on party lines. Ed Sullivan is a fixture. And racial antagonism is a daily fact of life.

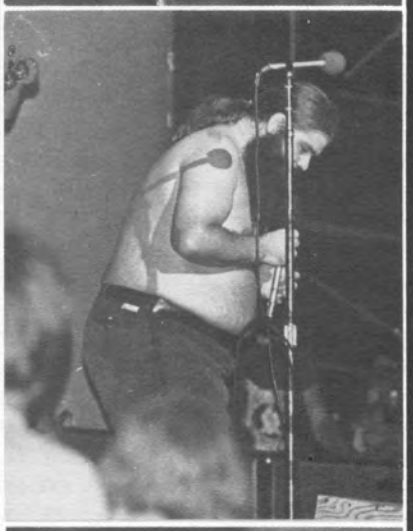


So there the kids sat, some 30,000 strong—in the middle of the speedway in the middle of Prairieville in the middle of an alien life.

Why were they there? In the heat of the day, amid the picnic atmosphere, rock appeared to be only an excuse. The kids paraded in their hats and costumes, listening with half an ear, glorying in the sense of community.

But with night the music took over. It flowed from the stage in powerful surges, washed over the speedway infield, possessed the crowd. It was good that fellow believers were everywhere out there in the night, but the glory was the music.

* * *



How We Fall in Love

by Joyce Carol Oates

She imagines a grainy photograph, a newspaper photograph of herself. It has been taken of her against the front of the high school, showing the steps and the big front doors; one of the windows, newly broken, is patched up with cardboard. She dreams of this mysterious photograph of herself, a young teacher, her eyes squinting seriously into the camera, the skin about her mouth slightly puckered with the intensity of the moment.

She is being photographed for a reason. But what is the reason?

But when violence comes the newspaper photographs are old ones, always. They are prettily posed, innocent pictures of faces taken at leisure, in a time of innocence and ignorance, months or even years ago. So it is, this miracle, that the past self blends violently into the present self. . . . She imagines a picture of herself, a young woman two years out of college, a young dedicated teacher with an armful of books, looking like one of her own students; the photograph glimpsed on an inside page of the evening newspaper will be blurred, blurry, a little out of focus as if with the intensity of this young woman's stare. Her hair is pulled back from her face, to show its angular, delicate lines, the lines of cheekbones high beneath her eyes, and to show the enormous stare of her eyes, which have always been too large. Alarm enlarges them. Excitement enlarges them. Behind her are the dingy steps of the school, the front steps. They are empty. At the top are the front doors, all six of them, and one of them is patched up hurriedly with a piece of cardboard.

She dreams of this. . . .

Waking, she cuts off the dream; she moves into life with the rapidity of a child dressing in the morning, eager to be dressed and on her way. No time for breakfast. Eating at seven in the morning is repulsive, she thinks herself too pure for it, harsh and virginal in her tawdry bathroom mirror. She takes a shower. Her heart pounds beneath the airy weight of warm water; she is a girl on her way to an adventure. Her heart has been pounding like this during the night, off and on, when her secret mysterious dreams take over. . . but she cannot quite retrieve them, except for the newspaper photograph. Suddenly she is thinking of her family, a hundred miles away, reading the newspaper, and of friends from college and high school, coming upon her photograph and crying out, "Look, it's Corinne Holland!" She rubs soap onto her face, thoughtfully. Her heart still pounds. The morning has begun, the day has begun, the second hand of her watch will move relentlessly forward and nothing, absolutely nothing, can prevent her from driving to school, parking in the faculty lot, entering the school, entering her homeroom, entering the confused, jostling world of her students, whom she loves. . . .

She washes her face for several minutes, silently. In the mirror she looks very young. She is twenty-three now but she looks much younger. Always she has been impatient with her frailty, the delicate bones of her face and pelvis, boyish bones, and the silent alarmed look of her eyes. Her hair is red-blond. Puffed out about her face it would make her too pretty, unimportant, but pulled back bluntly behind her ears it makes her stern, serious, a woman on her way to an adventure.

. . .It was time for her to be married and yet she could not fall in love. Younger, easier, she had known a number of people, she had moved without fear among them, but in the end those people had drawn back, as if confused by her. There was a distance around her, about her—as if she were an island in the center of a confused element, a confused air, everything troubled and threatening as invisible shapes, ghosts walking at will. She sometimes shivered convulsively, as if one of these shapes had brushed against her. . . .

She imagines the newspaper photograph again. What she cannot imagine is the caption.

She parks her car in the faculty lot and, hurrying to the school, falls in step with another teacher. He is a man in his fifties, heavy and perspiring, his coat open upon a soiled white shirt. He teaches shop. Corinne, the youngest teacher in the school, teaches English. She feels sharp and virginal, like a bride, walking alongside this tired dumpy man, talking brightly to him about the school assembly last Friday . . . about the staff meeting coming

up. . . . "Too much politicking. I can't take it," he says with a snort of disgusted laughter.

In the women's lounge she sits to gather her thoughts, pressing her palms flat against her knees. She is struck at these times by a silence inside herself, an almost sacred carefulness, as if she must listen to something, some voice, out of her own memory, to guide her through the day. But she never hears anything. Other women are talking. Their voices lift with laughter, with surprises. They like to talk, they like to laugh; teachers' lounges are always filled with laughter. It is important, this gathering together to talk and laugh; it stirs the blood, shoots energy into the veins, inspires them with a slightly hysterical courage. Today they are talking about a meeting of the Detroit Federation of Teachers, but Corinne hasn't caught the drift of the conversation, thinking it more crucial to listen to herself, the silence inside herself. Her palms are damp and cold. She is a young teacher, fiercely dedicated, in love with her job, and yet her hands are cold though she has been teaching for two years.

"Do you ever get used to it? To teaching?" she asked one of the women, once.

"Never," the woman said bluntly.

And it was true.

In her homeroom there are forty-three students, all but eight of them Negroes. The room shakes with their footsteps and their voices, she feels the persistent, exasperating tug of their eyes, the slight surge of rebellion when she enters the room, always—all this is familiar. Yet she is not quite accustomed to it. The final bell rings; she takes attendance. Alert, impersonal, she glances up and down the rows of seats. *Bailey, Irene.* Absent. *Rutherford, Samuel.* Absent all week. She slips cards out of a file, stacks them together. She reads to her students four announcements on mimeographed sheets. One of the boys, a white boy named Ronnie Brock, stares at her with his mouth slightly open, showing the tip of his tongue. He sits right in front of her. A big Negro girl named Sarah, who is sometimes very jolly and friendly to Corinne and sometimes sullen, inexplicably, snatches up her purse from the floor and takes out an emery board and begins filing her nails. Her face is black with anger.

A boy already marked absent enters the room at the back door. Snickers. Someone calls out his name. Corinne marks him *tardy.* She reads them the announcement about the school nurse, the clinic . . . out of the corner of her eye she sees someone's desk being lifted, on his big knees, lifted slowly and let back down, slowly. . . . Yawns. Everyone is sleepy. They are strangely handsome when sleepy, like animals too innocent to wake up. She stares fully at them, wondering. The Negro boys have strong, clear faces. She thinks the marvel of their white, white eyes and their dark skins something that must be praised, but they have no thought for one another, they do not "see" one another at all. The girls see everything, perky and curious. Their skins range from very dark to very light, their hair ranges from wild and bushy to slick, processed, bleached hair, hair light as egg shell, fluffed out in iridescent haloes. One of the girls, Faith Smith, has a beautiful pale face and a slender, columnar neck; she smiles all the time, especially at Corinne. The arch of her eyebrows is exotic, as if she had copied that face from a photograph, careful to erase the smutty smudgy lines of Detroit and to replace them with the graceful lines of some West Indian island. It was rumored that Faith had been beaten up, that she'd had a miscarriage, but nothing shows on her lovely small face except a perpetual smile. Behind her a boy named Jock, black and heavy, ducks his head behind the top of his desk to take a bite of something—it is a Tootsie Roll and he tears off half of it in his teeth, twisting his head.

The bell rings. Desk tops are dropped shut, there is a jostling at the door, sudden noise. Corinne waits. Ronnie brushes against another white boy and is shoved back viciously, but pretends not to notice; he walks stooped over, as if plotting to himself. He comes to school occasionally to sit staring and dreaming and gaping, then he disappears again, probably working on junked cars out in the streets of Detroit, abandoned cars found everywhere in the hillbilly neighborhoods. Corinne thinks briefly of him, her heart pounding, for she believes she can see in his slow, gaping stare something that is a threat. . . something that will come to be a threat, when he understands what it is. Then she forgets about him.

She teaches two classes in a row, grammar. Her book is smudged from two years of teaching, thumbprints and fingerprints, the sweat of anxiety. There is a steady din in the room, a sense as of waves rocking gently, relentlessly. She raises her voice to be heard. Up and down the aisles she asks questions, sensitive to the abrupt tug and fall of interest in the room, the tension that shoots up when someone does not answer and she repeats her question. . . . Everyone thinks: *Is something going to happen?* Sometimes a student will shrug his shoulders angrily, and she goes on past him, showing no anger herself. She never shows anger though she feels it. Sometimes a student will falter, licking his lips, as if unable to think at all. . . and someone will snicker, inevitably. . . but the moment passes. Sometimes, at the conclusion of a two or three minute bout of will, she feels her heart leap as if it were ready to surrender. *Is something going to happen?*

But only yawns. The picking of noses, crossing of legs. An overheated room makes them all drowsy. They see her facing them and they interpret correctly the tense cords of her neck, which means she will not back down. When she smiles they interpret correctly her strange love for them, which is not for any individuals among them but for the whole room, the rows of legs and restless arms. . . . Does she imagine it, or does the room surge magically with a single thought, sometimes: *We got to be good to this teacher!* At other times it sighs, the entire room: *What the hell. . . .*

Noon hour. Snatched minutes having coffee with her colleagues—everyone in a hurry, oddly excited, always excited beneath their weariness. At any

age they are excited; their hearts pound. A woman says in a bright anecdotal voice: "One of my girls fainted today! I thought all the girls would faint, the room was so hot and it caught on and I felt faint myself!" Everyone laughs breathlessly. Once Corinne had been teaching on an ordinary overcast morning, her ten o'clock class, and a rock had crashed through the window. It struck the blackboard and fell to the floor. The kids had jumped up, amazed, shouting. Corinne shouted back at them. *Sit down! Sit still!* She walked on broken glass, feeling it splinter beneath her feet, advancing on them though she feared another rock flying through the window, or some gunfire. "Sit down! It's all over!" she had cried.

They sat down. It was all over.

She went on teaching and tried to avoid stepping on the broken glass. When the bell rang she went to report the incident to the principal's office.

The other teachers had questioned her about it, attracted by her trouble, eager to sympathize with her and to sniff out more danger. They were always eager for signs of danger, always sniffing it out. "But what did you do? Weren't you afraid?" they asked. "Yes," Corinne said, "but I kept on teaching." "You mean you just kept on teaching?" they asked. "I kept on teaching because what else could I do?" she explained. She was shy in front of them. "I kept on because I couldn't stop, it was as if I was paralyzed or hypnotized, everything was mixed up. . . I couldn't remember where I was. . . ."

And they had stared at her, understanding. They were a little repelled by her.

Windows are always broken—in the stairways, in the basement, in classrooms. It takes days, sometimes weeks, to have them replaced. There is no money. *Detroit is running out of money*! everyone cries, breathless with danger and delight. *And then what will happen. . .?* Gangs of kids run loose, throwing rocks, shooting off guns. . . suddenly black schools are demanded, all-black schools. . . and in class the boys are polite to Corinne, as if embarrassed, and the hefty motherly girls smile at her, straining their faces. . . . She thinks often of the glass underfoot, mixing it up with her persistent, mysterious dream of the photograph, and the crunch of glass surprises her. No rock ever came through a window again in her classes. No rock. But she thinks of it, ducks in her sleep, hears it crash against the blackboard and fall to the floor. . . .

In the faculty dining room a man has dropped a cup of coffee. The cup has broken. "Jesus, it slipped right through my hands, must have been wet," the man grumbles. The cup has broken into thick white chunks. No crunching underfoot, no danger from tiny, delicate, invisible splinters.

Another noon hour.

She hurries to her next class, her "good" class. She is eager for the intoxication of a fifty-minute ride, floating and soaring across the field of her students' vision, until perspiration begins to form on her face and body, a secret to them. She asks them questions. Her voice is thin and high-pitched. Several hands are raised; she smiles in praise of them. At the end of the hour she is almost giddy with pleasure, as if she has been inhaling something magical along with the heat and sweat of the room. She thinks joyfully, as she has thought so many times in the past: *This is my job, teaching is my job.* . . . After this class someone always stops to talk to her. The excitement is still in the air. A Negro boy in a flannel shirt many sizes too small asks her something about a television program, she hasn't seen it, she is sorry, genuinely sorry. . . . the boy's shyness is like his breath close upon her, intimate. A girl comes up to her. She seems to be flirting with Corinne, all the time, but then she flirts with everyone, always, unable to keep her eyes and mouth still. Her cheeks are richly dimpled. Her hair is processed and very greasy, her skirt is short and uneven, showing part of a pink slip. Jingly with bracelets, her bosom plump beneath her sheer blouse, she has a wonderful catch in her throat as if, while laughing, she must suck back part of her laughter because it is too daring.

"Oh man, oh Jesus Christ!" she exclaims, flirting with Corinne.

Her chatter is rapid, lilting, hilarious; her laughter is hiccuppy. Corinne smiles and wonders if she is being teased. The girl says, "Oh man, that Casper—let me tell you, Miss Holland, honey—that son of a bitch ain't good like you think! He don't do the lesson! Let me tell you, hon, he puts it over on the teachers—" And she giggles, as if drunk with joy, sucking half the giggle back into her throat. "I known him for a long time, I ain't putting him down or anything—but—anyway—he likes you real well, Miss Holland. That's the truth. He likes you, but he says he got no use for the rest of them."

And that is the point of the strange little conversation: a gift of love.

The girl leaves and the odor of the room closes in upon Corinne again, an odor of heat, loneliness, staleness, silence. . . . In the stillness of the air there is the memory of voices, of whispers and nudges, the shapes of invisible people; Corinne glances up, as if expecting to see someone. The giddiness drops from her suddenly. It occurs to her that she must live out the rest of the day—another class and a study hall and then a staff meeting—and she feels oddly numb, sober, a little surprised.

After the staff meeting her head aches. The corridors are lonely, smelly. Dirt and papers on the floor. Lockers are bent, some of them twisted open, their locks broken. Lipstick scrawls on the wall. Corinne's eyesight is blurry at this time of day, five-thirty, she is exhausted and thinks she sees things out of the corner of her eye, a rat scurrying across the hall, a kid jerking back around a corner. . . .

Some of her colleagues are still arguing. There is an odor of perspiration about them, stains of sweat. The women's faces are greasy. Oil has clogged up the pores of their faces, worked its way through their makeup. The men's faces are dark, greasy, exhausted. They are lined with worry and exasperation. Corinne moves among them, silent, her head aching, her heart no longer pounding but heavy with weariness, in a kind of adult shame. She

tries to recall the excitement of her one o'clock class, but it seems to be drifting from her. She would like to talk about it with one of the other teachers, but no teacher is interested in another teacher's good classes; only bad classes. No teacher is interested in another teacher's good students; only the bad students are prized for conversation. . . *What do you think of him! Isn't he something?*. . . . The teachers here are wary of their students, girls and boys, and they walk with their arms held against their bodies as if to protect themselves. The lines on their faces are protective too. Even the Negro teachers walk like this—they understand what a temptation their bodies are, they understand that the soft spaces between their ribs is a temptation to any knife blade.

Corinne drives home alone. She is very tired, dizzy with the memory of excitement, a little baffled as if she cannot quite understand what has happened to her excitement. The day might have been a dream, turned inside-out with the night. She has had to keep pace with a dream, and who can keep pace with a dream's leaps and turns? She recalls the one o'clock class. . . she recalls the boy that morning with his insolent idiot stare. . . she recalls the principal and his sarcasm, bullying them this afternoon. . . the odor of cigarettes in the room. . . the glimpse of a rat out of the corner of her eye, or had she imagined that?

Broken glass underfoot—she had stepped on some broken glass that day, in one of the halls, mysterious broken glass.

Her apartment building never catches the eye, there are several buildings like it in a single block, grimy with Detroit's perpetual smog, solid enough, like fortresses. Old, dependable, ugly, unsurprising. Corinne has never made a break with her family but sees them rarely now, since they disapprove so strongly of her career and her independence, and yet, in choosing a place to live, she has been drawn inevitably to a building that resembles the one in which they live—it is a perfect setting, in its ugliness, for her life of dedication. In the foyer she glances at the row of mailboxes. They have not been broken into. But her own is empty, no mail; she is relieved. Then, pausing, she forces herself to check again and she sees that yes, yes, she does have a letter after all. She unlocks the mailbox... the letter is from her mother.

Ascending these stairs she thinks of herself ascending the stairs of her school, every Monday morning of her life—her thin, strong legs carrying her up, to the women's lounge, to her homeroom. She is ready for anything. Sometimes her eyes dart anxiously in her face, as if ready for something that had not yet been imagined; by the end of the first class period her lipstick is partly worn off and hardened into a curious little line of crust, on her lower lip.

She unlocks her apartment door and enters. Silence. There is always a look about this neat apartment of silence, stealthiness, as if someone had just ducked back out of sight. She takes off her coat and stretches. Her body feels strangely young and disappointed. Upstairs people are arguing . . . a family with several children arguing, or laughing. The television set is on as always. Corinne glances up at the ceiling and sees only the pattern of familiar thin cracks, a gray, blank-gray ceiling. She sits in a chair and presses her hands against her knees, in the attitude of thinking, although she is not thinking. After a while she opens her mother's letter.

She draws one of the sheets of paper out and catches a glimpse of her mother's slanted, tiny handwriting: . . .*told us about Father Stract and his sister*. . . . She turns the letter over quickly and reads: . . .*in fact we are all very worried about you*. . . . That is enough of the letter for now; she puts it down, her hands slightly trembling. She sits for a while thinking of the letter she must write to her mother, explaining her life. It is her own life now, not theirs. She is not theirs any longer. Each of the girls in the family had a certain quality, a fictional quality that had hardened about her until she, herself, had not existed—so the family had no need to look at them, to "see" them any longer. One of the girls was "beautiful," one was "brilliant," one was "dependable," one was. . . Now, living away from home, alone, Corinne has no need to "see" them either, to think of them. She is free. She feels a peculiar radiance about her, a glowing of her face and skin.

Why should she explain to her mother that she is in love with the air of Thomas Wylie High School, with its long gray cluttered corridors, its rows and rows of battered lockers, its silence after school, its mobs of students during the day. . . . why should she explain that?

She is restless and so she goes out to the drugstore and buys the evening paper. The drugstore's front windows are protected by wire screens that had once been taken up during the day, but are now left on all the time. On the street automobiles pass quickly. The air is noisy with cars, horns, shouts; it is that time of day. She passes a group of kids, girls and boys, sitting out in the chilly March air, smoking. She catches a scent of something sweet about them—marijuana?—and shivers with the nearness of their legs, their dangling, dangerous arms, their lively eyes. A few of the younger teachers at school smoke marijuana themselves. It is private life. Corinne does not think about private life. These kids do not acknowledge her and she does not acknowledge them, though for all she knows some of them are her own students. She does not look at them. She is aware of them, fiercely, her sense of them mounting almost to pain in her body.

. . . In the corridors of Thomas Wylie their good natures explode daily into fist-fights and skirmishes. White people fear them, but they attack one another, mostly—the girls scream and claw, the boys punch and kick, there is a terrible violence in them that must free itself. Yet Corinne thinks of them as children, in whom something drastic and innocent slumbers, slumbering on in spite of the violence. The pregnant girls especially are children: their faces sleepy, dazed, with the mystery of being children who are having children, their own private

children, babies growing inside them.

She makes supper for herself, opening cans. Now the family upstairs is in their kitchen overhead, arguing. A man walks heavily across the floor across Corinne's ceiling. She glances up automatically but sees nothing. She eats and reads the paper, the *Detroit News*, reading the paper through page after page, picking up the continuation of stories when she comes to them. She can juggle ten or twelve stories in her mind at once. A story about Negro boys pouring gasoline on a dance floor and setting fire to it makes her think of the fire that had been started in some trash at school, once, and the fire alarms ringing like mad. . . . She tries to think of her one o'clock class but the memory fades, teasingly; she is reading a story about burglary. She finds herself thinking of lunch at school one day last week when a man jabbered about a fight in the basement none of them had even heard about—a white boy named Baxter, whom Corinne had had the year before, had been slashed in the face with a razor. A long thin wound, right across his face. The police had been called but hadn't come for an hour. Blood, bleeding. . . . "Right across his ugly little face," the man said.

After supper she goes through her lessons for the next day. She is fond of her books, her annotations, even her own handwriting. But when she finishes it is only a little after eight. . . she decides to go out, to a movie in the neighborhood. She goes to the theater often, it is only a few blocks away.

She buys a candy bar at the refreshment counter and sits in the back row, not wanting safety but wanting anonymity. Students of hers come to this theater often. The movie is a suspense story about a kidnapping; she has come in fifteen minutes late. The audience is sparse tonight. She feels herself not quite anonymous. On the screen the pretty young victim is taking a shower. . . she stares up into the water, her face running smooth and very young with water. . . now she is staring into a gilt-edged mirror. . . she is arranging the face that will be frozen into a look of terror, photographed for the posters that advertise this movie. . . she is preparing the body that will be beaten. Like a bride she is light on her feet and tense and distracted; it looks as if a melody must be shaping itself in her brain. There is a strange, light, almost erotic expectation about her. . . . Now she is hurrying down a fashionable street, and an automobile awaits her at the corner, everything awaits her. . . .

Corinne bites off the end of her candy bar. It is stale, musty chocolate like wax, she is sorry she has bought it. The movie passes quickly before her eyes. It comes to an end. Corinne is disappointed that it is ended so soon. She gets up, in no hurry. She glances around to see who is here tonight. A few couples, middle-aged. Neighborhood people. A few kids, boys and girls. They are already joking and fooling around. Mysterious men, alone, their faces splotched and apologetic. When the movie ends they are all expelled: that minute of walking across the well-lighted foyer is an ugly minute.

Corinne goes home and picks up her mother's letter again. The final sentence: . . . *in fact we are all very worried about you*. . . .

She decides to go to bed early. She sleeps.

HALLALEUJAH

Cunningly devised
as Pharoah's tomb
this lock by long disuse is lined with rust
cannot open to the forgotten room
that must be waiting empty
or a lock is nothing.

Come
sly angel
I dreamt smiling simply you turned me.

—*Walter Weiss*

An Interview: Ernest J. Gaines

Ernest J. Gaines, child of a Louisiana plantation, won a Wallace Stegner Creative Writing Fellowship to Stanford in 1958 and the following year received the Joseph Henry Jackson Literary Award. Atheneum published *Catherine Carmier*, his first novel, in 1964; his second, *Of Love and Dust*, was published in 1967 by Dial Press, who brought out in 1968 to considerable acclaim his collection of stories, *Bloodline*. Mr. Gaines now lives in San Francisco, where he is at work on his third novel, once more utilizing the Louisiana plantation setting he knows so well.

The present conversation results from Mr. Gaines' appearance in February, 1969, on the Writers Forum program at the State University of New York, College at Brockport. With Mr. Gaines are Gregory Fitz Gerald, Director of the Forum, and Peter Marchant, author of *Give Me Your Answer Do*.

This is one of a series of interviews to be published in book form, edited by Robert Gemmett and Philip Gerber.

The editors are both of the Brockport English Department. Mr. Gerber has recently published critical volumes on Robert Frost and Theodore Dreiser; Mr. Gemmett's edition of William Beckford's *Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters* has just been published by Fairleigh Dickinson University Press.

FITZ GERALD: *I have been reading your remarkable novel* Of Love and Dust. *Can you tell us what inspires a book such as this?*

GAINES: I don't know when the idea of *Of Love and Dust* came into my mind; I really don't know. But here are a couple of things which led up to my writing it: my hobby is collecting records—when I have the money to do so; I collect jazz records, the spiritual, folk music, and blues, especially the rural blues of the Negro. I was listening to one of Lightnin' Hopkins' records one day entitled "Mr. Tim Moore's Farm." Lightnin' Hopkins is one of the great blues singers of this country and someone I consider a worthwhile poet. As I was listening to his "Mr. Tim Moore's Farm," one of the verses of the song struck me. It went something like this: "The worst thing this black man ever done, when I moved my wife and family to Mr. Tim Moore's Farm. Mr. Tim Moore's man never stand and grin, say if you keep out the graveyard, nigger, I'll keep you out the pen." Now, a period of about ten years passed between the time I first heard that record and the time I started writing my novel *Of Love and Dust*, but I remember that verse.

FITZ GERALD: *You said there were "a couple of things" that led to the novel?*

GAINES: Yes. Hearing "Mr. Tim Moore's Farm" was one. The other was something that happened to me a couple of years later. I was visiting some of my people in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in 1958, and a friend of mine and I went to a bar out in the country. This is the same parish in Louisiana that Rap Brown comes from; this is the same parish in Louisiana from which James Farmer in 1963 escaped a lynch mob by riding the back of a hearse disguised as a dead man. My friend and I went to this bar, and in this bar I saw a fight between two young men. This bar is surrounded by fields—cane, corn, cotton—and most of the people who come here are from the country or from small towns not very far away. They come to drink; they come to dance; they come to gamble; they come to fight; they come to steal your woman; they come to steal your man; they come knowing they might end up in jail that night, but still they come. They come to forget the hard work in the fields all week; they come to forget, to forget, and to forget, and they're ready to accept whatever fate is awaiting them. If nothing terrible happens, then the night has been somewhat of a success; if something bad does happen, then these things are expected in a bar such as this one. So it was here that I saw the knife-fight between the two young men. Fortunately for both, the fight was stopped before either was fatally wounded. Now, when I saw this fight, just as when I heard the record by Lightnin' Hopkins, I had no idea that either event would eventually lead into writing *Of Love and Dust*, or writing anything else. There was a period of eight or ten years between those events and the time I wrote one word of the book.

MARCHANT: *So it took this long for your first novel to get under way?*

GAINES: It took that time—but it was not my first novel. Hardly. During that time I wrote at least four other novels. Only one, *Catherine Carmier*, was published. I wrote at least two dozen short stories, of which only six were published. I had been writing all the time. But now it was early spring of '66. I had very little money;

I had practically no money at all; I had been sponging off my friends and my brothers for drinks, and I had not bought one drink for them in over a year. I had not given my poor mother a birthday present, a Christmas present, or a Mother's Day present in over two years. My girl had dropped me quite a while ago—a normal thing, I feel, when a man is unable to buy a hamburger in a place like MacDonald's. I needed the money; I needed money badly. But I didn't want to go out on an eight-hour-day job that would take me from my writing.

I wanted the money, but I wanted to earn it by my writing and by writing only. Now, if that was the case, I had to get something done. There had to be another novel in me somewhere that a publisher would accept. I don't know how the tune "Mr. Tim Moore's Farm" got back into my mind; maybe I heard it played again; I really don't know. Or maybe when I went back to Baton Rouge in 1965 and visited that same bar in the country that I had visited in '58, I saw something there that began to stir my imagination. Anyhow, in early spring of 1966 I got started on the novel. I started with these two ideas: "Mr. Tim Moore's man never stand and grin, say if you keep out the graveyard, nigger, or I'll keep you out the pen"—that, and with the fight between the two young men in the bar. So all right, I had two ideas, but where did I go from there?

FITZ GERALD: *To construct your plot? Did that come quickly?*

GAINES: The plot—the story anyway. I kept asking myself, where do I go? Where, where, where: I kept asking myself. Then things began to fall into place. I was born on a Louisiana plantation in 1933, and I left from there in 1948. The novel takes place in the summer of '48. But during those fifteen years, I had learned a lot about plantation life and about the people who lived in that part of Louisiana. I knew that Mr. Tim Moore's man, whom Lightnin' Hopkins sang about, didn't necessarily have to be an overseer on a farm in Texas; he could be a Cajun overseer on a plantation in Louisiana. I knew that my young man in the bar could have landed on that plantation if he had killed that other boy in the knife-fight. So I had him kill the boy, and I had the owner of the plantation bond him out of jail.

In this way I brought my young killer to the plantation. But where would things go from there? I had a good starting point, but was that enough? What am I going to do with my young killer? He's no plantation worker; he's not even a country boy; he's from the city, Baton Rouge. He's a playboy. He's a lover. And he hates authority, especially when this authority is given out by a Cajun whom he considers white trash. So what am I going to do with these two people? I have two people on my hands who will never—can't ever—get along with each other. What am I going to do with them? Let me see now. Let me see. My young killer is going to be here five, seven, maybe ten years of his life. He will need a woman. Yes, yes, he will need a woman, and she will be my third character. Now he must start looking for that woman, but he doesn't want just any woman, no, not a lover as himself; he wants the most beautiful woman on that plantation. But when he finds her, he finds that he can't have her. And why not? Because she is the overseer's mistress.

My imagination really starts moving when I start writing!

MARCHANT: *May I ask you a question? Your material dealing with the brutal white overseer and the black man is very hot political stuff. At the same time, you're writing about blacks and whites who are people first, who only happen to be black and white. One feels sorry for them and at the same time one laughs at them. Do you possibly get this from the Russians?*

GAINES: Maybe I do. My first heroes, I suppose, were the Russian writers. I think they have influenced many writers.

FITZ GERALD: *What attracts you to the Russian writers? Is it their sense of the soil, of being close to the earth, to the people?*

GAINES: I think so. I think the thing I recognize in Russian writers, especially when they're writing about the peasant, is some of the same sort of thing that I've experienced in the southern part of the United States. I've gotten this from Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Turgenev much more than I've gotten it out of the white American writers who deal with the same sort of thing. When the white writers are writing about the blacks of the fields, they seem to make them caricatures rather than real people, but the Russian writers made their peasants real. I felt that they did. I suppose this is why I've studied them and loved them so much.

MARCHANT: *I'd like to know how you happened to discover the Russians.*

GAINES: Once I started reading, I used to read everything, and I suppose I just stumbled on them. Turgenev's *Fathers and Children* was first. This was in the library at Vallejo, California (when I first came to California I was living in Vallejo) and I read it. What I read I liked, and from then on I went for the Russians.

FITZ GERALD: *You mentioned Vallejo, and also the fact that you were born in Louisiana. What about those early years? Were you a plantation worker?*

GAINES: I went into the fields when I was about the age of eight, or maybe nine. I think my first job was picking up potatoes—white potatoes—we called them Irish potatoes. I worked for about 50¢ a day, and stayed there until I was fifteen. So, by the time I left for California, I knew a lot about the work and life on a plantation. For instance, in the novel, I mentioned having the plantation owner bond my young killer out of jail and putting him to work in his field. This was a normal thing in the forties. Some of our best southern gentlemen did it; this was still going on in the fifties. And as late as 1963, when I was in Louisiana, a friend of mine pointed out a black youth who had killed another black youth and had been bonded out and put to work only a few days later. The only catch here—when the prisoner, the

convict, found himself bonded out of jail—was that he usually spent twice as much time on the plantation than he would have spent in the penitentiary. Many times he found himself working just as hard, and maybe even harder, and there was nothing he could do about it, because the day he decided to run, the white man was going to put the sheriff on his trail again. So when I brought my young killer to the plantation, I knew the kind of house he would have to live in; I had lived there fifteen years myself. I knew the kind of food he would eat; the same kind that I had eaten. I knew the kind of clothes he would wear, because I had worn the khaki and denim clothes myself. I knew the work he would have to do. I knew the people he would come into contact with day in and day out.

I had many other experiences, of course, I went to the one-room schoolhouse. . . .

FITZ GERALD: *That's the background, isn't it, for much of your fiction? Is it not the same schoolhouse that we see in your story "A Long Day in November?"*

GAINES: Yes, it's the same school I went to, yes.

FITZ GERALD: *Well, how did you make the transition from plantation worker to fiction writer? When did you begin to write?*

GAINES: When I went to California—I hadn't tried to write until then. But I was terribly lonely for my friends and relatives. And as I said, I went into the libraries to read. And I read and read, but I did not see myself and my friends and family and relatives in the stuff that I did read. I didn't see us in the Southern writers. I didn't even see myself in the Russian writers, although the Russians came close. So I began to try to do it myself and, of course, I went back to my childhood to write about. I suppose that most writers, when they first start out, try to write about their childhood, and this is what I did. And I'm still sticking to it. On and off, it's been about twenty years, I suppose, that I've been trying to write now. Professionally, I think that I've been writing since about '57. By "professionally" I mean writing every day—four or five hours a day. Every day, since '57.

FITZ GERALD: *Do you see yourself as a humorist at all?*

GAINES: I don't tell jokes. Whenever I do tell a joke, no one laughs. So I'm not a joke-teller. My brother is, but not myself. I think I am more of a listener, really. I listen. I like to listen to the way that people talk, and I like to listen to their stories. Then when I get into a little room some place, I try to write them down. Just like a man hearing a song some place, and he's afraid to sing out on the street or some place else, but when he gets into a bathroom, he starts singing, and he thinks that he's the greatest in the world. But this is what I do in writing, I go to a little room; I go to my little desk, and try to write something down. But I'm no storyteller, I'm only a listener.

MARCHANT: *But your work is not without humor. It seems very difficult now for a black writer to write about whites and blacks in a way that's funny, provoking an easy laughter. Yet you manage to do it.*

GAINES: No, I don't think it is so difficult. As I said, my brother tells jokes about whites and blacks all the time, and he can make them very funny. A story can be tragic, and he can make it very funny. You see, where I came from, my people were sharecroppers. After the land was turned over from the plantation system, it was turned into a sharecropping system, so my uncles and my father were sharecroppers. Their competitors were the Cajuns, the white people there. The people you make fun of more are the people who are closer to you. So when my people had to make fun of something, when they had to laugh, they made fun of the whites. You always make fun of your competitors. They are the people very close to you. And we had this relationship all the time. I saw these people, the Cajuns, every day; we went to the same store, but we could not drink in the same room. They didn't allow that. But we bought our food at the same place, and we talked to each other going to and from the fields. All this was going on. And the Cajuns have this distinct way of speaking, with this French accent, it's a broken accent. Of course, we could not speak English any better than they could speak French, but we thought they sounded very funny. And I suppose when my own people would speak French using the Creole accent, we sounded as foolish and funny to the Cajuns as they did to us. But still we laughed, and I'm sure they laughed at us also.

MARCHANT: *Mr. Gaines, do you feel alienated in any way from your people in Louisiana—the people you grew up with—now that you are living in San Francisco?*

GAINES: No, I don't. I keep going back to Louisiana to see the people all the time. Some I cannot communicate with, others I can. In a bar over a drink, you can talk to almost anybody. We could talk about old times.

FITZ GERALD: *These are the people who appear in your fiction. I recognize them. What strikes me as being rather remarkable about them is that in an age when contemporary characters in fiction are so anti-heroic, your characters are sympathetic or empathic. How do you account for your mode of writing outside the vein of what seems to be so popular with many contemporary writers?*

GAINES: Well, as I've said before, I've never read about my people in fiction, and before I can make them anti-heroes, I have to try to give them some good qualities. I don't read too much contemporary fiction. So I don't follow these writers' ideas too much, I suppose.

FITZ GERALD: *Then you feel that contemporary fiction has had relatively little effect on your own work?*

GAINES: Oh, yes, I suppose. I haven't stopped reading contemporary fiction altogether, but I don't read it daily, or weekly, or anything like that. I still read Hemingway. I'll pick up a Heming-

way book any time to read a story or a novel. I'll pick up Faulkner, too. Someone like this I'll read all the time.

FITZ GERALD: *I'm wondering about another element of your background. You have suggested that you're interested in jazz music. Do you think that it has been an influence on the development of your work?*

GAINES: I think jazz is basically folk music. Originally it was, though I'm not sure what they're doing with it now. And folk music is a very simple thing. All folk music is very, very simple. Listening to jazz, I find simple rhythms, simple repetitions. In order to communicate jazz to the layman it has to be simple and, of course, these musicians were playing to people just like themselves, uneducated people. I wish to reach the same sort of thing in my fiction, to use the simplest terms in the world, you know, terms like *Jesus wept*; I think that's the most simple statement you can make. It's probably the most beautiful two-word sentence that has ever been written. It has all the meanings in the world in it. Another thing about jazz is that to be impressive it has to be repetitive. You get hooked upon a phrase and you stay with that phrase until you have really convinced the people.

FITZ GERALD: *In some of the stories in your new collection,* Bloodline, *I notice that you tell the story not only in the first person, but from the point-of-view of a child. This poses, of course, certain problems for the writer. Could you tell us how you came to write so convincingly from the point-of-view of a five-year-old in "A Long Day in November," and from that of an eight-year-old in "The Sky is Gray?"*

GAINES: I suppose we have all been children once, and the knowledge of the child's viewpoint is perhaps something that was buried down in my subconscious since that time. In each story I've myself gone through much of the same experience as these kids have, not all but much of it. This was in me all the time, but I had to find a way to bring it out. Both Joyce and Faulkner helped me to do it. In the first part of Faulkner's *Sound and Fury*, the Benjy part, Benjy uses the simplest terms to express his feelings: "the gate is cold," "the fire is good," "I stamped my shoes on," all this sort of thing. This childlike section is so convincing that I really fell in love with it. I really did. At the same time that I was reading Faulkner I was also reading Joyce. I had, personally, the experience of the little school the child goes to in my story, the house he lived in, the quarters he walked in, the heater in the little school, the bench that he had to sit on because he had no desk. I had all this experience. So I got Faulkner's rhythm and I got Joyce's "day" thing; you know, as in *Ulysses*, the "Let's do it all in one day" sort of thing. So I had this kid to start with and I said, "O.K., I'm going to take Mr. Faulkner's rhythm and Mr. Joyce's idea of day, and go *kid*." And I did that. This is how I did it. But I don't know if it's anything so different—I suppose we've all done it. Twain did it late in life when he wrote the *Huck Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* books. Hemingway did it. They all have done it; Steinbeck, Chekhov, they all have done it. The child stuff, yes. They were much older than I when they did it, too.

MARCHANT: *A few minutes back, you talked of watching a fight between two boys in the same parish which begat Rap Brown. But yet you manage to avoid being politically didactic. You obviously resist being a political writer, but do you hope to do something in that vein with your writing?*

GAINES: Oh yes, definitely so. To me, literature expresses man's feelings and relationships much better than politics ever can. I think there are many Rap Browns who can tell you in a political way what's going on. What Rap Brown would say is: look what the whites are doing here! What Ernie Gaines is trying to say is: I see and I agree with you; but we also laugh and we laugh as much or more than other Americans, we dance as much, and sometimes better, and we sing as much, and we have dishes like gumbo and jambalaya and southern fried chicken and shrimp and all this sort of thing. And we love these things also. Besides the conflict between the white and black, we also carry on a full life: we love, women have children, men gamble, shoot at people, have fights, everything.

FITZ GERALD: *Well, one of the interesting things to me is that your book is really the first one I've ever read that really revealed the innate gentility and nobility of your people. This struck me as an outstanding quality of it.*

GAINES: I just try to capture what I see of people and what I hear.

FITZ GERALD: *I'm thinking specifically of the characters in "The Sky is Gray." Here's a mother with such a really wonderful strength, a strength that comes from the earth, a strength that goes beyond the strength of Faulkner's Dilsey to a kind of independent, proud spirit. She is rearing a son in the same tradition, and she succeeds very well indeed. That toothache that the little boy, James, has—it sounds as if it has to be one of your own personal experiences.*

GAINES: Yes, I had a toothache when I was a child at that age, and I had to ride the bus, just as he rides. At that time, on a bus in the South, you had a little sign hanging over the aisle and it said "White" on one side and it said "Colored" on the other side, and you had to sit behind that little sign. I also went to a Catholic school in this little town, which I call Bayonne in the story. I also could not eat uptown. There was no place for me to eat; whether it was cold or sleet or rain; and there was no place to eat. There was no place to warm a child eight years old. To do it, a mother had to take him back of town, which was about a mile, ¾ of a mile, something like that, and there was no transportation unless someone picked you up when they saw you walking by. You have that in the story. I also knew about the dentist's waiting room, the cluttered little place that might be full of people waiting to have dental help. Of course, there were all black people in here; the

whites were sitting someplace else. So I had gone through all that. This is why I knew what a child would experience. As a writer, I was interpreting the feeling of this child at the time I myself was 30 years old, but I did know the experiences that he would have gone through. I knew the things that he was going through, yes.

FITZ GERALD: *While Mr. Marchant was talking about the political aspects of your writing, I couldn't help but think that the scene in the dentist's office in "The Sky is Gray" could easily be seen as a marvelous presentation of black militancy, on the one hand, and tradition, on the other. The people gathered in that room seem to be from all walks of life, as if you were deliberately creating a kind of microcosm of the South. Would you agree with this reading?*

GAINES: I would hate to say yes because no matter what I do, no matter how much I write, I feel I will never fully represent the South, really. Just little bitty pieces. I would hate to say that any story or book is "really" representative. You can catch a little touch of it maybe, sometimes.

FITZ GERALD: *To what extent do you feel that you have come under the influence of contemporary writers? Do you feel that Mr. Ellison's work has influenced you in any way or that of other black writers?*

GAINES: No, it hasn't. I didn't read anything at all by Ralph Ellison until I had formed my own style of writing. My early influences were Faulkner, Hemingway, the Russian writers such as Tolstoy, Turgenev and Chekhov. I think I've also been influenced by Greek tragedy, but not by Ellison or any black writers. I knew very early what it was I wanted to write about. I just had to find out a way to do it, and the white writers whom I've mentioned showed me this way better. I looked at Hemingway as a man who can really construct paragraphs; when I want to construct a good paragraph, I read a little Hemingway. You can look at Turgenev's structure of his *Fathers and Children* for a perfectly constructed little novel, or at F. Scott Fitzgerald's construction of *The Great Gatsby*. You look at everything in Tolstoy, who I think is the greatest of them all, the greatest man to write a novel. So you learn from all these people; I've learned from all of them. I learned how to get what was in me onto the paper. As I said about the story "A Long Day in November," I had to get it from Faulkner and from Joyce, but not from Richard Wright or Ellison or Baldwin or anybody like that. They showed me how to get it much better than the black writers had done because so many of them really dealt with style, whereas I think the black writers are much more interested in content—you know, putting it down like it is—and the style is sort of secondary.

MARCHANT: *Do you find that it helps you to live in San Francisco and write about Louisiana from that distance?*

GAINES: Well, in San Francisco if someone's against you, they know how to vote you out of an area. If someone's against you in Louisiana, or if I wrote a book and they did not like it or me in Louisiana, they might shoot me anytime. So it's much safer to live in San Francisco than it is in Louisiana. I think I could write in Louisiana just as well, but I know that, saying some of the things I say, I cannot live in Louisiana and say these things; I mean I can't say them daily and still go through my life every day. And I don't feel that I want to write about something and not have guts enough to live it. What I mean is that, if I were to live in Louisiana and write about an interracial love affair, I should be brave enough, myself, to love; and brave enough to stand beside anyone else who tried. In San Francisco, I could do these things. In Louisiana it might be a little problem to do the same things. So, as you know, I live in San Francisco.

MARCHANT: *Are the old social patterns breaking up in Louisiana? Are they changing?*

GAINES: Yes—in some cases. In the cities they're changing much more. In the countryside you have much of the same sort of thing as years ago. The physical makeup of the country is changing. People are chopping down more trees and plowing up more land, but the people themselves are pretty much the same. In the cities, I noticed this last time that more people are eating at the same counters, blacks and whites together. There are more black people working as clerks. I went to one of the biggest, newest buildings in Baton Rouge, the Louisiana National Bank, only a week or so ago, and I saw two black clerks working as tellers in the bank. This was unheard of two years ago. But things have changed. Now take this little drugstore on the corner of Third Street and North Blvd. in Baton Rouge; in here all the people are eating together, blacks and whites eating at the same counter, a black boy behind the counter is serving and ringing up the cash register. Once this black boy could come in and clean the dishes off the place, but he could never serve anybody. At a later time he could serve and he could collect the money, but he could not ring up the cash register; he had to pass the money from the customer to the white clerk. Now he can do both. But just across the street—well, that's another story.

MARCHANT: *How long will it take those across the street to catch up?*

GAINES: Only God knows.

ELSE BIRTH MAKE US HUSBAND

I have dreamed birth again
from the mother tree of thorns,
have seen flesh issue from the vulvaed bark
above earth
where an older boy wiped his man-stuff
wrung out for my schooling
beyond the apple core and cinder yard.

In his father's tree
he had matched his fish's one eye
against the sun's,
ghosting my single ignorant eye
into that ritual of proof
bound by the cloth of his sun hut
high above our neighbors' circumspection.

Birth I knew formed in all
the sun shone on
and there in his hand spilled seed
from the thwarted blood of his lust,
going into the wood where already birth's foreshadowing
unsettled my brain's clay.

To earth, slat by slat,
to my landlocked, oblate street of sheetrock houses,
and then dream of birth:
Birth, in the wood, of the thorn-suffered creature,
breaking from bark like fire
over that asbestos circle,
come supplicant into my unfatherly dreams
which allowed only love's coming
to scald my loins,
no neighbor's creation of thorny flesh
claiming my palm's warmth, the cradle of my wonder,
for there was birth in my own hand
of the man-fluid,
and proof of the hair-making water
under my arm, growing singly,
a promise of love strength
to any neighbor's daughter,
there to be seen in waking—
Only half-formed, the knowledge,
that we lay deep our seed in love's dream
or throw it free
else birth make us husband
to the thorny tree.

—*James Seay*

Vistas in Science: Tomorrow's Priorities

The four articles in this section were presented at a Symposium held at Loyola University, May 19, 1969. They represent the particular views of four very interesting scientists. Each of them has, as you will discover, a very different view of tomorrow's priorities. Even though they are different, they are not conflicting. It is surely significant that humanity is uppermost in each presentation.

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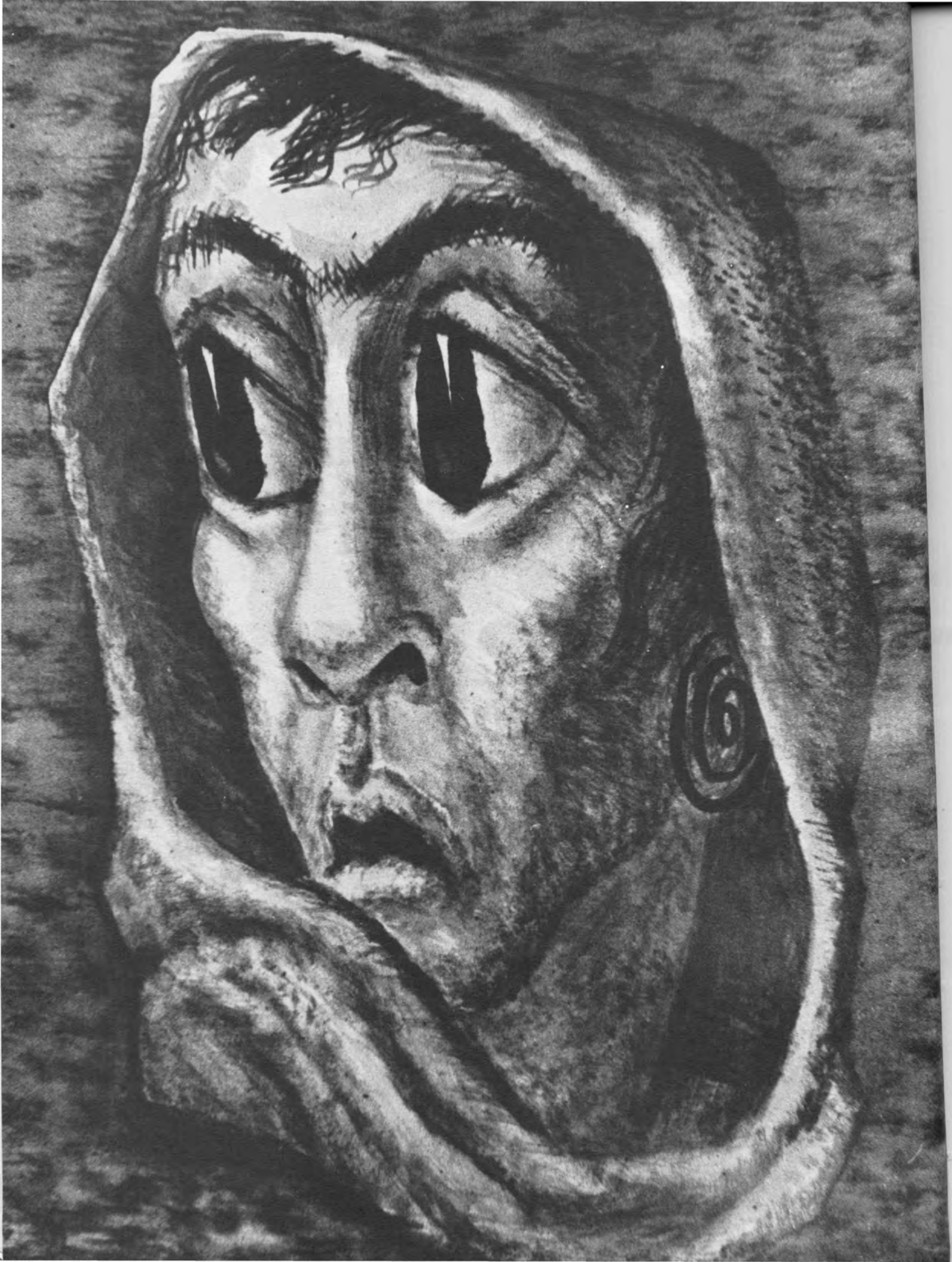
The illustrations accompanying the four science articles are particularly appropriate, inasmuch as they have been produced using radioactive isotopes. Electron printing, as it has been named by the artist, Caroline Durieux, is a new multiple original printing technique developed in 1951 at Louisiana State University. In this process the artist prepares an original drawing using ordinary inks to which radioactive salts have been added. The radioactive drawing is then placed in contact with a regular piece of photographic paper; as the radioactive rays are produced by the isotopes, the photographic paper is exposed exactly as if each spot of ink were an extremely uniform printing technique with most unusual qualities of range of tone and fineness of detail. The number of copies that can be produced from a single drawing is dependent upon the amount of radioactivity and the half-life of the particular isotope used. Those isotopes that emit low-energy beta particles have been found to be the most easily handled. The prints shown are from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. John F. Christman of New Orleans, and are reproduced with the permission of the artist.



Vistas in Science I: Dr. Alton Ochsner

Dr. Alton Ochsner, long noted as one of the world's foremost surgeons, is a pioneer in the field of chest surgery. President of the Alton Ochsner Medical Foundation, he is co-founder of the Ochsner Clinic and is professor emeritus of surgery at the Tulane University School of Medicine.

For one in the year 1969 to predict what the future holds in science is indeed presumptuous. In recounting the tremendous strides that have been made in science and health in the last half century which are many times greater than those made in the eons before and to attempt to envision what the future holds is even more difficult when one recalls that 75% of all the scientists produced in the world are living today and their production rate is increasing tremendously.

Increasing longevity which in itself is not necessarily desirable but if combined with continued usefulness becomes a desideratum. At the outset it must be emphasized that if increased longevity with usefulness is to be obtained it can only be if individuals themselves are willing to do their part and the responsibility for increased longevity cannot simply be left to the new scientific advances. I am astounded when I consider how our populace today seem to do everything to accelerate premature senescence. We have become a sedentary nation of people who abuse the most perfect mechanism ever produced, their bodies, by overeating, overdrinking and smoking. The degree and rate of aging depends to a great extent upon our heritage but many are not able to do as Osler admonished "choose the right grandparents". Although we have no choice in our heritage, we are entirely responsible for the control of many factors which accelerate the aging process.

Intravascular deposition of cholesterol, the culprit in arteriosclerosis, is greatly influenced by diet, especially overeating resulting in obesity, the lack of exercise, and the use of tobacco. Several years ago the personnel on the London omnibuses were studied for cardiovascular diseases. It was found that the drivers who sat all day and were able to smoke had a higher incidence of vascular disease than did the conductors who were walking and climbing up and down to the upper deck and were unable to smoke, although both were subjected to the same air pollution. In Germany during and immediately after the two World Wars, because of the deteriorating economy, there was partial starvation at which times the incidence of cardiovascular disease, gall stones, diabetes, and even cancer decreased. However, when the German economy improved and people became opulent and better fed, there was an increased incidence of all of these diseases. Thus in spite of all the scientific advances, health is dependent upon many controllable factors for which we are entirely responsible.

Unquestionably in the future, control, cure and even prevention of cancer will eventuate. Although many cancers today are preventable by detection and correction of precancerous conditions and many cancers are cured either by their removal or destruction before they have spread beyond the originating focus, there are some that have spread beyond the site of origin and therefore cannot be cured at present. However, through extensive investigation, great progress is being made in the elaboration of chemotherapeutic agents, hormones, and immunizing methods. Undoubtedly in the not too distant future, through the use of these three modalities of therapy, cancers will be cured and even prevented. Acute lymphatic leukemia, the most common cancer in children, responds to chemotherapy. As recent as five years ago, complete remission was obtained in only 50% of children so treated with a median survival of 12 to 18 months. This is in contrast to that obtained at the present time of 90 to 100% complete remission and median survival of 3 and more years. Even some cures have been obtained.

At the present time the most lethal of all cancers, killing over 70,000 persons annually, with a tremendous increase each year, is cancer of the lung which with very few exceptions is an entirely preventable disease, because with the exception of adenocarcinoma, which is a rare form of lung cancer, all other lung cancers are caused by smoking particularly cigarettes. In addition to lung cancer, other cancers that are profoundly affected by tobacco use are those of the mouth, larynx, bladder and esophagus. Moreover, other disabling and fatal illnesses caused by tobacco are emphysema, many cases of cardiovascular disease, and duodenal ulcer. In 1965 according to the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service, 360,000 persons died in the United States because of tobacco

use; 77 million man days were lost because of disability because of tobacco; an additional 88 million man days were lost from work because of sickness in bed because of tobacco and an additional 310 million man days of partial disability because of tobacco. Thus the future health of the populace is dependent to a great extent upon their habits, whether they overeat, get no exercise, drink too much or smoke.

Organ transplantation which began approximately a decade ago with kidney transplantation will become frequent and practical in the near future. The better control of the rejection process by decreasing the immune reaction to the transplanted organ without increasing the susceptibility to infection, will make organ transplantation commonplace. At the present time, kidney transplantation is very successful because a patient with destroyed or removed kidneys can be sustained on artificial renal dialysis indefinitely until a suitable donor can be obtained, and also because of the relative ease with which early manifestations of rejection can be detected. I agree with Dr. DeBakey, who has done such brilliant work on cardiovascular problems, that the use of artificial hearts will be preferable to heart transplant because, in contradistinction to kidneys, liver and lungs which are highly complicated organs, the heart is the simplest of all organs, a two cylinder pump. As soon as a sufficient power source is available and prevention of blood damage by the pump becomes possible the use of the artificial heart will become feasible. The amount of energy required by the human heart at rest (asleep) is 40 foot tons in 24 hours, much more than could be supplied by an implantable battery. The Atomic Energy Commission is working on an atomic energy pack which when made safe to be implanted in the body can be used to supply the necessary power. Also the prevention of blood destruction by the pump will be obviated.

Many birth defects which occur now will be prevented. German measles (rubella), which usually is of little significance to the individual affected especially in childhood, is a real hazard to the fetus when a pregnant mother is involved. The incidence of prematurity, stillbirths, glaucoma, congenital heart defects, deafness and mental retardation is high. At present a new vaccine is available which will permit immunization of the 30 per cent of women who escaped German measles during their childhood so that the birth defects caused by this viral infection can be prevented.

Probing in the depths of the 1969 crystal ball, I envision that because of the activities in this splendid Science Complex and other similar ones the life span will be definitely prolonged and I sincerely hope that we will learn to profit by this and not abuse the most perfect mechanism ever produced, our bodies and minds.

Vistas in Science II: Cmdr. M. Scott Carpenter

Commander M. Scott Carpenter, one of the original seven U.S. astronauts, flew the second American manned orbital flight on May 24, 1962. He has also been active in the Navy's Man-in-the-Sea program and worked and lived on the ocean floor for 30 consecutive days as an aquanaut.

I have been engaged for the last ten years now with two important scientific investigations. One is well publicized, the other is not, but both are in my opinion of vital importance not only to us as a nation but, indeed, as mankind. I would like to mention some of the problems we face, and then I would like to go with you in the other direction and explain why I think the exploration of the deep ocean is also important to us all.

First, what are some of the problems we face in space flight? Probably the most limiting, if we consider prolonged space flight, is the human physiology. We believed before Alan Shepard first flew that five minutes of weightlessness might be unendurable for the human being. We have found this not to be so. But the men in the space flight program are considered guilty until they prove themselves innocent.

We know now that two weeks of weightlessness is not bothersome, but we cannot yet prove that a year of weightlessness will not produce some irreversible effects. Physiology might also be limiting when you consider radiation levels. The human psychological machine might be limiting when you consider the isolation and the confinement that will be required for flights to Mars. All of us who are

engaged on a first hand basis in space flight believe that the human organism can accomplish anything that the machines he designs and builds can, and we feel that we are limited more by intellect than we are by our own physiology.

The machines presently are thrust limited. No matter what man has tried to do with machines, he has sooner or later ended up as power-limited or thrust-limited. We are also limited, and will always be, by component reliability. A Mars flight using minimum energy requires a year to get there and a year to come back, and one doesn't have room for many spares. And so reliability becomes a matter of paramount interest to particularly the men aboard the space craft. We have, however, slowly solved the problems that present themselves; and I think it is prophetic to note that we have at the moment three men bound for the moon. And yet, some of you are so disinterested that you can go out and listen to speakers tonight. We have become a little complacent about our new found capability. It is the name of the game, however, but we do solve problems slowly.

When we solve more of these problems that I have mentioned, this is what I believe is in store for us in the Mars space flight program: We will have permanently manned orbiting laboratories and, believe it or not, factories. The environment of Zero G gives us many new capabilities that cannot be achieved anywhere else. Manufacturing and new manufacturing techniques can be utilized in the weightless environment; perfectly round ball bearings can be made; new welding techniques developed. We will do this first in manned orbiting laboratories. We have plans and funds for this type of activity now. Finally, permanently manned orbiting factories will take advantage of the knowledge we gained from both manned and the unmanned Space Flight Program.

We will next have permanently manned lunar colonies and lunar factories primarily as a result of the knowledge we are beginning to bring back from our nearest celestial neighbor. Actually the moon is nothing more than an unmanned orbiting laboratory waiting to be manned at this moment.

It may be awhile before my next prediction comes about; but certainly within this century and probably in the 80's, we will set foot on Mars. And we will follow the same pattern on Mars: first manned laboratories and then possibly manned factories that will take advantage of that new environment.

The next step no one can forecast with any real assurance. It will probably involve visits to other planets in our own solar system. The time table is not clear to anyone at this point. A further step is even bigger, and that is a visit to another solar system. We don't yet know how this can be done. It will require many break-throughs in the field of power, both for propulsion and to drive the equipment on the space craft. It may take some delving into Einstein's theory of relativity, taking advantage of time dilatation that he forecast when the speed of light is approached. It may again involve human physiology and whether or not the human being can be put in a dormant state for the long periods of time required to fly to our nearest star, excepting our own. They may sound, these predictions, a little unreal to you; but I would only say if that be the case, look back 100 years and remember the way your grandmothers and grandfathers felt about new developments when they were children and think what they would have said if you would have told them that we would be flying to the moon in 1969; think what they would have said about super-sonic transport that would have been as incredible to them as some of the things I have said tonight may be to you.

Another frontier is the ocean. Many of the world's scientists feel that one of the greatest problems that we face today is the population explosion. If this be true, then we must find new sources of food. The logical place to turn to is the ocean. Provided we can keep from polluting it until it becomes biologically dead; and it is, as it has been suggested earlier tonight, a distinct possibility that that could happen.

There are two ways to explore and to develop the ocean, as there are two ways to explore space: with machines alone or with men in machines. Both are required. They probably will always be competitive programs within the sponsoring agency, but both are required and even the competitors know this. We are limited at this moment by our machines but more by our intellect and even more by our human physiology. Why? Pressures, mainly. The pressures found in the deep ocean are tremendous. We do not now know how to send men as free swimmers, as saturated divers, to depths over 1500 feet. We do not know what the effects on the human organism will be.

We who engage in this believe we can stand it, but we do not have the intellect yet to build the machines required to support a man at these depths. The temperatures are punishing in the deep ocean. Thermal conductivity of sea water is such that you lose body heat very quickly if you are not confined in the machines, and we have no way to combat this effectively at this time. Visibility can be nil. We don't have good power sources to provide artificial illumination in this important part of the ocean. Many people fail to realize that as soon as divers enter the water they become essentially deaf and mute. We have in this modern day and age, believe it or not, no efficient means to communicate with reliability across the ten foot separation between a swimmer and his companion or the 200 foot or 600 foot separation between the man in the water and his underwater habitat or the surface. Decompression is a cross that all divers bear. It involves human physiology again, and it is not clearly understood at all. Our decompression schedules are a result of trial and error, and all the changes we make in them are heavily tempered by trial and error. Nitrogen narcosis is a complete unknown. Jacques Costeau has labeled it "Rapture of the depths." At 200 feet, breathing air, nitrogen can be narcotic. Three breaths is as good as three martinis; but at 450 feet, three breaths of air can be as toxic as a glass of cyanide. We don't under-

stand why nitrogen narcosis requires us to use helium in the breathing mixture. We don't understand why helium is not narcotic. The use of helium produces some problems—mainly in human speech; it has a strange effect on human speech. The frequency goes quite high. Hard consonants disappear. The speed of sound in helium being what it is, one loses all sense of directionality; and at 600 feet, breathing a helium mixture, human speech is 99% unintelligible. We don't even have electronic devices that can reconstruct helium speech so that men engaged in highly technical work on the ocean floor can converse with each other.

Challenge anyone in a laboratory to do meaningful scientific work in concert with colleagues while he is unable to speak to them. Oxygen toxicity is not clearly understood. We cannot breathe pure oxygen at high pressures as we can do at reduced pressures in space craft. Pure oxygen is again as toxic as cyanide at depths over 70 feet, but we don't really understand why. We have a number of solutions that are some distance down the road. One might be fluid breathing. It eliminates all the inert gases required in normal gaseous atmosphere, but it involves a tracheotomy for the divers. This doesn't appeal to divers in particular, and it certainly would compound the communications problem. Perhaps in the medical field there is a solution to the decompression problem through the use of drugs. This is being pursued at Duke University and elsewhere. Hopefully, we will be able to remove the albatross which hangs around the diver's neck. After these problems are solved (and we solve them very slowly), the ocean will become a very important part of this country. We aim now at what is called the continental shelf which is classically defined as all that offshore land which lies less than 200 meters deep. This is the richest part of the ocean. We know that it is rich in oil and this will be the first and greatest material gained from the continental shelf through the use of man in the sea. But we know it also to be rich in fresh water and minerals of all kinds. Most importantly, it is rich both in plant and animal life as food. It is our desire to make this area available not only to this country but to the starving masses of the population explosion. In order to do this in a very short time, we will have permanently manned colonies within the confines of the continental shelf.

I don't foresee any residential communities on the ocean floor—perhaps some resorts where one can live within sight of the under water scene which is indeed a beautiful new world. Industrial communities, yes. Through the knowledge we gain we will begin to utilize submarine transport. This has a great many advantages—most of them having to do with divorcing our fragile ships from the very troublesome interface, the surface of the ocean. Submarine transport will become the major means of ocean transport in a very short time.

Ocean floor development will be extended beyond a thousand feet, particularly for minerals but not for food. Food is pretty well concentrated within the first thousand feet.

I would just like to end by assuring you that these two programs, the space program and the ocean depths program should not be considered competitive. They are in fact highly complementary. I believe that this nation, in order to survive, must follow with vigor both of these programs. There is one important distinction that I would like to draw to your attention. It has to do with size and distance. The lunar surface is rich in knowledge which is vital to mankind. It is not, as far as we know now, rich in terms of material wealth—mineral resources for instance. The moon is 240,000 miles away. The continental shelf is 200 meters away. We know it to be rich not only in knowledge but all raw materials. If one had all of the continental shelves of the earth together you come up with a total land area roughly equal in size to the continent of Africa. Incidentally, this is roughly equal in size to the entire lunar surface. A little simple arithmetic: 200 meters into 240,000 miles gives you a figure one to two million. This says simply that this vastly rich area is two million times closer than the moon. For this reason, if for no other, it seems reasonable to me that within the next ten, twenty, perhaps thirty years we stand to gain more in terms of material wealth, knowledge, and resources that will elevate the standard of living of all people on this planet than we do from our nearest neighbor, the moon. Let me add again with emphasis that they are not competitive. I hope that you realize the ultimate worth of both these programs and realize also that they both need one essential ingredient: the support and interest of educated people who are willing and able through their own imagination to share with me the abiding faith I have that the satisfaction of man's curiosity and the search for pure knowledge are the most priceless gifts man has.

Vistas in Science III: Dr. Gregory R. Choppin

Dr. Gregory R. Choppin is best known for his research leading to the discovery of the chemical element 101, mendelevium. He is professor and chairman of the department of chemistry at Florida State University where he was selected as the university's Distinguished Professor of the Year for 1967-68. He is an alumnus of Loyola University.

This would, indeed, seem an appropriate moment in the history of science to pause and consider the present state and possible future of science for never has science enjoyed a happier state nor faced a less certain future. New understanding emerges daily across the whole panorama of nature from the near-infinite depths of the Universe to the near-infinitesimal world of strange particles. Among scientists this is the new Age of Faith and we are busy constructing our cathedrals of scientific knowledge and theory with the same confidence and dedication that an earlier age gave to its cathedrals of stone. Never before have so many been educated so well as today's professional scientists. Never has such sophisticated equipment been so readily available; never have money and facilities been so abundant. The Science Center being dedicated here at Loyola is but the latest example.

To start our discussion of science, let us glance backwards briefly. Soon after the century began, classical mechanics was replaced for atomic systems by a new physics of quantum mechanics in which the properties of matter were no longer continuous. In 1925 Schroedinger, a German physicist, proposed an even more revolutionary approach to the description of matter. The unique feature of Schroedinger's approach was that he described matter not in terms of the properties of solid particles but, rather, in terms of the properties of waves. And his wave equation was quite successful in explaining the energy levels of electrons in atoms. The wave equation was a time bomb in the heart of science and soon produced a flood of revolutionary concepts without which much of present day chemistry, physics, metallurgy and communications science would be beyond our grasp. Apparently not a revolutionist at heart, Schroedinger once said that had he realized what the wave theory would lead to, he would have had nothing to do with it. To this Niels Bohr replied, "All of us, however, are grateful to you".

Equally revolutionary was the principle enunciated about the same time by Heisenberg which placed restrictions on what can be known in science. The idea that no matter how refined the experiment, there was an irreducible degree of uncertainty may be compared in its impact on scientific philosophy with Copernicus replacement of the sun as the center of the universe. The Uncertainty Principle is most fundamental since it warns against fruitless pursuit of the unobtainable and sets quite specific boundaries on our ability to describe scientific systems. For example, if we know the energy of an electron in an atom accurately, then we cannot know its position or path. Therefore, the normal picture in popular media of an atom as a miniature solar system is incorrect since it implies more knowledge than we can have of electron behavior. Between the quantum mechanical wave equation and the Uncertainty Principle, we can describe the atom quite well mathematically but we cannot draw meaningful picture of it.

In chemistry, quantum mechanics and the wave equation have provided the necessary theory to understand the structure and bonding of atoms in the molecules of nature. With this knowledge has come the ability to synthesize many new molecules not found in nature. The plastics and polymers of today are the results. Equal progress has been made in understanding the behavior of solids resulting in whole new technologies in solid state materials of which transistors are but one example.

And yet, with all this amazing progress, we sometimes fail to indicate how long the road ahead remains. Should anyone begin to feel that we have learned it all, consider such a simple and common substance as water. Water has been studied since science began; it is one of the most abundant and important chemicals. Yet, today we still are uncertain of what liquid water is like on a molecular level. We are sure it is very complex but beyond that there are numberless theories and little agreement despite the importance of this question to chemistry, biology, oceanography and many other branches of science. We have learned much in chemistry but we are still only on the threshold.

Allied with the developments in chemistry are those in molecular biology. Once biologists realized that we are all made of molecules and the behavior of these molecules follow chemical prin-

ciples, they began to study chemistry seriously. The results in the last 20 years have been overwhelming but again we stand only on the threshold. In nuclear physics, nuclear power has finally been produced as cheaply as power from conventional sources. This could well be one of the greatest boons to science since it may be the only hope for sufficient power for technological advance in underdeveloped countries where the lack of abundant, cheap power and the lack of development are inseparable companions. The hope for power from controlled thermonuclear processes is still a distant dream.

Perhaps the most dramatic discoveries in present day physics have been in the area of fundamental particles. In a simpler time, we knew that the atomic nucleus was composed of neutrons and protons. Then, at an accelerating pace new subatomic particles—rather appropriately called strange particles—began to be discovered. Over fifty such particles are now known, ranging from the neutrino (Fermi's little neutral one, of no charge and no rest mass) to hyperons with a rest mass two and a half times greater than the proton. Progress has been made in finding some regularities in the classification of these particles but they still remain strange even though we are sure that, in some way, they are the ultimate building blocks of nature.

Astronomy is another area of great discovery and great puzzlement today. A few years ago the enigmatic quasars were discovered. They apparently were extremely distant objects of great light intensity and quite scarce. However, in December the orbiting telescopes allowed astronomers their first glimpse beyond our atmosphere and it seems quasars may be neither so distant nor so few. As we study the universe more, questions of its expansion and contraction, of the ultimate construction as well as of the creation and ultimate end of matter, are asked. And, not surprisingly, the theories of quantum-wave mechanics, Uncertainty, are strange particles are all involved.

While the very essence of each of us, our genetic pattern, is transmitted to our descendents as we inherited it from all past generations by the replication of DNA molecules, the atoms of those molecules, as indeed every atom in our body except hydrogen, were synthesized in some long ago star. After being cast into space by the explosive death of the star, in time these atoms coalesced to form the earth. Billions of years passed before life appeared as the atoms combined to form ever more complex molecules. Truly, the immutability of these atoms on earth are the stuff of history for we share them with all that has lived or shall live. During a normal life span, each of us shall breathe argon atoms once breathed by every human who has lived, by Christ, by Ghandi, by Caesar, by Napoleon, by Judas, by Einstein.

This, then, is a brief view of the bright promise and high excitement of science today. But if it is a time of greatest achievement, it is also a time of gravest crisis, so grave that it casts a dark shadow over the future of science. The very success of science has contributed greatly to today's world of turmoil. Movies and television show the poorest in India or Peru or Harlem what life is for us and what it could be for them. And, in justice, we have an obligation to spread the benefits of scientific progress to all the peoples of the world.

Recently, we have become aware that we must solve a problem which threatens to negate all our scientific and technological progress. Man, through science, believed that he conquered nature. Lately, we have learned how wrong that concept is. We have begun to appreciate the aptness of Barbara Ward's description of our planet as "the spaceship Earth"—a description echoed by the Apollo 8 crew members when they described earth as a bright green oasis in the empty inhospitable blackness of space. By ignoring the other, darker side of scientific and technological development, we have threatened the destruction of this oasis as a hospitable place for life. The technological advances in transportation, food, and air conditioning have allowed the growth of great urban complexes. They have also produced foul air, contaminated rivers, vanishing privacy and lives of strain and tension. Each day 65 million tons of carbon monoxide, 23 million tons of sulfur oxides, 15 million tons of hydrocarbons, and 12 million tons of other gases are released to the atmosphere in the United States. The tonnage of industrial pollutants exceeds that of the national steel production. It is estimated that within 30 years, all 22 of the river systems of this country will be biologically dead due to pollution. Beyond any question we have exceeded the ability of nature to reprocess our wastes and, now, we must cooperate with her in doing this. We must view the earth as a closed system of limited resources in a delicate balance and, accordingly must revise our approach to give reprocessing of waste material a priority equal to that of the production of new materials. This must be done immediately in the United States and, in other countries, it must be an integral aspect of the development of science and technology. There are few more urgent matters before mankind than this for on its solution depends the answer to the question of the quality of the life of the future.

Let us turn to the question of the implication of this for science and in particular, for science in the universities. One of the inevitable consequences of the success of science has been the explosion of knowledge. Not only can a man not know all of any science today, he cannot know more than a part of one of the many areas of specialization into which the expansion of knowledge has fragmented every science. A further consequence, particularly in university science, has been an increasing abstraction. So many facts are known that we can no longer hope to teach even a small fraction, so in our classrooms we stress the broad concepts of science. Codification has vanished from academic science, even in biology, and has been replaced by theories and models. Only by such a process could scientific understanding have developed as rapidly. However, a result of this trend in academic science

has been a widening gap between pure and applied science since the latter is inevitably more concerned with the facts of science and technological processes. If academic scientists are to contribute to the solution of our urban and environmental problems, they must become concerned again with the applications of science. They must escape the confining restrictions of their own specialties and learn to work with other natural and social scientists in broad, new approaches to science and society for our urban and environmental problems are neither completely social nor completely scientific but some of both. Such a view of academic science implies a change in the value of judgment of science departments and university administrators for they shall have to place as much value on the environmental scientists as on the theoretical scientist even though the latter is likely to continue to receive greater recognition for sometime within the world of science.

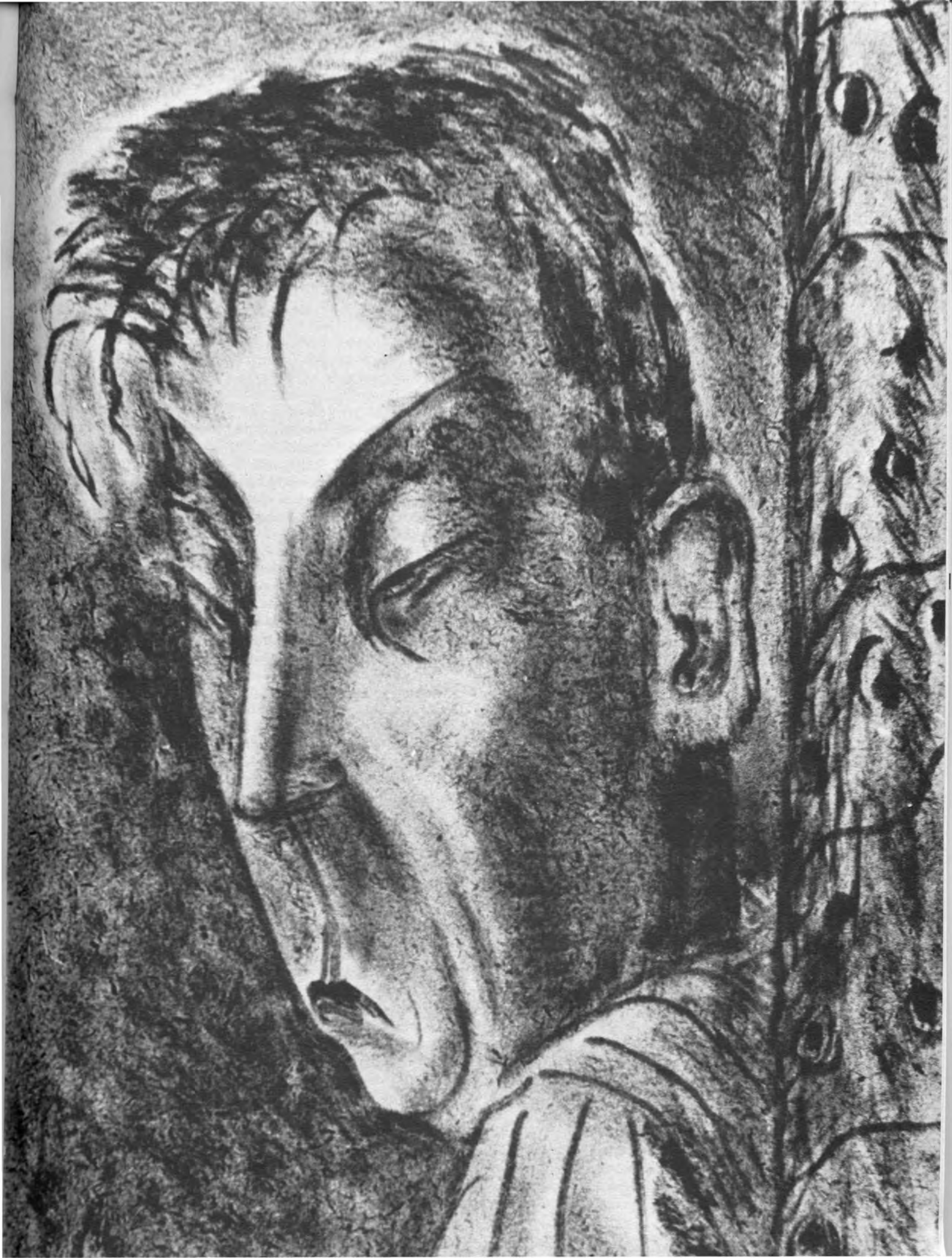
Since universities often preach liberal philosophies for society while practicing rigid conservatism internally, this may not be easy to accomplish. It is likely that new, developing research centers such as Loyola could initiate successfully such interdisciplinary programs with better success than institutions with established research traditions.

Apparently, it will also be necessary to educate the Congress. The year the National Science Foundation proposed a ten million dollar budget item for "interdisciplinary research relevant to problems of our society". The purpose was to get the universities involved in these problems in a broad way. During the Congressional hearings this item was critically discussed and is almost certainly going to be cut from the budget.

To avoid any misunderstanding: I am not advocating that academic science become concerned only with socio-scientific problems for the primary mission of academic science must continue to be the advance of fundamental knowledge and it must continue to place the conceptual revolution wrought by science above its technological contributions to society. Vannevar Bush expressed this well when he said "Science has a simple faith—that it is the privilege of man to learn to understand and this is his mission. If we abandon that mission under stress, then we shall abandon it forever for stress shall not cease". But what I do propose is that alongside the pure scientist, the universities make room for and encourage the scientist who is concerned with problems directed to social imperatives. A necessary corollary is that scientific education become more flexible in its structure and more diverse in its purposes. This means less fragmentation and specialization, and more attention to the interrelation between areas of natural science and social science as they mutually affect society.

These changes are necessary, not only because of the urgent needs of society; they may also be necessary if science is to survive as a vital area of human curiosity and study. Lynn White has warned that "cultural support of science today rests more on fear and fear is not a good foundation." In an unfriendly warning recently, Congressman Craig Hosmer stated "the scientific community should take greater pains to make clear that its efforts contribute directly and indirectly to progress benefiting every man, woman and child in this country. The public may not buy science for science's sake so sell it to them for their own sakes." This is a clear warning that scientists can no longer complacently accept scientific illiteracy on the part of the public and of Congressmen. Science, indeed, has an obligation to progress mankind but it must do it in many ways. One is the way of new technologies, another is the way of new adventures giving new concepts of our world. We need men who can draw blueprints but do they advance mankind anymore than a Michaelangelo? So must it be with science.

This is truly a scientific age and man's achievements in science should be a source of great excitement to all. The great concepts of science may seem strange at first but they need not be indigestible. It may be of equal importance that scientists learn to describe to laymen the quantum model of the atom, the implications of the Uncertainty Principle and of entropy, the fascination in the complexity of water, the processes whereby the atoms are made in stars as it is to tell of how science improves technology. Then, there will be sympathy and a sharing of excitement in science. Such communication with laymen may also help redirect the attention of scientists to the world and to the obligation of helping to spread the benefits of science to all the inhabitants of that small oasis in space.



Vistas in Science IV: Dr. Michael Ellis DeBakey

Dr. Michael Ellis DeBakey is one of the world's leading developers and practitioners of heart surgery. As president and chief executive officer of the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, he conducts the largest cardiovascular center in the world. He was the chief architect of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke.

"An attention to health should take the place of every other object," Thomas Jefferson contended. Benjamin Disraeli, too, gave top priority to health. "The health of the people," he said, "is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a State depend." I concur in this belief, for it is no coincidence that the healthiest people are the most ingenious, imaginative, productive, and the happiest, and that the healthiest nations are the strongest and wealthiest. An unhealthy society, on the other hand, is a defensively weak society, an economically unstable society, a morally feeble society, and an intellectually and culturally inferior society.

Among affluent, compassionate people, concern for one's fellowman is fundamental. Concern for the welfare of all our people is a humanitarian duty, and health is an essential ingredient of human welfare. Health affects all our values—social, economic, cultural, political, psychologic, legislative, and many others. Our major social problems today—crime, poverty, malnutrition, urban crowding, overpopulation, illiteracy, civil discord, disease, alcoholism, drug addiction, accidents, and environmental pollution—are all intimately related to physical, mental, and emotional health. If we are to remove these threats to our well-being, we must all make contributions to this common goal. Health therefore becomes a social obligation, and the medium through which health is improved—medical research—becomes a social responsibility.

From a practical standpoint, this responsibility yields dividends for all of us, since every weak elements weakens the whole. Because the infirm cannot assume their share of responsibility for the production of food, shelter, and other human essentials, others must bear the additional burden. Restoring the infirm to health, however, would convert the infirm from nonproductive to productive consumers.

Each of us owes it to himself to keep informed of the organizational aspects of health in our community, state, and nation. As intelligent, educated citizens, we are all morally bound to take an active interest in, and to help shape, the direction of medical science and the policies that concern the health of our people. Each of us should therefore acquaint himself with new health problems as they relate to community health. Although our standards of sanitation are the highest in the world, for example, increasing industrialization of our society has created new menaces to health in the form of water and air pollution. It is our obligation to take steps to eliminate these menaces.

We are in the midst of an exciting biomedical revolution, on the threshold of learning the key to life and the genetic code of cellular biology and function. As scientific knowledge expands, health activities broaden, and the scope of investigation within the biologic sciences continues to grow. Scientific research is most productive in a social environment that permits free scientific inquiry and offers encouragement and support. Since the goal of medical research is ultimately your improved health, you can best help achieve this goal by keeping informed of its activities and progress and by participating in and supporting all health activities.

I have said that medical research leads to improved health services, and I believe you will agree that evidence in support of this statement is incontrovertible. Physicians have traditionally translated the newest scientific discoveries into practical benefits for their patients, and these benefits have prompted further exploration, society demanding and expecting better and better medical service. New knowledge thus acts as a stimulus for further research, which, in turn, yields more new knowledge. During the past half century, the life expectancy of Americans has been extended from about 50 years to more than 70 years, primarily as a result of the scientific conquest of major infectious diseases that were previously fatal. The discovery of methods for inducing anesthesia vastly broadened the scope and benefits of surgery, and the discovery of the roentgen-ray by Roentgen and of radium by the Curies led to an entirely new approach to the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Discovery of the communicability of disease opened the field of preventive medicine and public health, and recognition of the relation of disease to lack of sanitation effected sanitation reform. It was medical research that led to the dis-

covery of vaccines for diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, and poliomyelitis, drugs for control of tuberculosis, and antibiotics for pneumonia and other respiratory, gastrointestinal and systemic infections.

In my own specialty of cardiovascular diseases, more progress has been made during the past fifteen years than in all previous recorded history. Heart disease, once a sentence of death or severe disability, is no longer hopeless. Within the past decade alone, the overall death rate from cardiovascular disease dropped 7 per cent among persons 45 to 64 years of age. The death rate for hypertension, which affects about 19 million Americans, has been reduced by 40 per cent, primarily as a result of the development of more effective drugs in the research laboratory. Impressive reductions have also occurred in the death rate for rheumatic heart disease (33 per cent) and stroke (22 per cent), particularly among persons below the age of 65 years.

In my career as a heart surgeon, I have seen incredible advances in the treatment of many grave forms of heart disease. The artificial heart-lung machine, a product of the research laboratory, is now used daily in operating rooms to support circulation of the blood during repair of a diseased heart or segment of the circulatory system. Operations devised for most forms of congenital heart disease now allow children and young adults to lead normal lives, with normal life expectancy. Aneurysms and occlusive lesions of the aorta and major arteries, formerly incurable, are now correctable surgically. The dramatic new procedures of organ transplantation and implantation of mechanical heart assistors originated in the research laboratory.

In cancer, too, researchers have made tremendous strides. Almost a million and a half Americans who have had a major form of cancer are leading productive, happy lives. One of every three Americans survives cancer today, as compared with one of every four only a few years ago.

In psychiatry, advances have been revolutionary. Gone are the snake pits of former years, and the advent of humane treatment has been accompanied by major contributions in effective drugs for anxiety and depression and in successful treatment of other forms of emotional and mental illnesses; these have allowed many persons to resume normal, productive lives in their communities. As a result, the number of patients in state mental hospitals has been reduced by more than 100,000 in the past decade. The savings in public expenditures have been considerable. The social impact of these and other medical advances is overwhelming, especially in such recent accomplishments as hormonal control of fertility and chromosomal identification, with possible prevention of birth defects. All the recent quasi-miracles in overcoming fatal diseases and restoring doomed patients to health and productivity can be traced directly and exclusively to medical research.

Engineering ingenuity has made it possible for physicians to detect illnesses through the aid of isotopes and ultrasonics, to operate with cryogenic devices, and to implant miniature pacemakers in the heart. Image-intensifier screens and cinema technics permit study of movements of the heart and blood vessels with minimal radiation, electrodes can be imbedded in tissues for automatic measurement of oxygen and carbon dioxide tension, and thermistor needles can be inserted for automatic measurement of temperature of tissues. Platinum electrode technics are being used to detect shunts between chambers of the heart, dye dilution technics to determine valvular insufficiency and cardiac output, memory loops to store abnormalities in rhythm in intensive care units, direct high-voltage shock to convert ventricular fibrillation to normal rhythm, and arteriography to identify coronary arterial occlusion. The electron microscope has aided the study of the behavior and fine structure of cells and molecules, and computers have facilitated diagnosis and treatment of certain disorders.

New applications are being found for the laser, including therapeutic coagulation of detached retinas and destruction of certain chromosomes. Picturephones will soon bring instantly to the specialist not only the patient, but also his medical record, including electrocardiogram, electroencephalogram, roentgenogram, and other recordings, from widely disparate geographic sites. Many of these realities of medical science and technology were considered, only a quarter of a century ago, to be fanciful ideas of visionaries.

Survey after survey has indicated that no other comparable expenditure of funds has yielded higher dividends in human happiness, productivity, and longevity. After a year's scrutiny of the National Institutes of Health, the Woolridge Committee, a nongovernmental body composed primarily of representatives of the physical sciences, concluded that the nation's annual investment in medical research brought benefits far in excess of any comparable investment by the Federal government.

But with all this progress, scientists and the rest of society cannot be satisfied: both demand that we continue to combat yet unconquered diseases and new health hazards as they arise. The past record of research is impressive, but we have much more to learn about disease and much more to do to allow men to achieve optimal health and fulfillment in this life. We have not yet uncovered some very basic information about the human body and its health: we do not know enough, for example, about why the heart beats, why blood clots, why some cells grow wild, or why some babies are born deformed. The cause of atherosclerosis and arthritis, which accounts for more death and disability than all other diseases, remain unknown. We do not even fully understand the mechanism of relief of pain by one of the oldest and commonest drugs—aspirin.

A recent cost-effectiveness analysis of expenditures for the medical sciences projected remarkable savings that would accrue if funds for medical diagnosis and research were increased. In arthritis, for example, an expenditure of less than $200 per person would extend by five years the in-

come-producing lives of thirteen million patients. The total national saving would be one and a half billion dollars, for a benefit-cost ratio of 38 to 1; that is, for every dollar invested in improved diagnosis and control, $38 would accrue to our national economy. Where can we find a better investment than this? In cancer of the uterus, one of the most common and most fatal forms of this malignant disease, an investment of $119 million would prevent 34,000 deaths; for every dollar spent, $9 would accrue to the national economy. The list could be extended indefinitely to include elimination or suppression of venereal disease, vehicular accidents, and many other health hazards. From a purely mercenary standpoint, therefore, it behooves us to remove as much of our population as possible from the ranks of the disabled and handicapped, where they constitute a tax burden, and to place them among the productive and employable, where they can contribute as taxpayers.

But justifying medical research by citing cold figures of benefit cost ratios is alien to the humanitarian ideals of a physician. Every human being should have a fair chance in the struggle for survival, and every patient should therefore be provided with the optimal health benefits possible by current skills and knowledge. Can we therefore put a price tag on human life? What price shall we assign to a drug that will arrest leukemia or prevent blindness in a child, or to an operation that will restore a cardiac invalid to a normal, useful life? As benevolent human beings, each of us has the responsibility of doing everything we can to help every person lead as comfortable, healthful, happy, and satisfying a life as possible. Our society has shown its willingness to pay for continually better health standards. The American people are enjoying the best health they have ever known, but we are still far from our objective.

We are proud of our affluence, our military superiority, our democratic ideals, and our professed humanitarianism, but let me cite a few health statistics that may mitigate this pride a little. Cardiovascular disease, our number one killer, still claims more than a million lives a year—more than half our total annual deaths. Thousands still succumb annually to preventable and controllable diseases. According to a national health survey during the year ending June, 1962, 52% of people in the labor force (71.3 million people) had one or more chronic conditions. The loss in man hours and productivity is indefensible. Fifteen million Americans still suffer from heart disease, an equal number from rheumatic and arthritic diseases, ten million from neurologic disorders, and nearly one million from cancer. If present rates continue, cancer will strike about 49 million Americans alive today. Forty thousand babies who die each year would live if we took steps to reduce our infant mortality, which is far higher than several other less affluent countries. One million pregnant women get no prenatal care at all, and of the 36 million persons who need dental care, only 25 per cent receive it. Every year 52 million Americans are victims of accidents, and about 50,000 of these die. Suicide alone accounts for more than 6,000 deaths. Mental illness, alcoholism, and drug addiction cause untold suffering not only to those afflicted, but to their families as well. Malnutrition affects not only the poverty-stricken, but the middle-income group as well. The economic loss to the nation from these and other causes of premature death and disability is staggering.

Prevention of disease is far more economical than treatment. As a physician who daily witnesses the pain and suffering of victims of illness and the anguish of their families, I feel a real urgency to solve our health problems. While we continue to search for new methods of preventing, controlling, and curing illness, we must make the utmost use of all current knowledge to help patients who are suffering today.

Air and water pollution, traffic hazards, high-intensity noises, urban crowding, substandard living conditions, poverty, hunger, and crime and violence are all social problems that are intimately related to the health of the nation and therefore fall within the sphere of medical science. Pooling of knowledge, skill, experience, costly equipment, and specialized facilities can best solve these problems. Optimal health service depends on a cooperative relation between the health profession and society, a relation based on mutual trust and on public understanding and support of medical research. Today it is the public that makes decisions about the future direction of medical research and medical practice, but only if it has adequate information can it arrive at intelligent decisions. More than thirty years ago, Henry Sigerist, noted medical historian, wrote "There is one lesson that can be derived from history . . . that the physician's position in society is never determined by the physician himself, but by the society he is serving."

I have spoken of everyman's responsibility to support medical research. But medical scientists have a reciprocal responsibility to society—to add new knowledge that will benefit man, and to do this within ethical, moral bounds. More than ever today, society's support of medical research depends on our ability to show the relevance of our work to community and social issues today. We must therefore demonstrate a genuine concern for the patient as a human being and not simply as a subject of cold professional interest. To maintain the respect, confidence, and trust of the public, physicians and medical scientists must stringently observe ethical and moral principles. Regardless of any laxity of principles in other spheres of life, the physician must maintain the highest standards of his profession. Every patient must feel confident, when he entrusts himself to the care of a physician, that the physician will not conduct a therapeutic experiment on him until adequate scientific evidence is available to warrant it—and then only when the potential benefits outweigh the risks.

These criteria require the most sober deliberation and the most prudent consideration by the physician-scientist. He must apply new knowledge cautiously and judiciously. If a technic is highly experimental, the physician-scientist must have pro-

duced adequate evidence of its safety and potential efficacy in human subjects, usually in the form of extensive controlled experiments and observations in lower animals; he must anticipate and safeguard against any additional risks in human subjects; he must have the informed, and totally voluntary, consent of the patient or his guardian after adequate explanation of the investigative nature and uncertainties in the procedure; and he must, ultimately and above all, assure himself that if he or a loved one were the patient, he would sanction the proposed procedure. When the decision is overly onerous, he should seek the counsel of informed peers, never depending upon himself as the highest and only arbiter. Decisions about human life are far too critical to be entrusted to a single human being. The traditional jury system has worked exceedingly well in medical science.

The investigator must never permit his zeal for research or his self-interest to blunt his reverence for human life and the right of self-determination. He must find the critical balance required to satisfy society's demands for the advancement of knowledge while abiding by its strictures to protect the dignity, privacy, and freedom of its individual members.

At a time when all of us are acutely aware of ethical, moral, and social values, and when these values have impinged heavily on medical research, it is incumbent on physicians and medical scientists to protect the traditionally high ideals, objectives, and integrity of the profession. Some have suggested placing legal restrictions on medical experimentation, but obedience to an ethical code should not have to be exacted by rigid, formal laws or injunctions; instead it should be prompted by integrity, humanitarianism, and benevolence—qualities that every physician should possess. When, however, individual members of any group violate basic social principles by failing to exercise restraint, prudence, and discretion, rules are invariably imposed from without. Ethical decisions in medical science depend finally on the wisdom, integrity, and self-imposed restraints of the scientist and his peers. A simple personal credo based on general ethical norms and on love and reverence for humanity has no equivalent for moral guidance. The Golden Rule is an excellent guide for any physician-scientist to follow: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." (Matthew 7:12)

Like all viable phenomena, medical science is perpetually in a state of flux, the result of many extrinsic and intrinsic forces acting reciprocally on one another. Medical practice of the future, like that of the past and present, will be shaped as much by social and other evolutionary phenomena as by conscious planning. Paramount among forces that have influenced the evolutionary process in the past have been the expansion of scientific knowledge through medical research and the application of this knowledge through ingenious technologic developments, both of which have revolutionized health services and have effected vast social changes. The ascendancy of science as a recognized discipline removed medicine from the spheres of magic, mysticism, and myth and introduced it into the realm of inquiry and reason.

We look upon many recent developments in medical science with awe and wonder—transferring tissue or whole organs from one body to another or replacing vital organs by man-made substitutes. Devices are now already being developed to keep organs viable outside the body for sustained periods and thus make organ transplantation an elective rather than emergency operation. We are now testing such a device in our laboratory and have been able to prolong the viability and recuperability of donor organs, such as heart and kidneys, for about 36 hours.

Researchers are collaborating on a computer model of the human circulatory system. By manipulating variables in this artificial circulatory system which cannot be manipulated in human subjects, they hope to study their effects on other parts of the system and thus to understand better some of the physiologic and biochemical factors in the human circulatory system. A machine to duplicate human breathing patterns is being developed to help us understand better the mechanisms operating in respiratory diseases.

In our own laboratory we have been working for some time on development of artificial "skin." Synthetic fibers, particularly Dacron, have been found useful for replacing severely burned tissue. Artificial elbows, knuckles, wrists, and other joints are constantly being improved, with remarkable advancement over previous stainless-steel prostheses.

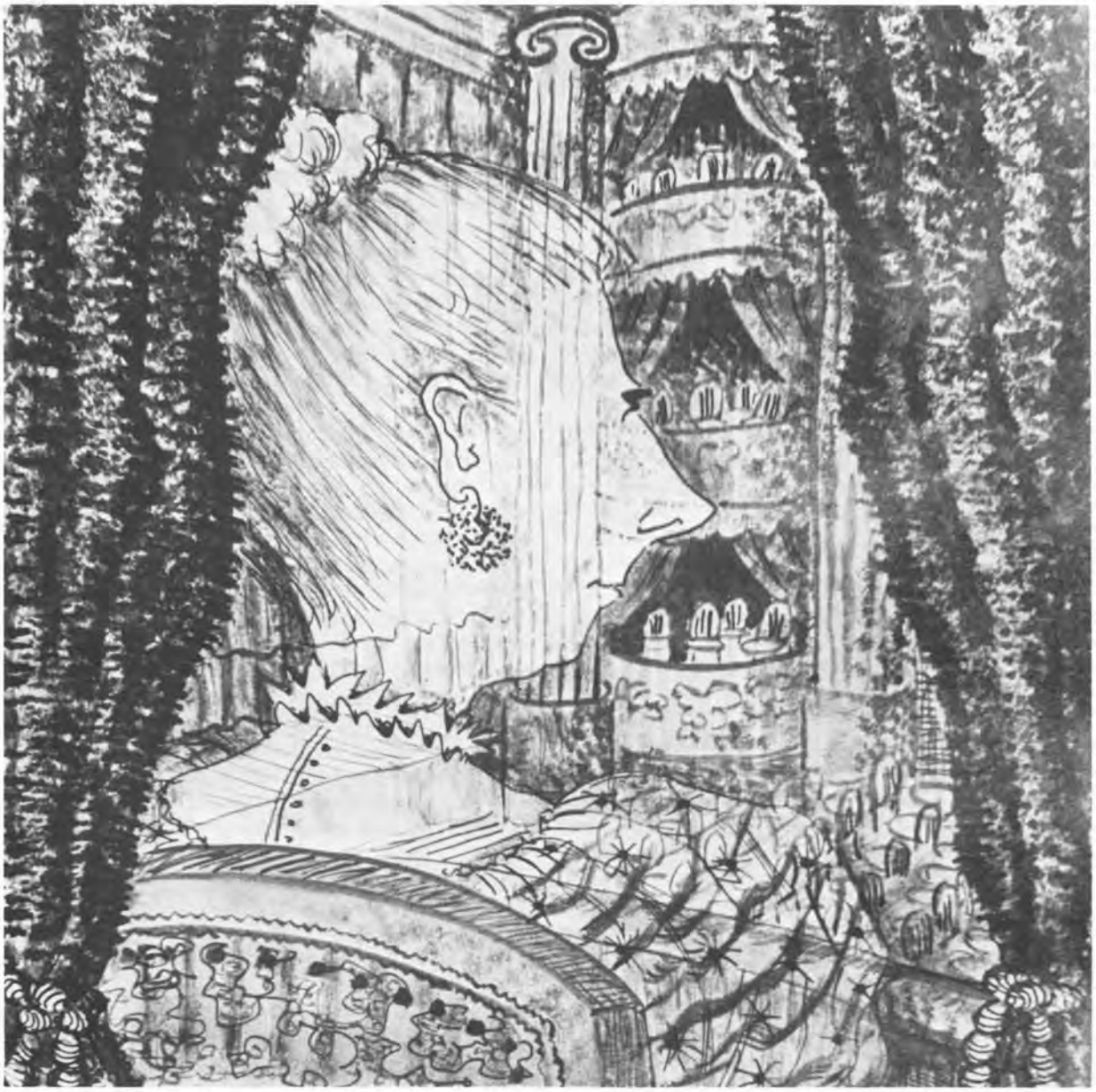
But future medical science, I am sure, holds discoveries that the contemporary mind would find even more fantastic. The changes in our present mode of practicing medicine will be drastic. Anesthesia, for example, will no longer be induced by injection of pharmacologic agents now used, but will be replaced by a form of suspended animation or hibernation, that will permit temporary cessation of vital functions while corrective treatment is being applied. We can look forward to the time when we shall know enough about preventing arteriosclerosis to eradicate this major cause of death. Cancer will disappear, its cause and prevention having been discovered. The cause of mental illness will, I feel confident, be uncovered, and methods of preventing birth defects will remove the dreaded risk of having a deformed baby.

In all this research, we need the support of the public, private industry, and government; it is far too massive and complex to relegate to a single sector of our population; all of us must participate if we are to achieve our goals as rapidly as we would like. I believe that priorities for governmental support should be reassessed and primary consideration given to the health needs of our people.

Future events in medicine will produce new trends in medical education, research, and practice. Sociologic, economic, ethical, philosophic, legal,

and many other issues will bear more and more heavily on the future direction of the profession and on the character of health care. The physician's work will be more intimately related to that of other professional and subprofessional groups, including economists, communications experts, social scientists, administrators, community officials, law enforcement officers, and legislators. The future status of medicine, like its past and present, will grow out of the complex interplay of multiple forces. Our medical leaders are obligated to adapt medical practice and medical education not only to the new scientific knowledge but to changing sociologic, economic, and cultural forces. Competent medical service today requires an efficiently organized system of medical practice, responsive to the social needs and demands of our people.

As my eyes wander over this audience, my heart is warmed by the intelligent young faces, eager to accept their responsibility as citizens. Your school has provided you with the most modern physical facilities and with a dedicated, capable faculty, and I feel confident that you and the future students of Loyola will make the most of both. I want to urge you, however, to give serious consideration now to certain values of life which, I believe, will give your future careers and your lives fuller meaning and deeper satisfaction. I refer to humanitarianism, and to health as a humanitarian concern. In today's highly materialistic and competitive world, it is easy to be distracted from compassionate thoughts and deeds. But few other qualities bring as much personal contentment as consideration for and kindness to others. Compassion is the essence of the Judeo-Christian ideal and is one of the highest forms of moral maturity. Those of you who choose a career in medical science will have an opportunity to contribute directly to the betterment of human health. But *all* of you can assist in this goal, first by maintaining your own health and then by extending your concern to the community, nation, and world. Your interest in and support of medical research will bring you and humanity unimagined dividends.



A Sense of Family

by Price Caldwell

This is about a dream. A very bad dream. I am going to insist right off the bat that it is a dream, even though I think it is happening to me right now. It has been happening to me all day, even while I have been doing what I do every day here at the office, which is keeping up with these credit accounts. I am beginning to suspect the reason it keeps happening to me over and over is that I am not by nature much of a dreamer, and perhaps I don't know enough about them. It all started last night when I dreamed that my wife had died and I didn't know what to do with her. All night long I dreamed I was driving around the countryside in this huge powerful car with my wife beside me on the seat, all done up in a box.

When I woke up, of course, she was there in the bed with me like always. I was so glad to see her there that I almost cried. But there she was, without any clothes on, warm and smooth to touch, and pregnant like she is. When I told her what I dreamed she just smiled and turned over and hugged me. She said, "Well, I hope you're not trying to get rid of me. I'm planning to stay around for a long time." So everything was really all right, because I am certainly not trying to get rid of her. But everything wasn't quite all right because just after I got to the office the whole thing started happening again.

Now I am not one of your poets or beatnicks. I think I know the difference between what is real and what isn't real. Reality is what I have been doing all day, even while the dreams were happening, which is dealing with these credit sheets. The people whose names are on these sheets are real people. You wouldn't believe the trouble they get into with money. People in stories don't get into fixes like that, or in dreams either. At least I never have. On the other hand people in real life don't get into fixes like the one I'm in in the dream.

The dream always begins and ends at the same point. When it's over I am back in my office again working over these figures. I look at the clock and only a few minutes have passed since the last time I looked. Or it doesn't end at all, it just starts over, and there I am coming home in the evening and not being able to find my wife in the house. This is where it starts. The house is empty. There is something cooking on the stove. I don't know whether to cut it off or not and I go from room to room looking for my wife. Finally I go back outside. I am standing on the lawn, and all of a sudden the house looks very strange. I am out in the suburbs somewhere. It's a big brick house in the middle of a subdivision full of colonial and ranch-style houses and there are big green lawns everywhere. The afternoon sun makes everything look very clean and washed and peaceful. Then this neighbor that we've never had occasion to speak to comes over from across the street. She asks me if she can fix me a cup of coffee and that's what makes me frightened for the first time.

Then, before we can go back into the house, a policeman comes up on the lawn and asks me what my name is. I hear myself saying, "I am Mr. Kentnor and I live here," even though it's not my name at all and I don't live here. But the policeman looks as if he was only being polite anyway and says, "You see there's been an accident." I say, "Where's my wife," but he only says, "I will take you downtown." And I am looking around the neighborhood where there are only green lawns and quiet houses and afternoon sun. The neighbor from across the street has disappeared and I am there alone.

Then I am riding in the car with the policeman and trying to ask questions and I can't say anything. We come to a big dark building and inside there are a great many people around. People keep coming up to me with papers to sign. Everyone is very busy. Nobody wants me to see my wife. I keep asking people where she is but nobody seems to want me to know. Everyone looks sad and careful of my feelings but nobody will tell me anything. Finally I hear somebody say, "She was pregnant, wasn't she?" And I look around, but no one is speaking to me at all. It is a policeman over in the corner of the room, behind a long desk. He is talking to another policeman who is standing by him, drinking ice water out of a paper cup.

I sit in a chair in the corner for hours, waiting. The people in the room look at me occasionally to see if I am still there, but no one speaks to me. Fi-

nally a tall man in a business suit comes out of a door and shakes my hand. He looks very nice, but you can tell he's an expert. He says, "Everything seems to be in order. We are sorry to have kept you waiting, but it took a while to get everything straightened out." I say, "You mean there was a mistake somewhere?" He seems very kind. His face is very dark, but very aware. He wears glasses that are perfectly round, with thick rims around them. His hair is parted in the middle.

He says, "Your wife died in Error, but we are satisfied that it wasn't your Error." When he says the word Error I am sure it is capitalized. I see it that way in my head. It makes me frightened when I hear it but it seems exactly right for him to say. "Yes," he says, "You seem to have been in the clear from all angles. We offer our apologies."

He shakes my hand and suddenly I am afraid again. I am afraid for him to leave. I remember that there have not been any deaths in my family since I was little and I never had to do anything. I never had to tend to any of the arrangements. I start to say, "Help me, you've got to help me," but he turns back to me before I say it, as if he has read my mind.

"Would you prefer that we, ah, make preparations. . .?" and I say, "Yes." Because I don't know these things, you know. I guess I have always thought that when somebody died there was always somebody there who knew what to do, who just popped in and made himself available. And if you were in charge all you had to do was nod your head and say "Yes," or "No, we'd prefer. . ." and so on. But here there is nobody. No preacher, no undertaker. And I remember that there is no preacher to call because we don't have a church yet, and my wife's preacher that she had before, the one that married us, is over in Florida where her folks live. If he were here everything would be better. He would know what to do.

But all this time the man in the suit is just smiling as if he has already understood all of this. He says, "I'll be glad to help any way I can." Then we go over where there are several chairs together and we sit down. He gets some more papers out of his brief case and gives them to me. He says, "These papers will enable you to indicate your wishes for the disposition of the deceased." So I start to read the papers, only I can't because my eyes don't work right. There is so much to read, and I can't see whether it says to bury her or cremate her or what, or where or why or anything. So finally I just sign my name where he says to and he says, "I'm sure everything will be done properly." He stands up and shakes my hand again. "Thank you for your cooperation," he says. "I'm sure you won't have any complaints." And then he leaves the room, and I don't know what to do again.

The next thing I know I'm at home. I'm in bed and I'm alone. It's morning outside and the sky is very bright. All I can think of is my wife. I remember that I am supposed to go to a certain place and get her, so I get dressed and go, without eating any breakfast.

Here is the strange part of the dream. When I go out to get in the car it turns out to be a big brand-new red Pontiac. It has big tires with white lettering on them. There is a little plaque that says there is a supercharger on the motor, and inside it has bucket seats and a four-on-the-floor stick shift and a tachometer among the instruments on the control panel. It's not our regular car at all, which is this God-forsaken old Volkswagen that my wife had before we got married, that's slow as Christmas.

Anyhow I get in this big car and start it up and drive downtown to the place I am supposed to go to, which turns out to be a very clean-looking brick building that looks like a post office, only it isn't. There are no signs on the building to tell you what kind of building it is. I park the car and go in, and I'm in a long hallway. There are quite a few doors on the hallway but none of them have signs on them and I don't know which one to go into. But then it doesn't matter because a man comes out of one of the doors. He has a package in his hand.

"Mr. Kentnor," he says. And I say, "Yes," just like I did to the policeman, even though my real name is Williams, not Kentnor. The man hands me the package and says "Thank you very much. If we can be of service again at any time in the future, please get in touch." He smiles. "We are always here," he says, as if he is quoting the motto of his firm, though I don't know how I would ever call him again since I don't know his name, or even the name of his company. But I don't know how to say anything to him, and he shakes my hand, still smiling, and goes back into one of the doors, leaving me alone again.

The package he gave me looks just like a regular package you would get in the mail. It's about eighteen inches long and maybe ten inches wide and three or four inches deep, wrapped up in brown wrapping paper, very neat, with tape at each end and tied with brown cord. It doesn't have any stamps on it, but it does have what looks like an address. I can't exactly make my eyes work well enough to see the words, but it seems like I can tell what it says. It says, "Sandra (McHenry) Williams." That's my wife's name. Her real name.

So I get back in the car. I put the package on the seat beside me and start up the engine and leave. This is when all the driving starts. It takes up the greater part of the dream. For hours and hours and hours I have to keep driving this huge powerful car, going from one place to another, to places I don't even know about. I am trying to take my wife to the right place, and I don't know where it is. I don't know whether she is to be buried or burned, blessed or benedicted. They have given her to me to do with her whatever I can do with her, and I can't. It's like now that she is dead she's not mine any more. She doesn't belong with me any more, and I can't know, am not supposed to know what to do with her. Who am I, after all, to know that?

And all this time I am driving, driving, driving this big car down one black-top road after another, faster than we have ever gone in our real car. I can feel the power the car has. When I put my hand on the gear shift now I can feel the smooth

vibrations in the drive train and my light touch on the accelerator makes the car go faster than I want it to. And we just go and go. Or rather I do. I mean, my wife is with me in the car, all done up in her box in the seat, but in a sense she isn't with me at all. She is dead. You know what I mean. I am being forced to keep my eyes focused on the road ahead, and I can't think about it too clearly.

Suddenly, after hours and hours, we are driving off the main road onto a little gravel road that winds down the hill into some trees. The road is very bumpy and the car is going faster than I want it to even though I keep pushing harder and harder on the brake pedal. I realize all of a sudden that I know where we are going. There is a river down there in the trees, and my father and mother are there. I remember that I wanted to call my father when I was in the police station, and I hadn't. Because they loved Sandra almost as much as I did. Surely they would take her and know what to do with her.

My eyes are streaming tears as I remember this. The car has slowed down at last and we are riding smoothly through thick layers of leaves in the road. The woods open up and sure enough, there is a river and a boathouse and picnic grounds. My father is standing by the parking area in his shorts, waiting for me. My mother is there with a thermos jug in her hands and I am starting to cry again. But I manage to park the car, and I am saying, "Help me, you've got to help me."

My father is smiling. He walks over to me and says, "Well, look who's here," and my mother says, "You're just in time. We are just about ready to sit down and eat." And I say, "Wait," but my mother says, "If you want to wash up there's a bathroom around the far side of the pavillion." And I am saying, "No, no, you've got to help me, don't you understand? Sandra is dead." But she is already walking off. She says, "It's time to eat, but if you want a beer first you'll have to go up to the snack bar to get you one."

Now I am crying, begging, pleading. "Daddy, wait," I am saying, "Don't go off. Can't you help me with Sandra?" But he is just standing there, smiling like an imbecile. "She's your wife," he says, just like he's explaining it to a child. "After all, you're the one that married her." As if it is the simplest thing in the world, and he doesn't understand why I don't understand.

But I don't understand. My mind is wildly turning, trying to remember why it should be like this, why he has to act this way. Everything is wrong. I remember that I have never even known him to go on a picnic before this. He has never liked to fish. I've never seen him wear shorts before. But I can't think very well and my father is getting more stupid-looking and fuzzy all the time, like he has died and gone to heaven and simply doesn't have to have anything more to do with people who are still living or dying, even though I can remember that he has always liked Sandra almost as much as I did.

Finally I walk around the car and open the door and get the box. It must not have been prepared right after all, because already it is beginning to get a little bit greasy on the bottom. I am crying again when I hold it out to him, but he won't even take it. He is grinning at me again, and I suddenly remember that I have seen him grin that way before, when I was younger and lived at home and his favorite Cardinals had just lost a baseball game. "What have you got there, a present?" he says. "No," I say, "It's my wife." And he says, "It looks like it's addressed to you, not me."

My hands are shaking when I open the door again and put my wife back in on the seat. I turn on the ignition and back the car around and drive up the road to the highway. Then the car accelerates and we are driving again. This time I know where we are going. We are going to Florida, back to Sandra's folks, back to the people who had her all of her life before I took her away. The car is functioning perfectly, roaring down the black-top highway faster than I have ever gone before, perfectly under control.

But I am afraid. What will I say when we get there? Am I to bring back their daughter dead in a little box when she was so alive when I took her away? I am telling myself over and over that it wasn't my fault, that the man in the round glasses said that it wasn't my Error at all, that it was just something that happened. What could I do about it? Who am I to have done something about it? But I will have to stand there at their door at their house in Florida and hand them a little brown-paper box with their daughter in it.

Now I am arriving at that point where things split, and two things are happening at once. I don't know what time it is, but it has to be very late. I have been driving for hours and hours and hours, with my eyes focused on the road ahead and my mind on the box there where my wife is. Several times I have had to stop, to get out of the car and hold the box in my hands in order to think about it, or try to think about it. But it seems like I am forced to get back in the car and continue, so I put the box back on the seat and go ahead. There is a little spot of grease on the seat under the box, and grease on the steering wheel from my hands.

But now two things are happening. I am driving down the road as usual and at the same time I am arriving at my wife's parents' house in Florida. All of a sudden we are turning off the road onto the little sandy lane that runs around the hill to their house. Under the trees it is very dark but as I drive into the yard I can see Mr. and Mrs. McHenry standing in front of the house as if they have been waiting for me all of this time. Now I am parking the car. Now I am getting out of the car with the box in my hands and the tears rolling down all over my face and Sandra's folks walking over to meet me.

All this time, of course, I am still driving. Or I am standing by the car on the side of the road looking at the box in my hands. Now the bottom of the box is greasy all through. One corner is beginning to tear loose, and when I look closely I can see bones inside. One of them looks like a rib bone and I try to imagine that part of Sandra, just underneath her breast where the skin is white and smooth and warm, with the little ridges of bone under-

neath apparent only to the touch. When I try to see into the box I see that some of the bones have a little meat on them, like steak bones that have been thrown away. Only they have been burned, too, charred black on one side.

Now Sandra's mother is crying. Her face has become very dark. Her father's face is very dark too, as if he is in great pain. I am standing here with the box in my hands and I am trying to explain. I am trying to explain that it wasn't my fault. It is absurd that I can't even explain to them how she died, and nothing I say will alter the way they are looking at me. Finally Mr. McHenry says, "When we gave you our daughter she was alive and well. And now you bring her back like this?" And I am trying to look at the box through the tears in my eyes and the bottom is coming all undone and the grease is getting all over my hands. Sandra's mother is just standing there, crying quietly to herself, not saying anything.

Finally Sandra's father turns and walks away, around to the back of the house. When he returns he is carrying in his arms what looks like a big wooden basket. But it isn't a basket. It's about four feet long, painted white. When he gets close enough I see that it is built in the shape of a coffin. A coffin for a child.

"I made this for Sandra when she was four years old," he says. "She had pneumonia. We thought she was dead and I made this to put her in. And then she turned out to be alive after all, and she got well."

He puts the coffin down on the ground between us, and then I am kneeling down by it, ready to put my wife inside. But my box is too little. It looks silly lying there in the bottom of a box big enough for a child. Maybe I should unwrap her, and just put my wife there in the coffin without the brown paper and string. I am not thinking very well. That's worse, that's not right at all, I am telling myself. But I don't know what else to do and I catch my box with my wife in it in my hands again and just sit there on the ground staring down into the deep white coffin. And suddenly Sandra's mother is screaming, making great huge sobbing sounds, screaming, "My baby, my baby," over and over again, until I can't stand to hear it any more, and everything stops.

When I open my eyes again everything has changed. I am standing in high grass beside the car. The highway is fifty feet away and we are in the middle of a field. The grass is as high as my waist, as high as the window of the car. I am saying, "My baby, my baby" over and over to myself and I remember at last that my wife is—was—to have a baby herself. I am holding my box in my hands and it contains my wife and my baby too. It has to. That changes things. I can't go to Florida, now. I don't have to go to Florida. I don't have to give them back.

When I look around again I see that the road goes up over a great bridge. Apparently I just missed the first railing when I went off the road. Down below, where I can't see for the grass, there must be a river or a bay or something. So I start walking down the hill to see what there is, stumbling through the grass because I can't see where the ground is. My finger has poked a hole in the box, and I can feel one of my wife's bones with my finger. I can't look inside again.

Under the bridge it is very dark and cool. It is very muddy next to the water but I am kneeling down, and now I have put the box in the water, upside down. I am watching to see if it will float. It floats, but just barely. It takes a long time for it to float out far enough for the current to catch it, but then it moves along rapidly. In a moment it is out of sight, but just as it disappears the current flips it over and I see it again. After a moment a fish jumps out of the water, way downstream, not far from where my wife should be.

Now somebody is shouting at me. I look back and there is a big pleasure boat coming down the river. In the boat there is a girl in a bathing suit, waving at me. She is about ten years old. There is also a small white dog on the forward deck of the boat, barking at something in the water. The boat is heading downstream, out toward the Gulf of Mexico. In a moment the boat is going to drive right over my wife and my child and I cover up my eyes because I am crying again and because I can't stand to look any more.

Now I'm at that point where it's all supposed to end, where I get to wake up and find myself in bed with my wife and everything is all right again. That's the way it happened the first time. Or maybe when it stops I will find myself at the office again trying to locate a figure in one of those credit sheets, the way it has been happening all day. Either that or I will have already left the office and am arriving home at that strange house in the suburbs where Mrs. Furness from across the street will invite me to coffee and the whole thing will have to happen again. Dreams make their own claims, just as, I have discovered, a sense of family makes its own claims. They own you in much the same way, and you just have to accept. I am telling myself this. You have to accept it just as it is, even if you open your eyes now and discover that the dream is not over yet after all, that you still have to walk back up the hill with the mud all over your hands and the knees of your suit and get back into the big powerful car that is waiting there, to switch on all those switches and drive and drive and drive.

THE GARDEN

Where was the fault? You do not know nor can.
Time had not happened to enstructure man
When that fatality of play began.

The trees were heavy, the soil soft as lace
On softest skin, as careless as the face
Spun in the wildness of that place:

The air heavy as nectar with perfume.
The green vines insistent to assume
The texture of a tableland of spume

Hung motionless; the plum-tree great with fruit,
The tare in constant labor at the root
Brought forth, and the date and oleander followed suit.

Time was, time was not, among the trees.
Though the still drop fell from the leaves
This was no measure for the face to seize;

No birth bore brutally upon the past,
Nor death stood patiently to see the last:
The greedy minutes and the ages massed

In the incorruptible round of day and night.
Against the fullness of an evening's light
He slept, and sleep was simple, then, and right.

But in the olive wood with the round sun
Hugely above, he rested like a stone
One day, and the grove was silent, and the deed was done.

The living tissue open to desire
Found a white finger like a white fire
To draw the bone and breathe upon the wire.

And the sun failing in that perfect sky
Watched, and the beasts listened to that cry,
And the garden waited for the sound to die.

Night, and the beasts coupled, and the simple pair.
This was no wonder for the two were fair,
And made of one flesh in the garden there.

Day, and the day returned. And much the same
As it had been before the maiden came
The garden was, and Eve was made her name.

He gave her honeycomb that she might eat,
Grapes on whose dark skin the sun would beat
Until they shone like gold, and they were sweet.

He taught her berrying among the vines
And where the cold and crystal river winds,
The deeper coverts where the white-throat pines.

She called him Adam, and no childish thing
Passed ever in their understanding.
They were too old to laugh, too young to sing.

And when they passed the Tree, an ordinary day,
She nodded as he spoke, not sad, not gay,
For having been no child she could not say

What either was. And what he said, she heard
In the gray continuance of the word.
And what she did, she never would have dared.

Nor quite certain, when the moment came,
What stood between the boxwoods murmuring her name
With the insistence of a mortal thing.

Evil is only form and never act.
Unskilled to caution, she assumed the fact
Gathered before her with its drawling tact.

She was not made, of course, to understand,
Question, examine, but rather to attend.
There was an Adam who drew her by the hand.

Along the pathways overgrown with good
And in and out amid the geometric wood,
And he it was who knew. But now there stood

A greater brightness than the form of man
In the dark wood, and for the first time laughter ran
Through the dry courses of the perfect plan.

And fruit she bore Adam while the false light
Shone like dull metal against the weary sight,
And he did eat of it before the night.

Where was the fault? He could not well refuse
Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, to lose.
There was no choice, nor was he asked to choose.

The day emptied itself against the sky.
Night, and the beasts coupled, and the pair lay by
Fingering the hard existence of the *I*;

Grown to a deep confusion of themselves
The bone and flesh lay taut upon their shelves,
And desire gaped behind the necessary valves.

Night, and the day returned, and they went out
To take their breakfast from the formal rout,
But an immense otherness lay all about.

The green leaves, like a green host that day,
Camped in the forest's arms, and the broad ray
Of the inquiring sun touched them as they lay;

The earth was full of fragrance soft as loam,
The air in columns held the light like foam
And like a warm image turned it to and fro;

The pathways glided like a living thing
Away. In the distance they heard the cuckoo sing
And when they turned she watched a moth take wing

As though for the first time. And seeing her rise
To the profound sun, he turned away his eyes
And watched the clouds make patterns through the trees.

They wandered, then, beyond the simple bounds
That had contented them, and bathed their wounds
In darker rivers of unquiet grounds.

And saying nothing, he tore a twisted leaf
From the fig-tree with the hurry of a thief,
And meeting Eve, looked down, and called her, *wife*.

And travelling, stopped when she was great with child,
Raised a low roof, broke ground, grew many-skilled,
And left the garden forever to the wild.

—*Stuart Silverman*

MOTH WINGS AND ICE II

I owe my existence to a black moth
who blew her passion dust and inadvertenly (sic)
formed my name.
a shapless (sic) heap of symbols, attracted to so
many kinds of lights-my moments fall apart.
I am a bastard sun worshipper and like my
African brothers, I look at my body and wonder
about accidents of space and time.

tell me mother-
were your wings really black? or
were they spotted with blood
like my dreams?

—*Sybil Kein*

STILL LIFE WITH PLYMOUTH

a plymouth is caught
in a nose dive

its fenders lurched ahead
and are gone

a dent in the roof
holds rusty water
and a leaf

my neighbor
looks at his car, then looks away.

something else falls like a tusk
to the pavement. he looks back,
picks it up, fits it somewhere.

he comes
from a long line that recognizes
only burial as death.

—*Robert Bonazzi*

WALKING IN SPACE

Should I move
the right foot
or the left?
Which is right?
Should I ask?

Mother is the meaning of the dream
Fundamental father is the pain

Is there a ground
more relative than this?

Rock to rock across the bankless stream
I move again and lose the space I gain.

—*Donald Brady*

THE CAT IN THE STREET

What plan is in the smashing of the corpse
the runover and over of blood-matted fur
guts jammed into threads?

If this is the test and we pass

we graduate to what
dead horse?

—*Donald Brady*

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

NOTICES TO HOME-OWNERS:

Plant trees.
For every tree build a fence.
For every fence get a dog.
Let the dog use the fence however he pleases;
you will sleep, free to dream,
your investment protected by trained teeth.
(Consider a second dog for your car.)
You have responsibilities now:
You have bought your island
for $24.99 and a handful of that
dried fish the natives like.
You do not like it,
remember.

NOTICES TO RENTERS:

Keep your milk off the windowsills.
Count your kids each night.
The number should be constant or decreasing.
Search their eyes for needle marks.
Stay in the house after dark—there is no
walking without a destination
in a Transitional Neighborhood.
(If you have a car, you may drive it.)
Make small fires, if you wish,
under the stairs, in the bedclothes,
fire being an approved agent of change.
Stay in and watch the pages of the dictionary
projected on your shades,
flowing like a river,
Spanish into English.

NOTICES TO STORE OWNERS:

Rinse out the blindfolds that hang like banners
CERVEZA FRIA OPEN SUNDAYS.
Feed the cat that gritty fish
beached on a rice sack,
feed the mouse that cheese souring on months.
Burn the candles for yourself,
the kindergarten reds greens blues
WELCOME HOME SAFE CROSSING DEPARTED BELOVED.
You have been notified
in case of emergency.
The A & P is coming with a black glove
on its closed hand.
There will be no clues.
You will be found shaken to death,
your deliberate fingers still on the register keys,
the drawer wide open,
none of your money gone.

—Rosellen Brown

THE COOK-OUT

I rise from the sundeck
To enter the thicket
In search of a bouncing ball,
And find instead a grenade
Rolling toward a thatched hut.

And I go deep within it:
My eyes dropping to a sling,
Hung from criss-cross poles,
Supporting a child, sleeping
Above the settling ball.

The concussion blows the roof off
Like a puff of dandelion fuzz:
Gently, not to waken the infant
Wrapped in flame and floating
Slowly, head over heels through leaves.
I watch until he burns away in the sun.

—Dan Masterson

THE CONDITION

They are dream figures
Peering through the darkness
Of their sleeping children.

Each night they arrive
To take up the vigil:
Fathers watching their sons
And daughters drift away
In a deeper sleep.

Restless children rise
To find fathers
Whimpering from success
In their chosen nightmares.

Returning to sleep
Children dream of failure
Visiting their fathers.

Later, they will learn
To succeed.

—Dan Masterson

A BIRTHDAY CUPCAKE FOR CHUCK STETLER

1

the yankees swept a doubleheader on
your birthday and i watched a melancholy
chekov play on television, guzzling
wino port and thinking hollow thoughts.

the world, i gravely mused, is but an echo
chamber in a solar echo chamber
in a great galactic echo chamber
in a great exflating basketball.

but what is worse we are ourselves an echo
chamber, and the atman is the echo
in the atom and the anti-matter
but the echo in the echo of the atman

2

quite complacent at my jejune soph-
istries, i poured another rutgut goblet,
read about the rams, rehearsed these echoes
in the key of camaraderie:

for he's a jolly good fellow
for he's a jolly good fellow
for he's a jolly good fellow
not even nobodaddy can deny . . .

therefore, *hurray for chucko*
hurray at last
hurray for chucko,
et cetera . . .

and in my basest baritone,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet
for auld lang syne . . .

3

which is to say i wanted to give you something
that would mean the same to both of us
but i couldn't afford a vegas call girl or,
for that matter, a bottle of wild turkey,

and we've already shared the movie aviators,
panic-stricken, playing with their joysticks,
and the hemingway burlesque of "having the fear"
(*i spit in pablo's beer*!).

accept the gift then not as flaccid words
but because i turned off *shane* to write it.
we'll take that cup of kindness yet—by god
they'll have to build a bigger brewery.

—*Gerald Locklin*

THE INTEROFFICE MEMO

There are bears at loose
in the National Parks
their small, fierce eyes
dull with pain and boredom

Memory burns them
they pace the picnic grounds
gorge on stale paper lunches
their ears are filled
with the sound of camera shutters

I do not wonder at the times
they strike at the pale campers

There are men caged so
in paper rooms

I do not like to think of it
their revenge will be
terrible
the glass corridors
will run with blood

—*Eugene McNamara*

THE HOOK

When you ask me
to snap a hook
on your dress
I see the back of your neck

I see it when you are bent
over something
a child's shoe
some thing you are sewing

But when I look
at your neck bent
patient for my touch

only I am privileged
for this moment

there are trees
bent so
in the wind

—*Eugene McNamara*

THE BLUE COAST

The old Russian caretaker stops me, his eyes
furious. "DeGaulle is a Jew, really. I
have discovered this. He is no Catholic."
The avenues are glutted cheek-to-cheek,
shoving and hating. It is noon in Europe.
The young Italian explains, "If there were no Jews,
we would have peace. Really, Mussolini
was very brilliant, but we no longer can buy
his books. The Jews are behind everything.
They killed Kennedy and put in Johnson.
They are causing the trouble with the Arabs. Kennedy,
for me, he was the best. The Jews are rotten."
We are lying on the beach. Motorboats
and sails, the perfect sky. The *Michaelangelo*
rests in the harbor, the lighters carry
passengers from her and to her. Carefully I get up
and leave for the house I borrowed, up in a grove
of mimosa trees. The two German shepherds
bark and run at their gate as I walk past them
and up the dirt road. Below, cars race
on the coast highway, and an express train shudders by . . .
"I was at Auschwitz," says the Belgian lady.
When the Russians came, they had to stop the Polish
political prisoners from trampling the Jews to death.
They hated us so. But what could you expect
from those filthy Poles?" There is a fine dust
on the trees and fences. From here the valley runs
to the half-moon of the shore, and the sand is hidden
behind the new hotels. Cezanne once roamed
these hills, or ones not far from here, like these,
with his brown canvas carrying bags, through orchards
and over paths. This one, maybe. It is getting late,
though, for that sort of imagining. The sidewalks are full
of shoppers shoving to get by. The girls
ride pertly on their motorbikes. Downtown
on the Croisette, the new tourists are buying
perfumes and blankets while the single organ tone,
the pedal note of the luxury ship, calls them
with the deepest and richest sound, but one sound only,
back to supper and another port, finally
back to New York. Now from the balcony,
looking down the valley onto the ocean,
I think of Dachau, which has been so well scrubbed

and manicured it is more horrible for it.
There on the assembly ground I saw the tops
of churches in the village, and straight ahead
in a lovely grove were the gas ovens.
Now it is all a museum.
Here on the south coast
I can't see anything beyond the elbows of Europe,
beyond the smoke from the *Michaelangelo,*
beyond the islands or the line where the gray sky
blurs with the water. "Out there somewhere," we say
and stop. If we were God, what would we do?

—*Richard Frost*

MOVING NORTH

We ran out of pine trees coming through Kentucky.
That was the first sign.
Until then the last hot spell of August
Had tricked us into thinking
There would be no change. Two pilgrims faltered.

The vascular system of the roadmap could lead
Us from toetip to heart
Yet never note the changes or prepare us
For the slapping shut of
One valve and the springing open of another.

We pushed on. Indiana went up in smoke
As industrial cannon rubbed out
The sky. Dry fields stood in harsh relief.
The wind spoke in strange
Accents, the superhighways sang out: this is America.

Over the Michigan line and into a new
Home. We unloaded the van,
Threw open the windows in the empty rooms.
The air turned suddenly cool.
We buttoned up and waited for the winter.

—*Elton Glaser*

THE SALT PORK

This is about the summer and the wheels of sleep
and the man shot through with Adam and dying from the heart

who moves through the night upstairs along a flowered wall
and longs for kitchens in the immense and preoccupied night.

He is about to die tomorrow or next week
and longs for the thing they say he must not have—salt, salt.

A woman stands at the base of the stairs and she looks up.
He has nothing for salt but tears and his tears are like his flesh

big and white in the night and slow to hover and drop,
so she brings him in pity salt pork, gray woman as biting as salt.

Picture the two of them poised on that landing, bitter and old,
measuring each other like gods, after the humbug of years;

and though she has long since spun and spun from her discontent
and shifts like a larva now inside her webbed regret,

it is the gift that makes her a woman again and she wings

the silence out from her thighs by the movement of offering
to the floods and coagulations of his flesh the pork,

that he may taste salt things again with a wet white tongue
an inch before dying in summer, when sleep is our green cargo.

She knows after all and all the biting years, at last
she will please the both of them and he will be glad on the stairs

to receive at his lips the forbidden and quite lively flavor
of the sharp wife and the offering beyond old duty—it is

the ransom (lord!) of Eden. He is glad like a child from his heart
and she knows at last from her own: because we are less than gods

we are holy, holy, holy.

—*Robert Casto*

THE TIN-FLUTE PLAYER

Misters and missuses, goddamn your picky christian
little rich boys and girls who have hidden my little tin flute,
thinking me evil and sensitive. Lord! give 'em chicken pox,
the croup and the pimples, let 'em grow up to a mortgage and be
unpopular. When they played with me once in vacant fields
(now bumpy with houses), their laughter was better than innocence.
Now they have mockingly taken my little tin flute and its little tin
sweet sweet song.

Jesus! here they make love with the lights on, that is not art nor
manners, but it is their way who watch each other brightly
and they watch me too. I have seen from the street blue solid hands
pull skinny curtains back and the doorways filled with misters
silent and butch and the front lawns empty when I pass.
Am I evil and sensitive simply because I have given them something
that whistles alive, more viable even than life insurance, my
sweet sweet song?

I saw two solemn seekers, persons of the night,
paddle intelligent streams, two swans as white as blood,
and I ask you, were they not birds or indolence and despair?
were they, among the green tusks of fern and soft green mosses,
not the two similar parts of a single eminent soul?
Living they had no voice, but when they began to die
I heard them raise up a symphonious honking, as pretty as my own
sweet sweet song!

Goodbye to the fields and the offspring. Well I can sing all alone
incredible little tin tunes! They want to see me cry,
the smart suburban boys and girls, but as long as I live
I will sing to spite them, my song shall be full of abuse and despair
and rich hatred with all the green hunger of living things and my song
shall be networks of fear, twirling and cruel as the progress of men,
and my song shall open the fields to great cities ugly as life, my
sweet sweet song.

—*Robert Casto*

DECEMBER LETTER TO NINA

The Negro in my old room is sick
With the flu. I have it too.
Where did you say you were going to go?

They have called the Department of Public Health
Who advise that he don his uniform
Or the Doctor will not come.

Let's see, you said you would be back
Tomorrow—or was it the other day?
I am to meet you going the other way.

The hotel in Salzburg is cold. They want
The rent, and threaten to call the police.
You must be in line at American Express.

We don't spend too much time together.
It must be the Negro, or the Doctor.
What did you say that was the matter?

. . . . . .

The weather's getting cold. Snow,
piled up to the windowsill. I sit
and brood on what I know.

—*H. L. Van Brunt*

CHINA BLUE

Clouds like
bruises bloom
on the sea at Montauk.

Today was china blue.
Clouds became the sand
between our toes.

We stared,
our lives like the days of wasps
without a nest.

We stared,
our lives
larval in the sea.

—*H. L. Van Brunt*

FATHERS AND SONS

Like a charmed snake,
the bottle rose
between the old man's legs.
He waited to tell his son.
He drank to wait.

His son came late,
drunk as he,
laughed to see the old man
on the floor. Crawled beside
and asked for charmed whiskey.

They spoke of old games,
recalling what mother,
Sunday, death, dog, Ford.

Through some accident, some
fear of burned bridges, they
called each other by various
names.

—*John Biguenet*

CINDY, WHICH IS SHORT FOR SOMETHING ELSE

Between her teeth
lies her tongue.
It is best noticed
before it sucks
meaning from occasion.
I say this with
no allusion to
Greek sirens. I
say this only as
warning.

—*John Biguenet*

CADAVER

The initial lesion of syphilis may result over the years in a gradual weakening and dilatation (aneurysm) of the aorta. This aneurysm may ultimately rupture and lead to death of the patient . . . . . medical textbook

Fitting the labels
in our books
to our own tense tendons
slipping in their sheaths

we memorized the body
and the word

stripped the toughened skin
from the stringing nerve
the giving muscle.

Ribs sprang like gates.

In the chest
like archaeologists
we found it:
clotted, swollen,
aneurysmal
sign of an old sin—

the silent lust
that had buried itself
in the years

growing
in the hollow of his chest

still rounded by her arms
clinging
belly to belly
years beyond that first seed

to the rigid final fact

of a body.

—*John H. Stone*

FOLIE A DEUX:*
ONE YEAR

The sound of trucks
is closer than the wheels.

Can you know how deeply
you have sown your brain seed.

How shall I say
the world worried you.

Why are we where
are we how are we bound.

Should I let you know the bones
of my brain are slowly crumbling.

Shall I tell you that your little
madness is like these raindrops
dimpling the puddle of my mind.

The right eye blurs; the left
sees much too clearly—I keep
them both.

Can you also hear the long trucks
rifling toward morning on this
same dumb air.

*(folie a deux: psychosis
occurring simultaneously
in two associated persons)

—John H. Stone

PARTS OF SPEECH

1
Some of these words
are ten years old.
They have rolled
about in my brain
and wrinkled
to end up here on this
definite
paper.

2
Instead of words
what would you have me use:

motions?

signs?

breathing?

while the crazed heart see-saws
in its bony cradle
at every word
you
never
say.

3
hic haec hoc
huius huius huius

and the word declines.

—*John H. Stone*

LAMENT

Leadenly, under quilts, the great idea
Slumbers through the regular morning mess
Of silverware and peaches with whipped cream.
In that house, on that street, there once lived one
Who clambered up stairs to waken a grandson.
Regardless, the new wife dyes her hair red
And sometimes, for days on end, takes to bed
To pacify a kidney or liver.
The old house waits patiently, floors acquiver,
For someone to loose the green parakeet
From its bondage, set things straight.
To the one who said she would see us in bliss,
We reply, Here we are, waiting for trumpets.

—*Jeptha Evans*

SKILL POOL AT THE PLAYBOY

Bunny girl I like you in spite.
You walk in front
and talk tired feet,
pinching costume, aching thighs, sore back,
messed hair,
and your hard-to-get bad-weather tan.

Everything talks your body
as you circle the green table
in the lush room
and poke the white balls into the pockets.

At $1 per game
you beat them at their own,
all the while,
pretty pretty bitching pretty through your smile.

Three times in a row
as hard as Death at chess they have to win
to have *vici cuniculam* emplaqued
above their names
like Lt. Ekdal on his stone.

I visualize you
on your back
shoulders pressed to the green mat,
tired thighs the felt V
of man man's hollow victory,
your legs wriggling like rabbit ears
and your mouth a soft O, O.

—*Glenn Swetman*

ELEGY FOR CHARLIE

You were not of much consequence:
A minor casualty in a minor war,
A diminutive pilot absorbed by Asia,
A policy, a way of being, a mouth.

In the bowels of December the year was dying,
But you had thoughtlessly escaped,
Ignoring the ironies of history and an Oriental
Wife no longer moon-faced.

The liturgy was mercifully short:
The altarboys crisp as sparrows,
Impatient with immortality;
The priest lost in the subways

Of his own heart, marketing faith
And talking of your letters home
As though he really knew you.
What can we know from liturgies and letters?

Amid formalities and a cough,
I helped you become a name;
The casket was strangely heavy, although
It is rumored that there is no body.

—*Edd Wheeler*

SERMON II

I met a man with a soul
Like an aged parrot.
Ugly and comical,
He bragged of his vulgarities,
How he was making money
And would make a lot of money
(His wife patient and serene,
Keeping the furniture
In thick, clear plastic,
Amusing herself with clocks,
Three chimers and a cuckoo,
And little figurines,
Many precious, all dainty)
And how the play is rough,
Killing even, but always,
Always exciting to win.
He laughed at my disgust,
Tickling his wife's knee.
What then was life to me?
And he winked at her.
That night I had this dream:
God spoke to me and said,
"Have faith. I promise you I am."
Again the papers come,
The same news, whoever won;
But this time, I don't stand,
Wipe my lips with my napkin,
Thank her and muse history.
A great fellow, dapper,
From Forty-Second Street
Slits me with a paring knife
And takes my pit. "Look here!"
They come, and I see them
At the fuzz of my insides
On that pit. Making faces,
Tittering and buffoonery.
My wife!—filling with her
And the rise of her white buttocks
(Smell the juniper,
See the hooknose of the moon,
Season that lightly)—
One has bitten off her ear;
And a river streaming there,
And God!—on the linoleum,
Beneath the stove and soiled
By those dirty boots.
They've gone. A bush is growing
From my chest where my heart was.

Outside a man with gapped teeth
Is talking about Bismarck;
His round, red German face

Persuading closer ties.
Another follows,
The same missing front teeth,
Rude and angry laughter.
The ornate chandeliers
And statuary of the Fox.
And on the enormous stage
A third German sans front teeth,
Braying to the audience
Of friendly relations.
Two-story nude lovers,
Velvet of the lower loge.
A German sobbing in his voice:
You would have the War Prayer,
The blood of our people,
Stony hearts, haters;
And he shoots through the head
Six in the first row.
On goes the voice,
Whining and hysterical,
The sight of people
Wrenched till their bodies,
Transformed serpents,
Slither in stinking mire
And always the bullets,
One by one through the head,
The German sobbing.
The bird gnawing on my petals
Pauses. Someone is coming.
Galezian enters,
Inspired and imperturbable
And bows me like his cello.
"Sing, Sweet Misery, sing,"
And tuning me
By a turn of my teeth,
Plays a Requiem Mass.
Children come in gaily clad,
The room filling with them,
At the foot of the bed,
On the floor in long boxes,
In garlands and vases—
All these flowers for me!
Galezian laughing,
Tuning me through the teeth.

—*Gary Adelman*

Viewpoint

On the Problem of Our Time

by Roy A. Rosenberg

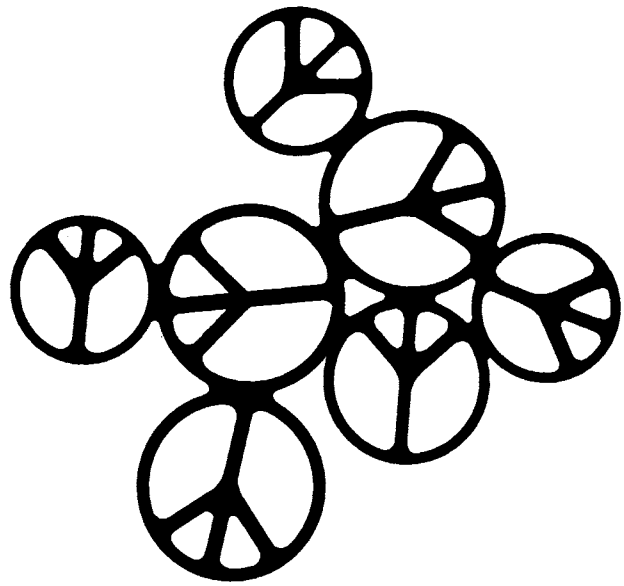
Not so long ago a young Negro said to me, "The best job that a Black can hope to get is a postman's." This led me to ask myself, what's wrong with being a postman? If a man is held back because of his race from moving ahead in his job, then of course this is unfair discrimination and should be corrected. Or if a man of high educational qualification is prevented because of his race from getting a job in which he can put his training to use, then this too is reprehensible and should be corrected. But if an average person, without special educational qualification, is able to hold down a position with the Post Office Department, then wherein lies the grounds for complaint? I have always respected and even envied the postman's lot, so this derogation of it by my black friend came as something of a surprise.

On further reflection, though, I should not have been too surprised, for our civilization has long consigned the less skilled forms of labor to a prestige far below other, more "intellectual" pursuits. When Joshua assigned the Gibeonites to work as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the Israelites, he did not intend to enhance the former, but rather to degrade them. Perhaps this phenomenon is at the nub of the social problems endemic to civilization today. If we expect people to hold down unskilled jobs, and we certainly need a good many of them, then we will have to invest these positions with more honor and prestige than they possess at present. Not only honor, but also remuneration. In many of our institutions a janitor is more essential to a smoothly running program than an executive, yet the executive's salary is far above what the janitor can ever hope to earn. Not only postmen, but also janitors and street sweepers and domestic servants will, in the future, have to be paid much more than "a living wage." Their work is as essential as any in our society; it is work that can never be taken over entirely by machines, and we will have to be prepared to pay for it in terms of its true value.

Most of us automatically identify "culture" and "education" as concerns of the upper and middle classes, those who have the disposable income and the leisure to patronize them. But in the society of the future, in which all men will have to enjoy an adequate remuneration for the work that they do, culture and education will likewise have to become the property of the entire community. For the first time in human history, we are forced to create what the ancient philosophers so admired—a community in which all men, regardless of their work or their station, develop an appreciation and a concern for the so-called "higher values" of life.

Of the thinkers of this century, A. D. Gordon (1856-1922) was one of those who emphasized the need for a union of labor and culture. Gordon was a Russian Jew who lived the greater part of his productive life on a collective farm in Israel. He worked the land by day, doing his share of the chores that were the responsibility of the community, and by night he worked on the essays and writings that summarize his philosophy of life. His ideal was, of course, a life upon the land, but his teachings are also applicable to today's urban society. Even Israel, which the early Zionists had envisioned as developing primarily an agricultural economy, today holds no more than 15% of its people on the land. We live in the age of the city, and we must look to provide creative and meaningful lives for all people in an urban environment.

Gordon saw work as something that ennobled man. He wrote, "If one sees in labor that which engulfs the entire man without leaving him free time to fulfill his higher needs, his thirst for knowledge,



art and the like, this is not the idea of labor as I conceive it. It must broaden and deepen life, not constrict and confuse it."

One of the characteristics of our age is a pervasive emptiness of the psyche. The more we expand our technological horizons, the less we find within ourselves to inspire and ennoble. Gordon saw this as a prime cause for the crime and the violence that afflict our century. "When you see how petty and poor and isolated is your own life," he wrote, "you desire to add to it from others. Thus you steal, rob and plunder those whom you suspect possess life. You suck, drink and squeeze out the blood of your brother, unless he is able to do the same to you. In your eyes the leech, the parasite, is the symbol of greatness and glory. Wealth is the symbol of happiness, and the power of man over man is the sign of grandeur." Would that men could form a true community, Gordon would say, in which each man does his honest work, no matter what it is, for the benefit of all. And the community in turn would regard with respect and appreciation the labor of each man within it, no matter what it is. It is only in such a community that the higher elements of culture—art, philosophy, religion—can have any real meaning for the great mass of men. In such a community the manual laborer, the teacher, the salesman would be united in a common striving for the truths of the spirit that are contained in the teachings handed down from the past. Gordon hoped that such a community would develop on the collective farms of Israel, but in fact, if humanity as we know it is to survive, such a community must emerge in the great urban centers of the western world.

The revolutionaries of all times and places have felt that the problems of society are due to "the system." If "the system" could be changed or destroyed, then the natural goodness of man would assert itself and man's problems would wither away. This was the expectation following the French Revolution, it was the deep conviction of those who master-minded the Russian Revolution, and it is the naive hope of many of the "New Left" of today. But Gordon taught that institutions and forms in themselves are basically irrelevant to the human condition. There can be oppression and exploitation under both capitalism and communism, while man can are basically irrelevant to the human condition. There can be oppression and exploitation under both capitalism and communism, while man can find happiness and fulfillment under both capitalism and communism. "No new social orders or forms of life have the power by themselves to bring redemption to man, if he has not sufficient will and energy to control himself," he wrote. In his distrust of the power of institutions and forms to effect real changes in the lives of men, Gordon is at one with the psychologists. But he parts company with many of them, for he sees a hope and a potential for man. Some psychologists view man as an eternal prisoner of the unconscious influences and drives that lie deep within him. But Gordon felt that "man's conquest of himself can be attained through the study of human nature and a deep understanding of its activities."

Labor, in an aura of dignity and respect, and culture, opening up to man the limitless treasures of the spirit, are the means to man's "conquest" of himself. Man can "control" himself, both individually and collectively, if he has the will and the motivation to do so.

Gordon was an optimist about the potential inherent in man. We live, even more so than he, in an age of moral chaos. Gordon's ideas and insights have never been put into practice. Is there any time better than our own in which to do so?

Reviews

Books

Southern Fiction Today, George Core, ed., Univ. of Georgia Press, $4.50.

The three essays which comprise most of this book are studied and intelligent, but they are also limited and narrow and the effort to make a substantial volume of them —at least under the somewhat inclusive title *Southern Fiction Today*—is virtually disastrous.

Louis D. Rubin, Jr., C. Hugh Holman and Walter Sullivan contribute the essays, George Core writes an editor's afterword, and all four gentlemen take part in a symposium—one which was originally presented, along with the essays, at Davidson College in 1968. The result here, though, is a view of Southern literature somewhat shaky in depth, totally lacking in breadth, distorted, punctuated by small errors of fact, and confused.

Sullivan's essay is the only really rewarding one. As a moral critic, he delivers a persuasive account of the sort of anti-heroic moral vacuum which is responsible, he feels, for the lull in current Southern writing and suggests—rightfully, no doubt—that the 20th century Southern renaissance is probably over. Rubin and Holman, on the other hand, make obvious and somewhat tiresome noises about how good Southern literature was, is, and will be. Their essays—which perhaps fared better delivered as speeches at Davidson College—are examples of the somewhat incestuous opinions by which too many Southern literary critics perpetuate themselves.

More disturbing than this, however, is the volume's lack of breadth. *Southern Fiction Today* fails to mention Truman Capote, Ralph Ellison, Jessie Hill Ford, John William Corrington, Calder Willingham, Peter Taylor, William Humphrey, George Garrett, Shirley Ann Grau and several other significant writers. Small and unworthy mention is given to Walker Percy and Reynolds Price. There is bloated critical praise for Madison Jones and Andrew Lytle and the curious inclusion of John Barth among the regionalists. William Faulkner gets his usual praise in the course of the essays and Robert Penn Warren, Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, William Styron and Flannery O'Connor are duly mentioned, but nothing very original or penetrating is offered on any of them. One can imagine a scholar or casual reader in, say, Berlin or London or Brooklyn Heights drawing his picture of current Southern letters from this sort of makeshift survey.

Core, the editor of the volume, is probably most at fault in his desire to make these essays seem like a comprehensive report and in his enthusiasm for the Southern renaissance in general. In truth, his volume is narrow and weak and there are several pockets of current literary activity such as those in Germany or France or South Africa which, in time, will help keep the Southern American regionalists, in spite of their prolific literary critics and various champions, in truer perspective.

Core is also guilty of several errors in fact which do injury to the volume. At one point he says, "Southern fiction today is clearly superior to Southern poetry, although there are fine young poets like James Whitehead and Dabney Stuart and good ones of an older generation like Miller Williams and James Dickey." Both Whitehead and Williams, Core should learn, are in their thirties. Later, he also remarks that Dickey, Williams and Whitehead all studied at Vanderbilt. Williams did not. And so it goes. Among the generalizations and advertisements we contend with some minor inaccuracies.

This is a volume, in spite of the flashes of intelligence in the major essays, that most of us who are aware of the South's new literary diversity would have preferred not to suffer.

Reviewed by William Harrison

The Letters of Ernest Dowson, ed. Desmond Flower and Henry Maas, Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1967, $20.00.

Desmond Flower, the first of the editors of *The Letters of Ernest Dowson*, is eminently qualified for his job as his familiarity with Dowson material goes back at least twenty-five years. He spoke with many of Dowson's contemporaries about him, contributed to Mark Longaker's biography of Dowson in 1943, and edited Dowson's poems in 1949 (revised 1967). The Flower and Maas edition of the letters seems to be almost a model of a scholarly edition; I say seems to be as one cannot, of course, determine the accuracy of the edition without access to the manuscripts themselves. But a random collation with the letters quoted by Longaker in the biography suggests that Longaker exercised greater editorial freedom and that the present edition is the more accurate. In addition to accuracy there appears to be completeness. Some of Dowson's letters have been printed before—Victor Plarr's *Ernest Dowson, 1888-1897*, for example, printed thirty-three, but often in expurgated or fragmentary form; some twelve letters to Herbert Horne appeared in *Notes and Queries* in 1962; and Longaker printed fifty-two, often complete, in his biography. The present edition prints 403 letters to 18 recipients from 13 November 1888 to c. 20 February 1900. It also provides an exhaustive index of some 1700 entries, a table of manuscript locations and sources, and sufficient biographical information in the introductions to the six sections to give context to the letters themselves. Moreover, the edition has been nicely printed and proofread.

The letters themselves, not the edition, are somewhat disappointing, mostly for the insights they fail to give us. For example, because Dowson collaborated with Arthur Moore on four novels and because he talks at length about them in the letters, one would expect to learn something about the process of collaboration. However, the two novels about which most is said, *The Passion of Dr. Ludovicus* and *Felix Martyr*, were never published and the other two, *A Comedy of Masks* and *Adrian Rome*, are never read. The process of collaboration was apparently an unimaginative and mechanical one, involving little more than the writing of alternate chapters in a notebook. The method may account for the mediocrity of the novels.

One might also expect from the letters, to have Dowson's notorious attraction to Adelaide Foltinowicz clarified and the rumor which surrounds it dispelled. Such, however, is not the case. Though there is no reason to doubt the editors' assertion that Dowson's "behaviour towards her had always been scrupulous and the thought of acting otherwise would never have entered his head," it is clear from the letters that his eccentric attraction to children has been distorted, but not exaggerated. Longaker's biography dates Dowson's first sight of Adelaide as "sometime in 1891"; one of the dated letters in this collection re-establishes the date as early as November 1889, making "Missie" ten or perhaps just turned eleven, rather than just turned twelve. Adelaide's appeal seems to have been in part at least generated by her strong resemblance to Minnie Terry, a child actress of seven to whom Dowson was also attracted. There are a

Perspective

Yes, beautiful rare wilderness

by Thomas Parkinson

My title comes from one of the rarest poems of our age. It is a poem of history, love, and the soul, and it has the advantage of being itself beautiful, dense and rich in its reference to the world of history and the world of desire. By now, Robert Duncan's "A Poem Beginning with a Line by Pindar" is the sort of anthology piece that runs into danger of being destroyed by its success, so that the next generation beyond my children might find it part of schoolwork. At least now it is not that, and citing it or thinking of it forces those who care about poetry to see their lives freshly.

It has many curiosities. There is Goya, Apuleius, Whitman, the political history of the American quest. It even seems caught by the kind of fatality that haunts Whitman's art, as if so much passion and hope had gone into the poetry that it has magical properties. Is there a terrible prophecy in the litany of bad presidents after Lincoln that makes the poem now, after the multiple assassinations, seem the expression of a desolate expectation? The poem asks, "What/ if lilacs last in *this* dooryard bloomed?" Duncan might not, almost certainly does not, approve of Kennedy politics—but what of the poem itself, appearing at the time of the 1960 election? For it a poem deliberately at the center of the American consciousness:

> Solitary first riders advance into legend.
>
> This land, where I stand, was all legend
> in my grandfathers' time: cattle raiders,
> animal tribes, priests, gold.
> It was the West. Its vistas painters saw
> in diffuse light, in melancholy,
> in abysses left by glaciers as if they had been the sun
> primordial carving empty enormities
> out of the rock.

The legends here enumerated and the melancholy grow even from the very force that will be accepted and evoked later in the poem, that of the beautiful rare wilderness.

The poem is too complicated to let any part of it stand for itself. There has for over a century been so much talk about organic form as to amount to too much—but this poem really is an organic form. To violate it requires a higher interest; wilderness is that interest.

> II
> "Those terrible implacable
> straight lines. . . ."

number of other references to Dowson's partiality for children, and though there is nothing in the letters to suggest a libidinous attraction, there is also nothing which explains his peculiarity.

Another event on which the reader might expect enlightment is that of Dowson's conversion to Catholicism. About his conversion, however, little is said, and his entrance into the Church is only briefly recorded in a letter to Charles Sayle: "It is a long time since I have heard of, or from you: but I think you will be interested to hear—that I was a few days ago received into the Church, by Father Sebastian Bowden, the Oratorian." Lionel Johnson's entrance into the Church is recorded with equal brevity in a postscript. One is unable through the letters to gauge the depth of Dowson's religious sentiment or to account finally for his choice of Catholicism. The critical controversy over the reasons for his conversion (see Longaker, *Ernest Dowson*, 3rd ed., pp. 66-74) remains therefore unresolved, and the impulses that drove many bright young men at the end of the century into the Church remain unexamined.

Finally, the letters are disappointing for their failure to provide us with much first hand information about Dowson's fellow artists of the 1890's: Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde and the members of the Rhymers Club—Lionel Johnson, John Davidson, Richard Le Galienne, Arthur Symons and Yeats. They are mentioned, but only one is a letter recipient, Symons, and then of only two letters. We therefore remain essentially unenlightened about the roles of these men in the development of the aestheticism of the final decade of the nineteenth century. And though Pater is also mentioned a number of times in the letters, we are not given any very clear indication of the specific impact he may have had on Dowson's aesthetic theories; indeed we are given little insight into whatever aesthetic theories Dowson may have held.

It is, of course, unfair to fault the letters for not doing what they were never intended to do, and yet one can feel disappointed that they do not do more. They do, however, give helpful information on a poet of admittedly minor rank about whom there has been persistent erroneous speculation and they do make untenable the gross exaggerations of Dowson's perversity. Taken as a whole they do provide a personal record, at times somewhat shadowy, of the painful and pathetic life of a sensitive man who died in absolute poverty, desperately trying to scratch a living with his pen. If the letters do not answer all the questions we can ask, neither are they as dull and profitless as the letters of more gifted men sometimes are.

Reviewed by Ward Hellstrom

The True Country: Themes in the Fiction of Flannery O'Connor, by Carter W. Martin, Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1969. $6.50.

"I thank Gawd for ever-thang," says Mr. Greenleaf, a Flannery O'Connor character, and that fervent declara-

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Perspective . . . continued

Yeats wrote once of "Those terrible implacable straight lines/Drawn through the wandering vegetative dream." He might have had in mind the Italian Gardens that would later be so finely and lovingly described by Georgina Masson, and to the point would be her illustration 133 of the gardens of Villa Dona dalle Rose at Valsanzibio. To an American eye, this photograph is downright frightening. There is no tincture of melancholy in it but the white blatant conqueror's arrogance, marble, gravel. The only relief permitted comes from the caption that indicates that the garden is now ". . . an entirely green garden of deciduous trees and evergreens." To someone like me who loves the landscape of the Veneto almost as passionately as my native landscape and who prizes the elegant geometry of Palladio even more than the grotesquery that his designs permit as ornamentation, the garden sets tremors of doubt in action. There is no point in considering the concept of wilderness in looking at this vast implacable construct: nature, perhaps; cultivation, yes; artifice, above all. The garden is not really beautiful. The Renaissance attitude toward the natural world was not beautiful any more than Renaissance art was genuinely pleasant. Perhaps there was too much conflict between art and nature, between the triumph of illusion and the defeat of what was represented, nature being put in its place, and that a subservient one.

Is nature really a wandering vegetative dream? Does art have always to assert a contentious relation to nature? The sense of tangle and pointlessness that Yeats considers might well lead one to dislike both nature and art. The rectilinear mind; the designless clutter. These are not alternatives but menacing boundaries of possibility. Even the abstractions of the Renaissance mind that still coerce the imagination were violated by the demands of the great artists, so that Spenser and Shakespeare discover worlds beyond such bounds, as did Giorgione and Tintoretto. Yet the force of the later Renaissance was probably greater than its best products, so that the Cartesian view still prevails, as it does in the torturing lines from Yeats. This may be why the art of the 20th century wanders off, why it bullies, why it dreams badly, why it terrifies whether through control or through messiness.

Taking the concept of the dream to another context, it is a mysterious psycho-physiological idea. What it seems to be is a re-ordering of forces, at once a release of energy and a fresh organizing. The nervous system lies at rest and prepares itself for new tautness; it even creates fresh intentness and resolve for its own protection. It siphons away what it takes to be waste and loss and substitutes gratifications for despairs. It pounds at limits and creates entire cities of trouble. The body excretes, turns, cramps, stretches with the mind. Controls are imposed and forgotten; bright unknown creatures compete with sad and altered friends or lovers. The body and mind become identical until the world calls, the cry of a bird, branches creaking against the roof, fog-horns sounding, the swish of automobile tires on morning dew. The identity of physical and psychic is broken; adrenalin pumps through the veins, and the biological clock declares that it is dawn for the body. The dream ends. It may be three o'clock in the morning with a cloaked moon. Momentarily the eye is still caught in its dream. Earth has changed. It is minutes before the chronological alarm will go off; it may be hours; the body and mind have conspired to take the human entity out of chronology. The person is ready to live.

Often very badly—dreams are not uniformly benign. Where the force for life, the direction of all that energy, its control, derives from is impossible to determine. Even if the reduction to libido is allowed as explanation, libido, its quality, its emotional worth, remains unexamin-

tion embodies a good deal of the creative tension of style and meaning in Miss O'Connor's fiction. Her writing was motivated in good part by a religious concern, and a religious sensibility permeates her novels and stories, but the expression of that concern and sensibility proceeds via strange indirection. Situations of guilt, redemption, and grace are acted out by weird Southerners—fanatic evangelists, backwoods bigots, ennervated young men, retarded children, senile clergy, vicious killers—in scenes that seem to negate the vitality of religious belief but that ultimately demand of one a decision about faith closely connected to a decision about art. Miss O'Connor's narrative art and her religious articulation are of a piece; one cannot fully appreciate the one without the other. Yet most of the criticism of her work tacitly assumes a distinction and stresses the religious aspect without sufficiently discussing her artistic achievement.

The failure of such one-sided criticism becomes apparent when one discovers the dominant form of her fiction. Her novels and stories are not religious or theological concepts fleshed out with character, setting, and action in order to gain some credibility; they contain constellations of powerful individual scenes that embody representative religious moments. Such an epitomizing moment may be a miniature apocalypse, a fleeting suggestion of grace, a travesty of the sacraments. Whether it is Mrs. Shortley's fatal stroke ("The Displaced Person"), O. E. Parker's incredible Christ tatoo ("Parker's Back"), or Enoch Emery's gorilla skin (*Wise Blood*), the scene is rendered religiously significant by the manipulation of fictive elements. Miss O'Connor's sense of timing, her ear for dialect, her ability to push an image to the limits of realism without invoking fantasy are among the things that make her stories work, and these are the aspects that ought to be studied in order to make the religious dimension genuinely meaningful.

I cannot challenge the achievement of a book such as Professor Martin's, for the study is cautious, well-meaning, thorough in its way, carefully and correctly written. It is a dignified and reserved book (much more so than Miss O'Connor's own fiction), and I am sure that it will be of considerable value to professors and students who subject literature to broad thematic interpretations. But *The True Country* consists largely of a rhetorical strategy that, when I encounter it on my students' term papers, causes me to scribble, "Why not less re-narration and more formal analysis?" In most of the chapters the author locates a particular facet of Miss O'Connor's fictional world (i. e., her characters usually experience a moment of grace, her stories contain blatant yet credible symbols) and demonstrates its existence with page upon page of illustration, some of it quoted, some paraphrased, and some categorized and explicated. All of this is neatly and skillfully done, and since Professor Martin states early (p.81 that he intends a thematic study, I should perhaps have no quarrel with the result.

And yet, for the life of me, I cannot comprehend why we need another study on the subject matter of Flannery O'Connor's fiction. As Claire Rosenfield observed in a review of another static O'Connor book (Friedman and Lawson's *The Added Dimension: The Art and Mind*

able. The dream at once expresses and issues into action, a social realm. The implacable straight lines are themselves superimposed dreams; the dream has design that is not random, is sometimes vulgarly self-indulgent, is sometimes a lofty complex of experience that is transcendent, but it hardly vegetates or luxuriates on its own. The more profoundly it incises, the more energy it releases or depresses, the more impersonal it seems, the more it asks to be watched on its own, independent, the apparent product of others that in some unalterable way concerns the dreamer. Concerns him: has important content for him; makes him concerned; touches, and more than touches, moves; yet and perhaps most important, maintains its own stability, is an other, a non-self.

In his Tavistock lectures, Jung italicizes his definition of the source and function of dreams: *Dreams are the natural reaction of the self-regulating psychic system.* The definition is peremptory yet tallies essentially with any psychoanalytic definition that has come to my attention. Depth psychologists are further agreed that dreams are hallucinatory, they compel the suspension of disbelief in a commanding, even coercive, manner. They condense material in ways that are elliptical and deny rational order and connectives; they defy syntax. They distort material and effect a free placement of new relations; the result has symbolic force, suggests a missing context, and has affective power not limited to its structure. They promote the emotion of absurdity, and their ambiguity defies rational consideration—the temptation for those making analytical study is to substitute an entirely different structure for the dream itself. They are consoling and painful, often both at once in puzzling ambiguity. And they are guileless.

Much remains to be considered, but on contemplating even this selective outline of the dream's structure, it is no wonder that such critics as Frederic Crews

and Franz Politzer turn their attention increasingly to psychoanalysis; for the critic, not to mention the teacher with his problems of transference (yet another realm for literary study that remains untouched), is in the position of the analyst facing the hallucinatory, condensed, distorted, symbolic, absurd, painful and pleasant, ambiguous and guileless object that is the artifact. For it is increasingly clear that the entire world, once placed within the power of men, is a dream or perhaps more accurately, a series of more or less related dreams, that experience is by definition experience of artifacts. The act of drawing boundaries around Yosemite National Park is an artificial action that forms and identifies shapes and beings into a relation that, without the actions and refusals of men, would not exist, would effectively be destroyed.

Literary people until recently tended to accept Jung more readily than Freud. Freud's positivism, his Comtean theory of history, his relegation of spiritual and artistic experience to realms governed by powers other than their own, his abstract rationality—this was offensive because reductive. Even those scholars and critics not at all squeamish about sex, willing to accept the Freudean insight into the personal and social, were made uncomfortable at the reduction of art and religion to neuropathic or psychopathic symptoms. They were more cheered by Jung's acceptance of the "Big dream" as having a legitimacy beyond the merely personal dream of the neuropath. The big dream was symbolic beyond single troubles:

> The dream is the small hidden door in the deepest and most intimate sanctum of the soul, which opens into that primeval cosmic night that was soul long before there was a conscious ego and will be soul far beyond what a conscious ego could ever reach. For all ego consciousness is individualized and recognizes the single

of *Flannery O'Connor*), "the art of Flannery O'Connor demands a more varied book, a book willing to take the reader beyond the mere contours and into the labyrinths." *The True Country* refers often to the complexity of Miss O'Connor's writing, but it seldom attempts to explore any of the tortuous paths. It also seems to me that we have argued enough whether Flannery O'Connor was indeed on God's side or unwittingly on the side of the devil, whether the production of two novels and two short story collections entitles her to the designation of "major author," whether she was a good Roman Catholic or a good ecumenicist, whether she was conscious of the symbolic depth of her fiction, etc. None of these things is germane to the phenomenon of her power and influence as a creative writer; as long as we pay only lip service to a *poetics* of fiction and continue to "interpret" fiction as everything except literature, we will not truly understand or appreciate Miss O'Connor's art.

I would say, then, that *The True Country* becomes really worth-while when it transcends its stated purpose. As long as it remains thematic and depends upon this or that body of extrinsic material, the criticism is pedantic and hum-drum. For example, the author calls Miss O'Connor's sacramental view basic to her fiction, but he does not reinforce the statement (which I believe is a true one) with any sophisticated theological knowledge. He devotes chapters to the thematic involvement of symbols, of the grotesque, of humor, irony, and satire in her fiction, but he does not support the analysis with relevant information from a psychological or sociological or moral perspective. An exception would be the ten page generic study of American Gothic that introduces Chapter Six; this is a perceptively written exercise in literary history and one of the best parts of the book.

Precisely because it is so intensely complex, Flannery O'Connor's fiction needs a literary criticism of "transparency," the kind that will emphasize and liberate the strength of its artistic design instead of weakening it with reiterative commentary. When Professor Martin engages in such analysis, his book becomes very good indeed. In his chapter on "Comic and Grim Laughter" he provides a riches of humorous quotations and situations from the novels and stories and occasionally comments on the techniques that create the humor. I wish he had done more of it. Mr. Greenleaf's pious phrase that introduces this review is funny, for instance, because it blends elements of contrast, surprise, discontinuity, and dialect imitation. The word "ever-thang" alone is an ingenious invention and a delight to pronounce—at least for a transplanted Northerner like myself.

I wish the author had discussed Miss O'Connor's magnificent control of perspective in her stories. For example, "The Artificial Nigger" depends much more on the delicate alternation of point of view between the old man and the boy than upon any manifest religious or moral truths. The same sort of balancing occurs in "A Late Encounter with the Enemy," *The Violent Bear It Away*, "A View of the Woods," "The Lame Shall Enter First," and other stories. This observation leads one to see a general pattern of action in her fiction; a character with au-

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> unit in that it separates and distinguishes, and only that which can be related to the ego is seen. This ego consciousness consists purely of restrictions, even when it stretches to the most distant stars. All consciousness divides; but in dreams we pass into that deeper and more universal, truer and more eternal man who still stands in the dusk of original night, in which he himself was still the whole and the whole was in him, in blind, undifferentiated, pure nature, free from the shackles of the ego. From these all-uniting depths rises the dream, however childish, grotesque, or immoral.

A great deal of mockery has been directed against Jung's primitivism, his love of the "dark" and irrational. I suppose objections to be drawn against this passage should stress this element in it; after all, when one returns to the original being, if that is possible, one returns to primal light. There is no reason, except Jung's self-acknowledged distrust and fear of the natural, for using such metaphors of blindness, darkness, and general messiness as distinguish this crucial passage. For it is crucial; it is an abstract statement of the very particular dream that, from the age of three or four, obsessed Jung's life and that accounts for much in his thought (the dream is described in his *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*). Sunnier minds would extend and alter this epitomizing passage. More decisive minds would shudder at the undifferentiated oceanic feelings here offered. They would be right to do so; just as one would be right not to repress giggles when reading Gutheil's *The Handbook of Dream Analysis:*

> Most dream material is selected from recent experiences, but the experiences influence the dream plot only to the degree that they cause in it an echo of deep-seated personal complexes.

By the time Gutheil gets through interpreting a dream, it is a wonder that any patient could recover from the insult.

The quality that Jung speaks to in his crucial definition is the quality of the big dream, the artifact that can be objectified to public reality: the dream of poet, architect, designers of aesthetic and political policy. Such dreams bring men together in a psychic community that unites while diminishing restrictions. In the presence of the big dream of Chartres, these conditions prevail, without the darkness of Jung's ambiguous vision, so that one's life is exalted and made common at once. And bad big dreams, the characteristic new Hilton Hotel, diminish and make common. *Those* terrible implacable straight lines assert nothing but the denial of the universal, the imposition of the neuropathic human ego. And what is true of aesthetic badness can also be true of the political badness of such public figures as Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission or Eric Hoffer, that smug wind-bag who once wrote of his ambitions for the earth:

> One would like to see mankind spend the balance of the century in a total effort to clean up and groom the surface of the globe—wipe out jungles, turn deserts and swamps into arable land, terrace barren mountains, regulate rivers, eradicate all pests, control the weather, and make the whole land mass a fit habitation for man. The globe should be our and not nature's home, and we no longer nature's guests.

The ignorance here expressed is unmatched in my experience. It makes no difference that clearing jungles, as dreary knowledge accumulated in South East Asia has demonstrated, creates a phenomenon known as lateration that turns the cleared land into pure brick after a few years of exploitation and that the same results would occur in such areas as the Amazon Basin. Nor does it

thority, usually an older person, stands in conflict with a challenger, usually someone younger, who wishes to destroy some established system. Such action generally culminates in a destructive climax in which even the winners lose. It is easy to see a paradigm of the relationship between the church and the individual believer in this pattern and also to glimpse some of Miss O'Connor's rationale for using predominantly fundamentalist Protestant personae. These characters present a colorful objectivity. In their perversely individualistic behavior they reflect the old problems of authority and freedom, guilt and redemption. But it is important that we work our way through the narrative art to such moral-religious recognition, for the uniqueness and believability of her fiction reside in these images and patterns.

Or again, speaking of Miss O'Connor's fictional people, we might notice that the characterization in her stories is not as grostesque as Professor Martin and other critics have described it. My students from the Milledgeville area swear that real-life models exist for many of her outlandish characters. If this is true, we should perhaps be looking less for a Coleridgeian intent (making the strange seem natural) in her fiction and more for a Wordsworthian purpose (making the natural seem unique). Or we might be confronting a native surrealism in Miss O'Connor's stories that bears instructive comparison with French and German counterparts—a possibility that Professor Martin treats cavalierly in three brief references in his book.

One of the most revealing things about Flannery O'Connor in *The True Country* is non-literary. It is the photograph of her self-portrait on the frontispiece. Miss O'Connor painted the picture without a mirror, merely feeling her features as she worked instead, and the result shows her, head and shoulders, staring straight ahead and clutching a peacock at her side who also faces stiffly forward as if sharing a formal pose. The traits of her fiction are here in stark, graphic form, but the picture also invites symbolic analysis. She holds the proud bird tightly, as if it were both friend and talisman, and since the peacock is an emblem of Christ (as Professor Martin points out, pp. 138ff.), one senses in the painting the scope and depth of her religious commitment—its beauty, forthrightness, and intensity. One senses it much stronger, in fact, than if she had included, explicitly, religious trappings in the picture, and this is the same effect one feels through the art-religion interrelationship of her fiction.

My main objection to the thematic approach of *The True Country* is that it will feed the tenaciously lingering suspicion of some literary critics (not to mention normal people) that the genre of fiction is, after all, not the best way to say a thing passionately and fully but that novels and stories must be translated into the language of logic and discourse, in order that we may control them. I do not suggest that we nurture a mystical approach to fiction, only that we allow and encourage fiction to be what it is: an independent and unique way of experiencing life, a vehicle of the imagination that actively responds to imaginative analysis. If we do not have faith in

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matter that the attempts to eradicate all pests have resulted in the eradication of substantial food supplies, so that the Monterey sardine has disappeared, the California crab is clearly on the way out, and such useless creatures as pelicans are practically certain to disappear along with such minor pests as non-malaria bearing mosquitoes and annoying gnats. This is a dream, and so sterile and disgusting a one as to leave any one interested in the quality of human life trembling with rage. I turn with melancholy pleasure to the mind of an earlier happier time, when some human humility co-existed with scientific knowledge and common sense:

> Why animals and plants are as they are, we shall never know, of how they have come to what they are, our knowledge will always be extremely fragmentary because we are dealing only with the recent phases of an immense and complicated history, most of the records of which are lost beyond all chance of recovery, but that organisms are as they are, that apart from the members of our own species, they are our only companions in an infinite and unsympathetic waste of electrons, planets, nebulae and suns, is a perennial joy and consolation.

The joy and consolation that William Morton Wheeler derived from his lifelong study of the social insects means nothing to the political dream of the Hoffers and Seaborgs of the world. Franciscans like myself would prefer it if Wheeler had left some room for permanent spirits with infinite sympathy, but certainly his world is more readily habitable than the purely human world.

III
Futurism

The idea of progress dies hard, and science fiction persists in believing in it. Kingsley Amis calls his study of science fiction *New Maps of Hell*, and a few works have a view of the future that is hellish. Even in those, however, the great evil of the destruction of the earth is taken with some jauntiness, and if the earth survives atomic war and becomes a claustrophobe's nightmare of crowded billions, the escape to free space is accessible. The physical and astronomical knowledge that makes Wheeler's affection for the plants and animals of the earth so poignant seems to have fallen into discard. In science fiction it is always possible to leave the solar system, thanks to the hyperspatial jump, and though my scholarship in the area leaves something to be desired, Isaac Asimov seems to be the mischievous character who devised this piece of faster-than-light nonsense. Recently at Berkeley one of the military men who teaches ROTC courses sent his class reeling into disbelieving laughter when he said that the Air Force had broken the sound barrier and were not going to be stopped by the light barrier, in spite of Einstein. He couldn't understand their rudeness.

The greatest work of science fiction, as Amis rightly points out, is *The Space Merchants*, by Pohl and Kornbluth; in a real sense it is not science fiction but in the category reserved to *Brave New World* and *1984*. In many ways it is better satire than either one, as is the only other novel by Pohl and Kornbluth, *Gladiator-at-Law*. Pohl and Kornbluth have trashy minds; they are not hip to the latest, so that people who can take Anthony Burgess's shamefully simple theory of history in *The Wanting Seed* seriously are not the audience for the pop sadism and topical satire of *The Space Merchants*. At the same time, I should much rather have people reading Pohl and Kornbluth than Burgess, in spite of his intellectual credentials. I suspect that *The Space Merchants* is considered science fiction because it makes no real linguistic experiments and has no intellectual pretensions.

fiction, we will not appreciate a fiction, such as Miss O'Connor's, that embraces faith.

Reviewed by Robert Detweiler

The Notorious Lady Essex, by Edward Le Comte, Dial, 251 pp., $5.95.

Some books are best reviewed by their jacket blurbs. According to Dial Press, Edward Le Comte's *The Notorious Lady Essex* is the first biography of a "saucy sinner" who lived in a "lascivious age." It all sounds faintly familiar. We are to be offered a racy love story, a true crime-and-trial tale, and a work of original scholarship; the enticements are offered in that order, significantly. But then, what book could ever live up to its blurb and the commendatory excerpts from reviews and solicited opinions the publisher also provides?

As Professor Le Comte notes in his Preface, since 1952 there have been three books on the notorious poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower in 1613. But his is the first to feature the femme fatale in the case, Frances Howard, Countess of Essex and later of Somerset. Perhaps the best justification of such a biography is that it should provide a means of focusing upon the ethos of an age. Sometimes a woman, particularly because of her marital alliances, can be an epitome. One thinks of Eleanor of Aquitaine as she has been shown by Amy Kelly—or more appropriately to this period, Catherine de Medici as she appears in the studies of J. E. Neale and Ralph Roeder. However, Frances Howard-Devereux-Carr, although she lived near the center of power (if there *was* such a thing during the early Stuart reigns), was never in a position to manipulate a powerful man or influence affairs of state. Thus her biographer's intention must be to depict her as representative.

The Notorious Lady Essex differs from the three other recent books in that they are concerned primarily with the poisoning case, whereas Le Comte's study takes up Frances Howard's life at the time of her shameful enforced marriage, at the age of thirteen, to the son of the Earl of Essex. The connection between the enforced marriage and its subsequent annulment, and the poisoning, lies in the fact that Overbury, in his role as eminence grise to Robert Carr, a favorite of James I, advised his patron against marriage with Fanny Howard, on the reasonable grounds that a king's favorite couldn't afford any such distractions on his way to further advancement. Fanny naturally enough resented Overbury's attempts to thwart her second marriage and apparently had him first imprisoned and then poisoned. Le Comte's point in extending the investigation of the poisoning case to study one of its principals is well taken: given the milieu of Fanny's upbringing in adolescence, the corrupt Jacobean court, and her degradation in the process of the Howard family's dynastic machinations, her self-assertion in flirting with Prince Henry and Robert Carr seems a predictable sort of reaction—even culminating as it did in the removal of an obstacle from her path. The whole sordid affair provides an appropriate comment on the mores of that antediluvian epoch, and especially of James's

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But Pohl and Kornbluth remain within the potentialities of our life, with its annual meetings of corporations and proxy votes, its advertising idiocies and increasingly crowded unlivability, the world where suburban developments (Belle Rêve) becomes rural slums (Belly Rave) and the really subversive elements are the conversationists (consies). Other writers like E. E. (Doc) Smith are not so confined: even one galaxy is not enough for him. His Lensman series covers five volumes, ending with *The Children of the Lens*, though there is some slight menace that those dreadful children will also have children. Like many of the extended series, projections into the future of current tensions, this series has a clear relation to the cold war, which it seems to take with a kind of seriousness that I had always thought reserved to ex-Marxists, whether Soviet or American. The books are chiefly distinguished by so humanity-centered a view as is hard to imagine. In spite of his Arisians' concern with visualizing the Cosmic All, Smith shows little respect for the cosmos. Planets are considered not as entities that have some claim to respect but as disposable items in an intergalactic struggle. In spite of the alliances between Velantians and Tellurians, a persistent ethnocentrism shadows all the action. Some of the aliens have powers concentrated beyond those of men, and are willing to use them for good purposes, but finally humanity is the most intelligent, humanity is the most warm and feeling, humanity, to no one's surprise, is the most human.

The futurism of this series is pernicious in exactly the same way that Eric Hoffer's dream for the rest of this century is: it dreams of total human power that knows no mercy or concern for the claims of any other biological entity. It is, when the light emerges, anti-human in the same way that the first chapter of Genesis is anti-human, i.e., it grants human beings powers that they have no claim to, it destroys sympathy—genuine objective capacity for seeing and knowing what rights "others" have—and it promotes arrogance and self-congratulation.

Why should a professor of English care about Eric Hoffer and E. E. Smith, and why should he admire two works that are, in any serious evaluation, sub-literary? I think they demonstrate in symptomatic form very clearly what is *under* our literature, what is likely to explode in such a way that the ignorance of literary people will find itself surprised into chaos. They represent the major assumptions that govern the world at present, and I am constantly astonished that in attacking the governing forces, so many literary people accept those very assumptions. Pohl and Kornbluth may have very meager dreams to present, but they are dreams that recognize the enemy, the implacable straight lines.

The concept that nature was man's enemy is the basis of the idea of progress and the desire to terrace the barren mountains, clean up the jungles, destroy all entities not immediately and obviously necessary to man's survival. The result is a world that threatens man's physical survival and certainly diminishes his psychological harmony. Matthew Arnold chided the 19th century gentleman who wanted to live in harmony with nature as a "restless fool," but he did not deny the legitimacy of co-existing with nature; it remains for the idolators of technology to do that.

It is not to the present point for me to suggest alternatives to the world that creeps over the entire landscape of this country, though I have several. What matters, I think, is the realization that our country, the entire human world, is no longer in conflict with nature but uneasily occupying common ground with it, for if the natural world continues to be corrupted by human power, there will be no more humanity. The dream of wilderness in Duncan's poem will be gone, but so will the poem and all that goes with it.

court.

But the biography suffers from the limitation of most lives of sixteenth and seventeenth-century figures. Except in the instances of a few inveterate memoirists and letter writers, there are very few people before the paper explosion of the nineteenth century whose life records are extensive enough to support full-scale biographies. The result is the sort of compilation we are all familiar with, say in the popularized biographies of Chaucer and Shakespeare by Marchette Chute, where the biography is really intended more as a portrait of the age than a life-graph of the person, and where most of the material comes indirectly either from analogy with what records show was actually done or experienced by other people or from literary works used as documents. This can make interesting reading but unrealiable history. Sometimes it might just as well be called fiction. Le Comte is least dependent on indirect evidence in those chapters where he can use records of the annulment proceedings of the Essex marriage and the trials in the Overbury case. Perhaps this is why his predecessors in the field, William McElwee, Miriam Allen deFord, and Beatrice White, limited themselves to an investigation of the poisoning.

If Fanny Howard had been an authoress, there would have been more of such indirect evidence from her own writings, and experienced as he was in compiling a biography of Donne, Le Comte would have known how to use it. As it is, he is able to throw interesting sidelights on the literary scene by quoting satires and lampoons circulated at the time of the scandals and trial. Most of this is relatively minor stuff, though. In his attempts to characterize the age, Le Comte takes pains to point out that Ben Jonson among others was mixed up in the affairs of the Howard family. But if he means to cast doubt on Jonson's probity by noting his embarrassment over having supplied a wedding masque for Fanny, he has not succeeded. And when he participates in the fad of historical muckrakers who find a bastard in every Jacobean nursery and a homosexual liaison between James and every handsome young man, he is less than convincing. This sensationalism is perhaps another symptom of the straining for effect that also shows up in his style, whose tone is unwaveringly tongue-in-cheek. Some of my favorite seventeenth-century literary scholars (even Miltonists), such as William Empson, Hugh Kenner, and Robert Martin Adams, are notably witty. The tendency seems inevitable for scholars dealing with that witty era. But it has its vices, as we might say its Clevelandisms, which show up in a propensity to archness when something else would be appropriate.

Reviewed by W. T. Cotton

A Commentary on the Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats, by Norman Jeffaries, Stanford Univ. Press. $15.00.

Yeats's uniqueness as a modern poet stems partially from the fact that he continues to be both popular and academic at the same time. Perhaps more important to the serious reader, academic or not, is the fact that in

How to describe the planet without bringing in the idea of processing it—perhaps it helps to see it as the substructure of human dreams, so that the wilderness is equivalent to that mysterious realm that Jung and others have tried to bring into language and into action, tried without hope beyond some faint adumbrations. For that realm is not inexhaustible; there is no guarantee that any evergreen and deciduous trees will remain to reclaim the acreage of freeways when they decay from unusableness. Nor are the few remaining areas that can be called wilderness (they are really just ordinary nature by now) any vague wandering vegetative dream—they tend to be austere, thin of air, windy, with spare furtive life eking out minimal substance on the arid and rocky. They are diminished reminders of the rich mammal possibilities of the continent. In many instances they are grand rock gardens on a Japanese rather than European model, though on an American scale.

IV
The Poem

Returning to the poem beginning with a line by Pindar, the light foot, the sense of delicacy and measure that affects even the falling of snow from a roof as the sun moves, it reminds of the dreaming possibilities of men. It uses all the devices of the modernist poem with this difference, that underlying the invocation of tradition and present coven, the punning night language, the ellipses and alogical progression, there is yet another sense, of an order that accommodates and transcends, an erotic and psychic and natural order suggesting laws and permissions that find the human place. The brief invocation of the beautiful rare wilderness serves as part of exploration of the harmonies of nature, of language, of political meaning, of a human model that includes and discriminates and enjoys and laments but does not destory in order to use.

The poem is then an emblem for much beyond itself. Young people who do not understand it declare that it is about poetry when really it is about what poetry is about. I don't know any poem that so steadily occupies the dream world unless I move out to works on a much more generous scale. It forces literary criticism to new dimensions that are distinguished by the poem's architecture, grants its reader a dwelling to explore and to move out from and return to, as part of an order.

his poetry we find that elemental imaginative power that is so peculiarly Wordsworthian coupled with that fantastic vision system now associated so much with Blake. Both elements unite to produce an intellectually toughened, yet emotionally rousing kind of poetry. Unfortunately, much that is also simply obscure results, even in the best poems; Yeats is a private and regional poet as much as an archetypally mythical one.

Norman Jeffaries' commentary thus fills an era of extreme need for the serious student of letters: it is that rare work of seasoned scholarship, finely honed insight, and common sense, qualities that make it indispensable to an understanding of Yeats.

The commentary is based on the second edition of the *Collected Poems* (1950), and is keyed to it by page. As the second edition contained virtually no explanatory material, the keying is most necessary, especially since Jeffaries offers explanations not only of names, places and possible publication dates, but also glosses on obscure or difficult lines. The explanations offered, although often of necessity purely mechanical, are complete, accurate, and understandable—no mean feat when dealing with Yeats. Jeffaries has also incorporated a great deal of secondary and critical material into the comments on each poem, yet such material never swamps the notes.

There are of course the inevitable quibbles. Most importantly, one can only wonder why the volume is not keyed to the third or "definitive" edition of Yeats's *Collected Poems* (1956), which, in its eleventh printing, has by now completely replaced the second edition. Not only does Jeffaries not use the latest edition, he does not even list it in his bibliography. A most curious procedure, regardless of the reasoning behind it, and one which renders matters difficult for the American reader, at least. As in any such work, there is the everpresent bias —probably more apparent than real—towards historical/biographical interpretations, which might give the reader a false sense of mastery over some of the more difficult and yet patently historical and biographical poems such as "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory."

Lastly, it is a sad state of affairs when the serious reader of Yeats must have four expensive volumes in order to grapple with his poet: both the second and revised editions of the poetry, plus Jeffaries' commentary, plus the Allt and Alsprach variorum edition, which, as Jeffaries admits, is in no way supplanted by his own work. As this last work runs to $14.00, and the editions are about $6.50, one can only conclude that the student of Yeats must be pretty well heeled. All in all, however, it is a real pity that no such work now exists for the other significant modern poets, and I can only hope that when such works are written they will emulate Norman Jeffaries.

Reviewed by John Mosier

Poets on Street Corners: Portraits of Fifteen Russian Poets, by Olga Carlisle, Random House, New York. 429 pp. $6.95.

"While soccer is the Soviet Union's national sport, poetry is without any doubt its national art," Olga Carlisle says, and describes huge printings of books sold out in a day; an audience of twelve-thousand attending a reading at Luzhniki Stadium; Yevtushenko's reading of his "Babi Yar" beside Mayakovsky's statue. The title of this new anthology of Soviet poetry refers to the exciting, intimate contact between poet and audience in Moscow, and to the poet's involvement with everyday life.

In an illuminating account of the history of modern Russian verse, Mrs. Carlisle explains that while the poetry is inseparable from the political terror, despair and suffering that has haunted Russian people, it has become increasingly apolitical and introspective. An ironic example of this is the work of Joseph Brodsky, the twenty-nine-year-old poet who was convicted in Leningrad for vagrancy, since he had no occupation other than poetry. Although Brodsky is widely thought of as a political figure, the seven of his poems in this volume are not ideological but deeply mystical. "The Verbs" is exciting for a fresh use of extended metaphor, and "The Great Elegy for John Donne" comes alive in its realization of spoken thought. The work of the fifteen poets from Alexander Blok to Brodsky, arranged chronologically here, further indicates the progressive concern with individual experience.

Olga Carlisle extends the personal theme by offering a vivid profile of each poet based on a friendship, an interview, a memory, a journal entry, or even an impression of a tape-recorded reading—any experience that enables her to give a lively, detailed characterization. Mrs. Carlisle, who is the daughter of Vadim Andreyev, remembers Maria Tsvetayeva's electric laughter, which she heard for the last time in Paris when she was a child. She describes with Chekhovian precision the landscape of Tarusa, where Nicolai Zablotsky lived, tells of Bella Akhmadulina's fondness for remote regions of the U.S.S.R., relates Anna Akhmatova's interpretation of literary rivalry in pre-Revolutionary St. Petersburg. She recounts Voznesensky's remarks about poetry and war as they tour the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Kremlin and the Guggenheim, and records Yevtushenko's amazed discovery of spellbound poetry audiences.

The anthology has a facing text that is useful, in view of the immense difficulties in translating Russian poetry. A few of these pieces are clumsy and literal, but the majority strive for fidelity to the speaking voice rather than the Russian text. The best, to my ear, are already familiar to American readers: Richard Wilbur's remarkable re-creation of Voznesensky's "Dead Still;" the versions of Mandlestam and Yesenin by Robert Lowell and W. S. Merwin. Among the newer adaptations, some strike me as being far more skillful than better-known attempts: Rose Styron's version of "Babi Yar" (Yevtushenko), Wilbur's rendering of "Lot's Wife" (Akhmatova) are moving and real. Voznesensky's energy and wonder come through to me more in Henry Carlisle's adaptation of "The Airport at Night" than in William Jay Smith's, in the Blake and Howard edition of *Anti-Worlds*. Compare these lines, for example:

> How frightening it is
> when the sky stands still
> in the fiery runways
> of fantastic cities!
> (tr. Henry Carlisle)

> How terrifying
> when the sky in you
> is shot right through with the smoldering
> tracer lines
> of far-off capitals!
> (tr. William Jay Smith)

There are things that could be wished for in the present volume. It surprises me that Mrs. Carlisle does not go into the poetry except in the most general way, although the portraits and the history of recent Russian poetry are packed with detail. There are omissions, based on preference and the difficulty of obtaining good adaptations: only two of Blok's poems are given, and some of Voznesensky's best (including "OZA") are excluded.

All things considered, however, the poems, the history and the portraits are more than we have a right to expect. This book is truly an immense service.

Reviewed by Grace Schulman

Pictures of Fidelman, by Bernard Malamud; Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 208 pp., $5.95.

Fidelman I liked when I first met him as a character in Malamud's collection of short stories, *Idiots First*. Also here in this short novel of six episodes, two of which are lifted whole from those earlier stories, I still like Fidelman.

Having given up his own painting for scholarly work, Arthur Fidelman goes to Rome to write a critical study of Giotto. He is immediately met by a wily peddler and panhandler, Susskind, who follows him around, begs for a suit of clothes Fidelman can't afford to give him, and finally steals the briefcase which contains the first chapter of Fidelman's proposed book on Giotto. Next Fidelman meets Annamaria Oliovino. She is his landlady, his religious antagonist, and finally, after driving him several times to the brink of frustration, his lover. But so it goes: the people beset him, his various plans and desires collapse. At the end of the novel his Venetian love, Margherita, decides to stay with her homosexual husband, Beppo, and this completes the bathos. In his last despair and melancholy, Fidelman goes to the glass factory where Beppo has taught him the somewhat humorously symbolic art of glass blowing, and, working hard, Fidelman completes a bowl.

> He showed the bowl to Beppo, who said it was a good job, beautifully proportioned and reminding him of something the old Greeks had done. I kept my finger in art, Fidelman wept when he was alone. . . . Before leaving Venice, Fidelman blew a slightly hump-back green horse for Beppo, the color of his eyes. "Up yours," said the glass blower, grieving at the grey in Fidelman's hair. He sold the horse for a decent sum and gave Fidelman the lire. They kissed and parted. Fidelman sailed from Venice on a Portuguese freighter. In America he worked as a craftsman in glass and loved men and women.

In this season of complaints—both from Jewish characters in fiction and about them—one can expect a certain critical condescension for this light novel, especially after the successful high pathos of *The Fixer*. And, true, a great novel this isn't, but wry and rewarding it is, and Malamud's talent remains consistently higher than that of Philip Roth, Bruce Jay Friedman, David Slavitt or even Saul Bellow—all those several Jewish writers to whom he is inevitably compared. It may be said that nearly all these novelists occasionally write like Bernard Malamud, but that Bernard Malamud is still and always very much himself.

Reviewed by William Harrison

Modern Hebrew Poetry, Edited and Translated by Ruth Finer Mintz.

Hayyim Nahman Bialik, undisputed leader of the Modern Hebrew Literature movement, once remarked that reading literature in translation was like "kissing a bride through a veil." Alluring but illusory. The veil, sheer and transparent, remains a screen barring the way to contact, dimming the pulse-beat one feels in an encounter with living flesh.

This caveat may be said to apply in even greater measure to poetry if one considers Robert Frost's half-jesting observation that "poetry is what gets lost in translation". The reason is simple enough. The roadblocks inherent in translation are too numerous and complex to be overcome entirely, however skillful the translator may be, and the reader is left to speculate on how much has been translated without being transmitted.

The poem has been called an "unparaphrasable totality" by Stanley Burnshaw, whose struggle to overcome the problems of translation led to his highly successful innovation of blending translation with prose description to reach the heart of what Burnshaw calls the "poem itself".

The fact remains, however, that language nuances, idiomatic phrases, cultural symbolisms, rhythmic cadences—elements of the "color-texture-sound syndrome" which make up the unique mystique of a literature—undergo changes in translation which cast less luminous images than their original.

Having made such generalizations regarding the limitations of translations, I hasten to applaud the appearance of Ruth Finer Mintz's bilingual anthology, *Modern Hebrew Poetry*, a volume representing the themes and styles of twenty-eight important Hebrew poets of this century, and a welcome addition to the growing body of modern Hebrew literature in English translation. This fourth anthology (to my knowledge) to appear in less than a decade is the work of one who is herself both a fine poet and Hebrew scholar.

In addition to the 115 translated poems, with voweled Hebrew facing texts, Mrs. Mintz has included notes on both the poems and the poets, and an introduction which describes in miniscule the development of Hebrew poetry and delineates the major traditions of its millenial span.

The selections chosen in this volume are described in the preface as "personal," and stem from the editor's wish to share her "interest in the esthetic impact of modern Hebrew poetry . . . continually reinforced by the experiences and insights which it communicated to me." Each poem is representative of a basic aspect of each poet's work. No Hebrew poetry written in the United States has been included, since in the editor's view this poetry merits its own separate consideration.

The book is divided into four sections: Hayyim Bialik and Saul Tchernichovsky, the towering founders of the modern Hebrew poetry movement (1880-1920); poems by other members of their literary generation; works of the modernists (1920-1948); and the poems of younger writers (1948-).

While the evocation of traditional texts is common to all western secular literature, in Hebrew this practice is intensified by an attachment to an ancient and venerable tradition which, even for those eschewing a religious involvement, affirms their inseparability from their group survival. Modern Hebrew poetry has been distilled out of the cumulative heritage of more than twenty centuries of written and oral Hebrew tradition embracing prophet and philosopher, talmudist, psalmist and liturgist, sage and singer—in an unbroken continuum of Jewish identity and commitment. Still another link is being bound into the chain of generations by the modern Hebrew poet.

For all their diversity in theme, motivation and style, the poets in this volume share a marked national quality which is reflected in their fierce pride in independence and passionate patriotism for their restored homeland.

Santayana's observation that no poet can be great unless he writes in the language of the lullabies his mother sang to him is clearly contradicted by the examples of modern Hebrew poets, all but the more recent of whom

came to Palestine from "pales of settlement," concentration camps or Diaspara lands.

Bialik and Tchernichovsky had come from the Russian Ukraine and Crimea respectively, and while their life experiences and character were completely dissimilar and their outlook and concepts entirely different, they were drawn, paradoxically, to their collective folk sources and to a common goal that embodied the Jewish will to survive. Bialik, the realist, empathizing with the past, recognized the deterioration of Jewish life in the ghetto, and trusting intuitively the learning and tradition which had sustained the Jew, called for a synthesis which could regenerate Jewish life while preserving its generic character.

> "Out of the dead letters welled forth songs of life
> In my grandfather's bookcase the eternal dead quakes".

This was the dreadful life-and-death dilemma which Bialik articulated with a clarity of vision and depth of feeling that made him the recognized spokesman of the people of Israel and the Hebrew language. Time has but brightened the glow which has illumined his image from the beginning.

Tchernichovsky, the classicist, was by contrast "a poet at home in the world." His worship of art and the cosmic power of nature derived from his paganism and a mystical belief in the potential nobility of man and his humanization. Externally free and internally secure, Tchernichovsky was nevertheless drawn to the suffering of his people, and his Idylls and sonnet cycles (the first in the Hebrew language) portray their remembered rituals and religious festivals. His *Bells* intone a "ringing of grace and a ringing of pain" as the prayer for the dead, slaughtered in the massacre of a Jewish village, is heard glorifying the Almighty in the traditional exaltation.

> "Be magnified, be sanctified! . . . . .
> And the small bells answered then
> "Amen!
> Amen! Amen!"

While the poets of Bialik's generation were markedly influenced by his romanticism—Yacov Fichman, Yacov Cohen, David Shimoni—the experimental spirit of those who preceded the modernists—Karni, Hameiri and Schneour reflected Tchernichovsky's exuberant daring. Zalmon Schneour's originality distinguished him as the most seminal of the writers by his earthiness, urban ennui, and primitive passion. Uri Tzvi Greenberg, religious existentialist and foremost creator of expressionist Hebrew poetry, thunders for redemption "not through grace but by action". Yitzhak Lamdan's Massadah becomes a contemporary symbol, a rallying point against oppression for Israel's youth. The tragedy of Europe's Jews is echoed in the threnodies of the later period by Carmi and Gilboa. Shlonsky's shattering of conventional forms opened Hebrew poetry to new modes and tones of the spoken syntax. Alterman and Goldberg continued this trend which others were to assimilate into common practice. A turning point in the spoken language changed Hebrew from a classical tongue into a vernacular of the farm, the workshop, and the street. Rahel, a young poetess, was the first to write conversational verse, a genre still popular with Israel's teenagers. While some spoke in accents of German romanticism and French and Russian symbolism, Shimon Halkin's lyric voice combined with a philosophic outlook to add American and English influences to Hebrew poetry. For the younger poets the eternal verities give way to the more intense urgencies of the "here and now" sounded by Amihai, and by Galai and Guri.

Pioneerism (chalutziut) and lament remained the dominant themes of modern Hebrew poetry, while the encounter with Palestine's (later Israel's) earth gave rise to landscape poems and color imagery. Despite his growing secularism, the Hebrew poet remained bound in varying degrees to his Jewish past, held fast by his memories of an environment steeped in religious piety, testimony of the power of the Hebrew language to act as a magnetic field in polarizing the loyalty of the Jew to his traditional roots. To note that this has been so is not to predict that it will remain. The balanced blending of the universal and the particular, peculiar to the Jewish experience, could shift as the tradition yields to new ideological trends.

If the sabra's theme is anger and the mood of sabra literature is one of protest, one must look for the causes in the conflicting tensions between the demands of national exigencies and the human conscience, generated by continuing battles of liberation and survival which is the personal history of every young Israeli.

Through the selections in her anthology, Mrs. Mintz has given the reader an insight and appreciation of the vitality and diversity of modern Hebrew verse. Israel and its people should seem less remote as the reader vicariously shares their sorrows, hopes and dreams, which is what poetry is all about.

Reviewed by Rosalie P. Cohen

Poetry

Robert Graves' Poems About Love, by Robert Graves, Doubleday and Company, $5.00. **Love Poems**, by Anne Sexton, Houghton-Mifflin, $4.00; paper $1.95. **But Even So**, by Kenneth Patchen, A New Directions Book, $4.50; paper $1.25. **An Ear in Bartram's Tree**, by Jonathan Williams, The University of North Carolina Press, $7.50. **The Night of Stones**, by George MacBeth, Atheneum, $4.95; paper $2.45. **Embrace**, by Paul Engle, Random House, $5.00. **The Company of Children**, by Barry Spacks, Doubleday and Company, $3.95; paper $1.95. **Night-Crossing**, by Derek Mahon, Oxford University Press $2.50; **Sweating Out the Winter**, by David P. Young, University of Pittsburg Press, $4.25; paper $2.25. **The Day of the Parrot and Other Poems**, by Stanley Cooperman, University of Nebraska Press, $3.50; paper $1.65. **Snaps**, by Victor Hernandez Cruz, Random House, $5.95; paper $1.95. **The New Black Poetry**, Ed. by Clarence Major, International Publishers, $5.95; paper $1.95.

1.

The present season seems short on political protest and long on love, love, luv. It seems that Eros is not denied. Real, surreal, quasi-narrative, lyric, rimed, free—take your choice, it's spring as I write, and almost everybody seems to be thrashing around in one garden of love or another.

Robert Graves' Poems About Love is out, and it is a wonderful book, a gathering of the subject from his remarkable career. Through all forms and circumstances, he is the master. And it strikes me that now that we're in the age of Aquarius, maybe Graves will find a new audience. Consider my hippie friend who bent the book open and read from a poem called "Lion Lover."

> Gratitude and affection I disdain
> As cheat in any market:
> Your naked feet upon my scarred shoulders,
> Your eyes naked with love,
> Are all the gifts my beasthood can approve.

"Wow!" said my friend. I said the poet offered a variety of attitudes about love. He said, "Glad he's got more than one bag." Indeed, says I.

Love, never count your labour lost
Though I turn sullen or retired
Even at your side; my thought is crossed
With fancies by no evil fired.

(from "Sullen Moods")

Graves includes this observation in his "Foreword":

> Ancient nations decayed as soon as a weakening of its individual love-pacts and love-treaties made the central religious authority harden into impersonal law; after which religion itself slowly faded. Yet even nowadays an archaic sense of love-innocence occurs, however briefly, among most young men and women. Some few of these, who become poets, remain in love for the rest of their lives, watching the world with a detachment unknown to lawyers, politicians, financiers, and all other ministers of that blind and irresponsible successor to matriarch and patriarchy—the mechanarchy.

The season seems short on protest—but in the long run love, Love, luv (by way of classical Graves or gut-romantic Sexton) is, in fact, the most popular and viable protest our bad age can offer. "Ah, love, let us be *something* to one another" is the cry in a dozen books—articulate footnotes to "Dover Beach."

So let's hear it for Arnold's grey ghost, for Graves' still vivid spirit, and let's hear it for Anne Sexton and her *Love Poems*. "In Celebration of My Uterus" and "The Ballad of the Lonely Masturbator" are titles to suggest that naked poetry has become outright nekked, but no—there's a fine frenzy and wit in both poems:

They said you were sick unto dying
but they were wrong.
You are singing like a school girl.
You are not torn.

The boys and girls are one tonight.
They unbutton blouses. They unzip flies.
They take off shoes. They turn off the light.
The glimmering creatures are full of lies.
They are eating each other. They are overfed.
At night, alone, I marry the bed.

And there's wit, frenzy, and grim affirmation throughout the book. *Love Poems* seems to me her best book since *To Bedlam and Part Way Back*. Only an occasional carelessness with rhythm and form (arbitrary line lengths) keeps *Love Poems* from being an absolutely extraordinary achievement. Enough. . . it's a wise book about a woman's hope in the flesh—her pleasure and pain—and the book's final stanza, from a fine long poem, a lover's diary, called "Eighteen days without You," sums the best of Miss Sexton's vision:

Lock in! Be alert, my acrobat
and I will be soft wood and you the nail
and we will make fiery ovens for Jack Sprat
and you will hurl yourself into my tiny jail
and we will take a supper together and that
will be that.

And here comes good Kenneth Patchen with a new book of picture-poems—*But Even So*—and certainly these childlike images are part of love's war against the fools and killers. The poems and drawings are inseparable, so get the book and enjoy the look of good reading—and a not too distant kinsman of Patchen is Jonathan Williams—*An Ear on Bartram's Tree*—selected poems 1957-67. Williams is a brilliant bucolic dandy. The complete and hilarious sensualist of the Olson—Allen—Ginsberg combine. He is the Professor of All Previous Thought. He is, from time to time, projective, objective, surreal, imagistic and concrete, and says of himself:

> I never write for Laodiceans. The reader and I are going to go round and round. Richard of St. Victor has taught me that, in art and life, there are more things than we could possibly have imagined. Catullus is here; so is Willie Mays; so are Thomas Jefferson, Apollo, and hill farmers.

And here is a quick sampling:

John Chapman Pulls Off the Highway Towards
Kentucky and Casts a Cold Eye on the Most
Astonishing Sign in Recent American Letters:

O'NAN'S
AUTO
SERVICE

Or, from "Cobwebbery":

the best spiders for soup
are the ones under
stones—

ask the man who is one:
plain white american

(not blue gentian red indian yellow sun black caribbean)

Williams' book is fun and games, and is beautifully produced by The University of North Carolina Press. A nice book—but too much Williams could give a soul cavities.

Madness: Love: Surrealism—and George MacBeth's *The Night of Stones*. From "Pavan for an Unborn Infanta":

AN-AN CHI-CHI
AN-AN CHI-CHI

CHI-CHI AN-AN
CHI-CHI AN-AN

and so on it goes to considerable lengths. . .

The blurb points out that we need not be reminded of MacBeth's "predilection for the surreal, his obsession with the obscure and the extreme. But really MacBeth is far too abstract and pale and cluttered and dull and often musicless to be considered surreal in any usual (or unusual) sense of the word.

With Nicanor Parra and Miroslav Holub now in good translations, and with Mark Strand, W.S. Merwin, Stanley Cooperman, Leon Stokesbury, Larry Johnson and a dozen others, making good and spooky poems, why bother with MacBeth's murky brew?

For strange and loving ways the old hands have a lot to offer this quarter—Graves, Patchen, Sexton, Williams—and Paul Engle. Paul Engle's new book, *Embrace* (selected love poems), includes much to admire. Engle is gentle, cranky and blunt, and he is especially strong in the section entitled "A Woman Unashamed."

2.

The best of the first books are by Barry Spacks, David P. Young, Derek Mahon, Stanley Cooperman, and Victor Hernandez Cruz.

The Muse

The Muse came pulling off her gown
and nine feet tall she laid her down
and I by her side a popinjay
with nothing to say. Did she mean to stay?

She smelled like flame, like starch or sweat,
like sperm; like flame; like a launderette.
No one, she said, has loved me right.
Day and night. Day and night.

The poem above is by Barry Spacks and is included in his good first book, *The Company of Children.* Spacks is urban, suburban, academic, masculine and even a tad Augustan. He manages to avoid almost all obvious signs of contemporary misery, riot, and mayhem—he makes damn good poetry out of the good life—and I'm only mildly unnerved to recognize this achievement. It is as if the horrors beyond the world of the private individual are taken for granted. Spacks is not insensitive to the fire in the wind; he stands off chaos in his classroom, home, and garden; he fights his demons with the cool line and the hard eye:

He'd say his history concerned
himself and wife and child alone.
He spins like a fiery mote. He burns
a mote of sun within a sun.

****

But he, dear God, the things he'll do,
the jousts, the deeds; the cause, the cause!
Each day he runs Medusa through
and whittles baubles from her claws.
(From "An Observation of the Husband in the Market Place")

Spacks is something like a mix of Auden and Roger Miller.

In *Night-Crossing* Derek Mahon is a young Belfastman, educated, formal, wordy, and moody. He tweaks the English decadents in "Dawson and Company":

You were all children in your helpless wisdom

He broods on his town ("In Belfast"):

Walking among my own this windy morning
In a tide of sunlight between shower and shower
I resume my old conspiracy with the wet
Stone and the unwieldy images of the squinting heart.

He remembers to remember the seasons ("Spring Letter in Winter")

Two years on and none the wiser
I go down to the door in the morning twilight.

And, predictably, the sea ("Day Trip to Donegal"):

We reached the sea in early afternoon,
Climbed stiffly out. There were urgent things to
be done—

But, finally, there isn't much urgency in *Night-Crossing.* Mahon is one of those comfortable, even graceful, poets one enjoys on wet nights with good booze (a poet for the study), and when one wants to believe that liberal education can still save the world. Mahon is similar to Spacks—but he lacks Spacks' wit and sense of the real fears in the room next door and the obvious horrors in the houses across town. "Van Gogh among the Miners" is, though another painter-poem, his most passionate poem, and the one that most suggests the dangers of the present:

Theo, I am discharged for being
Over-zealous, they call it,
and not dressing the part.
In time I shall go south
and paint what I have seen—
A meteor of golden light
On chairs, faces and old boots,
Setting fierce fire to the eyes
Of sun-flowers and fishing boats,
Each one a miner in disguise.

When I got to the field they were burning my biplane
why have you given me these titles I yelled—

—*David P. Young*

Sweating Out the Winter is fairly zany and once in awhile the surreal twists and turns actually conjure the mad world we live in. But I must quickly admit that the new surrealism is terribly hard to discuss. The disjunctions of image, in the hands of the best practitioners, do not seem intended to merely recreate the sub- or preconscious mind, but rather, as I've suggested, to be metaphors for the wreckage of the "real" world—which is to say they have subjects: war, paranoia, poverty, pollution, the police state and allsorts. Without the order imposed by a subject or theme, such poems are not much more than confused spates from an easy poetic trip. Young makes it about half of the time.

This morning, now, I unwrap a package;
Someone has mailed me my father's genitals.
Up in the attic I hear an ocarina.
(from "Journal")

Pretty snappy, Huh? Rather like watching a lady pump up her breasts with Jello, or something...

And Stanley Cooperman—*The Day of the Parrot and Other Poems*—is much the same—good but dimly unsatisfying by the time the book is done.

Cooperman's great virtue is, however, a frequent hold on real time and real place. His "The Children of Terezin" is, in fact, a powerful evocation of that Czechoslovakian prison camp where almost 15,000 children died:

They sang of butterflies
and mice,
jellied quince, fleas,
cats with yellow
fur, and blossoms
forever as the sun;
they accepted
the coloring-book of the world,
knowing only that
landscapes are bright,
that trees
have many arms,
and that corpses are green
as grass.

That is closer to Holub and Parra, Merwin and Strand—the fragments of aweful mosaics.

Victor Hernandez Cruz is the young (20 years) poet who is getting the big push from Random House, and *Snaps* is a collection of free form poems in P.R. street talk. Now and then I'm able to tune in, and when this happens the action seems tough and entirely accurate, as in "Latin and Soul":

a sudden misunderstanding
a cloud
full of grayness
a body thru a store window
a hand reaching
into the back
pocket
a scream
a piano is talking to you
thru all this
why don't you answer it.

Snaps is word from the ghetto, word from a place that confuses and frightens most of us. *Snaps* is a place most

of us had better visit and understand before it is too late.

3.

Snaps and the anthology, *The New Black Poetry*, edited by Clarence Major, present another kind of love. Its name is pride, racial pride, especially in Major's collection. Yeats thought lust and rage were basic poetic emotions, and necessary for powerful creation. Sobeit—and there are many good things in *The New Black Poetry*—good and painful poems for the eyes of white liberals. Here is Lawrence Benford's "The Beginning Of A Long Poem On Why I Burned The City":

My city slept
Through my growing up in hate
Bubbling in the black streets.
The sun shone on my city
But curved not its rays back
Into the corners where I shined shoes
With my teeth.
Where my father ate the trash of my city
With his hands,
Where my mother cared for white babies
With black breasts.
My city, yes, outstretched along
Its white freeways slept
In the warmth of its tall new buildings
And 100000 $ homes
Of abnormal sapiens with titles

—and I grew up!
Like a wild beast awaking
To find his mate eaten
In one second I grew up
With the fires that flamed
In my soul. Fires that burned
Holes in the soft spots of my heart.
(So as not to bleed to death)
They were plugged with lead
And I went off to college
With a Gasoline can.

Powerful—but I'm against everybody's gasoline can. And I'm against the idea of killing the KKK bastards "with axes/in the middle of the street." I'd rather we didn't "Chop them up with dull axes./ Slowly," to quote Harry Edwards in "How to Change The U.S.A." Let's avoid as much chopping as possible. I'd like to read poetry from an integrated Neopopulist movement, but that doesn't seem to be the river's channel right now. I'd rather look for justice in the courts—but the courts are in the streets more often than not these days. Whatever happened to Democratic Socialism? Or, like the man asked, "Why *won't* he marry my daughter?"

It's all about pride, necessary pride, and here is part of lovely pride, from Elton Hill-Abu Ishak's "Theme Brown Girl":

I have watched you dancing
in the streets of Dakar
robed in soft darkness;
bending over steel-edged counters
in Detroit
face slick and hot with kitchen sweat.

******

yet,
I still see Africa in your eyes
girl with the spirit of a leopard
tell the world that time
will never mark your face.

Major's collection has much to admire. Read it, admire it, admit confusion, if you are white and left of center. If you're right of center, tremble, man, tremble.

4.

Whatever flames upon the night
Man's own resinous heart has fed.

—W. B. Yeats

And I guess any wise old wicked man in his right mind would thank the stars for all the good verse I've read these last months—good sex, good hate, plenty of laughs in the charnel house—but I'm unsatisfied. Damn right. Finally, and finally, the best of the love poetry is still a type of defeat—and the best of the hate often seeks little more than vengeance. Where is the poet to carry on the vision of Robert Graves—and E. E. Cummings—the man capable of making redemptive personal love the image of love for an entire society? The old ideas of cycles, gyres, and heavens beyond our time and place won't do. And our poetry of adjustment, the magnificent tomb painting of the last twenty years, won't do either. Our good love poetry often follows Freud into the trap of hopelessness, into an acceptance of original sin in secular clothes, and the best protest poetry often unwittingly accepts the murderous secular apocalypse of Lenin. Where is the way beyond these anachronisms—anachronisms secular and metaphysical?

And I can hear somebody's reason saying that these old and present visions are enough: good ole comedy and good ole tragedy. All this trouble has been going on a long time, young feller.

But, sir, what if the planet is being ruined by smoke and gas and oil? What if we're killing the whales and eagles: killing even our natural symbols? What if shortly, by way of waste or the bombs, we don't have us a good ole planet around any more? Where do we stage our tragedy and comedy then? We do need the earth for all our metaphors.

Would we could cross a Ginsberg with a Wilbur and find the poet-prophet we need, a singer, a satiriser, a healer. It's an old plea, an old hope, and it's the only one worth having.

Reviewed by James Whitehead

Records

CHOPIN: **Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in F minor, Op. 21; Grand Fantasia on Polish Airs, Op. 13**, Artur Rubinstein, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3055, $5.98. TELEMANN: **Orchestral Music: Concerto for Three Trumpets, Two Oboes, Timpani, Strings, and Continuo, in D; Concerto for Horn, in D; Concerto for Three Oboes, Three Violins, Strings, and Continuo in B flat; Concerto for Violin, Trumpet, Obbligato Cello, Strings, and Continuo, in D.** Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal 3057, $5.98. TCHAIKOVSKY: **Symphony No. 6 in B minor, Op. 74,** Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal 3058, $5.98. BRUCKNER: **Symphony No. 7 in E (Original Version)**, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal 3059 $5.98. IVES: **Symphony No. 3;** SCHUMAN: **New England Triptych**. Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal 3060, $5.98. GRIEG: **Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 16;** LISZT: **Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in E flat**, Van Cliburn, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal 3065, $5.98.

One of the most talked about changes in the classical-music-recordings world is the switch of the Philadelphia Orchestra from Columbia to RCA Red Seal, the record label of the orchestra's disc origins. The advertising flack makes the reunion sound like the rebedding of old lovers, but the reunion is based on financial considerations primarily. Reports say that the orchestra's trustees see many pennies in the plan built around a five-year contract which promises the Philadelphia Orchestra $2,000,000 in royalties.

Columbia used Philadelphia's Town Hall for capturing the orchestra's sound. RCA and Ormandy chose to match the label switch with a hall switch and brought the recording equipment to the orchestra's live performance hall, the Academy of Music, where the Philadelphians were first put in the groove back in the 1920's and 1930's.

The Academy of Music is fine for live performances but dry for present-day recording purposes. Accordingly John Pfeiffer, the company's record producer, John Volkmann of the Princeton RCA research center, and engineers came up with a method of extending the reverberation characteristics of the hall through a process called electroacoustical reinforcement which boosted the Academy's reverb time from 1.4 seconds to 2.2 seconds. The results? Too often this re-entry series has its taste equivalent in reconstituted orange juice with only half of the necessary water added. By comparing this criminally-gimmicky sound with the sonic rightness found in some of the orchestra's last released work for Columbia (i.e., Nielsen: Symphony No. 6, MS 6882 and Mahler: Symphony No. 10, M2S 735) one realizes the extent of the crime.

Considering the new releases by album number, the Artur Rubinstein work comes first. Artistically it is last. The mikes must have been strapped to the pianist's hands to produce such an unnaturally massive tone, and this gargantuan error is matched by Ormandy's tired stevedore accompaniment. Other sound peculiarities: swampy bass, hysterically bright strings and occasionally drowned woodwinds. The Grand Fantasy on Polish Airs is not merely a bonus piece on this disc; it is the only reason for buying it.

The Telemann sounds as if it were performed in the Hall of the Mountain King. The orchestra's first desk men do their thing within the intolerable jet-age pacing of the material. All of the selections have better treatment at the hands of other atrists on other labels.

The Tchaikovsky "Pathetique" is one of Ormandy's specialties. His orchestra made its first recording of the piece on December 13, 1936, the first time the man and the band had disced together. Roland Gelatt in his record notes for this album remarks that for good luck the twosome began their new affiliation with RCA with this piece. The luck held for this disc alone. Super sound is matched by super performance. The flutes glisten, the strings gleam, the fortissimos are intimidating, the basses and bassoons burn black, and Ormandy's direction has the threatening authority of a maestro in complete command of this highly imperative work.

Ormandy was one of the champions and pioneer performers of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. He recorded the work with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in 1935, and this stood as the second recording ever made of a whole Bruckner symphony. In this new interpretation, the antithesis of a Eugen Jochum approach, Ormandy's reading is the quickest on record. In the interpretive rush what suffers most is the gorgeous secondary theme of the second movement. Positive points: superlative solo work by the lead chairs, totally balanced inner voices, and something I will call "instructional definition," but being instructed in the musical material does not mean being converted to it. Low temperature Bruckner conducting is as bad as trying to pull off a low-key revival meeting.

The Charles Ives-William Schuman presentation is a perfunctory kiss for, not an intense engagement with, the musical material. Ives is best served on the Vanguard-Farberman production (VCS 10032/3/4). The Schuman is one of the best works of this very minor composer who is still ranked as a major composer because of the New York-New England musical Establishment. As with a number of the Easterns, he produces well when he borrows most. The *New England Triptych* is based on transformations of William Billings's anthem *Be Glad Then America*, the round *When Jesus Wept* and his Revolutionary War song *Chester*. Most of the energy in the work comes from the essential nature of the themes themselves, not from the academic doctoring of the always proper and never really persuasive Schuman.

The Cliburn Grieg affords a number of restricted pleasures: uniformly lovely and steady trills and runs, commanding octave spanning, and a few pockets of lyrical relaxation that border on the inspired. However the total effect elicits a so-so response. Acceptable workmanship on an old warhorse does not make it come in first place. The recording was made in Saratoga Springs, New York, and the sonic wizardry that damned a number of the Academy of Music takes is not present here. The Liszt interpretation might have come from the ladyfingers of a small town suburban lady intent on not giving way to passion. Contraceptive Liszt doesn't work.

The reunion advertisements read: "Ormandy, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and RCA are right where they belong. Together."

The copy must have been written by someone from Columbia.

Reviewed by Don Brady

Jazz

There's a lot of musical nonsense in the Charles Lloyd Quartet, most of it produced by Lloyd himself. He is a capable tenor saxophonist and an adequate flutist who has at times moved out of the sphere of influence of the late John Coltrane to offer intriguing glimpses of his own approach. He was at his most original on the Columbia album "Of Course, Of Course," (CS 9212) made with Gabor Szabo shortly before Lloyd formed his current quartet.

Now he often takes long meandering solos in the idiom of free jazz, boring expeditions employing some of the devices but little of the inspiration Coltrane used in his last period. But if there's nonsense in the Lloyd quartet, there is also beauty and excitement, most of it produced by the rhythm section.

Keith Jarrett is a remarkable pianist, as he has demonstrated with Lloyd and in his own albums for Vortex ("Life Between The Exit Signs," Vortex 2006, and "Somewhere Before," Vortex 2012). Even during his wildest flights, Jarrett is firmly based in music and particularly in the jazz piano tradition. Ron McClure has absorbed and combined the influential modern bass styles of Scott LaFaro . . . light, fast, and lyrical . . . and of Charlie Haden . . . solid and harmonically sophisticated. Jack DeJohnette, with Miles Davis at this writing, is a versatile, adaptable and swinging drummer.

There are rewarding moments on two of Lloyd's recent albums. "Charles Lloyd In Europe" (Atlantic SD 1500) has a delightful Lloyd original, "Manhattan Carousel." He's a fine composer, and this is one of his most engaging lines. Jarrett's solo on this track is a highlight of the album. "Soundtrack" (Atlantic 1519) has a new version of Lloyd's popular two-part composition, "Forest Flower." The preceding track, called "Pre-Dawn," is designed to set us up for the beauty and simplicity of "Forest Flower" by assailing us with some of Lloyd's aforementioned nonsense. The contrast is effective in the way that the contrast between having a headache and getting rid of it is effective.

Lloyd is an excellent composer and arranger, a good band leader, an exciting stage presence, and a player of great potential who may yet break out of the Coltrane mold to fulfill the promise he frequently shows. He is aided in these two albums by his excellent rhythm section.

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The most striking thing about the George Wallington trio material reissued by Prestige Records ("The George Wallington Trios" Prestige 7587) is the undated quality of Wallington's piano playing, despite some of the sides having been recorded sixteen-and-a-half years ago. Except for the unvarying rhythmic approach of the bass and drums and the recording quality these performances are fresh and exciting in terms of all standards by which jazz pianists are judged . . . technique, imagination, voicing, harmony . . . and that elusive something which for lack of a better term we call swing.

Wallington was one of the first of the bop pianists. He and Bud Powell shared many of the same qualities, including knowledge of the jazz piano tradition back to Art Tatum and beyond, and many listeners believed Wallington patterned himself on Powell. It seems more likely the similarities in their playing can be traced to mutual influences and to participation in the discoveries and innovations of the early bop days in New York.

The bass players on this album are badly recorded, a shame because they are Charles Mingus, Oscar Pettiford, and Curely Russell. Russell was a very good bassist who stopped developing about the time of these recordings, when he was at his peak. Mingus was just becoming a formidable bassist in 1952. Pettiford was an established virtuoso. Unfortunately, the presence of all three is more felt than heard on these sides. But the empathy between Max Roach and Wallington is gloriously evident. Some of today's young drummers who believe fast tempos require top volume might profit by hearing Roach's brushes and his use of dynamic when he's employing sticks.

The LP includes several of Wallington's compositions. One of them, "Variations," is a three-part composition later recorded in the successful album he made with a string quartet, and an exposition of his essential romanticism. This is another valuable addition to the library of available recordings from the late middle period of jazz. But however much it may mean as a document, it is beautiful and timeless music, and I recommend it heartily.

The producers, faced with the problem of scratchy old 78 RPM masters, have wisely decided to leave the scratches and sacrifice none of the quality. The artificial stereo is less bothersome than on most re-channeled recordings, but the music sounds more natural if you use the monaural setting on your equipment.

#

If Hubert Laws' new album hadn't been intended so determinedly to please nearly everyone, it might well have been one of the best LPs of recent months. It attempts at once to appeal to the markets for Soul Music, the Eastern sound influenced by Ravi Shankar, and jazz.

The gimmick tracks aside, Laws' flute work is consistently good with the all-star rhythm section featured on several tunes. Chick Corea, Ron Carter, and Grady Tate offer Laws the best support he's ever had on records, and Corea has some beautiful piano solos. "Shades of Light" is a superior jazz performance in terms of lyricism, swing and honesty. No gimmicks at all. Laws' arrangement includes fine writing for three horns.

Chick Corea's "Windows" is given a good performance, nothing approaching the intensity of the piece of the Stan Getz "Sweet Rain" album (Verve 8693), but lovely and lighthearted. Also worth mentioning are Corea's chamber music piece called "Trio For Flute, Bassoon, and Piano," and a nice bossa nova, "A Day With You." This is an album worth having for the tracks noted. It's called "Laws' Cause." Atlantic 1509.

#

Over a period of forty years in jazz Henry "Red" Allen of New Orleans developed from one of the best of the Armstrong-inspired trumpeters into an astonishingly personal soloist. His career is traced in 16 well-chosen tracks on the RCA Victor Vintage album called "Henry 'Red' Allen" (LPV 556).

The best jazz players have always used a language that approaches or approximates speech, from the simple utterances of King Oliver to the speech-inflected ironies of the late Eric Dolphy. Red Allen was one of the most conversational players of his generation. On "Let Me Miss You, Baby," recorded in 1957, he and Coleman Hawkins have solos that are uncannily vocal, Allen coaxing and cajoling, Hawkins telling it like it is. Hawk plays a phrase which leads me to believe the composer of Al Hirt's hit "Java" is a thief.

"Singing Pretty Songs" presents Allen in 1930, still tied to Louis in ideas, but obviously breaking away. On "Hocus Pocus," recorded with the Fletcher Henderson band in 1934 we have Allen floating over a sketch played by the band, bar lines barely a consideration. On the same track, Buster Bailey has a clarinet solo that is at once typical of his playing and better than most of what he ever recorded. Hawkins is far more relaxed than in his other recorded work of the period.

Two pieces from 1957, "I Cover The Waterfront" and "Love Is Just Around The Corner," have solos by Allen at the peak of his inventiveness and originality. Few jazz players have been as effective in alternating passages of light, clean, fast playing with sections of long notes. His use of dynamics was unequalled among players of improvised music and so subtle I doubt if the most talented transcriber could annotate it properly.

This is an essential album.

#

There's a fondly held theory in jazz circles that the Dave Brubeck Quartet didn't really make it until Joe Morello and Eugene Wright joined the band on drums and bass, Morello late in 1956, Wright about a year later.

And there's no question they gave Brubeck a rhythmic flexibility he'd been after for years. Morello and Wright were accomplished enough to provide the steadiness Brubeck and Paul Desmond needed for those difficult initial forays into the wilds of 5/4, 9/12 and 7/4 time. I'm not sure that, to this day, Brubeck is properly appreciated for the work of liberation he performed in opening up the possibilities of extraordinary time signatures for jazz. 5/4 seemed easy when you listened to "Take Five." But ask nearly any jazz player about his first experiments

improvising in 5/4 and he'll tell you he kept losing the metre and falling back into 3/4. There are still very few players who can generate swing in 5/4 as the Brubeck Quartet could (it disbanded at the end of 1967) and virtually no horn player who can match Desmond in that area.

So, Morrello and Wright made a huge difference to Brubeck. However, the quartet was making exciting music in 4/4 time from 1951 on. To downgrade the band's quality in the early and middle '50s is a mistake. That was a period of successful experimentation in other than rhythmic areas. In 1954 Brubeck recorded an album that stands as one of the two or three most important of the dozens he's made. "Jazz Goes To College" (Columbia CL 566, CS 8631) was done on a tour of colleges in the Midwest which had strong music departments and provided unusually interested, appreciative and responsive audiences. The quartet was stimulated to play beautifully, Desmond in particular.

The brush work of that maligned drummer Joe Dodge reminds me of nothing so much as the work with snare drum and brushes that Kenny Clarke was doing with the Modern Jazz Quartet at the time; in other words, excellent. Bassist Bob Bates was a sturdy player and often singlehandedly kept the time from flying apart during Brubeck's wilder excursions.

Except for a few bars during Brubeck's solo on "Take The A Train," everything works in this album. Sure, Brubeck is heavy handed. Perhaps that can best be explained by something he told me during a ride to or from an airport in one of the cities in which we kept running into one another during the early sixties. We were discussing jazz criticism, which he tolerates, barely. "The word 'bombastic' keeps coming up," Brubeck said, "as if it were some trap I keep falling into. Damn it, when I'm bombastic, I *want* to be bombastic. Take it or leave it."

On "The Song Is You" and "Don't Worry About Me" Desmond's celebrated propensity to quote is much in evidence, and he plays little duets with himself without losing the threads of his solos or his swing. "Le Souk" was an unusually successful example of this early Brubeck quartet's willingness and ability to experiment with form. It's a spur-of-the-moment invention that is close in construction and spirit to some of the music of the Middle East. Brubeck is bombastic in his solo.

I'll take it.

Reviewed by Douglas Ramsey

ALSO RECOMMENDED:
Miles Davis/*Filles de Kilimanjaro:* Columbia CS 9750
Miles Davis/*Greatest Hits:* Columbia CS 9808 (reissue)
Herb Hall/*Old Tyme Modern:* Sackville 3003
Eddie Jefferson/*Body and Soul:* Prestige 7619
Clare Fischer/*Thesaurus:* Atlantic SD-1520
Paul Desmond/*Summertime:* A&M 3015
James Moody, George Wallington/*The Beginning and End of Bop:* Blue Note B-6503 (reissue)
Oscar Peterson/*The Great Oscar Peterson on Prestige:* Prestige 7620
Earl Hines/*Fatha Blows Best:* Decca DL 75048
John Lewis, Percy Heath, Chico Hamilton, Bill Perkins, Jim Hall/*2 degrees East, 3 degrees West:* World Pacific Jazz ST 20144 (reissue)
Marvin Stamm/*Machinations:* Verve 8759
Joe Henderson/*Tetragon:* Milestone 9017
Wayne Shorter/*Schizophrenia:* Blue Note 84297
Johnny Dodds: RCA Victor LPV 558 (reissue)
OF INTEREST:
Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short at Town Hall: Atlantic SD 2-604
B.B. King/*His Best:* Bluesway 6022
Kay Starr And Count Basie/*How About This:* Paramount 5001
Lord Buckley/*Bad Rapping Of The Marquis de Sade:* World Pacific 21889
The Bing Crosby Story, Volume 1: Epic E2E 201

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