THE CARLETON

Miscellany

- A SOUTHERN MODE OF THE IMAGINATION
  An Essay by Allen Tate
- JOURNALS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND AND DISNEYLAND
  By Louis Coxe, Philip Sheridan, James B. Hall
- A HUMANITIES PROFESSOR RECKONS WITH THE FOURTH DIMENSION
  —Wayne Booth
- 32 POEMS AND 2 STORIES

$500 Story and Essay Contest

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Not sure about contributor columns—Shakespeare born 1564. Anyway we're not organized *up* to it. But here goes:

AMBROSE GORDON, JR., W. R. JOHNSON, HOWARD NEMEROV, JOHN PAUKER and REED WHITTEMORE are all old *Furioso* editors. (Latin phrases of felicitation here).

WAYNE BOOTH teaches at Earlham College in Indiana. He once wrote for *Furioso* a remarkable essay demonstrating that "Tristram Shandy" influenced all literature both before and after "Tristram Shandy."

ERLING LARSEN, of the Carleton English Department, is the author of many stories, and of a volume of historical-meditational-geographical essays called "Minnesota Trails."

LOUIS COXE, on a Fulbright in Dublin this year, and on leave from Bowdoin, has published several volumes of verse—most recently "The Wilderness."

ALLEN TATE is back teaching at the University of Minnesota after a year abroad. *The Sewanee Review* celebrated his 60th birthday in its Fall, 1959, issue.

PHILIP SHERIDAN is an associate Professor of English at Carleton, was on leave in England for the year 1958-59.

JAMES B. HALL, of the English Department of the University of Oregon, is the author of a novel, "Not by the Door," and of many stories.

JOHN SEBASTIAN has never printed anything anywhere ever before.

SCOTT BATES, a graduate of Carleton and a contributor to *Furioso*, teaches French at the University of the South.

FRANCIS BERRY, a former teacher at Carleton, former contributor to *Furioso*, has published several volumes of verse, writes on William Empson's stationery from the University of Sheffield.

MYRON BROOMELL is a Colorado newspaperman. He is an old contributor to *Furioso* and many other little magazines.

HAYDEN CARRUTH, former editor of *Poetry* (Chicago), has recently had a book of poems published, "The Crow and the Heart."

RICHARD EBERHART is presently poetry consultant for the Library of Congress.

WALKER GIBSON, an Eastern authority on the teaching of Freshman English, is the author of a volume of verse, "The Reckless Spenders."

DANIEL HOFFMAN, of Swarthmore, is the author of a volume of verse, "An Armada of Whales."

RAMON GUTHRIE, of the Romance Language Department at Dartmouth, is the author of a recent volume of verse, "Graffiti."

ERNEST KROLL, many-time contributor to *Furioso*, and the author of several volumes of verse, works for the State Department.

MARION MONTGOMERY teaches English at the University of Georgia.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN teaches at Princeton.

GAEL TURNBULL, a doctor from California, is the editor of a little magazine, *Migrant*.

HAROLD WITT, also of California, is an old contributor to *Furioso*, also to the *New Republic* and others.

BUSINESS NOTES

The publication of Volume One, Number One, is usually an occasion for the declaring of high principles and aims. This editor has principles and aims, but he finds himself speechless before them – hence, to business:

(1) *The Carleton Miscellany* will be modelled in part after the

magazine *Furioso*, which stopped publication in 1953 (Libraries! you can get back copies of *Furioso*—see advertising pages in this neighborhood). To affirm the connection, the old *Furioso* symbol (a sort of chimney sweep) has been planted here and there. The symbol has not aged (still looks about 25), but this editor has aged, which is one reason for the change in the magazine's name. As for the name—sufficient controversy has been achieved on the subject so that we may, for a year or two, change the name *each issue*.

(2) Unlike *Furioso*, which was a private publication, *The Carleton Miscellany* will be published by Carleton College. The editor wishes to thank President Gould of Carleton, and the Carleton trustees, for permitting him to undertake this venture. The contents of the magazine, and the opinions expressed herein, will of course not necessarily represent the opinions or tastes of these benevolent observers.

(3) In the next issue a regular but small section of book reviews will be installed. Publishers are invited to submit review copies of books of verse, criticism or fiction, but should understand that the *Miscellany* will only be able to deal with a few.

R. W.

The editors of

THE CARLETON MISCELLANY

announce two prizes of $250 each for

THE BEST STORY

and

THE BEST ESSAY

submitted to

The Carleton Miscellany

by April 10, 1960

Terms of the Contest:

(1) The words "essay" and "story" are not defined by the rules of the contest, except that (a) eligible manuscripts may not be more than 7,500 words in length, and (b) the judges may decide in each instance whether the story submitted is a story, the essay an essay.

(2) The judges are the editors of *The Carleton Miscellany*. They will award one prize for an essay, and one prize for a story, unless no manuscript meets what they have fixed in their minds as the minimal requirements for a prize-winning story or essay, in which case no prize(s) will be awarded.

(3) Essays and stories must be written in English. They must be typed, and they must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No manuscript which has been published previously in any form is eligible.

(4) *The Carleton Miscellany* will print the prize-winning story and essay, and reserves the right, having copyrighted them, to reprint them (for a reasonable fee) in any anthology it may publish.

(5) The editors of *The Carleton Miscellany* reserve the right to print at their usual rates manuscripts which do not win either prize but which they deem suitable for publication.

(6) *The Carleton Miscellany* will not be responsible for losses of manuscripts or delays in their return.

A SOUTHERN MODE OF THE IMAGINATION*

Circa 1918 to the Present

By Allen Tate

I.

What I am about to say will be composed of obscure speculation, mere opinion, and reminiscence verging upon autobiography. But having issued this warning, and given notice to the scholars of American literature that the entire affair will be somewhat unreliable, I must allude to some of the things that I shall not try to say. I shall not discuss or "place" any of the Southern writers of the period now somewhat misleadingly called the Southern Renaissance. It was more precisely a birth, not a rebirth. The eyes of the world are on William Faulkner; for that reason I shall not talk about him. I take it to be a commonplace of literary history that no writer of Mr. Faulkner's power could emerge from a literary and social vacuum. It is a part of Mr. Faulkner's legend about himself that he did appear, like the soldiers of Cadmus, full-grown, out of the unlettered soil of his native state, Mississippi. But we are under no obligation to take his word for it. Two other writers of prose-fiction, Mr. Stark Young and Miss Eudora Welty, quite as gifted as Mr.

* This essay was given as a lecture at the American Embassy in London on November 25, 1958, and at the University of Texas, under the auspices of the Program in Criticism, on January 8, 1959.

Faulkner, if somewhat below him in magnitude and power, are also natives of that backward state, where fewer people can read than in any other state in the Union. I shall not pause to explain my paradoxical conviction, which I believe I share with Mr. Donald Davidson, that the very backwardness of Mississippi, and of the South as a whole, might partially explain the rise of a new literature which has won the attention not only of Americans but of the Western world.

If the Elizabethan age would still be the glory of English literature without Shakespeare, the new literature of the Southern states would still be formidable without Faulkner. I have promised not to discuss any one writer in detail, but I shall invoke certain names: Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, Stark Young, Dubose Heyward, Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Katherine Anne Porter, Carson McCullers, Tennessee Williams, Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, Caroline Gordon, Truman Capote, Ralph Ellison, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Flannery O'Connor, Peter Taylor, Andrew Lytle. It is scarcely chauvinism on my part to point out that, with the exception of Fitzgerald and Hemingway, the region north of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers has become the stepsister of American fiction. And it has been said, so often that I almost believe it, that the American branch of the New Criticism is of Southern origin —a distinction about which my own feelings are neutral.

Before I turn to the more speculative part of this discussion, I should like to quote a paragraph written in the Reconstruction period—that is, around 1870—by a New England novelist who had come to the South as a benign carpetbagger to observe and to improve what he observed. He was John William de Forest, of Connecticut, whose works were almost completely forgotten until about ten years ago. He was not only one of the best nineteenth-century American novelists; he was a shrewd social commentator, whose dislike of Southerners did not prevent him from seeing them more objectively than any other Northerner of his time. I quote:

Not until Southerners get rid of some of their social vanity,

> not until they cease talking of themselves in a spirit of self-adulation, not until they drop the idea that they are Romans and must write in the style of Cicero, will they be able to so paint life that the world shall crowd to see the picture. Meanwhile let us pray that a true Southern novelist will soon arise, for he will be able to furnish us vast amusement and some instruction. His day is passing; in another generation his material will be gone; the chivalrous Southron will be as dead as the slavery that created him.

It was not until fifty years later that De Forest's demands upon the Southern novelist were fulfilled, when the writers whose names I have listed began to appear. My own contemporaries called the nineteenth-century Ciceronian Southern style "Confederate prose," and we avoided it more assiduously than sin. Of a Southern woman novelist of the 1860s, Augusta Evans, author of *St. Elmo*, it was said that her heroines had swallowed an unabridged dictionary.

My reason for adopting the *causerie* instead of the formal discourse has a quite simple explanation. I have no talent for research; or at any rate I am like the man who, upon being asked whether he could play the violin, answered that he didn't know because he had never tried. Apart from inadequate scholarship, it would be improper of me to pretend to an objectivity which I do not feel in the recital of certain events, in which I have been told that I played a small part. None of us—and by "us" I mean not only the group of poets who with unintentional prophecy styled themselves the "Fugitives," but also our contemporaries in other Southern states—none of us, thirty-five years ago, was conscious of playing any part at all. I ought not to speak for my contemporaries, most of whom are still living and able to talk. The essays and books about us that have begun to appear give me a little less than the shock of recognition. If one does not recognize oneself, one may not unreasonably expect to recognize one's friends. One writer, Mr. John Bradbury, in a formidable book of some three hundred pages entitled *The Fugitives*, says that John Crowe Ransom taught his students, of whom I had the honor to be one, the knowledge of good and evil. I don't

recognize in this role my old friend and early master; I surmise that he has found it no less disconcerting than I do. Our initiation into the knowledge of good and evil, like everybody else's, must have been at birth; our later improvement in this field of knowledge, haphazard and extra-curricular. John Ransom taught us—Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Andrew Lytle, and myself—Kantian aesthetics and a philosophical dualism, tinged with Christian theology, but ultimately derived from the Nicomachian ethics. I allude to my own education not because it was unique, but because it was the education of my generation in the South. But we said at that time very little about the South; an anomalous reticence in a group of men who later became notoriously sectional in point of view.

We knew we were Southerners, but this was a matter of plain denotation; just as we knew that some people were Yankees; or we knew that there were people whom—if we saw them—we would think of as Yankees; we might even have said, but only among ourselves, you understand: "He's a Yankee." Brainard Cheney told me years ago that when he was a small boy in Southern Georgia, down near the Ocofinoke Swamp, the rumor spread that some Yankees were coming to town. All the little boys gathered in the court-house square to see what Yankees looked like. This was about 1910. My boyhood, in the border state of Kentucky, was evidently more cosmopolitan. There were a few Northerners, no doubt; there were a few elderly gentlemen who had been Southern Unionists, or home-made Yankees, as they were discourteously described, who had fought in the Federal Army. One of these, old Mr. Crabb, white-haired, beak-nosed, and distinguished, frequently passed our house on his morning walk. He had an empty sleeve, and my mother said he had got his arm shot off at the Battle of Gettysburg. I knew that my grandfather had been in Pickett's charge, and I wondered idly whether he had shot it off. I do not remember whether I wished that he had.

This was our long moment of innocence, which I tried to recover in a poem many years later. And for men of my age, who

missed the first World War by a few months, it was a new Era of Good Feeling between the sections. Some time before 1914 the North had temporarily stopped trying to improve us, or had at least paused to think about something else. Having just missed being sent to France in the A.E.F., I came to Vanderbilt University from a rural-smalltown society that had only a superficial Victorian veneer pasted over what was still an eighteenth-century way of living. It has been said that Kentucky seceded in 1865. In my boyhood, and even much later, Kentucky was more backward and Southern, socially and economically, than Tennessee or North Carolina. This pre-industrial society meant, for people living in it, that one's identity had everything to do with land and material property, at a definite place, and very little to do with money. It was better for a person, however impoverished, to be identified with a "place," that is, a farm or plantation, than to be the richest man in the nearest town without the identification of place. This was simple and innocent; it had little to do with what the English call *class*. Yet from whatever point of view one may look at it, it will in the end lead us towards the secret of what was rather grandiosely called, by the late W. J. Cash, the Southern Mind.

If I may bring to bear upon it an up-to-date and un-Southern adjective, it was an extroverted mind not much given to introspection. (I do not say meditation, which is something quite different.) Such irony as this mind was capable of was distinctly romantic; it came out of the sense of dislocated external relations: because men were not *where* they ought to be they could not be *who* they ought to be; for such men had missed their proper role, which was to be attached to a place. Mr. Faulkner's lawyer Benbow and the Compson family, in *The Sound and the Fury*, are people of this sort; I know of no better examples than Mr. Andrew Lytle's Jack Cropleigh, in his novel *The Velvet Horn*, or the narrator of his powerful short story, "Mister McGregor." It is the irony of time and place out of joint. It was provincial or, if you will, ignorant of the world. It was the irony of social discrepancies, not the tragic irony of the peripety, or of

interior change. It is pre-modern; it can be found in the early books of Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell, as different at the surface as their books may appear to be.

But with the end of the first World War a change came about that literary historians have not yet explained; whether we shall ever understand it one cannot say. Southern literature in the second half of this century may cease to engage the scholarly imagination; the subject may eventually become academic, and buried with the last dissertation. Back in the nineteen-thirties, I believe it was precisely 1935, I wrote for the tenth anniversary issue of *The Virginia Quarterly Review* an essay entitled "The Profession of Letters in the South," in which I glanced at a possible explanation by analogy to another literary period. I refer to it here in order to qualify, or at least to extend its argument, not, I hope, to call attention to myself. So far as that is concerned, other persons have already done it for me. When I look at the index of a new work of contemporary criticism (I always look there first), and see my name, I get a little nervous because the following passage has a two-to-one chance over anything else I have written, to be quoted; I quote it again:

> The considerable achievement of Southerners in modern American letters must not beguile us into too much hope for the future. The Southern novelist has left his mark upon the age; but it is of the age. From the peculiarly historical consciousness of the Southern writer has come good work of a special order; but the focus of this consciousness is quite temporary. It has made possible the curious burst of intelligence that we get at a crossing of the ways, not unlike, on an infinitesimal scale, the outburst of poetic genius at the end of the sixteenth century when commercial England had already begun to crush feudal England. The Histories and Tragedies of Shakespeare record the death of the old regime, and Doctor Faustus gives up feudal order for world power.

My purpose in quoting the passage—I marvel that prose so badly written could have been quoted so much—is not to approve of the approbation it has received, but to point out that whatever

rightness it may have is not right enough. It says nothing about the particular quality of the Southern writers of our time.

The quality that I have in mind, none too clearly, makes its direct impact upon the reader, even if he be the foreign reader: he knows that he is reading a Southern book. But this explains nothing, for a quality can only be pointed to or shared, not defined. Let me substitute for the word quality the phrase *mode of discourse.*

The traditional Southern mode of discourse presupposes somebody at the other end silently listening: it is the rhetorical mode. Its historical rival is the dialectical mode, or the give and take between two minds, even if one mind, like the mind of Socrates, prevail at the end. The Southerner has never been a dialectician. The ante-bellum Southerner quoted Aristotle in defense of slavery, but Plato, the dialectician, was not opposed to the "peculiar institution," and he could have been cited with equal effect in support of the South Carolinian day-dream of a Greek democracy. Aristotle was chosen by the South for good reason: although the Stagirite (as the Southerners called him) was a metaphysician, the South liked the deductive method, if its application were not too abstruse, and nobody could quarrel with the arrangement, in the order or importance, of the three great Aristotelian treatises on man in society: the *Nicomachian Ethics*, the *Politics*, and the *Rhetoric*. Aristotle assumed first principles from which he—and the old Southerners after him—could make appropriate deductions about the inequalities of men. Plato reached first principles by means of dialogue, which can easily become subjective: the mind talking to itself. The Southerner always talks to somebody else, and this somebody else, after varying intervals, is given his turn; but the conversation is always among rhetoricians; that is to say, the typical Southern conversation is not going anywhere; it is not about anything. *It is about the people who are talking*, even if they never refer to themselves, which they usually don't, since conversation is only an expression of manners, the purpose of which is to make everybody happy. This may be the reason why Northerners and other

uninitiated persons find the alternating, or contrapuntal, conversation of Southerners fatiguing. Educated Northerners like their conversation to be about ideas.

II.

The foregoing, rather too broad distinction between dialectic and rhetoric is not meant to convey the impression that no Southerner of the past or the present was ever given to thought; nor do I wish to imply that New Englanders were so busy thinking that they wholly neglected that form of rhetoric which may be described as the manners of men talking in society. Emerson said that the "scholar is man thinking." Had Southerners of that era taken seriously the famous lecture entitled "The American Scholar," they might have replied by saying that the gentleman is man talking. The accomplished Christian gentleman of the old South was the shadow, attenuated by evangelical Calvinism, of his Renaissance spiritual ancestor, who had been the creation of the rhetorical tradition, out of Aristotle through Cicero, distilled finally by Castiglione. By contrast, the New England sage, embodied in Ralph Waldo Emerson, took seriously what has come to be known since the Industrial Revolution as the "life of the mind": an activity a little apart from life, and perhaps leading to the fashionable alienation of the "intellectual" of our time. The protective withdrawal of the New England sage into dialectical truth lurks back of Emerson's famous definition of manners as the "invention of a wise man to keep a fool at a distance." (There is little doubt of the part Emerson conceived himself as playing.) The notorious lack of self-consciousness of the antebellum Southerner made it almost impossible for him to define anything; least of all could he imagine the impropriety of a definition of manners. Yet had a Southern contemporary of Emerson decided to argue the question, he might have retorted that manners are not *in*ventions, but *con*ventions tacitly agreed upon to protect the fool from consciousness of his folly. I do not wholly subscribe to this Southern view; there is to be brought against it Henry Adams' unkind portrait of Rooney Lee, a son

of Robert E. Lee, who soon became a Confederate officer. The younger Lee, said Adams, when they were fellow students at Harvard, seemed to have only the habit of command, and no brains. (Adams didn't say it quite so rudely, but that is what it came to.) Rooney Lee, like his famous father, was a man of action, action through the habit of command being a form of rhetoric: he acted upon the assumptions of identification by place. The Lee identification, the whole Virginian myth of the rooted man, was the model of the more homely mystique of the frontier state of Kentucky, whose citizens the Virginians thought were all Davy Crocketts—a frontiersman who described himself as "half-horse and half-alligator." Virginia was the model for the entire Upper South.

Northern historians were for years puzzled that Lee and the Southern yeoman farmer fought for the South, since neither had any interest in slavery. The question was usually put in this form: Why did Lee, who never owned a slave and detested slavery, become the leader of the slavocracy? Because he was a rhetorician who would have flunked Henry Adams' examination as miserably as his son. A Southern dialectician, could he be imagined in Lee's predicament, would have tossed his loyalties back and forth and come out with an abstraction called Justice, and he would have fought in the Federal Army or not at all. The record seems to indicate that the one dialectical abstraction that Lee entertained came to him after the war: the idea of constitutional government, for which in retrospect he considered that he had fought. Perhaps he did fight for it; yet I have the temerity to doubt his word. He fought for the local community which he could not abstract into fragments. He was in the position of a man who is urged by an outsider to repudiate his family because a cousin is an embezzler, or of the man who tries to rectify his own ill-use of his brother by pretending that his entire family is a bad lot. I trust that in this analogy it is clear that the brother is the Negro slave.

What Robert E. Lee has to do with Southern literature is a question that might at this point quite properly be asked, as I

can assure you that it has already confronted me. Lee has a good deal to do with it, if we are going to look at Southern literature as the rhetorical expression of a Southern Mind. But even to be conscious of the possibility of a Southern Mind could lead us into a mode of discourse radically different from that of the rhetorician. We are well on the way towards dialectics. If we say that the old Southern mind was rhetorical we must add that our access to it must be through its public phase, which was almost exclusively political. I do not believe that the ante-bellum Southerners, being wholly committed to the rhetorical mode, were capable of the elementary detachment that has permitted modern Southerners to discern the significance of that commitment, and to relate it to other modes of discourse. For the rhetorical mode is related to the myth-making faculty, and the mythopoeic mind assumes that certain great typical actions embody human truth. The critical detachment which permits me to apply this commonplace to the Southern Mind would not, I believe, have been within the grasp of better intellects than mine in the South up to the first World War. It has been said that the failure of the old Southern leaders to understand the Northern mind (which was then almost entirely the New England mind) was a failure of intelligence. In view of the task which the South had set for itself—that is, the preservation of local self-government within a framework of republican federalism—the charge is no doubt true. The old Southerners, being wholly committed to the rhetoric of politics, could not come to grips with the dynamic forces in the North that were rapidly making the exclusively political solution of their problem obsolete: they did not understand economics. The Southern public *persona* was supported by what W. J. Cash called, in a neo-Spenglerian phrase, the "Proto-Dorian" myth. This *persona* was that of the agrarian patriot, a composite image of Cincinnatus dropping the plough for the sword, and of Cicero leaving his rhetorical studies to apply them patriotically to the prosecution of Cataline.* The centre round

* I do not know a better presentation of the Virginian adaptation of the "Roman myth" than Mr. Marcus Cunliffe's, in *George Washington: Man and Monument*, pp. 21, 108, 154–155 (London, 1959).

which the Southern political imagination gravitated was perhaps even smaller than the communities of which the South was an aggregate. In the first place, that aggregate was not a whole; and in the second, it would follow that the community itself was not a whole. The South was an aggregate of farms and plantations, presided over by our composite agrarian hero, Cicero Cincinnatus. I can think of no better image for what the South was before 1860, and for what it largely still was until about 1914, than that of the old gentleman in Kentucky who sat every afternoon in his front yard under an old sugar tree, reading Cicero's Letters to Atticus. When the hands suckering the tobacco in the adjoining field needed orders, he kept his place in the book with his forefinger, walked out into the field, gave the orders, and then returned to his reading under the shade of the tree. He was also a lawyer, and occasionally he went to his office, which was over the feed-store in the county seat, a village with a population of about 400 people.

The center of the South, then, was the family, no less for Robert E. Lee than for the people on Tate's Creek Pike; for Virginia was a great aggregate of families that through endless ramifications of relationship was almost one family. Such a society could not be anything but political. The virtues cherished under such a régime were almost exclusively social and moral, with none of the intensively cultivated divisions of intellectual labor which are necessary to a flowering of the arts, whether literary or plastic. It is thus significant that the one original art of the South was domestic architecture, as befitted a family-centered society. It has been frequently noted that the reason why the South did not produce a great ante-bellum literature was the lack of cities as cultural centres. This was indeed a lack; but it is more important to understand why cultural centres were missing. The South did not want cultural centres; it preferred the plantation centre. William Gilmore Simms argued repeatedly in the 1850's that no exclusively agrarian society had produced a great literature. Was this a failure of intelligence? I think not, if we look at the scene from the inside. After Archimedes had observed that, had he a

fulcrum big enough, he could move the world, was it a failure of the Greek intelligence that it did not at once construct such a fulcrum? Were the Greek philosophers less intelligent than the late Albert Einstein and Professor Teller, who have found a way not only to move the world but perhaps to destroy it? But the plantation myth – and I use the word myth not to indicate a fantasy, but a reality – this myth, if Greek at all, was the limited Spartan myth. It was actually nearer to Republican Rome, a society which, like the South, was short in metaphysicians and great poets, and long in moralists and rhetoricians.

Mr. Lionel Trilling has said somewhere that the great writer, the spokesman of a culture, carries in himself the fundamental dialectic of that culture: the deeper conflicts of which his contemporaries are perhaps only dimly aware. There is a valuable truth in this observation. The inner strains, stresses, tensions, the shocked self-consciousness of a highly differentiated and complex society, issue in the dialectic of the high arts. The Old South, I take it, was remarkably free of this self-consciousness; the strains that it felt were external. And I surmise that had our Southern *persona*, our friend Cicero Cincinnatus, been much less simple than he was, the distractions of the sectional agitation neverthless were so engrossing that they would have postponed almost indefinitely that self-examination which is the beginning, if not of wisdom, then at least of the arts of literature. When one is under attack, it is inevitable that one should put not only one's best foot forward, but both feet, even if one of them rests upon the neck of a Negro slave. One then attributes to "those people over there" (the phrase that General Lee used to designate the Federal Army) all the evil of his own world. The defensive Southerner said that *if only* "those people over there" would let us alone, the vast Sabine Farm of the South (where men read Horace but did not think it necessary to be Horace) would perpetuate itself forever.

The complicated reasons for this Southern isolationism were, as I have tried to indicate, partly internal and partly external; but whatever the causes, the pertinent fact for any approach to

the modern literary Renaissance is that the South was more isolated from 1865 to about 1920 than it had been before 1865. It was the isolationism of economic prostration, defeat, and inverted pride. And the New South of Henry W. Grady's rhetoric was just as isolated and provincial as the Old South of Thomas Nelson Page. For Grady's New South, the complete answer was the factory. (It was put into the less than distinguished verse of "The Song of the Chattahoochee," by Sidney Lanier.) I venture to think that there was more to be said for Page's Old South, even if we agree that, like Grady's New South, it was unreal: I take it that a pleasant dream is to be preferred to an actuality which imitates a nightmare. Neither the unreal dream nor the actual nightmare could lead to the conception of a complete society. If we want proof of this, we need only to look at the South today.

I should like now to return to the inadequacy of my speculations, twenty-four years ago, on the reasons for the sudden rise of the new Southern literature – a literature which, I have been told often enough to authorize the presumption, is now the centre of American literature. (I do not insist upon this.) Social change must have had something to do with it, but it does not explain it. I do not hope to explain it now. I wish only to add a consideration which I have already adumbrated. If it seems narrow, technical, and even academically tenuous, it is probably not less satisfactory than the conventional attribution of literary causation to what is called the historical factor. No doubt, without this "factor," without the social change, the new literature could not have appeared. One can nevertheless image the same consciousness of the same change around 1920, without the appearance of any literature whatever. Social change may produce a great social scientist, like the late Howard W. Odum, of North Carolina. Social upheaval will not in itself produce a poet like John Crowe Ransom or a novelist like William Faulkner.

There was another kind of change taking place at the same time, and it was decisive. The old Southern *rhetor*, the speaker who was eloquent before the audience but silent in himself, had

always had at his disposal a less formal version of the rhetorical mode of discourse than the political oration. Was it not said that Southerners were the best story-tellers in America? Perhaps they still are. The tall tale was the staple of Southern conversation. Augustus Baldwin Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* is a collection of tall tales written by an accomplished gentleman for other accomplished gentlemen; this famous book is in no sense folk literature, or an expression of the late V. L. Parrington's democratic spirit. It is the art of the rhetorician applied to the anecdote, to the small typical action resembling the mediaeval *exemplum*, and it verges upon myth – the minor secular myth which just succeeds in skirting round the supra-human myth of religion. We have got something like this myth in *Huckleberry Finn*, which I take to be the first modern novel by a Southerner. We are now prepared by depth psychology to describe the action of *Huckleberry Finn* as not only typical, but as archetypal. What concerns me about it, for my purposes, is not whether it is a great novel (perhaps the *scale* of the action and the *range* of consciousness are too small for a great novel); what concerns me is the mode of its progression; for this mode is no longer the mode of rhetoric, the mode of the speaker reporting in person an argument or an action in which he is not dramatically involved. The action is generated inside the characters: there is internal dialogue, a conflict within the self. Mark Twain seems not to have been wholly conscious of what he had done; for he never did it again. Ernest Hemingway has said that the modern American novel comes out of *Huckleberry Finn*, and William Faulkner has paid a similar tribute. But this is not quite to the point.

Mark Twain was a forerunner who set an example which was not necessarily an influence. The feature of *Huckleberry Finn* which I have tried to discern, the shift from the rhetorical mode to the dialectical mode, had to be rediscovered by the twentieth century novelists of the South. The example of Mark Twain was not quite fully developed and clean in outline. Most of the recent essays on *Huckleberry Finn* – by Lionel Trilling and T. S. Eliot, for example – have not been able to approach the end

of the novel without embarrassment. Huck himself is a dramatic dialectician; Tom Sawyer, who reappears at the end and resolves the action externally with the preposterous "liberation" of Nigger Jim, who is already free, is a ham Southern rhetorician of the old school. He imposes his "style" upon a reality which has no relation to it, without perception of the ironic "other possible case" which is essential to the dramatic dialectic of the arts of fiction.

Here, as I come to the end of these speculations, I must go off again into surmises and guesses. What brought about the shift from rhetoric to dialectic? The Southern fictional dialectic of our time is still close to the traditional subject-matter of the old informal rhetoric – the tall tale, the anecdote, the archetypal story. The New England dialectic of the Transcendentalists, from which Hawthorne had to protect himself by remaining aloof, tended to take flight into the synthesis of pure abstraction, in which the inner struggle is resolved in an idea. The Southern dramatic dialectic of our time is being resolved, as in the novels of William Faulkner, in action. The short answer to our question: How did this change come about? is that the South not only re-entered the world with the first World War; it looked round and saw for the first time since about 1830 that the Yankees were not to blame for everything. It looks like a simple discovery, and it was; that is why it was difficult to make. The Southern legend, as Malcolm Cowley has called it, of defeat and heroic frustration was taken over by a dozen or more first-rate writers and converted into a universal myth of the human condition. W. B. Yeats' great epigram points to the nature of the shift from melodramatic rhetoric to the dialectic of tragedy: "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but out of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry."

• W. R. JOHNSON

ADVICE TO DANUBIAN DAMOZELS

"If you are looking for mature adventure in fiction, I would recommend to all discriminating readers The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction."—Eva Gabor in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Vol. II, No. 1.

In Buda or Szeged, in Pecs or Kaposvar
The century, like an involutional moon, wanes.
Now Magyar maidens ponder
Whither they should wander
And how.

The Moon, the Planet Argortha, the Galaxy Mu?
Is there time for that, and time for a rocket crew
In a foreign time where maybe the Magyar mode
Will have been modified?

Time for the blue-eyed, true-eyed, space-tied race
Of space-chaser Steves and Stans and Wallies?
(Wally, computor captain with steady gaze,
Might do, if his job allowed him to woo,
But just how old will a girl from now be
In the Fiftieth Century?)
Is there time for that, and time for progress too,
With all that a girl must do?

Nay, first Vienna, Rio, Orchard Beach,
With heels, however round,
Firm upon the ground
And wheels, not nuclodynes, to get around.

For Prinz Eugen is gone, gone the long boots
In a blue Fiaker squeaking under the moon,
And time is past when any Magyar maid

Might meet her future in the streets of Pest.
The princely orbit long has shifted west.

Nay.

A girl in Buda may be born too late,
But learns damned early to discriminate,
Or, early damned, matures at exorbitant rate
And comes, if stars are fair, to Hollywood,
Where fantasy and science mate.

Then reads.

Then recommends.

Then mindful of the past
And of the present lovely young who yearn
Under the Greater Alfoeld's star-thronged sky
For a greater alfoeld whereupon to lie,
And seeking mature adventure turn
To fantasies of France and San Francisco
Not many light years beyond reach
Of maidenly Magyar science–

To these, the future's hope,
The Magyar nation's last ambition,
Vienna's, Rio's Orchard Beach's
Future competition,
She recommends the moon.

ALERT

We have boggled the papers, strangled the hoarse radio,
for months have allowed our gear to rust by the bed
till now if it came, if it happened, if somebody said
this is it, why what would we do, what would we do?

Company grades to the front door, sergeants post,
bring up the cans, lay wire to the landing strip,
but seventy million detonators are lost
and the Secretary has gone on a fishing trip.

Now buzz, now whack, boom boom, the sirens begin,
and down by the pear tree Norman's baby daughter
has found a grenade, has pondered, has pulled the pin.

But the stopper is stuck with the tub full of soapy water
and nobody really thinks the enemy
will kill old Norman or lock up you and me.

SPEECH IN THE OPEN AIR

In Memoriam: Robert Bickhardt, d. 1944

They say old soldiers never die
But wear like dice of ivory;
Thrown at random or with skill
They keep their combinations still.

Here's a round thrown out of joint
That had your number on the point.
It leaves of all our chances none
To put our love or money on.

Upright and square, heedless to hear
The sneeze of death, the wheeze of fear,
Your virtue blushed, your virtue fell,
Seduced by a serenading shell.

And who will tell the captain how
Our luck ran bleeding on the snow?
And who will tell the red-haired wife
How valor whores with careless grief?

They say old soldiers whore and gamble,
Hide in holes but never tremble.
Soldier, none of this is true,
But you're a dead soldier, why tell you?

INCIDENT IN THE MIRABELLSCHLOSSGARTEN

The Princesses Lou and Lia fairly flew,
Flogging the gravel with each new Salzburg shoe;
Not new were these ladies, but their shoes were new.

Paused by the willow, poised by the hyacinth bed,
To the trombones all careless inclined each lovely head
As if there were slews of swains and shoes to be had.

Oh where was Prince Koko, where Prince Raoul-Sergei?
Not hiding behind the trombones, not spurred, not gay.
Their hides were long flayed to boots for some Kalmuck kitty.

For know that Prince Koko, Prince Raoul-Sergei fell well,
For Fatherland fighting the dread red infidel.
Poor Lia and Lou each for self must since chiefly feel.

Now came Corporal Walsh of our Cannon Company,
Sponsor of soles, said to Lia, fly, flee with me,
But away, not here, not in shoes, not under this tree.

So thence to the Herrengasse did Lia elope,
Left Lou with the trombones, the tripe, the heliotrope,
Flat in the garden, without much hope, to mope.

Left supine, yet soon consoled, for who was there?
It was Joe, it was Joe, a Prince if ever there were,
And Lou too royally flew away somewhere.

• JOHN PAUKER

HERO

I shall never give up (Josh asserted) my cowardice.
I shall never cravenly yield my right to cower.
To be bronzed and statued and marble-memorial-towered is
Far less especial than seven times dragged 'round the tower.

To be seven times dragged 'round the tower also takes guts. To
Lose, to be last, to be always on the fringe–
To say "Nuts!" is bravado but brave is to be said "Nuts!" to.
I shall never (Josh swore) forswear my right to cringe.

The strongest is not the man who stands alone,
Which is static, but rather the one who does not stay
When the going is good. More dynamic by far to run
And live (Josh noted) to run another day.

To run rather than face the mob's abuse'll
Expose me, perhaps, to sneers. But I don't mind.
The only animus I bear is pusill.
Running I leave (Josh observed) the sneers behind.

To be tough takes brawn, but it takes brain to be tender.
The tough may go pale? I go beyond the pale.
I shall never (Josh stated) surrender my right to surrender.
I rejoice (Josh said) in having the strength to fail.

• AMBROSE GORDON, JR.

AFTER DARK, NOW

In Texas the vernal bugs, the beetles,
Moths and other rarer specimens
Slip through my open window, to penetrate
This airconditioned closet
Where, slumped at a large desk, surrounded by student papers,
smoking a Havatampa Jewel, I sit;

Supposedly correcting all these papers which tell me
Of sin, and of Melville, and how
Once at sea (though we're all at sea)
The demonic cripple found his angry God.

The moths rattle, the airconditioner purrs contentedly,
While I turn a blank page
To confront a still blanker mind.

Unseen the moving finger, in red ink, moves on;
Sadly I glare at the dying beetles.

ROSEMARY WAS FOR REMEMBRANCE

A tall girl—awkward, nice, nineteen—
Nervously dressed in a green cape, wanders
By a hedge in the back of my mind.
By her side a black puppy meanders,
Seeking his chilly bone;
The girl smiles; she is now alone.

Moving I find this image, but it does not move;
Arrested, like the cottontail who on a different day
Lobbed slowly across the turf, where we watched together,
My hand on her shoulder, in mild April weather—
And then suddenly was gone, no longer there,
Had vanished, a mere magician's prop, into thin air.

The hedge with its load of autumn berries, the apple tree beyond,
The lawn, and the absent rabbit
Flicker at times, though never quite fade,
Where still stroll out of force of habit
Not so much old memories as memories of memories . . .
I must let them go now along with the rabbit.

• HOWARD NEMEROV

MAESTRIA

Is where you find it,
And you need not agree with its views
About money or the meaning of numbers,
About the immaculate conception or the divine
Ancestry of Augustus. After a few years,
The smoke having blown off those battlefields
And the dead having buried their dead,
Only the scholar will revisit that silence
To inspect the rusting, controversial wheels
Of the abandoned machinery.
There remains
A singular lucidity and sweetness, a way
Of relating the light and the shade,
The light spilling from fountains, the shade
Shaken among the leaves.
Doubtless
It would be better to be always right, refraining
From those millennial expectations, but strangely,
Rising sometimes from hatred and wrong,
The song sings itself out to the end,
And like a running stream which purifies itself
It leaves behind the mortality of its maker,
Who has the skill of his art, and a trembling hand.

• HOWARD NEMEROV

I

THE THOUGHT OF TREES

It is a common fancy that trees are somehow conscious and stand as the silent or whispering witnesses of the ways in which we bustle through the world. But it is a truth of poetical imagination that the trees are guardians and sponsoring godfathers of a great part of thought. Not merely that various traditions have looked on trees as sacred figures of the cosmos, as the source of moral distinctions, as bearing all golden things, the apples, the bough, the fleece; but also that trees, more than we generally allow, have formed our view of the creation and nature of things, and, ambiguously responsible for these, the mind's image of its own process. This we are told by metaphors: a family tree, the root of the matter, a trunkline, a branch of the subject, and so on.

Trees appear as the formative image behind much thought brought to the critical point of paradox—

> Where order in variety we see,
> And where, though all things differ, all agree,

as Pope politely says of Windsor Forest. That trees, the largest of living things, are initially contained in tiny seeds, is already a spectacularly visible legend of the mysteries of generation and death. The tree, rooted in earth and flowering in heaven, intimates obscure and powerful reflexive propositions about the two realms; that root and top strangely mirror one another deepens and complicates the human analogy. The relation of single trunk and manifold branches forms the pattern for meditation on the one and the many, cause and effect, generality and particulars; while the movement in three stages, from many roots through one trunk to many branches, is supremely the image of historical process. The tree's relation with its leaves translates the paradigm into temporal terms, speaking of individual, generation, race, of

identity continuous in change, of mortal endurance threaded through mortal evanescence, of times and a time.

Trees imagine life, and our imaginations follow as they may. The growth of a tree, its synchronous living and dying, from soft shoot to implacably hard (still growing) wood; the vast liquid transactions of capillarity within the solid form; the hard bark which nevertheless, as in the elm, reminds of water in its twisting flow; the enduring image of fluid life recorded in the rivery grain of boards (a mystical saying:—"Split the stick and there is Jesus"); the generalized simplicity composed of multitudinous complexity, generalized symmetry from the chaotic scrawl of upper branches; the simultaneity of freedom and order, richness and elegance, chance and destiny—these are some of the imaginings of the trees, which out of the earth and the air have dreamed so much of the human mind.

As architectural forms reflect their material origins, the first columns having been trees, so also with the mind. And so perhaps with its conclusions? "I shall be like that tree," Swift said to Edward Young, "I shall die first at the top." Since the eighteenth century, anyhow, when cathedrals began to remind people of forests and forests of cathedrals, it has come to seem sometimes that the mind acts in a drama staged with so high a regard for *realism* that the trees on the scene are carpentered at considerable cost out of real wood. Still, dryads and dendrones, the trees are within us, having their quiet irrefutable say about what we are and may become; how they are one of the shapes of our Protean nature, Melville in a single line expresses best—

The hemlock shakes in the rafter, the oak in the driving keel

—and it is the founding tenet of poetical imagination that such images are inexhaustibly speaking, they call to compelling, strange analogies all thought that flowers in its fact.

II.

THE MEASURE OF POETRY

Consider the breaking of waves on a shore. The measure governing this movement is the product of a number of forces, some constant or relatively constant, others which vary somewhat, still others extremely variable or even, so far as concerns their periodicity, accidental: the tides, the length of travel of the waves, the angle and underwater topography of the shore, and the winds, both the great winds from far away and the local land and sea breezes.

The idea one gets from these waves, whether the sea is rough or calm, is the idea of a great consistency coupled with a great freakishness, absolute law consisting with absolute rage. The tide, drawn mainly by the mass of the moon, is slow and stable, a vast breathing-in-sleep, and yet, however, eccentrically offset to the revolution of the earth by somewhat more than an hour a day, in a long rhythmic cycle bringing the ebb and the flood by times to every instant. The force which generates the wave begins, perhaps, far away in mid-ocean, but it is not *that* water which ultimately strikes the shore; if you look at wave motion out at sea, where it is not affected by the bottom, you notice that most of the water going to the crest, if it is not torn off in spray up there, slides back the way it came. It is the power, not the material, which is transmitted. The wave begins to form, as a substantial body with its own history and fate, when its base meets with the slope of the shore; the resultant of the two opposed forces produces the high and rolling form. Either the wave rises until the unstable top curls forward and smashes down, or it rises steadily until the breaker is extruded at mid-height of the wave by pressure from above and below at once; this latter sort, because it throws its force forward rather than down, is less spectacular than the other, but it reaches further up the shore. The sum of these conflicting, cooperating powers, with the prevailing wind, generates individual forms and moments of great charm

too complex to be analysed except in a general way, and as unpredictable in their particularity as the rainbow which sometimes glimmers in the spray blown from the falling crest.

The measure of poetry, too, begins far from the particular conformation of the poem, far out in the sea of tradition and the mind, even in the physiological deeps, where some empty, echoing, abstract interval begins to beat; it is the angle of incidence of this measure upon the materials of the poem which produces in the first place what in the result will be called "form". This tidal, surging element has to do with the general shape of the poem, and is a prior musical imposition upon its thought–musical, in that it exists at its beginning independently of any identifiable content: it is the power, not the material, which is transmitted. The poem is a quantity of force expended, like any human action, and is therefore not altogether formless even to begin with, but limited in its cadence by the energies present at its generation.

The rise of the shore shapes the wave. The objects which are to appear in the poem, as they begin to rise beneath the empty periodicity of the pure rhythm, introduce into that rhythm a new character, somewhat obstinate, angular, critical. But in another sense, which technically may be the more useful of the two, the analogy represents the elements of speech itself. The tidal impulse from far away, the wind's generation of force without content, these are the vowels; the consonants are rock and reed and sand, and the steep or shallow slope which gives the wave its form while absorbing the shock of its force, from strength bringing forth sweetness.

The laws of this measure are simple and large, so that in the scope of their generality room may remain for moments of freedom, moments of chaos; the complex conjunction itself raising up iridescences and fantastic shapes, relations which it may be that number alone could enrage into being.

THE BRIEF IMMORTALITY OF HIRAM DRAKE

By ERLING LARSEN

One August, after the harvest was in, Hiram Drake looked at his bank balance and his paid-up insurance and figured it was time to rent the farm and move to town. The boy could get married and live on the farm and run it on shares, maybe even make enough out of his share to pay for the place slowly, and if he didn't it wouldn't much matter. Hiram was pretty well fixed.

But he was beginning to feel a new kind of tiredness at night. Not the good solid muscle-aching fatigue he had used to take to bed with him and to immediate sleep at nine o'clock after a day that had begun at five and run its course through morning milking and barn cleaning, plowing and planting, hay-making and harvest, and finally ended after the evening milking was done and the milk in big shiny cans had been carted to the cooler where he'd stand after lifting them in and listen to the cows rustle away out of the yard into the dark pasture, their barrel bellies sloshing liquidly and peacefully in the night. Not that but a new sort of exhaustion that either wouldn't let him sleep or that, after he'd finally managed to doze off, would wake him with the moonlight on his face and get him up to walk around in the yard a while trying to relax before he could go back to lie on the hot bed that sloped toward his snoring wife and struggle to achieve that lazy swirling plunge into nothingness he had come to look upon as final and utter bliss after a year or more of this fretful nervous wakefulness.

He told his wife Esther what he'd decided to do.

"Fine," she said. "I'll be closer to the Ladies' Aid and you won't have so much driving to do to take me there. I'm worried about your driving. You're not as good a driver as you used to be. And you never really were very good. But now," she said, "it's a wonder you ever get anywhere alive. You don't keep your mind on what you do. You're getting to be an old man. Your mind wanders."

"All right," Hiram said. He was fifty-six years old. "All right."

"And I was reading in the *Reader's Reader* about what they call reflexes. You wouldn't know what they are, not being a scholar or a reader. But they slow up. And that's bad. And yours are surely slow. I can't understand it. If all men are like you it's small wonder there are so many widows in the Ladies' Aid and so few widowers in church on Sunday."

"You mean I'm going to die?"

"Now Hiram," Esther said. "I never said so. But of course you are. We all are. Even I am going to, in time. But don't worry, Hiram. You need a rest. We'll move to town. That's a good idea, Hiram. We'll move to town and you can rest."

So it was settled with what Hiram later came to think was comparative ease. They bought a little white house two blocks from Grace Lutheran Church in Westacre and settled there to rest. It took only a few weeks to make everything final with the boy and his girl. Of course, they weren't married right away. Esther wanted a big church wedding. But they began to put new wallpaper in the farmhouse and new paint on the kitchen floor and Hiram went out to help them while they waited for Esther to get her arrangements made. Hiram thought it was fun. He worked only as long as he felt like it and then he'd sit drinking coffee and smoking his pipe as he watched the boy's girl paint the floor. But as soon as the wedding was over Hiram was out of a job again and before he could get any digging done in his new flower-beds in town the winter came and the snow was three feet deep around the house.

"It was a wonderful wedding," Esther said. "Pastor Olavson was wonderful."

"It was wonderful how he enjoyed kissing the bride," Hiram said.

"You have no business talking like that," Esther said. "Pastor Olavson is a wonderful man. And he's as much too old to carry on the way you suggest as you are to think about it." And she went back to listening to the radio. She had a radio preacher she

liked almost as much as she liked Pastor Olavson, six of them in fact who worked in shifts, one each day, and she'd listen to them every day and send them a dollar every week and get a printed card in return with a Bible verse on it and a word of blessing signed in a flourishing longhand by "Your Chapel of the Air-Waves." In a few minutes she said to Hiram, who had been watching the snow blow up the street, "If you'd pay attention to this it would do you good. You've never been as religious as you should be. It's time you got serious. You're getting on, you know."

"Is that guy right with Pastor Olavson?" Hiram asked, nodding at the radio.

"Once a week he is. Pastor Olavson said it was all right to send him money."

"All right?"

"Perfectly."

"What's he do with the money?"

"He pays for the time he uses."

"Just like me," Hiram said. And he went down cellar to smoke his pipe.

By sending him down cellar to smoke Esther got rid of the tobacco smell she didn't like. "Besides that," she had said when she had made the rule, "if I make it a little hard for you to indulge yourself you might do it less. And live longer. I certainly hope you live long enough to get right with the Lord. At your age that is the most important thing in life."

Hiram wasn't sleeping any better than he had on the farm before moving to town. Esther came to realize this when he would wake her by stumbling on the stairs at night to go down cellar and smoke a pipe and watch the cold blue flame which he could see through a little hole around a copper tube running into the gas furnace. "It's your conscience," she said next morning, having been too sleepy to talk about it that night. "You haven't found peace. I'm going to get you to church Sunday if I have to drag you."

So Hiram went. The hymn-singing and the sermon almost put

him to sleep but unfortunately Pastor Olavson's voice was slightly nasal and very penetrating and Hiram couldn't help hearing that the Westacre Municipal Liquor Store was a disgrace and a shame and that the beer commercials on television were too. "The *actual* pictures of the *actual* beautiful but painted girls drinking *actual* beer," Olavson said, and really woke Hiram. "These lead our youth to sin. For it is much easier to believe when you see it than when you only hear about it. And there is a lesson in this for us. It is the same with salvation. When you see it you believe it. And, my friends, you *can* see it." All this kept Hiram awake at church and then that night he lay awake remembering Pastor Olavson's look of charitable forgiveness when he had shaken Hiram's hand in the cold draft at the door of the church afterward. The pastor's hand had been cold and his nose had been running, but he had stood holding Hiram's hand and smiling sweetly until Esther, big and solid in furs, had nudged Hiram into remembering to say, "Thanks for the truth," as she had told him at home he should.

Next morning Hiram announced he hadn't slept, although this was something he didn't particularly like to speak about with Esther. "That Olavson's anything but restful," he said. "I'm not going again. I got neither rest nor peace out of it."

"Of course not," Esther said. "Your awakening sense of sin and of the uselessness of your own efforts to save yourself will keep you awake until you give up. Until you cast yourself at the foot of the throne. Of grace."

So, although he had said he wouldn't, Hiram tried it again. He sat for an hour listening to Pastor Olavson talk again about how youth had been led into sin and of how the people of the church should do all they could to influence the city council to pass an ordinance to set up some kind of committee to tell the drugstores what books they should offer for sale. It was pretty complicated. Hiram didn't find it very restful, although it did bore him a little because he wasn't much of a reader. As Esther had said, he was no scholar. But that night he lay awake again, thinking of Esther and Pastor Olavson walking up and down the street

between the liquor store and the drugstore, keeping people from going into either one, and at one stage in this business he saw Esther with a big club standing in the grog-shop door with a circle of shivering men about her whom she taunted and jeered at, daring them to try to get past her and into the rosy warmth of the Municipal.

Hiram asked Esther about that. He thought he'd been awake, he told her, but he wasn't sure. Perhaps he had been asleep and it had been a dream. Or even a vision. In any case, it needed explaining. He wanted Esther to tell him, had they been trying to keep people from drinking or reading or was it only to keep people from the drinking and reading that would lead to this sin the pastor kept talking about? And what was that sin? What were they trying to save the people *from*? he wanted to know.

"Hiram," Esther said, "you're a dirty old man." And she said a lot more.

It was as bad as the day he had asked about the dog that someone wanted him to take care of, a spaniel bitch who was bred and ready to whelp. Hiram had wanted to put her in the basement to keep him company while he smoked, at least until the pups came. The pups would be Hiram's and he could let the kids have them for the farm. "Stink," was what Esther had said then. "I won't have the stink. Why do you think we moved away from the manure-pile in the country?"

Why indeed? Hiram wondered. He began to think that Esther was riding pretty high. She had four new black dresses and three new strings of jet beads and she went to church Sundays, to Ladies' Aid Thursdays, to devotions Wednesday nights, and on alternate Tuesdays she cooked and served dinner and washed dishes for the church men's club called the Brotherhood. And Hiram had a little snow to shovel was all. And a cellar to smoke his pipe in.

He began to leave home. He'd get up early Sunday morning and be out of the house before Esther was up. That was how he avoided the argument about going to church. He used the same technique Wednesday nights and on alternate Tuesdays and he

came to know Westacre pretty well. It wasn't a bad little town when you got to know it, he decided. There was a pool-hall where he could smoke his pipe while the kids yelled and banged colored balls together on bright green tables and everyone ignored the roaring blizzard outside. He became friends with a druggist who had lived out west and worked for the railroad as a doctor or bandager or castor-oil dispenser when there hadn't been a farmhouse in fifty miles of flat South Dakota prairie and he would sometimes help this druggist lock up the store and then sit with him in the back room drinking coke and talking until late at night. Walking home, Hiram wouldn't meet a soul but the night cop huddled in a doorway out of the wind. He came to know this lean and lonely wanderer by name and sometimes talked with him a while and thus got home later than ever.

"I shudder for you," Esther said. "I despair of what will happen to you on judgement day." But she buried her despair in work. She mended the cast-off clothes to send the orphans at a Madagascar mission, and for the Brotherhood she baked ever higher angel-food cakes, some with as many as fourteen eggs in them.

But always, just before time to deliver the cakes, Hiram would be off for town. He finally found the liquor store and spent an occasional evening there. And one night, coming out, happy, warm, full of love for his fellow man, he met a young lady with two children. The young lady said, "Buy a *Lookout*?" This was a question and it was addressed to him so Hiram politely stopped in the doorway of the Westacre Municipal Liquor Store at eleven o'clock at night and looked at his accoster. She was a young lady, all right, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked. And she held up before her breast, like large playing cards, a fan of pulpy magazines.

"You spoke to me," Hiram said.

"I asked you to buy a *Lookout*," she said, and the two children repeated, "Buy a *Lookout*."

"What's a *Lookout*?" Hiram asked.

"A dime," she said smiling. "Or a quarter. Whatever you want to pay."

"I said what is it not how much is it."

"A kind of paper or magazine. Sometimes it has good advice in it if it fits you and you like it and take it. Advice like—"

"You make a living selling advice?" Hiram asked.

"Not advice. The magazine," she said. "A sort of living."

"Aren't you cold?"

"A little."

"How about the kids? They cold?"

"No," the kids said together. They were a boy and a girl, about the same age. The girl was a little the taller. "We just had a snowball fight. We're warm."

"Where do you live?"

"In the truck," they said.

"The truck?"

They nodded.

Hiram looked at the young lady again. "Are you standing here trying to keep people from going inside to get warm?"

"Heavens no," she said. "I've been in there. I sold four *Lookouts* in there. It was warm too. I'd like to stay but they don't let the children in and besides I see more people out here."

"How many more you have to sell today?"

She lifted the fan of magazines higher. She should have a warmer coat, Hiram thought, one that buttoned better, but she looked good in this one, perhaps better than in a warmer one.

"I'll buy them all," he said, "if you'll let me see your truck."

"I've never," the young lady started to say.

But the children yelled, "Let him. Let him." And they jumped up and down in the snow, one up and the other down, as if on a see-saw, until finally they got together jumping together yelling, "Let him."

"I'm old enough to be your father," Hiram said.

"Anybody saying that is old enough to know better than to say it," the young lady said.

"I've been thinking about a trailer or a truck," Hiram said. And when he said it he realized that it was true.

"For what?"

"To live in," Hiram said. "I want to see how you make coffee in yours."

"Let him," the children yelled.

So Hiram bought the magazines for two dollars and the four of them, Hiram, the young lady, the two children, walked through the snow to the truck which had been made into a big room on wheels, with windows and curtains, and was parked behind the jail on the bank of the river with a long wire running from it to the Police Chief's office for electricity.

"We don't have much company," the young lady said. "The children get lonesome." And as she opened the door for Hiram she said, "Except for them I wouldn't let you come."

What happened after that of course Esther never really knew. Hiram brought all the magazines home and found they were all alike. But he read one of them and left them on the table by the Air-Wave Chapel radio where Esther saw them and was amazed.

"Such trash," she said.

"It's just what your Olavson preaches," Hiram said. "Love one another, it says. Only it says if you love them you ought to love them, not scream at them to try to change them, not stand with clubs before them, not look down on them because they live in a—"

"In a what?" Esther said.

"In a truck then," Hiram said. "And except ye become as a little child and dance in the snow—"

"In the snow," Esther said. "I do declare, Hiram, I'm going to have Pastor Olavson talk with you. Seriously."

"Send him around," Hiram said. "I'll listen to him. I have some charity. But I'll never go around to his shop to hear him. Let him come to me."

"His shop," Esther said. "I say again you're going crazy with growing old. I'll see he talks to you all right."

But she never got that far. For one thing, she was busy. There

were going to be a lot of Christmas things at the church and she was helping to decorate and to coach little boys in recitations and to make angel wings out of wire and white muslin. And for another, Hiram was not often at home. What he was really doing she could of course not see for herself but all the ladies of the Aid helped keep her informed and were, besides, very sorrowful and sympathetic. They told her how Hiram was actually selling magazines on the street corners and telling people he did it because a young lady needed the money and had been kind to him and would take no money from him except what he could make by selling her publications. Poor Mrs. Hiram Drake, they would then say to each other, so brave and carrying on so beautifully while her dirty old husband carries on so fierce.

Esther also heard about the meetings. Outdoor meetings in the snow with people singing songs and dancing. Well, not really dancing. Sort of hopping up and down the way kids do to keep their feet warm. And even indoor meetings in the hall next to the jail, the one the poor people rent for wedding dances, and indoors all they did was sing and someone said that Hiram sat singing holding hands with the young lady. Everyone had to hold hands with his neighbor to make a circle. They took up a collection to pay the hall rent.

And then people said Hiram was drinking. Certainly he looked happy when he was selling magazines or dancing, even when he was singing, though his voice wasn't much. And he did go into the Municipal to sell the *Lookout*. Sometimes he stayed there, selling very hard, a long time. So people said he was drinking. Maybe he was. With Esther's friends it became a problem. They weren't sure what to tell her. Of course they agreed Hiram was drinking but they couldn't decide whether he was really *drinking*. So they let Esther make up her mind as to the emphasis. Esther finally decided, after one night when Hiram hadn't come home at all. He must be *drinking*, she decided, although even then she was left with some doubt in her mind. She didn't say he *was* drinking, she said he *must* be drinking.

Some things, however, Esther knew as facts. Hiram was not

in bed that morning and he was not down cellar smoking. He had made no coffee on the stove and his overshoes were gone from the front hall. No snow had been tracked in to melt on the front-room carpet. Hiram had not come home the night before. And when the mailman came that morning she knew that Hiram would not come home at all, for she got a letter from him that said, "I've seen the light and must follow it. I've learned what it is you've been trying to save people from and I must tell others of my good fortune." The truck and Hiram both, she learned, had disappeared from Westacre.

Esther of course continued to be brave. She said Hiram had gone to the farm to visit the kids and then she said he'd gone to Rochester to see the doctors and then she said he'd gone to California for the rest of the winter. All the people who'd been keeping her posted on Hiram's doings, and everyone else for that matter, knew that she was lying but they all forgave her because she was being brave and had Hiram's money in a joint account besides. And Esther continued to go bravely to church on Sunday and to bake angel-food cakes on alternate Tuesdays. She told people Hiram would soon be back and that the California climate was helping him a great deal. The only sign of weakness was that she once said maybe she'd have to go to California herself. But she didn't go. She stayed in Westacre and everyone agreed she was a noble woman.

When she got the telegram asking her what she wanted done with Hiram's body, she was brave too. First she called Pastor Olavson and told him she wanted a big church funeral for Hiram as soon as the body could be brought to Westacre and then she said she wanted to give a thousand dollars to the church for Sunday School chairs and maps of the Holy Land as a memorial to Hiram who had lately written her that he had seen the light. Things were easy from there on in and didn't require much bravery. Pastor Olavson and that nice young undertaker did all the work and really, with the Ladies' Aid bringing her great tins of meat-loaf and huge pots of scalloped potatoes and tremendous lemon pies, she had less to do and less to worry about than ever

before in her life. Mrs. Olavson, the pastor's wife, baked angel-food cakes for the Brotherhood the Tuesday before the funeral and brought an extra one to Esther with her own hands. Cherry frosted, too.

As for Hiram, he was a little angry at first. He was comfortable, yes. It was pleasant enough to lie without his pants on the soft cushions under the fluffy quilt, but the lights in the ceiling were bright in his eyes and he didn't like that Olavson's voice any better now than he ever had. Also, Olavson was as big a windbag as ever and, if what he was saying now about Hiram was any indication, he must have been a horrible liar all his life as well. Most likely his nose was running too. Hiram couldn't see him. The coffin cover, the part that lifted up, was in the way. The flowers smelled all right but not as good as the farm or the cows had smelled long ago. This, Hiram decided, was not the best *or* the worst rest he'd ever had. And he had no business making petty complaints. The big thing, what had really angered him, was the thought that here he was, being talked over by Pastor Olavson into whose church he had once had the temerity to say he would never come. Simply being here wasn't nearly as bad as realizing he had made an absolute, flat, therefore foolish, statement on which he had obviously been forced to back down.

As Olavson's voice sinused nasally on, Hiram watched Esther. She was fat and complacent and she was wearing a new black dress with purple piping at the throat. She was sitting straight and proud as if she wished she dared turn around to see how many of the ladies from the Aid were here. And when she looked at Hiram there was triumph in her eyes.

That look, thought Hiram, should make me angry. But it didn't. He was beginning to feel drowsy and he was comfortable lying as he was. Argument at this point, he told himself, would be sillier than it had ever been. And that was going some. Leave triumph to those who want triumph, for those who want it have need of it, he thought. And he found himself taking quiet satisfaction in realizing that he was presenting the Ladies' Aid with another triumphant widow. So he watched Esther carefully and

when she next looked at him he winked at her with a wink as big and lewd as he could manage. But Esther, as he'd expected, didn't bat an eye. And Hiram, feeling that he had done his best, shrugged a little deeper under the quilt and went back to sleep.

•

• FRANCIS BERRY

PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA

"... wickedest city in the universe and the richest."

There is a melancholy in the bright sunlight.
"The Ghost of the Admirals who fought for us—"
They didn't – "is shamed by our neglect," scrawled, and
Elsewhere, "Literary *stop* And Debating Society." Lies,
Lies a man in the dust. The John Crows hover
Their jagged shadows about, and you discover
That in the brightest sunlight the blackest bile runs.

On the abandoned dockyard asphalt are
Planted pedestals, engraved, surmounted
Each by an anchor. Read, "H.M.S. Aboukir,
Blockship, 1902," "Cataman, 1886," or that
– Vilely soiled – "H.M.S. Wolverine." An anchor
Mortuary, and the edges of the asphalt lie
Lapsed in water since an earthquake. See
The crooked flubbed flukes of the anchors drain
Methodically a striation of shadows down,
Memorising a stylised rust in the white sunlight.

At the Gate of Fort Charles, now the Police H.Q., a
Magniloquent and coal-black Corporal flashes
The smile, and the scarlet-braided fine legs flash
An advance over the Parade Ground to conduct you
To the far-famed fortifications and the Curtain where
The illustrious, but then Lieutenant, Nelson fretted,
Scanning horizon for Villeneuve. The Corporal smokes
Magnificently, cap askew, lounging, and he lies
Improbable dates, impossible history, and he implies
Payment is due – American dollar – but the English shilling
Offered, corrects his ideas. He denies, He salutes. For even
In this brightest sunlight lies a potential ruin.

At the end of the street of shanties there now lies
A new Club with Select Membership Fees
For best Browns and good Whites.
The bathing pool
Is filled from foul harbour. The fly-blown tables wait
Th' assembly of Kingston Importers and their ladies
After the sun has decayed, when the bar will be open,
When the money will be paid, when the dance-records be played
Starwards beyond the melancholy of a strong sunlight.

On the fast Palisadoes concreted road, haste
Past the Air Port to the mainland; all is shot
With an indirect discoidal heat, the air dins
From the throw, dins from an earthquake, dins
From hurricane 'Dora,' dins
Ghost of Admirals, dins
Literature, dins
Buccaneers, Debates, dins
Light on windscreen, dins

With lies, famous and infamous, Port Royal,
Hardly the richest or the wickedest ever at all.

There is a melancholy in the blackest sunlight
And a bile runs in the buccaneering town
Streaking the eyesight, and more insidious than
An English rain.

• MARION MONTGOMERY

ON THE BLUFF

Here high on this bluff, out of the bright morning wind, he chipped flint for the arrow, loved the crude edge with his thumb while he looked down on the red-tailed hawk that circled the pines for unwary thrush or rabbit.

In the valley the mist withdrew from the alderberry thicket where the cautious does grazed darkly in the marsh grass; blue smoke rose from the lodges by the river.

It is a long time since he shattered the flint and left these slivers; this point he broke with a hand too quick or absent; the perfect one perhaps lies lost in the hills, dropped from the heart of a fabulous doe.

Here I watch from the bluff, out of the damp wind from the river; a red-tailed hawk still circles the pines for unwary thrush or rabbit; in the valley the mist withdraws from the alderberry thicket and up the deep slopes from the river fat cattle graze lespedeza.

It will be a long time before these chips, this broken point, and the other one that lies lost in the hills have worn to soil for the hungry valley, for new elderberry bushes and new grasses.

The red-tailed hawk keeps circling the pine trees for unwary thrush or a rabbit.

AN EXCUSE JUST BEFORE MARCH 21

(After Kenneth Rexroth's rendering of Mei Yao Ch'en's "An Excuse for Not Returning the Visit of a Friend")

Do not be offended because
I do not come to see you. You know
I'd love nothing more. On my lap
I hold my little girl. Her ear
Has been infected since Autumn.
Two other children lie upstairs
With mumps. My wife is quite upset
Because the waning moon is on her.
I can't get any farther
Than the door. I am afraid
That laryngitis is about to claim me;
I will never make it to your house.

• ERNEST KROLL

FAST FREIGHT

What possible human urgency propels
A fast freight of the noisy Nickel Plate
Out of Avery, Ohio, on a summer morning
At such a rate, so desperately going
Against the grass, the throttle out, the whistle blowing?
For the moment, on this hill, my needs are met,
But plainly someone else's are not yet—
Elsewhere, beyond the curve of the track,
Awaiting swift delivery. And the Nickel Plate
Itself with such a need to keep its reputation
Bright for speed. I watch the train recede
Within the summer from which it burst
With such a clatter and such elation,
The wheels repeating, "Reputation! Reputation!",
The country growing quiet, as at first.

THE BIRTHPLACE

Watered by this limestone spring,
The infant, sprung
From original mud, the mother of
Mammoths, grew
Big-boned, ugly, swung
Ungainly, went,
Stooping under the firmament,
Gangling into glory.
You know the story.

A MNEMONIC DRILL

"Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards—
18th century opposites"

Franklin, as the body, at one pole;
Edwards, at the other, as the soul.
Franklin, holding man perfectible;
Edwards, only resurrectible.
Franklin, winking at desire;
Edwards, warning of the fire.
Franklin, earth's and man's inquisitor;
Edwards, their angelic visitor.
Franklin, fending with a rod
The flash of Edwards' angry God,
And muttering, as he mounted bedwards,
"Angry, not at me, but Edwards."

EPITHALAMIUM

Whether their future state
Falls from roses to bare thorns,
No matter. Now they rate
A motorcade and horns.

• HAROLD WITT

BACK VIEW OF A NUDE

"Everything flows: you cannot step twice into the same stream, for it changes every instant." HERACLITUS

It haunts me still, by twoness, youthful picture,
back view of a nude, myself, in a cold pool
and going deeper in, deeper than I dare now,
at the top of Illilouette, a Yosemite fall,
buttock deep, and because it was black and white
I ripple in that film, white moving statue,
while the water around me ripples circles of light.

Not that I was ever so young, so smooth and grecian,
or water darted such stars from its widening rims,
but the lying camera implies that I might have been
almost as tapered once in one of my skins,
have dared undress on those rocks and go right in,
whether or not, thought cautious, now I would,
or spin through such sprockets to be projected nude.

Since less inhibited then, gone from those mountains,
I've sat through my blood's thinning movie in suitable suits,
dying slightly at desks, bending to fountains,
remembered the silvery image of that nude youth,
peaks, domes and pinnacles rising around him,
and often, hopelessly changing, would like to have been
up to his graceful waist in that hastening bath,

half in the sun and half in glacial water,
would like to have felt what, flickering, he can't feel,
the shock of ice, hot sun on face, back, shoulder,
doubly alive, knowing what I know now,
but shining and rinsed as he is in that reel,
at the same time warm with burning as cool with chill,
farther than Heraclitus, in a returning flow.

O DESTINY THAT MAY NOT BE ESCHEWED!

BY JOHN SEBASTIAN

It was a dream boat, not because it was big, high-powered or romantic, but because it was in his dream. He was on it and he was making a lecture tour to a number of towns most of which he didn't get the name of—Charleston, West Virginia for example. The boat was small but noisy; its motor sounded like the wind through a window vent. The sea was calm mostly, but the boat pitched anyway—or swayed as if it were dizzy—so that when he got up to lecture in all the towns he swayed too, either because he hadn't got his sealegs yet when he went on land, or because he remained on the boat and harangued his audience from a point somewhere off Sandy Hook. The lecturing went on and on, while the audience sat and sat. There were no symptoms of discomfort in the audience, no squeaking of chairs, no coughing, whispering, doodling, ogling, passing of notes. And on his side there was no tension either; he just talked.

Not that he was not eloquent. He waved his arms, walked up and down the platform (or deck). He said "Friends!" and "I do not come to praise (bury?) Caesar." For emphasis he sometimes let his voice sink to a whisper, paused for effect on critical words like "life" and "levels of meaning," and drew diagrams on the blackboard. But no one who appreciated such things was there. The audience sat, and sat. Where were their minds? What did one do to wake them up? If only there were somebody there who would raise her hand or shake her head or leave the assemblage or wink or do something suggesting approval, disapproval, enthusiasm, boredom, then it wouldn't be so bad to be out there by Sandy Hook. But no. Nothing—except of course the old drummer in the back (sometimes the front) who beat irregularly on his kettle drum and then dozed off. No one gestured, no one moved, no one grimaced, no one smiled, until it became almost more than he could do to talk at all, though he knew he must,

and almost more than he could do to keep his feet, though he knew he must, as the boat swayed from one side to the other, further, further. . . .

Cynthia was asleep, so he got out of bed quietly, removed his clothes from the chair and went into the bathroom to shave and dress. It was barely dawn; through the window a tracery of winter branches was just visible against a deep gray backdrop. The wind was up (that had been in the dream) and was banging the door to the garage gently but persistently (that had been in the dream too). Shaving, he cut himself; he put on his newly starched white shirt before the blood had stopped, thus spotting the collar. He went downstairs and served himself corn flakes, a piece of toast and instant coffee. He gathered together his books, put on his overcoat and his cap with the earflaps, pushed out-of-doors into the wind, opened the garage door that was banging, got in the car, started it, backed out, got out of the car, closed the garage door (but it would still bang), got back in the car, backed out the driveway and drove off to his eight o'clock class.

* * * *

Each one of them that came to him was very young and very nice, a kind of yes-sir, no-sir and I-agree-with-you niceness that was also soft, like the edges of a television screen. They came and sat at the end of his very large desk and they held their themes in their hands and they nodded their heads, or shook their heads. He did not have to say anything to them to get them to nod (or shake) their heads; all he had to do was to open his mouth *as if* he were going to say, for example, "But you do want to improve your writing, don't you?" (for nods) or "But you wouldn't want to fail the exam, would you?" (for shakes) and they would know which way their heads should go before any words were spoken. This meant that no words were spoken. He kept opening his mouth and licking his lips and looking intelligent, and they kept nodding and shaking and holding out their papers over the big desk.

It was really a very nice relationship. The trouble was that they kept coming in one by one and thus replacing each other

for the nodding and shaking, but he sat at his end of the desk stimulating each one of them in turn and unable to get out of his chair to get out of the room to get out of the cycle before the *next* one entered and sat down, held out the paper, nodded, shook and was nice. Hours and hours. It was apparent that he would have to do something, but what he would do, and how he would do what he would do, when they were always coming in or going out or sitting there expecting that he would stay and tell them what was wrong with their papers, was a problem. Hours and hours. And what made the hours worse was that he had a number of really rather more urgent matters than the papers to get at, such as, for example, getting out of the room. He desperately wanted to do that. Every muscle in his body was straining to lift his great turgid body out of that chair behind that desk come hell or high water. And if only one muscle were to take the initiative – that is, if only one finger or hand or toe or foot or lip or ear or eyelash or shoulder were simply to take it upon itself to *move*, *then* there would be an immediate insurrection of all the muscles and the body *would* move and the chair in which the body sat *would* be pushed back and the student who was sitting at the far end of the desk holding the paper and nodding and shaking *would* be swept aside, as would all the others waiting in the hall for their turn; and the whole operation which for some reason seemed impossible to consummate, *would* come off, and *would* come off in a twinkling, a flash, a mere blink of an eye that had blinked for years, would probably continue to blink for years, and certainly, even at this perpetual unblinking moment, had all the potentiality of blinking. But wasn't. Blinking.

That was the trouble.

And it was a trouble that kept expressing itself. For now he was on a boat and the boat was like a desk, and the boat-desk moved gently up and down in one place as it met the waves (which were students?) because the motors, which were below, weren't going. He wanted to start the motors, but to get to the motors he had to take the forward stairs, because the back stairs

were out of order (or perhaps there were no back stairs), and the forward stairs were unfortunately crowded with some of the very same students who were standing in line waiting to come in to sit at the desk with their papers marked COH (for Coherence) and PARAL (for Parallelism Unfulfilled). What it amounted to was that the students who were in the way were the students he expected to see, so that they blocked each other and him in their quiet way while he blocked himself behind his boat-desk by failing to recognize that the students were as anxious as he was to let him get away because they felt very embarrassed and humble and student-like and nice about getting in his way, although they knew that it was their right to get in his way; and so they *looked* anxious about it all and they tried hard on the stairs and at the desk to persuade him that he really *could* get up from the desk and walk down the stairs and go to the bathroom or wherever he wanted to go (as a matter of fact he did want to go to the bathroom) without their interfering at all. Indeed they were, he observed, crushing themselves against the wall of the stairs and hanging precariously over the banisters to open a way for his exit. But they were also coming in in their usual manner, nodding and shaking and holding out their papers with COH, PARAL, PARAL, COH, and expecting something, something that was not very much but was clearly too much, for he could not lift himself from his desk or push his way down the stairs or even lift a finger, hand, toe, foot, lip, ear, eyelash or shoulder.

. . . and so Cynthia, being up, got the breakfast while he shaved and the children watched Captain Kangaroo. This morning he had eggs and bacon, and when breakfast was over he gathered together his books, put on his overcoat and his cap, went out, opened the garage door, got in the car, started it, backed out, got out of the car, closed the garage door, got back in the car and drove off to his nine o'clock class, after which he settled down to his 300-word themes of which there were 102.

* * * *

We will take the Thunderbird, they said. We will take that car one sees in the popular magazines parked at beaches with the

top down and the girl in the silk shawl or the bag bikini leaning against the cordovan fender and talking to the boy wearing the eight-foot blue-and-white scarf and nothing else except a light meter and a sheaf of brown-paper packages from Burpee for seeding the 100-acre plot behind the Thunderbird and of course a pair of trunks – we will take that car and put it on a boat. And so they did. And when the car was on the boat and the boat had put off and was lying off shore in a light haze near Sandy Hook, on a Sunday, with the sails nodding and shaking and the anchor firmly enmeshed in the themes and the ropes all carefully stacked away in the trunk, they set sail. The weatherman had promised them a day of light breezes and intermittent sun, and as usual the weatherman was wrong for they had scarcely cleared the bell-buoy, the breakwater, the lighthouse, the desk and the banister when the clouds climbed in from the south and they knew they were in for it. Scudding, the clouds were. And the wind was battering the garage door furiously, so that he knew that before the summer was out the garage door would have to have a new latch and probably the house would have to have a new roof and the cellar crevices would have to be sealed. At least, however, the Thunderbird was there, shining, on the forward hatch; it had a rattle in the radio speaker and the automatic choke stayed open after the engine was warm and the back deck stuck when one pushed the button that was supposed to open it and the Cruis-o-matic cruis-o-maticked up to thirty without shifting out of first, but one could get a hundred out of the thing in a short burst and what did one want out of a Thunderbird?

Very little. He got used to the elements as he grew older. The wind was howling in the hallyards and lanyards and window-vents, but he faced that fact. He sat at the desk as the procession moved in and out; he talked from Sandy Hook (over the big desk) over the heads of the white-caps, through the teeth of the gale, to the nodders and shakers; and mostly the messages got through. Modern science triumphed; the radio, radar, omnirange, complete frozen dinners, and the Point-Count-System

tamed the tempest effectively, and if he were out in his Thunderbird he need only, ultimately, put the top up.

But because it was so very simple it was very hard to understand why, with the wind blowing the jib to shreds and the salt sea shipping its weight over the port bow with every plunge of the Thunderbird's prow and the bilge water slopping up on the seats and the deck tipping precariously in the green water as it slid tumultuously along the side – it was hard to understand why he did not put the top up unless it was because he had to get out of the car to do it and this was more than he could do. The button for putting the top up was under the back deck, and to get there he would have to get the themes out of the way and clear the stairway, in addition to walking into the teeth of the gale. Clearly he could not do it; and yet with the wind blowing as it was, and with the sheets so twisted and the comforter fallen from the bed and the wind blowing the curtain out so that it flapped against the dresser, he could not but feel that perhaps he *might* be able to do it. The finger would rise. Or perhaps the hand. Or maybe the toe. Or foot? Or lip? And with the one motion, if it should occur, quite suddenly the sea or desk or bathroom would be as smooth as glass and he would go to the button and thereby get the top up and go to the class, off Sandy Hook, without further incident.

Would it be the toe?

Yes, it was the toe.

. . . Cynthia was still asleep, so he dressed in the bathroom, padded downstairs, got his breakfast, put on his overcoat and his cap, went out, opened the garage door, got out the car, closed the garage door and drove off to his eight o'clock class. Immediately after class he went to the Superintendent of Grounds office (a moving of the toe), and knocked, and went in, and said to the Superintendent – a small man standing behind a rake – that he was resigning (a moving of the finger) as of June, and he hoped that he would understand.

The Superintendent looked at him sharply (he was trying to

get out of his office with his rake) and said, "Sam, you don't look well. Have you been sleeping?"

And the haze on the Sound rose before his eyes, and the Thunderbird, and he said to the Superintendent, "Frank, you've got this all wrong. You want to make out that I'm sick, don't you. I know you. You want to make out that it's all in my mind. Well, I tell you that it's not all in my mind. There are factors here, forces. You don't understand. I don't ask you to understand, I ask you merely to empathize."

"I think you should go down to the clinic. I'll call Chuck."

"Chuck Schmuck."

"You've been under a strain."

And the Thunderbird slipped on the desk, and the themes blew in the wind, and the students lined up aft nodding and shaking, and all through the lanyards was to be heard the sound of a polished public speaker saying, "Friends! I do not come to praise (bury?) Caesar."

"You've just got to take yourself in hand, Sam," the Superintendent said. "You drink too much and you don't get enough sleep, and then you get in these terrific depressions and you go to somebody and say you don't think you have any future here. You know that's nonsense if you will only take yourself in hand. Courage, man."

"That's what Pertelote said."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Pertelote?"

"The trouble with all you people," Sam said, "is that—"

"What people?"

"—you administrators, disciplinarians, 8-to-5 gods that we have to put up with—"

"Who are we?"

"You wouldn't even know, would you. You think that everyone must be like you, and you know that if you were sick you would be sick because you had eaten too much or drunk too much or not slept enough, *not* because of anything outside of

you that was sick, sick unto death, dying in the classrooms, on the stairs, at the desks in the little offices."

"What are you talking about? I'll call Chuck."

"*Don't* call Chuck. *Don't* do anything. Because anything that *you* would do would be done to treat, to cure *me*. *You* don't see that *I'm* not the one to be treated."

"*Who*, then? *Me?* Have *I* done anything? Have *I* said I wanted to resign? And what are you resigning to *me* for anyway? Why don't you go see the Chairman, the Dean, the President, the Head Cook, anybody, not *me*. *I'm* just the Superintendent of Grounds."

And the Thunderbird rolled on the bridge and the stairwell filled, and the Superintendent's face looked like a kind face. "No," Sam said, "I'm not blaming you." And he left the Superintendent's office and walked down the stairs and walked out on the campus, past the rocking library and past a small pile of raked themes, got in his Hudson and drove off.

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EINSTEIN, ELEVATORS, THE FOURTH DIMENSION, AND THE DÖPPLER EFFECT

(A Humanities Professor Who Keeps-Up-on-Things Lectures on Recent Developments in Space)

By WAYNE BOOTH

We now approach a new unit in General Humanities, a unit which I am happy to report has been inserted as a result of popular demand. Too many people who read the headlines about the challenge of Sputnik lack the historic and scientific knowledge that underlies these momentous, these massive, developments. Let me tell you, once and for all, that space with its many problems was not invented on the morning that Sputnik I blasted off. (If at any time during this lecture you fail to understand my use of technical terms, please feel free to interrupt). Far from it. At least as early as 1904, an unprepossessing little man with a wild shock of silvery hair had laid out the general lines of twentieth-century developments in this large area. That man was Albert Einstein, the father of the fourth dimension. The fourth dimension, I need hardly tell you, is what most of the *successful* launchings have been aiming for, though we should not allow our patriotism to blind us to the fact that in general the Russians have been more successful in reaching it than we.

We may as well admit from the beginning that you won't get anywhere with the fourth dimension unless you understand elevators. Elevators are absolutely basic. I will try to explain why. Most of us, when we get into an elevator, think that it is the elevator that moves and we who have the sinking feeling in our stomachs. Actually, according to Einstein, as interpreted by Barnett, this is not so; the *elevator doesn't move*—unless you *think* it does. And even then, the sinking feeling in your stomach

is illusory; all you have to do is move into the fourth dimension – "T" –and you won't even notice it. For example, turn out the light in the elevator. That light, before you turned it out, was traveling at the rate C. *Now*, of course, it is traveling at the rate O, which might at first confuse you. But this is all cleared up if you look at the equation.

$$e = mc^2$$

in which *e* stands for elevator, *m* stands for the *motion* of the elevator (sometimes called *mass*, when the reference is to the second law of thermodynamics), and c^2 stands for the velocity of twice as much light as there was in the elevator *before* you turned out the light. This is a *constant* – for no discernible reason labeled "k" – and it is, fortunately, not relative to anything (in scientific terminology – for those of you who are interested in that sort of thing – it is "invariant under the Lorentz-transformation.")

Now suppose the elevator stops suddenly–still with the light off. Pay close attention here; a moment's carelessness and you are lost. With the light off–but first we must be sure whether the elevator is going up or going down, and whether it is accelerating at a uniform velocity, or just traveling along at a comfortable speed. If it's just traveling along, the tricky thing is that you'll float, just absolutely float in the air, groping for that light switch. If it's accelerating at a uniform velocity–upwards, of course–you'll think you're simply standing on the ground, being pulled downward by Gravity ("G"; we don't have an equation for "G" yet, but we may get to one). As long as you have that light off, you'll never know *what* has happened, which is why the windowless elevator is so useful for experiments in relativity.

Now *General* Relativity is the principle that if you're in the elevator, with the light off, the light travelling at a negative rate (that is, -c), you'll never know whether the elevator or the building is moving. But this is getting ahead of my story. The fact is that there is still a raging controversy among physicists over whether it is more important to understand elevators or trains. Some say one, some say another. It's hard for an outsider

to see what all the fuss is about, really, because it looks to me as if a train is just an elevator traveling horizontally. But this must be due to the ignorance of a layman, because the elevator people always insist on having no windows, and the train people always insist on having windows to see the lightning through. I feel a little embarrassed about this part, because I know you're going to be upset by it. But let me remind you here, in the consoling words of Dr. Harold Lyons, inventor of the atomic clock, that we should not "try to understand this just by thinking about it." At any rate, if you just imagine two trains going so fast that if you are traveling on one of them and look at the other, it just looks like a blur, then imagine that they go a little faster, so that you don't even see the blur, *then* you know what special—or rather, *general*—relativity is. This is the experiment that was proved at Greenwich Village in 1942, when it was first recognized that the sun has a curved corona magnetically attracted away from it by the moon during an eclipse. It is interesting to note that this is still disputed by some, which produces some uncertainty—known as the Heisenberg principle.

You mustn't think, however, that everything is uncertain, just because some physicists are uncertain on principle. Everything is relative, but it's not necessarily uncertain. Take for example mass and energy. If you had read as many paperback accounts of mass and energy as I have, you'd soon see that mass and energy are absolutely basic. Some physicists, it is true, think that mass undulates and energy comes in corpuscles; that is, I believe, Barnett's interpretation of Einstein. But others think that energy undulates —that is, *waves*—and mass comes in corpuscles. This additional uncertainty is complicated somewhat by the fact that strictly speaking mass does not exist, as is shown by the equation I have put on the board:

$$Gx = \frac{B^2 l^4 v}{C^2} \int (Dy^{12} + Dz^{12})\, dS = \frac{Blv}{C^2} \int (Dy^{12} + Dz^{12})\, dS'.$$

What this *does* make clear is that the corpuscular theory—not to be confused with the monumental work of William Harvey, if

you will excuse my little joke—says that electrons are about the size of corpuscles. The undulatory theory says that they are bigger. The same holds for light, since light is, of course, made up of electrons—quite small ones.

The thing is that relative to light's motion, which is quite rapid, everything else is rather stodgy. So all those people who, in the past, thought that the planets pulled each other about—"action at a distance"—are quite discredited. We must not forget, however, the warning of Conant of Harvard (among others): being discredited is not the same as being wrong. Take, for example, the Ptolemaic theory. This theory, translated into modern terms, would say, in effect, that if you're riding in an elevator, or for that matter a train, and someone steps on your toe, it's really you who put your toe under his foot. That is, whether one says that the elevator moves up the building, or the building slides out from under the elevator, it's all the same thing. Copernicus said, of course, that the *elevator really moved*, and he almost lost his head for it. Then for years people said that *Copernicus* was right and *Ptolemy* wrong (that's spelled with a P: PTOL; we may as well get at least *that* much straight). But *now* we know that Ptolemy wasn't exactly *wrong*, he was only inconve*ni*ent. It is indeed cumbersome to lead one's life as if the building slid down the elevator, especially once one gets the picture of the whole universe having to slide along with it, which is what *special* relativity advocates. (I might just refer you here to Ilse Rosenthal-Schneider.)

This of course leads us to quantum physics, which must not be thought for a minute to have superseded relativity. As I understand it, what the quantum people are after is Einstein's scalp—that is, in more scientific terminology, Einstein, with his broad, humanistic background, has been too much concerned with *qual*ities, and the positivistic quantum physicists want a return to *quan*tities, or quanta. I think it is also safe to say that the quantum physicists, particularly Max Planck, think that inertia is more inert than Einstein does.

I see that my time is almost up, and here I am just getting

around to cosmic rays, atomic clocks, and the problem of whether or not elevator operators age as fast as the rest of us. In so far as I understand him, Dr. Lyons thinks that they age more slowly, especially on the trip up. If we can conquer outer space, as seems likely now that Lunik III is doing what it's doing, then we can send somebody out into space for a few years, knowing that when he comes back it will be too late: we'll all be on ahead of him in Time–"T"–dwelling in the fourth, or perhaps even the fifth, dimension. This raises some interesting questions, I realize, such as, "What good will this do any of us, including the space explorer?" But I must confine myself to questions that can be answered somewhat more easily. We have time only to make explicit what you might in any case infer from the above: there are two kinds of cosmic rays, microcosmic and macrocosmic. Since almost everyone now admits that genes and chromosomes are nothing but microcosms, and since we can infer from modern physics that the universe is nothing but a macrocosm, it is clear that we are on the verge of one great unified science, the General, or Unified, Field Theory. The problem of who will be the first to formulate this theory can hardly be considered by the layman as of fundamental importance. What *is* important is the obvious trend away from elevators and trains to colors. The best current theory seems to be that the microcosmic rays, which are of course somewhat smaller, are moving toward the center of the universe and are thus blue; sometimes these are called Blue Giants because, of course, as they get closer and closer they look bigger and bigger. On the other hand the Red Giants, or macrocosmic rays, are moving *away* from the center, at fantastic speeds. They are red because of the Döppler effect, or rather because there is *no* Döppler effect when we deal with light. As a matter of fact, nearly everyone now concedes that not just the earth, with its Sputniks, Explorers and Luniks, but the whole universe is exploding out into the fourth dimension, a phenomenon which bids fair to make our past knowledge based on elevators and trains useless. All this presupposes, of course, that space is *not* curved negatively. If it *is*, then unless I

completely fail to understand the whole problem, the inside-out, inverted, elevator, or "elevator-bubble," will come into its own. I personally hope that this will not prove to be necessary, for the sake of everyone concerned.

• DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

SAFARI

You need an empty burlap
bag; rubber boots;
a forked longhandled stick.
You need nerves like roots

of the willow half underwater
that stiffen the trunk they grip
though that trunk holds boughs which quiver
at the quietest breath.

You kneel on the willow's knees
probing the fern-rimmed ditch
till an arrow furrows the water,
till the quiet's cleft by hiss.

And quick and true the sinew
tightens in your arm, in your throat
and true and quick the long stick
lunges: A thunderbolt

pinions the diamond head
where the forking tongue is set
immobilizing nothing
else of that undulant jet –

I see those brave safaris
and my triumphal returns,
the writhing bag that dangles
from the forked stick's horns,

that dangles over the rosebuds
staked to the trellis I passed,
home through the tended garden
my prize held fast

– 'To do *what* with those creatures?
You'll drown them in the drain at once!' – and dream
of a boy, rigid, goggling
down the manhole's gloom

at serpents hugely striding
in the diamonded darkness agleam
and thrashing the still black waters
till they foam and rise like cream.

• MYRON H. BROOMELL

THE PROFESSOR PAUSES FOR A QUICK DRINK AND A CHAT WITH ONE OF THE SPONSORS

Probably you wouldn't think it
To see me playing the piano in a joint like this,
But I used to be a student at the University.

I studied Latin and everything.

Amo, *amas*, *amat*—get it?
That's pretty deep stuff, but I can see you're an educated man.

I used to read Shakespeare, too,
And Emerson and all. You want to read Emerson sometime; he's
good all right.

You read Shakespeare much?
Well, I can see you do.
I was thinking about that character he tells about—
I forget some of it, but it was in one of those plays—
Lord Pandarus of Phrygia.
I guess you know what I mean:
He was always trying to fix it up for somebody.

Amo, *amas*, *amat*, though—
That's the real thing.
I never regret I studied Latin.

Excuse me now while I play a little more music:
The girls always say they like that.

You come here all the time?

THE VOCATION

I remember a bricked court and a waste of brown leaves drifting,
Each with a scraping noise till it reached the foot of the wall,
And a girl in a furred coat, uneasily smiling and shifting
From foot to foot as she sparred for a way to say farewell,

And how cold the sunset looked when she had managed to say it
And I followed the frozen road whose ruts were tossed in iron
Sharp as a twisted ripple in golden hair or in silk,
And the blond light of the lamp that received the newborn poet
Home in the early night to a supper of corn and milk,

And the concept of great halls, with heiresses in training
To earn the love of peasant lads in oaken cots asleep.
I studied the social order as the autumn moons were waning,
And a forebreath of true winter stole from the ambivalent deep.

• GAEL TURNBULL

A POEM FOR MY BIRTHDAY

I couldn't remember what I wanted to say, but having started,
I said that.
Now, having said too much already, to come to any reasonable
sort of conclusion,
I think of how I made an ass of myself with some girl at a New
Year's party,
and of my little daughter who chewed up a letter that came
yesterday, before I had a chance to read it,
and of Blake reading Milton to his wife in their garden at Fel-
pham.
Surely one day even the sun will forget to come up
and then how the stars will dance to celebrate!

THE SCRATCHING SOUND

The scratching sound, since you ask, comes from my finger nails,
working at a small crevice which I've discovered in the plaster,
beyond which, you don't have to tell me, there are probably
bricks and even concrete,
and certainly most of my time is taken up with routine or even
compulsory activities, which is just as well since my nails
would never stand up to it for long at a time,
and admittedly there is an element of deliberate eccentricity
since the scratching has a bizarre effect on most of my com-
panions, which does help to pass the time,
none-the-less, this particular crevice is far from exhausted; and,
finally, I can see no other way out.

• WALKER GIBSON

SOLILOQUY IN A MOTEL

I took off down the town's disaster route
And holed up in this hideout by the trail.
The hiss is fading now of their pursuit;
Let ice sink softly in the plastic pail.
Let air flow cold around this rubber foam.
My only home's a home away from home.

It was a fast break, a wild ride did the trick
To get me here past posses of grim men.
Now free TV reruns a western flick
And bandits act it out for me again:
Those lonesome horsemen who've escaped them all,
Galloping over my carpet wall to wall.

Safe and alone in this delicious gloom,
I know the air conditioner's cheerful hum,
And think of those who hid out in this room
And left no sign that this was where they'd come –
The salesmen, tourists, children, covert lovers.
I find fresh glasses in wax paper covers.

All gone, who once took shoes off on this bed
And felt their cars still rocking at their backs,
Those outlaws on the lam – all of them fled.
Like tethered horses outside mountain shacks,
The getaway cars line up for getaway dawn.
This time tomorrow I'll be gone gone gone.

• SCOTT BATES

FABLE
OF THE UNICORN WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN

A unicorn
With a crumpled horn
Once under a tree
In a garden
Sat

Thinking that books
About his looks
Were highly
To be wondered
At

This horn said he
Symbolically
Is either a Freudian
Baseball
Bat

Or an appendage worn
By a Eunuquecorn
To be lightly
Laid in a Virgin's
Lap

And now said he
I've run into a tree
Let them find
The phallusy
In that

FABLE
OF THE SNAIL AND THE BUTTERFLY

A snail once married a butterfly
A snail in black
With a pack on his back
Once married a fluttering fold of sky
With a far-away look in her eye
Her eye
A far-away look in her eye

They built a cathedral by the shore
A cathedral fair
With a spiral stair
With flying buttresses by the score
And a gargoyle over the door
The door
A gargoyle over the door

And there many miracles came to pass
Little crippled shrimps
Were cured of limps
And there many barnacles came to mass
Till the butterfly died at last
At last
The butterfly died at last

And the snail ran off with a tumblebug
Of a hideous hue
Of a bilious blue
With a ball full of offal to tumble and tug
And he slobbered and slept like a slug
A slug
He slobbers and sleeps like a slug

While the cathedral sleeps by the ocean side
Like a beautiful shell
Or an empty hotel
With an old hermit crab residing inside
And the roar and the rush of the tide
The tide
The hush and the sigh of the tide

• RICHARD EBERHART

THE HAMLET FATHER

When Hamlet had sunk to the moist ground
With his most meanings tossed
Back to the unwilling, pregnant sky,
His will and green questions lost,

I thought I had outlived his mark,
Viewing him with thanks and saying,
Hamlet, you are too young to count,
I assign you to the philosophical dark.

Mine are less modest and princely
Lucubrations on the same events.
I am your father and would care
To have richer evidence.

But had you lived longer and deeper
You might have gained a passion
Profound as the master of yours
And lived in a different fashion.

• JULIAN MOYNAHAN

THE CRITIC

This critic says there are no poems,
Only notes for poems that never got written.
When this critic stalks among masterpieces,
They instantly become tongue-tied.
He feels as though he'd stumbled
Into a recently petrified forest.
But behind him the leaves are whispering.
They say, "This critic is no lover,
Only a postulant of love who never got smitten."

THE ENGLISH AND THE DUTCH ARE MUCH THE SAME

For K. A.

Somewhere's
A world of difference.
I want to go there.
Don't you
Come too.

PSEUDO-HAIKU I: At a Concert of Antient Musick

Against the trellice of your dainty ear
the harpsichord player
shakes his tiny basket of wires.

PSEUDO-HAIKU II: Only in New England

"Everyone's owed a little respect."
Listen, moralist,
I *like* the frost on my barley!

OUR FOREIGN AGENTS

FULBRIGHTING IN IRELAND

Dublin
Oct. 7, 1959

On the tender that brought us from the roadstead outside Cobh to the quay, a friendly Irishman pointed out the new oil refinery off to starboard sprawled along a reach of land. He insisted that I, as an American, would be interested in it. I was: it looked terrible. But no doubt the gasoline is excellent. For the rest, Ireland looked brown and still does, though the long drought has really broken at last, not that my family and I needed the rain in order to catch fine Irish colds.

Of course, in the Henry James novels and the fictions of Hemingway and so forth, nobody much has much to do in foreign parts except to cultivate the sensibilities and the senses, respectively. I must declare, with Fainall, that "I have a wife and so forth"–so forth to the extent of four children, three of whom are currently beating their well-integrated heads against Latin, French, Algebra and other chimeras happily exorcised from the bright curriculum at home. Why is it that there are no families in the Great novels of Our Time? But that way madness lies . . .

For my own part, I seem more or less to have more or less of a job to do at Trinity College–lectures or something. It hardly matters. No one could care less, and as long as I am paid, neither could I. I believe it's one lecture a week and one class or seminar or something once a week–"do anything you like". And after all, as an acquaintance put it the other day when told I am here to teach American literature: "I didn't know there was any." Well, there is now.

Trinity College, Dublin, (TCD to you) is a remarkable place, and to a hick like me, most revealing. I enter the gate between Burke and Goldsmith (by Foley), I lunch under the approving eye of Lord Mornington (I think he was Wellington's grandfather), and have my coffee as Congreve (by Kneller) takes a dim, supercilious view. Swift seems nowhere represented in portrait or bust–not at TCD, that is–yet I feel his presence emanating from his cathedral and his hospital, from the very stones of the city. Trinity College is an island

in Dublin, right in the center of the finest and busiest part of town, with its handsome massive buildings and green playing fields. An Anglican enclave, yet a very cosmopolitan place: all races, conditions and sexes make up the student body. Joyce-hunters, Stella-voyeurs and Twilit Celts pass through on Fulbrights. A Professor here tells me of dining, some few years ago, with the late Jack Yeats in the course of which occasion the Professor pointed out two Americans in the middle distance. "Here on the Yeats racket" sniffed the painter. My own racket being Fulbright-anomalous or free-loading, I view all this with a proper Olympian detachment. I have sworn a long, formidable Latin oath and may borrow books from the library —a privileged man: no mere student may borrow books—only "staff". So I enter the stack as Theseus the labyrinth and hope for results.

Actually, the library is excellent—if you can find the book you want—and the Long Room, the show place and the repository of the Book of Kells and other rarities, is a strikingly handsome hall. The college as a whole has an atmosphere of shabby elegance which I, enured to juke-box Gothic and plastic Federal, find soothing, as though I'd been given a modest title. And soothing is the word for all of Dublin, to the limited extent of my acquaintance with it. It is unviolent, muted in color and sound, and the country round about is both nobly beautiful and modest about itself. As you pass a Georgian country house, you feel that it doesn't insist, that it simply waits there, walled from public view—everything here seems to be walled, stone and stucco dripped over with blood-red fuchsia—and overhung with magnificent beeches, chestnuts, pines and trees I cannot put a name to. Horses graze in the pastures, and there is talk of horses going on at the better bars; at the pubs the talk is likely to be of football or hurling. In either case, the talkers drink Guinness, and so do I. As the slogan says, it's good for you.

Doubtless I should provide a few socio-politico-religious comments. I have none. The people seem charming, obliging, mannerly. Their speech is a delight to the ear. One becomes immediately aware of problems, if only from reading the newspapers: unemployment, emigration, the lack of industry and of industrialism. Agriculture seems to be in the state agriculture usually is. One gathers that most people are poor and that a few have a very great deal of money indeed. Television is almost an obsession. The first "castle" we saw had a TV antenna on the battlements. One is aware that this is a devout country and a Roman Catholic one, in case the fact had escaped prior notice. Personally, I find that a great deal that I notice helps me to understand Swift better, if nothing else.

And speaking of Swift, Denis Johnston's new and "revolutionary" book on the Dean will be out shortly, and then wot larks. Appar-

ently the thesis is that Swift was the illegitimate son of Temple, Sr., and was therefore Stella's uncle or something. Needless to say, the scholars are sharpening their axes. It doesn't sound important, I am sure, but here it is October and I don't even know who played in the Series, let alone who won it. But Galway beat Kerry in All-Ireland Football and tomorrow it's Mac Millan vs. Gaitskill. Too bad Swift isn't still around.

And O'Casey. I've seen very little theater here; there hasn't been much to see, except a pleasant *Good Natured Man* at the Gate and *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, most disappointing, at the little theater in the great bus terminal. The Abbey, still lacking a theater of its own since the fire of '51, carries on rather ineffectively down on Pearse Street, but since one recalls that the Abbey is dedicated to new Irish plays, one realizes that there's the crux of the matter: the new plays and playwrights are not forthcoming. If Synge is long gone and O'Casey totally and finally alienated, there has appeared to be no set of shoulders ready for the mantle. The production of *Deirdre* I mentioned seemed remote from players and audience alike. No one seemed to know what it was *about*. It talked of love and war and death, in the inevitable cadences and reflexives and present participles, yet where was the mystery, the passion? The language is all, and the actors could not be persuaded, as it seemed to me, to believe the language. The idiom of Tennessee Williams is really closer to the feelings of the young people who performed Synge.

Yet Dublin strikes me as being full of people who love the arts and literature. I met an industrialist at a party who wanted to talk about modern poetry, which he reads and enjoys, and about the paintings in the National Gallery—which, by the way is remarkably fine and is, one realizes, almost entirely the achievment of Sir Hugh Lane. A taxi driver who took me to Christ Church Cathedral was at pains to tell me of the forthcoming Handel festival and pointed out the place of the first performance of the *Messiah*. The doorman at the Bank of Ireland discoursed learnedly and passionately on the history and architecture of His building. Reviews of art shows and plays in *The Irish Times* achieve a degree of honesty and acumen, as well as clarity, beyond anything in the New York Times. Nobody seems to react other than with pleasure on finding out that I am a poet. The approach is new to me. In this country there may well be "great hatred, little room" in Yeats's words, but I somehow get the feeling that Dublin is a city where the passions are still alive.

Louis O. Coxe

LEAVES OF ABSENCE – KING'S CROSS AND KING'S PARADE

(England, 1958)

Friday, 19 Sept., London.

Missed a day. Went to Westminster yesterday with A. Not much in it for her. To Liberty's where we looked up leather pig, silk screens of Lurcat. Westminster a great jumble-shop of monuments. Signs all over the place. Most impressed by chapel house. Tiled floor, had to put on floppy felt slippers to walk in. Painted walls, good, and some stained glass, not so good. Rode out to Ealing Broadway pet shop. Friendly proprietor. Mentioned Mr. Hessel of Roosevelt Aquarium in Brooklyn. Showed me all around; he had a galago, bushy-tailed lemur from Kenya. Tame and pretty, 15 pounds. Fish display perhaps not quite so good as in America. Less variety, fewer rarities. Back to another pet store, 16 Picton Place. Not good at all. Bought a small golliwog doll for A. and for H. some French matches. Bain's bookstore on Strand very good. Bought tickets for Bea Lillie at Adelphi. Guiness at pub named for Nell Gwynne. Walked into city, hard to find a place to eat. Finally had two sandwiches and coffee at an espresso house. Brown sugar with coffee, thought it was grated cheese.

Friday, 19 Sept. (again)

Left journal on Cambridge train. Hope it comes back. Went up to Cambridge on 9:54 from Liverpool Street. Man in compartment nice to A. Business man, gave her subway map of London to play with. Spoke of wet spring, floods in this part of the country. Taxi to De Freville Street. Mrs. P. nicer, more fluttery than I had guessed. Showed us around house, white brick corner. Gravel walks in front. Lawn and shed in rear. Pear trees. Less yard than I had thought, but enough for us. House roomy, but maybe bloody cold in winter.

Saturday, 20 Sept.

Out to Kew Gardens; idiot bus conductor, a West Indian, took us past the right stop. Bought a guidebook, full of facts about plants. Chambers' Chinese pagoda impressive, at a distance anyway. So was outside of Kew Palace. Cramped and museumy inside. Poor old George III spent a lot of time here after his mind gave. Nicest thing was vista of sunny lawns and flowers through the trees. Mad George

among the flowers. Had rather bad lunch at a tea-shop. I mean not enough to eat. One gets hungry among all these flowers. Then H. and A. went home, and I went on. Looked in vain for boat for A. Pet shop again in Camden Town. Crowded but Mr. Seaton nice. South African dormice. Went to 5:30 show at Adelphi, Bea Lillie in *Auntie Mame*. Play mediocre to poor, a long pointless series of sentimental reminiscence. Audience puzzled over some quips such as reference to Howard Johnson's.

Sunday, 21 Sept.

Went to Chapel Street fair, held Sundays rain or shine. Today was shine. Crowded streets full of booths, flower and fruit sellers, second-hand clothing, second-hand objects. H. bought some of these, spoons and a box. Then to Kensington. At Round Pond no boat for A. Some little boys gave me a leaky plastic one they had found. We could float it for thirty seconds before it sank. Numbers of model boat builders in long rubber boots, plethora of equipment. Many advisers, much tinkering, comparatively few voyages. A. had fun gathering duckweed from the edge of the pond and spreading it out on the benches. We sat on the edge of the Serpentine in canvas chairs and A. fed the ducks and sailed her little boat. One of our best times. Variety and beauty of the various water-fowl, mallards, coots, grebes, Canada geese, moorhens. A. wet her pants and then partly fell in the water. H. wrung her out, no harm done. Home by tube.

Monday, 22 Sept.

Late start this morning. A. being difficult. No mail at Amexco. To Hamley's and got nice wooden boat for A. with red sails. Lunch in small place in Soho, not bad, toad in the hole. Then H. went off for afternoon, and A. and I went home for nap. At three we got up and went to Round Pond by tube. Queensway station. Found some string in a refuse can, and sailed the boat. Brisk wind, fine day. Other sailboats on the pond owned by quarrelsome little boys. Ours a lubberly affair. Home and read a great deal of *Peter Pan* to A. She likes it, especially about learning how to put wolves to flight by looking at them through your legs. Chilly in evening now. Bed the only thing.

Tuesday, 23 Sept.

Day started off gloriously sunny. Walked up Piccadilly and across to Regent Street. Then bus to Strand. Had lunch at one of these roast chicken places, then went to Trafalgar Square. A. was delighted with pigeons. It started to rain, and I left to go on a wild

goose chase after some animal dealers in Haverstock Hill. Stopped in Liverpool Street Station to inquire after my notebook. The clerk really knew of it, strange, from a name in it somewhere. He told me it was on its way to King's Cross, and I could get it there tomorrow. Awfully polite. Then to Oxford Street and Bumpus' book store. Went to Leicester Square and saw two one-act plays of Tennessee Williams in the Arts Theater. The British couple next to me very severe. Husband explaining to wife all about New Orleans, mostly wrong. At end, "It won't do. No, it won't do! Not like *Oedipus*." Afterwards on corner near tube, young man in cap asked me if I had been at Yale. Historian, I think, works now for Fulbright Commission. He promised to look me up in Cambridge – but what shall we talk about if he does?

Thursday, 25 Sept.

Up to Cambridge today. Chatty cab driver, glib, untrustworthy type, Londoner. Girl in train spoke to us about Cambridge, knew of Carleton, asked if we knew someone named Mallory there. One never does. Out to De Freville street, opened house and walked about poking into things. Strange feelings of space and privacy. Struggles to make fire in hot water heater. Where do the British hang their clothes?

Friday, 26 Sept.

Worked in library, leather stuffed chair on rollers. Young man brought me books – very polite, but these are cold cloisters.

Friday, 3 Oct.

Went through St. John's over the river by the Bridge of Sighs. Why is every covered bridge between two buildings called a bridge of sighs? Walked along the Backs, saw several moorhens, found great trove of horse chestnuts for conkers.

Saturday, 11 Oct.

River full of rowing. Coaches on bicycles along paths. Some old ladies feeding grass to swans, "Here, have a good chew." The vulgarity of old ladies. At bookstore at noon, clerk told me he remembered Thomas Wright – used to come into shop in London, lived in Olney, interested in poet Cowper. Great white beard, near eighty, or looked it.

Tuesday, 14 Oct.

Letting beard grow; only bristles so far, like a tramp clown. Worked in library until eleven, then went to Zoology lab. Richard

there to welcome me—awfully nice, friendly, showed me about: live fish, amphibians, reptiles—especially many African fishes, very tame spiny-tailed lizard, sand skinks (African). Richard working on trout, asked us to dinner Monday.

Monday, 20 Oct.

To Holmes' for dinner. He came out to pick us up, still in his gown, very nice of him, but he is simply a nice person. In a great wagon like a small lorry. They live out by Grantchester. Very nice place but small, up three flights. Pris working as a model, late getting home from London, set everything back a bit. But Richard coped like anything, kept us amused with his tame jackdaw, a very friendly bird. Friendly but careless, I had to have my coat cleaned. A baby green iguana running about, also very tame. Richard cooked dinner all by himself; we had pheasant with mushrooms, Madeira and Chateau-neuf-du-pape, and vintage port from Trinity afterwards. One can't do much better.

Wednesday, 29 Oct.

Notice on board near King's of impending visit of Princess Margaret. Everybody to wear his gown. Stopped in shop to ask about maps of Cambridge. Proprietor another old wretch—like woman in brass stall in Market Square. Dressed in foxy overcoat and hat. Unpleasant protesting voice—sound of outraged virtue—but she did have some old maps, one of 1575 from Ortelius or some such atlas, very handsome. She wanted 18 guineas for it. Kept on protesting. Could be right, but aura of rascality a bit strong, what is one to do in this wicked world?

Ran to catch the 1:15 bus from Drummer Street, made it with a little to spare. Rode on top deck to Ely through flat very tidy country, intersected with ditches. Piles of sugar beets in fields, some white-faced sheep. Sunny day but chilly. Very nice conductor helped us off at Ely, showed us way to Cathedral. A. very much against visit. Likes God, but does not like God's house.

Walked around town a bit afterwards, rather ordinary place nice enough. Toy for A., a little racing car. Down hill to station, coffee in waiting room and pork pie. Saw our first Old Guy on De Freville corner. A. gave him a penny. Charmed but puzzled.

Sunday, 2 Nov.

My bicycle had a soft front tire, and my efforts to pump it up only made it worse, so I borrowed Mary Ann's which was sitting in the hall and rode out to see the Devil's Ditch. Dripping day, got very

wet in spite of raincoat. Rode out past Barnwell Junction to Stow cum Quy (to rhyme with "why") then to Swaffham Bulbeck, Swaffham Prior, and finally Reach, where I had a good view of the Ditch. Enormous thing – long mound about twenty feet high with ditch in front, runs for miles. Flat watery country. Must have taken them a long time. Perhaps mainly observation post to observe massing of forces in cattle raids, etc. Enemy came from direction of Cambridge, I should think. Rode up to Burwell and then home. Near Swaffham Prior man offered to help when he saw me out in the middle of the road leaning against my bicycle trying to spread out the Ordinance map. Got back about 1:30, full of saddle sores, must have done about 25 miles.

Saturday, 8 Nov.

Poppy Rag Day in Cambridge. Carnival spirit, streets full of undergraduates in comic costume, riding floats and so on. Went to bank, changed ten dollars, pocket full of pennies for the raggers. Manager said our money was here, but not yet available. Some technicality, small matter. Got well squirted by fire boat crossing foot bridge in back of Trinity Hall. I was probably the only person on bridge not tossing water back at fire boat. Worked in library until noon. Very festive in town. Bagpipe band, including one very black little Indian. Some floats ragging USA – Quemoy, moon rocket, and such other inadvertencies. But good-natured. Nearly naked girl doing hula hoop on top of one float. How the women do turn out in a thing like this.

Wednesday, 26 Nov.

Took 10:15 train down to London, very late on account of fog. Arrived in London 12:05. Read in paper that Mr. Nixon also held up by fog over London airport. And that's a good job. Went down to Bain's bookstore on William IV Street to try and get Piozzi's *Anecdotes* listed in their catalogue. Sold of course. Clerk seemed lukewarm about trying to find another copy for me. Gathered that book-hunting business not like it used to be. Too many Americans. Got Huxley's *Olive Tree*, also paper copy of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* to read on the train. Not good but interesting. Out to Camden Town, long serious talk with Mr. Seaton. He took out several big snakes to show me – pythons and boas. Has a nice anaconda, thirty pounds. Feeding, ate two pigeons.

Had to take 5:57 train home. This a very bad train, slow and crowded, had it last time too. But compartment emptied after Bishop's Stortford, except for one young man. Long black hair. Very friendly. He works for Marshall's Aircraft in Cambridge. Had gone

down to Croydon this morning to pick up some small parts, carrying them in his pocket. Said it was cheaper to send him, buy his lunch, than to send by mail. Curious about America. Asked if I was studying English here. "Is English a hard language? I knew a French girl here that had a very sticky time. Of course Americans do speak broken English." Interested in going to New York some day, wants to see the Statue of Liberty and Capitol Record Building. Spoke of American teen-age singers knowledgeably. Evidently some aspirations that way – used to sing in Jesus College choir.

Sunday, 30 Nov.

Rode out in the circle of small towns north and west of Cambridge and had a good time. Succeeded at last in pumping up tires on bike with hand pump. First to Histon, where they make Chiver's Jam, a dull place. Then to Impington, where one of Pepys' uncles lived, and Pepys went to church once or twice. Saw the church, charming porch and wall painting of St. Christopher. Services just beginning. Greeted warmly by vicar and felt guilty about leaving. Sun kept trying to peer out. Then to Milton, empty church on side road, very nice brasses. Landbeach, church of William Rawley, Bacon's secretary and biographer. Nice chat with vicar. He didn't know Rawley from Gog Magog, and looked as though he didn't care if he ever did. Nice grotesque carvings of flat-capped heads on porch.

A. still coughing, poor little chap. The bullfinch, Helen, beginning to sing in kitchen this noon. Funny diminutive piping song.

Saturday, 13 Dec.

H. proposes name of "Captain" for glass-snake because he is "ophisaurus." Phone rang at tea-time, Philip Gosse. "You've caught me at a very bad moment. I'm leaving for Australia." He had hunted down our phone number from the street address on my note, very decent of him to call. Suggested my coming out tomorrow morning between eleven and twelve.

Sunday, 14 Dec.

Rode the bike out to Grantchester Street, made a false cast in the neighborhood, and had to turn round a block or two. Number 15 one of a row of two-story graystone houses. Not an ambitious neighborhood. Leaned bike against a lamp post and rang bell. Window upstairs thrown open and shaggy head appeared, bushy eyebrows. "Mr. Sheridan? Will you please walk up." Room full of relicts. Picture of father over the mantel. Mr. Gosse very easy to talk to, a

gentle person. Brought out sherry, told me he has always been an amateur. M.D. but never uses title, saves endless trouble. Gather he is visited by a good many people now asking things about his father. Told me he knew Kipling well, recommended works of one EHA, an Anglo-Indian naturalist. Asked me about birds of Tunisia – he knew I had been there during the war. Gave me copy of his book, *Memoirs of a Camp Follower*, this is correct title of the one I had read, *A Naturalist Goes to War*. Penguin people made him change, give people wrong idea. Wrote on flyleaf for me. Has two cats – one black and white from Trinity – said tradition of Trinity cats being black and white goes back to Queen Elizabeth. This one given him as kitten by wine steward, brought it to high table in his pocket, I think. Curious about USA, has never been there, doesn't want to now. Never heard of Rutgers for instance. Young man from there writing book about his father. "Should I know what Rutgers is?" His grandmother an American. I think a Hancock.

Thursday, 18 Dec.

In Matthews today bought some cider and a carton of canned beer. Not pints but "What they call two glasses." "Ah, American pints, perhaps?" "Yes, swindle that." Brought Judy down again tonight. She is getting much tamer. For some reason Kitty objects to the smell of hedgehog. I emptied some of Judy's unused chopped meat and milk into Kitty's dish last night and now Kitty refuses to go near it. Abomination. Helen flying loose this morning. H. and I think she ought to have one day of liberty. Thursday best because wash-day Friday.

Friday, 19 Dec.

This afternoon A.'s school gave a Christmas pageant in the auditorium of the Methodist church on King Street. Place hard to find, several mis-steps. When we got there, the head-mistress (face like a kindly mandrill) swept A. off. H. said she wanted mass in her spectacle. We found seats in the back, quite a crowd of parents sitting in our overcoats. Dimly lighted, piano in corner. Presently we could hear A.'s voice raised in sorrow. "It's too cold!" Her little teary face at the door. She then passed into H.'s lap where she stayed. H. said they had these little shepherds and angels stripped down nearly to their underwear and you could see your breath in the hall. Pageant long and ambitious I judge. But I own that my attention rather wandered. When it was over, I was drafted into service, along with the other fathers in the back seats, to carry trays of tea mugs around. Poor little A. had the cheek to ask us if we weren't proud of her for being in the pageant. H. and the woman next her giggling over by-

play on the stage. Two of the attendant angels squabbling over gifts brought by the wisemen.

Sunday, 21 Dec.

Sun came out and I rode bicycle without gloves or overcoat. Pumped up the tires, still proud of myself for mastering this. Rode out Newmarket Road to Little Wilbraham. Sea-gulls in fields. Gog Magogs in background. Nice little church, list of curates on the wall inside. 1230 date of first one. What looked like Beaufort arms. Shook hands with the vicar, quite deaf. I don't think he understood at all. Very thin congregation. These small English country churches always make me feel sad. Like old tombstones you can't read anymore. Or hedgehogs, so hopelessly defenceless. Did not get to see remains of primitive ditches I had hoped for.

Wednesday, 24 Dec.

Judy's fondness for roasted chestnuts. The piece I give her is usually still pretty hot. She seizes it viciously and then drops it. Eats it later. According to everybody hedgehogs can give a wicked bite. Richard says teeth are impressive. But they almost never do. To be savaged by a hedgehog. One that Ken Close kept would always nip the girls' bare feet in the morning, never the men's.

Thursday, 25 Dec.

Holidays very seldom good days. Foggy, and low hanging mist. H. wouldn't let A. go out. But we all did pretty well with our stockings. Fire and coffee and cider. Lazy. Full moon tonight, strange appearance through mist.

Tuesday, 30 Dec.

A. with us to panto last night, *Toad of Toad Hall.* Drink in Blue Boar lobby first. Great success with her, the panto. Had fun calling weasels and stoats names, standing up in her chair. But we were brought up on Kenneth Grahame. A. A. Milne by comparison is newer, coarser turn. But perhaps better for panto. About the panto. Badger a figure of fun in a Scotch cap. Toad lean and phrenetic, along lines of Danny Kaye. A very campy mole, such dainty trottings to and fro. But A. liked it, so why be judicious? Two Tolleys in roof garden during the intermission. Made it easier, much easier, to bear.

PHILIP SHERIDAN

The surrounding area is now built up, but you sense that until very recently this place was only a few acres of sand near the littoral of Anaheim. Now a replica of the Matterhorn rises above the parking areas. On schedule the helicopters bring the faithful from the Los Angeles airports. Outside the entrance the highway is lined with fancy motels, owned by Mother Goose, built to house the pilgrims who want to stay on. Thirty thousand souls through the turnstiles in one day is not considered a stout attendance. Native speakers believe "Frontierland" and "Tomorrowland" are natural resources, like oil.

Clearly Disneyland is a late foal of the movie industry, but only a few surmised that the movies could be still further depraved. Now there is no need to suspend disbelief in a dark movie theater in Ohio. Here in the sunlight of California the images have been wrenched from the fluidity of the screen; now the images are static, elaborate sets which are "real". One needs only to touch and to believe. Although Disneyland gets billed as "phantasy" it is in fact a most literal place. Nothing is left to the imagination.

At the same time, however, authentic Indians do absolutely authentic Indian dances, and one wonders if absolutely authentic war or rain will come from their work. Children ask, "Is this really real? I *mean* really, *really* real?" After the dances the Chief, in chambers, will talk about the merits of Southern California, and the fine points of The Plant. He is a booster.

The movies have always been cavalier with History, and with chronology in general. Disneyland shares this trait with its dam. On one captive stretch of water which is the Nile, the Mississippi, and the Pacific ocean, one sees simultaneously the sailing ship *Columbia*, Huck's raft, a jungle dugout canoe, the sternwheeler *Mark Twain*, and Mike Fink's keel boat. Oh yes, and overhead is the Alweg monorail. Elsewhere, despite their realism, other "attractions" are similarly cavalier with geography, literature, what-all. The overall impression is that of displaced vision, and the hysteria of unrelated "things".

For all the artificial snow and the scheduled Alpine mountain climbers (*real* people), the bobsled run down the inside of the Matterhorn is something well known from Coney Island to Jantzen Beach, Oregon: the roller coaster. And the thrill-riot named the "Mad Tea Party?" Well, that one is called The Whip at county fairs,

but the cars are not shaped like tea cups. Only in a superficial way are these attractions "original". How could a studio whose function is mass entertainment afford to be original? In truth the pilgrims find the things they already accept as clichè: Bambi, a comic strip version of the American past, and our alleged space-age future. Now the cliches are smaller-than-life scale but real of course.

Barnum, first, and later the movies well knew the appeal to the *Fellahin* of the magic of education. Likewise there is no effort in Disneyland to resist the worthwhile. Education, however, is equated with painstaking detail. The technical skill of joiners, cabinet makers, and especially plasterers is everywhere apparent. Ironically, by pretending to be the real thing, The Plant everywhere gives the firm impression of reality evaded. Actually there can be very little "education" involved when trivialities are represented as wholes; when history is pre-cut and painted and made at once orderly and bland. The kind of selection at work is the film editor's kind of selection. Thus the past is made antiseptic, the present obliterated, and the future (in "Tomorrowland") made to display all the complacency of a Monsignor at ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

The result is sterility. And absolute sterility is evident, everywhere. There is no sale of beer or spirits; all bawdy is taboo. There is no mention of sex, girlie shows, or games of chance. Acrobats, geeks, high divers or motordrome riders, there are none. Instead The Plant is a middle-class excrescence of a very pure type. The attendants are clear-eyed, smilling, helpful, bland. The grounds are well-ordered, clean, and decorated in the high style of *Better Homes and Gardens*. This order and efficiency suggests the high moral tone implied by all of the safe, "educational" attractions. The nearest thing to an old carney hand is some over-age-in-grade Scout Master, just in from Hutchinson, Kansas. Even gum wrappers seem to be caught in midair by alert sweepboys.

All these things rightly suggest that Disneyland is one vast sentimentality. It is a shrine dedicated to gracious living, and good clean fun. Therefore The Plant makes a great deal of money. In a single day the Matterhorn Bobsled Ride may process 10,000 customers, at fifty cents a pelt. In season The Plant is open seven days a week. Disneyland stock has risen from 12 points—in the dark days when there were few believers—to a current high of almost 40. The Disneyland proposition, like Mickey Mouse, will not long be confined to Southern California, or in a lesser way to the East coast.

Some distance west of Ocala, in North Florida, there is a set of large, deep, natural springs, Wakulla Springs, reputed to be the last major undeveloped tourist attraction in the state. Representatives from Disneyland have been reported in the area; a major new road is contemplated, to be built with State or Federal Funds. Should a new

Disneyland be built there, no tourist could afford to miss it. And the Seminoles could do a "Dance for Peace."

Meanwhile, back at The Plant.

Somewhere in the sunny sky of California, somewhere overhead the soundtrack voice of a man speaks clearly. Perhaps it is the voice of Walt Disney, himself, but the voice comes as from a cloud, and the voice speaks and sayeth unto the multitude of pilgrims:

"Everybody down there having F-U-N?"

JAMES B. HALL

DEPARTMENT OF AMERICAN

Dear Wayne Booth:

You boosters of good, clean-living American over there in the great state of Indiana must be perturbed like we are in Minnesota by the misuse of the language of Shakespeare and William Jennings Bryan that we hear around us constantly in these troubled, unsemantic-oriented times. Therefore, recognizing your qualifications as an academic scholar of distinction in our mother tongue, I am writing to you today to ask you if you could not undertake to assist *The Carleton Miscellany* by undertaking the editorship of a Column of Mother Tongue Models – phrases, sentences, pearls that we in these difficult times can look to, as Thurman Arnold looked to his touchstones. There is too little to hang on to in this troubled world of ours, so therefore I am hopeful that you can help me in instituting a little quarterly monument in the pages of our little magazine – a monument enshrined upon the principle that in communicational clarity of speech and in felicity of form and structural essence, the future of our interdependence upon each other, literary-wise, lies.

REED WHITTEMORE

Dear Reed Whittemore:

I am deeply impressed with your suggestion that we engage ourselves in the utilization of your new medium for the purpose of national prose improvement. Perhaps it goes without saying that it will not be undifficult to find examples of communication that exhibit the precise degree of semantic-oriented thinking. But I am reasonably certain that I do not have to tell anyone of your experience in the evaluative selection of linguistic examples this. As I am always inclined to tell my students, "The difficult we will do at once; the impossible takes a little longer." Whether you will feel that I have really done the impossible in assembling together in one place the following illustrative set of examples I cannot say. But we here in Indiana are all equally devoted to this project as you in Minnesota, and if there is anything further that we can do to ensure the success of this inestimable project, please feel free to let us know, or otherwise contact us.

You will find enclosed a few selections from my collection of what I like to call Guideposts for a More Hopeful Extrapolition Into the Future. As long as we have living proof that our colleagues can speak and write like this, I see no reason why we should feel too badly.

WAYNE BOOTH

SOME MASTERS OF THE FIRST DRAFT

"We hope that this report will be helpful to you as you counsel with students interested in_____College, realizing at the same time that such a statistical report can never provide a complete prospectus of the desirable candidate's characteristics, particularly those personal qualities which affect significantly the degree to which he will succeed in college." . . . A Report to Principals, Headmasters, and Guidance Counselors, on the Admissions Policy of_____ College.

> "As one way in which *we can reciprocate for this cooperation* – it is our practice to allow those who, like yourself, have made available to us data with which our editors can maintain the currency of our compilative files . . .

the not inconsiderable pre-publication preferentials detailed on the enclosed biographee-restricted subscription form which, when validated by your signature, extends them . . .

and which you are indeed welcome to use on complying with the request the editors now make of you. . . .

Any hastening of the return of the enclosure to our editors which you can conveniently arrange will be sincerely appreciated by them for obvious reasons." . . . Part of a two-page letter from Mr. Wheeler Sammons, Jr., Associate Publisher of The A. N. Marquis Company.

SURPRISING EXPERIMENTAL RESULTS

"Colleges reported difficulties whenever too much was undertaken during the study." . . . *Fortifying Higher Education: A Story of College Self Studies*, by Robert S. Donaldson (The Fund for the Advancement of Education), p. 27.

THE SPOKEN WORD

(All quotations below were spoken in public by college professors, college presidents or professional writers)

"We went on through with this project like flying colors."

"If you don't teach moral in the school, when will they ever learn morality?"

"We got to have more lay-ee-sun if we're gonna have any ree-pore."

"Now in terms of how we wrote our report. . . . We weren't primarily concerned with the reaction, in the sense that we were concerned about how people should react. . . . Now where are we, machinery-wise."

"Let's bring this tool into sharp focus."

"I'm looking very forward to this."

"What we lack is structural feedback."

"All of the published articles are now in print."

NEW FRONTIERS

(American Abroad)

"In addition to the annual Pruthivi Prizes, a standing prize will be awarded to a person who discovers the Human Language, either written, spoken, telepathic, communicated or otherwise, unlike Esperanto, with no two meanings, to enable people of different races and countries to understand one another without translation or interpretation. This prize bears no examining or testing fees. . . .

"As it is, the amount of the Human Language Prize Fund has reached to Rs. 2,514.19. If the Human Language is not discovered, one half of the accumulated amount of the Language Prize will be paid to the person who brings details of life and conditions from the floating islands in space such as the Sun, the Moon and other planets, whichever event is earlier. However, if more than one person visits and returns from any planet, the amount of prize will be equally shared." — *Bulletin of the Ministry for Transport and Communications, Government of India.*

HOW TO PLAY IT SAFE

"Elections of Honorary Fellows of the Association. The Committee on Honorary Fellows recommends and the Executive Council nominates the following distinguished contemporary men of letters for membership under this category, newly established by amendment to the Constitution on 27 December 1958: Albert Camus, French novelist and playwright; Thomas Stearns Eliot, English poet, dramatist and critic; Jorge Guillen, Spanish poet; St.-John Perse, French poet; Jean-Paul Sartre, French playwright and philosopher."

—from the program for the 74th Annual Meeting of the MLA, December, 1959.

ESSAY TITLES FOR SOMEBODY ELSE'S MAGAZINE

"Student Personnel Work as Deeper Teaching"

"Organizational Practices in Student Faculty Counseling Programs in Small Colleges"

"The Auditory Correlative"

"Dehorning with the Elastrator"

"Marietta, Ohio: The Erosion of a Speech Island"

"W. H. Auden and the Einsteinian Awareness"

"Old Saxon Vowels Under Weak Stress"

"The Cool Reception of Wordsworth's *Prelude*"

"Dante's Pilgrim in a Gyre"

"Correlation and Core-relation in Diachronic Phonology"

REVITALIZED METAPHORS

"*To the Editor* [of the Minneapolis Tribune]: We at the Midland [National Bank] could not let go unchallenged a recent editorial which appeared in your fine paper as follows:

'These records have been gathering dust in the bank vaults while the city council is deciding what to do with them.'

I have particular reference to your recent editorial wherein you were writing relative to the city council's proposed investigation of the liquor books of eight retail liquor dealers.

The only thing we are taking exception to in your editorial pertains to the two words you used, 'gathering dust.' After noting your editorial, I contacted City Clerk Leonard Johnson and he agreed with me that if there was one place in our bank that was immaculate, it was our safe deposit vaults.

As a matter of fact, we would welcome the opportunity to show this area to you, feeling confident that if you were to see the installation, you would immediately want to maintain your own valuable papers, etc., in such a neat, orderly, and fastidious vault.

Although I realize you have a busy day, I want you to know that both Leonard Johnson and I would welcome the opportunity to visually show you how clean our vaults really are. It was only after careful study and cogitation that Leonard decided to favor our bank and our safe deposit department with the custody of these books."

_____, assistant vice president, Midland National Bank of Minneapolis.

Tribune Editor's note: "Our apologies for using a trite expression which wrongly imputed dust to Midland's fastidious and dustless vaults."

Editor WB's Note: *The Carleton Miscellany* will pay $2.00-$5.00 for contributions published in this department. Simple verbal boners will be considsidered, but we are looking for bad writing that reveals bad thinking by people who should know better. All contributions should be documented when submitted, but documentation will be printed only when it is not likely to shut off lines of supply.

THE QUARTER'S EPIC

THE ODYSSEY OF A B**T (Installment One)

Canto I

"Know men by these presents"—this is a way
Some poets get their start. Others, "oyez, oyez."
Milton took a mere "of," Chaucer a "when,"
Browning a "g-rrr," John Peele a "do-ye-ken."
As for myself, my humor today is such
That I am beguiled and enchanted by "inasmuch."
Inasmuch as the world is old, its libraries full,
The readers of literature dead, the writers ill,
What reasons have I for adding an "inasmuch,"
Tacking these lines hereunder, and getting in touch
With my Muse (as I'm to do shortly) thus brazenly striking
The pose of one sprucing up for Macmillan or Viking.
Not only is it too late in the Christian era
For nature, that old hag, to look nice in a mirror,
But it is too common, too drab, my dear, to be cranking
Up rusty old verse machines when the spanking
New prose models are all available,
Cheap and easy to run, eminently saleable.
Therefore what I would do is perhaps reprehensible.
I would not do it at all if I were sensible.
But I'm not, for a fact. I'm awash in, blinded by folly.
Muse! Come to my aid. Let me wear my traditional holly
(Or whatever it is—my laurel? ivy? gorse?)
With such dignity as may grace a tired verse horse.
And let me flavor my nonsense with what might gratify
Poets who wrote when poets, like smokes, could satisfy.

Very well, now,
My hero . . .

He was a poet too, but blinder than me
(Otherwise less like Homer, if that can be),
And he stood only five feet five, and had a bad knee,
And lived on rum and a grant from Carnegie.

Before he was forty he'd written three books of lyrics
That critics had praised, though without total panegyrics,
For their mellow tones, their long vowels "o" and "u",
And a sort of a kind of a sense of something too
Too too too too too too for words
(Being, it seemed, better phrased by bugs and birds).
After the third book vanished, with its reviews,
Into the void God made for the too-too muse,
Gerard, for that was his name, got a curious ache
In his poet's (or Carnegie) soul, which kept him awake
And tossing the long, drab, dark days through,
Doing a Brooks-and-Warren on his too-too.
The trouble, he thought he discovered after months of analysis,
Had its seat in his head, which had a paralysis
Of the thinking part, having been unemployed
Since Freshman year in college, when it cloyed.
To oil it, limber it up, get it churning again,
He decided to go on a diet or regimen
Of polemic. Out with the long vowels, in with the matter,
He said to himself; he would make heads roll, teeth chatter.
Of a number of things he would scribble: of art and science,
Of God, the Devil, Russia, of lit'ry lions,
Of schools, foundations, teachers and aestheticians,
But most of all, best of all, fools of all sects and positions.
And since he aspired to speak with the dash of a jay,
He thought he should have a good enemy on whom to prey,
As Lord Byron had, for example, in poor old Southey,
And Pope had in Colley Cibber, and others as mouthy
(The last rhyme is straight from the Lord himself. Many thanks
For that and those soon to come, of which there'll be tanks).
But who should he choose for this honor? Who best
Summed up all, fairly lived what he could but detest?
He remembered the choice of his father: F. D. R.,
Who made a perfectly dandy *bête noir*.
His father would open the paper at breakfast, and lo!
The day had begun, the bile had begun to flow.
And mother? His father's mother had made her unstable,
Given her traumas, and pills on her bedside table.
Could he live up to these? he thought not; he had been poured
In too small a mold, and could not afford
Angers sustained year on year. His scrawny physique
Demanded he flare up and die in, at most, a week.
How he regretted this weakness I'll try to show
By quoting his own fierce lament on the subject, below:
"Alas, that I'm not Sohrab, or Achilles.

Alas, that all I work up are the willies.
Alas, that I e'er turned a fine-phrase coiner.
Alas, that I was born to be a joiner.
What a dolt to poet turn I was,
And come to call my fellow poets 'coz'.
The medium is wrong. The time's not ripe.
Now to write in verse is to write tripe.
One prints one's own slim volumes and expects
Oil tycoons to read them and write checks,
Colleges to battle for your hand,
Culture itself to march at your command.
Is there a school without a poet resident?
What does he write? Behold! I'm one, and hesitant
To admit what in the name of
Literature and Light I make fair game of:
Sour grapes, old flames, old wars, Spain rain,
Churned to a turn to make my title plain:
Poet! How that name the world upsets;
Thinks it of Keats and Shakespeare, but me gets.
And still I sit here grinding out more verses.
Oh what a drab am I (see Hamlet). Curses!"
Thus did poor Gerard pass many a night
Alassing what he'd born been to set right.
He'd still be at it, doubtless, old and grizzled,
If this canto had not pfffffffft and fizzled.

Canto II

Happily there was a coffee shop on his street
(One of that kind frequented by beards and bare feet),
To which he had frequent recourse when no course seemed open
Except to mope about urging his heart to be broken.
Here he would sit, of a warm afternoon, with a thimble
(No, smaller yet; better call it totem or symbol)
Of coffee grounds stonily cooling and settling before him,
While he counted the ten thousand poets who could outsoar him,
And stared at the twenty-three next-table *sans-culottes*
With their cups (or symbols) and cakes and misanthrope thoughts,
Slumped down, like him, on their benches awaiting the Hun
Or the Locust or *something* their lives to o'errun,
And was first amused, then shocked, then intrigued by their gestures,
Leers, laughter, looks and free public lectures
(To anyone within earshot, say half a mile)
By which they told the whole world that said world was vile.
Thus for some months, in his slough of despond, he found matter

Outside of himself about which to chatter,
And proceeded to frighten his colleagues with anecdotes lewd
That he'd overheard at the coffee shop where they'd been brewed.
He learned that with these he could take in tow quantities vast
Of faculty members who'd not for his poems in the past
Even slackened their stride 'twixt classroom and football broadcast,–
That somehow he status gained in the eyes of his peers
By not writing poems but discoursing on b**ts and qu**rs.
How would it be, then, he thought, if he followed through
With his recent successes and grew a beard too?
A beard! He would start it at once; he would grow it and grow it.
And e'en as it flourished, so would his fame as a poet.
From his fellows he'd be as a star (why not?) set apart,
And horizons he'd have of a new sort, which'd help his art.
Best of all, he'd have what he longed for, an enemy,
Namely, what b**ts most abhorred, bourgeois society.
What sport would be his! What delights he would find in a life
Committed in print and practice to bloody strife
With solid citizens, Main Street, Madison Avenue
And all the dark forces that heretofore grudged him his revenue.
He rolled on the floor of his flat in delight as he saw
A future beyond the dull confines of order, law,
Conventions, manners, hypocrisies, compromises –
The stuff of life in our land of deceits and disguises.
Why had he waited so long? Why indeed, poor lout!
Anyhow, now he'd begin: throw the razor out,
Put the bluejeans on, buy the leather jacket,
Trade in the late-model car for a junkie packet
And get at it, that is, *get at it!* get rolling the vice,
And eschew that least of all virtues, Being Nice.
"Gerard," he crooned to himself, "Gerard is passé.
Jerry is born at this instant, Jerry who's jazzé,
Hip but not slick, hep but not heavy,
Who writes and thinks best on the hood of a '36 Chevy,
And then snakes it down to the bop hole with a sick sax
To knock it out quiet and true with the Kerouacs,
The Ferlinghettis, the Burroughs, the Carrolls
And all the underground dolls in tight slacks with b**t morals."
Oh! if I were a poet, etcetera,
How I'd chisel this moment in hearts and souls and viscera,
Pouring forth (on my sick sax?) the sweet song
Of the flesh's triumph over the centuries' wrong,
Praising, up to the rafters of cellar bars,
Life as it's lived in back seats, abattoirs.
But I have no talent for it; I just can't wax

Lyrical over making saints of quacks,
Wet smacks, sad sacks, throwbacks, hacks.
Indeed, I am much depressed, for I am afeard
That Gerard, my hero, will have no trouble growing a beard.
Poor chap, I like him so much that I hate to see
Him trundling off to the devil without little me.
We have a lot in common – so much the worse.
If I cared less for him, I would not utter the curse
That lies dead ahead, specifically
Canto three.

Canto III

Ayiee! – and to feel with the fingers the tables,
Scent the raw smoke,
Rub the burned tongue on the chips in the lips of the glasses,
Slouch on the benches with shoes in the soggy sawdust,
Pick out the fruitflies with ballpoint pens from the tepid
Vermouth cassises and spit in the sawdust hearing the
Dirty sax and the triangle sock it (*Sweet Sue*),
Lock it, knock it, rock it, nail it all down –

In this heart of mine
You live all the time –

While Christlike Jack, sweet ripper, poet, junkie
Bathed in a purple spotlight, sprawled on a ladder
Holding the gin-soaked manuscript close to his jacket,
Reads,
not reads moans
And scratches his foot – ayiee! and to hear this . . .
There was a wind in that place,
And the fog moved in like a fog from behind the piano,
And there stirred in that place the lips and soft shoulders of chicks,
And rats under the cooler down by the drainpipe,
And stirred too the bringers of fixes, the pimps and the pops
And the sots and the simps and the frumps and the others whose withers
Were withered and winded and worn in the stench of that place
While the dirty sax
Kept locking it up –

In this heart of mine
You live all the time –

And the chicks swayed by the cooler swearing and sweating

And listening too as Jack the sweet ripper went on
And on
and his voice was not to be heard in that place over the
Wind and the rats and the sax and the Ayiee! Ayiee!
(Or perhaps it was Ayee! Ai!)
Of the sonorous voices out back maybe twenty-five years
Of the older poets,
Who had in their time also known how to pad a line
And get the b**t of the words going good like a choo-choo
And talk of the feel of things, how a cow pattie squishes,
But had not the guts, or perhaps the freedom from censorship,
To use all the words the sweet ripper could use and did use,
Though he was not audible,
And thus slowly slouched
Out back maybe twenty-five years saying Ayee! Ai!
And not liking it, feeling the wind
And the fog in that place and the soggy sawdust
And the ache of age in their bones, and the hair falling out,
And anyway thinking (or feeling) that feeling was better
In their time, out in the air
Under the sun and the stars and the moon and the clouds
Where the curve of the earth and the open road and the daisies
And all that
Stirred in the eyes' corners and raised the goosepimples,
Better, very much better than soggy sawdust
And the sound of the ripper sawing away on his ladder
And his beard crawling with lice, his ubiquitous beard
Wagging up on the ladder, obscured by the smoke,
And his words flopping down in the sawdust, flabby verses,
Not like the old verses, the old strong lines,
When the life of a poet was hard and the lines were hard,
And they came out firm on the tongue and stood up in the air,
Clean, not dirty,
And spoke to you clean and sweet as a man from the hills
Or the oceans or valleys or old-time dingles
Might speak, telling you what it was
Like, how it felt, how it, ayii! ayeii! ai! how it
Was, by God:

Comrades! Fellow poets! Bringers of the Millenium!
You are tearing it all down now. You are doing it wrong.
I speak with a level voice in this cellar air
To tell you that what you should do should be clean, not dirty,
And smell of the wash on the line in the Big Horn Mountains.
I speak to you over the sound of the sax and the ripper,

And I say to you without anger there's not enough
Typewriter paper or time in this place, and the wind here
And the fog and the dampness and all the soft shoulders
Give me – what do they give me? an ache? a kind of a
Pain in the neck, sharp-shooting, socking me? Comrades?

Canto IV

Reader, dear reader, I trust you will pardon me
For the bad taste and infallible sense of irrelevancy
That I so gauchely displayed in Canto III.
I just couldn't help it.
The impulse was irresistible; to belt it
Out (as they say in the cellars) filled a deep need,
Just as getting a fix does (I'm told) for those on the weed.
Anyway, now that it's belted, I'll not it bury;
It provides a kind of a background into which Jerry,
Though born too late to shout "Ayiee!" or old Greek,
Will now fit with beautiful ease, becoming a geek.
You may say it is wrong, in the Aristotelian sense,
For aging virtue with vice all at once to commence,
Simply by saying, "I'll do it." To go to perdition
Takes, does it not? training in that great tradition,
Beginning, say, in a broken home, not housebroken,
Throwing chairs at the teacher in kindergarten,
And working up slowly but surely to knives and rocks
And the tyrannical ruling of schools and city blocks,
Until a career in crime has been clearly mapped out,
And the social workers, dismayed, "anti-social!" shout,
At which time a trip on a freighter, a slut in Brazil,
And a season or two in the army (over the hill)
May round the Early Life out and herald the prepossessed
B**t. Yes, this is the way. But Jerry, oppressed,
Downtrodden by the system, could not in truth
Remember a single degenerate scene in his youth.
He had suffered th' insipid sweetnesses of his station:
Afternoon naps, mother love, Santa Claus, no starvation,
And an atmosphere fairly reeking with morals and platitudes,
The saying of prayers, the learning of healthy attitudes.
Therefore, if he was to switch, he'd have to work hard:
He'd simply (he said to himself) have to stop playing sweet bard,
Have to turn, like Jekyll himself, upon all that culture,
Convert overnight from "o"-and-"u" songbird to vulture.
So he did.

Our curtain goes up disclosing him drunk in Madrid
In an old-fashioned brothel without any bluejeans at all
Doing what doesn't seem – ah! but the curtain must fall,
Rising again in Berlin where, with beard for ten men,
He's doing the same only worse, and the scene shifts again
Several times, to Cannes, Mandalay,
Tokyo, Manila, Portland, old Monterey
With but minor prop changes, making it hard
For an audience to appreciate how far Gerard
Has traveled from upright manhood since that horrid day
When he walked off campus pinching the co-eds at play.
The whole show, indeed, is a flop for these genteel pages,
Since nothing is staged but a curtain that lowers and raises.
'Twere better placed in an honestly b**t sheet
For postmasters, college trustees and other elite.
Therefore the best I can offer is one short lament,
To show that I'm sorry I can't this Canto augment:
Alas (eighty times)! that you, dear reader, can't see
Jerry at work at vice and squalidity.
Alas (eighty times more)! that Jerry's own author
Seems to be filled with middle-class notions, rather.
– Oh! that I had been born in some remote barroom
Unvisited by propriety and decorum,
Where not a word was spoke of words not to be spoken,
Where not a blush was blushed if wind was broken,
Where never was heard a vagueness, a euphemism,
Where never was thought a *faux pas* a cataclysm.
– And oh! that my hero and I have lost touch with each other,
Do not commune any more, or call t'other brother.
Will all this change? Will ties be retied? Alas!
Before that occurs several cantos must come to pass.

Canto V

It was in Cannes, I think, that the new life began
To take hold, as it were, of the whole, the complete man.
Before then Jerry had been a kind of interne,
Playing with fire with no fears that him he might burn.
But at Cannes he took the big step; he started to write
(At that, cloud sternly gathered; day turned to night;
And the body of modern literature shook with fright) –
To write, that is, as a b**t, scribbling fast and furious
Of how it *felt* to be dirty, b**t, drunk and delirious.
Poems in the old sense were, it is true, for him out

(He was always too drunk to write *them*); but he'd readily spout
Whitmanesque purples for hours, and look devout;
And could also write letters, the cultural kind, full of booze
About the decline of the west as seen in Toulouse.
Above all, he was never too far gone to keep
A journal of all his adventures in whorehouses cheap.
And this journal, as fate decreed, had a future in store
Like unto nothing that Jerry had e'er writ before.
– (Oh fate! how dark are your blueprints. Did the great God
Above us forwoot all this jazz, or my clod
Receive his full measure of freedom of choice? Or was a spoon-
Ful of each into his b**t batter strewn
To make the shenanigans harder? Oh! alack!
I wot not a bit more of this than any poor hack –
So let me get on).
This hideous journal was picked up and published in one
Of those even more hideous little lit mags
That from our moralest moralists get their bad tags;
And then:
Ayiee! to think of it!
To think of the nasty words on the ill-printed pages,
And the feelings in Boston,
And the rising of citizens' groups and the postal uproars,
And the solemn judicial decisions passed down to the populace,
And the sales oh, ayiee, the sales
By the hundreds and thousands,
And the readings thereof on couches all over this great land,
Late into the night, the home fires burning,
Burning with lust and lasciviousness, burning with – ayeii! –
But, so be it. Or rather, so was it. Jerry took root
In the land like a germ in waters pollute.
The money poured in, and the fame, and the solemn reviews,
In short all that he heretofore from his poor learned muse
Had with much blubbering begged for. Oh what, dear readah,
What do you think were my hero's reactions when he'd a
Chieved in a trice by his vice what by virtue he'd nevah
Smelled even, 'spite all his sweat and endeavah?
Was he gay? Was he cheery? Was life for him suddenly bettah?
Did he say to himself that he'd earned what he'd got, and then get a
Big country place and a yacht for his genius to roam in,
And a mistress or two and a town house to feel at home in?
Yes, he did. Yes, he did. I'm afraid that he did. My poor hero
Had flaws even as you have, or I, or Nero.
He thought of himself as the same kind of cultural fullback
Homer had been, and Shakespeare, and Jack Kerouac,

Toting the great ball of literature forward, forward
('Spite all bourgeois attempts to him put to the swor-d)
To the goal line, wherever it was, which loomed closer and closer
For his fuddled mind, as he drank more and got e'en verboser.
Indeed, if he'd had but a year or two more of successes
Like unto those he began with, his fine progresses
Might well have been final – like those of God's Son
Who open-field heavenward ran, and then was done.
But alas! poor Jerry was destined to have his come-uppance
In a way that made him worth somewhat less than a twopence.
He was, dear reader, at last, on his own, to discover
That he was a hack like the rest of us. How? By no other
Than the very simplest of steps, one no verse anthropoid,
No matter how high or low, can forever avoid.
He went to a bookstore (sober!) one day, and discovered
A whole row of b**t little mags stashed away in a cupboard,
Including his own, and purchased his own,
And sneaked from the bookstore holding it upside down,
And smuggled it back to his quarters where, for the first time,
He lay down to read, in black print, his own true sublime
Contributions to Kulch and Progress and Crime
Critically. Which he did.
The consequences were amazing. First he undid
His collar, feeling the need for more air;
Then opened a window, moaned, muttered a prayer
To the darkness without, and yanked at his hair;
Then turned red as a beet, and began to say "oh!"
Over and over like any poor Romeo;
And lastly gasped forth this speech to his bare studio:

Prithee, prithee, pretty Muse,
More not let me frequent stews.
Be my guide henceforth, nor let me
Let my bestial instincts get me.
Teach me once again to drink
Pure Pierian, not from sink.
Let me feel again the impulse
To achieve decorum, dulce;
Nor evermore espouse ideal
Of man as ultimate, unerring heel.
Or if it be decreed I wretch be,
Let me pure wretch, not a lech be.
Lastly, if I tripe write, Muse,
Let it Light and Sweetness ooze,
Please!

Thus did Poor Gerard give up his journal,
And look for other ways to be eternal.

REED WHITTEMORE

(This story will be continued, possibly, in future issues. Watch for developments. Discover for yourself Jerry's religious conversion, his immersion in the Upanishads, his retreat from the world, his adoption of yoga, his purchase of a hi-fi set).

Miscellany (mi ˈ sĕlăni, mise ˈ lăni) . . . 3. A book, volume or literary production containing miscellaneous pieces on various subjects . . . 1707 *(title)* The Monthly Miscellany; or Memoirs for the Curious . . . 1873 H. ROGERS . . . The Bible, in fact, is a 'Miscellany'—a very various one.

—*A New English Dictionary (Oxford)*