

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
Vol. 4, No. 2

table of contents

A Journal Of
Literature
& Culture

Published By
Loyola University
of the South
New Orleans

Editor:
Marcus Smith

Managing Editor:
Tom Bell

Associate Editors:
Peter Cangelosi
John Christman
Dawson Gaillard
Lee Gary
C. J. McNaspy
Francis Sullivan

Advisory Editors:
David Daiches
James Dickey
Walker Percy
Joseph Fichter, S.J.
Joseph A. Tetlow, S.J.

Editor-at-Large:
Alexis Gonzales, F.S.C.

Editorial Associate:
Christina Dalrymple

The New Orleans Review is published quarterly by Loyola University, New Orleans (70118)

Subscription rate: \$1.50 per copy; \$6.00 per year; \$10.00 for 2 years; \$14.00 for 3 years.

Advertising rate schedule available on request.

Manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. All care will be taken to prevent loss of manuscripts, but no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited material.

©1974 by Loyola University, New Orleans.

Manufactured in the United States of America

US ISSN 0028-6400

articles

- The New Physics vs. The Old Gnosis/John William Corrington . 99
An Evening with Dorothy Day/Donex Xiques, C.N.D. 114
Mafia—a Philological Enigma/R. N. Sabatini 133
Keeping Up with Academic Terminology/Walter Herrscher ... 148

fiction

- The New Dürer/Carolyn Osborn 109
The Funeral Party/Joellyn Thomas 126
Ride a Crocodile/Mildred H. Arthur 153
Padre Island/Winston Weathers 157

interviews

- Conversation with a Jesuit Congressman/
An Interview with Rep. Robert Drinan 119

photography

- Portfolio/Sylvia De Swaan 139

poetry

- Roulette/Kate Rose 106
An Etude: Another Spring/James Grabill 107
The Way It Is/Elizabeth Handel 112
Santana/Nina Sandrich 113
The Ubiquitous Encomium, Love/Ruth Moon Kempher 115
Waiting in the Roots/James Grabill 116
Nightmare: D.P. Soul/Shael Herman 124
Berlin Wall/Shael Herman 125
Burial Day/Janet Beeler 128
Orbital Sequence/Rochelle Ratner 129
The Last Christmas in Cleveland/Kate Rose 134
Eoghan Rua's Request/tr. Joan Keefe 135
Pity the Need/tr. Joan Keefe 136
A Small Autumn Love Song/Julia Douglass 147
The Azalea in the Library/John Moffitt 150
Waiting/Tamara O'Brien 152
An Etude: For Old Man/James Grabill 152
Divorce/Tamara O'Brien 155
Small Countries/Lawrence P. Spingarn 160
June/Yvonne Sapia 161
Legend/Yvonne Sapia 162
Moses Descends/Keith Moul 163
Sodom/Tamara O'Brien 166
On the Way/Kate Rose 167
Rattle My Cage/John Kidd 168
Systems 3/John Kidd 169
Residual/Mary Shumway 170
Appraisal/Mary Enda Hughes 171

reviews

- Perspective/David A. Boileau 174
Books 173
Poetry 186
Music 189



The New Physics VS. The Old Gnosis

by John William Corrington

Some years ago, I read in the New Orleans paper about a problem which had arisen in a remote Arkansas school-district. For some reason, not given, a number of parents in the district had determined that their children should be learning a foreign language—no certain one, but a foreign language. The district superintendent disagreed, and after considerable acrid dialogue, he finally played his trump card. "If," he said, "English was good enough for Jesus Christ, it's good enough for our children."

Now the fact is, that superintendent's attitude is a good deal commoner than its opposite, and is held in one permutation or another by virtually all of those massively-educated fellow-citizens of ours who see themselves as members of one or the other of the "Two Cultures."

Now we all take it for granted, I assume, that the universe is a poem. Which is only to say that it is an ultimate expression of something. Whatever representation we choose, its wonder is, for me at least, undiminished. From Ptolemy through Einstein, I find cosmology eminently satisfying, each according to its time. To get hold of the universe, one would think it worth learning a little of a foreign language, but current thinking seems to be otherwise. It appears that one half the intellectual *demi-monde* believes the only language in which a poem can be written is words, while the other half is assured that a poem can only be written in mathematics, and that, anyhow, you call it an equation, not a poem.

The second view has held sway for quite a while, and we have paid the price for it by watching our world become almost monolingual in its most active and far reaching aspects. The language of mathematics has taken over more and more of our doings. Things get "mathematized," and are then stored in computers, which sounds as if one might re-write the Jonah myth with Jonah "mathematized," stored in core-memory for three days and then printed out at the Nineveh terminal where his program determined he should be in the first place. Since there is such a lot of talk about the horrors of people being bent, folded, spindled, stapled and mutilated by this unilingual Corporate State Science structure, I feel no call to add to the chorus. One gets the idea that such talk may well be heard and, sooner or later, acted upon simply because even programmers have ears, and the din is awful.

What does require some talk is that much of the anti-science

and anti-rationalist sentiment circulating nowadays seems to have as its object not a diversification of the "single-vision" which surely follows unilingual perception, but a replacement of the mathematized world by a poetized one. The school of writers who have made names as critics of the scientific world-view—"the myth of objective consciousness," as Theodore Roszak calls it—tend to regard scientists as false shamans, even as scientists have long tended to regard shamans as false scientists. The symphony of ironies at play here is a fine one, but the more discordant elements hint at a general rising anti-intellectualism that, were it to find favor on a wide scale, could further damage a civilizational structure which is not just now in the best of shape. If the idea of a "poetic revolution" seems both remote and more than a little comic, I would recommend reading both of Mr. Roszak's books: *The Making of a Counter Culture*, and *Where the Wasteland Ends*. Taken together with Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death* and Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, adding in the clear evidence of a turning away from basic scientific research on the part of government, and a general hostility against it on the part of large segments of the public who, having done the Civil Rights and Viet Nam things, are now checking out the mercury in swordfish and the sulphur dioxide on Long Island, and blaming it all on "science," the idea becomes less humorous.

But these immediate political and social issues are less to the point than is the question of whether, as people and as a civilization, we can avoid the error of the Arkansas district superintendent and manage to create for ourselves a genuinely multilingual culture.

To begin, a few words on what I call "literary" provincialism might be in order. By this term, I do not mean "Southern writing" or "Jewish writing," and the obvious virtues and vices of such a creative inwardness. Rather, for our purposes, I want to emphasize separately the word "literary" and the word "provincialism."

In this sense, "literary" is a pejorative. It indicates the second-hand, the "made-up," the artificial in the fullest and least desirable formulation of each element. It comprehends that peculiar type of voyeurism which has the capacity to experience more deeply at one or two removes than face to face with the thing itself, whatever the thing might be. Rather as if St. Paul had said,

"For now we see as through a glass darkly. Which is a hell of a lot safer than face to face." But then, he did not say that. For him, metaphor was simply an existential surrogate for the experience of what is—or used to be—called the Beatific Vision. Paul was not, as you would say, satisfied with this state of affairs, and found it necessary to turn his metaphors about over and over again seeking for that which least falsified the Beatific Vision—as in "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." There is nothing "literary" or made up here. Faith becomes as active a metaphysical principle as that of hierarchy. The "literary" experience is that which has as beginning and end an immersion in the actions or thoughts of others without the rigorous intervention of one's own soul.

In a more restricted, but no less significant sense, the term "literary" should be understood to refer to the concept, consciously or unconsciously held, that all cultural values are contained in, or referable to through verbal, mythical, or other more or less "concrete" structures. "In the beginning was the Word" is a text best interpreted broadly: word, symbol, gesture, figure, expression, communication. St. John's *Logos*, literally translated as "saying," carries with it a mini-dictionary of prior meanings from Heraclitus' law of the soul, or reckoning, through Plato's rising of consciousness through zetetic illumination. In any case, the "literary" presupposition, a kind of iconographic chauvinism in favor of verbal symbols, is part of the complex we are going to examine.

"Provincialism" similarly suggests a constriction, a limitation without reason. By it, I would want to express that kind of conceptualization which allows doxic (Gr. *doxa*) images such as C.P. Snow's "Two Cultures" to flourish. It is the very essence of the provincial, to deny the worth of something which lies outside his province, or as they call provinces in academia, "his field." The mathematician who sniffs at poetry as a mode of knowing or the humanist who shivers at the sight of an equation are equally provincial, and equally intellectual bumpkins.

But in combination, the "literary" and the "provincial" become more than types of ignorance or intellectual bad manners. Taken together, they form that "literary provincialism" which is destructive not only of culture but of certain capabilities and possibilities of the soul. Since in fact we are limited within existence to Paul's glass as we seek to examine Being, the kind of thought which would force us to choose exclusively one or another sort of glass is going to diminish our awareness of the field of Being itself, and thereby damage the potential for growth which is contained within our souls.

In his recent book, *Where the Wasteland Ends*, Theodore Roszak seems intent on such exclusivity.

My argument has been that single vision, the ruling sensibility of the scientific worldview, has become the boundary condition of human consciousness within urban-industrial culture, the reigning Reality Principle, the whole meaning of sanity. On that Reality Principle and on the artificial environment which is its social expression, the technocracy has been raised as a benevolent despotism of elitist expertise. Whatever else we must do to supplant the technocracy, we must, indispensably, throw off the psychic style from which it draws its strength. This is necessary not only if democracy is to be preserved, but also if we are to be healed of the death-in-life of alienation, which is the psychic price of single vision.¹

Now I am not concerned with Roszak's argument *ad politeia*, the extensive description and remedial discussion in relation to the technocracy. At that level, arguments of Roszak's type become chiefly squabbles regarding trade-union jurisdiction in which bureaucrats of technology are ranged against bureaucrats of "Consciousness III."

Moreover, I do not, on principle, wish to quarrel with Roszak's evaluation of the social sciences as they are now constituted: psychology, sociology, political science, and so on:

The behavioral sciences are a dubious project rather like making maps of imaginary landscapes that change by the hour and are recreated afresh by their inhabitants in the light of what every new map reveals.²

The pretension of behavioral sciences, outside the work of a handful of geniuses, is an intellectual scandal, and the work of men like Max Weber, Carl Jung and Oswald Spengler seems more related to art than to science.

But Roszak throws his net too wide. The thrust of his assault falls, legitimately, upon the pseudosciences if the present deplorable sociopolitical situation is his focus, since, as he admits, the exact sciences have done little or nothing to influence society directly. On the other hand, insofar as Roszak blames the mathematical sciences for *the way in which they think*, and for the fact that such a mode of thought is picked up by blunderers who cannot see the limits of the method, Roszak's argument is simply to be dismissed. It is worse than obscurantist. We know that the most bloodthirsty excesses of the French revolution carried aloft the banners of Rousseau and "visionary consciousness"; that it was Hitler who said, "only the instincts are sure"; that Roszak's chosen poet, Blake, was an enthusiast for the French Revolution—even as the Terror burned its way through the body and soul of Europe, creating in its wake the seeds of those gnostic disorders which have devastated the past two centuries.

At law, there is a principle which applies to the notion that the mathematical sciences are to be blamed for their mode of thought. It has to do with limitation of liability. If one's house burns through one's own negligence, one is responsible for the damages caused adjacent houses—but *not* for *all* damage. Mrs. O'Leary was not liable for Chicago. Both pragmatically and theoretically, there *is* an attenuation of causal responsibility, and the type of reasoning which assigns responsibility to a mode of thought rather than to the multiple of willful, conscious superceding intervening *actions*, which leads to a certain situation, is no sort of reasoning at all.

Thus, in the argument to follow, I would wish "science" to refer to mathematical physics pre-eminently, and to the other exact sciences insofar as their rigor approximates that of physics. Fundamentally, I am defending the *language* of mathematics, and the proposition that it is capable of communicating knowledge of existential reality as fully—and as beautifully—as poetry or mythos.

I would not propose to play Kierkegaard just now and go into the pneumopathology which has severed equation from poem, number from letter, expression from word in our culture. Philosophers have been both poets and mathematicians in the past. In our own century, we have produced Alfred North Whitehead as evidence that philosophy is not dead, and that it need not blind one eye in order to see out of the other. To

the degree that a thinker is either "literary" or "provincial," I suppose Russell Kirk's term, *Philodoxer*, is an apt description of him. But an analysis of the cleavage in modern man is not a simple matter, and it must be left for another place.

More useful just now might be a brief exercise in the avoidance of furthering the cleavage through "literary provincialism." The cure of spiritual disorders, unlike physiological ones, requires a real joinder of issue by the sufferer, and in order to evoke such joinder, it is necessary to show the "literary provincial" how to read and understand at first hand a poem in both our cultural languages. It is not a very long poem because it touches on mystery, and no length is going to penetrate more deeply than the initial insight. One is constrained to believe that a relationship truly experienced can be expressed briefly.

The first version is less than elegant, in that the first two stanzas are only setting up, in an admittedly "literary" manner, the last.

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem,
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back, they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of Light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

This is William Blake's "Scoffers." If the first two stanzas are, in Taine's memorable phrase, "mere literature," I think the last stanza will stand with anything in English poetry.

The other version is in a different language:

$$\left(\frac{ih}{2\pi c} \frac{\partial}{\partial t} + \frac{e^2}{cr}\right)^2 \psi = \left[m^2 c^2 - \frac{h^2}{4\pi^2} \left(\frac{\partial^2}{\partial x^2} + \frac{\partial^2}{\partial y^2} + \frac{\partial^2}{\partial z^2}\right)\right] \psi$$

This is the equally celebrated Schrödinger wave equation—the first, in which relativistic effects are allowed for. Given an understanding of the language in which it is written, it is beautiful, elegant and austere. If one must translate it, after due caution as to what is lost in translation, I would render it this way:

Sands upon the Red Sea shore where
Israel's tents do shine so bright
Are the atoms of Democritus
And Newton's particles of light.

I can only assure contemporary scoffers that I am quite serious, and that Blake's "beams divine" are also accounted for in Schrödinger's work. That the elements are dealt with from a different standpoint than Blake's does not foreclose the identity, for if it does, then I suppose one might as well accept the infamous dictum of Ivor Winters and agree that Wallace Stevens' "Sunday Morning" would be one of the great poems in the English language—if only it were Christian.

The very fact that Blake's poem reverses so smoothly around

the "are," which is the = sign in the stanza, indicates a part of what I am suggesting. The intentional fallacy mitigates critique based upon the notion that such a reversal would not be what Blake intended. It is what he said, and insofar as that is true, he said a good bit better than he knew. As Blake's metaphor—consciously or unconsciously—demonstrates the equivalence between prophetic insight and scientific insight into reality beyond the merely contingent, the beauty and austerity of Schrödinger's equation possesses that same spark of genius which sees a universal verity beyond the banal confines of a batch of experimental data.

Schrödinger's work established the mathematical expression (actually, one of the two: Werner Heisenberg's Matrice mechanics also satisfies the data which points to the same truth) of the wave nature of *matter itself*, so that when one chooses to equate sands upon the Red Sea shore—and the brightness of Israel's tents as well—with Democritus' atoms—or Bohrs'—and Newton's particles of light—or, more properly, de Broglie's waves—the equality is both *knowable* and *real*.³ Moreover, the temporal juxtaposition of the people of Israel fleeing from Pharaoh, the pre-Socratic Democritus, and the 17th century Newton is, from the view of the new physics, an event with a certain probability actually as well as conceptually. The wave nature of reality at what appears to be, on principle, its most remote knowable level, establishes the *existential* ground-limit for all thought; moreover, it establishes the threshold of metaphysical, *transcendent* thought. Further, this wave nature underlying all existence seems to clarify the division between a real transcendence and a mere animistic sentimentality. This ultimate description of the substrate of nature (ultimate in the sense that the Principle of Indeterminacy sets a formula of *absolute* limitation on the *physical* perception of events at the microcosmic level) abolishes the idea of an unequivocally knowable universe as postulated by Laplace and worked out by Newton with all its deterministic and mechanistic detail. Such a universe was, brutally stated, a *fantasm*. But simultaneously, the wave nature of reality nullifies the idea of Roszak's "sacramental" and inherently mysterious Nature *at the level of ordinary human experience*.

Reality, postulated as a continuum, a "substance" an assembly of unique events below—or beyond—any possibility of perception is once again theorized in metaphysical terms. It is a numinous reality, a "hidden" reality for which no model can unequivocally stand, whether the model be scientific or prophetic.

But our knowledge is discontinuous, and what we posit of existential reality at the limit posed by Indeterminacy—or the metaphysical reality beyond it, must be an evocation, a formalism, a symbol of all symbols standing as predicated by the intellect based upon a movement of the soul. In a general sense, we stand in a place analogous to that occupied by St. Thomas Aquinas, when he declared that unequivocal knowledge of God was impossible within the world, and that what we know of Him must be always *analogia entis*.

In this sense, the work of Blake and the work of Schrödinger are quite similar. They are unfalsifiable myths. Both, to use Keat's phrase, can be "proven on the pulses"—if one understands the language in which each is written. Both the poetry of Blake and the theoretical work of Schrödinger stand as approximations of that reality which lies wholly outside any

grasp more firm than that which they provide. Both versions of the "poem," quite literally, provide the "evidence of things unseen." That neither Blake, Schrödinger nor St. Paul show us Being "face to face" is hardly surprising. The Principle of Indeterminacy calls to mind the words of the Lord to Moses: "I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen." (Genesis 33)

If Blake's first two stanzas set up his last, Schrödinger's work was similarly set up by that brilliant line of investigation and theory which began, more or less, in 1900 with Max Planck's first paper on the quantum nature of energy. Neils Bohr, Werner Heisenberg, P.A.M. Dirac, Wolfgang Pauli, and many others contributed to the progression, and the work continues. Schrödinger's work, like Blake's, is part of a larger structure. The wave equation which bears his name, like the poem which bears Blake's, is both an individual contribution and a portion of something larger than the work of any single creator. Science stands much like the "ideal order" of literature which T. S. Eliot postulated as extending from Homer to the present. The great work is both tested and confirmed by that which has gone before and that which will come after, and however memorable the single contribution may be, it is the pressure of the *entire tradition*, taken as a whole, its clarity as much exhibited in its elaborate near-misses as in its breath-taking bullseyes, which stands as representation of the human spirit.

Blake's work engages the intuitional structure of one who is prepared to receive it (and Roszak must know that the reading of Blake's epic poems requires considerable preparation);⁴ Schrödinger's involves the intellect of one similarly prepared. But the fundamental reality evoked by each is not exclusively either. Intellect and intuition are both faculties of the soul, and neither thought nor feeling isolated from one another can satisfy the larger problem generated by the wholeness of the soul, which demands a fusion of both.

The charge of "single vision" and reductionism which Roszak levels against science is a serious one, and it is not unfounded—though those aspects which Roszak finds most generally damaging are more the result of what I have called pseudo-science than of science. But the "new shamanism" he offers us in *The Making of a Counter Culture* is no less conditioned by single vision, and, given the universe science has demonstrated, no less reductionist. Roszak is insistent that we "see" the world in a single certain "sacramental" way rather than in that way which has dominated since the Enlightenment. Not that science—or scientists—are to be done away with.

It is a matter of changing the fundamental sensibility of scientific thought—and doing so even if we must drastically revise the professional character of science and its place in our culture. There is no doubt in my mind that such a revision would follow.⁵

Of course, such a change and such revision, as Roszak sees clearly enough, would abolish science as a mode of knowing. Its language is to be "reduced" to one which may be spoken only insofar as it does not offer either challenge or offense to the new orthodoxy: "literary" shamanism. Given Roszak's revisionism, it is easy enough to project those inquisitions of the Neolithic Reich, in which the charges include "guilty of science."⁶

Ironically, one of those who understood the rationale and

necessity behind science's 300 years of provincialism was G.R.S. Mead, author of *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* and *Thrice Greatest Hermes*, two classics of scholarship on Roszak's "Old Gnosis," yet, oddly, an author Roszak does not use:

For some three hundred years the western world has been evolving a wonderful instrument of natural research, a subtle grade of mind trained in what we call the scientific method; it has been developing in this instrument numerous new senses, and chief among them the sense of history. Its conquests are so brilliant that men are disposed to believe that never have such things been before—*All this is perfectly natural and even necessary for the proper development of this keen intellectual instrument*, this grade of mind of which we are all so proud.⁷

The need for science to establish its own independence as a mode of knowing, with its own methodology and language, is apparent to Mead. But he sees the necessity for balance, as well:

The mystic will not submit himself to the discipline and training of science; the scholar refuses to attach any validity to the methods of the mystic. And yet without the union of the two the child of understanding cannot be born.⁸

Mead, called by Kenneth Rexroth "our most trustworthy guide to Gnosticism," stands then in opposition to Roszak. Three hundred years of "single vision," Mead suggests, were necessary for science to establish itself as a counter-view to the mystical. Moreover, it is a fusion of insight which is called for, not the subordination or the abolition of science and the validity of its insights and language and method to any gnosis—old or new.

I believe that there is ample evidence to support the conclusion that such a fusion is in progress now. But it is not a fusion which holds out much relief for a renewal of animism or shamanism.⁹ Rather the fusion will unite the insights of the new physics with those of the Judeo-Christian *philosophical* tradition, and not with Roszak's animism.

On this point it is interesting that Roszak dismisses the new physics in a page or two—after devoting several chapters to the attitudes and work of Bacon, Descartes and Newton. One presumes that the lapse is based upon Roszak's failure to grasp just how fundamentally the demise of classical physics as a cosmological model, both micro- and macro-, actually has affected our vision. In fact, the classical models have been rendered as "legendary" as those of Democritus and Ptolemy were by the scientific revolution which climaxed in Newton's work.

Rozzak betrays himself by his unswerving attack on what he calls "reductionism," the methodology and attitude of "objective consciousness," created in the Renaissance by Bacon and Descartes, perfected by Newton (but based firmly in the Judeo-Christian tradition),¹⁰ which he traces into the new physics. On the one hand, his failure to examine the writings of those scientists who have created the terms of the new paradigm of reality points to a refusal to join issue with the leading edge of science as *it is*, rather than as it was seventy years ago. While it is true that Roszak's vision of a re-animised humanity finding "sermons in stones and books in babbling brooks" finds little support in the new physics, it is equally true that both metaphysics and the idea of transcendence are revitalized by its implications.

On the other hand, it appears that Roszak's attack on science, insofar as it ignores the devastation of the old Newtonian order by relativity and quantum theory, falsifies the possible results of reductionism and objectivity as the new physics have revealed them.

After all, in the long run, it is not of crucial importance how a physicist looks at his material—reductively or otherwise—but what he reports that he sees or does not see.

If the attitude of the observer were as important as Roszak would have us believe, if it were the crucial issue, then Newton's profound religious convictions would have made his cosmology the bed-rock of a revitalized Christian faith which he hoped it would be. That is not how his work was understood, because the philosophical import of a theoretical construct of the cosmos stands independent of its creator or creators, and its meaning, for better or worse, is the determination of an aggregate of cultural values in which the new cosmic model becomes simply a single-term albeit a major-term in the ongoing evolution of a new aggregate.

Thus the single vision and reductionist problems which Roszak stresses have, in the new physics, turned up some insights and views which were at once unexpected, astonishing to many, and devastating to some. Now it is easy enough to say that one will only find what he is looking for, and that this certainty of finding what is looked for will increase as he tightens his technique and rules out "extraneous" phenomena or epiphenomena by single vision and reductionism. But the fact is that such a position would appear untenable solely on the basis of the discoveries of the new physics. Whatever the faults of single vision, it has, in the new physics, generated a series of insights which, carefully considered, have undermined the previously undisputed "objective" values of single vision itself.

Certainly there is no reason to believe that in the long run the philosophical implications of the new physics will simply continue the post-Newtonian tendencies which fractured into positivism, mechanistic determinism, behaviorism and the rest. To the contrary, while the pseudoscientific disciplines scramble to ape once more the methods of physics by developing "statistical" models and "relativistic" anthropologies, the real state of things is that the ground for deterministic and mechanistic world-pictures or humanity-constructs simply no longer exists. "I cannot believe that God plays dice with the universe," Albert Einstein once said, refusing to accept the inexactitude of quantum mechanics. But to all appearances that is precisely what God does: "His ways are not our ways," as an earlier cosmologist observed. More precisely, perhaps, it appears to us, given the discontinuous limits of our knowledge, both micro and macrocosmic, that a game of craps is going on beyond the threshold of our knowing.¹¹

At the risk of a bit of reductionism of my own, I would suggest that Roszak's "literary provincialism" is based upon his perfectly understandable, if unconscious, impatience to get on to the next phase of human understanding, that which lies beyond single vision and reductionism. But to expect things to move so rapidly is to expect too much. It is true that the Newtonian cosmos received almost miraculously rapid dissemination and acceptance in the world of the Enlightenment. But that was because Newton's pictorial cosmos was based in our own "common sense," for the most part—what Milac Capek has called our "Newtonian-Euclidian subconscious."¹²

The final dismantling of this structure, with its "intuitively obvious" character, and its replacement with a structure which tends to insist on the formal and relational character of reality, depends upon a new generation of scientists who are not wedded to the classical models, despite their adherence in a conscious way to the new:

[The] belief that the atom of matter is a miniature of the solid body of our ordinary experience was one of the cornerstones of Victorian physics and is surreptitiously present even today in the imagination of a considerable number of physicists.¹³

Again, in his anxiety—which is shared by many others—to step beyond that period when science of the mechanistic type holds center stage, Roszak falls into the error of pretending that we can simply make up, synthesize, a new world-view (and it should be obvious that neolithic shamanism or any other Gnostic permutation would be a new view; Heraclitus agrees with the new physics in stating that you cannot step into the same river twice) which seems less demanding, less ridden with deep and traumatic tension. But we cannot; it is no more possible to unlearn what we know than to undo what we have done. The path lies ahead—through science to something more than science has yet envisioned. Not backward into a sentimental, feigned, and "literary" game of let's pretend.

That such a path is open, and that Mead's hope for a union of science and prophetic knowledge is a real possibility, is demonstrable by going to the masters of the new physics themselves. In his *Scientific Autobiography*, Max Planck observed,

[W]hile both religion and natural science require a belief in God for their activities, to the former He is the starting point, to the latter the goal of every thought-process. To the former He is the foundation, to the latter the crown of the edifice of every generalized world view.¹⁴

A page or so later, Planck echoes Mead—the father of Quantum Theory joining with the spokesman of the "Old Gnosis":

[S]cience operates predominately with the intellect—religion predominately with sentiment—the significance of the work and the direction of progress are nonetheless absolutely identical.¹⁵

To Planck, human destiny lies in the uninterrupted movement of intellect and spirit, each using that language and mode of knowing proper to it, balancing, complementing one another.

Religion and the natural sciences are fighting a joint battle in an incessant, never relaxing crusade against scepticism and against dogmatism, against disbelief and against superstition, and the rallying-cry in this crusade has always been, and always will be: "On to God!"¹⁶

One can imagine Roszak's response to Planck's enthusiasm. Still, it is the metaphysical recognition on Planck's part that makes his remarks worth remembering. Unless one has a sectarian position to defend, the crucial question raised by "single vision" and "reductionism" is whether they are arrayed against the empirical experience of transcendence represented in the prophetic language. In Planck's case, the answer seems to be negative.

The same is true of Werner Heisenberg, whose Principle of Indeterminacy and Matrice Mechanics have made him one of the foremost of modern physicists. He speaks of a "central order" toward which, under whatever name, the question of value and of truth is referred. Positivism fails, he says, by adopting an untenable method, thus endlessly producing "partial" aspects of order:

... the world must be divided into that which we can say clearly and the rest, which we had better pass over in silence. But can anyone conceive of a more pointless philosophy, seeing that what we can say clearly amounts to next to nothing? If we omitted all that is unclear, we would probably be left with completely uninteresting and trivial tautologies.¹⁷

The scientist attacking scientism; the first step toward a conscious and determined clearing away of false certainties left over from the mass-misunderstanding of Newton's cosmology, and a movement back toward convergence of human experience incorporating the various languages through which we represent what we know and what we intuit. Heisenberg recognizes the danger and the delusion of what he calls

partial orders that have split away from the central order, or do not fit into it, which may have taken over. But in the final analysis, the central order, or the "one" as it used to be called and with which we commune in the language of religion, must win out.¹⁸

Roszak's invitation to unlearn the language of science is as much a "partial" order as science has been, and in its contempt for the wholeness of the human person—body and soul, spirit, will and intellect—asserts not a call to transcendence, but a temptation to *descendence*, a going downward which does not imply a rising, a going onward.

The work of the new physics, on the contrary, for all its detachment and, to some, unattractive rigor of its method and attitude, becomes more and more clearly one pathway through confusion and "partial" orders toward a reaffirmation of the very values Roszak purports to defend. It is not the values Roszak cites which science threatens, but the "literary" framework, the made up sacramentality of his "visionary politics." The "end" of physics, in the sense of a complete and ordered mathematical presentation of the phenomenological aspect of the universe is, obviously, the beginning of a new metaphysics, and of a new spiritualization of the universe in which, on the one hand, the world-immanent is given bounds, and the transcendent, along the lines of Plato's vision, is once more recognized as both sub- and superstrate of existential reality.

The locus of Roszak's fear lies in the "dematerialization" and radical de-individualization of nature by science. In speaking of matter, Schrödinger comments on the "crude materialist hypothesis" of matter as individualized particles:

[W]hen you come to the ultimate particles constituting matter, there seems to be no point in thinking of them again as consisting of some material. They are, as it were, *pure shape*, nothing but shape; what turns up again and again in successive observations is this shape, not an individual speck of material.¹⁹

This lack of the concrete at the final frontier of physical investigation impelled Schrödinger, in his later writing, to suggest

that the limits of the new physics might lead toward the vision of the *Upanishads*:

It is the same elements that go to compose my mind and the world. This situation is the same for every mind and its world, in spite of the unfathomable "cross-references" between them. The world is given to me only once, not one existing and one perceived: Subject and object are only one. The barrier between them cannot be said to have broken down as a result of recent experience in the physical sciences, for this barrier does not exist.²⁰

This passage alone—and Schrödinger wrote others much like it—makes clear that the "unity," the "one" spoken of by the physicists has the same transphysical implications as one might expect in the writing of a Jewish or Christian mystic, to whom total abstraction is a very real kind of supervaluing concretion. The anonymous Medieval thinker who wrote of God that He was a divine essence, His center everywhere, His circumference nowhere, was not only a sophisticated relativist, but a mystic in the purest Judeo-Christian tradition as well. One wonders if, in fact, Roszak's case against science is not motivated by the fact that the findings of the new physics, insofar as they indicate a renewal of metaphysics, lead toward something more akin to Scholasticism or mysticism than to animism. As P.A.M. Dirac, hardly a religious enthusiast, has noted,

One could perhaps describe the situation [of modern physics] by saying that God is a mathematician of a very high order, and He used very advanced mathematics in constructing the universe.²¹

Late in 1957, about a year before he died, Wolfgang Pauli, another celebrated figure in the "heroic age" of the new physics, whose mathematical predictions had pointed to the discovery of the neutrino, was working with Werner Heisenberg on a new approach to a Unified Field Theory, that Philosopher's Stone of modern physical thought. On the basis of new experimental discoveries it appeared that neutrinos did not correspond to the mirror-symmetry of other particles, and both physicists were elated at what appeared to be a major new area of breakthrough. The details of their thought are not important to our argument, but I think perhaps a letter from Pauli to Heisenberg is:

... division and reduction of symmetry, this then the kernel of the brute! The former is an ancient attribute of the devil (they tell me that the original meaning of "Zweifel" [doubt] was "Zweiteilung" [dichotomy]). A bishop in a play by Bernard Shaw says: "A fair play for the devil, please." ... If only the two divine contenders—Christ and the devil—could notice that they had grown so much more symmetrical! ...²²

One doubts that Pauli knew he was entering into a pattern of thought that William Blake had already traced in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," though he might well have recalled with some relish the beginning of the Book of Job in which symmetry and asymmetry, God and Satan, meet with all the Sons of Heaven, and debate the destiny of a single human soul. However that might be, Pauli's letter suggests what imagery goes hand-in-hand with that of mathematics when a moment of high drama arrives. The vision seems neither single nor singular, and the search for a Unified Field in one language or another is still the dreamed climax for the striving

of westernized humanity. If the past 300 years has cast that search pre-eminently into the hands of physical scientists, they have done surpassingly well with it—as a knowledge of their language and their saga shows.

In 1918, while the Great War, as it was then called, still raged across Europe, Oswald Spengler published his monumental *Decline of the West*, in which the essential identity of form-languages within a culture or civilization was described. Of western—Faustian—science and its final conclusion, Spengler had this to say:

But before the final curtain falls, there is one more task for the historical Faustian spirit, a task not yet specified, hitherto not even imagined as possible. There has still to be written a *morphology of the exact sciences*, which shall discover how all laws, concepts and theories inwardly hang together as forms and what they have meant as such in the life-course of Faustian culture. The re-treatment of theoretical physics, of chemistry, of mathematics as a sum of symbols—this will be the definitive conquest of the mechanical world-aspect by an intuitive, once more religious world-outlook, a last master-effort of physiognomic to break down even systematic and to absorb it, as expression and symbol, into its own domain. . . . The less anthropomorphic science believes itself to be, the more anthropomorphic it is. One by one it gets rid of the separate human traits in the Nature-picture, only to find at the end that the supposed pure Nature which it holds in its hand is—humanity itself, pure and complete.²³

If Spengler is correct, we shall have the Unified Field Theory—and at the same time the language of science will, as Teilhard de Chardin passionately believed, move out of its 300-year necessary isolation back into the metaphysical tradition from which it rose, having shown us in its master-work not only a representation of the physical universe, but an image of our own mind and spirit as well.

Alfred North Whitehead once said that "There is . . . a Nemesis which waits upon those who deliberately avoid avenues of knowledge." This is as true of those who take up a "literary provincialism" of Roszak's type as of scientists who cannot bring themselves to part with the certainties of the old cosmos. But the fate Whitehead had in mind does not fall only on those who themselves choose to fragment the soul; it falls as well on those who are victimized by this demonic refusal to know. Even at this remove, I often wonder how many young men and women from a certain remote Arkansas school district might have known Goethe and Proust—and the new physics, too—had it not been for an authority who was wrong, and determined to stay that way, as if in dread of what, in another language, there might be to know.

At the conclusion of his recent book, Werner Heisenberg, now in his seventies, a Nobel laureate at thirty, one of the titans of the new physics, writes of an afternoon at Seewiesen, near the Max Planck Institute, when he listened to his two sons and a friend playing:

Von Holst fetched his viola, sat down between the two young men and joined them in playing the D major serenade, a work of Beethoven's youth. It brims over with vital force and joy; faith in the central order keeps casting out faint-heartedness and weariness. And as I listened, I grew firm in the conviction that, measured on the human time scale, life, music and science would always go on, even though we ourselves are no more than transient visitors or, in Niels' [Bohr's] words, both spectators and actors in the great drama of life.²⁴

Which is a way of describing, I would think, "the substance of things hoped for."

NOTES

1. Theodore Roszak, *Where the Wasteland Ends*, New York, 1972, 413-414.
2. *Ibid.*, 409-410.
3. I am indebted for these terms and for a brilliant line of reasoning regarding the *continuous* character of reality, as expressed in the General Theory of Relativity, and the *discontinuous* character of knowledge (both in fact and in principle) to the work of Professor Jean Charon whose *Man in Search of Himself* (New York, 1967) is the best treatment I know of in terms of setting up the implications of contemporary science as it relates to other areas of human concern. His theses, dealing with physics, psychology and language, clarify the essential untenability of any "two cultures" theory.
4. On this point, I would venture that an understanding of *Vala* or *Milton* requires more hard work than, say, a basic understanding of Cartesian geometry. The "inaccessibility" of modern science which Roszak stresses in comparison to poetry is hardly illustrated by setting up Blake's longer poems as examples of "people's poetry." The language of science is difficult; so is the language of poetry. That is why the majority of people ignore both.
5. Roszak, *op. cit.*, 374.
6. In 1970, Dr. Joyce H. Corrington and I collaborated in the writing of a film, *The Omega Man*, in which precisely this theme was explored. In the aftermath of a nuclear war, a single Army medical officer survives undamaged. He is opposed to a collection of devastated and mutated lunatics who, able to function only at night, surround his house in order to destroy him. The leader of the mutants, Matthias, is a religious fanatic who holds that all knowledge and invention of the last several thousand years is to blame for the destruction of civilization. Matthias, as a type, seems to be becoming more and more common. The problem, one which could be little more than sketched in a commercial film, is that of a Gnostic rejection of the collective defectiveness of men along the line laid down in St. Augustine's theory of original sin.
7. G.R.S. Mead, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, New York, 1960, 21.
8. *Ibid.*, 21.
9. Roszak, *The Making of a Counter Culture*, New York, 1969. See Chap. 8.
10. For this argument, developed from the earliest Jewish documents through Renaissance Catholic and Protestant sources, see Chapter 4 of *Where the Wasteland Ends*. Roszak's first treatment of the theme was in Chapter 7 of *The Making of a Counter Culture*, "The Myth of Objective Consciousness." I would agree basically with Roszak's tracing of the history of monotheism, with its growing abstraction, and heightened sensitivity to the transcendent. But we part company totally when Roszak sees this continuing iconoclasm as a cultural ill. I see it as the progression of the human spirit—so long as the image-breaking remains within a world-immanent context, avoiding the gnostic temptation to hypostatize transcendence itself in order to smash that false image also in the name of "human freedom." Despite Roszak's argumentation, what makes us human is not our relation to nature. Rather it is our relation to supernature, and to those "leaps in being" which Professor Eric Voegelin has so brilliantly chronicled in his work (*The New Science of Politics*, Chicago, 1953; *Order and History*, 3 vols., Baton Rouge, 1956-57).
11. P.A.M. Dirac has suggested that the classical notion of a one-to-one relationship between cognizable events within the knowable microcosm and the real which underlies it does not exist as such. For a clear and interesting discussion of this problem, see Sir James Jeans, *Physics and Philosophy*, Ann Arbor, 1958, 172ff.
12. Milac Capek, *The Philosophical Impact of Contemporary Physics*, New York, 1961.
13. *Ibid.*, 24.

14. Max Planck, *Scientific Autobiography*, New York, 1949, 184.
15. *Ibid.*, 187.
16. *Ibid.*, 187.
17. Werner Heisenberg, *Physics and Beyond*, New York, 1971, 213.
18. *Ibid.*, 214.
19. Irwin Schrödinger, "The Importance of Form," in *The Mystery of Matter*, New York, 1965, 123.
20. Irwin Schrödinger, *Mind and Matter*, Cambridge, 1969, 137.
21. P.A.M. Dirac, "The Evolution of the Physicist's Picture of Nature," *Scientific American Resource Library*, San Francisco, 1969. Vol. 3 (Physical Sciences), 809.
22. Quoted in Werner Heisenberg, *Physics and Beyond*, New York, 1971, 234.
23. Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*, London, 1926. Vol. 1, 425-427.
24. Werner Heisenberg, *Physics and Beyond*, New York, 1971, 247.

ROULETTE

Clenched like a fist all week,
I wanted it now,
the interest, the offers,
the slim letters finally coming.

There aren't enough pots in the world
made to pound!
I wanted, damn them,
Great Men to call,

I wanted to be taken,
to go, to get it over with.
"Would you consider . . . ? . . . had no idea . . ."
I'd do my bloody biographers proud!

Bang, doors, bang: you want your dinners.
Wednesday. Thursday. Friday. Saturday.
Blanks. Say the chicken necks,
"Things take awhile."

—Kate Rose

AN ETUDE: ANOTHER SPRING

In the spring
Each song the wren says
He will lay
The silver foam from all these years
Down into mud

Near a riverside
Prayers split open

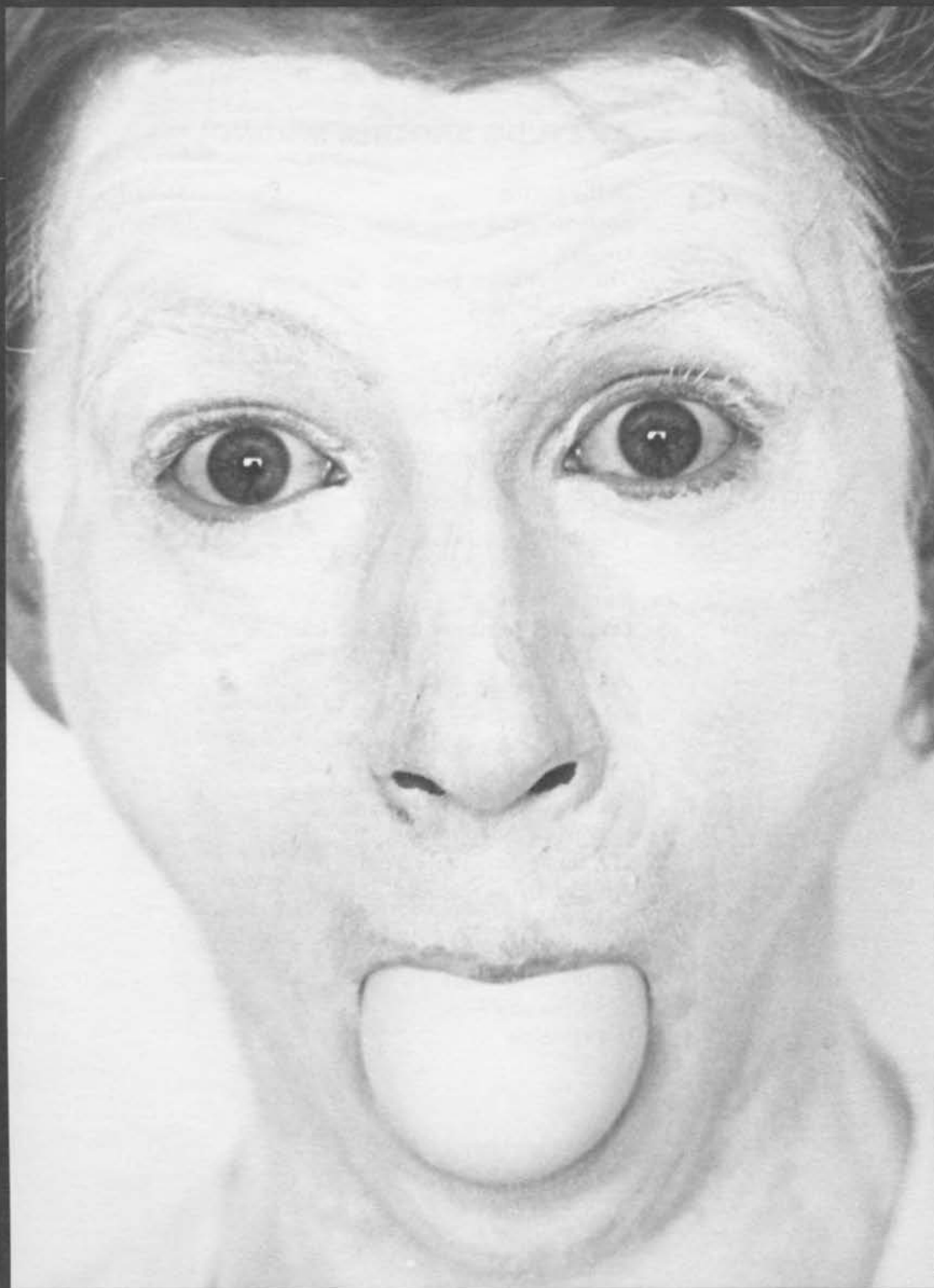
We return to the wind
Of our death
Each time
The wild fur loosens
The steam
Swells leaves
Leaves are husks of changed animals

For we give up more
To stay here
We give back the earth's gifts

For the centers of each eye
Darken as they grow
The rooms become soaked
Softening like the black shores
Of walnuts

For the outer body
From the sun
Is a ricochet

—James Grabill



The New Dürer

by Carolyn Osborn

"Identify this picture, please." Letitia, hearing the crisp professorial sound of her voice, disliked it and wondered if she'd grown to love authority too much. She sat in the back of her art history class listening to the familiar hum of the slide projector. The student who usually ran it for her was absent that day so she'd climbed up through the tiers of chairs to his perch. She'd forgotten how far below the last row the lecture platform was. Now, trying to judge the distance in dim light over ranks of heads, she felt she must be a disembodied voice to most of her students, a mere speck to indicate the vanishing point in their landscape, a tiny dot howling for attention. A small piece of cardboard in her left hand covered part of the lens blotting out the artist's signature and date on the picture. Light escaping on one side penetrated her hand. She studied her bones with the same bemused consideration she'd given to her voice.

"Dürer." Several voices chorused. Whose they were she couldn't tell. There were over a hundred in this class. The first two years she'd taught she'd known all her students. Since then enrollment had doubled, then tripled, swollen in number past recognition. Though she tried to memorize names on her seating chart and attach them to the right people, Letitia found she really knew only those who talked in class or who came to her with questions afterward. Dürer's self-portrait, his vain young face surrounded by meticulously detailed long blonde curls, came to mind more easily than any of her students' faces.

"Early or late?" It was a dull question, but they ought to know this late in the semester. She dangled such questions in front of them, and behind them she waited cajoling, pleading, go on tell me, tell me. Out of the great mass of information she gave them, she realized they would remember little.

"Late." Mike answered. He was one of the few with any real sense of time. The rest of them knew periods, Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo. They mumbled the words in tired voices like church members repeating creeds memorized long ago, worn phrases without meaning. They repeat without thinking and I . . . I think but go on repeating, go on teaching the same things. Too neat a paradox to be wholly true, still, she wondered, which of the two is the worst?

"Anyone know the title?" Letitia removed the cardboard.

"The Knight and Death."

"No, there are three figures engraved. Look at the one on the right."

"Ugh!" Janice Adkins . . . somewhere on the second row, reacting as usual.

"The Knight, Death and the Devil."

"The Devil looks like a combination hog, ant-eater and . . . one-horned steer." David Hayes read every picture as a cartoon this semester. Pop art had appeared to him as a revelation and into that narrow frame he crowded all his responses.

A girl chirped, "The boogyman!"

All of them laughed, children in a dark room reassuring each other, turning their nightmares into recognizable shapes, keeping fear outside the walls of consciousness.

"He's an obvious grotesque." Letitia refused to be drawn into whimsy. It could carry a class away so easily. "But what about Death riding his bony nag? Notice the date, 1513, the first part of the sixteenth century. Could he be every man's concept?"

"He's revolting enough. Those snakes curling around his head, and his nose—" The girl's nervous giggle was repeated in small tittering waves in the last rows.

A male voice, an older student irritated by mass silliness, rasped, "Look. It's a skeleton head. There is no nose."

Staring at Dürer's grim picture, Letitia thought of the myths that had grown up around the figure of Death—the pale rider, the skillful chess player, the joker who gave his victim another chance if one could make him laugh. She interrupted her drifting thoughts to insist on analysis again. "You have to pay close attention to the stance of the knight and his horse. He's a Christian knight, unafraid of death or the devil, a man on a mission, a crusader. Death's hourglass—"

"It's still almost full at the top," Mike said. "There's time yet."

"For what? Turn on the light, someone." She snapped the projector button down to fan and motioned to Paul sitting beside her to turn it off when it cooled. An adept technician—his entry in the student art show that spring had been a tall column of blinking lights swathed in day-glo plastic—it gave him pleasure to fool with even the simplest of switches.

"The hourglass?" Letitia repeated as she walked through them down to the front of the class. She had to ask again for they were all more interested in the business of lights, the

color of the day outside and the expressions on each other's faces than anything else at the moment.

"To go and do battle against evil maybe?" Paul's hand slid lightly over the projector as though he were caressing it.

"Mrs. Wilkins?" It was Janice again. "Why is death always shown as a dirty old man? Why isn't he ever young? Plenty of people died young then . . . with plague and everything."

Letitia, amazed by this combination of stupidity and profundity, let Mike give the standard answer.

"Death to western man is frightening and ugly, a threat to sinners."

"But, I thought—There was the church."

"The church taught all men were sinners, Christian or not." Letitia added, "There is an exception to that statement about Western man, however. Do you remember those Etruscan tomb paintings where everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves just as they did in life?"

"Pagans." Someone said happily.

"Yes." Looking up at the faces before her, Letitia was sure they'd rather be pagans. Some of them were. They were nature lovers, and some, the vegetarians, would say they were life lovers. Others thought they were Buddhists without knowing much about Buddhism. Every semester one would discover the *I Ching* and carry it around in a hip pocket like a latter day Moses bearing the tables of the law—except Moses' burden was a good bit heavier than the *I Ching* paperback. Over on the main campus a group who shaved their heads leaving only a hank of hair at the top devoted their lives to chants in praise of Krishna. Her own friends took astrology a little too seriously; sometimes they believed zodiac signs really were character symbols; "Well, he's a Pisces. You know they're always divided in their minds." As for herself, she was an old-fashioned Christian agnostic, dubious, yet wanting to believe. Surrounded by hundreds of years of faith manifested in pictures, sculpture and architecture she perceived all in terms of aesthetic pleasure. On frequent trips to Europe she approached great paintings and cathedrals in an emotional state she felt might be near to religious ecstasy.

The bell screamed.

"Is it four already?" Time ran out from under her in this class. Everyone surged out of the room chattering, calling to each other, young animals freed momentarily from the academic zoo. Janice Adkins, a pretty dark haired girl dressed in art major uniform, jeans and a tie-dyed shirt, was waiting when the room was empty.

"Mrs. Wilkins?"

Letitia dreaded the question whatever it might be since the tone implied hurt.

"You think I'm a fool, don't you?"

Letitia shook her head. "Why should I think that?"

"I ask dumb questions."

"No. You ask things others would like to ask, but don't have the courage to. If I didn't have you—"

"You'd have somebody else." Sarcasm masked Janice's face, fell on every feature, lit the eyes, pinched her nose, twisted her mouth. Bitter. Why was she so bitter? Did she feel others mocked her? Art students, set apart in a building across the street from the main campus, were closer than most. Another class was gathering in the hall. Time . . . never enough time for anything.

"Janice, we need to get out of here. Come by the office and we'll talk—"

As they went through the door Mike shoved himself away from the wall.

"Here's western man!" Janice said.

Mike gave her an arrogant grin as though he'd been waiting for her to challenge him.

"But, it was a good question." Letitia said. She didn't know what was going on between them and didn't want to poke an officious nose into their lives. Don't be . . . try not to be impatient with the young. You're not so old yourself. Thirty-seven, not so old.

"It's just that I can't—Perhaps it has to do with subconscious wishes. No one wants to die, so we picture death as an old man—to be put off as long as possible. I don't know the whole answer. Mike gave you part of it."

"I already knew what he told me!"

"Why didn't you say so?" Mike, still belligerent, was intent on the argument.

As usual, more teaching was going on outside of class than in it. Letitia, straining to keep her patience, felt excitement rising within, a familiar reaction. Easily stimulated, she could also lose her temper quickly. Be quiet, be still, wait. These were constant warnings she gave herself in hopes of retaining objectivity.

"Why should I waste time saying what I already know?"

"I don't know you know," said Letitia. "You have to tell me."

"You told us—The first day of class you said you didn't want us to regurgitate everything you—"

"Is that what you think I was doing?" Mike stepped in front and stopped them both.

"Yes."

He turned to Letitia. "Was I?"

"A little perhaps. We're all dependent on . . . on some ideas we all recognize as—"

"I don't want to be. I won't be. There are as many ideas of what death looks like as there are people." Janice stood like a balky donkey with her head down.

"All right, but Dürer's figure is one many people accept. You shouldn't be totally dependent on historical knowledge, but what do you want me to do, create the world new every-day? That's for you to do. I have to tell what I know. You take it from there." Letitia wanted to leave them both.

"You don't know what I want to know!"

The charge fell, a final judgment against her. Letitia forgot her warning formula and snapped, "You're on your own then. Find out for yourself! Invent an answer for yourself."

Weary of their need to judge and be judged, she left them quarrelling in the hall and went to her office. They wanted so much to be told, and told and told. For twelve years she'd been telling, explaining, trying to pass on relevant concepts, trying to paste together a vision, a collage of pictures and the life that had made them. Every year it seemed more impossible. She'd heard this generation was visually oriented . . . the TV kids. What did they see? Little or nothing, light and shadows flickering on the cave walls of their minds, images that remained fragmented. What need did they have of what she had to give? What could they give her, their own visions so barely formed? To hell with it, to the very depths of hell with the whole question!

Five o'clock. The day hung on a balance tipping toward night, not apparent in the glare of the sun, but it was there—the down time, ragged edges of exhaustion, little raveled threads of tasks not completed, slides that should have been returned to the library, Wednesday's lecture not quite ready. Leaving the art building, Letitia felt a presence behind her. She turned to see a blonde-headed young man, no one she knew, but no one to fear. The campus was full of people walking toward buses or parking lots. Why then was she so apprehensive? She wasn't being followed any more than any other person on their way to a car. It was blazing daylight, only March and hot already. Summer comes too early to Texas. She always thought that. Lived in the state fifteen years and still longed for seasons. Was he still there? Yes, only a little way behind. No need to notice him. A boy in dirty white pants and shirt with straggly blonde hair. Might be one of her old students. She rubbed the back of her neck with one hand, felt it cold on her skin. Her hands were usually cool now . . . something to do with circulation probably. Five minutes in the whirlpool at the spa would help that. She went three days a week after MWF classes. Her husband insisted on it and he was right. Too much tension, too much bending over books and papers, too much distraction. Letitia lowered her head. Promising herself she would not look back again, she fastened her attention on a child sitting on the street corner ahead.

Little boy! Don't you know if you sit on the ground this time of year you'll get red-bug bites all over you? He couldn't know . . . too young, four or five, sitting in the dust, drawing purposeful scrawls. Where is his mother? Right there in the car. Why doesn't she get him? I used to be pulling my children out of things all the time—mud puddles, streets, fountains. A little attention. That's all that's needed. I could stop at the car window and say your son is going to be scratching himself all over about an hour from now if you don't get him off the ground. I can't go around giving advice to everyone. She'd resent it anyway . . . instructions from a middle-aged know-it-all.

Letitia looked down at the child's design as she passed him and was not surprised to see an enormous face outlined in the dust. A mouth faintly smiling, faintly threatening, and two eyes leered at her from the earth. I won't be frightened. Why should I be? Child must be five. They start doing faces at that age. He had even indicated a piggy sort of nose and was busy drawing hair, spikes shooting out of the top of the head—a boogymon, as real as his nightmares, as old as fear, the devil himself emerging from the earth.

The little boy stared up at her. One dusty finger rubbed a mustache under his runny nose. With one line he transformed himself into a villain aged beyond years. Chill crept over her shoulders and she turned her face away from him. Spring flu, a virus coming on. She walked over to her car.

"Hi, Mrs. Wilkins."

It was the boy who'd been behind her. Somehow he'd gotten ahead and was standing on the other side of the car. How pale he looked, or did his white clothes make him appear unhealthy? For all their dedication to health foods many students were as underfed and lean as this one.

"I don't know you."

"Yes, you do. You've just forgotten." He was smiling . . . something less than a smile, a grimace almost.

"Well, that's possible." After all there were more than three

hundred in each beginning art history class, and half the time they sat in darkness looking at slides. All those eyes, a relief to flick the projector switch and get out from under them.

"Who are you?"

"You'll remember in a minute."

"I'm on my way home."

"Give me a ride then." Without waiting for an answer he got in the car. Students were aggressive hitch-hikers lately. Every morning she picked them up on her way to campus. She didn't like the looks of this one though.

Bending down to the window opposite him she asked, "How do you know which way I'm going?"

"Oh, I'll go wherever you're going."

Letitia laughed. "I doubt that. It's ladies' day at my spa."

"I'll ride as far as I can."

Was he high on something? Pot or . . . no telling what. They tried everything. Something strange about his eyes. Why be so suspicious? A young man with a whim. Evidently he knew her.

"All right then." She was tired of arguing. As she started the car she looked up at the clock in the tower over on the main campus, 5:30, time for an hour at the spa then home to fix supper for her husband and children. That task was waiting for her every night. She didn't dislike cooking, but she despised having to think about it. Her procrastination, how well she knew it and how little she seemed to be able to change the habit. Was it a form of self-punishment, she wondered, the working mother throwing supper together, salting scrambled eggs with guilt, shredding lettuce and herself? Letitia drove carefully through the parking lot.

"Are you in one of my classes?"

"Sometimes. I was there today." He pulled at a string of black beads around his neck. Strange to see a boy make that feminine gesture.

"I never take roll."

"I know it. I don't come often. I don't like that class."

The intensity of his hatred filled the air around her until her head felt light as feathers swirling in infinite space. Letitia's hands trembled on the steering wheel. Acting on reflex alone her foot hit the brake pedal hard jerking the car to a stop at the first traffic light. How close, how very close she'd come to running the light. She looked over at the face of the driver in the next lane. Venomous. He was intent only on zooming across the street the instant the light changed. And the people driving toward her, pushing their cars into the opposite lane, pushing themselves. How terrible is the human face in five o'clock traffic. Withdrawn each of us, lost in our defensive shells, and I am lost in my own with this rude boy beside me. Why is he here? What does he want of me?

"Why don't you drop the course if you hate it so much?"

"Can't. Have to have it. I'm an art major this semester."

"And last?"

"English."

"Before that?"

"Physics. I change around a lot."

She looked over at him again. Older than he first seemed, but a young man still.

"Where do you live?"

"Anywhere."

The light changed. She inched across the street.

"You're afraid!"

His malicious satisfaction shook her. Be quiet, be still, she cautioned herself, yet her temper rose. "If you really wanted me to have an accident you could have managed that in the parking lot. Then no one else would have been hurt." Whatever his wishes were, his irrationality was maddening.

"The choice is mine, not yours."

A chill fell across her shoulders again and she said slowly, "You are so young. Why are you so unhappy?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are very calm."

"Not really. I'm hysterical, but I don't feel it yet. I'm worried about my children. My daughter is only ten and my son is going through the usual difficulties of adolescence. My husband—Oh, why am I telling you!"

"Everyone thinks they are indispensable."

"I'm sure I'm not!"

"Do you want to die then?"

"No."

"If you thought you were going to would you pray?"

"It's a little hard to fall on my knees in a car. And, it would be unsuitable. The only real prayers I've said in years have been silent ones before something beautiful."

"You do not think I'm beautiful?" A querulous old man's whine distorted his voice.

"No. Though you do have a certain style."

Without noticing Letitia drove toward home instead of toward the spa. Once off the main through streets she drove directly into the quiet embrace of green watered lawns and live oak shade. Welcome as the change was, she scarcely realized it for the whole landscape rolled past her like an optical illusion, a brief comforting dream of ordinary existence, one she did not really believe in, but only hoped for. Both her hands gripped the steering wheel so hard that her nails dug into the flesh of her palms.

"Get it over with, can't you? Whatever it is you mean to do!"

He sighed. "My role is a boring one."

"Well, don't complain to me about it!"

He laughed so completely that his whole body doubled over. The beads around his neck flapped and crunched together. Letitia, her attention directed totally on him, smashed the car against the skinny trunk of a redbud tree on her own front lawn. The motor ran on babbling to itself then stopped. Her husband opened the front door to see her crawling out of the branches of the tree which had cracked across the hood.

Shouting, "Are you all right? Are you all right?" he ran to her.

"I don't know. I think so. The boy. See about the boy." Every part of her body was shaking.

"What boy?"

"In the front seat. Over there!"

"Letitia, there's no one else here."

Standing in her yard with a rip in her skirt and leaves in her hair she searched the street, but saw no one.

"He was here. He—"

"Shh." Jed Wilkins put his arm around her and led his wife into the house. She fell in bed immediately. The virus she had, like many others, could not be treated with drugs. For two days high fever and chills produced a series of recurrent dreams. In each one she was threatened by a laughing young man in dirty white clothes who wore a string of black beads around his neck. For some incomprehensible reason the sight of him fingering the beads brought her to frustrated consciousness. When her husband tried to help her probe the riddle she could tell him only, "I don't know. I don't know why his beads are so awful. Sometimes they look like seeds, sometimes like stones, and sometimes they gleam oddly . . . like serpent's eyes."

THE WAY IT IS

Today

When she saw that the sky was missing
And the trees turned gray waiting for spring,
She called me from her bed, at noon, and said

"Please come for tea."

I can't solve a thing for you, I said.
I knew from other times that she would make the tea
And look to me to give advice while she would say
How nice to sit and talk on such a gloomy day.

"We shall have a fire.

I shall draw the white curtains apart.

We shall sit and talk, pour hot

Tea from a round white pot, lift slips

Of lemon with a silver fork and eat

All the crustless sandwiches I have made."

—Elizabeth Handel

SANTANA

I closed the shutters, secured them with
a witch's ninth knot of enmity,
but now they yield and shudder under
a flagellating force.

I must turn each mirror's face to the wall.
This is not an expedient time to examine
fragmented illusions or permit
an image to be reflected and caught
in silvered splinters of glass.

Though dust devils shriek, careen around corners,
rap with the birches' white-knuckled branches
against every window, I do not let them enter.
I listen instead for the small clacking sound
of wind-chimes assembled from ivory remnants
of an inanimate love.

I cannot be a center of calm
in the wild rolling eye of chaos.
I have suffered internal injuries
sharp enough to induce a rage all my own.

Yet if I survive that, I shall regret
no more than the summoning of a storm
I never intended to ride out alone.

—Nina Sandrich

An Evening with Dorothy Day

by *Donez Xiques, C.N.D.*

I have met a truly liberated woman. Not Bella Abzug, Betty Friedan or Shirley Chisholm, but Dorothy Day, a woman of seventy plus, whose freedom is not put on delicately like perfume as one leaves the house, but rather authentically permeates every facet of her life. Despite her international reputation as a pacifist and co-founder of *The Catholic Worker*, meeting Dorothy Day proved to be as simple a matter as the woman herself.

On a cold night one winter I found myself turning the car off Manhattan's East Side Drive and driving west across Houston Street. The area, if not friendly by day, at least is less sinister than at night. Congratulating myself for every pothole successfully avoided, I pulled up to a traffic light and watched as a man old enough to be my father approached the car. He vainly tried to clean the windshield, making tired swipes while the cold wind off the East River tore across the street. I began to feel nervous. Honking horns signaled the changing light and I moved forward past darkened streets with silent rows of double-parked cars. Caught up in the mood of the place, and momentarily wondering whether my out-of-state plates would attract attention, I glanced in the rear-view mirror, half-expecting to find a patrol car right behind me. Unnoticed, I drove past a semblance of a park where men huddled around small, orange-crates to fend off the bitter winter. Then, swinging the car into a space of First Street, I tried to become accustomed to the surroundings. There, across the street, under a simple painted sign was the home of *The Catholic Worker*, St. Joseph's House.

I walked toward the building. A few men in the doorway smiled and motioned me into a plain room. The people there nodded greetings and somehow incorporated me, a stranger, into the group. I looked around. From under big faded posters on the opposite wall, rows of long tables reached out into the room. At the far end was an open kitchen area, and in its center, a wooden table where the meals were prepared. Someone had written the words "Joy, Joy, Joy" along the table's edge. Against the back wall were refrigerator, stove and pots and pans hanging from nails. This room, which served as soup kitchen during the day, was lecture hall on Friday evenings.

Soon the chairs and benches along the right wall were filled. Then, without any noticeable stir, a tall woman, her soft white hair arranged in a bun, quietly walked to the end of the room. A brief introduction was given by a girl wearing tan levis and a

yellow sweater, one of the young people associated with *The Worker*. Then, the older woman began. It was not hard to see why Dorothy Day frequently draws crowds. There is a clear-sightedness and calm about her which are compelling.

While she launched into her subject, it seemed hard to believe that here was one of the grand dames of radicalism. Her confidence and serenity were in marked contrast to the usual radical rhetoric and rousing speeches I had grown accustomed to expect at such gatherings. As I listened, I found myself mulling over certain stages in her life. This was the Dorothy Day who as a collegian rejected all religious affiliation, graduated from the University of Illinois with the credentials and instincts of a journalist, embraced Socialism and Marxism, entered into a common-law marriage with an anarchist, and then, after the birth of their daughter, joined the Catholic Church, drawn to it, as she says, by the great mass of the poor, the workers, who belonged.

This is an incredible story, whose ending is not yet written, about a strong woman with great hope whose name is legend to the Peace Movement and who, with Peter Maurin, co-founded a newspaper and a house of hospitality in Manhattan that has been the inspiration for more than thirty similar efforts all over the world. Dorothy thinks of St. Joseph's House as "an organism, not as an organization," and as such it has sheltered the Bowery homeless, innumerable collegians, the Berrigans, William Stringfellow, young conscientious objectors and occasional "nuts."

A deep concern with social justice has been a characteristic of Dorothy Day from her college days. Over the years this concern has grown and her life itself has become an authentic Christian witness to the gospel. It is simple and without fanfare. In *The Long Loneliness*, her autobiography, she pungently remarks, "I have long since come to believe that people never mean half of what they say, and that it is best to disregard their talk and judge only by their actions." When such a norm is applied to her own life, we feel a bit awed by the tremendous freedom of spirit which has enabled her to harmonize word and deed.

The Friday night "lectures" on East First Street are part of a long-standing tradition. This evening Dorothy recounted highlights from her recent trip to Africa and India and shared with us some of her favorite ideas about the concept of work and

the nature of leadership. She mused over the loss of Martin Luther King and reminded the listeners of the significance of Caesar Chavez and Julius Nyerere: men who are working for peaceful revolution.

In Africa Dorothy Day wanted to study the aims and methods of non-violent social change in Tanzania. She was also attracted by the similarity between President Nyerere's efforts with a "back-to-the-land" movement and Peter Maurin's own synthesis of cult, culture and cultivation. Were he living, Maurin would have strongly supported Nyerere's belief that education must not take people away from their villages and that it must speak not only of mental activity, but of manual labor as well.

As she pointed out the similarities between Tanzania's Arusha Declaration and the U.S. Declaration of Independence, Dorothy praised Nyerere's thesis that real development of a country is brought about by people, not by capital. And she decried the way in which many governments today expect money to bring about needed reforms. When she was queried about the penal system in Tanzania, however, Dorothy replied with characteristic frankness, "I don't know a thing about it." Then, like a good teacher, she passed around a copy of *Freedom and Socialism*, collected speeches by Nyerere, so all could see the photographs on the jacket. She was eager to familiarize her audience with the personality and philosophy of the Tanzanian president, who has encouraged his country's political and economic development along Socialist lines.

As the evening progressed, noises from the street outside increased. Sirens wailed, dogs barked, and from time to time a cacaphony of violent voices filtered into the room. Once the door behind us opened and a man shuffled in. For a few minutes his labored breathing and deep groans punctuated Dorothy's remarks. Then the other men shushed him into silence, or, perhaps it was the peace of that room which surrounded him and brought quiet. I thought of Dorothy's conviction that being aware of the needs of the poor is not enough. "To help the organizers, to pledge yourself to voluntary poverty for life so that you can share with your brothers is not enough. One must live with them, share with them their suffering, too. Give up one's privacy and mental and spiritual comforts as well

as physical." A special call, perhaps, but one to which Dorothy Day has been faithful.

Her report continued. I was fascinated. I had expected the rhetoric of high deeds and of sacrifice; instead, I was in the presence of what seemed for all the world like a simple peasant woman.

Rather than taking offense when someone rose to leave after an hour or so, Dorothy showed great delicacy by saying, "I must watch my time. Jonas was cheated out of his sassafras tea last week," thus referring to the length of the previous Friday's talk which had been so engrossing that at the end of the evening everyone left without taking time to sit down and chat over cups of sassafras tea prepared by Jonas.

The evening's talk focused next on India. Dorothy had been in Calcutta during the riots of the early '70's. The violence of those days and the absolute misery of the city's poor had overwhelmed her. But she spoke with appreciation of the work of Mother Theresa and her efforts, despite almost impossible odds, to alleviate the lot of the lepers and the poor of Calcutta.

During that visit to India, Dorothy was cordially received by members of the Gandhi Trust, who found in her a spirit and a simplicity akin to that of Gandhi himself. She also received an invitation to return to India as their guest for as long a visit as she wished. Then, turning to the theme of leadership, she said with a smile, "You know, the Women's Liberation here hasn't set its sights high enough. In India there is a very different focus."

In this vein the evening drew to an end as Dorothy's quick mind offered us reminiscences, thought-provoking insights and her own humorous understatements. Throughout the talk her genuine freedom of spirit was quite tangible and I recalled something Nyerere wrote in October 1959, "We would like to light a candle, and put it on top of Mt. Kilimanjaro, which will shine beyond our borders, giving hope where there was despair, love where there was hate, and dignity where there was humiliation." To me, Dorothy Day is such a candle, a truly liberated woman whose light has gone far to dispel the darkness which surrounds us.

THE UBIQUITOUS ENCOMIUM, LOVE

exploded like fireworks
umbrellas of spark, icebluegreen
to a downdraft of ashes
a fall of gentle
night moths, soft
ghost gone
only the night behind, like a shade on a roller, drawn

—Ruth Moon Kempher

WAITING IN THE ROOTS

what do we know of roots?

the shadow on the tree
keeps the corner.
the man there
peers out and I see
his face on the bark.
I grow cold
like a sweaty root.

I walk and many shadows
try to grab at light
that strikes my skin.
I do not know about roots.
I try to see deeper
than roots, to
where the center of our planet
is hot.
my father sits at home
watching his legs go bad
watching
his nerves twitch away
from some strange disease.
jesus I reach deep
reach for lava
send him power
send him power . . .

I don't know.
the sidewalk stretches
out in a beautiful sword
and each step I make
the sword plunges deeper
into my neighbors.
they wake up screaming,
and I look down
to see my blue flame
walking on the sidewalk

keeping feet
where I keep my feet.
a dog bays at a strange face
and every corner
has a strong tree
and a weak tree . . .
and there are men
in the roots of the grass.
they show their faces.
neighbors wake up screaming.
the trees are restless.
soon they will not have room
they will not have room
for faces.

I picture blank flesh
in cold buildings.
I think of my father
crying to himself, I am him
slowly being bolted to a flat stone
where eyes frost over
and roots come only in sound.

I listen
as roots twist and slip
under the sidewalk.
they bend
around many burials.
many Indians are caught
in twisting roots.
neighbors wake up screaming.
swords plunge deeper.

I cannot remember
how many lives I have lived before.
my blue flame
glides on the path before me
with its eyes facing
the ground looking for roots.
I sweat coldly
trying to recall
the shape of a root.

—James Grabill



Conversation with a Jesuit Congressman

An Interview with Rep. Robert Drinan

Only one Roman Catholic priest has ever been elected to the House of Representatives: Father Robert F. Drinan, S.J., of the Fourth District of Massachusetts. Father Drinan (formerly Dean of the Boston College Law School) beat an incumbent in 1970 and won a close contest for reelection in 1972. Congressman Drinan submitted the first impeachment resolution in the House, on grounds growing out of the secret bombing of Cambodia, and he is now a member of the House Judiciary Committee. He is also troubled by improper invasions of the right to privacy by the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. His overriding concern is for the dispossessed and underprivileged, in the United States and elsewhere in the world. Congressman Drinan's forcefulness is ironically confirmed by his appearance on the White House "List of Enemies" and by the fact that he is the only Congressman to be denied entry into Russia for his outspoken defense of the rights of Soviet Jews.

Father Drinan's interests are also reflected in the titles of his books: *Religion, the Country, and Public Policy* (1963); *Democracy, Dissent, and Disorder* (1970); and *Vietnam and Armageddom* (1971).

The following interview was conducted by Joseph A. Tetlow, S.J., a former editor of the NOR and now Executive Secretary of the Jesuit Conference in Washington, D.C.

NOR: Congressman Drinan, you are a Jesuit priest in the U.S. House of Representatives. Does this suggest a freshened interest in national affairs among religious? Do you sense a return of the churches—not just individuals in them—to effective concern for national social issues?

DRINAN: I am certain that in their hearts they are, but religious groups are not expressing their concerns effectively as a national force. For example, last week the House of Representatives turned back about a billion dollars that was to be given as a loan to Asia. This, in effect, wiped out the Asian Development Bank. The bill was overwhelmingly defeated, and even though the Nixon Administration was in favor of it, Republicans voted three to one against it. I didn't receive a single letter from any church group—or even an individual church member—before, during, or after that vote, which, as Robert McNamara, the head of the World Bank, said, was catastrophic to the hopes of the people of Asia.

NOR: Do you think that the fault is disinterest on the part of religious leaders?

DRINAN: Well, it's always open season on religious leaders, I suppose. We can fault them, but we have to

fault the people ultimately. And in the case of the Asian Development Bank loan, we have to fault the Administration for not doing its work. The Democrats, in their normal numbers, voted for it. But I don't see any point in making a scapegoat. All I can say is that the churches, if they really believe in the fundamental Gospel that we have to feed and clothe our brothers who need our assistance, would have perceived that foreign aid of this type is surely without controversy. It should have had top priority on the agenda of the churches.

NOR: You said—I think it was at a talk in Fitchburg a couple years back—that the time has come to re-examine the assumption that government will follow the morals subscribed to by the people as a whole. You appeared concerned that the American government is following an un-Christian morality—perhaps even an anti-Christian morality.

DRINAN: Well, certainly, from my point of view, the participation of the United States in the massacre in Vietnam was anti-Christian. I'm not certain that the United States in all things domestic and foreign follows an anti-Christian policy. But clearly the Federal Government is not really in tune with whatever the churches and synagogues or moral forces in America proclaim. I'm not suggesting, of course, that simply because the churches enunciate a particular program the Government should yield to and enact that program. At the same time, there has been some type of a delicate distillation running in America that comes ultimately from Judaism and Christianity and humanism that says that we are our brothers' brother and that we are our brothers' keeper. Fundamentally, we're tending to forget that at the national level. We are drifting with a foreign policy which is incoherent and inconsistent and, domestically, we've almost forgotten the war on poverty. The Nixon Administration has really not helped the Office of Economic Opportunity—it has tried to phase it out. So, I think that we need completely new initiatives from the churches. In another area, also, I think that the churches simply have to be more responsible and responsive—and that is in the area of civil rights. At one time, ten years ago or more, 1,500 churchmen came together in the unprecedented National Conference on Race and Religion

in Chicago. I think it's fair to say that from the dynamics of that conference, the statements these churchmen made, and the publicity they received, the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was written and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was enacted. That moral consensus, it seems to me, still exists among the churches and synagogues, but they are not making it effectively known in Washington.

NOR: Is it possible that there is a consensus, but on the wrong issues? Is it possible that the churches' moral indignation is turned on the wrong subjects?

DRINAN: Well, I would not say on the wrong subjects; but there is no unity of purpose. Take the basic issue of poverty: I'm certain that if the representative heads of all the church groups in America came together—and I include Ethical Humanism and the A.C.L.U., and so on—that if they all came together, they would say that we have to have a war on poverty. But they have not come together. Similarly, in connection with the military: the military budget may go over one hundred billion dollars in the next fiscal year, and, in my judgment, that is horrendous. Sixty-seven per cent of that goes to men and personnel. I would assume that there is some consensus among the churches and synagogues that the U.S. should not follow a policy of retaining 2.3 million men under arms all over the world. Yet, they are not effectively bringing their viewpoints to bear on legislative priorities in Washington.

NOR: You slipped in an intriguing point. Not many people would link the A.C.L.U. and Ethical Humanists with "church groups." Is there an implication in what you say that these groups are "religious" in their zeal?

DRINAN: Well, I can't tell that. But take the Americans for Democratic Action. They have a list of legislative priorities which is pretty much mine: they want, for instance, reform of the tax structure in the United States so that the rich will not get away through all their loopholes and the poor will not be oppressed.

NOR: Do you think that churchmen, as churchmen, ought to act more in the interest of national needs and causes, and less because of beliefs or doctrines?

DRINAN: Well, I'm not addressing churchmen as churchmen. All I say is that religious motivation for reform in society promotes real equality. To make true equality attainable by all people—that is a fundamental directive, if you will, of Judaism and Christianity. And we need more input in Washington from religious groups.

NOR: Move, if you will, to this particular question: the churches' response has been quite strong on abortion. Now, from the political standpoint, is it feasible for the Catholic Church, say, to take a stand? Is there a realpolitik it could form on this issue?

DRINAN: The churches are actually deeply divided over this. I don't think it is fair to say that the church has a stand. The Roman Catholic Church has a stand, and as a Catholic I subscribe to it—that in most cases the abortion of an unwanted child would, in fact, be immoral. The churches that are not Catholic may hold that as a theological thesis, or they may allow their communicants to follow whatever they think is the better doctrine. But the churches in America are deeply divided on this point at the political or legislative level. Generally, Catholics seem to follow the idea that we need some criminal sanctions, although I'm

certain that Catholics are much more divided even on that issue than most people realize. The Catholic Bishops did not, in fact, recommend that we amend the U.S. Constitution to bring about the return of criminal sanctions. The fact of the matter is that the U.S. Supreme Court—seven to two or eight to one—said overwhelmingly that all criminal statutes forbidding abortion were unconstitutional. I think it was a very poorly reasoned decision. But that decision, in a certain sense, was inevitable from what the Court had said before—that the statutes were unenforced and tended to be unenforceable. But prescind-ing from what I think of that particular court decision, the churches are deeply divided on this issue—the majority would appear not to want any return to criminal sanctions.

NOR: You're a lawyer—what's happened to the law itself? One current in the courts seems to have broadened liberty—and another, maybe in the administration, is pinching off constitutional protections.

DRINAN: I think there has been a great expansion in individual freedom and liberty. At the same time, law is a very feeble instrument. In the area of consumer protection, for example, despite some progress, the law hardly gives consumers any enforceable rights. People buy cars and refrigerators and other consumer products, not knowing really what these things are good for or what the warranties are. Also, I think that in some areas of individual rights there have been advances; for example, prisoners now have at least a few more rights, and students and young people may have gained some rights from arbitrary infringement of their liberties by the military or by school officials. At the same time, I think that the "law and order" campaign of the past five years under this administration has led to a restriction of freedoms. Unconsciously as well as consciously (Congress has enacted the Safe-Streets Act), Congress has tended to restrict the liberty of those accused of crimes. We have gone rather far in that direction and have infringed upon the traditional procedural and substantive rights of those accused of wrong-doing. It's very hard to generalize over the whole range of human freedoms; we still have freedom of the press, which has not been successfully trampled upon; we still have freedom of speech and academic freedom, and so forth. But frankly, I'm afraid of the present climate.

NOR: Watergate would be part of that climate, wouldn't it? It's full of plumbers and buggers—but there's another concern about the prosecution's use of immunity. What do you think of immunity as a tool?

DRINAN: This is a very complicated question. If a person is in a position to give important evidence to law enforcement officials, can they grant him immunity, give him freedom from prosecution, and take his testimony in return? The basic decision on this goes back to 1896, when, in *Brown v. Walker*, the United States Supreme Court voted five to four that granting immunity was permissible. I tend to agree with the minority there. I think the right not to incriminate yourself is an absolute right, and I can trace this to basic Christian and Jewish theology of the Middle Ages and before. I think that St. Thomas Aquinas would argue that no one should be required to co-operate in his own punishment. The Supreme Court's decision was updated—seven to two—in the 1950's; and again, in the 1960's, the

Court said that the right contained in the Fifth Amendment not to incriminate oneself is not an absolute right, and that the State may, in fact, offer immunity—and if the person refuses immunity, then that person can be convicted of contempt.

NOR: *That's individual freedom—what about corporate freedom? What about oil, with its vertical integration and tax credits and the rest of it?*

DRINAN: I'm afraid that the business empires of America have manipulated Congress to get a tax structure very favorable to them. They have been restricted to some extent in their stock-market activities, but, in effect, they can go on buying up one another and building more powerful conglomerates. I think you have a dreadful situation in the United States now. There are roughly a hundred multinational corporations and conglomerates, and as electronic companies buy up book publishers and spaghetti factories, fewer and fewer corporations own more and more of the corporate wealth. Obviously, Congress has to do a great deal in this area, but I'm afraid that corporate power is so pervasive and entrenched that Congress can't do it unless we have a President who will really be a trust-buster in the grand, classical sense.

NOR: *Would you expect the people to turn to one in the near future?*

DRINAN: Well, after the defeat of Senator McGovern, one doesn't know. I think, and this is not unrelated to the subject, that the Committee to Re-Elect the President, with the vast amount of money it collected, legally and otherwise, defamed and degraded Senator McGovern and dominated the airwaves, and really savagely caricatured him and his positions. At the same time I think the people are desperately crying out for more people like Ralph Nader. The people know that they have been victimized; they feel powerless, and helpless, and voiceless; and they really—from the depths of their minds and hearts—want relief and want to participate in running society.

NOR: *At Brown University, you talked about "America's insurrection against itself." Is this the stage-set for that insurrection?*

DRINAN: I think so; but I was thinking in that context more about young people—that they had, in fact, rebelled against the style of life to which their seniors were accustomed. I see some insurrection; at the same time, I see millions of Americans being led like sheep to silence. For example, on the energy crisis: the President asked people to turn down their Christmas lights; and the vast majority did—without any substantial information that this was going to save electricity or even that there was an energy shortage. I think we tend to follow our leaders in this country and act as sheep. We do that all too often.

NOR: *Some who didn't act like sheep left the country rather than fight in Vietnam. You're on the Judiciary Committee—will they get amnesty?*

DRINAN: By the time people read this, the Judiciary Committee of the House will have had rather extensive hearings on amnesty. We had four hundred people asking to be heard—and the official church groups will also be heard. It is uncertain whether Congress can, in fact, give amnesty. Except on one occasion, in all of American history it has been the President who has offered amnesty after a

war. I was very pleased to see on television recently a family in Virginia or West Virginia talk about their son who is still in Canada. I was very moved to see the father of the boy state that the American government owed an apology to his son and to the thousands of others who were denied the status of conscientious objectors; and that, in addition, his son is entitled to indemnification for all of the suffering that he has gone through—for separation from his family, for the months and years that he has lost from developing himself in his career. I think, frankly, that that is the sentiment of millions of people who may not be able to articulate it that well. In other words, amnesty is long overdue. But the Nixon Administration has said that it will never even think of this. It is poisoning the lives and minds of thousands of people. Two-and-a-half million Americans went to Vietnam, fought, and returned. And I find absolutely no one among that whole vast army of two-and-a-half million young men who could justify what they were told to do.

NOR: *You see irony in the way the Vietnam veterans are being treated by the Government?*

DRINAN: It's ridiculous the way the President pretends that he is giving some great deal to the G.I.'s, when he is offering far less substantial benefits for education and rehabilitation than the Congress has been seeking to enact.

NOR: *The present law, then, was passed on his initiative?*

DRINAN: No, he has vetoed several laws beneficial to veterans. I and many others in Congress proposed a raise in veterans' benefits of 13.8 per cent. And just a day or two ago, the President, with great fanfare, recommended an increase of only 8 per cent. I think this is offering crumbs to people—an increment that will not even cover the ordinary rise in the cost of living.

NOR: *Yet, there is no outcry against that or similar things which President Nixon does. Go back to the bombing of Cambodia: why has the country acquiesced so readily in those secret raids? Do you have any feeling on that?*

DRINAN: Yes. We had not heard about the bombing, of course, until about July or August—or June or July—of 1973. And that is fundamentally the reason why I filed, on July 31, 1973, the first resolution in the Congress for the impeachment of the President.

NOR: *We should get to that . . .*

DRINAN: I was absolutely outraged at the revelation that came out in hearings in the Senate and in the House that unbeknownst to the Congress or the country, the President of the United States had authorized 3,800 sorties, dropping bombs on Cambodia over a period of fourteen months, at a total cost of some 130 million dollars. And furthermore, the President, on April 30, 1970, when he announced to the nation that American ground forces were moving into Cambodia, stated categorically and explicitly that the United States had scrupulously observed the neutrality of Cambodia over the past five years. While he was proclaiming that untruth to the nation, he knew that he, personally, had authorized obliteration bombing for a period of fourteen months.

NOR: *Well, why did we acquiesce in it?*

DRINAN: We did not acquiesce, because we did not know it until the hearings uncovered it.

NOR: *I mean the secrecy. When it did come out, there wasn't the kind of uproar you might have expected. Was it that we had just supped full of horrors by July of 1973?*

DRINAN: No, it's another indication of the intimidation carried on by this administration (and by other administrations, to a lesser extent, before this one). It's an indication that the people feel powerless and hopeless, and that they are either unable or unwilling to rise up and assert their rights. It's a frightening thing that we are as silent as the Germans under the Nazis or the Italians under Mussolini.

NOR: And, obviously, your feeling is that the way to turn it around is to get into the government and work from there?

DRINAN: That's one way; but we need private organizations, also, like Common Cause, which now has a membership approaching 300,000. This is a group of citizens working on a non-partisan basis which has already had a tremendous impact. But the real enemies of America are the people who can vote yet don't (although 55 per cent—only 55 per cent—voted last November), the people who are silent, who never communicate their feelings, who don't even know the name of their Congressman. They are the people who really allow high officials to intimidate them and to force the country into basically un-American and un-Christian attitudes.

NOR: So silence is connivance here?

DRINAN: Silence is sin.

NOR: *This is another topic—but John Sirica, in his judicious way, was not silent. Was he a good choice for Man of the Year?*

DRINAN: Yes, but then I never like to see judges singled out because they follow the law and do their duty; I'm sure that Judge Sirica would say the same thing. A judge, especially a Federal Judge, is appointed for life, with a commitment by the government that his compensation will never be diminished. This basic institution of our democracy was worked out by the Founding Fathers so that judges would be above all influence, and would enforce the law as they understand it.

NOR: *Could we turn again to the churches as a moral force in the nation—and to a particular case in point? Your state of Massachusetts—your Commonwealth—maintained an established church until 1833, and supported parochial schools with public funds until a much later date. In other states, there were parochial schools as part of public systems until the beginning of this century—I think 1916 saw the last of them. Why has aid to private and parochial schools become unconstitutional? Is that answerable?*

DRINAN: Yes. Around 1870, the Protestants recognized in Massachusetts that they would have a fragmentation of the so-called common school then if they allowed various denominations of Protestants to establish their own schools. As a result, the Protestants banded together and amended the constitution of Massachusetts, stating that no sectarian schools of any kind could receive financial assistance. The understanding was that there would be a certain Protestant-Christian piety in the schools—that they would read the Bible and recite the Our Father or the Psalms. Horace Mann devised that particular compromise, and liked to think that it was a victory for the Unitarians. The

Catholics of Massachusetts were cast under this ban. In 1918, in Massachusetts, the question was placed on the ballot whether or not this particular compromise of no aid to any sectarian institution would be continued. And in the plebiscite or referendum, the ban on aid to all church-related schools was carried almost two to one.

NOR: *Then you certainly see this was a rather recent development. Those who quote, say, Jefferson or Adams, to the effect that we cannot give aid to parochial schools, are really misquoting?*

DRINAN: Well, I wouldn't say that. You would have to go back and find out what they had meant. You could theorize that if Thomas Jefferson were around today he would not, in fact, allow money to go to a school of less than collegiate rank that is under some sectarian auspices. But I think that the law is very unsatisfactory. What those who believe in private education have to do is stress the second part of the First Amendment, namely, that part of the First Amendment in the Bill of Rights that guarantees the free exercise of religion. Follow the case law over the last twenty years which has resulted in the ban of any substantial funding to church-related institutions of less than collegiate rank. The stress has been on the establishment clause and not on the free exercise of religion clause. I think that Catholics, and Orthodox and Conservative Jews, and Amish, and any individual group that believes in a church-related education for their children must stress that this particular type of education is not something that they maintain simply because they prefer it to the public schools. They must justify church-related schools as an essential exercise of their freedoms under the First Amendment, as crucial to the implementation of the free exercise of their religion. This point has been made in briefs over the past few years, but somehow it has not been framed so that the courts would be forced to rule with precisely that in mind.

NOR: *It seems you would agree with the recent movement in Britain to get religion, in some form, back into public education.*

DRINAN: In the United States, teaching about religion is perfectly valid and constitutional.

NOR: *I think the British want to go beyond that now—they want to try a formation of morals and a general religious attitude. Would you see that as feasible, and constitutional, in the United States?*

DRINAN: I am not that familiar with the British system or what they are trying to do. But I do feel that in the public schools there should be some attention to those moral and spiritual ideals by which America hangs together. There is, after all, some type of a credo, if you will, some type of an amalgamation of moral principles to which most Americans subscribe. After all, our basic criminal law, in the ultimate analysis, is based on the Ten Commandments. At the same time, I don't want an indoctrination of ethical humanism in the public schools. That is the precise complaint now of Seventh Day Adventists and Lutherans and Episcopalians and Catholics about the public schools. They feel that by silence or by innuendo, the child is being taught that all religions in America must be placed on the same footing and that it really doesn't matter what denomination you adhere to, but that you are first of all an American. Now

the advocates of aid to parochial schools may exaggerate their case, but I do think that they stand for something very fundamental. And Orthodox Jews and many more conservative Jews lately feel the same way—that they cannot separate education from their religion.

NOR: You would concur, then, that someone like Madeleine Murray was, for all practical purposes, pushing a religion?

DRINAN: Well, you could argue that she is advocating the religion of secularism, which means the exclusion of all religions; but I'm not certain it's that simple. We obviously have to have some common schools. But it seems to me that there is an affirmative approach: teach about religion. In some six or seven states teaching about religion is now encouraged. They have taken very positive steps, such as hiring teachers and shaping programs. I happen to be a member of the Visiting Committee of the Harvard Divinity School, and at the last meeting, this subject came up. I was very interested to learn that there are almost one hundred students now at the Harvard Divinity School whose basic motivation for being there is to acquire training to be teachers in the various states where they will give courses about religion.

NOR: In the public school systems?

DRINAN: Yes.

NOR: I wonder what Mr. Jefferson would think. But then, I wonder what John Adams would think—few men loathed Jesuits like he did—about your being sent to the House by his own state.

DRINAN: Well, I'm sure he would recognize that in the very Constitution he helped to write, Article Six states that there shall never be a religious test for any public office in America.

NOR: How about turning that around: Is public office testing your religion?

DRINAN: Everything in human existence tests your religion. But, obviously, there are problems that I have here that I wouldn't have if I weren't a public official. I suppose the ultimate temptation would be to do things that might facilitate my re-election. I think that I and other members of Congress are very conscious of this obvious temptation. But I must vote and speak and take positions not because they may help my re-election, but because I believe in them.

NOR: Jesuits are frequently men of vision. Has your experience in Congress helped, or eroded, your hopes and visions?

DRINAN: Certainly the Congress of the United States, to a large extent, writes and enforces the public morality of America, and there have been many disappointments for me in the last three years. But, in fairness to the

Congress, a lot of currents are running back to basically moral imperatives. We did eventually help to stop the massacre in South Vietnam, and Congress right now is agonizing over the question of impeachment; that is a fundamentally moral and spiritual problem as to how much secrecy, how much abuse of authority, the nation will tolerate. Also, Congress is moving forward, I hope rapidly, to a fundamental revision of the campaign financing laws of this country. Obviously, we know now what a disgrace it has been to this nation that wealthy individuals can give sixty million dollars to the Committee to Re-Elect the President, and almost capture or take over a particular government. We need a financing law that will allow people who come to Congress to be their own persons, so that they will not be beholden to the oil lobby or labor unions or to anyone. The Senate recently enacted a bill by an amazing vote of sixty to forty that would provide *all* federal funding for *all* federal campaigns. Not everybody agrees that that is the way we should go; but I hope that the House will alter the law and make it mutually acceptable so that no person coming here will really be a creature of some lobby.

NOR: It sounds like you may think this Congress will be the fabled "transitional Congress"?

DRINAN: Well, we always say that about a Congress, but things seem to be moving more slowly than ever before. There are enormous problems before us. I don't know about a transition; on the fundamental, basic questions, I'm not certain that it will be transitional—that it will move us into a new America. But I'm here so that I will have a voice and a vote in creating the type of society that I think we should have—a society where vast corporations will not get tax preferences and loopholes so that they can get away with paying very, very little tax, like the oil companies do. And I envision a society, and I work for it every day, where the twenty-two million senior citizens over the age of sixty-five will not be cheated, where Medicare will give them all the medical assistance they need, where they will have adequate pensions guaranteed by federal and state laws. I dream of a nation, also, where we will be able to say that we are proud to be Americans because we give to the Third World. I often say that as a priest and as a Jesuit I came to the Congress of the United States to extend our bounties to the Third World. And yet I don't see this happening. I don't see the forces out there in the nation that will change this. If this is going to be a transitional Congress, it will have to alter the basic, appalling fact that among the sixteen top industrialized nations of the earth, the United States ranks fifteenth in that portion of our gross national product that we share with the sixty nations—one half of humanity—that belong to the underdeveloped countries.

NIGHTMARE: D. P. SOUL

my eyes are almost blind from rust
staring past the graveyard gate
at my mother
who kneels at her father's grave
spider lace tracked over his name

David
David ben Baruch
twice dead twenty years apart
a shower nozzle coughing gas
oxygen tanks short on air

in 1942
David watched me in butterfly wings
and banana curls at Weinachtfest

my German family fed me well
though with the usual misgivings

in 1942
graves were always open
elastic as pelican jaws

David did not talk about that time
he said "we did not believe"
"we did not listen"

listen now:
it is 1972
and who believes my mother jumped the wall
to pray at her father's bones
because the graveyard is locked?

who believes I awaken in America
behind triple bolts
to the pant of shepherd dogs?

I squeal like a bat in a cattle car
and quiver into dark and fretful sleep

—Shael Herman

BERLIN WALL

Sunday morning
I go in a drizzle
to Check Point Charlie
and peer over the barbed wire
someone points across it
toward a building where his brother
slid home on a rope of knotted bedsheets

my turn:
border guards check my pockets
shoes camera

the East is a time machine
takes me back 25 years
the Reichstag a blind beggar
burnt out since 1945
soldiers goosestep across the grass
Arbeit macht frei

lunchtime:
a scabby woman serves me goulash
mostly potatoes
points at her throat
whispers she's had it to the gills
can I do anything about the wall?
I see it through a dirty pane
machine guns and sentries at fifty yards

when I start to answer
a potato catches in my throat

—Shael Herman

The Funeral Party

by Joellyn Thomas

We
request
the honor of your presence
on this August afternoon
at the funeral party
of
our
dear
Dwayne Hummel
Stannis Funeral Home
RSVP

Fourteen-year-old David was now the very last Hummel. He clung to the wall like a snail, wrapped in shadows at the top of the stairs—pale, peering down at people. He could see, among the crowd, Aunt Mable and little Mr. Talbot, Wanda, the attorney Witherspoon. Many people stood in the lobby below. Like a black and white chequer board, their powdered white faces and obsequious black dress crossed and crossed again in hearty hand shakes. A funeral party. In little Hometown. Their irreverent laughter stretched its neck up to David, pecking at his head and the tall kind wall.

David brushed at his crew cut with the palm of his hand, as if that would shoo the laughter away. He straightened his shirt as he heard Harold Stannis calling from the bottom of the stairs. "David, David, it's time now," he said in a whisper that rolled from his soft round face.

"David? David! You must come down!"

David ran a sweaty hand across the buttons of his shirt, incidentally checking his zipper. He rubbed one shoe against the back of his pants. He watched Mr. Stannis smooth his tired gray hair with neon hands. "White," David thought. "White hands and tiny white nails."

The round white eyes of Harold Stannis turned up to David. His mouth opened, revealing wide gaps between his teeth. "David, in a little while it will all be better. But you must come now or it will always be bad."

David moved on the smile of Harold Stannis, across the red fluff floor, down one step, down another, down, down, unable to go back. The hand of Mr. Stannis touched his elbow and a sea of humming people surrounded him at once.

Helplessly he stood and knew the terrible slapping of endless words and faces.

"How are you, David?"

"It is such a pity."

"My dear, dear boy, I am so sorry."

Brows furrowed.

Great beaked noses bobbed in the air.

Eyes were streamed with water. Mouths were pursed and then they chattered with their tongues flapping crazily within. And from some kind of love he could not recall, there was the endless noise of pattings and hugs.

But at last it ceased, and he came alone to the curtained pink and velvet bed.

He saw the flowers and the gun metal bed. He saw the tufting and the flowers, the tufting and the flowers, and within, unbelievably, was something Dwayne. The mocking smile was stupidly serene. And the idiot joy had been wiped away. But again David looked and the face of Dwayne exploded into laughter. He soared overhead with a marvelous cackling. Joyously he spat at the sea of upturned noses.

"Up yours!" he rejoiced and he peeked down the dress of dear Aunt Mable. Finally, relieved, he kicked at the silly red fluff floor and miraculously again fell asleep in the bed.

But now David saw a bubble nose that seemed to float through the air. It hovered over David. Close behind it Mr. Witherspoon came, his eyes two great red-rimmed saucers. He patted David, "He was a good man. He was fond of you."

Obscene. Obscene.

"What will you do now? Where will you go?"

A stupid song strung out like wet spaghetti across the sky.

David watched the nose, a purple-blue basket of veins sniffing and snorting in the endless strands of battering words. "You've nowhere to go! You're underage. What will you do?" the purple-blue basket wiggled at the question mark and turned it upside down. "I am your attorney," continued the nose, clapping up the letters with one great sniff. "And as your attorney it is my duty to see that you are set within the week. I must know this week with whom it is you wish to stay." There was a dead flower laugh, pressed between the books, coming from somewhere underneath the nose. "What will you do?" The question went on and on and on. What will you doo? What will you doooo? WHAT WILL YOU DOOOO-OOOOOOOO?

In the sea of O's David struggled for his breath. "I shall drown forever," he worried and with his mind's last breath he screamed in marvelous explosions of red and black,

I SHALL SHIT FOREVER!!!!

The O's fell simpering away. But the purple-blue basket was still there and Mr. Witherspoon stood behind it politely waiting as if he hadn't heard.

"I don't know," David answered. "I don't know."

He hurried away through the hips and elbows toward the rose bush in the corner. It was absurdly round and its tiny pink blossoms were so very round and perfect that he should have guessed, but he didn't. With great anticipation he went to that rose and it was with real joy that he reached for a very long thorn to stab himself and stop that Witherspoon from shouting in his head. But there was rubber in his hand! A plastic thorn! A goddamned whole plastic bush!

In the middle of his horror Aunt Mable shrieked. "Davy! Davy!" she sobbed, crushing him to the open V of her dress. It was there that he bit her. Angry with the bush and its plasticness, he bit her hard. "Oh," she gasped in weak surprise. But stupidly she continued to cry, rubbing Davy's shoulders quietly, as if she really understood the meaning of that bite.

Biting her had helped. Gradually he settled down, finding some comfort in all of this. He huddled there quietly as a boy. But as a man he remembered Tess, his brother's Tess.

When he had walked into the house that afternoon, it was too dark to see. He fell stupidly over a kitchen chair and landed flat on the floor. As he lay there, cursing his clumsiness, he noticed a white thing just a few feet beyond him—a paper cup Dwayne had thrown on the floor. His hand reached out for it, but it was soft.

"Hi!" his brother had grinned, pulling back the curtain around his bed and looking down at David. His grin was vaguely toothless in the dark and one huge hunk of hair stood straight up on his head.

"That's mine," said another voice, and David saw that the soft white thing was a bra. Tess, for that was her name, sat up in bed, pulling the sheet up around her naked breasts.

"How was school?" she must have asked, but David couldn't answer. He only stared as she curled long brown strands of hair around her fingers. "Cat gotshur tongue?" she chomped through her gum, her lips pouting and relaxing with every chew.

Again there was silence. She shrugged and dropped the covers. He watched her sink back into the shadows. He saw the fullness of her breasts subside. She lay there pulling at Dwayne's back and the hair on his arms.

Dwayne grinned at David, winking as he closed the curtain.

"Come here, you," David heard her say. In his mind he could feel her long limbs stretching in the bed, her arms pulling Dwayne to her open mouth.

In the rustling dark he finally dared to get off the floor. Fumbling to the kitchen sink, he found this morning's cup and mixed a cold syrup of instant coffee. Quietly he opened the door and crept out onto the porch. He had his coffee there. Then he walked around the block. When he returned they were gone.

But here and now Aunt Mable was talking and crying. She pulled David's face to the light. "He has gone to Jesus," she

blubbered, her makeup running down her face in a dirty trickle. "Jesus cares for the blood of the lamb. Jesus! Jesus!" she cried to the ceiling of the Stannis Funeral Home.

David backed away and mentally kicked her high in the air. She rose beautifully like a blue and black balloon, tumbling through the air, her great breasts flopping and her large behind bumping and thumping on the heads of the people.

But little Mr. Talbot, in his balding, silent way, only handed her his handkerchief and snaked his tiny arm around her great handsome shoulders. She touched David's cheek, wiped her eyes and left.

"Yech!" David growled, fiercely, unconsciously digging his nails into the palms of his hands. He was sick to his stomach, sick of the world, sick for the world. "Fuck you!" he grumbled under his breath, through his ears and his teeth.

"O," a little voice rose in front of him, and it was Wanda. "You've hurt yourself. How did you do that?" she looked up at him in wonder and disgust. But he didn't answer. (He couldn't remember how he had hurt his hands. He really couldn't.) "You can't be mad at the world," she said, pawing to the bottom of her purse . . . "just because Dwayne's dead," she added, in a smaller voice, flipping back strands of pale brown hair. He watched her, the faded dotted blue swiss hanging limply from her shoulders, telling him nothing of what was there, or what might possibly be there in the future.

At last she pulled out a clean hanky and several band-aids. Gently she dabbed at the jagged wounds in the palms of his hands.

"I love poetry," she had said when they had talked over the fence one night last summer. And she had quoted,

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

Alone, alone, all, all alone—he remembered it now as it rang through his mind and the substance of his life—through the crowding of the broken-down cars around the little house, to the stink within, to the bed of Tess and now to the death bed of Dwayne. It came with the sand-blue lake of Wanda's eyes, with her wide tossing smile, with a drop of pearl and lemon rain. Alone, alone, all, all alone. In a hollow-eyed dream he stood, watching her talk, hearing her leave.

And now he sat, letting the preacher say the very last to the last of Dwayne. "The bridge," the man was saying. David saw the narrow country bridge as it leaped in front of Dwayne and his wonderful Tess. The bridge flipped them soundlessly into the creek, sharp rock edges tangling with the car and Dwayne's head. They both were dead.

Dead.

The word dropped to the bottom of his body with a ripping finality, crashing through his bones, screaming in his head. David looked at the person lying quietly before him and it really was Dwayne. It was his hair, matted and blond from the sun. His hands still showed some black grease from his eternal tinkering with cars.

David looked again at the face, silent as before. Dwayne had not laughed. Laughter was not in the taut, thin lips. But it lay in the past, a rich earthy laugh, dark green and brown. It

had a sour smell like the smell that grows far under the layers of wet moldy leaves. It was a laugh growing in the roots of things, not high in the trees.

The service ended and the funeral party tramped across a field behind the funeral home to a small cemetery. Dry weeds rustled around the metal box. They set Dwayne in the dime-store grass and stepped back while the reverend spoke.

The box glared in the light.

Dwayne was dead.

But the birds were singing.

David heard their singing, not the preacher's drone. He looked up and was filled with the freedom of the sky. The breeze touched his face. He felt the heat of the afternoon sun.

Aunt Mable sobbed. Mr. Talbot patted her consolingly. Witherspoon studied the ground and the tops of his shoes.

But Harold Stannis studied David, and David looked at him.

Mr. Stannis nodded and David understood.

"Amen," said the preacher.

BURIAL DAY

on the way home
we stop at her picking garden
gone wild since July

tomato vines exploding fruit like nebulae
red suns, green moons

furry leaves parting
handfulls of little gold tomatoes
double handfulls of beefsteak tomatoes
alive with sun

her whole field for our feasting
gouts of hot juice in our mouths
juice on our chins
seeds and juice on our clothes

eating her tomatoes the way she liked to
warm, in the field
without washing

without salt

—Janet Beeler

ORBITAL SEQUENCE

To live here:

one fixed point
in back of the sun's keel.
Place considered pleasing to the eye.
Days move invisibly through it—

days with eyesight torn out
by such frenzy.

People wait around on corners
to believe in that part of stillness
closest to them.

...

He speaks of its changing.
Gives me, with hands outflung,

a brace or backbone.
From the car
speaks of the people stretched

behind him,
from the sidewalk
speaks of traffic speeding past.

Through an upstairs window
I don't sense this.
I see both the traffic
and the people moving.

...

Through the window
into space beyond it

perspective
mapped out by the frame:
a point of reference

to start with any window
moving up and down the street,
head tight and straight
to let the eyes be ready

able to see
past

—a drunk, unshaven
limps along the sidewalk,
nothing to enclose him

sun
beating down on his head

steadies himself
against the sides of buildings.

...

Knocks against a trashcan.
Takes the lid off
out of habit

finding nothing wanted
there.

Hands have rummaged through
that nothing,
now slap at his hips
in desperation.

The cylinders
in a row along the buildings—

which he meets at the entrance.

...

The sun panting in and out
growing into the shadows

a row of flags
hung across the street—

the sound of them blowing
and their shadow on the ground.
The flags themselves.

The dead trees stand for hours
at the window
as if they can come to life
with life around them:

things mature
into a city such as this one

sense
that makes cars stay in place
when no one drives them.

...

The almost magnetic attraction
of bumper for bumper

car
getting out of a space
too small for it.

Right then left
a man who varies slightly

shifts his angle

takes the wheel in hand—
a kind of trust

bond
an inch from the sidewalk.

Enters
and omits.
These forms around him.

...

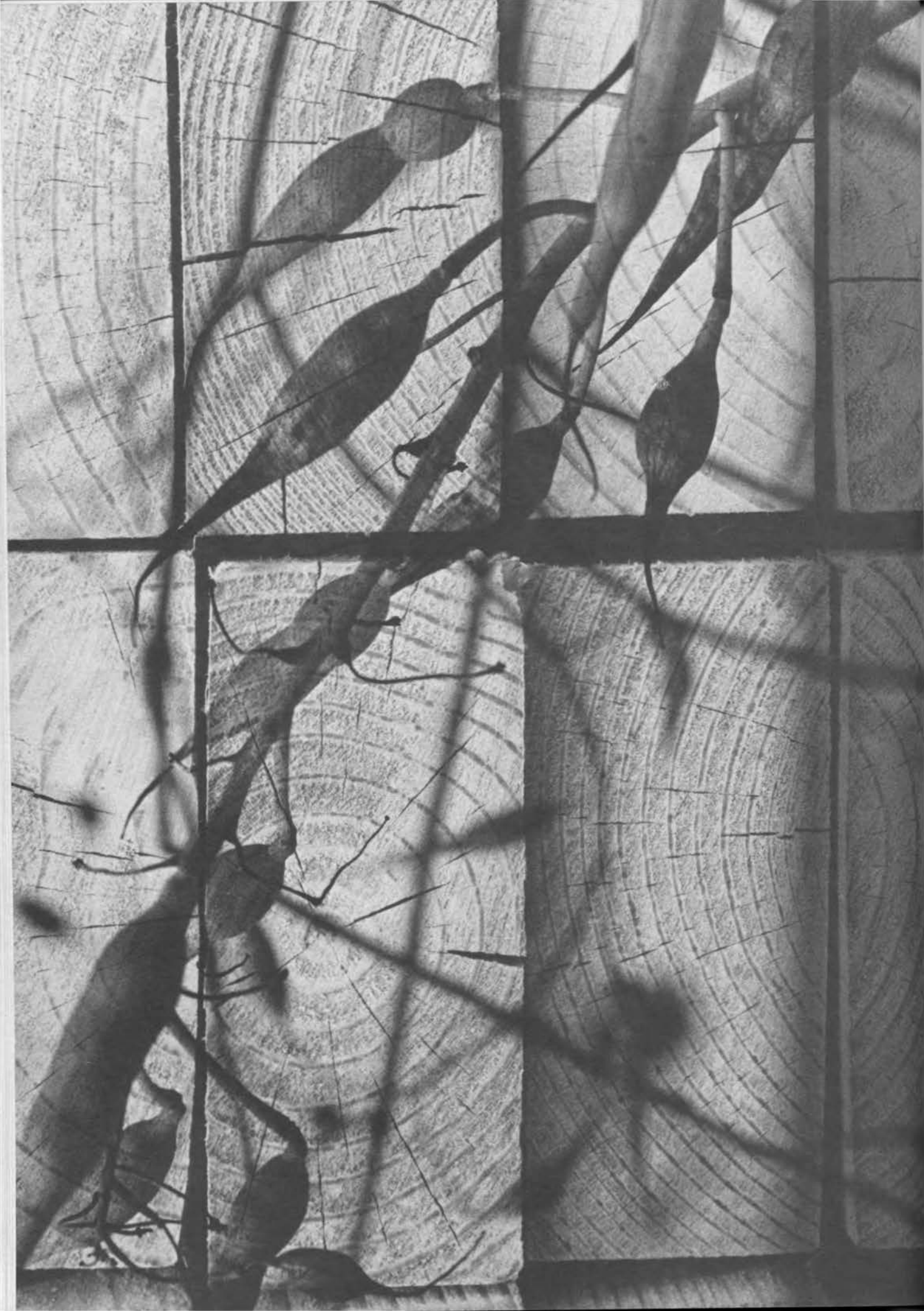
Night
when the city's a challenge
to things in its course:

a truck's tires
clinging loudly to the asphalt

or a door's slamming
sounds too quick
to let me through it.

Outside now
are only scattered people,
buildings from which
a couple sounds start forward.

—Rochelle Ratner



It
wo
lan
tim
def
Ma
unl
but
is c
wh
tru
e
for
ma
go
ob
co
on

th
a
T
d
to
c
e
v
s

Mafia— a Philological Enigma

by R. N. Sabatini

It is quite rare that philologists are unable to trace a given word back to its root or origin when the word belongs to a language with a well-documented history. Yet, from time to time, there does appear a word or phrase which seems to defy every sort of linguistic investigation. One such word is Mafia. According to one historian the origin of this word is unknown: "The world at large knows little of modern Sicily, but that little generally includes a word of recent origin which is closely associated with the island in the public mind, but to which no meaning is attached that is even approximately true. The word is 'Mafia'."¹ Crawford also states that there exists a "thieves' slang" employed in Sicily by the "Mafiusi" for a number of familiar objects and articles of daily use.² It may well be, however, that the investigation up to now has gone in the wrong direction, thus leaving the word in an obscure state. The "thieves' slang" to which Crawford alludes could possibly reflect linguistic remnants of an alien culture, once flourishing but now quite extinct on the island.

Recently, on a nationwide television program the origin of the word was discussed this way: Once in the capital of Sicily a young girl was attacked by a foreign soldier stationed there. To solicit help for the unfortunate daughter, the mother ran down the street crying "Ma fia! Ma fia!"—a phrase construed to mean "My daughter! My daughter!" Hence, it became the cry for revenge against all foreign aggressors. Although this explanation is relatively entertaining, it is hardly scholarly when considered in the light of Sicilian dialectology which shows the standard Italian word for daughter, *figlia*, as *figghia*.

In recent years there have appeared numerous books and articles treating the underworld organization of crime in the United States. Such literary works as *The Godfather*, *Honor Thy Father*, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, etc., inevitably call to mind a word that has become familiar to the American populace and which connotes the essence of racketeering in the larger cities of this nation. Even more attention has been called to the word *Mafia* in that a certain segment of our society with ethnic origins in Sicily has publicly expressed its disapproval at the use of the term in the news media. Just last year New Orleans witnessed such an expressed objection in one of its newspapers.

It is universally known that there is a strong Arabic influence in the vocabularies of Spain and Portugal resulting from the

rather extensive Arabic occupation of parts of the Iberian Peninsula. During the Arabic occupation of Sicily, Palermo became the center of commerce for the cities of Italy, as well as for Muslim merchants from Africa and the East.³ As a matter of fact, Arabic replaced the native romance in many Sicilian communities during Muslim hegemony. And so today the native speech of the island also reflects a relatively large number of words of Arabic provenience: for example, the current Sicilian word for the standard Italian verb *guardare* (to look at) is the verb *taliare*, which according to Steiger, is based on an Arabic noun: the man who lives in a look-out tower and apprises by smoke signals the approach of anything novel on land or by sea.⁴

During the Angevin reign of Charles, under whom the Sicilian Vespers took place (Easter Monday, 1282), the islanders were unified by their grievances, and it was the angry courage and unflinching determination of the populace which destroyed Charles' empire.⁵ As in any country or nation in which there is unrest and resistance against the established form of government, alien or domestic, it follows that there are always present underground forces aimed at overthrowing the tyrannical forces oppressing the populace. Consequently, such organizations proceed stealthily, take precautions in transmitting vital messages, and feign ignorance when interrogated concerning actions detrimental to the constituted government. Since the Angevin empire succeeded the Arabic empire, it seems plausible to suggest that the Arabic expression *ma-li* (meaning "it does not exist" or simply "nothing") was a conveniently appropriate expression to employ upon interrogation to feign ignorance of so-called subversive activities. The expression could have easily passed into the noun form, *Mafia* as we know it today, to characterize that total want of knowledge and information on the part of the general populace as encountered by the French. It may even have been coined with an air of facetiousness.

Another obscure term is that of *omertà*, as found in the Law of *Omertà*, which bounds one to silence should he chance to witness a crime, and even to suffer penal servitude rather than betray the culprit.⁶ The act of informing carries with it the penalty of death. The word is phonetically very close to the Arabic expression which means "you are ordered." It is not difficult to surmise, then, what the subject was ordered—to keep silent.

Even though neither of these terms can be definitely demonstrated as having Arabic provenience, it would seem safe to assert, by dint of Arabic influence on the vocabulary of the island, the succession of historical events, and the striking similarity of these two words with Arabic expressions psychologically applicable to the situation, that they appear more Arabic in origin than not. In any case, historians and philologists feel relatively certain that they are not romantic in origin. Even the more acceptable and benign term *Cosa Nostra* (Our Cause, Our Thing) would seem to indicate that quality of an endemic bond—as opposed to external participation—by virtue of the word *nostra*, thus defining an organization, the activities of which are known but to a select group and shrouded in secrecy,

just as with the historical Know-Nothing Party and more recent Ku Klux Klan in the United States.

NOTES

1. Francis Marion Crawford, *The Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, Malta*, Vol. II (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1900), p. 363.
2. Crawford, Vol. I, p. 305.
3. Steven Runciman, *The Sicilian Vespers* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1958), p. 5.
4. Arnald Steiger, *Contribución a la Fonética del Hispano-árabe y de los Arabismos en el Ibero-románico y el Siciliano* (Madrid: Librería y Casa Editorial Hernando, S.A., 1932), p. 287.
5. Runciman, p. 285.
6. Crawford, Vol. II, p. 367.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS IN CLEVELAND

So many stars,
 shining out from department stores!
 Come here, they said, *this is the place*.
 Inside: the smells of women,
 elbowing, walking, buying from women,
 women in booths for directions
 under the bleeps and carols,
 women gravely ascending
 past the fragrant bakery, the bright
 pots, the tree shop—too late—
 their scuffing boots
 crowding the flat city roofs—so many!
 nor was it clear whether the first one
 fell or jumped.

They had come for the stars,
 a manager said. He couldn't believe it:
 They wanted stars for Christmas.

—Kate Rose

EOGHAN RUA'S REQUEST

Forge me a tool, my Seamus,
Fit for the earth,
A well-tempered spade
To work and till
Clean furrows, welded
To shape and hand-set.

No sign of beating mar
The press of silver steel,
Loose and free with flexible
Sweep, the grain
Of the wood-shaft tapered
To regular borders,
My tool will shine in the field.

No buckle or wrinkle
On the edges if possible,
I see its sleek flange
In the spare form of a beak,
The socket without flaw to take
The handle, the whole to have
Harmony like a bell.

—From the Irish, tr. Joan Keefe

A SHÉAMAS, DÉAN DOM

A Shéamais, déan dam féinidh arm na bhfód,
Sciuirse ghléasta dhéanfas grafadh 'gus romhar,
Stiuir ghlan éadtrom i bhfaobhar i dtathac 's i gcóir
Nach tútach gné is bhéas néata tarraingthe i gclódh.

I gclódh an airgid bíodh tarraingthe gan rian buille ar bith,
Scóip fada aici is leabhairacht 'na hiarrachtaibh,
Sórd slaite bíodh leacuighthe ar a riaghail-chiumhasaibh,
'S is ró-thaitneamhach an t-arm liom faoi dhíormaibh.

A ciumhasa ma thigheann na bíodh ortha scuilib ná ruic,
Is feicim a tígheal sleamhain slím i bhfuirm an tsuic,
Slighe an mhaide bíodh innti gan fuigheall ná uir-easbaidh ar bith,
Is mar bharra ar gach nídh bíodh si i mbinneas an chluig.

—Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin, 1748-1784

TRUAGH AN AIRC!

I

Féach féin an obair-se, a Aodh,
a mhic Bhriain, a bhláth fionnchraobh,
a ghéag amhra is uaisle d'fhás,
san uair-se tharla ar Thomás.

Luathaigh ort, ainic mise,
má tá tú ler dtairise;
ag so síodhrúire bruaigh Bhreagh
uaibh dom fhíorghuide ós íseal.

A mhic Bhriain, a bhrath mh'éigse,
más díth leat mo leithéid-se,
dom chabhair, a chaomhshlat ghráidh,
labhair le saormhac Siúrtán.

Innis dó, re gcur 'na cheann,
nách mór dhaoibh, d'éigsibh Éireann,
mar ghné sheise ó chraoibh Charadh
meise dhaoibh do dheónaghadh.

Ar mo thí an tan-sa ó tharla
mealltóir an uird ealadhna,
bíodh go ngeallfadh sé mar soin,
nách meallfadh mé ná measaidh.

Da meastá, ní meastar liom,
gadaighe fhileadh Éireann,
béidleómhan do thuair mo thoil,
nách éigneóbhadh uaim mh'aontaidh.

Dá mealltaoi ar aoí n-annsa
na háith, a Aodh, oramsa
le brath soibheart cuaine Cuinn,
toidheacht uaidhe ní fhéadaim.

Minic tig ar thí ar mbréagtha
Tomás i dtlacht uaithbhéalta,
do cheilt ar saoireachtra sunn,
i mbeirt dhraoidheachta im dhóchum.

Minic tig athaidh oile
rem ais d'eitill sheabhcaidhe
i measg cáigh d'fhuadach mh'annsa
'na ghruagach cháidh chugamsa.

PITY THE NEED

The poem is addressed to her husband, Hugh O'Rourke, son of Brian, and to her lover Tomás Costello, son of Siúrtán.

I

Look at these doings, Hugh,
Flower of the highest bough
Green shoot and my strongest prop,
Look at what Tomás has wrought.
Hurry Hugh, look after me
If you are faithful,
Here is the magic knight
Tempting me in whispers.

Mac Brian, believe my words
If you would not lose me,
Help me then, beloved rib,
Reprimand the son of Siúrtán.
Tell him, make him comprehend
No poet's needs I pursued,
As a virgin wife from Cara
I am possessed by only you.

Now that he is after me,
This honey-moth of learning,
No matter what he promises
Do not think he will lure me;
Your opinion, not mine,
That this poet-thief of Ireland,
A lion mauling my thin will,
Is wrenching my compliance.

If affection confound me
Then, Hugh, understand,
By the Hound of Conn,
I cannot abandon him
When coming with enticement
His pleasure unmistakable,
Hidden, but not from me,
Toward me is directed.

Often he comes beside me
 Swooping like a hawk
 Through a crowd to grab my heart,
 A sorcerer, to me a saint.
 As if I were a tinker girl
 That he would pleasure
 With magic words and evil rhymes
 He pleads with me to go with him.

While other men are fighting wars
 For victory with O'Neill
 He wins by making love—
 For my envy—with a girl.
 Then as you, Hugh O'Rourke,
 He comes smoothly as a dove,
 A tame gentle dragon
 Casting spells of love.

But with Tomás himself
Without disguise, I lose my sense,
 So dear is he to me
 My heart is wrested from its place.

Unless you understand
 And help me
 Dearest love
 I am won over,
 No way can I divide
 Myself between you;

Hugh, my soul is in your cage,
 Tomás, my body is enchained.

II

No help for it repeating
 Go, dear Tomás,
 Though loving many, no betraying
 Hugh's friendship for my sake,
 Or saying—My courageous spirit,
 Pledge of Costello's faith,
 Leave me, I am true,
 Love others, I love Hugh.

I am no easy woman
 You can coax in your arrogance,
 Your bright heat cannot melt me
 Though hot as summer sunlight,
 No ease from me
 Little thief, little liar,
 Your strength has no dazzle,
 Find a victim elsewhere.

Mar mhnaoi tháidhe i dtuighin fir
 minic tig sédár soighin
 le briocht druadh, le diamhair ndán,
 dom iarraidh uam ar éaládh.

I gcéin ar chogadh clann Néill
 gluaistear leis, cuid dom chaithréim;
 sínidh ar óigh dhearbhta dhe
 i ndóigh go meallfa mise.

It éagosa, a Aodh Uí Ruairc,
 minic tig sunn ar saorchuairt,
 draig ciúntláith ór doilghe dol,
 oighre Siúrtáin dár siabhradh.

Tig dá theacht 'na Thomás féin
 mo chur seocham ar saibhchéill,
nó gur sguch mh'annsa dhá halt;
 damhsa ní guth a ghluasacht.

Muna bhfuil intleacht éigin
 agaibh d'fhurtacht mh'fhoiréigin,
 a sheise, a sheangadh ar ngráidh,
 do mealladh meise, a mhacáimh.

M'iomlat eadraibh níor fhéad sinn:
 do shearc-sa, a Aodh, im intinn
 ar aoi gur hiarnadh 'na shás,
 dom shiabhradh a-taoi, a Thomás.

II

Da mbeith sochar ruibh a rádh,
 coisg dhinn, a dheighmhic Siúrtáin,
 a rún cháigh gan chlaon n-irise,
 ná cráidh Aodh fám aithghin-se.

A Thomáis, a thocht meanmnach,
 a bhráighe ghill Ghoisdealbhach,
 sguir dhín, ní fheallabh ar mh'fhior,
 sin ar mhealladh na maighdean.

Ní hionann mé is mná málla
 mhealltaoi, a óig andána;
 mo shiabhradh ní dáigh dhuibhse,
 a ghrianghal sháimh shamhraidh-se.

Ná creid cách, ní meirdreach mé;
 òg fuaras fios mo chéile;
 fada ó tharla Aodh ormsa;
 th'fhabhra ná claon chugamsa.

Bhar bhfé fia ní feirde dhuit,
aithnim thú d'aimhdheóin h'iomlaid;
a bhradaire, ná mill mé;
fill, a ghadaighe an gháire.

Cosg th'álghais uaim ní bhfuighe,
a bhraidín, a bhréagaire;
let uaisle ná mearaigh mé;
buail-se um cheanaibh gach críche.

A shaoirmhic Shiúrtáin bhuidhe,
a bhláth coilleadh cumhraidhe,
ar ghaol, ar chrodh ná ar choimse
dol ó Aodh ní fhéadaim-se.

Ar n-aonta ó nách uair tusa,
crom ar do cheird dúthchasa;
móraigh brígh an Chraoi-se Cuinn,
A Naoise ó nír ar fhoghlaime.

A thuairgnidh coitcheann catha,
a mhéadaightheóir móratha,
a linn na n-uile n-ana,
a chinn uidhe an eangnamha.

A chrann seasmhach seóil troide,
a rún díobhaidh dochraide,
a bhrúcht buinne, a bheadhg nimhe,
a fhearg tuinne tairpighe.

A theanchair ghríosaighe an ghráidh,
a ghlór le mbréagthar bandáil,
a phost gáidh cagaidh d'ibh Cuinn,
má táim agaibh, ní admhaim.

A Thomáis, d'aithle mh'ionnlaigh,
a chuingidh chrú Choisdealbhaigh,
atá ar gcríche dhá rádh rinn,
do ghrádh d'ibhe, dhá n-ibhinn.

Mo bheannacht leat óm lántoil,
a dheaghua dil Dubháldaigh;
a bhúidh bharrghloin, ná bréag mé,
ná damnaigh d'éad ar nAoidhne.

Sgarthain libh gidh tuar tuirse,
ag so Aodh dom fhéachain-se;
luathaigh thoram (truagh an airc!),
mo-nuar, oram ná hamhairc.

—Author Unknown, 17th Century

Your wild lust will not prevail
So send no sidelong glances
In the hope of faltering virtue,
Leave off, burglar of content
And know, Son of Siúrtán,
Fragrant plant of the wood,
No love no pride no gold
Can slip me from Hugh.

Since we cannot be together
Pursue your native craft,
Increase the heroes in your image.
Heroic lover you will remain:

My leader useful in war
Generous giver of joy
Pool of all plenty
Master of sword play
Steady mast of war-sails
Clever maker of heartbreak
Spring of sure death
Fierce battering wave
Tongs of love's embers
Murmuring mover of woman—

If I am yours could I admit it?

Tomás, my defence has come to this:
Strong Costello,
My heart is saying
To drink of love
If I would drink.

My wishes with you and all my will,
Fair-haired lover do not betray
Or damn my peace with jealousy.

We must part
Weary sorrow.

Hugh comes to see me
Pass by quickly
Pity the need
Alas
Keep your eyes from me.

—From the Irish, tr. Joan Keefe

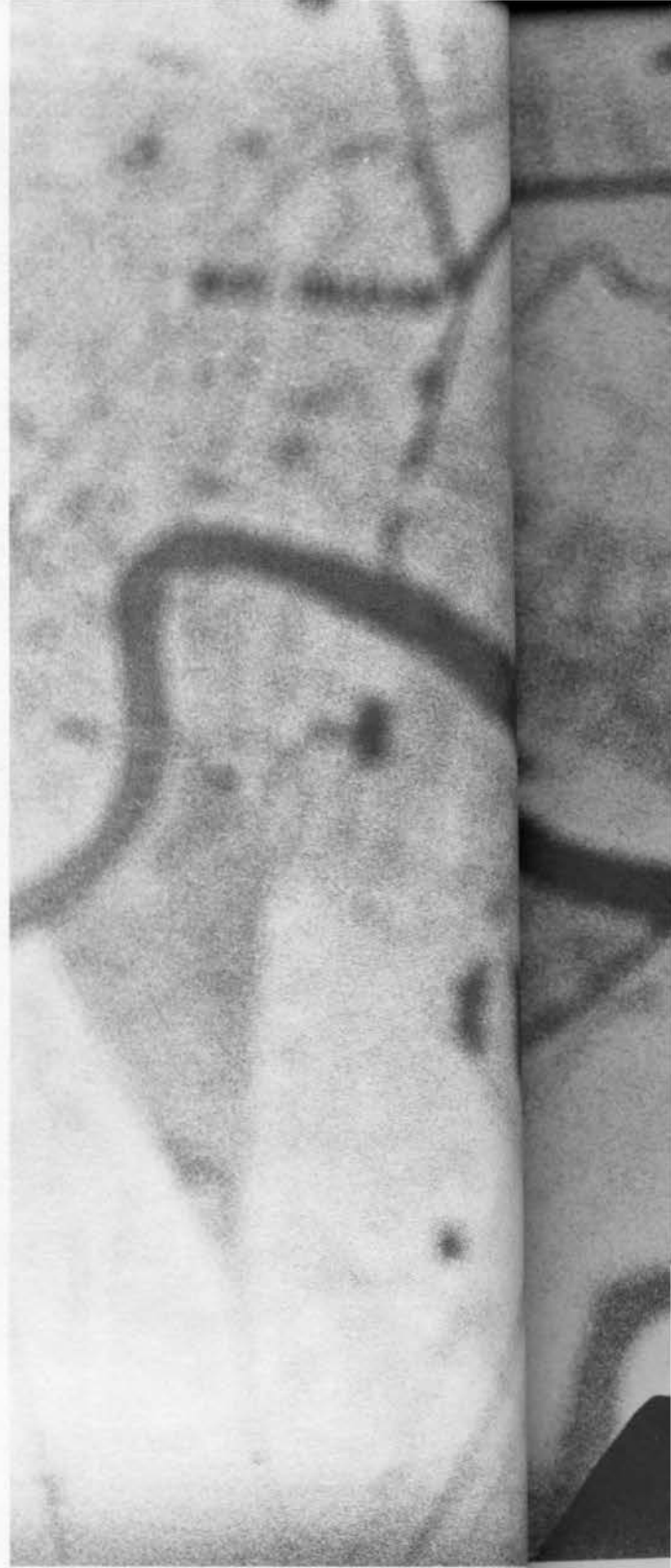


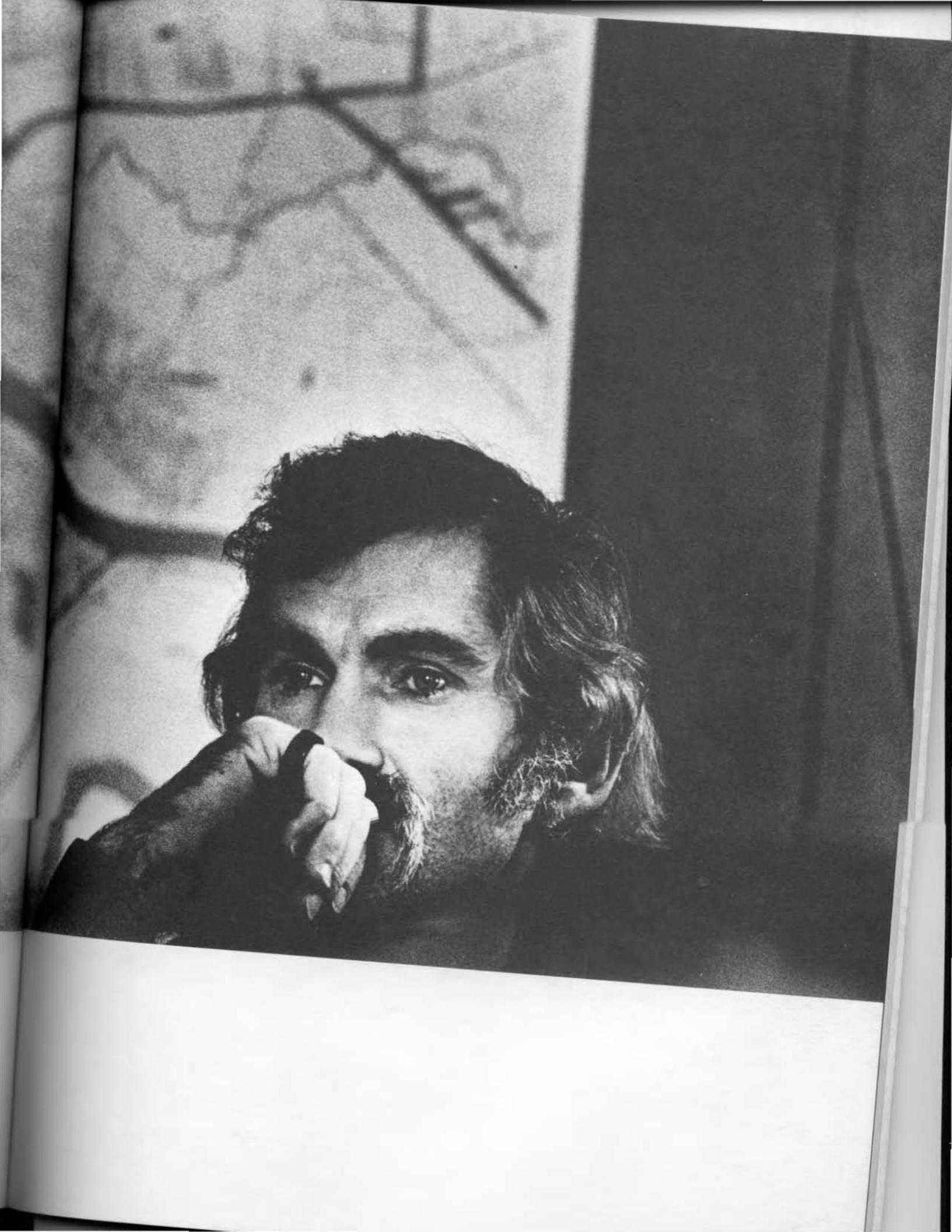
Portfolio

Inside Eye
by
Sylvia De Swaan















A SMALL AUTUMN LOVE SONG

You reappear in my life newly wearing
a silver two-headed serpent about your wrist:
witchery to keep off small evils.

Perhaps your sister
was right in the gift—
blessing your leaving with her love.

As yet, I can't.

For now, we fall into
my dark room,

kindle the candle

fill up the cavern with light

and descending, ascend: this is white magic.

After, we converse, silently

feeding on morsels of each other's lives,
such cordial cannibals.

Later, you will be off, leaving

the dust of your tender advice

drifting against my doorstep

and my heart again,

that wild October apple

hoarding juices

against your return.

I am bitten, stricken, felled by light,

devoured by your absence,

knowing, as I do,

I need your going, as your coming.

—Julia Douglass

Keeping Up with Academic Terminology

by Walter Herrscher

At a recent faculty meeting I was forcefully made aware that words were being used that I did not understand. One Assistant Chancellor pleaded for more "input" and "feedback" from both students and faculty; and a dean, reporting on the results of a project, spoke precisely of the "verbal input" from us, his audience. Neither speaker was using the words in a strictly technological sense.

I had heard the terms before, but I hadn't bothered myself too much about their exact meaning. I vaguely knew that they were associated with computer technology, and I had con-signed them to that well-stocked limbo of jargon produced by an industrial and scientific society. Most of these coinages are limited to a small group of initiates. If they happen to acquire a wider circulation and pass into general usage it is usually because they are colorful or faddish. Like slang, these jargon words rarely fill a real need in the vocabulary of most people, and so they are often transitory, remembered only by the group from which they sprang. To the student of words their emergence suggests the possibility of some interesting etymological and semantic analysis of the changes in language and the cultural processes that give rise to them.

But here at this meeting I heard words that were obviously important in the university. They were being used freely by high-ranking administrators who obviously knew what they meant and assumed that we also knew. Furthermore, the field from which these words came seemed to be assuming importance. Not only had I, as a faculty member, received an invitation to attend a computer seminar, but I had also discovered that data processing was one of the requirements for graduation. Obviously it behooved me to find out what I could about these words.

So for the benefit of, I suspect, mostly the people in the humanities, here are the results of my mini-investigation into the semantics of input, output, and feedback. For insights into the meanings of these words I am in debt to various colleagues who didn't realize they were being pumped for information, but were as interested in these words as I was, and to *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*.

Input

The dictionary starts out by defining "input" as "something that is put in," a definition so clear and full of common sense

that it is hardly suitable for the pretensions of this paper. Most of the other definitions are from electricity or computer technology. The one from the latter field that seemed most applicable to the way the word was used at the faculty meeting went like this: "Information fed into a computer or accounting machine." I can see why administrators like the word. My university is a brand new one, and starting from scratch requires a vast amount of information. Perhaps an administrator or a faculty member in an important decision-making role sees himself as a computer, someone like HAL 9000 in the movie *2,001: A Space Odyssey*, assimilating vast amounts of data, statistics, and advice from many sources (input) before he can produce any output, the word I will consider next.

Output

"Output" is a more familiar word since it has always been used to describe the act of turning out or production, as in the sentence: "Professor Smith's output of scholarly articles was very meager." But it is not popular with the same administrators who use "input." I have yet to hear a dean who, after asking for input, then proceed to describe his decision as output, although one would seem to follow from the other. Perhaps the avoidance of the word output suggests that the people who are in a position to produce it do not want to emphasize their role as outputters. Nevertheless, it seems to me that if you have input, you also logically have output in the forms of memos, policies and programs. But then language is hardly ever logical.

Feedback

The most interesting and complex word of this group is "feedback." It is a term also used in psychology, but the definition from computer technology is the most relevant one here: "The return to the input of a part of the output of a machine, system, or process." Although I'm beginning to suspect at this point that the computer analogy is being pushed too far, we can translate this definition into a concrete situation by imagining a decision-maker, say a department chairman, aware that he has made a mistake in a decision (output) because his information (input) was faulty or inadequate, proceeding then to make a second decision by taking into consideration the knowl-

edge gained
now becom
As a te
humanitie
supposed
what dist
freely to
easily un
universit
learning,
and they
decision
or distas
advanta
reasons.
arcane f
eral bo
"knowl
"output
as man
on ano
the use
trated a
enterpr
techno
man an
useful
demea

Param

I als
from m
on car
which
was be
the "p
first I
repea
time
"para
not w

But
short
tion.
the c
quote
"unc
King
Engl

Se
to m
sens
som
to u
stat
esse
vari
fore
car
pro

edge gained from his first decision. Thus, part of the output has now become part of the new input.

As a teacher of literature and naturally oriented toward the humanities (and also somewhat suspicious of many of the supposed benefits of technological progress), I find it somewhat disturbing to apply words from computer technology too freely to what are essentially human situations, although I can easily understand their appeal. They are new words, and my university is determined to be a new kind of institution of higher learning. Also, they are words with a scientific halo about them and they connote an orderly, sequential, almost mechanical decision-making process that precludes the intrusion of messy or distasteful human prejudice or emotion. But in spite of these advantages, these words seem inappropriate for two principal reasons. The first is practical. Why use words from a rather arcane field when plenty of words are available from the general body of language? For example, one can easily substitute "knowledge" or "facts" for "input," and "judgment" for "output." The thought processes being described are as old as mankind and seem to need no radical coinages. Second, on another level (and without being too paranoid about it), the use of these words suggest that the technicians have infiltrated and subverted one of the last bastions of humanitarian enterprise—the university. The use of these words in non-technological contexts tends to blur the distinction between man and machines. Comparing man to a computer may be a useful analogy in some cases, but the comparison is usually demeaning to man.

Parameter

I also have some reservations about "parameter," a word from mathematics and statistics, which is growing in popularity on campus. I first heard it a few summers ago at a meeting in which the writing of a proposal for environmental education was being discussed. One of my colleagues casually mentioned the "parameters of the environmental education problem." At first I thought he had said "perimeter," but when the word was repeated I asked for an explanation. I remember thinking at the time that perimeter made more sense to me, and I dismissed "parameter" as another jargon word from a specialized field, not worth incorporating into my own vocabulary.

But the next issue of *Time* (August 3, 1970) brought me up short. There was "parameter" in print in a national publication. In an article about President Nixon's efforts to deal with the disaffection of the young and the black, the magazine quoted a Presidential adviser as saying that the President understood the parameters of the problem." It was not the President's English exactly, but it was obviously the President's English.

Realizing again that my vocabulary was losing ground, I rushed to my dictionary, only to discover that the definition made no sense in terms of social and political problems. With the aid of my mathematically inclined friends, however, I endeavored to understand the meaning of "parameter" as it is used in mathematics and as it might be applied to other contexts. This is essentially what I learned. Parameters are the unknowns or variables in a certain type of mathematical formulation. Therefore, I take it, when the word is used outside of mathematics it implies the suggestion that the management of solution of a problem may depend on factors which are not fully understood

or knowable at the time that the problem is being considered. Keeping this in mind it is easy to see why a Presidential adviser, aware of the enormous unknowables in dealing with student dissent and black anger, prefers to speak of the parameters of the problem. I can understand this. One of the things that our belated concern with our environment has taught us is that there are indeed a vast number of ecological unknowns and that everything in our environment is interconnected. "Parameters" may thus carry a pleasant aura of modesty about it, an awareness of the complexities of a problem.

But I really don't believe that presidents and their advisers suffer from excessive modesty, and so, conversely, I suspect that parameter as used by the Presidential adviser really attempts to convey the notion that the President has the situation well in hand because he understands or can control the variables in a situation. I know that if I were a Presidential adviser I would promote at every opportunity the competency and comprehension of my boss, and I would stress that he knows the parameters of every problem that bothered Americans. My colleague who talked knowingly about the parameters of the environmental education was also underscoring his grasp of it.

In any case be it a word with either modest or immodest suggestions, it appears to me that parameter is a vogue word lifted from the rapidly growing field of statistics and applied indiscriminately in other areas, where it carries the cachet of mathematical exactitude. In mathematics it indicates precise space, something not easily identifiable in a social or political problem. I suspect, also, that it appeals to government and military types (and also, alas, to academics, who should know better) because it is strange and difficult and a powerful weapon for intimidating the uninitiated or the ignorant.

Hard on the heels of the jargon words from technology and statistics have come a group of words from the managerial realm, which have provided the educational administrators with such words as "accountability" and "productivity," and which convey the impression that education is like an assembly line where procedures and end products can be easily measured, and responsibility clearly assessed for each step of the process. These words also give their users an aura of knowledgeability, a cozy familiarity with the prestigious world of the no-nonsense, hard-nosed and hard-headed managers at Ford or General Electric. In fairness to these educational administrators, however, it should also be pointed out that in these times of crises for higher education the use of such terminology helps to explain budgets to skeptical legislators and governing boards. They give the impression of close control over the educational process. Nevertheless, the mind boggles at the possibilities for the proliferation of this jargon. What poor faculty member, for example, can hold up his head against this memo: "We need to generate a data base and faculty input to formulate quantifiable objectives and assess the productivity of the unit. We will also need feedback from Central to determine the parameters of this accountability move."

On the desk of one of my colleagues stands the legend: ESCHEW OBFUSCATION. I think we should take the non-ironic part of this message to heart. We in education especially should take the lead in eschewing the use of input, output, feedback, parameter and their ilk in our general vocabulary. They may be perfectly good words in their computer, statistical, and production line contexts; but outside of these contexts they tend to obfuscate.

THE AZALEA IN THE LIBRARY

Red and white the frilled petals
Flare, over the rich green:
Gay as a parasol,
Self-contained
As a clipped tree in a Continental
Park, along some brick-edged path,
This potted azalea,
Bright against the burnished
Brown and gold of the ranged books,
Breathes its life away
By small degrees,
But inevitably,
Into the meditative room.

*If, by recalling death's imminence
In the flower,
The stab and play of the living shape
And color are blunted, spirited away,
Must thought therefore
Withhold itself from commerce with
Ravening memory?*

This thriving plant, which you now
Feast your eyes upon,
In less than a fortnight's time
Will have discarded, one by one,

Those vivid red and white
Flowers, as they withered and let go,
And its small boat-shape
Leaves, having occasionally turned brown,
Noiselessly will have dropped
To meet their mirror selves,
Which floated up
From the depths of the polished table top.

*Or are shape's play and color's
Stab more sharp for the mindfulness?
Is it even the right bent and aim
Of thought to embrace
These burdens sight or touch convey
If to preserve its absolute dream
It must deny
The absolute fact of change?*

Red and white the frilled petals
Flare, over the fine-veined green:
Gay as a parasol,
Self-contained
As a clipped tree in a Continental
Park, this trim azalea,
Bright against the brown and gold of the books,
Breathes its singular
Life away
Into the meditative room.

—John Moffitt

WAITING

She feels she has crossed deserts
to the inner city where he
sleeps late for her on a Sunday morning.
Where there were birds on the clothes lines
there is a vapor of human
and inhuman waiting. The morning sun
lights the back yard fiercely. Do not,
do not touch the soapy water in the sink.
She hears him tune the radio to a Classical quartet.
The cello groans beneath the refrigerator's toiling.
Of all the things outside the window
the power lines are the clearest, a web
over the masked hillside; windows for a face to see.
She hears him cross the bedroom floor
with bare feet. She would go with coffee
to share the bed, but the sound of his movement
stops her. He is coming to share the window
disenchanted with sleep.

—Tamara O'Brien

AN ETUDE: FOR OLD MAN

I want to speak

Old man
You say nothing

The blackbird returns
To your wrists

Saving its own life

Your voice
Is stained with yeast

Juices of the garden

In this dusk
You drive the car
Down dirt roads

There is all the time
In the world

—James Grabill

Ride a Crocodile

by Mildred H. Arthur

"You didn't come yesterday," the old woman said to the child standing at her door. "I waited all day and you didn't come." She sounded almost like a child herself.

"I had things to do," Kim looked secretive and vague. Her eyes wandered past the old woman, into the hallway and beyond, eyeing the objects inside as if she had never seen the house or its furnishings before. Each time she came it was the same.

"What things did you have to do?" the old woman demanded.

"Just things."

There was no way that the old woman could make the child tell what she did not want to tell or, for that matter, do what she did not want to do. This snip of a girl, all bony wrists and knees, could annoy her no end. "Suppose I said you couldn't wear my feather boa."

"Then I wouldn't read to you. I might not even come."

"I see you brought a new book for me."

"I could take it home just as easy."

"But you won't."

"I might . . . if you don't treat me good."

"Oh come in and stop your fussing." The old woman held the front door open wide and Kim, in khaki shorts and a T-shirt three sizes too big for her, came in and headed straight for the crowded parlor. Most of the treasures were in there (though not the main one, the hidden one), and she liked to put herself alongside them. She collapsed onto the soft bobcat rug and sat Hindu fashion, petting the splayed claws and fierce looking head in which green glass eyes glowed lividly.

"Tell me what you brought for me today," the old woman said.

Kim raked her fingers through her dark yellow bangs. "Are you over ninety? My mother says you are."

The old woman glared, marking time for her thoughts. "Your mother's an old busybody."

"She's not real' old," Kim said.

"You can tell her for me I'll never let her cut my trees."

"You already told her that yourself."

"If she'd do a little more reading and less staring out the window, she wouldn't need to have the trees cut."

"She likes to look down there at the river." Then out of the deep blue she began to recite:

"In September for a while, I will
Ride a crocodile
Down the chicken soupy Nile."

The old woman fastened her still clear, still blue eyes on the child. "Where did you hear that?"

"It's in this book. *Poems and Rhymes*."

"Let me see it." She reached for the book, but Kim held it off.

"Not until you bring down the boa."

"I want to hear that poem first. Read it to me."

"I know it by heart."

"In September for a while, I will
Ride a crocodile
Down the chicken soupy Nile.
Paddle once, paddle twice,
Paddle chicken soup with rice."

The old woman's mouth had fallen in a little and was trembling. Her eyes smarted with thick, blinding tears. "That's the one . . . My sister, Martha, always sang it. She put her own music to it and sang it. She had no voice. Not trained like mine. But she sang it all the same. That river down there . . . that was the Nile."

"That's not the Nile." Kim's voice was hoarse with youth, like a blackbird's. "That's the Hudson."

"Nonsense," the old woman snapped. "There are no crocodiles in the Hudson." She felt unaccountably weak in the knees and sat down on the horsehair settee. She reached round for the quilt that lay over the back and spread it across her lap. Lately, though it was mid-summer, drafts of cold air swirled like snow around her legs.

"Be fun to ride a crocodile," Kim's pale face glowed in the dusty parlor light. "Nice and bumpy. Like a buckin' bronco."

"No fun at all," the old woman contradicted sullenly, as if from everyday bitter experience. She looked round vaguely. Suddenly she seemed a stranger in her own house. Certainly the furnishings were friendly and familiar enough, yet a few things were not where they ought to have been. On the desk, for instance, the inkwell stood where it always did, but the old-fashioned quill that she once used in all her letter writing was not beside it. And the little jeweled pillbox that she had got in Florence was not, as she remembered it ought to have been,

at the left corner of the mantle. Objects out of their accustomed places distressed her. It was as if age in the guise of absent-mindedness had sneaked up on her when her back was turned.

She plucked with thin, bony fingers at the quilt and caressed the cloth. "Did I ever tell you about this quilt?"

"A hundred times."

As if she had not heard, the old woman plunged on. "I call it my memory quilt. Do you see this patch of red velvet? I took it from the cloak I wore when I sang Mimi in 'La Bohème.' This piece of satin was from Violetta's dress in the first act of 'La Traviata.' This patch here is from Gilda's dress in 'Rigoletto' . . ."

"You already told me."

"I made it last winter. It was a long winter and you didn't come to see me."

"Winters I go to school all day. You know that." Kim put her hands down for support and slid her backside along the floor until she came next to and level with the gold-leafed coffee table. She waited until the old woman's gaze had wandered again, out the window across the trees and down below to the river, and her unshy fingers reached for and took hold of the little wooden box. She lifted the cover, inlaid with triangles of mother-of-pearl, and the aria, 'Un Bel Di,' arched delicately into the quiet room. Kim gazed hypnotically at the tiny pins that bristled from the rotating cylinder and plucked the teeth of a metal comb.

The old woman seemed not to notice or to hear. Her blue distant eyes were wet looking and wide open, with a dazed expression. She was suddenly afloat on a spear of sunlight that lanced the high, narrow window to the Maestro's atelier. The handsome head with its crest of thick white hair bent over the keyboard. "Again." He struck a thunderous chord and turned to her. "Again." She saw his deliberate taskmaster face with the cryptic measuring eyes, and her weariness spun itself out on a sigh. Like driftwood thrust onto a shore, other moments cast themselves up: a stroll in the Borghese Gardens; a lingering hour at a sidewalk table on the Via Veneto; those precious moments of meditation in the Capella dei Pazzi. In her random, sometime way she collected these worn moments, and might have gone on collecting if the giant flakes of cold air had not settled about her legs. She began to shiver then and drew the quilt up more snugly. "It's time for my hot toddy," she said, rousing.

Kim pushed back her damp hair with the palm of her hand. "How can you drink hot in this weather?"

The old woman made no reply. Her eyes had caught on the violent stir of leaves outside the window. "It must be four o'clock," she said distantly.

"How do you know?" Kim asked. There was no clock in the room . . . or for that matter in the house. 'I don't like clocks,' the old woman had once told her. 'They keep prodding. They don't give you any peace.'

"Because that is when the wind sweeps down off the top of the cliff," said the old woman.

"I never noticed," said Kim.

"At exactly four o'clock every day, winter and summer, the wind blows so strong by the side of the house I can't sit out there." Her words seemed themselves to go down the lonely wind that whistled beyond the pane of glass.

Kim shut the music box, set it down on the table with finality and stood up. "If I can't wear the boa I'm going home."

"You can't leave now. You've just come."

"It's a free country. I can leave any time I want."

"I'll get the boa down in a little while. Come and read to me."

An oblique ray of sunlight thieved its way in through the west window, through the old woman's red king maples that surrounded the house. Kim watched it find its mark like a flashlight's beam on a faded old photograph in a dusty walnut frame. "Who's this?" She lifted the frame off the mantelpiece.

"That was my fiancé."

"Didn't he ever marry you?"

"He died."

"When?"

"A long time ago."

"Would he have married you if he hadn't died?"

"Why do you ask so many questions?"

"You once told me your sister got married. Why didn't you?"

"She married a hat."

"A what?"

"A cowboy rancher."

"Oh." Kim nodded assent. She could understand marrying a cowboy. "Why didn't you marry one, too?"

As if she had not heard her, the old woman rambled on. "Martha's hat stayed west and she came to live with me."

"Did you sing opera? For real?"

"All the major roles at the San Carlo in Naples . . . for six years . . . and here at the Met, too. Then there were concerts . . ."

"Were you famous?"

"Among people who loved opera I was known."

"Could I get some money for your autograph?"

Afternoon shadows, grey and solemn, moved stealthily into the room. The old woman stared at the child, who suddenly seemed to take on an unreal look, as if she stood somewhere outside of space on a pale crumbling shore. "Why don't your parents teach you manners?" she said in an unrelenting voice.

"If you're an opera singer," the child persisted, "sing something for me."

"I don't sing anymore."

"You know what?" said the distant wavering young figure, "I don't believe you ever sang. I think you're a fake."

The old woman's pale stare flew around the room, moving from one cherished object to another: the alabaster statue of Jenny Lind on its marble pedestal; the antique Savonarola chair; the six-foot high medieval brass candleholder from Santa Croce. Her eyes showed a certain wild alarm. She began to breathe in a queer, panting way. "I think you'd better go home," she said.

Kim leaned her elbow on the mantle. "You promised I could put on the feather boa."

"I've changed my mind. Go on home."

The child wrinkled up her nose. "It's a stinking old boa anyway." Her spindly legs worked themselves around the clutter of furniture and made for the hall. "You know something? I wouldn't take it if you gave it to me," she said defiantly, and threw open the front door. "It's nothing but chicken feathers," she flung back over her shoulder, "from plucked chickens."

The old woman had a queer feeling inside, almost a pain. "Ostrich feathers," she called shrilly down the porch steps, following the retreating figure. "Genuine ostrich feathers . . ."

from the third act of . . ." Leaning over the porch bannister, she was suddenly overcome by the strain of the afternoon and her outraged heart. She lifted a knotty veined hand only to discover the pinch of cloth squeezed rigidly between her fingers. She had dragged out her memory quilt. She caught it up, patting smooth the little squares of color which in the shadowed cave of the treed-in porch suddenly appeared with

diminished luster. She shifted the quilt on her arm, moving it this way and that against the waning light. Then with an extravagant gesture, she flung it around her shoulders and walked grandly back into the house.

It was not until late afternoon of the next day that she remembered the little music box. It was missing from its usual place on the coffee table.

DIVORCE

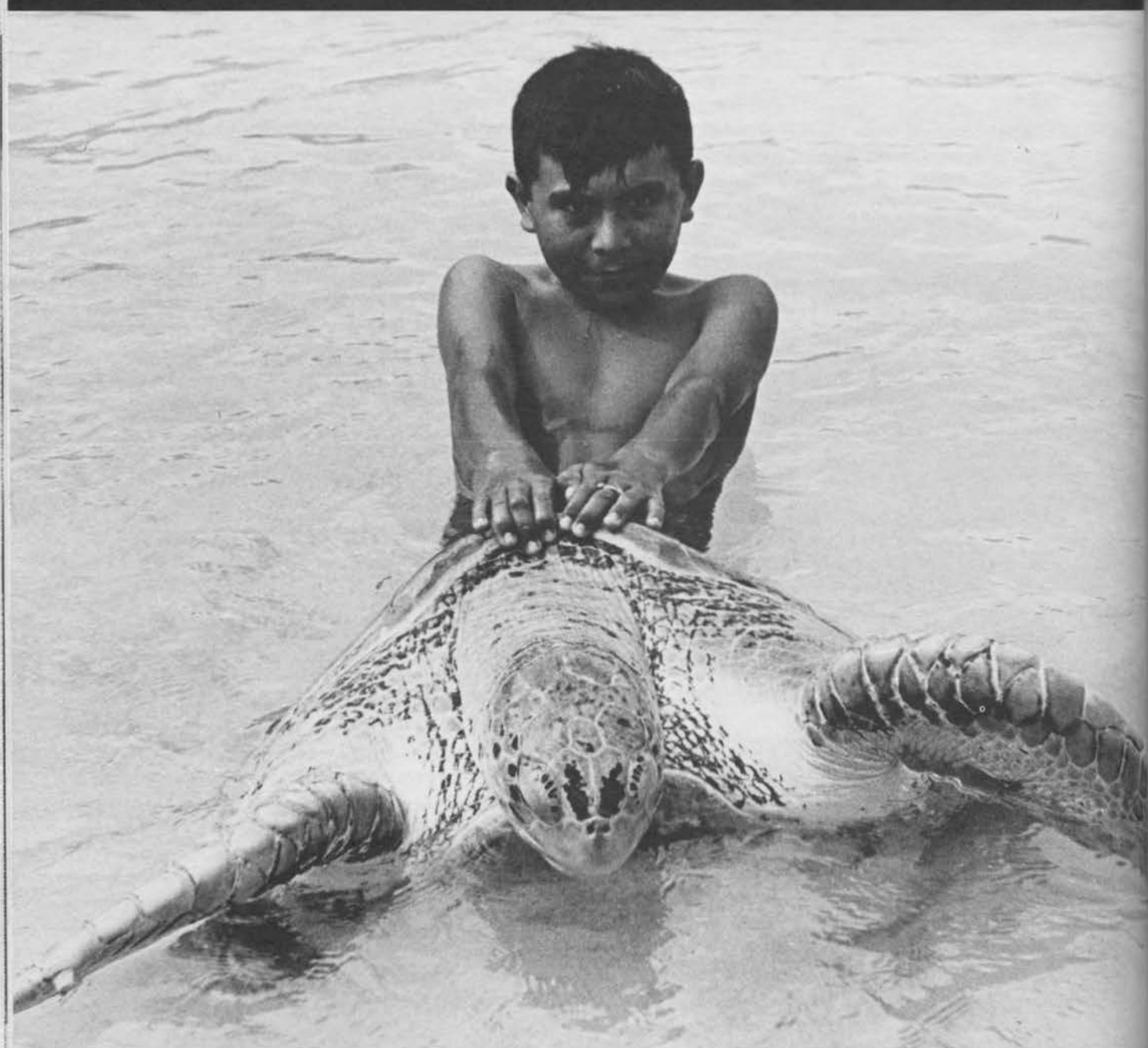
When I say after three years I don't
know anything, it comforts me.
The lamp's in the corner but you turn to me
and say you face the light.

The silence of two people at work,
a wreckage of sounds: head scratch,
coffee sip, throat cleared distinctly
in the apparition of warmth beneath the lamp.

Cat on piano keys, anxiety
each phrase doubt then another
then stunned last note lept from
stunningly. no warning: modernity.

It's no comfort to imagine our lives.
The rooms, the costly heat, the effort at tune.
A certain length of time snipped,
knotted and curled around the awful
package before Christmas.

—Tamara O'Brien



I am
the
fing
han
Tex
Love
are
gro

And
pla
to t
smi
dis
rep
dol
Bro
cru
ge
tha
tru
rel

It
Isl
res
aft
Se
bo
Te
bl
in
an
of
na

Be
m
o
C
P
H

Padre Island

by Winston Weathers

I am sleeping in the bright sun. On a beach towel woven in the slums of a Mexican border town. With brass rings on my fingers and a silk handkerchief spread across my eyes. The handkerchief is a souvenir from a gift shop in Brownsville, Texas, and it has been painted by desperate Chicano children: Love me, Love me, Love me, Love me, Love me. The letters are crudely made, in bright electric colors, on a gaudy background of pink material.

And I am sleeping with vulgar dreams of the crucifixion. A plaster-of-Paris Christ leans over me. His flesh has been chipped to the white bone. His lips have been smeared into a grotesque smile. He is painted like an effeminate corpse. He has been discarded from a new cathedral in a Mexican border town, replaced by a stainless-steel "tough Jesus." Now he's a carnival doll sold by a Baptist housewife on the highway between Brownsville and Rio Hondo. He leans over me, beginning to crumble like the white sand. My fingers brush him away. "A genuine antique," she whimpers. "If its legs wasn't chipped that way, I could get a hundred dollars for it." I put it in the trunk of the car. A wounded hand sticks out, begging for release. I rearrange the body of Christ into the Chevrolet tomb.

It is Sunday afternoon. I drive across the causeway to Padre Island. I am searching for happiness. It is long ago, before the resort hotels were constructed in the salty air. It is the week after Labor Day. The island is very empty, sleeping in the September sunlight. The island is a string of sand, a sliver of bone curving from Corpus Christi to Brownsville, along the Texas coast. I drive up the spine of the island, a narrow blacktop road that comes to a lazy halt after a mile or so. I sit in my car watching the sun coagulate in the west over Texas and watching the darkness rise, far to the east, over the Gulf of Mexico. The island is very long, like a needle. It is very narrow, like the blade of a knife.

Beautiful women sit in wicker chairs on the verandas of stucco motels. The women are listening to the twilight, how it whispers over the water. The motels have beautiful names: Casa Manana, Casa Lastima, Casa Sueno; House of Tomorrow, House of Pity, House of Sleep, House of Blood, House of Desperation, House of Forbidden Fruit, House of the Mysterious Stranger. I

take a room in the House of the Painted Candles. A woman who used to live in Dallas owns the motel. She is ninety-three years old, with gray mannish hair. She wears a flowered skirt and straw sandals and little brass bells in the lobes of her ears. Her name is Mrs. Brock.

All night long the women are whispering on the veranda. What is his name? What is he doing here? All night long I hear laughter of desperate children outside my window, playing in the wet sand of the beach. I cannot go to sleep. I light a lavender candle. I hear a gentleman making love in the next room. A woman pounds on the wall. Music floats across the channel from Texas. Fire engines roar in Brownsville. Christ is with me in bed; he's worth a hundred dollars; I got a bargain. I cover him with my beach towel woven in Mexico. I cannot sleep. I am searching for happiness. I open my suitcase and count my souvenirs. Love me, Love me, Love me, Love me, Love me. I cannot sleep. I answer the telephone. Mrs. Brock has turned out all the lights.

You must understand, of course, that when I telephoned you and you did not answer, that I was not necessarily worried. You have not answered before. For a moment, I thought you had answered, but the connection was very bad and I could not tell if it was your voice or not. Mrs. Brock said the connections were usually bad. I tried to imagine what you were saying. But you did not answer. I did not begin to worry because I had nothing particular to tell you. I wanted to tell you that I was searching for happiness and that if you wanted to fly down to Padre Island, I would meet you at the Brownsville airport and we could have a holiday together, just the two of us.

Mrs. Brock asked me, "Are you sure about the number? It's a bad connection."

But you have not answered before. Why should I worry? You understand, of course, that when you did not answer I nevertheless tried to explain to you that I had nothing to say, that I can understand your position, the silence, the dark silence, the silence that means you are not there, were never there, do not exist. . . .

So I am sleeping in the bright sun. Down in the waves, the

ladies from India are wading in their golden saris. And a blind man, from San Francisco, stumbles into the water, his arms stretched out in front of him. Most of the tourists have gone. At noon, Mrs. Brock brings us wine and cheese and slices of pineapple. We gather in a circle. "Welcome to Padre Island," she says. "Welcome to the House of the Painted Candles." The ladies from India rattle their golden bracelets. The blind man wraps his white robes about him, his long white hair shines in the sun, his disciples are gathered close to him, feeding him pieces of bread, pieces of fruit. I am familiar with Christ. I am drinking the wine.

One of the guests is an actor from Philadelphia. He has taken a holiday. During the heat of the afternoon, he sits on the veranda and memorizes his lines. He is a slender but athletic man, amber skinned, black haired, in his late twenties. He wears white linen slacks. No shirt. He reads in his book. He looks up, tries to remember. "'Why do you not answer, my love? Why do you turn away? Why are your eyes so bitter with the remembrance of those days in southern France? What do you— What do you— What do you—' " He must refer to the book. I'm eager to know what the answer is. He tries to concentrate.

We gather in a circle. We are made of cardboard. When the water reaches us we will come apart.

"You will enjoy these picture postcards," Mrs. Brock assures us. "The sunrise over Padre Island is very beautiful. And this one shows the seashells that washed up on shore after the hurricane of forty-nine."

Of course, there are others who walk along the beach: the gangster from New Orleans sweating in a coat and tie, carrying his patent-leather shoes in his hand; the black professor with the *Dallas Morning News* folded into a sombrero over his head; a sailor running, running, running, running; a little Mexican girl, selling roses; a little Mexican boy, wanting to shine our shoes. . . .

Mrs. Brock hurries down to the beach where I am sleeping. "Your message has gone through," she says. "The party does not answer." I begin to worry. Perhaps you are dead. You do not answer.

I cannot sleep at night. I go to the window that looks out over the Gulf of Mexico. The moon has risen. "And out to sea, the ships move silently."

We have no shoes. We are naked in the moonlight. In the sunlight. We are exposed. When the water reaches us, we will disintegrate.

At dawn, I hear an airplane overhead, the faint sound of the motor throbbing through the gray heaven.

I light a blue candle.

Hello, hello. Are you there? Can you hear me? We have a bad connection.

How white the island becomes in the moonlight. The lady next door plays Viennese waltzes on the phonograph. I can hear her dancing. I cannot sleep. I light an orange candle. I go to the window. Out on the white beach, beyond the sand dune, where the thick green vines flower into purple and

violet flames, the young man in the white linen slacks walks alone, down to the water. I cannot sleep. I leave the motel and go out on the beach to follow him. He goes to the edge of the water. I hide behind the dune that rises, gently, between the beach and the motel. I lie down among the flowers that hug the sand. He cannot see me. He waits in the moonlight. By the throbbing waves. He waits until the girl comes from the darkness to meet him, from far away, from some other motel perhaps. She is dressed in emerald. A dress of emerald silk. And emerald combs in her golden hair. And her bracelets and rings are emerald upon her golden arms. And they begin to dance. Along the edge of the water. Until finally they fall down upon the sand and they begin to make love. Rise and fall, rise and fall. And while they are making love the music wavers in the air, an ebb and tide of distant waltzes, the rasping sound of the phonograph. . . .

Naked in the moonlight, she is running away. He is running after her. They chase along the water's edge until at last they disappear in a blur of moonlight, in the darkness. . . .

I am sleeping in the bright sun. Christ hangs over me. Crabs burrow into the sand. An airplane circles in the burning sky, like a sea bird, arcing, arching; some great sweep that defines a mandala of burning light. Plaster crumbles in my hair. Someone is dancing in the room above. Hello, hello, are you there? Everyone has deserted me, leaving me on the beach alone, so that I'm the only one to greet him when he washes in from the sea, his white linen pants all torn, his arms floating out beside him, his face turned down, searching in the water for blazing jewels, his body coming to rest beside me, brought by the water into the light, his broken eyes staring at me, his salted lips trying to remember his lines. I give him the cue: "Isn't that someone at the door, John? I think I hear the desperate children knocking at the door. Those little urchins. They've come to steal from us again. You'll have to speak to them. They do not understand the English language. Really, John, I think it's disgusting—"

¿Puede Ud. hablar sin abrir la boca?

Lo siento mucho, espero que mañana este mejor.

En el hombre las sensaciones y los sentimientos son mas vivos que en los animales.

I try to pull the young man up the beach to the motel so the ladies can see that he is really dead. They rush from the veranda and we gather in a circle. Mrs. Brock brings us wine and cheese. The blind man begins to weep for all the children of Matamoros, Ciudad Camargo, Guerrero, Nuevo Laredo, Piedras Negras, and San Carlos. "Such an unfortunate accident," Mrs. Brock says. "He was so young, so handsome, so full of life. Why do things like this happen? Do you think there was foul play?"

"There is always foul play, Mrs. Brock."

"Please," she says angrily, "lower your voice. You will frighten the beautiful women in the wicker chairs."

"Do not ask for whom the bell."

She turns the music louder. She shuts the veranda door. We carry the young man to my car and put him in the trunk. He has forgotten his lines. I will report to the authorities that death is loose again on Padre Island, that no one is safe. . . .

I cannot sleep at night in the hot little room in the House of the Painted Candles. I sweat in the darkness. I speak to Christ

in the corner of my room, telling him of my search for happiness, how I have travelled through Mexico and Texas and California and New Mexico and Arizona and Colorado. How I have worn my flowered shirts and rakish straw hats and my canvas shoes through all the summer afternoons, sitting on verandas, writing postcards to people I have never met in distant cities: Occupant, 1739 Melrose Drive, Detroit, Michigan. Occupant, P.O. Box 135, Concord, Massachusetts. Occupant, R.F.D., Route #4, Roxobel, North Carolina. "Sunrise over Padre Island." "The crowded market at Monterey." "Afternoon shadows along the Grand Canyon." "Sunset over Los Angeles."

I cannot sleep. Everyone has left me on the beach alone. I sit in my wicker chair and watch sea-birds circle and dive. Farther up the beach, the children play. A long September afternoon. Something about the light. Why do I think of *Death in Venice*? I've never been to Venice. I've never laughed my way among the bath houses on the Lido. My name is not Aschenbach. It would be so different. So exotic. My mind begins to wander, to float, like some unidentifiable object in the water, there, to the left of us, coming in from the sea, swinging into the shore.

At six o'clock, the Mexican boy comes running down from the motel. Mrs. Brock has sent him. He is out of breath. "Senor," he says. "Your message it has gone through. The funeral it is on Thursday."

Above me the propellers of a mysterious airplane throb in circles of golden light.

You do not understand, of course, that I am trying to say these things to you. The connection is bad. You do not recognize yourself. You do not respond. You do not care to travel. You will not come to Padre Island in the early days of September and sleep with me in the motel room. You will not let me love you. You will not let me touch your body and lie down with you on the sandy beach, at night, and wash your body with the white foam of the salty waves. You have always been dead. When I telephoned, and you did not answer. You have always been. You do not understand this rage, this laughter, this fire, this music, this madness, this bitterness, this running, running, running. . . . You have been dead. You do not hear me speaking. I am not necessarily worried. You have been dead before. Are you there? Are you there?

Dear Occupant. Please accept my sincerest sympathies. Due to prior commitments in Brownsville, Texas, I shall not be able to attend the funeral on Thursday. *Lo siento mucho, espero que manana este mejor.* With deep regret. Aschenbach.

And then we were all surprised. Mrs. Brock had brought ripe melons down to the beach and was beginning to sing for us, songs from her childhood, ninety years ago, when her family had owned a ranch in Texas and she had worn velvet dresses, blue velvet dresses with emeralds and rubies. We gathered in a circle. Mrs. Brock was singing, "Blue eyes, blue eyes, pretty little blue eyes," when the airplane exploded above us, bursting into fire. The ladies from India screamed. The fire scattered around us, over the sand, into the silver waves.

Everyone came running from all the houses — House of Tomorrow, House of Pity, House of Sleep, House of Blood, House of Desperation, House of Forbidden Fruit, House of

the Mysterious Stranger, House of the Painted Candles. "The plane! It's going to crash!" We watched the plane head out to sea, roaring, afire, a moving holocaust, plummeting toward the water, and then we saw the parachute above us, opening, and it was slowly, graciously descending, a parachute of pink silk, coming into our midst, into our circle within our circle, all of us looking up at the pink silk, swollen with air, bringing down the metaphysical pilot, crucified and bleeding, his hands reaching out for us, singing to us, *Love me, Love me, Love me, Love me, Love me.*

We know we are going to die. We begin to weep. We touch each other. We embrace. We try to understand.

That night, I cannot sleep. I light a candle. I listen to music. I try to remember my lines. I count my souvenirs.

Si nos sucede algo agradable, nos alegramos.

When it is time to leave, I shake hands with all the children. They are desperate. They are trying to shine my shoes. I am not wearing shoes. I explain to Mrs. Brock that I will sell her the Christ for \$100.00. It is a genuine antique. If it were not so ugly, it would be worth a great deal more. It would be a conversation piece. In the House of the Painted Candles.

"Got no need for it," she says. "If it's valuable, why don't you keep it?"

"I have no room in the trunk."

"There's a woman out on the highway buys stuff like that. You could stop and ask her."

I prop the plaster-of-Paris figure up in the seat beside me. He stares through the window, his eyes, painted and torn, like bloody tears that run across his face, into the sweating corners of his mouth.

"Thanks for this testimonial," Mrs. Brock calls back. "May we quote you in the next brochure?"

"Otra sensacion es el miedo!"

"Adios!"

I am searching for happiness.

You cannot understand the words I speak in a foreign language. I recommend *The Berlitz Self-Teacher: Spanish* (New York: Grossett & Dunlap, 1949). You do not know if I am talking about love. Or death.

You fool. The connection is bad. I am talking about Jesus Christ in this hard and violent world, and the condition of my own immortal soul.

I am searching for happiness.

My name is not Aschenbach.

I would be very grateful if you could see your way free to love me. I have rented a room in the House of the Painted Candles. I will meet you at the Brownsville airport. We will drive to Padre Island and watch the sun come up. I am sending you a postcard. The sunrise is very beautiful. Flaming through the distant swirl of apricot and amber, illuminating the dark water. Illuminating this island where I remember, years ago, the gulls, the wind, the thick September clouds, the turn of the waves, rising from their emerald darkness into the lace of diamonds and pearls. And the turn of my own life—into this ineffable, imaginary world where I have come to live.

SMALL COUNTRIES

Liechtenstein

The postage stamps exploit you.
A goose-girl in ruffled *dirndl*
Spreads her legs and gives out cheese.
From five goiterous valleys
The alpenhorns promote flatulence.
The one-man army holds its erection.
The Prince among his battlements
Defends a dozen stolen Rembrandts,
And the tax-dodging syndicates
Pollute the blond air with corpses.

Monaco

A blue tide wipes off our guilt.
Between luncheon and cocktails
We have zippered up the afternoon
And put salt on the vedettes' tails.
Evening is a lame tango, a striptease:
The palms whisper like old beauties,
But as the horns inflate, croupiers
In soiled gloves chant *Faites vos jeux!*
By clogged fountains gouty poodles
Make their peace with a lenient moon.

—Lawrence P. Spingarn

JUNE

Fireflies begin their
horizontal games

Thirty moons

Thirty sections of cut-out stars

Cancer on the horizon

Sunday nights
we savor jasmine tea
in the garden

The flowers whistle
like cellos

We arrange a spy upon the cosmos
A perch not to be found by anyone

We begin counting sand

Our dreams are not the same
though deadly real

There is the hot morning
to think of and poems
to repeat

—Yvonne Sapia

LEGEND

Ranking poets worked to be
clever (possibly into
night there were ones trying to be
very old or very new.)

In the words they peddled
only (some said
truly what was meant.)

Incongruous nights
of murmurs

the tapping out of meter:

one spent poet
alone with his prayers,
turned ashes into dreams
and dreams into ashes
with painful care.
He saw himself in Bellevue
picking up the pillows of leftover
dreamers with a spoon.

His tongue was hung with clothes-pins
over main street.

Decision made him a fatherless mute

a very personal man
falling not from a tree or
a chair but from a bridge;

not falling from a bridge
but jumping

flying

his beard sweeping to his eyes
until the poem stopped

ending the delusion

leaving legends to vibrate
on the river.

—Yvonne Sapia

MOSES DESCENDS

1

Stunned.
A bush smoulders
in the center of my eye, as after a spontaneous summer fire,
or a careless wanderer who burns another's ground.
Wind blows. The day returns to its shadow of time
and I am more blind than anything.
Muscles cling to my bones stupidly.

Beasts
will sniff among the rocks, wake the vulture and the ant.
Back, out of light, toward the comfort of darkness. Back.
Back.
Yet only a thousand thoughts,
thick as smoke, hugging the spider's path:
they wait to pounce, hot, black at least
as a scorched brain.

No pity for a weed, lost
on a mountain, deep in the middle of a lost land.

Away from this spot I watch myself:
personal motion is a rule I cannot abide:
I strode in sun with the nervousness of a flower,
into a gully of bramble, and bloomed to a stone.
I cannot hear my blood.

Molten are words that touch my eyes. The sun. It
was not sun making sky talk; no sun burns so brightly.
Fingers, eyelashes, hair on the neck feel first
this breeze, struggle with incapacity, waken me to pain
that such visions would have me forget.

O body! O God!
Where do we meet on this mountain? How
may I stand to lift them in my hands? Bright tables
streaming in the sun, so far away, an arm's length,
farther than the beginning of this world.

We do not confront our god. Abashed,
 brains cooked with such proximity, our tongues
 split and melt behind our teeth, in the privacy of mouths.

The weight of stone is in these tables. They are warm,
 but not so warm as this morning's sun
 on this mountain's back. As long ago as darkness,
 weary in spirit, I climbed above them a few faltering steps,
 bade them be patient. I have been an old man.
 They are patient as fire and beasts of burden,
 faces like hot sand, and wise, trapped in a desert.
 Before, this weight not with us, fear and shame
 made many one, stooping at labors, stooping
 at cook-fires, at love stooping heavily to the ground,
 without laws, without voices to say we were
 together.

Even birds unsure, shying away
 from oxen, asses, heads down, without distinction:
 wind raged against our wanderings. How many
 bleak days and nights ago?

Strength is not easily restored to any man. Faith.

Horeb, sun allows you little green,
 and some of that is burned away. Gone
 on eagles' wings into a blank and dusty mind.
 No man but I may touch you in this hood of smoke,
 clutching to you, dismal, gray as a dead beast's cloudy eye:
 no wonder green must die.

A God spoke here of laws;
 all was flame and thundering, a trumpet's blast
 on high in heads, as bodies, their energy
 raying from their groins, trembled along with mountains,
 far below.

Tomorrow shall be a feast to the Lord.

Smoke will clear. Sun will seem pure gold.
 No sun will stone my people, no God.
 Horeb, we are not lost.

Silence hovers like a pair of huge, black wings.
 Silence rides on the slow backs of spiders
 and spreads the eight directions into dust.
 Silence floats in air between the beating animal hearts.
 Gods disappear, up in smoke, their last sound
 a ringing in the ear uninterrupted by silence.

Eagles have flown off: this, a land of promise,
 is no land for them. I descend.
 Then, Horeb, my lips babbled above pebbles
 and stones, those always under foot, causing pain;
 then, sun on your back would burn the sandals
 from my feet, cook me on your stones like any rat;
 then, fire without a pot on friendly nights
 was sorrow, and wandering under sky.
 How our skins gleamed in fatigue! Bodies,
 golden with sweat, seeking their God!
 How they all will stand this cool breeze I bear to them!

Such silence is a God's path: it refreshes the senses:
 we walk in it.

Sun evades my skin, dark
 descends like a hand to touch a fevered cheek,
 brambles sigh. I hear them. I stand watching
 myself, trembling to tumble like a boulder, my mouth
 that aches to open to a voice like a flower.
 What visions from the past have led me here!
 O God! O body beginning again, coming alive at dusk!

What sounds of revelry are these, rising on wind
 to this mute bluff? Is that the eagle's scream?
 A bulls bellow? What joy after sun
 will let them off its tread?
 Joy they have!
 Joy I bring you!
 Not angry shouts, not cries of pain,
 but the sound of singing!
 May my voice not fail the Word!

—Keith Moul

SODOM

My dream is ended.
True day is brighter.
It holds me close.
How we suffer to be true
but true itself is easy.
It's utterly enough.
On Sunday. Quiet.
The people open their doors.
The day becomes one hour.
It goes completely.

Here's the fire.
Here's the pot.
Cook.
And here's the bed.
These are with us.
They do as we tell them.
Listen.
It's hard to listen.
There's so much we can't unhear.
Like rain the voices pour down us,
and we make a voice.
Light, light, without you, nothing else,
and, another, here, like myself.

Good-bye, dream daddy.
Here's the marriage you asked of me,
if you make it out.
It looks ordinary. It should.
It runs in its blood.
It goes to death, dying all the way.

It learns to speak: pass the salt.
Thy daughter's turned to salt at last.

—Tamara O'Brien

ON THE WAY

Hag, a hag—
I feel the muscles tighten:
get off the piano!
Don't chew on the carpet
padding!
Let go of my things!
The cat snaps her pink teeth
into my wrist
proud of her scary game.

Outside, windfalls of birds, singing,
fat with our birdseed . . .

Hag, a hag,
I should be luring children.
Hansel! Gretel!
See my nice little house?
There's chicken for breakfast
and partridge for dinner,
and a human head in the soup.
Cat, my familiar, my little mirror,
come and be fed!

Outside, mothers pushing their buggies
and strollers and baby-swings . . .

The cat, now, all teeth and claws,
tugs five linings
out of my shoes,
while the baby within me
rises calmly as gingerbread,
coming, coming,
on the way.

—Kate Rose

RATTLE MY CAGE

Rattle my cage,
count the falling rust as you would snowflakes.
Red, orange, brown
 red orange
 red

orange

brown

brown.

Look thru bars bars
bars bars look thru

Bars and count the stripes
off the tiger
into your books.
A self-reading library
violates the principle of incarceration.
Grab the scalp, my own claws digging
for Purpose.
Number the scars: one flesh two flesh three flesh
for Reason.
Collect the platelets and match with scars
 scars bars
 blood rust.
When is sanity a possession?
What is a state of mind?

Count these things.

—John Kidd

SYSTEMS 3

Night

window wall window

air

pane

air

screen

Wire

gap gap wire gap wire gap
wire gap wire gap
gap wire gap wire
wire gap wire gap

wire

wire

night space window wall window

space pane space screen space

window space gap space gap

night space window wall window

Wall

escape window escape pain escape air escape scream

scream

scream

scream

scream

night wall space

night wire wall

-John Kidd

RESIDUAL

there is silk in the wind tonight
and my hands remember
 another silk
 another summer

we knew then time lasts no longer
than a handful of lake
 dropped between moons
 lost in the wake

of islands where we danced
in dark waters
 that sandbars shift
 the lands dissolve

we laughed and lay
in the restless light
 the night through
 to the lift of sun

and bright waters
yet, tonight, without you
 there is summer
 this silk

and a handful of stars

—Mary Shumway

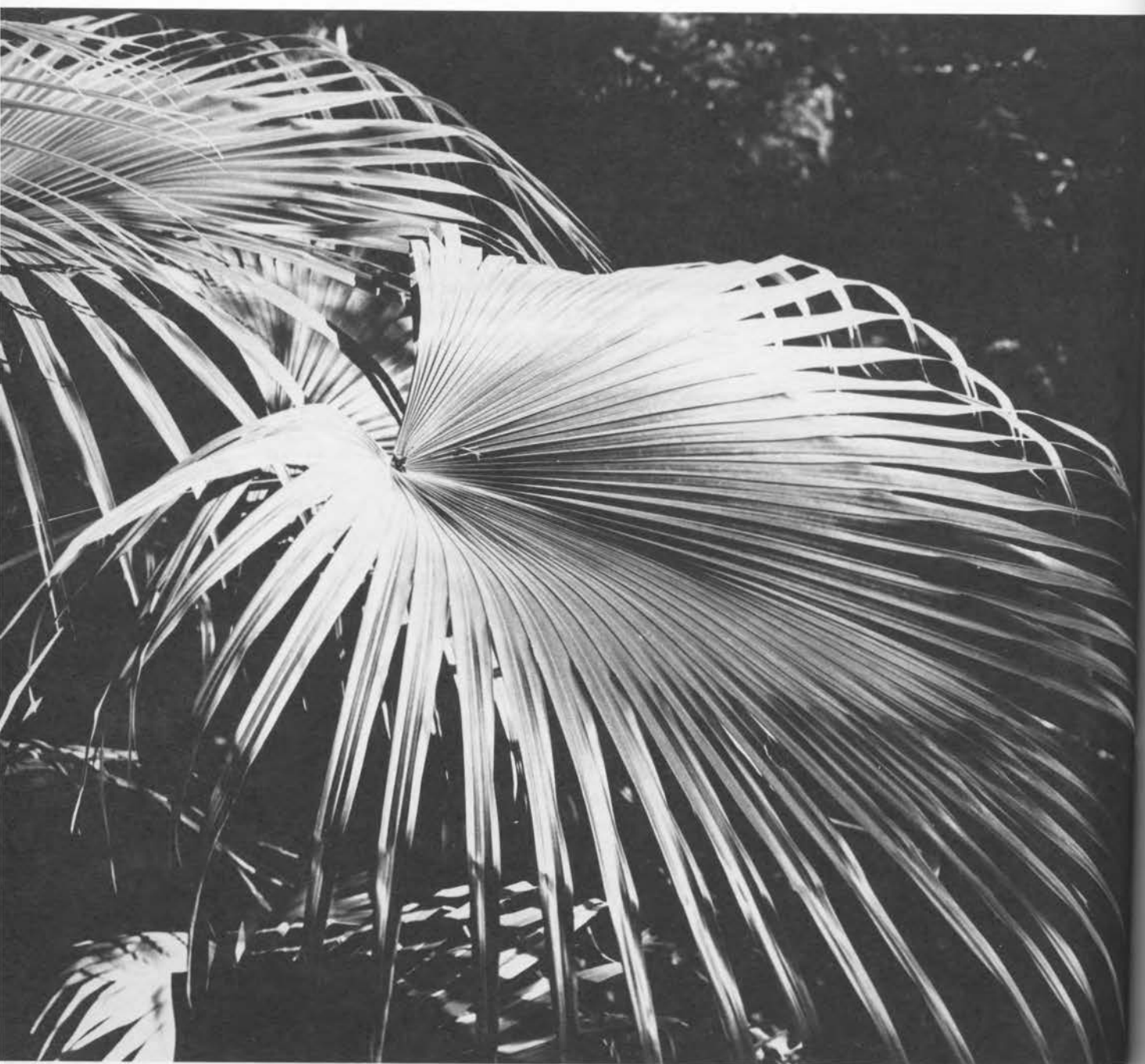
APPRAISAL
(or The View From Here)

That faulted morning
saw the rock-wall crumble,
saw the script remain.
"There is a 'no'
in every 'yes'," it read.
The sliver under the fingernail.
The lie in the deadly factual.

It is better, of course,
to bear it quietly,
better to learn
that living does not
take too long: one
glassed-in moment
showing truth as timeless,
truth unstyled.

The rest is waiting,
trying not to notice
on some patched-up noon
how tomorrow jigs
in everybody's eyes.
Tomorrow
of the total "yes."
Always tomorrow.

—Mary Enda Hughes



Barry Robinson and Pat Lennon

B

Re:
Fro
Pre

R
pag
also
sche
repr
exp
nati
also
anx
ness
exon
wild
beca
viole
Ame
not a
meta
natio
Non
befo
has
Dani
viole
on th
damm
life"
on h
Amer
Sle
tion a
tive b
analy
Johns
and Ja
and 1
Crock

Reviews

Books

Regeneration Through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600-1860, by Richard Slotkin, Wesleyan University Press, 670 pp., \$25.00.

Richard Slotkin's *Regeneration Through Violence* is a big book—670 pages including a 29 page bibliography and 22 pages of notes. It is also an absurdly expensive one—\$25 must be a new record for a scholarly study. Its size, if not its cost, is justifiable however, for it represents a new and remarkably fruitful approach to the frontier experience and its role in the formation and development of the national character. Convincingly argued and heavily documented, it also has a provocative and clearly defined thesis. The frontiersman, anxious to be initiated into a sense of spiritual kinship with the wilderness world of animals and Indians while at the same time wishing to exorcise that primitive, anti-Christian urge, invariably destroyed the wilderness, animals, and Indians which prompted it. In so doing he became the hunter hero of an ambivalent myth of regeneration through violence which in turn became "the structuring metaphor of the American experience." This last is obviously a bit of an overstatement; not only is it doubtful that this particular myth became the structuring metaphor of the American experience, it is also doubtful that any national experience can be reduced to a single structuring metaphor. Nonetheless it is a thesis which has been suggested several times before; it's present, in embryonic form, in the comments which Slotkin has chosen for his epigraphs: William Carlos Williams' paean to Daniel Boone that "... great voluptuary ... full of rich regenerative violence ... who by the single logic of his passion, which he rested on the savage life about him, destroyed ... the niggardliness of the damning Puritanical tradition" (unfortunately he destroyed "the savage life" as well), and D. H. Lawrence's more ominous insistence, based on his reading of Cooper's *Leatherstocking Saga*, that "the essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic and a killer."

Slotkin's main contribution is that he has provided the documentation and developed the methodology which transform these provocative but largely unsupported intuitions into a systematic and persuasive analysis of a national myth pervasive enough to be present in Lyndon Johnson's policy speeches on Vietnam and novels by Norman Mailer and James Dickey as well as in the Puritan narratives of Indian captivity and 19th century accounts of the exploits of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. Nor is Slotkin unaware of the methodological problems

inherent in such an ambitious undertaking. His initial premise—"The mythology of a nation is the intelligible mask of the enigma called the 'national character'"—involves him in a discussion of "mythogenesis" and the development of "cultural archetypes," a process which is inevitably more complex in a culture such as ours which has been literate since its inception as well as the inheritor of a whole complex of myths and archetypes from its European past. Relying on Jung, Frazer, Joseph Campbell, and Philip Wheelwright, Slotkin carefully defines the American Frontier Myth as a cultural rather than a universal archetype, a distinction which is based on the premise that the viability of a national mythology depends "upon the applicability of its particular terms and metaphors to the peculiar conditions of history and environment that dominate the life of a particular people." The evolution of the American myth is therefore seen as "a synthetic process of reconciling the romantic-conventional myths of Europe to American experience."

It is not surprising therefore that Slotkin's myth of regeneration through violence is so paradoxical and perplexing, for it springs from a continuing and (to his mind) irreconcilable conflict between two competing mythologies: that which the settlers brought with them—civilized, often Romantic, and invariably Christian; and that which they encountered in the American wilderness—the primitive mythology, or, as D. H. Lawrence would say, "the blood consciousness," of the Indians. Tragically, as Slotkin quite justifiably maintains, the new American myth which developed out of this conflict "... is, in large measure, the story of our too-slow awakening to the significance of the American Indian in the universal scheme of things generally and in our (or his) American world in particular." The bulk of the book is then devoted to a description and analysis of the development of this "great central myth of initiation into the new world," a process marked by the emergence of four basic "narrative formats or mythological structures": Conversion, Sacred Marriage, Exorcism, and Regeneration Through Violence.

Space prohibits my summarizing the characteristics of each structure or indicating just how much evidence Slotkin has been able to gather in support of this vision of American mythogenesis; however, the process can be easily, if somewhat hastily, characterized by defining what Slotkin calls its two "antithetical mythologies, variant expressions of a single vision, ambivalent and divided against itself but nonetheless characteristic of American culture"—the archetype of

exorcism and the archetype of initiation.

The former, typified by the Puritan captivity narratives, particularly the 1682 *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God . . . Being a Narrative of The Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson* which Slotkin uses as a "primary model of the archetype," is based on the premise that the American enters the wilderness and associates with the Indians only involuntarily—as a captive. Falling into the hands of the Indians in the wilderness is analogous to falling into the hands of the devil in hell, just as Indian captivity is seen as a paradigm of the bondage of the soul to the flesh, the exile of the English Israel to a New World Babylon. But in spite of all this temptation and danger, captivity does lead to exorcism, deliverance, and regeneration through suffering and violence.

This archetype, and its later variations such as the tendency to analogize possession by witches with Indian captivity, grew out of the Puritan desire to restrain migration from the "City on the Hill" to the village in the dark woods. As such it was part of a general Puritan tendency to repress those natural tendencies which frontiersmen opponents such as Thomas Morton freely exercised in their consort with the wilderness and the Indians.

Although this archetype persisted and is still reflected in the American tendency to perceive the New World environment through Old World and predominately Christian myths, another conflicting archetype—the archetype of initiation—began to emerge as early as 1716 with the publication of Benjamin Church's *Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War*. Slotkin uses this narrative as a primary model for the myth of the hunter, an archetype which received its "first nationally viable statement" as "the myth of regeneration through violence" in John Filson's 1784 narrative of Daniel Boone in *The Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke* and has been repeated consistently in American narrative from Cooper's tales of Natty Bumppo to Thoreau's *Walden* and *Moby Dick* (and, as Slotkin argues, up to the present day as well, although his study stops at 1860).

This archetype reflects the change in values which resulted from the Puritans' partial and begrudging acculturation to their New World

wilderness environment. Church approached the wilderness not as an involuntary captive or a cultural traitor but as a willing hunter at home in the new environment, anxious to learn from the Indians, and convinced that "heroic agency replaces divine agency in historical causation." In short, he emerges as one of America's first hunter heroes.

What is most significant about this new, initiation archetype is that its "mythic antecedents are distinctly primitive, closer in imagery and spirit to the myths of the Indians and of primitive Europe than to the Christian mythology of Puritanism." In hunting King Philip, the Indian chief whom he wishes to kill, Church adopts the ways of the chief himself—so much so that there occurs in his narrative a symbolic identification with his prey, a pattern which conforms to the archetypal myth of initiation into kingship outlined in Frazer and Joseph Campbell—with one all-important exception. Even though Church does forge a new identity by calling into question the values of civilization, Christianity, and family and venturing into the unfamiliar world of the wilderness where he communicates with its spirit as it is embodied in the animals and Indians that he hunts, his intention is always to use his acquired wilderness skills against his teachers, "to kill or assert his dominance over them." Therefore his quest does not end in the rite of "Sacred Marriage," that union with the anima which "completes the hoop of the world and joins man forever with the God of Nature" while at the same time severing him forever from Christianity and his European past. To the contrary, the myth of regeneration through violence invariably converts the initiation into a fall, the hunter must end by destroying precisely that universe and those conditions which gave him his identity. This paradox, attributable to the continued influence of the exorcism archetype, lurks at the heart of all subsequent versions of this pervasive American myth. For example, Natty Bumppo explains his refusal to marry an Indian woman by insisting that "I've known them that would prefer death to such a captivity." To put it in psychological terms, "the Indian continues to function in our mythology as a symbol of the American libido" and the attitudes toward the libido and the unconscious as they are expressed in the

Perspective

Keepers and the Kept: Recent Literature on Corrections Systems by David A. Boileau

Kind and Usual Punishment: The Prison Business, by Jessica Mitford, Alfred A. Knopf, 340 pp., \$7.95. **The Right to Be Different: Deviance and Enforced Therapy**, by Nicholas N. Kittrie, The Johns Hopkins Press, 434 pp., \$15.00 (paper \$4.95). **The San Francisco Committee on Crime: A Report on Non-Victim Crime in San Francisco**, the Seventh Report of the Committee, San Francisco, 82 pp., \$2.50. **The New Red Barn: A Critical Look at the Modern American Prison**, by William G. Nagel, Walker and Company, 196 pp., \$5.95. **Women in Prison**, by Kathryn Watterson Burkhart, Doubleday, 452 pp., \$10.00. . . . **and the Criminals with Him, Luke 22:33**, by Will D. Campbell and James Y. Holloway, Paulist/Newman Press, 120 pp., \$1.25. **Four Reforms: A Program for the 70's**, by William F. Buckley, Jr., G. P. Putnam's Sons, 128 pp., \$4.95. **Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment**, by Michael Meltsner, Random House, 338 pp., \$8.95. **The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society**, a Report by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, United States Printing Office, 340 pp., \$4.00. **A National Strategy to Reduce Crime**, a Report by the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, United States Government Printing Office, 318 pp., \$4.00. **Politics and Punishment: A History of the Louisiana State Penal System**, by Mark T. Carleton, Louisiana State University Press, 216 pp., \$8.50. **Comparative Correctional Systems: U. S. and Sweden**, by Gunnar Myrdal

(pamphlet summary of a report on the Swedish prison system in a talk delivered at Harvard Law School, 1971). **Collective Violence in Correctional Institutions, A Search for Causes**, by the South Carolina Department of Corrections (pamphlet summary of a report on prison riots, 1973).

There are several criteria for measuring the fundamental character and beliefs of civilizations, two obvious ones being rituals for the physically dead and systems of burying the socially dead, criminals, in jails and prisons. A few years ago Miss Jessica Mitford focussed her sharp mind and style on the grotesque features of our funeral industry in *The American Way of Death*; she now turns to the "corrections system" as it operates in this country today, a subject which has been repeatedly forced onto the public's attention by serious riots and prison burnings in the past few years.

Kind and Usual Punishment is a comprehensive overview and critique of the corrections system as it operates in the U.S. today. Mitford spent three years interviewing and corresponding with inmates, visiting prisons and occasionally infiltrating meetings of the American Correctional Association. *Kind and Usual Punishment* surveys problems prison reform groups have long been aware of: crime statistics juggled to instill fear in the public; indeterminate sentences which placate the law-and-order advocates but keep prisoners incarcerated for periods longer than even tough judges would normally impose;

myth continue to be tragically ambivalent. On the one hand, the myth recognizes in the symbols of the libido "the source of creative life-energy and of power in and over the natural wilderness" (the initiation archetype); on the other hand, it insists that "the full resignation of consciousness and will to the powers of the libido and the unconscious would threaten the safety and integrity of the conscious mind, the ego, and the will" (the exorcism archetype).

Therefore, the emigrant's sense of guilt for having broken the family by his departure (from the city to the woods, from the Christian to the primitive, from husbandry to hunting) is seen as the grounds for establishing a spiritual kinship with the Indians, but this kinship is in turn justified because it makes the hunter more effective as the destroyer of the Indian, as the exorcist of the wilderness and its heart of darkness. "Beyond this exorcism, there is further expiation in the fact that the destruction of this world makes the hunter obsolete."

Perhaps the best way to evaluate both the strengths and weaknesses of this analysis is to compare it to the only two works which approach the same subject in a roughly comparable way, Leslie Fiedler's *Love and Death in the American Novel* and *The Return of the Vanishing American*. In the first place, Slotkin has written his book as though Fiedler's didn't exist, even though he does list them in his bibliography. This apparently intentional omission is especially difficult to justify since for all their differences Slotkin and Fiedler have argued theses and developed methods which complement rather than contradict one another. For example, Slotkin's explanation for the hunter-hero's refusal to participate in the rite of Sacred Marriage with the anima—his well documented analysis of the persistence of the exorcism archetype—helps to clarify the cultural and psychological origins of Fiedler's myth of the evasion of love, that "pure marriage of males," interracial and purportedly innocent, which Fiedler finds throughout American literature from Leatherstocking and Chingachgook to Huck and Jim, Ishmael and Queequeg, Ike McCaslin and Sam Fathers. On the other hand, Fiedler's ability to document the pervasiveness of this myth undercuts Slotkin's insistence that the conflict between the exorcism and initiation archetypes leads invariably to the myth of

regeneration through violence. In other words, there is another compromise which also satisfies both the frontiersman's civilized and primitive urges, his ego as well as his id. According to Fiedler, the "pure" love of white male and dark "is a relationship which symbolically joins the white man to nature and his own unconscious, without a sacrifice of his 'gifts' . . . without the sacrifice of his freedom." Although this may be a less violent resolution to the frontiersman's conflict, it is, as Fiedler so convincingly argues, an equally ambivalent and unsatisfactory one. To accept as innocent "the passion which joins together the men of races forbidden to mingle in marriage . . . is to become as a boy, to whom neither sex nor violence is real, and to whom mother is the secret enemy, to be evaded even as she is loved." This last is one of many indications that Fiedler's approach is predominately Freudian whereas Slotkin's is Jungian, a difference which also accounts for their contrasting approaches to the study and evaluation of myth. But in spite of all these contrasts, Fiedler and Slotkin, each used to offset the deficiencies and excesses of the other, have come a long way toward defining the cultural significance as well as the psychological implications of the frontiersman's inevitable confrontation with the American Indian. Fiedler's demonstration of the Indian's return to prominence in American literature in *The Return of the Vanishing American* upholds Slotkin's insistence that this confrontation has continued to be one of America's most characteristic cultural archetypes; but at the same time it suggests that Slotkin has overemphasized the pervasiveness as well as the durability of his myth of regeneration through violence, "the warfare between race and race, exalted as a kind of heroic ideal." Our relationship with the Indian has been a long, often tragic, sometimes foolish story of the evasion of love, the glorification of guilt engendered violence, justifications for genocide, and excuses for laying waste the land. But there are also some signs that Fiedler may be right, the Indian continues to make possible our "continuing dialogue between whatever old selves we transport out of whatever East, and the radically different other whom we confront in whatever West we attain," not only in the currently fashionable conviction "that the Indian way of life is preferable," a

Perspective . . . continued

and medical experiments which fill the coffers of pharmaceutical companies at the expense of the health and lives of prisoner guinea pigs.

Mitford's main conclusion is that the conditions under which inmates live in the jails and prisons of this country do little or nothing to prepare men and women to return to society as independent individuals able to cope with the stresses that led to their first criminal acts, but instead deepen the rage, hostility and alienation which brought most of them to prison in the first place. For example, she points to degrading twelve-to-sixteen hour work days with pay scales starting at two cents an hour. One result of this slave labor situation is that Federal Prison Industries (principal customer: the United States Army) has a profit rate approximately four times greater than the average American industry. Most prisons are self-sustaining operations and less than four cents out of every tax dollar spent on prisons goes for treatment and rehabilitation. To make matters worse, the prisoners' work is rarely geared toward job opportunities available to them on the outside.

Perhaps the most frightening feature of prison life for an inmate, however, is the treatment systems for those with mental health problems—which is, of course, a large percentage of the total prison population. At best, this treatment amounts to tranquilization, at worst to chemotherapy, aversion therapy and even neurosurgery. One of the cruel dilemmas involved in this approach is that since an inmate's cooperation in "treatment" can influence to some extent the date of his release, he can thus be structurally coerced into being a subject for dubious and radically experimental treatment programs.

The Right to Be Different: Deviance and Enforced Therapy by Nicholas N. Kittrie deals with these new pseudo-scientific behavioral control methods. The main problem, according to Kittrie and psychiatrist Thomas Szasz, is that while therapy on the outside is based on a patient's choice and free will, in a prison it is by definition coercive. Furthermore, mental health standards in the prison setting are based on vague, often highly personal judgments of poorly trained prison personnel rather than evaluation by concerned and skilled analysts

and doctors. The unchecked use of psychosurgery, aversion therapy and chemotherapy (which involves the alteration of a person's mind, a fundamental encroachment on his privacy), raises many troubling questions even if limited to the 10 per cent of inmates considered hard core and beyond the help of best traditional rehabilitation procedures. Kittrie argues that enforced therapy even for dangerous criminals whittles away at traditional legal safeguards, specifically due process and the right to refuse treatment. He particularly opposes the use of behavioral control therapy on those convicted of victimless crimes such as prostitution, drunkenness, drug addiction and sexual deviance.

Kittrie's concern with persons arrested for victimless, non-violent crime is shared by many, and an excellent examination of the problem is contained in *The San Francisco Committee on Crime Report*. The report indicates that in the San Francisco area more than 50 per cent of the arrests, trials and incarcerations in 1965 were for non-violent crimes. At the same time, only about 13 per cent of violent crimes were cleared up. These results led the Committee to question whether or not the police are the best governmental agencies to deal with non-violent and victimless crime. They suggest that a new approach to such crimes is indicated, since the present method overloads the criminal justice system with tasks which are either unnecessary or for which the system is not well-adapted. The Committee recommends that criminal sanctions should not be brought to bear on an individual unless his conduct impinges on others or damages the fabric of society. Specifically, the Committee recommends that public drunkenness *per se* be decriminalized and treated as a medical problem, that "discreet, private, off-the-street prostitution should cease to be criminal," that distribution of pornography among adults be allowed, and that non-organized gambling by individuals be tolerated by police agencies.

The Committee does not suggest abandoning efforts to educate those who harm themselves by their conduct, but rather argues that the criminal justice system may not be the most viable means of achieving that end. Furthermore, the San Francisco Report is aware of the balance

tendency which Fiedler is right in condemning as the worst kind of nostalgic primitivism but in the new way in which the Indian as a symbol of what Slotkin (following Jung) calls "the root of creative, religious, and erotic inspiration" is being handled in "psychedelic" New Westerns such as Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers*. In fact, if Fiedler were to reread some of the novels of Frank Waters, William Eastlake, and Walter Van Tilburg Clark, which he condemns as nostalgic, he might discover they too are forward looking if not psychedelic in their depiction of the red-white confrontation as a potentially successful integration of the unconscious and the conscious. These works, coming out of the contemporary West where the impact of our Puritan heritage is relatively weak and the awareness of the Indian as Indian is relatively strong, may eventually succeed in radically altering both Fiedler's myth of the evasion of love and Slotkin's myth of regeneration through violence. But in spite of these hopeful signs, there is abundant evidence, particularly in popular literature and films, that both myths are still very much alive.

To conclude, Slotkin may have overstated his case, ignoring other somewhat conflicting contributions to his subject in the process (in addition to his evasion of Fiedler, he fails to mention Roderick Nash's *Wilderness and the American Mind* and Roy Harvey Pearce's *Savagism and Civilization*); but he has added immensely to our knowledge of American Frontier Mythology while at the same time he has developed a sound and fruitful method for its study. Since he stops at 1860, we can anticipate more studies, benefitting from his example, which will bring us up to date. For a first book based on a doctoral dissertation this is a remarkable accomplishment indeed.

Reviewed by Charles Nicholas

The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1970, ed. by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps, Anchor Press, 672 pp., \$4.95.

Perspective . . . continued

which must be struck between the needs of the offender and society's need to protect itself, particularly its younger members. Thus, criminal penalties would continue to apply to sexual acts between an adult and a child which would not be punishable were the act between two adults.

Crucial to the discussion of crime control is the deterrent effect of the punishment received when a violator is apprehended and convicted. As one examines the area of victimless crime, the lack of deterrent effect, especially for victimless vice crimes, is striking. One reason for this suggestion by the Committee is that the concomitant social condemnation which normally follows the experience of apprehension and punishment grows increasingly attenuated in modern society. Since the deterrent effect of the present system seems to have failed, the Committee recommends decriminalizing such behavior in order to promote the creation of new agencies as well as the utilization of existing ones to deal with the problem.

The Committee recognizes that moral questions are raised by its recommendations. Many people believe that such recommendations as are proposed by the San Francisco Committee would lead to the erosion of our moral fabric. This argument, however, overlooks the fact that the criminal justice system has thus far proven unsuitable for combatting the problem. In addition, in a population composed of numerous sub-cultures it is difficult to determine what is considered immoral in the area of non-victim crimes. Thus great care must be taken in balancing the rights of one social element against the apprehensions of another.

One result of present definitions of criminal behavior is serious overcrowding of jails and prisons. Unfortunately, the most commonly proposed solution is to build more and larger prisons. William Nagle, a prison superintendent for eleven years, is especially concerned with the construction and architecture of prisons. His book *The New Red Barn* is the result of a request made to Nagle by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration to evaluate American prison structures. Nagle and his team visited over one hundred institutions in twenty-

Since the revival of interest in Afro-American life, history, and culture in the sixties, we have been inundated with books about various aspects of Blackness. In the case of anthologies, it is incumbent on us to separate those having intrinsic value from those that are mere scissors and paste efforts. Because *The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1970* edited by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps has a special place in Afro-American literary history, it is the kind of book that will be given special attention by scholars of the field. Nevertheless, as an anthology which its publishers claim is "the most comprehensive and popular collection of poetry by and about Black Americans," it does not match the excellence of Hughes and Bontemps's 1949 edition (*The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1949*). In 1949 when attention to black writers was severely limited, a comprehensive anthology based on the model of James Weldon Johnson's *The Book of American Negro Poetry* was much needed; it was perhaps necessary to include Euro-American poems about Negroes to insure sales. The older edition provided a chronological sampling of the quality and range of Negro poetry within the English tradition, with the lagniappe of poetry by Afro-Caribbeans. The conditions of mid-century made it necessary to inform the reading public that such quality and range existed. And *The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1949* did the job admirably.

The readers of Afro-American poetry in the seventies are more sophisticated and demanding. During the twenty-one years between publication of the original and revised editions, our conception of what constitutes Afro-American poetry underwent radical changes. The words of Negro spirituals, folk rhymes, the blues, and other spontaneous lyrics, materials Hughes and Bontemps exclude in favor of the "literary," are recognized as the very roots of Afro-American poetry. Black poets and critics redefined what the poetry is, and its essential quality was found to be something other than "the Negro's experience in the Western world," the principle that seems to inform Hughes and Bontemps's selections. Indeed, by 1970 one had to make distinctions between the poetry of the Negro and Afro-American poetry.

An anthology that claims to be comprehensive or definitive must take these conceptual changes into account. It would not include

six states concentrating on those built in the last ten years.

Nagle maintains that there is a fundamental conflict between modern rehabilitation ideals and the physical environment of prisons. Most new prisons have been built in remote areas, making them inaccessible to families, friends and good medical, psychiatric and other professional staff—in other words, removed from the social world which criminals must learn to deal with if they are not to spend their lives behind bars. Nagle's most cogent point is that prison design and hardware do not by themselves make better correction systems, and thus we should not deceive ourselves into thinking that the punitive aspect of the total institution can somehow be cancelled out by exquisite landscaping, attractive buildings or camouflaged bars.

Nagle concludes by calling, as does Mitford, for a moratorium on prison construction until better architectural alternatives have been developed, and also suggests developing pre- and post-sentencing procedures. But as Mitford points out, care must be taken to insure that these alternatives do not result merely in the proliferation of smaller but equally repressive institutions.

Another recent book, *Women in Prison* by Kathryn Burkhart, attempts to give women prisoners a chance to speak for themselves. Her visits with hundred of inmates and interviews with administrators, guards, judges, police officials and criminologists led Burkhart to conclude that racism and sexual prejudice are major injustices in the criminal justice system.

As an example of possible racism she points out that the higher number of blacks arrested and imprisoned does not necessarily mean that they commit more crimes than whites. Rather, it indicates that blacks are under more surveillance as potentially dangerous criminals. Furthermore, crimes committed by blacks are often those essential to their survival since many blacks are economically powerless.

Burkhart points out that most women in prison were arrested for non-violent crimes such as prostitution, violation of narcotics laws and disorderly conduct, and she suggests that these should be consid-

poems about Blacks and omit the work of young poets who had achieved considerable reputations by 1970—Nikki Giovanni, Don L. Lee, and A. B. Spellman, for example. According to these criteria, *The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1970* is a less than satisfactory anthology. The compilers did not consider that major revisions, especially in the preface which forms the book's rationale, in addition to updating was essential. These faults in the revised edition must be attributed mainly to Bontemps. Hughes died in 1967, three years before publication of the hardcover edition.

The faults, however, do not invalidate the book's existence. An anthology in which poetic changes can be traced diachronically is extremely useful. Readers using the anthology as an introduction to Afro-American poetry will find the faults to be minimal. Moreover, the work of Hughes and Bontemps will certainly be one of the bases for the definitive anthology of Afro-American poetry in the future.

The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1970 is divided into two sections: "Negro Poets of the U.S.A." and "Tributary Poems by Non-Negroes." Section 1 contains the work of 111 poets, ranging from Lucy Terry's pre-Revolutionary "Bars Fight" to the new black poetry of such craftsmen as Ishmael Reed, Julia Fields, LeRoi Jones, and David Henderson. Section 2 consists of poems by 52 British and American poets who recognized the importance of black folks. Readers familiar with the 1949 edition will note the Caribbean poets, with the exception of Walter A. Roberts and Claude McKay, have been deleted. The "Biographical Notes" have rather full sketches of the black poets. For information on the non-black poets beyond place of birth and dates of birth and death one must seek elsewhere.

The anthology will be of great interest to readers who have slight acquaintance with the work of black poets. For others it is an interesting example of what happens when the integrationist ethic is applied to Afro-American poetry.

Reviewed by Jerry Ward

A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation, by Malcolm Cowley, The Viking Press, 276 pp., \$7.95.

In this recounting of Cowley's relationships with eight of the foremost American writers of the twentieth century—Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Cummings, Wilder, Faulkner, Wolfe and Hart Crane—there is both charm and value enough to interest any reader. In addition to memoirs, Cowley also gives his evaluation of the worth of the work of these men. The reader is also provided with a lively and personal record, one that is intimate but not sentimental, of the post-World War I era which furnished the Lost Generation with its philosophy, its material, and its influences.

There are three attributes which make this an outstanding work. First of these is its warmth. The obvious affection Cowley demonstrates towards his material makes the book appealing even to those who are not very sympathetic towards, or interested in, many of his key personalities.

Secondly there is the great freedom Cowley allows himself. Rather than start off with a predetermined shape for his book, with each chapter following the same pattern, he brackets his nine chapters on writers (two are devoted to Hemingway) with background and an evaluation. The approach to each writer varies. The Faulkner chapter is primarily work from 1945 when Cowley was preparing *The Portable Faulkner* and is a look at the mythology of Faulkner's fiction more than a memoir of Faulkner the man. The Fitzgerald chapter is primarily a continuation of the introduction, providing digressions to demonstrate the nature of the age for which Fitzgerald became spokesman. Thomas Wolfe and Hart Crane are treated in chapters which are biography and memoir respectively. Together the several chapters demonstrate an admirably broad approach to the age. They also suggest that Cowley has a reservoir of insights and memories so great that the book could very profitably have been two or three times longer. This feeling is especially evoked by the chapters on Cummings, Dos Passos and, of course, Faulkner.

Perspective . . . continued

ered social problems rather than crimes.

Burkhart also maintains that women are discriminated against. Thus women who step out of the role of "lady" are subjected to the wrath of society's moral judgments. One inmate put the problem this way: "The Laws are unfair—for a girl it's promiscuity; for boys it's natural experimenting. Like with prostitution, a man goes home and the girl gets sixty days."

Burkhart concludes by arguing that the problem of crime involves all society and not just those we single out and label "criminals":

Fresh thinking is needed and it is badly needed. We need to break the continuum, break with the past. The only block is our own resistance—our own inner prisons—that stifle creative thinking and change. We have all the material, economic, technical and intellectual tools necessary to realize a society that would allow equal education, income, opportunity, support and self-realization for all citizens.

It is possible to abolish poverty and hunger. It is possible to have life-giving work available. It is possible to shut down prisons as we know them and share space and life with people now rejected, neglected and abused. It is possible for us to care about ourselves and accept our differences, to think in larger perspectives; to accept our different realities and learn from the richness of all the cultures in this country.

All of us—in the general society and in the prison society—need to assert a sense of responsibility and determination over our own futures. We all have a need to be at peace with ourselves. (p. 432)

Among those who would join Burkhart in this conclusion are Will D. Campbell and James Y. Holloway, who express a radical Christian approach to the corrections reform in their book . . . and the *Criminals with Him*, Luke 22:33. For Campbell and Holloway, all reforms are

bound to fail and they argue that Jesus regarded all prisoners as political prisoners and the victims of social injustice who should simply be freed. The doors of our jails and prisons should be opened and the prisoners released.

At the other end of the spectrum is William F. Buckley's *Four Reforms: A Program for the 70's*, which expresses some rather conservative ideas concerning crime and corrections. Buckley, for example, suggests repealing the Fifth Amendment. The rights of the defendants, according to Buckley, have been extended to such a degree the Bill of Rights serves the interests of law breakers rather than those of their victims, thus contributing to less punishment and more crime. If the Fifth Amendment were repealed, argues Buckley, the defendants' own statements, which are potentially the most useful evidence of all, would not be excluded and thus, according to Buckley, the jury would not be as impeded in its consideration of the question of guilt and innocence as it is at present.

Buckley also advocates speedier trials, for they are not only an obligation which the state has to the defendant, but also serve as a crime deterrent. He further suggests that shortening the time from arrest to conviction and using magistrates rather than juries in misdemeanor trials would have streamlining effects which would increase the efficiency of the criminal justice system in carrying out its primary function—the punishment of prisoners. Thus Buckley supports the classic argument that swift and sure punishment is the most effective deterrent.

Buckley, however, like several of the other critics discussed here, would decriminalize certain victimless crimes so that the time, effort and money which is now spent on gamblers, prostitutes and drunkards could be used toward the apprehension of muggers, rapists and murderers.

Michael Meltsner's *Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment* traces the history of the Legal Defense Fund from its inception as an off-shoot of the National Association for the Advance-

Most admirable, however, is the objectivity with which Cowley views his contemporaries and friends:

Not one member of the generation carried out Fitzgerald's ambition of winning a place among "the greatest writers who have ever lived." Not one of its novelists, even Faulkner, can be set rightly beside Dostoevsky or Dickens, let alone Tolstoy, and not one of its poets ranks with Browning or Whitman, let alone with the giants of earlier times.

Cowley pinpoints what he considers to be the greatest flaw of the age, though he sees it principally in Faulkner, Hemingway and Fitzgerald: they "were extraordinary persons, but they lacked the capacity for renewed growth after middle age that has marked some of the truly great writers." Their devotion to the art, to the "work" of writing, however, makes them superior to the next "generation" (by Cowley's definition) of the '60's.

There is a final attribute which makes this a book of far vaster appeal than might be suspected—its lack of scholasticism. This is not so much a book for the scholar or the critic—their interests are far more specialized and esoteric—as it is an introduction for the educated reader. Cowley's prose is never difficult, his language is never inflated, his approach is never aloof. Indeed, one feels by the end of the book as if he has known for many years the grandfatherly gentleman on the dust jacket, as well as his friends. This may be one of the last, and certainly the finest, memoirs of the Lost Generation.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

Alternatives to the Traditional, by Ohmer Milton, Jossey-Bass, 156 pp., \$7.50.

This slim volume is hardly a "l'accuse!" of educational practices in American colleges and universities. However, in its own way, it

deliberately raises more questions than it proposes answers. Running throughout the book is a continuous contrapuntal relation of what we know about the conditions of learning and selected academic practices. Unlike true counterpoint, however, the resulting melody is not always harmonious.

The best introduction to Milton's point is this extended quotation:

During the first half of some twenty years in the classroom, I possessed the all-too-common and seldom challenged exaggerated notions which many faculty members have about professorial influences on young adults. . . . My observations of my teaching revealed not only that students clearly enjoyed my classes and were exhilarated by them but that their interests in the esoteric aspects of psychology were enhanced, that they developed a genuine spirit of scientific inquiry about human behavior, that they integrated data from psychology with data from other academic disciplines, and, perhaps most important of all, that they learned to reason or to think critically about all problems both at that time and forevermore. These qualities were fully promoted during only one academic quarter of thrice-per-week, fifty-minute meetings with me; all the while most of the students were being affected similarly, according to legend, by four colleagues in as many separate classes. This little vignette portrays at least one set of historical forces which continues to be awkwardly predominant in the teaching-learning arena and which decidedly limits alterations. (p. 2)

Having described his own (rather rude) awakening, Milton proceeds to present a fairly objective description of a traditional assumption many of us operate under, and then presents whatever research about learning is available. In most cases, the evidence is extensive—and fails to support the traditional assumption.

For example: Students require the presence of an instructor to learn (false: they may not enjoy learning without an instructor, but the avail-

Perspective . . . continued

ment of Colored People (NAACP) to the present, focusing his discussion on the primary task of the Fund—abolition of the death penalty.

In a compelling manner Meltsner, himself a member of the Legal Defense Fund, shows how out of the roots of the Civil Rights movements of the 60's evolved the argument that the death penalty was used in a discriminatory fashion, and therefore was cruel and unusual punishment violating the 8th and 14th Amendments of the United States Constitution. As evidence of the discriminatory fashion in which the penalty was used, Fund lawyers demonstrated that the death penalty was applied disproportionately to Southern blacks, particularly in rape cases where the victim was white.

Meltsner describes the strategy which the Fund developed in coordination with other events, principally Governor Winthrop Rockefeller's decision to commute the death sentence of all persons on death row in Arkansas, a Supreme Court decision which held that single verdicts and standardless sentencing were not in violation of the Constitution and changes in the membership of the Supreme Court. These events culminated in the 1972 landmark decision by the Supreme Court, delivered on several cases under the name of *Furman v. Georgia*, that the imposition of the death penalty was unconstitutional.

The judgment delivered by the court was brief and the opinion only carried five-to-four. Significantly, in addition to the Court's statement, each of the Justices wrote separate opinions, and only two of these opinions opposed capital punishment under any circumstances. The others reserved the right to reconsider capital punishment in the future.

Meltsner concludes by observing that since *Furman v. Georgia* several states, including Louisiana, have passed laws making the death penalty mandatory for certain narrowly defined crimes such as killing a policeman or fireman in the line of duty. These laws have not as yet resulted in an execution and will surely be tested by the Supreme Court before any execution is carried out.

Any consideration of recent literature on corrections would be incomplete without giving some attention to studies conducted on

behalf of the federal government, since the federal government's influence, in terms of money and policy, is enormous. Two such reports are those by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice and the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals.

The former, entitled *The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society*, is the result of three national conferences, five national surveys and hundreds of meetings and interviews, and offers more than two hundred recommendations for attacking crime in America. These recommendations concern the major segments of the criminal justice system such as the police, the courts and corrections; specific types of crime and criminals such as juvenile delinquency, narcotics and drug abuse; and the necessity for combining new research techniques and the use of science and technology with increased efforts on the part of individuals, local and state governments and the federal government. Essentially, *The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society* calls for a fundamental change in thinking on the part of Americans about crime—a change which involves shattering such myths as: crime is committed only by a small handful of people; crime covers a very narrow range of behavior; and groups traditionally associated with the criminal justice system are solely responsible for controlling crime. The Commission's study indicates that in 1965 approximately one-tenth of the population was involved in a wide range of crimes and that only with total community involvement and cooperation can crime be controlled. The central conclusion of the Commission is that if certain objectives are pursued a significant reduction of crime is possible. It is toward these cardinal objectives that the recommendations are directed. Briefly, the objectives can be summarized as: preventing crime, developing new ways to deal with criminals, improving personnel, eliminating injustices, increasing research and funding, and the realization on the part of the total community of its responsibility in contributing to crime prevention.

This last objective, concerning the importance of community involve-

able evidence says that when "learning" is defined in terms of test grades or end-of-course marks, non-attenders can learn as well or slightly better than their class-attending peers). The best learning takes place in small, seminar-type groups (false, on two counts this time: for class sizes between $n = 2$ and $n = 50$, there is no significant difference on any achievement measure used; so far as performance on course examinations is concerned, there is no strong basis for preferring one teaching method over another). There is a direct relation between a student's end-of-course mark and his performance in vocations with comparable content (false, when group averages are used, for almost every vocation studied in these terms).

The list could be extended, but lest the reader be too discouraged, Milton points out two salient facts. First, if the criterion measures used in existing research sound trivial or perhaps inappropriate, it may be because most of us are reluctant to have our classroom procedures monitored—either by colleagues or by research teams. Second, most research on the conditions of learning are producing answers to issues about which the proper questions have not yet been conceived.

In seeking to formulate these "proper" questions Milton considers two broad areas of alternatives: Alternative Learning Schemes and the Interdisciplinary Approach. Among the former Milton considers the PIP (personalized, individualized and process) family of instruction. Drawing most of its methods and supporting evidence from the basic work of Fred S. Keller, the PIP system places heavy emphasis on student self-pacing, use of student proctors or assistants and many small, but basic units of academic knowledge over which the student is tested with alternate forms until he demonstrates "concept mastery." Under the rubric of Nontraditional Learning, Milton details briefly the various programs using Work-Study approaches (one semester on campus, one on the job), the so-called "Student Contract" (Empire State College in New York), guided independent study combined with short, intensive residential seminars (Bachelor of Liberal Studies, University of Oklahoma), Great Britain's "Open University" with its complex of 220 local study centers and radio, TV, and correspondence instruction, the College Level Examination Program (CLEP), and its cousin at

the University of Missouri in St. Louis, the "Circuit Rider Program." Milton concludes this section on Alternative Learning Schemes thus:

These programs represent significant beginning departures from a number of hallowed routes to and sacred ingredients for instruction. The surveillance role of the faculty is diminished; responsibility for learning is upon the student; rigidity is giving way to flexibility; there is a switch from a narrow view of how a student learns to what he learns; and, finally, a college education is no longer viewed as the prerogative solely of the pampered late adolescent—it is also for those citizens who helped make it all possible in the first place. (p. 89)

The programs described under the area title of Interdisciplinary Approach are all so new that little more than impressionistic evaluations are available. What these programs do share in common is the selection of some thematic topic ("Science and Man," "Man in the Twentieth Century") and several specialists who then present the ways in which their disciplines view the issues. A typical setting for such an endeavor would be the so-called "Cluster College" which is sometimes housed within a multiversity and sometimes isolated from it as a satellite. Basically the intention of such cluster colleges seems to be the issuance of an interdisciplinary Liberal Arts degree. While Milton is very careful to point out the lack of careful documentation which could evaluate the success of such efforts, he does conclude (somewhat sadly?) that such efforts "... seem to rest upon one or two interesting and dubitable assumptions: narrowly trained specialists have already integrated knowledge from a variety of fields or disciplines; these specialists, who tend to lead autonomous and isolated academic lives, can get together and more or less spontaneously begin to demonstrate to students how their various disciplines fit together." (p. 91)

Finally, Milton baldly admits the primary change he is advocating: the abandonment of the faculty's surveillance role over student behaviors in learning situations. He is careful to point out that it is

Perspective . . . continued

ment, is also stressed in *A National Strategy to Reduce Crime*, a report by the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals. Among the steps which the Commission recommends for the community are campaigns for improved street lighting, collective actions to improve neighborhood street security, and the reporting of crimes to the police. Special emphasis is given to the establishment of youth service centers. These centers, which were pioneered by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, could be used as central clearing houses and referral centers for helping youth in trouble and diverting alleged delinquents from the criminal justice system. Furthermore, the centers could provide counseling on such diverse problems as drug abuse, alcohol and family disputes, as well as helping to find jobs for youth in trouble. The Chairman of the Commission, Russell W. Peterson, stressed the centers' role in finding jobs for youth as a potentially major crime prevention activity since youth who are employed are much less likely to become involved in the criminal justice system.

In the midst of these numerous criticisms of the criminal justice system, and equally numerous recommendations for its improvement, it is important to understand the influences which determine the policies of the system. One author who has tried to analyze these influences in a single state is Dr. Mark Carleton in *Politics and Punishment: A History of the Louisiana Penal System*. Carleton stresses that the Louisiana Penal System has only recently begun to evolve into a genuine correctional apparatus for the purpose of rehabilitation. Before 1952 the system was a business enterprise managed by politicians and lessees who sought only to extract money from the labor of thousands of prisoners who were virtually slaves.

According to Carleton, there are two main causes for the almost unbelievable conditions in Louisiana prisons: public apathy and political corruption. He argues that if the public can by its voice influence penal policy, it can also by its apathy cause the determination of such policy to be usurped by special interest groups. The groups in Louisiana

which have formulated penal policy have been politically controlled and without the restraining influence of public opinion have subordinated penal reform to profit, patronage and racism. Political control has had such a solid base in Louisiana that modern penology has been unable to displace the political element.

While many recommendations for improving the Louisiana system have been made, little has been done. This is partly the result of apathy, but there is certainly another obstacle to constructive change: public fear of the unknown and untried.

An interesting contrast to Louisiana (and many of the prison systems in the U.S.) is discussed in *Comparative Correctional Systems: U.S. and Sweden*. Although far from perfect, the Swedish prison system is remarkably humane and successful. Among the more prominent features of the Swedish system are the small size of the prisons, the productive daily work routines, the high staff-to-prisoner ratio and the competency of the prison administration. But the most striking feature of the Swedish system is the right of the prisoners. Prisoners are allowed conjugal visits with their wives, they are allowed to receive uncensored mail, they are allowed furloughs if their sentence is a long one, and of equal importance, they are given private rooms and are not expected to live in barred cages. Finally, the pay scale for prisoners is as much as ten times higher than the pay scale in prisons in this country.

It is significant that the recidivism rate in Sweden is about half that in the United States. There are probably many reasons for this difference; however, much of the credit surely must go to the structure, which inherently realizes that prisoners are human beings, albeit human beings who have broken a law, and that while they have lost certain freedoms they have dignity as human individuals.

When we turn from the Swedish system to America in *Collective Violence in Correctional Institutions, A Search for Causes*, we discover that most Americans still feel that criminals should be sent to prison for punishment and not as punishment. The American system not only isolates the prisoner from his family, friends and community in a

only the *surveillance* role; other, more important roles could expand to take up the currently enormous amounts of time spent guarding our students lest they, in some way, "cheat" their way to knowledge or a degree. As a corollary to the change, he proposes a rather radical idea: educational policy decisions must be based on research evidence, not tradition, hunch, or dogma—all of which, he feels, now set the major conditions for student learning (and faculty growth).

One apparently effective aid to implementing Milton's ideas is the establishment of Learning Research Centers such as the one that Milton heads on the campus at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. In his conclusion Milton offers some suggestions for such institutional research centers: (1) The academic discipline of the director is unimportant—an interest in fundamental educational issues is far more important. (2) A person chosen to head such a center needs the respect of the faculty and all the research credentials he can muster—the former because he will be proposing some potentially wacky ideas and the latter because he will need to help evaluate the outcome of such ideas. (3) The position of director need not be full-time (especially on a small campus), but it needs to be adequately funded so that the director need not beg funds each time an idea strikes him. In this same chapter Milton details some truly encouraging educational research being done on Tennessee's campus with grants of \$50 to \$200. Finally, (4) if small sums of money are to be awarded to the faculty for research in their teaching, decisions about such applications should be made by a faculty committee.

In trying to draw a balance on Milton's book, several impressions remain. First, there is a sense of disappointment. Too much is covered too briefly. In 156 pages little more than sketches can be given of the many alternatives to traditional procedures—which leads to the second impression, i.e., too often referencing is to "personal communication." Granted that the programs are new and not much "research" has been published, there are better references available if the reader is already knowledgeable in the mushrooming field of educational and curriculum revision. Finally, I'm glad Milton wrote the book. Now at least there is

one informative and entertaining reference for your colleagues who want to know "What's new in education?"

Reviewed by Gerald S. Clack

Peoplemaking, by Virginia Satir, Science and Behavior Books, 304 pp., \$7.95.

Fritz Perls in his autobiography, *In and Out the Garbage Pail*, wrote about Virginia Satir: . . . "You are a big woman with a big heart. Eager to learn. Fantasy for things to come. Your greatest asset is that you make people listen . . ."

Virginia Satir's latest book, *Peoplemaking*, should make people listen. It is probably one of the clearest and most inclusive treatments of family living available. The writing is simple, but vibrant, making it appropriate for the average family as well as for the professional therapist. Excellent communication exercises are included throughout the book that demonstrate significant points and help create a dynamic setting for family interacting.

Early in the book Ms. Satir proposes several significant premises: "Knowing about the family system won't change anything. You must learn how to make that system work vitally yourself (p. 7)." . . . "I mean this to be the most important message in this book: *there is always hope that your life can change because you can always learn new things* (p. 27)." . . . "I am convinced that there are no genes to carry the feeling of worth. *It is learned*. And the family is where it is learned (p. 24)."

The family is viewed, more or less, as a "people-factory," which adults are considered to be "people-makers." Ms. Satir has found four recurrent dimensions of family living that seem to be focal points for troubled families: (1) self-worth, (2) communication, (3) rules, and (4) link to society.

Perspective . . . continued

regimented and monotonous atmosphere, but also subjects him to the ever-present fear of sexual attacks, unsanitary conditions, racial tension and in many cases, cruel punishment. The report criticizes the lack of competent staff due to the location of prisons and low wages. Finally, the report argues that public ignorance, anger and apathy ironically lead to the tax-payer's bewilderment, for on the one hand his higher taxes go to support law-and-order legislation, while on the other he experiences more and more crime.

What can be done to improve the situation?

The basis for the improvement must be community concern and involvement. The isolation of the criminal justice system from society has allowed inhuman and inefficient conditions to grow unchecked. Trials are delayed, and justice delayed is justice denied; sentences are capricious, giving rise to allegations of racial and sexual bias; the system is fragmented, creating confusion and inefficient overlap of services; and finally, and perhaps most seriously, the system continues to assume that its purpose is punishment. This is wrong.

Eventually, our prisons are reflectors of our general vision of Man, and the prisons in America today tell us that while we claim to be a "Christian nation," we actually do not believe that claim. Central to Christianity, and a belief that must prevail if Christianity is to survive in any meaningful form, is the view of man as a fallible creature, capable of great wickedness, but nevertheless redeemable. Our prisons say, in effect, that criminals are not redeemable, that they are trash that must be disposed of. No wonder then that this human jetsam periodically erupts into orange-and-black flames on our television screens. No wonder then that our prisons are advanced institutes for the training of criminals.

Perhaps the vision that we need is contained in the famous Church-State debate in Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamozov*, during which the saintly elder, Zossima, comments on the punishment of criminals

outside Russia (and though it was written nearly one hundred years ago it almost perfectly applies to the United States today):

A foreign criminal, I understand, rarely repents, for the most modern social theories confirm him in the idea that his crime is not a crime but only an act of rebellion against an unjustly oppressive force. Society cuts him off in an absolutely automatic fashion . . . and accompanies this excommunication with hatred . . . and the most complete indifference about his subsequent fate.

Zossima contrasts this treatment of criminals with the attitude of the Church, "which never loses contact with the criminal as a dear and still precious son."

Perhaps there are no final answers to the problems raised by the books discussed here, and perhaps the quest for finality is itself to be eschewed when it comes to matters of crime and punishment. But surely, along with social tinkering, additional money and expertise, a better informed public, and so forth, we must ask ourselves whether we really believe that man is a redeemable creature. If the answer is no, then the drift towards recapitulating Rome (which America in so many respects seems to embody) will continue and perhaps we will before long introduce gladiatorial combats in our stadia and Superdomes. That was, after all, Rome's way of dealing with overcrowded prisons.

But if we believe in the redeemability of man, then we must, individually and as a nation, demonstrate this belief by changing our prisons from bastions of festering hopelessness into truly human retrieval systems. If we continue to fail to do this, then let us not beg redemption for ourselves. God, whatever He is, cannot respect that hypocritical partiality.

Peoplemaking considers "body" language to be an important aspect of family interaction. Queasy stomachs, headaches, and rigid facial expressions are all examples of the body reflecting how one may feel inside. The healthy or "nurturing" family provides a spontaneous and flexible environment within which each family member may grow. Affection includes physical contact as well as verbal reassurances.

Nurturing parents see themselves as leaders, rather than as dictators or bosses. They are concerned with teaching their children to "leave the nest" and to become more human. They are not only parents, but also individuals. There is a congruency between what they say and what they do. "Their behavior toward him matches what they tell him. (How different from the troubled parent who tells his children not to hurt each other, but slaps them himself whenever they displease him (p. 16)."

"Pot" is Virginia Satir's way of describing how a person feels about his or her individual worth. Low pot would represent a poor self-image while high pot would be conducive to a high level of vitality. In discussing a low-pot condition, she states:

Other people, however, spend most of their lives in a low-pot condition. Because they feel they have little worth, they expect to be cheated, stepped on, deprecated by others. Expecting the worst, they invite it and usually get it. To defend themselves, they hide behind a wall of distrust and sink into the terrible human state of loneliness and isolation. Thus separated from other people, they become apathetic, indifferent toward themselves and those around them. It is hard for them to see, hear, or think clearly, and therefore they are more prone to step on and deprecate others (p. 22).

Feelings of worth would seem only to occur in an open and flexible environment, where each person can reaffirm his or her self.

Ms. Satir describes four patterns of communication people under stress frequently utilize. The *placater* always agrees, no matter what, so the other person will not get angry. The *blamer* is always critical so as to appear strong and invincible. The *computer* is a "big" word user. He is always calm, cool, and collected, never demonstrating any apparent emotion. The *distracter* consistently responds off-target to whatever is said or done. By hiding his head in the sand, he hopes whatever is threatening him will go away. A fifth response, *leveling*, refers to the individual who has self-esteem and a sense of honest and open communication. Such a person emits voice tone, body position, facial expression and words that are congruent with each other. "Of the five responses only the leveling one has any chance to heal ruptures, break impasses, or build bridges between people (p. 73)." . . . "So when you are leveling you apologize in reality when you realize you've done something you didn't intend. You are apologizing for an act not for your existence (p. 73)."

A chapter in *Peoplemaking* is devoted to "the couple." Such questions as "Why did you marry?", "Why did you marry whom you did?", and "Why did you marry when you did?", are asked of the readers.

The couple is considered to be made up of three parts: you, me, and us. ". . . two people, three parts, each significant, each having a life of its own, and each making the other more possible. Thus, I make you more possible, you make me more possible, I make us more possible, you make us more possible, and us makes each of me and you more possible (pp. 127-128)." How these three parts work is called the "process." The process is concerned with decisions the couple makes about such things as food, work, and religion. A couple's marriage-relationship would be more or less successful, depending on how they utilized the "process." Certainly there is a special feeling that brings the couple together and initiates their relationship. It is the process, however, through which it grows or deteriorates.

The profundity of *Peoplemaking* lies in its simplicity. It is reassuring to see proof once more, that a book of this nature need not be obscure, unduly long, or needlessly redundant to get its message across. Virginia Satir has provided us all with some realistic and exciting alternatives regarding family living. She reminds us once again that ". . . Adults are children grown big (p. 196)."

Reviewed by Michael Braswell

How to Retire at 41: Dropping Out of the Rat Race Without Going Down the Drain, by L. Rust Hills, Doubleday, 247 pp., \$6.95.

A former fiction editor at *Esquire* who dropped out at 41, Hills formulates a new kind of Parkinson's Law: busy work expands to fill the (seemingly endless) time available to a retired person. Hills's example illustrates an almost embarrassing truth: even people with interesting, unusual jobs become bored. The idle middle class, an emerging group, generally begins to emulate both the idle rich and the idle poor; lusting after yachts, on the one hand; drinking too much on the other. A traditionalist conservative in many ways, Hills wants to escape from the ersatz world of Manhattan—the perma-press pants, the publisher's parties, the office politics. And yet he discovers in retirement that, for a middle-class man, his existence is intertwined with his vocation; a man who "does nothing" is nothing. Hills finds this unfair; literate and articulate, he begins to write, the worst of all vocational fates, but one he shares with his heroes: Thoreau, Montaigne, and Samuel Beckett's Molloy. Hills realizes that by becoming a free-lancer he betrays his own ostensibly heartfelt conviction: that the Leisure Ethic will work (pardon the pun), that middle-class man can cultivate his Self apart from the 9-5 world. Retirement pursuits—transplanting trees, clipping shrubs, painting the boat, doing errands are either silly or trivial. "Some tasks (painting or pruning, for instance) can be so prolonged or done so intermittently that they always need doing." Yet, more and more people agree with Mr. Hills about the obsolescence of the Work Ethic; (I state this with resignation). We are between two Ethics, one dead (the Work Ethic), the other powerless to be born. Humorists are always great failures; they get tangled up in typewriter ribbons (like Benchley) or fail biology because they can't see through the microscope (like Thurber). Mr. Hills's "dilemma" is that he can't succeed at what the world calls failure: early retirement. What does the early retiree do? On Mr. Hills's example, he drinks bourbon, dances with his dog while watching Lawrence Welk, sees his family leave him, observes his personality divide up like an amoeba. At the end of the book we see Mr. Hills, having left his Connecticut hideaway, living in Florida with a young admirer, planning his next book, and playing frisbee.

Reviewed by Stephen R. Maloney

Prize Stories 1972, Prize stories 1973: The O. Henry Awards, ed. by William Abrahams, Doubleday, 272 and 290 pp., \$6.95.

Although *Prize Stories 1972* and *Prize Stories 1973* both focus on the individual, the individual in focus is not the same. Each story in *Prize Stories 1972* dwells upon the nature of an individual character and on his relationship to the world which envelops him, while each story in *Prize Stories 1973* draws attention to the individual style of the author.

Reflecting upon the stories selected for *Prize Stories 1972*, editor William Abrahams comments how insistently they turn "away from public and toward private concerns," even though they were written after a decade of public pressures. During the 60's our preoccupations were mass-oriented; the individual was often ignored. In his introduction, Abrahams remarks that "in so many of these stories, one recognizes the determination to salvage as much of the individual as is still possible in an age where individuality becomes a kind of eccentricity, and self promises to be supplanted by the mass self."

While Abrahams' assessment is quite accurate, it is interesting to note that the main character in both the initial and the final story of the collection not only opts for individuality but complete separation from the masses as well.

John Batki's first prize story entitled "Strange Dreaming Charlie, Cow-Eyed Charlie," revolves around Jay, a med student. Jay, reluctant to join the lockstep of the masses, wants to paint his hair blue and drive a yellow wagon all the way to L.A. Aware of the herd tendency of humanity, Jay recognizes that individuality's villain is "The Omniscient White Sheep . . . wise old White Sheep, oppressor of dreams . . . Give me your dreams, my son, says the White Sheep, who is expressionless and radiating doom." Seeking to retain his dreams, Jay detaches himself from humanity to float above people's lives.

The necessity of even mingling with the masses frightens Donald Barthelme's main character in "Subpoena," the final story in *Prize Stories 1972*: "Without Charles . . . I run the risk of risk. I must leave the house and walk about."

Sandwiched in between these two stories are 16 others whose protagonists' lives are much too interwoven with others' to escape or to detach themselves from the circumstances which surround them. "Saul Bird Says Relate! Communicate! Liberate!" is Joyce Carol Oates' gripping account of two shy, uninvolved individuals suddenly thrust into violent surroundings. Judith Rascoe ("Small Sounds and Tilting Shadows") portrays a young girl's attempt to assume a new role, and her subsequent inability to distinguish fantasy from reality.

Although the individual character is no less important in *Prize Stories 1973*, more emphasis is placed upon the style employed by the author and its effect on the short story. Abrahams notes that these "these authors, unsensationally and without the self-approbation and preening that in the past have distinguished (extinguished?) so much experimental writing are prepared to strike out in new directions" (p.X).

Henry Bromell ("Photographs"), John Malone ("Fugitives"), and Randall Reid ("Detritus") use a slide show technique to frame particular moments and characters. This technique chisels away everything except what is essential to the development of the story. Note, for instance, how Reid in "Detritus" reveals the thoughts and reactions of a "latterday Don Giovanni" (p.X).

Certain lies speak to us more
powerfully than any truth.
Therefore they are the truth
about us.
I became a seducer because I
could not bear to lie. So
flattery, betrayal, the violation
of all my anguished candor.
On principle. Like the gratuitous cruelty
of the tenderhearted,
with the vicious little pleasure
such a violation always brings . . .
Another lie.

Each passage continues to expose the fantasies and lies which envelop the main character's life until he finally realizes that life, not he, is the real seducer.

Curt Johnson's narrative style in "Trespasser" resembles a veteran story-teller's manner of recounting some long forgotten tale about his home town. Revolving around an incident which occurred near Little Rock, Arkansas, Johnson's story shifts from a very general, matter-of-fact beginning to a very specific examination of what happened, and then, suddenly, without warning, pops back to a superficial account about Arkansas.

In addition to new writers such as Bromell and Reid, *Prize Stories 1973* also features a number of past O. Henry Award winners: Joyce Carol Oates, Patricia Zeller, Alice Adams, and Rosellen Brown.

This volume marks the eleventh time since 1963 that one of Miss Oates' short stories has appeared in the O. Henry Award series. Her penetrating account of the deteriorating life of a young woman writer in "The Dead" was awarded first prize. The young woman, a victim of a decade filled with constant violence, seeks to escape through pill-produced dreams, and eventually finds herself unable to respond or relate to anything at all.

Prize Stories 1972 and *Prize Stories 1973* emphasize different aspects of the short story. And many of the selections are of high quality. While I may disagree with Abrahams' choice of several stories (such as "Lambing Out," "A Point of Conversion," and "A Walk with Raschid") most of the stories will titillate the taste buds of any connoisseur of fine fiction.

Reviewed by Aly Colón

Plays, Politics, and Polemics, by Catharine Hughes, Drama Book Specialists, 212 pp., \$7.95.

Political theatre has its pitfalls. There's an advantage, of course, in writing about a people's immediate concerns; theoretically your

audience is already primed. But consider Phrynichus, the Athenian playwright who wrote *The Capture of Miletos* two years after the event. Miletos was a city allied to Athens. The Persians sacked it, while the Athenians sat in debate over going to its rescue. Two years later they were still so chagrined about it that they banned the play and fined the playwright.

There are other pitfalls, and Catharine Hughes makes us critically aware of them in *Plays, Politics, and Polemics*. She proceeds inductively, analyzing some twenty plays, most of them written in the sixties, and drawing her conclusions. Careful always to furnish us with enough detail to grasp character and situation, she shows how most of these plays fail both as politics and art, and how the best polemics also make the best plays.

With one exception, the plays in Part One are all American. Those in Part Three are all European. Part Two has its share of both. Feiffer's *Little Murders*, Miller's *The Crucible*, Kopit's *Indians*: these are some of the plays that Ms. Hughes discusses in Part One, all of them dealing with domestic issues. Part Two is all about war, three of the six plays having to do with Vietnam: Rabe's *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, Berrigan's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, and Weiss' *Vietnam Discourse*. Part Three assembles six plays that rage over a variety of issues, three of them over the anguish of the Jews in World War II: Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, Weiss' *The Investigation*, and R. Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth*. No matter what the issue, the same questions pose themselves: Can theatre change the world? Is it ever a matter of black-and-white? Can a theatrical vision emerge out of documents? Can fact and imagination coexist in the same play without one subverting the other? Where does history end and fiction begin?

The last question becomes especially acute when the play deals with a prominent historical figure, such as Pius XII in *The Deputy*. Ms. Hughes feels that the motives the pope is given completely preclude the possibility "that his decision, wrong though it very probably was, might conceivably have been made in good faith. Is it just possible that the pope *did* believe, as his close associate Cardinal Montini (later Pope Paul VI) insisted, that 'an attitude of protest and condemnation . . . would have been not only futile but harmful . . .'?" I think of the thousands, Edith Stein among them, sent to Dachau in direct response to the public protest of the Dutch hierarchy.

What is the playwright's responsibility to history? To his audience? I have had to try to answer that question for myself, when Glasgow's Citizens Theatre became interested in a play I had written about the Scottish martyr John Ogilvie. The play was too thin, they thought; it needed complication. The challenge was to complicate the play without betraying what I felt to be its essential truth. This became the focus of my responsibility: to preserve the essential truth of the play, or more specifically, of John Ogilvie, as he was revealed to me in documents that he himself had written and that others had written about him. Finally, for the sake of complication, I introduced another character who, though fictional, was a composite of two people that had figured in Ogilvie's life. What I discovered was that the presence of this character helped me to bring out Ogilvie's inner reality.

It is precisely here, I think, that playwrights like Rolf Hochhuth fail. For all his insistence on the "facts," he never adduces a single one to support the motives that he attributes to Pius XII. Pius gave reasons for his "silence"; if his motives are made to contradict those historical reasons, if his "essential truth" is made to belie the public image, it must be based on fact. Otherwise, the playwright perpetrates a grave injustice, fails in his responsibility to history, and to his audience. "It is one thing to question the pope's judgment," as Ms. Hughes says, "another to presume to know his motives."

Catharine Hughes has performed a welcome service in writing this book. She describes for us the shape of a theatrical phenomenon that cannot be ignored—a phenomenon that has shown itself at various points in history and was very prominent in the sixties. Call it the theatre of protest, or of fact, or of commitment. For all its inherent difficulties, it is an instrument that playwrights will continue to use whenever they feel deeply enough about some issue that is of immediate concern, always in the hope that they will move the audience to action, or at least to alert them to the need. The way they go about this task is crucial. As Ms. Hughes shows, they sometimes fail before they start.

Reviewed by Ernest Ferlita, S.J.

What does a writer do with the biblical *Book of Job*? If he is a poet he writes a powerful poetic drama like Archibald Mac Leish who wrote *J.B.* If he is a Semitic philologist like Marvin Pope he writes a detailed and illuminating commentary on the enticing but troublesome Hebrew text (*Job. The Anchor Bible*, 3rd ed.; New York: Doubleday, 1973). If he attains neither of these extraordinary degrees of competence, then he, like David Neiman, must bring to bear whatever of his poetry, philology, reason and feeling that will translate and communicate the agonizing search which motivates the stanzas of the *Book of Job*. Should a reading of Neiman's *The Book of Job* replace reading the biblical *Book of Job*? No. But Neiman's presentation and explanation of the movement and argument of the *Book of Job* sent me back to the biblical book with new questions and insights.

David Neiman, a Jewish biblical scholar who teaches at Boston College, has written a combination of essay and paraphrase in a personal tone. His introduction outlines *Job* and states the problems as he sees it. Then a series of brief chapters summarize each of the three speeches of *Job*'s three friends and *Job*'s nine replies to them, followed by Elihu's diatribe. Neiman transmits some of the drama of the debate, paraphrases much of the argument and provides smooth and accurate translations for a generous number of key passages. These eighteen chapters of change and counterchange drag a little and Neiman might have found a more expeditious way of dealing with them. His liberal use of quotations enhances the reflective atmosphere of the study and constantly reestablishes contact with the 2,500 year old *Book of Job*. (A word on translation. The Hebrew text of *Job*, with that of Hosea, is the most corrupt and difficult of the Hebrew Bible. Neiman has consulted the best authorities. After that, in the words of my former Greek teacher, "Yu pays yur money and yu takes yur choice.")

Finally, we arrive at God's overawing reply to *Job*, a reply where God asserts his power and wisdom but gives no detailed response to *Job*'s questions. Rather, *Job*'s perception of the relationship between himself and God is adjusted. Neiman uses Robert Ardrey's concept of "The Illusion of Central Position" (from *African Genesis*) to characterize the stance from which *Job* challenges God and the justice of his actions in affecting him. *Job* and his friends imagine that the universe is built around man and that God's justice can be measured by the prosperity of good men and the punishment of evil men. *Job* screams that something is wrong with this system while his friends rationalize God's actions and justify the accepted moral calculations. God silences both sides in the debate and reduces man from the central position to his proper scale and place in the universe. The author of *Job*, in Neiman's view, is a moralist in the true prophetic tradition. He (through God's speech) challenges man to use better the life and freedom he has so often misused and to leave behind the illusion that he can understand the complex workings of the universe with which he is intertwined and which he cannot begin to control or grasp.

Neiman's analyses flow over into philosophy and theology but they do not probe and open our inner fears and hidden pain nor do they encompass our confusion and outrage at injustice. For this we must stumble through the powerful currents and murky waters of the biblical *Book of Job*. We must merge our pain and passion with *Job*'s and, in rage or despair, ask ultimate questions to which we fear no answer will come. Only if we unshield ourselves to *Job*'s poetry in this way can the cutting edge of the response reach our bone and marrow.

Reviewed by Anthony J. Saldarini, S.J.

The Populus of Augustine and Jerome: A Study in the Patristic Sense of Community, by Jeremy duQuesnay Adams, Yale University Press, 278 pp., \$12.50.

A work of such overpowering scholarship would normally be reviewed only in highly technical journals. An exception is in order, however, owing to its broader relevance and the high literary merit of its style—both rare, not to say almost unique, in modern research of this genre. It may be unreservedly recommended, not only to the

professional historian or classicist, but to the literate student of humanities.

True, Adams' volume is only half text, the remainder providing computer-processing analysis of the term "populus" as used by Augustine and Jerome, elaborate appendices, 67 pages of notes and other apparatus. Yet, apart from the computer charts (which I did not even attempt to understand), everything else is eminently readable and comprehensible. While he assumes a working knowledge of Latin, French and German, the general thrust may be felt even by the serious monoglot.

"Populus" is a far richer term than its derivatives "people," "pueblo," "peuple," and the like. Its resonances in these two seminal Fathers of the West are more of the order of "community," "society," or other key words of the present. To be sure, Augustine is an intellectual giant, greater even than the Greek Fathers whom he could scarcely read, whereas Jerome, though enormously influential, hardly deserves to be coupled with him as an intellectual. Yet both were intensely involved with young Christianity during the senescence and senility of the Roman world, and both left a lasting mark on the subsequent millenium. Adams' contrast of the two Fathers (pp. 5-7) is deliberate and balanced, but pulses with excitement and insight.

The present study is rich in what might seem serendipitous implications. For Augustine's political thought, being closely linked with his concept of "populus," affected the whole Western medieval experience. To what extent is the state a good, or at least a neutral, thing? Can there be a Christian "imperium," as Constantine and Theodosius believed and which they tried to activate? For all his pessimism, under what conditions does Augustine believe in, and perhaps even sire, the modern faith in progress? While Teilhard is not mentioned here, are Augustinianism and Teilhardism reconcilable Christian visions? All these issues, plus the Church-State thing, are illumined by Adams' research, though his claims are the most modest.

The work of editing was done handsomely, as might be expected of the press of a distinguished university honoring one of its distinguished professors. For a later edition, however, one might point out a few typographical slips: *populis* for *populus* (p. 68); "isolate" misspelled on p. 116; two errors in Latin endings on p. 176, column d; a confusion of *heth* and *he* in the transliteration of a Hebrew term, line 19, p. 245; and *omnis* for *omnia*, line 3, p. 247.

Such exceptions, perhaps pedantic or nugatory in this context, in no way derogate from the value of what seems to the present reviewer a major contribution to patristic studies, not only in its perceptive new methodology, but no less in its bearing on broad humanistic issues.

Reviewed by C. J. McNaspy

Donne at Sermons: A Christian Existential World, by Gale H. Carrithers, Jr., State University of New York Press, 319 pp., \$10.00.

The attempt to prove relevance by identifying past authors with current intellectual trends often merely obscures the pastness of the past, with results that are intellectually limiting rather than enlightening. Dr. Carrithers, however, scrupulously avoids the pitfalls of forced and unhistorical interpretation in a study that reveals the existential quality of Donne's sermons while remaining fully appreciative of their historical, intellectual, and spiritual context. Indeed, Carrithers' definition of existentialism as involving the lived experience in "a field of care and concern" (in Heidegger's words) demands that he not neglect the actual contexts of the sermons.

Such a definition may not limit the term very precisely, but a certain degree of generality is appropriate to the purposes of his study—and anyway, "existentialism" is a rather loose term even as used by contemporary existentialists. Although Donne is not involved in the specifically modern concerns of men like Heidegger, Tillich, or Jaspers, he repeatedly warns his auditors to be suspicious of abstractions, of "subtle disputations," and to remember that the end of devotional "exercises," as he calls them, is an increased ability to live and act meaningfully; a corollary is his belief in man's freedom and in man's need to supplement divine grace by intelligently exercising this freedom. Certainly, in a general sense, these are "existential" notions, but acceptance of the term is not essential to an appreciation

of the patterns of thought Dr. Carrithers reveals in the 160 surviving sermons. Not only is there an existential quality to the content of the sermons, but the sermon itself is an existential act of self-definition for the preacher. Thus Carrithers begins, after a brief and unsuccessful attempt to define the sermon as genre, by considering the communal, verbal action involved in the preacher-auditor relationship in an "acoustical space" (p. 10)—the primary existential context of the sermon. He then finds a number of passages that suggest Donne's attitude toward the act of preaching and toward language as a form of action.

Interest in verbal activity leads to a discussion of Donne's figurative language and rhetoric. Like Winfried Schleier (*The Imagery of Donne's Sermons*) Carrithers is aware of the traditional nature of Donne's rhetoric, although he seems not to have read Schleier's fine study. All that evokes tradition and authority in the sermons—the numerous references to Church Fathers, the many Latin passages, the traditional tropes and figures (especially the metaphor of life as a journey)—all these contribute to the existential function of asserting the ongoing presence of the Christian's proper field of care and concern. Thus typology "argues that the past does not either remain burdensomely close, nor recede everlastingly farther away" (p. 58). For the Christian, biblical time must in some way remain present, and Donne "may have been ahead of his age in recognizing the potential inhumanity of time conceived as abstracted from lived experience" (p. 55). This might, in fact, help to explain Donne's interest in Augustine's idea that memory is the most important faculty for devotion; in memory time past is sustained in time present, to be projected into time future.

Another aspect of Donne's rhetoric relates to the many passages of controversy and polemics, and Carrithers mentions the satirical techniques by which Donne projects his concern into the social arena. But considering the frequency of such passages (in the four sermons reprinted in this volume, there are references to the Pope, the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot, as well as a humorous look at various monastic orders competing for the title of most humble, and finally a rather long and careful refutation of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession), he does not give adequate attention to this subject.

The four sermons reprinted in the volume are excellently chosen to illustrate Donne's interest in the sermon as an existential act, as well as such devotional topics as time, memory, the life journey, and the nature of sin. But the commentaries on the specific sermons seem less fruitful than the general discussion of the first half of the book. The style, one must add, is a bit cumbersome; references to modern modes of thought, such as phenomenological psychology, sometimes border on unnecessary showmanship, and the author is sometimes overly enchanted with his own methodology. His insistence on comparing the body of sermons to a granite mountain, together with his penchant for the world "sermonic," leads him to say that his study involves "finding lines of direction, as in grain of magnetic orientations in that granitic mountain of sermonic material" (p. 39).

While such passages are less than elegant, objections pale beside the hard scholarship and provocative thought that pervade particularly the first half of the book. If existentialism entails scepticism concerning generalizations, all scholars should be as existential as Dr. Carrithers, whose arguments are carefully supported, often with quite lengthy quotations (and the many quotes from preachers other than Donne offer valuable comparisons). In fact, the amount of primary material in the book makes it a fine introduction for the general reader as well as a thoughtful discussion for the specialist.

Reviewed by Bruce Henricksen

The Arnolds: Thomas Arnold and His Family, by Meriol Trevor, Charles Scribner's Sons, 206 pp., \$8.95.

On the face of it, it seems quite brash to attempt any sort of satisfactory biography of so remarkable a family in so brief a book. Yet by limiting her approach to her subject and through an easy and familiar style, Miss Trevor has achieved a quite satisfactory study. In the Arnold family she has found an ideal study of 19th century faith in England, bridging attitudes from Thomas Arnold's commonsense faith grounded in the doctrines of Anglicanism to the literary Christianity of Matthew

and the wavering, semi-mystical Catholicism of young Tom. Even more than just a spiritual biography of the Arnold family, however, this book shows the effects of the 19th century's social and political turmoil on the new intellectual middle class represented by the Arnolds.

The book is nicely balanced: Dr. Arnold overseeing the introductory chapters with the remainder about evenly divided in its attention to his two famous sons. Tom Arnold is, in fact, something of a surprise. The reader expects his brother to hold centre stage. But Tom's nature is so compelling, his spiritual and personal pain so interesting that there is never any need for Miss Trevor to apologize for the attention he receives.

The student of literature will appreciate Miss Trevor's frequently intelligent and lucid commentary on Matthew Arnold's work. The observations on the poetry are without academic pretense, simple but not inane. This is probably due to the fact that they are clearly personal reflections rather than studied criticism. The summaries of Arnold's essays are also good, especially of those on religion.

In addition to the Arnolds there are two other figures who receive a good deal of attention from Miss Trevor. Cardinal Newman appears continually throughout the book. He seems to become the standard against which the faith of each of the three important members of the Arnold family is to be judged. This is not to say that Miss Trevor has necessarily inflated Newman's importance in his relationship to the Arnolds. He was as much admired by Tom Arnold as he obviously is by Miss Trevor, and had a great deal of influence on Tom's life. He was also something of an intellectual nemesis to both Dr. Arnold and Matt. The use of any kind of religious "standard" is certainly a matter to be questioned, however. The other figure is Matt's Oxford friend Arthur Hugh Clough who demonstrates some importance in the shaping of Matt's early ideas.

There are weaknesses in the book which cannot be overlooked. Some are mere tics, others are infuriating intrusions. Miss Trevor, for example, insists on telling us things—often unimportant things—more than once, as if we had already forgotten them. More serious, however, is her tendency to become so involved in her subject that the book becomes a dialogue rather than a narration, an apologia rather than a biography. At one point she finds it necessary to add an explanation of the Catholic concept of the priesthood to a discussion of Dr. Arnold's anti-clericism. This trait transcends irksomeness when she uses an explanation of Matthew Arnold's writings on religion as an apparent excuse for attempting to convert her readers to either charismatic Christianity or at least to Catholicism. It is, in fact, her very obvious Catholic bias which most often provides her with temptations to mar an otherwise good study.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

An Adequate Response: The War Poetry of Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, by Arthur E. Lane, Wayne State University Press, 190 pp., \$9.95.

It is always tempting to hope that a new critical work will be of great significance in its field and that whatever shortcomings it may have will be slight and left to specialists to argue over in esoteric articles. I doubt, however, that this book will be significant. It provides a good enough introduction, though a narrow one, to Owen and Sassoon and to some of the poetry of the first World War. Lane's criticism displays a keen sensitivity to the meanings of the poems he deals with. But the work also demonstrates a number of weaknesses and limitations.

First, it is regrettable that Lane devotes only two of his chapters to specific discussion of the work of Owen and Sassoon. The rest is historical and literary background. Admittedly, much of this is necessary to his thesis that Owen and Sassoon were forced, by their own sensibilities and the nature of the war, to respond in a new way, dealing with reality directly rather than through metaphor and image. The trouble is that Lane ends up using the poets to illustrate his point, rather than his point to illuminate the poets. The subtitle becomes, in large part, a promise unfulfilled.

Also regrettable, I think, is the fact that, even in his review of other poets, which focuses primarily on Brooke and Sorley, Lane chooses

Pus
\$12
Un
V
and
sele
vers
exce
exce
Pr
the
tuni
poet
Poer
tions
the
know
proc
poeti
text)
suffic
Prolog
Upon
Stood h
And ga
Rolled
For one
Stewn d
Rare hu
Black sr
Beyond,
The shr
And mu

to completely ignore the work of Isaac Rosenberg, who was at least as promising a poet as Owen and as good a poet as Sassoon. The fact that Rosenberg also spent more actual time at the front than any other trench poet also makes his work important to any discussion of poetic responses to the war. This leads to a larger point which to elaborate on here would be inappropriate. However, I will only suggest that perhaps it is time for commentators on World War I poetry, especially that of Owen and Sassoon, to take another look at Arnold's "The Study of Poetry." I do not wish to suggest that Owen and Sassoon are not important. I do think, however, that the reasons for their importance are often based principally on what Arnold calls historical or personal reasons than on literary ones. It is quite likely that the early appeal of these poets to the propagandistic poets of the thirties such as Auden, Lewis and Spender, and to the socially active artists of the sixties has unduly influenced our judgment of the significance of Owen and Sassoon.

Another flaw in Lane's study lies in his determination to refute the use by John H. Johnston and Bernard Bergonzi of epic and lyric as the only possible categories of war poetry. Lane devotes a good deal of time explaining why no epic was written to celebrate World War I, or any of its heroes, when all he need have done was point to the *Dunciad* and the changing nature of literary taste. The epic died with Milton and few modern readers would trudge through a contemporary one even if it hadn't. The epic also demands a certain distance, both aesthetic and historical, from the events that it celebrates. The epic and trench poetry thereby become mutually exclusive categories.

It is not my intention to demonstrate that Lane's book is of no value. It has a great deal of merit. But those who would gain the most from this study are those who have some familiarity with the poetry of World War I and who are interested in gaining some knowledge of the relationship of the art of the trench poets to the milieu in which they created and the audience for which they wrote.

Reviewed by James Swinnen

Pushkin Threefold, by Walter Arndt, E. P. Dutton & Co., 455 pp., \$12.50. **Pushkin: Death of a Poet**, by Walter N. Vickery, Indiana University Press, 146 pp., \$5.75.

Walter Arndt's translation of poems by the great Russian poet Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin is the very best this reviewer has seen. The selection of works is excellent, and presents a full picture of Pushkin's versatility. It is a pity, however, that Professor Arndt did not include his excellent translation of *Eugene Onegin* in its complete form (only excerpts are included in this volume).

Professor Arndt accomplishes what he set out to do: he presents the reader who has little or no knowledge of Russian with the opportunity to familiarize himself with works by one of the world's greatest poets. In this connection, the introductory notes to the Narrative Poems, Fairy Tales and Ballads are helpful, as are the careful explanations in the footnotes. Finally, the linear translations which accompany the original works may be very useful to those who have a good knowledge of Russian, allowing them to follow the "reconstruction process." In other words, Professor Arndt presents us with both a poetic and a literal translation (the latter accompanying the original text) in one volume. One example from *The Bronze Horseman* will suffice to illustrate this remarkable work:

POETIC TRANSLATION

Prologue

Upon a shore of desolate waves
Stood he, with lofty musings grave,
And gazed afar. Before him spreading
Rolled the broad river, empty save
For one lone skiff stream-downward heading.
Stewn on the marshy, moss-grown bank,
Rare huts, the Finn's poor shelter, shrank,
Black smudges from the fog protruding;
Beyond, dark forest ramparts drank
The shrouded sun's rays and stood brooding
And murmuring all about.

LINEAR TRANSLATION

Introduction

Upon a shore of desolate waves
Stood he, of lofty musings full,
And gazed afar. Before him broadly
The river rolled; a wretched skiff
Held course on it in solitude.
About the mossy, marshy banks
Showed blackly cabins here and there,
The shelters of the lowly Finn;
And forest, a line to the rays
Of the fog-enshrouded sun
Murmured all about.

Pushkin Threefold is not only an excellent demonstration in the art of translation, but a welcome aid for the teacher of Russian literature in introducing Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin to the English speaking student at an earlier stage of study than was possible heretofore.

Walter N. Vickery offers an account of the well-known and often discussed events immediately leading up to Pushkin's duel with D'Antes, and the poet's subsequent death. *Pushkin: Death of a Poet* contains no new information, but attempts to give an "objective" account of the situation before and after the duel, an attempt only partially successful. One wonders at such statements as: "... the idea of Pushkin the champion of Russian virtues, treacherously annihilated by some alien cosmopolitan group, seems extremely farfetched," in the light of the author's admission that the Tsar's behavior is questionable; for the "alien group" hypothesis is usually linked with the Tsar's questionable behavior (which, I agree, is quite likely in view of the extremely light sentences the participants in the affair received).

Mr. Vickery treats each version quite thoroughly: (1) The Tsar "is supposed to have ordered Benkendorf to prevent it" (i.e., the duel) but Benkendorf, in alliance with Heeckeren, chose not to carry out the Tsar's order. We agree with Mr. Vickery, that "it is doubtful that Benkendorf would have dared to disregard the orders of the autocratic Tsar"; (2) it was "premeditated murder" and D'Antes was wearing armor under his uniform, and again we agree with Mr. Vickery that there is no conclusive evidence to support this view; and (3) "that Pushkin could have been cured of his wound, but was allowed to die"—here, we wonder at the source of Mr. Vickery's information.

In fact, Mr. Vickery is very sympathetic to both Nicholas I and George D'Antes, the traditional "villains" of the "Pushkin affair." He says of Nicholas I that he "intended to rule with a firm but benevolent hand," and particularly that the Tsar was kind to Pushkin because "as Pushkin lay dying, the Tsar sent him a promise that he would take care of his widow and children, and in fact one of his first official acts in connection with Pushkin's death was his assumption of all the poet's debts. . . ." No matter how the Tsar intended it to be, history has a dim view of his "kindness," beginning with his harsh treatment of the Decembrists and particularly in his relationship to Pushkin, whom he did not hesitate to make the laughing stock of society and court circles, by conferring upon the poet the title of *Kammerjunker*. Furthermore, it is a well-known fact that the Tsar's government was condemned by most literary men of the time precisely because it was known to the authorities when and where the duel was to take place, and nothing was done to prevent it. Those of Pushkin's friends, like Zhukovsky, who wrote in complimentary terms about the Tsar's attitude to Pushkin admitted they were "deforming personalities and facts" for the sake of Pushkin's family. Henri Troyat, in his biography of Pushkin, states: "The emperor had certainly been suspicious of Pushkin, and was not heart-broken to be rid of him so cheaply." (Doubleday, 1970, p. 608). As for D'Antes, Pushkin's murderer, Mr. Vickery seems to justify his actions, suggesting that D'Antes "can scarcely be blamed for having had no feeling for Russian poetry. . . ." and that it was Pushkin's "indiscreet, disparaging, and threatening" remarks that demonstrated his contempt for D'Antes and justified the latter's violent action against the poet.

Of Natalya Nikolaevna, Pushkin's wife, Mr. Vickery says that she loved D'Antes, and that she "had admitted that she had acted frivolously and imprudently in her encouragement of D'Antes." The point is that she admitted it to her husband, being fully aware of the effect such admissions would have. It is another known fact that D'Antes pursued Natalya Nikolaevna openly, in spite of the fact that he too was fully aware of the possible consequences of such behavior. Finally, about the nationalistic charge that D'Antes killed Pushkin without regard for "the glory of Russia," Mr. Vickery seems to "forgive" the assailant on the basis of his non-Russian origin.

While Mr. Vickery's account of events may not be "objective," it is very interesting and valuable in that it concentrates on the poet's life and personal relationships against the background of Nicholas I's autocratic regime, connecting the events of Pushkin's death to their surrounding causes. He presents many points of view in one enjoyable volume.

Reviewed by Rochelle Ross

Poetry

Selected Poems: In Five Sets, by Laura Riding, W. W. Norton & Co., 94 pp., \$6.95 (paper \$1.95). **Ani Maamin: A Song Lost and Found Again**, by Elie Wiesel, Random House, 107 pp., \$7.50. **Merciful Disguises**, by Mona Van Duyn, Atheneum, 245 pp., \$10.00. **Selected Poems: 1957-1967**, by Ted Hughes, Harper & Row, 111 pp., \$7.95. **Prison Poems**, by Daniel Berrigan, Unicorn Press, 124 pp., \$5.95. **Open Eye, Open Heart**, by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, New Directions, 148 pp., \$6.95 (paper \$1.75).

Laura Riding can still cause fits of self-doubt in modern poetry with her old assertion newly expressed that poetry is not a language of truth, but suffers the inconsistency of wanting to pluck its brows to a lovely line in a horned rim hand mirror while the scruffy rabbi with heart rending data sits at poetry's right hand holding unanswerable questions dumbly until poetry's finished preening and perhaps willing to try going out in the rain for a few minutes to watch what's really falling and to try accounting for it, risking the melt of its cosmetics. Laura Riding says over: "... what compatibility can there be between the creed offering hope of a way of speaking beyond the ordinary, touching perfection, a complex perfection associable with nothing less complex than truth, and the craft tying the hope to verbal rituals that court sensuousity as if it were the judge of truth?" Is beauty with truth as with its blood or its poison, its sacrament or its blasphemy? It surely is a jolt to hear an old religious conflict raised at the center of an art that cut with its own teeth a long time ago any cord which would make its life derivative in any way, and to realize that poetry inhabits the center of a conflictual experience that has seen such diverse characters as Leo the Isaurian, Duns Scotus, John Calvin, Brother Pozzo, Kierkegaard, Hopkins, and now Laura Riding again, who says to attempt beauty in expressing the real is to miss the truth of it; truth is beyond beauty, as the iconoclasts said of their god when they raised the question that has split western culture since the formation of the Hebrew mind. Loveliness attracts attention to itself, locates delight within itself, verbal or plastic or motional or sonic or natural, loveliness becomes a stopping place, not a way station, it becomes an idol, not a passage; loveliness must be given up, poetry must be given up. Denotative speech has the only crack at the truth; or silence! All speech must be about the business of truth. I would say that Laura Riding has not thought through the constant human experience that what happens to beauty in the destructive conditions of human life constitutes the problem of truth itself, not just the beauty of surfaces, but the beauty of interiors, and of relationships between individuals, between crowds, whatever definition one may use of beauty, the classical sense captured by Thomas Aquinas and recently expressed by James Joyce, *integritas, proportio, splendor formae* (blend, distribution, luminosity) or romantic senses of "the fashioned grounds for a noble emotion." Despite what John of the Cross says discursively about wordlessness at the moment of truth union between god the lover and the soul the beloved, he keeps inexorably to the image of the spouse and the groom, he holds to the *persona* of the woman in order to hold to the truth of his ecstatic experience of love, putting beauty therefore, as Dante does with Beatrice, in a revealing, mediating, irreplaceable position in paradise itself, and implying that the loss of the image is the loss of the love, is the loss of the truth, is the loss of the life. Symbol, image, the way of mysticism and the way of poetry, put beauty in paradise, and tell about the loss of paradise when the shapes and forms of actual life turn to devourers and not icons, convinced that the truth is not otherwise known, and is not otherwise re-established. Laura Riding might instead deplore how poets trivialize the reaches of beauty their language contains, how so often poets sort through their vocabularies for cusps, snarls, pinks, whorls, five and dime store trinket talk in order to make poems of pure "meet" in relation to experience and with that mark out the pale of true poetry beyond which there lie abstractions and the beast talk of metaphysics. There is little doubt she herself strained for a language which could sit face to face with the problems of time, of death, of memory, of wastage, of aloneness, and not turn inward on its own narcissistic image. She wanted direct cognition by means of direct language. And found that poetic language could only be indirect because the problems she posed could be seen only indirectly. She discovered unwittingly the reason why symbol,

indirect speech, knowledge, has come into being, but thought she had found the reason why indirect speech, symbol, ought to disappear.

And haste unto us both, my shame is yours. How long I seem to beckon like a wall beyond which stretches longer length of fleshsome traverse: it is your lie of flesh and my flesh-seeming stand of words. Haste then unto us both. I say, I say. This wall reads 'Stop!' This poet verses 'Poet: a lying word!'

Death is a very wall. The going over walls, against walls, is a dying and a learning. Death is a knowing-death. Known death is truth sighted at the halt. The name of death passes. The mouth that moves with death forgets the word. (p. 69)

Some lines from "Benedictory" set the paradox of Laura Riding out with attractive finality.

For in no wise shall it be
As it is, as it has been.
A blessing on us all,
That we shall in no wise be as we were.

The pure contrast to these lines found in the closing lines of "Spiritual Canticle" by John of the Cross expresses poetry's other expectation.

There you will reveal
to me the things my soul desired,
and in a flash, O love,
there you will restore
what but a day ago you gave to me.

But thanks be to Laura Riding who nearly alone at the Woolworth's feast of a lot of present day poetry can see Banquo's ghost and demand of it the truth, and nearly force it to speak.

Ani Maamin: A Song Lost And Found Again, "a poem, a parable, a legend" by Elie Wiesel intensifies the question about poetry and truth, about fashioning a beautiful expression of the horror of the truth and having the beauty reveal the truth of the horror. It is nearly impossible to speak technically of Wiesel's *Ani Maamin*, written in French and translated into English. It is as bold and traditional an imaginative construct as *Oedipus Rex* with nearly the same unavowable theology at the center of the vision, god is the cause of evil, and the same overwhelming demand made on any hearer or reader, believer or not, to consider the sort of god he is who, in the black time of his chosen people, permitted their destruction and remained utterly silent. The dramatic structure, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob arguing with god about his infidelity, the god of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, is itself the matrix of the imaginative experience of the truth. The meaning of the holocaust lies in the interior of the text, each name used brings the past horror into the present recital and strips any disguise from the question of why god was silent, stroke after stroke, setting the case before the silence both of the god who claims to save and of the messiah who promised to come. *Ani Maamin* is a modern vision, however inspired by the Hassidic tradition, a vision soaked in both the holocaust and the Judaism burned up in the holocaust, an imaginative transformation of a double death by a single man into a vague, hardly comforting but astonishing counsel to Jew and non-Jew to believe in spite of, against, for life, hope, god, man, believe, believe! Perhaps a listener or a reader would need a scrap of belief in order to understand the text. Perhaps all he or she would need would be a memory.

Ani, night
Maamin, death.
Ani maamin, night of death.
Ani, a face.
Maamin, hunger.
Ani Maamin, faces of hunger.
Ani Maamin, images of me, of you.
Bloody images,
Dead images,
Blurred images

Of men already defeated.
 Already fallen.
 Already gone.
 Blown away by lethal winds.
 Demented, lying winds.
 Winds of night and murder. (p. 51)

The boldest part of the vision occurs in the most prosaic language, that of the narrator:

Abraham, Issac and Jacob go away, heartened by another hope: their children. They leave heaven and do not, cannot, see that they are no longer alone: God accompanies them weeping, smiling, whispering: *Nitzhuni banai*, my children have defeated me, they deserve my gratitude.

Thus he spake—he is speaking still. The word of God continues to be heard. So does the silence of his dead children. (p. 105)

But the language grows directly from the poetry of the vision, is located at the heart of the vision, and sounds like a drum, distant but strong enough for anyone to march by who would live by visions that strive to make sense of the real. The defects of the "poem, parable, legend" may be spotted easily: it is too long for a live presentation (many left Carnegie Hall toward the end, unable to provide any more the attention the text requires) and is repetitive and risks deleting the impact of the names and the arguments. Perhaps there is also a defect in the vision, the voice that answers for god has meager words to say, and it may be that Wiesel in exploring so convincingly the silence of god must keep god silent in order to make his point instead of envisioning god as *unable* to interfere once he has granted autonomy and freedom to his creation, and only able to be as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, helpless and deploring and identifying with the lot of Jews and all who, like them, are slaughtered. If anyone ever asked language, poetry, to be the matrix of truth, it is Elie Wiesel, simple language, poetry, not cluttered by the craft or cosmetic jars of poetry's narcissistic night table, but ripe with feeling, with the intensity the central theo-poetic structure provides. It may not be possible to re-create completely the experience of the live performance for the 1973 meeting of the American Union of Hebrew Congregations out of the read text, the performance in which Elie Wiesel before twenty-five hundred Jews and their guests (I, one of them) put the silence of god to the test and reduced god to tears. But I think that much of that experience still leaps from the text.

Whereas Elie Wiesel's work bids fair to resolve the inconsistency Laura Riding found unresolvable in poetry, truth or craft but not the two, Mona Van Duyn's *Merciful Disguises*, published and unpublished poems, resets the chessboard for a renewed conflict. Miss Van Duyn makes the world speak, can fill every crack of it with a green growing word, can supplant Adam who has lost the delight in naming, and can perform this green thumb poetic operation with a craftsmanship that sets itself beyond evaluation as a technical achievement. She can rhyme as well as Pope, can manage a sestina as a Moog synthesizer manages sound, can fall in and out of the "tennis without a net" styles with *sprechstimme* ease: she can do anything in verse, even prose verse.

V

 Because the human calendar
 can't count more than a single spring,
 can't teach even the most brilliant year
 to come back twice from its wintering,
 when a poet dies in late October
 we learn nothing from nature, nothing.

VI
 . . . Later the throats of sidewalks back home
 will rasp and tickle,
 be cleared,
 then rasp and tickle again
 until the cold they're always getting
 settles in every larynx, and each forgets
 what it was he wanted to say.

Before that happens, I want to say no bright or seasonal thing, only that there is too much the incorruptible poem refuses to swallow. At the end of each line, a clench of teeth and something falling away—tasteless memory, irreducible hunk of love, unbelievably bitter repetition, rancid failure at feeling and naming. And the poem's revulsions become a lost world, which also contains what cannot be imagined: your death, my death. (p. 108)

Everything happens in these lines from "A Day In Late October (for Randall Jarrell)," and happens as Miss Van Duyn says it should, because her theory of poetry, expressed poetically, is as neat and flexible as her poetry itself and expressed remarkably in "An Essay on Criticism," particularly in the lines:

yet a poem's way of happening won't let anything happen at all unless it is serious—it is no brothel and has no windfalls;

and how, though it's not for its own sake, pure revel in its own nature,
 it must keep its salutation secret and be written as if it were,

expressing the contradiction that only this professional lie permits the collaboration that can make it come true; (p. 54)

and in the equally clear but more arguable putting of it:

To write
 "in mockery of system"
 is the ultimate slavery
 to system, of all things! Why rhyme?
 To say I love you to language, especially now
 that its only viable components seem to be
 "like," "y'know?" and "Wow!,"
 to tickle the ear of those with musical savvy,
 to break down the distinction between light verse and heavy.

to say that human ingenuity
 can walk hand in hand with responsibility.
 It's a challenge to chaos hurled.
 Why use it? Why, simply
 to save the world. (p. 233)

It's impossible to continue one word further without mentioning several more Van Duyn strengths, her marvelous management of allegory, whether it's animals that clarify the human crisis, or minerals, or vegetables, that world filling language of hers bears quickly in on the right response to the right question. And she has a fine satiric manner, a fine antic manner, and a lovely sense of play. But does the craft stall her motion toward the truth as Laura Riding wants it, i.e., a word that will stop death is a true word, a word we pass through is a true word, one that blushes and catches our eye is not? I think Mona Van Duyn's craft is often a distraction from her search for a true word, especially her craft of rhyme. I think it is such a distraction for her reader, this one surely, who began to enjoy looking in the plumber's bins of rhyme to see the straights, the slants, the para-, the pun equipment, knowing that rhyme and language are the two quickest qualities for appreciation to reach for and end with. The very qualities Laura Riding weighs and finds wanting in contemporary poetry: "The total display crackles with craft individualism, but there is no sparkling, no brilliance: all is suffused with a light of drab poetic secularity." (Op. cit. p. 13) I think that the rhyme requires the conflation of lines, and swells some of the poems uncomfortably. And there are a few poems which are much ado about little. But my criticism stops there and my praise begins again because I think Miss Van Duyn raises questions of death, of life, of ensuring life, and the marvelous questions of play, and of delight. She makes one not want to give up writing poetry to search beyond it for the truth.

. . . my bow
 still shoots for the sweetest dream the human creature
 can have, the dream of possibility. (p. 114)

I'm still in business, I have my entrepreneurs,

and still well-filled is a bar I specially prize,
where, setting down drink after drink like a daughter of Lot,

their star attraction, The Topless Mother of Eight,
dangles her golden dugs before men's eyes. (p. 115)

Ted Hughes' truth depends upon an exact parallel between the menu nature offers beasts and birds and worms, and the menu human being offers human being, *homo homini lupus*. No one writes so vividly, nor with such a thump of conviction, nor so grippingly out of a sense thick image, about the howling core of the world. Not a word that couldn't blunt an ax, nor a word that couldn't surround the reader with its own sky, its own earth, and the munch going on between them. I am writing in absolute admiration of Ted Hughes' imaginative power, his power to realize vision in language, his power to make a poem, but equally poem after poem is a new eye in my head or my two eyes dug out by his thumbs. Which is to say, some poems know, some poems will, and the difference can be caught in the terms "sighted," "blind." But fascinating, as horror or beauty. "Scapegoats and Rabies" is the finest poem revealing war I have ever read, and is a poem that must belong in the future. But the animal allegory poems, e.g., "Ghost Crabs" ("they are God's only toys" that tell the truth of man), succumb to a fallacy about man that ought to ask man, and poetry above all, to play Russian roulette every minute of every day or everytime a sensation strikes the nerve ends, the fallacy: man wolfs; or animals; both being the limitation of seeking a poetic vision through a wolf's or animal's eye, "whether to two/Feet or four, how are prayers contracted! Whether in God's eye or the eye of a cat." (p.38), or of a stoat, or of a roasted pig, or of a hawk, a pike, an otter, a thrush, a lark. The human eye is not these! Almost any poem in this selection teaches lessons in poetry, especially in the use of imagination and the language of power, but there surely is an Indian wrestle going on in most poems between the mind and will of the poet and the mind and will of the world, and the reader must keep the score.

Daniel Berrigan's truth and beauty are wedded and disappear inside his auctioneer sharp naming and pricing of the moral vices which run wars, prisons, churches, and industries, and draw their sap from moral decision in the human spirit. It would be inane to note that the auctioneer has a varvelous, repetitive, vocabulary, able to pick a dominant trait out for focus, fascination, and a telling gavel; more inane to note his use of gut images, sledge images aimed between the eyes unless one ducks; and senseless to speak about the daubs of loveliness in his prison consciousness put there by lovely intruders on the prison scene, birds, flowers, curiosity about form in one man of a crowd of numb recreationers. It would be useless to comment his true assessment of prison life, the reason for prisons, the motives of prison keepers, the use of criminals to manufacture an arsenal for use in criminal wars, the systematic destruction of personality in the name of therapy and readjustment to the *status quo*. Daniel Berrigan employs consciously or unconsciously the horrible paradox that beauty tells horror "like it is" and horror tells beauty that it is and had better watch it! and in that squash between upper and nether millstone hear the voice of truth saying what the horror is because of knowing what the beauty is, and being ground to flour. On that level of saying, Berrigan is angry, violent, judging, inexorable, and his language strains to catch up:

Only—
it is not clear, God damn it!
Damn any God
shoving like a hack's hard on
the dogma up our ass. Unclear, unclear!
Our heads ring
like liberty bells—belfries wherein lurk and dart
random fits, starts, survivals, lightnings behind clouds
weightless moons, faces under those moons,
choking grief, unexplained relief— (p. 118)

But sometimes quickly beyond the lashing to a soothing, to a tone only the merciful prophets could use over any length of time in nearly all events:

Look, I fly straight from the world's core of music
I come, the world's meesenger and metaphor.
As the world is my messenger and metaphor,
upbearing and upborne.
Look, your prison strips from you, only
what is not yours
proxy or parasitic to your soul. (pp. 118-19)

There is the evaluation I make of Daniel Berrigan's poetry. Its beauty is hidden, but there, showing in exquisite fits and starts, and in secret paring the poet's soul of every lie so that however truncheoning his truth about makers of open or covert prisons for body and mind, there always is beauty's flicker of mercy to tempt him to speak with a prophet's restorative instinct, however much he leans to untempered condemnation.

Nevertheless forgive them Father straightway hard and fast
bind up voracious wounds for surgeon appoint
the meek of the earth their hands
acquainted as yours with wounds empty
of base-won gain. Groans of the sinner
groans of the healer resound in you
concomitant a second birth.
Bear us a new heart Majesty save
all things your tears and mirth called forth (p. 77)

Prison Poems should be read with little mind for the problem of poetry and truth raised earlier in these reviews, the matter expressed is too important for bifocals. But beauty and truth give Berrigan whatever vision he has, and where he fails to see with the two together, we fail to see, period, fail to see why a violence does not justify violence, a curse does not justify a curse, a guilty verdict unjustly put does not justify a return guilty verdict unjustly put, a blow on the cheek does not justify a blow on the cheek. When poetry puts its self-description within religious canons, it must be a poetry that makes whole whom-ever it strikes. Because it must strike; and it must re-integrate. Berrigan is a powerful religious poet.

Telling the truth is an old habit with Lawrence Ferlinghetti, telling it in a mockingbird variety of voices, about simple things like fucking and eating, complex debates like illusion versus reality, the world or nothingness, and the terribly easily seen sins like war, gambling, ecological devastation, fascism, and the terribly easily missed tragedies like the death of a poet, or the death of anyone, and the simple fact that language can be a fun thing and spread on a page like jam. But telling the truth well escapes Ferlinghetti, I think, because what he opposes he seems to oppose from the stance of *lèse majesté*, which is all right, because war as a sin against just one man is the total horror of war, and the swiping of freedom just the same, but somehow the one man must thicken his voice with the rest of humanity while it remains his if the one-for-all dimension of the protesting voice is to carry to the all. There is an odd paradox to an idiosyncratic rejection of evil; it seems fussy and lint removing, rather than furious and bomb-stopping. I'm saying that its fun to read Ferlinghetti's tirades against evil and I'm not sure I ought to be having so much fun, e.g., "Where is Vietnam," though almost by counter-statement I would reassert that Ferlinghetti is frenziedly serious. "Baseball Canto" shows the paradox best:

And Juan Marichal comes up
and the chicano bleachers go loco again
as Juan belts the first fast ball
out of sight
and rounds first and keeps going
and rounds second and rounds third
and keeps going
and hits pay-dirt
to the roars of the grungy populace
As some nut presses the backstage panic button
for the tape-recorded National Anthem again
to save the situation
but it don't stop nobody this time
in their revolution round the loaded white bases
in this last of the great Anglo-Saxon epics
in the *Territorio Libre* of baseball

'The thought of what America would be like'
if the *Cantos* has a wider circulation
'troubles my sleep' (pp. 94-5)

There is such a facility, such an ease to nearly every poem in this book that a surface tension results, a delightful one (what way will he say it next!), but it holds the reader fascinated by the trick of keeping themes afloat on humor or sarcasm and pun, which themes ought by right to head down for Grendel's Dam's lair with every intent of tearing a few arms out of their sockets. What I see as ever so slight a failure of poetic style might be seen by others as an extraordinary achievement of style. I think that the style draws the teeth of the truth.

Reviewed by Francis Sullivan

Music

Pfitzner's Palestrina, Deutsche Grammophon 2711013, four discs, \$27.92.

Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949), a conservative contemporary of Mahler and Strauss, so quickly made his musical mark that a Pfitzner Society was begun in Munich when the composer was just thirty-five. In Berlin thirty-four years later, Wilhelm Furtwangler was the first president of that city's Hans Pfitzner Association, and by that time Bruno Walter had already conducted the opera *Palestrina* in Munich, an occasion which signaled that Pfitzner was to become a figure of national veneration. Forty-five years later Bruno Walter dictated to Frau Mali Pfitzner the last letter of his life. It concluded with the words: "Despite all the dark experiences of today I am still confident that *Palestrina* will remain. The work has all the elements of immortality." On the next day, the 17th of February 1962, Walter died. His letter of affirmation remained unsigned.

Admiration for Pfitzner's work declined shortly after the early adulation; his music never really had a hearing beyond Germany and Austria, and at seventy-five he had to be rescued from a rubbish heap of a home for the aged in Munich. Two weeks after his eightieth birthday he died. The event went practically unnoticed.

Deutsche Grammophon's resolution to record Pfitzner's opera in Munich last winter was a bold step for the recording industry, and its present release documents one of the most important compositional formulations of twentieth century musical activity.

Historical justice seems involved with the choice of Rafael Kubelik to guide the massive undertaking. Kubelik here conducts a stage work of Pfitzner's for the first time. Nevertheless, the work was familiar to him since his student days in Prague, because Bruno Walter, the conductor of its world premiere, took the vocal score there to discuss it with Rafael's father, Jan Kubelik, the celebrated Czech violinist. Since

that time, Kubelik has been moved by the work's musical and metaphysical character, and he has judged it as one of the key works of the early 20th century, a view shared by author Thomas Mann who regarded this musical legend and its creator as "the last representatives" of a dying era.

The legend deals freely with fact. The plot concerns the challenge to Palestrina, in the last year of the Council of Trent (1563), to compose a Mass with the creative force to dissuade the Pope from his decision to ban all music but Gregorian chant from liturgical use. Inspired by visitations from his dead wife Lucrezia and nine master composers or "Departed Masters," Palestrina writes the "Missa Papae Marcelli." The work, labor of a single night dictated to him by angel voices, is acclaimed by the public and clergy. The words of the Mass, overgrown by excessively complex polyphonal writing as to be no longer comprehensible, are restored in Palestrina's clean and moving writing; the Pope himself appears with a congratulatory message; and the opera ends with the composer seated at the organ, unmindful of the still-cheering crowd outside. His last words: "Now fashion me, the final precious stone on one of your unnumbered rings, thou God!"

The opera is filled with beautiful and impressively meaningful lines, and the whole philosophic thrust of the text makes this more than an opera libretto of the customary sort. It is a unique literary work of such dramatic weight that many who do not care for the music *per se* will nevertheless accept the piece on theatrical grounds.

As for the music, some will find it reminiscent of *Parsifal* in some of its linear extensions, of *Die Meistersinger* in the concluding "Evviva Palestrina." However, these are only superficial relationships. The whole creation is characterized by restrained sound atypical of the washes of sound, the pseudo-counterpoint and overblown homophony of its time. Ungiving, stern, linear counterpoint gives the score its essential character. Chromaticism is essentially abandoned; the music is filled with pure intervals; it is tonal but ambiguously so, the listener often being uncertain what key the music is in, despite the definite tonal foundation. Archaism, appropriate to the sound world of the real Palestrina, is invoked by the frequent use of the interval of the fifth, a coloristic device.

The employment of motifs in *Palestrina* is far more subtle than Wagner's leitmotif usage, and their usage is often deeply imbedded in the metaphysics of the moment rather than in character conflict.

Actual musical quotation from the "Missa Papae Marcelli" is slight, varied and abridged, those parts being the Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, and parts of the Gloria.

Nicolai Gedda's Palestrina is tenor gold; Helen Donath and Brigitte Fassbaender, in their respective *Hosenrollen* as Palestrina's son and a student, are equally of worth, and the well-known talents of Hermann Prey, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Karl Ridderbusch all contribute to this mighty labor of artistic love, this difficult work which does not command affection even after several hearings but which does demand respect—at least—for its patrician formidability.

Reviewed by Don Brady



Notes on Contributors

MILDRED H. ARTHUR was the winner of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine's* "Best First Published Story" award; the author of a novel *Holiday of Legend*, she has also published in *Ingenue*, *Instructor* and *Grade Teacher*.

JANET BEELER is in the M.A. program in English at Cleveland State University; her poems have appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Cardinal*, *Antaeus* and *Perspective*, as well as a booklet *How to Walk on Water*.

DAVID A. BOILEAU directs the Institute of Human Relations at Loyola; his publications include a two-volume study on discrimination, published by the University of Louvain Press.

DON BRADY, an associate professor and former Chairman of the Department of Drama and Speech at Loyola, regularly contributes music reviews to the NOR.

MICHAEL BRASWELL is a doctoral student in Counseling and Guidance at the University of Southern Mississippi; he has articles appearing and forthcoming in *The Georgia Journal of Corrections* and *Jacksonville Magazine*.

GERALD S. CLACK, an assistant professor in the Department of Psychology at Loyola, has published technical articles in the area of psychological assessment in several professional journals.

ALY COLÓN is a senior at Loyola, former editor of the school's literary paper *Red Beans and Rice*, and former managing editor of Loyola's weekly, *The Maroon*.

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON, prominent poet, novelist and screen-writer, is currently attending Tulane Law School; he is the former editor-at-large of the NOR.

SYLVIA DE SWAAN's paintings have been exhibited throughout the U.S. and Europe; her Portfolio reflects a recent interest in photography. A native of Rumania, she has lived in Europe and Mexico as well as New Orleans.

JULIA DOUGLASS recently received her M.A. at the University of Maryland; her poems have appeared in *Calvert*, *Dimension* and the NOR.

ERNEST FERLITA, S.J. is Chairman of the Department of Drama and Speech at Loyola and author of *The Theatre of Pilgrimage*.

JAMES GRABILL has had recent poems in *Poetry Northwest*, *Seizure*, *Granite* and *Panache*; he is a student at Bowling Green State University.

ELIZABETH HANDEL teaches creative writing at Chatham College in Pittsburgh; she has previously published poetry in *The Hollins Critic* and *The Greenfield Review*.

BRUCE HENRICKSEN, a member of the English faculty at Loyola and a Donne specialist, has published short fiction in the *little review* and *Voices International*.

SHAEL HERMAN teaches law at Loyola and directs the New Orleans Poetry Forum; a former Breadloaf Poetry Scholar, he will soon be teaching in the "Law and the Humanities" program at Harvard.

WALTER HERRSCHER is an assistant professor in the Department of Creative Communication at the University of Wisconsin, Green Bay; his articles on environmental issues have appeared in numerous educational journals.

MARY ENDA HUGHES has previously contributed to the NOR, as well as many other little magazines; she teaches English at Notre Dame Preparatory School in Towson, Maryland.

JOAN KEEFE's poems and translations have appeared in *Soundings '72* (an anthology of recent Irish writing), *The Kilkenny Magazine*, and *New Irish Writing*; she has also co-edited an anthology of women's poetry in translation, *The Other Voice*.

RUTH MOON KEMPHER helps operate a tavern in St. Augustine, Florida, has published over 350 poems and three books, and is in her first year of the Ph.D. program at Emory University.

JOHN KIDD will soon receive his M.A. in Creative Writing at Johns Hopkins University; he edits the Maryland Inter-University Writing Seminar's *A Collection of Words*.

STEPHEN R. MALONEY, Assistant Editor of *Georgia Review* and Assistant Professor of English at the University of Georgia, has published articles in such diverse journals as *English Record*, *South Carolina Review* and *National Review*.

C. J. MCNASPY, former fine-arts editor of *America*, widely-traveled scholar and author of several books, is now book review editor for the NOR.

JOHN MOFFITT, a widely published poet, theologian and trained musician, is well acquainted with the classical forms of the spiritual life, East and West; his book *Escape of the Leopard* was recently published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

KEITH MOUL is working on his Ph.D. at the University of South Carolina; he has contributed poems to such quarterlies as *Sewanee Review*, *Western Humanities Review* and *Centennial Review*, and is currently preparing a volume of translations entitled *The Anglo-Saxon Heroic Experience*.

CHARLES A. NICHOLAS is an associate professor of English at Loyola.

TAMARA O'BRIEN teaches English at California State University in San Francisco; she has edited the school's literary magazine, *Transfer*, and won a 1973 Academy of American Poets prize.

CAROLYN OSBORN combines two careers as writer and part-time English instructor at the University of Texas at Austin; *Red Clay Reader*, *Texas Quarterly*, *Roanoke Review* and *Four Quarters* are among the reviews in which her work has appeared.

ROCHELLE RATNER, a frequent contributor to little magazines and former book review editor for *The East Village Other*, has authored two volumes of poetry, *A Birthday of Waters* and *False Trees*.

KATE ROSE has taught at the University of Wisconsin and Macalester College, and has published original poetry and translations in *Mikrokosmos*, *Hyperion* and *Green River Review*.

ROCHELLE ROSS, a native of the Soviet Union and an assistant professor of Russian at Loyola, has published several articles, in both Russian and English, in such journals as *MMLAP* (Canada) and *SCMLA*.

R. N. SABATINI is Chairman of the Modern Foreign Languages Department at Loyola; *SCML Bulletin* and *HISPANIA* have published his studies.

ANTHONY SALDARINI, S.J. studied at Boston College and Yale University and now teaches Biblical Studies at Loyola; he has written book reviews for the *Catholic Biblical Quarterly*.

NINA SANDRICH lives in Los Angeles; her poems have graced the pages of many magazines, including *America*, *The Smith*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Commonweal* and the NOR.

YVONNE SAPIA recently began graduate work in Creative Writing at the University of Florida at Gainesville; reviews and anthologies such as *Epos*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, *Catalyst* and *New Voices in the Wind* have included her poetry.

MARY SHUMWAY, Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point, has been Breadloaf and MacDonald Fellows; her poems have been published in several journals, and she has authored two volumes of poetry.

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN directs Perivale Press and teaches English at Los Angeles Valley College; he has published five collections of poetry, and has appeared in nine anthologies, including *Best American Short Stories* and *The New Yorker Book of Poems*.

FRANCIS SULLIVAN teaches Religion at Loyola, is poetry editor of the NOR, and writer-in-residence at the Jesuit Institute for the Arts; Paulist/Newman Press will soon come out with his first volume of poetry, *Table Talk with the Recent God: Poems and Liturgies*.

JAMES SWINNEN, a regular contributor to the NOR, is presently working on his Ph.D. at Tulane University, where he is "closing in on Sir Phillip Sidney."

JOSEPH A. TETLOW, S. J., former Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Loyola and previous editor of the NOR, is presently Executive Secretary of the Jesuit Conference in Washington, D.C.

JOELLYN THOMAS is a free-lance writer especially interested in illustrated children's books; many periodicals have published her stories, including *Scholastic Magazine* and *Avant-Garde Journal*.

JERRY WARD has work appearing and forthcoming in *Mississippi Folklore Register*, *Black World* and *Mississippi Review*; he is an assistant professor in the English Department at Tougaloo College.

WINSTON WEATHERS is a professor of English at the University of Tulsa whose work has appeared in numerous publications, including *Best American Short Stories*; he has also authored several volumes of poetry and fiction.

DONEZ XIQUES, C.N.D. frequently publishes articles and book reviews; an assistant professor of English at Brooklyn College, she is also an active member of A.A.U.W. and M.L.A.