the new orleans review

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
Vol. 2, No. 3

table of contents

articles

fiction

interview

special section

poetry

reviews

A Journal Of Literature & Culture

Published By Loyola University of the South New Orleans

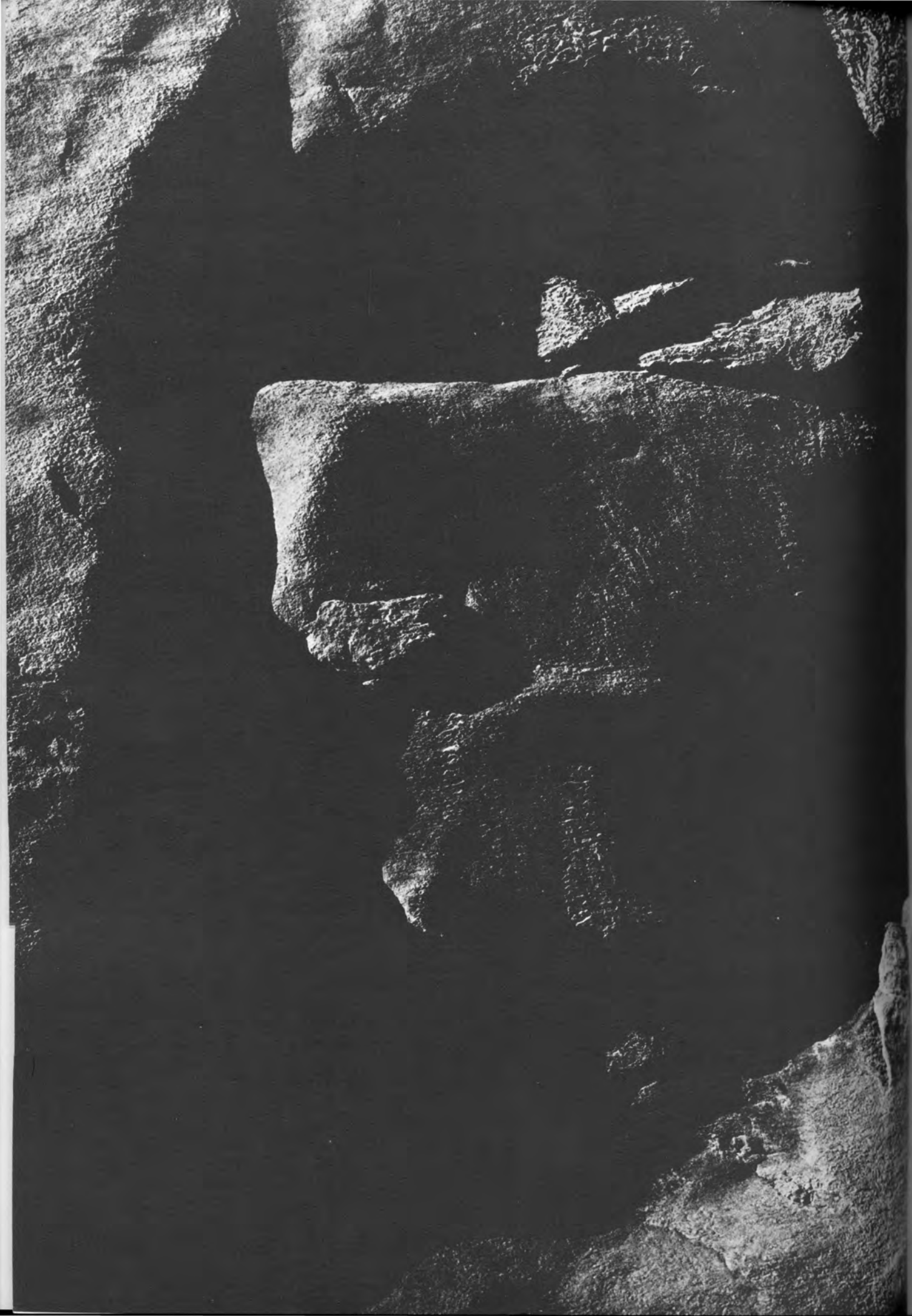
The New Orleans Review is published quarterly by Loyola University, New Orleans (70118)

Subscription rate: $1.25 per copy; $5.00 per year; $8.50 for 2 years; $12.00 for 3 years.

Advertising rate schedule available on request.

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

Manufactured in the United States of America



The Metaphysics of Peace Negotiations and Other Definitions

by Ben L. Collins

It is a commonplace in the criticism of literature that the parts of a piece must work together; that the diction, the rhythm, as well as all of the other techniques at the artist's disposal must combine to contribute to the total effect of a work. That is why we must feel that Shelley's poem, "Death," which begins:

> Death is here, and death is there,
> Death is busy everywhere. . . ,

is an unsuccessful and unfortunate attempt. Not only is the lilting beat antithetical to the subject, not only are the words *here, there, busy,* and *everywhere* wrong in context, but also the poem is reminiscent of a television advertisement for beer. Several years ago, a rather persistent ad featured a bottle of beer, its label facing the T.V. audience; accompanying this visual "aid" was the following audible message:

> You see it here, you see it there,
> You see it growing everywhere:
> That Rupert Smile of Pleasure.

As the final line was uttered, the label became animated and curved into a beatific, self-satisfied smile. The ad appeared to be a successful one and no doubt sold much beer for Colonel Jacob Rupert, but I have never been convinced that the metrics of Madison Avenue are generally suited to serious poetry about death.

Often, however, in literature, in music, and in a combination of the two, the parts do not appear (at least at first "glance" they do not) to fit, yet somehow their disparity has a logic of its own. It is as if the incongruities of theme, form, meter, etc., adumbrate a new construct which will create a framework of irony for the work. In Gustav Mahler's *First Symphony,* for example, we become aware that the funeral march of the third movement is *Frere Jacques* played in the minor key. Though this recognition may come as a shock, we would be dull listeners indeed were we not to deduce some purpose behind it, were we not to feel that the composer was attempting to communicate other than melodically. I fully realize the heresy involved here, that one who would dare impose upon serious, non-programmatic music what amounts to a narrative level of understanding must be cast into a musical Judecca, but the fact remains that there is a plethora of this in what we term "classical" music. It is not my purpose, however, to speak of the symphony, but rather of the phenomenon it suggests, which I call "Prosodic Irony."

By Prosodic Irony I do not mean a careless failure to relate the parts to the whole (as in Shelley's "Death"), but a *purposeful* contrasting of the parts, a purposeful incongruity of part to part to effect an ironic portrayal of the whole. The examples I have chosen for illustration are, for the most part, simple but pertinent ones. A. E. Housman uses prosodic irony in "Is My Team Plowing" to good purpose. He employs the conventional quatrain to record an "innocent" colloquy between a dead man and his live friend:

> "Is my team plowing,
> That I was used to drive
> And hear the harness jingle
> When I was man alive?"
>
> Aye, the horses trample,
> The harness jingles now;
> No change though you lie under
> The land you used to plow.
>
> "Is football playing
> Along the river shore,
> With lads to chase the leather,
> Now I stand up no more?"
>
> Aye, the ball is flying,
> The lads play heart and soul;
> The goal stands up, the keeper
> Stands up to keep the goal.
>
> "Is my girl happy,
> That I thought hard to leave,
> And has she tired of weeping
> As she lies down at eve?"

Aye, she lies down lightly,
  She lies not down to weep;
Your girl is well contented.
  Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
  Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
  A better bed than mine?"

Yes lad, I lie easy,
  I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart
  Never ask me whose.

The queries and answers, growing in climax, move along conversationally, lulling us into the serious, ironic ending which is in sharp and direct contrast to the style; but it is just this style which gives the poem its great effect and power. We are moved to laugh, but humor is out of place. As Alan Thompson notes in *The Dry Mock*, the smile comes to the lips, then freezes there.

In "Terence, This Is Stupid Stuff," Housman writes some of the most pessimistic lines in English verse, but writes them in a style so seemingly light and airy—mainly by virtue of the meter—that we may be initially coerced into believing the poem both lyric and positive:

Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,
There's brisker pipes than poetry.
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's way to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past:
The mischief is that 'twill not last.
Oh I have been to Ludlow fair
And left my necktie God knows where,
And carried half way home, or near,
Pints and quarts of Ludlow beer:
Then the world seemed none so bad,
And I myself a sterling lad;
And down in lovely muck I've lain,
Happy till I woke again.
Then I saw the morning sky:
Heigho, the tale was all a lie,
The world, it was the old world yet,
I was I, my things were wet,
And nothing now remained to do
But begin the game anew.

  Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good. . . .

At the risk of belaboring a relatively simple subject, I shall turn briefly to musical comedy in an attempt to demonstrate how metrics are "replaced" by melody and tempo and coupled with "lyrics"—a nongeneric term used here to represent *any* words —and to determine whether the above-mentioned phenomenon is still at work. Melody, tempo, and lyrics converge in the following selections from *Pal Joey*[1] to create, in these instances, *humor* by means of their disparities. In the ever-popular "classic" "Bewitched," the conventional, overly sentimental melody and tempo of the love ballad can be seen to be in direct contrast to the ultrasophisticated words:

BEWITCHED[2]

After one whole quart of brandy,
Like a daisy I awake.
With no Bromo-Seltzer handy,
I don't even shake.

Men are not a new sensation;
I've done pretty well I think,
But this half-pint imitation
Put me on the blink.

I'm wild again, beguiled again,
A simpering, whimpering child again,
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I.

Couldn't sleep, and wouldn't sleep,
Until I could sleep where I shouldn't sleep,
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I.

Lost my heart, but what of it?
My mistake, I agree.
He's a laugh, but I love it,
Because the laugh's *on* me.

A pill he is, but still he is
All mine, and I'll keep him until he is
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered like me.

Seen a lot, I mean *a lot*,
But now I'm like sweet seventeen a lot,
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I.

I'll sing to him, each spring to him,
And worship the trousers that cling to him,
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I.

When he talks, he is speaking
Words to get off his chest.
Horizontally speaking,
He's at his very best.

Vexed again, perplexed again,
Thank God I can be oversexed again
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I.

And, in the finale, after the two illicit lovers have broken off their relationship, when *she* (the wealthy, erotic, middle-aged but still attractive lady of position) has seen through *him* (the young, handsome, opportunistic night-club singer) and has cut him off both economically and romantically, she sings (to the same tune):

Wise at last, my eyes at last,
Are cutting you down to your size at last,
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered no more.

Burned a lot, but learned a lot,
And now you are broke though you earned a lot,
  Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered no more.

Couldn't eat, was dyspeptic,
Life was so hard to bear,
Now my heart's antiseptic
Since you moved out of there.

Romance *finis*, your chance *finis*,
Those ants that invaded my pants *finis*
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered no more.

Though in context the ironic shock may be lessened, the song maintains its humor by the very audacity of the contrast between words and music. In the same vein, the strains of "In Our Little Den of Iniquity," which bespeak, young love, honeymoon cottages, and blissful marriages instead of the illicit relationship apparent in the lyrics, are even more pristine and saccharine than the melody of "Bewitched," the words even more opposed to the tune:

Just two little lovebirds all alone,
In a little cozy nest,
With a little secret telephone,
There's the place to rest.

Artificial roses round the door,
They are never out of bloom,
And a flowered carpet on the floor
In the *loving*-room.

In our little den of iniquity, our arrangement is good:
It's much more healthy living here,
This rushing back home is bad my dear;
I haven't caught a cold all year.
Knock on wood!

It was ever thus since antiquity, all the poets agree.
The chambermaid is very kind,
She always thinks we're so refined,
Of course she's deaf and dumb and blind,
No fools we
In our little den of iniquity.

In our little den of iniquity, for a girlie and boy:
We'll sit and let the hours pass,
A canopied bed has so much class,
And so's a ceiling made of glass,
Oh, what joy!

Love has been that way since antiquity, down to you and to me.
The radio I used to hate,
Now when it is dark and late,
Ravel's *Bolero* works just great,
That's for me,
In our little den of iniquity!

Oh, what joy!
Love has been that way since antiquity, down to you and to me.
We're very proper folks you know,
With separate bedrooms *comme il faut*,
There's one for play and one for show,
You chase me
In our little den of iniquity!

One might say, therefore, that any poem is comprised of words and "music" which have some bearing on each other. In Milton, the so-called organ voice conforms to the lofty subject matter of *Paradise Lost*, and in Milton the parts of the poem might be said to be congruous, to fit with exactitude. When in Housman they *appear* at first to be incongruous, but later prove a *purposeful in*exactitude, we have what I have called prosodic irony.

But prosodic irony might also be called *Congruous Incongruity*, in a formal sense; that is, perhaps by taking a seemingly incongruous *form* of a "generic" type, a subject might fall somewhere between prosodic irony and incongruous congruity: prosodic irony without the prosody. For example, we do not generally think of the Limerick as the proper vehicle for serious poetry. Tradition and experience have shown us that this form—a form as fixed as the sonnet or the Spenserian stanza, a form which has honored Kent and Nantucket men, honored clerics from Chichester and St. Giles and Siberia, as well as young ladies from Twickenham, Thrace, Wheeling, and Natchez, named Alice, Bianca, *ad infinitum*—is humorous and/or bawdy. In *A Seizure of Limericks*, however, Conrad Aiken has used the limerick for serious end (and it appears to work):

Great archers and hitters of bull's-eyes,
you wingers of men's eyes and gull's eyes,
Ulysses and Tell
and Achilles as well,
where walk you now baring your skulls' eyes?

And:

Said the God-maker Judas Iscariot
as he flung to the tree-top his lariat:
"Pray bear me, dear tree,
till the days number three,
and Time cuts me down for his chariot."

There would seem to be an extra emphasis here when we note that the form belies the content—a phenomenon not unlike prosodic irony, but not exactly like it either, and more rightly termed congruous incongruity. But for the epitome of congruous incongruity we must turn to the pun.

Although Plato, Socrates, Christ, and Shakespeare were practitioners of it, the pun is said to be the lowest form of humor—especially by non-adepts. Strangely enough, though, it gains in respectability when referred to as *antanaclasis, equivoque, homonym, paranomasia, syllepsis,* or *zeugma*. Everyone agrees, or almost everyone, that used moderately it can be a delightful form of humor. But how many would agree that in its larger and more general semantic sense the "pun" is the soul of poetry? Is it not the puns of Mercutio to which Robert Penn Warren refers in "Pure and Impure Poetry" which cause the poet to become aware of the lurking parodist and to "purify" his work with "impurities"? Mercutio is ever in the shrubbery, awaiting literary extravagance, so that he may crush it with a turn of a phrase. The poet, then, must beat the punster to the pun(ch). And in order to do so, in order to create the word-play, he must tax his imagination. For the making of the pun, though it may take the witty mind only a fraction of an instant to create it, necessitates mental "movement," requires certain juxtapositions of words, ideas, connotations, and denotations. In short, it is evidently too in-

volved a mental process to receive no more appreciation than the ubiquitous wince and moan!

Even at its lowest level, the pun, which contains within it the paradox and the oxymoron, resolves incongruities, reconciles opposites, acts as Fancy to the Imagination, and seasons a work with the necessary "impurities." For what is a thing like the metaphysical conceit if not a high form of pun? In Donne's "The Ecstasy," to use only one of an almost inexhaustible supply of illustrations, the wordplay, the puns and implied puns, resolve seemingly discrepant ideas, double and sometimes triple meanings of words, and give the poem a depth and breadth it could not have without them.

The title, for example, uses *ecstasy* in its two major meanings: the state of being outside oneself, and the state of overpowering joy and feeling and rapture: the one metaphysical, the other physical. The duple use of the title sets the pattern (and alerts us to the tension the poet has set up) for the rest of the poem. We must look with suspicion on *all* words to determine whether they mean only what they say, and we must discover in the poem those words which will satisfy the promise of the title. That is, we expect to be moved either from the physical to the metaphysical or from the metaphysical to the physical, from spirit to sex or from sex to spirit. And Donne does not disappoint us. From the beginning, words like *pillow, pregnant, propagation, violet's reclining head* foreshadow what is to come. But we encounter not only a poem of rare beauty, exquisiteness, and merit here, but also a poem of rare wit and humor. And both the beauty and the wit are controlled by the pun.

Next in importance to the title-word is *allay*. Almost any glossed text will tell us that the word is used here in the special sense of *alloy*, and therefore it is closely involved with *dross* which precedes it. Because *alloy* here refers to the *body* (or physical love) which, we are to discover, may be used after the spiritual love has established itself (and only then), it is likened to the base metal which is used to make more durable the precious metal. But *allay* has other meanings—also in use at this time, according to the N. E. D.—and so it must be viewed in another sense, that of *assuaging* (here assuaging the pangs of love, allaying the physical desires of the lovers). If this is the case, allow me to suggest that paranomasiac Donne must surely have had in mind the homonym *a lay*, that is, the vulgar use of the verb *to lay* changed to its substantive form and cited as such in Eric Partridge's *Shakespeare's Bawdy*. It is possible, then to find at least one more pun (in an implied form) in the poem. The following lines lead us to it:

> As, 'twixt two equal armies, fate
> Suspends uncertain victory,
> Our souls, which to advance their state
> Were gone out, hung 'twixt her and me.
> And whilst our souls negotiate there,
> We like sepulchral statues lay;
> All day the same our postures were,
> And we said nothing all the day.

Up to this point, the only union of the two lovers is the intertwined hands and the "propagation" by means of the vision of each in the eyes of the other. Suddenly we see their souls in a position of *ecstasis* hovering above them like two *equal* armies, *negotiating*. Now what would two equal armies, armies that have not been able to seize an advantage or "advance their state," be negotiating for? Certainly for *a peace*! And this is precisely what the lovers are negotiating for. Translate the pun and you have one of the major ideas of the poem. *Piece* is also to be found in Partridge, and its special definition remains unchanged to this day. But it too implies a double usage: the physical P-I-E-C-E leads to the metaphysical P-E-A-C-E (and possibly vice versa). The word *lay* is used in this passage, perhaps to lead us to the pun, but at least to indicate that there will be an advance from the posture of sepulchral statues to the posture of lovers ("When we are to bodies gone").

I am not attempting to make the poem out a bawdy ballad, but I feel that Donne has used all of the devices at his disposal to direct the reader to his meaning and to anticipate Mercutio in the shrubbery. The delicacy of the poem remains, but it is surcharged with opposing meanings to create the double mood needed for great poetry. The seeming incongruities of conflicting connotations of words are proved congruous. The poet "earns his poem."

It remains only to define *In*congruous Congruity and to illustrate its workings. This device is notable for the fact that the emphasis is placed on the *in*congruities; that is, humor and effect are gained by the apparent congruence which is proved incongruous, while congruous incongruity gains its effect in a reverse manner.

But both, of course, are "artistically" congruent in that each serves the need of the artist to emphasize his particular purpose. Incongruous congruity is in charge of things like the "moan-eliciting" pun, the "shaggy-dog" story, the non sequitur, and the "sick" story; it controls fictions in which the auditor must fill in the missing parts and information, or must reconcile the incongruities. In a more serious way, incongruous congruity controls verbal and dramatic irony.

I should prefer to begin with the humorous examples which, except for a few originals, are old, established ones:

The "moan-eliciting" pun. The other day a colleague told me that his college student daughter was vacillating between two majors. I advised him to keep her away from the local military base. (Here the humor, such as it is, depends upon a knowledge of the two meanings of the word *major* and their mutual incongruity as used here. But the homonym is the source of the joke.)

The "Shaggy-dog" story. An African king who had a gold throne feared a war-like neighboring tribe that often attacked unannounced, and so had his throne hung in a tree high above his grass house to protect it from theft in the event of a raid. But the weight of the throne caused the rope from which it was hung to part, and it crashed through the grass roof of the palace, killing the king. Moral: "People in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones." (Without the auditor's participating knowledge of the adage, "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," the play on the saying could not be established. Neither is the least funny by itself, but in this combination, though the didacticism of the latter is gone, humor is attained.)

The "sick" story. A group of people pick their way through a city recently ravaged by a savage enemy force and view the scenes of carnage, rapine, destruction, and desolation. Suddenly they come upon a man pinned by a spear through his middle to a building. He is barely alive, starving, gaunt; his hollow eyes reflect the horror of the scene. "My God," cries one of the group. "How can you stand it? Doesn't it hurt?" "Only when I laugh," the victim replies. (The humor here is based on the incongruity of the situation and the word *laugh*. Had the victim answered, "People in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones," we would have had the non sequitur. To persons knowing both stories, it might even have been funny.)

And others upon which I decline to comment:

At the Modern Language Association convention two young men all but carry an old, old man up to the podium to read a paper on Chaucer. Two doddering old scholars in the audience, at least ten years his senior, point at him with shaking fingers, and say, in quavering voices: "There goes a rising young Chaucer scholar!"

> Limerick: A decrepit old gas man named Peter,
> While hunting around for the meter,
> Scratched a match for a light,
> And rose up out of sight,
> And, as anyone can see by reading this, he also
> destroyed the meter.

Question. What is an oxymoron? Answer. A Rhodes' Scholar.

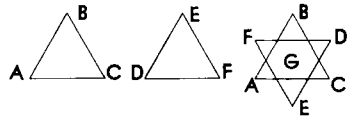
Why does a chicken cross the road? To keep his pants up.

Why does a fireman wear red suspenders? To get to the other side.

One scholar asks another: "What would you say if I told you that Colley Cibber was a wit?" The other answers: "I'd say you were half right."

It would seem, then, that in incongruous congruity there is an overlap between the relevant and discrepant parts of a speech or a word or an action which relates them but which denies them ultimate congruence, except artistically. When two speeches or two actions in a fiction (or the known and unknown parts of those speeches or actions) seem to be congruous but are later proved otherwise, though closely related by "purpose," we have verbal and dramatic irony respectively. They are like two "congruent" triangles that are turned to form a six-pointed star—they meet at various points (their congruity) but diverge from that meeting point when their incompatability is shown in the resultant "action."

Graphically they would appear like this:



In observing the diagram, it appears that points A, F, B, D, C, E stand alone, while the central area G, as a unit, touches each of them. In verbal irony, triangle ABC might represent the speech of, say, the tragic hero (the alazon) and triangle DEF the speech of his present agonist (the eiron). The words they utter are in opposition as the two distinct triangles indicate, but when the two clash in the agon, the central portion of the merged but opposed triangles (G) relates to both their speeches, but the words mean different "things" to each character.

In dramatic (or Sophoclean or tragic) irony, the triangles may represent the hero and his "goal." Though the goal may seem to be one thing to him (that is, he is moving in the direction of "congruence"), the eirones (including the audience) know that in seeking he will undergo the *peripety (represented by the reversed triangles)* which will prove to him the error of his vision. Perhaps, though it is far too large a subject for the scope of this paper, the *anagnorisis* corrects the vision and causes the triangles to become congruent. For the same irony which brings the hero low causes him to transcend his fall.

Prosodic irony, congruous incongruity, and incongruous congruity may serve, then, as a reprieve for some of the artistic devices which often seem to stand in the way of the understanding and appreciation of literature, but which are really in the service of both.

NOTES

1. "Bewitched" and "In Our Little Den of Iniquity" are from Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart's *Pal Joey*, a musical comedy based on John O'Hara's novel. Copyright 1941, Chappell & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

2. The version of "Bewitched" released for records and sheet music loses much of the effect of prosodic irony by remaining a "straight" love ballad: "He's a fool and don't know it,/ But a fool can have his charms; / I'm in love and don't I show it,/ Like a babe in arms./ I'm wild again, beguiled again,/ A simpering, whimpering child again,/ Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I./ Couldn't sleep,/ Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I./ Lost my heart, but what of it?/ He is cold, I agree,/ He can laugh but I love it,—/ Although the laugh's on me./ I'll sing to him, each spring to him,/ And long for the day that I'll cling to him,/ Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I."

the word ungarbled
A CAROL OF THE CRUCIFICTION

O holy night,
In the beginning was the Word
The stars are brightly shining;
And the Word became Man
It is the night
And the Word was Man.
Of our dear Savior's birth.
THE END IS THE BEGINNING
THERE IS NO CONCLUSION
THERE IS ONLY CLOSURE
THE END IS THE BEGINNING
In the beginning was the world and the primate
The whole world lay
And the wordworld distinguished man
In sin and error pining:
And the word became man
Fall on your knees!
And man made the crucifixion.
POETRY IS THE SUPREME FICTION, ADAM!
GOD IS A POEM, A THING CONCEIVED IN THE MIND:
And this—this *is* a holy night,
The stars are brightly shining.
It is the night of my poem
Of the word and the world and the crucifiction:
Of the word which is real
And of the Word, which, in its own dark way,
Is also real.

—*Thomas A. Grange*

Koose

by Jerry Bumpus

He was up, out of bed, across the room, and he wasn't awake until he stood staring at the front door of the apartment. He waited, his heart pounding, and opened the door.

No one was there.

It was dawn—the sky was covered with an enormous gray cloud, the belly of a dead fish.

The curtains were pulled in all the other apartments around the large courtyard that held, in its center, the swimming pool. There was the heavy, sinister silence of dawn.

He hurried back into the apartment, put on his swimming suit, and dug around for cigarettes in the clutter left over from the party last night. He went back out onto the patio and, ignoring the homemade motorcycle leaning against the side of the patio, he sat down on a deck chair. He propped his feet on the brick ledge and lit a cigarette. He ran his fingers through his hair.

That was a big party last night—a lot of his friends from when he was a student at the University. Georgia, Rodney Stull, Teddy. A new girl, Cynthia. He would call her today, have her come out and go swimming, have a drink. She had a very beautiful face, blond hair, nice breasts, long legs.

He looked at the motorcycle. It was like one of those gaunt, dying cartoon horses—its ribs sticking out, all its bones showing. Or even worse. It was a steel skeleton. He vaguely remembered a dream from last night with a gaunt steel horse leaning over him. . . .

He bought the motorcycle a couple of days ago for $70. He knew he had been cheated. But he rode it all day, showed it to his friend, Diana, who taught at the University, and he rode it all over town with Rodney Stull on the back, and then last night at the party he had ridden it around the very edge of the pool, and he seemed to remember doing some of the old bicycle stunts he had learned from his uncle who used to be in the circus. Then the next morning . . . that would be *this* morning. No. . . It must have been yesterday morning he came out and got on it and it wouldn't start. After the first few times he kicked the starter, he backed off and stood staring at the motorcycle. He tried it again, jumping high in the air and slamming down on the pedal. He sweat through his clothes, his hair was down in his eyes, and people were watching out their front windows and some were out on their patios, and now and then between leaps he could hear a chuckle or a giggle. Lillian Bitch, the manageress of the apartments, came over and stood with her hands on her big hips and informed him that the motorcycle was dripping oil on the patio. And old Eddie Gill, a retired oil man, came over with a screwdriver and Al and Old Eddie tinkered with the carburetor until Old Eddie said he was getting a bad heart and had to stop and have a drink. They went into Al's apartment and had a couple of drinks and Al put on his swimming suit—Old Eddie already had his on, he wore it all the time, he was a sunburned little monkey with a crewcut of shining white hair—and they went out to the pool where by then several unmarried girls were out sunning, and Al didn't do any more with the motorcycle that day . . . was it yesterday?

He lit another cigarette and combed his fingers back through his hair. He stared intently at the motorcycle. If he could get it running again, everything would be all right.

He went into his apartment to get the screwdriver Old Eddie had left behind. The apartment was full of things people left behind—swimming suits, coats, purses with matches and Kleenex in them, bottles with just a little left in the bottom, two or three dresses, a canned ham, and now and then people were left behind, sometimes they were people Al didn't remember.

He looked around for the screwdriver, but gave up when he found the telephone at the end of its long cord under the bathroom sink. He picked up the receiver and got a dial tone, and he didn't know how to feel about that, for lately the telephone had been playing a very strange game.

It had been disconnecting itself and then reconnecting itself. It was better for him, he had decided,

when it was in the mood for being disconnected, for then people couldn't wander in and make long distance calls. Which had started the trouble with the telephone company in the first place, two or three calls to New York, one to Hawaii, a couple to Mexico City. . . .

While he was in the bathroom he unscrewed the drain lever plate in the bathtub and got his little plastic bottle of Placidyls. He popped down two of the big red capsules and took the phone back into the living room. He sat on the long, black divan and tried to think again about Diana. She was probably thinking about him. Or more likely she was asleep and dreaming about him. He leaned back in the divan and tried to feel into her dream about him. He got nothing . . . except a vague possibility: he saw her breasts staring at him through the rich, luminious darkness of dreamsharing.

Diana was a strange little bird with a doctorate who hinted early in friendships that she was a widow, though Al knew she wasn't, she had never been married, no one would marry her, no one would be that foolish or brave, and she was a very serious little woman, fiercely alive, grimly existential (she said) up to the point that she had six or seven martinis, when she would dissolve into the softest, sweetest, most luscious lovely koose.

With his eyes closed and the big red Placidyls starting to roll around in him and do their groovy jelly, Diana's breasts coming nearer, whiter and more real, a warning woke him.

He got up from the divan. He was suddenly enormously heavy—that was the Placidyls—his movements very slow. He put the phone on the divan and covered it with a pillow, and went to the door and looked out at the motorcycle. With its handle bar turned sideways, it looked like a baleful runt longhorn steer.

And he seemed to remember seeing someone riding the motorcycle off the diving board of the swimming pool that same night he had ridden it around the pool. That would explain why he couldn't get it started. He wondered if *he* had ridden it off the diving board. Possibly. It was hard telling if the memory he had of the whoosh of wind and the sudden revving of the motor had actually happened or if he had dreamed it. But he could easily see himself flying through the air astraddle the motorcycle as he rode it off the diving board.

He closed and locked the door and slowly walked back to the bedroom. He reached under to the little hole in the mattress and got his bottle of Mixed Delights—all kinds, red, green, blue, big white ones fluffy as snow. He took two blue ones (he believed they were Sparine) and put the bottle back. He looked around for something to read. In a corner a book stuck out from under a curtain. He got it and lay down on the bed and opened it to the first page. It was a novel. He read the first paragraph. It was about a young girl.

He closed the book and put the young girl together. Short blond hair. Suntanned, pretty face with a small nose and a nice mouth. Wearing a little pink bikini. Lovely body. And intelligent. She listened to him tell about his uncle in the circus and about his own days in the air force and then, about earlier, when he was in high school, and he was explaining everything with complete clarity, with perfect understanding, and he tried to hear more clearly what his dreamself was saying, pausing now and then to take a puff of his cigarette, explaining what he had been when he was a young boy and what he was now.

That wasn't sleep, but as soon as sleep came the girl was gone and in her place was the bizarre stage-set of his favorite nightmare: the endless dresser drawers. People were waiting for him to find something and he was talking—though his voice was silent, no words came—trying to explain that yes he would find it . . . he knew just where it was . . . and while he was pulling out drawers and digging through things (he didn't let himself see what the things were in the drawers) but not finding it, the waiting people became more impatient and started yelling. . . .

Then the horse dream emerged from one of the yelling faces—a face stretched like rubber. Slow-motion horses stampeded over Al as he lay in bed looking up at their sides and haunches and legs as they trampled him, shaking the ground, and he saw their red eyes glaring to the side and down as the horses looked directly into his eyes with that sinister, uncanny intelligence of dream horses.

He woke believing he had called out and knowing at the same instant that he shouldn't have made a sound.

He lay trembling, sweating hard, listening, but there was absolute silence within the burring flutter of the air conditioning. He waited. The silence, ghastly silence, continued.

He wondered if by some miracle he had slept all day and into the following night. Perhaps it was three a.m. on the following morning and he had by luck escaped a whole day. . . .

But then again came the sound that had waked him, and he jumped so hard his neck popped. Someone was pounding on the door.

He sat on the side of the bed, but beyond that he couldn't move.

He lifted his hands and saw they were shaking so badly they looked as if he were trying to shake the fingers off.

He tried to swallow. He hung his head and whimpered.

More pounding, then a man's deep, booming voice. "Fannin," he yelled. "I know you're in there. Open up or I'll make the landlady let me in."

She wouldn't. Oh God, she *wouldn't*. Not even Lillian would do that.

He ran to the closet and started to jerk all the clothes off the rod . . . he would put them in a suitcase. . . . But he didn't have a suitcase. He turned to the bed. Tried to think.

Get dressed. Yes. Then if she let him in, Al would get out the window.

He ran to the bedroom door and carefully closed and locked it. Then he ran back to the closet.

Pants.

He grabbed a pair of pants off a hook. It took a tremendous length of time to get them on. Then a shirt, then he stuck his feet into his sneakers.

The pounding on the door stopped. He held his breath, listening.

He jerked to the side and was into the living room when he heard someone fidgeting with the bedroom window. It was locked, he was sure. But he swallowed hard as he waited, trying to button his shirt.

He left the window and was back pounding at the door when Al heard someone ask what the hell was going on—it was Bufford from next door, an acquaintance of Al's, but no friend.

There was a conversation, and Al tiptoed over and put his ear to the front door. He didn't recognize the voice, and the words were just below hearing, though the two of them weren't far from the door.

At the window beside the front door he lifted the curtain very slightly. He paused, then moved it again.

He was a big man and he wore a dark sharkskin suit and a dark, sporty little straw hat.

Though he had never seen him before, Al knew who he was. Several weeks ago a little sixty-year-old man with a shy, forgetful way came looking for Al while he was at the pool with two girls. The little old man walked right up and started talking and got the drop on Al, because Al thought he was a preacher and he was embarrassed for the little guy—there Al was with two lollypops in bikinis, their tits hanging out, while Al lolled in the sun with a drink in each hand and a ¾ hard-on. Then the little guy started talking about the money Al owed Glad's Super Cutrate Liquors. And even then it took Al a minute to realize this guy was with the collection agency that kept sending him those urgent little messages. Al got rid of the little preacher by signing a promissory note, and the little man said he would be out tomorrow to pick up the money, and he would have to insist on cash, and he said it nicely.

The next day when the little preacher knocked on the door, Al was in his bedroom with Sally Perkins who nearly got hysterical because she thought it was her mother, and Al, who was certain by instinct it was the little preacher, had to stuff pillows over Sally's head and nearly suffocate her to keep her cries from being heard outside.

And now the big gangster-looking guy in the sporty little straw hat pounded on the door so hard, right beside Al's head, that it sounded like the door might cave in, and Al stood with his elbows tight against his sides, his knees pressing together, his head down, his teeth clenched. With his eyes closed, the hammering on the door sounded like a giant pounding on an empty castle.

It stopped.

He mumbled, then walked off the patio.

Al sat down and leaned against the door. His mouth hung open and he panted.

His heart slowed, his breathing leveled out, and he was thinking of calling to ask Diana if he could hide at her place, when his heart stopped.

The doorknob, right beside his head, was moving.

Al closed his mouth when he felt a cry building up in his throat. On his hands and knees he crawled backwards from the door.

Then the knob stopped moving.

He waited, holding his breath.

He heard a tight metallic chuckling inside the doorknob. The man was picking the lock.

He couldn't help it—a yelp came from his throat. But low.

The lock-picking sounds became more intense and the knob squirmed.

At any moment the knob would pop out to its unlocked position. Al crawled forward, and—the tip of his tongue between his teeth—he pressed his palm to the doorknob, but not so hard that it couldn't wobble as its innards were tinkered with.

He felt the lock give, the knob push out.

Gently but firmly he pushed it back in place.

The man on the other side withdrew his pick and tried to open the door. When it wouldn't open, he paused. Then Al heard a mumble of curses, and the pick was stuck into the lock again.

After that, he didn't remove the pick each time he thought the lock had been pushed out, but he picked with one hand and turned the knob with the other, rattling the door, leaning against it, and all the while Al kept his palm pressed to the knob, not breathing, so dizzy he felt as if he were doing a handstand on the doorknob while his body floated out over a black hole.

Finally Bufford next door came out again and threatened to call the cops if the guy didn't clear out.

Al promised he would be nicer to Bufford in the future.

The man left, but Al was afraid to leave the door.

Finally he got up, made it to the kitchen, took a belt from the bottle and brought a drink back with him to the big divan. He heard people out by the pool—the first swimmers of the day.

He hesitated, decided he couldn't sit here in the dark like an animal in a cave, and opened the curtains.

Beautiful day. Little kids were out by the pool with their mothers.

He jumped back from the window when he thought he saw a dark shadow emerging from the right.

He would simply have to be brave. If the man came back, Al would just tell him he was a buddy using Al's pad. He would warn all his friends to come on with the same story. It might work.

He finished his drink and made another. He turned on the FM and got some nice music and he was feeling better until he saw Lillian turn the corner and come onto his patio, walking fast, shaking her big hard hips, her eyes set, her forehead drawn down tight.

For just a moment he thought of trying the I'm-not-really-Al with her. Tell her he was Al's twin brother just in from Sheboygan.

She saw him through the window just as she was lifting her hand to knock.

Smiling, he went to the door. She was talking before she was inside. "I want you out of this apartment by sundown. Do you understand? Why, that was the most *disgusting* thing I've ever *seen*."

He was still smiling.

"People who live in these apartments aren't accustomed to that kind of thing, I'll have you know, and we're not *about* to get used to it from witnessing your fights with *bill* collectors. Do you understand?"

He nodded and made his expression serious, concerned, rather businesslike. "Of course. Of course," he said. "It is, I concede, outrageous. You have no idea how embarrassed and humiliated I am that this has . . ."

But she was, of course, familiar with the tone.

"Shit!" she said. "You're such a phony."

"Now wait just a minute," as if he had to draw the line *some*where and here was where.

"Don't deny it," she yelled so loud that over her shoulder Al saw kids and mothers by the pool turn and look. This was fast becoming the apartments' Scene of the Week.

"Lillian," he said softly. "Do you know what?"

She glared at him.

"That gorilla, do you know that I don't owe him any money? Did you know that? Not a dime?"

She blinked once. (It was, he knew, the way he said it. He could have told her his root had a Siamese twin named Edward and she would have believed it, just on the tone.) "Scouts' honor. See, it's this way. I *did* owe them. That much is true. But I don't owe them now. And *that* much is *more* true, because it's more *important* true. You see?"

"If you paid them, why . . . ?"

"Greed. Pure greediness. I'm sure you've seen it before. And I can prove I paid them. Ask Martha McIntyre." He sipped his drink, looking steadily at her. He nodded, swallowing, and said, "Right. Martha gave me the money. Two hundred and twenty-five."

"Does she often give you money?" Lillian's tone was quite formal. Martha, a divorcée who lived on the other side of the pool, and Lillian were the same age. More than once Martha and Al had been seen drinking alone by the pool very late at night.

"Well . . ." Al looked down into his drink. "In emergencies," he said, "when I need it bad." The words lingered between them and Lillian blinked, hearing them a second time.

She turned. "Well, I don't want bill collectors tearing doors off the apartments. If that guy comes out here again, just call the police, or call me and *I'll* call the police. I'm not shy about calling the police."

"Okay," he said.

They were on the patio and she was staring at the motorcycle. By now the oil leak had made a great pool under the motorcycle. Al wondered absently if maybe *that* was why it wouldn't start.

She was about to say something about the oil when he plunged in. "Say, how about a drink?"

"No thanks." She was still staring at the oil, but she was willing to be distracted.

"How about maybe later on?" he said, low.

He waited for her to look at him, but she kept her eyes averted. She was looking out to the swimming pool where now there were more people, some of the single girls and a few older couples who sunned in the morning before it got hot.

"It's Friday," Lillian said, "and Fridays are always terrible. I just wish there weren't any weekends. All those people tromping around looking at apartments. I need somebody to help me."

"Could *I* help?" Al said sincerely.

"No." She laughed. "Oh no," she laughed harder. "My *God* no, Al." She couldn't stop laughing.

He smiled, his eyes sparkling. When her laughter stopped, he said, "Maybe later on? Tonight like? If things quiet down? Why don't you come around. We'll have a little drinkie . . . okay?"

"Well. We'll see."

She left, rather reluctantly, walking slowly and hip-heavy, and went around the pool to where at that very moment some people had arrived to look at the model apartment.

Al finished his drink and sat on the divan. He was going to call Diana, but he dialed the wrong number. The phone rang a few times and a girl answered.

He believed he recognized her voice. It was a strange feeling.

"Hello," she said again.

"Who is this?" he said.

A pause. Then, "Who are you calling?"

"I don't know."

"Who is this?" she said.

He told her.

"Oh. Al," she said, "you said you'd call and I didn't believe you."

"When did I tell you that?"

"Don't you remember?"

"I remember, but . . ."

"You're really funny, didchaknowit?" He knew he should remember that. It made echoes from . . . last night? the night before? last week?

"Yes, I think you told me once or twice something like that."

"If you didn't stay so high all the time you'd remember more what happens, didchaknowit?" She giggled. I bet you don't even remember what we did."

Something special?

"Sure I do," he said. "I'll never forget."

"I won't either," she cooed.

There was a pause. It was his turn. But it was like diving blindfolded.

"What are you doing today?" he finally said. That was fairly safe.

"Oh, nothing in particular. I sure would like to go for a swim."

"You would?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well then, why don't you come on out and we'll have a little drinkie-poo and a little swim in the water and a little drinkie-poo and . . ."

Someone was opening the door. He wouldn't, now, have been perturbed even if it had been the gorilla bill collector. But it wasn't. It was Rodney Stull. Rodney brought in Al's mail, tossed it to him on the divan, and went to the kitchen while Al finished with the unknown girl.

"Who was that?" Rodney asked.

"A strange friend," Al said, going through the mail to see if by chance there was anything from his uncle, but there was a sinister-looking blue overseas air mail envelope mailed from Houston.

As he slowly opened the letter, he tried to play the telephone game of a moment ago, trying to believe he had no idea who could have sent the letter. But of course he knew, because it was sent air mail, because it was sent in the goofy overseas envelope, and because his instincts were screaming their wolfish heads off.

He read the letter—it took quite a while. He put it down and looked out at the pool where people were in the sun, talking, having their first drink, believing in life and beauty.

"End of my tether," Al mumbled.

Rodney Stull sat at the other end of the divan and took the letter from Al's lifeless fingers.

While Rodney read the letter, Al wandered into his bedroom. He looked at the big round bed. It was an affront to civilization, that bed. He hated it, hated himself.

He took off his clothes and looked down at his offending member. It looked guilty. But also it looked defiant, as if it had a better memory than its master.

"Wow!" Rodney shouted in the other room. "Paternityville."

Al put on his swimming suit and lit a cigarette. It tasted dry, dead, as if it were made from the shredded flowers of virtue.

He went back into the other room.

"Well," Rodney Stull said, chortling, "what does the old orchestrator do now?"

"There's more."

"There *is*? Do you mean her is a pig?"

He shook his head no and looked down at the divan. He poked his finger into the soft black naugahyde. "Black."

"Black?"

Al nodded.

Rodney hesitated, thinking, then bellowed, "Wow!"

They went out to the pool and moved among the groups of single girls, settling with three, Alice, Louise, and Patsy, who were very good friends of Al's. He tried to get them interested in Rodney, but they wouldn't get interested in Rodney. They chattered away at Al as he lay back on a deck chair, looking up at the burning white sky. He lifted his head to smile or reply to one of them, but lay back again and the blazing sun-white Texas sky, with its sheer hard blue, was an endless, perfect mind listening to everything, hearing and absorbing all the voices, all the nervous plans.

And as he had for what seemed like years, Al concentrated on holding his mind rigid, kept it from veering off to memories, people. The sky his example, he held himself in a state just the slow side of sleep, but outside full consciousness: everything was enormously calm, an atmosphere in which all things shimmered as if they might dissolve, and in spite of the sounds of people talking and the children splashing in the pool, there was a great silence.

Al slowly got up. When one of the girls asked him where he was going, he said to fix another drink, and he walked around the pool, watching a kid girl getting out of the water at the shallow end —her hair sleek-wet, her face simple and beautiful, her arms slender and brown, her kid body beautiful, tight like a neat pure fist, her hard long kid legs beautiful in their thinness. . . . She looked up at him. He turned his face away, into the flashing sun glare in the water.

He went to his apartment and at the door stood looking in at the divan, the bar and stools, the stereo, the cushions on the floor. . . . The room was full of echoes and ghosts. When he tried to picture people in the room, the feeling started slipping away. He went into the room and again he felt that people were all around him. He could almost feel the light breath of wind caused by their movement around him.

He made a drink and stood looking out the window above the kitchen sink. The brightly shining cars on the parking lot, the black wall of the wing of the apartments behind his, heat waves

rising from the asphalt lot. He turned and looked the length of the apartment to the front door. Very slowly, caught in the slowness, he lifted the drink to his lips. He went into the bathroom and took some Placidyls.

Out at the pool, Old Eddie and his wife, Dolores, had joined Rodney and the three girls, and Al sat with them. They were talking and Old Eddie was telling them about Dolores while she sat there in a shiny green bikini. She was about 30, lean, beautiful. "She don't let me sleep at night, won't leave me alone. Why, I'm an old man, Dolores. Don't you know that? Girl, are you trying to *kill* me?"

Al lay with his eyes closed, the sun making strong jungle patterns, large globular expanding flowers that blossomed across the negative sky inside his closed eyes, swift and random sprays of color, chaotic, beautiful, hideous.

Time was passing. He could feel it.

Voices distinct, slivers of glass.

Colors inside his eyes like rainbow shrouds.

Voices of girls laughing. When the girls talked he put himself into the sound of their voices as though he were a bird gliding through cool pockets of air. He was inside their voices, inside them, knew them, felt their subtle responses as he entered deep into them and held himself pressed there.

He slept and woke when a strong wind came up. Plastic drinking cups blew off tables, air tubes sailed and scooted across the concrete edge of the pool and into the water, and towels lifted in ungainly attempts at flight. Women gave exaggerated little shrieks and all around the pool people lifted their heads to the sky as if they expected to see an object there that had caused the sudden wind.

Al looked around. Everything was dazzlingly bright. He looked at the smoothly glistening, suntan oiled legs of the girl beside him, his eyes moved up to her belly, her neatly sunken navel, her nice round breasts. She smiled at him from behind her big round sunglasses. He winked and sat up. "Drink," he said. "Going to get a drink," and he got up. She said something and he nodded as he walked away.

Diana was waiting in his apartment.

He hesitated—his hand on the knob. "Hello," he finally said.

"Why do you leave things like this lying around so just anybody can come along and read them?" She held the blue tissue air mail letter in one hand —in the other she had a drink. She was wearing tight white slacks, a loose green silk blouse, and her long, frosted hair was down. She wore it up in a tight, military bun except when she went to bed.

"I just got it this morning," he said.

"It's very interesting. What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know."

"It's rather bad, don't you think?"

He nodded.

She slowly, intently traced her sharp, silver thumbnail along the crease of her thigh. Then she said, "Michael called me this morning at four o'clock and said he was going to Europe and that mother could go to hell." Michael was her brother, a bachelor who tended her mother. Diana spent much time fighting with and worrying about Michael and her mother and her sister, who, like her, was a professor, unmarried, into her forties, and worried about what the next twenty years would do to her.

Diana went on talking about Michael and her mother. She was worried that Michael would do something crazy like set the house on fire or even worse.

Diana didn't cry—she couldn't cry, she once told Al—but her voice became husky and her lips moved exaggeratedly as she spoke slower, with great deliberateness, as if Michael, her mother, and her sister were here in the room and she was telling *them* that they were ruining her life.

She stopped, staring at her smooth, long thigh.

The room was silent. After a while she blinked rapidly and looked up.

"Fix yourself a drink and come into the bedroom," she said. She stood and unbuttoned her blouse, looking him in the eye, though with no expression.

He fixed a drink and went into the bedroom.

She lay naked in the center of the bed, her legs apart, her arms stretched out, her eyes open.

He sat on the side of the bed and sipped his drink. She reached out, put her hand on his leg, then up to his hip. "Take your swimming suit off," she said to the ceiling. He stood and she lifted her head and watched. "Ah," she said as he took down the swimming suit.

He lay beside her and she leaned on an elbow and kissed his cheek, his nose, his lips. She closed her eyes as she moved her hand across his chest, then slowly down to him. "Al, oh Al, oh Al," she whispered and moved her head from side to side, her lips now very soft as if all their words' hardness had turned liquid, leaving her no longer a painful woman with quick eyes, but helpless, frantic, a victim of odd luck, a submerged spirit that because of the impossibility of its surrendering made her giving in almost fatal. She couldn't lie still, she twitched, rubbed her face against him as if she would extinguish her face, herself.

"Come on," she whispered. He brushed her hair back from her face. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open, a silver thread of saliva glistened between her teeth, and with both hands she guided him into her. She put her arms around him and pulled him down into her.

And as always when he was in her or any of the others, he could simply *be*, in the full awareness of being, not thinking, no matter what had happened or what had been said, and in the love of doing it they weren't themselves but what they were doing,

a sinking away into good darkness, and she became many different women, one after another, perhaps going back into herself and reliving the girl she had been 25 years ago, the woman she had been 10 years ago; perhaps even, for the danger in it, the bitter old woman she would be 20 years from now, while he loved all the women she was, touching deep into each of them.

She lit a cigarette and put it between his lips, then another for herself. She inhaled deeply and blew up toward the ceiling a shaft of smoke that billowed out like the dust and smoke plume of an explosion.

"Why did she *type* the letter?"

He didn't answer. His eyes were closed.

"Was she being cute or does she always type her letters?"

She waited. "Has she written many of these . . . love letters?"

She paused, in case he might reply. "You know, you should keep them. Do you?"

He took the cigarette from his lips.

"Does this embarrass you?" She leaned up on her elbow.

"I would think you men of action were beyond embarrassment." She reached down and petted him as if it were a puppy. "Man of action. Well, if she *does* bring a paternity suit against you, I'll be glad to testify on your behalf as a character witness." She yawned emphatically and got out of bed.

While she dressed he slowly stood to put on his swimming suit.

"You *are* worried, aren't you?" she said. "I suppose I would be too if I were you. And Al . . . you're not looking very well. Don't you feel well?"

"I guess I feel okay."

"It's . . ." she started, squinting, "It's hard for me to put my finger on, but there's something . . . different about you. Do you feel differently?"

He shook his head.

"You seem awfully distracted. Even more than usual."

She lay her cigarette in an ashtray and lit another. He couldn't stop himself—he stared at the gray line of smoke rising from the butt. He knew that if he looked at her now she would smile that narrow-eyed, calculating smile.

"Are you going back out to the pool?" she asked, turning and going to the window. She jerked open the curtains and the room was filled with light. They looked at the clutter ringing the round bed and the wet spot in the center of the bed.

She seemed pleased with his reaction to the hopelessness of the room. She stood before him and for a moment he thought she was going to start all over again.

"Aren't you going to ask me if I want to go swimming with you?" she said, her mouth forming a thin pout.

"Sure. Let's go for a swim."

She smiled. "Thank you." She kissed him on the mouth, simply. "But I can't. I've other things to do. I'm sorry."

He followed her out of the bedroom to the door of the apartment, and she was talking again, fast, and she breezily said goodbye without looking at him again.

Old Eddie and Dolores were in the water at the deep end, under the diving board, and Old Eddie was talking seriously to her, one hand, under the water, on her waist. As Al walked by, Old Eddie looked up at him and winked.

As Al sat in his deck chair and leaned back, the girl next to him said, "Isn't your friend going to come out and join us?"

He couldn't tell if she was being sarcastic. He simply smiled, up at the sky.

The day wore on, Dolores made sandwiches for the group, and Old Eddie was feeling the heat and the rum, and the breeze died in the middle of the afternoon and to get in out of the heat they went to Old Eddie's apartment. There were big green plastic plants and flowers everywhere. Dolores kept the curtains pulled, and it was like a jungle. Old Eddie made some telephone calls and people started coming and it looked like a party, and a little redheaded guy came in and told Al a girl out at the pool wanted to see him.

He went out, the sunlight and the heat pushing down on him. He squinted and had trouble breathing, as if the hot air was fire. He didn't recognize her, but he remembered the body—small, compact, muscular.

He vaguely remembered her face. But she was wearing sunglasses. Her mouth was unusual, crooked—as if she were sneering, or wincing, or with pitiful little-girl naivete attempting a bored expression. She wore a white two-piece bathing suit, not a bikini, and she had a nice tan, and a small waist, nice breasts that looked as solid as fists, and trim, hard hips. As he slowly walked around the pool toward her, he tried to remember her name or where he had met her, or anything at all about her. All he could recall was something that vaguely connected her with a band. . . . A combo at a nightclub? No, she was too young for that. *God,* she was young. Only 15 or 16.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi." He sat in a deck chair and she sat down also. They looked at each other for a while, openly, steadily.

"I see you made it home all right," she said and giggled. A high-school giggle.

"Yes I did." Was it last night, or the night before?

"You were really out of it."

"I guess so."

She reached across him for his drink, the back of her arm lightly touching his stomach. She sniffed the drink, then took a swallow. "Good," she said. "What is it?"

"Rum and wine and stuff."

"Stuff?" Again the giggle.

"Juice. Fruit juice and that stuff."

"Oh. Is that all?" The giggle.

He looked at her slowly, his expression lifeless (and she liked it, its deadness, mistook it for something else) and he looked her over again. She was too young and too muscular. He lay back and closed his eyes.

The sun boiled him. I'm dying, he whispered into the heat-roar in his head.

She was talking, he could hear her voice, not the words, far away. (She would like that, too, if she only knew. She would write it in her diary.)

Something started jarring his chair. He turned his head slowly toward her and cracked open an eye.

She was leaning forward now, at the foot of her deck chair, smoking a cigarette, her legs crossed, the foot of the crossed leg hitting his chair.

He slowly sat up. "Would you like a drink?"

"Yes. I'd *love* that. A little Scotch and a little water and a little ice."

He handed her his glass. "Bring me one too."

She took the glass, then hesitated, trying to decide how she should react to this. She stood up, finally, and said brightly, "What'll it be?"

"Anything."

He lifted his head and watched her walk away. She rolled her hips smoothly, knowing he was watching. She went into his apartment and he turned onto his stomach. He lay there a long time. Maybe he would fall asleep, and he did sink into a tilting sandy darkness. But it wasn't an empty darkness, there were voices in the sand, and like insects that swarm to life with night, the voices came skittering toward him, unattached voices, no faces with them, no remembered scenes, and the voices didn't speak completely or directly but blurted sounds that were words so jumbled he couldn't understand them but he heard his name again and again as if the voices intended to make certain that he knew it was to him they were calling, and he lay still, as if obediently, and he listened patiently, endured it as inevitable, a part of time.

He turned over and open his eyes to the sun. He sat up and looked at the people across the pool. Over at Old Eddie's apartment he saw Dolores, still wearing her bikini, come out and go into the apartment next door without knocking. At the end of the courtyard Lillian stood in front of the model apartment, her hands on her hips, talking to a young woman. He looked toward his apartment. What was taking her so long.

She was waiting, he knew. He stared at the apartment, watching the curtains to see, perhaps, her peeking out at him.

He got up, and even though he walked slowly, carefully, the pool tilted, the apartments rolled like a massive ship at sea, and he felt as if he were slowly sinking.

"Why do you treat me like that?" she said. She had taken off her swimming suit. But then as she had waited she got angry, and she had found an Indian blanket and she sat with it around her on the divan, her feet tucked under her.

"Where's my drink?"

Again she hesitated, obviously trying to think of the suave reply. She got up, holding the blanket around her, and stomped out to the kitchen. He sat down carefully on the divan. The cool, dark apartment enveloped him. He was under the sea. He saw her, very far away, mixing drinks with one hand while she held the blanket together at her throat.

After a very long time she came in with one drink, handed it to him, and went back for the other. She sat at the other end of the divan, her feet together on the floor, her back straight.

"You're cruel," she said and sipped her drink. Her lips curled back from her teeth after she tasted the drink. He tasted his—it didn't have much water in it. "All men are alike. They treat women like dirt." She turned and looked at him, her small round face hard, her eyes shrewd. "Just because I like you, you think you can treat me like this." She looked down at her drink. "I don't treat *you* this way."

He looked the other direction. He had the strange feeling someone was in the room with them.

"The other night you were so nice to me, you treated me like I actually existed, and I got my hopes all built up that you would go on treating me like I was a real person, and now you start putting me down." Her face tightened around her mouth, she looked down at her drink and sobbed once. "Do you think I *like* it?" she said softly. She leaned forward and put her glass on the floor at her end of the divan and she slowly turned to him. "You know only one side of me," she said. "I know you've talked to some of my friends and I know what they told you. . . ."

"Who?" he said.

"But all that isn't the *complete* me, and you know it." Now tears were in her eyes. She held the blanket at her throat with both hands. "You *know* it, Al honey." She started moving down the divan toward him. "I want you to know me like I really am. And I want to know you like you really are, to help you and be your woman." She was to him. She put a hand to the back of his head and stroked his hair. "You're so wonderful. I've watched you when you didn't know I was watching you . . . and you're wonderful, you're so gentle and good and kind and patient. . . ." She lifted her other hand, letting the blanket slip from her shoulders, and she cupped his face in her hands. She closed her eyes and kissed him. She moved closer and pressed against him.

"What's wrong?" she said, opening her eyes, keeping her face in his, their lips touching. She kissed him again, and rose from the divan, pushing

d against him as she slid her arms around him, d Al lifted a hand and put it on her hip.

When he did, she moaned and lifted herself even gher and straddled him, kissing him and begin- ng to writhe.

Then she stood up, her eyes closed and holding s hand with one hand, her other hand lifted to im but not touching him, her mouth open, "Stand p," she whispered and tugged at his hand.

He stood and she pressed herself against him, issing his neck, forcing his head back until he was ooking up at the ceiling, and with both hands she tarted pushing down his swimming suit. When it was down from his hips she stood on her toes, then lifted one leg, trying to raise herself to him, then put the leg down and tried the other, all the while moaning in his ear. She gave up, and still with her eyes closed and making a strange little Eeee, she pulled him back to the divan and she lay down, lifted her legs as she did, and pulled him to her.

She started bouncing on the divan, thrusting her hips so violently he backed away. She stopped, lay perfectly still, the Eeee shrill in her throat. When he found her, she burst loose and nearly broke him in two, and from there on it was her show as she lunged and thrust and bounced him and shook him so far to the side that his knee slipped off the divan. On the floor, she squatted down on him and bounced through a series of wild spinning gyrations, her eyes closed, chanting to herself, and now and then a stray word came from her—"Go," or "Up up up"—and Al remembered who she was.

She was a junior high cheerleader. He had met her at a party at the house of a . . . lawyer? a doctor?

After a while she lay on him and with muscular slowness finished off thoroughly a job well done.

"My *God*, you're great," she whispered hoarsely, her eyes closed. "It's like," kiss, "Phyllis said." Phyllis? "I didn't," kiss, "believe her."

She opened her eyes and looked around, as if waking, and she asked him for a cigarette.

Her face was larger now—as if her nose, mouth, her eyes, had expanded. With her lipstick worn off, her mouth especially seemed larger. She watched him, not talking, as he put on his swimming suit.

"Are you shy?" she said. She seemed older, calm, even masterful.

"You shouldn't be. You should be proud. Did you know my parents haven't slept together in ten years? I mean, you know, screwed." He sat on the divan. Still naked, she sat cross-legged on the floor. She told him her father was a doctor. And he was fat. She laughed—he was *really* fat. That was probably why he didn't sleep with her mother. And her mother and father thought she was crazy. Did Al think she was crazy. He sat with his eyes closed.

"Am I boring you?"

"No."

"Are you tired? I guess you're pretty tired. You should be. I mean that was really *something*. But I shouldn't talk about my parents all the time. It's a bore. It even bores me sometimes. And it isn't really important."

For a while she was silent. He heard a rustling of clothes and opened his eyes. She was putting on her swimming suit.

"I thought you were asleep. Why don't you go to sleep, you look like you need sleep. 'Everyone needs eight hours of uninterrupted sleep.' That's what Daddy says, and he's the doctor." She laughed. This time the laugh was close to a giggle. "Well, splitsville, lover man. I'm meeting my mother downtown in an hour." She got her purse from the bar, her sunglasses, her towel. "I'll leave those cigarettes for you. A memento amore. Dig?"

He nodded.

"Flake, baby. Promise Mama you'll flake. Okay?"

He nodded, and after she scurried around, looking for her car keys which somehow got out of her purse, she was gone.

He heard children out at the pool. Next door Bufford yelled, "I'll get it while I'm out there," then Bufford's front door slammed and he heard Bufford walk by his apartment.

He got up very slowly and went out to the kitchen. He stood looking out the window at the heat waves. He stood there a long time, until he saw nothing.

He turned to the refrigerator, lifted his hand to the door, hesitated, then abruptly opened it. He put two ice cubes in a glass, poured in some Scotch, and swirled the cubes in the glass. He stared down into the drink, at the cubes still spinning in the glass, and he was away, in the cold amber, for a long moment, no people, no sound: cold, private. . . He drank it down, keeping it to the center of his tongue, straight down. He tossed the ice cubes into the sink and stood, head to the side, staring at the electric range—the little electric clock's red hand moving slowly.

He reached over to the range and lifted with one finger the grill of one of the burners. He tilted it back and reached in up to his elbow. He felt around carefully with his fingers and found it. He drew his arm out. A little bottle of red birds. He couldn't remember who had put them there. He hadn't. He had known they were there because he had seen someone put them there. He took two of the red birds, then another. He lowered the burner back into place and tucked the bottle into the band of his swimming suit.

He walked the length of the apartment, but he stopped at the door and looked around, holding his breath. He sensed danger.

He closed the door, pushed in the knob, and waited.

He tiptoed to the kitchen window, looked out, then closed the curtain. He looked the length of the darkened apartment.

And he remembered that while the girl was here

he had felt there was someone else in the apartment. He wondered why he hadn't at the time gone to see if there really was someone. But the girl had got in the way . . . and no one *had* been in the apartment.

But now someone was in the bedroom.

He held his breath, listening, but heard nothing.

He stared at the bedroom door. It wasn't completely shut.

Someone was on the other side of the door, standing at the crack in the door, watching him.

He could go right to the door, kick it open. . . .

He could leave the apartment, and whoever was in there would leave.

No. The person would stay in there until he came back. And he would have to come back sometime, tonight, after the party at Old Eddie's. . . He could bring Old Eddie and Rodney Stull and some of the others back with him. No. They would all go busting in there and whoever was in the bedroom would have left while Al was gone.

He stood staring at the door until it occurred to him that this was the worst thing he could do.

He made himself casually turn away. On the floor were the cigarettes the girl left behind. He picked them up, took one, tossed the pack onto the bar.

He should go over to the door, tilt his head the way one does when he's talking to someone still dressing, and say, "Bother you for a light?" . . . and he saw himself standing at the crack in the door, putting the cigarette between the door and the frame, and a burning match appearing, lighting the cigarette. . .

He shuddered.

He sat on the divan, the unlit cigarette in his mouth, and stared at the wall separating this room and the bedroom. His heart was pounding hard—but maybe that was the red birds. He could just sit here and wait.

He took the cigarette from his lips. His mouth was so dry he couldn't swallow.

He stood, looking around for a weapon. He would charge in there, clobber the hell out of him, and drag him out to the pool and let everyone see who had been in his bedroom.

There was a lamp with a battered, scotch-taped shade. A lamp was a good weapon, at least it was big. But he needed a club. There was the little straight-backed chair that had been with the desk that got broken at a party. A chair was good, especially if it wasn't a man but some kind of animal. He could rip the cord off the lamp and use it as a whip. But it wouldn't be big enough.

He casually went over to the straight-backed chair, nonchalantly put his hand on top of the back . . . and it was time for him to suddenly sweep up the chair, rush to the bedroom door, burst in, swinging the chair in front of him, and confront it, whatever it was. But he didn't sweep up the chair. He instead passed on by it to the front door of the apartment.

He opened the door, stepped outside, and quietly shut it behind him. When he was nearly to the pool he glanced over his shoulder at the bedroom window.

The curtains were open and the window looked more sinister than if they had been closed, for the window shone black in the light reflected by the glass.

He blinked and believed something moved beneath the surface of the window. At this very moment, he knew, whatever was in the bedroom was looking at him.

As he went around the pool he caught the burning reflection of the sun on the water. From now until the sun was down it would be reflected violently in the pool, seeming to set the water on fire. He paused, staring at the terrible radiance, and he saw a little boy on the diving board, his arms lifted straight up, while children danced around the burning pool. The little boy ran out to the end of the board, bounced once, jumped, and disappeared into the white fire.

He made himself walk on, head down, and when he got to Old Eddie's, he stopped and looked back at his own apartment . . . and now the front door of his apartment was cracked open. He squinted, trying to see. . . .

Around the corner Dolores came carrying a tray of glasses. "What are you doing out here?" she asked him.

He looked at her eyes. They were bright green.

"Open the door for me, I've got my hands full."

Then the door opened by itself and a girl in a blue bikini—Al suddenly remembered her name Angela—came out with Rodney. Rodney's face was red and bloated. At first when Rodney looked at Al, he didn't seem to recognize him. Then he blinked several times and shouted, "Al. Al, baby. Good old Al. Just in time."

He put his arm around Al's neck and pulled him over to the side. "Wanna use your apartment. Okay? Just a little while."

"There's something over there."

He was going to explain, but Rodney and Angela took off and Al followed Dolores into the dark apartment where wet shadows were rolling and swirling, and rumbling music throbbed like the pulsating organs of a giant, and Al went deeper into the apartment, following the glowing light in the color of Dolores's bikini as if he were diving into black water after a luminous fish. Someone grabbed him.

"Listen to this." It was someone he had never seen before. And then, beyond the man, whose face was extremely long and narrow, he saw Old Eddie. Old Eddie was near but far away. He had shrunk. He looked as if he were only three feet tall and while Al was looking at him he started to sink into the darkness around him—all the while grinning at Al. "Listen to this," the long-faced man said again. He bent down and put his head beside Old

ie's face. Old Eddie continued to grin. Did they nt him to take a photograph of the two of them, e by side, cheek to cheek? "It's amazing," the g-faced man said. "Listen to it," and he took Al's n and pulled him close to Old Eddie. "Put your ad right up there beside that thing and listen, en to it."

"No. I don't want to listen to it."

"Al, come on, don't be a prick. Listen to it."

Old Eddie grinned at him.

"Come on," the long-faced man said and put his old hand at the back of Al's neck. At the touch of he hand, Al closed his eyes, his knees settled down into his legs, he started to fall slowly forward, and he was forced onto his knees and his head was beside Old Eddie's.

He heard a high, shrill whistling, and when he heard it, at this close range, he realized he had heard it earlier, but hadn't recognized it, hadn't been able to tell where it came from, hadn't even acknowledged it as a sound until now he heard it come steady, relentlessly from an object in Old Eddie's ear.

"D'ya hear it?" the long-faced man said in his other ear.

"I hear a whistle."

"No. The voices. The voices in it."

"I don't hear voices in it."

"Listen again."

He listened again. The only voices he could hear were some people talking on a sofa behind Old Eddie.

And then he did hear them. Little voices. Beneath the steady, shrill whistle—perhaps within the whistling—a rapid din of intense, piercing voices. At first he thought it was a radio, that the little black object in Old Eddie's ear was a tiny radio, but he knew it wasn't a radio, that the people talking to each other were unaware they were being overheard, and Al realized they weren't speaking words at all, after he had tried as hard as he could to distinguish words in the rapid gabble, after being so close to understanding what they were saying, and he realized there were no words and the voices weren't the voices of people.

He straightened up.

Old Eddie was grinning at him.

"What do you think of it?" the long-faced man said in Al's ear.

Al backed away. Now that he knew what the whistling was, he could hear the voices—even now that he was standing up and was back several feet from Old Eddie.

He turned and walked off into the darkness where he thought the door was to the bathroom, for he believed that was where Dolores had gone. He had never trusted Dolores, for she was cold and he knew Old Eddie was correct—she would kill him someday, she would fuck him to death. But now Al knew that because of her coldness, Dolores could help him. He would tell her about the thing in his apartment, and she would know what to do.

He opened the door, and it wasn't the bathroom, but one of the bedrooms. The room was full of people standing in pairs, holding each other and moving slightly to the deep thumping of the music that shook the floor and walls of the apartment.

He backed out, shut the door. He turned and went looking for the kitchen. But the kitchen was gone and he ended up in a corner of a large room he couldn't remember from before, and he was surrounded by people and large vines.

"Dolores?" he called out.

"Dolores is busy," a woman said at his feet. "Come here," and she reached up and took his hand. He sat down hard on the floor and the woman was talking to him fast, her breath very strange, dank, black, as if she had been eating burned leaves, and for a moment he thought it was possible that it was her voice that he had heard in Old Eddie's ear, but when he tried listening to what she was saying, he could make out the words, and she was talking about her vagina, and he listened as she described all the trouble she had with Herbert because of the way he was shaped, it was going to cause her to have a tumor, and she didn't trust the doctor, and the doctor and Herbert, Al realized, were miraculously the same person.

He got up and got away from her and he wandered around for a long time until he found someone who wasn't talking and he sat down beside her and they sat there and time seemed to pass, maybe he slept, and when he woke he was on top of her for he couldn't see her and wouldn't have known she was there, the room was so dark, if he hadn't reached out and touched her—her shoulder—he found her hand and held it, it was limp and cold—and that was fine—and again time seemed to be passing and he realized, when there was a great storm and people were moving around, some of them yelling, women arguing, that he should have hidden like this long ago, that he could survive only if he remained hidden, holding a hand. But someone said, "Here it is," and put something in his hand.

A wire, a cord, attached to something that felt like a wet insect.

"Put it in your ear," she, next to him, said.

He didn't, and she took her cold wet hand from his and took the wire and the insect from his other hand and he let her put it in his ear.

The whistle rose, shrill, louder still until it was through his head, a clear glass blade at first and then a black wire bending back and forth and curling inside his head.

Just he and someone, Murray, were left and they dived into the pool, the water cold and black beneath the black, starless night sky, and then Murray left the pool and went off, and Al stayed in the

water, floating on his back, opening his eyes now and then, moving back and forth between knowing when his eyes were open and when they were closed, moving back and forth between knowing if he was floating on his back in the water and looking up at the sky, or floating, arms and legs outstretched, in the sky and looking down upon black water.

He was out of the water and walking around the dark, silent apartments for a while, opening a few doors that were unlocked, putting his head in the doorways and listening, hearing in some the snores of people sleeping, hearing nothing in others, and then he found his way back to his own apartment.

He sat down on the patio beside the motorcy
He worked the throttle, the rusty spring squeake
voice.

He sat there cross-legged for a long time, star
at the motor. Then he got up and went to the d
of the apartment.

He heard something on the other side of t
door, a bumping sound, dull, muffled, and
remembered something was waiting for him ins
the apartment.

He waited, trying to think.

Finally he turned the knob and went in, n
matter what it was.

THE REPLY

that quick jump
out of time
was your last trick

you held your breath
forever

I had not known
silence
would lie upon your tongue
like a threat

knowledge
was what you wanted
you have it

and I have wisdom
ashes on my lips
grit in my teeth

underneath their pennies
your blind eyes
search my eyes for answer
that I can not give

I have blown out
both the candles

I will do my own dying

—John L'Heureux

DEATH OF A COMPUTER OPERATOR

MY TEETH LONG ERODED
HAIR THIN LOST AN EYE
LOWER ME INTO THE BOX MY BOY
IM READY TO BE DECODED

NO MATTER HOW YOU WORK IT
MAKING TAPES GIRLS OR POEMS
THE TRIP FROM GENE TO BONE
IS A SHORT CIRCUIT

THE HISTORY OF HEROES
THE CRIES OF THE SEDUCED
CAN ALL BE REDUCED
TO STRINGS OF ONES AND ZEROES

MY PROGRAMMED INSTRUCTIONS
SHOW THE MOST NOBLE MINDS
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BEHINDS
ARE ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTIONS

THE COMPUTER DOES NO HARM
AND ITS GETTING MORE LIKE PEOPLE
ALREADY ITS SIMPLE
TO MAKE ONE THAT FEELS WARM

THE MACHINES METAL POINTS
WILL BE SOFT ENOUGH TO CODDLE
WE'RE WORKING ON A MODEL
WITH HAIR AROUND ITS JOINTS

BUT NOW MY TAPE IS DONE
I WAVE MY RUBBER GLOVE
AND SIGN THIS OFF WITH LOVE
1 0 1 0 1 . . . .

—Peter Meinke

Christianity Has Changed

by Arnold Toynbee

NOR: *At the beginning of the "post-Christian" era, Chesterton and Shaw debated whether Christianity has failed. What is your view?*

TOYNBEE: Has Christianity failed? In the years since Christ came to preach his gospel of peace, men have either been at war, getting ready for war or getting over war. Does that mean that our Christmas celebrations are meaningless? In fact do we have anything to celebrate?

Christianity is not a failure. The world has benefited from it. First of all we must bear in mind that now is not the time to make a final judgment on what Christianity has done for the world. We can look only at the effect so far.

These effects have been considerable. The most important is that Christianity has kept prodding at the world's conscience. Christianity has set standards. These standards have continually acted as a spur. This is so—and this is the vital point—not just for professed Christians, but for many others. A man like Bertrand Russell, for instance, who is avowedly anti-Christian, but whose pacifist outlook is a response to Christian thinking.

NOR: *Has Christianity, then, been absorbed by the "world"?*

TOYNBEE: People respond to their environment and background, and non-Christians have responded to Christian morals.

The reverse of this also applies. Christianity itself has become worldly, especially in the matter of war. When the first mass conversions to Christianity occurred in the third and fourth centuries, Christianity, which had been based on non-violence even in the face of the cruellest provocation, accepted war, Christians switched to fighting barbarians instead of trying to convert them. This was because most people had been brought up to accept war. Christians accepted the ideas of the mass instead of the mass being converted to Christian ideas. Christians have gone on accepting war.

They even accepted Hitler. Certain sections of the Christian church inside Germany did resist Nazism but the church outside Germany did little about it.

But despite this, the concept of love has gained a firm foothold. Christianity has sown the seeds of the gospel of peace. More is now done to prevent war.

NOR: *What in Christian thought accomplished this?*

TOYNBEE: Before Christianity there was an absence of love in the world. Even the sacrifices people made were cold and inhuman and the world was generally more callous. Slavery was accepted; there was the harsh Roman law and the Roman circuses.

Christianity has by no means conquered this callous attitude, as we have seen from the rise of the Nazis. But it has brought more protest against it.

Christianity has also made something positive of suffering instead of being impervious to it. Christ showed that suffering was not just something to endure but something to triumph over. And he did triumph.

NOR: *The Christian attitude toward evil is the key?*

TOYNBEE: In general Christianity is a religion of hope—for everyone. After Christ had vanished from the earth it might have seemed that everything would be an anti-climax. This has not been so. Perhaps the thought of the second coming has a bearing on this.

Christianity suffers from having ideals which no one can keep. This tends to lead to hypocrisy. This was brought home to me on a trip to America, with businessmen being most unchristian in their business all week and then going to church on Sunday.

But the big thing about Christianity is that it accepts that people will fail to live up to its ideals and it preaches forgiveness and teaches people to live with failure. Not just of themselves but the failure of others.

The dangerous side of this is that it can and does lead to complacency—as with those businessmen.

NOR: *What has Christianity done for the individual?*

TOYNBEE: From a personal point of view, Christianity, with its emphasis on the individual, has brought a recognition of the individual's rights. This has been shown in the freeing of the slaves and in the emancipation of women. In Nigeria, for instance, it is noticeable that in the Christian South women play a far more prominent part than in the Moslem North, where they are subservient. The Christian influence is noticeable in Japan where there are few official Christians but where fundamental changes have taken place in the attitude of parents to children and husbands to wives.

NOR: *Then has Christianity led to materialism?*

TOYNBEE: Christianity has incidentally brought great material progress. Again we can see this by making comparison with the Eastern world. The turning point here was strangely at the end of the 17th century when the organized side of Christianity receded. It was as though this freed ideas that had been smothered by orthodoxy and authoritarianism. Indeed the anti-church feeling was the very source of power in people like Voltaire and Tolstoy.

The end of the 17th century brought another significant change with the separation of the church and state. Before then the two were very much together, with the disastrous results of the religious wars. It is good to separate the two, good for liberty to have a system of checks and balances as in American politics. We saw in the Middle Ages how the papacy kept civil governments in order, for governments knew that people regarded the Pope as a higher authority. Then the papacy got above itself and civil governments kept it in order.

But by having two authorities, authority itself is kept in check.

NOR: *Perhaps the organized church, and not Christianity, is coming to an end. What, after all are its credits? Will it last?*

TOYNBEE: What has the organized church achieved, and what is its future?

The organized church has many failings. This is inevitable. Every human institution exists to keep itself going. At the outset Christianity adopted the authoritarian bureaucracy of the Roman empire, which was extremely authoritarian. Even today it is not democratic like Islam, for instance, where there is officially no clergy.

There are signs of change. The different Christian denominations, for instance, are at last trying to get together through the ecumenical movement. They are becoming more charitable to each other, behaving more like Christians in fact. This is a change indeed from the years they spent fighting each other and putting Christianity into discredit. The effect of this on non-Christians was shown when the Pope was cheered by Muslims and by Hindus who recognized him as a man trying to do something for mankind. This is a striking development. It would not have happened a few years ago.

Christianity has a future. As an organized body it will change out of all recognition. At least I hope it will.

POEM ABOUT THE TRUE CHURCH

In a field near Wooster, three nuns
picking blackberries,
soft as beads, in August.

—*James Tipton*

Notes on the Next Novel

An Interview with Joseph Heller

Literary history is written in the first paragraph of this interview. Joseph Heller states bluntly who the contemporary thinkers are who influence his writing.

When *Catch 22* appeared in the 1950's, no one thought to ask who influenced Heller's writing; his whole approach appeared totally fresh. For those who got a romantic bang out of World War II novels, Heller's almost naturalistic bent jolted. For those who liked realism, his existential sense of the absurdity of the real jolted. For those who enjoyed wallowing in black humor, the crack of the dawn of hope jolted. For those who just liked to escape into a great tale, his insistence on meaning jolted. No one thought to ask whom Heller read or whom he was like.

He wasn't really like anyone. He still isn't. If you expect the ordinary reflections by an author on his novel-made-flick, you won't understand Joseph Heller.

ALEXIS: *Are there any novelists who influence your writing? Who are they?*

HELLER: Kafka and Samuel Beckett are two of my most important novelists. Kafka did influence *Catch-22* and is influencing *Something Happened*. I was not familiar with Beckett when I wrote *Catch-22*; but I have since been amazed by certain very striking similarities in view and language-use in *Catch-22* and Beckett's early novels *Murphy* and *Watt*. This past summer, I read Beckett's trilogy, *Molloy, Malone Dies*, and *The Unnameable*, and found to my astonishment, that very, very much of Beckett's view and technique in these are present in *Something Happened*. And from here on in, the resemblances in *Something Happened* will be conscious and deliberate. And Kafka's view of the world too is present in *Something Happened*. The difference is that I try to present the same dilemmas and all the horror in situations that are not in any way abnormal or out of the ordinary.

ALEXIS: *What about the contemporaries?*

HELLER: I think that compared to my present admiration for Beckett as dramatist and novelist, any admiration I might express for any of the contemporaries would be small by comparison. I think I would choose Philip Roth, John Barth, and J. D. Salinger as those whose works hold the greatest amount of interest for me at this time.

ALEXIS: *Have you seen the film version of your book Catch-22?*

HELLER: Yes, I have, and I think it's one of the best movies I've ever seen. It isn't a photographed version of the novel. If it were it would be a very dreary motion picture as most film adaptations taken from plays and novels usually are. Many characters are left out, many episodes are omitted, as they would have to be. It is, after all, a very long novel with too many characters to make a successful movie. Things are compressed, characters are combined. The effect is to create in cinematic terms pretty much what I would have created had I set out to write a screenplay, rather than a literary work. The spirit is there, the episodes are there. The formula or relationships of humor to the morbid has a sort of grotesque effect. The use of time, rather than sequential flow, exists. It exists as a unity. The fragmentation of episodes as in the movie in place of those values which only fiction has reflects the interior monologue, depth, pace, turgidity—these are really critical of a fiction writer. Mike has used the camera, the color in a very strange way; I have never seen anything like it. The use of light and composition in some scenes becomes works of art, works like one can see in some of the best museums in the world. The visual elements are the best I have seen because they're not visual in their visual prettiness alone, they are organic, they fit not only with the book, but they seem to stem from it, and serve to constitute an organic whole. I've never seen a movie, I think, that was so much of one piece, as *Catch-22*.

Alan Arkin as Yossarian is superb. He gives the best performance of his career, and the best performance I can remember, and yet he does not dominate the movie, but fits into the totality. These are things you don't often find in a movie and which I regard as the only way to get a faithful representation of a novel, which is really to exploit a novel form or to forget the sequence of the book, forget the prose, but to take the intention of the au-

This interview was conducted by Bro. Alexis Gonzales, NOR's editor-at-large.

and the content of it, almost as if to decom- it and put it back together in a new formula or cture, using the same materials, working within ferent medium.

cenes in the movie which I thought Mike might e eliminated from the beginning are included. se are very tough scenes, scenes which I ught might be too strong for a movie. A scene, example, of Milo blowing up his own squad- n. I would have suggested that he leave that out, cause in the novel it's almost an allegorical ne, rather than a literal one, and I would have d that the audience would not have believed it. the film, however, it is vivid, frightening, and to- lly credible. Mike has chosen those scenes which e very strong in the book, and it's a good movie. like has done a good job . . . he has done a uch better job than I thought was possible.

He is a humorous man. If you had to work in this novie you'd have two things you don't often get: a director who is an extremely literate person, and a leading man who is also extremely literate, an in- telligent person. These are two people, Mike and Alan, (I don't want to suggest that the others aren't, but I know these two fairly well) who have highly developed sensibility. They've read everything, just about; and they are very serious people. It's a pleasure to sit with them. You can get into a discus- sion of Bach's music or Marcel Proust; there's no allusion, no subject that we can come up with that they won't talk about.

ALEXIS: *Did you go on location?*

HELLER: No. I had nothing to do with the movie.

ALEXIS: *Did Buck Henry consult with you? (Buck Henry wrote the screenplay from Heller's novel.)*

HELLER: We had a meeting which at the time I thought was a kind of courtesy meeting. Mike Nichols called me and said that he'd like me to read the script. I read it, and met him at dinner. I told him all I liked about the script, and a few things that troubled me. I came away with the feeling that it was really a courtesy session. But when I met Mike a couple of weeks later in California, he made refer- ence to some of my remarks, so apparently he did remember.

And also a quality of that version of the script that had troubled me had been edited out of it, as I felt it should have. And Nichols, once I got to know him better, I realized how sensitive he was, how much of a perfectionist also. I felt that some of the lines of dialogue were kind of joke lines and superfluous. That troubled me. Anyway, they're all out of the movie. I don't think there's a superfluous moment. There's no searching for an easy laugh anywhere in the movie. Anyway he did remember some of the things I said.

ALEXIS: *What was the budget? Did they go over?*

HELLER: It depends on what date they pick. I think what they tend to do is to take the starting date of shooting as the budget date . . . that is the day they send the first technician down . . . to an area. By that time, which was January, I think the budget was up to $13 million. Mike says $14.7 million. Other people say $18 million. I don't know who's right. I hope Mike is right. He's annoyed at the $18 million. I think originally, when they were at the talking stage, before they realized how good a movie Nichols wanted to make they were speaking of about six to eight million dollars. Mike has said in other interviews that he would not have made a cheap picture out of *Catch-22*. In one meet- ing with people at Paramount he said it should ei- ther be done right or not at all, that they were going to have to spend at least ten to twelve million dollars for it. And he's done it right. The people don't understand, that in order to do something, one has to hold fast. It's difficult to understand why one minute on the screen can cost $300,000.00, because it might take five days to shoot that one minute perfect.

ALEXIS: *Did you see the completed version, the one that will be released?*

HELLER: I saw the version that will be released apart from some improvement in the sound and perhaps some minute changes Mike might still want to make. I saw it on a Sunday, two Sundays ago. That Friday or Thursday the movie was sneak- previewed in Boston and editors of the college newspapers in the area were invited, and word had leaked out that *Catch-22,* was to be shown at 8:00 p.m. and people began lining up at the theatre from 10:30 a.m. on and sat through whatever the feature was four or five times, and so many remained out- side that they ran a second. The audience reaction there was everything that Nichols and the execu- tives at Paramount and a number of movie owners in the area could of hoped for. They laughed at all the funny parts, were stunned, stone still at the serious parts, and there was considerable weeping. A person at Paramount who's in charge of campus publicity was there and he said that he had never before been part of a movie audience where college kids began to cry. It is possibly one of the most powerful movies I've ever seen.

ALEXIS: *The Board of Censors has given Catch-22 an "R" rating. What did they object to?*

HELLER: Well an R rating is better than an X rat- ing. I think it barely excaped an X. I think they ob- jected to a bit of bad language. There are a couple of sex scenes, but they're very tame. Alan Arkin is in bed naked, with a girl, naked, but they are covered and they don't make love. Thank God! There is also one quick scene of an act of love, and it's no more than a tenth-of-a-second long as Alan walks through the streets of Rome, the camera hits an alleyway, and there's a soldier and a girl there, and it's so quick that many people will miss it. It could have been that. There is some language, but I don't recall. I really don't know. I didn't know it was R rated.

ALEXIS: *Have you seen Robert Altman's*

*M*A*S*H?*

Heller: No. Not yet. In New York you have to stand in line for hours to see a good movie. Ring Lardner, Jr., who did the screenplay for *M * A * S * H* I know very well. He knows the novel *(Catch-22)* very well. He was one of those who went to jail with the Hollywood Ten during the black list days of Senator Joseph McCarthy. These were men who could have pleaded the Fifth Amendment and suffered no penalty. I think Dalton Trumbo, Ring Lardner, Jr., I don't know about Abraham Polonsky, went to jail. They were ten, and they refused to plead the Fifth Amendment and decided to defy the investigation on the basis of the First Amendment, freedom of the press and speech, and they were found guilty and sentenced. I think, since then, there were some supreme court decisions which would have allowed that sentence to be reversed.

ALEXIS: *Mr. Heller could you comment on the present student protests?*

HELLER: I am in total sympathy with the students. I think indifferences and stupidity of the government administration has made it necessary to move from peaceful dissent to acts of violence. I hold the administration guilty. Nixon and Agnew particularly guilty for the shooting at Kent State. Agnew has been inciting to riot in every speech he makes, they are almost paraphrases of the Nazi speeches in Germany . . . the "rotten apples" that have to be separated from our society. It's almost a license to the local policeman or national guardsman to treat these students as they do. I think Nixon and Agnew are as guilty of the deaths of those four pupils . . . as the men who did the shooting. I think that any other course than this at this time would result in a loss of freedom in this society. The war is illegal. Nixon has not signed a declaration of war. There's an absence of a declaration of war. Nixon is a liar. He's a habitual liar, as Johnson was before him on this Vietnam war. Nothing he says has any right to be believed, but whether the troops will or won't be withdrawn by the first of July, I think it's a mistake he made, and he knows it, because they're apparently accomplishing nothing there anyway. But even apart from that, he's never sought a declaration of war for the Vietnam war and so consequently it's an illegal war. It's a moot point as to whether the Selective Service Act can be enforced and the government has carefully avoided any court case which would bring the legality of war into question. I think the students are the most hopefully refreshing thing in the country. I think they're doing the dirty work for a lot of middle-class respectable people like myself.

ALEXIS: *Do you think these kids are the Yossarians that have sprung up and are doing what he would do today?*

HELLER: When I wrote *Catch-22* things were relatively calm in this country. They are doing what he would do and what he should have done in *Catch-22*. The possibility of such collective action, of such widespread dissent was not really something to be considered in the '50's. It just didn't take place, and there didn't seem to be any immediate need for it. This is an alternative that he doesn't consider in the book. It's touched on very sparely in *Catch-22*. The idea of collective action, when the character Dobbs wants him to become his accomplice in an effort to kill the colonel and Yossarian declines. Later Yossarian decides he must kill the colonel, that his salvation depends on it. Then Dobbs won't do it. By the end of the book, there is no one left for Yossarian to join with. I think undoubtedly that what Yossarian is reacting against has come to be a reality in the past four or five years and intensifies. He would be reacting to that and he would be out with them, and I am all for it. I mean, there has been no act of violence yet. I can't recall any except for the incident in New York where the building blew up. I can't recall when somebody has been killed except by the police or the national guardsmen. And anytime I read about these firebombs going up in mysterious explosions all over the country I am delighted, because I think that the enemies of this country are in Washington, and it's nonsense. The argument that all these protests encourage the enemy is nonsense, because the enemy is first Lyndon Johnson, then Agnew, Nixon and Kissinger. They are the ones, I think, that are the danger to this country, and they must be opposed in the only way left for us to oppose them.

When Martin Luther King turned back from the bridge at Selma, he lost the support of so many, particularly Eldridge Cleaver and the ones who later became the Black Panthers because they had come down there for violent confrontation, as Cleaver writes. This was an opportunity to expose publicly the real nature of the opposition to the blacks in Alabama who had been turned back from the bridge. There was a great lessening of enthusiasm and a feeling of defeat. It is a fact that violence and the terrorism that it suggests is, and always has been an effective weapon. And since the government is deaf, dumb and blind to the poor attempts of persuasion—there is nothing left but violence or protest. The protest has been met with indifference and contempt and insult, and an enticement to more violence, particularly by Agnew's suggestions that these people should be mistreated the way that the local authorities want them to.

ALEXIS: *Have you been involved in any peace marches or protests?*

HELLER: I have a daughter of 18, and she's been on peace marches and civil rights marches, but these have tended to decrease as they've been ignored. I've not been asked to to any extent. Yes, I think I was asked to go to Washington, to go in the parade. I couldn't come to Austin to make a five minute speech on the moratorium, it's a long way from New York, but in New York I would. I was on

last Washington march. I'm not considered a st stringer. They generally go for Norman Mailer st.

ALEXIS: *Do you think Catch-22 influenced day's college youth?*

HELLER: I don't think a writer's work of literature ally influences people. It shapes them. It does onfirm what they themselves might suspect. I think *Catch-22* is attractive to people today, because the eople themselves are attractive. They themselves ave certain thoughts, certain ideas, certain attitudes and they find them expressed in *Catch-22*. The same with Bob Dylan songs, the Beatles' songs have an appeal for them because they themselves can respond to it now, in a way that many people could not respond to *Catch-22* when it first came out, and do respond to it now. Many, many people said they couldn't read it, or were not interested in reading it past the first two pages, when it first came out, then tried again a few years later. There was a girl at Our Lady of the Lake, yesterday, I suppose she was about twenty, she said she couldn't read the book when she tried it about four or five years ago then went back a year or two later, and she couldn't understand why she had trouble the first time. It's the prose style, hundreds and hundreds of people have called me and told me they started reading it and stopped because it was too confusing in the beginning. So many people have told me that that I think it's a valid criticism.

If I were doing the novel over again I would try to make the early chapters a little more coherent. I wanted to suggest confusion by being confusing, but not so confusing as to chase readers away, but I hear that less and less among people, for two reasons: now the novel has a reputation and people will have patience with a novel that has a reputation. Most good works of literature are not all pleasure. If you've ever read Thomas Mann or James Joyce or Marcel Proust. The novel isn't intended to be easy the way movies are. Movies are easy forms of apprehension. Plays are. If they aren't then audiences don't enjoy them. Plays and movies go at their own pace. You can't re-read them. I think cinema is close to being a sybaritic kind of entertainment, and I suspect that many people go to see many inferior movies only because they're too lazy to read a book.

ALEXIS: *Do you go to movies or the theatre much?*

HELLER: I almost never go to the theatre. I go only if someone I know is connected with the production. And I go to the movies seldom. The kinds of plays I like are not produced anymore, and if they are they're produced off-Broadway in uncomfortable theatres and close before I get tickets. I did make it a point to see *Mahogonny* in New York because it's the first time it's been in this country, and I would go to see Samuel Beckett's plays, even though I'm not sure it's a pleasure to watch Samuel Beckett. Like fiction the theatre is not supposed to be pure pleasure. Movies are almost always pleasure.

Most movies I find, even the good ones, are somewhat shallow and thin. Even what passes for a serious movie is very thin compared to what passes for a serious play, and I think both are pretty thin, and shallow in contrast to what can be said about a work of fiction. Movies I distrust very much because there's a kind of pandering that goes on to the popular taste and very often it's subtle enough so that the public is taken in by it. I think there's a considerable amount of pandering going on toward the young audience. They're not good movies. They are movies that deal with things the young people want. And they are movies which have a viewpoint which I know young people have. And the uncritical spectator will rate and appraise film only for those reasons, not because the film is particularly good, not because the screenplay is good, not because it's authentic, but simply because it has a scene with a hippie smoking pot, and a love-making scene which they identify with.

ALEXIS: *What is the book you're working on presently?*

HELLER: It's titled *Something Happened*. It's about this executive 43 years old, married, with children, unhappy with his marriage, his children, his job, the condition of the world. But finds that at this point of his life what means more to him than anything else is to be allowed to make a three minute speech at the next company convention in Bermuda.

That's pretty much the plot of the novel. It's going to be very long unfortunately, because it's going to take me a long time to finish it. The title is ironic because *nothing happens* in the novel. There is no plot, no action. So far it's very successful, the two people with whom I've checked *Catch-22* out as I wrote in sections are rather astounded at how effective it is so far. If I can sustain this another four or five hundred pages I'm hoping to finish it this year, but I may be two or three months late. I worked on *Catch-22* seven years. This will be hard to measure in time, because the play, *We Bombed in New Haven*, took me away from the novel for two full years. I don't know where the time went. I wasn't working that hard on it. The thing I don't like about the play is that even though there isn't work to be done, the process of production commands one's whole attention anyway. And I would sit around for weeks or months at a time just raising a question or giving answers to a question and yet being unable to concentrate on any other kind of work. Working with so many people it does really become a collaborative effort, one in which the playright and the script are not the most important elements.

Reprinted from the San Antonio Express News

Over the Lost Horizon

A One-Act Screen Play

by Hugh Fox

Picture of a diary. A very crisp, very diction-and enunciation-conscious voice begins to read. We focus in on the page, read along:

"June 23, 1926. Better to be laid on the table than on the kitchen shelf. A puppet on a string and the string's on fire. Dance, baby, dance. . . ."

The voice continues to read, the pages become a "screen" and on the screen we begin to see THE TYPICAL WORLD OF THE TWENTIES. First of all the huge ball, thousands of people (New Year's Eve), two 1920's Go-Go girls on stage dancing the Charleston (the pace setters), and the ballroom crowd following along. . . .

"June 25, 1926. Divine Dick proposed again last night, says that if I don't marry him he's going to throw himself off the end of the Atlantic City Pier. Funny, while he was insisting on how much he needed me, couldn't exist without me, etc. the night blooming jasmine bushes over in the corner of the garden began to glow, and I lifted two inches off the ground. He didn't even notice. . . . "

"June 26, 1926. It happened again this morning. I was having my morning coffee when the maid brought in a vase full of jonquils, put them on the table and left. The minute she was gone I rose up off my chair (morning paper in my hand) and started circling around the room. It was wonderful. I was filled with an overwhelming sense of 'belonging,' of having joined the CLUB. . . ."

"August 1, 1926. I leave for 'The Citadel' tomorrow morning. I tried to convince Divine Dick that it was better for both of us, but he threatened to throw himself off the Gallo Wine Building if I left him. 'Why bury yourself alive?' he asked. 'Why wait until you're dead?' I answered, and he started to tear up his straw hat and stamp up and down on the pieces. . . ."

"Sept. 23. To OM It May Concern. I was in the forest yesterday at noon (air turning sharp now, leaves falling around me like lottery tickets). Leaned back against tree, suddenly 'tuned in' on Dick in Manhattan, having lunch at the Maison Turk with Fanny Farnsworth. Pembroke, class of

Shot of moon. Papier-maché rocket lands, a group of twenty-ites get out in full formal dress, all smiles and chatter. Suddenly a man with slicked-down hair (Fred Astaire type) brings a bottle of champagne out of the ship, everyone applauds, the bottle is opened and . . . THE PARTY BEGINS.

Various shots of 1920 daredevils. Plane crashing into barn. Pilot gets out, smiling, greeted by crowds, seems to be saying "It was nothing." Man walking tight wire over Times Square, smoking cigar, carrying watering can in hand. Girl on wings of flimsy bi-plane, standing on head. Close up. Heavily made-up eyes. She smiles. Seems to be saying: "It's great for the complexion. . . ."

Shot of two lovers in canoe on moonlit summertime river. He has mandolin, is playing "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Sound on record, crackly, very 'antique.' We focus on bow of canoe, words LYDIA PURCHAS' OATMEAL SOAP, PREFERRED BY DISCRIMINATING VEGETARIANS.

Film of comic skater. Runs across ice, falls down, sudden stops, crazy-legged almost-falling down waltzing, etc. Music: "It's a Grand Old Flag, It's a High-Flying Flag . . ." sung by Jimmy Cagney.

. It was just as clear as watching fish in a dfish bowl. He wás asking her to marry him d she mentioned me. Fanny, poor sap, Divine's lly not that bad a guy."

Dec. 1. First really heavy snow of the year last ght. Went out this morning after Meditation, oticed I left no footprints in the snow, actually as skimming over the snow-surface. It seemed o be cold—breath made a vapor plume, etc.—ut I took all my clothes off and still felt warm. I put my hand up in front of the sun and could see right through it, could see the ground through my feet. Filled with ineffable sense of 'belonging.' The snow, trees, sky, etc. all form a kind of organic 'net' into which I am interwoven. Not 'alone' any more. . . ."

Egyptian priest approaches altar of hawk-headed god, Thoth, bows down. Shot of multitudes bowing simultaneously with him. Background music: "The Sheik of Araby". Texture of film is very old, movements jerky, etc.

"Dec. 24. Snowed again yesterday. Went out into storm. Snow not white but multicolored. Everything—my body, hair, sky, birds—multicolored. Sat—raised some two inches above ground—for hours in the storm. All doors open inside me now. Feel I should be frightened but am not. To the contrary. . . ."

Scene from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Little Eva going across ice, pursued by Simon Legree and dogs. Music: "Deep Purple" with lots of schmaltz trombone.

"January 16. Don't really understand at all what has been happening for the last two weeks, but am inclined—as always—to accept reality(ies) at face value without theorizing. Whatever I 'want' (need) has been instantly appearing in my hands . . . *anything from oranges to Divine* Dick . . . thought about Harry Arrow—the Mr. It who preceded Divine Dick on my Magnificent Men list—and there he was, a bit of the daring young man without a flying trapeze (he always was an octopus), but he was good at it, and afterwards I slept naked (and transparent) three inches off the floor all night. I am not going to write any more in this diary, simply because. . . ."

Film of tightrope walker (long—19th century—tutti), walking across tight rope in slow motion, using a delicate yellow parasol as a balancing stick. *Music: Strauss' "Perpetual Motion."*

The pictures cut off, the diary becomes merely a diary again. We move back. Who has been reading it? A young man in a long satin robe, wearing a peaked (magician's) cap. He has been sitting in what looks like a rare (very) book room. He closes the book, a look of triumph and resolution on his face, he goes over to the librarian, asks her something about the book (we can't hear them, just their whispers, like the tearing of tissue paper), then asks if he might use the phone, she smiles, he goes over, dials a number, very solemnly announces something (all we hear are growls made by starting up and stopping a record player with any kind of talk-record on it), then leaves library, with a smile to librarian. She (call-girl appearance about her—in spite of the fact she must be over 60) takes off her shoe (wearing net stockings) and waves goodbye to him.

Next shot of young man on train looking out window. Moving very fast. Music in background: "Beyond the Blue Horizon." Very white light on his profile, the rest of his body in shadow. He is deep (deep!) in thought, then snaps out of it, looks around to be sure that

no one is watching him, snaps his fingers and a lighted cigar appears in his hand.

Fade out. Time lapse.

Porter comes by. Sounds of pigs grunting. Title flashed on screen: FIRST CALL FOR DINNER, FIRST CALL FOR DINNER.

Young man waits until porter has passed by, then snaps his fingers again and a chicken appears in his hand. Starts to eat it. Woman in 1920's beaded mini-skirt walks by, notices his chicken, he smiles awkwardly, offers her some, she turns up her nose at it, continues walking. He starts eating chicken. "Beyond the Blue Horizon" comes on strong.

Fade out. Another time-lapse.

Next scene the following morning. The train slows down (exterior shot) and the young man gets off. Very strange landscape. Mountainous (the Himalayas?). Barren.

Very old (obvious papier-maché made to LOOK very old) statue of Buddha only non-mountain object in picture. Hanging on his upraised hand is a sign: YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PLACE, THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE LIKE THE PLACE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AROUND HERE, SO THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.

Young man approaches sign, looks around. No one. Then snaps his fingers, a black grease pencil appears in his hand and he corrects sign, crosses out the E in FORE, then proceeds on his "pilgrimage."

(Music: Mata Hari's dance music from the Garbo Mata)

The scene begins to become more "dramatic." Clouds drifting down from the mountains. The day darkens. Shifting lights and shadows. He starts along a narrow path upward. Shot to mountain top. Gold-domed "monastery" (superimpose a short snip of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah"). Shot to his face. He is "illuminated," "ecstatic," so close to the GOAL OF GOALS.

Fade out. Catch him again further up mountain. Raining now. He is completely outfitted in mountain-climber gear now, the expression on his face unchanged. As we focus on his face we hear a tinny snip of "The Sheik of Araby."

Fade out. When we focus back in the young man is about to enter monastery. Approaches huge nail-head studded door, it opens automatically, music starts to echo back in on itself. Sound of wind. Shreds of cloud. He walks into central courtyard. Chanting (echoing) in the background somewhere. Begins walking down long corridor toward brightly lit room at end. Corridor filled with "spikes" of light. Music becomes more and more "echoey." After shot of door we focus back on young man. Mountain-climbing gear now gone, dressed in Buddhist monk robe, head shaven. Approaches door. It opens automatically.

All sound off. Merely the magnified sounds of his own walking, breathing, etc. The whole "texture" of the image changes too. No longer "antique" or "mysterious," but very flat and obvious.

On the far wall there are 143 (count 'em!) TV sets (some black and white, some color), all tuned in on a baseball game. No sound. In front of this wall of TV's is an old Gloria Swansonish woman dressed in gold (high-heeled) boots, trousers, and fluffy fuchsia sweater. Platinum hair. When young man comes in she turns around, kind of notices him, but not really (glances at him like you'd glance at someone waiting at the same bus stop, just for want of something else to do), turns back to TV's. Last shot of TV's (ball thrown, it's a high one to center field) and old woman's back. Then cut. . . .

This screen play is part of a larger work by Hugh Fox entitled *The Vanilla Gorilla: Experiments in Mixed Genres.*

I REMEMBER MOST THE BOOTS

I remember most the boots
that one day stood vacant,
hungry for polish,
by the bed half-vacated.
Wailing from the front awakened no senses.
I was too tired
and too old to cry.

By late morning all the family
and telegrams had arrived,
taking over the house.
I was a pitied stranger
in my own cell.
A faceless woman whose husband drilled
came mousing
whispering to ease the burden
"He's dead,"
and left as she came.

Mrs. Moreau baked in the kitchen
while a nurse-friend took my pulse,
just to show how the living are told.
Lunch was grim.
They would not let me watch Popeye
that afternoon
or The Gray Ghost in evening.

All the Cub Scout mothers came to cry
and the whole school sent flowers . . .
but I wanted to know who got the flag.
Later I missed the cigarette
that came to the room each night
and the dark man following it.

None could tell why
the gold Holy Family
blessed and honoured
could not bring him back,
and whispered of how natural
he looked.

Your wax face said they lied
and no cosmetologist could return
the stubble that hovered over breakfast
or the dark eyes that told
of storms at sea and bombing Mussolini.
No fixing could strengthen
your arms that rode me to bed
and wheeled me about the yard.
After the grief passed
regrets still came—
masses in anonymous rooms.
But none ever saw the boots
wasting by the half-vacant bed.

—*James Swinnen*

BREATHINGS

"What really matters is the next breath—
that someone will notice if you stop."
—Rudd Fleming

I. Providence Hospital July 15, 1964

I hold you child,
breathing air as if it
were a normal thing to do,
who never knew
til half a day ago
that the thin world existed.
We've turned you out,
a natural swimmer,
into stuff that will not take a stroke,
and then, at four,
we'll teach you how to swim,
pretending it's a new thing to be learned.
"If you just relax, you'll float."
But the question now is air, not water:
"Keep your head up
or you'll drown."

II.
Who are the people who know things:
which side their bread is buttered on;
which way is up;
never trust a Greek with gifts?

I question air for some known necessity,
but air refuses answers,
oxygen is no teacher.
My blood, warmer than air
counsels: no questions;
accepts circumference
knows only that it is.
We share a silence.

Yet, there is a dumb wanting,
aching up from ground
infecting bones.
I want:
the wind rising
kind wood
light moving
and the next breath,
for all I know is where I breathe from.

III. Veterans' Hospital Halloween, 1964

Having kept you electronically alive
past the witching hour,
the master doctor decided
that the machines had issued no imperative for breath
and in some druidic rite,
flipped a toggle
which switched you out of light.

By coffin light
only the top of your freckled head
resembled anyone we knew
and that must have been an oversight:
some new cosmetician maybe
who didn't know how to disguise
the top of a bald man's head.
The sight revoked tears if not pain
and we left you breathless to the ground.

The year you stopped competing for air
I gave you up, father,
not unwillingly
exchanged for a son,
a runner for another generation.

—*Julia Douglass*

MT. OSORNO, CHILE

Ripe summer
and five gringos crawling
up ancient retchings.

In the quick of huffs
one word would impeach
the living room decision.

Snowline. Eyeballs
become suns, the direction
blindness, wind tapping along

with empty cup.
Beggars, squabbling over oranges.
How suddenly seasons change

in a quest. All
the suns joke with the crater
mocking us with glintings;

crevices smirk
suck cold courage dripping
down to jagged black teeth.

—*Thomas Kretz*

EDGES OF A SEASON

Jane's marriage and Henry's death were equal
to one Rose of Sharon. Always conservative,
my mother cut patterns to fit the cloth, stitched
a winter's cold toward the next one's comfort,
while father read world history or went out
making local news.
I thought them mismatched
as the odd socks she cooked for me in Putnam's dye.

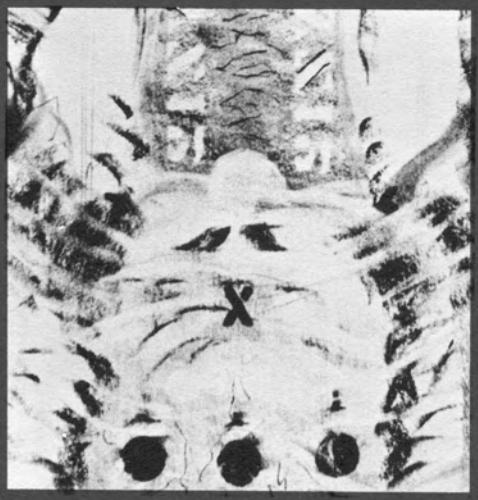
Nearing her then-age, I snip at words, test
them on the eye and tongue, scribble
sharp edges of a season down, turn myself to
meet the facts of day with fantasies.
And decide,
at times, nature chooses our compliments. At others,
we design contrast for creation's sake.

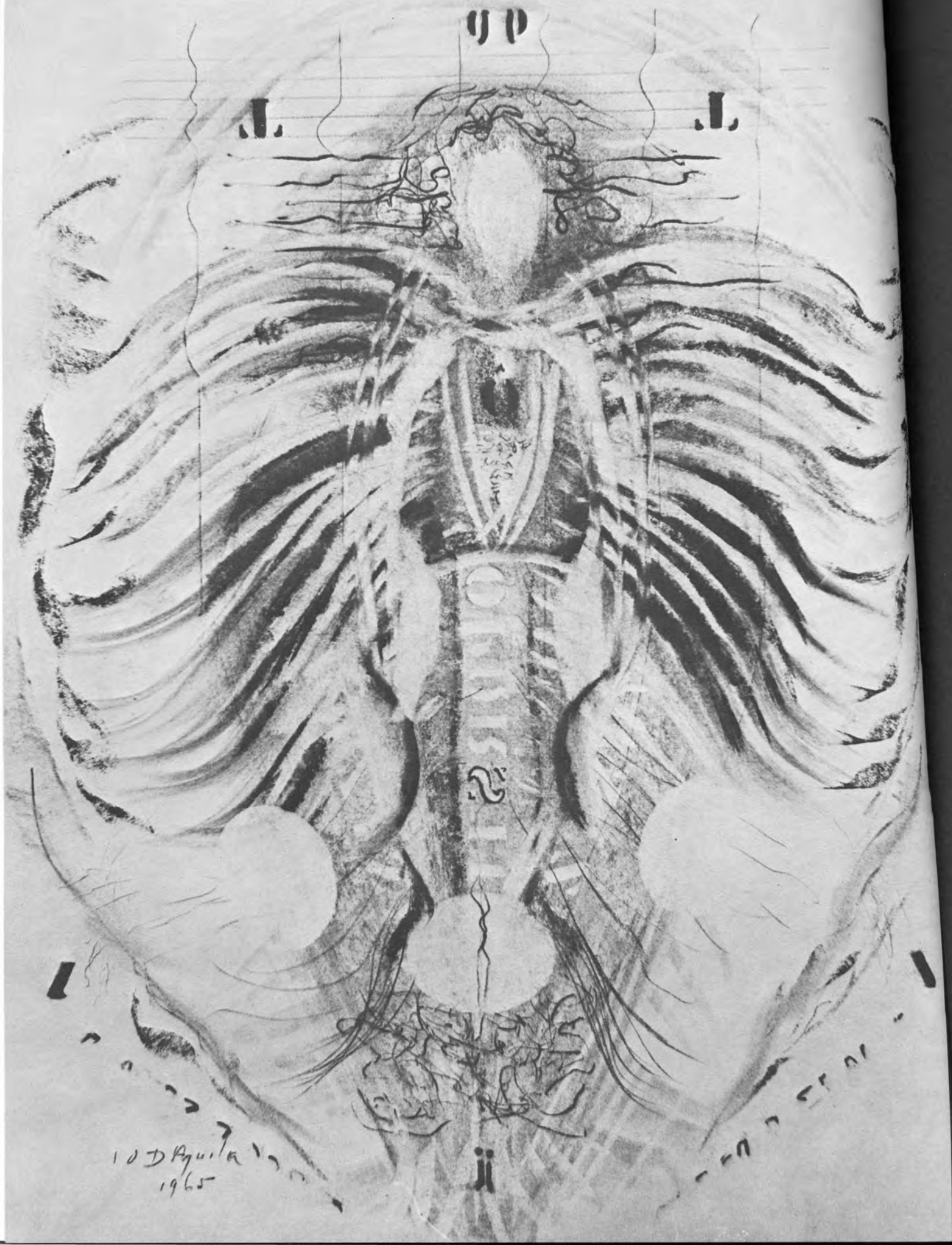
—*Lillie D. Chaffin*

ANGEL WHO ?

drawings and narrative by

Ignatius J. D'Aquila



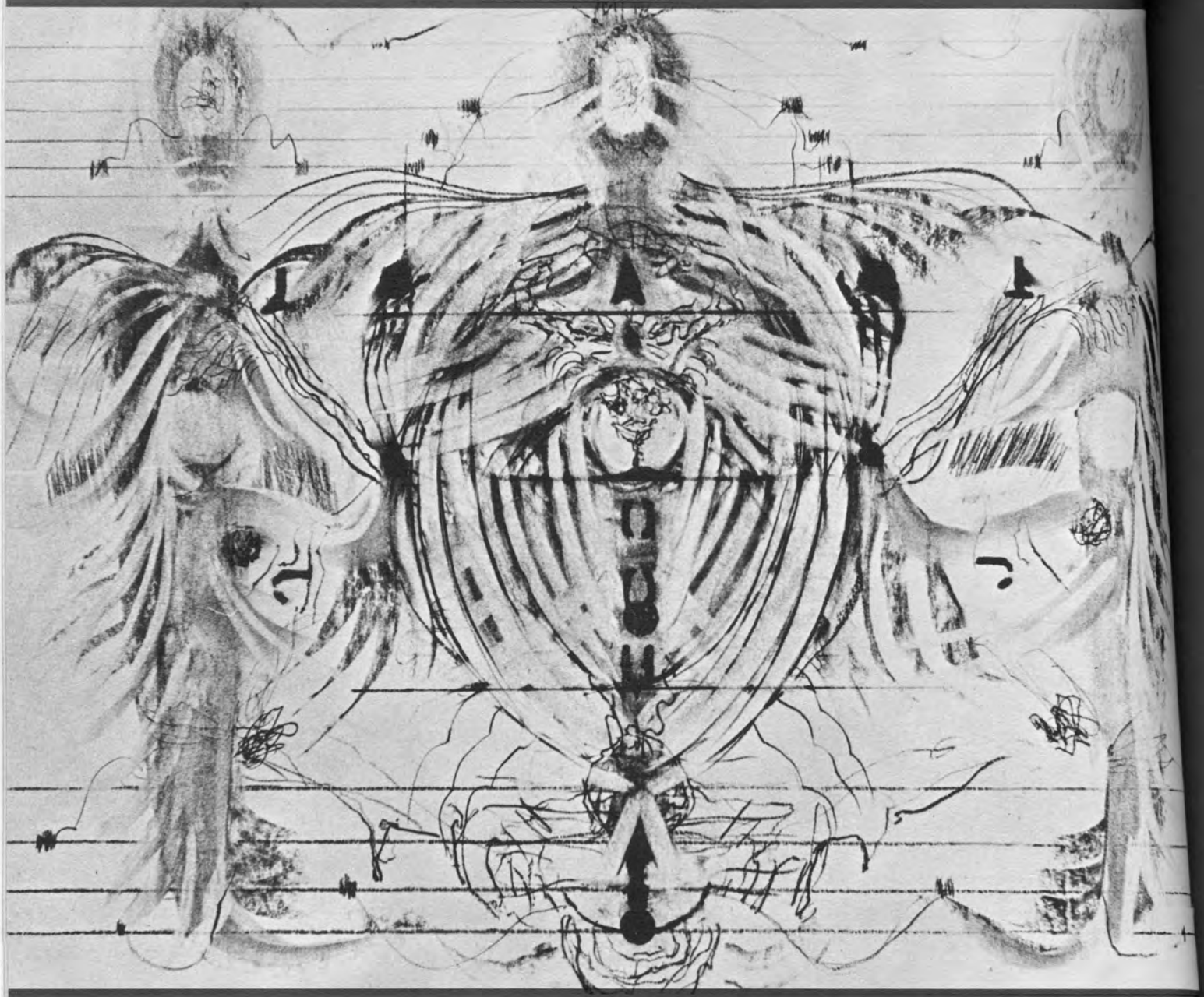

10 D'Aquila
1965

Angels are possible spiritual beings,
Says a quaint Medieval source.
Between man and God,
There is an infinite continuum,
A veritable Periodic table says the source,
And hardest to swallow—
Each angel is super-class-y,
By himself (herself?) a whole genus;
Genius.
Never play chess with an angel,
Difficult to entertain,
No food or drink required;
Steak,
Cheese cake,
Nothing tempts them.
Nothing but pride,
(Even angels?)
What do they want?
Money—Real Estate?
Status, of course.
To be important.

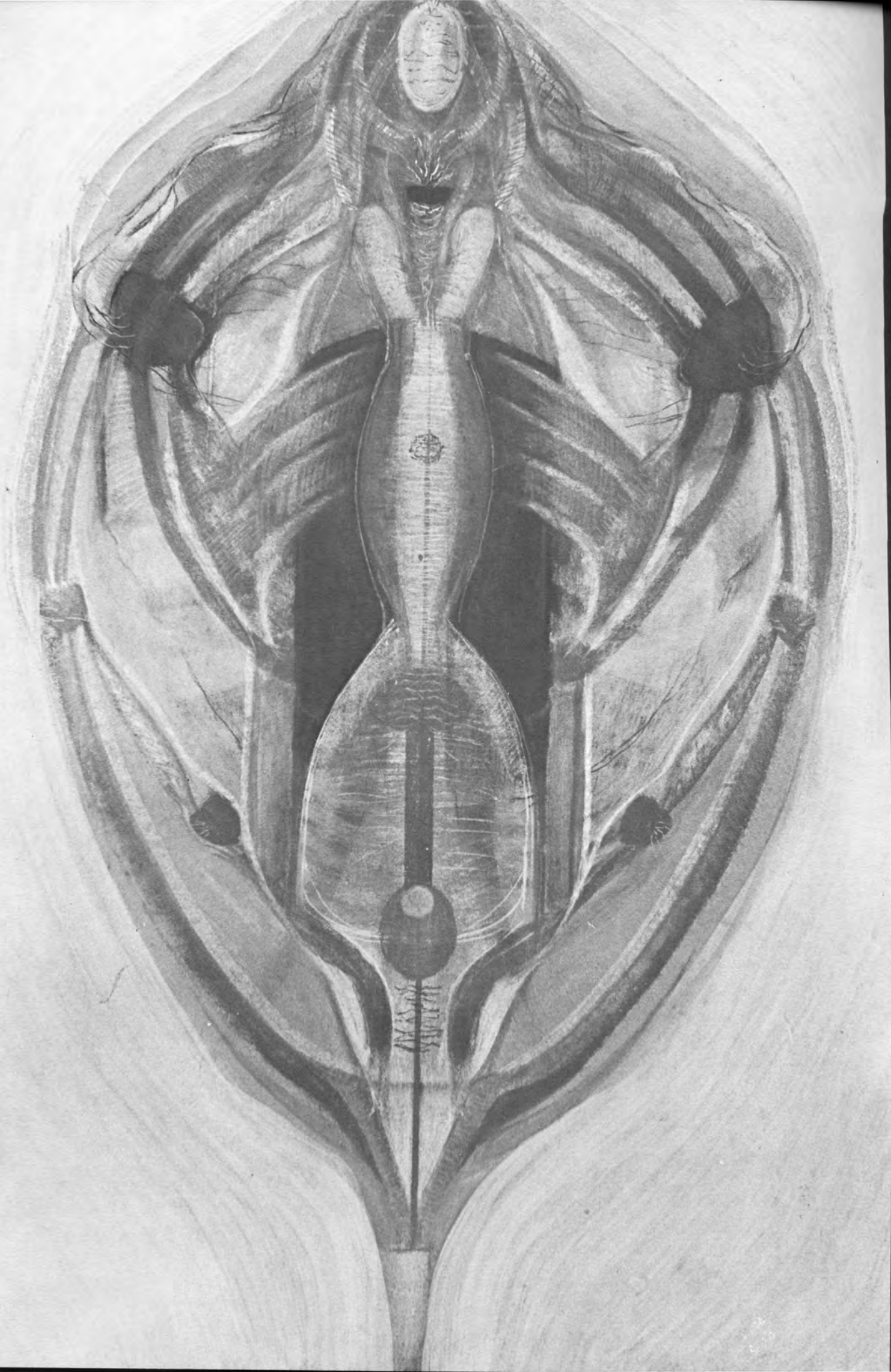
Says a quaint Medieval source.
Between man and God,
There is an infinite continuum,
A veritable Periodic table says the source,
And hardest to swallow—
Each angel is super-class-y,
By himself (herself?) a whole genus;
Genius.
Never play chess with an angel,
Difficult to entertain,
No food or drink required;
Steak,
Cheese cake,
Nothing tempts them.
Nothing but pride,
(Even angels?)
What do they want?
Money—Real Estate?
Status, of course.
To be important.
They're human after all;
It's hard to imagine how:
Passing through walls,
(Ghosts, ex-humans?)
Being anywhere, anytime,
Watching over me
Day and night,
Without sleep or refreshment,
Manservant—(Black angels?)
Eye-rolling, Bergsonians—
(Did you see dat Human—
Wings—git goin!)
Einsteinian and disenfranchised,
No bill of rights.
What?
Lucifer is an activist,
Seraphim on Ice.
J. Milton of *Playboy*

X

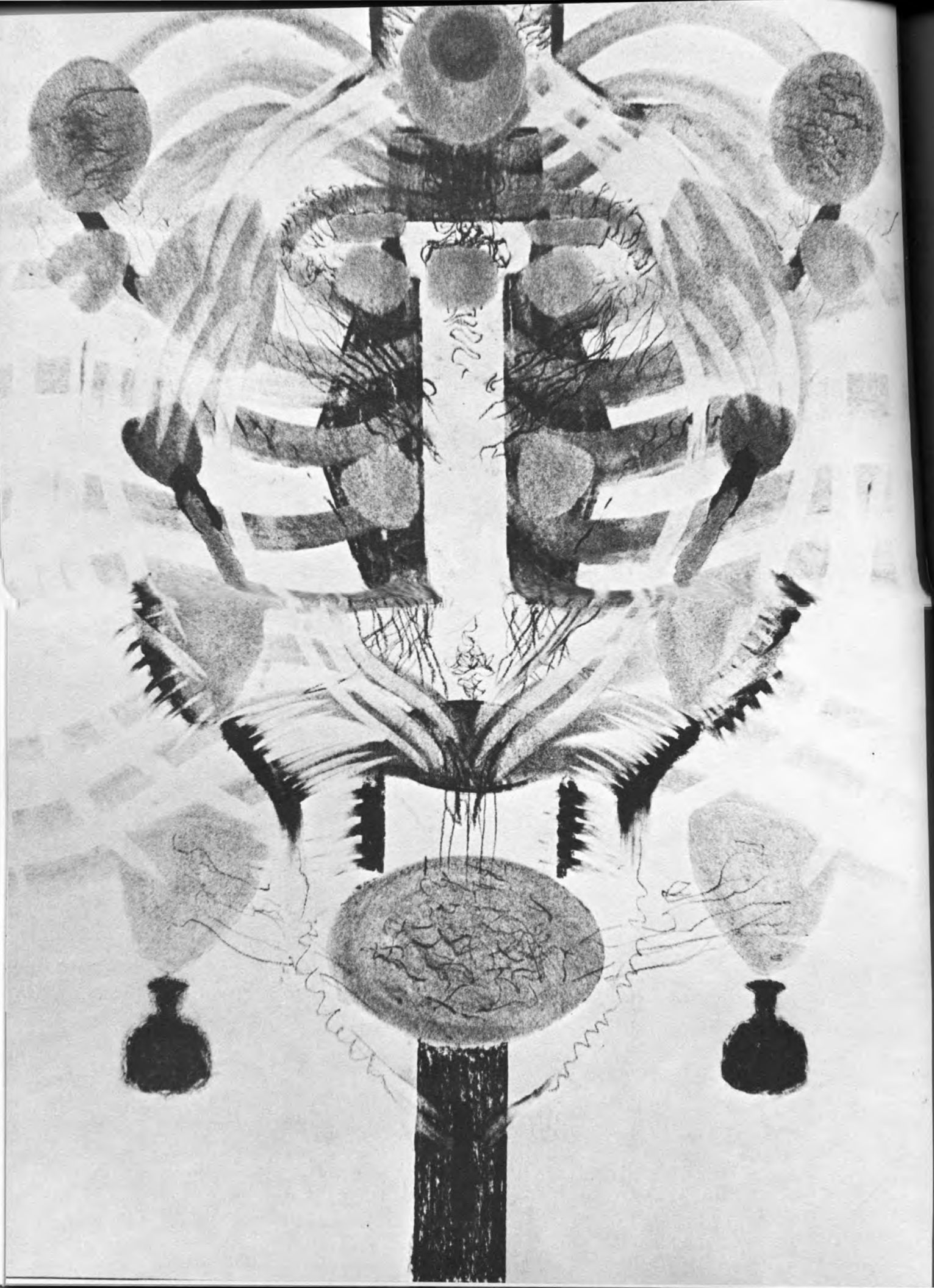
A veritable Periodic table says the source,
And hardest to swallow—
Each angel is super-class-y,
By himself (herself?) a whole genus;
Genius.
Never play chess with an angel,
Difficult to entertain,
No food or drink required;
Steak,
Cheese cake,
Nothing tempts them.
Nothing but pride,
(Even angels?)
What do they want?
Money—Real Estate?
Status, of course.
To be important.
They're human after all;
It's hard to imagine how:
Passing through walls,
(Ghosts, ex-humans?)
Being anywhere, anytime,
Watching over me
Day and night,
Without sleep or refreshment,
Manservant—(Black angels?)
Eye-rolling, Bergsonians—
(Did you see dat Human—
Wings—git goin!)
Einsteinian and disenfranchised,
No bill of rights.
What?
Lucifer is an activist,
Seraphim on Ice.
J. Milton of *Playboy*
Interviews Prince in Exile;
Exclusive!
Reporter came without weapons.



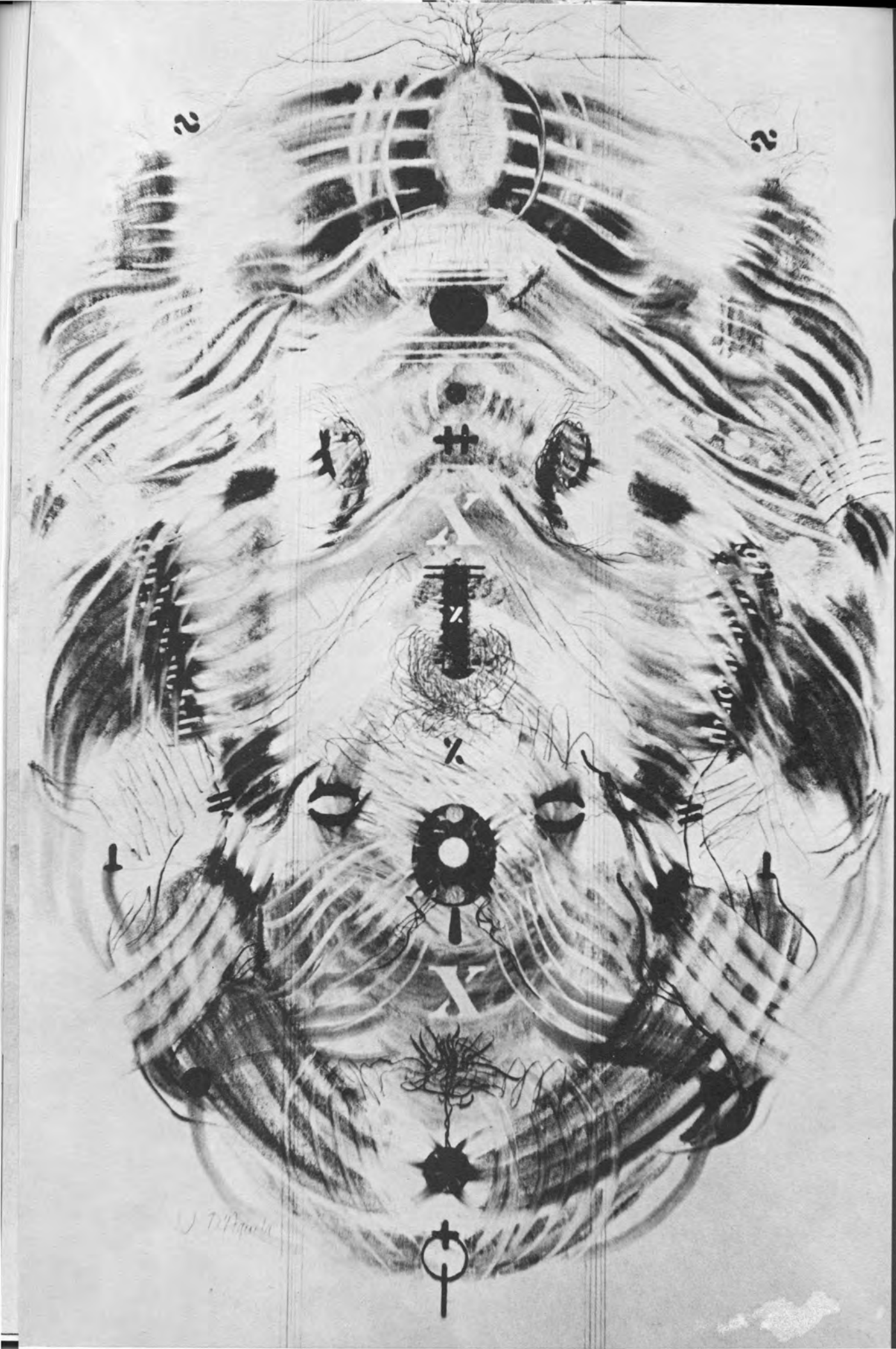
Nothing but pride,
(Even angels?)
What do they want?
Money—Real Estate?
Status, of course.
To be important.
They're human after all;
It's hard to imagine how:
Passing through walls,
(Ghosts, ex-humans?)
Being anywhere, anytime,
Watching over me
Day and night,
Without sleep or refreshment,
Manservant—(Black angels?)
Eye-rolling, Bergsonians—
(Did you see dat Human—
Wings—git goin!)
Einsteinian and disenfranchised,
No bill of rights.
What?
Lucifer is an activist,
Seraphim on Ice.
J. Milton of *Playboy*
Interviews Prince in Exile;
Exclusive!
Reporter came without weapons.
Or camera, (why?)
Images are not true likenesses,
Police artist's conception;
Be on the lookout!
The trail is cold,
No witnesses can be sure:
"Seemed to be a beautiful man with wings,
Too high up to be certain;"
The Air Force is checking.
Systematically.



Passing through walls,
(Ghosts, ex-humans?)
Being anywhere, anytime,
Watching over me
Day and night,
Without sleep or refreshment,
Manservant—(Black angels?)
Eye-rolling, Bergsonians—
(Did you see dat Human—
Wings—git goin!)
Einsteinian and disenfranchised,
No bill of rights.
What?
Lucifer is an activist,
Seraphim on Ice.
J. Milton of *Playboy*
Interviews Prince in Exile;
Exclusive!
Reporter came without weapons.
Or camera, (why?)
Images are not true likenesses,
Police artist's conception;
Be on the lookout!
The trail is cold,
No witnesses can be sure:
"Seemed to be a beautiful man with wings,
Too high up to be certain;"
The Air Force is checking.
Systematically.
Avant-Garde is in touch
With one R.M. Rilke,
Who's holed-up in a castle,
Babbling—
God knows where they get them:
Get a load—verbatim:
"Ranges, Summits, dawn-red ridges
Of all beginning,—pollen of blossoming godhead,
Hinges of light, corridors, stairway, thrones



No bill of rights.
What?
Lucifer is an activist,
Seraphim on Ice.
J. Milton of *Playboy*
Interviews Prince in Exile;
Exclusive!
Reporter came without weapons.
Or camera, (why?)
Images are not true likenesses,
Police artist's conception;
Be on the lookout!
The trail is cold,
No witnesses can be sure:
"Seemed to be a beautiful man with wings,
Too high up to be certain;"
The Air Force is checking.
Systematically.
Avant-Garde is in touch
With one R.M. Rilke,
Who's holed-up in a castle,
Babbling—
God knows where they get them:
Get a load—verbatim:
"Ranges, Summits, dawn-red ridges
Of all beginning,—pollen of blossoming godhead;
Hinges of light, corridors, stairway, thrones,
Spaces of being, shields of felicity, tumults
Of stormily-rapturous feeling, and suddenly, separate
Mirrors, drawing up their own
Outstreamed beauty into their faces again."
Original in German.
Life wants pictures of him (hysterical),
In the Piranesi darkness of the castle,
For their special Halloween issue.
The photos will be featured
With many old German wood engravings,



Or camera, (why?)
Images are not true likenesses,
Police artist's conception;
Be on the lookout!
The trail is cold,
No witnesses can be sure:
"Seemed to be a beautiful man with wings,
Too high up to be certain;"
The Air Force is checking.
Systematically.
Avant-Garde is in touch
With one R.M. Rilke,
Who's holed-up in a castle,
Babbling—
God knows where they get them:
Get a load—verbatim:
"Ranges, Summits, dawn-red ridges
Of all beginning,—pollen of blossoming godhead;
Hinges of light, corridors, stairway, thrones,
Spaces of being, shields of felicity, tumults
Of stormily-rapturous feeling, and suddenly, separate
Mirrors, drawing up their own
Outstreamed beauty into their faces again."
Original in German.
Life wants pictures of him (hysterical),
In the Piranesi darkness of the castle,
For their special Halloween issue.
The photos will be featured
With many old German wood engravings,
Already assembled by the research staff.
Suitable for University Library.
The Air Force Report is out
In paperback—but is inconclusive.
Norman Mailer, squeezed in at the end,
Told Johnny Carson, that angels
Appear in fleeting seconds
Before sleep.
Johnny mugged, twinkled,

Spaces of being, shields of felicity, tumults
Of stormily-rapturous feeling, and suddenly, separate
Mirrors, drawing up their own
Outstreamed beauty into their faces again."
Original in German.

Life wants pictures of him (hysterical),
In the Piranesi darkness of the castle,
For their special Halloween issue.
The photos will be featured
With many old German wood engravings,
Already assembled by the research staff.
Suitable for University Library.
The Air Force Report is out
In paperback—but is inconclusive.
Norman Mailer, squeezed in at the end,
Told Johnny Carson, that angels
Appear in fleeting seconds
Before sleep.
Johnny mugged, twinkled,
And decided to go out with the band.

A Psychiatrist Looks at Violence

by Karl A. Menninger

NOR: *Why violence?*

MENNINGER: Violence is in the news, now. The word "violence" has the sound "vile" in it: the word itself is a little violent. It is an arresting word. It means something is being broken and crashed. Modern technology has speeded up the rate of living, the rate of moving about.

The acceleration that has been achieved implies a corresponding rate of deceleration, in the process of which oftentimes we get jolted. Many people mistake "jolting" and other aspects of change for violence.

NOR: *Perhaps too swift change has made modern man criminal.*

MENNINGER: Sometimes people use the word violent as if it meant crime. Most crime is not violent. Most crime is very quiet, just snitchy, sneaky quiet, nonviolent, you might say. Murder is not a typical crime. Murder constitutes a very small fraction of all crimes, numerically. Most crime isn't violent and most violence isn't crime.

NOR: *Is there an increase in violence?*

MENNINGER: I don't really think violence is increasing. I think people are increasingly aware of violence. But if you mean by violence civic disturbances, you need only to read the reproductions of Harper's Weekly magazine of 100 years ago, or look in any history book. Look at the description of the way people lived 100 years ago and see how much more violent it was then.

You say it isn't safe to walk down the street? Well, it never was safe to walk down some streets. It wasn't safe then to walk down some country roads even. I'm convinced that the world is getting better, and we are getting better control of our own behavior, better control of our public behavior.

NOR: *Then why is violence so visible?*

MENNINGER: Why is violence getting more conspicuous? Let me suggest that there are four or five reasons.

First, there are more of us—a lot more of us. There are several times more of us than there were a century ago.

Secondly, we have caught the great yen for living as close together as possible. We all rush into the Boston-New York-Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington axis or into the Chicago-Milwaukee-Toledo-Detroit-Cleveland axis, and try to find a place to light. Here are two great blobs of intense, crowded civilization. These people are living very close together.

But everywhere there are more people on the earth, and all the people live closer to each other. They crowd each other and they watch each other. They want to learn about each other and there is more discussion about each other's behavior, proprieties, character, etc. Formerly it was bad manners to want to know about other people.

Most behavioral science was in the dark for a long time because it was regarded as really a little rude, a little not-quite-proper, to be prying into the way other people think, the way they feel, the way they live.

Today we watch what other people order and how they eat, and we listen to what they say. In all sorts of ways now this tendency to push together is evident. And when people push together, somebody's elbow nudges you, intentionally or unintentionally but a little violently, and it may provoke a little violence.

When seventeen people are living in two rooms in an apartment house that has only two bathrooms for nine floors and one of them is stopped up, there's a good deal of contact with one another, and it isn't good-natured.

Such situations make people ill-humored, frustrated and angry. They may not be in actual pain because they have to climb seven flights of steps to go to the toilet, but it's not very comfortable, and it is highly aggravating.

Crowding people as they are now crowded is in itself one of the great aggravations of tension and irritation and proneness to violence. If you have a corn or a toothache or a stomach ulcer—if you have something that hurts you all the time, you are far more susceptible to having your tension raised

ions of somebody around you which may not mselves be so violent.

ngs like this happen to people, to everybody. body gets pains and aches and frustrations and ions. The inner tension of maintaining self ol continues to mount and permit the escape e ugly side of the personality which we orily hide.

OR: *You were going to suggest more reasons violence is more conspicuous.*

ENNINGER: Not only are there more of us liv closer together, but there's another thing about lence awareness. We all know how some people ve it a lot easier than others.

Some feel a great sense of injustice about certain ings. It isn't that we're just full of envy—we may full of that, too—but our sense of great inequali and injustice that some people have so different way of living—this gives us a "slow burn."

Furthermore, we find that some of the people ho are depressed and harassed rebel about it; ey do something, and so we have an example set or us and we imitate it.

Then finally, I think that the communication media themselves contribute to our awareness of violence. They give information to the public that it is most curious and most eager to get. This is not necessarily what it should know, but what it wants to know, and the public likes violence, you know.

NOR: *What effect has television had on violent behavior?*

MENNINGER: By looking at violence, perhaps some of our own violence is diminished; by looking at violence, also, we have a pattern for more violence. Some of us didn't know until recently that you could fill a sack with bad tomatoes and throw it at people, but we see on television that you can and it is done in some quarters.

I don't mean to condemn the news media for this because at least they are telling us as it is, and we're prepared. We know now there are some people who fill sacks full of rotten tomatoes and throw them at policemen and we know there are some policemen that get so mad at this they can't control themselves and retaliate furiously.

NOR: *You believe that seeing violence may, perhaps, be lessening our violence as a people?*

MENNINGER: *We must distinguish between* public violence, of course, which we sometimes see, and private violence which we rarely see. About 90 percent of all violent crimes are committed in the home—usually toward the wife or the husband or the children or friends. I don't know if you know this.

Child-beating, which is very widespread, in the name of punishment or just from hate, takes place quietly, you know. It doesn't take place where the neighbors can see it, or it wouldn't happen so often. The same is true of wife-beating and many of the inter-family quarrels and fights between brothers, cousins, relatives, and the like.

One must distinguish between noisy violence, and silent violence. There is a great deal of silent violence. Like trapping or poisoning wild animals or stealing. The most widespread quiet violence is the dumping of filth of all kinds into the air and into the water.

Then there's the violence of the good guy versus the violence of the bad guy—cops and robbers fantasies. Just label somebody a dragon and we'll go out and kill him and we'll be famous like St. George. Killing dragons is more fun than hunting the Grail.

NOR: *Why all this aggression?*

MENNINGER: Aggressive violence comes usually because somebody wants to know how manly he is, or how angry, or how scared. Sometimes it's because people are doing it and we feel we have to belong, and even excel. It may be one has been gypped and cheated by the second-hand car dealer until he's just madder than the devil, and feels completely helpless in the matter.

NOR: *What can we do about violence?*

MENNINGER: What do you do about it? Of course, first of all you quit it. Just swear off of violence. (I mean your own.)

There isn't any question that we must cultivate some more ways to take care of the violence that we used to spend in perfectly well-approved ways.

NOR: *There are surrogates for violence?*

MENNINGER: All behavioral scientists are talking about what are the substitute forms of violent expression. What do you do with your violence? What can you do? What do you do when you get so mad you don't know what to do about it? Do you play the piano? Do you paint? Do you cry? Do you swear? Do you go out and bat a tennis ball around?

Games, in a way, are symbolic ways of being violent, symbolic ways of expressing superiority, or greater masculinity; and greater encouragement of all kinds of play—physical games, mental games, psychological games, games in which aggressiveness can be symbolically released—is one answer to the problem of pent up or roused up aggression.

NOR: *What about controlling public violence?*

MENNINGER: The course of civilization has been to substitute more and more symbols for reality. *Words are symbols. Gestures are symbols. Signs* and smiles and conventions and names. All the letters on this page are symbols. Back a few centuries there weren't so many symbols—more action, more aggression, more violence. The whole course of civilization consists of increasing symbolization to assist in self-control.

I mention the self-control, rather than the control of others and you are going to ask, am I (also) my brother's keeper? Do I have to help control him, also?

The answer is, yes, of course. We've all got to be policemen, to some extent. We can't stalk calmly down the street with our hands over our stomachs

and our eyes on the ground, looking pious and self-controlled.

It's a good thing to have a cause or two to fight for. I have a dozen causes. I'm always tilting at windmills of various kinds. Fighting against the trapping of wild animals is one. Guns are another. Guns are killing machines and I see no point in people packing around killing machines.

NOR: *Then you recommend taking up causes?*

MENNINGER: Yes, I recommend getting a cause of some kind. Not a violent one. Violence cannot be stopped by violence. That idea of violence being controlled by counterviolence is primitive thinking, 10-year-old boy thinking. That's what children think. But adults must know better. Violence opposed to violence only makes for more violence. And that included punishment.

In a recent article of mine, I said that there ought to be an end to such silly things as punishment for offenders, not an end to penalty. I think penalties ought to be increased and speeded up. But not vindictiveness. I think that when a man drives when he is drunk, he ought to be hit with a terrific penalty. I don't want to punish him, I don't want to beat him, I don't want to stick pins in him. I don't want to put him in the penitentiary to rot (while I pay his board bill). I don't think such things will do any good.

The only way to control crime is to eliminate this yen to punish and impose penalties so every offender is justly and usefully treated.

NOR: *"Eliminating this yen" would mean education.*

MENNINGER: Teaching, in a sense, consists of an attack upon ignorance. The right kind of a teacher has a "thing" he wants to make clear to you. He says to you, "don't be ignorant on this point any longer; don't be stupid on this anymore; don't be uninformed or misinformed. This is the way it is; you can do it with this. You have the potential; you can make something. Go on. Try."

Ignorance resists, because when it yields you have to change. You can't ever be the same after you find out what you didn't know before. That is the whole point of new information, new insight, new ideas, new ways of looking at things. That is what I am trying to offer you today.

NOR: *You're convincing; no more child-beating.*

MENNINGER: Look at yourself—how violent are you? And how are you violent? How can you be less violent? How can you be more constructively violent?

Do people really believe what Jesus said about the other cheek? "Don't pay your enemies back," he said. "Don't do what they do, then you become like them." But some people think we must wait till the world is better before we can begin taking Jesus' advice seriously.

NOR: *Will we ever wipe out violence?*

MENNINGER: I think that violence can be controlled. Not all at once, and not by counterviolence. I'm not sure yet, but I think maybe the Czechs have something to teach us about dealing with violence: we'll watch and see—I hope so.

There is an antidote to violence. We have these aggressive tendencies within us, true; but we also have positive, creative, loving tendencies within us, and they tend to get the upper hand if we give them a chance.

NIGHT LOGIC

My pointed paper hat embarrassed me.
I was a salesman selling oranges
at a roadside stand. Ridiculous.

You passed by, laughing, and refused
to buy a nickle orange so I cursed you
seven times, until the small cry
a rabbit makes, shaken by a dog—
instinct teaches how to break a neck—
sliced the night air and I woke
horrified and hating. Someone died.

Asleep once more, I dreamed your burial.
Mourners came in small groups to buy
an orange for your grave. But I
would not sell. I knew what I had done.

—*John L'Heureux*

A Chapter From *The Disintegrator*

A New Novel

by John William Corrington

$$\nabla^2\phi = 4\pi\kappa\rho$$

The man, turning from the greenboard in an upper room of the house, admits that this, in combination with the equations of motion of a material point is not as yet a perfect substitute for Newton's theory of action at a distance. The man never claimed that it was. Still, one can only consider Newton's work in this area as a series of first approximations. It is, after all, 1917. What of this?

$$\nabla^2\phi - \lambda\phi = 4\pi\kappa\rho$$

Better? No? Then

$$\phi = -\frac{4\pi\kappa}{\lambda}\rho_0$$

A universe so constituted would have, with respect to its gravitational field, no center. Thus *Sitzungberichte der Preussischen Akad. d. Wissenschaften.* The man nods, sketches some additional notation on the blueboard, which suggests plainly enough that a universe without a center presents a peculiar problem. Things fall apart. The center, being nonexistent, cannot hold. Just then he hears the cracked bells and washed out horns. Time for class to be over. This is a relief in that he has no more to say. He will have to go back to the brown paper wrapped parcel and see, look once more at the proofs in order to tell what comes next. Strictly speaking, nothing, of course. But this is a theoretical situation: something one gets into in order to fabricate a way out of it. It was ever thus, even with Shakespeare & Co. Imagine him sitting in *The Bull's Nuts* saying, *I don't know, Marty. What do you want to do?* The man nods at the child, the victim, and someone carrying something on his back which it is forbidden to see. His name is Oppenheim. For the next assignment—and in honor of the woman—the man scrawls on a corner of the brownboard, *Juden Raus.* This, along with certain techniques of problem-solving which he is for the present forbidden to relate, was taught him at Jena by a man with an enormous moustache—or beard—who was lucidly mad since a terrible accident in March of 1868 when he fell from a horse into history. He had never gotten up. But as a mark of esteem and a sign of the times he had given to the priest when he (the pilot) was leaving the asylum a certain manuscript which, when the man finally got around to reading it, caused him to stare up into the darkness, his face burning with anger and anguish.

The child knows this and means to make use of it. It has not chosen to tell the woman as yet, but if Carl Brans is right and space-time is convertible with mass-energy, then there will be time, there will be time. There is much that may be converted if not reformed. That is the summation devoutly to be wished.

Now for some preliminaries:

The woman sits in a chair at one end of the kitchen. The kitchen is 14 meters long, not measuring into the immense fireplace, since such measuring would be inconvenient over the burning logs and would be unlikely to add to the 14 meter total an addition or increment of more than two meters at the outside since the immensity of the fireplace is chiefly a matter of height rather than depth. That height is 2.6 meters. The kitchen is 7 meters wide and is thus, all things considered, a very large kitchen—if it is a kitchen. The woman likes to pretend that it is the kitchen of a noble family. She is often heard whistling—or whispering—*We're the Couple in the Castle.* This is tiresome, but in such a world, what is one to do? Between morning and night? Birth and judgement? One improvises. In the center of the room there is what appears to be a large table. It is roughly constructed of wood with an unfinished maple top upon which meat may be carved. The table measures 2.5 meters long by 1.6 meters wide. In its center there is a narrow vee-shaped depression or trough. Is it a blood-groove? If it is a blood-groove, then it is possible that the object in the center of the kitchen is not a table at

all—and that in fact the room now seen is no kitchen. If such divigations seem wearying, precision is worth something. Its exact worth will be established presumably when the Project is discussed and perhaps even revealed.

The woman sits in a chair made of wood. It may be hickory. The legs are stout, turned at the bottom, supported by heavy dowels of the same sort of wood. On the underside, painted in crude lettering as if through a stencil, are the words HECHO EN MEJICO. The woman is unaware of these words. That is not because she is forbidden to see them, but because the kitchen and its furnishings are not exactly hers. She is, considered relative to the room presently called the kitchen and even relative to its furnishings, semi-permanent. She sits unmindful of this and of her immediate surroundings. She is staring out an open dutch-door which gives from the kitchen—or whatever it is—onto a small areaway of gravel to a wall of tan aggregate some 3 meters tall. Her lips are parted, her expression animated. She is waiting for something or someone. Upon close examination, it is hard to believe that this is the woman and not some other. She appears much younger. She wears a plain black dress. Her face is pinched as with a long period of care or perhaps privation. Her eyes are large, almost praeternaturally large and darkrimmed, but this is not unattractive. Rather it seems to add to her womanliness. She is not a large woman but she appears to be one whose passions might well be out of proportion to her size. The man she is waiting for is reputed to have died in a crash in the Azores in 1946. This may be rumor. It is also said that he had died as late as 1935 in a crash in Alaska with a one-eyed pilot or co-pilot. If she could be convinced of the truth of this, she would return to her home in Elyria, Ohio, gather her mementoes around her, smile at her friends and be an example of something while she cultivated rose trees. But she is not convinced, and until then, till somehow either Huey is freed or she is freed from Huey, the sky's the limit.

The woman has had a tiring day already and the hour, by the sun, must be no more than noon. There is, on the naked wood of the table, a parcel done up in brown paper. There is no use at this point in questioning further the quiddity of table and kitchen. Let it be, let it be. The woman did not bring the package with her. It was in its present position when she was directed into the room by someone it is not certain will be met later or not. She smooths her skirt and wonders if perhaps the parcel contains a bomb. This is silly, but there is an odd ticking in her head. On the other hand, it could be a lunch. She has noticed that under certain circumstances hard-boiled eggs tick and in all candour she does not give a good goddamn if anyone else has noticed this phenomenon or not. She cannot help thinking of food. Long ago, before dawn, she seems to recall preparing something—a lunch, perhaps—for someone who had a long way to go. West? South? Pele? Had she wrapped it in brown paper and tied it with string? Even so, is this that selfsame parcel? Probably not, since the string is neatly fixed with a square knot, and the package she had prepared was tied with a bow. No, that is not right. It was his tie that had the bow. The tie for his postman's uniform—or what seems to have been, in retrospect, a postman's uniform. That much, preliminary to all else, is certain. What is not certain is whether or not the package had indeed been a lunch for the child or for the pilot. As she remembers, it was rather a manuscript the priest had brought by the cafe. He had smiled, his painted eyes distant and dreaming of some impossible revelation that might at any second break over them like the dusty center of a hardboiled egg. She had glanced down at the manuscript as she wrapped it, remembering how nice it seemed. She leafed through it, noticing phrases like "the family relation," "money relation," "yes I will yes," and like that. Perhaps it was a theological treatise. Was ∇^2 a sign of the trinity? What might the ^{2} mean? Later, sitting at the garden party, beside the pilot, someone had whispered to her that ∇^2 was a Laplacian operator. Theology, sure enough, she had smiled while the priest, short and squat, whom she did not care for, talked on about the coming of the Ubermensch, the new man. Adam, Jesus, and Harry Lime, in order of their appearance. The new man who now stood at the door of the kitchen saying quietly as he leans slightly forward lest he strike his head on the top of the low tunnel of the bomber.

—The preliminaries are over.

The child watches the man's face as he stands over the open bay. Down there, falling lazily over and over, is something blue. It might be the cup or at least a part of the cup, or it could be the stewardess in her blue uniform, legs spread, arms wide as wings, lips parted, eyes alight as she falls in great and county-spanning circles back toward some part of Maryland where she would astonish a plowing farmer who will never be used to seeing women fall out of the sky. Or one of the soccer-players, except that the child can see no yellow, only blue and perhaps the smallest glint of gold. Across the open bay from the child, the man shrugs, sighs, laughs. Happy landings, the child sees him form with his lips. At least, the man is thinking wryly, one was able to deliver efficiently even though no one thanks him for it.

—What does it mean, the child asks.

—Who knows, the man answers. —Do you want to see it? Right on target.

The man points out of a small port to one side of the plane. The sky blazes there brightly. Presumably it is the noonday sun. The child looks without expression or comment. It is impossible to determine for certain, but the glare *must* be from the noonday sun. Still, the child's painted eyes smile as it looks out dreamily though the rest of its face is in shadow and would be presumably without expression. In its hand is the soccer-ball and directly in front, a host of tiny fires, red and white and glowing before the altar on which it stands. The man, his lips still moving, stands before the child, his eyes fixed upward, his hands clasped on the rail before him. Slightly *to one side on the rail he has set a parcel* wrapped and tied with string. Behind him and to his left there *is the sound of someone pouring something.* The parcel, because of its position on the rail, because of the man's devout appearance, would seem to be an offering. On the brown paper, in the manner of a return address is the name of a prominent toy-maker. Perhaps in the package is a present for the child. If it were not for the shape of the parcel, one might suppose it to be the flute. It is not the flute. It is not a new cup, either. In any case, the man holds his hands out to either side, thumb and forefinger on each hand pressed together. One sees now that on the rail beside the package is a cup. It is blue, perhaps enamelled, on the outside. Inside, according to canonical requirement, it is gold. Along the outside in delicate relief, are the leaves and buds and flowers of a rose tree in continuing pattern with the tiny figure of a nude woman kneeling. She appears occupied in some way which it is not permitted to see. The woman has long hair and wears some kind of costume. The woman kneels with her back to what appears to be the sun at full meridian. Her expression is one of disconsolate sadness. All this detail is possible only because it is obvious that the photo, no more than 10x10 centimeters, has been shot with a camera of astonishingly high resolution and printed on exceptionally fine-grained paper. The original negative might have been a 7.65 millimeter shot in a Mannelicher-Carcano. The man leans toward the mirror and examines the tattered picture with a magnifying glass. His eye, from the woman's point of view, must be immense. The mirror is in a bedroom of the house. It can be seen from the street. There is a rubber plant in a pot near the door. From the child's point of view the man's eye seems to fill the entire sky, blazing angrily as a noonday sun. The child stands watching the film unroll on a grassy knoll as the victim drives by in a black Lincoln. The *magnifying glass has resolved the sun's rays in such a way as to produce a fine point of light which* moves along the corridor of the economy passenger section, making the rug smoke when it pauses too long. The child assumes that the fine point of light is intended for it. The stewardess is on a phone in the galley talking, probably, to the pilot, telling him of the danger to the mission if the child is permitted to continue. The plane veers frighteningly to the left as if in some sort of response to the woman's cry, and she finds that the tea-tray she has been preparing for the guests at the party teeters and almost falls from the kitchen table. She had not wanted to attend this party, in any case, and all her dubious feelings about it have materialized. It is like a bad dream. Things fall apart. It is like a newsreel of explosion run and then reversed in very slow motion. But disintegration, fast or slow, is the same thing. No, that is not correct, she thinks. Disintegration is entropy, and that is part of the fabric of the world. Nothing is built except from the stuff of those things that have gone down, but she doesn't think about it. It is hard enough to keep *one's eye on the child who now turns, its face* expressionless, on the far side of the open bay, while the woman steadies her tray and shakes her head slowly as the child seems to bend and fold itself in order to disappear through the small door on the far side of the kitchen from the door which gives on the outside toward the airfield and catercornered from the fireplace. As the child leaves, it is considering the plan the man has discussed as the class ended and all of them stopped at the bar. Some of the man's confederates, disguised as soccer-players, intend to bomb a meeting to be held that evening a block or so from the Haymarket. Spies will be there. Albert Parsons will be there. It is hoped that Hill, Everest and Frank Little will be there. But they do not know of the plan. It is 28 June 1914 and only Princep and Czolgocz are trusted with the entire Project. The man will arrive, his morganatic duchess with him. They will be attacked from a high altitude with a device developed in Paris in 1871 as Thiers' troops hammered at the gates. It works on the principle of nuclear fission and will cause an explosion of enormous magnitude. Both Kaliayev and Sazanov assure its dependibility. The archduke Sergei could provide a testimonial if he were still about, the postman claimed with a grin as he stared into the flecked mirror behind the altar while the pilot mixed drinks and the priest, suspected of being a triple-agent, shrugged and sighed at the prospect of violence.

—The child is good to me. There's nothing it doesn't see.

The woman knows where the child would like to be, but it doesn't matter. She has overheard the child telling the victim, replete with detail, of the plan. The child is amused by it all. The child said, or so the woman claims

—Now my fathers they've gone down. True love, they've been without it.

Which brings tears to the woman's eyes. Has she so failed? Her shoulders shake spasmodically. Or is it another of the child's tricks? In the *Theory of Surplus Value,* published posthumously, or presu-

mably so, the man had hinted at a day late and a dollar short, God save the mark. She remembers his smiling face, that enormous beard, his pet name for her—which she forgets—as he delighted her with cunnilingus and other Irish pleasantries there in the garden while, only a little distance away, the plane was warming up, the priest was massing for the Great Game as the soccer-players cheered, tossed down wine, flinging away their goblets carelessly (did one break?) while the postman shook his head and turned to his left, seeing there someone who has escaped notice so far, who will be named and possibly discussed later nailing the 37 Articles to the base of the statue of the woman dressed all in blue, standing in a half-moon, her foot treading on a flute made of wood—quite possibly a recorder, since it is of wood rather than the canonical silver one expects. The man wonders, despite his concern with the upcoming or downgoing Project, just what airline the woman's outfit might represent. This, the child considers, is hardly a revolutionary act. There are no revolutionary acts. The child has spent much time on the inside and has come to know things which it may well forget once on the outside. For example, paradise is a circle. One can lose it, win it again—no end to this. The child has spent more time than one might think just under the edge of the table in the cafe where the woman used to sit before making certain an assumption which the child must find inconceivable. The child is grimly wise in these matters, now. Revolutions do not depend on acts. They depend upon arrivals. Which brings to mind the arrival of the man at the garden party where he is scheduled to give a speech at the invitation of either Keir Hardy or Big Bill Heywood, neither of whom is expected to appear in person because of earlier difficulties with the postman which may be the subject of a later narrative. If such is appended, it would have to be from the woman's point of view. From the child's point of view, it is all old. The child has been there before: under the altar while the woman, nude, placed flowers here and there for the season's sake. The woman's name is Arizona. The flowers were red and white and the child, looking out from under the altarcloth upon which was embroidered in large letters: S H I -, most of a word the child knows well, saw aimed at it there the sweet inviting portal of heaven itself almost precisely as painted by Hieronymus Bosch. This painting may be seen in the Ducal Palace, Vienna. It shows the child, winged, accompanying either the man or the woman along a round tubular passage quite like that in a B-1 bomber toward a brilliant light at the far end quite like the glare of the sun just past noon toward a figure which cannot possibly be identified which stands there almost obscured by the brilliant light surrounding it and flowing past it down the round corridor. Below the entrance to the passage are others—presumably soccer-players—being borne up, clearly yearning to make entrance also. Since the picture is static and the artist noncommital, there is no way of knowing whether they will reach summation or not. But the child is fascinated by this vision and whispers so that only the woman, transfigured in her flesh and flowers can hear.

—They interrupt me drinking from my broken cup and ask me to open up the gate for you.

The woman, dreaming, wrapped in a painted smile, cannot say if the child's words refer in some way to its father, gone down so far as she has been able to ascertain on 19 December 1944 in a Grumman Norseman, or to the peculiar configurations she knows it saw on the manuscript she tied up in the kitchen before preparing tea—or back in the cafe when the child, that morning, had knelt in the mist outside the window watching her do a favor for the priest. Or possibly in some way to the words of the speaker who is apparently nearly done now, at which time she will be expected to serve the tea she is preparing behind the bar with the flecked mirror doubling her every act. The woman rises from her knees before the man as the B-1 banks to starboard. She is not ashamed of what she has done, the whiteness, the red. She notices the strange tunnel-shape of the passageway over the bay, considering that she has somewhere *recently* seen something like it, and she herself in the lower right-hand corner walking toward some sweetness without a name or which, at least, cannot be detailed until the Project is set forth without reservation. She leans down to retrieve her clothes from the pew, but someone has gathered them before her. Is it the victim, standing now at a distance, gesturing, painted eyes full of a certainty that the woman does not care for, has never liked—which may go some distance toward explaining her feeling about him as he spoke, and even before the garden party commenced. Yet his expression is not unpleasant. He walks from behind the bar bringing on a tray something it is not permitted to see. The woman is smoking a cigarette. She lets the smoke roil from her nostrils slowly. The smoke flows across the table—if it is a table—in front of her, loses momentum and begins to disperse in the far end of the kitchen, coiling outward toward the door of the church. She wonders for the thousandth time what has become of her husband, the victim. Has he been captured, tortured, for his part in the delivery of a certain parcel it is not permitted to describe, or for his role in losing a certain soccer-game which has for some reason become the staple of news at the garden party. The woman remembers his fear and uncertainty before time to go on his rounds. He had wept and fasted, wept and prayed. There had been a canvassing bit for Keyes, but that had fallen through. All that remained was the Project. How many had it claimed?

The child, perched now on a ladder about three

meters high and leaning against the tan aggregate wall, has heard all this before. Something about infantile repression, critical masses, uncritical masses, red giants, white dwarfs, a Persian who had lived long ago. In Persia or Jena. All this means nothing, makes up for nothing. What seems to be the sun burns high above, throbbing like a great red beating heart and the child, shifting its elbows carefully amongst the broken glass and rubble atop the wall, watches the man and woman in the upper room of *The Family Relation*. The child pays no mind to the rush of jets from the base heading for strikes against Pullman and Frick. Its eyes are bright, intensely alive. It is watching for some sign. If the man draws from his large pouch the flute which is inexplicably missing again, the child will know. It is a wise child. It will know its father. As to the promise exacted by the child from the woman, it is simply this: That amidst her dialogue with the priest, she will attempt to bring out some hint, some admission of paternity on the part of the pilot, or, failing that, recount the postman's story in such a way as to almost certainly elicit some response on the part of the speaker. Now this promise depends for its realization not upon good faith but good sense, a talent for dissimulation, something the child considers the woman to possess in an unrivalled degree.

The hostess faces the victim squarely now, ignoring his chasuble, his sky-blue cap with the gold insignia which has at its base the legend *Per Aspera Asinorum*, and his worn pouch still full of missives yet to deliver to all the major libraries of the world —including Alexandria. The victim shakes his head many times, makes as if to retrieve the robe he has let fall, but which is now below the edge of the bay and is falling, drifting, swirling downward toward the green and gray and blue and brown surface of the world far below the chill belly of the B-29. As it falls, the child looks out of his window near the trailing edge of the 747's wing and sees that upon it is sewn or printed in large letters of gold CHAMPION OF THE WORLD. The child sighs and shrugs. Its shoulders shake spasmodically. That is to be expected. It considers that its next task, perhaps before the flute is found or the cup restored, will be, during the postman's inevitable triumph, to run alongside his chariot crying out: *nonetheless, you are not a god*. The child's nose wrinkles with distaste. It is a slave's job. The victim should do it, but he has no voice worth considering and anyhow the laughter of the soccer-players would drown out his words or so confuse him perhaps that he might cry, *you are a god*. This could do no one any good. Especially the child's father, a naturalized citizen of Megalomania certainly, no matter what his name or trade.

The woman is about to begin now. She finds that she is in the dark corridor of the house after so long a time away. It is good to walk through the empty rooms, letting each one evoke in her its own peculiar mood and memory. She has grown up in this house. It is a good house, a solid house. It is hers. It is her, really. Others enter only with permission—or at hazard. Because it is a tricky house, too. Things move along cycles which are not those of the church or the cafe or the plane. She stands for a little while in the shadowy parlor looking at a red sofa of 1830's design. Once she had dreamed, while lying on it, of a great negro who charmed animals with his flute deep in a jungle filled with impossible plants. Perhaps that is why she purchased the rubber plant to go in the corner. The woman approaches a large framed mirror and stands looking into it for a long while. She raises her arms above her head, turns, smiles, poses. She is still singularly attractive and there are those who know it, who value it. In one corner of the mirror there are snapshots stuck between the glass and the wooden frame. They are quite old, tattered. They are, if you will, an anthology of moments which the woman has shared with the house. In one, the man stands in his pilot's uniform, one foot propped on a bench which almost vanishes into the garden behind because of its deep green color. In the pilot's hand is a book or some other object. It is impossible to say with certainty because it appears that, just as the shutter was snapped, the man moved his hand. The rest of him is clear enough. Only the hand is uncertain. What it holds could be a parcel done up in brown paper and tied with string. The woman's lip quivers as she studies this reminder of the past she has lost, which seems irretrievable. In order to restore her confidence, she removes her clothes. Her black dress, her stewardess uniform, her hostess frock. As she removes the black dress, another drink appears on the table accompanied by a series of gutteral sounds coming all the way from behind the bar. As she takes off her stewardess uniform, last worn in the chill reaches of the B-1 experimental bomber on an unscheduled flight with which she should have had nothing to do, she hears the speaker, his lip or moustache or beard with saliva beginning his peroration. It is at this point when she removes her hostess frock and then the harem costume purchased so long ago to pique the cooling ardor of the postman when he came home unready for their agreed and contracted nightly combat. She slips off her bra, her panties, her hose. She feels better at once. She is ready for anything. She knows the child is watching from somewhere, but it doesn't matter. She knows the speaker, hands pressed to his chasuble in a romanesque gesture, has paused to hear. Though the house seems empty, she knows that weeping mothers, drunken politicians all are stopped in anticipation. She rules this house, there can be no doubt of it. Now she can keep her promise, she thinks, as all the passengers, wonder in their eyes, turn in their pews,

doubled in the flecked mirror, red giants, white dwarfs, to see her naked beauty. And she is beautiful. She is what the male was created for and what his every tendency leads to, even when the upper end of his nervous system, a pointless appendage, intervenes. Her breasts, her loins, her thighs, her legs: there is silence everywhere except for the slight tinkle of broken glass as the child shifts to a more comfortable position, a stifled groan as someone unobtrusively twists the victim's arm.

The woman's dialogue as follows is approximate. Some gaps are left as such; some have been silently filled by someone who has so far passed unnoticed, who had seen the seat of her muddy drawers and had received a blessing therefrom:

—. . . beginning I knew from the first time you leaned down over me at the pool breathing that way and casting a shadow like a bird or a plane flying over and said something about the time and the place but that wasn't all and if I'd listened and paid some mind I'd have heard that other about the Project and what you couldn't name or talk about—what is not permitted to see no matter who you are—and I'd have known that what you were saying to me was only what you were saying. But from the beginning I thought of you bastard I'll make you go up and down and I'll make you lose your time and place and want to hammer out a space where there's nothing but me wearing a white rose or a red rose and I'll make you turn and I'll make you deliver and I'll make you bark like a dog. But you made me. And the child is coming and the Project needed all you could do and I laughed and said well screw the Project and you smiled and said I'd rather screw you but the Project is something nobody can afford to screw its all or nothing honey, so I said well don't leave just yet and you said yes I will yes and the next morning down the hall I heard that sound that blast that roar. We were in Idaho don't you remember? And you were in the hall looking into that goddamned picture of yours like it was real and like you could open a little door in it and step out of this time and space right into that other world full of trees and whatever that fool painted between prisons and arrests and then you were gone when I got up leaving me with this house. It smells you bastard. This house is a decayed house and the owner spawned in some cave in Gibraltar and grown to whathood all over and wedded to something we won't discuss—not wedded to me. The house is falling out. It needs a man in it or else an operator.

The child smiles down from its pedestal over the altar, over the flickering red dwarfs, white giants. Its painted smile meets the moist gaze of the woman kneeling in her blue robes, the crushed moon at her foot, the postman's pouch at her heel. She is humming a distracted tune, something popular though religious. It might be *Whispering Cracked Bells* by the Del Squared Vikings. The child is certain now and cheered to be so. It has no father: there was no marriage. The Project is its father—or its father a Project, however you like it, and somewhere up there, perhaps beyond a grassy knoll, is to be found that summation that must bring things back together. The child remembers standing at a certain railroad stop—Heywards Heath or East Grinstead—watching the Speaker or the Pilot or the postman or the victim or the priest, or one of the soccer-players . . . no, that is incorrect. That is part of a story told by the pilot, and the place was Ford's theatre in Dallas when *Our Megalomanian Cousin* was playing. No. Rather the postman had told the child of someone named Oates whose father was an associate of Bakunin, a Grand Equilibrist. Or something of that kind. Things are disintegrating, the child considers behind its painted smile. Through the great and celebrated rose window at the far end of the tunnel where there might or might not be heaven full of enamelled fowls, lovers hung balanced on their heads, herds of folks mounted on swine, the child sees what looks like the sun: a cloud of gold radiant and eternally triumphant standing in a field of blue that has been there since the woman ate the man and in turn was consumed herself.

"The art that is coming will give formal expression to our scientific conviction."

—Franz Marc

AFTERTHOUGHTS

Certain friends of mine have asked, upon reading the Mss of *The Disintegrator*, what inner dissatisfaction or uncontrollable thirst for novelty had driven me to write a story which is not a story with three characters who are not characters about things which are, taken together, without analogy in what my friends are pleased to call "the real world."

Such questions astonished me, and so I re-read the novel in order to discover if in fact, we had been reading the same work. Apparently we had, and I still cannot discover exactly the nature of their complaint. It may be simply that, as products of an essentially fraudulent educational system which insists upon dividing our responses into such categories as biology, poetry, physics, politics, astronomy and so on, my friends simply cannot manage to confront a work of fiction with the understanding that it may demand of them all they know.

This is a serious problem for anyone who determines to write a novel which might conceivably have any value beyond that of entertainment in the most banal sense. It seems that the writer is asked to make a sacrifice beyond any conceivable duty if potential readers demand not only to be amused, but to be amused in such a way that the writer is called upon to forget or at least ignore much if not most of what he knows.

In the past fifty years or so, we have come to understand an enormous amount about what story-telling or myth-making, if you will, is about. From Frazier's time through the work of Joseph Campbell, Ernst Cassirer, Eric Voegelin and many others, we have come to understand the novel as a psychic capsule which allows us to examine our own souls and the world beyond our souls in a unique and valuable way.

It seems to me an inexcusable and meretricious coyness to continue the writing of 19th century novels as if one knew nothing more about the world than Thackeray and Dostoyevski knew. To ignore Freud, Jung, Einstein and so many more is to acknowledge a species of artistic and moral cowardice; to put aside architecture, painting, archeology, biblical criticism, analyses of political and social mass-movement is to relegate modern fiction to the role of a minor actor in a major age. If one were to accept such a role, the much-heralded "death of the novel" would then be assured. But if the novel is to die as a form, it should be accorded the dignity of trying to find itself a new life through gathering all the materials of the 20th century to itself and projecting them back in such a way as to enhance their value and re-establish its claim as one of the central intellectual forms of human experience.

I would suspect that *The Disintegrator*, if it is anything, represents the Next Novel. The truth of the *roman nouvelle* has now had almost two decades to penetrate the consciousness of novelists and serious readers. What that cleansing form had to teach should be known. I think it is now time to go out from the physical concrete to the metaphysical concrete, to reorient the novel with history and with the inner life of men, but on a different plane and without the dull circumlocutions and conventions which trapped men of the first rank of talent in past ages. That, of course, is not to say that the novel will become bald—a finely-written adjunct of pornography. Rather the category of pornography will be vacated and the judgment of a literary work will depend upon the writer's capacity to use all he has, regardless of its source or its status in social acceptability, in such a way as to achieve a new and higher level of psychic perception. It goes without saying that such work will have to stand beside *Moby-Dick, Ulysses, Le Rouge et le Noir,* and all the rest.

How much of all this may apply to *The Disintegrator* is not for me to say. Certainly *The Disintegrator* is not a compendium of 20th century knowledge. It is rather a novel. But on the other hand it does not attempt to palm itself off as a 20th century rewrite of *Harry Richmond* or *Jude The Obscure*. Hopefully, it implies that psychology did not cease growing with Locke nor physics with Newton. It may suggest that a single song by Bob Dylan can be, from a fictional point of view, as valuable as the whole of Beethoven, or that visual art from the 15th century to the present is a single tapestry which one must view in both directions in order to grasp the meaning of either direction. It also suggests the simultaneity of all experience and the psychic unity of all life. Finally, I suppose, it holds the singularity and eternality of all births, all novas.

Yet I would not have anyone believe that I or my associate, *The Disintegrator,* insist on any point above. The point of a novel is never a point; everyone knows that. It is precisely in this refusal to insist on a point—which is something other than pointlessness—that the novel always most nearly reaches its zenith as a human instrumentality. It is in its certainty of uncertainty, its humble acknowledgement of ambiguity and change, that the novel may become beloved and offer itself as a memento of something we have yet to know. Raul Ruiz, the noted Chilean playwright, once said to me "a poet is one who remembers the future." Surely, whatever my associate and I wished to say, that is part of it. What if a child born tomorrow is intended to ease the guilt and suffering of Katherine de Medici while in Algiers Heraclitus is revealing himself to an auto mechanic from Sausalito?

For myself, it is no great matter that the present age has changed the name of Christos Soter to Random Probability. We are not nominalists, my associate and I, and in the interstices of human will and knowledge, the effects of grace—or serendipity—have more than room enough to work. The Next Novel should have something to say about that.

—John William Corrington

LAZARUS

I was destroyed by dream; the crush
Was not of dying, but of lying dead
Inside the earth as in a mesh
Of brain and bone and shred.
The frost surrounded like a fence
Drilling to an iron depth
Till ear and mouth were stopped from sense,
The roots all drinking as they crept,
While slugs conjoined, and beetles saw
I was not sinking into sleep
But forever in their keep
Of scale and slit and claw.
I did destroy the dream at dawn;
Smoothed out the sheets, alone in light,
Bade them burn the pallet bed;
Had the moldy spices shelved . . .
And thought of all his blessed twice-born
Who never know this waking dread,
Swept up to God, beyond the blight
Of those already delved.

—Barton Levi St. Armand

ENVOY

Though our dust together
never lie
let no man say
we were not one

wind in the rigging
chimed for us
sea gulls wrung
our twining rings

groundswell witnessed
stones rejoiced
the sea our father
blessing spoke

our plightless troth
we pledged to air
our unvows priested
by the sun

let no doubt put
asunder us
who marry but in
bone in breath

until that far forever
when
so separate
he knows us one

—*Marylou Buckley*

Campus Turmoil and Curricular Response

by Lewis B. Mayhew

If student dissent were taken seriously and the objects over which confrontations have developed judged as what was really bothering students, there would be no need to change the curriculum nor prevailing styles of teaching. Except for those confrontations over black studies and black power, major campus upsets in 1968 and 1969 were not about the central purposes of universities. Columbia students objected to a gymnasium, the Institute for Defense Analysis and a prohibition of demonstrations in university buildings. At Duke the demands were for official statements of mourning for Martin Luther King, Jr., and pay increases for nonprofessional staff. Stanford's students wanted an end to defense-based research, and Berkeley's latest and worst travail was over the university fencing a plot of ground used informally by street people as a recreation area.

Twenty-two Congressmen, in search of various reasons for troubled campuses, discovered that students were bothered, but not about academic matters. Students felt they could not communicate with administration because institutions had become too large. They believed faculty spent too much time on research and counseling and that universities were hypocritical if they attempted to remain neutral about controversial issues. They were convinced that institutions over-reacted to student disturbance and were too prone to use police power. All of these they saw in the context of broad ethical and social problems which bothered them—the military-industrial complex, hunger and poverty in an age of affluence, imperialism, the war in Viet Nam, the draft, and a vague feeling of remoteness from places of power. Students did mention relevance but not what they thought was irrelevance.

Student writing and discussion brings the same message. Thoughtful militants are distressed about national priorities, control of the universities, failure in civil rights cases, and paternalism while the radical left sees the university as a sick society in microcosm and wants to destroy it. Meanwhile, the large majority want visiting rights in the residence halls, better food, fewer regulations, new facilities and the one general curricular concern, an end to graduation requirements. It is true that on some campuses students have prepared scratch sheets which are caustic in description of some courses and professors. It is also true that when asked, students will note that some professors are not particularly enlightening and that some courses seem a waste of time. But it takes searching to find such critical comments. Students generally do not discuss, criticize or, one suspects, even think about what could be presumed the central work of the university—teaching and the curriculum.

Colleges and universities, however, would be mistaken to assume from this evidence that all is right with the curriculum. Listening with a third ear to what students criticize and say they want, and attending to the form in which they express themselves, reveals that there are serious flaws in the collegiate curriculum, or at least somewhere in the educational system. First, the intellectual style of much of student protest manifests weakness bordering on pathology. Now, students are young and are still learning; hence can be excused some awkwardness in use of intellectual skills. However, too much of the reasoning is romantic and expressed in stream of consciousness style language. Too much social criticism is advanced without historical awareness. Too much argument is based on single experience rather than concepts and theoretical linkings. At some point, education should have helped the young to understand that wishing for a simpler, more pastoral life will not make large cities go away, that an historically derived rule of law is safer, for all of its failings, than rule of men; that a sentence which states subject and predicate is clearer than word imagery explicated every tenth word by the phrase "You know," and that there are no simple causes nor simple solutions to complex human problems. Teachers do the young no service

to accept without question or criticism weak argument just because they sympathize with youthful desire to improve the world.

But, more importantly, testimony of college students frequently covertly reveals profound developmental needs which should be, but are not being generally met by the collegiate curriculum. Students are searching for ways of understanding and eventually using emotion and impulsivity. They want to be freer and more open to new experience, for they sense that life to be valid must be embraced by the complete organism. But the curriculum serves a narrowing, restricting function which students quickly discover is of little help for their own development. When college freshmen encounter the orthodox curriculum of rhetoric, foreign language, mathematics, inorganic chemistry, and a survey of Western Civilization, they turn away quickly to the movies, rock music, athletic activities and small group social activities as more responsive to their needs.

Late adolescence and early adulthood is a time when human beings in American culture need time to reflect about themselves, about who they are and the identities into which they are evolving. They require some isolation from the world outside in order to assimilate and synthesize the physiological changes of adolescence, the changed role relationships with adults, and the opportunities for greater personal freedom which approaching adulthood offers. They require time to try to wring meaning from the new social or intellectual experiences available to them. But they discover, and finally will complain about, the frantic pace which a full-time schedule of college courses imposes. They must work at five or six unrelated courses, jump from a history lecture to a German recitation to an hour divided into forty minutes of dressing and undressing, and twenty minutes of physical education, and back to a chemistry lab. Students would probably tolerate such frenzy if they could be persuaded that there was a personal pay-off for them. But since they generally are not, they seek a self-created counter cadence to the fibrillating tempo of official collegiate life. They study one or two subjects and rely on a glib pen or feminine pulchritude to pass the others. They attend classes at their rate of desire rather than according to the imposed schedule. And they seek real intellectual growth in the long leisurely hours of talk with friends rather than in professor-dominated classrooms. The point is illustrated by a brilliant Stanford student who remarked in an interview that " . . . Undoubtedly I will not use nine-tenths of the course information gotten here at the university. . . . There's a difference between one's intellectual and one's academic life. In the past few years, I feel I've been taking courses that have little impact on what I do, and that are not fruitful intellectually. . . ." [1]

Although contemporary college youth appears to have rejected formal or orthodox religion, they nonetheless seem to be asking theological questions and searching for religious meaning. The quests for identity, commitment, and relevance (which translated is "meaning"), which so preoccupies the conversation and writing of college students are religious questions. The searches for a new sexual morality, reconciliation of man's moral inconsistencies and an ideal brotherhood of all men are equally at root theological concerns..And when courses in religion and theology respond only in archiac terms, when attempts of literature to deal with theological issues are obliterated through textual criticism and course concentration on writers rather than their works, and when philosophy concerns itself exclusively with logic, leaving ethical questions unanswered, students turn to other sources. There is an appealing model advanced to explain contemporary student behavior which presents students as searching for salvation. "They want to be saved—saved from the responsibility of perpetuating the world they see around them, saved from the dreary acceptance of life which they observe about them, and saved from the living death of the adult who rejects his own experience in deference to some authority with power over him. . . ." [2]

The author of the model sees college students embarking on an extremely serious search for salvation within the tradition of wholeness of selfhood, fulfillment and social health. From such a vantage point much student activity can be viewed as theological and liturgical. Some seek salvation through use of drugs presumed to open up new dimensions of self-understanding. Others search in sensitivity training and answer to their intuitions about the insensitivity of society. Not finding salvation *in the* traditional religions of the West, still others have sought self-understanding and self-acceptance through Eastern religions and philosophies. And even student activism can be similarly interpreted. Much activism has had positive and reforming goals which sought to remove barriers or impediments to salvation. Father Andrew Greeley argues this same point when he suggests that the psychedelic represents in part a resurgence of man's need for the sacred in the face of secularized society. He points out that the characteristic manifestations of the psychedelic, drugs, rock music, beat communities and the art of dissociation, are all ". . . ecstatic, primordial, contemplative, ceremonial, ritualistic and sexual . . . all predicative of almost any religious liturgy that the human race has observed . . . that psychedelics religious . . . liturgical . . . confirm a judgment for . . . past liturgical failure." [3]

Related to this, in a sense, is the student search for aesthetic experience to which students can respond deeply and through which they can emotionally intuit that the arts are properly means of emotional growth and, when experienced, directly

ntribute to self-awareness. They find, however, t the arts as taught in the college curriculum are storical episodes, objects chiefly of rational alysis, or exhibitions of an esoteric high culture to experienced only after extensive academic apenticeship. The actual multi-sectioned course art, taught in a California junior college by means daily lectures given in a darkened room accomanied by displays of slides, is much too illustrative be amusing. Student response, of course, is once gain to search outside the curriculum for what ney need but what it does not provide. In rock and azz, in creating homemade fabrics, in off-campus experimentation with crafts, and in enthusiasm for multi-media sensoriums, some students are finding aesthetic experience which reflects them and their age. The fact that thousands would journey to upstate New York, and suffer physical discomfort, to participate in a three-day rock concert, while only a few attend institutional orthodox concerts, is bleak but eloquent testimony of curricular failure.

Another student need derivative from student behavior as yet unmet by the curriculum, is for course experience to be related to what students anticipate "out there, when they leave school." The future pediatrician or internist wants knowledge which will help him directly, yet is forced into long hours spent on gross anatomy. The student who wants to become a social worker or teacher, and senses that behavioral sciences should assist in preparing for that role, is told that sociology and psychology have little carry-over to the real world and should be studied as abstract intellectual exercise. In the past, courses in the sciences were generally not severely criticized because students believed there was some relationship between the drudgery of their course work and what they ultimately would be doing. But in the social sciences and in the humanities, and increasingly in the natural sciences, students have become skeptical and resistant to course routine which they see as largely unrelated to real life. And as more and more students were drawn to the domain of the social sciences and humanities as possibly a source of help with their concerns for themselves and their society, opportunity for widespread disillusion appeared. Not finding courses linked to reality, students have gone underground and created their own curriculum. Professional students select from what is offered only those elements which they feel they will need, and demonstrate achievement for the rest through various versions of gamesmanship. Other students compartmentalize their lives into doing those things, largely irrelevant to life, necessary to obtain a grade, and those things they do to further their own education. In doing so, of course, they run some dangers of either jeopardizing their grades or their interests, as did an anthropology student required to read and be tested on a volume by Ashley Montague which the professor claimed was mostly wrong, when he wanted to read more recent materials. The contrast between what students do for grades and what they do for their real education is well described by Howard S. Becker, *et al*, in *Making the Grade*, New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1968. It is this discrepancy between what students find in courses and the demands placed upon them for graduation requirements that they express in their cry for relevancy.

Many other needs could be listed, to which the curriculum has not been responsive, or, responsive in limited and ineffective ways. There is need for guidance education to help students make better academic and vocational career choices. Students do need considerable help in developing social presence or intelligence. Students, especially in large institutions, need help in understanding and coping with bureaucratic and institutional life. They also need assistance in understanding their changing relationships with the major institutions of society. And evidence of all these is found covertly in the language and acts of student dissent. But perhaps enough have been presented to suggest a need for curricular response.

Colleges and universities have begun to make curricular changes, partly in response to what are believed to be student needs and demands, but as frequently to other forces and factors. And these reforms appear to be succeeding variously, depending in part on the primary motivation for initiating change. Several, which seem to be brought about for economic reasons, or to satisfy faculty desires, appear largely irrelevant to the educational needs of college students, or even antithetical to them. And they may even have failed to achieve the purposes for which attempted.

First there is the decline of general education as a distinct movement. General education was really born at Columbia in 1918, given characteristic form at the University of Chicago in the 1930s, spread through the efforts of several of the great mid-western universities in the 1940s, and granted respectability through the publication of the Harvard Report in 1947. Its distinctiveness consisted of prescribed interdisciplinary courses seeking behavioral objectives linked to man's non-vocational life. While the number of required courses has not shifted appreciably since 1957, the character of those has changed and will do so more rapidly in the future. General education is being replaced by the distribution requirements popular in the 1920s and 1930s which ask that students take a certain number of departmental courses from each of the major divisions of knowledge. Now obstensibly this shift provides greater flexibility for students but actually was brought about by faculty unwilling to teach non-departmental and staff courses. The academic climate was such during the 1960s that young Ph.D's would not accept a position in which they would teach a staff course, for they saw their

own future more related to the department and departmental offerings. The reform of general education does not seem likely to improve the curriculum for students because the distribution system does not force faculties to create courses for the non-major. And even if the regression proceeds, as it has in a few places, to the free elective system, it still will not bring improvement.

A second category of reform most starkly stated consists of changes in academic calendars. Pittsburgh really began the movement when it created the trimester to enable fuller utilization of scarce physical facilities. That effort was followed quickly with other attempts to gain year-round operation. Schools on the semester system changed to a four-quarter plan and schools on the quarter system either tried the trimester or emphasized that the four-quarters already insured year-round operation. Then came the flurry of other temporal modifications. Some tried the three-three (three courses in each of three terms), four-one-four (the one being a month of interim studies), four-four-one, a three semester academic year, starting the year in early September so the semester ended before Christmas, and even a revised single course plan (one course taught in seven weeks). These were spawned for a number of reasons. Calendar change is easier than real curricular revision, and makes a faculty feel it is accomplishing something: low faculty morale over the lame duck session after Christmas in the traditional semester, or a way of attracting attention to an institution having something new. Perhaps the most cynical attempt was the major university on the quarter system which divided each quarter in half so that professors would teach the first five weeks and students would do independent study the second part, thus allowing faculty more time for their own work. Only with such a bribe could senior professors be persuaded to teach lower division courses.

Then there are those reforms, really not curricular but of technique, under the rubric of uses of the media. These include open and closed circuit television, computer based or assisted instruction, language laboratories, tapes, recordings, multimedia classrooms and programmed learning. Once again economics motivated experimentation. Was it possible, through the use of technology, ultimately to bring about savings in the instructional budget, either by presenting a professor to larger numbers of students, shortening the time required for students to master something, or make students responsible for more of their own education, thus ultimately increasing the student-faculty ratio? By and large this goal has not been attained, and use of the media has not become central in higher educational practice. There are, to be sure, thousands of experiments, and there are a number of institutions which have developed large-scale programs for limited purposes. But in late 1969, the bulk of the college curriculum continued as though the electronic revolution had never happened.

A fourth major category of reform consists of newer ways of grouping students and teachers. And this seems to have been stimulated more because of educational reasons than were some of the other reforms. Example of new groupings include: team teaching at Chicago Teachers College, house plan at Stephens, experimental college at Hofstra, *block* scheduling at Florida State, cluster *colleges at* Michigan State and University of the Pacific, and the creation of the Santa Cruz branch of the University of California with its separately housed colleges of 600 to 1000 students. These seem designed to capture something of the spirit of the older small residential colleges in the context of a larger institution which provides needed economies to scale. And descriptive reports from some indicate some success. Students do seem to like the smaller groupings; and when students get to know one another well by being in a series of the same classes, they seem to develop more rapidly. If the serious problems of cost and faculty satisfactions can be solved, some form of regrouping may prove a fertile approach to reform. However, in the enormous state colleges and universities, with older ways of organizing already built into physical plant, affecting large proportions of students still seems remote.

A central effort to change the curriculum in ways responsive to student needs are the many attempts to create *ad hoc* issue-oriented courses and courses of differing lengths of time. This category seems to have originated through student creation of free university sorts of courses, and each set of recommendations to have been made following a campus upset includes provision of ways of offering new style courses and getting them approved through the curricular administrative apparatus. And such examples as the experimental courses at San Francisco State, freshman seminars at Stanford, and the new Freshman-Year Program at Antioch, appear well received. But difficulties abound. Quality control is an issue—that is how to insure professional competence to teach a wide-ranging problems centered course—or if teams of faculty are used, how to afford it. Logistics also are involved—how to accumulate library holdings and make them available for constantly changing course titles. At Stephens College, for example, a junior year seminar, required of all students, changes its focus each year and the library certainly has not been able to keep up. But above all is the same problem which plagued the older general education interdisciplinary courses. That is, how to prevent *ad hoc* courses from being superficial, conveying a false sense of sophistication to students who experience them. Older courses in personal adjustment or functional mathematics failed, and these new style courses may fail also.

Still another promising sort of reform consists of providing off-campus experiences for students which enables them, in theory at least, to test in real life academic ideas. When well organized and guided, these efforts have produced frequently dramatic results. Cooperative work-study at Antioch or Northeastern seems essential to the impact those schools have had on students; and at Northeastern, a university of 26,000, the cooperative work-study program allows it to be competitive with lower tuition public institutions. The overseas campuses of Stanford University appear to be one of the most significant elements in a Stanford undergraduate education. Several questions however arise. If every institution attempted overseas experience, are there enough places to put students? Even now, parts of Europe which once welcomed students are much less open and receptive. The ghettos obviously can't absorb too many more transients. And even an expanding economy would find difficulty accepting cooperative-study students from freshman classes of over two million students. Of course cost is a factor. Smaller institutions already facing serious financial crises, find the necessary administration for a full off-campus program too expensive. And if it should happen that junior colleges should become the main route by which students receive their lower division education, can meaningful off-campus experience be fitted into a two year program?

This analysis has created almost an impasse. Through inference, campus turmoil and student unrest have revealed student needs to be affective, aesthetic, moral or theological, a more leisurely pace and with substance clearly related to their conception of the real world. At the same time, students' intellectual skills of language, perspective, conceptualization, and reality testing should be sharpened to avoid some of the revealed pathologies. Attempts at curricular reform, while some of them promising, have or will experience logistical stuffing or financial difficulties if provided for large proportions of American undergraduates, especially in the larger institutions—and these will increasingly be the academic home of most undergraduate students. The fundamental question remains: Can there be an effective curricular response to campus turmoil? While the answer is in doubt, some progress might be made by thinking of the curriculum along several dimensions. There are at least four which should be considered.

In the past there has been considerable confusion about the meanings of general or liberal education, majors, minors, and the like. There has also been an inclination to praise or damn courses serving one set of purposes by citing the virtues or vices of other types of courses. It now seems that student development requires at least four different sets of educational experiences from courses. The first is a common set of educational experiences to provide a common universe of discourse—a common body of allusion, illustration, and principle —necessary for people to communicate with each other and to share and use the same culture. At one level this common set of experiences is provided by television; and partly by other mass media. However, other common learnings at a more sophisticated and richer level seem desirable.

The general education component of the curriculum should be viewed as providing this common set of experiences and nothing more. The touchstone as to whether or not a course should be listed under general education requirements should be: Is this course useful to all people living in the last third of the twentieth-century? The decision as to what courses should be offered as general education should be made in the light of conflicting and contrasting values. The entire curriculum cannot be composed of general education courses; hence, choices must necessarily be made.

A second component of the curriculum could be called liberal studies; and this should consist of courses which students take to broaden their experience and to sample or explore different fields, frequently on a very liberal basis. Liberal studies would be courses in the arts or social sciences taken by the specialist in one of the hard sciences or mathematics, and probably should consume approximately a fourth of a student's curricular time.

Then there are those courses essential for a major or concentration, and another group of courses which could be considered as contextual, in which the major was studied. For a history major, courses in political science, economics, or even psychology would be considered contextual, while for a physics major, courses in mathematics and chemistry would be contextual. While no hard and fast percentages can be posited as a rough guide (engineers, nurses, and teacher trainees do pose particular and peculiar problems), general or common education should comprise a fourth, liberal studies a fourth, contextual studies a fourth, and a major a fourth of the student's undergraduate years. To increase the weight of the major beyond a fourth begins to distort the purpose of the undergraduate curriculum and to approximate the mission of advanced professional or graduate education.

Another curricular element is strongly suggested by the kinds of demands and criticism undergraduate students have advanced. They sense that they need various experiences if they are going to develop in any comprehensive sort of way. Several are listed but it should be clearly indicated that this list is not necessarily exhaustive.

1) Every student should have the opportunity to engage in independent study in which he sets his own goals, proceeds at his own rate, decides when he has finished, and feels free to use or not use professorial resources the institution provides. This

independent work should not be confused with a scheduled tutorial arrangement, where the volition seems to rest with the professor. Rather, it should be the opportunity for students to succeed or fail on their own.

2) Every student should learn in large and impersonal situations. As adults, much learning goes on either through mass media or in large group lectures and the like; and college students should probably be able to do this without feeling threatened or particularly lonely. Thus at least one large lecture course might be expected to be part of the experience of every student, with no discussion groups, laboratory groups, or further assistance provided.

3) But students also need to learn to function in small groups, and do need the encouragement which a small group developing a high *esprit de corps* can provide. Thus the curriculum should be structured so that in some way every student has a sustained experience in a small group, and the time should be long enough so that the group could take on many of the characteristics of a primary group.

4) Every student should have a relationship with an adult professional person which is sustained over a long enough period of time so that the adult can serve as an appropriate role model, parent surrogate, and friend with whom the student can test his emerging notions of reality. This relationship is probably the most important single experience students require.

5) Every student should have a sustained off-campus experience of some sort. Whether this be cooperative work-study, an overseas experience, or the opportunity simply to study on one's own in a distant city is less important than that the student is encouraged to look beyond the campus walls.

6) Every student should have the opportunity to know intimately a culture or subculture different from his own. This may come from studying in a foreign university, from doing cadet teaching in a culture substantially different from the student's own subculture, or from serving as a participant-observer, infiltrating a subculture distinctly different.

7) Every student should be required to make a sustained effort over a prolonged period of time on some task. There should be some courses, possibly quite a few, extending over a full year or more, with final assessment left until the very end. The traits to be developed here are not unlike those generated by work on a doctoral thesis.

8) Every student should have opportunities to engage in a number of brief *ad hoc* activities, which should have the same curricular value as longer, more sustained efforts. Students should be encouraged to experiment and explore, but should not be expected to make major time commitments to such activities. It is conceivable that a number of explorations might consume no more than a week or two of time.

9) Every student should enjoy, unpenalized, opportunities to engage in play for his personal satisfactions.

10) Every student should have opportunity to gain deeper understanding of his own emotions and those of others. Sensitivity training, group therapy, individual counseling, or similar activities can lead to understanding.

11) Every student should have a chance to learn by using some of the newer media. Society is reaching the point where every college student should learn something with the aid of a computer and with a programmed course using audio and visual aids, direct observation, and reading. The newer media are so important that college graduates might be considered illiterate if they have not learned to use them.

12) Every student should have an aesthetically creative experience regardless of the level of his performance. This suggests some form of required studio work just for the satisfaction of creating something with wood or sound.

These experiences should all result in certain student competencies which are an obligation of education. The following are skills desired and needed by students, demanded by the kind of society into which they will move, and of legitimate concern to college teachers:

1) To read, write, speak and listen with some sophistication in subjects of concern to people living in the last half of the 20th century.

2) To recognize personal problems and issues and to be able to resolve them with the best possible information and assistance.

3) To know and be able to use a library and other bibliographic aids—not only printed matter, but other media.

4) To cooperate intimately with others in solving complex problems.

5) To distinguish between cognition and affection and to be able to use both rationality and feeling for satisfaction of the total person.

6) To be able to relate in both evaluative and non-evaluative ways to other people, and to understand the appropriateness of each.

7) To be able to enjoy one's own activities without threat or guilt if those activities are unusual and not commonly valued by others.

8) To be able to identify gaps in one's own experience or learning, and to find ways to fill them.

9) To understand computers and other ways of arriving at quantitative knowledge, and to recognize both the capabilities and limitations of quantification.

10) To know and be able to express one's own values and to defend them and modify them when occasion requires.

The fourth and final element of a model curriculum is probably dearer to the academicians' hearts than the three previously elaborated. This element has two major components. The first involves the major divisions of human knowledge which come into existence and subdivide following the lead of research and inquiry. Obviously, the subjects listed in a curriculum will be determined by the mission of an institution, by the training and experience of its faculty members, and by the needs of the clientele to be served. However, all students should be exposed to some knowledge of the Western Europe tradition, American civilization, at least one non-Western civilization, the broad domain of science, and some technology, mathematics, and quantification. And they should do some interdisciplinary work which can suggest how various subjects illumine each other.

The second component consists of the several ways of knowing, ranging from the starkest sort of empiricism at one extreme to intuition and revealed truth at the other. Since all humans must make use of these different ways of perceiving reality, the college curriculum should at least sensitize students to the attributes, capabilities, and limitations of each. With the kinds of demands college students currently are making, overemphasizing the descriptive, the phenomenological, and the intuitive is probably wise. Such emphasis would come through courses in philosophy, the arts, and theology.

Thus, concepts of empiricism, experimentation, and statistical manipulation could be contained in courses in the natural sciences or behavioral sciences. Mathematics can be taught empirically, descriptively, or even aesthetically.

This four-part model is eclectic and is not intended for exact duplication at any institution. Rather, it suggests a way of thinking about curricula in times of enormous social change. Its purpose is to declare that the contemporary college student needs and can have a contemporary curriculum.

NOTES

1. Joseph Katz, *No Time for Youth* (San Francisco: Jossey Bass, 1968) p. 242.
2. Donald L. Rogan, *Campus Apocalypse* (New York: The Seabury Press, 1969) p. 9.
3. Andrew M. Greeley, *"The Psychedelic and the Sacred," The Agony and the Promise*, ed. G. Kerry Smith (San Francisco: Jossey Bass, 1969) p. 209.

LONG DISTANCE

Winter is selfscape of desolation,
the only voices: traffic, wind and leaf-
lessness. The silver gull describing

silver helices on Magritte's pewter
sea and one forsythia embalmed
in platinum: selfswept Ultima Thule.

Then,
your voice
green
along bird-annotated wires

makes April leap with hyacinths.

—*Marylou Buckley*

The Motif

by Robert Bonazzi

I

A soft rustling; could have been wind. He turned over, climbed the steps from sleep: no, it was them. He listened more intently. They were in the kitchen: Sandra mingling pots and pans with dishes, as if to argue with the immense winter silence. Perhaps just begrudging others sleep: not only him, but the baby and the cat. And then Henry's enormous boots squeaking under his walk.

Later, more rustling, like soft paper crumpling: a squeak of chair legs against the floor: a fork clanging its way through a shallow egg into a surprised plate.

Peter kept listening from the anteroom, gazing down at the dim colors of the old quilt that hovered over him under its colored squares. (Still dim these sounds, this light.) But he did think he heard Henry ask that the milk be warmed now, since it was getting so cold, and he thought he heard them kiss.

Restless, he wanted to get up and fix fresh coffee; he would even accept Sandra's hot tea; he wanted to play some of Beethoven's late sonatas on the tiny upright. But he hesitated, not wanting to puncture their privacy. He would wait. Sandra would be his the entire day, especially now that it was too cold for Henry to come home for lunch (although it would be Henry's right, Peter thought self-consciously), and this made him turn over and plunge his head deeply into the pillow.

A few moments later, back over, he was looking to the ceiling. Much better. Now the itinerary: get up, make coffee, sit down at the piano (perhaps something livelier, like Scarlatti), pull the little wooden table up by the piano, sharpen a pencil or two, try to compose. Once more: get up, make coffee (but would it hurt to take her tea?), sit down at the piano (perhaps Scarlatti would be too much: she may want to go back to sleep for awhile): wait, better ask: no, no, it will be obvious. Now start all over again because you're not doing it right at all. Turn your head back into the pillow and repeat after me: she is not your woman, she is another man's wife, she is not your woman, she is . . . yes, again, once more: she is not your woman, she is another man's wife. Fine. Now turn back over and open your foggy eyes and begin again: get up, forget about the coffee, get to the damn piano, play anything, sharpen a dozen pencils, compose (TRY TO COMPOSE!), make sketches, turn over . . . turn back over, hell with it for now, sleep later, you're in a wasteful mood.

It was very bright when Peter awakened. He got quickly out of bed, and without thinking of his itinerary, made a fresh pot of coffee. No one seemed to be in the house: the baby, the cat, Sandra. Perhaps all asleep. He could hear the coffee with its first perking. He sat down at the piano and flexed his fingers: stiff, stiff. Warmed his arms and fingers under the tap, dried them, loosened the joints and sat again at the piano. He touched the keys, stretching his fingers gingerly, and then lifted both hands straight above his head as if to smash an enormous tone-cluster and rattle the house from its foundation. But he stopped, flexed his fingers in mid-air, grinned absurdly and looked toward the coffee pot.

He stood and went there. He waited, humming, as if to intimidate the pot. Eventually, and it seemed to Peter inordinately longer than it should have been, the tiny amber light came on. He poured coffee, sugar, milk, and plunked a spoon, waist deep. Stir, stir, clanking the spoon against the silence; clank, clank again, so that when he hit the first key of the morning it had to sound marvelous! He sipped the coffee: good. He made good coffee. Prided himself on it. For him it was sustenance and dessert, his only real masterpiece. It made him sweat and smack his lips and he carried it to the waiting piano.

What about the table with the pencils? No, just the keys now: Beethoven after all: the second movement (prestissimo) of the Opus 101 Sonata;

and then suddenly: the eighth Goldberg Variation by Bach; and then his fingers went utterly astray, touching an unfamiliar pattern of keys and he stayed above his fingers and watched them and was hanging on the tail of the motif even while his more conservative arms faltered and swayed and seemed to call out for him to STOP AND REACH FOR A PENCIL! Then Sandra came through the front door.

II

She came from what would have been a garden in another season, but she came empty-handed. Peter stopped and reached for a pencil. He realized he had not provided himself with one. He turned about on the piano bench by lifting his legs up and pushed off with his right hand, so that he swiveled on his buttocks as a child does on a drug store stool. "Sandra," he said, and stood up. "I need a pencil."

"You mean you've used them all up?"

"No, no, I've misplaced them; can you help me?"

"What were you playing?"

"Sort of everything, and I need to write it down."

"I'm so sorry I interrupted, but I didn't know you were composing; thought you were just playing." She closed the door behind her and he stood up.

Walking toward her he said, "Oh, I was, I was. Only it turned into something else. That often happens, but I think I can remember it."

"Good. Will you want lunch?"

"No, no thank you."

"Sure?"

"Well, maybe later. What you got?"

"Tuna fish. Sorry."

"That will be great. I can fix it."

"No, you find your pencil and don't lose that idea." She smiled and walked past him to the kitchen area. When she came back, he had retrieved a pencil and was jotting notes. She watched him from the kitchen, faintly tapping her fingers on the doorway that framed her. Suddenly, Peter stopped and dropped his pencil to the table. Then he stood and went to his coffee cup on the piano. Cold, he could feel it. He turned toward the kitchen, and only then did he realize Sandra had been watching.

"Are you okay, Peter?" she asked and came away from her rigid attachment to the door frame.

"Oh sure. I'm fine." He walked toward her and she stepped to one side of the opening to let him pass. "It's just this coffee. Needs heating up a little."

"You couldn't be finished, could you?"

"No, not that easy," he said, turning back to her and stirring the spoon in the cup: clanking it, clanking it. "No, I just got a very tiny, but I think very pure, motif down. I think it might be a beginning."

"Do you want to go on with it now or want to eat the tuna?"

"I am going on with it, down here," he said and pointed to his stomach. I hope that's close enough for a sandwich to help."

She smiled before he did and then they laughed pleasantly, quietly. "I thought you did that kind of work in your head," she said.

"Oh, I don't really know what I meant by that. It all sort of comes up through my body to my hands. Later on, when I'm working with the entire score, my head takes over." Then he bit into the lusciousness of the tuna, with the lettuce tickling his nose and crackling under his sudden hunger. "Hmm good," he said. "Thanks." He drank a glass of cold milk between sips of coffee and bites of the sandwich. The milk was so cold he felt it measure his throat and stomach and move almost to his groin. Then an alternate sip of coffee equalized the temperature. "It's been very fine of you and Hank to give me a place to work this winter." He washed off his hands and rinsed out the glass in the sink. He held on to his coffee cup.

"Well, with that grant for composition, you probably could have lived on your own."

"It's not that much, really, and being able to stay here leaves me enough for more than the year it's intended."

"And it gives us a few extra dollars a week we wouldn't have because I can't work with the baby."

"Oh, I eat that up in tuna fish and coffee."

"No you don't," she said and touched his hand. "Here, I'll dry that. You get back to the piano."

"Sure, sure," he said and let his hand fall reluctantly from her touch. "But it's great here. You and Hank, little Edward, the cat, all of you. Whoever thought I'd ever leave New York to come to Kansas."

"Nobody, but we're glad you did."

"What?"

"Hank and I," she said, "we've always liked you since we knew you in school. It's great having the company around, and heaven knows, as good a man as Hank is, he's not the sensitive kind you are."

"We're just different," he said rather indignantly. "He's sensitive in his own way; he probably has purer thoughts than I do."

She chuckled and said, "Hank, oh he's a funny guy sometimes with his thoughts. But I love him."

"Yes, yes of course," Peter said and turned out from the kitchen. "Of course, you must."

"Oh we do; I do and he does," she said, but Peter was already at the piano touching keys.

He played the motif in different contexts, trying to unify it with new ideas. He kept thinking she was going to come over to him and jostle his hair, as if he were her younger brother, or perhaps she would touch him softly, dearly, as he had seen her touch Henry when he had caused his wife to smile. But she did neither, and he thought perhaps he was glad since it did not nullify what she might do, but he was able to stop that kind of thinking, finally,

because it only made him think of his early morning incantation. This motif, he thought, over and over again, like the same thoughts. It must find a place; you must not, no you must not, but you do, yes, *want her.*

"Sandra?"

"Yes, Pete?" she said from the kitchen. He turned and watched her slowly munch on her sandwich.

"Don't count on me for supper. I'm going to walk in the woods for a time and think about this idea."

"Okay, but be careful. And take your key with you," she suggested, and looked up from her last bite of sandwich.

"I will," he said and looking carefully at her: he thought: surely this woman had the qualities of a touching aunt. My key, he thought: skeleton or C? "I'll be careful," he said, and stood and paused . . . "not to wake anybody up when I come in."

"Oh, you never do, silly. I've just got to check on the baby. See you later." She disappeared into her bedroom. He listened for the child, and then he looked about absently for the cat. Neither; nobody. He went to the door with the empty cup *still in his* hand. He stopped to leave it on the table with his pencils and his score. Then he took his jacket from the hook on the door, threw it over his shoulder, and went outside.

Immediately, he felt the cold; it looked like snow again. He smiled, thinking of the motif. Then he began to whistle it, but the shoddy whistling was after the fact: the tune was clearly in his head. He whistled and savagely swung his coat counter-clockwise in the brisk and rising wind. His pace picked up to a jog: anything to shake him out of that warm, snug house: and he entered the woods flailing his arms and feeling the cold and thinking about her.

DESERT FUNERAL

You leaned on us today
Needing our muscle and movement.
We lifted you in your four-sided satin bed
Carried you into the desert sun.

You never leaned on us in life.
Perpendicular to our fumblings
You could not hear us cry lie light
    Float, fall
    Catch, be caught
    Lift and be lifted
    In a mix
    Of drowning dancers.

You leaned on us today.
We lifted you and let you down.
Too late you made us light.

—*James Hietter*

ONE MORE SEASON

you spoke of hoar frost at Edmonton

in trees
beyond risk of sun
all day laced and joyous

there are white haloes on your eyes
two beads left
to tell the time of sap is over

adjust what lamps you may
no shadow veins this portraiture
where seed may lurk
under the thumb's counting
fraying until new leaf emerge
for one more season

what an exultation

to retain such permanent lace
for your intricate night

—*Francis Sullivan*

THE COVERT SEED

Life is a love already
before any argument reaches through
the cold veins of this
our wintry tutelage on hard churchwood
to declare it so.
The covert seed gathers with kin;
milk in its latency heeds one summons,
unnoticed as the call to neap tide
from a luring moon,
to the wild flight north
just at the lichen's break with frost;
the heart's tall heels,
impatient with sleepy rhythms,
tap absently to the thrum, thrum
of a quicker beat
when the rain will rake its fingers
over the sound holes of spring
and the mulled blood of fantasy
will surge forever once again
without an argument.

—*Francis Sullivan*

ADVENT SONG
for
San Francisco State

I saw a seagull from my window
Cross the path of the giant grasshopper
Circling above the campus
All day the same circle.
Dizzy insect eyes cover the ground
Feed the occupying army its word.

Lines of blackleathered soldiers
Pale blue helmets shine in the winter light
Full bellies bulge over wide belts
Pistols hang hidden like genitalia in smooth black holsters
Right hands clutch cold wooden clubs hungry for a head
All day they've had this hard on.
The chief yells GET EM MEN
They sweep righteously into the mob
Spilling to the ground in a wild orgasm of justice the enemy
Whose only weapons except for a few rocks are
The words they hurl in single shots
fascist pigs motherfuckers
Or in unison
pigs off campus
pigs off campus
on strike shut it down
on strike shut it down
on strike shut it down

The television cameras mirror every moment of this circus
Taxpayers suck their TV dinners of students' blood
Applaud the law and order that reigns at last
Over this battlefield of crumpled children who performed
Without a net.

Oh countrymen, they care
To save us from our sameness.
We kill them.

Santa Claus came to Stonestown on Friday at noon
Now we can paint our world with colored lights
Stuff our holiday stomachs
Paste our eyes to the orgy of Bowl games
And sleep sleep sleep
There is POLICE ON EARTH
And Eichmann carols the countdown to the Child's birth.

—*James Hietter*

MULATTO

my old man died in a fine big house
my ma died in a shack
I wonder where I'm gonna die
being neither white nor black
Langston Hughes

perhaps a burial at sea,
the anthem springing with muscles
as you sink, weighted,
the flag and you for fishfood.

in diminishing pieces, you will
feed whales, then shark,
then pilot fish,
then plankton
in microscopic portions.

we are all of us sinking, mulatto,
smaller and smaller
or we are narrowing in the distance
to where no light is

where blind things will use us under water

—*Edward Gold*

THE OSTRICH LADY AT SCHOOL

You have said no thank you
to a pearl necklace
to a silver coocoo
to some excellent chablis.
You have declined to talk
with famous men
with beautiful and not stupid women.

You are content
in a condemned slum tenement
with me.
Well, you've had your choice.

When we stepped off the roof last night
and kept walking on the sooty sky
the ostrich lady was looking and looking
her sandy eyes sharpened
for the moment when you hand me back my book
and yawn. You laughed instead.
She slammed her window
though she is said to know a great deal.

We, however, knowing little and not caring,
walked for two hours and twenty-three minutes
before we fell.
The sky gave out and we were talking still.

Regardless of the grammar
we are glad to hear the things we say
those times,
the things we know already.

Listen.
Listen.
She is flapping her reluctant wings.
Tomorrow when we amble through the air
we must talk slowly and be careful
to invite her in the dance. We'll show her how.

Those sandy wings will never bear her up
until she learns to sing no thank you
to a pearl necklace
to a silver coocoo
to some excellent chablis.
With love, all things.

—*John L'Heureux*

HEART GRINDS

ah,
don't you know I'm
feeling better

the sun finding its way
thru the clouds at 4 pm
saturating the city

a beer slipped from between
the silver rafters of the icebox

I no longer care
what is wrong.

I mean
in one day I have
careened like pool balls
off every misery
this morning finding
on the rain-oyster sidewalk
a heart-ground letter

the kind found tucked in bibles
or diaries or old suitcases

a young girl describing her mother's
death & how life has since
turned to the rot of old bananas.

somehow
the bad breath in my heart
is not really bum days but

rather the afterbirth of
stillborn dreams.

—*Douglas Blazek*

from HARRY'S THINGS

8

the carcass of the bull of my body
lies limp in the kitchen
dropped by your terrible shin kiss

(don't hit me below the belt dearie, anymore)

the kids dahdah each other
Christmas, Easter,
goo, their product

dropping their glasses and patting their pates
they play for the monopoly of my heart

six o'clock
a thin sweat line across the mouth

between the pages of Life Magazines
I dream of my Tahiti

I'm tired
I'm tired
repeat a thousand times

Oh my silvertone stereo

storybook
storybook

17

I have become an ornament
on the fourth floor. (A lamp)

Disastrous, or an image of
disaster, a dead rose (is like),
a piece of shrapnel. (the good country of the smell)

I have taken to wearing
my hair long. (the better to sharpen my head in secret)

I have taken up
sitting like a monk.
(the better to steep myself in ink)

I have taken up golf.
(the better to meet you there
in the hazards)

23

I am learning slowly
how to not be
how not to be
responsible for me.

Shit, man,
I was hung up, remember.
A chandelier,
balanced in bulbs,

at night,
closeted in right movements.

I am learning how to make a sling shot
of my anger

to unravel my breath

to float on the cork
of my mind.

36

I want you to know I am getting better.
I am getting stronger and I feel it.
I am almost a zebra.
No longer do I wonder why,
Count my toes or watch my shoe.
I am adjusting my temperament to exist
In a comfortable relationship with those
Of others. I am becoming compatible with
Bad breath and stories of grandmothers' habits.
I am exerting an influence.
I am making my bed
And not shitting in the desk drawers.
I am developing a sense of humor.
My eyes look more clear,
And I have quit smoking.
Therefore,
You needn't send any more money for that.

41

I'm sick to death of all these masterful illusions,
Spinning like tops and turning corners in the room.
They weaken me to straight lines. I want
A good shot at something high and swift,
And watch it fall rich in juice
And the warm wealth of the dying,
Into my bagged hands.

58

To my mother I leave time
to get over
to put away the rumors
in the easiest mind
to open the windows and air
the room
and to be good
thinking it was not her fault
and to love father

to father I leave mother
broken down like a back porch
walked out of square
jumped too much, creaking
crooked and old fashioned

to you dear
I leave patience
not too much
I want you to think for a change
and not let cycles take you
dance you on a string
I won't be back

to me I leave everything else

—*Greg Kuzma*

Reviews

Books

Civilisation, by Kenneth Clark, Harper & Row, 359 pp., $15.00.

I was among those happy few Americans lucky enough to be at Oxford back in the late forties when Kenneth Clark was Slade Professor of Fine Arts. "Sir Kenneth," as we then knew him, could always be trusted to provide that rare fusion of infectious enthusiasm with unimpeachable scholarship. My diary from those days, faded though it is, records with exclamation points a lecture on Mantegna for February 10, 1948; yet another on newly discovered Viking ship of Sutton Hoo, February 23; and the like.

So it was that when *Civilisation* appeared, one expected the best. It is, in fact, roughly the text spoken by Kenneth Clark in that altogether exceptional film and TV series now making the rounds of this country. Even if our normal television expectations were not so abysmal, the *Civilisation* programs would evoke accolades in abundance. After all, in those Oxford days Lord Clark had faced and easily held his own in competition with C. S. Lewis, Sir Leonard Wooley, Sir Richard Livingston, Maurice Bowra, J. D. Beazley, E. D. M. Fraenkel and other humanist stalwarts. Little wonder that the film series, combining the gifts of a master lecturer with the vast visual resources of the B.B.C., is such a success. So is the volume.

Some rather obvious reservations inescapably popped into mind. How could even Kenneth Clark manage to squeeze such a vast subject into thirteen hour-long programs or as many chapters of a book? Television time hardly allowed for proper disclaimers, but the volume could anticipate objections and provide rejoinders. The subtitle, "A Personal View," helps a great deal. The Foreword does even more, apologizing for the title, suggesting that "Speculations on the Nature of Civilisation as Illustrated by the Changing Phases of Civilised Life in Western Europe from the Dark Ages to the Present Day" would have been more precise. Yet, what TV program (even what publisher in our day of jazzy nomenclature) could have borne up under such weighty, pretentious sounding phraseology?

For pretentious is precisely what Lord Clark and his volume are not. Throughout one notes that easy British casualness that masks a lifetime of research and erudition. "I could not include," Lord Clark writes, "the ancient civilisations of Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome, because to have done so would have meant another ten programmes, at least; and the same was true of China, Persia, India and the world of Islam. Heaven knows, I had taken on enough. Moreover, I have the feeling that one should not try to assess a culture without knowing its language; so much of its character is connected with its actual use of words; and unfortunately I do not know any oriental languages." Only the most captious critic will be unwilling to accept this apology for what might have appeared hopeless ethnocentricity.

This is not to suggest that no vestigial biases obtrude. One hardly expects an English scholar to be altogether untouched, regarding Spain, by the endemic *leyenda negra*. Thus, Lord Clark finds it necessary to defend his exclusion of the whole of Iberia. "If I had been talking about the history of art, it would not have been possible to leave out Spain; but when one asks what Spain has done to enlarge the human mind and pull mankind a few steps up the hill, the answer is less clear. *Don Quixote*, the Great Saints, the Jesuits in South America? Otherwise she has simply remained Spain." True enough over the short haul, but this is to omit Vives, Quevedo, Calderon and ever so many other giants. Nor was Spain's role as bastion of the West over so many centuries exactly trivial. The facile quip about Africa beginning at the Pyrenees simply doesn't stand up any longer.

I was relieved when the first film appeared. For in chapter one, when setting up the contrast between the Apollo Belvedere, symbolizing civilization, and a rather ferocious African mask, symbolizing "a world of fear and darkness," I shuddered at what seemed racist implications, or what might be taken as such. Happily, the film was more judiciously edited, juxtaposing instead a fierce Viking head—the prow of a ship that must have carried terror—with the overly serene Apollo. This was not only less ambiguous but definitely fairer, demonstrating that civilization has nothing to do with race (the Vikings were at least as white as the Hellenes). Further, it would have been quite as easy to contrast this particular Afri-

can mask with the highly civilized sculptures of Benin in Nigeria.

It would be presumptuous to attempt a summary of the volume, which is already a model of compression and synthesis. Possibly this quotation from the final chapter may at least suggest what the book is about: "I believe that order is better than chaos, creation better than destruction. I prefer gentleness to violence, forgiveness to vendetta. On the whole I think that knowledge is preferable to ignorance, and I am sure that human sympathy is more valuable than ideology. I believe that in spite of the recent triumphs of science, men haven't changed much in the last two thousand years; and in consequence we must still try to learn from history. History is ourselves."

Hopelessly familiar and square this will sound to many, especially those who never get to see *Civilisation*. Nor can one forget the numberless millions even in our affluent world who have little access to the benefits pictured by Lord Clark. Yet, for all its limits and the constant need for reform, civilization remains the more human option, provided we abandon smugness and learn something from its most intensely vocal critics. We need to make sure that W. B. Yeats was not writing our common epitaph in the fearsome lines:

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Reviewed by C. J. McNaspy

Going All the Way, by Dan Wakefield, Delacorte, 306 pp. $6.95.

The fifties, because I was about five, bring back thoughts of 45 records like Marty Robbins' "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation": selling for seventy-five cents. Ducks' ass hairdos that kept guys at bathroom mirrors longer than their women, and Mamie Van Doren in "High School Confidential".

Almost twenty jaded years later, it is a special campy treat to see fifties' movies on the tube, especially high school exposes starring Russ Tamblyn, or good guys like Sal Mineo. It seems like a 50's renaissance has blossomed these days, with girls wearing long skirts, freaks listening to little Richard and Ronnie Hawkins or Jerry Lee Lewis records, and a return to Joe McCarthy red-scare days where the country is as polarized as it was then.

I bought Dan Wakefield's *Going All The Way* because I liked the idea of the plot—two young guys returning from the Korean "police action" to Indianapolis and having a hard time readjusting to Mom and her freshly baked apple pie.

Gunner was the all-around everything in both high school and college, adept at both sports and "getting a lot" from all of the girls.

Sonny is the opposite of Gunner—a non-jock, a non-in, and if it weren't for Wakefield's compassion for him and his dilemma, a non-entity.

Suprisingly, Sonny finds that Gunner is in some kind of awe of him because he wasn't a participant in the sports, or the balling or the carousing with the "big rods". Gunner tells Sonny that he thinks that all of what was before in his all-around-everything days meant nothing, and now that he has been away and experienced the people and customs of another culture (Japan) he feels that it is time to begin a search for something less transient than a good piece of ass in the back of someone's convertible on a double date at the drive-in.

Unfortunately, both of them have returned to the heart of America during the McCarthy days, when people were either

Perspective

Presidents as Prophets

by James Ruddick

The Uses of the University, by Clark Kerr, Harvard University Press, 140 pp., $3.75. **The University in Transition**, by James A. Perkins, Princeton University Press, 89 pp., $4.00.

The decade of the sixties saw such changes in American higher education that it deserves serious reflection. One way to examine it is to listen to what its prophets had to say about it. The "true believers" in the American university are and were the university presidents. They were, in many striking ways, the prophets who carried the message to students, the public, and the government. The message was not merely a pointing out of the future, but had the other characteristic of Hebrew prophecy: an analysis of the situation.

In literally thousands of "President's Reports" during the decade, alumni, parents, and friends of American universities received analyses of the situation of the over two thousand American colleges and universities, along with the assurance of a rather bright future dependent on continued financial support. But on some occasions, college and university presidents put aside the cares of daily toil and prepared special statements on the characteristics and directions of higher education. Two such statements were embodied in two series of lectures given in the mid-sixties by men who well deserve to be spokesmen for their fellow-presidents. In April 1963, President Clark Kerr of the University of California gave the Godkin Lectures at Harvard University. Published under the title, "The Uses of the University," the three lectures are a concise and thoughtful statement of the meaning of the American university complex in the mid and late years of the decade. President James A. Perkins of Cornell University made a similar statement in the three Stafford Little Lectures given at Princeton in November 1965. Written by men with both theoretical insight and practical experience, both volumes are of great significance for us in 1971. We can learn much by looking back over them and examining our situation in the light of the situation they explored a half-decade ago.

Let it be clear: I do not wish to use hindsight to evaluate their work. Such a procedure would be to examine the works on false grounds. Rather, I wish to use their work to obtain a better appreciation of the present situation of American universities.

A prophet is indeed without honor in his own country. Messrs. Kerr and Perkins, having lost their positions, well appreciated this now. But it by no means implies that their contribution was either unsatisfactory or harmful. Both books show that the two leaders were rightfully leaders; they appreciated the unique spirit of American higher education and they foresaw some of the currents then developing in American universities.

pointing the accusing finger, or hiding away in fear of it. Their friends have settled down to post-war building boom houses, company softball teams, and toreador pants. The men continue to "carry a churchkey on (their) watchchains so (they'd) always be ready to open a can of beer." And their "happy to see them" parents have offices "with a desk, a large metal office file, a silk American flag on a gold tripod stand, and a Statue of Liberty lamp with a lightbulb in its hand instead of a torch."

Sonny, upon arriving home, thinks that now his life is about to begin, and feels that his friend Gunner will be just the guy to show him the way to the Elysian Fields. But Sonny's thoughts of the great utopia tend towards the life Gunner lead before the war—the accolades from the adoring sports fans, the "quick piece of ass", and an ability to get whoever he wanted. Unfortunately, Gunner has found in his travels that that way just wasn't it, and has turned to art lessons from a Jewish Wellesley snob, and to reading David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*.

The necessary changes that both Gunner and Sonny go through to handle their new lives, in their way made up the denouement of the novel, and Wakefield's solutions for both of them keeps the novel from falling apart at the end (which many growing-pain novels fail to do these days, often leaving the reader hanging) and his circle has been completed.

It is an overtly chancy thing to write an anachronistic odyssey these days about two guys coming to grips with America and with their own maturing, but Wakefield has done it so well in *Going All The Way*, that the time, although a dominant part of the novel, becomes almost secondary to the overall story. Because there have been so many novels written on the subject, Salinger, Knowles' *A Separate Peace*, Kirkwood's *Good Times/Bad Times*, Hesse . . . it has become increasingly difficult to say something at least refreshing, not to mention new, on this subject. Wakefield has succeeded. There appears the pathos of an unsatisfied libido that can all but overcome one . . . "he originally thought that jacking off was just something you had to do until you got fucked, and once you started fucking you didn't feel the need for masturbation any more . . ." He brings out too the confusion of being disappointed with the goals your parents have been striving for, and of not really knowing what yours are or will be. And the decisions that have to be made so that one's life becomes one's own, and not one based on others' suggestions or pleas. All of it is in Wakefield's *Going All The Way*. It is not only an honest book, but it's overall simplicity answers, in one way, the question "What is (or was) it like being twenty-three?" An A plus to author and novel.

Reviewed by Jonathan Carroll

On Violence, by Hannah Arendt, Harcourt, Brace & World, 102 pp., $4.75 (paperback, $1.65).

As this is being written the news media are full of reports of terrorist acts, bombings, kidnappings, bizarre murders, "alleged" massacres, etc.—not to mention the whole of the violence in Southeast Asia and the Middle East. How shall we understand the phenomena of man's capacity for destructive violence, and is it ever constructive in the long or the short run?

In this brief but important book by one of the most profound philosophical and political thinkers of our time, Miss Arendt addresses herself mainly to what is usually thought of as "political violence," but also examines the nature of violence, as such, as distinguished from power, strength, force, and its relation to authority. In so doing she

Perspective . . . continued

It is particularly advantageous to set the two statements side by side, statements coming from the heads of two very important universities, one private, one state. The very similarity of outlook and proposals is itself enlightening.

Both Kerr and Perkins devote significant time to the study of the origins of the American university: contrasting it to the German university with its elite, research-oriented clientele, and to the English university with its emphasis on traditional, humanistic culture. The American university—despite its origins in the English tradition—developed along the lines of both the transmission of culture and the search for new knowledge. But, it added a particularly significant element of its own genius: the relation to the community at large. One need not go to the name "A. and M." to realize that American universities came in time to be of vast assistance to a growing industrial, agricultural, and technological society with its need for trained personnel in all branches of technology, agriculture, and business.

Kerr points out that the historical developments (including the American touch of "lay" boards of trustees) have "given America a remarkably effective educational institution . . ." that is as British as possible for the sake of the undergraduates, as German as possible for the sake of the graduates and research personnel and as American as possible for the sake of the public at large (p. 18).

Both writers point out that the interplay of these three elements produces tension in the heart of the university. In fact, although President Perkins calls for internal coherence, President Kerr (speaking of the multiversity, of which California must indeed be the paradigm) does not consider that a strict unity is at all possible. The diversity of interests and objectives is such that the university "must, of necessity, be partially at war with itself" (p. 9).

But what about the days to come? How did the two presidents gauge the problems of the future?

In 1963 President Kerr saw several aspects of the life of the university that would demand attention. The growth phenomenon would continue. (His prediction of a doubling of the college and university student population during the 60's was correct, with some 8,000,000 students on American campuses in the fall of 1970.) The increasing size and complexity of the universities require the administration to play a key role in integrating the institution. Thus it becomes both more necessary and more prominent. The president's task will be more and more that of a mediator. The ultimate test of his mediation is whether it permits "progress to be made fast enough and in the right direction" (p. 38).

A second point is that the greatest needs of the universities are at the bottom (the "dropout" problems) and at the top (the need for highly skilled personnel in research). These needs will have to be met by federal assistance in sizable amounts.

In a third point, there are four challenges to the multiversity in the years ahead: 1) the improvement of undergraduate education; 2) the creation of a more unified intellectual world; 3) relating administration more directly to individual faculty and students in the massive institution; 4) solving the issue of an elite of merit in an egalitarian environment.

As we look back on Kerr's remarks with the advantage of seven years of experience, we appreciate his foresight. And we realize how little has been done to treat the problems that he outlines. The students of 1971 are even more insistent than those of 1963 that institutional priorities should not overshadow undergraduate education, that there should be flexibility in programs and curricula, and that the cross-fertilization of disciplines should be more than an occasional joint seminar

has made a significant contribution toward understanding the vexing and apparently ever increasing problem of violence.

The book is an expansion of her lengthy article entitled "Reflections on Violence," which originally appeared as a special supplement in the *New York Review of Books*[1] and subsequently in the *Journal of International Affairs*. (Strangely, this is not acknowledged in the book, and, unfortunately, for the careful reader, there are differences between the article and the book which are not insignificant.)

The distinction with which she begins to define violence is that—as opposed to power, force, or strength—violence always needs implements. "Indeed," Miss Arendt observes, "one of the most obvious distinctions between power and violence is that power always stands in need of numbers, whereas violence up to a point can manage without them because it relies on implements." It is only possible for One to hold Many at bay by means of instruments, or weapons.

With the aid of this astute observation we can begin to see the value of such statements as: Reduction of the availability of instruments of violence, such as guns on the domestic scene, and strategic arms on the international level, will reduce the possibilities and the incidence of violence. "Violence," Miss Arendt reiterates, "is distinguished by its instrumental character," the instruments, like all other tools, multiplying the strength of the user, and ". . . like all means, it always stands in need of guidance and justification through the end it pursues."

Power, on the other hand, is created by the human ability to act or to will in concert. The elected official receives his power from the mandate of the electorate. If the support of the group is withdrawn, his power is diminished and disappears upon another's receipt of the group's mandate. For example, former presidents.

Thus, power, as Miss Arendt defines it, is the fundamental element of politics, and not violence, as we learned from Max Weber ("The decisive means for politics is violence."). Neither does power grow out of the barrel of a gun—the entirely non-Marxian conviction proclaimed by Mao Tse-tung and some ill-informed leftists. And neither does she agree with those scholars for whom the genus is power and the two species are violent and nonviolent power (Ricoeur, Niebuhr, and others). For her power and violence are not even merely two distinct genera; they are opposites. Surprisingly for some, perhaps, "this implies," for Miss Arendt, "that it is not correct to think of the opposite of violence as nonviolence; to speak of nonviolent power is actually redundant." (What would seem to be a helpful distinction with regard to the difference between violence and nonviolence is the statement included in the original article but omitted from the book, namely: ". . . the distinction between violent and nonviolent action is that the former is exclusively bent upon the destruction of the old and the latter is chiefly concerned with the establishment of something new.")

Her attitude, then, toward the use of violence by radical elements in our society is ambivalent. Frustrated in their attempts to act *politically* in a technologized and overbureaucratized society, they understandably resort to violence ". . . to dramatize grievances and bring them to public attention." But genuine revolution, Miss Arendt maintains, does not rely on violence. Even revolutionary political goals must be pursued by political means—the generation of political power in a public aroused to responsible political action.

Moreover, power and politics, modeled after the Greek and Roman *polis*, are precisely those realms of human action in which physical coercion and violence are by definition inappropriate, but wherein words, persuasion, and consent are by

Perspective . . . continued

between departments.

At the other end of the country is Cornell. What did President Perkins propose in 1965 as the problems of the future?

Allowing for a certain growth, but thinking of the university as a continuation of the past, he realized that the integrity of the institution implies a coordination of research, instruction, and public service. None of the three must be allowed to step out of its rightful place. Furthermore, this integrity requires a balance of students, faculty, and administration. Without the proper balance, the university can not develop as it must to fulfill its function.

A second factor for the university's development is that the most vigorous agents for change are the private foundations and the federal agencies. These outside agencies provide the stimulus that the internal parties need to shape the university to society's need. It is also true that the vastness of planning (say, for immensely expensive research projects) requires financial support on a nationwide basis. And this brings the universities into politics and federal influence. Hence, the universities must decide to move out of isolation into positions of leadership. Internal campus rivalries must be overcome; what is needed is vision and creative imagination "to understand how the university must change and grow if it is to play its proper part" (p. 89). "(The new university leaders) will know, then, that it is their rare privilege . . . to be at a point of great influence in their society, and that they must work to knit their university together in a manner that will support the larger interests of society" (p. 89).

Today, in 1971, we can learn a lesson from the fact that the president of one of the most prestigious private universities was as emphatic as the president of the University of California that the university must look to the problems of society if it is to fulfill its function. Whether the educator of the present day wishes to ignore the needs of society or not, he has been forced by the events of the past two and a half years to think beyond the level of a sympathy march at Selma. However, one wonders how many faculty and administrators of 1971 really listen to the Kerr-Perkins message that the American university, if it is to grow in the path that history has given it, must look to the solution of social problems.

On the other hand, are there aspects of today's situation that the two presidents did not perceive or failed to gauge correctly? If they did not see the situation, perhaps we do not see it either. I would propose the following considerations as significant new elements of American higher education in 1971.

1) *External to the university.* With all of the efforts that even the University of California made (and has made), they and most of today's educational leaders seem not to appreciate the magnitude of the critical social ills of the modern world. War is evil; men should erase this disease from the earth. Poverty is evil; men should not rest until it is truly conquered. Repression of men by one another is evil; none of us can be truly human when a brother is treated inhumanely. Many students appreciate these problems, but see little effort being made toward their solution.

2) *Internal to the university.* I see three aspects of the life of the university that were not fully recognized half a decade ago:

a) *The identity of the student.* Both President Kerr and President Perkins were aware of the tumultuous personal problems of students. The former (with many educators) seem to equate the advantage of vast choices in the multiversity with the disadvantage of the great risk of harm. "The walking wounded are many" (p. 42). And the latter considers it a

definition the only appropriate forms. Thus, for Miss Arendt, "political violence" is, ideally, a contradiction in terms.[2]

Force, often used as a synonym for violence, ". . . should be reserved," according to Miss Arendt, "in terminological language, for the 'forces of nature' or the 'force of circumstances' . . . that is, to indicate energy released by physical or social movements."

This designation of hers is perhaps the most difficult to accept in the light of dictionary definitions of the word force. Others, notably J. Glenn Gray in his essay "On Understanding Violence Philosophically," see force and violence on a continuum of coercion: "force is a word deriving from legitimate authority and right. . . . Violence has no such mandate."[3] It is illegitimate.

Miss Arendt also maintains, against most theories, that "violence is neither beastly nor irrational," as such, but it can be. By what seems to be a somewhat inverted logic she says that under conditions such as concentration camps, torture, or famine, ". . . not rage and violence, but their conspicuous absence is the clearest sign of dehumanization." To this one might respond, yes, if absent from the victims; no, if present in the perpetrators. However, her point is perhaps better understood when she says:

> . . . under certain circumstances violence—acting without argument or speech and without counting the consequences—is the only way to set the scales of justice right again. . . . In this sense, rage and the violence that sometimes—not always—goes with it belongs among the "natural" *human* emotions, and to cure man of them would mean nothing less than to dehumanize or emasculate him.

Needless to say, however, Miss Arendt is not unaware of the dangers of violence. "The danger of violence . . . will always be that the means overwhelm the end." Moreover, she says, "the practice of violence, like all action, changes the world, but the most probable change is to a more violent world."

Quoting the Czech author, Pavel Kohout, Miss Arendt recognizes that "what the world today stands in greatest need of may well be 'a new example'." She cannot bring herself to suggest that this "new example" might or ought to be the way of nonviolence, exclusively, which is understandable. Perhaps we should aver, without meaning to be cynical, that no *new* example will be forthcoming, since *the* example, however "unrealistic," has already been given—in Jesus Christ.

The value and cogency of this book is beyond question. The line of reasoning is supplemented with pertinent observations and reflections on the outbreaks of violence especially in which police and students have been involved in Europe and America. A criticism of the book which may be made, however, is that the basis of the argument may appear to remain at the level of assertion or obscurity if one is not aware of or familiar with Miss Arendt's fundamental philosophical position as set forth in her book *The Human Condition*. The book *On Violence* may also be a disappointment in that it does not reach the level of her longer, more systematic work *On Revolution*. For a more adequate understanding and grasp of her views on violence in the context of her overall interpretation of human activity, a close reading of *The Human Condition*, *On Revolution*, and the crucial essay "What is Authority?" in her book *Between Past and Future* is necessary.

Finally, even if it is at variance with her concept and definition of violence, it seems to be rather inexcusable that Miss Arendt did not address herself more fully to the concept and problem of institutionalized "violence," such as institutionalized racism, involuntary poverty, "ecological violence," and the "violence" done to untold millions of America's and

Perspective . . . continued

fallacy that all students who enter higher education have the same needs and motivations. Further, he holds that the university should not give up its own mission in making a place for the student who belongs in another type of educational institution. Despite their appreciation of some aspects of the problem, neither writer seems to be aware of the growing revolt of the "faceless" student who demands that he be treated as an individual, even in the multiversity. Undergraduate education is, to the undergraduate, the heart of the university. He will not wait while faculty and administration balance out public service, research, and instruction. The intensity of this feeling is much greater than one would have anticipated in 1963 or 1965.

b) *Radical disruption.* Both Kerr and Perkins worked from the premise that all elements of the university community shared a common desire for learning and the development of higher education. We now know that there are some who seek an anarchical destruction of society by achieving the destruction of the universities that are the heart of society. That they consider society to be "corrupt" and "dehumanizing" does not disguise the desire for the destruction of the university as we know it. University leaders today, students, faculty, and administrators, must be aware that they have to choose one side or the other. The Wisconsin experience has shown that those who wish to destroy, destroy. But those who wish to make the university grow, must be willing to face change, to face painful change. In Kerr's words, "The great universities of the future will be those which have adjusted rapidly and effectively" (p. 108).

c) *Student participation in governance.* Although both of the lecturers made reference to student participation in the work of the university, I judge that they failed to appreciate the growth of student desire to determine the course of their own educational program. The past couple of years have seen growing pressure for student representatives on faculty groups, on administrative councils, and on boards of trustees. The problem of university governance is a thorny one, involving legal questions and financial control. Indeed the matter of campus consensus is worth a book in itself. But the difficulties are not excuses for failure to confront them. Students will have more power than merely the power to elect or not to elect courses and professors. They wish to ensure that their rights as individuals are respected; they feel that direct power is the only way to achieve this. Whether or not they can effectively share in the administration or governance of the university is often discussed (and often answered in the negative), but in 1971 some direct power is seen to be imperative.

The American university is at the heart of America. It has a key role to play in the development of American society. The more critical its role, the more critical is the need for thoughtful leaders. The prophets of just a few years ago must be succeeded by prophets of today. If society is to develop properly, we must have prophets to follow in the steps of Clark Kerr and James A. Perkins. Elisha caught the prophet's mantle, but he had to tear his own garment apart before putting on the mantle. May we have prophets of higher education who fear not to tear their own garments in order to lead their people to a better life.

Reviewed by James J. Ruddick

the world's underclasses by the misplaced national priorities of military over humanitarian pursuits. This *is* a kind of violence which no philosophical or political distinctions or definitions should obscure.

In spite of these and other criticisms which could be made, this book is a "must" for any serious study of the problem of violence.

NOTES

1. Vol. XII, No. 4, Feb. 27, 1969, pp. 19-31.
2. Cf. Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, (Doubleday, 1958) p. 26. Recognizing, however, that the ideal is not always the case, Miss Arendt writes in the present book: "Neither violence nor power is a natural phenomenon, that is, a manifestation of the life process; they belong to political realm of human affairs whose essentially human quality is guaranteed by man's faculty of action, the ability to begin something new."
3. *On Understanding Violence Philosophically and Other Essays*, (Harper & Row, 1970) p. 19.

Reviewed by John Modschiedler

Thumb Tripping, by Don Mitchell, Little Brown, 182 pp., $5.95.

Because youth, in general, is the "in" thing these days, there seems to be a new tidalwave of novels by young authors: James Kunen's cause celebre *The Strawberry Statement*, Earl Rausch's *Dirty Pictures From the Prom*, Jonathan Strong's *Tike*. . .

Of late, I've found myself following closely the progress of most of these books. Due in most part to fraternal jealousy, I mentally go over them with a magnifying glass, looking for any youthful flaws that might jump up from the page like an unwanted, adolescent (post-adolescent) blackhead. There are usually a number of them, but I then find myself thinking that at least it was published, and yes, it is a pretty good story, and alright, the characters did work, and yes. . .

Unfortunately, the latter wasn't the case after having finished Don Mitchell's *Thumb Tripping*. In essence, the story is about Chay (short for Charlotte, a name she dislikes), and Gary, two Pennsylvania college students who spend the summer hitching rides around California with an array of characters—Sol and Sandra, who are trying to get Sandra's little nine-year-old boy stoned on grass, Thelma who enjoys returning to a spot on the road with her children where she saw a car fly off the highway a week ago, Diesel, a truck driver who calls uppers vitamins, and is willing to pay Gary twenty dollars if he'll let him try to get Chay into bed, and others who, to an extent, fulfill the public fantasy of the characters that are roaming around in Reagan land. This is fine, and to an extent, Mitchell *has* captured the Bosch-like hues of a populous going mad, yet on the other hand, there is a flaw that pervades, and ultimately hurts the book. Gary, the epitome of the 20th-century-Victorian-ethic'd college boy trying to be hip, is continually finding that being liberal—morally, psychically, and sexually—is far more difficult than he had thought. He is continually overriden by his conscience—"This headache would be bad. Not from the dope alone, but the whole crazy disgusting scene", and often finds himself acting fatherly to his lover Chay, when what she really wants is for him to be her lover and travelling companion, simple as that. In almost every incident, his pangs of doubt keep him from becoming totally involved in what is going on, and he usually tends towards playing the part of disgusted observer.

Chay, on the other hand, appears to be an advocate of Norman O. Brown's polymorphously perverse theory, throwing herself onto each experience like it was *the* big wave at Waikiki. Although she also indulges her libido liberally, her scruples keep her from the freelove set, but Gary continually wonders if she has "gone all the way" while he has been spaced out on one of the innumerable time-capsules or purple tabs that drift through their systems throughout the novel.

Seemingly happy enough with each other to want to make the trip out to California together, Chay and Gary find that their differences cannot be overcome, and in the end, he sets out to hitchhike back to the east, while she is in the process of wiring home for money to fly back with.

Mitchell appears to be saying that adapting to one another and being assimilated into a counter culture is harder than adaptation within an established culture, but this is where the flaw comes in. The reader is continually being confronted by sayings like "Righteous" or "Right On", and these two supposed favorites of the movement's vernacular become so tedious, that you not only get bored with the sayings and the characters who are saying them, but it all becomes one big mush of characters and sayings. The non-individuality of those counter culture characters is stifling, and yet these are the people you know Mitchell is most interested in, and feels the most compassion for. Gary becomes more and more alienated from them, but you become so angry at Gary for his hypocritical behavior that you're not with him. Because of this ambivalence of feelings towards one of the protagonists, I began to feel uncomfortable about the book half-way through, and had to push myself to finish it.

I have never been one for a beginning-middle-end plot scheme for a book, but it seems that Mitchell would have had more to work with if he had used this plan. As it is, the reader is left with little to hold onto, and even less to think about when he finishes the last page.

Reviewed by Jonathan Carroll

The Price of My Soul, by Bernadette Devlin, Vintage, $1.95.

Because of her youth, Bernadette Devlin has been a controversial figure since her election to the British Parliament. *The Price of My Soul* is the product of Miss Devlin's well-timed effort to dispel the myth surrounding her person. First published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., the book is now available in pocket edition (Vintage, $1.95). It is written in easy prose without any scholastic pretense and can be appreciated by the general public.

The historical background of Northern Ireland is sketched vividly enough to make current political problems relevant, and the involvement of thinking young activists in the present day struggle is acceptable as an inevitable reaction to stagnant government policies.

Although Miss Devlin's commitment to the cause is sincere and idealistic, it lacks a sense of realism at times, and her impatience with slow progress becomes overpowering. That internal rift and limited economic possibilities make Northern Ireland's dependency on Great Britain a necessity is completely ignored in Miss Devlin's intellectual battle for reform at any price. Unfortunately, integrity and astuteness are ineffectual weapons in an attack on an established bureaucracy.

Initially, the Irish Civil Rights Movement based its protests on non-violent actions. And every attempt was made to maintain this high standard, in spite of fierce provocations from its adversaries—the Paisleyites, who represent the Protestant faction of the dispute. (The civil rights movement claims to be non-sectarian, although the majority of its followers are Catholics.) Changes in tactics were called for, because of the attitude of the police force, an attitude ranging from total apathy to brutal intervention. The most noteworthy legal development in this regard was the creation of the Special Powers Act in Northern Ireland, which gives the authorities

unlimited power to act; e.g., "offenders" can be arrested without a warrant, imprisonment can be enforced without charge.

As a Member of the British Parliament, Miss Devlin takes her mission seriously and the description of her genuine frustrations with tedious parliamentary procedures is witty. Concern for her constituents is uppermost in her dealings with dignitaries, and this is the distinguishing mark of her career.

The planning and re-planning of the march from Belfast to Derry, the trials and tribulations encountered by the marchers during the ordeal until they finally reached their destination in a state of exhaustion, make interesting reading.

Bernadette Devlin is an ambitious young lady, who likes quick action. In essence, the book is an appeal to her countrymen for reassurance, and an apology for deeds not accomplished. There is no doubt, that this M.P. would utilize her power, if outside influences were nonexistent.

Miss Devlin's zeal and energy are commendable, since social progress is promoted by young people. It will be interesting to see, whether she has the stamina to withstand hardship and defeat indefinitely, or whether her enthusiasm will fizzle out eventually, and she will disappear from the scene with the accumulation of worldly goods, like other revolutionaries have done before her.

Reviewed by Katherine Sieg

Poetry

The Gulf, by Derek Walcott, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50. **Livingdying,** by Cid Corman, New Directions Press, $5.00. **Season of the Oxford Local,** by David Beecher, Tyndall Creek Press, $2.50 paper. **New Poetry Anthology,** edited by Michael Anania, Swallow Press, $2.50 paper. **The Immaculate,** by Allen Katzman, Doubleday, $4.50. **Figure and Field,** by Jean Farley, The University of North Carolina Press, $3.75. **A Chosen Light,** by John Montague, Swallow Press, $5.00. **Meat Air,** by Ron Loewinsohn, Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95. **The Burning Field,** by Mark Perlberg, William Morrow & Co. (Apollo), $1.95, paper.

Derek Walcott (*The Gulf*) has too many fine poems to discuss in this conglomerate review. His voice is both powerful and certain:

> homesick, my desire
> crawled across snow
> like smoke, for its lost fire

One of the volume's best, "Goats & Monkeys," is an Othello-based poem that moves authoratatively through its seven stanzas using appropriate allusions that assist the reader rather than merely inform him of the poet's reading list.

In "Laventille," we see what the poet sees and feel what he feels for his people: "desperate and black." We sense even his ambivalence:

> . . . The black, fawning verger
> his bow tie akimbo, grinning, the clown-gloved
> fashionable wear of those I deeply loved
>
> once, made me look on with hopelessness and rage
> at their new, apish habits, their excess
> and fear, the possessed, the self-possessed;

The language is worthy of the page. The enjambment of "I deeply loved" and the following "once" has the reader sag wistfully, along with the poet. And later: "Something inside is laid wide like a wound" again matches the reader's reaction.

Walcott is at his best when writing within an experience, at his worst when trying to compare an event to the creation of a poem (as he does in "The Bush"—"A Map of the Continent"—"Saturday Morning at the Flying Club" and "A Georgetown Journal").

There is much that remains brand new with Walcott. He makes the moment his own. An example from "Exile"

> the Path unrolling like a dirty bandage,
> the cinema hoardings leer
> in language half the country cannot read.
>
> Yet, when dry winds rattle
> the flags whose bamboo lances bend
> to Hanuman, when, like chattel
> folded in a cloth-knot, the debased
> brasses are tremblingly placed
> on flaking temple lintels,
> when the god stamps his bells
> and smoke writhes its blue arms
> for your lost India,
>
> the old men, threshing rice,
> rheum-eyed, pause,
> their brown gaze flecked with chaff,
> their loss chafed by the raw
> whine of the cinema-van calling the countryside
> to its own dark devotions,
> summoning the drowned from oceans
> of deep cane. The hymn
> to Mother India whores its lie.
> Your memory walks by its soft-spoken
> path, as flickering, broken,
> Saturday jerks past like a cheap film.

The "dirty bandage" road and the Saturday that "jerks past like a cheap film" combine to contain the beautifully sustained seventeen line section that rolls on and on, using more than eighty words as they were coined to be used.

Derek Walcott's book, like any good work, should be shared. There's not a bad poem in it.

Cid Corman (*Livingdying*), in the fifth section of his book, delivers some stunning beginnings, endings and middles but no complete poems. Perhaps they are too short. Perhaps they should be combined. Perhaps.

Brevity works better for him in the preceding pages: Especially in "The Journal"

> I shall go out
> again and find
> a tree, trees, pines,
> mountains of pine
>
> If my silence
> succeeds in song,
> you will hear of
> it from the winds.

The building up of "a tree, trees, pines, mountains of pines" and the final statement are given with ease and humility, purity and economy of language.

Less successful is "The Poet"—the whole idea could be alluded to, briefly, as a minor comment in a better poem.

> In that
> cold he is
> known by
>
> like his
> friend the wind
> sweeping
>
> shadows
> along a
> summit

laughing
at himself
laughing.

A poem entitled "Aunt Rose" begins well and then falters in the second (which is also the last) stanza:

Condolences for
one who painted her
flesh against the years.

Against the years what
words? Death's countenance
brooks no epithet.

That must certainly be merely a beginning of something far better to follow. There must be more to say. There must be more to the woman for us to cherish, one way or the other.

"The Blessing" is slim but good—good partly because of its slimness:

At the temple
on the hill
a slat from an
old crate requiring
visitors to
dress properly
(not in underwear)
for this place

not to make noise
nor swipe the moss nor
litter the ground
nor loiter

We go—passing
plaques of Buddha
blessing us
for doing nothing.

The book needs a lot of pruning. Many of the shorter poems are written in an oblique diction badly in need of translation. They would probably be better as chunks of relaxed prose. It's as if Mr. Corman suddenly (and often) remembers that he is writing for poetry readers. And that awful reminder makes him ask: "How might I best intone these musings?" Instead of saying: "Now, what do I want to tell them?"

He needs to write more poems like the eighth selection (untitled) in Section IV:

Mother, you will die.
In a few years, more
or less. I have the

doctor's word for it.
What is there to say
or see or do? Day

extends day. Body
bends to earth to drink
a dish of shadow.

David Beecher *(Season of the Oxford Local)* tells us, in his book's preface, that many friends urged him to put his work "in such condition as would preserve it until a tangible interest in wishing to read and understand it should develop." Better advice would have been to keep writing until some tangible work developed. He also speaks of the "actual experience of knowing—in a poem, the aesthetic jolt." There are no jolts here, only winces. For instance, in a poem called "The Park," we experience pain as we witness rhyme in the act of rupturing the common declarative:

The flowers green, the gravel, and the pond
Were all that I remembered of the park.
Of all New York, this area was I fond:
Preferring to a taxi horn, a lark.

Ouch! At times (in "Published Ghosts" and "The Silver Lute") he almost forgets himself. The poems begin to move easily, but he regains his composure, and dulls them down with stilted language and a curious pomposity.

In "Broadside on Infallibility" the reader is dragged through a long exercise in birthday-card versification:

On Thanksgiving Day in sixty and two
I have very little else to do
Except to pen a villainous word
On what I've seen and what I've heard

The metaphor is missing in most of the poems. Instead, we find allusions by the lineful crowding their way into the work as though to prove that Mr. Beecher is a real smart fella. We don't care about all that. He wants us to believe he has visions, but even he admits the flaming chalice on an alter might well have been the reflected rays of the morning sun. There is a falseness here. Very little compassion, illumination, power, sincerity, honesty. This may be a man in the process of becoming a poet, but at the moment, his self-appointed membership in a group including Yeats and Thomas is simply ludicrous. Mr. Beecher would be well advised to keep his manuscript hidden beneath a bushel until it is able to give off at least the light of these good lines from his "Figurine and Figure"

(While an old washerwoman, faded
But with a bright straw Easter hat,
Engages to re-buy a diamond ring),

Above all this hangs an emblem scene
Of Esther mourning, painfully grieving,
For lost Sunday afternoons at Coney Island,
For years at dim-lit PS 40.

Painted with two eyes over a cheekbone
And that a brilliant lavender.
Gashed with a blue-green mouth
Under the lobe of the left ear.

Barbara Harr is the best of the lot, that lot being the *New Poetry Anthology*. Dennis Schmitz is good, also, but you'd never know it from the selections presented here. He came off much better in the Paul Carroll anthology (1968) with such poems as "If I Could Meet God"—"Before the Coming of Winter" and "The Rabbit Leaves." In the present collection, Schmitz has allowed disappointing stuff to represent him:

keys
know each other release
some kiss keep
those who fell
away those who open
exits from the wall-
paper we take counsels too
late

Miss Harr is too loose at times, almost too brief at other times. But her talent is obvious, as seen in stanza one of "Rapid Transit"

A mile away, the subways rise
into the light, and move among
the leaning stairs of tenements:
close to a quarrel in a house,
children at supper, worn-out loves
asleep behind a broken shade.

William Moebius probably has his faithful readers. There has been a market for this strain of poetry; and strained it is. Partially lofty, dutifully long, generously heavy in prose, it is —all in all—unsuccessful.

Peter Michelson (poet) has an annoying (and constant) habit of using the parenthetical for afterthoughts (sometimes) and thoughts (other times). It works less than it fails (as you

might expect). The result is confusion rather than satisfaction (or even amusion) (which probably is part of the purpose) (but one can't be sure about a thing like that). There's poetry in there somewhere, and it's probably interesting. (But it's hard to say). Anyway (as far as the parentheticals are concerned), they should all go, and therefore are enclosed herein: (((((((((((((((((((())))))))))))))))))))

James McMichael's work jumps from the page only once, in a sequence called "What to Do When the River Freezes." The rest of the time, the words and lines move only toward themselves. Hopefully he's on the outskirts of more graveyards and new beginnings such as he uses in "12/25: In A Graveyard: Bodie, California"

Dead one, was it here you hunted?
Below me by half a hill,
A buck noses through the freezing powder,
Quite careless of history,
Of you or me.

Richard Lourie likes parentheticals also (remember those?). His prose-poems tend to have little to say but say it anyway. "On Visitation Day" suggests good things to come after the prose and parentheticals wear off.

Charles Doria must have better poems than these. This batch suggests something of worth, but never quite shows it. For the most part, all we have here is a cumbersome prose.

If a third poet were to be listed with Harr and Schmitz, it would have to be Michael Anania. He, like McMichael, works well at gravesides. He rises at times to a level of poetic expression that verges on the unique. And often, he gives us lines that stand alone on the page as though written in a different colored ink:

I beat my arms in the air
like a cartoon cat finding
that my ladder is gone

But Michael Anania is also responsible for the anthology, and for that he must answer to many. It is certainly not a fair sampling of the best of the bookless poets. It just isn't.

Allen Katzman *(The Immaculate)* gets off some good shots during the first seventy pages of his book, but it's an uphill battle all the way. Most of the entries belong in a prose diary: truths that are not true enough to matter much, dull language anticipating punchlines that don't matter enough, unclear images ("Outside, a clothesline creaks/ rhythmically// and makes love."), name-dropping that fails to interest, misallusions (referring to Kafka's metamorphic peddler as "Samon" instead of *Samsa*), and a poorly managed technique (well-used sometimes by Gary Snyder) that depends on the listing of ingredients for a poem to be constructed by the reader as he reads. All of these faults would be far less devastating when discovered in a private journal. (Or in the poet/editor's newspaper: *The East Village Other*).

Early in the volume, we run across the poem: "Oh, Eastern Wind America Hates Her Crazies!!" That may be true enough, but it seems to keep Mr. Katzman off balance for a good deal of the book.

Near the end of the prementioned seventy pages, the poet begins to emerge. We find two poems that go their own way very well ("The Wife" and "Love Poem 6"). The first is the more complete:

If she had it all to
do again

she would have more
excuses for

loving him like
peculiar trees.

Which is to say
were not

for growing but
confinement

and kept him busy
raking the dead leaves.

The rest of the book, a section called: *The Comanche Cantos,* is very well written, extremely well written. The voice is constant. There is pride, great compassion, and an appropriate envy working for the poet. The sequence opens:

The Indian moves from the center to
the edge of the field.
He uses the old instruments; horse

and plow, the way the
wind eats the furrows.

His modern dress will not stop him.
He leaves a legacy of dirt

as he moves from the center to the
edge.

He goes home. He sleeps.

He will trust the rain.

Another selection from the *Cantos*, again untitled:

They stand at the river's edge. The man
stalks fish in the river.
The woman waits while the sun goes down.

Twilight covers their intentions: He stalks
but the river is dry. The land
is bare.

He turns; there is need of a woman.
He falls upon her, her back is bare
against the earth.

They never talk of love. They wait.

Their bodies meet the sun at the dark edge.

There is a power veining through the *Cantos* that Allen Katzman found within himself somehow. It doesn't cater to the Crazies or anybody else. It deals with the point of it all: man stripped naked, alone in the middle of a vacant field, whispering his words to a wind. Katzman knows the place. He should do all his writing there.

Jean Farley *(Figure and Field)* knows how to end a poem. Not just the last line, now; that's often quite easy. She has the last lines, the closing images, and the good sense to get out of the poem on time. There are two best poems in the volume. One is "Fall Planting"—the other ("Bed Rider") ends with these third and fourth stanzas:

All day my legs lie sunken in cloth.
My forearms crossed upon my chest
Are helves the women put aside
While with their fingers and their biddy eyes
They tend my body like a garden.
Its crops are more dreadful than dust—
And there at night reopen the craterous sores
Which they discuss.

Scritch-scratch, scritch-scratch they go
And in each abrasion they savor
The barren outermost lands
I long ago lost—
Old cabbage head tossed in a sea
Of senseless, solitary fault,
I feel the water lapping, loosening
The innermost leaves of my thought.

Powerful! All that quiet terror and helplessness, those Mac-

Bethian witch-women fingering the garden of her body. And how about the garden? Is there an intended mental juxtapositioning of the poem's scene and that of Mister McGregor's frightening compound? Those "biddy eyes" and the "Old cabbage head" and the "crops" and "leaves" and "water lapping" —not to mention the identical sound heard by Peter: "Scritch-scratch, scritch-scratch." Everything works in the poem, even the magical transformation of "discuss." It changes to "disgust" and back to "discuss" before our very eyes. Slant rhyme works well for Mrs. Farley, but then she is somehow able to make most things work for her, most of the time.

Now and then, the poems become stiff in an unsatisfyingly classical way ("Cathedral Town"). And at times, individual poems do not (in their present form) rival the better known poems they call to mind: "The Night Horse" is not James Wright's "A Blessing"—and "Baucis & Philemon" is not in the league of Richard Wilbur's "The Pardon." But there are other, better poems in the volume which now set up their own challenge of measurement. Among these: "Night Riders"—"Like Pinocchio"—"Nguyen Van Troi"—"She Sees Pallbearers Coming on Snow" and "Film" (quoted, in part, here:)

That running man, there,
Half a block away in my brain—
A trick of blackness, gulping
The distance before him, healing behind—
Trips a hidden land mine of pigeons.
They explode and wheel among buildings;

We never get very close to Mrs. Farley. There are moments when we begin to see her life, but she keeps pulling shades. We see what she feels and feel what she sees; seldom do we feel with her or see with her. That's a fact of her poetry—poetry that is awfully good in spite of what could be a telling restriction.

In the book's final offering, the reader is isolated in his own agonizing death:

NOWHERE

It happens all the time:
A man will leave his house
One winter morning in the usual way,
The cold knob clings an instant to his hand,
The least twig of the smallest bush
Is stiff in the dazzling light.
A clear path of his old footprints
Breaks the ripples of the frozen snow
But he has loitered too long inside:
The nearest figure is far away.
He goes to speak and in his mouth
He finds a foreign tongue, fumbling
Outlandish familiar words
With all the gestures of the acutely dumb.
Hundreds of thousands of gallons
Of cold still air
Shout in his alien ears
Fit themselves to his face
Funnel
Pour in
Flood him away in a language
He never knew before, his own
Dazzling black roar.

John Montague (*A Chosen Light*) stands before us quite willing to share part of his life. Not all. There are those secrets held in his fist that nobody's going to get. We learn it quickly enough in "That Room" when we are kept from knowing what it was that made "shameless sorrow start." We are told only that *they* "must suffer the facts of self;/no one will ever know/ What happened in that room/ ... that day/ Love's claims made chains of time and place/ To bind us together more: equal in adversity." And that (says John) is that. There's mystery and a touch of private delight in the ancestral Irish melancholy: a blend of dark guilt and lonely joy. The root of man's pain is again made none of our business in "A Private Reason"

Both of us sad, for a private reason,
We found the perfect silence for it

Later, in the same poem, we are given more information on Irish grief rather than gossip concerning their sadness: "There is a sad formality in the Gallic dance, / Linking a clumsy calligraphy of footsteps/ With imagined princes, absorbing sorrow/ In a larger ritual . . .

The book's dedicatory poem defines its maker somewhat:

My love, while we talked
They removed the roof. Then
They started on the walls,
Panes of glass uprooting
From timber, like teeth.
But you spoke calmly on,
Your example of courtesy
Compelling me to reply.
When we reached the last
Syllable, nearly accepting
Our positions, I saw that
The floorboards were gone:
It was clay we stood upon.

It is a book of mood changes, and we are allowed to see many of them. The poems give hints of the man much the way the works of Theodore Roethke and James Dickey reveal their owners. There is a measure of both men in Montague: some of Roethke's sadness, and some of Dickey's incredible use of words. And yet, Montague is his own man doing his own work in his own way:

A CHARM

When you step near
I feel the dark hood
Descend, a shadow
Upon my mind.

One thing to do,
Describe a circle
Around, about me,
Over, against you:

The hood is still there
But my pupils burn
Through the harsh folds.
You may return

Only as I wish.
But how my talons
Ache for the knob
Of your wrist.

There are a few curbstones in the book that tend to trip the reader, but they are few and, for the most part, harmless: parentheticals that are mostly prose and therefore tend to become the easy way out: "(or wherever the great middle-/Class morality does not prevail)". There are also some bothersome enquoted words and phrases, all acceptable, yet damaging to the poems nonetheless ("good thing"—"decent" —"self-respecting"). And at times it is difficult to see the justification for some of the technical moves: some enjambment and ambiguity seem accidental.

"The Road's End" is one of the longest and weakest in the volume. It is a disappointing work because it could have been such a beautiful slice of sod. It hints at its own possibilities with such things as:

'I like to look across,' said
Barney Horisk, leaning on his slean,
'And think of all the people
who have bin.'

Other portions of the poem carry the same kind of promise: ". . . the slopes/ are strewn with cabins, emptied/ in my lifetime" . . . ."and someone/ Has propped a yellow cartwheel/ Against the door."

But the poem never grabs ahold of the total experience: not a case of the poet's hand-held secrets this time, just an instance of suggestion rather than revelation.

Then we meet "Witness" where it all happens once again, successfully. We see the house, enter the rooms, and stand near the "old man, hands clenched/ On rosary beads, and a hawthorne stick" as he prepares to sign his will:

> Suddenly important again, as long before.
> Cannily aware of his final scene too,
> With bald head swinging like a stone
> In irresistible statement: "It's rightly theirs"
> Or: "They'll never see a stick of mine."
>
> Down in the kitchen, husband and wife
> Watched white ash form on the hearth,
> Nervously sharing my cigarettes,
> While the child wailed in the pram
> And a slow dark overcame fields and farm.

"In Clear the Way" we get the free-wheeling Irishman we knew was on the way to tell it like it has to be told. There is far too much to quote, so off to the volume with ya with only these teasing few tidbits: (stanzas one and four)

> Jimmy Drummond used bad language at school
> All the four-letter words, like a drip from a drain.
> At six he knew how little children were born
> As well he might, since his mother bore nine,
> Six after her soldier husband left for the wars.
>
> Her only revenge on her hasty lovers
> Was to call each child after its father,
> Which the locals admired, and seeing her saunter
> To collect the pension of her soldier husband
> Trailed by her army of baby Irregulars.

There are poems that are sanctuaries for the poet rather than for the reader: "Hill Field"—"Henhouse"—"A Bright Day"—"The Answer"—"Forge" and "Time Out."

"Waiting" is a three-part memory that improves in the second and outdoes itself in the third stanza. "Wayside Crucifix" is a preparatory move toward the poem that follows it ("The Cage"). We find ourselves uncomfortably in the presence of a son attempting to speak of his dead father's life which was spent, for the most part, in a subway. It is a poem not to be picked at, only read. The closing scene hangs on in the memory:

> I see his bald head behind
> the bars of the small booth;
> the mark of an old car
> accident beating on his
> forehead: a mystic wound.

"Family Conference" adds still more to the father's portrait while looking in the direction of his wife's condition:

> The latch creaks with the voice
> Of a husband, the crab of death
> Set in his bowels, even the soft moon
> Caught in the bathroom window
> Is a grieving woman, her mother
> Searching for home in the Asylum.

Montague's poems make a difference. That can't really be said too often these days. The whole book deserves good readings.

Ron Loewinsohn *(Meat Air)* hasn't done much to improve the literary level of lavatory-wall-verse, but he must be trying somewhat. His new book covers a dozen years' output and seems to be, in part, a result of his statement in a poem called "Art for Art's Sake"

> —I just got tired of telling
> people I haven't written in months

Later in that poem: "as long as you are there to listen/ you should have some thing / from me, to hear."

Much of the book satisfies that premise. Generally, the poet is presented at his worst. We see a shadow of the pitiful kid *trying to convince the big guys that he's been around the* same corners they have. But the clumsy use of their slanguage betrays him. They know that the doers do what they do without doing it quite so loudly.

Loewinsohn also comes off as a sloppy craftsman. As an afterthought to one selection he tells us: "at $4.65 an hour I just made a dollar-seventeen writing this poem." Appropriately enough the title: $1.17.

We learn a lot about the poet. For instance, we know that he can write good poems, even very good poems, if he feels like it. "The Silken Tents"—"Against the Silences to Come" and parts of "The Sidewalk" come to mind. As does the finely-etched character study: "The (World-dark) Insane" (excerpted here)

> . . . who cried. Out. To her, not
> even for help, but a
> sound from the blackest part of the dark
> that was the doorway of her room
>
> a broken, sobbing, choked-off
> wail
> of some being. . .

Good writing. We easily see through the other facade—the one of the tuff-guy-wid-de-broads-dat-like-him-da-way-he-talks-or-dey-git-outa-bed. That all falls away when he forgets about it for a second. Then the poems begin.

The other poems (and there are many) don't fail because they deal with the four-letter collection. They fail because the words are used inappropriately. They pop up in poems instead of better, available words. The result is that only the word, arriving like a piece of gravel in chewing gum, remains—the poem, its intent, its total image disappear.

At times there is great compassion (for a dead prostitute, for instance), and at other times no compassion whatever ("The Distractions; The Music"):

> . . . his bare hands up, uselessly, in front
> of him as the weight of the other's
> fists tore thru them shutting
> his eyes, laying open the skin
> of his face—his back
> in a shuddering spasm as
> the heavy foot tore up into
> his crotch. . .

He sees the event from the safety of his moving car as "a dark instant/ etched into my brain." Does he stop to help? Call an ambulance? Hell, no! Roll up the window, get the poem down fast, and stay in the righthand lane unless you have to pass.

And tenderness even lifts its hidden head:

SCRAMBLED EGGS

> I want a farmhouse that looks like a kitchen,
> with saddles & piles of shantung silk.
> Out beyond the fields the setting moon
> got tangled in the linden trees.
> *I saw it all from the attic window: that the robins*
> *were so fat they had to walk,*
> that the oaken table was round as a bottle,
> that you were there & I scrambled us some eggs
> in the middle of the night.

That poem works beautifully without any of the favorite words blasting their way into the structure.

"Thrown in the Air" is about as base as anyone would wish Loewinsohn to be, if one were to wish that for him. "Air"

(the second poem so titled in the book) makes the act of love as grotesque as a roto-rooter's path through the clogged sewers of Times Square.

The end of the book seems to trouble its author. Perhaps he's not quite sure that he's gone far enough to really convince us of his ability to use the words that matter most to him—for whatever reason. (Some would suggest faulty toilet training). There's much waste in many of these poems.

In "Paean" (do you get it?—you will.) we hear the praise for the music of liquid excrement here on earth and in outer space. The result is suitable for framing and hanging in rest rooms: MEN and WOMEN. No need for quoting lines here; watch for the full text in your local tavern, first door on the right.

Mark Perlberg (*The Burning Field*) seems to carry a heavy weight of suffering with him. And yet, somehow he is able to gather himself up to say what he has to say. Jarrell had that heaviness. Merwin and Silkin have it now, among others. It's not a bad thing to have—for poetry. But it's not what everyone hopes to find.

Anyway, the result—in Perlberg's case—is a powerful, intensely personal kind of writing, loving without being sentimental.

Too often, the poems are too pat in structure. There's almost a formula working then: (1) set the scene (2) involve the reader (3) deliver the punch. Often satisfying, the technique nonetheless suggests that a break in the three-step might create something better. "Prismatic"—"Island Morning"—"The Cry"—"The Picture" and "Winter Morning" are examples of formula poems. There is another flaw, a common one: poems that end up being ideas for poems rather than poems:

GREEN BAY

Sweet is the curtain of the water
That rustles at my feet
Over glistening stones.

IN FEBRUARY

Light fills the green shafts of the hyacinth
That blooms intricately pink in the window
Against falling snow.

There are poems in the collection that probably needed writing, but are private rather than public. "To Katherine Eve" is a recollection of a moment more important to the poet than to those with whom he offers to share it.

The title poem ("The Burning Field") is—hopefully—a midway draft of a better poem to come. "A quarter of a century" isn't long enough, in this case. The observer needs more time, more mellowing. There's too much fatty tissue separating the lasting fibre. An instance of fat:

When I was a boy and came summer after summer
To this island, with its shore of rock and sand,
And its hills of green,
I walked on paths that led through the woods
To this field, where I watched the island team
Play ball with men from other islands
Down the bay.

An instance of fibre:

What a strange sight for gulls the field must make,
As they tack in the wind, straining their necks
With absolute animal seriousness
At the blank rectangular glare cut in the woods
Where shade should flourish.

One of the best in the volume is "For A Dead Lady"—an unabashed longing for a life ended too soon. The woman he'd met but once dies after giving birth to her "final child"

Then the rose of the fever flamed and you slid in the dark
Toward the cottage in the tall trees
Where firelight glowed in a low window.
The door opened as you approached: warmth flooded the fields,
And sweetly singing, lady,
You walked in.

There are many poems of Perlberg's to be read and reread. Some favorites: "How the Summers Were"—"The Map of Love". And "Last Snow"

From his plateau of death
He watched the scaly river flow away
Far below us, and saw the trees that seemed to be shrunk
In the hospital garden.
His hands of starch were open on the coverlet,
The veins, in the withdrawing light, fallen still;
And propped, humped with pillows at the window,
He observed that his last snow had begun
To slide into the river of the grey scales
And whiten the corners of the windless garden.

Reviewed by Dan Masterson

Music

FALLA—FOLKLORIST OF SPAIN

In the crypt of the Cathedral of Cádiz lie the remains of the most universal of Spain's composers, Manuel de Falla (1876-1946).

The popularity of his "Ritual Fire Dance" has too often left other works unrecalled, although there are few who have not responded to the vibrant "El Sombrero de Tres Picos," "La Vida Breve," or the heady evocations of "Nights in the Gardens of Spain."

But another dimension to the career of this enigmatic composer has remained essentially undiscovered by those outside the enclave of Spanish music. Falla was an ethno-musicologist of first rank.

Along with his compatriots Albeniz, Granados and Turina, Falla tramped across the Pyrenees to the psychedelic splendors of Paris, where they joined the young giants of the time who were attracted by the raging war of liberation then being waged in the arts. Although they differed among themselves as to where the future might lie—(Was it to be in the Elysian camp of the Wagnerians, or the nebulous realm of the Debussyists?) they remained steadfast to a man, in their dedication to the cause of "nationalism" in Spanish music.

This *cause celebre* achieved only vague realization, owing in part to a lack of awareness of the ethnic, social and musical foundations of the folk arts, and to the impracticality of self-imposed "national" restrictions. Of this group, perhaps Falla alone succeeded *in* "universalizing" rather than "nationalizing" Spanish music. Yet it was he who learned more of the folk origins of Spanish music than his colleagues, who frequently reflected mere hispanicisms from a distance: the very criticism they often leveled at foreign composers who wrote "in the Spanish style."

Falla was not content with simple adaptation of folk tunes to concert settings. As a perfectionist in everything he attempted, he demanded of himself the discipline of the research scholar before he would assign his ideas to paper.

Adjacent to his career as composer, Falla enjoyed prose writing. With a facility for words and a talent for music, it was logical for him to combine these interests in the study of Iberian musicology. Falla's musicological essays have been published under the general title "Escritos sobre música y músicos." These excellent essays have not yet appeared in translation. His essay on *Cante Jondo* is by far the most scholarly study of this folk art from a historical and musical viewpoint. It was originally published in conjunction with the first

Contest for Singers of Cante Jondo held at the Centro Artístico in Granada, June, 1922.

According to Falla, *cante jondo* or "deep song," was the musical assimilation of diverse cultural elements stemming from three distinct historical occurrences. . . the adoption by the Spanish church of Byzantine chant, the Moorish invasion and the immigration and establishment of numerous bands of gypsies in Andalucia during the fifteenth century. Granada was, and continues to be, the home of *cante jondo*.

Falla's tonal analysis led him to believe that *cante jondo* originated in ancient India and had been brought to Spain virtually intact, the Moors adding little more to its development than ornamental embellishments. Like his mentor Pedrell, Falla recognized in *cante jondo* the underlying structure of the tonal systems common to both the Orient and Persia.

He was quick to differentiate between *cante jondo* and *flamenco*. Even at the time of his writing, Falla despaired of the fate of *cante jondo* (or *canto primitivo andaluz*, as he preferred to call it.) It had degenerated into what he considered "ridiculous *flamenquismos*." There were few living *cantaores* at the turn of the century. Recorded examples of the *cante jondo* heard by Falla are exceedingly rare today. What we hear in the flamenco songs of today are but echos of the ancient art. Even so, we are indebted to Falla for his crucial examination of *cante jondo* during its later stages of existence.

The confusion which commonly exists today between flamenco and *cante jondo* was only too apparent to Falla. He considered as *cante jondo*, a group of Andalusian songs, of which the *siguiriya gitana* represents the prototype. Other songs in this category would include *polos*, *martinetes* and *soleares*. The more modern Spanish songs that comprise the bulk of *flamencos*, are *coplas*, such as the *malagueña*, *rodeña*, *sevillana*, *petenera*, etc.

It was only upon exposure to Western music that *cante jondo* began its decline and was assimilated by other forms, especially those of Western music. The natural rhythmic divisions and subdivisions of the ancient modalities had gradually given way to the use of artificial ornamental embellishments grafted onto the modern major and a minor scales. Falla saw in this a parallel to what had already happened in Italian vocal music. As an essentially vocal art, *cante jondo* was subjected to the effort by singers to extend their ranges and to arouse their audiences with florid improvisations. The concert singer or *cantante* eventually lost the purity of style of the folk *cantaor*.

There is no reason to expect that *cante jondo* has been completely assimilated, even today. Throughout its many epochs of geo-migration, the essential structure has somehow remained fairly intact and is the recognizable foundation of *canto andaluz*.

While the gypsies of Granada were no less opposed than the Italians to the rewards engendered by titillating their audiences with the most lavish vocal embellishments, they recognized such theatrical devices for what they were, while jealously guarding the basic music as a uniquely personal heritage that was theirs alone.

This characteristic is emphasized many times throughout Falla's writings and is also illustrated by an incident that occurred during the first performance of "El Amor Brujo" at the Teatro Lara in Madrid on April 15, 1915.

Falla had known the family of the great Pastora Imperio (La Argentina) for many years. He had frequently visited them to hear Pastora's mother sing the old Andalusian folksongs. The entire family perfomed in the opera at its premier. Although it was received with generally bad reviews, and was considered by many critics as "thoroughly un-Spanish," the gypsies themselves were delighted both with their own performances and the bad reviews, and made it a point to tell Falla how much they loved the music because "it was their very own."

The gypsy tribes that settled around Granada during the fifteenth century established themselves in small communities outside the walls of the city. Referred to as *castellanos nuevos*, they were to an extent, excluded from polite society and therefore retained many of their folkways.

Even in Morrocco and Tunisia, where the folk dances are obviously of Arabian origin, certain dances can be recognized as being essentially derived from the same origins as the dances of Andalucia such as *sevillanas*, *zapateados*, *seguidillas*, etc. They are referred to as "música andaluza de los moros de Granada."

The subtle tonalities of *cante jondo*, as reflected in the "siguiriya" (sometimes *seguiriya*), are also found in Byzantine chant. These modal tonalities are at times similar but distinct from early Greek modes. There is also an enharmonic function of the leading tone seventh that escapes the tonal gravity of Western music. This allows the melodic line to enjoy a greater modulatory flexibility than occurs anywhere in occidental music.

In this sense, of course, we are considering "modulation" not as the simple passing from one *tonality* to another, but in the context of the early Indian *gamas*, in which the smallest intervals of a melodic series correspond to the slightest elevations and depressions of the voice. In a series of seven tones, three were considered fixed while the remaining four were allowed free melodic alteration. The notes of attack and resolution of many phrases were therefore left altered. This is exactly what occurs in *cante jondo*.

The gypsies provided a new modality to *cante jondo* as an outgrowth of their contacts with Eastern cultures. This refers to their music as much as to their language. Indeed, the two can hardly be separated. Although it has been said by Europeans that "Africa begins south of the Pyrenees," it cannot be denied that Europe encompasses the Iberian peninsula. For this reason, *canto andaluz* is perhaps the only "European" musical form that preserves both in style and structure a folk heritage of Eastern origin.

As a fastidious and properly formal person throughout his life, Falla strove to guard the purity of *canto andaluz* no less zealously than the most intrepid *castellano nuevo*. In his instructions to singers at the Cante Jondo Contest, he solemnly warned them against attempting to "concertize," and reminded them that the prizes would be awarded to *cantaores*, not *cantantes*. Yet this was the same Manuel de Falla who, working entirely within the confines of the tempered scale, evoked the very heart and soul of *canto andaluz* in his "Nights in the Gardens of Spain."

Reviewed by Dennis Starin

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT BONAZZI is the editor of *Latitudes*, and is presently teaching English in a ghetto high school in Brooklyn. His fiction and more than 100 poems have appeared in a wide range of publications.

DOUGLAS BLAZEK has published more than 16 books of poetry, and his poems have appeared in such magazines as *Kayak*, *Prism* and *Tri-Quarterly*.

MARYLOU BUCKLEY, an alumna of Radcliffe and former staff worker for Time and Life, Inc., is a writer of special materials for universities, presently working at Boston College. Her verse has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *America*, and *Beloit Poetry Journal*.

JERRY BUMPUS, an assistant professor of English at Eastern Washington State College, is co-director of a writers' workshop. He has published a novel, *Anaconda*, and many short stories.

JONATHAN CARROLL, a former assistant literary editor at *Harper's Bazaar*, is a Senior in English at Rutger's University.

LILLIE D. CHAFFIN won the International Poetry Prize for her book, *A Stone For Sisyphus*. The editors of *Twigs* recently published their interview with her about her writing.

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON, formerly NOR editor-at-large, is a widely published novelist and poet, and has also written film scripts. He is presently an associate professor of English at Loyola.

BEN L. COLLINS is finishing a book, *Irony in Literature*, at the University of North Dakota where he is a professor of English. He has previously published about two dozen articles in literary journals both here and abroad.

JULIA DOUGLASS is a young poet and writer currently working on her first novel.

IGNATIUS J. D'AQUILA, a painter and graphic artist who has had six one-man shows of his paintings and drawings in Louisiana and Texas, is presently chairman of the Visual Arts Department at Loyola University.

HUGH FOX, now teaching in the Department of American Thought and Language at Michigan State University, is experimenting in mixed genres; he has taught in Mexico, Venezuela and Argentina, and published two critical works and articles in American and Venezuelan periodicals.

EDWARD GOLD is a lecturer at the University of Maryland, and Book Editor of the *Chesapeake Weekly Review*.

BROTHER ALEXIS GONZALES, currently with the Department of Speech and Drama at Loyola, was featured in *Life* last year for his previous work with the Antonion Creative Theatre in San Antonio. He is the NOR editor-at-large.

THOMAS A. GRANGE is an instructor of English at Louisiana State University in New Orleans, and previously wrote a drama review column for the New Orleans underground paper, *The Word*.

JAMES HIETTER received his M.A. in creative writing from San Francisco State last year, and is currently giving poetry readings and seminars in colleges and high schools in New England.

THOMAS KRETZ has just returned from three years of teaching in Osorno, Chile. His work has been published in *New York Times*, *Commonweal*, and *Canadian Forum*.

GREG KUZMA is a widely published poet, editor of *Pebble*, and a contributing editor of *Prairie Schooner*.

JOHN L'HEUREUX, staff editor for the *Atlantic Monthly*, has just published his fifth book of poems, *No Place For Hiding*. He will publish a novel this year as well.

C. J. McNASPY, former fine-arts editor for *America*, is the author of *A Guide to Christian Europe* and other books.

LEWIS B. MAYHEW, a professor at Stanford, is an eminent educator and frequently published spokesman for radical change in education.

DAN MASTERSON's essay "The Whimbrelian Mister Wilbur" and a number of poems (two of which appeared in the NOR) have recently been anthologized. He is an assistant professor of English at New York's Rockland Community College where he teaches modern poetry and creative writing.

PETER MEINKE, an associate professor of literature at Florida Presbyterian College, is the author of two children's books. He also wrote the UMPAW pamphlet on *Howard Nemerov.*

KARL A. MENNINGER, the world famous psychiatrist and author of numerous landmark books in the area of psychoanalysis and criminology, is most lately author of *The Crime of Punishment.*

JOHN C. MODSCHIEDLER is an instructor in the Religious Studies Program, Department of Theology and Religion, Loyola University, where he is conducting a seminar on the problems of violence and nonviolence.

JAMES J. RUDDICK, S. J., is chairman of the Department of Physics at Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y. He is a trustee of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N.J. During 1970-71 he is a visiting professor at Loyola University.

BARTON LEVI ST. ARMAND, an assistant professor of English and American Civilization at Brown University has published one book of poems, and has received an award from the Academy of American Poets.

KATHERINE SIEG, raised abroad, educated in England, and currently living in the United States, aspires to be a writer. This is her first publication.

DENNIS STARIN has studied music at the Peabody Conservatory and at Julliard. He has written many articles both in English and Spanish, and has done considerable research in the field of regional folklore.

FRANCIS SULLIVAN is a Jesuit priest teaching Religion at Loyola. He has published in *Poetry Northwest, Hiram Poetry Journal* and the *Yale Review.*

JAMES SWINNEN, currently teaching in New Orleans, has published poems in several small magazines.

JAMES TIPTON, a regular contributor to the NOR, has had some 100 poems, translations, and stories published in the U.S., Belgium, and Argentina.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE, renowned since 1915 as British historian and author, in addition to many other publications has written several works dealing with the impact of religion on history.

* * *

The following contributors were inadvertently ommitted from the Notes on Contributors in Vol. II, No. 2:

JOHN MORRESSY, who teaches English at Franklin Pierce College, has published two previous novels. "Till Our Jaws Did Ache" is part of a novel now in progress.

JAROLD RAMSEY is exploring the roots of Northwest Indian mythology, and is "in love with the tautological in poetry: celebrating the obvious." He teaches at the University of Rochester in New York.

VLADIMIR SEDURO has taught Russian literature in the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. since 1936, and has published articles in French, Russian, German and American journals.

RICHARD SHACKELFORD has won awards for both his poetry and his fiction; this is his first publication in the NOR. He is presently working on a novel: *A One-Legged Man To Dance.*

LEON STOKESBURY is working in the MFA program at the University of Arkansas, and has taken part in the Writer's Conference in the Rocky Mountains and the Breadloaf Writer's Conference.

JAMES TIPTON, a regular contributor to the NOR, has had some 100 poems, translations and stories published in the U.S., Belgium, and Argentina.

JOHN WHEATCROFT, who teaches at Bucknell University, has published two volumes of poetry, and articles in various American periodicals. His play, "Ofoeti," won an Alcoa Playwriting Award and a National Educational Television Award.

R. T. WILKINSON is teaching and studying at Washington State University, and has published poetry in several major journals.

HARALD WYNDHAM is a teaching fellow at Bowling Green University, and co-editor of the coming magazine *Brown Paper Bag.*

the
new
orleans
review

LOYOLA
UNIVERSITY

published by
loyola university,
new orleans

vol. 2 / no. 3 / $1.25