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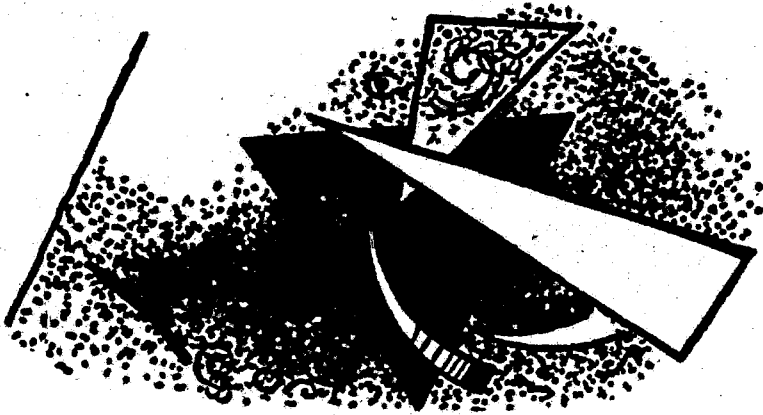
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THE EDITOR'S CORNER



ANNOUNCEMENT.

DR. GEORGE ARMS, having last summer been appointed Chairman of the Department of English at the University of New Mexico, has found it necessary to withdraw from his position as editor of the *Quarterly*. As a member of the magazine's newly appointed Advisory Committee, the continued active interest of Dr. Arms is assured. This Winter issue is largely his.

A new Advisory Committee (see masthead) has been appointed to work with the editor on matters of policy and to fulfill the functions of contributing editors.

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Milton Hindus

THE PATTERN OF PROUSTIAN LOVE

IT WAS through the relationship of sexual love that Proust achieved his most penetrating insights into the powers and limitations of the mind. To systematize these insights, however, is a little like trying to marshal a series of lightning strokes in order to achieve a steady illumination over the area they are intended to reveal.

The primary step in Proust's reasoning seems to be that love is essentially a subjective phenomenon. It is created by something within a man rather than by something outside him. The Proustian affair usually takes place between a rich man (and an idle one, professionally speaking, because, as Balzac indicated, leisure is the necessary ground for allowing the pure strain of this feeling to unfold properly) and some poor opportunist. Not counting minor affairs, five major ones occupy Proust's attention—the ones between Swann and Odette, between the narrator and Gilberte, between Saint-Loup and Rachel, between Charlus and Morel, and between the narrator and Albertine. Only one of these affairs (the one between the narrator and Gilberte) involves those

who are almost social equals, and yet even here the woman must be lower in social esteem since the parents of the narrator will not receive Gilberte's mother. All the other affairs are concerned with men who are rich enough to keep women, or (in the case of Charlus and Morel) with a man who keeps another man. In every case it is the woman (or the man playing the feminine role) who makes her lover suffer terribly, and in every case the cause of this suffering is the same, jealousy. If we put these facts together it is probable that in Proust suffering is what a man seeks in love, what he pays for, and why he originally falls in love. It may be useful to examine the hypothesis that such jealous love is created by the need of self-punishment in a rich, spoiled child.

The theme of the subjective nature of love, the very foundation of its psychology, is present—in disguised form, it is true—in the very opening pages of the book, in which, describing his troubled sleep, the narrator tells us: "Sometimes, too, just as Eve was created from a rib of Adam, so a woman would come into existence while I was sleeping, conceived from some strain in the position of my limbs. Formed by the appetite that I was on the point of gratifying, she it was, I imagined, who offered me that gratification." It might be said that Odette, Albertine, Gilberte, Rachel, and Morel are creations, in the sense that they are loved, of the minds of their lovers, just as this dream woman was a creation of the mind of the sleeper. They are all eventually proved as accidental and as subjective as she is.

Perhaps this oblique and veiled way of stating the theme is even more satisfactory to the imagination of the reader than a more explicit statement of it: "I had guessed long ago in the Champs-Elysees, and had since established to my own satisfaction, that when we are in love with a woman we simply project into her a state of our own soul, that the important thing is, therefore, not the worth of the woman, but the depth of the state; and the emotions which a young girl of no kind of distinction arouses in us

can enable us to bring to the surface of our consciousness some of the most intimate parts of our being."

Proust has an ambiguous attitude toward this power of transformation possessed by the mind—admiration of the enchanter and contempt for the objects, and the progress in Proust, if there is any, is the same as the one we find in *Don Quixote*, from enchantment to disenchantment. That is why Proust's pages are so filled with unhappiness, for happiness, as Swift informs us, is "a perpetual possession of being well deceived," and none of Proust's people are so permanently possessed. Sooner or later, like Cervantes' hero, they awaken from their dreams to the accompaniment of shame and torment. Proust does take a certain pride in the lover's poetic ability, which might be compared to Rimbaud's voluntary derangement of his senses so that he should be able to see a romantic mosque in place of an ordinary prosaic brick factory. This pride is present, for example, in Proust's pointed comment on the look of disillusion so plainly printed on Saint-Loup's face when the narrator shows him the photograph of his mistress: "Let us leave pretty women to men devoid of imagination."

It is the subjective nature of love, its growth in the soil of mind alone rather than in any external, material realities, that makes its bodily realization the least important of its phases. When Albertine leaves the narrator, it is not as a woman that he regrets her. She would not have been very dangerous to his tranquility if he had been able to think of her physically, because he knows intellectually that she is not at all remarkable in that way. She brings anguish with her because she is an image of frustration.

It is difficult to detach the idea of love from that of physical beauty; the connection of the two is a prejudice very early ingrained into our minds. It is as painful to part with this prejudice as to part with our pride. In Proust, certainly, good looks have no causal connection with the feeling of love. Instead, it is

anxiety that is central. Perhaps that is why famous lovers of history (like Cleopatra whose beauty Plutarch specifically denies, emphasizing instead the charm of her voice!) have been not necessarily the beauties but the *fugitives*. That is, those who exploit our anxieties and terrors by seeming to threaten constantly to take flight from us. If personality in general, according to Proust, is unstable, it is the most unstable personalities that seem to inspire the most fervent attachments. Why this should be so, I shall try presently to deduce from Proust's analysis, but that it is indeed so, he leaves little room for doubt: "Generally speaking, love has not as its object a human body, except when an emotion, the fear of losing it, the uncertainty of finding it again have been infused into it. This sort of anxiety has a great affinity for bodies. It adds to them a quality which surpasses beauty even; which is one of the reasons why we see men who are indifferent to the most beautiful women fall passionately in love with others who appear to us to be ugly."

It is this hallucinatory quality of love which makes us see things as no one in his right senses would see them, that makes Proust refer to love continually as a disease, a compulsion, a poison. Whether a given person who has caught it ever recovers from it depends on his reserves or resistance, the strength of his mental constitution, and the seriousness of the original infection. There is no way of saying in advance whether the thing is going to be fatal or not. Once the recovery is complete, however, the sufferer (which is to say, etymologically, the *passionate* man) can see the world once again in the same light as everybody else, and then it must be clear to him that it was something in himself which he called his love and not something outside. So after Swann expends his time, his fortune, and very nearly his life itself in his vain (and necessarily vain, for love cannot be compelled—the effort to compel it only alienates it still further) pursuit of Odette, he, who had compared her to a Botticellian masterpiece, who would have said in the manner of the elders of Troy when they beheld Helen: "All

misfortunes are worth a single glance of her eyes," who had desired death as a relief from the intolerable pain of his unrequited love, suddenly, luckily, unexpectedly, reaches the opposite shore of sanity and is able to look back in wonder at the illusion which had nearly undone him. Then there follows the famous coda of the chapter called "Swann in Love," which recounts his reawakening to reality, accomplished ironically through the agency of a dream! "... he saw once again as he had felt them close beside him Odette's pallid complexion, her too thin cheeks, her drawn features, her tired eyes, all the things which—in the course of those successive bursts of affection which had made of his enduring love for Odette a long oblivion of the first impression he had formed of her—he had ceased to observe after the first few days of intimacy . . . and he cried out in his heart: 'To think that I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love that I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not in my style!'"

If we turn now to the other half of the team of love, the part represented by Odette, Rachel, Gilberte, Albertine and Morel, we find that they are the ones who let themselves be loved. They are the carriers of the disease but are not themselves affected by it. They see the world only too clearly to mistake their dreams for reality. They are hardheaded Sanchos, who look for their rewards in the governorship of some island promised them by their crazy masters, except that, being shrewder than Sancho was, they choose to follow men who already possess islands instead of one who is only planning to conquer them. The connections which Proust traces between love and the opportunity to enter society, to acquire money, to advance one's career, and in general to gain material advantage, would appear to be extremely cynical, were it not for the fact that the circumstantial details which he supplies show very clearly that he knows what he is talking about.

To Proust, there seems no real possibility for the development of all the potentialities of love which shall illustrate his laws,

where there is an absence of money, position, or other advantages. In the latter case, the affair is doomed even before its growth. Where there is no leisure, there may be a simulacrum of romantic love, or simple sex, but not love in the involved, fully developed Proustian sense. Love is a luxury, and only sex a necessity, consequently while every one can enjoy the latter, only a few can afford the former. Quite seriously, Proust quotes the aphorism of La Bruyère: "It is a mistake to fall in love without an ample fortune." That is a mistake which Proust's characters never make.

All the lovers in Proust are conscious of the advantage which is gained for them by their titles or their wealth. And they are continually uneasy about the sufficiency or continuation of these advantages. We find Saint-Loup looking forward to a rich though loveless marriage in order that he might be able to afford keeping his mistress Rachel. For though he drugs his pain occasionally with the optimistic self-assurance that it is really himself and not his money she loves, he is really aware that his little friend suffers him "only on account of his money, and that on the day when she had nothing more to expect from him, she would make haste to leave him." Nor does the narrator show any more confidence about his relations with Albertine when he says: "Pecuniary interest alone could attach a woman to me."

It is to be noted, however, that Proustian love is never inspired by outright prostitutes. Even when the woman has sold herself in the past for a definite low sum (as is the case with Rachel), that fact is not known to her great lover, though it may be known to all his friends. Saint-Loup never finds out about Rachel, nor does Swann about Odette (until it is too late for them to be interested), because as Proust shows us (and it is one of his most excellent observations), around every lover there is woven necessarily a conspiracy of silence, either by the considerateness of people towards him or their cruelty. If it is obvious to the reader that Swann, Saint-Loup and the rest are the purchasers of the favors

they receive, they have nevertheless been convinced by a very artful process that they are quite exceptional and that their virtuous mistresses have been seduced and corrupted by them. If this sounds funny, it is because it actually is funny, though the dupe is not expected to appreciate the joke. Proust thinks that the failure of prostitutes to inspire love is due to the fact that there must always be "a risk of impossibility" standing between ourselves and our object to lend its possession savor. Therefore, he concludes, difficult women alone are interesting, and love is always born of uncertainty. Difficult women but not impossible ones. Completely virtuous women are without power to inspire love either. When the narrator is repelled by Albertine at Balbec and draws the erroneous conclusion that she is impossible to seduce, his interests in her cools immediately. It is only those women who are doubtful in their morals who are capable of exercising a fatal attraction upon men. Women who seem to be wavering in their allegiance to virtue without being yet committed to vice; women who *this time alone* seem capable of succumbing to the lure of money or position but are not known to have yielded to this weakness before.

The connections between love and guilt are both subtle and manifold. Essentially it is a nameless guilt of which the sufferings caused by jealousy are the expiation. Swann's grief over his love and his need continually to speak of it to anybody who will listen is compared by Proust to the murderer's need to confess. This "figure of speech" is far from accidental. It is not *we* who seek love, but the albatrosses that hang round our necks. The proof of the morality of Proust's vision of the world, if any were needed (and at least some of his critics like Mauriac and Fernandez have felt that it was), is that pain seems to him a retribution—ultimately, his language may suggest, of original sin. The merit of love is that when its tortures become unbearably excruciating, they may lead us to a re-examination of our festering consciences. A man unfortunate enough to fall into the net of a woman like

Odette must ask himself at some point—what did I ever do to deserve this? The answer that Proust gives to this question is "Plenty!" In that tremendous scene which closes the volume *Cities of the Plains*, in which Albertine finally secures her death grip on the heart of the narrator, by the perfectly silly accident of her lying claim to intimacy with Vinteuil's daughter (whose perversion the narrator is aware of but Albertine is not), he reveals under the shock of his despair the burden of guilt which he had carried in his heart but concealed from himself for so long. His torments then appear to him "... as a punishment, as a retribution (who can tell?) for my having allowed my grandmother to die, perhaps, rising up suddenly from the black night in which it seemed forever buried, and striking, like an Avenger, in order to inaugurate for me a novel, terrible, and merited existence, perhaps also to make dazzlingly clear to my eyes the fatal consequences which evil actions indefinitely engender, not only for those who have committed them, but for those who have done no more, have thought that they were doing no more than look on at a curious and entertaining spectacle, like myself, alas, on that afternoon long ago at Montjouvain, concealed behind a bush where (as when I complacently listened to an account of Swann's love affair), I had perilously allowed to expand within myself the fatal road, destined to cause me suffering, of knowledge."

So here, many volumes later, we have the logical conclusion of that Biblical image in the opening pages in which a woman was created by the strain in a sleeper's limbs "just as Eve was created from a rib of Adam." Woman the cause of man's transgression originally is also the instrument with which he is punished.

We instinctively love what will make us suffer. "We are wrong in speaking of a bad choice in love," says Proust, "since whenever there is a choice it can only be bad." In another place he says: "It is human to seek out what hurts us." And when we consider all the positive *good* that accrues to us through the medium of our sufferings, we conclude by being grateful for it and we see that

we have chosen right after all. "... A woman is of greater service to our life if she is in it, instead of being an element of happiness, an instrument of sorrow, and there is not a woman in the world the possession of whom is as precious as that of the truths she reveals to us by making us suffer."

Suffering is so valuable to Proust because, without it, he thinks we must always remain strangers to ourselves. "How much further," he exclaims at one point, "does anguish penetrate in psychology itself!" By the second term, we are to understand cold intellectual self-analysis. The innermost nature of life for Proust as for Schopenhauer is something much more akin to feeling than it is to reason—consequently thought can work best when aroused by the keenest of all feelings which is pain. Schopenhauer says of death that it is the muse of all philosophy, and Proust makes of frustrated love the inspiration of all art. From his most youthful works to his latest ones, an idea which recurs in Proust is that suffering is what inspires us (that is to say the best of us, for the others are hardened and made more callous in proportion to their sufferings) with feelings of sympathy for other men; without such sympathy there can be no understanding or communication between men and therefore no art either.

The need of suffering which it fulfills is the reason why love has a basic affinity for attaching itself to cruel people. The lover in Proust always has "an excess of good nature," and the loved one "an excess of malice." Therefore we have a very wide latitude of choice, for Proust thinks that people in general tend to be cruel—and cowardly at the same time. One of his most striking aphorisms about human nature is that while we all enjoy tormenting others, we hesitate to put ourselves clearly in the wrong by killing them outright. Morel, Rachel, Gilberte, and Odette are displayed to us in a great variety of postures denoting willful torture, sometimes of their unfortunate lovers, sometimes of other innocents. The Rachel who arranges with her coterie to hiss a rival actress off the stage is the same Rachel who taunts Saint-

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Loup. Morel is exhibited in perhaps the greatest variety of such actions, possibly because homosexuality, being itself the quintessential perversity, naturally attaches itself to creatures more morally obtuse than any that can be found among the more normal lovers. Morel's public rebuff of his patron Charlus, after the concert which the latter has arranged to introduce him to fashionable society, is one of the most painful scenes in literature. As for Gilberte, she is cruel not only to Marcel but to her own father as well. And in this respect, she shows herself worthy of her mother Odette, the depths of whose inconceivable depravity are sounded by Swann when he suspects her of being capable of hiding a lover in their room in order to inflame the senses of the latter or simply to torture him by allowing him to witness her lovemaking with Swann. Albertine seems to the narrator the heaven-sent instrument of his castigation—he speaks of “the contrary, inflexible will of Albertine, upon which no pressure had had any effect.” Such are the ideal objects of love because sensitive men, according to Proust, “need to suffer.”

In one passage, which is about no character in the book in particular but rather deals in the abstract with those qualities of woman which are most attractive, Proust sums up his impressions in phrases which show unmistakably, by the isolation of certain traits of physiognomy and posture, that it is the external features which seem best to denote an inward coldness and cruelty or at least lack of sympathy which prove most compelling—I mean such expressions as “haughty calm,” “indifferent,” “the proud girl,” “the beauty of stern eyes.”

Proustian love is a passion in which the consent of the sufferer is necessary—at least at first; after that, it acts like the spring of a trap which has been released. *If the femme fatale did not exist, the romantic would have to invent her, for she corresponds to his need of suffering, and necessity is the mother of invention.* In the respect that consent is necessary at the beginning, love is like hypnosis, because no one can be hypnotized against his will, nor

be made to do anything while in that state which runs counter to his basic character formation. So, no one who is not at least potentially a criminal to begin with can be made to commit a crime by suggestion. But though the consent of the patient is necessary at first in order to induce the state (of either love or hypnosis) once the state is fully established and confirmed, one may be influenced to do many painful things, and the process of awakening, unless managed very skillfully by a physician (but in love the cause is not a physician—it is a disease), may be very difficult and disturbing. This matter of consent and foreknowledge of the passion of love before it becomes fixed is very important. It indicates that love is something which, in spite of all its troubles, is sought as an expiation of some anterior guilt, which would be even more serious to face—just as some types of mental illness can apparently be arrested only by the artificial stimulation of such high fevers as are themselves eventually dangerous to life. We are constantly forced, like Ulysses, to choose between evils, and if we choose love, it must be because unconsciously we regard it as the lesser one in comparison with some other dread, the very name of which we suppress from our minds, though it may perhaps occasionally be brought to the surface by a skillful analyst. Charlus makes the brilliant observation at one point that homosexuality is probably a disease which prevents a man from suffering an even more dangerous one.

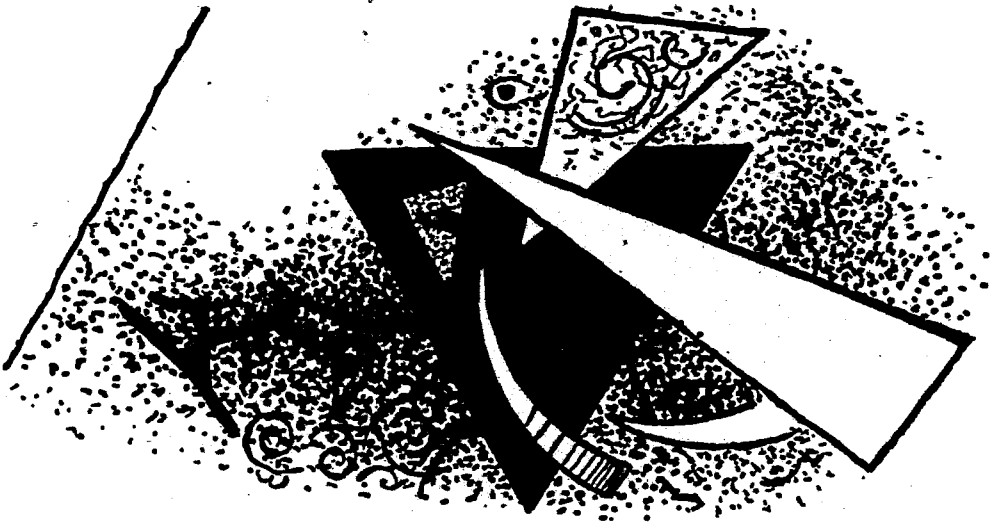
Swann had been cautious with his heart before he met Odette. He had stayed within easy reach of shore. He had never given himself deeply to any of his numerous female friends, and he had never lost that mastery of himself which, so long as it is retained, keeps him from being a lover in the Proustian sense—that is to say helplessly, compulsively, perhaps even convulsively. In general, Swann is a man whose awakenings to the fundamental realities about himself come very late—that is true not only of his great love for Odette but of his discovery of the importance of his Jewish identity under the impact of the Dreyfus Case. The motiva-

tions which make him *consent* to become involved with Odette as he had successfully avoided becoming involved with anyone before that are multiple—curiosity about the life which lovers lead of which he had read and heard and dreamt so much though he had not the courage to try it (in which caution he was well-advised, it seems, for it very nearly costs him his life when he does experience it), respect for the nobility of self-sacrifice in love, and finally his own lack of fulfillment as an artist which he associated with his lack of the inspiration of love. Swann⁹ proves that love is the most literary of emotions. Love, which is the subject of so much of the world's art, is itself stimulated by works of art. La Rochefoucauld observes that many a man would never have fallen in love had he not read about it first.

But this is not to say, as I have tried to indicate, that love does not fulfill a subjectively compelling necessity. Proust speaks of "our need of a great love," by which he means, as I understand him, a love not lightly taken or trivial, but profound and spiritually exhausting. Only when love, like an enraged bull, comes within an ace of killing you (sometimes, of course, it does actually gore its victim to death) can you be sure that it is the real thing, the salutary terror which allays the memory of all your nameless guilt. "Slight" love affairs in Proust's pages serve as relaxations between more serious ones. The source of much tragedy in the world and almost all in Proust is that the nature of things makes it seem inevitable that there should be very few beings who correspond to "our need of a great love" and only too many to take advantage of it. Proust makes it clear in reference to the narrator, by the use which he makes of the Mme. de Stermaria episode, that at a given moment of his life, a man is simply ready for his great love affair. The object of his feeling is certainly of secondary importance if not entirely accidental. He is determined by his whole past to let himself fall into the death lock of love.

Love is the ultimate test of life in Proust. The analogy which he makes of it with war has been used many times before, but it

is given new force by him. Like war, it is a situation in which the control of our destiny is committed into the hands of another. Like war, love is a test from which we may not return alive (though our friends do not always notice that they are really conversing with our ghosts!). Like war, too, it terrifies and thrills us simultaneously with a feeling of our own insignificance and helplessness. There seems to be a carnal attraction to danger. That all of the greatest love affairs of literature and history—Anthony and Cleopatra, Paolo and Francesca, Eloise and Abelard, Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet, Launcelot and Guinevere, Hero



and Leander, Dido and Aeneas—seem to have been in some way illicit or at least surrounded by dangers and pitfalls is not just a coincidence.

It is characteristic of Proust's lovers that they know *in advance* the path that their love is bound to follow *or think they do*. Thus, from the moment that he is inextricably taken in the toils of Albertine, the narrator compares his own situation with that of Swann which he had once heard about. Yet this intellectual knowledge is without visible effect upon his actions. The pattern which all the different affairs follow is their nonreciprocity: "I felt even then that in a love which is not reciprocated—I might

as well say in love, for there are people for whom there is no such thing as reciprocated love. . . ." We may add here that the people for whom there is no such thing as reciprocated love are all the people in Proust, because, if there are any others, he either did not observe them or describe them, though his careful phrasing occasionally leaves room for the possibility that somewhere they may actually exist.

The initial condition of love, then, is the expectant, perhaps even eager condition of the organism that awaits it (if I use such scientific verbiage, it is because Proust's clinical treatment of the subject suggests it). The immediate cause of love, in the presence of this weakened and assenting state, is, as I have said, less than nothing in comparison with the vast uproar and turmoil which follows. Proust compares the immediate cause of love to "an insignificant bacillus" which is capable of making the proudest men die. Charlus says very well that it is not whom or what one loves that matters, but the fact of loving itself.

I have spoken of the cruelty of those who cause the most lasting passions in Proust. This is not always intentional cruelty, though it can be, but merely thoughtlessness, carelessness, or stupidity. The thoughtlessness of Odette is invaluable to her in bringing about some of Swann's most violent paroxysms. He clearly realizes her lack of intelligence. In fact, we might put the Proustian thought in this way, exaggerating his pessimism a bit perhaps but not being basically unfair to him—*the more moral worth a person is possessed of, the more sensitive he is, the more intelligent and considerate, the less are his chances of inspiring that great love which we all need as an expiation*. The more worthless the object of love the better, for in that case we are bound to suffer more excruciatingly, and that suffering is what we really seek to find, without clearly knowing it from the beginning, or admitting it to ourselves eventually perhaps. A sensitive, moral, intelligent being would hesitate, after all, to involve us in so tormenting and hopeless a situation, and, if we became involved in spite of such

care, once he realized what was happening, he would do his best to extricate us and to assuage the pain he had unwittingly caused. A good, strong, wise person is therefore constitutionally unfitted for the work which is left for those insignificant bacilli, Odette, Rachel, Gilberte, Albertine, and Morel.

Jealousy is the inseparable shadow of love. And just as a man or any material body which casts no shadow would be impalpable or unreal, so Proust doubts the existence of any love which finds no counterpart in jealousy. There seems to be an absolutely necessary place for jealousy in the pattern of love, and it seems very often that we are jealous *not* because we are in love, but that we are in love in order that we might be jealous.

The women in Proust who are the most successful in arousing love are those who recognize instinctively its connection with the personal insecurity and anxiety of the lover. Albertine knows how to exploit the narrator's jealousy, just as Odette had exploited Swann's. In their own persons, these women bore their lovers; what gives them their power is the desire which they arouse in others. Women enchain us in proportion to the suffering they cause. The initial shock of anxiety is sudden in its onset and knocks down the surprised lover before he really knows what is happening. He had not known himself so weak till that moment. Swann had never even kissed Odette before the evening of his fall, when he missed her from her accustomed place at the Verdurins'. Without knowing why he is rendered frantic and "ransacks" the streets of Paris for the missing Odette until by some ill chance (or "retribution," as Proust might put it) he finds her again. He is led to his fate as blindly as Oedipus once travelled the road from Corinth to Thebes. It is at this point of the story that Proust writes one of his most amazingly suggestive paragraphs on the origin and mystery of love: "Among all the methods by which love is brought into being, among all the agents which disseminate that blessed bane, there are few so efficacious as the great gust of agitation which, now and then, sweeps over the human spirit."

For then the creature in whose company we are seeking amusement at the moment, her lot is cast, her fate and ours decided, that is the creature whom we shall henceforward love. It is not necessary that she should have pleased us up till then, any more, or even as much as others. All that is necessary is that our taste for her should become exclusive. And that condition is fulfilled as soon as—for the pleasure which we were on the point of enjoying in her charming company is abruptly substituted an anxious, torturing desire, which the laws of civilized society make it impossible to satisfy and difficult to assuage—the insensate, agonizing desire to possess her.”

If the power of women over men, as Proust illustrates this truth in a hundred variations (so that his demonstration gradually assumes the rigor of mathematics), grows with each pang of suffering they cause, that is because, like Baudelaire and Poe, Proust thinks that in human nature itself there lurks some “demon of perversity.” It is this demon of perversity which explains why the most senseless and harmful habits in human life are also the hardest ones to shake off. The human condition for Proust is one of futility. The least unkind thing he has to say about sexual love is that it is “a sedative.” It drugs momentarily the saddest and silliest element in human nature, our vanity, and it temporarily appeases our insatiable egos by supplying us with an illusory, imaginative triumph “over countless rivals.”

We can see how this psychological structure is related to his conception of the human personality with its discontinuities, its innumerable fissures, its general instability and changeableness, its lightning shifts of mood and key. Whoever puts his reliance upon human beings composed of such fragmentary elements steps upon a spiritual quicksand. Since the relationship of sexual love implies the heaviest reliance upon the personality and will of other people, it is liable to sink deepest into the quagmire. The safest course for a human being sentenced to this world (unless he is lucky or blessed enough to enjoy divine love which seems to

mitigate the punishment somewhat) is to steer alone. Proust at the end rejects friendship and society along with love. Only art survives his bitter criticism, and art, as we remember from the well-known passage on the death of the novelist Bergotte, is a reminder of the possible, not the necessary existence of another and better world than the one we are aware of through our senses.

If, as Proust reiterates, we must remain in perpetual ignorance even of ourselves and our feelings, just as the kaleidoscope is ignorant of the pattern which will turn up after the next shake, we are condemned to an even darker and more abysmal ignorance of our mysteriously moving neighbors in life. One reason that love is so torturing is that the more we are interested in other people the less, it seems, we can know about them. It is when we no longer care that the truth, so carefully concealed when we would have given our lives for it, suddenly floats like scum to the surface. It is only years after the end of his affair with Gilberte that her double life at the time Marcel loved her becomes known to him. It is not Swann who learns from Charlus that she is a troublesome gay lady whom he had once gotten rid of. And it is only after Marcel is hopelessly enmeshed with Albertine that he learns from her that his first and fatal step was taken because she had lied to him about her acquaintanceship with Mlle. Vinteuil.

Nor does thinking things through seem to help any. There are an infinite number of hypotheses about the intentions of other people. I once heard the greatest chess player in the world define life as the game at which we are all duffers. The sources of all the greatest events in life like the sources of great rivers, says Proust, remain hidden from us and are sought in vain. We can trace them step by step, but one more step always remains possible after the latest discovery we have made. It is an inflexible law that, as one of the subdivisions of that vast ignorance of things which Socrates, Ecclesiastes, and the wisest men of all times and nations have recognized as the ultimate destiny of humanity, we must also remain ignorant of those whom we love best.



Olive Rush, Painter

By Grace Dunham Guest

MY OWN acquaintance with the work of Olive Rush has been made during the past twenty-odd years, both on holiday visits to Santa Fe and at her exhibitions held in Washington, D. C. And these paintings that I know best are representative of the far greater number in public and private collections at Washington, Chicago, Boston, New York, Indianapolis and elsewhere. As I look back in an attempt to summarize even my own experience of her work, I am amazed by its range of subject matter and of techniques, by its versatility and its consistent qualities. There are water colors of animals—deer, antelope, little cats, young foxes, a baby burro, and horses—slight in line and color, but sensitively expressive of the essential nature of each. And, of late, there are water colors, of no subject at all, in rich deep masses of blues, greens, black and gray, so beautifully organized as to suggest forest glens, pools and rocks without actual

representation. There are also many paintings in oil—portraits, groups of figures, landscapes—and in private houses and in public buildings mural decorations. Some of these are painted on plaster walls in thin oil, some in tempera, and some in "true fresco." It is plainly to be seen that Miss Rush cannot be "typed." All her life her work has borne the imprint of fresh impulse, a creative vitality.

Olive was born in her Quaker grandmother's house, Rush Hill, at Fairmount, Indiana. As a child she showed, of course, her aptitude for drawing and painting, and when she grew up, she left home to study, first at the Corcoran School of Art in Washington, where she spent two years, and then at the Art Students League in New York. After completing her course there, she was associated for several years with Howard Pyle at his studio in Wilmington, Delaware, as an illustrator—a work in which she was highly successful. Her drawings appeared in magazines and in books issuing from the publishing houses of Scribner, Harper & Brothers and others. But for Olive's spirit to be tied to text illustration was to be in prison. She wanted to paint. She returned to New York, where she joined a group of several others, and together they took a back room with a good light over on Third Avenue as a studio for them all. It was an active place. George Bellows was a frequent visitor there and taught them the use of the set palette.

It was an exciting period—those first two decades of the century, full of the stir of change, of experimentation in all fields of the arts. In the theatre, Claude Bragdon was experimenting with "light primaries" and composing plastic groupings and movements on the stage. Jay Hambidge brought out his studies in "dynamic symmetry," considered then as a master key to noble design. Denman Ross at Harvard and Arthur Dow at Columbia developed their theories of "pure design," the influence of which spread far beyond their classrooms. Among the painters, the famous "Eight" led a revolt against traditional subjects and methods. And there was the influence of modern French painters,

experimenting with pure, unmixed color to produce "color vibration" and creating compositions with arbitrary perspectives. Impressionists and post-impressionists were exhibited in the great Armory Show of 1913. There was a fresh wind blowing, and to Olive as to so many others it was the breath of life. "We found," she says, "that we could paint as we liked."

But the "liking" involved discipline, too—a new-found discipline not only of expressive drawing but also of a conscious use of the principles of harmony, rhythm and balance in lines, areas, colors and values in order to achieve the inward tensions that alone give vitality. It was some time in the 'teens, if I remember, that the translated Chinese phrase, "The life movement of the spirit in the rhythm of things," was quoted as a criterion of an ideal to be achieved. Olive heard it then, she tells me, and accepted it with joy, as a perfect expression of her intuitive understanding, the ideal that has inspired all her work as an independent artist.

In 1911 and again in 1913, she studied in Paris, and in the following year, with her father, made her first trip to the Southwest. She was delighted with Santa Fe and the great land about it, the way light falls on far-off things, and six years later came back to stay. It was then that she bought the old house on Canyon Road that has been her home ever since. "I liked the thick adobe walls," she says; "they were walls I could paint on." And, indeed, her first mural work in Santa Fe was the decoration in fresco of the chimney breast in the corner of the big room that is her studio.

Of all her work, I suspect that it is her mural work that she has enjoyed and cared for most, perhaps because of the tremendous challenge presented by bare walls with their problems of space, light and function. She has done a very great amount of it—in private houses and in public buildings, principally in Illinois, Oklahoma and New Mexico. Some of these murals are painted in oil, some in tempera and some in the most subtle medium of all, *buon*



P R I S M S. Water color 13½" x 16½". 1951. *Photograph by Laura Gilpin.*



CHARROS ON PARADE. Water color 14" x 16". 1932.
In Phillips Memorial Collection.



THE WHITE CITY. Water color 14" x 16". 1950. *Photograph by Laura Gilpin.*



FRESCO PANEL. 36" x 48". 1951. *Photograph by Laura Gilpin.*

fresco. I asked Miss Rush how she learned to paint in transparent colors on wet plaster, and she said, "Why, from Cennino Cennini. I found the English translation of his book, and he told me just what to do."

In Santa Fe, the outstanding work in true fresco is the decoration of the vestibule of the Public Library, celebrating more especially its extension work. On either side of the door are the inscriptions, "The Library reaches the people," and the Spanish proverb, "*Con buenos libros no está solo.*" The murals depict, in a beautifully ordered sequence of figures, episodes in the service: a group of women at a roadside mailbox getting their books from it; a group of children running down the school steps with books in their hands; a rancher riding away with books in his saddle bag. The coloring is in low reds and yellows; the whole decoration so imaginative and sincere that its message can be understood by everyone.

But the mural decoration in Santa Fe most familiar to the greatest number of people is that of the inner dining room at La Fonda, which is called after its decoration, "The New Mexican Room." On walls and piers, the artist depicted Spanish scenes and figures and the animals and plants of the region, beautifully spaced, perfect in scale. This work was executed in thin oil paint on plaster, and recently, alas, has been marred by injudicious cleaning.

Another, and quite different mural decoration in New Mexico, was painted by Miss Rush on the entrance to the Biology Building at the A. and M. College in Las Cruces. This, again, is a distinguished piece of work in *buon fresco*. On the ceiling, a great circle rimmed with black and white is filled with the enlarged forms of minute organisms—as if seen within the lens of a microscope. The panels of the side walls have scenes of country life drawn from the region of southern New Mexico, scenes in a cotton field, a corn field, a dairy yard and so on—to suggest that bi-

ological research is at the service of planter, farmer and rancher. But since Miss Rush is never solemn, the whole decoration is lively, sympathetic, delightful.

Of late, during the past two or three years, Miss Rush has been interested in "abstractions." The result of her thinking in this way is apparent in a series of water colors, some deep in tone with black accents, some in luminous color as if light were shining through. They have no title or hint of representation, but whenever was the element of representation her greatest concern? Always it has been the interpretation of some form of life expressed in lovely design. Her paintings, so widely circulated in exhibitions in New York, Boston, Chicago, Denver and elsewhere, have always brought from critics praise of what they have called their inner life, their evocation of dream. To recall the titles of some of them is to suggest that delicate dream quality: "Christmas Rose in Snow," "White Gazelles," "Maltese and Moon," "Three Deer Running," "October Snow." But there are other and sterner moods as well. In "Starvation After War" she voices her deep Quaker abhorrence of armed violence. Other characteristic themes are drawn from Indian life, notably "Navajos," a delightful painting of men and women mounted on horses riding in a curving file beyond a screen of thorny cactus.

And just now, most recently, Miss Rush has returned to her more rarely used medium, true fresco. She says, "I just had to paint on wet plaster." It seems that she had had for a long time an iron frame of about four by five feet, bedded with concrete all ready to receive its outer coats of lime plaster. Her helper, standing at a distance, threw on successive handfuls of wet plaster for the first coat, and finally, each day upon the dried ground he trowelled two coats of fresh plaster sufficient for that day's work. Upon this she painted in fresco colors the composition reproduced here. The color is delicate and lovely and the impression given by the painting is one of security, innocence and peace.

It remains now to speak of her contribution to the work of Indian artists, Pueblo, Navajo and Hopi. About 1932, Mr. Chester E. Faris, then Superintendent of the Indian School at Santa Fe, was inspired by the La Fonda decoration to ask Miss Rush if she would undertake the decoration of one of the rooms at the school. Her answer, in effect, was, "Why do you ask me to do that, when you have so many artists among your students?" As a result of their conversation, Miss Rush undertook to direct the work of several boys in the school, aided by the older painter Julian Martinez of San Ildefonso. They were given the dining room, a big bare room, dreary and institutional, but with good spaces to paint on. The boys submitted their designs to her, and when these were selected, they put preliminary drawings in charcoal outline on the spaces assigned to them. But they had had no experience in group work. Some figures were large, some small. Miss Rush had them see for themselves what was wrong and showed them how to correct it. She taught them how to prepare oil paint and to apply it thin. The result is a superb decoration of Indian figures and symbols in fine color, beautifully executed. The work of Indian painting at the school was nobly carried forward by Dorothy Dunn, who established a Department of Painting.

Later in Albuquerque Miss Rush again directed the work of several Indian artists who assisted her in her mural decoration of the entrance to Maisel's Indian Trading Post. By this time casein tempera had become available and came to be of the greatest aid to Indian painters who, before this experience, had been using the cheap and fugitive "display card" colors. Casein tempera is now very generally employed by them. At the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, the work of decorating the inside of the Maya temple was done by Indian artists working under Miss Rush's direction.

Looking back, then, over work so far accomplished by this strong, gentle and sincere artist, one becomes aware that through

all its forms it has been infused by what Albert Schweitzer has called "reverence for life." And this is what Olive Rush herself says of her conscious attitude toward her work:

"After long and exciting study of models and landscapes, flowers and animals, I have almost ceased to work directly from them. Only that which remains in the memory and imagination seems significant. Relation is the thing that counts anyway. It is in the studio that one can compose, balance, relate, study movement, consider a region beyond the accidental.

"As I grow older in art and life, I do not find merely expressing myself worth while, just as imitating Nature seems trivial, but I paint when I feel the necessity of transmitting some strong emotion that I experience. Only this and the ability to 'put it over' is a worthy thing. Painting should be infectious. The beholder should be moved, after quiet contemplation, by the feeling that the artist himself experienced. He should not have to guess riddles.

"I don't mind being called 'a humanist.' 'There is that of God in every man,' wrote George Fox, and was it not Tolstoi who spoke of reverence for the dignity of every man and for the life of every animal?"



Leonard Casper

A NEST OF BOXES

PAN A WOKE with a shiver although there was a warm Gulf breeze from the southeast. She had been dreaming; quickly she looked beside her and was reassured. Lazar was lying there, on his back; he was not out with another woman; he would never be out with another woman again. Now she could be sure, because she saw the large triangle of glass propped against his arm, between them like a sword, and remembered: it had happened.

She lifted her swollen legs slowly out of bed. It was still an hour until dawn. Yet down in the street she heard the monotonous call of the old peddler as he walked by: "*¡Sombreros! ¡Sombreros para la sombra!*" Four blocks away the Guadalupe buses were sleepwalking toward the heart of San Antonio. It was incredible that there should be anyone on the streets already. But there he was. "*Sombreros.*" And she could see him now from the narrow window, with his ten hats piled one on top of another on his head. He was dangerous.

He's in the way, Pan thought; in the shadow. I'll get out while it's still quiet.

She pulled down Lazar's lids over his staring eyes while she dressed quickly, remembering another morning three centuries ago, when she had fled with him from Baton Rouge.

"The auditors are going to check the books tomorrow," she told Lazar. "What'll we do?"

"How much we got so far?"

"Twenty thousand."

"We should have twice as much. Herzog isn't even suspicious. Another six months."

"Tomorrow, honey!"

"Relax."

Pan was trembling; she needed to relax. She had been panicky then and hadn't been able to get over it, until last night, for one moment, in anger. And now it would still go on. She had wed Lazar in secret, she had stolen from Herzog Expressways in secret, they had run away in secret. Then months of hiding, at first with Lazar and then alone.

"I can't stand this holing up," he said. "I gotta get out."

"What about me?"

"The cops are after you, not me. I need air."

"What about me?"

"A guy can hide only so long, then it gets him."

"What about me?"

She had her bag packed already. She didn't know where Lazar had put the money: she had never asked, had always trusted him, had asked only that he stick with her and be faithful. She had stolen the money only for him, so that they could go away together.

Without thinking, she made up the bed hastily with Lazar still in it, pulling the sheets up over his face and tucking in the corners. Then she ran on tiptoe over to the door. It was locked!

It's always locked, she thought desperately. Where does he keep the key?

Pan felt snow melt beneath her feet and reharden. She was gasping. At last she freed herself from panic and went over to the chest of drawers. When she pulled out the top drawer, all the others opened, too; but none of them opened wide enough for her to look inside. She could only run her hands, broken at the wrist, along the inside. The top three drawers were completely empty, except for the old newspapers that lined them. Her fingertips felt so sensitive that she was sure she could read with them. There was a story with a Baton Rouge date line: "Herzog finally reveals shortage to police; still refuses to believe missing cashier absconded."

No: she forced her mind back to the present, knelt, and thrust her slender arm into the bottom drawer. Just as suddenly she pulled back, scraping the skin off her arm. Spider! She stood up and looked at her hand; there was nothing there. Still she could feel the slow, triumphant march of the spider legs over her body, until she wanted to scream but couldn't. She wanted to scream but shouldn't. She wanted to scream.

Pan shivered and woke up. A slight wind was twisting the hair on her arms and she thought she could smell the Union stockyards where *now* another steer *now* would be *now* slaughtered, the blows falling regularly like a hammer in a clock striking the hours and the smell like a body decomposed. She shook herself awake and looked beside her. Lazar hadn't come in yet; the sheets were undisturbed.

At first she was glad. "I'm not capable of murder," she said aloud to herself; "nor of robbery. Any minute now I'll wake up and be back at Herzog's, drowsing on my arms in the hot office." Then she disbelieved and, throwing her swollen legs out of bed, she ran clumsily over to the door that connected with the adjoining flat. Quickly she knelt down and put her eye to the keyhole.

It startled her to see an eye on the other side of the door! She drew back with a gasp. They were watching her; they wanted to turn her over to the police. Well, let them!

Lazar laughed behind her back. Pan knew it was he without turning; he had come in while she was spying. Instead, she ran, still crouching, over to the door by which he had entered and shook it. He had locked it again! That was why he was laughing.

She wouldn't face him. She loved him, and if she saw him, she might forget that she hated him. No, it was being shut up that she hated. Only by manipulation could she keep her sanity, shut up all this time: she listened to the Guadalupe buses first with one ear, then with the other. She tried to calm herself by looking at her fingernails. His face was in their shining red surfaces, like the other half of the moon. But when she turned her hand to hold him, he slipped away.

"What are you doing" he asked, still laughing. His laugh was monotonous, like the cry of the hat man. She could see Lazar as he appeared to other people, his smirky prohibition face and colander eyes. But it was too late for her not to love him. She needed someone. Or he would have to give her back herself.

"I'm not going to lay a finger on you, honey," he went on. "You're punishing yourself enough. It must be hell to be a jealous woman. And let me tell you," now he was whispering, "I'm not worth it. That's just a tip. I like you enough to tell you that."

"What?" She could hardly hear him whisper.

"You don't want to believe it, but we're all washed up."

"What?"

"So let's break clean. Quit acting dumb. Maybe I'll stick with you until this blows over; maybe not. Maybe I can't stand it. But anyway we're splitting up, you hear? Fifty-fifty and we're quits. I can't stand a nervous rabbit. If you would have stayed at Herzog's, sure we'd've sweated, but we could have cleaned up more. Just six months more!"

Pan's arms hung at her side. She was hot, sweating so hard

that the oil from her wrist watch had run down her fingers. They looked dark and stained. "I'll call the police," she whispered back.

Lazar clicked his teeth. "No, you won't. You don't want to give me up, not even to them. That's what jealousy is. You're just working yourself into a frenzy for nothing. Just wait and it'll all be over and I'll send you over the border maybe and it'll be kiss-off. But don't eat your heart. I'm not worth it."



She felt weak and went to him. "I don't care if you have a good time, Laz. I know you don't want to be penned up. If you'd only bring me something, to show you cared."

"Put your arms around me, rabbit."

She did. And felt the large hat box he was holding behind him. She pursed her lips with pleasure and blew out her breath as though at some faraway candle.

"Laz!" she cried. "For me!"

Pan placed the hat box on the floor and knelt beside it. With one feverish tug she snapped the store string and pulled off the cover. Inside was a smaller box. She snapped the store string and pulled off the cover. Inside was a smaller box. She snapped the store string. Inside was a smaller. She snapped. . . .

There were tears of anguish in her eyes by the time she reached the last box. It was the size of her fist, and inside was a triangle of glass, so highly polished, that at the same time that she could see through it, it also reflected her own face.

"Is this a joke?" Pan asked weakly, knowing that it wasn't. At last she looked up into Lazar's cheap face. "It's the same as last time. This is what you always bring me."

He didn't say anything—only stood there in the shadow of his hat, which was now tipped forward so that she couldn't see what was going on in his mind, and squashed laughter out through his colander eyes.

Pan held the glass triangle like a pointed knife.

She awoke with a start and sat on the edge of the bed, frightened. She had been having a nightmare, and it would go on and on, she knew, unless she did something. The clock was striking four. She was alone in the room.

Her feet hardly fit into her cloth slippers, and then they almost refused to support her as she walked slowly across the room. She had to draw strength from the other objects about her, all the things that were now so familiar to her after these months, that they seemed to control her parts, a zodiac of furnishings directing her organs. The two small spiders that came out of the ivy every evening and built a web in the window-way across the path of the southeast wind and fattened themselves for morning. The cheap painting of a Mexican hat dance. The mail-order clock. The chest of sticky drawers.

At last she reached the telephone, but she didn't lift the receiver. "Give me police headquarters," she said calmly. "Hello. I know where you can find the man and woman who robbed Herzog Expressways in Baton Rouge. Yes, he should be in any moment now." Thoughts were winging through her head like miller moths against a screen. If I practice hard enough, Pan thought, I may get up courage. "The Guadalupe bus runs right

by here. That's correct. And there's an old peddler. . . . Are you tracing this call?" But she didn't lift the receiver. Tonight I will, she thought; tonight I will.

She awoke, still in bed, the sheets covered with sweat. She was panicky. If I've killed him, she thought, I'd better get out of here. Where is he? Will the hat peddler see me go? What does he think, under all those hats? "Hats for the shade."

At last her head cleared. Still it was quite dark in the room, and she was afraid to look down beside her. Suppose I did, she wondered; and if I didn't, I'll leave anyway! If only he would give me back myself, since he doesn't want me!

Pan pushed herself away from the bed, with swollen legs. She wanted to run away, but first she wanted to see him once more: that was all she wanted.

She could go down and call a cab, the way she had last time, even at this hour. And follow him, just to see. That other time he seemed to have a car of his own; he had driven downtown, and she had thought he was going to give himself up and she had almost cried. But then he had parked and gone into a car up ahead and there had been a woman's face and Pan had made the taxi keep circling the block where the cars were parked, for half an hour, until at last the driver became suspicious and asked, "Say, are you sure you got money?" and she had wanted to shout at him, "Yes, ten thousand dollars, but it isn't mine; you might as well have it!" But she had merely nodded and managed later to beat Lazar back to the room.

No, no! What was she thinking? The door was always locked. She had never followed him anywhere. How could she? Why, the door was locked that very moment.

As she touched the knob, it turned and Lazar came in, his smart face shadowed by a snap-brim. Then she hadn't killed him!

"Still up?" he said. It wasn't a question and he wasn't surprised. "Still afraid I'm gonna run off? Not yet, rabbit. And if I do, I'm

not worth worrying about." The door locked behind him. With one hand he threw his hat over the pounding clock; with the other he produced a paper telescope from his coat pocket. Automatically he wiped the fingerprints off its metal parts before handing it to her. "Here, I brought you something different this time. Take it."

"Laz! You remembered our anniversary."

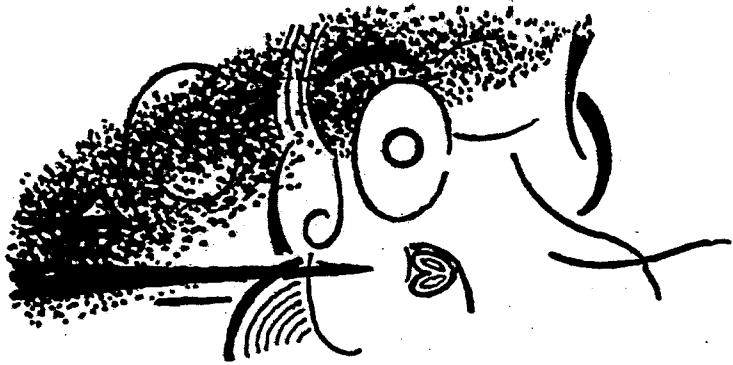
"How long we been married, three hundred years? You look terrible, rabbit. I guess jealousy is its own worst punishment. You don't get much sleep nights, do you?" He put his hand back on the telescope. "Don't worry, I don't want it, it's yours. Just let me show you." He opened it up, section by section, like little paper boxes fitted one inside the other. "This is you, rabbit. You see, the farther you get from something, the more you magnify it. Always fretting yourself."

Pan put it to her eye quickly and pulled it out to full length. "It's not a. . . . There's a glass inside that reflects. Little odds and ends. I can see my own eye. Only it's two eyes, and one can't see, one can't see!" She folded up the telescope bitterly. "Why did you bring me this? Why this?"

Lazar's lips moved but she couldn't hear what he was saying. "He's calling my name," she told herself. "He's been out all night and he wants to taunt me. If he wakes me, it'll be the end."

She awoke with a cry. . . .

POET SIGNATURE



Lindley Williams Hubbell

THE DISTINCTION of these poems is in the flexibility of idiom and the impressive visualization of experience which such an idiom allows the poet to create. The idiom seems far from being poetic. It lacks metrical regularity; it has the flat tone of speech casually adapted to different line and stanza lengths. But it is a measured speech of phrases that are good coin, though the coin is not newly minted. And it readily becomes apparent that a difference exists between the sharp descriptive imagery in "Father Divine Is God" or "Good Friday" and the concise irrationality of detail in "Little Girl With Doll." The poetry emerges from the force of emotion making for the speech measure and the development of perception when it fulfills the valid range of emotion itself.

Occasionally an underlying mood of banter seems to minimize in some poems, as it enforces in others, the urgency of what is being said. This irregularity of effect suggests that "A Good Time Was Had by All," "Graffito," "Dreams," and even "Sappho" might have been better poems if they were less a mechanism to round out an irony, limited less by mood than by the closely developed perception of their origins. The striking thing, how-

ever, is that the poems are all clear-cut. They candidly invite inspection and do not obstruct the eye. And one would suppose their clarity and spontaneity appreciable enough to disarm even the exacting reader.—*E. H.*

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

Christ hung on the cross to the sound of laughter
And people laughed aloud when Joan was burned.
You can hear it any evening at the movies.
An event of magnitude is not required
To keep them entertained.

It may be so slight a thing as a well simulated
Look of pain, a gesture of defeat,
A sudden revelation of evil, the abyss opening
In a human heart, love sold out, or death
Collapsing in a heap.

That is all they need. Their happy faces are bright
With innocent mirth, their eyes brimming with merriment.
No malice, only good clean fun.
A crucifixion or a pratfall, it is all the same,
They are having a good time.

GRAFFITO

I often remember
the unknown poet
who wrote (in 1940
or thereabouts)
on one of the posters
in an east side El station:
NUTS TO PEOPLE

POET SIGNATURE

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IVY

The crystal swan holding the sprig of ivy
That trails its bisque roots in the narrow water
Floats in the florist's window.

The swan that is not a swan holds the living
Plant which turns its half sized leaves
Veined with lighter green

Toward the sun. The swan swims on the mirror
Reflecting the orchids, the goldfish, the paper buds
That open in water.

SAPPHO

Sappho had torches for her walls
and cressets to light her to bed,
fire baskets
and a brand plucked from the burning.

There were no lamps on Lesbos
although the Egyptians had known them
for thousands of years
and the Cro-Magnon
incised the delicate ibex of La Mouthe.

Illuminating gas
was antecedent to the kerosene lamp.
Enter Moonshine with a lanthorn.

How ill this taper burns.

GOOD FRIDAY

On Good Friday I walked to Possagno.
There at the foot of Monte Grappa
shone the white marble temple of Canova,
neo-quasi-pseudo-classic.

LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

The enormous crucifix, taken down from the wall,
lay on the floor of the nave
with the women of Possagno kneeling around it,
moaning like sick birds.

They were kissing the wounds in his hands and feet,
his nipples and his navel,
for Christ was dead that day,
Christ was dead all over Italy.

D R E A M S

Bodies as brief as waves, uncertain identities,
Men and women that inhabit my changing dreams,
What mysterious existence is yours that act
Without reason, speak strange words, and love,
Out of the dark wells of my unrecognized
Fears and desires?

Are you, in the short interval of your activity,
Aware of a continuity outside of my dream?
Are you indeed projections of my impotence,
Or am I rather a collection, held loosely together,
Of shaken leaves, of easily broken stems,
And you the enormous root?

F A T H E R D I V I N E I S G O D

The grey haired woman, weather worn and pale,
one arm held to her side, the other straight out,
lifting up her knees one after the other,
danced slowly before the Lord.

The waiter with coffee skin, tight white
jacket, sloping prize fighter shoulders,
danced delicately down the table, balancing
chicken, tomatoes, lemonade.

Joy crashed in the air like thunder.
The women, drunk with the Lord, crashed against chairs,
righted themselves, staggered again, crashed
again against chairs.

The air was filled with arms like palm branches
waving, hair streamed across faces, fell
dishevelled on shoulders, jerks and spasms
tore the frames of the faithful.

Suddenly God spoke from the head of the table.
Without warning the voice of God was heard.
Aren't you glad? it said. So glad, Father, they cried,
an ecstasy of trumpets.

The beautiful pale woman was like a spent candle.
The tan waiter danced with a little brown boy.
Not touching, they circled each other gravely,
doing the Lindy.

LITTLE GIRL WITH DOLL

I saw them from the window. I thought they were advertising
something.
Then the rain of soot began to fall, wet and black and clinging to
everything.
I tried to close the window, but it was wide and high and I could
hardly reach the sash
and my back hurt when I stretched up my arms.

I walked across the courtyard and the little girl started to follow
me.
She was dirty and sullen. She was a brat. I didn't love her
and she certainly didn't care about me, but she kept after me.
She was carrying some sort of a cloth doll in her arms.

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LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

She became hideous with the wet soot sticking to her, and she
sticking to me.

I pushed her away from me but she clung to me as the horrible
black rain clung to her

and when we came to the door she stopped and said, Go back and
get my doll.

It was lying in the black slush. I went back, thinking, For Christ's
sake what am I doing this for?

I brought it to her and she was still standing in front of the door
motionless.

I pushed her through and handed her the doll and she fell flat on
her face.

She was disgusting, grimy and sticky with the wet cinders.
She was dead, a hell of a lot she cared about her doll.

ALCMAN

These girls are remembered
because of Alcman:

Agido
like the sun,

Hagesichora
whose mane was gold and her face silver,

Nanno
with memorable hair,

Areta
like a goddess,

Thylacis,
Cleësithera,

Aenesimbrotia
and her girl friends:

POET SIGNATURE

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Astaphis,
Philylla,

Damareta,
the beautiful Ianthemis,

sang and danced
at the Thosteria

in honor of Orthia-
Aotis,

bird goddess
dawn goddess

who became
Artemis.



Erik K. Reed

CULTURAL AREAS OF THE PRE-SPANISH SOUTHWEST

AMONG the several definitions of "the Southwest" the archaeological is one of the most restrictive. For the archaeologist, the Southwest extends approximately from Las Vegas, New Mexico, to Las Vegas, Nevada, and from the vicinity of Durango, Colorado, to Durango, Mexico. The plains of eastern New Mexico and the Texas panhandle, most of trans-Pecos Texas, central and northern Utah, and Southern California are generally considered peripheral rather than part of the Southwest proper. Pre-Spanish archaeological remains of Southwestern type are found from the Dolores River in southwesternmost Colorado, the Colorado River in southeastern Utah, and the Virgin River drainage in southwestern Utah, to southern Chihuahua and Sonora, and from the Pecos River valley on the east to the lower Colorado River on the west. Archaeological materials differ in each district of the Southwest, but may be grouped in two major regions, each with subdivisions.

The entire Southwest is characterized archaeologically by the occurrence of painted pottery, which is found very rarely or not at all in other regions of North America north of Mexico. Other-

wise, few distinctive traits are found throughout the whole region. Basic general features such as hunting, farming (corn, beans, and squash), and the use of stone for implements are common to many or all Indian cultures. So are more specific things, like stone axes and the bow and arrow. There are a few negative characteristics, notably the absence of metallurgy and almost total lack of any metal objects in the Southwest. Copper was used and worked in South America, Central America, and eastern North America, but not here. The absence of wheeled vehicles and of livestock applies also to American Indian native culture generally.

Compact, many-roomed, cellular dwellings, built of stone masonry or of adobe mud, which we call pueblos, are found through most of the region. In earlier periods, antedating the development of surface pueblos, the characteristic dwellings are pit-houses. These are essentially roofed excavations, with various types of entranceway, arrangements for roof support, and other details. In the deserts of western and southern Arizona, however, brush huts instead of pit-houses or pueblos have for centuries been the typical dwellings. A broad fundamental division of the archaeological Southwest into two great provinces may thus be made on the basis of general house-types. These cultural provinces correspond roughly to natural areas.

The higher, partly forested country of the Mogollon Rim and the Colorado Plateau is that of the Pueblo Indians, the people who lived in pit-houses and, later, in surface pueblos. This is also the region of piñon and juniper cover and, on the mountains, yellow pine forests, with fir, spruce, and aspen at still higher elevations. It is the habitat of deer, bear, lion, bobcat, mountain sheep, wild turkey. In the desert province, with cacti, palo verde, mesquite, desert bighorn, the Gila monster, and other unusual forms of life adapted to arid conditions, the Piman and Yuman Indians and their archaeological predecessors—the Hohokam and Patayan complexes—form a separate group which differs from

the Pueblos in many features, including the general lack of permanent structures.

The Pueblo area takes in not only the forested mountains of central Arizona and southwestern New Mexico and the plateau to the northward, but also extends into desert areas—down the Rio Grande to La Junta, across southwestern Utah to Nevada. All this territory is characterized by pit-houses and surface pueblos, and by polished and painted pottery, most of it made without the use of paddle and anvil. The Pueblos depended on agriculture, without extensive irrigation, supplemented by hunting. Many bone implements, as well as food bones, are found in refuse heaps. Sea-shell ornaments are less abundant and stone work is less advanced than in the Hohokam country of southern Arizona. The Pueblos generally buried their dead unburned. The skulls show artificial deformation (cradle-board flattening) of the back of the head.

Within the general Pueblo area two major subdivisions can be recognized, identified most readily by their pottery but manifesting other more meaningful differences. These two are the northern Grayware or Anasazi in the Colorado Plateau, and Southern Brownware or Mogollon in mountains and deserts to the south. Anasazi ruins are most often in open valleys in the piñon-juniper zone. Mogollon sites range from desert surroundings to yellow-pine forest habitat.

In northwestern New Mexico, northeastern Arizona, southeastern Utah, and southwesternmost Colorado, the classical Anasazi sequence of the San Juan is found. This includes many of the largest masonry pueblos and most famous cliff dwellings, and innumerable smaller sites. A span of more than a thousand years is represented, from the early centuries of the Christian era to the abandonment of the San Juan drainage at the end of the thirteenth century. The general San Juan Anasazi development is set apart by the distinctive utility pottery (rough plain or corrugated grayware), the unique ceremonial chambers (the circular kiva,

often semisubterranean), the unusual manner of cradle-board deformation of the skull (artificial lambdoid flattening), and by certain styles of painted pottery and specific types of stone and bone tools. The keeping of domesticated turkeys, no doubt chiefly for the sake of the feathers, is also an Anasazi trait not found to the southward.

Sites of this group are found in the Upper Rio Grande area of New Mexico and in the northern Little Colorado drainage, as well as throughout the San Juan drainage, and also across southwestern Utah down the Virgin River to the Moapa Valley in southern Nevada. Most typical of the San Juan Anasazi which may also be called kiva culture or northern grayware complex is the Chaco-Mesa Verde group in southwesternmost Colorado and northwestern New Mexico. The locally manufactured painted pottery is black-on-white, and what redware is found here is presumed to have been brought in from the westward by trade. The early occupation of the Upper Rio Grande, and developments there until the first part of the fourteenth century, belong to this group. The peculiar Largo phase of the Gallina area can also be classified as a peripheral variant of the same general group, with elements of Plains derivation.

The most westerly Anasazi, of an early phase in southeastern Utah and in much of northeastern Arizona, differed in several respects. The most conspicuous of these is the production of black-on-red and polychrome orangeware as well as black-on-white pottery and rough plain or corrugated grayware. With the thirteenth century, in the final stage of this development, a localized kind of small square kiva appears in the Kayenta district of northern Arizona. The extension of Anasazi culture still farther westward, north of the Grand Canyon in Arizona and along the Virgin River through southwesternmost Utah down to the Moapa Valley in Nevada, consists largely of pottery resembling northeastern Arizona types, together with some actual trade pottery from that source. Structures are locally peculiar, puebloan in only a very

general way. True standardized kivas have not been found. A few of the diagnostic Anasazi traits, such as lambdoid cranial deformation and rather crude full-grooved stone axes, appear as far west as Nevada.

Toward 1300 A.D., the San Juan Anasazi groups disappeared as such, and most of the plateau was abandoned permanently by Pueblo Indians. The district of southern Nevada and southwestern Utah, along with certain others, may have been abandoned more than a hundred years earlier. There was evidently a decline in total population, notably in Chaco Canyon and probably also in certain other districts, well before the great drought which is inferred from tree rings as having occurred between 1275 and 1300. The drought and the consequent severe arroyo-cutting are thought to have caused the abandonment of the San Juan. There is also a widespread view that the Apaches, including the ancestral Navajo, were in the Southwest by 1300 and were responsible for the concentration of the Pueblos into defensible centers in the thirteenth century and for their final disappearance in various areas.

What became of the Pueblo Indians of southern Nevada and southwestern Utah is not known. The people of the Kayenta district undoubtedly came in to the Hopi country, in the northern drainage of the Little Colorado. Already occupied rather sparsely by people of Anasazi culture about this time, the Hopi area received increments of population of different cultural groups from several directions. It is the one section of the northern Anasazi domain which continued to be inhabited by Pueblo Indians after 1300. The people of the Mesa Verde phase in northwestern New Mexico and southwestern Colorado moved to the Rio Grande, coming in across the Rio Puerco to the lower Jemez and the Galisteo Basin close to 1300.

The other main Pueblo grouping, or Mogollon complex, the second major subdivision of the Pueblo pattern, occupied principally the forested uplands, from the Mimbres Valley in south-

western New Mexico to the San Francisco Peaks in north-central Arizona. This complex likewise extended into adjoining desert areas, especially in southern New Mexico and western Chihuahua, also in southeastern Arizona and in the Petrified Forest area to the north. The boundary between this group and the San Juan Anasazi lies near the Little Colorado Valley in Arizona—south of the river in the Wupatki basin, north of it in the Petrified Forest area. The line is not far south of Zúñi, Acoma, and Isleta in New Mexico.

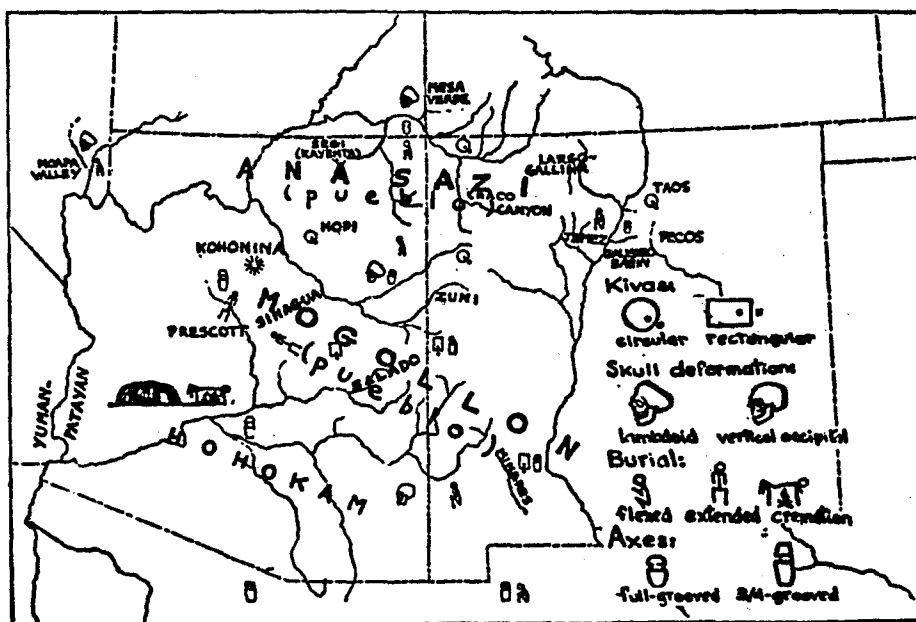
South of this approximate boundary the archaeological materials correspond in general to the broad Puebloan pattern, but they differ consistently in certain details from the San Juan Anasazi. Circular chambers are rare or are entirely lacking. In some districts rectangular kivas are found; in others no ceremonial rooms are definitely recognizable. The bulk of the pottery is polished brownware—plain and red-slipped, often with black-smudged bowl interiors, sometimes corrugated (and polished over the indentations), red-on-brown and red-on-white and other decorated types. In much of the region from about 800 to 1300 A.D. the painted pottery includes black-on-white as well as black-on-red; but in the fourteenth century consists almost wholly of polychrome redware. In the southern or brownware Pueblo groups, from the Pecos River to the Verde Valley, from before 500 A.D. to after 1500, cranial deformation was always vertical occipital and never, so far as known, of the lambdoid style current among the Anasazi of the northern Southwest. The stone axes are well finished and mostly three-quarter-grooved for a J-shaped haft, as in southern Arizona and western Mexico, seldom of the full-grooved (wrapped-haft) and often quite crude San Juan type. Turkey remains are not abundant and concentrated, as is frequently the case in northern sites, but consist of only a few bones, doubtless representing the occasional taking of wild birds.

Important local brownware sequences include the Mimbres development in southwestern New Mexico, the San Simon branch

in southeastern Arizona, the Cibola (or Salado) group in east-central Arizona, and the Sinagua complex in the Flagstaff district in the Verde Valley. Materials in Chihuahua, southern New Mexico, and west-central New Mexico also fall in the general Mogol-
lon group.

What became of the people of the Mimbres and Chihuahua complexes is unexplained. Very probably the Sinagua contributed to both Hopi and Pima. In the case of the Cibola-Salado group, expansion in several directions about 1300 A.D. is noted; but the culture reached its height in the central area at the same time and disappeared in eastern Arizona only about 1400 or even shortly after. Also at this time the people of the Salt River drainage presumably moved in large part into the Zuni country. Other Cibola-Salado elements may have gone north to Hopi and south to the Pima country.

The expansion of the Cibola-Salado around 1300 included cultural influence, and possibly actual migration of groups of people, to the southward, all across southeastern Arizona and much of southern New Mexico. Similar expansion also overran



the Hopi and Zuñi areas, previously occupied by people of San Juan Anasazi tradition. Rectangular kivas, redware, three-quarter-grooved stone axes, and vertical-occipital skull deformation superseded the corresponding Anasazi diagnostics in both these districts at about that time. A continuance eastward of this Cibola expansion reached the Upper Rio Grande, bringing glaze-paint redware, probably also the square kiva, perhaps other traits. Possibly it also brought the Keresan language, which is not related to the other languages of the Upper Rio Grande. The latter are Tanoan dialects (Tiwa, Tewa, and Jemez-Pecos or Towa), which may plausibly be correlated with archaeological elements of San Juan Anasazi culture.

In the western Arizona desert neither pueblos nor pit-houses are found. This area is marginal or even non-southwestern, and differs but little from Southern California on the opposite side of the Colorado River. The logical and proper system might be to consider Southern California and most of western Arizona a separate region. The people of this western desert are the Yuman tribes—Indians who speak a group of closely related languages. The Cocopa, Yuma, and Mohave are along the Colorado River below the turn at Black Canyon, where Hoover Dam (Boulder Dam) now stands. Yumas located away from the river comprise the Diegueño, Kamia, and others in Southern California, and the Walapai group (including Yavapai and Havasupai) in northwestern Arizona.

The Yumas have been concentrated along the lower Colorado in the same general area for centuries, although individual tribes have shifted about, or moved away from the river, and some have disappeared. There apparently was a considerable Yuman expansion several hundred years ago, out from the river in both directions, across Southern California to the coast and across northwestern Arizona as far as the Verde Valley (the Yavapai) and the San Francisco Mountains (the Havasupai). The early Spanish expeditions, from 1540 to 1605, found the Yuman-speaking

tribes, identifiable in their reports, in approximately their modern locations.

Archaeological remains along the lower Colorado River, and in the deserts on either side, obviously represent the Yumans from perhaps 1500 years ago to very recent times. Cultural remains include brownish pottery, manufactured with the use of a paddle and anvil, some of it decorated with simple designs in red paint; certain types of stone objects; and sea-shell ornaments. Fire hearths and indications of brush huts are found, but no pit-houses or structures of permanent materials. Undoubtedly agriculture was practiced from an early date, plus the collecting of wild plants, and hunting and fishing. The dead were evidently cremated. Many archaeologists call this material by another name, Patayan, because of the unavoidable lack of conclusive proof that it does indeed represent Yuman-speaking Indians.

Another strongly demarked archaeological group is the Hohokam of southern Arizona, with its focus in the Gila-Salt Basin around and south of Phoenix. Resembling in several important points what has been described above, the Hohokam culture may derive, at least in part, from a Yuman people. There are also traits of clearly Mexican affiliation; and one element may have been an immigrant group from the southward. Sites of Hohokam type, dating to periods ranging from thirteen or fourteen centuries ago, possibly much earlier, up to the 1100's, occur in the Gila Basin, the Salt River Valley, the Tonto Basin, and the Verde Valley.

The intensive agriculture of the Hohokam, with highly developed irrigation, concentrated on the same crops as Pueblo farming—corn, beans, squash (pumpkins), and cotton. Hunting was evidently unimportant, and bone tools are scarce. Excellent work was done in stone and sea shell. The micaceous red-on-buff Hohokam pottery, shaped with paddle and anvil, is unmistakable. Villages consisted of brush huts. Large oval structures identified

as ball courts, related to those of southern Mexico, are found. The Hohokam cremated their dead and buried the ashes with pottery and other funerary offerings.

Beginning soon after 1100, the desert territory of the Hohokam was subjected to certain cultural influences from the Pueblo area. In all likelihood there was actual immigration from the forested uplands to the north. The Pueblos involved were chiefly Sinagua, in the Verde Valley and lower Salt River, with Cibola-Salado in the Tonto Basin. At least certain historic Pima Indian tribes, as the Gila Pima and the Sobaipuri, are thought to derive from the blend of Hohokam with Sinagua and possibly other Pueblo groups.

Lying between the Mogollon-affiliated Sinagua complex and the Yuman-connected Patayan material, there are two western Arizona groups of somewhat debatable placement: the Kohonina branch or complex on the Coconino Plateau south of the Grand Canyon, and the Prescott branch in the upper Verde (Chino Valley) and upper Agua Fria. Both of these minor and little-known groups are in many respects Puebloan, but the pottery of each is similar to Yuman (Patayan) wares. For the Kohonina complex especially, in which burials are not found and cremation with scattering of ashes has been assumed, a Patayan relationship is suggested. In the Prescott group, however, extended inhumations are found, and other known traits are all very much like the contemporary thirteenth-century Sinagua, except for the pottery. It is very coarse, micaceous, orange to dark gray, with little polishing or painted decoration, reminiscent of Hohokam plainware and closely resembling certain Patayan (early Yuman) types of the Colorado River.

In modern times the plateau region of the San Juan Anasazi has belonged to the Navajo (an Apache tribe), the Ute (also hunters and raiders), and the Hopi Pueblos. In the Upper Rio Grande valley and at Acoma and Zúñi, as well as in the Hopi

country, Puebloan occupation has been continuous for more than a thousand years. There the Spaniards in the sixteenth century found the Pueblo Indians living, and there they still live today. Other localities, occupied in 1540 and into the 1600's or later, were abandoned between 1650 and 1850. These include subdistricts and individual large pueblos within the Upper Rio Grande area, as the Galisteo Basin and Pecos Pueblo. Entirely gone are the Piro Indians of the Rio Grande below Isleta, particularly near Socorro, and the Salinas district around Mountainair. The forested mountains and desert valleys of the southern Brownware people or Mogollon pueblos have been largely Apache country (and Yavapai, in central Arizona) in modern times. The former Hohokam domain of southern Arizona is the historic Pimería Alta, and the Patayan archaeology of western Arizona continues with no sharp break into the historic Yuman tribes.

Virtually the entire area defined as the archaeological Southwest is the historic province of New Mexico, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries included the El Paso districts and the Hopi country. The Pima country of what is now southern Arizona was the northern frontier of the province of Sonora. If the Gadsden purchase had not been consummated, the Hohokam complex would be Mexican, geographically as well as archaeologically.

Actual settlement of New Mexico by Spanish colonists concentrated along the Rio Grande. Only a few Franciscan missionary priests and occasional military expeditions entered the wilderness of the Navajos and the other Apaches. Consequently the tradition and atmosphere and the architecture of New Spain, as well as of the original Pueblo inhabitants, are found today in the Upper Rio Grande area within a hundred-mile radius of Santa Fe. A line roughly northwestward from Glorieta Pass, where Kearney crossed unopposed in August, 1846, to occupy Santa Fe for the United States, and where the Texan invasion of

New Mexico in 1861 was thrown back by Union troops, traverses all the layers of Southwestern history, from drive-in theaters and atomic-bomb laboratories back through eighteenth-century churches to pre-Spanish cliff dwellings and still-occupied pueblos of the native Indians.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

A list of references on Southwestern archaeology would be inadmissibly long, and most of them are concerned with restricted areas or phases; the general studies and popular surveys are more or less inadequate or misleading.

Discussion of the northern Anasazi groups is based on a large number of sources. For the Yuman-Patayan area I have depended primarily on a paper by Malcolm J. Rogers, "An Outline of Yuman Prehistory," in *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology*, Summer, 1945, and on unpublished work of G. C. Baldwin and of A. H. Schroeder. For the Hohokam the most important monograph is *Excavations at Snaketown*, Vol. I, *Material Culture*, by H. S. Gladwin, E. W. Haury, and E. B. Sayles, 1937. In addition to the material from Snaketown (a dig in which I had the privilege of participating under Dr. Haury's supervision), I have drawn on published and unpublished work of A. H. Schroeder, especially his paper, "Did the Sinagua of the Verde Valley Settle in the Salt River Valley?" in *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology*, Autumn, 1947. The authoritative source for the Sinagua branch generally is Dr. H. S. Colton's *The Sinagua*, Museum of Northern Arizona, 1946. For the relationships between Mogollon and Anasazi, I must refer to papers of my own published chiefly in *El Palacio* and *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology* during the past few years.



Joseph E. Stockwell

SNAKE AT NOON, EVENING'S SORROW

DON'T TELL HIM, Miss Nan. Ain't going to do no good to tell him." Eddie could hear Olive's voice saying it over and over. He was hanging over the back gate, looking through the tall pecan trees and across the fields to where the woods made a dull fringe against the summer sky. Behind him, he could hear his mother's sharp, angry footsteps, marching through the house, followed by the rubber scuff of Olive's tennis shoes. When they were in the kitchen, he could hear them plainly.

"I most certainly *will* tell him," his mother said, slamming the kitchen safe so that the pans rattled.

"You know what Mister Ed going to do. I ain't got to tell you."

"I hope he does do something."

He hung over the gate, his arms limp. He stared at the dried chips which littered the ground around the chopping block. One of the infrequent, shivering sobs which ends a crying spell sneaked through him, and he closed his eyes and listened to his mother's remote voice through the groaning buzz of the summer afternoon insects.

"Why, the side of that child's face is still red. He came home with a hand print on it. Nobody can do that to my child." There

was a stillness in the house and he knew the two women were looking at one another.

"Well, you know what he going to do," Olive said.

"I don't care," his mother said, walking away through the house. Olive followed her. Then she came back and started sweeping. Eddie could hear her muttering rhythmically to the scratching of her broom. He dangled on the gate and stared across the fields, as though watching for someone. It was sinking in now, and he found that the blinding, groin-tingling fright of awhile ago was being replaced by something deeper, more penetrating. The sound and the feel and the smell of it were all together now, in one taut knot of shame and fear. He was chilled by the thought of facing his father.

"You come on in here, little boy." He turned to see Olive's brown, sweating bulk glaring at him from the back steps. His arms had gone to sleep from hanging over the fence and they tingled back to life as he walked up the steps into the kitchen. He sat by the table while Olive halved oranges and mutilated them into the juicer. He looked at the pale, unpainted floor, counting the worn, silver-colored nail heads. Olive poured the juice into a glass.

"Now drink that," she said. He sipped at the lumpy, rich liquid.

"You want some ice in it?" Olive asked. He shook his head, still sipping. Olive rattled the knife and juicer and strainer around in the sink. "Little boy, little boy, you sure can make a mess," she said. "Got your maw so upset she 'bout to have *hysterics*." She wiped the things and slammed them into the cabinet.

"Give me that glass." She rinsed it and dried it and put it away.

"Now what you want?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Well then, go on out and play. And see can you keep out of trouble." He moved toward the door. She was muttering under her breath.

"Chunking the man's store when he done told you twice to quit. Ain't that fine? Just fine."

"I didn't mean to do it," he said, turning to face her. "I forgot." He could feel in his chest and head that he would be crying again if he kept on talking about it.

"You forgot. He just told you ten minutes before and you forgot. Ain't that fine?"

"We were chunking the snake. There was a little green snake in that big wax-leaf Ligustrum."

"Chunking the snake. Chunking the snake all right, but hitting the man's store ever' lick."

"We forgot." He looked at Olive's gnarled, slab-nailed toes sticking out through the frayed tennis shoes.

"I bet nobody ain't slap that J. P."

"He ran," Eddie said.

"Sure he did. He ain't fool enough to stand around and let somebody knock his head plumb off."

"I didn't know what he was going to do."

"No. You didn't know. But J. P. knew. J. P. ain't tarried. Just you. You stand there." Eddie moved out into the hall and sat on the dusty sofa with the arms that came out to fanged panther heads. He ran one finger idly into the panther's mouth, contemplating the tall, glass-fronted bookcase. J. P. had run, all right. He had stood, looking from the little green snake in the Ligustrum to the approaching wrath of Mr. Jarreau and back again, hearing J. P.'s thudding bare footsteps recede rapidly through the dust, just standing in the hot sun, not knowing what to do. And then he had felt the grasp at his overall front and seen the whisker stubble bulk, the round, mottled face, the stained lips, the shocking blow of the coarse heavy hand, snapping his head to one side and then back again, hearing the grunted curses and smelling the sour, raw meat smell of him. Then he was free, beginning to wail, and the foot caught him, going away, and sent him plunging into the dust, and he had scrambled to his feet and

really fled, crying, seeing only a green and yellow blur of summertime through his tears, had passed J. P. and kept running until he could burrow his face in his mother's soft breast. And the tears welled again and in spite of everything he could do, he started to sob, softly and shrilly.

"For gawd's sake, if you got to holler, go on outdoors," Olive said from the dining room door. "Your maw so upset now she 'bout to go crazy. Can't you let her be?" He went out into the back yard.

He got the sharp, red-handled axe from the shed and began the tedious process of splitting kindling. He was still crying a little



bit. I'll get it all out of me, he thought. It will all be gone when he comes. He will call me in and I will go and tell him what happened, and that will be all. I will not cry. Olive came out of the kitchen, carrying a heaped plate, covered with waxed paper, and a

molasses tin, brimming with slops for her hog. She grunted at him.

"If you was to be quiet like you is now all the time, it sure would be easier to get along around here." Eddie watched her waddling back along the narrow, unswerving path which she herself had worn between the kitchen and the cabin back under the lofty pecan trees where she and Snow lived. He tried to think of something mean to say but all he could think of was "nigger" and he did not say it. He watched her go until she went around the corner of her cabin and her hog began to squeal piercingly. Then he went back to splitting kindling.

At five, the high-sided red truck rolled off the highway and started wobbling up the lane, the rich slanting sun flashing briefly off the glassed-in cab. Eddie could see his father behind the wheel, his gloved hands visible above the dashboard, and Snow sitting beside him. Through the high slats, Eddie could make out the grayish-black, wild-eyed forms of Brahman cattle. Ordinarily, he would have galloped down the lane after the truck to watch his father and Snow and David Jones unload at the pasture, but today he walked around the side of the house and vaulted the banister of the front porch and sat in the swing, watching the cars race along the highway in the afternoon. He pushed the swing with one bare foot and sailed slowly back and forth, listening to the groaning of the chains against the rusty hooks in the ceiling. J. P.'s father passed in his new Chevrolet and waved. Eddie waved back. He sat for a long while in the swing, moving softly, listening to the closing sounds of the late afternoon, watching the cars race by. A Negro voice shouted, mellow and distant, somewhere down the highway. Across the road and deep in the woods, he could hear the sharp crack of a .22. He got so absorbed in the afternoon melancholy that he was surprised when his mother opened the screen door and told him to come in to see his father. The numbness of the day crept back inside him as he walked through the gloomy front of the house to the lighted dining room.

His father was sitting in the cane-bottomed rocker by the

empty, gaping fireplace. He looked tired and he had a highball in his hand. Eddie stood before him, feeling the iron-black eyes looking at him and trying to look back at them and trying to remember everything he had resolved to do that afternoon.

"Tell me Raoul Jarreau swatted you one today at noon," his father said, sipping his drink without taking his eyes off him.

"Yes sir. I was chunking his store."

"I don't care what you were doing. He hit you, is that right?"

"Yes sir. Twice."

"Oh?"

"And then kicked me." And the humiliation and self-pity came back with such a rush that he didn't even feel it coming and he pressed his face against the hardness of his father's khaki-clad chest, sobbing as quietly as he could, feeling his father's rough, impatient hand patting him on the back. He could hear his mother moving about the kitchen and the heavy, metallic ticking of the alarm clock on the sideboard.

"All right, all right. It doesn't still hurt, does it?"

"No sir," Eddie said, a sob making him inhale the "sir" shrilly.

"Well then, hush your crying."

"Yes sir." Eddie stood up and held his breath against the sobs, feeling the hot wash of tears down his face.

"Now go wash your face. Then come back in here." Eddie crossed the hall into the bathroom. He filled the basin and plunged his face into the cold water, feeling the tear glands turn into hard little lumps. He could hear his mother and father talking across the back porch.

"You're not going to take him with you?" she said.

"I sure as hell am," his father said. He dried off and went back into the kitchen.

"Come on," his father said. He followed him down the back steps and across the cooling grass to the garage. He sat on the high leather seat of the pickup, listening to the clump of his father's boots on the plank floor. His father raced the motor to chase whatever cats there were out from under the truck. They backed rapid-

ly down the oyster-shell drive and turned around in the front yard, rumbled across the cattle guard and turned onto the highway, picking up speed in the dusk. Eddie looked at his father's face, hard and set in the gray light. They were going very fast between the square, unpainted shacks alongside the highway. They slowed as they took a banked curve and turned off the highway and crunched across the gravel in front of Jarreau's store.

"Come on," his father said. Eddie followed him across the gravel, walking painfully on his bare feet. The narrow, green building loomed in the twilight. The caked red gasoline pump was drained and padlocked, and the dirty, cobwebbed windows were dark in their frames of soft drink signs. An ancient Negro, wearing a dull-buttoned 1917 army tunic over his overalls, was sitting on the steps. He got up and lifted his hat as Eddie's father came up. Eddie felt the familiar worn hollows of the steps under his feet; and then he was in the store, feeling rather than seeing in the powdery yellow light which hung from the ceiling the harness, the granite coffee pots, the old clothes, the cracked, distorted shapes of the rebuilt shoes, the rope, the tools, the faded cans, the cracked candy case with its sickening litter crusted inside. Through the leather, oil, feed smell of the place, from the back, as through a tunnel, came the vile, feathered smell of chickens.

Eddie saw Jarreau, gross, powerful, move from behind the shadow of the wire-screened breadbox and down the counter toward them. He was a big man, half a head bigger than his father, but now you had to look to make sure. He stepped out from behind the counter and started to speak, but before he could Eddie heard his father say, quietly: "I understand you hit my boy today." Jarreau could not look at him. Eddie saw the pale, ghostly face of Jarreau's wife peering out of the darkness behind the breadbox.

"I lost my temper, Mr. Kingery," Jarreau said. "I told those boys three times to quit chunking my wall, but they kept on. I didn't go to hurt him none."

"But you did hit him?"

"He was chunking the store."

"I don't care what he was doing to the store. You hit him, is that right?"

"I guess so." Jarreau was looking at the floor. His face was devoid of color and he did not know what to do with his hands. Eddie was scarcely breathing. Jarreau's wife was leaning against the bread case, and although he could not see her plainly, Eddie could feel her terror.

"It seems to me that was an action characteristic of an ill-bred son-of-a-bitch," his father said. Jarreau could not look up.

"Not many folks call me that," he said. There was no threat in it. It was as though he were stating his age. His hands and arms hung very unnaturally at his sides. They did not move at all.

"Now listen to me," his father said, pointing his finger like a pistol, "if you ever, you hear me, if you *ever* lay a hand on that boy again, I'll kill you." The quiet fury of it filled Eddie with a sensation like a burning fuse. In the deadly silence he could hear the reflective clucking of the hens in the back.

"Do you understand?" his father said. Jarreau stood with his arms dangling, looking at the floor. His wife had moved into the dark shadow behind the breadbox and Eddie could hear her moaning, softly, as dogs moan in their sleep.

"God-damn it, answer me!" his father roared, and the fuse exploded something and Eddie thought for a moment he was going to wet his pants. Jarreau moved back imperceptibly, his mouth open, still looking at the floor. He looked as though he had been struck across the face. He was trembling.

"All right," he said, so softly that Eddie could hardly hear him. Then his father turned and strode out of the store. Eddie ran after him, suddenly terrified at the thought of being left behind. The old Negro was no longer on the steps. Eddie could hear him shuffling rapidly away through the dark. He ran to the side of the truck and got in as it started to roll. The lights flashed out in front, two orange blobs against the gravel. The truck whirled viciously onto the highway; and as the dimly lit entrance of the store came

into his line of vision, Eddie caught a glimpse of Jarreau, looking limp and tired; walking slowly back through the cluttered cavern of his store. His father did not look.

The needle rocked around the top of the glowing dial as the truck whined around the curve, conjuring up in its bright lights the forms of silent Negroes, moving along the side of the road. Dull squares of lantern light indicated the cabins back past the fringes of the trees which shone in the beam of the headlights. It seemed to Eddie that it took them a lot longer to get home than it had to get there. He felt himself unwinding slowly from the tension of the moments before, and silently, gently, the tears started to glide down his face. He looked out of the window at the darkness flashing past. His father took the turn fast and sped across the lawn and into the garage, braking the truck and snapping off the lights in one motion. Eddie followed him to the back door, feeling the cold dew rustling against the soles of his feet. When he would not go inside, his father knew he was crying.

"What the hell's the matter now?" Eddie felt empty and gone, as though he had run a long way, and he did not know for sure what he was crying about.

"I'm scared," he said presently.

"Scared of what?"

"You, I reckon," he managed to say.

"Eddie, I wouldn't hurt you," his father said, his voice softer now.

"I was sorry, too," Eddie said.

"How you mean, sorry?"

"I was sorry for Mr. Jarreau." His father didn't say anything for a long time. They sat together in the dark on the back steps, listening to the crickets chirruping and the mosquitoes whining in and the leather padding of the cats moving unseen up and down the steps around them. His father reached out and drew Eddie close to him. Eddie leaned against the strength of his father, smelling the salt-sweat of him, wanting to get rid of the emptiness

in himself, wanting the warmth back, or whatever it was that had left.

"Well I'll be damned," his father said. His mother walked out on the dark back porch. She stood there a moment, and he and his father waited for her to speak.

"Is that you all?" she said.

"Yeah," his father said. "Go on back in the house, Hon." His father clumsily lighted a cigarette with one hand and smoked in silence. Back through the trees, they could barely make out the glow of lantern light from Snow and Olive's cabin.

"I tell you what," his father said, standing and stretching. "I got to go into the city tomorrow or the next day. You and I can pack a bag and go in the pickup. We could stay a couple of days, maybe. You want?"

"Uh huh," Eddie said, his voice shivering.

"We could stay at the hotel and go to the ball games, most likely."

"And ride the street cars?"

"Sure."

"And go on the ships?"

"Sure. You want to go?"

"Do I?" Eddie's shout rang out in the summer night.

"All right, turn off the water works good and then go and tell your mother we're going." Eddie started up the steps. His father stopped him.

"Eddie."

"Sir?"

"Let's just wipe this thing off the books. There's no need to go over the whole thing at supper, is there?"

"All right," Eddie said.

"Let's go in and eat, then." He flipped his cigarette out in a soft, red arc. It landed, throwing sparks, in the yard. As Eddie went in, he could hear the drumming rush of the cats down the steps after it.

NMQ Poetry Selections

THE CHILD AND THE MOON AND THE MOLE

On a windy night the moon stumbled on its crutches:
The slightly silvered tree. And then the moon slid
With a smile that no one could see, and then the moon
Disobeyed an order to heel, but ran by the sides
Of the white, surprising clouds.

The child said:

Whoever heard of such a thing?

The mother said:

I saw the moon running; it was trying to escape.
From what? asked the child: It runs after me.

The moon is a cigarette smoked by the wind.
Only see, said the daddy, how it trails
And trails over the sky. . . .

The child said:

Silly! Whoever heard that the wind was a man at all?

The mole said from the dark of its hole:
I saw the moon running; it was trying to escape.
You what? asked the child in anger and shook
The pale winding roots of the grass until
The mole said: I saw the mouse running;
It was trying to escape from the black, invisible
Eyes of the owl.

I saw the moon running, said the child: It ran
When I ran and walked when I walked and stopped
In the tree when I bent to pick up the white
Penny that it dropped.

That was only a stone
Said the mother, said the daddy, and they smiled.
Tomorrow, said the child, but not tonight.

I saw the moon running, said the mother . . .
You didn't, said the child, you were standing
There.

And he ran and he ran and he said:
See? But he dropped through the hole that belonged
To the mole, and the two moons that were eyes
Blinked and went out in the dark when they ran
Together through the tunnels. The child said:
So this is how it is to forget. And he slept all night
In his bed and dreamed that the mole hid under his bed
And heard the little claws like pins as they worked
To make the dark tidy.

In the morning, the mother said, good morning.
But the child said: The mole did it all. It wasn't your fault.

MARJEAN PERRY

DIRECTIONS FOR A JOURNEY

The river divides, and the bridge binds together.
Take care how you pass over from this city
Into itself, from this time into another
No different from this. Change, change, there's none.
How far you go, how close you stay, there's none.

I have come from beside you to tell you this
At the risk of drowning, for the bridge is unsafe
And the current swift.

STEPHEN P. DUNN

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS

These being the haunts of those
who now speak
with the grave speech of mountains,
how shall they recede from the landed rock,
being tideful of memory
as the low sea is with her weed-nets
pulling upon the shore.

The shining of the live ones,
and now this drag-net hair,
these shapes of driftwood
tossed in tunnels of hereafter.

In the uncrossed air of tomorrows
we lean forward like lost birds
with a bird's feeling of time:
an endless treetop shelving leaves
in a pond of sky.

Now the dead bury us
with their final falling.

ADELE LEVI



Lawrence P. Spingarn

OLD FATHER HUBBARD

OH, CHARLEY! Ch-a-a-rley Hubbard! You come here!" He heard his sister's voice as he reached the top of the cellar stairs, a bit unsteady from the old brandy he had rediscovered in the cask lying behind the ash barrels. He had been poking about to find what else could be sold or pawned. The furnace was out, and now he was shivering, but less from the cold than because of Miss Elizabeth's frigid, forbidding voice.

"You coming, Charley?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

He had always addressed Miss Elizabeth with respect; she was older than he and had helped to raise him long ago. Now, though confined to her wheelchair, she could still make herself heard in all the twenty rooms, upstairs and down. The house, long neglected and shut off from the town, had become a burden to them in back taxes alone. Both old people skimmed by on Miss Elizabeth's pension. Sometimes Charley ushered at the high school or clerked in the mayor's office; more often, he loafed at the fire station or on the porch of the Commercial House.

"Yes, ma'am?" he inquired briskly, shuffling into the parlor in creased and broken shoes.

Miss Elizabeth had faded beautifully. She sat stiffly in her chair, fixed there by the pain of arthritis. Her white hair was brushed back severely, and her lips, faintly rouged, looked as if pins had just dropped from them. The extra yards of her black silk dress were skillfully draped over the wheels of the chair, quite concealing them.

"First," she said primly, "take off your hat. Want to look at you."

Surprised, Charley snatched at his shiny black bowler and with the other hand patted down a stray lock of pinkish-white hair. Old pictures memorialized him as a stout little man with red hair, a bristling mustache, and shell-blue eyes with smile wrinkles at their corners. Now he was shrunken; his unaltered clothes hung grotesquely. Only his eyes were still optimistic and unimpaired.

"Well, you'll do," Miss Elizabeth announced after looking him up and down. "Where's your boutonniere?"

"It's winter still, ma'am. Ain't no flowers about."

"Aren't, Brother," she corrected him, and looked at her watch. "It's time you went shopping. I suppose you don't have any money."

Charley closed one eye to deliberate. Money had become the least evil in his life; years ago he did not have to fret about its scarcity, but now there were the empty years ahead, and Hubbard's Mill was no longer in the family. His eyes, snapping open, strayed across to the inlaid cherrywood secretary, but Miss Elizabeth read their thoughts.

"That desk is not for sale, Charley. It belonged to our grandfather, William Hubbard, Governor of the State."

"Oh," he said quickly. "I forgot. You sure there's nothing for dinner?"

"Quite sure," Miss Elizabeth said.

"Well, I'll bring *something* back," Charley promised.

"Nothing buys nothing," his sister called after him. "You better get a job before you talk so big. Trouble with you is you idle

away the time. I spoiled you, Charley Hubbard, that's for sure—"

Eager to escape her tongue, Charley went into the hall and opened the closet where wraps were kept. He looked for his overcoat before he recalled that it was sold, but then his groping fingers closed on the soft wool of a muffler. Standing at the mirror, he wound the muffler tightly about his throat and tucked the ends into his jacket. He selected a cane from the brass stand beneath the hatrack, a thin but sturdy malacca that he twirled several times in the face of his reflection. Then he sauntered to the side door, opened it, and stood for a moment at the top of the steps beneath the carriage porch.

Although it was late March, the snow still lay in fungus-like patches about the lawn and in wind-shaped half domes along the crippled fence that bordered the property. A mean little wind jostled the bushes. The wooden walk from the unused front door to the street was mended with sheets of ice, and where the sun had stayed overlong were rippling puddles of snow water. The elms, ignoring the boundary which the sagging front gate tried to impose on them, marched in pairs down a short block once the Hubbard driveway but now part of the town.

Charley descended the steps, thrust his cane into the ground for support, and turned the corner of the house. Cocking up his eyes, he noticed the sagging roof drains and the spots where shingles needed replacing. He paused at the kennel and poked his cane into its opening, raking out twigs and wet leaves. Merlin was a fine dog. Yes sir, he could do any number of tricks. But Merlin had died last year, and Charley shook his head sadly. Then a stray thought caused his face to light up; he whistled suddenly and twirled his cane.

He passed more quickly down the wooden walk, but, as he went, he heard his stomach pleading and growling. He swung open the heavy gate with difficulty. The pavement was icy; he had to watch every step. At the corner spiteful wind lay in wait, but Charley ducked, clutched his bowler, and got away safely. He was

considering the store fronts now. The A & P was too crowded, and he had been there too recently. In the window of Morton's Market a sleek cat blinked at him indifferently; he did not like the dark interior, took the emptiness for a bad omen, and passed on.

Lachance's appeared middling busy. Its refrigerated window, wide and clean, displayed the meat attractively. Here was the right place! Charley braced himself on the cane and stretched to his full height. He pulled at his mustache reflected in the glass and tried a smile or two for their effect. Taking off his bowler, he brushed it with his sharp elbow and restored it to his head. Only a flower was missing from his buttonhole, but that couldn't be helped. Winter held a curious logic of its own, and gave nothing for nothing.

The heavy door dismayed the old man, but he neatly dodged a stout lady emerging with bundles and skipped through into Lachance's. Now to wait for opportunity. Smiling with the sad knowledge of experience, Charley held his cane stiffly against his side, his heart alone beating time. People eddied about him, keeping a respectful distance and not staring either. That was as it should be, Charley reflected. After all, as Miss Elizabeth said so often, he was still a Hubbard, but now he felt a hand on his arm.

"Charley Hubbard? That you?"

The inquiring face that went with the hand looked kindly and teasingly familiar.

"Minnie Teale!" he said. "Always nice to meet you. Yes, even here."

Mrs. Teale, the visiting nurse who gave his sister free treatments, settled her chins and chuckled warmly.

"You never change," she declared. "How's Sister?"

"Fair, thank you. I'm just buying her supper."

Mrs. Teale patted his arm and pointed to the display.

"Get liver, Charley. That's best for her."

"Liver?" he said, looking at the price and wincing. "Ah, yes. Of course."

"Next!" the clerk shouted, and there was no escaping now from the line. Charley squared his shoulders and reddened at the clerk's searching look. He dared not look around at Mrs. Teale; perhaps she had gone out.

"Next! You're next, old feller."

"Yes, I'm quite aware—You see, I'd like a bone with a bit of meat on it. Merlin likes bones. He—"

"Merlin!" the clerk snapped. "Who's he?"

"My dog, of course," Charley said, looking the clerk full in the eye. "You must have seen me with him? Usually, I buy him hamburger, but today—"

"What about today, Mister?"

The clerk's solemnity had deepened. When another clerk nudged him and winked, he did not smile.

"Today?" Charley said unhappily. "Why, today—"

"What does this Merlin look like?" the clerk insisted.

The second clerk laughed and clapped his hands.

"Hell, Otis!" he said. "You're looking right at him!"

One customer laughed, then another. And the clerks picked up mirth like chopped meat and slapped it down on the scales of Charley Hubbard's patience. Soon the whole store was gorged with laughter, but tears came to the old man's eyes. His lips pearly with saliva, his cheeks loose on their bones, and his frayed cuff showing, he shook his fist at the clerk named Otis.

"Stop it!" Charley ordered. "Why, you damned young fool! I'll never trade here again, that's what! Laugh at me, will you? If I were twenty years younger, I'd drub some respect into you. Respect, that's what I want. Respect!"

Turning, noticing the other customers, his face white and hollow, Charley Hubbard danced a saraband of rage.

"You too!" he screamed. "I'll teach folks to laugh at me!"

Somebody—it may have been Mr. Lachance himself—swung Charley about and started him for the door. Profiting by the push, the old man tottered forward against Mrs. Teale, who was behind

him all this time. She grasped his arm and tucked her bundle beneath it, took hold of the door, and thrust him out. She was the only one who didn't laugh.

"Stewing beef," she called after him, coming out of the store. "Just as good as liver."

In the street there was no laughter. Charley skidded around the corner and slowed to a nervous walk beneath the sedate elms. He stopped at his own gate, turning the bundle over and over, sniffing it hungrily. There was quite enough for Miss Elizabeth and himself. His luck had improved; tomorrow, goodness knows, he might have more luck. A smile broke on his face and he went up the wooden walk a much younger man.

"Elizabeth?" he inquired inside. "O, Elizabeth!"

Charley was still beaming when he appeared in the parlor and held out the offering. His sister put on her glasses, peered coldly at the bundle, and tightened her lips. When he told her what the bundle contained, she removed her glasses and closed her eyes wearily.

"If you stole it, Charley, I won't touch a bit."

At these words even hunger left him. After what he had been through, he did not have the energy to explain or protest. He lowered the bundle, looked at her reproachfully, and turned toward the kitchen.

"Stolen or borrowed," he said, "it's still better than nothing. When it's ready, I'll call you."

A few minutes later Miss Elizabeth smelt the stew. Charley had sliced in onions, flavored it with spices, and softened the impact with potatoes and carrots. By six o'clock the odor was overpowering, and Miss Elizabeth began to fidget in her chair. It was odd that Charley had not called her yet. When half an hour more had passed, she tucked her skirts up into the chair and wheeled herself to the kitchen. Although the stew was simmering on the range, Charley was not there. She called his name and even

opened the door into the ell, but there was no response. As Miss Elizabeth ate, rain fell in big drops that would melt the last of the snow.

When Miss Elizabeth went to bed in her small chamber off the parlor, she left the door purposely ajar. If Charley came down stairs, she would call him in. It would not hurt to apologize to him for her suspicion. He might have learned his lesson at last. The old woman lay awake for an hour, inhaling the musty scent of pressed flowers. Just before her eyes closed, she smiled in the dark and uttered a gentle sigh. Charley was a good boy. He might even amount to something yet. He had been spoiled, that was all. . . .

Mrs. Teale arrived very early the next morning. She had come to give Miss Elizabeth a massage, but, teased by another concern, she did not ask the health of her patient.

"Where's Mr. Hubbard?" she called from the back hall, setting down her canvas bag and stamping mud from her feet. "Met him in Lachance's yesterday afternoon. Seems he forgot his purse, so I gave him what I'd bought."

Miss Elizabeth answered vaguely. Her hands clasped and unclasped in her lap. Although she endured her treatment stoically, Mrs. Teale saw the tears in her eyes and put them down to pain.

"Minnie," Miss Elizabeth said when she was dressed again, "just run upstairs like a good woman and see if Charley's still asleep. But don't disturb him if he is."

Mrs. Teale found Charley's bed untouched. The other rooms were empty, so Mrs. Teale left the house. Footprints in the mud led her to the cellar doors beneath the kitchen windows. The padlock had been removed; one of the doors sagged open. Darkness and the unmistakable smell of liquor did not reassure Mrs. Teale, yet she crept bravely down the steps. When a large rat scampered along the pipe leading to the extinct furnace and dropped to the ground with a plump thud, the good woman drew back with a cry

of alarm. Then she saw a man's stockinged foot protruding from a pile of sacking behind a stout cask. Putting the evidence together, Minnie Teale added the weight of her code and arrived at a judgment.

"Charley?" she began. "Charley Hubbard! The very idea, sleeping here all night and worrying your poor sister! Lansakes, Charley, wake up!"

Famished and faint in his strange bed, the old man sat up with difficulty. His lips were blue with the cold, his cheeks pinched and mottled. In one stiff, gloved hand he still grasped the cane of his pretensions, nor had he forgotten his buttonhole, now ornamented by a snowdrop, the first flower to break through winter's crust. As the scolding mood ebbed from Mrs. Teale, she began to laugh without constraint.

"I declare, Charley Hubbard! Here you are, you with a comfy bed upstairs, sleeping like a baby in a damp cellar. Charley, you'll just never change, will you now?"

"Huh?" he muttered in confusion. "Oh, it's you—"

"It's me, all right," Mrs. Teale said, putting her hands on her hips. "You'd just better march yourself upstairs and get cleaned up 'fore Miss Elizabeth sets eyes on you. You hear?"

"Sure thing," Charley agreed, chuckling halfheartedly as he arose. "Ow-w! My back's fit to kill me."

"Serves you right!" Mrs. Teale maintained as Charley hobbled after her. "What did you expect after such a night—miracles?"

Angry and ruffled once again, Minnie Teale climbed out of the cellar, leaving Charley there to look around for the last time. Another day, another dollar. Was that the saying? Trouble was, he didn't have a cent. And that cask had been sucked as dry as goose feathers.

"Yep!" he said to himself, bright-eyed and optimistic once more, nodding at the floor above where righteous feet resounded. "Miracles. She took the very word right out of my mouth!"

And he tottered hopefully toward the light.



W. P. Albrecht

WAR AND FRATERNITY: A STUDY OF SOME RECENT AMERICAN WAR NOVELS

VALUES ARE always being tested, but war makes the process more urgent. As war approaches, such words as *patriotism*, *sacrifice*, and—in democracies—*freedom* and *brotherhood* brighten with a new attractiveness which may be quickly lost when or even before the killing is over. In *A Farewell to Arms*, one remembers, Frederick Henry “was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice. . . .” Part of this disillusion is a matter of seizing the abruptly shortened day, but a more philosophical contemplation of the difference between good and evil also takes place. Many people are being hurt or killed, and many wonder just what it is that is worth getting hurt or killed for.

War fiction is a good measure of the permanence and flux of

values. American novels of World War II are particularly concerned with the values of a nation at war. The motives and performance of soldiers, leaders, and civilians are scrutinized and measured—usually in ironical contrast—against war aims, while combat with the enemy may be left out altogether. Of course, such introspection is not new. It is evident in *War and Peace* and, among World War I novels, in *The Three Soldiers*, *Soldier's Pay*, *The Enormous Room*, and others. In fact, the imaginative literature of war, from its beginnings, has frequently stressed motives and ideals, and correlative ironies, more than battles; and as war has ramified from single to global conflict, this introspection has become more searching and cynical.

In dramatizing what it already seems old-fashioned to call the struggle between democracy and fascism, the American novelist has found both of the opposing forces within the nation, within the armed forces, and within the individual; and it is the enemy within the ranks that receives his closest attention. This enemy, broadly speaking, is what the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries called tyranny; as to motive, it is the self-love that denies fraternity. In a war violations of fraternity are inevitable. When a democracy wages war, it justifies these violations as necessary to preserve the liberty, equality, and fraternity of its citizens. When the violations cannot be so justified and are, indeed, perpetrated not against the enemy but against one's comrades, there is a double irony. For among liberty, equality, and fraternity, fraternity is the emotional impetus needed for realizing the other two: it recognizes equality and stops liberty short of license.

This enemy, one surmises, has never been absent from even the most holy campaigns. The crusades had their murderers and plunderers, and members of the Colonial Army and the Grand Army of the Republic must frequently have succumbed to the urgency of self-interest. A good many additional experiences have combined to make twentieth-century man look unheroic in his own eyes. He has shrunk in relation to the physical universe,

while psychology and sociology have denied his free agency. Technology has even provided less heroic roles for the individual soldier. For most soldiers, and for all soldiers most of the time, the immediate quarrel is with their officers or the man in the next sack—in short with the Army—or with the draft board or the landlords; the immediate end, not to defeat the enemy but to provide themselves with a modicum of comfort, perhaps promotions, and certainly, at one time or another, liquor and women. The modern novelist, although not unsympathetic with human frailty, makes the most of these animosities and ends, finding in the more flagrant examples—such as black marketing, race hatred, personal ambition, and sexual license—a mockery of democratic aims.

In the World War II novels considered in this article,¹ free enterprise runs wild to the devastation of equality and fraternity. Especially in *The Crusaders* and *The Gallery*, which recount the war in Europe, where the opportunities were most numerous, it is a rare American soldier who is not eager to dispose of government property at his own profit. But insofar as they may be separated, the violations of human rights are more disturbing to the novelist than the violations of property rights. It would be surprising, of course, if American soldiers, who after all are not much different from American civilians, should generally consider peoples of different races, nationalities, and religions to be created equal. The prejudiced and their victims include, probably, the majority of the characters in these novels; in fact, the characters who elicit very much in the way of sympathy are likely to be the victims, although their "racial" faults may not be spared. At best the soldier of a different race is, like Jake in *The Wine of Astonishment*, only tolerated by many of his fellows: "... You'd never think Levy was a Jew. . . . I don't know how many times I said to my officers that Levy was a real white man." At worst he is tormented, beaten, or—like Roth in *The Naked and the Dead*—murdered. Even without the complication of ra-

¹ See bibliography.

cial differences, the feeling among comrades-in-arms often refutes fraternity. In *The Friend* and *An Act of Love* sacrifice for another is refused, or apparent sacrifice turns out to be selfishness.

Like race hatred sexual license is a sin against the dignity of man. Despite somewhat divergent ideas with respect to marriage, democratic tradition has always opposed compulsion in sexual matters and, premising mutual respect, has repudiated mere animalism; in conjunction with Christian-Puritan tradition, it has established a monogamous relation, sanctified by legal marriage, as the ideal professed by most professing Americans. Granting some liberal difficulties in drawing the line between sexual license and sexual liberty, one cannot miss a contrast between the democratic ideal and the rape, prostitution, perversion, and bestiality offered in great abundance by these novels. More equivocal are those extramarital affairs that are both voluntary and the product of mutual regard; but although such affairs—like those of Joe Cable and Liat in *Tales of the South Pacific*, Yates and Thérèse in *The Crusaders*, and the Colonel and Renata in *Across the River and into the Trees*—are regarded more sympathetically by the novelist, as at least understandable in the condition of war, each is spoiled in some way on account of the evil condition that brought it to fruition. The contrast with marriage is usually marked.

THESE are the usual crimes against fraternity. The criminal is self-love, and the aggravated cases are ubiquitous. Sometimes the enemy of democracy seems to reside particularly in the professional military class, but the generals' tyranny is shown to be an extension of evil shared by civilian soldiers and by civilians, too.

In *The Naked and the Dead* General Cummings is a philosophical as well as practicing fascist, and, exactly like the German generals in Theodor Plevier's *Stalingrad*, he is ambitious to lead his nation to world conquest in World War III. But General Cummings' attitudes are generalized and shaded in other char-

acters, so that the fight with the Japanese becomes incidental to the conflict within and among the American officers and men on Anopopei—a conflict symbolical of stresses within the whole nation and the world. General Marvin, armored-force commander in *A Bell for Adano*, “showed himself during the invasion to be a bad man, something worse than what our troops were trying to throw out,” but civilian-soldier Captain Purvis is no better friend of democracy. In *The Crusaders* the central irony is that suggested by the title: the contrast between the ideals of the “crusade” in Europe and the motives of many of the characters. General Farish is an accessory rather than a chief villain; more despicable are the civilian soldiers who find in the Army new and splendid opportunities for brutality, graft, and fornication.

Not only the generals, not only the civilian soldiers, but American society itself is found to be deficient in democratic values. Americans, according to Mailer’s general, have “an exaggerated idea of the rights due themselves as individuals and no idea at all of the rights due others.” Black marketing, corruption in military government, race prejudice, and sexual license are all paralleled by activities on the home front.

In *The Naked and the Dead* flashbacks called “The Time Machine” trace the characters’ denial of democratic values to their conditioning by life in America. The segregation of Negroes in Florida is the problem about which the action of *Guard of Honor* centers. To the progressive corruption of Germany under Hitler *The Young Lions* suggests numerous parallels in America. It is in Santa Monica, California, just after his father died, that Noah finds out that the crematory “don’t burn kikes.” In *Repent in Haste* Naval Aviator Boysie Boyden is the perpetual boy produced by American schools and colleges. Although a good and brave flier, he and his unfaithful wife Daisy have accepted a set of values which repudiate the very basis of Boysie’s valor and which have made it impossible for their son to have the kind of family and boyhood that Boysie is willing to die for.

The corruption in American business and politics likewise discourages mutual liking and respect among human beings. In *The Crusaders* Loomis' and Willoughby's crooked deals are clearly a projection, in a condition of greater opportunity, of their activities as American business men, and Dondolo's brutality a similar projection of his activities as a ward politician. In *Across the River* what Colonel Cantwell dislikes most about the modern Army is its infusion by the methods of American business and politics. War, according to *An Act of Love*, is simply an extension of the usual economic conflict:

... What about the way people killed each other in peace, too? Maybe they didn't kill each other dead. There was a law against that. But they killed each other's natures and lives. And what was the difference between killing an affectionate nature with a bullet or with a struggle for money?

If war were only an insanity, a fit, a tantrum, a sickness, it would not be so bad. It could be lasted out, and then, if one remained alive, one could go about his normal business. But what was the normal business of an American if not war—if not struggle, struggle to remain alive, struggle to keep what you had and take what your neighbor had, struggle to win in a competition?

ALTHOUGH evil is traced back to the society that produced the soldiers, it is not merely social evil in the sense that social institutions are the cause of personal evil. Contrary to the concept of natural goodness once influential in determining the theory of democracy, evil appears imbedded in nature, human and otherwise; and the collective implication seems to be that, with evil so deeply seated, democracy will do unexpectedly well to hold its own.

A century and a half ago, strengthening the concept that "nature" is on the side of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, political economy held that even selfish economic enterprise "naturally" results in happiness for all. What was really "natural," since it was supported by self-interest, was the resulting con-

fusion of moral with material progress. Let it be said to the credit of imaginative literature that it was never much taken in by a proposition which today is repudiated at every traffic light. Like most modern novels of any sort, these war novels attack selfish materialism, seeing it as a cause of endless wars. As if in mockery of the optimism of the nineteenth-century liberal with his belief that man's natural impulses make for general happiness and that material progress is correlative with moral progress, a frequent character in these novels is the ineffectual liberal, whose opposition to tyranny is feeble or ridiculous and who is permitted to become a hopeful figure only when (and if) he makes the sacrifice of self that fraternity demands. Although the modern war novel generally proposes no substitute for the traditional democratic values—although these values remain the basis for whatever hope the novelist may have—they have been wrested from the context of nineteenth century liberalism and its belief in progress.

Three degrees of pessimism may be distinguished. In the most pessimistic group of novels, evil clearly has the upper hand in the struggle with good. The second group shows democracy limited rather than defeated. In contrast to the first and second groups, which respectively emphasize defeat and limitation, the third may be said to emphasize consummation—but only a limited and difficult one.

The first group includes *Across the River*, *The Naked and the Dead*, *Repent in Haste*, *Lost Island*, and *From Here to Eternity*. Within the limitations imposed by an evil world, the ideal of fraternity still persists in *Across the River*, but it is the fraternity of those who have faced up to the horror of life, usually, it seems, as combat infantrymen. Although this kind of fraternity cuts across national and political barriers, it is not the one-world type of fraternity that is supposed eventually to prevent war. The Colonel, although he likes the Russians "very much," is ready to fight them or anybody else he is ordered to. In a world that destroys love there can be no farewell to arms but death, but even so it is

worth dying bravely. This can be man's only victory, and it is not one for democracy.

From Here to Eternity is an assertion of individuality; but since democracy implies a love or respect for others that limits individual freedom, *From Here to Eternity* is also a denial of democracy. It presents a world of people inevitably isolated from each other, where love brings destruction rather than salvation. Private Prewitt loves the Army, but, jailed for insubordination, he is forced to watch a fellow prisoner beaten to death by a guard. Upon his release, he murders the guard, deserts, and after Pearl Harbor is shot by M.P.'s while trying to rejoin his company. It is First Sergeant Warden's integrity rather than his life that is threatened by love, but Warden falls out of love with the Captain's wife in time to avoid the double ignominy of a commission and marriage. The tough prisoners in the Stockade approach a kind of fraternity in their mutual respect (like the fraternity of Hemingway's combat infantrymen), but their usual disregard for others' rights almost equals the Army's disregard for theirs. Socialist Jack Malloy, who speaks for love as a social good, admits his inability to practice it. As far as the relation between man and woman is concerned, selfishness asserts itself as soon as the physical novelty has worn off, the only positive implication being that men and women should be free to find carnal pleasure (Jones uses a simpler term) where they wish. Middle-class values of material success and prudish morality destroy some people's integrity and drive others to crime, but the elusive "real enemy" that makes one man fight another appears, basically, to be the fact of human existence and its inexorable pattern of cause and effect. The best one can do is to enjoy what life has to offer and to die—like Prewitt when he stops running and turns his chest to the approaching slugs—without compromising his integrity.

Mailer does not allow his characters even the satisfaction of dying well. The ultimate irony of *The Naked and the Dead* is the pointlessness of all the brutality and death. In parallel missions,

both the General and his fascistic counterpart, Sergeant Croft, are robbed of their victories, except of course over Hearn, the ineffectual and materialistic liberal. With a few exceptions the characters do not reveal moral qualities worth dying for. According to flashbacks, it is true, these soldiers might have had more admirable values if they had lived under different conditions; but there is no promise that the war is going to remedy the situation. Rather it promises only to be a prelude to World War III: to still greater encouragement of human selfishness and bestiality and still greater discouragement of human decency. *Repent in Haste* is resolved in a similar victory of sensuality over love, a victory that runs counter to the ostensible purpose of the war. *Lost Island* dramatizes technology triumphant over a happy life, as, to make room for an air strip, the serenity, friendliness, and peace of a Pacific island are done away with.

Guard of Honor, *The Friend*, and *Mr. Roberts* show how selfishness and ignorance limit fraternity. Democracy supposes a considerable degree of disinterestedness and reason or at least enlightened self-interest, but in *Guard of Honor* every moral or rational excellence is seen to be tempered by some defect, every skill by stupidity, every "virtue graded into the accompanying fault." Just as the higher strategy of war must be limited by a consideration of "the possible," so must the mature man become aware of the possible in all the affairs of life. To lay aside one's illusions is "the hard way," but the strong man goes on without them. This wisdom of conservatism has come to old Colonel Ross but not to liberal Lieutenants Edsel and Phillips, whose brashness and self-centeredness only complicate the problem that Colonel Ross finally solves, with an approximation of justice, through compromise. Filling out the pattern of excellences and compensatory defects are numerous sexual affairs ranging from complete degradation to monogamous devotion but each in some way falling short of the perfection of love or intelligence or human dignity and all adding up to the conclusion that human nature

strictly limits the possible. Similar to *Guard of Honor* in its theme of "virtue graded into the accompanying fault" is *The Friend* by Perry Wolff. Although friendship, under pressure, gives way before the urgency of survival, the ideal of fraternity is only confined.

There were limits to friendship. It was not love. It could be forgotten in danger and at distance. The Army could attack it, and the war could dissolve it. Nevertheless, it was not fragile. After life itself, it was the next necessity.

Mr. Roberts, for all its practical joking, is resolved about as grimly as any of these novels, although with a limitation rather than a denial of fraternity. Roberts' death suggests that in a world where most people are indifferent to his values—where fraternity can exist only within a narrow circle as scarcely distinguishable from self-interest—the best that the fighting liberal can look forward to is death, perhaps while doing nothing more heroic than drinking coffee. The immediate effect of Roberts' death is to stimulate the cowardly and Sybaritic Ensign Pulver to carry on Roberts' campaign against the Captain, but one cannot feel that Pulver, beyond this one tribute to his friend, will take any further interest in combatting tyranny.

The remaining novels—the least pessimistic ones—still do not look forward to any progressive realization of democratic values. From the French Revolution to the New Deal, liberal thought has frequently held that morality is conditioned by social institutions and, anticipating the improvement of those conditions, has looked forward to saying a farewell to arms. But even in the third group evil appears to be so deeply seated in man and nature that, apparently, any semblance to decent society may be achieved only through continual struggle. Although there is not a complete break with the tradition of society's responsibility, these novels show an increased recognition of the individual's responsibility for good and evil. What hope they hold out for a world fit to live in is based on the individual's recognition of that responsibility.

The consummation of values is never complete or easy. In *A Bell for Adano* the immediate victory is to the fascist American general and his collaborator Captain Purvis. But when Major Joppolo leaves the town where he has worked for the people's spiritual as well as material needs, the bell remains as a symbol of his accomplishment.

Although not without his share of human weaknesses, Joppolo is an effective democrat from the beginning. A more frequent pattern is the development of a character who learns the need for love and sacrifice. In *The Young Lions* Michael Whitacre is one of the liberals who would have his moral cake and eat it too. Michael is a stage manager and assistant producer well known on Broadway and in Hollywood, and it is through him, his wife, and his concubines that we encounter the seven deadly sins in glamorous surroundings. But Michael ends up at the front sharing "a community enterprise" to an extent to which his liberal theories had never impelled him. The ending of the novel has been considered sentimentally optimistic, but its optimism is indeed subdued. Noah Ackerman, the character in whom the ideal of human dignity is most nearly fulfilled, is killed by the German soldier Christian, who has come to symbolize a complete denial of humanity. "When the war is over," says Noah, "the human beings are going to run the world. . . ." At that moment Noah is shot. The resolution is not in Noah's optimism—for that is cancelled by Christian's bullet—but in Michael's compulsion to save his friend or at least destroy the evil that has struck him down. Having exterminated Christian, Michael (new leader of the warrior angels) carries Noah's body back to camp.

The erstwhile ineffectual liberals Yates in *The Crusaders* and Helianos in *Apartment in Athens* also discover that they can make no separate peace with evil. Also, although hardly liberals, Jake in *The Wine of Astonishment*, Harry in *An Act of Love*, and Chaplain Bascom in *The Gallery* achieve the sacrifice of self that fraternity demands. But there is no suggestion that the human

beings are going to start running the world. In *The Crusaders* the crooks and bullies continue to flourish in one way or another, and in *An Act of Love* the world remains "a place of animals who had raised themselves up on two legs to pit fear against love in themselves."

More in the tradition of progress than any of the other books that have been discussed is *Tales of the South Pacific*.⁷ Usually Michener admires American democracy and technological progress along with it. He is ecstatic about the accumulation of equipment and men and the meticulous planning for the "landing on Kuralei."

Alligator was a triumph of mind, first, and then of muscle. It was a rousing victory of the spirit, consummated in the flesh. It was to me, who saw it imperfectly and in part, a lasting proof that democratic men will ever be equals of those who deride the system: for it was an average group of hard-working Americans who devised Alligator.

At best such an effort is under the direction of men like Commander Hoag, who "was from Atlanta, but he championed the Negro. He was a rich man, but he befriended the meanest enlisted man. He was a gentile, but he placed Jews in positions of command. He was a man tired with responsibility, but he saw to it that others got rest."

This sounds a lot different from *The Naked and the Dead*. But despite this triumph of democracy, of technology abetting and abetted by fraternity, there are dissonances. When Commander Hoag is killed, a "loud-mouthed bully" complete with race prejudice takes his place. When an air strip is needed on Norfolk Island, the beautiful trees, "the cathedral of the spirit" must be "knocked to hell." As in *Guard of Honor* the sexual enterprise of free Americans runs the gamut from bestiality to love in marriage, with the usual number of otherwise nice fellows who are unfaithful to their wives. There is even the suggestion that something is wrong in a society where two people who love each other

cannot marry because they have different-colored skins. Perhaps the form of the book may be a result of Michener's difficulty in integrating his feelings about democracy at war, just as a similar pattern in *Mr. Roberts* suggests a similar difficulty. Although one must not find fault with a book of short stories for not being a novel, it may be inferred that Michener is less sure of the realization of democratic values than a selection of his stories might indicate.

THE DESIRABILITY of traditional values, their repudiation among soldiers and civilians during World War II, and the improbability of their progressive realization—these are the constants in the novels that have been discussed. Only the extent of the denial and the degree of pessimism vary. With the possible exception of Hemingway and Jones, the novelists do not suggest any substitute for values of the democratic tradition: liberty as distinguished from license, the equality of all individuals, nationalities, and races, the superiority of human or spiritual values over material ones, and—what is basic to all—the sacrifice of self for others. Hemingway and Jones add a measure of hedonism, but each puts in his word for human relationships free from self-interested materialism.

So, when these novels suggest that values change in war time, the change is on the level of practice—of characters and action in the novels. Here, it seems, war-time soldiers and civilians violate these values because, having denied them on a smaller scale in peace time, they find more reasons and opportunities for denial during war. No quality is more marked in these novels than this low appraisal of American morality. A few characters, recognizing their individual responsibility for others' welfare, find a new consummation of such values, but even those novels that stress such consummation show it to be difficult and occasional. At worst, as in *The Naked and the Dead*, the novelist foresees a pro-

gressive decline of democratic values; at best, as in *The Crusaders* or *The Young Lions*, he suggests that through the leadership of a few enlightened and disinterested people democracy may take a stand against the enemy within its ranks.

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BOOKS and COMMENT

Robert Bunker

TERTAN'S MADNESS



FERDINAND TERTAN was, literally, mad. In time the doctors would find him so. His classmates at Dwight, of course, thought him simply comic.

The instructor in English 1A was first to define Tertan's madness. "For most mortals," Tertan was telling the class, "there are only joys of biological urgings, gross and crass, such as the sensuous Captain Alving. For certain few there are the transmutations beyond these to a contemplation of the utter whole." Knowing then that Tertan was out of his head, the instructor went and told the Dean.

It would of course be ridiculous to peg all of Lionel Trilling's thought to a single "mad" character in one of his short stories.¹ Ridiculous, even though Trilling takes pains to balance Tertan, in his story, against the most appalling of campus politicians. The politicians to be sure are admirably done; they are fascinating images of academic blight. If, then, Trilling brings on Tertan in order to show them up, Tertan is finest foil for nightmare. But if the campus politicians are drawn in order that we may better see Tertan, we are left wondering: does Trilling intend us to reflect that perhaps after all we *can* choose only between "biological urgings, gross and crass" and Tertan's "utter whole"?

You remember the hideous Crooms, in Trilling's *Middle of the Journey*, and their hideous protege Duck Caldwell. Arthur Croom is an economist, and he will soon be an administrator. His

¹ "Of This Time, of That Place." (This and other references are listed at the end of this review.)

wife Nancy has "fine moral clarity." They quite see the folk wisdom in Duck Caldwell, or for that matter in anyone, who shirks the responsibilities administrators are so willing to take over. The Crooms will not, naturally, discuss with John Laskell such deflections as his recent sickness, or his half-longing for death: "They seemed to [Laskell] like all of affirmative life. And affirmative life was no doubt what he needed now." Or, more precisely, he needed the "no doubt," the administered life in which every man is left only the tending of his own biological urgings.

In short, the Crooms, too, are nightmare. They start as Laskell's dearest friends. They end as mechanistic humanitarians. They are without imagination, symbols of liberal blindness. They know no doubts.

Trilling's point that some political thinkers aren't human beings is valid, and he does not allow his other characters to react against these any more than is valid: Laskell does not decide to act upon the principle that all administrators are Crooms. His visit with the Crooms indeed helps him see more intriguing complexity in man's adjustment than either they or he had allowed for. In the course of the novel he finds new interest in the life he has almost given up—the interest being, I hasten to add, almost altogether intellectual. But he has not simply reacted against any single source or symbol of "evil"; he has, rather, determined that he and all of us must somehow learn to keep administrators off balance, just enough so that we make them allow for human dignity and variousness.

In short, John Laskell is a human being. He begins as the very smallest-sized hero. He has already proved his inability to seize the moment. His Elizabeth has died, of a chill on a tennis court, before she and he have decided even that there is anything to decide about their love beyond automatically living together. Laskell has come to his trade—public housing—only after learning he is neither the artist nor the philosopher he fancied himself; though inclined to Tertan's "contemplation of the utter whole,"

he has learned that his capacities are more particularized. (Trilling is careful to show that Laskell has enough independent income to live without a trade, if he really wants to.) He has lain next to death, contemplating the miraculous being of a rose. But in the end the rose died and Laskell, though half convinced of the desirability of death, got well. He had reached only the middle of his journey.

I tried to read Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* without the help of Ferdinand Tertan and John Laskell; I could not. I have had to use them, too, as the crutch for this review. For as I shall try to show, Trilling's criticism, taken without his fiction, might be taken as a denial that man is anything more than the vehicle of—or refugee from—his world situation and some pretty humorless devils inside himself.

The Liberal Imagination is a collection of Trilling's "Essays on Literature and Society." It ranges, as the blurb tells us, "from Tacitus to Kinsey, from Mark Twain to Freud." It is an effort to recall the liberal imagination, through literary study, to an awareness of "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty." And yet, preposterously, it is exactly those elements which Trilling has mostly left out. He has engaged in annihilating attack against a variety of materialists. He has written a little of the "possibility" of contemplation. He has hashed over, several times but lightly, the advantages to a novelist of that "variousness" of texture which lies in class and in manner. But concerning the "complexity and difficulty" of the world we live in, Trilling falls back on a guilt almost as easy and automatic as the materialistic optimism he so condemns. He writes almost entirely of men who have sought some contemplative balance—and then ceased their creativity, or mislaid their genius. He damns fiercely even those writers he clearly admires. On both of these points, his *Arnold* and his *Forster* are examples. The last chapter of the *Forster* is given to apparently willful misunderstanding of a writer Trilling has already described with brilliant sympathy.

In short, we must remember that in Trilling's fiction John Laskell did not die of abstraction but went back to his public housing. And that Tertan's instructor in English 1A—though sympathetically drawn, as a poet struggling for his own perceptions—still knew Tertan was insane. Whereas in his criticism Trilling seems to insist that if man may find meaning at all, he does so only by the unending analysis of his own smallness. Laskell and the English instructor—each up against the "complexity" Trilling calls for but does not detail in his criticism—know better. They know, that is, what it is to be an individual; they fight bitterly for that knowledge. We must accordingly remember that if in his essays Trilling seems to forget his "variousness," he is acting primarily as polemicist. Yet even in seeking to demonstrate one "answer" to materialism, one focus for imagination, he provides us with some extraordinary insights.

Trilling's method, like that in so many other critiques, is most effective on the attack. The battler comes from his corner at once to deny any "incompatibility of mind and reality." He pushes over Parrington and Dreiser in quick, authoritative fashion and consciously toys with Sherwood Anderson. His dismissal of Steinbeck and, later, his gentler restrictions on Dos Passos, O'Neill, and Wolfe, are fair and to the point. Repeatedly, his dissections of "brute" literary power are magnificent.

The attack on the "scientific method" of the Kinsey Report makes wonderful reading, and is in itself almost enough proof of Trilling's thesis: Imagination cannot be written off from physical "reality." By the time he is through with the announced Kinsey tolerance of "what is," Trilling has demonstrated Kinsey as tolerating only what may give the quickest sensation to a man in any given moment of desire—and to hell not only with any interest the woman may have in sex but even with any selfish interest the man may have in interesting her.

Finally—and this despite his elaborate discovery of the tritest of human selfishness—Trilling is extraordinarily effective at ex-

posing phony unselfishness. Whether or not the shoe fits "us" all, I cannot imagine a more perceptive warning to humanitarians than this:

Some paradox of our natures leads us, when once we have made our fellow men the objects of our enlightened interest, to go on to make them the objects of our pity, then of our wisdom, ultimately of our coercion.

But Trilling does more than damn; his praises, if scattered, are often equally perceptive. If, in a book with a thesis, his sympathy goes most often to writers who share his concerns, we can hardly be surprised. And his insights are not abruptly limited, as I felt they were in the *Forster*, to such sides of a writer as may best confirm the thesis. Tacitus is perhaps dragged in by the heels. But there are wonderful things said about Huckleberry Finn and Scott Fitzgerald, tributes remarkably fresh to heroes already so often scrutinized.

Freud, indeed, is introduced as an especially convincing witness for the thesis: "Of all mental systems, the Freudian psychology is the one which makes poetry indigenous to the very constitution of the mind." And: A "quality of grim poetry is characteristic of Freud's system and the ideas it generates for him."

The Freudian man is, I venture to think, a creature of far more dignity and far more interest than the man which any other modern system has been able to conceive . . . an inextricable tangle of culture and biology. And not being simple, he is not simply good; he has, as Freud says somewhere, a kind of hell within him from which rise everlastingly the impulses which threaten his civilization. . . . [Freud's] desire for man is only that he should be human. . . . The poetic qualities of Freud's own principles . . . suggest that his is a view which does not narrow and simplify the human world for the artist but . . . opens and complicates it.

So far so good. Logically, Trilling has demanded only that we recognize the strength and contradictoriness of man's drives, and that we judge our writers by whether the "amount and intensity

of their activity are in a satisfying proportion to the recalcitrance of the [human] material." Logically, that is, we should value creative writing as it brings into perspective, for our judgment, what it means for a man to choose: what we want, and what we can get by fighting for it, and above all what we can get only by giving up something else.

That, I say, is the logic of Trilling's argument, and a fine logic too. But suddenly Trilling shuts up shop and allows us only one choice, Tertan's choice. Man is inherently so evil, it would seem, that we had best forget all individual aspirations.

The novel, then, is to concern only the problem Cervantes set us: "the problem of appearance and reality: the shifting of social classes." (Though to be sure "the novel as I have described it has never really established itself in America.") And in this "investigation of reality beginning in the social field"—assuming of course that his readers are not simply interested in "biological urgings"—Trilling allows us no other choice than aesthetic contemplation. "The façade is down; society's resistance to the discovery of depravity has ceased; now everyone knows that Thackeray was wrong, Swift right."

Preparing to demonstrate the evil dominant in man (and therefore properly the central subject matter in any work of art), Trilling sets up a multitude of straw antagonists. We read quotations from Blank the publisher expressing his surprise at the motivations of people reading about Nazi sadism. We have endless paraphrase of the events of *The Princess Casamassima*, leaving Henry James looking very foolish indeed to have indulged in such heavy-handed argumentation. Evil is apostrophized and looks like no fun at all; we wonder only whether Mr. Trilling can know anything at all of how comic a sudden sexual attraction may be, or the interior dialog of a man ashamed of himself for taking uncongenial orders.

We are dosed with heavy-handed irony, quite unlike anything else in Trilling. We are told that civilizations "are alike in that

they renounce something for something else," but without the added reflection that even the use of one's own time involves the same renunciation. We are left, finally, with the conclusion that to know all is the only proper aim of man but that at the same time it is to despair of all. And in his essay on *The Princess Casamassima* Trilling tags to James, from that conclusion, quite a set of observations:

Sometimes society offers an opposition of motives in which the antagonists are in such a balance of authority and appeal that a man who so wholly perceives them as to embody them in his very being cannot choose between them and is therefore destroyed. This is known as tragedy.

The Princess Casamassima is a brilliantly precise representation of social actuality.

One needs to be a genius to counter-attack nightmare; perhaps this is the definition of genius.

All the instincts or necessities of radical democracy are against the superbness and arbitrariness which often mark great spirits.

Now I have clearly not chosen my quotations with an eye to showing off Trilling's perceptiveness, which, in this essay as elsewhere, gives us astonishing lights on James and on literature and on society. After Trilling's horrid paraphrase is done, we have a moving case made for *Casamassima* as representative of at least one very significant *body* of tragedy. Its hero, Hyacinth, has indeed had to choose between a graceful-despotism and a revolution which apparently promises the stifling of all creativity. So the hero kills himself. Which is all right for more than one hero in more than one situation. But by the time Trilling is through with him, poor little Hyacinth is symbol for anyone who ever tried to act or think, and any choice of any man is consequently a guilty choice. We have an "equilibrium of guilt," with every man guilty alike for whatever he accepts and whatever he overthrows. For one cannot "accept" any suffering, "no matter for what ideal, no

matter if one's own suffering be also accepted, without incurring guilt. It is the guilt in which every civilization is implicated."

Oh well. Choice is hard sometimes. One does one's best, or one doesn't do one's best. One seeks to learn from the dissenters, or one doesn't. There is, to be sure, validity in the drama Trilling prefers, of the man who cannot choose and who can only fall back on that "kind of hell within" as his explanation of general hopelessness. But surely there is no less drama in the man who chooses once, and again, and repeatedly, seeking out as best he can what is best to be done and, if admitting he is "guilty" of occasional insensitivity or even perversity, still not considering himself so all-fired important as to make his guilt the center of even his own universe. There is deeply moving tragedy which fits Trilling's definition; by one interpretation Hamlet would fit, if not Macbeth, Lear, or Othello, or any of us who seek to find what capabilities are in us, and for what roles.

Trilling is of course reacting from ideologies which refuse to admit the "little" man's guilt in any situation. And of course, though Trilling is so unable to describe it except in generalizations, man's perversity exists—from whatever cause, and whether it be purposeful evil or frightened blindness. But in offering us, as alternative to freedom from guilt, only the freedom to scorn ourselves, Trilling seems to have cut off nearly as much of human variousness as his antagonists. It is after all almost as great a luxury to judge ourselves beneath contempt as above criticism—and then to sit in judgment on those battling worms who haven't even seen that they are beneath contempt too, and so are still making choices.

Now likely I would not be so concerned over Trilling's personal evocation of evil, did he not so insistently label it as "the" liberal imagination, "the" answer to materialism. Trilling has, after all, many literary and philosophical ancestors, men whose goodness of heart is unmistakable but whose "devils" are curiously contrived and unconvincing.

I should not be so much concerned, that is to say, were it not that Trilling seems to have accepted the conventional "devils" of those he attacks most bitterly, the absolutists among bureaucratic and totalitarian thinkers. He seems to see little hope or purpose for the many men dedicated to specific values or dedicated, better, to working specific values into position where they will reinforce and be reinforced by all other possible values and interests.

It was in his *Arnold* that Trilling specified that we need whole or "thick" imagination in order to appreciate the correspondences between world forces and human understanding. The possibility is ruled out, it would seem, that men can reason from the good or the love sensed in their daily livelihood to a greater, more comprehensive Good or Love—that indeed most men can reason only thus, as if from revelation—that only thus can most of us tie any daily ethics to the abstract religion we have been taught. And that it is therefore up to us all to think through the circumstances conducive to personal choice and action—the possibilities, today, of personal ethical choice among feasible and significant alternatives.

To pin down very directly what I have been getting at: We need not only the whole or national vision that Trilling has sketched for us; we need room for partial, local action as well. I do not introduce Philip Selznick into the end of this review simply in order to damn Trilling. Selznick's book, *TVA and the Grass Roots*, deserves utmost attention for the questions it raises. I hope, however, that what I have already tried to say will serve to show the immediacy of the questions and the implications of Selznick's answers.

Selznick documents, most tellingly, TVA's apparent "coopting" with special interests rather than with real "grass roots." Indeed, it has sometimes seemed that Lilienthal and other TVA enthusiasts, perhaps from too long habit of addressing luncheon clubs, speak of popular decision in terms of mystic essence rather than hard-bitten politics or the heart-breaking efforts necessary

to achieve understanding and action. We should indeed be heartened by Selznick's criticisms, for they should make us the less easily satisfied with our accomplishments thus far in government "by the people."

But Selznick goes on to attack TVA leaders' good faith. Despite his disclaimers, after his forty pages of reasons why the "grass roots" philosophy may be of personal advantage to those who espouse it we are left no conclusion other than that Selznick considers TVA leaders hypocrites. Then to soften the personal edge, or perhaps rather to turn it to universal principle, he suggests that any government bureau which tries to derive its policies from "the people" necessarily ends up by "coopting" with already existent organization—the pressure groups and special interests. Any possibility of progress through showing the people how they can effectively direct and make use of their civil servants is altogether ignored. TVA made such and such a bad record, and that is what is going to happen to all who try the TVA philosophy. That, at least, is the Selznick conclusion—rather than that TVA has made some mistakes in its trail blazing, mistakes which now we can study and try to avoid in our own future efforts.

Clearly, the possibilities of achieving popular direction are largely unproved and even unexplored. It is indeed our national calamity that the parroting of "states' rights" has been allowed to obscure the need for implementing local *imagination*. And so here we are, with Selznick (and such of his reviewers as Tugwell and Banfield) simply urging that we write local imagination or at least local participation off as a sad myth. And Trilling, in his call for "variousness and possibility," apparently ignoring the diversity of "levels" (horrible bureaucratic word) at which we need to find imagination and strength. Granted that we need the leaders with "whole" imaginations, still surely their imagination can be kept fresh only by our securing the most diverse of intelligent dissents, from the most diverse of men with the most diverse of preoccupations.

One last note only: Perry Miller's anthology, *The Transcendentalists*, puts on brilliant exhibit the weapons one school of American thinkers left us for attacking that narrow materialism which Trilling and so many of us fear. Trilling himself simply laughs off the transcendentalists:

We might wonder whether Hawthorne's questioning of the naive and often eccentric faiths of the transcendental reformers was not, on the face of it, a public service.

The real difference between [Henry James and Walt Whitman] is the difference between the moral mind, with its awareness of tragedy, irony, and multitudinous distinctions, and the transcendental mind, with its passionate sense of the oneness of multiplicity.

But the fact remains: The transcendentalists were very nearly the only Americans to expound a system of multiplicity—based, to be sure, on a faith in oneness. Since their day, multiplicity has served generally as basis for tragedy (or, of course, comedy). Regionalists have been considered as, by definition, romantics. The only systematic American optimism has been materialist.

The New England thinkers of a hundred years ago were as appalled by materialism as is Trilling today. They were however also fighting against those of their forefathers who had been so convinced that man is generally unsalvageable. The transcendentalists fought on both fronts at once, claiming that, along with the bad, man can find good in himself which he may, after harshest self-examination, trust.

The transcendentalists found "correspondences" with larger truths in their most everyday thoughts and occupations. They contributed to the most astonishing variety of social and aesthetic thought and action. But perhaps in emphasizing the simplest satisfactions of the mind, a number of them won a reputation for simple-mindedness. Or the stress they had to give theological counterattack in a theological age has hurt even the rest of their writing in the less clerical generations that followed. Or, it may

be, their defense of man's potentialities, their very optimism, was forgotten because they were joined so quickly by the adherents of a mechanistic, materialistic, easy optimism. What the transcendentalists strove to show was possible, the materialists argued could be had without effort.

We know the transcendentalists today by a very few of their numbers, and by their aphorisms taken out of context. It is accordingly today almost a revelation to read, in their own writings, of their separate objectives and their strong disagreements, as these developed in their conduct of very real political and ethical campaigns. Perry Miller has of course chosen for his anthology only the most direct and the most striking documents of those campaigns; thus edited at least, Bronson Alcott and George Ripley and Theodore Parker stand rooted in reality and in defense of "variousness" far stronger than Emerson and more purposefully than Whitman. Each is substantially represented in Miller's generous volume; theirs is a reasoned and a convincing optimism, in the best sense, that recognizes the whole of man.

It would seem, then, that Trilling and the many others who with him are debating the assumptions of the materialistic doctrine, might gain support from those thinkers of a century ago who first met the industrial revolution and sought the roles within it which man could play with dignity. By their own variations on the theme, they enlarged—before we so largely forgot them—our sense of what it is to be an American. Without such variations, we are in danger that our vision may be so "whole" as to be empty: We may so easily fall victim to Tertan's madness.

I have praised, and I have damned. It is only fair that I should represent Trilling finally by his own conclusions. What he has to say is pertinent in our efforts far beyond the fields he has modestly claimed:

If we find that it is true of ourselves that we conceive ideas to be pellets of intellection or crystallizations of thought, precise and completed, and defined by their coherence and their procedural recommenda-

tions, then we shall have accounted for the kind of prose literature we have. . . . But if we are drawn to revise our habit of conceiving ideas in this way and learn instead to think of ideas as living things, inescapably connected with our wills and desires, as susceptible of growth and development by their very nature, as showing their life by their tendency to change, as being liable, by this very tendency, to deteriorate and become corrupt and to work harm, then we shall stand in a relation to ideas which makes an active literature possible.

To which add this—if less modestly claimed, less surely documented, still compelling by its assumption that all human imagination is at root one. The novel “taught us, as no other genre ever did, the extent of human variety and the value of this variety. . . . If its impulse does not respond to the need, we shall have reason to be sad not only over a waning form of art but also over our waning freedom.”

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Edwin Honig

MALRAUX'S PSYCHOLOGY OF ART

EVEN A casual examination of these remarkable essays¹ will reveal that they are much more inclusive than most discussions in the conventional art books. "The psychology of art" seems an accurate description of the text, though the phrase in our specialist-conscious times has overtones that may at first mislead one from the kind of investigation which the reader is asked to accompany. No artist is psychoanalyzed in these pages, and there is no special offering of terminology or prescriptive formula for anatomizing masterpieces. Not since Baudelaire has a literary man knowing a great deal about the plastic arts so completely engaged his imagination to that field. Like Baudelaire, Malraux brings to his work a profound love of the magnificent. His characteristic observations are drenched in a feeling for the apocalyptic and for the metamorphic nature of artistic forms. His range is considerably wider than Baudelaire's. A former archaeologist and an inveterate student of culture, he is a better prepared and perhaps more gifted observer of art styles. Neither connoisseur nor specialist, his particular role is to re-enact the artistic process illustrated in the making of most major works from the cave painters to Picasso. It is the process and not the story or the history of art to which Malraux devotes his amazing elucidative energies in these books.

His guiding thesis is that since for the first time in history all the evidence of surviving art styles has now been gathered, modern man is in an ideal position for judging the treasury of plastic imagination without cultural bias. For such a gigantic subject

¹ *The Psychology of Art*, by André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert: Vol. I, *Museum Without Walls*, Geneva, 1949; Vol. II, *The Creative Act*, Geneva, 1949; Vol. III, *The Twilight of the Absolute*, Lausanne, 1950; The Bollingen Series XXIV, Pantheon Books.

matter, the writer offers the figure of the Imaginary Art Museum, or the Museum Without Walls, and his first volume provides a striking documentation of everything that this discovery implies. He points out that only fairly recently, since the seventeenth century, has the collecting of art objects in museums become a common practice in the western world. In most cases the transplanting of art from the cathedral, the chapel, the court and the temple to a single building constructed simply for the purpose of displaying paintings and sculptures has resulted in a change of perspective for both the artist and the spectator. Such a change, Malraux believes, is more one of degree than of kind, but to be fully appreciated it must be viewed together with other significant changes: the artist's role in society, the propaganda of the Counter Reformation, the short but distinctive vogue of realism that came to serve a materialistic aspect of man's new sense of his own individualism. With the shift of interest from faith to beauty, from God to Christ the Man, and with the emerging concept of culture that featured the cultured man as supreme arbiter, Malraux shows the obverse of the process of catholicity—the narrowing of standards to suit the connoisseur's restrictive sense of his own culture's supremacy. "And now that painting was merging into culture, art-criticism was coming into being. It was obviously easier for the intellectual to regard a painting as a work of fiction couched in harmonies of line and colour than to see it as a language of its own."

Malraux's pervasive argument in *The Creative Act*, reiterated so often in the other volumes, seeks to retrieve the autonomy of art, in terms of its own language, from the art critics who are primarily cultural historians. The language, in this view, is not only the artist's particular use of tools and techniques, but his transcendental vision of human destiny as well. Malraux's great heroes are Giotto, El Greco, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Goya and Picasso; the near-great are the anonymous designers of Gallic coins, the funeral artists of the Fayum, the sculptor of *The Lady of*

Elche, Tintoretto, Vermeer, Latour, Cézanne. All rationalistic propagandists and culture-biased art critics are the enemies of Malraux's view. For just as in the eighteenth century "neither Voltaire nor the Jesuits were particularly qualified for realizing that hieratic anti-realism is the most potent method of expression in an age of faith," so in the nineteenth century "it was not the art critics but the poets (Baudelaire and Mallarmé, in fact) who were the best judges of contemporary painting."

In a sense the pivot of Malraux's whole discussion turns on his definitions and reiterations regarding the Renaissance as the significant condition which produced the modern artist. "One has a feeling that what the Renaissance was seeking after in its feverish treasure-hunt across the half-discovered past was everything that might weaken the power of the devil—and, perhaps, God's as well." But if Malraux's sense of the transcendental nature of the greatest art instinctively turns for examples to the Renaissance, it also, and perhaps more often, keeps tugging away from all determinisms having to do with the nature of man in a "free society," which are the indigestible portions of man's heritage from that period.

That is perhaps why recent art, discussed in *The Twilight of the Absolute*, seems both in its celebration of the irrational and in its tidy retreat from chaos, to provide him with new and still unfathomed versions of the proud old maxim, "Man is the measure of all things." In Delacroix, Renoir, Van Gogh, Braque and Rouault, Malraux finds something of the nonhistorical character of Gandharan art, an element of "religious awe" effected through greater and greater dehumanization of the human figure. The artist's quest for freedom as seen in all great works becomes for Malraux an expression as indelible in retrospect as "a star whose light still reaches us, though it has ceased to exist." And the impulse to name the quality of such light leads to his far-reaching examination of the art styles of Rome, Greece, Byzantium, India, pre-Columbian America and many of the folk and craft arts. It is

what brings him in the final volume to an analysis of the masks, fetishes and coins that have so profoundly influenced contemporary painting and sculpture.

Malraux cuts through much of the unavailing controversy in aesthetics which revolves in the mutually discrete orbits of *value* and *function* by insisting on the primary claim of the work's contemporaneity as viewed by the spectator of whatever age. For, as he shows, the effort to restore the feeling of the work's own time often succeeds only in returning it to the sacrosanct precincts for which it served a simple unambiguous function. It is what every surviving work inevitably must lose in the eyes of posterity, even of the most knowledgeable, that makes it a fragment, "always deprived of something, if only of the setting of its age." Axiomatic to this view are the examples of certain headless or legless statues, or certain ship figures found after many centuries transformed at the bottom of the sea. In these literal fragments and distortions Malraux discovers a beauty which the originals could not have possessed, a sense of their somehow having gained by losing in the transformation what perhaps a modern observer can appreciate for the first time. ("Seldom is a Gothic head more beautiful than when broken.")

Each art is a system of forms, seen in its linguistic (e.g., Gothic, pre-Columbian, Gandharan, Fayum) rather than in its geographical ambience. When imitated, the original system can be detected as a retrogression or a caricature. For the original genius "breaks forth from the conventional in the same way as from the crude or inchoate; by destroying it, so as to establish the significance of that which it prefigures. True genius is inseparable from whatever gives it birth—but as a conflagration from that which it consumes." Thus, in noting that the earliest statues of Buddhas are copies of Greek Apollos, Malraux follows the course of the retrograde art until, with the discovery of the smile, it comes upon its own system of forms. And when the differentiation is made between Greek and Buddhistic art, the cultural aspirations of both

peoples are defined by the evidence of what has survived in their most characteristic sculptures. "Greece was the land where, for the first time, the future took the place of fate. Buddhism had no future, but it, too, vanquished fate in its own fashion. Its aim was to liberate man from action no less than from the cycle of re-births; the one permissible emotion was compassion, a pity forlorn as the cosmos—two little waifs wandering hand in hand in a dead city, loud with the brittle tedium of apes, the clumsy flight of peacocks."

Much of the value and some of the incoherence of the essays probably derives from the fact that Malraux is himself an artist, a poetic novelist with a very personal message and an unusual evocative gift for expressing it. Part of the incoherence may be due to the translation, which in most other respects is vivid and assured. One cannot forget, however, that the writer is the same man who wrote *Man's Fate*, perhaps the finest novel written by a westerner about the Orient and the contemporary revolutionary pathos. It is the gift of such an imagination to make clear the Dostoevskian character of Rembrandt's art and the condition of that painter as the first considerable outcast in the tradition of western art. But if part of Malraux's gift is to personalize, it is that part which also discriminates among the clutter of true and counterfeit coinage the singular weight of suffering and death invariably cast upon the greatest works of any period. This is the strength and vision of the absolute—what Malraux calls not "a religion, but a faith. Not a sacrament, but a negation of the profane," a sense in the work of art of its "submission to the dialogue between the artist and the portion of his soul the artist deems the loftiest." In the usual categories of art criticism this sense, like the king in beggar's clothing, does not find much of a welcome. Nor is it fashionable in such places to allow "the absolute" or "the soul" much breathing space. Yet these terms and their corollaries—destiny, freedom, possession—are everywhere determinant in Malraux's discussion.

The reasons why the artist starts with pastiche is that what he sets out to copy is not an object, but a *possession*.

All art is a struggle against destiny, against man's awareness of all those forces outside himself that are indifferent to him, or hostile; death and the tyrant earth.

The world comprises, in short, both a profusion of forms and a profusion of significances; yet signifies nothing, because it signifies everything. Life as a whole is stronger than man, because it is formless, manifold, compulsive; because what we call destiny and chaos are inherent in it. But, taken individually, each form of life is weak, since no one living form in itself *signifies life*. We may be sure that the ancient Egyptian's feeling of walking hand in hand with death was indicated less by his features and gait than by his statuary. In whatever way an art may portray men, it bodies forth a culture as it sees itself, endowing it with significance, and that significance is stronger than the multiplicity of life. True, the world is stronger than man; but, for man, the significance of the world is stronger than the world itself.

All history is the record of an evolution or fatality made intelligible; all history tends to interpret the past in terms of destiny—whether fraught with hope, as in the case of Bossuet, Hegel and Marx, or with death, as was the case with Spengler. Whereas an authentic history of art (not a chronology of influences) can no more be the record of a progress than (in its strict sense) that of an "eternal return"; art is the arch-enemy of destiny. True, even a rupture has its limits; El Greco did not break free from Titian by painting Renoirs. Nevertheless, while his subjection to Titian belongs to historical fatality, his works do not belong to it; indeed the whole history of art, where genius is concerned, should be a record of deliverance. For, while history seeks merely to transform destiny into awareness, art seeks to transmute it into freedom.

The Psychology of Art gives the impression of having been composed out of a vast collection of notes compiled perhaps over many years. (Several sections were presented in the form of lectures within the past few years.) At any rate, no principle of

"dogged continuity" seems to have guided its organization. If any principle is followed, it is the indefinable one of a living personality whose rise and fall of voice traces the progress between one intensity and another. Yet the discussion cannot be called diffuse, as even the most distinguished notebooks must be. The secret of its vitality, its real continuity, is the inner voice by which the artist rediscovers and translates his vision of life through these observations on another art. While one recognizes the author of *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope* everywhere in these pages, there is a sense that the same author could not have come to his present position without the experience of the intervening decade of the last World War. In his wry and pitying avowals of modern man's suffering, he sees only the silenced victims of the concentration camps. Yet an art without a presiding sense of suffering, such as much modern art seems to be, cannot, according to Malraux, really expect to survive. This is the familiar impasse of many critics and artists today who refuse to be short-changed by acceding to systems of impoverished optimism or pessimism. It often forces on Malraux something of the tone of the Catholic heretic, the religious Existentialist, or perhaps mostly the hieratic affirmations through despair of a Pascal, in his finest epigrams. Art comes to be the single refuge where man can worship and discover himself outside the fatalities of history and crisis.

Genevieve Porterfield

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXXIX



THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, the School of Inter-American Affairs, the Department of Sociology, and the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, and parts of Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada and California.

In order to conserve space, items from periodicals that are indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, the *Education Index*, the *Industrial Arts Index*, and the *Agricultural Index* have been eliminated.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between June 1 and August 31, 1951.

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JOSEPH E. STOCKWELL is at Stanford University on a creative writing fellowship. This is his first professional acceptance. A second has since come from *Harper's Magazine*. He is working on a novel and more short stories.

 JOHN SLOAN. Many of us were saddened by the death of the artist, John Sloan. He seemed more liberal, and more fierce about it, at eighty than most if we can manage at eighteen. His works and honors are sufficiently well known as to need no recapitulation here. His particular contribution to the *Quarterly* includes the roles of guest artist (Summer, 1949) and guest critic (Spring, 1951).

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