A Journal Of Literature & Culture

Published By oyola University of the South New Orleans

Editor: Joseph A. Tetlow

Managing Editor: Tom Bell

Art Director: Leonard White

Advisory Editors: Hodding Carter David Daiches James Dickey Walker Percy

Associate Editors: oseph Fichter, S.J. Lee Gary Thomas R. Preston

Editor-at-Large John William Corrington

Editorial Assistant: Nancy Wingate

eans Review is pub- erly by Loyola Uni- ew Orleans (70118)

ption rate: $1.25 per 0 per year; $8.50 for s; $12.00 for 3 years.

rate schedule avail- able on request.

cannot be returned ompanied by a self- stamped envelope. be taken to prevent nuscripts, but no re- can be assumed for unsolicited material.

y Loyola University, New Orleans.

actured in the United States of America

the new orleans review

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
Vol. 2, No. 1

table of contents

articles

fiction

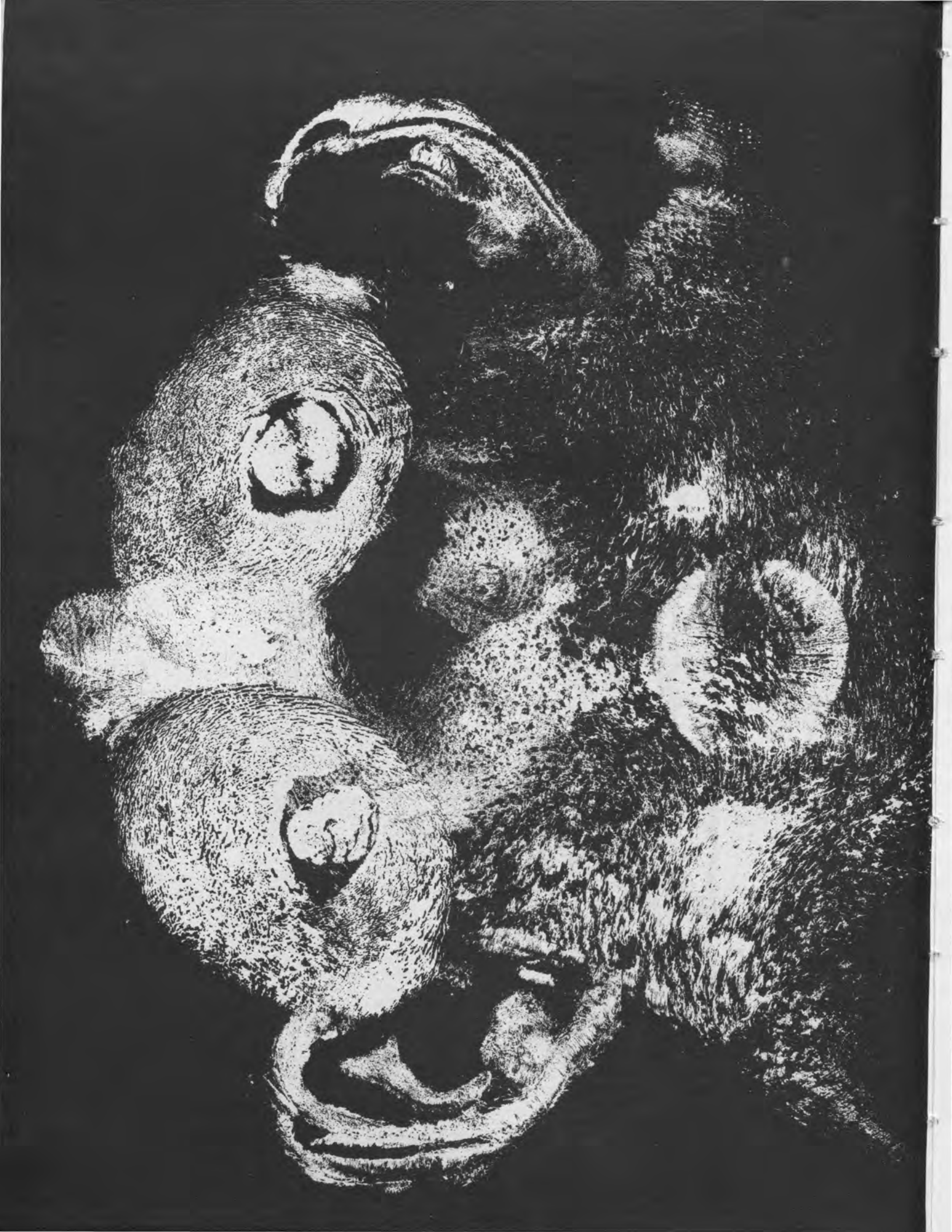
special section

interview

photography

poetry

reviews



Seven Feet Down and Creeping

by Nelson Algren

The hard-time houses of Moorman Street abide in a brown, old-fashioned light. Smoke holds onto their eaves in winter: the chimneys of Moorman Street take no chances of being billed by some utility company for sending smoke too high.

The windows of Moorman Street never look up lest a meter-man be looking in. Anyhow, why look up? Everything that happens happens on the ground.

The iron fences of Moorman Street have a watchful air; and the grass behind them has a hard time of it all year round.

In this block-long row of low-built houses bearing low-hanging porches under a smoke pall that prefers sidewalks to skies, one house is missing—as if it had sunk. Yet under the nameless weeds and the rubble of the changeful years, the arteried stone remains; where once stood a house that sank, burned or simply fell in. Children of Moorman Street go there to play catch. "I'll meet you at the house that came down," the kid with the ball tells the other kids.

I am the only one who remembers the couple who lived in The House That Came Down.

Roman-From-Metal-Finishing never expected more out of life than to be married to Selma-From-Endless-Belting. Selma Endless never dreamed of any life other than one of being married to Roman Metal-Finishing. Had anyone prophesied that a day would come when Roman would wear the proud blue and grey of Some People's Gas Company, who would have believed? Neither I nor the children of Moorman Street.

For Some People's Gas is a mighty utility, owning miles of gas piping and gasified bookkeepers keeping gasified books, to see that people who use Some People's gas pay their gaseous bills. It employs gasified collectors who come to the doors of people who have not paid for their Some People's gas. Nobody knows but that there might somewhere be ghastly courts where people who steal Some People's gas are sentenced—quite properly—to gas-lit cells.

And this vast empire of gas tubing and gas meters, gas inspectors, gas collectors, gas directors, gas detectives and gas detectors, rulers of an underground city as extensive as the city above it, depends completely on the little hunk of snot and bone called: The Nose.

Down in the dark megalopolis where water drips between abandoned walls, a tiny leak in rusted tubing may blast innocent persons through their roof in the middle of a summer afternoon. In the middle of a wintry night is better yet.

Selma and Roman were so serious about one another that one day she said to him, "Let's go down to Hubbard Street and get the free blood-test."

"I go where I'm needed most," Roman agreed.

Selma stood on one side of a screen and Roman on the other.

"Do you have good urine, honey?" she asked him. "Mine is fine."

"It was romantic-like," Selma told me. "It was like being in love."

The next week Roman received an induction notice.

"I'm needed there even more," he assured Selma.

The first time he lined up with his squad, a second lieutenant observed that Roman had more muscles than the army knew how to use.

"Keep this man off K.P." the lieutenant instructed the First Sergeant, "he's boxing material. Make that out in triplicate." Then he looked Roman over once more.

"See that this man gets a quart of milk a day while in training. Make that out in triplicate also."

For the remainder of his stateside army career Roman received three quarts of milk a day.

"How come you get three quarts for yourself when eight of us fellows have to divide two quarts?" an undernourished corporal wanted to know.

"Because I always go where I'm needed most."

Roman never minded hitting somebody with his fists if it was all right with the other fellow, and then the other fellow would hit Roman with his fists and Roman didn't mind that either. He had simply never thought of it as a profession.

Roman won his first four fights on knockouts as they were all fellows from Los Angeles. He had never been in a fight before where he had never been hit himself; it came as a complete surprise. This had it all over K.P.

"There's a sergeant from Butte been pretty lucky

Roger Pfingston

so far," his First Sergeant told Roman. "If you can put him away, you'll make Pfc."

"I don't know if I can handle the responsibility of office," Roman admitted candidly, "but I go where I'm needed most."

The fellow from Butte knocked Roman cold in twenty-two seconds of the first round.

"If you hadn't come out of your corner so slow," his First Lieutenant reproached Roman, "he could have knocked you out in nineteen."

"I'll try to come out faster the next time, Sir," Roman promised.

And he kept his word. After that Roman got himself knocked out so fast that other armies began sending in men to see him get it. One night eight German PWs, flanked by two MPs, walked in. His opponent broke Roman's nose as soon as they met in the middle of the ring. The eight Germans stood up in the front row and cheered with a single shout.

"You're raising morale all over the post," the First Sergeant encouraged Roman. "Keep it up."

Roman kept it up. How many times his nose was broken not even his HQ company knows to this day. Medical records, however, reveal that he was in the Ft. Bragg infirmary thirty-two times. Since medical records are made out in quadruplicate, this indicates that Roman's nose was broken eight times in defense of democracy.

On the day that Von Rundstedt began his great drive to the sea, Roman sneezed so hard in the Ardennes forest that he broke a bone fragment out of his right ear. Von Rundstedt kept coming all the same.

Selma was waiting for Roman at the gate when his turn to be discharged came up at Camp Grant. But Roman didn't come through the gate. His nose had been broken so often, it turned out, that he was no longer entitled to be a civilian.

Every time he sneezed, he was informed, he put innocent bystanders in danger of being struck by bone fragments.

Faced with the alternatives of signing up for the regular army or of having his nose cleaned, Roman endured a night-long struggle to decide where he was needed most. In the end he tossed a coin. Heads he'd go for the operation and marry Selma; tails back to Germany. It came tails. He made it two out of three. Tails again.

When it got to the most out of 131, Selma won: 66-65.

The operation was so successful that now Roman could smell things he had never even known had a smell before. Passing a bakery, he could tell whether they were baking egg bread or potato bread or rye or pumpernickel. Passing a butcher shop he had only to sniff to tell whether the cut on which the butcher was cheating was liver, pork or steak.

And of all the smells he had never smelled that he now could smell, the sweetest smell of all was that of Selma Endless.

Selma came to him now in waves of lilac, rose, pine and rhododendron. Roman didn't smell too bad to Selma either. They were married at St. John Cantius on a Sunday morning that smelled of incense and minute rice.

Their honeymoon was a whole Sunday afternoon in Nelson Brothers Rock Garden.

One morning shortly after their wedding Roman was smelling the difference between Old Fitz and Old Grandad in Sigmund's Whiskey-Tavern, when he smelled something which was neither Old Fitz nor Old Grandad; nor even Sigmund. He traced it around a corner of the bar and right under Sigmund's feet.

"Gas," he told Sigmund.

Sigmund couldn't smell it. The customers couldn't smell it. Nonetheless, Sigmund phoned Some People's Gas.

The Some People's Gas Detector couldn't smell anything either. But when he put the automatic gas-detector to where Roman's nose was pointing, the needle jumped.

"You ought to be workin' for Some People's yourself," the Smeller told Roman.

"I got a cousin works downtown there," Sigmund told Roman. "I'll bring him over. We'll talk to you and Selma about gettin' you on."

"*You* don't talk to no Selma," Roman told Sigmund. "*You* talk to *me*."

Some People's Gas put Roman on call as an apprentice smeller. Now, any hour of the day or night the phone might ring and Roman would jump into his gas company uniform, grab his Some People's Gas-Detecting Bag and wheel, walk, run, taxi or bus to the leak whether fast or slow.

"It's romantic, sort of," Selma told Sigmund, "like a doctor's wife almost. And in forty years he gets a pension."

Sometimes Roman had to creep beneath a sidewalk and sometimes he had to climb a chimney. Sometimes he had to break a hole in a roof and hang head down. Sometimes he had to get people out of bed and sometimes he had to fight off dogs; and sometimes he would answer a call from a woman with a slow leak.

One evening Selma put knoodle soup on the table. Roman took one spoonful and then poured the pot down the sink.

"Rotten soup by rotten cook," he told Selma, "tastes like gas."

"Take bat' before you come to bed," she told him later.

"Had bat' by afternoon."

"Take another."

"I go where I'm needed most," Roman agreed, and took another bath, and went where he thought he was needed most: Their bedroom.

Selma had locked the door.

"Ain't knoodle soup smells by gas," she shouted from inside, "is Mister *you!*" and she began pounding on the walls.

After that Roman ate his meals in restaurants and slept on the front room couch. His blanket smelled of gas.

Among men who smelled of gas, Roman now felt more contented than among people who smelled of nothing but pink soap. He had always gone where he was needed most; but where he was most needed was now no longer Selma's bed.

And as there aren't any other places to go for men

not wanted in a woman's bed, Roman worked as much overtime as he could; and spent the rest of his hours in Sigmund's Whiskey-Tavern.

One night the Jerry Lewis show was so bad that not even Roman, who could stand almost anything so long as it was televised, could take it.

"If that boy had a brain," he announced gravely, getting down off the stool beneath the set on which Jerry was stomping somebody in traction, "he'd be dangerous. I'm going out to look for a leak."

In that ashen TV light Roman's face was that of a man who had fasted many days.

He hadn't been gone two minutes before Sigmund called to me, "Mind the bar!" and was out the door and down the street in the opposite direction to which Roman had gone.

"Where's *he* going in such a hurry?" someone wanted to know.

"Not to look for no gas-leak," someone answered.

Sigmund got back behind the bar a couple of minutes before Roman returned.

Roman looked much better than when he'd left.

"A leak!" he called out cheerfully, "under gas station where street-car bends the corner!" And he raced to the phone to report it to Some People's Gas.

By nine a.m. the following morning, a squad of drillers had blocked off traffic both ways down Moorman Street. The hole the drillers dug looked promising; yet the promise was unfulfilled. A detection squad worked under floodlights all that night.

A vapor-test machine showed nothing at all.

Four gasified historians, working with maps showing the paths of gas-pipes, some put down by the city at the turn of the century, found no evidence of a gas pipe ever having been laid down within twenty feet of where Roman had smelled gas.

"There isn't any leak," the four gasified historians decided, "for the simple reason that there isn't any pipe there."

"I smelled gas," Roman insisted.

Thirteen new holes were dug. In every one of them a hose attached to a Davis Gas-Testing machine was lowered.

In one of the holes the needle of the machine jumped a couple of degrees. Roman's hopes jumped with it—then sank when the needle returned to zero.

"This leak defies the books," Roman had to concede.

"The leak don't defy *nothin'*," the foreman of the Gas Detection Unit made up his mind, "for the simple reason there ain't no leak to defy."

The Gas-Detection Unit went home; the Vapor-Testers went home, the Davis Gas-Testing machine rolled away. The drillers left.

Roman came down to the loosely-filled hole in the middle of the night, flashlight on his knees. He went sniffing up the curb and down.

"I've found the spot," he phoned Some People's Gas at four a.m., "seven feet down and creeping."

"That case is closed," The Chief Gasified Historian informed Roman and hung up.

At 12:55 a.m. the following Sunday morning, while we were playing twenty-five cent limit and Roman was watching a re-run of Joan Crawford in *Lingerie Party*, a fatal blast of fatal gas blew the fatal bed upon which Selma and Sigmund had been making fatal love, up through that fatal roof.

The same blast blew up the kitchen of the bungalow next door, in which the last celebrants of a wedding party were still celebrating instead of letting the groom take the bride to bed. Had they left when they were no longer welcome, the pair would have been able to have them back for wedding anniversaries for fifty years. As it was, the groom was blown to shreds and the bride was paralyzed, from the waist down, for the rest of her life.

The same blast blew the back porch off the house next door, dispatching an elderly grandmother to an elderly grave. Her husband, troubled by prostatitis, had left the porch a minute before the blast; thus saving his own life. Moreover, the shock of losing his wife of many years cured his prostatitis by giving him a coronary just in time to be buried beside her.

The family cat, long in the service of this elderly pair, had its right fore-leg and left hind-leg severed. Yet somehow it survived, hopping about in a most curious fashion, for some years. It was finally brought down by a rat who'd become embittered at having been deafened in one ear by the same blast.

Roman took our congratulations modestly.

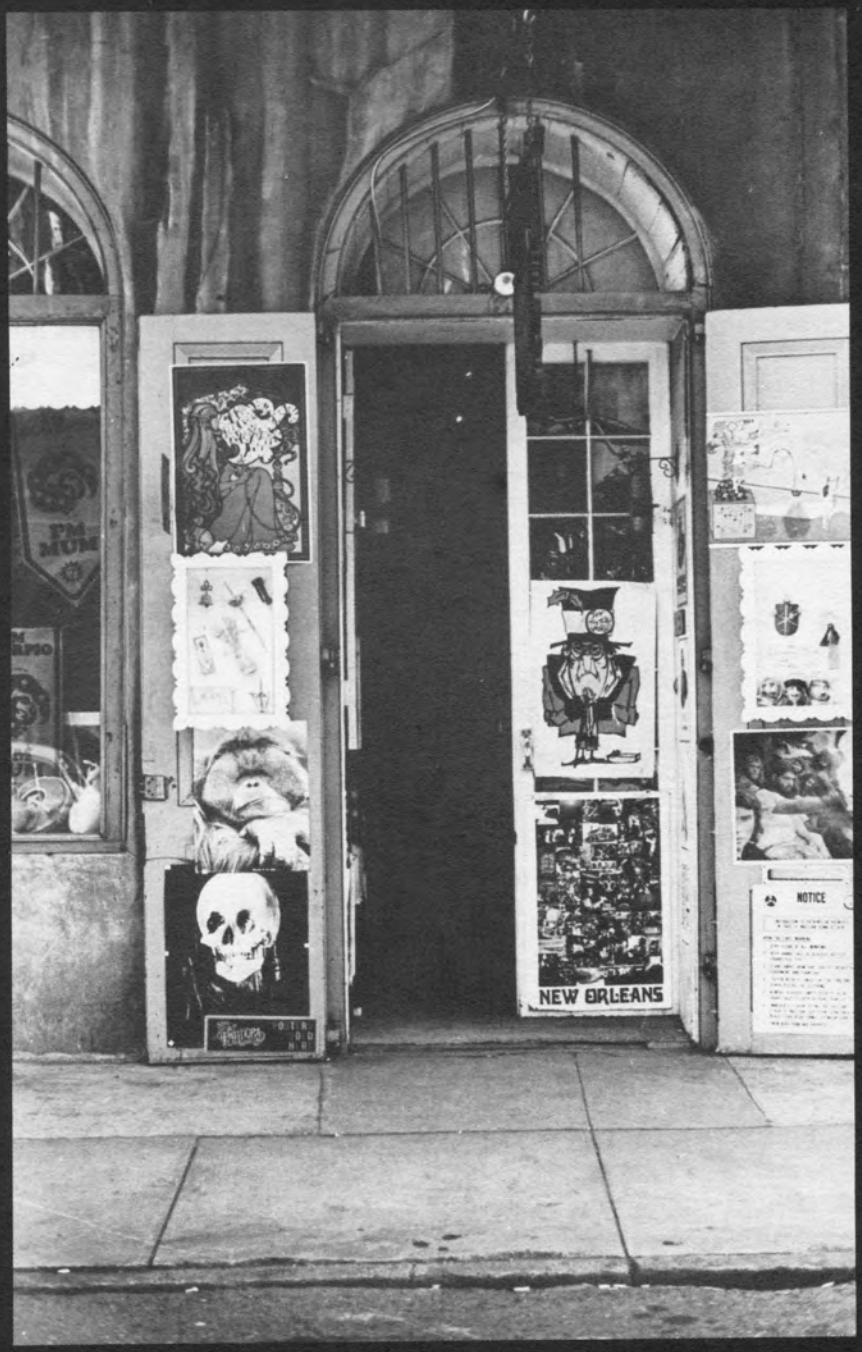
"I owe everything to the army doctor who operated me," he assured us, "I give him full credit for everything."

Late last Saturday night I took the short-cut across the lot where once there stood The House That Came Down. Yellowed newspapers were caught, as always, among the weeds. And the weeds moved slightly as I passed; though there was no wind.

Then a scent of gas rose ever so faintly, from somewhere far under the arteried stone.

Recalling to my memory the face of Roman-Metal-Finishing, so ashen in the TV light: saying, "If that boy had a brain he'd be dangerous."

He went where he was needed most.


NOTICE
NEW ORLEANS

The Dynamics of Short Story Cycles

by Forrest L. Ingram, S.J.

From 1940 to the present, an increasing number of critical articles have dealt with the structural and thematic patterns which weld certain collections of stories together so that they form a single unit. Joyce's *Dubliners*, Steinbeck's *The Pastures of Heaven* and *The Red Pony*, Camus's *Exile and the Kingdom*, Kafka's *A Hunger Artist*, Hemingway's *In Our Time*, Welty's *The Golden Apples*, and Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (to list just a few) have all been treated from the standpoint of their unique structures, their unifying patterns (thematic, symbolic), and their inner dynamisms.

But no one has yet attempted to synthesize the insights of individual scholars into a comprehensive treatment of the static and dynamic patterns of short story cycles. No one has yet proposed in print that this body of literature forms a unique literary genre.

In my forthcoming book *Representative Short Story Cycles of the Twentieth Century: Studies in a Literary Genre* (Mouton, The Hague), I examine in detail the dynamics of three short story cycles which represent the center and the two extremes of the short story cycle spectrum. In this article, however, I will concentrate on the synthesizing insights—the broad theory and perspective—which make it possible (even imperative) to treat short story cycles as a unique literary genre.

A story cycle, in general, is a set of stories so linked to one another that the reader's experience of each one is modified by his experience of all the others. Stories sometimes fit together like pearls on a string. Each pearl in itself may be integral and perfect; but a string of pearls, tapering from the prominent central pearl to smaller ones at either end becomes a new entity: a necklace. Even small pearls give more pleasure when viewed in the context of the whole necklace.

Relations among stories in a cycle, however, are not always as simple as those obtaining among pearls on a string. The patterning of a cycle often resembles more the dynamics of a Japanese panel painting. Patterns hinted at in the first panel, or introduced in the second may develop more fully in subsequent panels. Or again, like the moving parts of a mobile, the interconnected parts of some story cycles seem to shift their positions with relation to the other parts, as the cycle moves forward in its typical pattern of recurrent development.

A cycle's form is elusive. Its patterns must be studied in detail as internal relationships shift and the cycle progresses from first story to last.

Whether in prose or verse or both, story cycles have emerged from the center of the literary ferment of their times. Their appearance seems at least partially due to what P. M. Kramer (in a monograph analyzing the cyclical structure of Gottfried Keller's *Das Sinngedicht*) has called the "cyclical habit of mind." This means the tendency to compose, arrange, or complete sets of individual units so that they form a new whole through patterns of recurrence and development.

The cyclical habit of mind emerges with greater or less frequency and intensity in different epochs and in different cultures. Each in his own way, Ovid, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Pushkin, Daudet, Turgenev, Browning, Keller, Joyce, Faulkner, Kafka, and Camus have displayed in their works this particular way of reshaping their materials.

The cyclical habit of mind is connected with an author's or an epoch's "mythic consciousness," without being in any way necessarily related to primitivism.

Neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer were primitives. And one need not read far in the composed compilations of the Tristan cycles, or the Grail cycles, or other Arthurian cycles to become aware of a delicacy in the handling of symbolism and a subtleness in presenting scenes and even character motivation. Motifs, themes, and phraseology of earlier chapters echo in later ones. Situations recur, gestures are repeated until they become signs of characters.

In the twentieth century, writers who tend to think cyclically (in some of their works, at least) also seem intent on building some sort of mythic kingdom in which their characters function. Faulkner has his Yoknapatawpha County, Steinbeck his Pastures of Heaven, Camus his kingdom of solidarity, Joyce his city of paralysis, and Anderson his Winesburg. Heroes, usually diminished in stature, roam the imaginary streets and plains of these kingdoms. Like heroes of past ages, they are often defined by comparison and contrast, measured by juxtaposition,

and judged by how they react to recurrent situations. Bayard Sartoris (*The Unvanquished*) crystallizes his heroic stance by opposing Ringo, Drusilla, George Wyatt, and other southerners who urge him to kill Redmond. The process of George Willard's growth can be chartered against his reactions to the wide variety of male and female figures he encounters in Winesburg—from Louise Trunnion to Helen White, from Wing Biddlebaum to Enoch Robinson.

Admittedly, the cyclical habit of mind does not adequately explain why short story cycles have been so popular in the twentieth century. A further partial reason may be the immense popularity of the short story form itself. Since Poe, Turgenev, Gogol, Hawthorne, Maupassant, and Chekhov pared their narratives to tightly constructed artistic units, writers have considered the shaping of a solid short story a challenge equal to any that longer literary forms may offer. And when writers of this century saw what Turgenev achieved in *A Sportsman's Sketches*—how he preserved the integrity of the more condensed form while incorporating his stories into a single overall design—they could not be adverse to trying the form themselves.

Malcolm Cowley, in a letter to me a few years ago, proposed a further reason for the interest in story cycles during the early part of this century. Literary magazines liked to publish series of stories dealing with the same characters or the same locale. Writers of genius, Cowley says, realized the fuller possibilities of the cycle form and began conceiving their narratives to fit such a pattern.

A case in point is Faulkner's story cycle, *The Unvanquished*. He began by agreeing to write three stories about a young boy's experiences in the Civil War for the *Saturday Evening Post* (1934). But, as he explained later (1958) to the freshman class at the University of Virginia, "when I got into the first one I could see two more, but by the time I'd finished the first one I saw that it was going further than that. . . ." A student asked him if he had seen from the beginning that the story would develop into a novel. "I never thought of it in terms of a novel, exactly," he replied. "I realized that they would be too episodic to be what I considered a novel, so I thought of them as a series of stories . . ."

After six stories had been published in magazines, Faulkner went back and extensively revised the first three stories to transform his "mere collection" of stories into a cycle. "Ambuscade", the first story in the cycle, was increased by almost half its original length. The revisions in this and other stories, brings out the serious impact of the war on the game-world of Ringo and Bayard and on the polite world of Rosa Millard. They prepare with more weight and precision the march to freedom of the Negroes. They show too how large, how mythically immense the figure of John Sartoris appeared to Bayard at the age of twelve, and how the stature of that man shrank as Bayard himself reached upward toward physical and spiritual maturity. Finally, they develop the intimate ties that join Bayard to Ringo—each one determined to experience more than the other. Then Faulkner wrote a seventh story, "An Odor of Verbena," to complete the cycle.

This example, I hope, will serve as a concrete reference for the reader during my further treatment of short story cycles as a literary genre.

Scope of the Genre

Modern genre theory, according to Wellek and Warren (*Theory of Literature*, p. 225) is, in the main, descriptive. It does not limit the number of possible kinds and does not prescribe rules to authors. It presupposes that traditional kinds may be "mixed" to produce new kinds. It argues that genres may be built up on the basis of inclusiveness or "richness" as well as that of "purity." In trying to establish a genre, they assert, one must search for the common denominator of a kind, its shared characteristics, devices, and purposes.

Further, every literature genre boasts a number of works which theorists consider to be central to that genre's tradition. If we pictured the panorama of short story cycles as a spectrum, the limit of one extreme of the spectrum would be the "mere" collection of unconnected stories, while the limit of the other extreme would be the novel.

Faulkner's *The Unvanquished* is often described—even by competent critics such as Hyatt Waggoner and Cleanth Brooks—as a novel. Yet Faulkner conceived it as a series of stories, and the books' structure adequately substantiates his view. Each of the book's major divisions is a relatively independent, self-contained short story. A comparison of Faulkner's *The Unvanquished* with his *Sartoris* would make quite evident the formal differences between a short story cycle and a novel.

At the other end of the spectrum we find such books as Kafka's *A Hunger Artist*. Most critics view this last work of Kafka's as a "mere collection" of four stories. Yet the book displays both a consistency of theme and a development from one story to the next. Critics such as Hermann Pongs, Heinz Hillmann, and Felix Weltsch have attempted with some success to uncover various threads which tie the stories together into a unit. My own investigations compel me to place *A Hunger Artist* also within the short story cycle genre.

Although Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* has baffled and exasperated several of its critics, only a few try to locate it within the novel genre. None has failed to perceive in it a certain unity of character, theme, setting, and symbolism. Cowley even goes so far as to call it a "cycle of stories" in his introduction. Anderson himself believed that he had discovered a new "loose" form. Speaking of *Winesburg*, he told the upcoming generation of writers, "I had made my own form. There were individual tales but all about lives in some way connected."

Anderson's *Winesburg* best represents the center of the short story cycle spectrum. For one discovers in his handling of setting, action, theme, time, char-

acter, and symbol the typical pattern of story cycles—the pattern of recurrence and development as a single integrated movement.

Definitions and Divisions

I will begin with an inclusive rather than an exclusive definition of short story cycles. Then, by paring away non-essential characteristics, by distinguishing and dividing, by comparing and contrasting, I will seek to arrive at a profile of the short story cycle genre as it exists currently.

A story cycle, then, is a set of stories linked to each other in such a way as to maintain a balance between the individuality of each of the stories and the necessities of the larger unit.

Salinger's Glass family stories and Fitzgerald's Basil Duke Lee stories, though linked by repetition of characters, have never been collected into a single volume. I have chosen to exclude from my discussion this kind of cycle (a twentieth century counterpart of the ancient epic cycle) because it does not raise the question of specific esthetic pattern, and so cannot help us to discover to what kind of structure the term "cycle" applies.

Sets of stories may be "collected" by an editor or by an editor-author or by a single author. While the collections of linked stories by a single author stand a greater chance of displaying traits of cyclic *composition* that collections by editors or editors-authors, single authorship of the individual pieces should not be a final criterion separating a short story cycle from either a "mere" collection of stories or a novel. For the purposes of investigating twentieth century short story cycles, however, I have chosen only sets of stories which the respective authors have indicated belong in one volume.

Editors who collect stories into a single volume base their choice of entries on a variety of criteria. There are collections of humorous stories, war stories, horror stories, detective stories and so forth. A collection based, for example, only on such a nebulous unifying element as the fact that the authors represented were all recipients of the Nobel Prize for Literature can hardly boast a sufficient unity to merit inclusion in a study of story cycles. Zola's *Les Soirées de Médan* (1880)[1] and the interconnected series by various hands entitled *The New Decameron* (1919-1925)[2] do, however, deserve closer inspection as story cycles.

[1]*Les Soirées de Médan* is a collection of naturalistic short stories with a military setting. The collection was engineered by Zola, and the stories in it were written by five authors who were his disciples at the time. Zola's own story, it was agreed, would come first and set the scene for the others. The stories as they appeared were: Emile Zola, "L'Attaque au moulin"; Guy de Maupassant, "Boule-de-suif"; J. K. Huysmans, "Sac au dos"; Henry Céard, "La Saignée"; Leon Hennique, "L'Affaire du grand 7"; and Paul Alexis, "Après la bataille."

[2]*The New Decameron* is an English volume, with stories by such men as Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, Robert Keable, and L.A.G. Strong. The stories are divided, as in Boccaccio's work, according to days. The basic "frame story" is a continental tour, directed by Hector Turpin, Esq., of "Turpin's Temperamental Tours." When the ship on which the tourists are to depart breaks down and is delayed for two hours, Hector proposes to his clients that they imitate the fictive characters in Boccaccio's *Decameron* and entertain one another with stories.

Editor-authors take already existing materials and rewrite them into a connected series of stories. In fact, story cycles probably originated this way. Homer's *Odyssey*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales*, the Indian *Panchatantra*, the Arabian *A Thousand and One Nights*, and Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* all share this fundamental similarity. The fact that the original stories arose from folk imagination, from the collective effort of many people, gave each a separate identity, a uniqueness, and an independence which then was subsumed and integrated into a whole, by a single author who modified and retold the stories as he fitted them into his own design. Within this general tradition, some twentieth century writers (such as Faulkner and Joyce) at times rework and retell in a new setting stories from the ancient past or from their own previous writings.

Twentieth century short story cycles, though composed by a single author, pattern themselves on the story cycles of the past. They struggle to maintain a balanced tension between the demands of each short story and the patterning of the whole cycle. Anderson's "new looseness of form," though as old as the *Odyssey*, has adapted itself to include the tightest of twentieth-century prose-fiction forms: the short story.

Linked stories may have been "composed" as a continuous whole, or "arranged" into a series, or "completed" to form a set. A composed cycle is one which the author has conceived as a whole from the time he wrote its first story. As story follows story in the series, the author allows himself to be governed by the demands of some master plan, or at least by a unifying directional impulse. Keller's *Das Sinngedicht*, as Kramer has shown, follows this pattern. Composed cycles normally tend to be more highly unified than the "arranged" or "completed" variety; one thinks of Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* and Lagerlöf's *The Story of Gösta Berling*. On the other hand, Steinbeck's *The Pastures of Heaven*, though created according to a master plan, seems "looser" in its form than such a "completed" cycle as Faulkner's *The Unvanquished*. From the beginning, Anderson vaguely conceived his *Winesburg* as a unified whole. But his general plan included no detailed outline of his stories. He had to rearrange and "complete" his cycle before he could publish it as a unit.

An arranged cycle consists of stories which an author or editor-author has brought together to illuminate or comment upon one another by juxtaposition or association. The criteria for such "arrangements" are varied: repetition of a single theme (Flannery O'Connor's *Everything That Rises Must Converge*), recurrence of a single character or set of characters (Erskine Caldwell's *Georgia Boy*,) or even a grouping of representatives of a single generation (Hemingway's *In Our Time*). For obvious reasons, arranged cycles are usually the loosest cycle forms.

The three short story cycles I treat in detail in my book are all "completed cycles." By "completed cycles" I mean sets of linked stories which are neither strictly composed nor merely arranged. They may have begun as independent dissociated stories.

But soon their author became conscious of unifying strands which he may have, even subconsciously, woven into the action of the stories. Consciously, then, he completed the unifying task which he may have subconsciously begun.

The process of completion may consist merely in *adding* stories which collect, develop, intensify, and extend the thematic patterns of the earlier stories in the series (*A Hunger Artist*); or it may include extensive *revisions* of earlier stories in the cycle (*The Unvanquished*); or, finally, it may also entail regrouping and rearranging (*Winesburg, Ohio*). *Winesburg* began as a "composed" cycle with a loose plan. Anderson had to "complete" it, to round it off, before publishing it as a cycle. Other important examples of "completed" cycles are Joyce's *Dubliners* and Steinbeck's *The Red Pony*.

The final phrase of our introductory definition asks that there be preserved "a balance between the individuality of each of the stories and the necessities of the larger unit." In such books as Faulkner's *The Hamlet*, one feels that the necessities of the larger unit may have triumphed over the individuality of the independent stories. In *Go Down, Moses* the individuality of most of the stories almost demolishes the cohesion of the larger unit.

Central to the dynamics of the short story cycle is the tension between the one and the many. When do the many cease being merely many and congeal into one? Conversely, when does a "one" become so discrete and differentiated that it dissolves into a "many"? Every story cycle displays a double tendency of asserting the individuality of its components on the one hand and of highlighting, on the other, the bonds of unity which make the many into a single whole.

In the twentieth century, the devices by which the "many" become components of the pattern of the "one" are more subtle, generally, than the devices used in past ages. Rarely today does one find so obvious a device of "framing" as in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. When it does occur, as in Bradbury's *The Illustrated Man*, one finds often enough that the framing device is the primary, and sometimes the *only* source of unity in a collection of otherwise disparate stories.

The dynamics of the twentieth century short story cycle require a modification of our initial general definition of story cycles. I will define a *short story cycle* then, as *a book of short stories so linked to each other by their author that the reader's successive experience on various levels of the pattern of the whole significantly modifies his experience of each of its component parts*. The new elements in our more specific definition requires elucidation.

For the limited purposes of my discussion, I will not be dealing with just *any* set of stories (Glass family stories, Basil Duke Lee stories), but only those story-groups which have been given an order, a pattern, by their author: therefore, a *book*. Further, I have chosen to limit my study arbitrarily only to books of *short stories* in the modern acceptance of that term. Generally, a *short story* is a condensed fictional narrative in prose, having a definite formal development. The form includes such brief presentations as Isaac Babel's "Crossing into Poland" and such longer narratives as Joyce's "The Dead."

The crucial phrase in the revised definition is "the pattern of the whole," which the reader experiences "successively" and "on various levels." This pattern structures the "many" into an integral "one," and in so doing "significantly modifies" the reader's experience of each story in the pattern. Here we are at the heart of what Helen Mustard (*The Lyric Cycle in German Literature*) has called the "cyclic principle." Cycles are made, she argues, by establishing "such relationships among smaller entities as to create a larger whole" without at the same time destroying the identity of the smaller entities.

I have borrowed the term *pattern* from E. M. Forster, (*Aspects of the Novel*, pp. 213 ff.) who in turn borrowed it from painting. I do not limit my use of that term as he did, to the static pattern of external structure but extend it to include the dynamic patterns of internal structure. An examination of the static pattern of a short story cycle reveals a series of self-contained fictional prose-units (short stories) bound into a single volume at the author's direction. Static structure may include a framing device, or an indication of divisions by chapter-numbers or titles, or it may show an increase in length as the series progresses (*A Hunger Artist*) or an alternation of stories and "interchapters" (*In Our Time*).

More important by far for determining the special *kind* of unity a short story cycle has are the dynamic patterns of *recurrence* and *development*. The patterns of *recurrence* may be symmetrical (note the balance on the level of narrational technique in (*A Hunger Artist*, and the symmetry in thematic presentation of *The Red Pony*); or asymmetrical (see below my discussion of the "associational technique" in *Representative Short Story Cycles*.) The patterns of *development* may be linear (such as the chronologically sequential development of action in *The Unvanquished*); or multidirectional, such as thematic and symbolic expansion, or deepening and broadening of meaning in *A Hunger Artist, Exile and the Kingdom*, and many other cycles.

Recurrence and development usually operate concurrently like the motion of a wheel. The rim of the wheel represents recurrent elements in a cycle which rotate around a thematic center. As these elements (motifs, symbols, characters, words) repeat themselves, turn in on themselves, recur, the whole wheel moves forward. The motion of a wheel is a single process. In a single process, too, the thematic core of a cycle expands and deepens as the elements of the cycle repeat themselves in varied contexts.

The dynamic pattern of recurrent development (which I will call "typically cyclic") affects the themes, leitmotifs, settings, characters, and structures of individual stories. As these elements expand their context and deepen their poetic significance, they tend to form, together, a composite myth. Kafka's narratives have been called "experimental myths," Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County a "mythic kingdom," and Anderson's *Winesburg*, the making of a myth. Realistic detail does not disrupt symbolic intent. Rather, it enhances it. Joyce's Dublin, Steinbeck's Pastures of Heaven, Camus's Algeria,

Paris, and Brazil (*Exile and the Kingdom*) are all lands replete with symbolic landscape, meticulously described, but displaying details which primarily reinforce one or more dimensions of the thematic or mythic movement of the cycle. In *Dubliners*, for example, a mythic Dublin emerges through Joyce's patterning of the paralysis motif; through the symbolism of setting, movement, and color; through recurrent ecclesiastical and patriotic imagery; through repeated associations with the *Odyssey*; and through example after example of moral lassitude. *Dubliners'* complex mythi-thematic core, clothed as it is in the rich garments of Joyce's symbology and phraseology, justifies our including the volume in a treatment of short story cycles. The same may be said of *Exile and the Kingdom*. The thematic core of *A Hunger Artist*, like that of *Dubliners*, is a complex interweave of antinomous attitudes toward life.

Recurrent development not only operates on the level of theme, but diffuses its dynamism throughout the cycle. In *Winesburg*, for instance, one can see how the motifs of departure, adventure, dreaming, and hungering develop as they recur in story after story of the cycle; how the recurrent symbolism of setting and gesture unifies the cycle at the same time it individualizes each story; how, through typically cyclic patterns, an entire (mythic) community emerges in the mind of the cycle's narrator; and finally, how George Willard, through his reappearances in varied contexts, comes to embody the frustrated desire of Winesburg's inhabitants to break out of their perpetual adolescence and grostesquerie.

In short story cycles, characters do not usually develop in the kind of single continuous process one finds most often in novels. If a character appears in more than one story of the cycle (as in *Winesburg, The Unvanquished, Gösta Berling, Tortilla Flat, Red Pony, My Name is Aram, In Our Time*), he rarely if ever occupies the center of the action in all the stories. In cycles, "minor" characters collectively receive as much, if not more, attention than do the "major" protagonists.

Character development in a cycle, when it occurs, also follows a typically cyclic pattern. "Major" protagonists become "realized" through recurrence, repetition with variation, association, and so on. But characters which in a novel would be "minor" figures are often, in a cycle, the center of interest in some particular story. Even then, they are often delineated through comparison with and contrast to the other characters in the cycle, some of whom may actively influence their growth or present condition, others of whom merely serve to deepen the reader's insight by juxtaposition. During those precious moments when the protagonist of a single story occupies the spotlight, he demands our full attention. His story can never be a digression from some kind of "main plot" of the cycle. At any given moment, the action of the cycle is centered in the action of the story which is at that moment being experienced.

Numerous and varied connective strands draw the co-protagonists of any story cycle into a single community. Some co-protagonists possess only the tenuous bond of belonging to the same generation *(All the Sad Young Men)*, or to the same sex *(A Gallery of Women)*, or to the same family *(Go Down, Moses)*. Some are united in the connective memory of a single fictionalized narrator-participant *(The Unvanquished, My Name Is Aram, Georgia Boy)*; some are members of the same (mythic) town *(Dubliners, Winesburg)*, or live in the same general locale. Some have a similar hazy relationship with the same man (*The Pastures of Heaven*), or share the same destiny (*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*). However this community may be achieved, it usually can be said to constitute "the central character" of a cycle. Even *A Hunger Artist* has its community of "outsiders," and *Exile and the Kingdom* its community of solitary searchers for solidarity.

Since short story cycles do not usually have a single multiple-stranded action which must taper off through climax and denouement as do most traditional novels, its typical concluding section or sections "round off" the themes, symbolism, and whatever patterned action the cycle possesses. The rounding off process could simply complete the design announced (subtly) in a prologue. Usually, however, it attempts to draw together in a final story or series of stories the themes and motifs, symbols, and (sometimes) characters which have been developing throughout. All three cycles I treat in detail conclude in this way.

One "rounding off" device employed frequently in cycles of the ancient past was the use of a frame. When the frame was filled, the cycle was complete. The *Rahmenerzählung* is a story which collects other stories within its frame. A *Rahmenerzählung* constitutes a cycle, however, only when the stories collected in the frame are joined together by the dynamic patterns of recurrence and development. The frame itself is merely a device which is one part of the static structure of a complex fictional narrative. It is a literary device, not a genre. One finds the device employed in novels (*Der Schimmelreiter*), in individual short stories (William Samson's "Through the Quinquina Glass"), in poems ("Rime of the Ancient Mariner"), in collections of narrative poems (*The Ring and the Book*), and even in "mere" collections of stories *(The Illustrated Man)*. The Rahmenerzählung-device (known in English as the "frame-story") is not, then, the same as a story cycle.[3] A final "rounding off" device, similar to the framing device just discussed, is the use of a prologue and or an epilogue.Turgenev in *A Sportsman's Sketches* employs an epilogue, Anderson in *Winesburg* uses a story which most commentators interpret as a prologue, Hemingway in *In Our Time* uses both (he calls his epilogue "L'Envoi"). Steinbeck in *The Pastures of Heaven* also employs both.

Time patterns in a story cycle show all the vagaries

[3]There are many varieties of the *Rahmenerzählung*. The frame may encircle only one story or it may embrace a thousand as it does in *A Thousand and One Nights*. All the stories in the frame may be on the same narrative level (as in *The Decameron)* or stories which are framed may themselves serve as frames for other stories (the "Chinese box technique" of *The Panchatantra)*. The frame-story may serve merely as an artificial device or it may excite interest in its own right (*The Canterbury Tales*).

of other forms of fiction. One always must distinguish the sequence of the events-which-are-related from the sequence of the relation itself. Rarely in twentieth century story-telling do the two coincide. Writers of short story cycles often display an attitude of unconcern about time relationships. They interest themselves rather in the rhythmic pattern of the telling than in the chronological consistency of the events themselves. Often, too, no time-line relationship at all exists among the various stories of a cycle (*A Hunger Artist, Exile and the Kingdom*), but frequently enough one notes some kind of mythic advance in time (*Winesburg, Ohio, In Our Time*), or some general, though often inconsistent, reference to historical time (*The Unvanquished*). Even when events in all the stories of a cycle take place in the same general locale, no temporal relationship (*Dubliners*) or a meager one (*The Pastures of Heaven*) may be indicated. Chief concern is for psychological time, dream time, symbolic times of seasons, times which recur, and mythic times of legendary events.

Suggestions for a Systematic Approach to Short Story Cycles

As a first step toward understanding the dynamics of a story cycle, nothing can substitute for several initial readings of the work. During the course of these readings, patterns and rhythms, directions and movements, parallels and contrasts will begin to suggest to the critic that the dynamics of this collection of stories are the dynamics of a cycle. At this point, however, one's analysis is just beginning.

Each story of the collection must be studied in detail. Where does it take place? When? From what point of view is the story told? Is the narrator reliable or unreliable? Is he a participant or an observer? How does he narrate? What does he narrate? Who are his central figures? What themes and motifs course through the story? What symbolic words, gestures, objects, acts? Where does the center of interest in the story lie? How do its various elements contribute to that center and form with it an integral whole?

After each of the stories has been examined, the critic of a short story cycle will begin to notice in detail what relationships exist among the stories. Are they all set in the same locale or during the same epoch? Are they all related by the same narrator? Or is there some other pattern which controls the author's choice of setting, time, and narrator? Are the stories put together in some obvious geometric pattern? Does the author use a framing device? A prologue or epilogue? Some other introductory or rounding-off device?

Does a single character occupy a central position in the cycle? Or does each story have its own co-protagonist? Do all the co-protagonists together form some kind of community? Do they appear juxtaposed in parallel or contrastive pairs? What relationship does the co-protagonist of the final story have with the central figure of the initial story? Do some characters appear in several stories? Do they develop? Does any patterning of *kinds* of characters suggest a reason why one story in the cycle should lead to another? Are the characters presented "realistically"? Do they serve purposes of allegory, symbolism, legend, or myth?

Is a single event treated in all the stories? A single *kind* of event (war, marriage, hunting, death)? In the pattern of the stories, do different attitudes toward this event or kind of event emerge?

Does the pattern of all the themes of the separate stories constitute a new theme for the cycle? Does the pattern of the whole cycle throw any light on the meaning of any of the individual stories? Do minor themes and motifs of some stories assume major importance in others? Does any theme or set of themes develop systematically as the cycle moves from story to story?

Do tropes, symbols, phrases, rhetorical patterns recur? If so, for what poetic reasons? Does any symbol or set of symbols assume, as the cycle progresses, mythic or archetypal proportions? How does the later development of a symbol affect earlier stories in which it appears?

Is the center of interest in all the stories the same? If so, how does the author pattern the stories in order to broaden his perspective on that single center of interest? If the center of interest shifts from story to story, does it do so in any recognizable pattern? Does the fact that the center of interest shifts in a certain pattern indicate that the entire cycle has a center of interest quite different from that of each of its component parts?

Not all of the above methodological questions, of course, are relevant to the understanding and interpretation of every cycle of stories. Initial perceptive readings of any volume of stories should signal to the critic which of the above questions are relevant and what other questions must be asked if the work of art he is examining is to be grasped as an artistic whole. For only by asking relevant questions can a reader hope to perceive, in an epiphany of critical understanding, how, without contradiction, the many are one and the one many. Only then will the *claritas* of the whole be perceived as a function of the *integritas* and *consonantia* of its parts.

2:00 a.m., New Orleans

A Dixie cup tumbles
Down thin streets.
Boy you ought to be
Home by now.

—*William Mills*

FORTY-SEVEN VIOLINS AND THREE HARPS

Clouds of a Kansas village
broke against sudden skyscrapers
the day she was born.
Steel girded spans leaped nonexistent rivers;
marble museums pushed out of the earth
massive with the weight
of their treasure.
The wind dropped its load of wheat field dust
and carried the music of forty-seven violins,
a section of brass,
and three harps.

No one else knew this.

Even she did not
and grew up thinking a dream drove her,
restless and hot-eyed,
to careen around the county roads in her father's Ford.
The villagers would not say:
    A city girl was born in this town.
They would not say:
    She cannot survive here with only choir practice
    and the Saturday movie to sustain her.
They would not say:
    Our gossip sickens her soul.

Even she did not,
thinking a dream goaded her,
shimmering at the end of a road
like the prairie mirage
that disappeared when, on a scorching day, she drove
toward its trees, its enduring water.

—*Helen Sorrells*

The Novios

by Lloyd Halliburton

Julián hitched up his trousers and tucked in his shirt. The merchandise lay used and abandoned on the bed like a well-read *diario* in a trash heap. The pimp was correct: She was a blonde (freshly bottled) and imported (Chinese) with typically small oriental breasts and what seemed to Julián a lack of muscular control. Julián had finished quickly and trembled and groaned a hypocritical ecstasy. He had been as horny as the tail of an iguana but he had hurried in order to get it over with for reasons he could not explain. There had been an emptiness to the act. It was like the taste of cold beer in his mouth suddenly going sour or the breath-catching burning of cheap cognac in his lungs or the agonized relief after vomiting, before giddiness sets in again. Her only climax came when Julián forked over the four Balboas.

"You come back," she said, rising to dress. She lit a cigarette and straightened the single sheet on the bed, smoothing it with her hands. It was too short and when she finished, it looked strangely liberated from the sweat-stained, caseless pillow that crowned the mattress at a cant.

"Sure," he said hollowly. It wasn't her fault. It wasn't anything she'd done or hadn't done. She was a professional and had gone about her work with the objectivity of one dedicated to a craft. He walked out into a hallway which ran the length of the house and led to the front door he had passed through scarcely twenty minutes before. On the steps of the porch, exactly where he had last seen her, sat a very fat woman quietly smoking a cigarette. She was disgusting. He had not been to bed with a queen but beside the fat woman, his *puta* took on a lineage of royalty. Then it occurred to him that the fat one was also a professional: a blow-job artist. He quickened his steps and was relieved to find the pimp waiting for him in the car.

As they drove through rutted streets out of Río Abajo, the jolting of the car abused his mind until he felt it bouncing around inside his skull. His sense of smell was acute and soon a breeze from the bay brought the sharp taste of shrimp from the holds of ships putting into port. The pimp talked of things he did not hear, but he answered uncommitted "yes's" and "no's" while trucks hauled their slimy cargoes away to market. His own body odor became overwhelming and he gagged and was about to retch dry heaves when the car turned into Avenida Central and he managed to tell the pimp to take him to El Panamá Hilton. It was already 7:30 and there was no time to return home, change clothes, and call for Fulvia at her apartment. He would telephone her to meet him at the hotel and then he would wash in the public restrooms and make himself presentable.

He told her he had worked late for Señor Ferguson and to take a cab to the hotel (he would pay for it) and to look for him in the *salón*. She was a little upset but he assured her he would explain something of importance when she arrived. He replaced the receiver, mentally subtracting a Balboa from the six that remained.

After he had done what he could with soap and water and a comb, he went to the *salón* to wait for his goddess to walk in. He sat like a child who, because it is Christmas, has arisen early, only to discover his parents are still asleep and he must wait until they join him before he can open his presents.

He remembered long ago he had been told that to every purpose there is a time and a judgment and because of this, the weight of misery lay heavy upon him.

But these thoughts were no longer comforting and because he had remembered them, he became even more miserable. He wanted Fulvia but had paid a *puta*. In a few minutes he would have to admit that he had no money and that he was rich only in want and loneliness. So he would have to convince her there was room for him to grow and there would be a time when he would own an orchard filled with ripe fruit and in a grove surrounded by the best trees would be a spring, crystal and cool, where all who saw it would want to lie on the banks and rest in the shade. To convince her of this, he would take the risk he did not want to take. But would it be successful? He doubted as he had always doubted. And he hated himself because of his doubt and he hated himself more because of his weakness. No man should give his body and his soul so completely to a woman. There was no sacrifice he would not make for her, but had he not already made them all? He trembled like an old woman whose outstretched hand feebly asks for alms. He wasn't old; he was

young, but he knew that whatever he did, as much as he gave, she would always reject him. Fools fall in the mud to retrace their steps and fall again, never learning from experience. He was a fool and had fallen many times, swearing always an oath not to fall again, then breaking it, sinking to his knees and begging her to wipe her feet on him.

If only Señor Ferguson would let him out of the office more and give him important assignments like the time he had carried a letter to Bolivia. That had been a task worthy of his talent. He had done well and Señor Ferguson had congratulated him for the way he had conducted himself, even though he had not revealed the identity of the man to whom Julián had delivered the letter. But Julián knew the man was important in the movement. The headquarters was deep in the highlands and although the base camp had few conveniences, it was evident by the security enforced there and by the manner in which the man gave orders that he was indeed, very important. The *jefe*, he recalled, had treated him courteously when he handed over the letter, had ordered wine brought and two cups set before them. To Julián's surprise, they had been brought in by a woman. She was young and graceful with shiny black hair pinned up on her head. She had on a fatigue uniform but, unlike the others who wore U.S.-style combat boots, hers were of a different cut, somewhat like riding boots which crested at her calves. He assumed that she was the *jefe*'s woman and that no other man could have her, but he was so stunned at her sudden appearance he had stared at her with obvious interest. As she bent over to pour the wine, he could smell her and it was delicious. She wore no perfume but all the same her smell was sweet, like the freshness of green grass at dawn or a sun-drenched field in the afternoon or the sea at night. For an instant her fatigue shirt had parted and he remembered the darkness of her nipple against the white background of her breast. He had not been prepared for it, and he gasped audibly. He remembered now how she had smiled at him before turning away to fill the *jefe*'s cup.

But here in the *salón* he was a patient suffering to suffer more so that the people will never forget how much pain he could bear. One who is anonymous in life may be remembered in death, but only if it is glorious and satisfactorily tedious. Julián was dying; he was dying because he could not die.

And then a cab driver was tapping him on the shoulder. He was on his feet, digging in his pocket and handing over a Balboa. The driver remained, holding out his hand until Fulvia opened her purse and dropped a coin into it. His fingers closed around it like a carniverous plant which has waited open many hours for a fly to buzz its way into the trap.

"Well," she said, "I am here." She was dressed in white like a bride at her first wedding. Julián had not rehearsed what he was going to say to her and it was better that he had not, for the moment was upon him. Somehow he would pour out the right words, naturally. Emotion and need would guide him and it would be far more effective than if he were following an outline or a prepared script.

"You look tired Julián. The work must have been hard today." Perhaps it only sounded mocking; he could be sure of the intonation.

"I have things on my mind Fulvia. Most of th are important."

"I wasn't aware your job required so many de sions," she said. He felt she was baiting him as lo do when they taunt each other, like crows pec away at carrion, except they had never been love

"I wasn't necessarily thinking of my job. There other things I have to consider; among them, yo

"Then I'm a problem Julián? If I'm disturbing y can . . ."

"No, no Fulvia. Don't get angry. You don't und stand. Come here," he said, taking her arm a pressing her in the direction of the bar. "Let's hav *cerveza* and we can talk."

"I don't want a *cerveza*. *Cerveza* is common besides, the taste is bitter and it's heavy."

"But it's very popular and it's made here."

"Yes Julián, I know it's made here. But everyon the States doesn't drink bourbon even though made there. I prefer a daiquiri, but if *cerveza* is you can afford, all right, all right, I'll have a *cerve*

They took a table in the corner which offer them privacy and a fraction of concealment. Jul signaled a waiter who took their order. In the da ness of the bar, he seemed to get better control his thoughts, and Fulvia became less edgy now t she was sitting down.

"You look very beautiful tonight," he said, beautiful as the first time I saw you in the boo store."

"I'm pleased. A woman always hopes she appe beautiful." She smiled pleasantly, enjoying t compliment.

"You don't have to hope. It's true."

Changing the subject quickly she asked, "We you out on the street during the shower this afte noon?"

"No, I worked in the office all day. There was a of correspondence to get out. Why?"

"Because your clothes look rumpled as if you h been in the rain."

"It's the humidity. I didn't have time to chan after work."

The waiter brought their drinks and left the alone again. He acted as if this handsome Panaman an young man and the beautiful Panamanian seño ita were *novios* and were not to be disturbed.

"I called your apartment several times but yo didn't answer. I forgot whether or not you had pose today, but I guess you did." Julián was avoidi the inevitable, but he thought it best to engage small-talk until he was certain Fulvia would be r ceptive to what he really wanted to say.

"I had a job at Le Duc's. It wasn't too bad."

"Good. Tell me about it. What did you have t do?"

"It was a travel ad. The usual . . . beach ball, um brella, bikini," she said casually.

"*¡Gracias a Dios!* At least you had *something* on.

"You're so funny. What difference would make?"

"I don't like it when you have to pose nude."

"It doesn't concern you. And anyway, the pay better."

"Yes, the pay. Of course," he replied sarcastically. "You're jealous of the photographer. He doesn't nd and stare at me. He's working, as fast as he can, he can finish and save the Balboas he would have pay me if he were slow and clumsy."

"Would you pose for me?"

"If you were a photographer and the job was le-timate."

"Then I'll become a photographer." Fulvia threw ck her head and laughed.

"You? A photographer? Never. You'd spend all our time admiring the model and never get your ork done. I know what you think about. At this oment, you're looking through the lenses of your yes, imagining me naked and staring at the points f my breasts. Don't deny it, because it's true."

"I think you're beautiful. I won't deny it."

"At least you're more honest than usual."

"There's nothing wrong in wanting to see you naked. You're beautiful. I say it again. You're beautiful, breathing and warm, flesh and bone, and all that a man could want."

"And how would you know that? You have never had me. I could be cold like a log."

"That you could never be," he replied, "but it isn't my fault I can't speak from first-hand knowledge."

"And if I gave myself to you, what would you give me? A child perhaps?"

"I would like to. I would like you to be the mother of my sons. I have tried to give you all that I have. I would like to give you all that I am, but you won't let me. I love you Fulvia, but without fuel, even the love in my heart will die out."

"Look Julián. We must face facts. You are kind, you are even good to me, but you can't support me. I'm not going to live in one of those filthy shacks or tin lean-tos in Río Abajo, for the love of you or anybody else. Only the stupid think they can live on love. Can love buy food? Can it put clothes on your back? Can it care for children? Julián, I'm not ready to make the sacrifices being your *mujer* would require. I might not marry for money alone, but I'll not marry for love alone either." She took the glass of *cerveza* and drained it in long, contemptuous swallows like a child forced to down a bitter medicine.

"If I had money, if I had power, then would you marry me?"

"I don't know. You have no money and if you have power, you don't use it."

"I will have both," he said, sitting forward in his chair, "and very soon."

"Is this another *sueño*?"

"It's not a dream. It's true. And when it happens, another woman may be lying in your bed beside me. And you'll be sorry and come pounding on the door like the foolish virgins who didn't fill their lamps, and the doors won't open."

"Julián, I do believe *you* believe what you're saying, but. . . ."

"I do. I don't intend to be poor and without power all my life. I'm not going to be a secretary and errand boy and take my Balboas by the week and watch the *norteamericanos cagar* on Panamá forever. If the soil of Panamá needs to be fertilized, then it will be done by Panamanians. And the children who are born here in future generations will not wear blue eyes and comb kinky hair. They will be Panamanians from Panamanian wombs, fathered by Panamanian sperm." His voice rose and his face flushed with anger and frustration. Fulvia looked at him with bewildered eyes.

"What is it you're trying to tell me, Julián?"

"That I will be important and have power. And soon. I'm a member of a group of men who are going to seize the government. When we do, everything will be changed."

"And this is because of the *norteamericanos*? What effect will it have on them? There are too many soldiers. Do you think they will disappear? Fort Clayton and Fort Kobbe will send troops to The Limits, to say nothing of the planes at Albrook. And if you had the government, why do you think the Guardia Nacional would fight against the superior forces the *norteamericanos* have? *Estás loco*, Julián."

"No, I'm not crazy. And we don't intend to fight the *norteamericanos*. We won't have to. As the new government, we'll order them to leave."

"And they'll pack up just as they have in Cuba. Are you forgetting they're still at Guantánamo?"

"We'll take it before the Naciones Unidas and they'll make them leave."

"And, of course, they will listen. And the *norteamericanos* will obey, abandon their positions and leave the Canal to you," she said, her voice carrying an air of skepticism.

"There-will-be-no-Canal," he said, measuring his words as forcefully as he could and spacing them so that each fell louder than the one before, like the approaching steps of an executioner.

"And I suppose you'll bring shovels and buckets and fill it in with the soil from the Culebra Cut. It wouldn't take more than a few weeks, unless the *norteamericanos* helped you do it, and then it would only take several days, perhaps six, and you and the new government would proclaim a *fiesta* and the whole of Panamá would celebrate on the seventh. You're brilliant, Julián, this new government of yours," she mocked.

"We're going to blow up the Canal. Then the *norteamericanos* will leave because there'll be nothing for them to guard."

"I don't want to hear anymore. You're insane." She folded her arms and looked away toward the bar. Julián gripped her by both shoulders.

"You must listen to me," he whispered. His voice was a monotonous whine. "We have a man who works for the Panama Canal Company, running a mule on the Pedro Miguel locks. He will carry a time bomb, a very powerful bomb. When he goes off duty, he'll pitch it into the locks. It'll be magnetic and stick to the gates. Some hours later, long after he goes off duty, it'll explode. That will be the signal for the *revolución* to begin. There are followers of the movement in strategic places who will explain to the people what's happening. Soon, the whole Republic will be behind us. The *Presidente* will begin negotiations for the *norteamericanos* to evacuate. Later, when they have gone, we'll repair the damage to the locks at Pedro Miguel and the ships of all nations will pass again through the Crossroads of the

World. Only this time, the tolls will go into the Treasury of the People's Republic of Panamá. Does that sound insane to you?"

Fulvia sat silently. She could see few flaws in his argument. It was true that there was unrest in Panamá. The *Presidente* was not popular and a devoted member of the movement could easily assassinate him as other *presidentes* had been assassinated in the past. There was resentment against the *norteamericanos*. Panamá deserved a better share of the profits from the Canal. The people would listen to men who could promise food and clothes to families whose annual incomes approached fifty Balboas a year. They would support such a movement. She didn't understand how the whole plan would work (and felt certain that Julián didn't either), but she had to admit that what he said made sense. She answered his question:

"It doesn't sound insane, just difficult. I suppose your movement has the money to finance this *revolución*?"

"Of course. Soviet Russia will provide it through the Partido del Pueblo." Julián spoke with more authority and with a slightly superior tone.

"And you will have a high place in this new go ernment?"

"I'm already secretary to its eventual *presidente* see no reason to believe I won't occupy a position close to him as I am now, except that the title will that of *Ministro*." He sat back in his chair and look coldly at Fulvia. "And you can share the benefits a the power of that office . . . if you like."

Fulvia stared open-mouthed at Julián. He was n secretary to the eventual *presidente*. "The new Pre *idente* will be Señor . . ."

"Ferguson," he said.

Fulvia didn't know what to believe. Was it anoth *sueño* of Julián? If he were telling the truth, it wou be worth her while to go to bed with him. But, o the other hand, if . . . She would think it over. B whatever her decision was, she knew she wouldn be caught without her oil, for she was neither fooli nor a virgin.

"I want a daiquiri Julián," she said, for if he we to become a *Ministro*, he must realize she would n longer settle for *cerveza*.

THE REGENT

Brighton: 1815

This nervous prince, who chivied from his peers
Acres of blazing stoves and feather-beds,
Mortgaged his throne to spite the royal dears
For greedy nymphs with bogus maidenheads.
Each day his corset posed the stiff ordeal:
It nudged him through his coils of flesh and out
The nether end—a martyr on his wheel,
Squealing and writhing from the pricks of gout.
But as the fiddles wailed and candles danced,
He coaxed his ageing bulk along the floor
Where hussies smirked forgiveness if he chanced
To hang their easy garters on his door.
Locked in a nunnery of fat, he viewed
From privileged corners legs in scarlet tights
And gulped sweet cherry brandy with the food
That jacked him up for those pudendous nights.
A lass in tartan skirled his favorite air:
Her pox enlarged the lesions on his brain,
And soon the uniforms he couldn't wear
Waltzed home from Waterloo and back again.
Once more his nightmare galloped in—a dash
Of boots and plumes and trumpets to the Park
Made green with borrowed lawns, with stolen cash
Before the curtain fell, and all went dark.

—*Lawrence P. Spingarn*

MISS DARK

She sometimes cried in class—
Miss Melissa Dark—
leaving some girl in charge,
ran crying from the room.
We read what Shakespeare said—
"O swear not by the moon!"

And one was Romeo
and one the bawdy Nurse,
passages too purple
bowdlerized, of course.
We did our sophomore best
to understand the verse.

whispered now and then—
"She and Mr. Lutz
drove off after the game
with a basket and a blanket—
isn't that chain she wears
his name on an anklet?"

The circled orb changed monthly—
by summer we forgot,
though some of us were lovers
and some too timid yet—
September Miss Dark went on leave
and Mr. Lutz had left.

Later as a Mrs.
Someone she came back,
married and miscarried—
so rumor had the myth—
"Nervous breakdown." "Tragic love."
And then we read *Macbeth*.

—*Harold Witt*

"In the Light of Eternity"

a conversation with Granville Hicks

During a long and distinguished career as both critic nd author, Granville Hicks has contributed a number f significant works to American letters, *The Great radition*, *Behold Trouble*, *Small Town*, *Only One torm*, *There Was a Man in Our Town*, and his recent utobiography, *Part of the Truth*, being a representa- ve sampling. Recently he has concluded a dozen ears as author of the weekly review-column, "Literary lorizons," in *Saturday Review*.

The present conversation is edited from a television ppearance conducted March 27, 1969, during Mr. licks' participation in the Writers Forum program at ne State University of New York at Brockport. With Mr. licks appear Gregory Fitz Gerald, director of the orum, and Philip Gerber, Chairman of the English De- artment at Brockport. Mr. Gemmett has recently edited Villiam Beckford's *Biographical Memoirs of Extraor- inary Painters*.

The conversation begins with Mr. Hicks reading a ortion of his "Literary Horizons" review of Philip oth's *Portnoy's Complaint*:

HICKS: "Three preliminary observations on hilip Roth's new novel *Portnoy's Complaint* seem be necessary:

1) It deals explicitly and even aggressively with various types of sexual activity.
2) It uses freely and rather repetitiously certain of the once-forbidden words, especially the three for which Mark Twain substituted blanks in *1601*.
3) No one *has* to read the book—or, for that matter, this review of it."

GERBER: *Those lines you've just read—appearng in your review of* Portnoy's Complaint *by Phil- Roth—came out about a month ago, and in them ou seem to anticipate a controversy. This, in act, is exactly what happened, because each week nce that time I notice that* The Saturday Review *as published a page or so of Letters-to-the-Editor, ggressively pro and con on this book. I'd like to uch on one of them, which reads this way:*

> *"Granville Hicks is right: we don't have to read Philip Roth's new novel. But why must Hicks and other reviewers go all intellectually lah-de-dah to justify . . . what is actually plain, bigger-than-wallet-size pornography?"*

Mr. Hicks, is this new book a work of pornography?

HICKS: I don't know. It all depends on how you define "pornography." I guess in the technical sense it probably is, but if it is, then so much the better for pornography! I think that we've gone beyond the point where we can quibble much about what is "pornographic," and what is "obscene," and what isn't. This particular book seems to me to justify itself completely in both literary and human terms, and I don't think that it makes any difference what anybody calls it. As I said in that introduction: *nobody is being made to read the book.* I put that in, knowing very well that otherwise I would get letters suggesting that somebody was making people read it, and that is just not true. I think I've given everybody warning, and if people don't want to read the book, then from my point of view that's their loss, and that's all there is to it.

GERBER: *In a little broader sense, are there really any limitations any more on the content or vocabulary a writer may utilize?*

HICKS: There really are none. There are, of course, lots of taboos still hanging around, but all of the principal ones have gone. There is, so far as I know, no word that cannot be used in a book that is circulated in bookstores and through the mails. That particular bugaboo has gone. As for "situations," there will always be disagreement about that, and the Supreme Court may reverse itself from time to time, but by and large we do have freedom of expression. It's not all good, some of it's bad, but we do have it, and I think that on the whole it's a good thing. We just have to come to terms with it.

GERBER: *Aren't you saying that we are now reaching the end of the battle against literary restrictions that started forty or fifty years ago?*

HICKS: It started at least fifty years ago—the whole fight against the Victorian taboos. If I were to suggest a few of the things that couldn't be said in a novel published fifty years ago, the audience simply would not believe it. And those

anda Mock

things have been battered down until finally—just within the last three years, I think—the wall is crumbling completely.

FITZ GERALD: *Mr. Hicks, this Portnoy controversy is just one of the many in which you have been involved during your literary career. I wonder if you would reflect on some of the more important controversies from your past.*

HICKS: You're going to make me sound like a very belligerent character! Perhaps I was, though I hope I'm not today. Well, the first was, of course, the fight against Victorianism in the twenties when people such as Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser and, in another sense, James Branch Cabell were fighting the fight against censorship, in company with others who like myself were just beginning to be published. I, of course, enlisted in that fight.

Then, toward the end of the twenties the humanist controversy developed and for a time it seemed as if that was likely to have considerable influence. The humanist movement was salutary because, after all, the business of being *against* Victorianism scarcely provided a broad critical basis. You were merely *against* something, not for something. And humanism at least was an attempt toward something positive. I was against humanism, but I felt and still feel that its tendency was in the right direction.

Well, humanism barely got started before the depression arrived, and then the big issue became Communist or Marxist criticism. H. L. Mencken once referred to me, sneeringly, as the Prince of Marxists. At least I was out there fighting through the whole thirties.

But after I became disillusioned with Communism, as I did in 1939 at the time of the Soviet-Nazi pact, I changed my critical approach completely over a period of two or three years. And since that time I have thought of myself as what I'd like to call a critical liberal. I put in that word *critical* because I feel that much of what passes as liberalism today is really no more than lip service. It's an automatic liberalism. It's just placing yourself on the side of "good." Critical liberalism, I hope, means something a little bit more than that.

Well, of course, controversies continue to arise, as now over this so-called obscenity question, but I've managed, I think, to hold pretty much the same position for twenty or so years. That's a long time for me.

FITZ GERALD: *There's another problem related to this. Today we hear a great deal about writers who are involving themselves in political controversies, one of their major interests currently being American involvement in the Vietnamese war. I notice that the poets especially seem vociferous on this issue. What role do you think politics can have in literature, if any? Or are the two mutually exclusive?*

HICKS: I have come to feel, after my Communist experience, that they are mutually exclusive. Of course, poets or novelists have every right to take a stand on Viet Nam or civil rights issues, or anything else—I think it's fine that they do so—but I think they take their stands as human beings and not primarily as writers. If they feel moved to write propaganda, that's all right; there's a place for propaganda, too. But it's not literature. I think that certain poets have managed to extract a real imaginative power out of both these current issues. But that doesn't justify the polemic approach. I think that a writer should be trying to write as well as he can, whatever it is that he wants to write. The trouble with the political criterion lies not in the poets themselves but in the critics. I notice this particularly with the issue of civil rights. For instance, think of the great hurrah that was raised over William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* just on the grounds that he had not treated the Negro properly. Well, that argument made me think that I had been moved right back into the 1930's—and I didn't like it.

FITZ GERALD: *What about the relationship of the critical and the creative? Do you see any basic difference between the creative act of writing criticism and the creative act of writing, say, fiction? Since you have done both, you are in a unique position to comment.*

HICKS: Of course, there is a real difference because criticism cannot exist without the writers, whereas the writers could exist without criticism. No, I think the novel, the poem, the play—they are primary. Criticism seems to me important but secondary. This is just as true of my criticism as anybody else's.

FITZ GERALD: *The basic creative act is a different one?*

HICKS: I think it is, yes. It involves more important faculties of the imagination. One thing I do feel very strongly about is that the critic is subordinate to the creative writer, and he should recognize that. A certain number of critics seem to assume that people write poems and novels just to provide material for criticism. That simply doesn't happen.

GERBER: *Mr. Hicks, you mentioned Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser. What about these writers and some of their contemporaries, such as Willa Cather, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Thomas Wolfe, and others? How are the reputations of these writers holding up—how are they going to hold up?*

HICKS: Malcolm Cowley once wrote a piece called "The Literary Stockmarket" in which he traced the reputations of some current writers. Now it's true that the reputations of all these people have gone up and down, up and down, and where they stand at the moment may not be at all relevant to where they will stand ten years from now. I do feel that some of these people are wear-

g pretty thin, and yet last year I taught Dreis-'s *An American Tragedy* out at Ohio Univer-y and got a tremendous response. These were ds who had never read any of Dreiser, and ver read much about him, and they simply ere responding freshly to this particular book; moved them; it said something to them. So I'm t prepared to write any of these people off yet. ome of them interest me a great deal less than hers, but I don't think you can bury them at just is moment.

GERBER: *Your happy experience with Dreiser leases me as I'm very fond of his work and find y own students reacting very positively to a k such as Sister Carrie. Even though the cos-nes have changed considerably since 1900, the ically American element of Carrie's story gs bells with them.*

However, to take one writer in particular: ound 1940 John Steinbeck, who recently died, d won two Pulitzer prizes, one for the drama d one for the novel. At that time there was much lk of his deserving the Nobel prize. Yet twenty ars later, when he eventually was given the No-el prize in the early sixties, there was a great hue nd cry over the inappropriateness of this. His epu tation surely seems to have been on a roller oaster. What is your own estimation of Steinbeck nd his career?

HICKS: Oh, he *has* been on a roller coaster, and think deserved to be. I say that because I think teinbeck, on the whole, has been one of the most ver-rated novelists in this country. I felt that his eceiving a Nobel prize was really shameful. here was so many writers in this country who eally were deserving of it, and I felt that he did ot deserve it. *The Grapes of Wrath* was a very ood book of its kind; it still holds up pretty well, ut nowhere nearly as well as *An American* ragedy, at least in my teaching experience. *The* rapes of Wrath to this generation of students eems dated in a way that *An American Tra-*edy or *Sister Carrie* do not. Since *The* rapes of Wrath, Steinbeck has written a series of nferior and even downright bad books. My feeling bout *East of Eden* and *The Winter of Our Dis-*ontent—his two largest, most ambitious novels in he past 20 years—is that they're terribly bad ooks. It's almost incredible to me that a man who ould write as well as he did in *The Grapes of* rath, even if that isn't the great American novel, ould sink to the level he reached in those books. 's appalling.

FITZ GERALD: *You've mentioned that you ere teaching these books of Dreiser's, yet I don't ink it's generally recognized that you have ad a considerable career as a teacher.*

HICKS: I have done a great deal of teaching. I as a teacher to begin with, until 1935. Since then 've been primarily a writer, a critic, but I have een a visiting professor on several campuses in the last decade, and I like the experience very much. It tells me something about this college generation. It also gives me a chance to try books out on them to see how they respond, just the sort of thing we were talking about.

FITZ GERALD: *I'd like to ask to what extent you think our literature now is under the domination of the American Academy?*

HICKS: There are a great many writers nowadays who are teaching on a permanent or part-time basis. I can see that there may be a bad side to this, but on the whole it is good. Very few people in this country are able to earn a living simply as writers. They have to have jobs of some kind and perhaps an academic job is likely to interfere with their writing less than any other that I can think of. Now, being based on a campus can limit their experience, of course. In the last ten years I've seen a good deal of Bernard Malamud. He is worrying very much about this. He began as a teacher; in fact, he has taught practically his whole life, and he is still teaching a limited schedule at Bennington College. He feels that he doesn't have experience, really, for much of anything but an academic novel, yet he doesn't want to write an academic novel. At the moment this predicament creates a kind of crucial anxiety for him. I think many other writers who are earning their livelihood as teachers come to feel the same way.

GERBER: *Mr. Malamud has already used his academic background in at least one novel,* A New Life. *Do you see—or does he see—this practice as being a danger, that the person connected with the university will slip into the habitual use of the academic setting and thereby be limited?*

HICKS: Yes, that's exactly it. This is the material that the writer-teacher has at his fingertips, of course, and it's very tempting material. Malmud feels that he wrote one novel about academic life and there is just no sense in his going on and writing another. He could, but he feels he wouldn't ever be able to say substantially more than he's already said. That was why he turned in *The Fixer* to an entirely different scene, locating it far away and long ago. *The Fixer* was written, as he himself has said, out of his immediate concern with the civil rights problem. But instead of going at the problem directly, he went at it indirectly, by dealing with the problem of anti-Semitism in Russia, sixty or seventy-five years ago. His new book, *Pictures of Fidelman*, is made up mostly of "pieces" and short stories already published. You may remember the Fidelman stories in his two earlier collections. Now he's written three more, and it makes a—well, the publisher is calling it a novel, and I think in a sense it *is* a novel. Insofar as it is one, it is a novel about creative life. This man Fidelman is a dope, he's a *schlemiel*, and yet I think, now that I've read the whole book through, that Malamud has managed

to say a great deal that is very profound about the creative process in this indirect and somewhat ludicrous fashion.

FITZ GERALD: *Do you think the academic base affects the form that's involved in a man's writing? I mean, is there perhaps a tendency to become more formal or to fall more readily under classical influence?*

HICKS: There certainly is so far as poetry is concerned. The poet as teacher is constantly talking about form and pointing out what this man was trying to do or what that man was trying to do. This makes him ore conscious of the formal problems in his own work.

FITZ GERALD: *Yo've been a literary critic of some note for a long time, Mr. Hicks, yet from my reading of your own works I don't believe I've ever encountered a spiteful or denunciatory review. This is unusual in a day in which we read many reviews which tend to show off the reviewer rather than the book. Would you care to comment on this observation?*

HICKS: Well, I've written reviews of the kind you mention, in years past. I think I outgrew that vice quite a long time ago. It's great fun, of course; it's just wonderful to club somebody over the head—and the audience loves it. I have never received as warm and as numerous a response from my more moderate reviews as I used to receive from people who just loved the mere act of battering down a poor, defenseless author. Well, that is a form of entertainment, but it is not criticism. I feel that, by and large, if a book is worth reviewing it is worth reviewing seriously. Unfavorably, perhaps, yes. When I reviewed Steinbeck's *The Winter of Our Discontent*, I was extremely unfavorable—but not wisecracking. I mean, Steinbeck is a man who deserves a certain amount of respect and even when he writes a bad book you ought to try to see what he was doing and perhaps why it went sour. You don't let up on him, but on the other hand, you don't simply kick him around either.

FITZ GERALD: *You've been telling us, perhaps indirectly, something about the responsibilities of the literary critic. I wonder if you could make them more explicit for us..*

HICKS: I feel strongly about the responsibility of a literary critic who does the kind of thing I do; that is, in a sense, literary journalism. The critic who writes about the daily product as it comes along is almost wholly responsible to the reader. His main purpose is not, and he shouldn't be trying, to influence writers. I don't believe writers are very often influenced by criticism anyway. By and large, they shouldn't be. Personally, I try not to think about the author at all. I'm writing for the public, trying to give them some indication, first of all, as to whether they might want to read the book in question. I believe in reading books, so I'll encourage them just as far as is possible, but I also have a responsibility to warn them either when the book isn't worth reading or when it isn't likely to be the kind of book they might want to read. Therefore, my responsibility to the public is to give an honest account of the goods—the novel or play or whatever it may be—and to do this in terms as far as possible that may in the long run enlarge the reader's capacity for enjoyment and understanding. Every book, if it's worth very much, offers the critic a chance to speak out indirectly, without preaching at all, on what it is that makes a book good.

There is a kind of criticism, more deserving of the name, certainly, that does try to settle an author's place in the light of eternity, so to speak. That kind of criticism also can be extremely valuable. We have a few critics who deal with work in those terms, Edmund Wilson, for example, who is far more deserving to be called Dean of American critics than I am. But that is a special kind of thing, and it's not what I'm concerned with at the moment or even what I'm concerned with day by day, week by week. It is something I have done occasionally but it's not my daily bread and butter.

GERBER: *Mr. Hicks, you mention seeing a writer, as you put it, in the light of eternity and also that this is not your own prime consideration. But your career has put you at the center of the American literary scene for a very good portion of the twentieth century, and I'm wondering whether you would be ready or willing to make any kind of judgment on who you see in twentieth century fiction-writing as being writers of most significance, or even perhaps of greatest permanence.*

HICKS: This will be opinionated, of course, just a personal judgment. I feel that the two greatest American novelists of the twentieth century are Faulkner and Hemingway and that nobody can touch them. I think there have been perhaps five or six great novelists in the whole of American literature and those are two of the five and the only ones from this century. I think that this whole period from 1920 on has been very, very rich in novelists of the second grade. I'm not trying to play them down with that; far from it, because I think being a good second-rate novelist is a pretty darn difficult thing and a pretty admirable thing. I'm all for it. But I don't think that most of them are going to be read, you know, two or three hundred years from now, whereas I think there's a prefectly good chance that, if anybody's reading anything at that time, Faulkner and Hemingway will be read.

GERBER: *What are the qualities that distinguish Faulkner and Hemingway and set them up above the rest?*

HICKS: Well, it is a combination, I think. Insight, understanding; yes, that combined with the very highest technical capacity. Both of these men have mastered their medium in a way that nobody else has in this century, in this country. You can't read a single page of either one without knowing that you're in the hands of a master.

GERBER: *Are you speaking of style?*

HICKS: I am speaking of style. But, of course, this is a little more than style; it's the whole feel

. I've been reading Carlos Baker's big book on mingway, and Hemingway, who seems to me to ve been a disagreeable character in a great ny ways, had one very fine trait, and that was a emendous self-sacrificing fidelity to saying the ing right. He spared himself not a bit on this. yle, yes, but including so many things—the ythm, the whole feeling for words, the feeling r figures of speech (very many in Faulkner and t very many in Hemingway), this whole thing is, course, what we mean by style, but not perhaps hat people think of when they hear the word entioned.

GERBER: *So style would become perhaps the "surface" symptom of a great many other things going together, blending perfectly down below?*

HICKS: Yes. It is a way that genius finds for expressing itself.

FITZ GERALD: *Whom do you regard as the most important of this second rank that you were mentioning?*

HICKS: Some of the people today—this is not a definitive list—who interest me and who I think will be read for quite a long time, though not necessarily a century, are Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, Wright Morris, Flannery O'Connor, who unfortunately is dead but who is about their age, John Updike, and perhaps Norman Mailer.

AN ENDING

(for Jonathan Adams)

The papers report
That you have been found
Drifting and bobbing
Fifteen days downstream
From where you broke
The November silence
And slipped
From no one's sight.

Heavy with death
You rose from the riverbed,
Layers of fish parting
To allow your passage
Through their gaze
Before giving you up
To the eyes of a man
Facing his Sunday alone
Along the shore.

You are land-locked now
In dry clothes and candlelight
Close to those you leave
To drown
In the wake of your going.

Tomorrow the hole in the Hudson
Will heal.

—*Dan Masterson*

The Theatre of Pilgrimage

by Ernest Ferlita

Just before his attempted suicide Gaugin completed a large painting. In the foreground is the figure of a Polynesian woman reaching up for a fruit on its branch. She is flanked by the golden bodies of other native women, reclining with their children, and a few animals. In the background, to her left, a blue idol waits with arms uplifted; to her right, draped in rosy robes, two women (or is one a man?) walk apart in deep conversation. As they glide by, in the words of the artist, "a figure seated on the ground, disproportionately large, and intentionally so, raises an arm and stares in astonishment at these two people who dare think of their destiny."[1] The title of this remarkable painting preserves its sense of mystery: *Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?*

These three questions have been asked over and over again in the theatre. Whenever such questions are asked, implicitly or explicitly, one can speak of a theatre of pilgrimage, a theatre in which man, hidden from himself, looks for his meaning not only in remembrance of the past, and attention to the present, but also in expectation of the future.

Strictly speaking, the Theatre of Pilgrimage is to be found only in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. "What being, with only one voice, has sometimes two feet, sometimes three, sometimes four, and is weakest when it has the most?" Oedipus solved the riddle of the sphinx by answering simply, Man. In Sophocles' play, the answer explodes into deeper questioning: Who am *I*? To find out, Oedipus delves into the past: Where do I come from? When he cries, Where am I going? (l. 1310), he is already blind. Tom F. Driver explains:

> In the *Oedipus Tyrannus* the future is closed. One might almost say that it does not exist. The time significance of the play must be understood entirely in terms of the relation between present and past. The past is dominant. It contains the facts which explain the present, which control the present; and the play, as it moves forward in time through the events of the terrible day, actually moves backward into the completely decisive past.[2]

It is quite otherwise in Calderon's *Life is a Dream*. Segismundo, like Oedipus, had been put away in an attempt to cheat fate: An oracle had foretold that he would topple his father from his throne. Many years later, when Segismundo finds himself restored to his rightful place, he asks in amazement: Who am I? The answer comes to him out of the past; he is what the oracle foretold: "a mixture of man and beast" (II, 1), destined to trample his father. But when he asks, Where am I going? the past is not at all decisive. Having humbled his father, he does not play the beast but says instead: "Sire, arise! Give me your hand." "My son," Basilio exclaims, "so noble an action gives you new birth in my heart" (III, 3). The answer to the question, Who am I? is only partially answered by the past; the rest of it lies in the future.

To say that *Life Is a Dream* is theatre of pilgrimage and *Oedipus Tyrannus* not, is to say nothing about the superiority of one play over the other. Both plays are powerful expressions of their respective traditions. In comparing them, all I intend is to locate the Theatre of Pilgrimage in the Judaeo-Christian tradition as distinct from the Greek. We find it there mainly because of the way in which that tradition records the experience of time. This experience of time distinguishes the Judaeo-Christian not only from the Greek but from the Oriental tradition as well. The experience is one of linear time as opposed to cyclic.

Much has been written in the attempt to explicate this opposition. In Greek thought, says Oscar Cullman, "time is not conceived as a progressing line with beginning and end, but rather as a circle," so that man experiences time "as an enslavement, as a curse."[3] Mircea Eliade writes at length about "the myth of eternal return" in the Greco-Oriental world, in which "everything begins over again at its commencement every instant. The past is but a prefiguration of the future."[4] But in the Ju-

[1] *Lettre de Gauguin a Manfreid, fevrier, 1898,* quoted in *Gauguin* by Georges Wildenstein (*Paris: Editions Les Beaux-Arts,* 1964), p. 232.

[2] *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama* (N.Y. & London: Columbia U. Press, 1967), pp. 166, 167. In this excellent study, Driver compares *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Macbeth, The Persians* and *Richard III, The Oresteia* and *Hamlet, Alcestis* and *The Winter's Tale.*

[3] *Christ and Time* (London: SCM Press Ltd., 1965), p. 52.

[4] *Cosmos and History* (N.Y.: Harper Torchbook, 1959), p. 89.

daeo-Christian world, the past is the point of departure into a future always open. Fearful of the future, Moses cries out: "Who am I?" (*Exodus* 3:11). But the only answer God gives is "I will be with you." "This does not tell man what he was and what he really is," comments Jurgen Moltmann, "but what he will be and can be in that history and that future to which the mission leads him."[5] Some writers, though they continue to refer to this movement through time as linear, object to the term as too spatial. "Hebrew and Christian time is more interior and psychological."[6] Indeed, this qualification is quite in accord with what Christopher Dawson regards as the first formulation of the meaning of Judaeo-Christian time, that of St. Augustine: "Time is spiritual extension" (*Confessions*, XI, 27). "Thus the past is the soul's remembrance, the future is its expectation, and the present is its attention."[7]

Having set up this essential opposition between linear and cyclic time, it must be said at once that, in the existential order, the experience of one does not preclude the experience of the other. There is often a tension between them, and this will very definitely have its importance for the Theatre of Pilgrimage. To leave the "straight way" for the "wheel" is something both feared and desired. Even Nietzsche, in spite of his profound historical sense, "could not," Dawson remarks, "escape the terrifying vision of The Return of All Things, even if it seemed to nullify his own evolutionary gospel of the superman."[8]

> *And this slow spider that crawls in the* moonlight and this moonlight itself, and you *and I whispering together in the gateway,* must we not all have been before?
>
> And must we not come again and run that other long road before us—that long shadowy road—must we not return eternally?

What Nietzsche feared, Joyce and Eliot desired Their work, Eliade believes, "is saturated with nostalgia for the myth of eternal repetition."[9] Walter Ong describes how a cyclic view of human phenomena is still likely to assert itself "with owlish kindliness in a person such as Yeats, ironically and comically in James Joyce, militantly and ambivalently in Wyndham Lewis's Vorticist movement, furtively and somewhat noncommittally in T. S. Eliot. . . ."[10] And so, even in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, where the thrust is mainly linear, the whirlpool still exercises its pull, either through one's natural propensities or through categories of Greek thought still at work in our culture.

In the Greek tradition, the obverse is true: Though the movement is mainly cyclic, there is also a pull forward. Perhaps this pull is felt more strongly in Aeschylus than in Sophocles or Euripides. Cyclic time was an essential element in the world-view that all three of them shared; but Aeschylus, in the *Oresteia*, dramatized the evolution of that world-view in the minds of men. There is, therefore, a linear thrust in the trilogy, and though it carries with it no momentum into an historical future, it nevertheless lifts man from the wheel of blind retribution and sets him down in a Court of Justice. Of course, there are references to a general future ("There shall be peace forever" in the last lines of the Chorus), but the reason why the linear thrust in the trilogy carries no momentum into an *historical* future is that the one person whose particular history might have carried such momentum (Orestes) is dismissed from the stage before the final resolution of the play—a clear indication, as Driver says, that the interest lies elsewhere.[11] Kitto concludes that in Greek drama one thing is constant:

> the assertion of a world-order, symbolized by the presence or activity of the gods. Sometimes, as in the *Oresteia* and *Prometheia*, the poet shows this order in evolution. Sophocles shows it in operation. In Euripides it is often presented by implication rather than directly: it consists in a due balance of forces . . . .[12]

Where the prevailing view of time is linear, the pull toward cyclic time comes in the form of temptation. Where the prevailing view of time is cyclic, the pull toward linear time comes in the form of aspiration.

The experience of linear time in the Theatre of Pilgrimage is not to be confused with the linear plotting of a play, "well-made" or otherwise. Linear is to be understood in the sense of evolutionary, suggesting, therefore, that the phenomenon of man is unfinished, that the end will be different from the beginning. It is true, as Marshall McLuhan never lets us forget, that our "lineal perspectives" are changing, "we live electrically in an instantaneous world," but this in no way means that we have reverted to cyclic time. "In this age of space-time we seek multiplicity, rather than repeatability of rhythms. This is the difference between marching soldiers and ballet."[13] It is not the difference between going forward and going in circles: David, if you will, on his way to the temple, *danced* before the Ark, he did not march.[14]

In the Theatre of Pilgrimage, sin is best understood in terms of linear time. Again, the Greek theatre offers a contrast that may be useful. When I

[5] *Theology of Hope* (London: SCM Press Ltd., 1967), p. 285.

[6] Walter J. Ong, S.J., *In the Human Grain* (N.Y.: Macmillan Co., 1967), p. 71.

[7] *Dynamics of World History* (N.Y.: Sheed & Ward, 1956), p. 319.

[8] *Dynamics of World History*, p. 271, with quote from *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, 30:2.2.

[9] *Cosmos and History*, p. 153.

[10] *In the Human Grain*, p. 93.

[11] *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama*, pp. 122-123, 136-138.

[12] H. D. F. Kitto, *Form and Meaning in Drama* (N.Y.: University Paperbacks, 1960), p. 238.

[13] *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man* (N.Y.: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1965), p. 149.

[14] Eliade reminds us that, by the very fact that it is a religion, Christianity had to keep at least one aspect of the cyclic—liturgical time, that is, the periodical recovery of the "beginnings." "However, though liturgical Time is a circular Time, Christianity, as faithful heir to Judaism, accepts the linear Time of History: the World was created only once and will have only one end; the Incarnation took place only once, in historical Time, and there will be only one Judgment." As faithful heir to Judaism, Christianity also "historicized" a certain number of seasonal festivals and cosmic symbols by connecting them with important events in her history (*Myth and Reality*, pp. 168-170.) The tension between liturgical time and linear time is the tension between the priest and the prophet—a tension that operates within the context of an alliance. *Cf.* Driver, pp. 53-55.

peak of sin in this context, I am speaking objective-, prescinding from any question of guilt. And I use e word in its broadest sense, as synonymous with sorder. If Aeschylus, in his trilogies, dramatizes (as itto shows) the growth of human society within an nalterable framework, then sin, for him, is to give nother revolution to the wheel of blind retribution, exact blood for blood, and thus to retard the evo-tion toward world-order. If Sophocles dramatizes e operation of that world-order, then sin is to and in the path of the inexorable wheel of *Dikê*, hether this be Justice or the ordained rhythm of hings. If, for Euripides, world-order implies a due alance of forces, "such as for example of Aphrodite nd Artemis, or Reason and Ecstasy, or the Rational nd the Irrational,"[15] then sin is to stand absolutely n one side of the polarity and to turn one's back on he other side. For all three, sin is best understood in erms of the cyclic time which the assertion of a world-order, governed by unalterable laws, implies.

Sin, viewed in the Theatre of Pilgrimage in terms f linear time, is either a breaking out of time ("I vished this world's eternity," says the repentant leanor, banished for her intrigues, in the Second art of *Henry the Sixth*, II, 3), or a yielding to the veight of time (which was Hamlet's temptation: "O hat this too too solid flesh would melt," I, 2). To sin by breaking out of time is to arrogate to ourselves a kind of eternity, to "make sure of things." Hans Urs von Balthasar elaborates:

> Both Irenaeus and Clement [theologians of the early Church] consider that original sin consisted in anticipation of this kind; and indeed, at the close of Revelation the reward which the Son bestows upon the victor is that fruit of Paradise which the sinner had to his own hurt stolen in anticipation (*Apocalypse* 2:7). God intended man to have *all* good, but in His, God's time; and therefore all disobedience, all sin, consists essentially in breaking out of time. Hence the restoration of order by the Son of God had to be the annulment of that premature snatching at knowledge, the beating down of the hand outstretched towards eternity, the repentant return from a false, swift transfer into eternity to a true, slow confinement in time.[16]

On the other hand, to sin by yielding to the weight of time "consists not so much in the titanic desire to be as God, but in weakness, timidity, weariness, not wanting to be what God requires of us."[17] This is the other aspect of man's "original sin," a settling for something less than what God has in store for him, or even settling for nothing: a sin of omission as opposed to one of commission, despair as opposed to presumption. Both forms constitute a sin against hope:

> Presumption is a premature, self-willed anticipation of the fulfilment of what we hope for from God. Despair is the premature, arbitrary anticipation of the non-fulfillment of what we hope for from God. Both forms of hopelessness . . . cancel the *wayfaring* character of hope [Italics mine]. They rebel against the patience in which hope trusts in the God of promise. They demand impatiently either fulfillment 'now already' or 'absolutely no' hope.[18]

Hope, then, is an important element in the Theatre of Pilgrimage. By hope I do not mean the kind of optimism that resolves all contradictions by a blind leap into the future. Nor do I mean the kind of expectation that narrows the future by setting up its own conditions. By hope I mean that act by which man accepts the unfulfilled in himself as something implied in the very openness that defines him, involving him in the inner workings of a certain creative process. "Hope," says Gabriel Marcel, phenomenologically speaking, "is engaged in the weaving of experience now in process, or in other words in an adventure now going forward." Despair, he adds, "is in a certain sense the consciousness of time as closed or, more exactly still, of time as a prison—whilst hope appears as piercing through time; everything happens as though time, instead of hedging consciousness round, allowed something to pass through it."[19] Theologically speaking, Karl Rahner says that "one knows who God is and who man is only when he hopes, that is, when he bases his life on the unfathomable as his salvation . . . Whoever abandons himself to what is absolutely unfathomable abandons himself to his salvation. Whereas presumption *and* despair in the same way refuse to abandon themselves to what is unfathomable."[20]

Generally speaking, the importance of hope for characters in a pilgrimage play is in direct proportion to the imminence of death. When Everyman comes face to face with Death, and is commanded to go on a pilgrimage "which he in no wise can escape," he looks back upon his life, and seeing how he has squandered it, despairs. "Alas that ever I was born." Faust, on the other hand, in Goethe's great work, though he has spent his life in the pursuit of learning, is faced with "the impossibility of knowledge," and in despair, he decides to commit suicide. Just as he raises the poisoned cup, a chorus of voices, announcing "the first glad hour of Easter," draws it away from his lips. But "wild dreams" continue to fright him in sleep, and despair turns into presumption. "A curse on hope, a curse on faith, a curse, above all, on patience!" And he joins hands with Mephistopheles.

Everyman yields to the weight of time made heavy with self-indulgence, but at the last moment he repents and rescues a few good deeds. Faust breaks out of time "to reach that crown of humanity for which all his senses yearn." He makes a pact with his own devil; or, in Nietzsche's terms, marries good and evil in himself "in order to arrive at the point that is beyond good and evil because it is the source

[15]Kitto, p. 77.

[16]*A Theology of History* (N.Y.: Sheed & Ward, 1963), p. 30.

[17]Moltmann, p. 22.

[18]Moltmann, p. 23.

[19]*Homo Viator* (N.Y.: Harper Torchbooks, 1962), pp. 52-53.

[20]"The Theology of Hope," *Theology Digest* (February, 1968), p. 84.

of them both—the Self in its craving to live and grow."[21] Will his presumption damn him? "Man, in his striving, is ever prone to err." So says the God of the Prologue, when he gives Mephistopheles a free hand to tempt man's spirit. "He may journey in the dark, but instinctively he travels toward the light."

Faust and Everyman: they stand as archetypes for characters in the Theatre of Pilgrimage—characters who, like the couple in Gauguin's painting, "dare think of their destiny." Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going? Others may say, "Asking gets you nowhere. Move." But they cannot help themselves, ask they must, and the others must either bear with them or trample them. King Lear, the Stranger in *To Damascus*, Celia in *The Cocktail Party*, Kilroy in *Camino Real*, Jean in *Hunger and Thirst*—these are the kind who pause to ask where they are going. When the answer comes in such a way that hope proves greater than despair, or mystery greater than problem, or future greater than past, even if only by a little, then we have been given theatre of pilgrimage.

[21]William Barrett, *Irrational Man* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1962), p. 129.

THOUGHTS IN HONOR AND CONTEMPT OF DEATH

To Gordon, 17, deceased

To die young and by chance
Is to gain a high exemption
From tests that others must take
To win a doubtful redemption.

To my wife

If I cannot remember you, nor you remember me
In some sweet eternal intercourse
Then I must insist that every century or so
The winds commingle our outraged dust
And, failing knowledge of each other,
Eternity remember us.

—*Charles Suhor*

Portfolio

A Miscellany

JULIA ZAMORA

AVRAM HERMAN

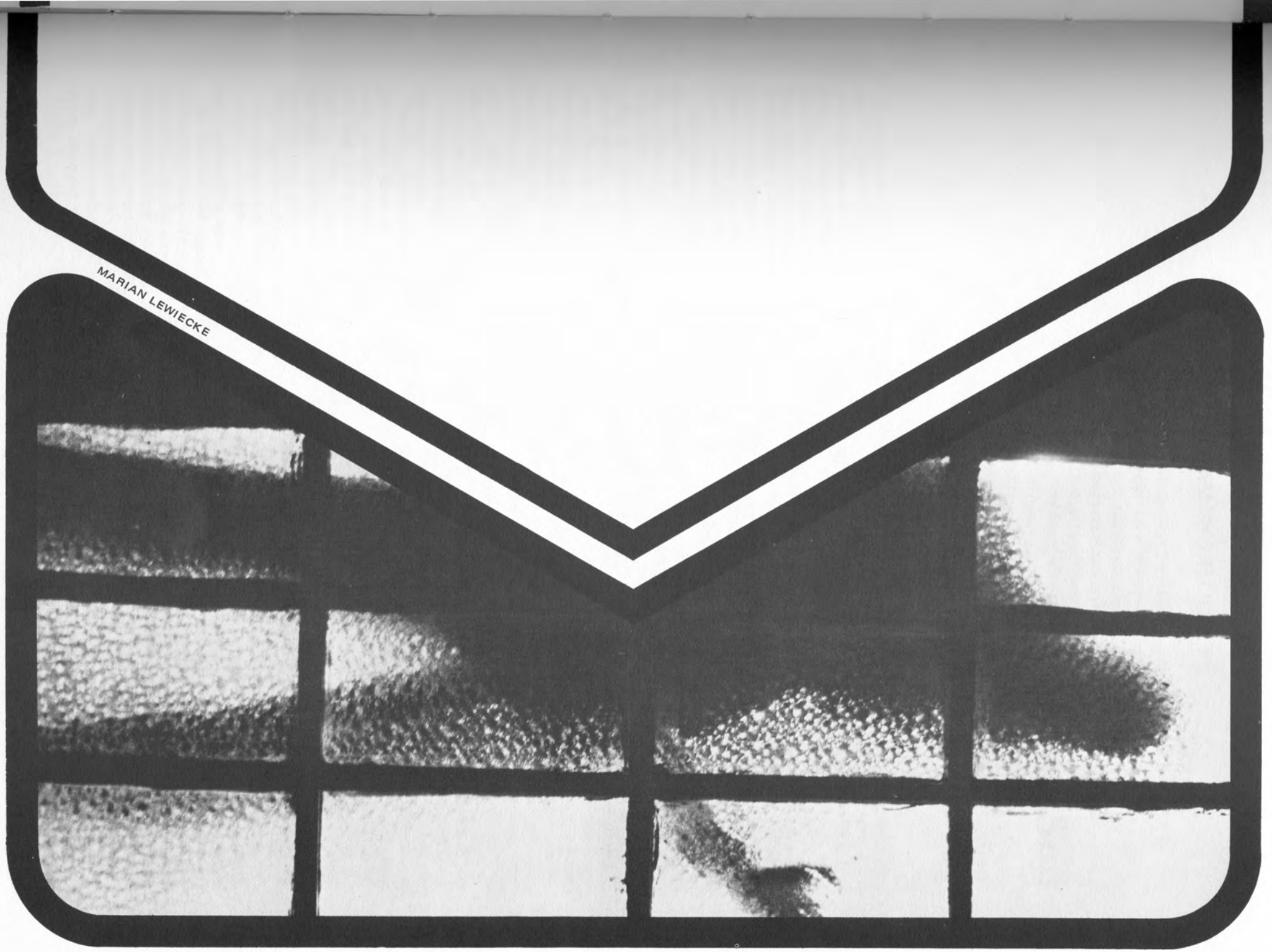
DON RANDON

MICHEAL GLAPION

MARIANNE WEEKS

MICHEL GLAPION

MARIANNE LEMIEUX


MARIAN LEWIECKE

IN A KILLING SEASON

Weeks before Thanksgiving
the highways of Rockingham County
the hairpin mountain crossings
and the flat roads marked
with the speeding traps
succumb to the lumber
of trucks loading turkeys
to the cribs of the slaughter
factories. They ride the steeps,
halt, crippled, in low gear
at 7 a.m.; at 7 p.m. the evidence
spots the road like contagion,
pocks of feather, the unseasonal
weather of puritan blizzard.

Eyes, the eyes of those pullets:
do not ever pull behind
the killing truck on upgrade
hills. For then it's 10 miles
per hour and eyes, eyes
red and insomniac, blear
and horribly human is beaked
inhuman faces staring,
pecking into your own eyes but not
with hate or guilt, contempt
of sacrifice. They are dumb fowls,
that only, only that.

You can, if you choose, make them
symbols. At your peril
the argus-eyed argossies
lamp the ceiling of the dread
desires we civilize against.
It's a mark of progress surely
that we take these harpies
to our banquets and holiday,
holiday over their flesh
at 39 cents per pound.

And harvest homed, the satiate
celebrate pilgrims sleep,
twisting in sheets as I
behind the wheel, behind
the staring cargo on the roads
of Rockingham, weaved
through those days
with the mote-eyed
cranberried spectres
who made me enemy, enemy
against all the histories of love.

—*Margaret Gibson*

A Living Son

by Robert Joe Stout

Rain darkened the last weeks of October—chill gusts that lashed the shanty's corrugated roof and swept the view of sea and coastline from the windows. Ireland—dragon enough in its fall bleakness—seemed to roll violently, a crusted sea-beast tossing in its sleep, and the two Americans drew deeper into solitude, away from the nervous resistance of people trying to evade winter for a few weeks longer. For warmth they borrowed a fumy paraffin heater from their landlords and, their three cramped rooms bright with electricity, tried to imagine and prepare for the child that had turned within Rita's womb and was wrestling and pushing, trying to be born.

But All Saints' Eve—Halloween—was crisp and cloud-strewn, a dip back into the bracing pleasantness of harvest. Hand-in-hand they walked to the downtown stores, Rita to renew a prescription; the clerk, a boisterous but trite woman twice Rita's age, insisted, "My dear, thats only enough for five days" and Rita, with a tired smile, answered, "I dont expect to wait that long." With Marv she laughed about it later and he asked how she felt, if walking were too hard for her. "It hurts no matter what I do. I cant sit down and I cant sleep. Im happier walking than anything else."

Reaching for her shoulder, he nodded. From the intersection above the station they could see lines of white breakers furrowing green water, then muting into blue and gray and merging with the sky. "I wish . . .," he began, consciousness squeezed by memories, odd flits and pieces of the night Sam had been born and the next morning, after he had died. "Rita, I dont know how afraid I am. When I try to think—to know—my mind gets dense and I sort of walk out on myself. I havent said much because I cant send anything across. . . ."

She shivered and tugged at her skirt again, trying to free the crease where it bit her thighs. Then her eyes led his past the aisle of twostory houses to Bray Head and the black cross that stood on top of it. The ancient monument seemed to protrude forward, its crosspiece scarcely discernible. "I wish I could play," she mumbled. "If I even believed. . . ." But again, annoyed with her clothing, she fidgeted. "Maybe it's just as well," she sighed. "If I could get beyond the moment I might go to pieces. But I cant even imagine. . . . Ive been pregnant forever, I just want it to end. He'll. . . . have to take his chances. I cant do anything else. . . ."

Because she seemed to have relaxed somewhat, he let her sleep. At five he fixed coffee and sliced some bread, then, because he was dissatisfied with what he'd been writing and wanted to think, decided to walk to the public convenience two blocks away on the beach. The McNamaras kept their bathroom open but he wanted to avoid any encounters and subsequent questions about Rita. O'Sullivan waved from behind his counter as Marv passed the store and Marv grinned back, lifting his head. Suddenly, like a slitlike alley that separated a boarded-for-the-winter resort parlor and the newsstand at the corner, a boy in torn pants and a huge, collarless shirt with shredded sleeves leaped into the street. "Hey, mister! give me a penny, please!" Four, five, six companions appeared simultaneously, echoing the plea.

"No. . . . I dont have any . . . no, no. . . ."

From the beach, under streetlamps that had just flicked on, he could see other darting, twisting shadows besiege passers-by on the approaches to the park. Coming out of the square concrete restroom he glanced toward Bray Head. Up there, somewhere in the darkness, was a cross; down here, under weak electriclights, barefooted children scrambled for pennies. And in the chalet—the ugly shack in which theyd spent the past two months—Rita lay asleep, or halfasleep, bearing her pain and wishing she could pray.

But lights filled the windows of all three rooms when he climbed the rise from the graveled drive. Rita was crouched by the bed, her housecoat open, a towel wadded between her thighs. "The waters broken," she whispered. Despite pain, her face was bright and something buried in his mind leaped out to link itself with happiness. *Its time* . . . his thoughts responded. "Ill go tell the McNamaras to call a cab." Inside, beginning like a bubble, the emptiness expanded and he split away, floating beyond light and shadows. He had no face, no feelings; then, somewhere in space, he found Rita. Not physically, al-

though his fingers touched her, nor spiritually, for there was no connection beyond self. They were in one bubble, one emotion; the carefully practiced beings they called by name and tried to understand couldnt cope with all that was happening; they had to escape and from a distance watch their flesh move, their nerves react and anticipate. Even in the car, pressed by black streets into awareness of each other, they could talk only as automatons, their short cryptic sentences coming together like needles out of a void. He looked down at the dark Liffey as they crossed it and whispered, "we're here, honey, weve made it" and the cab drifted to a stop beside the Rotunda Hospital's dank, medieval entrance.

Two faceless whitegowned nurses seized Rita. Marv tried to follow but a man in a tan tweed jacket stopped him. "Ill need some information," he insisted, leading Marv back to the anteroom. Two women, bundled beneath heavy coats despite the mild weather, twisted and groaned on the bench opposite the long counter. The informationseeker climbed behind it and, opening a ledger, peered down at Marv. "Your name . . .," he droned, "address . . . telephone . . . religion . . . nationality . . . doctor, what-is-the-name-of-your-doctor. . .?" Marv tried to answer but the voice rolled on without pause, making no attempt to listen. On the bench the women were screaming, their voices hollow except for pain. *"Why dont you do something?"* Marv demanded and the questioner peered forward, sniffing heresy. "The nurses will take care of them," he cooed. "You may see your wife now. . . ."

A woman led him through swinging doors into a courtyard. Shrubs, a tiled path, a heavy sliding door, divided corridor, stairs, mezzanines, elevators. Rita was lying on a padded portable cot; she lifted her hands, happy to see him, and he rushed to touch her. But nurses, orderlies, interns, carrying clothes and pans and hypodermic needles, shoved him toward the wall. "Youll have to go now!" one of the voices shouted. "Turn your back please!" "If you wish to phone later you may do so!"

"Cant I wait here?"

"No! theres no place for men!"

Slidingdoors snapped together, then something clicked and the room went dark. Screams, one of them Rita's, pounded the back of his mind as he turned and walked down the wide-as-Texas corridor to the waiting room. Modern leather upholstery, *Life* and *House Beautiful*, a corpulent Negro woman mumbling and repeating "Where is doctor Garcia? he should come, he should come. . . ." Into the hallway and out again, into the hallway and out again, listening to the women scream. "No! no! its too soon! I dont want him yet!" And the crass, Juicyfruit-chewing nurse from Odessa slamming the door in his face. "Shes not trying to help!" *"Help? shes trying to keep . . ."*

Jarred from the memory he stopped, realizing there was no waitingroom here. Only high, scrubbed hallways, bannisters, a view through castlelike windows of a courtyard and nurses' quarters somewhere beneath. Rita was far away. But closing his eyes he sensed her nearness, saw her against a background of white, a new expression covering her pain. This time the screams meant fulfillment.

He turned down steep metalplated stairs. Deadend again—the kitchen. Back up, around, down, through heavy doors, private doors, concrete stairs, storerooms, laboratories, pharmacies, toilets. Finally the courtyard. He crossed it quickly, seeking a way out, and shoved through the only doors he found lighted. A waterfountain, vacant desk, corridors left and right; he chose, returned, trying to associate directions with what he remembered of the entranceway. Two nurses clattered through an opening behind him and he turned quickly, hoping for a glimpse of the anteroom.

"Oh!"

"Im looking for . . ." he tried to call as they fled. For a moment, alone again, he wondered if he'd seen a DORMITORY: ENTRANCE RESTRICTED admonition lettered on the outside door. No, some other door. But he wasnt sure. Then voices arousing each other, laughter. Whirling, he ran for the exit but an Irish amazon with wrestlers' shoulders seized him; he fought back, demanding a return to the world, his anger silencing the human-decorated pigeon that had assembled to surround him. Cooing quietly, they let him pass. He thought of trained marching pigeons, imagined something like the Rotunda Pigeonettes entertaining at an Irish soccergame. Back and forth, with haunting fury, Rita's screams blazed against his ears. *"No! no! no!"* Horrible machines suspended above her sucked the newborn's blood. *Rh. Negative. Possibility of transfusion.* . . . He bowed to the pigeon-nurses and stepped through a wall or a door or a gate or a tunnel into rain and traffic and the confusion of singing men, shouting children, jukeboxes, neon, and cracking earth.

O'Connel Street was aflame. Huge reeling shadows collided across storefronts and entranceways, dwarfing sad men and anxious children and the tame, drunken games they were playing on the sidewalks. Coffee . . . . But the shops were all crowded; he shook himself free and crossed the thoroughfare. Buns in a pastryshop's windows caught his attention and he paused. In Mexico they had not called it All-Saints, he remembered: *Dia de los Muertos*—the Day of the Dead. In the pastelerías theyd sold cakes shaped like skulls that burned the tongue they were so sweet. He jerked away, trying to evade images spilling out of his imagination. A drunken baritone staggered onto the street bawling "Sweee' Moll-eeee Mall-ooon..!" Smiling, Marv swerved aside, then whirled: *Cohen! the doctor who'd tried to save Sam!* But he was gone; a file of infants with crumpled hands circled the place he'd been. *Ring-around-the-rosy, pockets-full-of-posey. . . . all-fall-down . .!* He rushed to pick them up but they burst to life around him. "Hey! gimme a penny, please!" Tiny dirty freckled faces. Rita, he thought, whiteswathed, knees up, open, back hunched, screaming as life pummeled her cervix . . . . "Hey, mister!" He brought out some coins and knelt, hand extended, as though to feed nervous animals. "Here," he whispered, touching a child's hair as she bent to rob him. "Hey now!" a tough voice beside

him cautioned and he straightened, smiling. *My son is being born tonight* he thought he tried to explain. *Yaah! yaah! yaah.* the voices of The Beatles chanted from a restaurant. *The hospital!* he remembered. Stiffly he forced his ears to listen for Rita's voice. It came from inside, through his nerves into his mind. *I wish I could pray . . . . Ive been pregnant forever, I just want it to end. . . .*

"Hi! hi! hi!" a mob of sheetclad children shrieked as they raced past, gesticulating toward the street. Green flames erupted through a pool of buses and blazed upward past the accusing black finger with which Nelson's Monument admonished the black sky. As he walked, alone and lonely, Marv watched it rise and gleam smaller and brighter and lead him away toward the uninhibited darkness of familiar hills that reminded him of some distant, unfamiliar home. . . .

The narrow streets glistened darkly, like something out of a movie or dream. He walked the perimeter of his mind, chained to himself like a beast to a millstone, crushing his nerve-ends to pulp. Stars, fairies, all the glitter of things future and felt, beckoned the high part of his mind. But he couldnt follow. His footsteps stitched him to the earth, to the monotony of tiredness. Rita had been torn from him as the creature tucked in her womb was being torn from her. The wound, fresh and brilliant, had jerked his mind down; his nerves, trying to leap through darkness and distance to imitate or share her pain, had shredded his selfcontrol. Again he caught himself on the borderline of frenzy and had to walk faster—run—to wipe out the feeling that he couldnt continue, that one more second would tear him apart. Then, from beneath, through his muscles, the conquering came. Even the flaming certainty of his love succumbed to the weight of darkness and the rhythm walking piled into his mind. No present, no transcendance, just the perpetual movement, thoughts connecting to impressions without affecting his will. Flesh severed from spirit—he could feel neither. Or could feel only himself, the cage of flesh in which he was imprisoned and which gave him identity. His eyes absorbed the city—the signs, the flat dirty buildings, the bridges over streams—but nothing more, nothing lived. Until he knew—until the voice answering the calls he placed every hour broke its "nothing-yet, call-again" acerbity—life for him remained suspended, meaningless.

Rathdrum, Greater Georges, Talbot—all the places he and Rita had walked together. Words from old conversations—words spoken at the corners he passed, gestures, jokes, noises reenacted, as though she and the city were one, the streets her bloodstream, the hills her breasts, the Liffey her turgid womanflow. But the impression gave him no happiness, his feelings were too blocked off. For a moment, reconnected to life, he imagined the child being born; walls collapsed and torrents of joy ripped through his waking shell. But fear, awakening from silent corners, snapped the anticipation. Until he knew—death or life—he couldnt submit. Just walk. Watch and walk and wait.

The newspapers came out, the restaurants opened, the streets filled with people. All-Saints' Day. *Im sorry, no news yet . . . .* Nine-oclock, ten-oclock. He sat in St Stephen's Green, reminded of children by the gulls and ducks. No one seemed to want to talk, or to notice him. Eleven-oclock: *Im sorry . . . .* What was happening? As long as he moved, or read, or occupied his eyes, the monster—the dread, the imprint of their first, dead, child and the cross they had watched driven into his grave—retracted its claws.

Lunch/Special Today/3shillings10. He went in. Roastbeef, tough and not thoroughly warmed, mashed parsnips, grilled tomato, tea. But an empty chair opposite him and he propped his feet and rested his legs. He drank another cup of tea, then went back into the cloudblotted streets and found a telephonebooth.

"Staehling. .? Oh! just a moment sir, I think. . . . yes, a boy, a fine healthy boy. . . ."

Its over then . . . . his mind began repeating. "Hows . . . my wife?" he asked helplessly, trying to find his way through to feeling. The dikes were dissolving but the joy that should have burst from behind them seemed to dissolve too, leaving him one-dimensional, bereft.

"Oh, quite well, sir. Shes sleeping now."

"When can I see her?"

"This afternoon, I should think. Visiting hours at two."

He put down the phone. *A son!* The sky seemed to split, the future withheld from him for a year opening, the buoyant light of a new life leaping into the crevice. But a shadow—Sam's single day of life; joy was wrapped in those days in Austin, instead of exuberance he felt relief, and a deep flow of thankfulness.

The two births bent together, erasing time. Again he leaped ditches, danced on banks of red earth and darted in and out of the monstrous cinderblocks that lined Nineteenth Street behind the capitol. Cohen had told him the child had a chance to live—"the first three days are crucial, if he gets through those . . ." He'd whirled and sung and run just knowing that. But Rita, the next morning, had whispered, "Marv, did they tell you?" He had never cried that way before, emptied himself so completely—frustration and bitterness and fear that went clear back to his boyhood.

He could not dance that same way now but his love was deeper, his satisfaction more certain. Beneath an awning he stopped and pressed his forehead against rough stone. He wanted to pray but couldnt find words. Finally the Methodist Doxology floated up from some pit in memory and he started to mumble its sequence. But stopped—it was like a net across the top of his mind, blocking the direct outpouring of his love. He didnt want to feel anything except Rita—not even try to picture her, living baby burrowing across her breasts. Just the openness, the silence, the freedom of standing beneath God. Alive, very much alive.

A nurse—vaguely he remembered his confusion on the corridors and stairs the night before—showed him to the room. Rita was awake, lying straight and exhausted on the bed; she pushed herself upright and called his name as he stepped through the doorway. A crib was beside her. "How

are you?" he whispered, kneeling to kiss her forehead. She squirmed, hands sliding along his sleeves, and caught his lips in hers. *Ohgod!* The word seemed to explode between them, a forging of love and loneliness—of all that had happened since theyd been separated sixteen or seventeen hours before. Then her eyes led his to the crib and the child she had brought into the world.

Marv saw him only for a second before his vision clouded. Through the turmoil he bent to touch the smooth, fair cheek. The infant, disturbed but not awakened, quivered, one tiny wrinkled hand twitching to grab at something imaginary around him. "He wants my finger," Rita whispered, "we were holding hands a little while ago." Then, "See if he'll hold yours."

"Here, *son* . . . ." The word caught in his throat—it was the first time he had pronounced it in her presence—and the infant clutched his finger with blind, safety-seeking desperation. "Im very glad to see you, you know."

Rita, laughing, wound her hand around his waist. He nodded, trying to assimilate his new emotions. The tiny, shocked creature clinging to his finger had killed the Marv and Rita Staehling they had been a few hours before. Suddenly he was glad to have spent the night walking, to be too tired for noise or effervesence. Instead of gushing through his nerves, his joy stayed inside and went deep, clear to the core of consciousness.

A nurse brought them stout and Marv nibbled with Rita at her supper, staying with her until nine. He left through the admission room, past the man that had interrogated him the night before, and stepped into rain. His hair and jacket were drenched by the time he reached the quai. The tiny bus bobbed through onslaughts of thunder, reaching the Bray seaside stop twenty minutes past schedule. Turning as he climbed the hill to the chalet, Marv saw a few lights glimmer along the waterfront immediately beneath him but Dalkey and the main lights of Bray were sheathed by the downpour.

The chalet was leaking. The rugrunner that hid the livingroom floor was soaked and the ceiling of the bedroom, a creosoted corrugated metal, was sweating badly. In their haste they had left dishes and silverware in the living room; Rita's towel and wet clothes lay piled by the door. He knelt to light the paraffinheater but the fuel had water in it and wouldnt burn. Then he tried to clean up but the wetness everywhere made his attempts futile. The leak was not in the ceiling but along the back wall; apparently the driveway behind them was flôoded and its overflow seeping through cracks in the concrete. He was too tired to care. Without undressing he pulled the blankets off their suitcase-endtable and tumbled into bed.

The rain hammered against the metal roof above him and big blobs of water condensed and dropped onto his face or the pillow beside him. Covering his head, blankets pressed against his ears, he tried to escape into remembrances of the hospital, of Rita pale and beautiful beside their living son. But his mind would not fasten to the picture and carry him into sleep's depths. Instead he thought about the chalet, about bringing their son home. With water seeping in, their hovel had become worse than nothing, worse than a cave.

Angrily, anxiously, he leaped out of bed, cursing and turning on lights. But immediately, with electricity's artificial consciousness, his tiredness returned. The wet rug smelled like a drowned animal. He opened the door and looked out: except for the McNamaras' hall light, he couldnt see anything. But he could hear the sea—the surf exploding against the rocks beneath Bray Head, each burst like the sound of a man grunting and doubling over a blow to the lungs. Again turning off the lights he dragged a chair to the doorway. Occasional gusts of rain swept against his stupor and he dozed and waited for an end to the night and the rain. He sensed Rita beside him, coming to touch, caress his long hair or bring him tea or a word of affection. But each time he awoke she was gone and he gaped at the storm, twitching fists tugging at the roots of his mind. The first day of being alive was somehow still inside him—the rain and the storm hadnt ceased. Even his joy was hooked to it. His manhood. His love.

ALONE

I am alone
in my own silence.
Everyone has been brushed away.
Not even another voice
could free me from myself.
I change the dancing figures
on the walls to beasts.
The light dims
and my silence grows teeth.
I consume myself, my saffron eyes,
in the moist caves of the dark.

—*Tom McKeown*

NOR Presents: Poetry of British Columbia

Edited by J. Michael Yates

The "B.C. Renaissance"—Jack Matthews' term for the present literary eruption in this province—is and isn't precisely that. The "re" probably doesn't apply.

But the past ten years contain effort spent which has rewarded its spenders well.

First: two significant studio writing programs. Earle Birney, Jacob Zilber, and Robert Harlow founded the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver—a separate structure not associated with the English Department. On Vancouver Island, Robin Skelton founded a Creative Writing Program at the University of Victoria. Many of the poets represented here are students or faculty associated with these. Others, like Newlove, Busza, Cooperman, Summers, and Musgrave, are not.

Four major university-supported literary journals stimulate writers and provide showcases for their work: *The Malahat Review*, *Prism International*, *Contemporary Literature in Translation*, and *The West Coast Review*. And there are dozens of smaller underground, overground, and runaround intermittent periodicals.

Prism International Press, The Sono Nis Press, The Klanak Press, and Morriss Ltd. offer outlets for books by B.C. writers as well (in the cases of Prism International Press, and the Sono Nis Press) as those by writers from other provinces and nations.

Because of liberal immigration laws, and for other reasons, Canada is a cosmopolitan place. Aside from native Canadians, the poets in this section are from England, Germany, the United States, Poland, South America, New Zealand, and Ireland.

Most writers who come here are in search of frontier; wilderness waits at the city limits of Vancouver and Victoria like a symbol from Lawrence; this sort of uncivilized civilization holds great appeal for verbal rapists and murderers of reality.

Finally, the issues of desiring to desire to see, of staying sober enough to scribble, of hauling oneself to the typewriter, of dealing with the ever more reticulate concatenation of things that bear upon writing and publishing, are individual and internal. British Columbia in that ultimate dimension is like any other place.

At the moment, for many of us, British Columbia is a very good place to write.

J. Michael Yates
Vancouver

TO SOMEONE FROM EXILE

There must be a message
to send you.
There must be ways
of making the message,
of counting the syllables,
shaping
the shape of the way I speak to you
when I am speaking.
There must be, surely,
a bottle to throw in the sea
and a carrying tide.
But you are my
absence:
my questions lose their tracks
in the sift of your sands,
my rain-clouds break
on mountains of elsewhere,
and
the lifted hands are the hands
of unknowing strangers.

ii

If you forgive me for silence
you are forgiving
the mountain its shape
or the wind the sound of the trees;
there are notes between notes
in every music
and the face of the god
is the place of his absence,

though, God knows, I am no god
but a dust-stained traveller
tired by never taking
a step from his door,

a man with a mission
to venture upon no mission,

the loudest frog in a swamp
where there are no rains.

—Robin Skelton

UNPROMISED LAND

My name is darkness.
I
am hurt by the wind.
I suffer the paws of the timorous.
I learn their eyes.
The lake is bottomless for me.
The trees are old.
I walk through the streets of the city
blinded by sun.

There is a song.
I have heard it small and chill
under the broken shingles
and at the well's
crumbling neglected edge.
The birds have heard it.
They fall silent.
The mice are leaving our homes.

Take my hand.
There is little else now to take.
My mouth is the colour of stone.
I have worn out words.
There is a bride in the winter
but no child.
A gun speaks in the street
to empty houses.

Vision repeats itself.
A mountain of some
indestructible desert
from which the tables come down
and are broken and come down again
and shape new countries.
The hand in the hand grows old.

I dream of childhood.

—*Robin Skelton*

Robin Skelton is the most distinguished man of letters in Canada. His poems and articles on art and literature have appeared in virtually every major periodical in the Anglo-Saxon world, including *Poetry* (Chicago), *Encounter* and scores of others. 1969 will see the completion of his fortieth book, including twelve collections of his own poetry, many anthologies for Penguin and collections of essays. His *Selected Poems* has just been published by McClelland and Stewart. He directs the Creative Writing Program at the University of Victoria and edits the international journal, *The Malahat Review*. Robin Skelton is a nominee for Canada's Governor General's Award for Poetry this year.

PLEASE

Please don't
look in my face
with your lonesome eyes
for something that's
been used up
a long time ago,
that I look for myself
in another mirror.

—*John Newlove*

THE SKY

Never knowing how we got there
one day we woke and saw the sky,
limitless, serene, capable

of black cloud and lightning,
the land, limitless, yellow
with grain in summertime,

light green in spring, stretching
to the edge of the world
but never ending; and it made us

want to go. We travelled westward,
a little further every time,
venturing the hills, venturing

the spirit-inhabited mountains,
the quick down-slope, viewing at last
the sea and the sea-city . . .

the city was wonderful, huge;
we never heard that there were no birds.
How small all our own cities seemed,

so tiny, one street only, limited,
lacking the towers, the veritable ocean,
strange trees. Later we woke

and saw the sky, crammed by mountains
as we were, open only to the sea,
westward; and could not swim.

—*John Newlove*

John Newlove is a distinguished young western Canadian poet. He has published seven collections of poetry, the most recent of which is *Black Night Window* (McClelland and Stewart). His poems have appeared widely in periodicals and anthologies in North America. He is a nominee this year for Canada's Governor General's Award for Poetry.

CONVERSION

Blood cells:

four or five times
through the body
then
gone.

The cannibal who stokes your bones . . .

He is the hound
who sticks his tongue
into soup bone marrow.

A dial face
perches on your collarbone,
faster than any eye.

No visible changes:

four or five times
through your veins,
the dust.

—*Derk Wynand*

Derk Wynand is a free-lance writer and translator. His poems and translations from German and French have been published in many periodicals in North America and Europe. His poems have been broadcast by the CBC and many have been translated into French and published in Paris by *Le Puits de l'Ermite*. He holds an M.A. in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia.

SMALL APOCALYPSE

there behind the trees
a black mountain
awaits us all

it is nothing
a gap in the blue
at night
a hole in the sky

hunched
formless as asphalt
it creeps hissing
through the spruce trees
toward our valleys

where white sheep
and rabbits with transparent ears
nibble the grass

we leave our ploughs
and spinning wheels
and casting a final glance
at our farmsteads
we briefly
take stock of our conscience

from the mosaic landscape
a dog barks
cave canem

it is good that the mountain moved
on a week day

—*Andrej Busza*

Andrej Busza is an emigre Polish poet who teaches English at the University of British Columbia. His poems have been published and anthologized in Poland, France, England, the United States and Canada. His first book will be published soon in Polish by Kultura of Paris. His first book in English translation will be published in 1969-70 by Prism International Press.

THE SNOW

The snow has been eating into my mind all week
there are too many flies buried at the edge of the wood
and ferrets have dug up all my old hats.

The mountains keep looking at me through the windows
the blood of the sun is running all over the sea
a tennis ball is circling round and round in the sky

the clouds are stretched out red like a bundle of radishes
and the snow is halfway through my mind

—*Michael Bullock*

IF I THOUGHT IT WOULD COME

If I thought it would come
I would move into the next room

the eyes are all over the wall
but there is no one to watch them

why do I owe you so much
and why have you taken it with you

if the eyes closed
the bird in the rafters would open its beak

a white song would blossom on the ceiling
and someone wearing a green hat would take it away in a basket

but you have taken the flowers from my garden
and the earth is whimpering in complaint

the sound of trees falling blots out your voice
the words you are speaking are black around the edges

this way I shall never know where the harpoon struck
the whale has a random name of twenty-two letters

if I thought it would come
I would move into the next room

—*Michael Bullock*

MAKING A MOVE

When I decided to move into the branches of this
tree
the birds were all amply compensated

The clock faces said no
but it was time to take time for a ride

The leaves were all awake
and the wind was tearing off strips of bark

Unsettled I asked the way
of a clockmaker whose time was not yet come

He pointed to the sea
it was green and had rabbit's ears

I felt the sand retreating from under my feet
and a cat cried in the dark that the milk was sour

The glass in the window rattled sadly
I took it between my fingers and treated it gently

The old king stepped out of his castle
gave me his scepter and went inside to weep

I have decided to rearrange the landscape
according to the principles of geometrical progression.

—*Michael Bullock*

Michael Bullock has recently joined the permanent staff of the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia as Director of the translation program. He has published over 100 book-length works from German, French and Italian. Four collections of his poetry have been published in England, Canada and the United States. A collection of short fiction, *Sixteen Stories as They Happened*, has just been published by The Sono Nis Press. During the Spring Quarter, Michael Bullock is McGuffy Visiting Professor at Ohio University.

WINDOWS

Crystalline membranes,
Framed, selected views. They look
back toward origins
risking emptiness clearly
as arctic day, arctic night.

—*George Amabile*

THE ROOM

What is real? extends
beyond this room's human scale
in both directions:
electrons and stars the same
size, the same distance away.

—*George Amabile*

ADVICE TO THE AMERICAN WITHIN

Shut the fuck up.
Learn to listen. In the silence
you'll hear your own pump
closing, like a fist, over & over.

—*George Amabile*

George Amabile is visiting writer-in-residence in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia. He is director of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Manitoba and co-editor of *The Far Point*. His poems have appeared in *Poetry* (Chicago), *The Atlantic Monthly, The New Yorker, Harper's, Best Poems of 1964, The Young American Poets* and other magazines and anthologies.

THAT

What it is
doesn't interest me:
Names I forget.

The line that curves into
a knot
and swerves to meet another of
another kind: there
across a jagged edge the
hot thin tongue of argument
dissolves.

I speak of shapes.
The cool soft smell of metal
in the mind of sheer steel.
The four feet growing in
my voice
at the hour of the wolf.

An orange
rolls hissing across the surface
of a lake.
An old man passes
muttering
at midnight.

Only the bravest of men
can pass
without shouting
a name.

—*Andreas Schroeder*

A SHORT HISTORY OF NOMADS

The sudden loss of the
Meaning of meaning.
Rain all evening, carefully
honed the tin roof of your voice
to the delicate edge
of anger:

Toward this point
I balance the ends of argument.

Just long enough to hate
what I create: a man
who holds on too long.

Afraid he may never stop
laughing.

—*Andreas Schroeder*

Andreas Schroeder is co-editor of *Contemporary Literature in Translation*. A free-lancer of many parts, Schroeder has recently been production-manager for the film, *The Plastic Mile*. He is a free-lance broadcaster for CBC and a book-reviewer for *The Vancouver Province*. His poems, fiction and translations from German have appeared widely, including *Mundus Artium*, *Trace*, *The Tamarack Review* and others. His first book, *Broken Links*, will be published this year by Talonbooks. Andreas Schroeder is an undergraduate in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia.

THE DISCOVERY OF ZERO

Pack your thumb sized suitcase,
Load your pockets with books;
The world's going through a keyhole.

A stone fell someplace,
The water burst up
into the vacuum of its path.
It's the process; every wall
will converge
here.

Hold fast to the ends of my fingernails,
Be ready to jump clear
when the breath is forced back
in your throat,
and the universe contracts.

—Jane Kennon

EXTRADITION PAPERS

Here are the concessions
for my removal:

The landscape cauterized;
The walls knocked out of the ghost;
A disease so slow to spread
That each cell
Forgets its way to the next;
Time for the interlocutor
To draw out a cradle of veins
To hold between his hands,
That he finds the miscalculation,
And its axis
As each day returns
Will gradually subtract.

—Jane Kennon

TWO EYES

That you will never cease to be
Is always true for you.

Nothing is as big as your head.

A bromide trace
Like handwriting through your brain
revealed
That time there overlaps.

This is confirmed
By the speed at which
    the outline grew
And by the way
You removed your hand from the fire
One finger at a time.

—*Jane Kennon*

Jane Kennon is an M.A. candidate in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia. Her stories and poems have previously been published by *Prism International* and the CBC network. She won the I.O.D.E. Award for Creative Writing in 1968.

NOSTALGIA

"How well does Nature service
this day
to satisfy
that part in me that longs for
natural harmony."

Thus began a two-page poem
of some time ago,
in which I drew attention to the fact
that I felt like dirt and drizzle
in rhymed five-line stanzas.

It included the lines:
"The wing-rain ravished poplars
grow weary length by length."
rhyming later with strength.

This poem was entitled:
"The Day Love Was Discovered Missing."

—Hannah van der Kamp

Hannah van der Kamp was born in Holland. Her articles have been published in Dutch. Her poems and translations from Dutch and Flemish have been published by *Contemporary Literature in Translation* and broadcast by the CBC network. She is in the undergraduate program in Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia.

FLIGHT INTERIOR

Moving back through the aeroplane
shoe toeing for firm floor he glimpses
green fields below him. Walking
on air traverses miles

of land at one step. His foot
hovers above the sea. Travelling
without his seven-league boots
having no gift for walking

on water he is afraid. Vibrations
suffuse him but his foot comes down
proving the sea flat calm, solid.
Seated he feels the black maw's

foetor engulf him. Is
Jonah. Touching down, he swims
through surf grass to the terminal
drowning in this new element.

—*Charles Doyle*

Charles Doyle teaches at the University of Victoria. He has held several fellowships including a UNESCO Writer's Fellowship in 1958-59. He has published six collections of poetry. His work has appeared in numerous anthologies of Commonwealth poetry and in periodicals in England, New Zealand, Australia and The United States, including *The Nation, The San Francisco Review, Yale Literary Review* and others.

STEFAN

It was the last time sane that we saw him,
Running from whatever he wanted to be after him,
Pushing into a morning full of children
In a burst of broken bags and rolling apples,
Bowling them over on their way to school.

We were not there for after that,
Though later on the train we had laughed
Remembering the crumpled children,
His banshee shriek,
His flight down Stanyan Street.

That summer scrambled us like eggs together,
Stefan, Miklos, and I . . . . .
(Was that the beginning?)
He lectured us on anywhere: the North:
"Everywhere you go,
There's an indian trying to sell you food."
We learned the yellow of a grocery voucher,
How to sell them for a little less to housewives;
Then, with money for the bread to feed his monkey,
We'd wander for the hundredth time the zoo.

(Did it start then?)
On Sundays we rode busses and he would stare
Scandal-eyed at the skirt hems of old women
As they hauled their frames up the steep step,
To make them blush and murmur in their wrinkles,
So flustered, they'd not notice
They had stood the trip
While we sat.

Yesterday, he was back . . . . . so we went back.
And in a voice permanently-pressed,
Unsatisfying, thick like the porridge
Our mothers always said was good for us,
He mouthed words that stuck to our ribs,
And stopped us from being hungry
For the rest of the day.

"Oh, I'm alright now . . . . .
Electro-shocked, crimped and
Welded to the golden mean . . . . .
Yes, I'm just fine now."

After a standing ride in a full bus,
A short walk to the right place,
We stood and in a sombre rite,
Tore his business card to bits,
Wrapped each piece in a slice of bread,
And fed them to his monkey at the zoo.

—*Liz Webber*

Liz Webber is a student in Robin Skelton's Creative Writing Program at the University of Victoria. Her poems have previously appeared in *The Malahat Review* and on CBC.

PRAGUE, 1968

A man sits in a room
with a vacuum-cleaner inside his head,
and sucks up the names
of women, mountains, wars, books,
bill-collectors, dead
kings.

The world
plugs into his eye-sockets,
and throws a strobe
light
against the painted screen
of his skull.

Suddenly
two policemen crash through the window:
they are naked:
they carry a *Torah* in each fist,
and wear barbed-wire
badges
pinned to their skin.

Through the winter scream of the window
bits of hair and glass
blow like a wind:
the policemen
erect a scaffold in the fireplace,
and order the man to
disconnect.

—*Stanley Cooperman*

VANCOUVER JANUARY

In the street my neighbors turn to water.
Their youngest child
straddles the back of a speckled dog
and looks for nests between raindrops.
With melted eggs leaking from the sulk
of her 14-year-old mouth
she suffers
from a week filled with Sunday afternoons.

The mountains stand patiently like wet cows
waiting for a storm
to pull at their frozen udders.
When dusk arrives they squirt mud
over the lights of the city, where thousands
of animals are wrapped in paper bags:
if you stand on your roof you can hear
lambchops
running out of windows,
throwing themselves off bridges
and into the river.

The organization is tremendous: lights
dangle from skinny trees, automobiles and brains
follow the right patterns, and neither
are hurt
by the weight of stars
turning to iron, turning to rubber;
only sometimes does a stupid arm or a leg
roll through an intersection
without any warning.

—*Stanley Cooperman*

Two collections of Stanley Cooperman's poetry were published in 1968: *The Day of the Parrot* (University of Nebraska Press) and *The Owl Behind the Door* (McClelland and Stewart). His scholarly book, *World War I and the American Novel* (John Hopkins, 1967) was called "definitive" by the late Frederick J. Hoffman. Cooperman's poems, stories and articles have appeared in most of the major journals of North America. He teaches English at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C.

SABOTAGE

1. I crammed the dog with dynamite
and started walking.
The dog wheeled the black snake from the bathroom.
(We were all under control)

Thus the grand trinity proceeded up the Mall
While our pamphleteers cleaved the wavering mob.
I promise an end to slavery:
—"The intricate alabaster of the palace will crackle
when we perforate the redcoats!"
—"MOBILISE!" the crowds cry . . .
(They are all under control)

2. We are gaining momentum each second,
each minute the rout gains energy:
our direction is fixed
by the site of our object (the palace)
We are rolling all before us,
cannonballs, treetrunks, tramcars, kiosks,
dustbins, oatmeal, billboards, tricycles
—IMPROVISE SIEGE MACHINES
—TEAR DOWN THE POISONED RAILINGS

Inside the palace doors
the tumblers fall

and a long line of guards staggers in silence
through the soft gas

We rip the cardboard from their sacred bodies.

3. This report comes from inside the palace.
We are almost in total control.
Emeralds, maidenheads, pearl-handled riding
crops
will belong to all.
Already the heaviest throne
has been re-varnished for our
chairman.
We have not yet destroyed the queen with our
canine bomb.

4. There are sceptics about:
Distrust them, my friends.
The palace has *no* false bottom.
We *shall* reappear among you.

5. We are not alone.
The palace is full of our predecessors
and the throng in the inner courtyard
have welded the lips of the gateway
have welded the rims of the windows
have welded the chains of the dog

A royal linkage has been formed . . .

I walk through the palace arcades, extinguishing animal tails.

—Paul Green

Paul Green is a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford. He has published poems, articles, reviews and translations widely in England and Canada, including *The New Statesman* and CBC. He is a free-lance broadcaster, and editorial assistant for *Contemporary Literature in Translation* and an M.A. candidate in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia.

PALM SUNDAY

At the cathedral door palms wave
Like tall grass of savanna lands.
Beneath, a dark herd treads toward water.

Above the musk of incense, Christ quickens.
The mass tumbles, slow-motion,
Through cartwheel chants onto hushed feet.

In his cage a confessor's head sags
To his surplice bivouaked across his knees.
It appears he studies an unaccountable pregnancy,
The world,—this Palm Sunday.

—*George McWhirter*

George McWhirter was born in Belfast, Ireland. He taught in Barcelona before moving to Canada. His poems, fiction and translations from Spanish have been published widely in North America and the United Kingdom. At present he is translating *Falsifications* by Marco Denevi. George McWhirter is an editorial assistant for *Contemporary Literature in Translation* and associate editor of the anthology, *Contemporary Poetry of British Columbia*. He is an M.A. Candidate in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia.

AT NOOTKA SOUND

Along the river
trees are stranded
bare as witches
and dark as the woman
who never learned to love one man.

(In the north
a woman can learn
to live with too much sadness.
Finding *anything* could be hard.)

The river is haunted
with the slippery black eyes
of drowned pika—
you fish for something quite improbable
expecting those thin dead eyes
to begin to see.

Sometimes along the way
the water cracks
and Indians must mend the river
after every other net—
men with fat dog's eyes
and humps
who cast themselves
toward fish in stone.

What could only be one lifetime
(who can go on pretending forever?)
is when the ground turns cold
and the night is so still
you can't remember having anything to hear.
You loose yourself
and off into the distance
the last birds are throbbing,
black and enormous
down towards the sea.

—*Susan Musgrave*

NIGHT WARD—NEW YEAR'S EVE

There's a party downstairs tonight
and you won't go. Lying back,
you recall the face of some distant
lover, celebrate at nine
without a pill.
The whole ward may go to sleep tonight
but not you. If you close your eyes
something lonely may creep in.

On the other side of the glass
someone has taken away your things.
Maybe it's the locked door that
keeps you out but you suspect
it's something else.
Someone has chiselled bars
for the windows, there is no way
to ease yourself out.
In the stale air you hear
caged birds
plotting their death
like committed things
begin to do.

The room rotates in your hand
like a coin. No visitors ever come
and besides
it's January now
or September
and the weather is never very good.
Old suicides leave
with tennis shoes
and second thoughts. They'll never
remember you anymore.

In the hospital where you live
there are rows and rows of lavatories—
sometimes late at night you can go
from one to the other
and pull the chains.

—*Susan Musgrave*

MIRROR
for Robin Skelton

I walked into your mirror
not remembering that I was blind.
On the other side
I found all the people
who had ever looked at themselves,
people with one side silvered
who not only could see each other
but also the reflection
of everything else.
Having me at last
a tear slid between your eye
and the glass
and I slipped out
where all water goes—
a usual way.

—*Susan Musgrave*

Susan Musgrave, born in 1951, is the youngest of the British Columbian poets represented in this selection. Although never officially enrolled at the University of Victoria, she has written under the direction of Robin Skelton for several years. She has published poems in many magazines and anthologies, including *The Malahat Review*, *Prism International* and *Poetry 67*. Her first book, *Exposure*, is in preparation presently. She lives in Berkeley, California.

UPWIND

. . .And they all came north . . .

Somehow

Fugitive from one more just dawn,
Lost in the visceral-twist of some
Trackless hunt,
He stepped into this river of mist
Upwind of all frontiers.

Quiet:
A race unto himself.
They walk scree
Until a hunter and the hunted
Share this single fire.

—*Red Lillard*

Red Lilliard, editorial assistant for *Contemporary Literature in Translation* and associate editor for the anthology, *Contemporary Poetry of British Columbia* for the Sono Nis Press, is a political refugee from Ketchikan, Alaska. He now lives in Vancouver, British Columbia. His poems and translations from German have been published in *Prism International, The West Coast Review, Fiddlehead, Quixote, Voices International, The Malahat Review* and broadcast by CBC. He won the Huntington Book Award in 1968. He is presently an M.A. candidate in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia.

RIP-TIDE RESPONSES: THREE

The river slows : sediment
Precipitates from one more confluence.

The cliff : above, below : runoff, undercut.
And the winds lick topsoil from the land.

He becomes one more extinct animal
In the delicate ecology of her feelings.

—*M. J. Skapski*

M. J. Skapski is a commercial salmon fisherman. He was born in South America to a Polish father and an English mother. His poems and translations from Spanish have been published by many periodicals in England and North America. He holds an M.A. in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

The chairs upstairs converse in Latin with the clock;
in drifting drapes, standing like a wooden captain,
my father creaks a floor-board, crimps the linoleum—
staidly like the chest-of-drawers, swaying lamps,
all dancers to his ponderous beat.

I, below, spidery,
suspend myself in some elaborate medieval hell.
I concentrate, try mentally to thread some needle,
[target practice, the fire-rimmed tutors call it . . .]
Distracted, I unpack my genuine Hussar sword,
lay it on the bureau, consider the cleanliness of death.

I understand upon entry in the flesh of sabre-steel,
or bullet in the head, one's life unravels in a flash
(this fact observed by those returning from the dead . . .)
My life? That buzz and hum, the wheels that cannot mesh
confess my life's a word, cooped with bulging book:

my last blinding flash must be an alphabet of books.
My father's house surrounds this desert like a cage,
his history haunts me like a house; upstairs he moves
among his dancing lamps, groaning floors, talking chairs,
all obedient to his touch. His life enters me like a ghost.

In my imaginings I trip down the corridors of ships,
and from the muddy brink, a vision of the vast dream war:
see half this glowing barley-, wheat-, and oat-filled continent
from a jolting box-car door; chase fish in mountainous seas
until the dreaming, phosphorescent fish follow me . . .

I wander through old photographs, too, remembering
all the places I have never been: New Orleans, Alabama,
the *Creole* strike-bound in New York, newspapers
in Cleveland, fertilizer in Akron, and Lewistown's
illustrious pony grazing all over a grey field.

I teeter on a stack of books; the clock says 3 A.M.
in fluent Latin. I hover in the knife's sinister gleam,
circling like a hawk, like an illustration in a book.
Somewhere there is strumming, harp and mandolin whine
with the violence of fishermen fighting with their oars . . .

Deeply I seek some distant room: where I can slam door,
ram bolt, and shriek until the dawn shakes me loose.
And in that dawn the clank and whistle of a train—
nineteen twenty-two, cowboy boots and hat and all,
my father struck Seattle in the rain.

—*David Summers*

David Summers has just graduated with a major in mathematics from the University of Victoria. Like Susan Musgrave, David Summers has studied for several years with Robin Skelton. His poems have appeared in *Encounter*, The Malahat Review, Prism International and others.

THE GREAT BEAR LAKE MEDITATIONS

#13

Legend:
The god in the sun made two men.
In the hands of one he placed a book. An axe
he handed the other.

Decree:
In search of one another they shall
circle the earth forever.

Curse:
May you walk upwind all of your days.

Act:
The left hand loses memory of the right.
Neither blade nor word gives the feel of gods
at this long high noon of the night. The wind,
like consciousness, appears only in other things.

—J. Michael Yates

THE GREAT BEAR LAKE MEDITATIONS

#16

And now, only one dread :
I'll die before I've said
All my objections to living.

The days come away
Like cold-mauled rocks upon this beach.
In my other place, I'd have said :
Like bricks from a ruined wall.

I'm fishing for the fish
That will tow my small boat
Beyond the two possibilities.

—J. Michael Yates

THE GREAT BEAR LAKE MEDITATIONS

#17

How far north will a mind consent ?

I'm alive because I wonder how far
Things can go.

Anything that survives its original purpose
Becomes a record.

Anything that survives.

A grinning indian prepares my lunch
At the shore.

—*J. Michael Yates*

J. Michael Yates is co-editor of *Contemporary Literature in Translation*, poetry editor of *Prism International*, a member of the editorial board for *Mundus Artium* and owner of the Sono Nis Press. He has published three collections of poetry and a collection of fiction: *Man in the Glass Octopus*. He teaches in the Creative Writing Department at the University of British Columbia.

The Cybernetics of Othello

by John P. Sisk

It was almost a generation ago that Leo Kirschbaum in his essay "The Modern Othello"[1] objected to the eminently noble and mainly exonerated figure of the Moor he found in the criticism of A. C. Bradley, Theodore Spencer, G. L. Kittredge, E. K. Chambers and G. Wilson Knight. If we are no longer likely to find such an Othello very modern it is partly because of the revisionist labors of such critics as Robert B. Heilman, Albert Gerard, S. L. Bethell, F. R. Leavis and of course Kirschbaum himself.[2] But it is also in great part the consequence of what has happened in the world since 1944. Not simply the passage of time but the passage of this particular period of time has made it easier to see a noble and exonerated Othello as an indulgence we can no longer afford. At the same time, more and more readers have come to realize that such an Othello implies a reading of the play hard to reconcile with the implied author of such closely related plays as *Coriolanus, Troilus and Cressida, The Tempest* and *Macbeth.*

The post war years, characterized as they have been by an acceleration of the rate at which information accumulates, events happen and time passes, and by the rapidity with which we must adjust to revisionist interpretations of reality, have made us all control-conscious. By the same token, the times have put us in a position to see more clearly the extent to which a concern with control is central in *Othello.* For it is a play not only about the precariousness of the control man exercises over himself *and his environment but about the extent to which* that precariousness is intensified by the human susceptibility to false promises of control. If this is to express the theme of the play in rather general terms, it is also to express it in terms that help to express its perennial as well as its present relevance and power. Certainly, it is a most powerful objective correlative for an age that has discovered the paradox that anxiety about loss of control increases in proportion as the means of control are sophisticated and elaborated.

The play opens on a strong note of control: Iago conveying to Roderigo the image of a man who knows his way around and is not likely to be taken in by "bombast circumstance"; a man who is on top of the situation, knows his price and is not likely to wear his heart on his sleeve "For daws to peck at." He is not, that is, the slave of passion that Roderigo is and Othello will prove to be. A little later (in Act I, scene iii) we will see him enhancing this image of himself when Roderigo threatens "incontinently" to drown himself because of unrequited love. At this point Iago, playing the part of Friar Lawrence to Roderigo's Romeo, launches into his famous sermon on the importance and possibility of keeping passion subordinate to reason, though with an emphasis on the will that might very well prove disturbing to the Friar.

This exhortation is a collection of commonplaces and represents Iago in a familiar disguise: wrapped in the mantle of trust-inspiring common sense. The prose style is worth noting:

> Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry—why, *the power and corrigible authority of this lies* in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most prepost'rous conclusions.
>
> (I. iii. 323-334)[3]

The pronounced euphism of this passage, itself a model on the rhetorical level of the ability to master a subject that has a high potential for chaos, is a device used here, as so often in the plays, to further the impression that the speaker has (or thinks he has) the situation well in hand. If he is to succeed in con-

[1]Leo Kirschbaum, "The Modern Othello," *ELH,* II (1944), 283-296.

[2]See Robert B. Heilman, *Magic in the Web* (Lexington, 1956); Albert Gerard "'Egregiously an Ass': The Dark Side of the Moor," *Shakespeare Survey,* X (1957), 98-106; S. L. Bethell, "Shakespeare's Imagery: The Diabolic Images in *Othello*" *Shakespeare Survey,* V (1952), 62-80; F. R. Leavis, *The Common Ground* (London, 1952), pp. 136-159.

[3]*The Complete Works of Shakespeare,* ed. George Lyman Kittredge (New York, 1936). All citations are from this edition.

trolling a potentially explosive complex of persons and events, this is of course the impression Iago must give everyone: that he is in possession of all vital information and coolly in charge; that he takes the long, moderate, reasonable view; that when others commit themselves to him they are in good hands. To this end, as Robert B. Heilman has shown us in his indispensable *Magic in the Web*, he functions variously as physician, economist, philosopher and psychologist.[4] We can recognize in him also the functions of David Riesman's "inside dopester"[5] and Eric Fromm's "marketing personality"[6]: his power over others, that is, depends on his ability to give the impression that he has access to information not generally available and on his absolute willingness to use not only others but himself as means.

Iago, in fact, is able to persuade others that he is the embodiment of those qualities that make up what Alfred Harbage calls Shakespeare's ideal man.[7] He is honest, soldierly and scholarly. To be scholarly in this sense is not necessarily to be an intellectual or a scholar whose head is stuffed with what Iago scornfully calls "bookish theoric"; it is rather to be in possession of all information relevant to one's time, place and purpose, and to be able to marshall that information effectively in the conduct of one's life. Iago's pride in this kind of scholarship is hubristic, an important factor in the traditional identification of him with diabolic forces.

Othello too comes to us as a confidence-inspiring controller. He appears undisturbed by Iago's news that Branbantio is enraged at the marriage:

> Let him do his spite.
> My services which I have done the signiory
> Shall outtongue his complaints.
>
> (I. ii. 17-19)

He has not rushed precipitately into this marriage but has estimated the pros and cons of it:

> But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
> I would not my unhoused free condition
> Put into circumscription and confine
> For the sea's worth.
>
> (I. ii. 25-28)

He is certain that his integrity and worth will be taken as absolutes by all parties concerned:

> My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
> Shall manifest me rightly.
>
> (I. ii. 31-32)

He puts down the brawl with the ease and assurance of a conductor calling an orchestra to attention:

> Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
>
> (I. ii. -59)

Later, asking permission to take Desdemona with him to Cyprus, he is apparently as completely the master of his body-garden and its "unbitted lusts" as Iago is:

> *No, when light-wing'd toys*
> Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
> My speculative and offic'd instruments,
> That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
> Let housewives make a skillet of my helm.
>
> (I, iii. 269-273)

Throughout act two and into the early moments of act three this image endures as Othello demonstrates that dignity, massive calm and self-control that Bradley so admires.[8] Then as Desdemona goes out, having just pleaded for Cassio's reinstatement, we get this from Othello:

> Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
> But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
> Chaos is come again.
>
> (III. iii. 90-92)

And now indeed—at the irony-weighted center of the play, as S. L. Bethell sees it[9]—chaos does come again, one of those events which Iago had earlier *promised Roderigo to deliver out of the womb of* time. Of course, something like the old Othello appears at the end to make a last desperate attempt to exercise, in the functions of both judge and executor, some degree of control over the terrible shambles of his life. It is as if the conductor who had begun so superbly, who had then inconceivably lost his *grip, still manages through an act of sheer virtuosity* to gather the jangling pieces together for an impressive but hardly anticipated finale.

Control in the play, of course, defines and is defined by the forces that resist it. The strong promises of control made by Iago and Othello are premonitory; only gods or supermen can exercise the degree of mastery they either aspire to or think they have. We sense early in the play not only that each is riding for a fall but that they will ultimately fall together. But the unsettling thing is not so much the spectacle of their loss of control as it is the discovery of how easy it was for each to believe that he had the situation well in hand. In the end Iago has as much reason as Othello to ask: "Who can control his fate?"

But if in the end Iago is not less a dupe than his victim, it is Othello who more powerfully expresses *the precariousness of the human condition for us. It* becomes increasingly clear as the play proceeds how

[4]See especially pp. 89-98; 73-83; 193-200; 108-113.
[5]David Riesman, in collaboration with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer, *The Lonely Crowd* (New Haven, 1950), pp. 199-201.
[6]Eric Fromm, *Man For Himself* (New York, 1947), chap. III.
[7]*Conceptions of Shakespeare* (Cambridge, 1966), p. 126.
[8]*Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904), p. 155. It is interesting to put alongside Bradley's general admiring attitude such a remark as Heilman's: "There is something in Othello's own rhetoric, I suspect, which can simultaneously support conflicting impressions of his personality. The sweep, the color, the resonance, the spontaneity, the frequent exoticism of the images—all this magniloquence suggests largeness and freedom of spirit, and it is at first easy to forget that self-deception, limitedness of feeling, and egotism may also inhabit this verbal expansiveness" (*op. cit.*, pp. 137-138).
[9]*Op. cit.*, p. 74.

groundless is his confidence in himself as a controller, the extent to which he depends on what Robert B. Heilman calls "positional assurance."[10] F. R. Leavis with good reason is less impressed with Iago's diabolic intellect than with Othello's readiness to "respond" to such intellect as Iago has.[11] Much has been made of Othello's ability as a military controller, as if this ability were Shakespeare's way of making clear that Othello before Iago went to work on him was, in Bradley's words, "all of one piece" and "extremely self-reliant."[12] But Othello demonstrates his control over himself and others in a specialist actively—one which, as Albert Gerard points out, "is never likely to give rise to acute moral crisis."[13]

Indeed, the play makes a powerful statement about the dual psychological function of a specialization whether in Shakespeare's world or ours: on the one hand, to reduce the field of attention to the point where the individual can have the experience of controlling it; on the other hand, to hide from him the fact that his control is limited. Othello, like Coriolanus, makes such a botch of it in the world of the cushion not simply because he is a specialist in the world of the casque but because at bottom he is convinced that the same techniques and standards are relevant to both worlds. At the same time, Iago's positivist cynicism has the effect of drastically limiting his view; he is a specialist in debunking and reductionism, a realist determined to discover the illusion of Othello's romantic idealism. His specialism fails because, like Othello's, it ignores vast areas of human reality. In Harbage's terms, both fail for lack of scholarship.[14]

The play then is powerful symbolic action for our own sense of living on a powder keg, for that modern anxiety that results from the knowledge of how precariously the forces that threaten us are held at bay. No element in the play is more important in achieving this effect than those very contradictory qualities of Othello's personality that have given critics so much trouble. There is ample evidence, however, that these contradictions are within the range of Elizabethan psychology, a psychology itself marked by an awareness of the passions as devastating forces riding on a hair trigger.[15] "Shakespeare knew," says O. J. Campbell, "that his audiences would easily assent to a Moor's displaying the contradictory qualities that he assigned to Othello. Civilized dignity and primitive passion could exist side by side in a man of that race."[16] This is not the same thing as saying that these audiences saw Othello as an interesting special case, ultimately irrelevant to the issues of every day English life. The likely thing is that Elizabethan audiences saw Othello as we see the tramps in *Waiting for Godot* or the married couple in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*: as hyperbolic extensions who define issues that touch us all too closely.

That the late Renaissance was sufficiently aware of its own powder keg, that it knew itself to be threatened by the very forces it depended on and was fascinated by, has been sufficiently emphasized. Clifford Leech, in fact, shows us the same imagination of disaster at work in the playwrights of the early seventeenth century[17] that Lewis Mumford has recently revealed in Leonardo da Vinci.[18] Surely the man who wrote *Hamlet, Lear, Troilus and Cressida* and *Othello* had such an imagination. It is one reason why we find him so contemporary.

Othello, then, might be called a play about a man frivolously and maliciously playing with the dynamite another man does not know he is carrying. Iago is the pseudo-Prospero to Othello's Caliban. The parallel is instructive, for in *The Tempest* we see in Prospero a model controller whose management of the problem of nature and nurture, force and control, is both scholarly and humane. Under his direction Caliban is saved from himself and comes to see what a thrice double ass he was in his delusion about Stephano.

We recognize in *The Tempest*, but even more in *Othello*, that confrontation of civilization with naked force which is such a characteristic expression of the modern anxiety about control—as, for instance, we see that anxiety informing works like Golding's *Lord of the Flies* and Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*. This confrontation can be terrifying, but it can also be, as it is in *Moby Dick, The Heart of Darkness* or *Othello*, clarifying and energizing. In *Othello* the confrontation takes place in the play as a whole but it is microcosmically intensified in the character of Othello himself, who cannot control his fate because he is unable to recognize, and therefore cannot control, the destructive forces within himself. It might be said of him, as Goneril said of Lear, that "he hath ever but slenderly known himself." Knowing himself slenderly, he does not learn, or learns too late, that violence is a condition of human existence.

Looked at another way, and in a way that continues to emphasize his relevance to us, one might say that Othello fails, like Hotspur and Coriolanus, because he is the disjunctive hero confronted with a problem that cannot be resolved with disjunctive simplicities. Emotionally, Dr. Theodore Reik says, Othello tends to have "an all or nothing response."[19] His vision of reality is melodramatic, two dimensional: his parts, his title, his soul must be found perfect; anything less is intolerable. Desdemona must be a goddess or a whore; there is no room in between for a flesh and blood woman. Professor Heilman calls him one of the most unphilosophical of Shakespeare's heroes;[20] Albert Gerard sees in him "the brittle wholeness of innocence"[21]; F. R. Leavis speaks of his "ferocious stupidity."[22]

[10] *Op. cit.*, pp. 138-139; 147-152.
[11] *Op. cit.*, p. 140.
[12] *Op. cit.*, p. 156.
[13] *Op. cit.*, p. 101.
[14] "Shakespeare would not have called a scholar *scholarly* if the process of specialization had dwarfed his general interests" (*op. cit.*, p. 126).
[15] See, for instance, the short accounts of the Elizabethan psychology of the passions in Lawrence Babb's *Elizabethan Malady* (East Lansing, 1951), pp. 17-22, and Bernard Beckerman's *Shakespeare at the Globe* (New York, 1962), pp. 143-146.
[16] *The Living Shakespeare* (New York, 1949), p. 816.
[17] *Shakespeare's Tragedies* (London, 1950), pp. 21-44.
[18] "The Premonitions of Leonardo da Vinci," *The New York Review of Books*, Dec. 29, 1965, pp. 3-4.
[19] Quoted in Norman N. Holland's *Psychoanalysis and Shakespeare* (New York, 1966), p. 251.
[20] *Op. cit.*, p. 60.
[21] *Op. cit.*, p. 101.
[22] *Op. cit.*, p. 147.

Such a person, if he is not to be demoralized, should remain in a world of simple operations in which his relations to persons and events can be ordered, as they are in the military world, under unambiguous objectives.

Iago is able to lead Othello tenderly by the nose because he resolves the uncertainty he induces in Othello's mind with a disjunctively simple explanation. He wisely recognizes that for Othello "to be once in doubt/Is once to be resolved"—that "exsufflicate and blown surmises" are insufferable to him. The simplicity of his explanation, its promise to remove doubts immediately, is itself a proof of its rightness.

Othello's weakness as a controller—and we recognize it as no less a threat than the unavoidable accident that triggers loose violence—is that he cannot tolerate a qualified or tentative control. Like Melville's Ahab, or Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby, he cannot accept himself as a limited, time-bound creature, condemned to partial views, to uncertainties, to conflicting interpretations. Like these other disjunctive heroes he lives in a legendary world and apprehends himself in legendary terms, and when he drops into the world of history he is lost.[23]

But if the play were simply about an egregious ass who while still on his honeymoon is led to believe on the flimsiest evidence that his wife is faithless it would hardly affect us as it does. The dramatic emphasis not on the stupidity, real as it is; Othello is the hyperbole that concretely clarifies the precariousness of the human effort, compelled as it is by facile solutions to its problems, to control the forces that at once support and menace it. To note that the issue is worked out in a sexual context is simply to note that Shakespeare is apparently in agreement with Freud that all confrontations with power begin on a biological level. For Othello, as for Hamlet and Troilus, the seeming-fair woman is the perfect model of the world's rottenness and discord.

But the play contemplates a possibility equally fearful in the simplistic formula Iago proposes for the control of reality: all things despite appearances are equally foul; love is the disguise with which lust takes in credulous fools; every man has his price. However, Iago's menace is subtler than this: it promises that short-term peace of mind and clarity of vision that is possible once the burden of faith and imagination has been removed. The world of Iago's Final Solution is the obverse of Othello's legendary world; it is the world which in our more despairing moments we have learned to call the real world. Iago's terrible menace lies in his power to force a disjunctive choice between Othello's legendary Desdemona and his own "real" Desdemona, meanwhile obscuring the fact of the flesh and blood historical Desdemona.

The best measure of Iago's and Othello's failures as controllers is the play itself, which is a model of proper control. The play is able to give us such a powerful sense of the precariousness of the human control of force only because it is itself able to manage a complexity of explosive forces so effectively. The play is in fact a display of those qualities which Keats believed Shakespeare "possessed so enormously": the capability "of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason."[24] Not to possess these qualities is to risk being the dupe of inadequate and rigged evidence that Othello is, or the prisoner of cynical realism that Iago is.

What Keats does not say is that this ironic "negative capability" may by itself be little more than a formula for prudent inaction. It offers little protection from the irritable reaching of an Othello or Iago unless it is informed with faith, imagination and love and therefore primed for the best possible action. Because the play is so informed it can take us to the abyss without leaving us polarized between Iago's alternatives and appalled with their consequences. It is itself in its function as a work of art a demonstration of another possibility.

[23]Another way of putting this is to say that Othello falls seriously short of the vision of complementarity with which the play itself is informed. This is the position of Norman Rabkin in *Shakespeare and the Common Understanding* (New York, 1967), a book that came to my attention after I had completed this essay. In his extremely provocative study of the plays Professor Rabkin sees Shakespeare's view of reality as characterized by an ability to accommodate opposed and apparently irreconcilable interpretations of experience. His scientist is the physicist Niels Bohr; mine as my title suggests, is the mathematician Norbert Wiener. That Wiener's habits of mind are congenial with Bohr's idea of complementarity is made clear, I believe, in *The Human Beings* (New York, 1950).

[24]Letter to George and Thomas Keats, Dec. 22, 1817. This famous statement is, it seems to me, the record of Keats' awareness that Shakespeare's plays are, as Professor Rabkin puts it, "built on visions of complementarity" (*op. cit.*, p. 27). It is Keats' own ability to build on such visions that distinguishes a poem like "Lamia" from the single-visioned intensity of a poem like Shelley's "Epipsychidion."

EN EL RINCON AQUEL, DONDE DORMIMOS JUNTOS

En el rincón aquel, donde dormimos juntos
tantas noches, ahora me he sentado
a caminar. La cuja de los novios difuntos
fué sacada, o tal vez qué habrá pasado.

Has venido temprano a otros asuntos
y ya no estás. Es el rincón
donde a tu lado, leí una noche,
entre tus tiernos puntos,
un cuento de Daudet. Es el rincón
amado. No lo equivoques.

Me he puestos a recordar los dias
de verano idos, tu entrar y salir,
poca y harta y pálida por los cuartos.

En esta noche pluviosa,
ya lejos de ambos dos, salto de pronto . . .
Son dos puertas abriéndose, cerrándose,
dos puertas que el viento van y vienen
sombra a sombra.

—*Cezar Vallejo*

IN THAT CORNER WHERE TOGETHER WE SLEPT

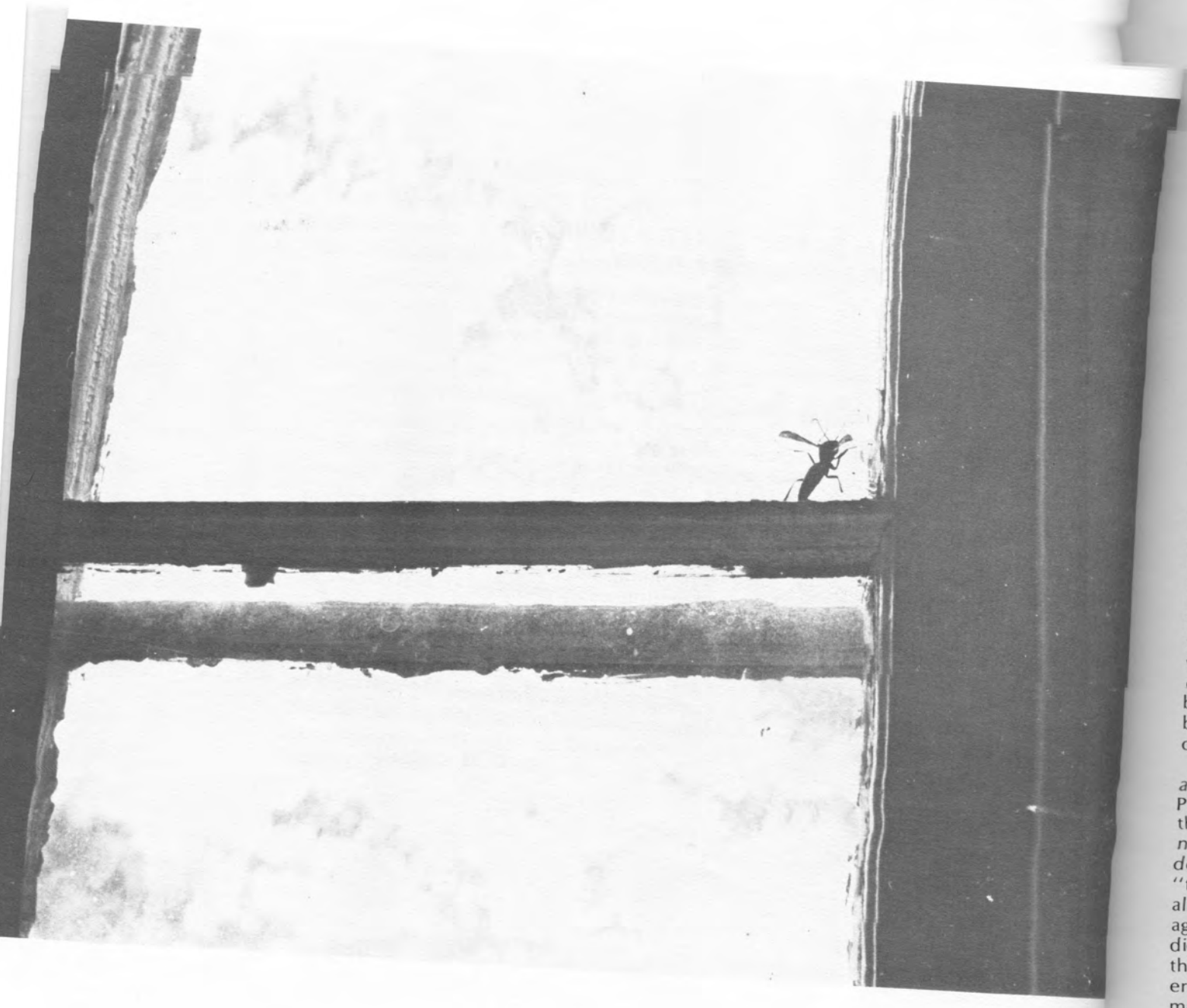
In that corner where together we slept
so many nights, I pause
from my walk. The coffin of the dead couple
has been removed; or something was done.

You dedicated yourself to other things
and you are not here. It is the corner
where beside you one night, amid
your gentle interruptions, I read
a story by Daudet. It is the beloved
corner. Don't forget it.

I started to remember the days of
past summers, your coming and going
through the rooms, a little weary and wan.

On this rainy night
now gone for us both, I suddenly jump . . .
Two doors open and close,
two doors that in wind move back and forth
shadow on shadow.

—tr. D. M. Petinella



Bo

Ernes
697 pp

Few
forget
doubl
Many
they v
had b
Ernes
tion c
was T
coun
but, c
becar
done
Car
and t
Park,
the fa
not r
dedic
"the
almos
age e
dides
the w
ernes
man-
kind
wom
stren
great
Also
happ
anot
ways
In
a ma
cil
Holl

Dale

Reviews

Books

Ernest Hemingway, A Life Story, by Carlos Baker. Scribners, 697 pp. $10.

Few Americans devoted to the writing of fiction can forget that Sunday morning in July of 1961 when a double-charge of shot ended an era in modern literature. Many of those between thirty and fifty remember where they were, and the shock of realizing that one of the giants had been mortal after all. Because between 1926 and 1961, Ernest Hemingway *was* American writing to a large portion of the English-speaking world. He was not a writer; he was The Writer, and his work influenced not only that of countless young—and not so young—contemporaries, but, coupled with his life and the legend that life evoked, became the basis for a style that only recent events have done much to change.

Carlos Baker's biography sets down the facts of that life and the writing that was so entwined with it. From Oak Park, Illinois to that fatal morning near Ketchum, Idaho, the facts are clear enough: Hemingway loved—but could not respect—his father. He despised his mother. He was dedicated from the first to what Teddy Roosevelt called "the vigorous life." He valued physical courage above almost anything else, and there is no record that his courage ever failed him. He seems to have held, with Thucydides' Athenians that "the powerful do what they will, and the weak suffer what they must." He was capable of tenderness and generosity such as one rarely associates with a man—and of vindictivness, petty and vicious cruelty of a kind to be expected of no man at all. His relationship with women was, at best, unsteady. In them, weakness and strength both seemed to anger him. He was capable of great sloth and apparent laziness, and yet wrote *The Sun Also Rises* in less than two months. He was fully alive, fully happy only in the presence of one form of violence or another: war, hunting, fishing, shooting, ski-ing, but always in motion as if to stop were to die.

In one way, it is easy enough to write off Hemingway as a man born sixty years too late. He could have been a Cecil Rhodes, a Phil Sheridan, a Jim Bowie, a Doc Holliday—or even a Jay Gould, perhaps. There was room in the late 19th century for a man so divided against himself, so incapable of taking the edges off his extremes. Always, as he moved away from hunting, fighting, drinking and the bull-ring, Hemingway became increasingly uncomfortable. He spoke often of "writing," but rarely of "art," being one of those who feared and despised the still current Pre-Raphaelite and Yellow Book image of the artist as Super-Faggot. He insisted that writing was a "craft," and believed, clearly, that real art was no more than the final result of dedicated and honest craftsmanship.

Yet to accept such a portrait is to be drawn on by the legend—and Hemingway's self-constructed legend does not do justice to either the man or the artist that he indisputibly was. It is necessary to read Baker's biography with a fresh recollection of the books, of the actuality of Hemingway's writing, in order to determine what Hemingway meant to say, despite his posturings and bravado. Which is to say that, reversing the usual procedure, we use the works to find the man.

Hemingway's most profound problem as a man—and sometimes as a writer—was a common one: the confusion of means and ends. Or perhaps, viewed another way, there was no confusion. Perhaps the very timeliness of his work emerged from the implicit denial that there was anything in life—or literature—beyond means, tactics. In place of ends, strategies, there was always lurking that *Nada* celebrated in parody prayer in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place," that "zero at the bone" which haunted all his heroes and ran like a hidden stream under all his naratives—until he discovered an old man who went out to fish in the Gulf Stream.

To introduce a young would-be writer to the nihilistic substratum of human experience at eighteen by blowing him up in a dug-out, and machine-gunning him as he staggers out is perhaps the moral equivalent of force-feeding a Strasbourg goose. It may produce a splendid delicacy, but it does the goose no good. No more the boy. It makes him cynical and afraid of what lies at the bottom of things. And this fear cannot be laid by religion or physics. It is "knowledge carried to the heart," in Allan Tate's phrase, and it will not be stilled. Once the instinc-

Dale Smith

tive presumption of a rational undergirding to the universe, to life, is gone, it is never wholly recapturable again, and if a young man is remarkably observant and sensitive—which is exactly what the young Hemingway was, must have been—the inevitable temptation is to cling to the surface of things, to the knowable, the manipulatable. One constructs rituals and takes inordinate pains to be precise in dealing with phenomena—as does the young veteran in "Big Two-Hearted River." One is tempted to se the whole measure of life in visible and resolvable terms: virility, courage, endurance, mastery of the counter-punch. Intellect is a trap—worse, a trap-door, and one does not like to sleep because then, naked with one's subconscious, that *Nada* comes to call, to remind one. The truth of the psyche, conscious or unconscious, is that there is nothing but a spark of light this side of outer dark where neither star nor compass can guide. Out there, where the mind goes, there is nothing—for the living.

Guessing so much, one stays on the surface of things—like Auden's "Hero" in the sonnet who was notable, coming back from the edge of death, for "his delight in details and routine." The result, in purely human terms was the Hemingway myth: sportsman, lover, drinker, boon companion, braggart, trencherman, visitor to current wars, News worthy Personality.

But there was another result, because there was another man. Hemingway the artist—no matter how much he might have deprecated that title. In story after story, and in at least his last novel, Hemingway wrote of surfaces so economically, so intensely, so precisely that despite his refusal to lift the lid from the abyss, its presence below the surfaces is obvious, and it becomes a structural member of all the great fiction: the "something left out," that Hemingway often spoke of, without realizing just how deep his tactical conception might run.

This concern with the surface of things and with the rituals of hunting, fishing, bull-fighting and war (not these things, but the details and, if you will, the manners associated with them) places Hemingway within a central American literary tradition:

> Hark ye yet again,—. . . all visible objects, man, are but as paste-board masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of the features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask . . . . Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough.

Like Ahab, another big-game sportsman, Hemingway is a master of techniques for getting at the facade of things. Unlike Ahab, he was fairly sure there is "naught beyond." But the mastery of what can be seen, "'tis enough" to remember that ". . . any part you make will represent the whole, if it's made truly." Hemingway the artist was never a megalomaniac: if the man was frequently a braggart, the artist transformed understatement and restraint into a new fictional form, and in the end used that form to create a novel which may well outlast the English language.

It is possible to see all Hemingway's earlier fiction as essentially a collection of rough drafts for *The Old Man and The Sea*, his masterpiece. The old fisherman is the single Hemingway hero in which all contrarities, negations and limitations are transmuted and refined by grace, the grace of absolute and unalterable dignity. Santiago's dignity, however, depends upon his placement in a society of the simplest needs and most basic challenges. Even as it is the climax of Hemingway's narrative art, *The Old Man and the Sea* is an admission that he possessed no formula for solving or healing the demented world-order that had maimed or killed Frederic Henry, Jake Barnes, Harry Mor-

Perspective

Care, Sorrow, and Troubled Joy: "Alice's Restaurant" . . .

by John R. May

A sampling of both literary and news magazine reviews of Arthur Penn's "Alice's Restaurant" shows the critics heavily in favor of the movie, but not always sure why. Perhaps simple anxiety about the generation gap makes the winning young folk singer Arlo Guthrie, playing himself, the object of special interest and hopefully also of insight—because most critics we read are obviously writing from the wrong side of the gap. Inarticulate recommendation of the film may, however, be an indication that, even though there is something serious lacking in their practice of criticism, the reviewers do have the right general cinematic sensibilities.

Yet even when critics articulate confidently their reasons for appreciating the film, it is not the film as such that comes across in their reviews. Dan Wakefield, for example, cannot tell whether the last long shot of Alice "was added for 'significance,' or perhaps because some things like that really happened and Arlo wanted them in the movie, or what."[1] The simple truth of the matter is that the popular critics are not doing much to educate their readers concerning the medium because their reviews reflect a predominantly literary bias. If the language of the film is reserved for the esoteric quarterlies out of deference for the ignorance of the general public, we can legitimately wonder how long it will be before cinema is generally appreciated for the right reasons.

Both Richard Schickel and Moira Walsh have problems with the way the film is put together. Schickel wishes it had "a slightly firmer spine,"[2] and Miss Walsh laments its "awkward, rather diffuse structure."[3] Roland Gelatt and Pauline Kael find it difficult to pinpoint the movie's theme. Gelatt, whose review I will have to return to later because it is undoubtedly one of the most perceptive, says that "one tries in vain to target its central theme."[4] Miss Kael, who gave the film short shrift in an attempt to get caught up on her work after returning to *The New Yorker* in the fall, says that "conceptually, it's unformed, with the director trying to discover his subject as well as its mean-

[1]Dan Wakefield, "New Styles of Storytelling," *The Atlantic*, 224:5 (November 1969), 171.
[2]Richard Schickel, "Arlo's Off-the-record Movie," *Life*, 67:9 (August 29, 1969), 8.
[3]Moira Walsh, "Facile Iconoclasm?," *America*, 121:5 (August 30, 1969), 126.
[4]Roland Gelatt, "Arlo as Arlo," *Saturday Review*, 52:35 (August 30, 1969), 35.

gan and Robert Jordan. The power of *The Old Man and the Sea* derives precisely from the fact that the sharks are not, as some commentators would have it, "the critics." They are only sharks, and as such can be fought. They do not drag the abyss along with them; they can only destroy the great fish, not taint it with their own foolishness, the sickness of their own parasitism—as critics can debase a novel with their sophistries and imaginary allegories.

When one has read Carlos Baker's biography, it becomes evident that Hemingway's supreme tragedy was that the man could not live the life created for Santiago by the artist. In his last years, hypertension and growing paranoia robbed him of the serenity and dignity his final hero so totally embodied. As is so often the case with artists of genius, the best part of that life, the cleanest and least confused essence of what Hemingway was and what he meant to say remains in the only place it ever existed: the writing itself. One of the ironies of art is that everyone but the artist is permitted the experience of his life's most exhalted moments—without the years of corresponding uncertainty, loneliness and agony. It is an irony that the young Hemingway would have enjoyed.

At the end of it, what patrimony did Hemingway leave us? The knowledge that we are indeed "poor naked wretches," certain to be destroyed either by the gods or the lack of them. But also that if we are very brave and a little lucky, we need not be defeated as well. That it is possible to salvage that single treasure not hostage to fortune: our dignity as human beings. It may well be that if the nuclear sword poised above us should fall, another generation will have to learn how to be human again—and that Hemingway's "limited" lesson will be the text with which they begin. As that Auden sonnet has it.

Editor's note: This review first appeared in *The National Observer*.

"What is the greatest wonder of the world?"
"The bare man Nothing in the Beggar's Bush."

Reviewed by John William Corrington

SCIENCE FICTION IN THE SIXTIES: THE FIRST FAINT ODORS OF MATURITY

There is some question whether science fiction has ever been one single field at all. It might be more accurate to say that traditionally it has been a conglomerate of separate and extremely specialized areas, all of which were loosely lumped together into one category for the sake of convenience. It is one thing to write a novel about life in the near future, quite another to write a novel about the exploration of the galaxy two thousand years from now; while writing about time travel, or extra sensory perception, requires entirely different kinds of knowledge and interest.

It has become a maddening paradox that mainstream science fiction has been dominated by "scientific" concepts, such as a new theory of time travel, or a different view of the history of the future, to the detriment of the literary form in question. All too frequently one of these works reminds us of a bad medieval play, in which all elements are manipulated, and sacrificed, to some overridingly important idea, with some crude didacticism thrown in for good measure.

On the other side, the writers who have helped make science fiction a serious vehicle for speculation have largely subordinated the "science" to the fiction. Bradbury, and to a great extent, Huxley, Orwell, and Burgess, have written brilliant works about the future, but in doing so they have slighted what has been the main thrust of writers since Verne—what will the actual details, the ma-

Perspective . . . continued

ing and his own attitudes."[5] In deference to her achievement in film criticism, one can only regret that she had been on leave and gotten behind in her work; although she frequently sings out of chorus, it is usually the others who are wrong. Her emphasis on the "conceptual," though, is typical of the failure of almost all of the reviews to come to grips with the "visual."

Ironically, a most perceptive review was written by the Protestant theologian Harvey Cox—ironically, because we may suspect a theologian of forcing extraneous categories onto the film, thus distorting the work of the director, and also because the review is totally devoid of deference to the language of cinema. Cox sees the film in terms of a search for "a new way of living together,"[6] and in this I feel that he is close enough to being right for us to give him our undivided attention. He offers us this psychedelic insight inspired by the film: "Impaled between high-rise bureaucracies and nuclear families with 3.2 children. we feverishly scan the scene for something that will provide us with the family's warmth without its constriction, the city's freedom without its terrifying impersonality." [7]Aside from the fact that the last clause may bring back bad memories of *The Secular City*, we can, I believe, rejoice that someone has let the film have its full effect on him, even though he does not express its effect in visual terms.

Among the established critics, the best reviews are undoubtedly those by Gelatt in *Saturday Review* (8/30), as I have already indicated, ar.d Penelope Gilliatt in *The New Yorker*. Although Miss Gilliatt considers it "a purely conceived film, clownish and sad, beautifully put together,"[8] and in the process of her review manages to comment on a few images from the film, it is almost despite her excessively narrative summary that we accept her final judgment. She does call our attention to Penn's "haunting affection for the American face,"[9] yet it is Gelatt who in the final analysis appeals to cinematic technique as the stimulus for his tenative comments about meaning. Gelatt insists that the film "compels consideration as a legitimate work of art."[10]

Any adequate statement of the meaning of "Alice's Restuarant" must necessarily concern itself with the cinematic technique of the director, and in this case especially with the recurring visual images that make up the "firm spine" of the film. The aspects of physical reality that Penn's camera celebrates are roads, the church, and faces—and in relation to road and church, vehicles and doors.

The road that takes Arlo from the draft board to the Montana college and back to New York, that brings him to Stockbridge and back to his father in the hospital, that physically supports his hassle with the law, and finally that draws him away from Trinity Church is the substance of his life—a search for meaning, the quest of his own "thing." His comments to Woody and to his Oriental girl friend only support what we see to be the case. There is no positive side to his self-understanding. After he has successfully failed his Army physical, he tells Woody: "The good things in my life always seem to come from not doing what

[5]Pauline Kael, "The Bottom of the Pit," *The New Yorker*, 45:32 (September 27, 1969), 127.
[6]Harvey Cox, "Can We Live Together?," *National Catholic Reporter*, 6:1 (October 29, 1969), 4.
[7]*Ibid.*
[8]Penelope Gilliatt, "Leading Back to Renoir," *The New Yorker*, 45:29 (September 6, 1969), 96.
[9]*Ibid.*
[10]Gelatt, *Saturday Review*, p. 35.

chines and planets, of the future be like? One might put it that the better their novels, the more like Kafka or Mrozek or Borges they have become, and the less like Verne, or Asimov. Their grip on the future has been increasingly hazy. This is in no way a criticism of their abilities. The drive that led Bradbury to write parables about man probably came from the same interest in the world that led Borges to write parables such as "The Circular Ruin." What led Orwell to write *1984* was not an intensive interest in science fiction, or in describing the world of the future; it was the vision of what the world might be like based on his personal experiences in Spain and Burma.

Science fiction's main interest has always been with tightly constructed and logically cohesive visions of the future. In this vision the technology of the future has always bulked large, perhaps too large. The actual writing has been very poor. It is certainly true that someone like Heinlein raised the writing standards, and the standards of simple storytelling, to at least the level of professional journalism. But his imitators have been less than successful. And their ideas have all too frequently been marred by a kind of conservative naiveté and rigidity about the human beings who actually live in the future they are describing. It is true that some efforts have been made in the last few years to emancipate science fiction from espousing the same poorly supported and exasperatingly naive values that it has traditionally shared with hardcore pornography and the Western, but the results have been merely to move science fiction into the "underground" carved out for it by Vonnegut and Burroughs.

For the sixties have been the watershed of the long awaited renaissance in science fiction writing. A decade that should have been the full bloom of the fifties has largely snuffled out into the last gasps of the older writers and innumerable dead ends propounded by younger ones. This has been all the more alarming in that one of the major achievements of the field was in the area of rational prophecy—predictions of a future that have largely come true, presented with enough imaginative impact to force the reader to take them seriously. Most writing in the sixties has failed to do this. The same old ideas have been trotted out again and again. Science fiction has seemed largely incapable of perceiving past the projected worlds of the fifties. The problem of "utopia—what then?" which has troubled some very serious people, like Galbraith and Servan-Schrieber, has never come up.

So much so that in the last decade only two novels have been produced that seem to stay within the traditional *raison d'etre* of science fiction, while grappling with the troubled visions of the future that have become so much a part of everyone's life. These two works are Frank Herbert's Dune and John Brunner's *Stand on Zanzibar*. Both are massive novels in which traditionally separate and isolated areas of science fiction are synthesized into a sustained vision of the future, and both are serious attempts to deal with what might be called the post-industrial future. In other words, both novelists are primarily dealing with the lives of human beings who live in worlds where certain projected ideas of our time have become givens. They have managed to write works in which the uneasy tension between "science" and "fiction" has reached a state of equilibrium. Bluntly, this is something that has not been done before. That it can be done at all, which a great many people have doubted, indicates that science fiction may reach its delayed golden age after all. These works are important and unique, then, in that they manage to remain centrally science-fiction. They do not, like most works, sacrifice the fiction for the gadgetry; nor, do they,

Perspective . . . continued

I don't want to do. When they're not after me to do what I don't want to do—what do I want to do?" And to his girl friend he says: "I feel in a hurry to know what my thing is going to be." So in the end he pushes on—the road and his bus the symbols of his quest. The commodious Volkswagen bus, which always has room for others, suggests the open-hearted way that Arlo will pursue his thing.

For Arlo, then, the road like his bus is an open symbol. But for Ray and Shelly it is closed. They have formed the Trinity Racing Association; their motorcycles and the course they ride are confirmations of the cyclic patterns of their lives. Addicted to dope, Shelly is in and out of hospitals, up and down psychologically depending on the availability of a fix. The only way that he can break out of the enclosed pattern of his agony is by reaching into the very heart of his darkness, and so he rides headlong and alone into the empty night of death. Ironically, his only apparent victory is the loss of his life. Ray is hemmed in by the very cyclic pattern of his vision. When he moves from one place to another, it is in the quixotic hope that the new place will at last provide a way of living together that no one will want to "split" from. So at the end of the film when he suggests moving to Vermont to buy some land there, it is to achieve once and for all the utopia that failed at Trinity Church. Not only is his dream impossible, his own ineptitude is his unbeatable foe. The ostentatious symbol of his idealism is a Flower Car, retired significantly from funeral service.

A second key image, and perhaps the most important, is the church, an "old wineskin" that Ray and Alice buy to keep their "new wine" in. "A place to be the way we want to be," Ray announces to Alice and Arlo as they take possession of the deconsecrated edifice. Almost as if they are playing out their respective parts in a religious ritual, Arlo intones "Amazing grace!" in response to Ray's announcement. Yet whether we are hearing the words of this old hymn while watching a staged cure at the roadside revival or during a quiet moment at the end of the Housatonic Thanksgiving dinner, the words never really ring true: "Amazing grace,/ How sweet the sound/ That saved a wretch like me;/ I once was lost but now I'm found,/ Was blind but now I see." For Arlo the church is simply a place to meet his friends, a way station in his quest for identity where he can achieve a momentary "high" in the fellowship of song and love.

It is Ray who will make persistent efforts to maintain the utopian "high" symbolized for him by his newly-acquired home, his "heavenly city," whether remodeling it or coaxing Alice back to it for the Thanksgiving dinner when "it won't be like before." After Shelly's funeral, when Alice suggests that perhaps their "beauty" had not gotten through to Shelly, Ray answers: "Maybe we haven't been too beautiful lately." It is a rare moment of self-knowledge for Ray, who immediately suggests the second wedding as an instant return to beauty. And, as the wedding scene winds down, Ray frantically attempts to sustain their factitious beatitude.

Alice certainly shares most of Ray's hopes for the church. She has, however, firmer knowledge of her own limitations. She confides to Arlo, "I guess I'm the bitch had too many pups, couldn't take 'em all milking me." Alice tries the hardest to provide the right kind of atmosphere; yet despite her best efforts, her own deep need for love and affection keeps "crowding the pups out."

How effective a "grace" the church has been, how much it has helped them to see, becomes apparent

as I have remarked about Bradbury, soft-pedal the science, the rational prophesying, for the sake of the art.

Dune is important because it is the first novel of any size in which the disparate themes of extraterrestrial ecology, life in the far future, and problems of ESP are handled with the literary skill of the major novelist and the consistency and accuracy of a trained historian. The idea of a lengthy psuedo-historical treatise about the future has been explored in some detail by Asimov in *Foundation*, by Heinlein in his "future as history" books, and by Van Vogt in his stories on Isher. The ecology of other planets, and the character of their inhabitants, had been worked out in painstaking detail by Hal Clement in *Mission of Gravity* and *Cycle of Fire*. But Herbert put both themes together. The planet Arrakis, or Dune, is one of the three moving forces in the novel, the other two being the politics of the far future—its rulers and beliefs, and the actions of the main characters themselves. The plot is fiendishly involved, perhaps more like a Jacobean play than anything else, but the three elements, planet, empire, and man, all form one integral movement.

The hero of the novel, Paul Atreides, is the heir to the family that has been given the planet Arrakis by an imperial government as a part of an attempt to wipe them out before they become a serious threat to the shaky political balance of the imperium. When the family is wiped out, Paul and his mother make a perilous odyssey into the deserts that are the main feature of the world. What they meet there and what Paul discovers—quite literally, who he is, and what he will become—constitute the dominant theme of the story. The involutions of the plot arise from the diabolical way in which Paul's father is killed, by treachery within treachery, and the ways in which the planet itself comes to hold the key to mastery of the imperium.

Interestingly, and most unusually, Herbert deals with religion as a force quite as important as Arrakis or the governmental systems that are in balance. Religion generally has been treated in science fiction as either outlawed mummery or superstitious manipulations by shrewd swindlers. Religion in Herbert is a dynamic force: there are the protective nets of Bene Gesserit; and the savagely alien following of Muad'Dib. Religion in the novel is a major force because Herbert has added a third theme, one of the major in this kind of fiction—the investigation of man's developing awareness of the powers of his mind. Paul Atreides' mother, as a member of Bene Gesserit, has special powers. She can "command" people to her bidding by her voice. Paul himself is able in some instances to perceive the future. The religions that clash and mingle on Arrakis are based on a healthy respect for man's mind and spirit; most importantly, they come because Herbert envisions not a post-industrial society, but a post-industrial universe in which there is one inviolable commandment: "thou shalt not make a machine in the likeness of a human *mind*."

He adumbrates a future in which man, having cleared himself of the possibility of machine domination, is able to fight out his destiny unhindered. This is an important departure point for science fiction: if the mechanical dead end of the forties was gadgets, and of the fifties, atomic power, what threatened to become the death of things in the sixties has been computerization. The reason is fairly simple: it is very easy to extrapolate into a future in which a computer can dominate man.

Colossus, an upsettingly well thought out novel by D. F. Jones, stands as a convenient tombstone for this phase of the sixties. Forbin, the hero of the novel, cannot overcome the machine he has created, and, in the end of the novel, the computer points out to him that in time, he too,

---

Perspective . . . continued

through the visual meanings assigned to its door. The main entrance to the church is used visually in several ways: as an opening through which light shines, as a passageway, but most significantly as an arch framing the occupants. The door of the church appears several times in the film as a narrow source of light in the midst of darkness. Initially, the film cuts from the gather-ever-closer of the New York club where Arlo is entertaining to the pervasive darkness outside the church, with a narrow stream of light coming from inside the church. After cutting inside where Ray supervises the redecoration of his "soul ship," the film jump-cuts to the darkness outside where later a single bulb is being screwed into a socket above the door, an added source of light that makes no appreciable dent in the darkness. Ray's "Let there be light" is an ironical commentary on their failure to be a light either for themselves or for others. The extreme upward tilt of the camera emphasizes the impossibility of their pretensions, by exaggerating the distance between ground and light. Again when Shelly is crowded out of the church, Alice runs through the dim light of the door into the ominous haze of night. Their experiment has done little to dispel the darkness.

As exit, of course, the door is the necessary passage to freedom from the constriction of the pseudo-family. Yet, although the door is most frequently and significantly shown as an exit from the church, one of the most interesting shots is of the arrival of the guests for the Thanksgiving dinner. Ray and Shelly ride their motorcycles up the outside ramp; and a floor-level camera, no doubt with the aid of some trick photography, catches them sailing through the door into the church. They have indeed threaded the eye of a needle in an absurdly risky display of virtuosity, but they have hardly entered into their kingdom.

Most significantly though, during both of the celebrations in the church—on Thanksgiving and during the wedding—we have decisive shots of the group framed in the arch of the door, a shot obviously made from the vestibule of the church. Framed in darkness, the group seems huddled together—a protection no doubt against the darkness, yet obviously also a statement about their loss of freedom, about the way Alice and Ray have crowded them in.

Finally, there is Penn's "haunting affection for the American face" that Pauline Kael has pointed out, capturing its potential for humor and capacity for suffering. The frame of Arlo's wry smile stands in marked contrast to the pathetic twitch on Shelly's face. The joy and expectation on the faces of Ray and Alice as they wait to take possession of the church is offset by the loneliness, almost emptiness, of Alice's face during the final, slow pan that reveals there something between hope and despair, perhaps what Hawthorne described so brilliantly in "The Maypole of Merry Mount" as the fate of our countrymen—"care, and sorrow, and troubled joy."[11] The light during the final sequence is extremely important. Ray tries in vain to prevail upon Arlo to remains. "We'd all be some kind of family," he insists. As Ray goes in defeat back into the church though, the light that was casting his shadow from a source to the left (the setting sun?) dims to near darkness. But as Arlo's voice is heard singing "Alice's Restaurant," the light rises on Alice from the right—not

[11]Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Selected Tales and Sketches* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1967), p. 142.

will come to love and respect his master, the computer. The idea of a man challenging a computer and winning seemed pretty sporting twenty years ago. Today it has a rather grim ring, and the man is the inevitable loser.

Certainly man's growing awareness of what Asimov called the "evitable conflict" between man and machine has become a trap from which many writers have been unable to extricate themselves. *Dune* never falls into the trap. Herbert's idea that man will be forced to free himself from computers in the same way that thus far he has "freed" himself from gas and germ warfare, and is attempting to free himself from atomic power, allows him to focus exclusively on a world in which the powers of the human mind are developed as far as possible. That this power is achieved through specialized training, or through conditioning, rather than through the usual fantastic mutation theories of many writers, gives the novel an air of probability that many novels dealing with such themes do not have. We can envision a world in which a man, by training his capacities constantly, can approach Herbert's concept of mentat, a human capable of computer-like decision, more easily, I suspect, than a world where mental powers are given through a "super race."

One might add that Herbert's writing is of a very high order. Traditional science fiction writing is all too frequently entirely plot and fable with tinkertoy figures and unbelievable journalistic prose. The novel, of blockbusting length for the genre, is also shored up by an almost Dickensian gallery of minor characters. It is incredibly hard to forget Liet Hines, the planetary ecologist, who was "not naive, he merely permitted himself no distractions;" or the retainers of Paul's father, with their Beowulfian honor, as they die to the last man rather than desert the father or later, betray the son. Each one, Gurney Halleck, Duncan Idaho, Thufir Hawat, stands as an actual character, not as cipher. And, weaving the novel together is a central theme of almost timeless importance, of a boy who must grow into manhood, who must reclaim his father's heritage, and who must escape finally the world of his mother and take a wife. I suppose what I'm saying is that Herbert has done two masterful things: he has written a sustained work combining three of the major science fiction themes in ways that seem to symbolize the synthesis through which the field must go if it is to come to full strength, and he has written a moving novel about human beings at the same time.

Quite a few other people have found John Brunner's *Stand on Zanzibar* important. The 1969 annual meeting of Modern Language Association had a special seminar on it, at which much pious nonsense was duly tossed back and forth and around Brunner's head. But *Stand on Zanzibar*, which I originally read with a great amount of unfavorable bias, is an important novel. Basically, it is on the theme which Orwell and Huxley established as the "respectable" theme for science fiction—a serious and searching enquiry into the sociology of the near future. Brunner's novel is thus in some ways updated Huxley. It has all the extrapolations of the current trends in biology, such as cloning, of microminiaturization, of overpopulation, and of Edward T. Hall's appalling speculations on overcrowding. Anyone who is familiar with Lorenz's *On Aggression*, Galbraith's *The New Industrial State*, and Servan-Schreiber's *The American Challenge*, and who has followed the essays on contemporary culture turned out by Tom Wolfe and collected in *The Pump House Gang*, will find little new in Brunner's vision of the future. In other words, it is a clever projection of the combined speculation of some very astute people narrated in the same disjunctive and episodic way that is the hallmark of Joyce and Gaddis. The convinc-

Perspective . . . continued

brilliantly, but nonetheless brightly, a light that somehow prevents her assimilation by the sterile whiteness of the church's facade, just as she had not experienced complete defeat within.

Moreover, the film is filled with gentle visual irony, the perfect cinematic counterpart of the mild "black humor" of Arlo's talking-blues song. We see a drill team performing maneuvers on the field before the cut to the office where the dean of students at the Montana college informs the badly-bruised Arlo that "American education has always been characterized by freedom of thought and expression." The accepted long hair of the revivalist contrasts wonderfully with the disgust of the truck driver when Arlo lets his hair down. In his newly-acquired Microbus Arlo journeys to Stockbridge, passing patiently but hurriedly the individual trucks of an Army convoy that is holding up traffic. We hear Pete Seeger sing "Pastures of Plenty" for the dying Woody Guthrie, while we watch Woody's tortured breathing and see the strange weathered beauty of Seeger's mottled face. The second race that Ray and Shelly participate in, the one "in honor of the boys in Vèet Naam [*sic*]," quickly ends for us in a cloud of dust and confusion. Shelly hides his heroin in a mobile, kept in the church; he hangs another mobile in the restaurant. The graceful balance of a mobile is something obviously foreign to Shelly, yet his life does hang by a thread. One of the most beautiful, yet poignant scenes shows the rite of Shelly's burial. A traveling shot, apparently down a road bordering the cemetery, shows us the expanse of the gathering, Shelly's friends who brave the snow to throw flowers on his coffin. But they are spread out over the hillside; a succession of full shots emphasizes their isolation.

One wonders, too, whether Arlo's Thanksgiving gift of the donkey to Alice and Ray is not more than a mere setup for the draft-dodging latter-day-pilgrim's concern about how he is going "to get his ass across the border." No longer does the church bell announce the beginning of religious services; the "lord and lady of the manor," however, do announce by bell the completion of their love. There is a wry juxtaposition of the bell tolling after the Thanksgiving dinner and the knowing smiles on the faces of Arlo and Roger as they leave to dump the garbage. And after the wedding Ray's efforts to keep the fellowship together are commented on visually by a cut to the empty church and the descending balloons. Thus, aside from the "massacree" itself—Arlo's arrest by Officer Obie and the subsequent trial—which has been handled adequately by the critics, there is sufficient visual irony for us to discern the "firm spine" of a prevailing mood in the film.

Ralph Ellison has described the "blues" as "an impulse to keep the painful details and episodes of a brutal experience alive in one's aching consciousness, to finger its jagged grain and to transcend it, not by the consolation of philosophy but by squeezing from it a near-tragic, near-comic lyricism."[12] Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues song "Alice's Restaurant Massacree" stands perhaps to the blues described by Ellison in much the same way as black humor today is related to the serious apocalyptic writings of Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe. Rather than personal catastrophe expressed lyrically, we have lyric expression given to individual and corporate insanity. In the final analysis, "Alice's Restaurant" cannot be completely un-

[12]Ralph Ellison, quoted in R. W. B. Lewis, *Trials of the Word* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1965), p. 220.

ring of authenticity to it. In the context of the novel, all of the ideas that are put together work. The contrast between a decadent and yet invincible America and the potentially dynamic and strife-ridden island archipelago of Yutakang, and the vision of the backward utopia of African Beninia makes *Stand on Zanzibar* a hardhitting parable of the modern world. The rich are getting richer, the poor are getting further behind. In the apocalyptic conflict between the desperate rich and desperate poor, one sees a striking projection of our world. One finally has to say that the world drawn in the novel is not fiction, but all too gloomy truth.

Brunner's novel is concerned with the attempts of a gigantic corporation to industrialize a backward African country. The alliance between bright negro executive Norman House and the idealistic rulers of Beninia and their American ambassadors, offers an ambiguous statement that is still essentially hopeful about the potential of industrial development, "westernization," if done correctly. The other arm of the plot concerns the adventures of Norman's roommate, Donald Hogan, as he attempts to stave off genetic engineering attempts that may mean that a superior race is possible. The two parts of the plot form an incredibly neat thematic balance: House, the establishment spokesman, becomes so engrossed in utopia that he discovers who he is, while Hogan, the perennial student and scholar, in his attempts to keep the shaky utopia that is America in existence, also discovers who he is—a conditioned killer programmed by the government.

As I remarked earlier, science fiction is essentially a field of numerous and diverse subfields, each totally specialized. Herbert, I pointed out, is important because he broke this pattern, and wrote one work in which numerous major and hitherto totally isolated fields were combined. Brunner's synthesis is of a different sort: he takes the speculations of all sorts of different people who have only one thing in common, that they are acute and worried observers who document their worries and produce original concepts and unites them to produce a logical vision of the near future. It is no accident that in both novels the possibilities of synthesis occupy such a large role: Paul Atreides can synthesize many possibilities through natural and drug developed talents. He is pitched against another kind of synthesist, the mentat, who has trained himself to think on a level deemed impossible by lesser men. In Brunner we have Shalmaneser, the enormous computer, pitched against and ultimately subservient to, the sociologist Chad Mulligan, who stands as the same kind of observer to his time that the writers I have mentioned above are to ours. A further interesting parallel is that Brunner, like Herbert, has attempted an answer to the computer mastery problem. Shalmaneser makes a mistake because he is unable to accept the validity of the data being fed to him. It is "illogical." It is only Mulligan who realizes that the illogical may frequently be true.

Like Herbert, Brunner has also managed to come up with a well constructed, and well written novel. Unusually, it is also a good suspense novel, the best yet produced in science fiction. In Hogan's race to try and get Dr. Sugaiguntun out of Yatakang, and in the inevitable conclusion, as they tred water in the straits waiting for the American submarine to pick them up, one waits with a kind of terrified certainty for the final stupid slaughter that has become a rising theme of the book. For *Stand on Zanzibar* is a truly violent novel about an increasingly violent society. There are scenes that make the word "violence" come back alive, as in the fight that climaxes in one sentence, "Which was, as he had been taught, a sheet of glass

Perspective . . . continued

derstood apart from its aural component, this talking-blues song, which in expanded form becomes the background and counterpoint for Penn's visual odyssey. The alternating moods of serenity and excitement, of calm and movement carry us through to the final pointed synchronisation of Arlo's commercial and the pan of Alice frozen and alone on the steps of the church. Alice appears finally as one who needs more than she can give. You may not be able to get anything that you want at Alice's restaurant, but you can surely get Alice—if you are lucky enough to be one of her pups. Yet what do you have when you get Alice? Alice is the problem, not the solution.

Attention to the language of Penn's film does indeed reap a rich harvest of meaning. If the critics had concerned themselves more with the medium itself, they would have given their readers a deeper insight into cinema as art. "Alice's Restaurant" has as firm a visual spine as the contemporary quest for meaning can. It is a gentle apocalypse, a visually lyrical celebration of the crisis of our times—when convinced of the failure of the old, we face the inadequacy of the new.

that could be smashed to make cutting edges." I might add, by the by, that people who thrive on James Bond-type adventures will miss a great deal by ignoring *Stand on Zanzibar.*

But the final note that marks these words as important for what will happen in the future in science fiction is that their message is essentially optimistic. Even in Brunner there is the definite suggestion of utopia in the industrialized and educated Beninia to be. And a field that can produce in a few short years two sustained works of affirmation may be much closer to flower than anyone would have thought possible in the sixties.

—Reviewed by John Mosier

Representative Men: Cult Heroes of Our Times, ed. by Theodore L. Gross, Free Press, 531 pp.

Representative Men is an extremely interesting and diverse collection of essays dealing with everyone from John F. Kennedy to George C. Wallace, from Martin Luther King to Eldridge Cleaver, from Mailer to Salinger, not to mention Allen Ginsberg and Edward Albee, with essays on the arts, science and popular culture. It begins with Norman Mailer's interesting as well as astute essay, "The Existential Hero: Superman Comes to the Supermarket," and it closes with Paul O'Neil's essay on Jackie Onassis, "For the Beautiful Queen, Goodbye Camelot, Hello Skorpios." The majority of these essays deal with these 'representative men' from varying points in view, and some of the essays, such as Schlesinger's "The Decline of Greatness" and Sidney Hook's "The Hero and Democracy", are classics.

This collection is important, however, not only because it includes the theoretical aspects of what is happening to us as a nation, such as Paul Goodman's "Growing Up Absurd," but because Gross's historical vision includes an intense but panoramic view of our cult heroes in Modern America. In a word, Gross has succeeded in forging historical events into something more than incomprehensible actions interwoven into the fabric of history, and has succeeded in welding men and women caught in time to history. It is an important collection of essays, and is well worth reading.

Reviewed by John Joerg

The Assassin, by Uri Levi, Doubleday. 232 pp., $4.95.

Uri Levi's novel is a masterpiece of surrealistic ambiguity, and it depicts the momentous uncertainty of an absurd world. It is entertaining as well as provocative, and seems to suggest in its own way that something frightening is happening to men and society. In a world without values the reflective man, the man who has already been reduced to psychotic political paranoia, suddenly explodes into an attack on the Premier of a hostile nation with his bare hands, while he screams, "Grenades, grenades." The Premier is, of course, an old man, and he dies from the shock of the attack. The nameless and faceless narrator—who reminds me of the narrator in Dostoievsky's *Notes from Underground*—is lifted for a brief moment into the national limelight, and then is reduced again to his former situation of being a nobody, a nobody whose only hobby is 'contemplation'. And at the end the faceless narrator is further reduced to participating in the hideously frustrating game of waiting. While the narrator is undoubtedly mad, his madness leads one to question the sanity of the society in which he lives. *The Assassin* is a novel well worth reading—and, perhaps, well worth thinking about.

Reviewed by John Joerg

Poetry

Anonymous Sins, by Joyce Carol Oates, LSU Press, 79 pp., $4.50; **Day Sailing**, by David R. Slavitt, University of North Carolina Press, 71 pp., $3.75; **Growing Into Love**, by X. J. Kennedy, Doubleday, 96 pp., $4.50; **The Geography Of Lograire** by Thomas Merton, New Directions, 153 pp., $4.95; **Dreaming Of Floods**, by Stuart Friebert, Vanderbilt University Press, 79 pp., $5; **First Practice**, by Gary Gildner, University of Pittsburg Press, 67 pp., $4.50; **Hard Loving**, by Marge Piercy, Wesleyan Press, 77 pp., $4.00; **Body Compass**, by David Steingass, Pittsburg Press, 60 pp., $4.50; **"A" 13-21**, by Louis Zukofsky, Doubleday, 25 pp., $5.95; **Poems 1965-1968**, by Robert Graves, Doubleday, 97 pp., $4.95; **Many Happy Returns**, by Ted Berrigan, Corinth, 47 pp., $1.75; **Pieces**, by Robert Creely, Scribner's, 81 pp., $4.50.

One begins writing this kind of review with mixed emotions, feeling at once presumptuous about judging another man's work, and still glad for the opportunity to say something about the most current shape of American poetry. Judging from the thirty volumes that came to me, that shape isn't remarkably good, but it has two exciting bright spots: David R. Slavitt's fourth book, *Day Sailing*, and a first book, *Anonymous Sins*, by Joyce Carol Oates, who is already a fine young novelist.

In general, the ones I chose to review here fell into two main groups: those by new or established writers that seemed worth reading or at least knowing about; and those by established writers that didn't seem to be worth much at all.

Robert Creeley's latest, *Pieces*, is in the forefront of the latter. Creely writes self-indulgent garbage, without subtlety or craft and with consistently easy irony. Almost every effort in this book could be called a so-what poem. For instance, the poem "3 In 1":

> The bird
> flies
> out the
> window. She
> flies.
>
> The bird flies
> out the
> window. She
> flies.
>
> The bird
> flies. She
> flies.

Being a Poetic Institution has done his poetry no good at all. What seems to be happening is that Creeley is writing for his disciples who will like whatever he does anyway.

Pieces is dedicated to Louis Zukofsky, whose second volume of *A Poem Of A Life, "A" 13-21*, is a better book. It is rambling and ambitious as though Zukofsky wanted to get everything he's ever thought down quickly and completely. The virtue is also a fault. One must almost be interested in the man first to appreciate the book, rather than the other, better way. In that respect, it falls far short of Thomas Merton's last book—a long, life poem—called *The Geography Of Lograire*. Merton creates a complete mythological world out of his own experience and his versatile knowledge of past cultures. There are two chief differences between these works: Merton is a more interesting figure to begin with, and his language and control are superior to Zukofsky's. Since they are both highly diffused, it would not be worth while to quote from either here.

X. J. Kennedy is a very dependable poet. One can begin almost any poem in *Growing Into Love*, his second book, and be certain of an experience worth the undertaking. He is formally excellent, witty, and intelligent—as in a poem called "Scholar's Wife," in which the woman speaks:

All winter long, your book *The Doric Mood*
Advanced while I lay sleeping in the nude
Or reading, sucking caramels, on my back.
I'd hear downstairs your typewriter attack
The barricades of learning till, the skin
Of suburbs pierced, your column spurted in.
Shivering, I'd draw the bedclothes tight against my chin.

And later in the same poem is one of the richest images in the book: "The dying God with rose thorns through his hands/Has given no sign that he understands." X. J. Kennedy's fault—and it is a fault in refreshing contrast to the fault of much contemporary poetry—is that occasionally, though he is obviously feeling his subject deeply, he does not make the reader feel it as deeply. It is a detachment that makes it difficult sometimes for the reader to be as completely inside the experience as Kennedy himself seems to be. For example, a stanza from "Down In Dallas":

The big bright Cadillacs stomped on their brakes,
The street fell unearthly still
While smoke on its chin, that slithering gun
Coiled back from its window sill.

Robert Graves' new book, *Poems 1965-1968*, is a disappointment. The poems are mostly short, mostly flat, as though—as with Creeley—reputation had made effort less necessary. It doesn't, and this book isn't likely to excite even admirers of Graves. A stanza from "On Giving"demonstrates the point.

Those who dare give nothing
Are left with less than nothing;
Dear heart, you give me everything,
Which leaves you more than everything—
Though those who dare give nothing
Might judge it left you nothing.

There are some better moments than that in the book, though not enough. And, in justice to an old craftsman, there is a curious dignity even in the barest of these poems.

David Slavitt is good, damned good. *Day Sailing* is the kind of book that you want to read and show to your friends and keep handy to re-read when the hunger for it returns, as it will. His voice is sure and his concerns and sensibilities wide-ranging and interesting—with echoes of Nemerov and Auden (whom he one-ups nicely in "Another Letter To Lord Byron").

There isn't a wrong poem in the book, but there are some that stand out even in this fine collection. The title poem is one: "I have my craft—a skill, a trade, duplicity,/a small boat." Or the delightful short poem, "Epitaph For Goliath":

After so many victories, one
defeat, and that one by a stone:
but let this stone atone for that
breach of the order of combat.
He was a victem of a ruse
of the rude boy of the barbarous Jews.
Goliath shall have honor while
men yet have any use for style
or the purity of form they mean
by the accolade of Philistine.

"Three Ideas Of Disorder," "Jonah: A Report," and "Exhortation To An Arab Friend" are three of the best longish poems I've read in a while. The insight, humor and irony in all of these are nearly perfect and they seem bound to stand as important works a long while. Finally, one of the best things about Slavitt's poems in general is that even when the world sinks, he doesn't. There is a toughness in his most devastating ephiphanies; for instance, the poem "Seals" in which he says of those animals in a zoo:

They bark
as they
always do, play
for a while longer,
having made of life a lark
and a game of hunger.

Ted Berrigan, author of *Many Happy Returns*, writes in imitation of the worst of early Beat poetry. The topography and the this-is-my-life-just-like-it-happens style are embarrassing more than they are offensive, as though he didn't realize this stuff has been done before and better and that poetry has taken the good it did offer and moved on from there. It is particularly unfortunate, because Berrigan has a poem or two and some scattered lines which suggest he does know what good poetry should be and simply doesn't have the determination or consistency to write it.

Hard Loving by Marge Piercy is one of those books you keep wanting to like but can't quite. She has several fine poems like "Juan's Twilight Dance" and "Crabs" which are rich and firmly made; but she also has too many lines like "mistrust swells like a prune" and too many "chocolate afternoons" to keep the reader less annoyed finally than pleased. Chances are, though, if she unclutters her language some and steps further back from the experience before stepping into the poem, she will be worth reading all the way through.

The University of Pittsburgh Press has put out two first books that are, as the expression goes, promising. Gary Gildner's *First Practice* and *Body Compass* by David Steingass both have their shaky moments, but both exhibit a clear, controlled voice and a good mixture of immediacy and detachment. Gildner has more good poems and seems the more versatile and accomplished of the two. "The Shy Roofer" is not the best his book offers, but it shows some of his quality.

This roofer works at night
on the sly—
he's only a shy man.
Nails, tar, squares covered
and uncovered: these
he proffers quickly,
automatically,
by hand.
It's the moon that's
on his mind, gentlemen—
the stars, the
ladies turning over
one more time
to show their lips,
their honest
hips,
to whisper
in their sleep
you're doing fine,
roofer.

The title poem in Stuart Friebert's *Dreaming Of Floods* is also the best poem and, like the book, deserves an audience.

The river, broad and
black with rain, swept
trees out of the way.

He felt a longing for tea,
the exhaustion
of a Chekhovian man.

For an instant
the early morning light
was green. Men in dark boots

sandbagging the water
were too late. He would
gladly have gone back to sleep.

There was a need to get up,
to drive several miles out of town, simply
to die

This is Friebert's first book, though it has none of the plainly young poems that weaken Gildner's and especially Steingass' collections. However, he does have a tendency to flat endings and they diminish these mostly good poems. Friebert's strength (though he sometimes carries it too far) is his insistence on the exact detail, the full moment: "The cat bends over the cold, ice/pods snapping on her bushy legs." Perhaps the best moments are when he pulls off something outrageous, something that works even though it shouldn't—for instance, what he finds in the basement in "The House":

There's a whole cow
in the freezer. The futility
of it, my God, what a
thing to happen.

The best of the first books is *Anonymous Sins* by Joyce Carol Oates. I am tempted simply to quote poem after poem of hers, but she is so good, her poems so lyrical and moving, that I want to say more. Like Slavitt's book, this is one you are very glad you have, one to be re-read, re-experienced often.

Unlike many women poets, Miss Oates refuses to use her femininity as a sledge-hammer or as a shield for weak lines and stale ideas. She is constantly fresh, perfectly feminine and perfectly strong at the same time. Even in such a sentimental situation as memories of adolescence and school, she is at once inside and outside the experience:

A Happy Song, do not mock.
I scrawl *Love love* on my notebook
in red ink.
Today no sulking.
You saw me many times, your heart tugged,
yes, at intersections after school
and bold on Saturdays, rushing
through stores . . . yes, I danced away.

Best of all I love myself
Second best *him* in red ink.
Here I sit. I swing my foot.
This has a certain meaning
the world slides over me—

She is equally skilled in rendering the kind of empty tragedy that modern life can become. In "Lines For Those To Whom Tragedy Is Denied," she speaks of women who "have no language and so they chatter/In the rhythm of stereotype that is won/After certain years and certain money." But she immediately sees another possibility:

Or perhaps they once rose naked from the sea
And the stereotype rose from them, like a snapshot
Snapped by envious fingers, an act of love
They never noticed.

The obvious thing missing from this collection is an overt humor, except in isolated lines. But for some reason, the visions these poems work from and those they evoke make that an unimportant matter. It is a deadly serious book, but not a depressing one. She is true. That itself is enough.

Reviewed by Ralph Adamo

The Demonic Imagination: Style and Theme in French Romantic Poetry. by John Porter Houston. Louisiana State University Press. 177 pp.. $7.95.

Professor Houston's valuable study sheds light on a long-neglected area of French literature, the poetry produced, roughly, between the years 1830-1860. While in some cases admittedly less worthy of the accolades that literary fashion has bestowed on the work of the Romantics' successors, the Symbolists, this poetry has far more to recommend it than its detractors would prefer to admit. The present study offers a positive assessment of Romantic poetry; it likewise shatters the myth that eighteenth-century France produced little or no lyric poetry, by demonstrating that the Romantic tradition was the logical outgrowth of a surprisingly fruitful, if not first-rate, lyric strain in the poetry of the Age of Enlightenment.

Beginning, then, with a discussion of three eighteenth-century poets, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, Jacques Delille, and André Chénier, Houston attempts to show that, through their efforts, the neo-classical tradition was gradually abandoned, but not until well into the nineteenth century: he sees Lamartine, the publication of whose *Méditations Poétiques*, in 1820, is generally taken as a convenient date for the opening of the flood-gates of romanticism, as "the culmination of an elegiac tradition rather than the expression of a new movement in poetry," as the "*summa* of the late eighteenth-century and Empire elegy."

Not content with facile pronouncements, Houston proceeds to give a valuable account of the neo-classical poetic tendencies, the main preoccupation of which was the rigid link between style and genre, and the concomitant inability of poetic language to adapt itself to varied subject matter. The author sees Hugo's earlier efforts, mainly the *Odes*, as suffering from this trait. Hugo's real achievement in terms of poetic development occurs in the plays, where the ever-revered alexandrine verse is broken up, offering greater suppleness of expression. It is no longer the symmetrical syntax-arbiter of the poetic phrase as it was with Racine. Houston ends this section with a short discussion of Alfred de Musset's stylistic plurality—this poet's ironic view enabled him to expand the resources of the unexpected and the shocking through a variety of modes of expression: the commonplace, the noble, the playful, the lyric, among others.

The chapter "Towards a Romantic Iconology" introduces the main concerns of the study. Showing the influence of the major characteristics of painting, of the gothic novel, and of the then-currently popular melodrama, the author arrives at the main preoccupations of minor, but thematically important poets of the time: Sainte-Beuve, Philothée O'Neddy, Petrus Borel, and especially Théophile Gautier, whose work most profoundly influenced Baudelaire, and to whom *Les Fleurs du mal* is dedicated. Gautier's *La Comedié et la mort*, in particular, with its demonic imagery, its preoccupation with the ideas of Spleen and Death, with necrophilia, with frigidity and sexual barrenness, emerges as especially important for Baudelaire.

Four chapters, on Vigny, Baudelaire, Nerval, and the later poetry of Hugo, comprise the remainder of the study, and it is here that are elucidated the demonological systems of these major poets. Vigny's demonic world presents a "coherent vision of mankind under the sway of the inhuman." By equating Fate with Christian grace in *Les Destinées*, Vigny demonstrates a perversely demonic interpretation of Christian theology. Yet, all the while shaking his fists at an unjust God of vengeance, he somehow manages to be merely philosophically pessimistic, whereas Baudelaire offers a more explicitly despairing religious vision of a dualistic universe, wherein the forces of evil have the upper hand. This Manichaeism is represented by a symbology of good and evil, a symbology expressed mainly through ambivalent patterns of time—regret for a receding paradisiacal past and anticipation of approaching death—and various patterns of movement, the most pervasive being the voyage, which paradoxically leads to a fixed resting point. Ultimately, the antithetical tension of good and evil will be resolved by the sentiment of *ennui*,

which brings indifference to good and evil, the absence of moral choice.

Both Nerval and Hugo, in his later poetic cycles, continue this dualistic vision. According to Houston, the syncretistic arcana that comprise the major images of the impossibly difficult *Chimères* seem to add up to the affirmation of a world of movement, of flux, of historical event, where the pagan and the Christian, the Children of Fire (descendants of Cain) and the Children of Clay (descendants of Adam) exist in a vital struggle whose outcome Nerval heralds as the downfall of traditional Christianity. But frankly, who knows? There are too many antithetical elements, too many shifts in identity, too much confusion of dieties; in short (and this is my personal feeling), *Les Chimères* are too hermetic, too tightly-keyed for any coherently "definitive" statement to be made.

A discussion of Hugo's *Chatiments, Dieu, La Fin de Satan,* and *La Legende des siecles* completes this study. *Dieu* and *La Fin de Satan* are explicitly religious, but their theosophies were never completed: what one can glean from them is a theory of the Great Chain of Being, where man is gradually rising through metempsychosis to be reunited with the Godhead in a new Golden Age. Both *Châtiments* and *La Légende* are historico-epic treatments of the good-evil theme, and again the forces of good will win out. Poems of truly grand design, this later Hugo is seen as "the most persistent and successful attempt in nineteenth-century poetry to see, in epic scope, the universe, past, present, and future."

In concentrating on the thematic, I have neglected to comment at any length on the "Style" aspect of the book's sub-title. In all fairness, it must be said that matters of prosodic and stylistic innovation receive extensive and sensitive treatment: I think particularly of the brilliant exposition of Hugo's lexical and syntactical richness in the later works.

In short, Professor Houston amply fulfills the task he has set himself. It is a book to be welcomed, both for what it is and for what the author explicitly anticipates—further similar studies of the Symbolist and Decadent movements, culminating with the work of Proust. On the strength of the present book, such studies will be equally welcome.

Reviewed by James B. O'Leary

Records

SCHARWENKA: **Concerto No. 1 in B-flat Minor, Op. 32**: BALAKIREV: **Reminiscences of Glinka's Opera "A Life for the Tsar"**: MEDTNER: **Improvisations, Op. 31, No. 1**: D'ALBERT: **Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2:** Earl Wild (piano): Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA LSC 3080, $5.98.

The Polish pianist Scharwenka was one of the fabulous performers of the nineteenth century, Court Pianist to the Emperor of Austria, composer of the opera, *Mataswintha,* performed by the Metropolitan Opera in 1907, concocter of globs of ghastly piano pieces and a few ones of limited charm, and four piano concertos, the first of which is here grandly served up like an enormous crepes suzette.

The musical dietic should stay away from this Romantic Age offering which obviously was a joyous undertaking for Earl Wild and Leinsdorf and his men. No attempt has been made in the performance to give this showpiece contemporary relevance or debonair modernity. All stops are pulled out, and it's a lush, grandly vulgar, highestly (yup!) rhetorical pompously brilliant run through the score that is achingly difficult to play, demoniacally decadent in its conjurations and enormous fun.

One of the miracles of the performances is that Leinsdorf was "with it" in the best sense. Lately his recordings have had a cramped, non-committal quality, no matter who the composer being coolly analyzed. To employ the "When he was good, he was very, very, good/ And when he was bad, he was horrid!" analogy may seem cruelly snotty in speaking of this conductor who has a number of superlative score interpretations to his credit, but so it is. Anyway, here he is out of the slump or, more appropriately, freeze, and he is better than very, very good. He is on an Olympian high, and Wild is with him.

HENSELT: **Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in F minor, Op. 16.** LISZT-LEWENTHAL: **Totentanz for Piano and Orchestra. Raymond Lewenthal**, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond. Columbia MS 7252, $5.98.

At the concerts of the big orchestras and in the recording studios of the major labels, the latest "in" thing is to do minor Romantic pieces, perhaps a blessed relief from the over-programming of major Romantic pieces.

Indianapolis has a Romantic music festival every year, and it was there that Raymond Lewenthal revived the Adolf von Henselt Piano Concerto in F minor approximately three years ago. Now backed by orchestral forces superior to those in Indiana, Lewenthal has committed this bravura concerto which enjoyed great popularity in its time to disc.

Henselt (1814-1889) was a Bavarian musician considered in his time to be greater than Liszt and Thalberg. One of his many technical gimmicks was a mastery of left-hand extensions in the manner of Rachmaninoff. "In the manner of" also describes his work which reminds one of Chopin, Schumann and Mendelssohn, a fact which does not detract from the entertaining, astonishing, and exhilarating professionalism contained within the piece.

*Lewenthal plays it in the romantic spirit, nonconde-*scendingly. Too, in his drive to reveal the total scope and topography of the composition, Lewenthal lets some of the notes blur, cheats on tempo markings for the sake of excitement, and even adds a few decorative measures at the end of the first movement for design clarifications.

Charles Mackerras and the London Symphony give fine support to the soloist, and the recording is clean and bright.

Lewenthal's performance of the Liszt *Totentanz* combines the often-recorded piece for piano and orchestra with another version of the same piece by Liszt. Again, brilliant and different.

MENOTTI: **Sebastian,** London Symphony Orchestra, Jose Serebrier, cond., Desto DC 6432, $5.98.

Public attention to Menotti usually comes from his operatic works, but his instrumental creations are every bit as good, if not better.

In 1944 the composer created the *Sebastian* ballet, a delicately etched and old-fashionedly lyrical opus with a wealth of emotion in its output.

In the late 1950's Stokowski and the NBC Symphony recorded an expectedly lush version of the Suite which far outdoes in sound and performance this current effort of Serebrier and company. Desto has processed dull sound with one-dimensional depth effect and groove distortion in the louder segments. However, since this is the only complete recording of *Sebastian* and since the performance is adequate-to-good, it is worth the buyer's spare $5.98.

Reviewed by Don Brady

Jazz

MILES DAVIS

Two recent Miles Davis albums incorporate some of the devices of rock music, but meld them so skillfully with Davis' advanced harmonic and rhythmic concepts that the outcome transcends virtually all other efforts to combine jazz with rock.

One of the LP's, "Filles de Kilimanjaro" (Columbia CS 9750), was recorded during a transitional period; Davis was altering the personnel of his rhythm section, and there are opportunities to compare the new and former members. The other, "In A Silent Way" (Columbia CS 9875), adds two electric pianos and an organ to the rhythm section, a hugely successful experiment in musical density.

The empathy between the rhythm sections and horns in each album makes it possible for Davis and tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter to play detached from the rhythm players and yet be in touch with them to an incredibly close degree. The result is a freedom agreeably unlike the disconnected and chaotic "freedom" of much of the so-called avant garde in jazz. The development of this approach has been well documented over Davis' last seven LPs, beginning with "E.S.P.," and playing them in succession is a revealing listening experience.

The first side of "Filles de Kilimanjaro" is dark, mysterious, somehow Oriental. The second . . . made up of only two pieces . . . is lighter, gayer, almost whimsical in tone. The melodies of all five compositions are oblique, fragmentary. But the "tunes" are considerably less important than the interaction between the rhythm section and the soloists, and the way the soloists build on scant, but not always simple, harmonic bases.

At times the music swings in a sort of neo-Basie groove, but by and large the rhythmic thrust is implied rather than stated . . . . drummer Tony Williams working freely around the time with impeccably and imaginatively placed accents. Of the bassists and pianists, Ron Carter and Herbie Hancock perform more comfortably in the Davis idiom than Dave Holland and Chick Corea, who are heard on two tracks. Carter and Hancock, of course, were veterans of more than six years with Miles. With them and Williams, however seemingly far the departure from the established time, it is always intensely felt.

Davis is a master of rhythmic horn playing, with absolute control of the meter, and Shorter is only slightly less assured. Hancock is more likely to work in tempo, if you can use such standard terminology in connection with this music. One striking facet of this album is the conversational quality of the solos, an earmark of the best jazz players. These pieces are full of solos that literally almost speak. It's difficult to play cliches in this music because of the unorthodox structuring of the tunes. A direct quote would sound ludicrous. Miles and Shorter both allude to previous works, although in such cryptic fashion that one is hard-pressed to call the allusions quotes. They are subliminal moments, flashes of reference, and the experienced jazz listener will keep hearing . . . or keep sensing . . . . things past.

The title song would be great music for a hip travelogue or background for a film about a balloon race. You may supply your own images. Davis is lighthearted in his solo. Shorter is busy and chatty. Hancock introduces two phrases on which he builds to a West Indian mood. Then Hancock and Davis spar, or dance, to the conclusion.

"Mademoiselle Mabry" lacks the intensity of the tracks with Carter and Hancock, but it has a lazy charm that sets it apart from the other pieces in the LP. The tune is made so that the soloist must resolve its harmonic challenges in a rather basic and down-homey way, although it's far from being a simple piece. Bassist Holland is solid and has a good sound, but Carter's drive is missed here.

The first side of the "In A Silent Way" LP consists of a composition by Davis called "Shhhhhhhh/Peaceful," which like most of his recent songs, sets a key feeling and a mood but leaves the soloists an all but unlimited choice of notes. There's a definite rhythm-and-blues undercurrent in Williams' double-timing, a series of riff-like patterns by the three pianists, Corea, Hancock, and Joe Zawinul, and ebullient solos by Davis, guitarist John McLaughlin, and Shorter.

The other side begins and ends with a little piece of Romantic Impressionism, if we may be allowed such a category, by Joe Zawinul called "In A Silent Way," with a Davis tune, "It's About Time," between. Again, simplicity is the hallmark and, again, it is absorbing because of the virtuosity, inspiration and resourcefulness of the players.

This is orderly and peaceful music, but it is not without excitement and passion. It could be that after all the nonsense of the New Thing has subsided it will be clear that Davis' brand of musical freedom is the way to the unfettered expression the Archie Shepps and Pharaoh Sanderses of the world are so angrily looking for.

The liner notes of "In A Silent Way," which otherwise tells us nothing, express the hope that the rock musicians of the day will study what Miles is doing and that his influence will become apparent in their music. That's a good thought. I would hope that the jazz musicians of the day, particularly those who consider themselves avant garde, will also take Davis' message to heart. Musicianship will tell.

NAT ADDERLEY

It is impossible not to be reminded of the Miles Davis-Gil Evans collaborations when listening to Nat Adderly's new album, "Calling Out Loud" (A & M 3017). Adderley's trumpet style (he actually plays cornet) is influenced by Davis . . . in a very healthy way. He plays a few Miles licks here and there, yes; more importantly, he understands and uses Davis' approach to improvisation. Adderley is not, and I imagine doesn't claim to be, an innovator. Nor is he a copier. He's a fine player with strong chops, good ideas, and, above all, feeling.

William Fischer, the 33-year-old New Orleanian who arranged the album, occasionally uses reed voicings that sound like Gil Evans, and he employs transitional music to tie the tracks together, as Evans has done on albums with Davis. But Fischer is an earthier writer than Evans; witness the rhythm and blues ensembles behind Adderley and pianist Joe Zawinul on "Comin' Out The Shadows" and "Calling Out Loud." And his formal classical training makes itself known in the stately, almost pre-classical "Haifa," with the ground bass of Ron Carter.

Carter, Zawinul and drummer Leo Morris comprise a rhythm section that swings demoniacally at times. On "St. M." Carter is a dervish, at once delineating the time and turning it all but inside out. Zawinul's playing throughout is impeccable and astonishing. He, like Adderley, deals in emotion, the quality that dominates this LP despite its finely honed musicianship. Or perhaps because of it.

The album is a suite inspired, according to Fischer's liner notes, by the traditional music of Southwest Louisiana. He credits the music and musicians of New Orleans, New Iberia, Houma and Opelousas with having provided the models for many of the pieces. Adderley is a longstanding fan of New Orleans music. He wrote "Sweet Emma." Enough said.

Many of the albums coming from Herb Alpert's A & M assembly line seem contrived. This one has the feeling of honesty and love, and I shall listen to it often.

DIZZY GILLESPIE

There is a Dizzy Gillespie trumpet solo on a 1942 Lucky Millinder Recording called "Little John Special" that contains most of the elements for which Dizzy shortly became famous as a leader of the bop movement. The Millinder band was not by any definition a be bop organization, but it apparently provided a sympathetic setting for Gillespie to develop in. If the solo is typical of what he was doing this early in his career, his style evolved amazingly fast from the Roy Eldridge swing-oriented conception of the Gillespie on recordings by Teddy Hill and Cab Calloway. This is unquestionably a bop solo in a swing context, and the first ensemble riff phrase following the solos must have been the inspiration for "Salt Peanuts."

Aside from the Millinder tracks the album, "Big Bands Uptown" (Decca DL 79242), includes pieces by Don Redman, Claude Hopkins and Benny Carter, all band leaders whose work has gone more or less unappreciated. This album is a fine opportunity to become acquainted with four important but neglected swing bands.

JAMES MOODY

James Moody is a saxophonist who does astonishing things in the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet night after night to the loud and enthusiastic acclaim of almost no one outside the ever more exclusive circle of listeners who love be bop.

Moody is one of those men who, like Lee Konitz and Kenny Dorham, is high in the affections of musicians and the jazz community and low in polls and record sales. But he's a player who will survive many of the people winning the polls and selling the records because he is solidly musical, inventive and honest, without a gimmick to his name. In a new release called "Don't Look Away Now" (Prestige 7625) Moody is joined by another sterling bop artist, pianist Barry Harris, and Harris plays beautifully throughout. He is less directly evocative of Bud Powell than usual, but there's no doubt where his heart is. The remarkable Alan Dawson is the drummer. Bob Cranshaw, apparently at Moody's request, plays electric bass, and does it tastefully. But he doesn't swing on the Fender bass as he does on the upright model.

"Darben The Redd Foxx" is one of the best blues performances Moody has put on record. On the introduction to "Easy Living" he plays tenor saxophone in a free style that makes his following respectful treatment of the melody all the more effective. On alto, he is equally solicitous of another fine ballad, "When I Fall In Love," but when he plays tenor, Moody seems to add an element of melodic inspiration, and this album reinforces my longstanding conviction that tenor is his best horn. "Don't Look Away Now" is a quickly forgotten little soul piece. "Hey Herb, Where's Alpert?" was written by Moody for his old sidekick Eddie Jefferson to sing. It's an amusing performance, but it would be interesting to hear Moody stretch out on the strangely sad harmonic pattern of the composition.

A decade ago, shortly after his cure and release from a mental institution, Moody made a widely celebrated recording of a song called "Last Train From Overbrook." There's a new version of this LP, but it lacks the autobiographical passion of the original.

BRIEFLY NOTED

Pacific Jazz Records has reissued the classic 1956 session "2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West," with John Lewis, Bill Perkins, Percy Heath, Jim Hall and Chico Hamilton (World Pacific Jazz 20411). To a large extent it is tenor saxophonist Perkins' album because it contains far and away the best solos he ever recorded. Pianist Lewis and guitarist Hall also have some remarkable solos. The title tune, a John Lewis blues line, has become a classic. It captures the essence of the blues, and it's such a powerful, simple, melody that it colors the solos which follow it.

The contemporary classical composer and jazz pianist Hall Overton has collaborated with Thelonious Monk in two big-band albums of Monk's music (Riverside 12-300, Columbia CS 8964). His arrangements demonstrated Overton's deep understanding of Monk and his respect for the man's achievement.

On the other hand, Oliver Nelson. Columbia hired Nelson to do an album of Monk's tunes, with the composer as piano soloist ("Monk's Blues." CS 9806). Nelson . . . an accomplished arranger . . . offers no evidence that he took Monk's unique musicality into consideration when he wrote the charts. The arrangements bear about as much relationship to Monk as one of Nelson's Hollywood television scores. They seem to have been ground out with the assembly line workmanship Nelson sometimes uses in preparing for a record date with a singer.

Under the circumstances it's a tribute to Monk's indomitable artistry that he turns out some good solos. One of the best is on "Rootie Tootie." But the album is disappointing when compared, as it must be, with Overton's arrangements.

There was a time when jazz singers were not the whole show, but a part of the band, and although Helen Merrill is unquestionably the dominant voice in her new LP with Dick Katz ("A Shade of Difference", Milestone 9019), what we have here is a return to the notion that musicians and singers can be partners. The fine instrumentalists are given solos that integrate with the vocals easily and naturally, so that the listener is aware of a continuity and an interdependence sadly missing from most "jazz" vocal albums.

Katz is the pianist, Jim Hall the guitarist, Ron Carter the bassist, and Elvin Jones the drummer. Richard Davis is also heard on bass, and the horns are Thad Jones, trumpet and flugelhorn; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; and Hubert Laws, flute.

The magnificent Carter supports Miss Merrill alone on "My Funny Valentine," and there are few singers with the rhythmic assurance or the accuracy of ear to bring off that kind of performance. There are perhaps even fewer bassists who can play so flawlessly without other rhythm to fall back on. Additional highlights: "I Should Care," "Never Will I Marry," "Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most," and Alec Wilder's neglected masterpiece "Where Do You Go?."

—Reviewed by Doug Ramsey

ALSO RECOMMENDED

The Best of Bill Evans: Verve 8747
Bill Evans and Jeremy Steig/What's New: Verve 8777
Don Byas In Paris: Prestige 7598 (Reissue)
Don Ellis/*Autumn:* Columbia CS 9721
Ahmad Jamal/*At The Top, Poinciana Revisited:* Impulse A-9176
Oscar Peterson/*Soul-O!:* Prestige 7595
Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan/*Blues Roots:* Columbia CS 9749
Benny Goodman/*Clarinet A La King:* Epic EE 22025 (Reissue)
Carl Fontana, various others/*Jazz For A Sunday Afternoon,* Volume 3: Solid State 18037
The Charlie Parker Story: Verve V-6-8000 through 8010 (Reissue)
King Oliver/*Papa Joe:* Decca 79246 (Reissue)

Kenny Clarke/*The Paris Bebop Sessions With James Moody:* Prestige 7605 (Reissue)

Bobby Hackett/*This Is My Bag:* Project 3 5034

George Van Eps/*Soliloquy:* Capitol 267

Duke Pearson/*Now Hear This:* Blue Note 84308

OF INTEREST

Gary McFarland/*America The Beautiful:* Skye SK-8
Moondog; Columbia MS 7335
Muddy Waters, assorted young rockers/*Fathers and Sons:* Chess LPS 127
W. C. Fields On Radio: Columbia CS 9890
Milton Nascimento/*Courage:* A&M 3019

Notes on contributors

RALPH ADAMO is a senior at Loyola University, teaches English at a local high school, and is an associate editor of *Confluence*.

NELSON ALGREN is a well known American writer, whose novel *The Man With the Golden Arm* won the first National Book Award in 1950.

DON BRADY, who teaches in the Drama department at Loyola, is NOR's regular reviewer of classical and semi-classical recordings.

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON is the author of two novels and several volumes of poetry. He is with the Department of English at Loyola and an Editor-at-large for NOR.

ERNEST FERLITA, S.J., is the chairman of the Department of Drama at Loyola; he has just completed his D.F.A. in Dramatic Literature and Playwriting at Yale Drama School.

ROBERT GEMMETT and PHILIP GERBER are in the English department of New York's State University College at Brockport. This is the second interview they have contributed to NOR.

MARGARET GIBSON "counts commas and pencils *awk.* and *sp.*" for Virginia Commonwealth University. She is at work on a novel and a book of poems.

LLOYD HALLIBURTON is the author of numerous articles in North and South American journals. He currently teaches Romance Languages at the University of North Carolina, Greensboro.

FORREST INGRAM, S.J., is currently working on a study of short story cycles to be published in the fall; he teaches on the English faculty at Loyola.

JOHN JOERG is an Associate Professor in Loyola's English Department.

TOM MCKEOWN has published poems in a number of journals in the U.S., Ireland, Canada, New Zealand, and England.

DAN MASTERSON's work has been published in various American, Canadian, and French magazines and newspapers. He teaches English at Rockland Community College at Suffern, N.Y.

JOHN R. MAY is studying religion and literature at Emory University and has published in various journals.

WILLIAM MILLS lives in Winterville, N.C. and has published previously in *Shenandoah* and the NOR.

JOHN MOSIER is the assistant Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Loyola, where he is currently teaching a course in Science Fiction.

JAMES B. O'LEARY teaches in the French department at Tulane University.

DORA M. PETTINELLA is a multilingual translator, whose work has appeared in many magazines here and abroad, including *Nation*, *Shenandoah*, *Southern Review*, and *Fiera Letteraria*.

DOUGLAS RAMSEY, NOR's jazz reviewer, is a well-known New Orleans newscaster. He is one of the organizers of the city's annual jazz festival.

JOHN P. SISK teaches at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. He is the author of numerous articles, most recently "Making It In America" in *Atlantic*, December, 1969.

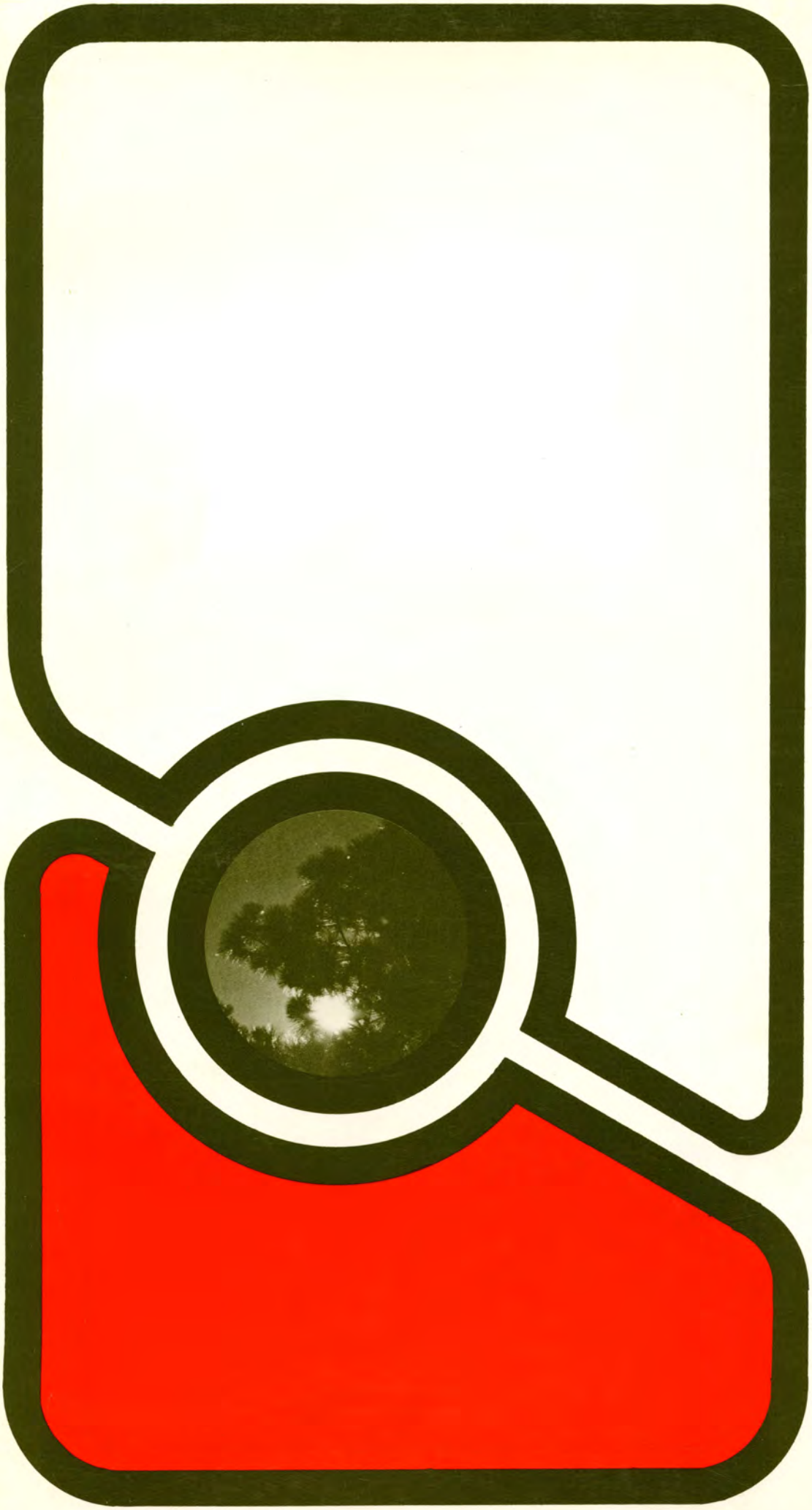
HELEN SORRELLS has published poetry in *Prairie Schooner, Colorado, Quarterly, Poetry Northwest, Shenandoah,* and *The Fiddlehead.*

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN is a California poet. This is his first appearance in the NOR.

ROBERT STOUT is the author of an unpublished novel, portions of which have appeared as short stories in various American publications. "A Living Son" is also from the novel.

CHARLES SUHOR is the English Supervisor for the New Orleans Public Schools and a Contributing Editor for the magazine, *New Orleans* and the magazine, *Media and Methods.* He has had articles published previously in *Down Beat, Jazz, Jazz Journal, Delta Review, Vieux Carre Courier* and others. Future plans include a contract to do a book on New Orleans jazz for the LSU Press and an American Lit. anthology for Ginn & co.

HAROLD WITT, whose previous poetry has been much anthologized and has won two awards, is currently working on a poetry volume to be entitled *Winesburg by The Sea,* from which the poem in this issue was taken.



the new orleans review

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

published by loyola university, new orleans

vol. 2 / no. 1 / $1.25