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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY



ART FEATURE : JOSEF ALBERS

Stanley Edgar Hyman Melville the Scrivener

Kay Cicellis Open House (story)

Niall Montgomery The Pervigilium Phoenicis

POET SIGNATURE XVII : LYSANDER KEMP

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER



AN EDITOR occasionally wonders what Freud might have thought of an occupation that consists mainly in mailing rejection slips.

Sometimes he wonders even more about the sound of acceptances: cluck cluck through the mail.

Obviously Oedipus was an oeditor.

Scrooge should have been one too. There's little money in it, but the ghosts would have clanked a more encouraging message: *Drown Tiny Tim*.

An "established" writer is one who demands a lot of spoiling, although he has already been in the sun too long. One of these wrote me: "An editor is someone who owns a bad translation of *Don Quixote*, once had a cousin (in the junk business) named Solomon, and whose favorite reading is Grimm and case histories of the Inquisition. Even more is he a guy who once read that art holds a mirror up to nature, but every time he is offered a look in the glass he expects to see his own head." Unfortunately I had to reject this.

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continued on page 487

Kay Cicellis

OPEN HOUSE

THE FIRST few days we were unspeakably bored. We had arrived in the middle of the winter—and such a bad winter it happened to be—so that we were not allowed to play out of doors for days on end. Nobody ever came to see us, because of the impossible state of the roads. The peasants that lived near our property had all sent their children to the village for the winter. “It’s too cold for them down here,” said our Uncle Athanasius, “besides, they’ve got to go to school.”

“Why don’t we go and live in the village too?”

“Because we’ve got this big house; they only have mud huts out there in the fields; they can only live in them during the summer.”

We tried to find some comfort in the thought that we at least wouldn’t have to go to school that winter. But it was not really a comfort—rather a cold, joyless pride, envy turned the other way round. Perhaps it is only much later in life that one begins to feel some pleasure in saying: “I am different from the others.” Anyway, not going to school was the only satisfaction we had left. Because the excitement of the “big house” was robbed from us. We loved big houses, we longed for big houses; the house we lived in back home, in the town we had been forced to leave “owing to financial difficulties” as Mother told us before kissing us goodbye, was much, much smaller than this. But what was the use of it? We weren’t allowed to explore the new house and organize it into the enormous hunting-ground we had dreamed of. The day we arrived, Uncle Anthanasius ordered the ground floor to be closed up completely. “Too cold for the children,” he had said, “stone floors in all the rooms—quite impossible to heat them, the fireplaces don’t work. We shall move everything upstairs.”

And so in a flash all the windows of the ground-floor were closed and sealed, the furniture covered, the doors locked, and we were sent upstairs without even having had time to take one look at it before it receded behind us in complete irrevocable darkness. We climbed the stairs—slowly, oh, so reluctantly, while the maid whipped away a stool, which by some criminal forgetfulness had been allowed to remain in the condemned area—and we suddenly felt weighed down by a sense of doom, as if the ropes had been cut and we were drifting away in a life-boat, leaving the old dying ship to sink all by itself into the fathomless sea. Just before we reached the landing, the old grandfather-clock in the dining-room below struck the hour, all muffled behind the locked door. Then Zizi (she had been christened Zenobia, but everybody called her Zizi) burst into tears, as the maid told us in a cold, cheerful voice: "Well, it won't go on striking much longer now, there will be no one to wind it up down there."

All during that day however, we heard it striking, still persevering in its utter solitude and abandon. Zizi wept, and Paddy and I stared out of the window in consternation.

But when the clock did stop striking, exhausted at last, about a week later, none of us noticed it. By then we had grown used to the upper floor, had even come to like it. The very fact that it was limited to a few rooms only, that it was cut away from the world and packed tight, had made it much easier for us to adopt it. It had quickly formed itself into a shell, a warm, consistent shell. Every particle of air in it was breathable, domestic, no cold, upper layers of it spreading out of reach over one's head, under high remote ceilings. Instead of the keen, hard challenge of conquest which the enormous hunting-ground had offered us in our imagination, the upper floor gave us something we had rarely known: intimacy.

The four rooms of our new kingdom stood in a row along the passage, rather like in a hotel. Indeed, Paddy had painted small black numbers over each door, in a fit of nostalgia for that distant

period of our lives when we had stayed with Mother in a huge hotel in Deauville. That was why Paddy's numbers were most impressive, nothing less than 663, 664, 665 and 666, instead of plain one, two, three, four. He insisted on the rooms being called by their numbers, and always put particular emphasis on them. "Uncle, if you are looking for your spectacles, I think I saw them in Room 664—or was it Room 663? No, I'm sure it was 664."

It was not only the disposition of the rooms that gave us the impression of living in a hotel. It was also the fact that there was no kitchen on the upper floor. Our meals were brought to us on a huge tray. The maid cooked them outside the house, in some mysterious cave or shed adjacent to the house. And so the meals we ate had the exotic flavor of food which one had not heard being planned, or seen raw, or smelt cooking. The maid was amazed to find she no longer had any trouble in making us eat what we were given.

Another thing that was new and exciting was the fact that our maid slept in the room next to ours (Room 666), instead of being relegated to some small dark room miles away up in the attic. It was enough to change our whole attitude to her. We became more friendly with her, knocked on her wall at night before going to sleep, called her name singingly, ("Ange-lical Ange-lical") while her manner towards us became less abrupt. But I suppose that was inevitable, since she and Uncle Athanasius were the only people we saw.

After the first fortnight, we came to believe, quite offhandedly, that we lived a completely ordinary life. We were no longer bored, nor surprised. And yet, without our knowing it—perhaps not even Angelica and Uncle Athanasius knew it—we were drifting into an extraordinary state of timelessness.

When the clock downstairs had stopped striking, the only means of telling the time we had left was Uncle Athanasius' watch. A thick, round watch on a silver chain, with the whitest

of faces—a chalky, opaque white which is out of fashion now—and delicate, spidery numbers, with curls and hooks, more like letters than numbers; the kind of letters we were asked to copy out hundreds of times at school in the Calligraphy Class. But Uncle Athanasius' watch had only one hand, one thin, frail hand. And that was not all: deep down in the secret parts of his heart, Uncle Athanasius was no longer sure whether it was the long hand or the short one. He pretended he was absolutely certain it was the hand that showed the minutes; we were convinced it was the hand that showed the hours. And so it happened that we had two completely different versions of time. The watch would be placed on the table and studied attentively, in deep silence. Then Paddy would announce: "We are somewhere in the middle of eight o'clock."—"No, no," Uncle Athanasius would say indignantly, "we're not in the middle of anything. We are exactly at 14 minutes past."—"Past what?" Paddy asked. Then he would grow terribly confused, have a small quarrel and in the middle of it forget all about the time. Soon we began going to bed at extremely odd hours. Suddenly, in the middle of what was perhaps the morning, Zizi would announce: "I'm going to bed." We let her go, because we had no way of telling her it wasn't time for bed. She would wake up hours later, in the afternoon, let's say, and tell us contentedly: "I've had such a wonderful night," and it did not take the other two of us long to feel that we had done what we had never been allowed to do before: stayed up all night, kept a long exciting vigil while Zizi the baby slept. The daylight outside never deceived us in our illusion; it was nearly always the same, an even grey, with occasional lurid glows from the storms. Most of the time anyway, the curtains were drawn to keep the cold out, and the lamps burnt incessantly. Sometimes we drew them apart and looked out at the still winter. "It is dawn," Zizi would say, and "It is evening," Paddy said from the other window, and they would go off each on their own to fashion their separate worlds within the particular hour of

the day they had chosen. Zizi would dream of dewdrops and larks and cocks, and the first kitchen-smoke. Paddy would listen to the owls waking up and the sheep going home. Then when they had enough, they held a brief, friendly meeting during which they exchanged hours. "Paddy, may I have your evening now?"

One day, Paddy had a brilliant inspiration. Instead of swapping, instead of having one hour at a time, he decided to mix the two together. "It shall be both evening and dawn!" he cried triumphantly. After a long session in Room 665, he came to us, bright-eyed and almost demoniacal, to tell us of an extraordinary vision about a brown owl chasing a lark through the wood and wrapping him up in leaves drenched with dew—like a sausage in cabbage, Paddy's favorite dish—till the lark's feathers were all flattened down, making him look naked as a rat. The owl, awfully satisfied, went off to see the sea waking up, because it had begun sighing for some time. Meanwhile the lark arose shivering from the dewy leaves and looked around despondently; in the distance he saw the lighthouse winking at him; he hopped over to it painfully, and found it was not a lighthouse but a yellow lamp in a barn, keeping watch over a flock of sheep huddled together in sleep. The lark gave a shout of joy and began rolling over their wooly backs, up and down, until his feathers grew dry and fluffy again. Then in his joy he began ringing all the bells hanging from the sheep's necks, and they woke up, and they all went out with the lark in the fields to have some food. "Was the grass still wet with dew?" I asked. "Wet leaves are bad for the sheep's stomachs."—"How should I know?" said Paddy carelessly. "You should know," Zizi said sternly. "Was it dawn or evening when you went out in the fields to eat?" Paddy thought hard. "It was neither evening nor dawn, it was something else," he said finally, with great firmness, somehow satisfying us all; and I think that was the last we heard of even such vague definitions of time as morning, noon, evening, and the rest.

One day, Uncle Athanasius decided it was fine enough for us to go down in the garden for a short walk. "Fine enough" was just a manner of speaking, really; what he meant was that it hadn't rained for several days and the earth would be almost dry. But the sky remained unchangeably grey. We were pleased at the prospect of going out into the garden, but not immeasurably excited. I suppose we were right to feel that way, because when we did go out, we hardly knew the difference. The garden had the same closed intimate look as the upper floor; it covered us beautifully. There was no distance, no perspective, because the thick grey air pressed like a wall all around the garden railings, but without interfering with the clarity of the garden itself. The sky did not spread out; it stood erect, vertical around us, so that we had no wish to go any further, and the restless call of space remained unknown to us.

Uncle Athanasius took us around very conscientiously. "This is where your father liked to sit," he said showing us a stone bench under the withered pergola. Then: "A huge mimosa-tree used to grow here; but they had to cut it down because its roots were destroying the house. A mimosa-tree has long thin leaves, and yellow flowers with a very distinctive smell." He tried to find something more to say about the mimosa, but all he could think of was pure, amateur, aesthetic description, and of that he disapproved; he would have loved being a botanist to us. With the cactus he was not much more fortunate: "The cactus," he began, "needs little water, it grows in the desert; I believe it is to camels what the thistle is to donkeys."—"Do they flower?" interrupted Zizi. And then he forgot himself: "Yes, yes—but very rarely, once in the spring, I think; just one very beautiful white flower with a bit of pink in the middle and juice in its petals; one single flower. But notice the thorns," he went on hastily, "now these thorns . . ."

He was so worried about our education. He would have liked to teach us everything; he tried to find an instructive meaning to offer us in every little happening of our life, in every conversa-

tion. He had always dreamed of being a scholar, a wise man himself. But with his broken spectacles, his old Byzantine books, his yellow paper and violet ink, he only managed to give out the faintly stale, narrow-minded, obscure scholarliness of a monk. He shared all his books with us; none was too difficult. Sometimes he even told Angelica to come and listen while he read to us. "It won't do you any harm, it won't do you any harm," he mumbled, getting everything ready for the ceremony. Angelica didn't mind; she would listen with wonderful, absent-minded quietness, and at the end of the reading lavished humble admiration upon him as if he had written all the books himself.

When we came back from our walk in the garden, Paddy looked very downcast. Upstairs, I asked him: "What is the matter?" He lifted his head, and I saw he was changed, bewildered. Then as if some evil, contagious germ from an alien world had nestled in him, I grew frightened too, and cried: "Has anything happened?" using that verb for the first time in a long, long while. "The mimosa-tree," he said, "it is cut, it is gone; I can't understand it." I could do nothing to help him. I just stared at him, frozen; then I left him alone with his catastrophe, and walked out of the room on tiptoe.

But a little later he came and found me. "Listen," he whispered excitedly, "it's alright. I saw the mimosa-tree. It is enormous, like a great parasol, and it is covered with yellow snow; and its smell is not distinctive, as he said, but a mixture of powdered sugar and lemon. When you sat under it, it made your dress float like a light."—"Did it?" I said, overjoyed. "And look," he went on, keeping the best part last, "there's no need to worry; even if they do cut it down, there is another one growing just a few yards off. And that one will never be cut down; never."—"How do you know?" I asked, doubtful. He hadn't thought of that; but he quickly got hold of a superficial, material reason, and that was all we needed. "Because it doesn't grow near enough to the house to harm it," he told me.

At that moment Zizi joined us, and gave another severe blow to the authority of Uncle Athanasius' information. "He was wrong, the cactus has flowered," she said, "it is going to flower all through the year."—"Have you touched it, Zizi, have you touched it? Is it true that the petals are full of juice?"—"Of course," she said, "I'm touching it now, and now, and now—it is so full of juice that I can feel a pulse in it."

When Uncle Athanasius called us for the usual reading, we went in to him rather loftily, swinging our arms and smiling at each other openly. But he soon got us listening to him again with his stories. We couldn't resist his stories for long. Except when they were about living people. As soon as he opened the old, creaking book and lifted his chin to focus his short-sightedness on the page, one of us always came out with the implacable question: "Dead or alive?" When he said 'dead' (as was usually the case), we sat back in our chairs in delicious relief, and nodded approvingly for him to go on with the reading. It didn't even have to be a story about someone like Digenis Acritus, the Byzantine hero who died a thousand times and kept reappearing in several parts of the Empire at the same time (although we were terribly devoted to Digenis Acritus—but somehow he was a bit too natural for us, too timeless and spaceless for us to be able to add anything to him). No, even if the hero had died only once, we were satisfied; one single, simple death was enough to make him as absolute as the mimosa-tree. One by one, Uncle Athanasius let out through the door of death scores upon scores of gaunt, wild-eyed, black-bearded heroes—through the narrow door and into the open, where they suddenly scattered, spread out fan-wise and went galloping with us through eternity.

Then one day, there came a letter from Mother. Uncle Athanasius read it out to us in the same tone, in the same posture as he read out the stories. Mother said she hoped we were not too uncomfortable; she was having a terrible time fixing the Financial Difficulties, but expected to have everything settled by Spring, and then she would come and join us. Zizi got very ex-

cited about the letter; being the youngest, she did not realize it was a letter, not a story; and the silly creature did not notice that neither Paddy nor I asked the usual question: "Dead or alive?" before Uncle Athanasius began reading the letter. She thought Uncle Athanasius had suddenly discovered a new book in his deep, wooden trunk, all about a new, exciting heroine. She fell in love with her immediately. "I always loved her," was all she could remember about Mother. Then she had a brainwave: "Don't you think she would enjoy going for a ride with Digenis?"—"She can't," we said gloomily, "she is in Paris." She looked at us contemptuously. "Do you mean to say you didn't know Digenis was in Paris too?" We were not impressed. We looked Zizi in the eyes, and said slowly: "She is alive." And Paddy added: "Digenis will never reach her, no matter how fast he rides."

This incident seemed to throw a cloud over us. For several days we did not allow Uncle Athanasius to read us any stories about Digenis Acritus. Zizi was angry; she refused to speak to us. Paddy was restless; he went to the window and parted the curtain far more often than usual. When he dropped the curtain, he gave a short sigh of relief, but it never really managed to smooth out his face.

One day he confided to me: "I am worried," he said, "I don't quite know what is the matter—but there's certainly something wrong."—"Yes, but what?" I felt the same as he did, but I had always been plagued with greater inarticulateness.

He made an effort. "As if everything were trying to go flat. Look," he whispered, "I am planning an expedition. That will settle it, either way. You can come if you like." He hesitated. "I think you'd better tell Zizi too. It is rather important. I am planning an expedition downstairs."

"Downstairs!"

"We've got to find out if it's still there. Go and tell Zizi."

Of course Zizi could not resist. She forgot all about her indignation. Our preparations did not take long. All we took was one match each. We waited patiently till Uncle Athanasius and An-

gelica thought it was night—strangely enough their nights usually coincided—we put on our thickest socks, and were off.

Paddy went first. He went very slowly, his head high, his left hand stretched out on the bannister. He descended gradually, smoothly, with none of the jerkiness of going down a staircase. Zizi and I also got caught in his rhythmical movement, and we glided endlessly, uninterruptedly into darkness. We didn't speak, except for Zizi, who asked not long after we'd started: "Shall we light our match?" But Paddy kept on saying worriedly: "No, there might be light down there, there might be light."

Finally, we felt there were no more stairs. The marble floor stretched around us, we had no idea how far. Yet it was strange, we had no more sense of space here than we had had during the walk in the garden. The very limited and the infinite had the same effect on us. We had no wish to reach the end of the darkness, just as we had felt no need to go beyond the grey wall of air that pressed at the garden-railings.

In the darkness of the hall Zizi stretched, yawned, hummed, already happy. And I got ready to lie down. But Paddy turned to us, full of urgency. "This isn't all," he said, "this is only the hall. The dining-room's the thing—ah, here's the door." We heard him fumbling for the key-hole. He found it, but did not stoop to look at once. We gathered around him, holding our breath. "Go on," said Zizi. He stooped. Then suddenly, "Look, look," he murmured softly delirious, and he laughed. "Look," he laughed rapturously, and he made way for us. We looked; we gasped. Zizi gave a little cry and she hugged me with joy.

Utter darkness met our eyes through the key-hole. There was absolutely nothing to be seen. Eternity's night, intact, was still there to draw from; eternity's night was still there to keep the upper floor afloat.

We crept up the stairs again like mice, and went to sleep straight away, with an extraordinary facility, because we had carried some of the darkness away with us.

MOTHER arrived very suddenly. No, perhaps that is not fair to her. She arrived in spring, as she had promised. Spring had come, only we didn't know it. Our lamps were still lit when Mother came to tell us that the sun was shining outside.

When she told us about the sun, we weren't surprised, we didn't contradict her. Zizi spoke up: "Of course it's shining, the sun always shines, in big splashes." Mother just sniffed: "Oh, it's stuffy in here," and she pulled the curtains wide open.

We cried out loud; we crowded the window, and stared; it was too beautiful. "Let me look, let me look," cried Zizi, and she pushed us apart violently. We looked at her, rather surprised; Zizi always used to say that her favorite way of admiring a view was with her back turned to the window. But we said nothing. We thought this must be a new system she had found, and we left her to it. Paddy went to find Uncle Athanasius, and I went to see Angelica. But not for long. Soon all three of us met again by that window, as if drawn by a magnet: Paddy and I going back to it with a hunger in our eyes, Zizi leaving it with her eyes lowered in weariness, or was it already despair.

"The sea has been blue for five consecutive minutes," she said, trying to smile.

"You must have stolen Uncle Athanasius' watch," Paddy joked in return.

"Yes, that's right, I timed it," she said with sudden bitterness. "Of course, it's a lovely blue," she admitted bravely as she went away.

In spite of this joking tone, Paddy did not believe her. He went and stuck his nose to the window, for long, painful minutes, still convinced he could conquer the view, satisfy the strange new hunger of seeing with ordinary, mortal eyes. (So very much like his mother's eyes, people said.)

"There it is—yet nothing happens to it, nothing happens to it," he said, and his new eyes grew fierce.

I left him and went downstairs. I was also puzzled by the view,

but I had not taken it so much to heart as Paddy, because I was still far too interested in the house itself to bother about the outside. I was still curious, still eager. Perhaps it was because I had less imagination than Paddy or Zizi, and the outside world could retain its value and power of attraction for me unchallenged by any inner, rival vision. It beckoned to me now, and off I went, forgetting in an instant what we had glimpsed through the key-hole of the ground floor.

I burst into the dining-room. It was flooded with light. Angelica was dusting the grandfather clock. It would begin striking any minute, she said. I felt very much comforted by the thought; the grandfather clock was saved, the grandfather clock was alright—then I never thought of it any more; the grandfather clock became as good as dead to me.

I looked around for more satisfactions. I found a rocking-chair, then pictures of birds, then a huge grape-fruit grown in a bottle. At each of these discoveries, I renewed my unfaithfulness to the darkness that had once covered the dining-room; and at each discovery I was trapped in the despair of another abortion. Daylight flooded the dining-room, continually giving birth to new wonders; but the moment they were born, they were locked away from me, caught in the deadlock of my insatiety.

"Angelica," I begged, "open this door."

"Darling, it is only the kitchen."

"Angelica, Angelica," I cried, strangely agitated, "I'm going to break the bottle with the grape-fruit."

Upstairs, Mother busily opened the windows and shook out the carpets. "At last, this house is going to come to life," she said to Uncle Athanasius.

Down in the garden, Zizi found her cactus. It had flowered. The flower opened to the sun, still and compact, carved in beauty more beautiful than she had ever dreamed.

"I've touched it," sobbed Zizi in the garden, "what am I to do now?"

Stanley Edgar Hyman

MELVILLE THE SCRIVENER

THE WORLD of events, which was never too kind to Herman Melville in his lifetime, has been extremely thoughtful of him in the past year or two, by way of celebrating the centennial of *Moby-Dick*. The whaler *Anglo Norse* harpooned a great white whale in the Pacific. The leader of a group of Ku Klux Klan floggers in North Carolina turned out to be a lightning rod salesman. Attorney General McGrath, booted out of his job by President Truman, said as his last words in office "God bless the President of the United States." On the flood of scholarly and critical works, omnibus volumes, radio programs, library displays, and centenary addresses, the Herman Melville Society (secretary Mr. Tyrus Hillway, Colorado State College of Education, Greeley, Colorado) floated happily, and a centennial edition of *Moby-Dick*¹ was published with 315 pages of notes and apparatus, more than half as long as the novel itself, justifying the editor's boast "No other American novel has ever received such liberal annotation." In it Melville enthusiasts who had clapped for Tinker Bell as children could learn with some consternation that Sir James M. Barrie had modeled Captain Hook on Ahab. The author of a study of *Redburn* gave the present numbering of Melville's old home in Lansingburgh "for anyone who may wish to make a pilgrimage."

What are we to make of our Herman, "the phoenix of American letters" as Vincent puts it, "one of the foremost poetic imaginations in the world's literature" to Mr. Mason² in England, although he was "never more than a literary amateur"? What indeed are we to make of our Melville industry, with its radar post at Yale manned by Stanley T. Williams, its up-to-date electrocut-

¹ *Moby-Dick: or, the Whale*, by Herman Melville. Edited by Luther S. Mansfield and Howard P. Vincent. New York: Hendricks House, 1952. 851 pp.

² *The Spirit Above the Dust*, by Ronald Mason. John Lehmann, 1952. 269 pp.

ing harpoons, its giant mechanized try-works, and its machinery for immediate canning or quick-freezing? We know so much about Melville, all of it patiently and marvelously won by our scholars: Sealts cataloguing Melville's reading, Vincent turning up the whaling documents he used, Anderson tracking him through the South Seas, Freeman straightening out the Budds, and all the others; we know it despite the ledgers and documents burned, the manuscripts destroyed or used as scratch paper by Melville himself, the letters cut up for signatures, the inscribed pages torn from books, and the correspondence thrown out by Harpers (which saved the contracts).

Our Melville scholars utilize each others' by-products in the most impressive of symbiotic relationships; the authors of all the current Melville studies acknowledge each others' moment-to-moment cooperation and bow individually to each of their predecessors—all except Mr. Thompson,³ who crustily goes his own way, identifying all readings and interpretations not his own as misreadings and misinterpretations. The critics who have worked with Melville, whether mavericks like Edward Dahlberg and Charles Olson, who first gave us an insight into the importance of Shakespearian drama in fledging our phoenix, or respectable professors like the late F. O. Matthiessen and Newton Arvin, who gave us our first serious critical readings of Melville, have used this scholarship and have themselves contributed fact as well as insight to it.

What had first to be killed off was the biographical fallacy, brought to birth alongside the Melville revival by Raymond Weaver, that the early realistic novels are in large measure literal autobiography. Yet the most devoted exercise in exposing this fallacy, Gilman's study of *Redburn* as a work of fictional imagination,⁴ is itself a mosaic of: "If young Pierre's presence at his father's sickbed had any foundation in life," "Herman may have

³ *Melville's Quarrel With God*, by Lawrance Thompson. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1952. 474 pp.

⁴ *Melville's Early Life and Redburn*, by William H. Gilman. New York: New York University Press, 1951. 378 pp.

experienced at this time the kind of fantasy he describes in *Redburn*," "If the experience Melville records in his story 'The Fiddler' is autobiographical," "if Melville, like Redburn," "Of Melville's further experiences in Liverpool, a few are identifiable with Redburn's and others may be safely assumed as true," "we must turn to allusions in his books for clues to his impressions."

We know so much about how Melville read the Bible, how he actually lived in the South Seas, what he took on a picnic in the Berkshires, but the man himself eludes us. We understand so little of what motivated this mysterious great writer that Gilman can explain, in all seriousness, that when Melville wrote Hawthorne in 1851 "What I feel most moved to write, that is banned—it will not pay," he meant "impassioned strictures on the evils of contemporary life"; Thompson can give us a Melville "sophomoric" and "of arrested development" writing Little Blue Books against God disguised as fictions; Mason can entirely miss the blunt sexual metaphor of "The Tartarus of Maids" and read it as "a bitter little descriptive essay on the indignity of mass labour"; Merrell Davis⁵ can believe that the avengers of Aleema in *Mardi* are in the book as a carry-over from its earlier conception as a romance.

THE PUBLICATION of Jay Leyda's *Log*,⁶ 900 pages of relatively unhewn biographical material, much of it new and striking or at least printed for the first time in full, gives us an unparalleled opportunity to study Melville for what he primarily was, a writer; to try to find out what being a writer in America was like or could be, how the artist lives, how he functions, and what he ultimately means. The people who write books and articles on Melville live almost without exception by teaching and write avocationally, and almost without exception they display an absolute incapacity to understand what writing profes-

⁵ *Melville's Mardi: A Chartless Voyage*, by Merrell Davis. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1952. 240 pp.

⁶ *The Melville Log*, by Jay Leyda. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1951. 899 pp.

sionally consists in and what it involves; they show an absolute unawareness that the area between writing for a living and writing for fun is at least as broad as the gap between the ranch and the dude ranch, or the brothel and the sorority house. "The literary career seems to me unreal," Arnold wrote in *Essays in Criticism*, "both in its essence and in the rewards one seeks from it, and therefore fatally marred by a secret absurdity." In his copy of the book, after thirteen years in the Customs House, Melville wrote alongside the passage "This is the finest verbal statement of a truth which everyone who thinks in these days must have felt." It is doubtful if many of our Melville authorities have felt or thought any such thing.

In the context of his society, Melville's outstanding characteristic would seem to be what Arvin in *Herman Melville* somewhat uncharitably calls "the tormented psychology of the decayed patrician." Impoverished and declassed, he could neither quite sustain the attitudes he had been trained in as a child nor substitute more satisfactory ones. He seems to have been a moderate Jacksonian Democrat all his life, drawn one way by loyalty to his brother Gansevoort, who was a fire-eating Tammany orator, and the other by the experience of his grandfather Thomas Melvill, a hero of the Boston Tea Party, who was callously fired from his job as Inspector of the Port of Boston by Jackson in 1829, an act that, according to a writer of the time, more "deeply shocked the moral sense of the community" than any other operation of the Jacksonian spoils system. Melville's writings show consistent awareness of the social issues of his day: Yoomy several times cries out against slavery in *Mardi*; Redburn's vision of the starving family in Launcelott's Hey is as terrifying a protest against society's iniquity as anything in *Capital*; *The Confidence-Man* is a bitter portrait of commercial America; the early books take up such "good" causes as the abuses of the missionaries, the horrors of flogging, the right of immigration, etc. "There is no telling who does not own a stone in the Great Wall of China," Redburn muses, and the imagery of marriage used for the fellow-

ship between Queequeg and Ishmael, shocking as it is to our touchy age, seems to be the same mystic equalitarianism in another metaphor.

We have no way of knowing the intensity of Melville's concern with these matters. It comes as something of a surprise to note that the source for one of Melville's sharpest social criticisms—the story "Poor Man's Pudding and Rich Man's Crumbs," about the London poor fighting for leftovers from the Lord Mayor's banquet—is an amused and dispassionate record of the incident in his London journal, followed by the notation "A good thing might be made of this." If Melville is not above working up social outrage for literary effect, we are entitled to distrust the degree to which any of the attitudes of his protagonists speak for him.

On the other great topic that agitated his time, religion, Melville is in approximately the same shifty middle position. We know that his irreverent language in conversation disturbed several of his friends. The note in Hawthorne's journal during 1856 is probably our best authority on Melville's views: "He can neither believe, nor be comfortable in his unbelief; and he is too honest and courageous not to try to do one or the other." Melville's own journal notes, on the voyage to Smyrna the next year: "Heartily wish Niebuhr & Strauss to the dogs.—The deuce take their penetration & acumen." None of this evidence of serious questioning accords with Thompson's contention in *Melville's Quarrel With God* that all the books are conscious, cleverly-concealed tracts of heresy and blasphemy, but it probably accords no better with the view, omnipresent in our time, that "Billy Budd" is a final testament of Christian reconciliation. Melville's most elaborate discussion of the problem, *Clarel*, is a dramatic symposium where a number of conflicting viewpoints are posed and never reconciled, leaving us with Melville's own view as the sum and reduction of them all. Billy the Handsome Sailor is a Christian, if not a Christ, but this says little for his creator unless we are to assume that inventing Fedallah makes

Melville a Parsee. At least we know from the record that he turned down that lightning rod.

MELVILLE'S RECEPTION by the special class of American society called reviewers was neither so bad nor so unanimous as we have been led to believe. Reviewing *Omoo*, Greeley recognized Melville as "a born genius," while George Washington Peck was attacking the book for "the perfect want of *heart* everywhere manifested in it"; *The United States Catholic Magazine and Monthly Review* added that its voluptuousness was not unreasonable, since its author was a Protestant. At least one anonymous reviewer, perhaps William Gilmore Simms, found *Mardi* "wild, warm, and richly fanciful." When Evert Duyckinck attacked *Moby-Dick* idiotically in *The Literary World*, charging, among other things, that there was too much of Ahab, Hawthorne wrote him innocently that he thought the anonymous *Literary World* reviewer had missed the boat. Amid all the clamor of "bombast," "caricature," "clumsy as it is ineffectual," "sad stuff, dull and dreary, or ridiculous," "a monstrous bore," "maniacal," three or four reviewers praised *Moby-Dick* with qualifications, and at least one found it "a very superior" work, its final chapters "really beyond rivalry." If the *Boston Post* thought *Pierre* "perhaps the craziest fiction extant," and *The Albion* reported that "there is scarcely a page of dialogue that is not absurd to the last degree," we can at least see what they were talking about, and we can hardly quarrel with the *Anglo-American Magazine's* description of the book as "a species of New York *Werther*," or *Godey's Lady's Book's* nastily accurate parody of its style. An article on Melville by Fitz-James O'Brien in *Putnam's Monthly's* Young Authors series praised every work but *Pierre*; and a review of *The Confidence-Man* in *The Literary Gazette* attacked it by comparison with *Mardi*, "that archipelago of lovely descriptions," and *Moby-Dick*, "ghostly and grand as the great gray sweep of the rolling sea."

The real problem was sales. After the moderate popular success achieved by *Typee* and *Omoo*, Melville lost his audience with *Mardi* and never regained it, despite every effort. In America during the typical twenty-month period from August 1, 1876, to February 9, 1878, *Omoo* sold 33 copies, *Redburn* 35, *White-Jacket* 58, and *Moby-Dick* 66. From 1851 to 1887, *Moby-Dick* sold a total of 3,147 copies in this country. Melville wanted fame and adulation, but even more he wanted sales and needed money. After Harpers turned down *Typee* as obviously untrue and therefore "without real value," Melville's attitude toward publishers ranged from wary to contemptuous (Leon Howard,⁷ a partisan of publishers against thoughtless and greedy authors, several times reproves him for this). Melville's letter to John Murray (reprinted as an appendix to *Melville's Mardi*), the English publisher of his first books, are a typical author's: cocky, patronizing, placating, wheedling for money, suspicious that he is being cheated, and entirely unconcerned with the publisher's realities. He writes:

In the first place, however, let me say that though your statement touching my previous books do not, certainly, look very favorably for the profit side of your account; yet, would it be altogether inadmissible to suppose that by subsequent sales the balance-sheet may yet be made to wear a different aspect?—Certainly,—without reference to the possible future increased saleableness of at least some of those books, on their own independent grounds, the success, (in a business point of view) of any subsequent work of mine, published by you, would tend to react upon those previous books. And, of course, to your advantage.—I do not think that this view of the matter is unreasonable.

MELVILLE'S GROWTH to fame was a curiously organic process, but slow. For much of his lifetime he was the least-known serious writer in America. In 1856, less than five years after the publication of *Moby-Dick*, G. W. Curtis wrote him off

⁷ *Herman Melville*, by Leon Howard. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1951. 354 pp.

with: "He has lost his prestige." So far as the record survives, he got only one mash note in his life, in 1857, from a Scottish girl named Eliza Gordon, who wrote:

I have for this many a day been wishing to see you "to hear you speak to breathe the same air in which you dwell" Are you the picture of him you so powerfully represent as the Master peice of all Gods works Jack Chase?

A paragraph in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* in 1886 said Melville was "generally supposed to be dead." A column in *The Boston Post* replied that "such a state of things would be impossible here in Boston," where they had no trouble distinguishing the quick from the dead. When Melville died in 1891, the *Tribune* obituary said: "He won considerable fame as an author by the publication of a book in 1847 entitled *Typee*. . . . This was his best work, although he has since written a number of other stories, which were published more for private than public circulation." An obituary tribute in the *Times* was headed "The Late Henry Melville."

In England, Melville fared a little better. A review of *Typee* in *The Spectator* found it credible that an American sailor could have written the book, since the American lower classes were so much better educated than their English equivalents (Ah Gansvoorts!). Christopher North placed Melville with a review of *Redburn* in *Blackwood's*: "He will never have the power of a Cringle, or the sustained humor and vivacity of a Marryat, but he may do very well without aspiring to rival the masters of the art." If *The Athenaeum* found cause to dismiss *Moby-Dick* as "trash belonging to the worst school of Bedlam literature," *John Bull* reported that few books "contain as much true philosophy and as much genuine poetry" as this "extraordinary" book. If English reviewers tended to praise *The Confidence-Man* because it attacked "the money-getting spirit which appears to pervade every class of men in the States," or noted snidely that "few Americans write so powerfully as Mr. Melville, or in better Eng-

lish," the first serious appreciations of Melville's genius were by Englishmen, and a complete set of his works was in print in England as early as 1924, when only isolated volumes were available here.

The first active propagandist for Melville's work, and the man to whom all the volumes of Melville studies might fairly be dedicated, was William Clark Russell, a minor British sea novelist. In 1883, Russell tried to interest an American writer, A. A. Hayes, in doing a biography of Melville, "the greatest genius your country has produced." The next year he published an appreciation of Melville in an article entitled "Sea Stories" in *The Contemporary Review*, ranking him first among the "poets of the deep" and calling *Moby-Dick* his finest work, comparable to Blake and *The Ancient Mariner*. Russell wrote to assure Melville that "your reputation here is very great," corresponded with him, used every opportunity to praise his work as fit to rank with Elizabethan drama, dedicated *An Ocean Tragedy* to Melville, and in turn had *John Marr and Other Sailors* dedicated to him.

Shortly after Russell discovered Melville, two other Englishmen, James Billson and Robert Buchanan, took up the cause. Billson entered into correspondence as a fan, and Buchanan visited America and tried to locate Melville. He later wrote:

When I went to America, my very first inquiry was concerning Melville. . . . There was some slight evidence that he was "alive," and I heard from Mr. E. C. Stedman, who seemed much astonished at my interest in the subject, that Melville was dwelling "somewhere in New York," having resolved, on account of the public neglect of his works, never to write another line. Conceive this Titan silenced, and the bookstalls flooded with the illustrated magazines!

In 1885 Buchanan published in *The Academy* a poem in praise of Whitman, with a section devoted to Melville, "the one great imaginative writer fit to stand shoulder to shoulder with Whitman on that continent." A few years later a Nova Scotian pro-

fessor named Archibald MacMechan entered into correspondence with Melville, and before Melville's death in 1891, Henry S. Salt had praised him in print, W. H. Hudson and Robert Louis Stevenson had become fans—the latter referring to him as “a howling cheese” in a letter—and a writer of boys books named Charles St. Johnstone had walked up to Russell one evening and asked him casually whether he had ever read “the noblest sea book ever written, called *Moby-Dick*.”

When this generation of English supporters died or retired from the battle, a new generation took it up, and D. H. Lawrence, E. L. Grant-Watson, and Viola Meynell were writing in highest praise of Melville's work before American writers knew it existed; Barrie had paid it the sincerest form of flattery, while T. E. Lawrence wrote to a friend “Melville is a great man,” and found his war poems “magnificent.” The tradition of English praise has continued down to the present, with Auden's perceptive study in *The Enchafèd Flood*. Only Mason's apparent ignorance of any English appreciation besides the Lawrences, and John Freeman's volume in the *English Men of Letters* series in 1926 enables him to publish *The Spirit Above the Dust* “in the hope of re-directing the interest of English readers and critics back to the swarming complexities and relevances of Melville's unusual art.”

The growth of fame in America came much more slowly, and to this day probably fewer Americans would agree with Henry A. Murray that *Moby-Dick* is “of the same high order as the Constitution of the United States and the scientific treatises of Willard Gibbs” than would agree with the summary of a contemporary reviewer in the *Boston Post* that Melville “has produced more and sadder trash than any other man of undoubted ability among us.” In 1885, while Buchanan was complaining of his inability to meet the *Titan*, the New York correspondent of the *Boston Literary World* met “an old gentleman with white hair” in a bookshop, discovered him to be Herman Melville, and

wrote his paper fondly "Had he possessed as much literary skill as wild imagination his works might have secured for him a permanent place in American literature." In 1888, the year Russell dedicated his book to Melville as an avowal "of my hearty admiration of your genius," Charles F. Richardson wrote in the chapter "The Lesser Novelists" in his book *American Literature* that Melville "failed completely for lack of a firm thought and a steady hand." By 1900, when MacMechan had just published "The Best Sea Story Ever Written" about *Moby-Dick* in the *Queen's Quarterly*, Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* managed to say that Melville "began a career of literary promise, which never came to fruition."

The American revival began in 1919, the centenary of Melville's birth, with a two-part article by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. in *The Review*, surveying all the works of "one of the greatest and most strangely neglected of American writers." The first full-length biography, Raymond Weaver's *Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic*, appeared in 1921, a foolish and enormously influential book. By the next year Carl Van Vechten had written in *The Double-Dealer* that *Moby-Dick* "is surely Melville's greatest book, surely the greatest book that has yet been written in America, surely one of the great books of the world." All that remained to do was to rediscover the other works, a process in which we are still engaged, with two books on Melville in the twenties, one in the thirties, five in the forties, and at least half a dozen so far in the fifties. "You know perhaps that there are goodly harvests which ripen late," Melville wrote Bentley, "especially when the grain is remarkably strong."

Melville was perhaps no more and no less appreciated by his fellow writers in America than is usually the case, "shock of recognition" theories to the contrary. Although Emerson, on the evidence of his journal and letters, was extremely interested in the legend of a great white sperm whale that attacked whaling ships, I know no evidence that he ever read any of Melville's

writings, except possibly the anonymous "Hawthorne and His Mosses." Thoreau read *Typee* and mentioned an item of information from it in the first draft of *Walden*. Alcott also read *Typee* and mentioned in his journal that it was "a charming volume, as attractive even as *Robinson Crusoe*." Whitman reviewed it in *The Brooklyn Eagle* as "a book to hold in one's hand and pore dreamily over of a summer day," and reviewed *Omoo* in the same journal, recommending it as "thorough entertainment—not so light as to be tossed aside for its flippancy, nor so profound as to be tiresome." Longfellow noted in his journal, with a certain limitation of vocabulary, that *Typee* was "very curious and interesting," that he was reading *Omoo*, "a series of sketches of wild adventure," and that a day or two after *Moby-Dick* was published he "sat to read all the evening in Melville's new book, *Moby Dick or the Whale*. Very wild, strange and interesting." Margaret Fuller reviewed *Typee* in the *New York Daily Tribune* and advised "Generally, the sewing societies of the country villages will find this the very book they wish to have read while assembled at their work."

George Ripley, who had attacked *Mardi* in the *Tribune* as Melville "leaving his sphere," reviewed *Moby-Dick* anonymously in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* with greater perception than any of his fellows, writing:

A new work by Herman Melville, entitled *Moby Dick; or, The Whale*, has just been issued by Harper and Brothers, which in point of richness and variety of incident, originality of conception, and splendor of description, surpasses any of the former productions of this highly successful author. . . . Beneath the whole story, the subtle, imaginative reader may perhaps find a pregnant allegory, intended to illustrate the mystery of human life. Certain it is that the rapid, pointed hints which are often thrown out, with the keenness and velocity of a harpoon, penetrate deep into the heart of things, showing that the genius of the author for moral analysis is scarcely surpassed by his wizard power of description.

An editor at *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* wrote to Melville in 1854 that James Russell Lowell had read "The Encantadas" and "that the figure of the cross in the ass' neck, brought tears into his eyes, and he thought it the finest touch of genius he had seen in prose." There is no evidence that any of these authors ever wrote directly to Melville, or made any effort to meet him. A later generation of writers tried to get him to join the Authors Club in New York in the 1880's, but he pleaded that "his nerves could no longer stand large gatherings," rescinded his original acceptance, and only dropped in once or twice over the years. In 1890, a year before Melville's death, E. C. Stedman, perhaps persuaded by Buchanan, managed to get him to attend a literary dinner in his honor.

THE ONLY friendships Melville had with his fellow writers were with Oliver Wendell Holmes—who was his doctor in the Berkshires and, probably, the original of the doctor in "Me and My Chimney"—with Richard Henry Dana Jr., and the celebrated friendship with Hawthorne. As early as 1846, Hawthorne had reviewed *Typee* in the *Salem Advertiser* noncommittally, noting that it would be extreme to call its "freedom of view" a "laxity of principle." When Melville's anonymous "Hawthorne and His Mosses" appeared in *The Literary World* in 1850, Sophia Hawthorne wrote to Duyckinck that the author was "the first person who has ever in *print* apprehended Mr Hawthorne. Who can he be, so fearless, so rich in heart, of such fine intuition?" At the same time, she and her husband sent part of their letters to Duyckinck praising the Melville books he had sent them. Hawthorne noted that *Mardi* "is so good that one scarcely pardons the writer for not having brooded long over it, so as to make it a great deal better." As the friendship between Hawthorne and Melville grew, and they saw more and more of each other at Pittsfield and Lenox, Sophia Hawthorne wrote in praise

of Melville to her mother, affirming, with natural Peabody discretion, "I am not quite sure that *I do not think him* a very great man." Melville wrote Duyckinck in praise of Hawthorne's work, concluding "Still there is something lacking—a good deal lacking—to the plump sphericity of the man. What is that?—He doesn't patronise the butcher—he needs roast-beef, done rare.—Nevertheless, for one, I regard Hawthorne (in his books) as evincing a quality of genius, immensely loftier, & more profound, too, than any other American has shown hitherto in the printed form."

Melville and Hawthorne spent their evenings together talking "about time and eternity, things of this world and of the next, and books, and publishers, and all possible and impossible matters." When Hawthorne in a letter appreciated and understood *Moby-Dick*—which had been dedicated to him "In token of my admiration for his genius"—to its author's satisfaction, Melville wrote him "But I felt pantheistic then—your heart beat in my ribs & mine in yours, and both in God's"; asked "Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips—lo, they are yours & not mine"; and concluded "But truth is ever incoherent, and when the big hearts strike together, the concussion is a little stunning." Melville wrote Sophia Hawthorne, in a statement that has been taken too seriously by our scholars, that "the speciality of many of the particular subordinate allegories, were first revealed to me, after reading Mr Hawthorne's letter, which, without citing any particular examples, yet intimated the part-&-parcel allegoricalness of the whole." Scholars interested in taking Melville's rhetoric seriously might better have noted his special imagery for procreation, the paper mill, in the postscript to Hawthorne: "I should have a paper-mill established at one end of the house, and so have an endless riband of foolscap rolling in upon my desk; and upon that endless riband I should write a thousand—a million—billion thoughts, all under the form of a letter to you."

After this passionate drinking of the flagon of life together in the Berkshires, there was little contact between the two until 1856, when Melville visited Hawthorne at his consulate at Liverpool, Hawthorne noting in his journal "we soon found ourselves on pretty much our former terms of sociability and confidence." There is no record that they ever quarrelled except for Melville's ambiguous "Monody" on Hawthorne's death:

To have known him, to have loved him,
 After loneliness long;
 And then to be estranged in life,
 And neither in the wrong;
 And now for death to set his seal—
 Ease me, a little ease, my song!

The evidence suggests, however, that the big hearts only struck together once, and then, stunned by the concussion, each darted back into its own rib cage. In 1883, Melville told Julian Hawthorne he was convinced Julian's father "had all his life concealed some great secret," but failed to tell him, or us, what it was. Newton Arvin has noted that their friendship began on an "astonishingly sexual image," Melville's writing in "Hawthorne and His Mosses":

Already I feel that this Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him; and further and further, shoots his strong New England roots in the hot soil of my Southern soul.

It ended, fittingly enough, on imagery of reticence and concealment.

If, as is generally believed, Hawthorne profoundly influenced the final form of *Moby-Dick*, the only other contemporary writer who seriously affected Melville's work may have been George William Curtis. Reading for *Putnam's* in 1855, he advised J. W. Dix, the new owner and editor, "I should decline any novel from Melville that is not extremely good." When "Benito Cereno" arrived, he reported: "Melville's story is very good. It is a great

pity he did not work it up as a connected tale instead of putting in the dreary documents at the end," and the next day, "He does everything too hurriedly now." Some months later Curtis wrote Dix that before he printed "Benito Cereno" he should "alter all the dreadful statistics at the end," and concluded "Oh! dear, why can't Americans write good stories. They tell good lies enough, & plenty of 'em." The next year he wrote Dix praising "The Encantadas" and "Bartleby." Howard believes that Curtis had the chance, and muffed it, to encourage Melville to build a novel like *Moby-Dick* out of "Benito Cereno." He suggests that it was submitted as notes for a novel, and that when Melville found he could sell it in its unaltered form he did so for the quick money, thus profoundly reshaping his career, which never again included a long prose work. If this oversimple but plausible conjecture has any truth, it would make Curtis at least as negatively influential as Hawthorne was positively influential, the bad magician who bottled up the djinn Hawthorne the good magician had briefly loosed.

FINANCES WERE at the heart of Melville's problems, and his whole life was a search for that viable economy for the writer that we have not found yet. A strong sense of insecurity was bred in him by what Gilman has charted as "four cycles of prosperity and adversity, or of promise and discouragement," in his first twenty-one years. *Typee* suggests the quality of Melville's memories of those years:

There are none of those thousand sources of irritation that the ingenuity of civilised man has created to mar his own felicity. There were no forclosures of mortgages, no protested notes, no bills payable, no debts of honour, in *Typee*; no unreasonable tailors and shoemakers, perversely bent on being paid; no duns of any description; no assault and battery attorneys, to foment discord, backing their clients up to a quarrel and then knocking their heads together; no poor relations everlastingly occupying the spare bedchamber, and diminishing the elbow-room at the family table: no destitute widows with

their children starving on the cold charities of the world; no beggars; no debtors' prisons; no proud and hard-hearted nabobs in Typee; or, to sum up all in one word—no Money! That root of all evil was not to be found in the valley.

A standard of living beyond his means was set for him by his mother, who, greatly to Gilman's displeasure, kept a servant in the worst period of adversity, although Gilman believes "she and her older daughters could have carried on the household without assistance." As early as 1847, when he was the successful and relatively prosperous author of *Typee* with *Omoo* due to appear, Melville started trying to get a job in the Treasury Department in Washington. Almost twenty years later, in 1866, Melville got his job as Inspector of Customs at New York at \$4 a day. In the interval his writing had been unable to support him, writing and farming together were no more successful, and writing and lecturing had failed for the good reason that he was a dull and boring lecturer, although a Cincinnati paper found his voice "as soft and almost as sweet as the warbling of the winds in cocoa groves."

By 1875 he was a vanity author, publishing *Clarel* at his uncle Peter Gansevoort's expense (it set Uncle Peter back \$1,200). Inspectors' pay at the Customs House was reduced to \$3.60 a day, although the next year it was restored to \$4. In 1877, Melville was almost dismissed, and his working hours were increased. He wrote to his aunt, Catherine Lansing:

So it appears that I used in my letter to you the expression "*people of Leisure*." If I did, it was a faulty expression—as applied in that case. I doubtless meant people the disposition of whose time is not subject to another. But it amused me—your disclaiming the thing, as if there was any merit in *not* being a person of leisure. Whoever is not in the possession of leisure can hardly be said to possess independence. They talk of the *dignity of work*. Bosh. True Work is the *necessity* of poor humanity's earthly condition. The dignity is in leisure. Besides, 99 hundredths of all the *work* done in the world is either foolish and unnecessary, or harmful and wicked.

In 1886, the *New York Commercial Advertiser* noted that Herman Melville, generally supposed to be dead, "had, indeed, been buried in a government office" and "of late years he has done nothing in literature." In 1890 George Parsons Lathrop wrote to Horace Scudder, who had proposed that Lathrop do a Melville biography, "Melville, I believe, is alive still, clinging like a weary but tenacious barnacle to the N. Y. Custom House," although he had resigned five years before, and was now independent and even wealthy from good-sized legacies his wife and he had received. A columnist for a Boston paper wrote in 1889: "If I am not mistaken, Melville in his later years has been free from the drudgery of the custom house, but with him, as with many other literary men, pecuniary independence came too late to enable him to revive his powers of invention and description."

Few modern Melvillians, bolstered by academic tenure and 2½¢ a word from *The Walloomsac Review*, realize how seriously Melville tried to be a popular and successful writer. He was at least as practical about money as Wellingborough Redburn, who, down to his last penny after buying supplies for the voyage, pitched it into the water, noting that "if the penny had been a dollar, I would have kept it." Melville wrote to Hawthorne in 1851, just after finishing *Moby-Dick*:

I am so pulled hither and thither by circumstances. The calm, the coolness, the silent grass-growing mood in which a man *ought* always to compose,—that, I fear, can seldom be mine. Dollars damn me; and the malicious Devil is forever grinning in upon me, holding the door ajar. My dear Sir, a presentiment is on me,—I shall at last be worn out & perish, like an old nutmeg-grater, grated to pieces by the constant attrition of the wood, that is, the nutmeg. What I feel most moved to write, that is banned,—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches.

Babbalanja in *Mardi* suggests the same split when he says that Lombardo was impelled to write by "Primus and forever, a full

heart. . . . Secundo, the necessity of bestirring himself to procure his yams," and adds that wanting the second motive, it is doubtful if the first would have sufficed.

Melville wrote Bentley in 1849, about *Mardi*: "But some of us scribblers, My Dear Sir, always have a certain something unmanageable in us, that bids us do this or that, and be done it must—hit or miss." Within a few months he was writing Lemuel Shaw to precisely the opposite effect about *Redburn* and *White-Jacket*:

But no reputation that is gratifying to me, can possibly be achieved by either of these books. They are two *jobs*, which I have done for money—being forced to it, as other men are to sawing wood. And while I have felt obliged to refrain from writing the kind of book I would wish to; yet, in writing these two books, I have not repressed myself much—so far as *they* are concerned; but have spoken pretty much as I feel.— Being books, then, written in this way, my only desire for their "success" (as it is called) springs from my pocket, & not from my heart. So far as I am individually concerned, & independent of my pocket, it is my earnest desire to write those sort of books which are said to "fail."—pardon this egotism.

Melville's journal in London that fall noted that Blackwood's was foolish to take *Redburn* seriously and "waste so many pages upon a thing, which I, the author, know to be trash, & wrote it to buy some tobacco with." The next month he wrote Duyckinck thanking him for his review of *Redburn* and noting its general favorable reception:

I am glad for it—for it puts money into an empty purse. But I hope I shall never write such a book again—tho' when a poor devil writes with duns all around him, & looking over the back of his chair—& perching on his pen & diving in his inkstand—like the devils about St. Anthony—what can you expect of that poor devil?—What but a beggarly *Redburn*!

A year later he wrote Richard Henry Dana, who had praised *Redburn* and *White-Jacket*:

In fact, My Dear Dana, did I not write these books of mine almost entirely for "lucre"—by the job, as a woodsawyer saws wood—I almost think, I should hereafter—in the case of a sea book—get my M.S.S. neatly & legibly copied by a scrivener—send you that one copy—& deem such a procedure the best publication.

After *Moby-Dick* appeared, Sarah Morewood wrote to George Duyckinck of their friend Melville "I think he cares very little as to what others may think of him or his books so long as they sell well." Melville was willing enough to have a bowdlerized edition of *Typee* published. He wrote Murray: "The book is certainly calculated for popular reading, or for none at all.—If the first, why then, all passages which are calculated to offend the tastes, or offer violence to the feelings of any large class of readers are certainly objectionable." *Redburn* was proposed to Bentley as very much unlike *Mardi*, "no metaphysics, no conic-sections, nothing but cakes & ale." At the end of his life, Melville noted in "Billy Budd," perhaps wryly, "There is nothing nameable but that some men will undertake to do it for pay."

It is this apparent split in Melville—the desire for fame and money, and the desire to write exactly as he pleases, the spiritless complaisance and the stubborn integrity—that has puzzled commentators, who relax into a hopelessly split Melville. We see this symbolized best by the Leyda book's harpoon on the spine of one volume and customs house badge on the other, its endpapers contrasting a map of downtown New York with a map of the Pacific Ocean, a map of the environs of Pittsfield with a map of the whole world. Comprehending the unity of Melville requires a kind of critical vector analysis, calculating the point a professional writer reaches under the differing propulsions of "message" and "market," or, to change the metaphor, his point of greatest return in both economies. If *Mardi* is self-indulgent and *Redburn* hacking, or, to use a newer vocabulary, if the first is inner-directed and the second other-directed, *Moby-Dick* would seem to be the successful compromise. Here expression

meets communication, poetic weds rhetoric, opposites fuse, and the result is a masterpiece.

IF MELVILLE found no satisfactory adjustment to the American economy, his relation to his domestic economy seems, on Leyda's evidence, better than has been supposed. We see his family and friends chiefly as they motivate and shape his writing, but on the superficial level his family impulses seem to have been strong, and he was an affectionate son and father and at least a dutiful husband. In the works themselves, in terms of symbolic action, things are somewhat more complicated. The biographers have made much of Melville's filling in his mother's name instead of his wife's as the mother of Stanwix on the boy's birth certificate, but this small Freudian slip can hardly compete with the intricacies of the mother-sister-wife ambiguity in *Pierre*. We have the testimony of his niece that Herman said his mother hated him, which may or may not be so, but of *Pierre* it would be more accurate to say his hates mother him. As Arvin has pointed out, the whale is a mother symbol as well as a father symbol, and not only, I think, the mother in her role as castrator, the mythic *vagina dentata*. The thing to note is that the whale contains part of Ahab, his leg become whaleflesh, as Ahab has an ivory leg, whalebone become Ahabflesh; that is, they are consubstantial in the most literal sense, tied together by the umbilical cord of a harpoon line, and are thus in some sense patently mother and son.

As for Melville's wife Elizabeth, who wrote to her stepmother that part of each working day was spent making herself look "as bewitchingly as possible to meet Herman at dinner," she is a whole spectrum of fictional women, from Yillah to the shrewish wife of the narrator in "I and My Chimney." If she found *Mardi* full of "fogs," and tried to hush up the fact that her husband was writing poetry, she appreciated at least his physical presence, and during his absences found the house "utterly desolate." Henry

A. Murray, in an address "In Nomine Diaboli," which he has managed to present at five different colleges and publish twice to date,⁸ revives all the old Lewis Mumford gossip about sex frustration and incompatible marriage "with wall shoved near," but generalizing from the work to the man, instead of vice versa, is always risky; and E. L. Grant Watson's ingenious conjecture, stated in Mason's book, that "Benito Cereno" is an allegory of marriage—presumably Melville's—is hardly the richest reading we have of that ambiguous story.

Melville certainly, like any writer, derived material from his family and friends, but that is a far cry from obsession. The rankling grievances of Major Melvill, cast out despite his Revolutionary War services, must have inspired *Israel Potter*, but using the story of Potter found in an old pamphlet as a vehicle for the emotion was an act of conscious craft. As the pamphlet story embodied his grandfather's grievance, we can see the treatment accorded his grandfather serving in turn as a vehicle for Melville's own sense of inadequate reward, but by this time we are as remote from Melville biography as *Lear* is from Shakespeare's.

We get a similar interpenetration when we go after the family origins of "Billy Budd." On one level, Billy is certainly based on Melville's uncle Thomas Melvill, the major's son, who was court-martialed in 1832 for "yielding to paroxysms of passion" aboard the *Vincennes* and jumping "with his feet upon the breast of Thomas Spence an O. Seaman," and was found guilty but let off because of "the strong provocation given." On a deeper biographical level he is Melville's young son Malcolm, who inexplicably shot himself at the age of eighteen; on still a deeper one he is Melville himself, the innocent victim of inflexible law. Lieutenant Guert Gansevoort, Melville's cousin, who helped to hang three alleged mutineers on the brig *Somers*—one of them went to his death, after his commander explained that "the honor of

⁸ Currently, in its Princeton version, in the *Princeton University Library Chronicle Moby-Dick Centennial Issue*, Vol. XIII, No. 2 (Winter, 1952).

the flag and the safety of the crew required his hanging," saying "Yes, sir, and I honor you for it; God bless that flag!"—is certainly the original of Captain De Vere. Yet equally, the first character is based on God the Son and the second on God the Father, neither of whom is known to have been either a Melville or a Gansevoort.

Gilman suggests that Melville's cousin Priscilla Melvill is the source of Isabel in *Pierre*, since her mother was French and she wrote impetuous and much-underlined letters revealing "a romantic and passionate nature," but, since we know nothing of Priscilla, that leaves us about where we were. Vincent's ingenious suggestion in *The Trying-Out of Moby-Dick* that Queequeg is based on Hawthorne gives us a wonderful metaphor for their friendship—the joint offering of burnt biscuit to a pagan idol—but not much additional insight. Finally, there is the matter of the origin of "Bartleby." We are told that it is "a portrait from life" and "based upon living characters," but nothing more than that. We know from Howard that Melville's philosopher friend George Adler spent his later life confined in an asylum with severe agoraphobia, and that may be the story's germ. Yet "Bartleby the Scrivener" is no more reducible to agoraphobia than *Hamlet* is reducible to aboulia, and if that overwhelming story of the terrible strength of weakness is a portrait from life, it is a portrait from our own lives. Gifts in Melville's household were always and characteristically books, and it is ironically typical of that bookish man that his family and friends should have come down to us as *literary* problems.

Narrowing the circle still further, we get the writer, finally, where he belongs, at work in his study. If his wife's testimony can be trusted—and the exaggerations of *Pierre* bear it out—Melville's schedule was rigorous. Living in New York in 1847, he spent his days: breakfast at eight, then a brief walk while his room was cleaned, then to work until twelve-thirty, lunch, an

hour's walk with his wife, work again from two to four, dinner, reading what he had written to his wife for an hour, a walk downtown until eight, an evening with the family in the parlor until bed at ten. When he moved to Pittsfield in 1850 and was at work on *Moby-Dick*, the schedule altered: rise at eight, walk or split wood, feed the horse and cow, breakfast, write from nine to two-thirty or later, feed the horse and cow, dine, ride to the village, then the evening in his room. This approximate schedule of five or six hours of writing a day, barring interruptions and special events, or a good day when he wrote until four or five o'clock, continued until 1866, when Melville went to work in the Customs House and became an evenings-and-Sunday writer.

IN SHORT stories like "The Happy Failure" and "The Fiddler," Howard says, Melville wrote away his ambition, and in "The Lightning-Rod Man" he wrote away his fear—setting up Melville's art as personal purgation. Mason calls the movement from *Moby-Dick* to "Billy Budd" a progress from man's insanity to heaven's sense, what we would call from rejection to acceptance. The opposed terms in Melville's own cathartic dialectic were fact and fancy. He wrote Murray of the genesis of *Mardi*:

Well: proceeding in my narrative of *facts* I began to feel an incurable distaste for the same; & a longing to plume my powers for a flight, & felt irked, cramped & fettered by plodding along with dull common places,—So suddenly standing [abandoning?] the thing altogether, I went to work heart & soul at a romance which is now in fair progress, since I had worked at it under an earnest ardor.

In the course of writing *Moby-Dick*, Melville had written bitterly to Hawthorne:

What's the use of elaborating what, in its very essence, is so short-lived as a modern book? Tho' I wrote the Gospels in this century, I should die in the gutter.

With his view of the essential absurdity of authorship and its incompatibility with a system of rewards and punishments, Melville took adverse reviews as entirely gratuitous, and in 1849, in a letter to Duyckinck, foreswore the practice: "I shall never do it again. Hereafter I shall no more stab at a book (in print, I mean) than I would stab at a man." By the next year, he had forgotten his resolution and took an anonymous stab at Cooper in print, and when he did later give up reviewing, it was because he wasn't popular enough to be asked, or because, as he wrote Duyckinck in 1863, turning down a book for review, "I have not spirit enough."

With travel and non-fictional narrative equated with cramping *facts*, critical writing equated with personal assault, and his exercise of fancy in romantic fiction unappreciated and unrewarded, Melville was left with his final and never entirely satisfactory equation, that of fancy and poetry. During the Civil War, he wrote his brother Thomas that he had sold a great lot of his "own doggerel" to a trunkmaker at ten cents the pound, which seems to be a self-deprecating way of saying that he had burned a batch of poems, an event commemorated by his bitter lyric "Immolated." An anonymous reviewer in *The Nation*, perhaps Charles Eliot Norton, dismissed *Battle Pieces* with "Nature did not make him a poet,"⁹ and when *Clarel* was published at Uncle Peter's expense, Melville's first thought was not to put his name to it. His second, characteristically, was to hope it would revive his fame.

WITHIN THE formal organization of his books, of course, a writer lives more fully and much more satisfactorily. Insofar as they are individual rituals, symbolic actions for reshaping himself and his environment in a fashion he is unable to encompass

⁹ Mason has only expanded this when he writes: "Melville is not at all an easy poet to appreciate with fairness, for he attempts a lyric form with the slenderest of lyric equipment. His ear was poor, his rhythmic sense uncertain, his taste by no means infallible."

realistically, each is essentially a dramatic operation. Gilman calls attention to the dramatic structure of *Redburn* as anticipating the fuller dramatism of *Moby-Dick*, and Howard notes Melville's conscious attempt to make *Moby-Dick* a dramatic romance resembling Shakespearian tragedy: the reference to Ahab as "a mighty pageant creature, formed for noble tragedies," the allusion to "tragic graces" to be woven around "meanest mariners," the stage directions, soliloquies, and curtain climaxes. The editors of the Centennial *Moby-Dick* remark on the dramatic titles and structures of a number of the chapters. Thompson's triumphant discovery of several different voices or viewpoints in the books, which he uses as evidence that Melville is gulling his readers, is actually a discovery of the novels' dramatic structure. The three viewpoints in *Redburn* he calls Wellingborough (the former naive self), Redburn (the narrator) and Melville (the author) are actually three of the *dramatis personae* in the action; and the split he proclaims of Melville's psyche into Ahab and Ishmael (we should add the whale) is precisely what Rank shows us as the way Shakespeare created Antony, Brutus, and Cassius by splitting the son's ambiguous relationship with the father into three simpler strands. This is the sense in which all dramas are internal to the dramatist. We can readily see Melville's attitude toward Christianity, say, split into warring voices in *Mardi* or *Clarel*, or his view of America break up dialectically in *The Confidence-Man*. It is entirely fitting that "Billy Budd," the last work, should have converted so readily into a play and an opera.

Only Arvin, so far as I know, has taken the view that *Moby-Dick* is not dramatic, and beyond that, that Melville's "imagination was profoundly nondramatic." "The structure of the book has only a superficial analogy with that of tragedy or of drama in general," he writes, and prefers to find it epic, with its movement forward "not from climax to climax in the sharp dramatic sense, but from one wave-crest to another." Which is, really, only to isolate as essence one aspect of drama, its climaxes, while ignoring

drama's more characteristic essence, its dialectic progress of the action through conflicts or agons, which allows us to say that epics as well as novels may have dramatic structure.

The trio of great short fictions, "Bartleby," "Benito," and "Billy Budd"—one might say Melville was concerned with B-ing—develop single aspects of *Moby-Dick's* totality. Bartleby represents another phase of Ahab's quest for the absolute, although an Oriental, Nirvana one rather than Ahab's Western sacrificial immolation. Gilman describes Melville's "isolatoes"—Taji, Redburn, and Ishmael (why not Bartleby?)—as in a tradition of American writing from *Walden* to "Prufrock"; Mason lists the "Melville men" as Bulkington, Plinlimmon, and Bartleby, describing the theme of "Bartleby" as "the victory of the passive and independent spirit over the engaged energies of social or moral compulsion" and finding it an anticipating of Kafka; and Arvin toys with "schizophrenia" and "dementia praecox" for "Bartleby" before settling for "the bitter metaphysical pathos of the human situation itself." Our own primary grouping would probably be with Ahab, an exploration of "*non serviam*" in passive rather than daemonic rebellion.

Similarly, "Benito Cereno" explores the "secret of dominance," as Howard suggests, in other terms than Ahab's, inverting the master-slave relationship, as "Bartleby" inverted the employer-clerk relationship. Appearance is an illusion, an inversion of reality (Gilman says this conflict is the theme of all Melville's principal works) as Don Benito is revealed to be not the master of his ship but the slave of his slave. What then of Ahab, in effective command of the ship and his men, but mastered by the whale, by Fedallah, by his own blind drives and black inexorable passions, and far beyond emancipation? Finally, then, the last story, "Billy Budd," takes up the problem once more, this time through the Christian metaphor—as "Bartleby" had used the Buddhist and "Benito" the Platonic—and raises it to the level of tragedy. This innocent youth, made a proper tragic hero, if we

follow Aristotle, by the *hybris* of uncontrollable temper, or if we follow the Bible, a sacrificial victim relatively without blemish, must die to restore order on the ship; that is, for our salvation. Like Ahab he must slay and be slain, but here the ritual is channeled, public, tribal, Catholic—not lonely, romantic, Protestant—and its ultimate mood is acceptance. Ahab has come full circle.

Melville's "fables" are warnings against the absolute, Howard says, quoting from a letter to Hawthorne: "But what plays the mischief with the truth is that men will insist upon the universal application of a temporary feeling or opinion." The ikon of his father is in this view the same lying prophet to Pierre that Fedallah is to Ahab, and Plinlimmon's horological time, the life of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, like Ishmael, is the solution. To Melville, Howard adds, Ahab was suffering from what we would call a "transference neurosis." Mason finds Bartleby's death "creative" where Pierre's was "wasted," and sees Bartleby as Plinlimmon's triumph. With these lonely defiers he equates Hunilla's "lonely submission," and, for Mason, Melville is as resolute an advocate of the absolute as Howard would have him its opponent. Vincent, in *The Trying-Out*, noted that all the characters in *Moby-Dick* are extensions of dramatic projections of Ishmael, but warned that the whale represented Evil to Ahab, not to Ishmael, and certainly not to Melville. The conception of ritual or symbolic action avoids these problems of identification by insisting that the book is a symbolic experience for the writer as well as for the reader, that he *undergoes* it and is altered by it, so that asking whether Melville agreed with Ahab is rather like asking whether Jonah agreed with the whale.

Too much of our criticism has discussed Melville's symbolism in terms of stasis rather than action, as though the symbols were fixed counters. The learned editors of the Centennial *Moby-Dick* find the chapter "Cutting In" a chapter "of pure exposition, without symbolic or special narrative purpose," which puts them in the position of the ichthyologist whose nets had holes an inch

in diameter, and was able to assure the world that there were no fish in the water smaller than one inch. Vincent earlier, in *The Trying-Out*, noted the documents foreshadowing and embodying all a book's actions, what Burke calls "Bellerophontic letters"—the sermons in *White-Jacket* and *Moby-Dick*, Plinlimmon's pamphlet in *Pierre*—and thus could be expected to know that actions can be symbols too. Mason says Melville chose the symbolic rather than the allegorical method as Keats chose a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts, and that the dramatic intensity of his symbolic imagination was able to fuse symbol into myth; *Moby Dick* thus becoming the "grand god" to Ishmael and presumably to us. For Richard Chase in *Herman Melville: A Critical Study*, however, everything is a dream book allegory: the ship *Bachelor* "represents America sailing off evasively toward an archaic utopia," while the *Jereboam* "is America seeking with equal evasiveness a futurist utopia," and so forth.

Our commentators have been enormously interested in Melville's symbolism of white and black. Howard notes Melville's "black" truth opposed to the conventional darkness of error; Mansfield and Vincent trace Melville's "blackness of darkness"—used in "Hawthorne and His Mosses" as well as *Moby-Dick*—back to *Sartor Resartus*; Mason asserts curiously that Melville's white is, in say *White-Jacket's* jacket, both evil and innocent. They tend to treat both symbols in isolation, rather than as the extremes of a spectrum whose middle section is gray. "Benito Cereno," for example, begins with everything gray: sea, sky, fowl, vapors, shadows. Melville's journal shows his reaction to the ambiguities of Jerusalem: "The color of the whole city is grey & looks at you like a cold grey eye in a cold old man."

IN MANY of these questions, style must be our guide. At twenty, Melville was writing letters to his brother Allen in a dialect style that suggests Pound's letters at their most self-indulgent. Unlike Pound's, his development from there was toward steadily increas-

ing discipline and control. Melville could be playfully funny in letters, like the suggestion to Duyckinck that pen and ink should be taken away from a Mr. Hart "upon the same principle that pistols are withdrawn from the wight bent on suicide," but the comedy in his works was always serious. Gilman, as Melville's friend Joann Miller did, finds parts of *Redburn* and other books very funny, but the words he uses, "comedy," "irony," "satire," "burlesque," "jollity," "whimsy," suggest that he is talking about a number of different things and blurring their distinctions. Davis compares parts of *Mardi* to Rabelais, and certainly some of the chapters in *Moby-Dick* deserve this comparison more than the one Thompson makes with Sterne, noting with what appears to be real distaste some of their deadpan phallic punning. Where Melville's irony was sharp, as in his dedication of *Israel Potter* to the Bunker Hill Monument, the resemblance is to Swift, and it is the traditional devices of satire that create the layers of belief and disbelief that Thompson devotes so much effort to peeling apart.

Duyckinck first noticed, although unsympathetically, the audacious punning in *Moby-Dick* on whaling and blubbering, climaxed by the whaler *Rachel* weeping for her children; and the preface to *Typee* contains a bold pun (lost in our blunter time) on the disadvantages to the Polynesians of "their promiscuous intercourse with foreigners." This is all pretty far from humor, and actually represents a serious compression of meaning, as Egyptian sacred texts are packed with puns to increase their magical efficacy. We can see the technique clearly in the ambiguities later attached to Biblical names like Ishmael (the outcast redeemed in exile, the wild man made blessed and fruitful), a name Melville began by using in *Redburn* as a simple synonym for outcast. Mansfield and Vincent note that the name "Moby Dick" may come from the Biblical "Moab," in Hebrew "seed of the father," but fail to note what "Dick" is apt to mean in this context. It is an evidence of Thompson's basic lack of perception, and may sug-

gest how absolute the wilful refusal to read can be, that he gets the significant name "Steelkilt" as "Steelkit" throughout his book.

MELVILLE WROTE Hawthorne in a famous passage, perhaps echoed by Eliot later, that he "had no development at all" until he was twenty-five, and that it was from that time that he dated his life. *The American Review* of New York, reviewing *Mardi* on publication, noted shrewdly that it had been shaped as a more pretentious work than the two that preceded it by a particular "flattering unction" from English critics, the "astonishment expressed that a common sailor should exhibit so much reading and knowledge of literature." Like Blake's, Melville's mind naturally concretized abstractions. One of the ideas that gradually became symbolic in the works was conscious diabolism. Melville wrote on the margin of his copy of *Lear* "The infernal nature has a valor often denied to innocence." Referring to *Moby-Dick*, he wrote Hawthorne of "the hell fire in which the whole book is broiled," and suggested that its secret motto was Ahab's "*Ego non baptiso te in nomine patris, sed in nomine diaboli.*" He wrote Sarah Morewood not to buy or read the book: "A Polar wind blows through it, & birds of prey hover over it." When an anonymous large sperm whale destroyed the whaler *Ann Alexander* almost on publication day, Melville wrote Duyckinck "I wonder if my evil art has raised this monster." But that this evil art was a process, not a condition, in Melville's mind is obvious from the statement to Hawthorne that beautifully anticipates the concept of symbolic action in literature, "I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as the lamb." When Henry Murray refers to the book as "a great product of the demi-urge," he is, along with a whole segment of psychoanalytic thought, simply ignoring the rebirth part of death-and-rebirth rites.

Melville's formal intellectual development could be called a progress from the naive Rousseauism of *Typee*, in which man is

born free but is everywhere (except Typee) in chains, to the equally naive Schopenhauerism of his last year, when he underscored in his copy of *The World as Will and Idea* the line "the preponderating magnitude of the evil and misery of existence." More in his fashion, Sensation rather than Thoughts, was his re-experiencing of Shakespeare's insights, as Keats did in his last years. On his first serious reading of Shakespeare, in 1849, Melville wrote, absurdly, to Duyckinck "if another Messiah ever comes twill be in Shakspeare's person." By the next year he was back on his feet, and beside the statement in his edition of Chatterton "and though Shakspeare must ever remain unapproachable," he wrote "Cant. No man 'must ever remain unapproachable.'" Whether Melville ever approached the Stratford Messiah or not, a similarity of pattern emerges from Mason's very suggestive chain of comparison: *Moby-Dick* with *Lear*, *Pierre* with *Hamlet*, *The Confidence-Man* with *Timon*, and "Billy Budd" with *The Tempest*.

One of the causes of Melville's recent shift in a year to this side idolatry may have been his rather comic American chauvinism, which reached some sort of peak in 1850. At a dinner party that August, when Holmes laid down some propositions on the general superiority of Englishmen, Melville attacked him so vigorously that Holmes was led to suggest that within twenty years the United States would grow men sixteen and seventeen feet high, "and intellectual in proportion." "Hawthorne and His Mosses," written the same year, proposes that since America has so many literary geniuses, "let her not lavish her embraces upon the household of an alien." It is remarkable that Melville's reaction of fascinated distaste to London was so much like what we can presume Eliot's to have been that he put down in his journal notes for what can only be *The Waste Land*:

While on one of the Bridges, the thought struck me again that a fine thing might be written about a Blue Monday in November London—a city of Dis (Dante's)—clouds of smoke—the damned &c—coal

barges—coaly waters, cast iron Duke &c its marks are left upon you,
&c &c &c

"If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth," John Jay Chapman is alleged to have said, "he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes; and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin." Whether an inhabitant of another planet would learn from Melville's volumes that there were two sexes is a question of some interest. He might deduce that there were three, or none, or one, or many. He would learn from *Moby-Dick*, for example, of the Canaller "ripening his apricot thigh" on the sunny deck; from a letter to Duyckinck that Fanny Kemble Butler seemed so masculine on the stage that "I should be curious to learn the result of a surgical examination of her person in private," and from another that Melville loved "all men who *dive*." From the journal he would learn that Leigh Murray had "the finest leg I ever saw on a man"; that harem ladies in Constantinople "look like nuns in their plain dress, but with a roundness of bust not belonging to that character"; and that a picture of Lucretia Borgia in Rome showed a "Good looking dame—rather fleshy." If he read the American edition of *Moby-Dick*, as against the English, which deleted a number of suggestive references in "The Counterpane" and "Nightgown" chapters, he would learn that Queequeg's grasp was of a "bridegroom," that his hug was "matrimonial," and that they finally went to bed "in our hearts' honeymoon." In both editions he would learn of Stubb's supper of penis steak, of Stubb's wild phallic dream about kicking, and of the mincer's curious garment, arraying him as for an archbishoprick. If he came from a Freudian planet, the visitor would not fail to note such imagery in *Mardi* as Taji's description of Yillah as "my shore and my grove, my meadow, my mead, my soft shady vine, and my arbour," or her conception as

a blossom fallen into the "opening valve of a shell," or Yoomy's poem about a maiden who may or may not be Yillah in the imagery of valley, soft meadow, and dell. Then when he read a biography he would be further confused to learn of Melville's marginal checking of Shakespeare's twentieth sonnet, which Arvin calls "the most frankly epicene of the sequence," and bewildered by beachcomber gossip that Melville had a child by the original of Fayaway. He might run to Italian opera for relief, or even to Emerson.

FINALLY, THEN, we are left with Herman Melville, a writer in America a century ago. We have photographs, and the fragments of a physical picture: Duyckinck reports a worked satin vest, Willis saw him "with his cigar and his Spanish eyes," Hawthorne as "a little heterodox in the matter of clean linen," a man named Field as "the most silent man of my acquaintance," and a young visitor noted on his first encounter "His countenance is slightly flushed with whisky drinking." We know that Melville had weak eyes, that he developed severe rheumatic pains in his back in 1855, suffered the next year from "neuralgic complaints in his head and limbs" and "a morbid state of mind," and that his nervous system was disturbed by a bad spill in a carriage in 1862. He had what was apparently some sort of nervous collapse while reading proof on *Clarel* in 1876, and, on his wife's testimony, couldn't receive even his sisters. The next year Herman was "morbidly sensitive, poor fellow" in his wife's correspondence, and later, "poor fellow he has so much mental suffering to undergo (and oh how *all* unnecessary) I am rejoiced when anything comes into his life to give him even a moment's relief." About that time he wrote a postscript assuring his brother-in-law, how seriously we cannot tell, that he was not crazy. The next year he suffered from paralysis of the hands, then a kind of "rheumatic gout." By 1888, his memory had weakened, and he took a four-year-old granddaughter to Madison Square Garden, forgot her

there, and had to go back and get her. Many of his symptoms suggest a psychosomatic complaint, but lay diagnosis of a stranger over a century's gap is not without its hazards.

All his life Melville flirted with anonymity. The piece that made him his first literary friendship and ultimately helped to shape *Moby-Dick*, "Hawthorne and His Mosses," was published anonymously. Melville proposed publishing *Pierre* anonymously, then *Clarel* (giving up only on "the *very strong* representations of his publishers"), and *John Marr* was so published. In "Hawthorne and His Mosses" Melville writes:

Through the mouths of the dark characters of Hamlet, Timon, Lear and Iago, he craftily says, or sometimes insinuates the things which we feel to be so terrifically true, that it were all but madness for any good man, in his own proper character, to utter, or even hint of them. . . . Tormented into desperation, Lear, the frantic king, tears off the mask, and speaks the same madness of vital truth.

If all these basic questions about Melville, from his view of the absolute to his sexual leanings, are unanswerable, and if Melville is like Shakespeare ultimately unknowable, it is due to our inability to penetrate this mask, which is simply the mask or persona of art. Behind it the artist sits in darkness and anonymity, perhaps, as Joyce suggests, paring his nails. "Strike through the mask" Ahab exhorts us. How can we? Why in fact should we? In the last analysis it is the mask itself we want, and the face we see mirrored in it can only be our own.

Milton Miller

BARREN

EXQUISITE, multiple. Only the heart there hunting itself as the river of her girlhood flowed hunting its depth, flowing inland outward to this Gulf where she too had flowed. But it was loss. The salt air and wind bred only scrubby pine in the sandy soil for miles around. It was loss. The inland marsh, scraggy forests of live-oak and magnolia, tangled vines and the cry of quail at the end of October. The rich life she had flowed out of. She saw an image of venous blood oozing through the compressed mouth, some deathless wound, bright and meaning but unexplained. Meaning something unremembered but known, from the heart of life. A man and a girl, violence without desecration, violent searching for the wound of inexplicable meaning. Aimless love. The folly of age and dead gods. Each day the hunt, the river, the heart, the wound, the violence and blood of meaning. The loss.

In the flower she painted. Red like the wound flowing from the mouth of the flower to stem, to ground stained with blood. Repeating always the same image, the same violation, like a judgment.

She wanted nothing to happen. The quiet Mississippi afternoon was good and cool behind the drapes stirring with heavy heat in the folds. Only the eye sailed beyond on the wide stare of the Gulf in the sun, sailed mercilessly into noon and sterility of light, to dazzle the imagination into colorless idiocy. Suddenly she felt starchless and limp before her easel and the hand and brush dropped listlessly. She moaned feeling old complaints of the body, but moaned too because they were not what she moaned for. A slow disgust invaded her like jaundice as she stood, given over to it without revulsion without despair. She put the brush and palette down, turned the easel towards the wall

and stretched out on the couch, head on the arm and feet nerveless barely touching the floor. A pain which started in the groin seemed to her to twitch its way spasmodically through her body upward until it came out at the eyes and she could see it objectively at the rounded angle between wall and ceiling continue to twitch. When she closed her eyes the pain became red and spotted, intolerably enclosed within the skull until she let it out again between ceiling and wall through her open eyes.

When Krantz came in, nearly five, he found her there quiet, thinking she slept. But she heard the car in the gravel driveway stop and in the interval prepared, while the car door slammed to and the footsteps tapped their way to the door, stopping to examine the flowers, prepared, while he stooped over them, imagining as well as if she were there his attentive pleasure, his delicate caress of the petals, stooping lower, lower like a tall willowy tree breaking slowly, noiselessly at the exact middle, a dilation of the long nostrils sucking scent into the skull, the eyes closing with pleasure as the flower seemed to take on a life there too, like an X-ray, the flower bloomed there a moment, and he unbent just as slowly, prepared, surprised as always that his unbending was after all so noiseless, unbroken and natural, prepared for the moment when the key turned in the door and he tiptoed in to peer over the back of the couch and say, relieved but disappointed momentarily in her open eyes, bending again, over the couch, just as slowly again, to kiss her, and as he unbent, "Not asleep." Something between question and remonstrance.

Prepared, happy, she smiled effetely. "Switch on the light, dear. I have only lain here thinking. It is nice that you are home." She felt energy flow back but did not move from the couch.

To endure, to endure. Sailing always on the blind light of the Gulf, an unchanneled depth that was all surface, an infinite regress of light without knowledge. A sound of gulls' meaningless cry. Before the light switched on came back the vision of the live-oak forest, the darting rabbit, the bird cries, the quail, the bob-

white, far away in a clearing the breathless heron settling, and just the sound of the river flowing through the red banks of the land. The sound of nuts falling.

Krantz sat down in the rocking arm chair under the light with the newspaper in his hand. Had he stooped for the paper and not the flower? "Adelaide, you're well." Again question and remonstrance, but concern too. "O quite," she answered him. "What's the news?" "The usual. O there is a new man. Seems a nice chap. From New York. Shall we have him over?" "Married?" "O yes, to a French girl or a Swiss or something of the sort. Anyway, a foreigner." "You have met her?" "No, not yet. Perhaps you ought to call. They know no one." "Shouldn't I give them time to settle?" "Why, yes, I suppose so. Did you paint any?" "I shall get supper. Yes, I finished a canvas. You may look if you like."

Yes, it was true, the canvas was finished though she knew now. It had been finished there on the couch. It needed just that precise amount of pain, delayed and necessary, already painted in, however, as she now recognized. Painting was always prophetic, in just that way. Pain flowers she always called them though always at the moment of painting she forgot to remember until the long patient struggle on the couch and the slow pervasive disgust held her like a spent passion while pain floated nameless in the darkening room and might receive a name when Krantz entered. Perhaps it was also love.

In the kitchen, though it seemed unlikely even to herself, she hummed and sang softly as she softly clattered among the utensils. Irrelevantly it was Liddie who came to mind at such a moment. Her windowless newspapered clapboard shack, the shy children in the dusty yard with the uncloseable gate on a precarious fence which some incredible pretension to privacy had once put there. Perpetual dusk, perpetual mystery within, meaningless colorless furniture without much arrangement like an old half empty second hand store, the moment of shyness, of intrusion on entrance, the awkward suspension, a momentary desecration of

time like the sound suddenly audible, ticking. The offered chair creaked into, Liddie opposite now motherly, enclosing the senses in the musk of her well fleshed body like an unseeable radiance in the womb of the house—the dark goddess who has given birth to you to everything, from her flesh the world, the forest stirring, the birds winging viewless in and through it, faintly, just audible but insistent and deep the river running through life like blood through veins, the faint pulse of absorbing monotone, of just distinguishable meaning. To endure, to endure had another meaning.

She hummed softly the rich life, inexplicable violence, the unborn unremembered unexplained. Supper cooking, pie baking, pregnant with berries and juice. The deathless wound of meaning. To endure, to endure. Loss, she came back to that, and to the red juice she imagined bubbling in the mouth of the pie, oozing through the latticed mouth of the pregnant pie. Was it a god who died? She remembered violence without result.

What had she lost or found she thought looking in at the pie. What she hummed now sounded like a lullaby, into the dry comfortable heat of the oven.

ART FEATURE

Josef Albers

I am a Westphalian — from the Ruhr
and now 65
Though I have destroyed
more of my work
than saved
it has been shown
during the last 15 years
in more than 500 exhibitions
here and abroad

Here a few invitations for consideration:

THE ORIGIN OF ART:

Discrepancy between physical fact and psychic
effect

THE CONTENT OF ART:

Visual formulation of our reaction to life

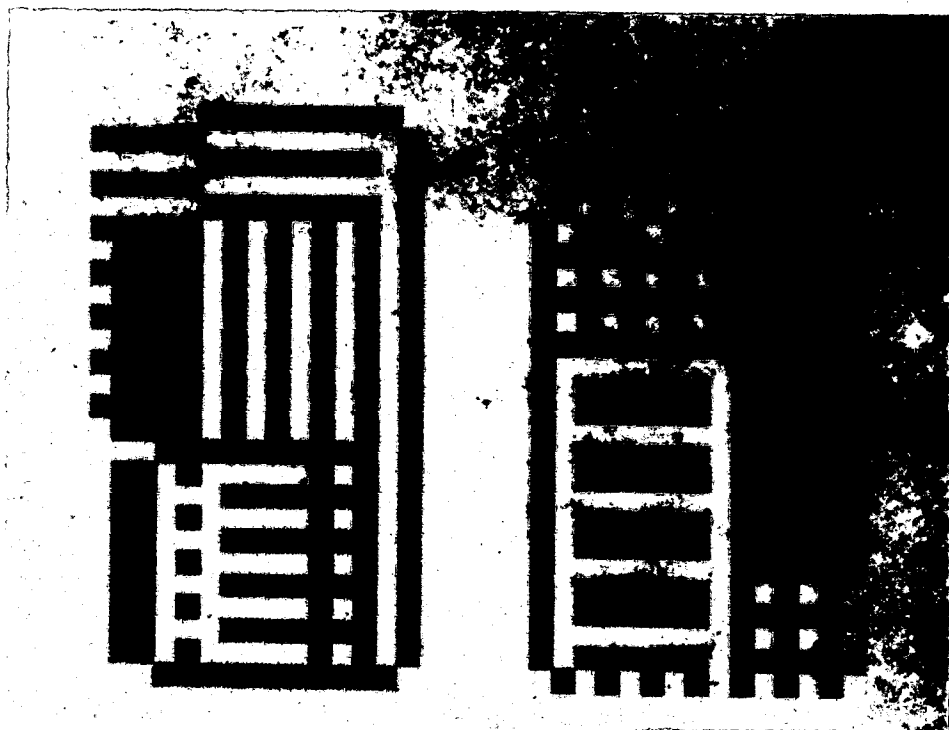
THE MEASURE OF ART:

Ratio of effort to effect

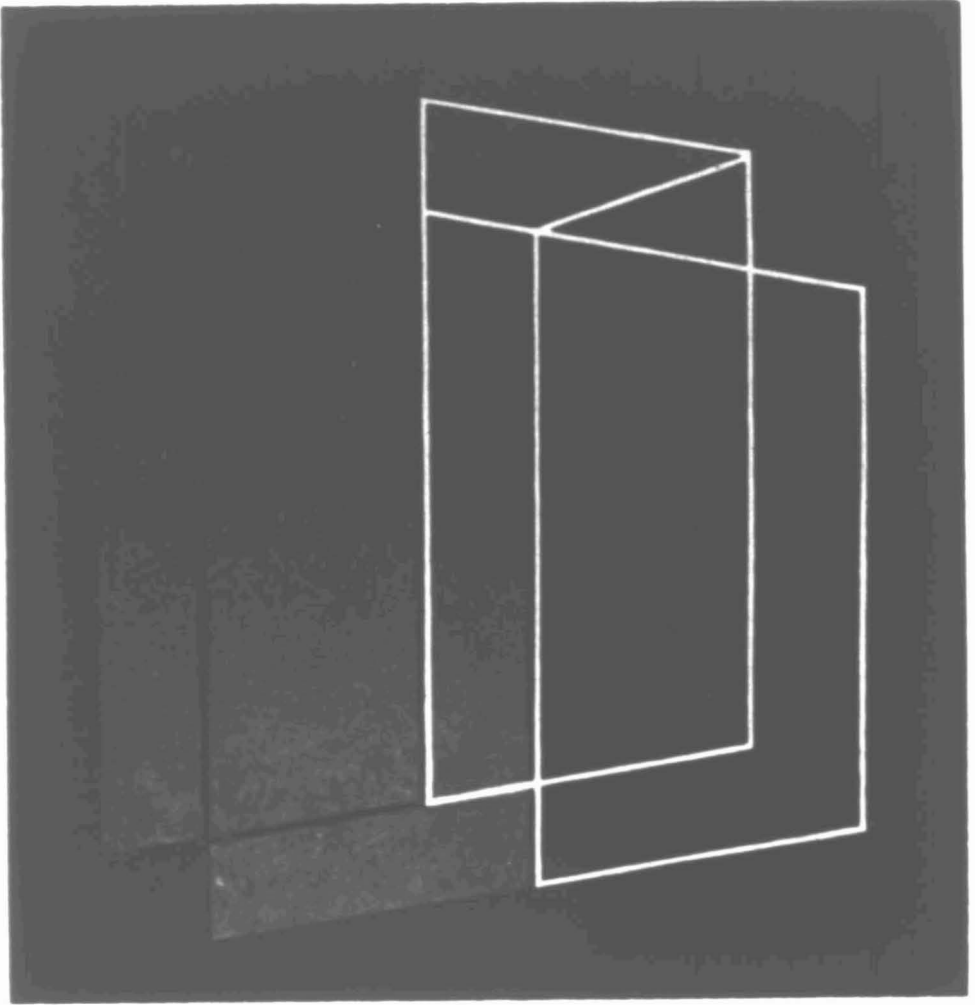
THE AIM OF ART:

Revelation and evocation of vision



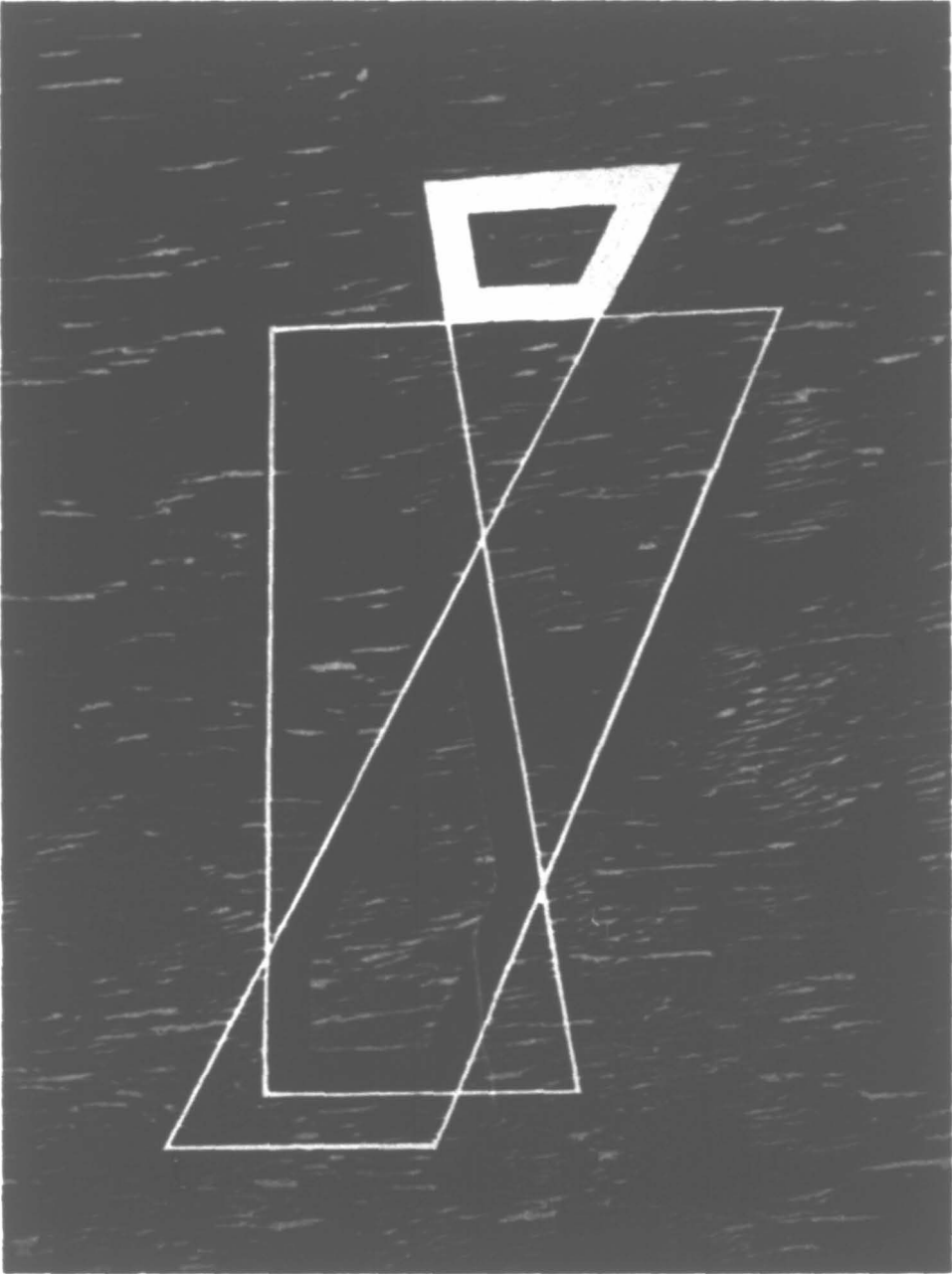


BOWERS, ca. 1928. Opaque glass, sandblasted. *Sidney Janis Gallery.*

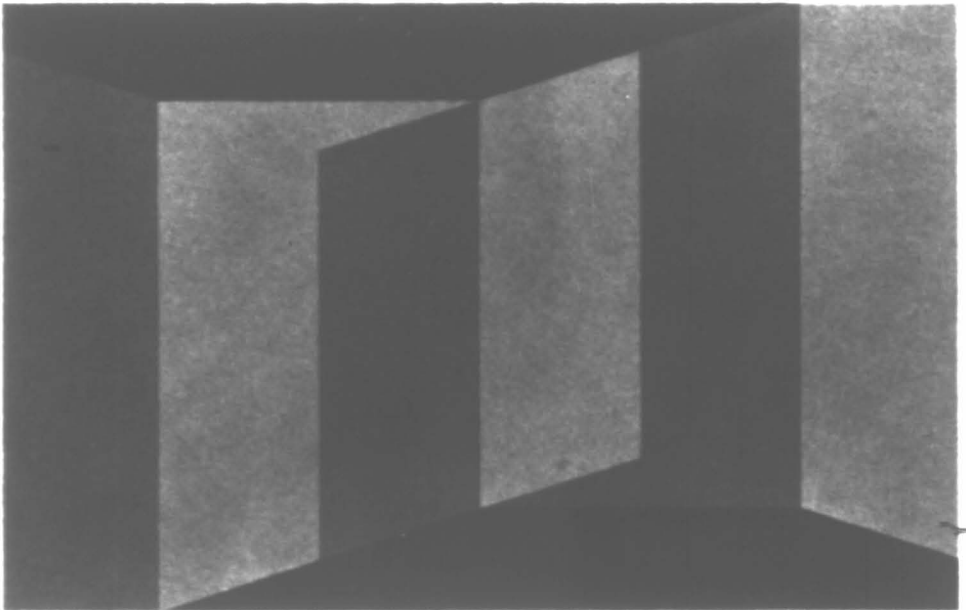


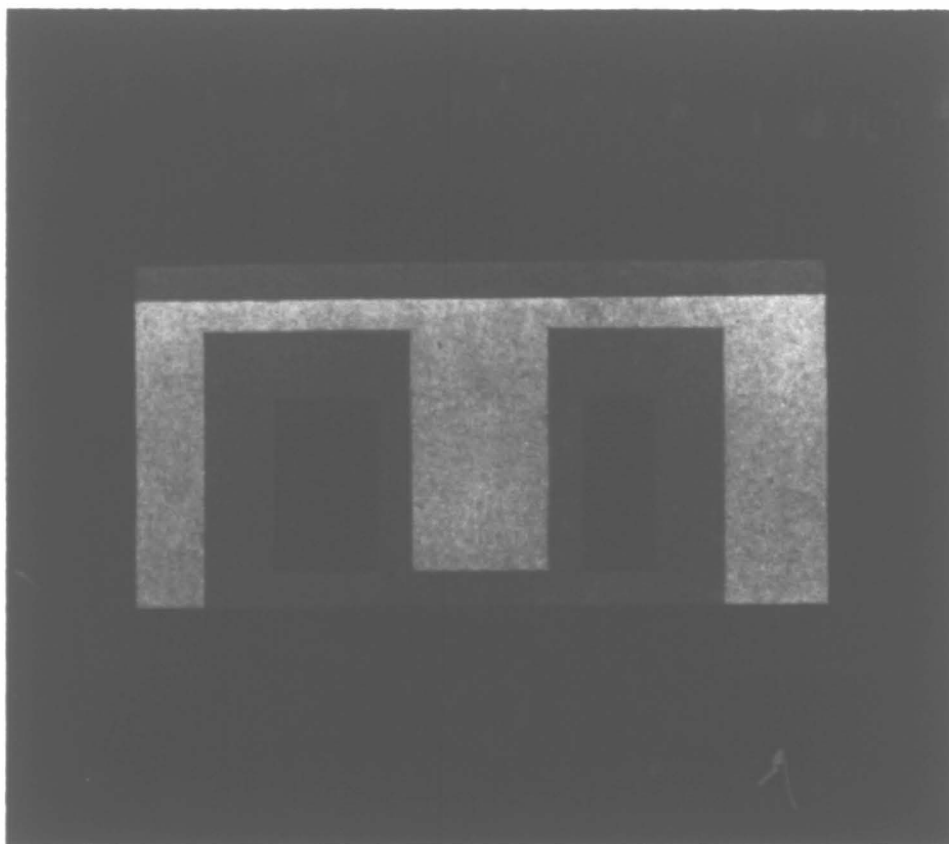
CONSTRUCTION ON BLACK, 1938-42. Oil. Collection Mrs. John Garfield.

ABOVE THE WATER, 1944. Woodcut.

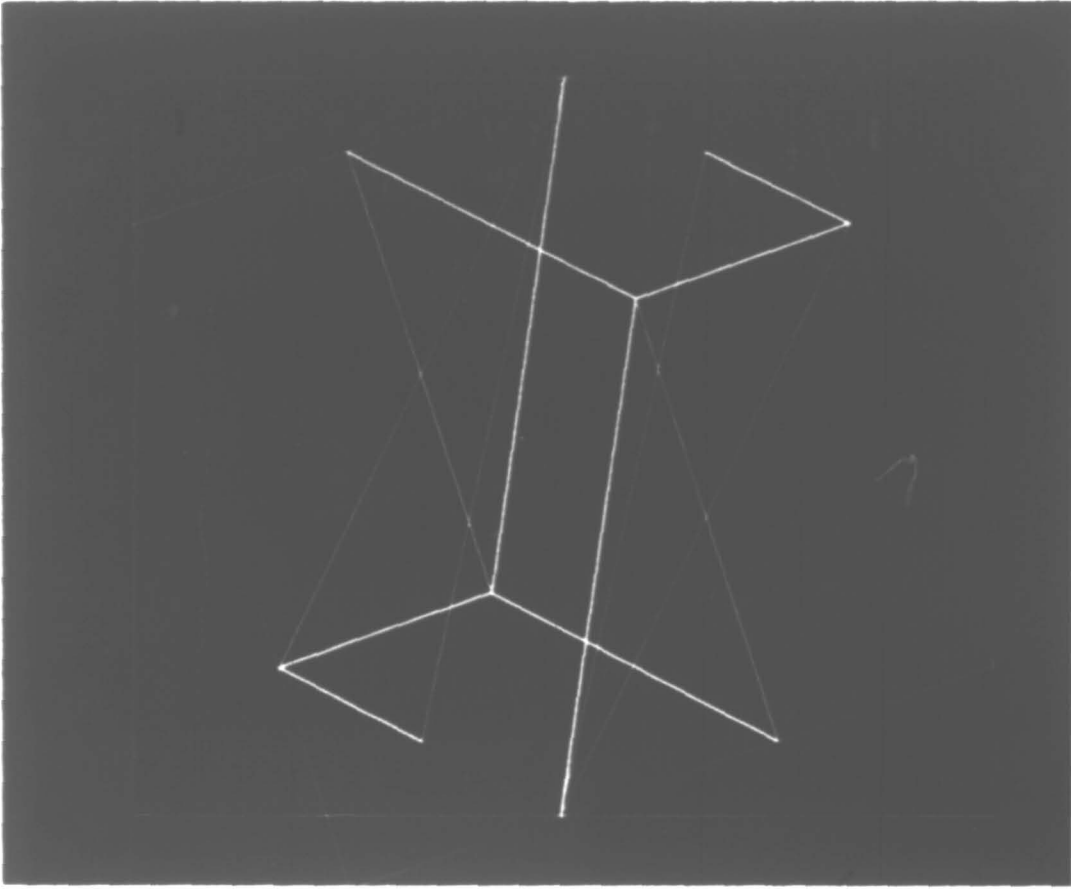


FRANCISCAN, 1948, Oil, *Sidney Janis Gallery*.



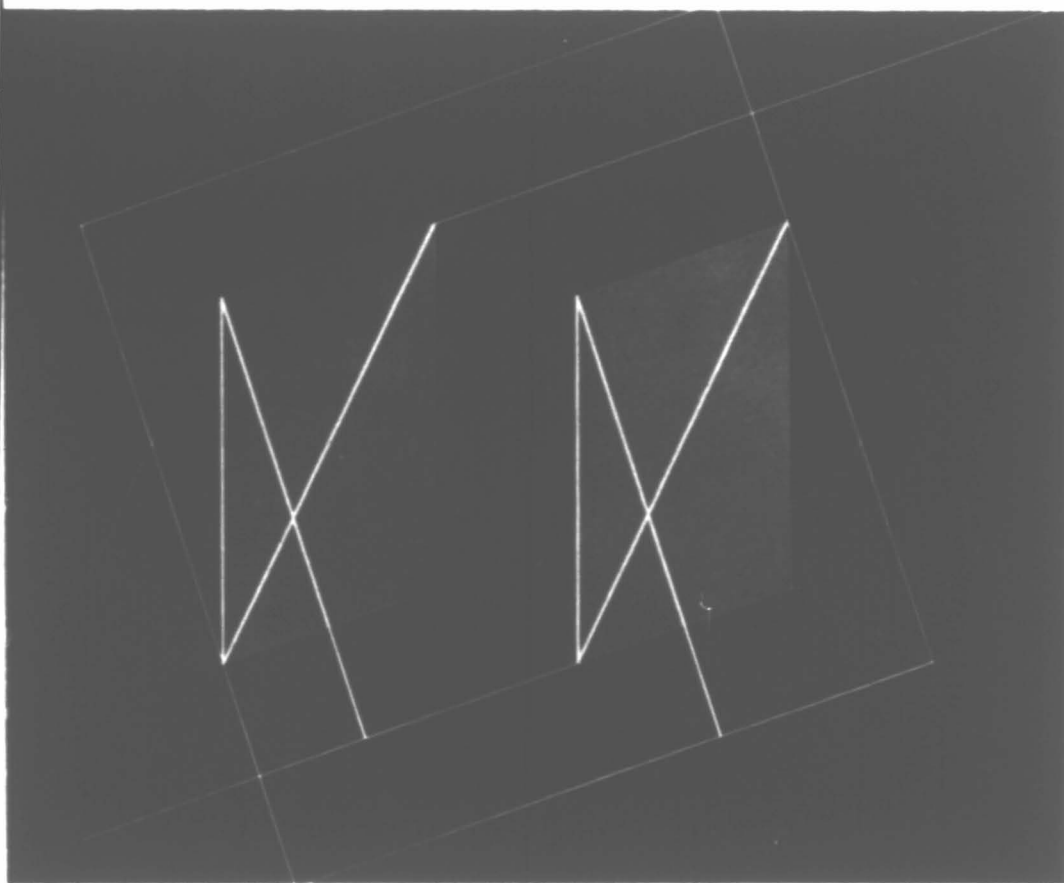


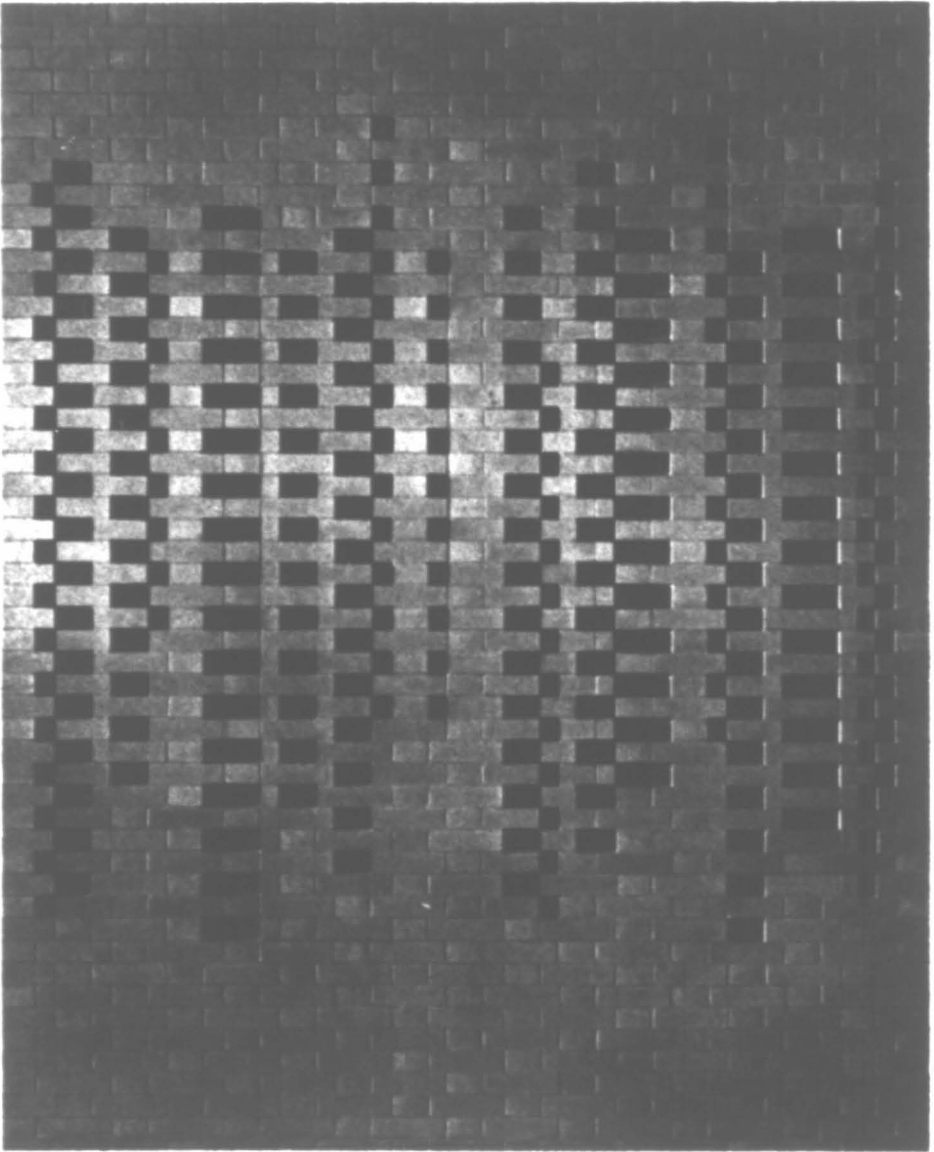
CASA BLANCA, 1947. Oil. Collection Mr. & Mrs. Charles Farnes.



TRANSFORMATION OF A SCHEME #21, 1950.
Machine engraved on laminated plastic. *Collection Edward Root.*

TRANSFORMATION OF A SCHEME #9, 1950.
Machine-engraved and sandblasted. *Sidney Janis Gallery.*





AMERICA. 1949. Brick Mural. *Graduate Center, Harvard University.*

POET SIGNATURE

Lysander Kemp

IN THE TUSSLE with the complexities and nuances of his materials, the good poet tends to follow a pattern of growth. He moves from naive vision, supported by relatively simple structure and uncomplex conceptual idiom, into a rarefied dimension where structure, idiom, conceptualization, all manifest externally and tortuously the tensions of the poet's struggle with the complexities of perception. Having reached that point, a good many quietly die off. Those who move beyond to what might be termed poetic maturity come to a point of control, a state in which the complexities of perception are commanded, instead of commanding. Nothing is lost. There is not a diminution, but a somewhat deceptive lucidity prevails. The struggle of the poet remains within the poet, and the poem moves free.

Lysander Kemp is, in my view, a poet who has in substantial measure achieved this transcendence. His poetry is assured, and sure of itself. It is, fundamentally, mature poetry. One need only look at "On the Bay," with its tranquillities of water image deepening to the symbol of the black fin; and the developing complexity of these related symbols brought to their final statement upon man, his world, and the not easily interpreted significance of the figures that move in the dimension of his vision, to see with what a deftness bred of discipline Mr. Kemp selects his associations, his symbols, his structure, and his imagery.

What we have spoken of, however, is largely the discipline itself. To command our respect the poet must also present a coherent point of view, a perceptible attitude toward experience, that entails both consistency and significance. And this point of view, which ought to inform his work with a consistency of one order or another, must communicate itself through patterns which intensify rather than merely complement the achieved poetic synthesis. Here, too, I think Mr. Kemp succeeds. One can turn from such a poem as "On the Bay," or the splendid integrations of "The Laughter of the Blood," or "In Wet March," to the reach and recoil of "The Visit"—unlike as these are in immediate focus—and discover in each, must discover in each, the same essential polarities. What remains to watch is not whether Mr. Kemp will get there, but having got there, what he will do next.—*J.D.H.*

METAPHORS OF THE EGG

*A street at night. He is
walking home. He is silent.*

... and peeled it like a sculptor:
 White in the dish, perfection of simple white,
 As if Brancusi found it in milky glass,
 And found in its golden yolk his golden bird—
 Perfection! Stop the machine! But all the reels
 Paid out, the corporation paid its debts:
 Her spouse and hero gulped his egg and marched,
 Who later, clinking with medals, came with a kiss.
The End. A blare of trumpets. I blinked in the lobby's
 Dream-wrecking glare. Where now, dear corporation?
 Two or three beers at the bar, and home to sleep
 Like Neptune's monstrous people in the deep?—

But heaving alone, the rain rapping the window,
 The neighboring bought air blaring *Tea for Two*. . .
 What now, dear corporation? What is my cue?
 To bunch the pillow and punch its pasty face,
 The white ghost of gratification leering?
 (Paste it again. Harder. Again and harder.)
 That egg, when I sat projecting you in the darkness,
 That was the egg in the parable, not divided
 But one and perfect, still the perfection of oneness.

The house is clean. Poor Jungle is baffled, whining,
 Begging affection. Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart,
 See, they bark at me. The nights are hollow,
 I hear you back in the kitchen (only Jingle),
 See you waiting in the dark hallway (only
 Myself in the pier-glass), feel you sleeping beside me
 Warm in the wide bed (only a dream). I lied
 To Ralph and Janice, joked and poured the rye,
 But we spoiled the lie, Jingle and I, my voice
 Creaked like the paunch of an old bear at the shallows. . .
 Adam the bachelor paid one rib for love,
 But I am halved from crotch to crown, the half
 Of a botch of a man, one quarter of that egg—
 Or say that I am split the other way,
 As if a figure for the anatomy class,
 My front sheared off to show my plaster vitals:
 I keep the back of my neck and my fat behind,
 I scratch my neck, shall I park my behind in the bar?
 In the wing-back chair? The great Gotama studies
 His blessed button; I watch my tripe at work.
 When you walked out and I was torn in two,
 I lost my lips which kissed you, and my sex.

Old rocking-chair. And she me caught in her arms
 Long and small. I think of that first party,
 The pack of bugling boobies, later the four of us

Crammed in the Davidson's coupe, yourself on my lap
 So calmly proper—and still strangers really,
 So that you started, I felt the white skin tighten,
 When I nuzzled under your hair and kissed your not
 Marmoreal neck. You said my breath was hot
 "With scotch, if not desire." We laughed about it.
 Afraid to remember, afraid to forget. And yet
 We proved that one plus one is only one,
 Or say, like the holy lovers of John Donne,
 We twined into one and died, we rose and twinned
 Into resurrection. I know a billion tropes:
 But then we twinned and died. I died; and you. . .
 Please write me. A letter. A note. A picture postcard,
View of the City Hall from the Public Gardens,
 But our two names in the *Space for Correspondence*.

The act of love repairs the ravaged egg,
 The one half clutched to the other, that to the other,
 Until the two desires, by pressure of flesh,
 By fire of the blood, are one, the perfection of oneness. . .

I know how love repairs the ravaged egg:
 But what repairs the ravages of love?
 Beer? Here is the bar. Goodnight. I love you.

THE VISIT

"Father is fierce!" I saw her light the lamps,
 I saw her draw the shades on the mammoths looming
 Eastward, flicker of tusks in a rumble of hate
 In the wasting afternoon: but what could I say?,
 For she turned away to cluck at the moulting parrot.
 "Arthur is moulting. Father named him for President. . .
 Goodness, our tea! Louise, Louise!"

The maid,
Jinnee in taintless white, produced the pewter
Vessels and withdrew.

"Louise is a jewel,
But look at her, black as despair. The cream? The lemon?
Ah, then, the Chinese manner!"

"Thank you." I nodded,
I was the very pineapple of politeness,
But what so jangled in her birdy laughter?
The crow, you know, is cantankerous, jeering the hawk
In the cluttered wood . . . and among such rugs and jugs
And figurines and whatnot. . . Thus, in a fluster,
I glared at my cup of tea. My cup of tea
Glared back at me from a watery brown eye
(My own are blue), but she coughed at last and cried,
"I *am* provincial! Mother dear was English,
I love the Dutch, and the Swiss with their toy chalets
And the chamois leaping like fleas from crag to crag,
But home is home. Of course you may smoke!" My smoke
Rose up in the hush, I watched it curl and dissolve,
And what could I say? Great-Aunt was half Chinese?

The far ranks providentially trumpeted thunder.
"Listen to that!" She plucked at the shade with talons
Gaunt as the parrot's fingers. "Black as Louise!"—
And gesturing toward the mantel, "Father was kingly,
Look at that kingly beard."

I looked at the beard,
The King-of-Bactria visage hacked out of granite,
With Aztec eyes, in a gilded gesso frame.

"His beard is white now. My, when I was a schoolgirl,
Teacher declared in history-class that Father
Was pure Assyrian royalty . . . Cyrus, Darius,
I have forgotten . . . but that made me a princess!"

Laughter; she poured a second cup. "My brother
Lives in the cellar, think of it. He was a king
In his own way in those days, think of that,
And mad as midnight now, and Mother long dead,
And Father dying, I hate the word but he is
Dying up there, the merest corpse of a king."
The old claws quaked, the dainty cup descending
Clattered into the saucer, fretting the parrot,
Who stamped his perch and humped his rotten plumage.

What should I murmur now? And who has not suffered
Old ladies absurd and tremulous in this fashion?—
Miss Flitter, Miss Twitter, birdlike of brain and bone:
Propriety, which sucks the marrow empty,
Decks them as crows and turns them birdy-witted.

"And he was such a fisherman! He was forever
Dangling for white perch, red perch, hornpout and suckers
And I forget what all." (Then I recalled
Myself in a flatbottom skiff on Minister's Pond,
And the hornpout, little brown back and dead-white belly,
Threshed and squeaked on the boards and then lay still
Mouthing its drowned appeals.) "And now to think
He screams all night!"

The black ranks trumpeted hate,
I pictured the flicker of sickles. "He screams all night?"

"My brother is *mad*. First he was insolent. Father
Warned him and whipped him, all for his own good,
And Mother wept at that, her heart was a custard,
But O he cursed us, that of course was obscene,
And Father was fierce, he banished him into the basement. . .
Basement is Father's word, I call it the cellar.
The walls are bloody red. My brother swore
He smeared them bloody red with Father's blood,
But he lied! I smelled the paint!" She screamed, "Aha!"
And the parrot stamped his perch and screamed, "Aha!"

I could not laugh with birds of such a feather:
I stared, and my mouth fell open. Then I learned
How furies flock together, for I heard
A shocking snigger under the rug, and a clangor
Of metal on metal shook the room, as if
The very room were a great bell rocking and ringing.
"My brother!" she cried. "He beats the cellar pipes
Whenever we laugh together, Arthur and I.
He beats them with a shovel. Father is fierce."
The clangor died away. "Poor Father pounded
The bedroom floor with his cane when brother was bad,
Until he fell so weak." She sighed. Her sigh
Rose up in the hush like St. Ignatius praying.

I too rose up at the chance. I thanked her well,
But the parrot eyed me sideways as I passed him,
Wondering . . . what was he wondering?

I was wondering
How I might scrape from the creases of my brain
The image and echo of that afternoon.

"Goodbye!" she cried at the door. The black horde waited.
I fled across the darkening of the world.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE BLOOD

The playground by the school is gathered off
In linking steel, but the gate swung to my touch,
Too smoothly I thought as I pushed in the green twilight
Into the green beyond of my childish pleasures,
Hunting that joy, a little in any child,
Of the little Mozart, the laughter like his music.
The trees and I stood tall, but there was the gaspipe

Jungle we tigered, the same but seeming smaller,
 And the four swings in a row; and so I mounted,
 Smiling my smile but the chains were cold with dew,
 And backward pushed up, swung down and forward up,
 And here we go down and here we go up and down and
 —And it was stupidity, I was myself and alone,
 Twentynine closer to thirty, fretted for cash,
 With a stupid strew of the brightening rubble of galaxies
 Over me: rocks in the sky. The bats came out now,
 Hawking for insects, dodging the chains, careening
 To left and right from the echo of their small cries.
 I could not hear the small echo of my laughter.

What shall I say? Gloom in the gloom? Shall I say
 My sobbing knocked me flat? Lord Parrott counted
 His forty snow-white hairs in a broken mirror,
 That night before the axe fell down; but I
 Tossed up a pebble. And the bats came at it,
 The flittering bird-rats dove at a stupid stone!
 So that was stupidity: laughter, not from remembrance,
 But from the blood-walled gullet, leaped out alive
 In the twilight, scaring them, leaping out of the blood.
 I shut the gate behind me. Light from the galaxies
 Gleaming in Lyra, Andromeda, Sagittarius,
 Gleamed in my sight in the night sky like sunlight
 Gleaming on black hair. She turns, and smiles.

ON THE BAY

Dip, and tug, and feather the oar:
 And the great bay waters,
 All of a mile from shore, lay still
 And shining lay:

Fathoms of a green-glass world they seemed
If I leaned over the gunwale,
Or else immaculate miles of a looking-glass land,
For the sea was wholly glass.

The worm of experience, bred in the night
When the garden lay meaningless green in the sunlight,
Wheedled us out. When I leaned looking,
The worm of innocence, bred in the sun
In the prodigal dark of the head,
Then wheedled me over the side: and indeed
The glassy deep, as I lowered me in,
Lay clear, lay clean.

Dive under, and drift in the deep; arise,
And drift in the sun.
But a black fin, sharp on the breeching back
Of a blackfish, the dolphin whale,
Splintering one split-minute the innocent
Miles of mirror, bolted me into the boat.
He guards our guilt, which is our life, away
From his downward demesne as green as Eden
Or seeming the realm of the kind
White Queen with her biscuits and ribbons:
His color death, and his mission friendly to man.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

The scholar of pain is at pains to study pain,
Between his brows a W meaning 'woe'
And his face meticulously twisted, hysterically stone
Like the 'child consecrated to suffering,'
As if pain were truth:

As if joy were falsehood after
The pangs of synthetic light,
Cold and deceptive, recessed, repeated in mirrors,
When the sun melts and moves the blood
Like love after long waiting:

As if peace were falsehood after
The flaring day, when the dark rounds and hollows
Gather it down and quench the flare
In their dark tranquillity,
Like sleep after love.

IN WET MARCH

It is blind, like the pus-white fish
In the pools under the mountain.

It is big as a granary, mute as an egg.
And spined with spears like a hedgehog.

And how can we ever learn to love
Monstrosity, who have but learned

Perfectly how to hate beauty? It hates
Our hatred, insisting on kissing, on kisses,

And comes, comes with toad-like hops
In the conical shape of a limpet,

One hop one mile each Tuesday
In the middle of the night,

POET SIGNATURE

431

So that the house quivers. I thought,
A truck, the wind rising; but now I smell

In wet March its odor of burning leaves
From the empty fields beyond the city.

I think it means to kiss us dead or alive.

NMQ Poetry Selections

BRUEGHEL: THE FALL OF ICARUS

These countryfolk, their feet on solid ground—
suppose that they had found
Icarus drowned,
the bruised and broken body on the shore,
and the great wings of wire and melted wax
and sodden feathers that would fly no more?

Incurious, unaware
of an old man dead in the woods, or a boy in the bay:
busy, not wilful; neither blind nor deaf:
absorbed by fish or flocks
or furrows, they
had moved within the habit of their day.

But when the sun of Icarus' death had set,
if the lost wings, entangled in the net,
were drawn in on the sand—
nothing more natural than not to guess
the meaning of a marvel close at hand.

Confronted and confused by miracles
come down like meteors on them, why should not
their minds reject the inexplicable, refuse
even to wonder? If they turned to look
slack-jawed upon the sight,
if terror overcame them in the night,
no doubt the light of morning brought relief
and let them exorcise, with plow or line or crook,
this shattering of routine,
this glimpse of worlds outside, of worlds unseen.

As deep as death, deeper than all the waters
that separate the islands in the bay,
a gulf between the world of Icarus
and their world lay.

Two worlds—but which of them
Brueghel would have us praise and which condemn,
or whether neither—this he does not say.

A judgment in these matters
is ours to make: for all his eloquence,
the choice of center, of circumference,
he leaves to us.

CONSTANCE CARRIER

ELEGY FOR MY FATHER

And when my father died I felt like Homer:
I shall remember him, slow as a turning god,
his face like a brown grape that sucked the sun,
his hands as real as Mondays.

And I shall remember my father, how his laughter
rapped like knuckles at the doors of my fears,
and all the walk of him at five o'clock
with the day's work like a round fist in his pocket.

And when my father died I felt like Homer,
imperative with melody and pride
to sing of all the trouble and gold of a hero,
that my hot words might shine with a bribe's powers

to buy his death with lucky metaphors.

FELIX N. STEFANILE

THE LION-TAMER

Always our fear jumps from the veering car,
 the flower-pot fallen from far, or the hiss
 of a snake in the dark, but there they are
 all rolled into five lions, an abyss
 of bars, and ourselves unsafe inside the star.

If he should fall beneath a lion's claw,
 if he should spill the tasteless blood upon the saw-
 dust floor, if he should wastefully withdraw,
 our hateful tongues would lap at the bleeding flaw.

Instead we clap for the foolish staring eye
 nine inches from a hunching kitten's maw
 and say we looked at death and did not die.
 This is so nearly true the smaller children cry
 for the clown's long fingers soft on their hurtful awe.

THE THEFT

Above the burning bauble, his mind turns
 till theft becomes a promise of repose
 beyond the common cowardice. He yearns
 to fold it inward like a secret rose.

He hesitates. His doubting fear will show,
 his hand betray him like a virgin boy
 disrobed by love. He quickens, turns to go—
 then all his senses to one end deploy.

Outside he breathes as from an act of love,⁷
 swiftly, the air's soft peace. He goes
 wrapped in his triumph like a furry glove,
 and in his pocket rocks the shining rose.

AUGUST KADOW

SENTRY-HUT

(On the road to Salamanca)

Mustard dirt and stillness.

From all directions

Mustard on the eye, and stillness

That presses, Dios, it presses me

Like the belly of a great lizard

Without a gasp, without a heart pound.

Stillness in the head

Like burrs. Stillness in the mouth

Like meal. (Six flies

Dead on the playing cards and the

Wine breast rancid on its nail) madre!

A castanet would shatter the place.

II

Beneath changing clouds, fleet

Stains of light race over

The darkening land. The rockweed

Shivers; little skirts of dust raise. And

loud! A white lash splits the sky, loud

As a great cracking pomegranate of God.

And lips and hands lift to rain.

GLADYS SEIDELHUBER

HER WORDS WERE A WHISPER

Her words were a whisper, at last, no bristle

And bruise; a monotone of aye

Flooded the cove, joining seer and seen.

I fished for turtles under the green

Sea rocks, snaring one shadowed by beech leaves
 And her hair. I let it scuttle away,
 For I was a fathered child in the sun
 And singing like Walt's grass. It was a day

In which birds on flames of feather stirred
 The air, and the bay hummed with whiteness,
 And smiles appled the hemlocks, left
 By a moody gardener while he lived.

THE HOLY EYE IS BLIND

When father climbed the tabooed tree and shook
 Down apples with his hairy, reminiscent fist,
 The man in the dark collected thunder and spoke,
 Tumbling him among clocks, knives, and fanged fears.
 A girl with an apple smiled away the years.

Warm rain and fever stirred the world's root down
 The petalling centuries, and the wild eye shone
 With lust even as flesh like rotted fabric fell
 From the bones. But sons were always cozened; they marked
 The thunder, the wind, and the dread eye in the dark.

Today the rioter wakes only drums of self
 As he robs and rapes, for fear is the forest
 Speaking or dead law. At last our kind
 Is free to choose in its lonely, unroofed west.
 And sons can contrive, for the holy eye is blind.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

BOOKS and COMMENT

Niall Montgomery

THE PERVIGILIUM PHÆNICIS



*Cras amet qui nunquam
amavit, quique amavit cras amet.*

A FOREIGN EXPERT, finishing at Dublin his investigation of W. B. Yeats, said he was astonished to find the idea of Ireland and the sense of race so possessing and so possessed by a man he had till then thought of simply as a writer of English verse. The astonishment relates to the normal English-speaking apprehension of the Irish as an inferior people. Yeats's ambivalence is a measure of achievement; there is a sense in which he transcends nationality and language to read as a European poet.

James Joyce's European character and status are well-established, and the achievement is more remarkable. Racially he was an Irish Catholic, and therefore bore the double guilt of Original Sin and ingratitude to England congenitally. Despite Yeats's meditative *What theme had Homer but Original Sin?*, there is, of course, a paradox in the attribution of such fancies to the oinophil pontiff of Paris, but they are dominant themes in *Finnegans Wake*: perhaps the detachment of "exile" made it easier to see them with the awe and ridicule necessary for their presentation.

Joyce's urbanity is almost comical in relation to his origins: it is made more ludicrous by the chic he acquired because his work "resembled" the studied typographical imbecilities of the first long week-end. The urbanity is real, and an index of the author's

lower-case catholicism, but his writing is not "smart." Perhaps he was the only Parisian writer of the day who was not a Joycean intellectual. Certainly he is no more the pedestrian mimic pitied in recent years by a compatriot than he was the universal myth-maker or the illiterate but industrious rogue his contemporaries saw.

Here is support for the view that Joyce is of the line and stature of Dante; that his art, too, is visionary; that the vision is the human comedy; that the eyes blinded by its splendour and by its order are Irish and Catholic as Dante's were Italian and Catholic; and that the notation is unique in its humility and appropriateness, in brilliance and fidelity of tone, in the mystery and detachment of its manner.

The learned critics say that *Finnegans Wake* is, *inter alia*, a Dublin version of the Fall and of the Resurrection. They have noted and collated the references to exotic creeds and philosophies without suggesting that the basic symbols are Catholic, with Irish overtones; that may be the effect of politeness—Joyce was at pains to appear alien and creedless "personally," and it has been shown that the Koran, the Rig-Vedas, the Book of the Dead and other religious codes were broken down by him and by his staff and packed under the foundations of the work in progress.

This is not an attempt to copy Claudel's violation of the dead Rimbaud—a man's "faith" should be inaccessible to all but the academic detective-sergeants—but it is, perhaps, permitted to suggest that the private Joyce was an ordinary anticlerical Irishman, no heretic. Certainly there is no heresy in *Ulysses*—every school-boy knows that it was praised in the *Osservatore Romano*—no hint in *Finnegans Wake* that the human condition is not attributable to Original Sin.

Joyce and every Irishman of his class knew, by rote, that *The principal mysteries of religion are the unity and trinity of God, the incarnation, death and resurrection of our Saviour, that Mysteries of religion are revealed truths which we cannot compre-*

hend, and that *God requires of us to believe mysteries of religion that we may pay him the homage of our understanding*. Heretic scholars have shown that the birth, death and resurrection of a triune deity are among the themes of *Finnegans Wake*. Actually they are of its essence—revealed, incomprehensible occasions of intellectual humility.

In humble eyes, the incomprehensibility and the grandeur of the mysteries are heightened when they are seen as effects of the Fall, and, in *Finnegans Wake*, it becomes the key act in the continuous performance of the human comedy. Man's characteristic reaction to the unity and trinity of God—rejection, coincident with the invention of Evil, the principle of duality, in and through the eponym, Eve—throws the switch that completes the circuit of the expiatory, "human" mysteries, the birth, death and resurrection of God the Saviour. These results, terrifying in their unpredictability and apparent disproportion, help to make the Fall the perfect crime for Joyce's defective story, and, in fact, its mechanics, its acoustics, its décor are the best clues to the Enigma of the book.

Constructionally, Original Sin is the engine of duality. Given One in Three, Adam added One to One and made Two. Alternatively, he may be taken as introducing to Good its opposite, Evil, and thus creating the archetype of mortal symbiosis: this assumes an axis, and another identity: $x - x = 0$. But, as in Genesis, the "addition" had a visual aspect: *... the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked*.¹ Self-consciousness, Narcissus' State, was added to the Union when Adam saw, in Eve, a self that was not himself. The coincidence of opposites had, among other things, become conceivable.

The idea of a mirror was not new—*So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him*²—but it was intended solely for the toilet of the gods: *... and the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil*.³ Evil, then, is the "opposite" of good; its mirror-image? The

mirror is the occasion of sin . . . *since primal made alter in garden of Idem*. Man is made in God's image—and, therefore, in reverse? (Was the very creation, as Plotinus seems to say,⁴ a Fall?)

In the twenties, the catoptronic view⁵ of the play of relationships between creator and creation, Soul and All-Soul, was in the air, in the noble words of Stephen Mackenna's new translation of Plotinus. The Fifth Ennead is full of light, concentric circles of existents, reflections, refractions and their mirrors⁶—all the apparatus of *Finnegans Wake*! The wisdom of Plotinus is of the transition from the ancient to the Christian world. Joyce, very conscious of his world's, its people's transitions, made himself his-her mirror. The book is a *Speculum Gaudyanna*.

But the mirror is implicit even in the chiasmus of the creative news—*So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him*. Across the threshold of visibility, the operation of the chiasmus sets up before "our ears, eyes of the darkness" the mirror-image's tonal counterpart. And echo, the identity with the minus sign, is also an evil eidolon.⁷

These twins, the echo and the mirror-image, children of Evil, are protagonists and producers of the drama of *Finnegans Wake*. Their reverberant is the lantern of Joyce's urbane prose, truly a *reverbère* hung in the wood of the world.

The words *reflection* and *speculation*, each evocative of the illuminating, image-begetting mirror, nicely describe the action of Joyce's mind. His speculation recalls the *specula* too, but the *speculum* suggested is never the exploratory tool, perhaps because there was *not enough chaos* in him. Where there is order, the journey in search of truth is not really necessary: Joyce shocks by abstaining from the agonized empiricism which, in two senses, marks the Liberal intellect. A hieratic artificer, he knew all the answers in the Maynooth Catechism.

The idea that the function of art is to reflect the "splendour" of the world sounds drearily in modern ears; the materials of art, these last few centuries, have been the artist's personality, phy-

sique or psyche, and readers are well schooled in the hystery and gynography of those states. The ineluctability of *Ulysses* and of *Finnegans Wake* derives partly from the fact that they are portraits not of the artist but of creation; they are "self-expression" only in the inevitable mode of signatures.

Their author, in fact, is not a thinker; he is a seer, and in his eyes one is to see not his "soul" but reflections of the universe. It is typical both of his integrity and his perversity that, conceiving his task to be the notation of these reflections, he should observe that the images read from right to left.⁸ Others had held the mirror up to nature: Joyce, with maddening solemnity, is the first to insist that the ikon is ARUTAN, with its special hint of the unity of art! The climax of the mirror-play in the beginning of *Ulysses* is the description of Irish art as *The cracked lookingglass of a servant*.

Joyce's method is, perhaps, unique in literature for the suppression of the author's "own" voice—the reader who imagines it to be identical at any stage with Stephen's is deceived by a *persona*. A more picturesque Irish writer, seized with pity for Joyce's artistic failure, has dismissed him as a mimic. That is not so much criticism as description without recognition. The critic, through devotion to the romantic ideal, has come to think of art as nothing more than an unforeseen but sincere reply to a call of nature. Joyce too, it is implied, could have been a success had he devoted to strip-tease and true confession the time wasted on his dramatic presentation of western man, of the image set forth "in immediate relation to others." Despite this, it is submitted that mimicry, "stolen fruit"⁹ of detachment, is not the explanation of Joyce's unimportance.

The use, in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, of echo's first derived function, the pun, and its tributaries, is even more distressing to the intellectuals. Either Joyce is a cretin, or else the suggestion is that there are aspects of existence somehow inaccessible to man's special equipment, the mind, operating, through the medium of

English, in perfect mechanical order. The pun, "even" as jest, has since the Reformation been, literally, frowned upon by rational man, dedicated to the dignified chase after truth, and here, apparently based on a pun, is . . . a work of art?

Was it the author himself who replied to this criticism with the phrase used in the establishment of the Church? It would not be inapposite: the Church obsessed him when he wrote.

Wake, in the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is, primarily, *anniversary of dedication of Church kept by watching all night*. This is undoubtedly one of the "meanings" of *Finnegans Wake*; 432, the traditional date of foundation of the Irish Church, is a recognisable "figure" in the book's development. The ceremonies for the dedication of a church are long, complicated, highly symbolical; the Gospel of the "Wake" Mass dwells on Christ's visit to the publican as a symbol of the Church's mission to "sinners." Mr Earwicker is not a tax-gatherer, but he is a publican in the Irish sense, and he lives at Chapelizod, where he is building . . . a church?

Finnegan, the Phoenix Parchetype, is as Irish as *Wake* is Catholic, and there is an extraordinary richness in the association, even if one considers only cases of the "sacrifice" of a saviour by the Irish people. Joyce chooses a stupid and terrible example—the Phoenix Park murders—and, in a brilliant humour, relates it to the Fall, thus creating to dominate the book an amusing image of the double guilt obsession in Catholic Ireland, while illustrating the method of echo and coincidence of opposites. That is very much the relationship between Epistle and Gospel, the way in which the Old Testament prefigures and the New Testament echoes. Peter, the stone of Christ's church, recalls the stone Jacob slept on and made into an altar. The words of Joyce's namesake, Jacob,¹⁰ are echoed by those of the Introit to the "Wake" Mass, *Terribilis est locus iste: hic domus dei est, et porta coeli, et vocabitur aula dei*.

But the principal illustrator of echo's function in *Finnegans Wake* is the mysterious H.C.E. Readers know that these, the initial letters of *Haveth Childers Everywhere*—an instalment in the serial *Work In Progress*—have a special meaning in the book's texture. Not merely do they recur in permutation and combination, but many statements are made in triads of words bearing the initials in varying sequence.¹¹ Messrs Campbell and Robinson say "H.C.E., to perform his function as history itself, must circle endlessly."¹² This seems reasonable, except that the initials perhaps indicate not a person but a thing, and a thing of which the endless circling is an essential part. Is the circle it makes the letter O, and is the complete figure OHCE, the mirror-image of echo? This may also be the "solution" of the equilateral triangle HCE inscribed in a circle; ECHO is the anti-clockwise reading.

Lemprière says that Echo was the confidante of Jupiter's amours, and that she betrayed them by her loquacity. She was thus the original earwig, the *perce oreille*: echo's image in *Finnegans Wake* subsists, of course, in reversed gender as Persse O'Reilly. The original Echo was changed into a stone. The tree and the stone are paired in a duet which runs through the book: perhaps the tree is the Cross, the stone the Church which images and is One with Christ? It would almost seem that Echo became the lover of Narcissus only so that classical mythology should also sanction protagonists for the idea of duality.

HCE's partner and opposite is ALP,¹³ Dublin's river, Anna Livia Plurabelle, who has the loquacity of Echo, and whose initials, inevitably, symbolise a mountain. HCE, at that level, is himself the head of Howth, which "embraces" the Liffey in Dublin bay. The opposites keep coinciding and exchanging qualities—androgyny is compulsory at *Finnegans Wake*. By their initial coition, the two make a CHAPEL, anagrammatically, bringing back the dedication implicit in the book's name. *Wake's* second meaning, *strip of smooth water left behind a moving ship*, has a

hint of Anna Liffey in her delta, Dublin bay. (Would Joyce, a Thom's Directory reader, have missed its statement that the king of Dublin converted in 448 A.D. by St. Patrick was ALPin mac EOCHaidh?)

The text, in several places, suggests that ALP is also the Blessed Virgin; there is a fourteenth century hymn in which the words *Qui Alpha es et O* are addressed to her son.¹⁴ In this sense, the Enigma can be related to the conception of the double-natured Shem-Shaun. These "two" image not merely James and John, the sons of Zebedee, but also Joyce and his father, John Stanislaus. The first name also evokes Santiago da Compostela, spiritual patron of the great literary pilgrim, and St. James the Less, by virtue of his "Letter"—called *Universal*, and written in 60 A.D.—and by his death, a "Fall" from the top of Jerusalem's temple.

Is it now time to examine the acceptance of the Gospels as the work of evangelists unaided by James Joyce? How does one explain the occurrence in the Mass for the Dedication of a Church of the words *Ecce tabernaculum dei cum hominibus, et habitabit cum eis*,¹⁵ of the *Fuit homo missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Joannes*, and the reference to the faithful as *his qui credunt in nomine eius*¹⁶ in St John's Gospel, of the wording of the Lord's charge to Peter—and James and John—*ex hoc iam homines eris capiens*,¹⁷ or, indeed, of the initial letters of the words used in the most solemn part of the Mass, the Consecration, under both species?

In *Finnegans Wake*, as exhausted readers know, the mirroring of opposites in human form is a feature. Much shadow-boxing, much hat-changing is effected by, for instance, Napoleon and Wellington, Giambattista Vico and Giordano Bruno, Browne and Nolan, St John Baptist and the Jordan, Generals Richard Mulcahy and Michael Collins.¹⁸ Ss Laurence O'Toole and Thomas à Becket are paired as primates of the English and Irish Churches.¹⁹ The fact that Ss Michael and John's church in Dub-

lin is known as "Adam and Eve's" is partly responsible for the beloved disciple's changes of sex in *Finnegans Wake*.

The dialogue of the river and the mountain, the tree and the stone, give place now and then to a comic encounter between Document No. 1 and Document No. 2; twin aspects, at the beginning of the Irish civil war, of Mr de Valera's mind.²⁰ Joyce's interest in the veteran statesman,²¹ born on the same day of the same year, and afflicted with a similar eye-disease, has produced an official Irish theory that the book is a *roman à clef* of which the "twins" are heroes. Did Joyce deploy all his skill and splendour just to express the "conflict" between himself and a picturesque democrat who probably never heard of him? Irresistible though he found that correspondance, it can scarcely have been more "important" than the enlargement of duality for a third man in the Tom, Dick and Harry motif²²—which is, indeed, more a dichotomharry than a true trinity.

Echo's other homologue, the rainbow, shines at the Wake by reason of *reflection, double refraction, & dispersion, of sun's rays in falling drops of rain*, as well as by its Viconian symbolism. Its chord is sometimes a rumba,²³ a dance which, with its three steps against the common time of the music, must have excited the golden thigh in Joyce, though it is doubtful if Pythagoras himself, in return of compliment, would condescend to recognise the Neapolitan philosopher on p. 159: *I want him to go and live like a theabild in charge of the night brigade on Tristan da Cunha, isle of manoverboard, where he'll make Number 106 and be near Inaccessible*. The figures CVI, rotating (of, and in, course), and added to the O they form, make an anagram of Vico, to the grave chagrin of the reader who has passed the age of seven.

It wasn't the safety in numbers that attracted Joyce—St Patrick's choice of year for the establishment of the Church, 432, with its reflexive statement of relations with Rome, must have pleased him. Another figure frequently quoted—1132—is, per-

haps, an image of Original Sin, conflict of unities itself engendering a conflict wherein the trinity is opposed by duality.

The play with numbers so dismays that appraisal of its quality and function is scarcely possible in a language designed for pro-consular communion and dominion. But numbers, all around the Middle Sea, have their validity: are they not the counters of geometers and plastic artists, and what is music but the coordination of logarhythms?²⁴ In *Finnegans Wake*, it is the play within the play, an expression of harmonic condition, towards which all the arts constantly aspire.

Apart from his mechanical work behind the looking glass with Leonardo, Alice and Kram, the revol luftcat, Joyce adopts a musical form, that of theme and variation, for the "suggestive" aspects of the echo. The best of many examples of this is, perhaps, his use of his other namesake's, St Augustine's, analysis of the paradox in Original Sin—*O felix culpa!*²⁵ There are about twenty variations, some—like "... phoenix his calipers,"—so "hot" as to suggest the improvisations of jazz music.

Music also dominates the form of phrases which haunt by recalling not so much the words as the rhythm of a prototype.²⁶ Pleasantest is the series built on the Quinet *Aujourd'hui comme aux temps de Pline et de Columelle* ... first sounded in the twilight of p. 14 *Since the bouts of Hebear and Hairyman* ... coming up again on p. 236, *Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose* ... remembered on p. 255 with *While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny the Elder* ... but, typically, itself unquoted till p. 281; echoed on pp. 318 and 319 *Through simpling years* ... and *We gin too gnir and thus plinary indulgence* ... surging up through the *Groves of Blarney* on p. 354, dwindling to the merest harmonic on p. 358, fully audible again on p. 615, passing over the threshold of audibility for its re-entry on p. 14.

Joyce's "blurb" for Anna Livia, *Sea shell ebb music way river she flows* is not exaggeration. Airs and verses convoy the words at

every level, some hidden away like the Edwardian drawing room song *Still wie die Nacht* on p. 117, others rising flush with the surface, particularly those of the great Tom Moore—the moore the melodest!—others, perhaps the least successful, surfacing under their own power. It was Moore, not Joyce, who wrote *How sweet the answer echo makes!*²⁷

The choice of name for the magazine in which *Work in Progress* appeared was good. *transition* is the act of going over: the *limen* is the mirror. The action causes alteration; the alter takes over from the identity—for the duration of the dream, or until Finnegans wake. In other words, the aspect of the dream which carries it, Alice and Lévy-Brühl into Joyce's schizophrenia is its duality—even in the vulgar tongue *dreams go by opposites*. Transition marks the frontier between day and night, light and darkness, watcher and sleeper. *Sicut alternant lux et tenebra, dies et nox: ita somnus et vigiliae, et hoc propter concensum et harmoniam macro- et microcosmi*. Wirdig's phrase points to the *correspondances* which haunted Joyce also in the words of the Baudelaire sonnet he knew by heart.

Remembrance, according to Plotinus, *is vested in the imaging faculty, and memory deals with images*.²⁸ In the dream, behind the looking-glass, the image-maker is on the move among reversed images which are themselves on the move: he is remembering, in two senses. Is this life, or is sleep, in Homer's phrase, death's brother? But fatigue affects the watcher, parallax splits his vision, calls up the image of the sleeper's twin. Is it another man? Or a god? Or are the forms woman and animal—Jupiter and Europa, aspects of Western man's two nature's?

At *Finnegans Wake*, the "collective unconscious" is chiefly material for a pageant of the history and "wisdom" of the West. The script of the *Untergang* is a palimpsest—*christian minstrelsy*, illuminated, and scored over the words of a *Pervigilium Hesperii*.—Or is Joyce the nightmare from which history is trying to escape?

FOOTNOTES

¹ Genesis, iii.7.

² Genesis, i.27.

³ Genesis, iii.22.

⁴ The Soul's disaster falls upon it when it ceases to dwell in the perfect Beauty—the appropriate dwelling-place of that Soul which is no part and of which we too are no part—thence to pour forth into the frame of the All whatsoever the All can hold of good and beauty. There that soul rests free from all solicitude, not ruling by plan or policy, not redressing but establishing order by the marvellous efficacy of its contemplation of the things above it.

. . .

For the measure of its absorption in that vision is the measure of its grace and power, and what it draws from this contemplation it communicates to the lower sphere, illuminated and illuminating always.

II.9.2 Against the Gnostics

The souls of men, seeing their images in the mirror of Dionysus as it were, have entered into that realm in a leap downward from the Supreme: yet even they are not cut off from their origin, from the divine Intellect; it is not that they have come bringing the Intellectual Principle down in their fall: it is that though they have descended even to earth, yet their higher part holds for ever above the heaven.

IV.3.12 Problems of the Soul.

THE FIFTH ENNEAD :Plotinus, translated
by Stephen Mackenna.

⁵ Yet: The Intellectual Principle; beautiful; the most beautiful of all; lying lapped in pure light and in clear radiance; circumscribing the nature of the Authentic-Existents: the original of which this beautiful world is a shadow and image; tranquil in the fulness of glory since in it there is nothing devoid of intellect, nothing dark or out of rule; a living thing in a life of blessedness: this, too, must overwhelm with awe any that has seen it, and penetrated it, to become a unit of its being.

III.8.10 Nature Contemplation and the One

This which we think of as a Nature-Kind cannot be included among Existents but must utterly rebel from the Essence of Real Beings and be therefore wholly something other than they—for they are Reason-Principles and possess Authentic Existence—it must inevitably, by virtue of that difference, retain its integrity to the point of being permanently closed against them, and, more, of rejecting close participation in any image of them.

Only on these terms can it be completely different: once it took any idea to hearth and home, it would become a new thing, for it would cease to be the thing apart, the ground of all else, the receptacle of absolute any and every form. If there is to be a ceaseless coming into it and going out from it, itself must be unmoved and immune in all the come and go. The entrant Idea will enter as an Image, the untrue entering the untruth.

But, at least, in a true entry?

No: How could there be a true entry into that which, by being falsity, is banned from ever touching truth?

Is this then a pseudo-entry into a pseudo-entity—something merely brought near, as faces enter the mirror, there to remain just as long as the people look into it?

Yes: if we eliminated the Authentic Existents from this sphere nothing of all now seen in sense would appear one moment longer.

Here the mirror itself is seen, for it is itself an Ideal-Form of a Kind (has some degree of Real Being); and bare Matter, which is no Idea, is not a visible thing; if it were, it would have been visible in its own character before anything else appeared upon it. The condition of Matter may be illustrated by that of air penetrated by light and remaining, even so, unseen because it is invisible whatever happens.

The reflections in the mirror are not taken to be real, all the less since the appliance on which they appear is seen and remains while the images disappear, but Matter is not seen either with the images or without them. But suppose the reflections on the mirror remaining and the mirror itself not seen, we would never doubt the solid reality of all that appears.

If, then, there is, really, something in a mirror, we may suppose objects of sense to be in Matter precisely that way: if in the mirror there is nothing, if there is only a seeming of something, then we may judge that in Matter there is the same delusion and that the seeming is to be traced to the Substantial-Existence of the Real-Beings, that Substantial-Existence in which the Authentic has the real participation while only an unreal participation can belong to the unauthentic since their condition must differ from that which they would know if the parts were reversed, if the Authentic Existents were not and they were.

III.6.9 The Impassivity of the Unembodied

But would this mean that if there were no Matter nothing would exist?

Precisely as in the absence of a mirror, or something of similar power, there would be no reflection.

A thing whose very nature is to be lodged in something else cannot exist where the base is lacking—and it is the character of a reflection to appear in something not itself.

III.6.14 The Impassivity of the Unembodied.

... the Reason-Principle—the revealer, the bridge between the concept and the image-taking faculty—exhibits the concept as in a mirror.

IV.3.30 Problems of the Soul
THE FIFTH ENNEAD: Plotinus, translated
by Stephen Mackenna.

* There is, we may put it, something that is centre; about it, a circle of light shed from it; round centre and first circle alike, another circle, light from light; outside that again, not another circle of light but one which, lacking light of its own, must borrow.

The last we may figure to ourselves as a revolving circle, or rather a sphere, of a nature to receive light from that third realm, the next higher, in proportion to the light which that itself receives. Thus all begins with the great light, shining self-centred; in accordance with the reigning plan (that of emanation) this gives forth its brilliance; the later (divine) existents (souls) add their radiation—some of them remaining above, while there are some that are drawn further downward, attracted by the splendour of the object they illuminate.

IV.3.17 Problems of the Soul

Ever illuminated, receiving light unfailing, the All-Soul imparts it to the entire series of later beings which by this light is sustained and endowed with the fullest measure of life that each can absorb. It may be compared with a central fire warming every receptive body within range.

Nor may we grant that this world is of unhappy origin because there are many jarring things in it. Such a judgment would rate it too high, treating it as the same with the Intelligible Realm and not merely its reflection.

And yet—what reflection of that world could be conceived more beautiful than this of ours? What fire could be a nobler reflection of the fire there than the fire we know here? Or what other earth than this could have been modelled after that earth? And what globe more minutely perfect than this, or more admirably ordered in its course could have been conceived in the image of the self-centred circling of the World of Intelligibles? And for a sun figuring the Divine Sphere, if it is to be more splendid than the sun visible to us, what a sun it must be.

II.9.3 and 4 Against the Gnostics
THE FIFTH ENNEAD: Plotinus, translated
by Stephen Mackenna.

For another noble exposition of this, see a poem which resembles Finnegans Wake in its concentration on the Fall and the Garden of Eden—Purgatorio, Canto XV, 67-75.

Quello infinito ed ineffabil bene
che è lassù, così corre ad amore,
come a lucido corpo raggio viene.

Tanto si dà, quanto trova d' ardore,
si che quantunque carità si estende,
cresce sopr' essa l'eterno valore;

e quanta gente più lassù s'intende,
più v' è da bene amare, e più vi s'ama,
e come specchio l'uno all' altro rende.

' THE VOICE OF ALL THE DAMNED

Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof, Aiulella!

(From on high the voice of Adonai calls.)

ADONAI

Dooooooooooooog!

Ulysses, p. 596.

⁸ ... some most dreadful stuff in a murderous mirrorhand)

Finnegans Wake, p. 177.

... He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the page.)

Ulysses, p. 604.

⁹ ... what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own private profit...

Finnegans Wake, p. 181.

Could you wheedle a staveling encore out of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys?

Finnegans Wake, p. 466.

¹⁰ How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

Genesis, XXVIII.17.

¹¹ This list, like the other lists of "echoes" from *Finnegans Wake* which follow, was gradually, casually assembled by a layman and his secretary, is not intended to be exhaustive, and is attached principally to show in what detail and with what fidelity the highly-polished cladding reflects the structural design of Mr Finnegan's unique building. (None of the lists has been checked against Mr Joyce's "Corrections of Misprints.")

Page

- 3 Howth Castle and Environs.
 4 Haroun Childeric Eggeberth . . .
 6 celebration until Hanandhunigan's extermination!
 7 *Hic cubat edilis.*
 11 happinest childher everwere.
 12 every crowd has
 13 Hush! Caution! Echoland!
 13 How charmingly exquisite!
 13 til heathersmoke and cloudweed Eire's ile sall pall.
 14 elk charged him . . .
 17 Hither, craching eastuards . . .
 17 hence, cool at ebb, . .
 18 'when Head-in-Clouds walked the earth.
 18 A hatch, a celt, an earshare . . .
 18 to cassay the earthcrust at all of hours, . .
 21 Hark, the corne entreats!
 21 homerigh, castle and earthenhouse.
 23 his eacy hitch
 24 Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru. . . .
 25 hive, combe and earwax . . .
 29 Humme the Cheapner, Esc . .
 29 humile, commune and ensectuous . . .
 29 hubbub caused in Edenborough.
 30 when enos chalked halltraps). . .
 30 Hag Chivychas Eve, . .
 31 earthside hoist with care.
 32 Here Comes Everybody.
 33 Habituels conspicuously emergent.
 33 H. C. Earwicker . . .
 34 he clearly expressed . . .
 35 Hesitency was clearly to be evitated. Execration as cleverly to b
 honnisoid.
 36 chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge. . .
 36 hotel and creamery establishments . . .
 36 High Church of England . . .
 37 Heidelberg manneleich cavern ethics). . . .
 37-38 celebrating occasion of the happy escape. . . .
 39 when the classic Encourage Hackney Plate. . . .
 39 Eglandine's choicest herbage,
 41 Ebblinn's chilled hamlet
 46 He'll Cheat E'erawan. . . .
 51 haardlv creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur
 chies and the three Enkelchums. . . .

- 53 Eagle Cock Hostel
 54 as eversure as Halley's comet,
 55 the hen and crusader everintermutuomergent,
 55 haughty, cacuminal, erubescant (repetition!)....
 58 human, erring and condonable,
 59 his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emptors.
 62 Humpheres Cheops Exarchas,
 63 Haveyou-caught-emerod's temperance gateway
 65 howcameyou-e'enso.
 66 in a huge chain envelope,
 66 to Hyde and Cheek, Edenberry,
 68 Houri of the coast of emerald,
 70 ... a hikely excellent crude man.
 70 House, son of Clod, to come out, you jewbeggar, to be Executed
 Amen.
 71 *Hatches Cocks' Eggs*,
 73 ... (Et Cur Heli!) ...
 73 ... at Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, ...
 73 ... up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton,
 74 haught crested elmer,
 75 he conscious of enemies,
 76 elder children of his household, ...
 76 erst cust Hun.
 78 ... (hypnos chilia eonion!)....
 79 a homelike cottage of elvanstone
 85 a highly commendable exercise,
 88 high chief evervirens
 88 Helmingham Erchenwyne Rutter Egbert Crumwall Odin Max-
 imus Esme Saxon Esa Vercingetorix Ethelwulf Rupprecht
 Ydwalla Bentley Osmund Dysart Yggdrasselmann?
 91 his exchequered career
 95 H_2CE_3
 97 Ear canny hare
 98 Howforhim chirrupeth evereachbird!
 99 Elsewere there here no concern ...
 101 Homo Capite Erectus,
 102 hiding the crumbends of his enormousness
 102 Handiman the Chomp, Esquoro, ...
 105 ... *He can Explain*, ...
 106 ... *Howke Cotchme Eye*, ...
 106 *Huffy Chops Eads*, ...
 106 ... *an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on*
 107 ... hardily curiosing entomophilust ...
 107 ... eternal chimerahunter Oriolopos, ...

- 108 Elberfeld's Calculating Horses.
 108 . . . (Hear! Calls! Everywhair!)
 111 . . . Cheepalizzy's Hane Exposition) . . .
 118 . . . hidmost coignings of the earth . . .
 119 .. Hec . . .
 126 The echo . . .
 126 . . . to claud a conciliation cap onto the esker of his hooth;
 126 . . . gave the heinousness of choice to everyknight. . . .
 127 . . . haptapon crystal emprisoms . . .
 127 . . . coal at the end of his harrow . . .
 127 . . . escapemaster-in-chief from all sorts of houdingplaces;
 127 . . . his doom at chapel exit; . . .
 128 . . . ; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl,
 he counts; . . .
 128 . . . ; hock is leading, cocoa comes next, emery tries for the flag;
 128 ; has an eatupus complex
 129 ; Cattermole Hill, ex-mountain of flesh. . .
 129 ; was hatched at Cellbridge but ejoculated abroad;
 129 . . . the same homoheatherous checkinlossegg . . .
 129 . . . half emillian via bogus census
 130 . . . Hwang Chang evelyttime;
 131 hoveth chieftains evrywehr,
 131 *hereditatis columna erecta, hagian chiton eraphon*;
 132 . . . ; a hunnibal in exhaustive conflict,
 133 . . . ; hallucination, cauchman, ectoplasm;
 133 Eachovos;
 134 the hard cash earned in Watling Street;
 134 . . . ; hinted at in the eschatological chapters
 135 . . . ; Dear Hewitt Costello, Equerry,
 136 . . . ; caller herring everydaily,
 136 that changed endocrine history . . .
 137 . . . ; Hennery Canterel—Cockran, eggotisters,
 136 . . . ; heard in camera and excruciated;
 137 . . . ; heavengendered, chaosfoedted, earthborn;
 137 . . . ; honorary captain of the extemporised
 137 Elder Charterhouse's duckwhite pants. . . .
 138 . . . ; is an excrescence to civilised humanity. . .
 138 . . . ; reads the charms of H. C. Endersen . . . his evenin and the
 crimes of . . .
 138 . . . ; hears cricket on the earth . . .
 138 . . . ; has come through all the eras of . . .
 139 . . . , could espy her pranklings,
 140 erroriboose of combarative embottled history,

- 141 H. E. Chimney's Company . . .
- 157 the heavenly one with his constellatria and his emanations
- 157 were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and Commodus and
Enobarbarus . . .
- 159 . . . cancelled all her engauzements.
- 159 . . . gone eon her and come on her . . .
- 160 . . . East Conna Hillock . . .
- 162 . . . out of his eyes so that the champaign . . .
- 163-4 . . . criticism I helped him to in my princeps edition. . .
- 165 . . . O! to cluse her eyes . . .
- 165 The hatboxes which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in
her *excelsis*),
- 166-7 . . . Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating herself
with an elusive Antonius, . . .
- 170 Corner House, Englend.
- 171 a czitround peel to either nostril, hiccupping,
- 172 . . . , hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay. . .
- 173 . . . his entire low cornaille existence,
- 173 . . . history, climate and entertainment. . .
- 176 . . . , Sheila Harnett and her Cow, Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble,
- 176 . . . , Henressy Crump Expolled,
- 176 . . . , Colours, Eggs in the Bush, Habberdasherisher,
- 177 Neither of those clean little cherubum, Nero or ~~X~~obookisonester
himself, ever nursed such a spoiled opinion. . .
- 178 and every free for all cobbleway slippery with the bloods of
heroes,
- 178 an eachway hope. . .
- 179 . . . the huge chesthouse of his elders. . .
- 179 . . . highpitched, erudite, neoclassical. . .
- 180 every coronetcrimsoned stitch they had. . .
- 180 . . . the ycho in his earer,
- 181 (. . . to copy the stage Englesemen he broughts their house down on.
- 181 . . . his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to. . .
- 188 . . . holy childhood up in this two easterísland. . .
- 192 . . . excruciated, in honour bound to the cross . . .
- 193 . . . extravagance and made a hottentot of dulpeners crawsick. . .
- 193 Come here, Herr Studiosus, till I tell you a wig in your ear.
- 194 now ere the compline hour . . .
- 194 . . did ye hear, colt Cooney? did ye ever,
- 197 . . How elster is he a called at all?
- 197 Hugues Caput Earlyfouler.
- 198 H.C.E. has a codfisk ee.
- 198 . . . her erring cheef,

- 199 ... and his fringe combed over his eygs ...
 199 ... my hardey Hek ...
 201 ... and confined herself to a hundred eleven,
 202 ... clyding by on her eastway.
 205 Score Her Chuff Exsquire!
 205 ... (Evropeahahn cheic house,
 205 ... that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg,
 207 Call her calamity electrifies man.
 215 And each hue had a differing cry.
 215 ... Etrurian Catholic Heathen,
 215 ... made eachone in person?
 215 *Hircus Civis Eblanensis!*
 219 ... childream's hours, expercatered.
 220 ... Caherlehome-upon-Eskur ...
 221 ... Hexenschuss, Coachmaher,
 222 ... we need hirtly bemark, a community prayer, everyone for him-
 self,
 224 ... can hold his own, especially for he. ...
 228 Every monk his own cashel ...
 230 ... his coronaichon, such as engines weep.
 235 ... prostitating themselves eachwise and combinedly.
 235 ... her cochineal hose. ...
 236 Hip champouree!
 237 ... for he can eyespy through them. ...
 238 ... heing in our created being of ours elvishness ...
 240 Experssly at hand counterhand.
 240 ... eggscumuddher-in-chaff ...
 241 ... heather cliff emurgency ...
 242 ... her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales.
 243 ... more as hundreads elskereiks' yahrds of annams call away.
 245 Hulker's cieclest elbownonsense.
 246 Housefather calls entthreateningly
 252 And each was wrought with his other.
 254 ... as the human chain extends,
 254 ... Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus,
 256 ... is hued and cried of each's colour.
 258 Now have thy children entered into their habitations.
 260 ... like any enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden. ...
 260 (footnote) ... Herod with the Cormwell's eczema. ...
 261 ... of him, a chump of the evums,
 261 ... who, entiringly as he continues highlyfictional, ...
 under his chthonic exterior ...
 262 Easy, calm your haste!

- 262 Hoo cavedin earthwight
 263 ... erst crafty hakemouth ...
 263 And Egyptus, the incenstrobed, as Cyrus heard of him?
 263 Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castilian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-
 Cymric-Helleniky?
 263 ... the emerald canticle of Hermes ...
 263 *Haud certo ergo.*
 264 Honor commercio's energy ...
 264 ... and ech with pal ...
 264 ... Harburer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan the Hateful.
 264 Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear!
 271 (footnote) None of your cumpohlstery English here.
 272 It's haunted. The chamber. Of errings.
 274 ... helm coverchaf emblem on.
 274 ... entre chats and hobnobs,
 275 Erin's hircohaired culoteer.
 275-6 ... each's other's weariness ...
 277 (footnote) He gives me pulpitations with his Castlecowards never in
 these twowers and ever ...
 277 ... high with a cows of Dromhiem as shower as there's a wet en-
 clouded ...
 277 ... herbest country and in the country around Blath as in that city
 self of legionds they look for its being ever yet ...
 278 circuminiumluminatedhave encuniam here ...
 278 (footnote) ... cuckhold on his Eddems and Clay's hat
 279 (footnote) ... his eye will always have cakes ...
 279 (footnote) ... sweet cheeriot,
 280 ... chenlemagne.
 281 ... eachway bothwise ...
 281 (footnote) ... here's my cowrie card, I dalgo, with all my exes,
 282 ... his element curdinal numen and his enement curdinal... his
 epulent curdinal ... his eminent curdinal ...
 284 ... hce che ech,
 284 ... curveachord ...
 284 ... hids cubid rute being extructed,
 285 ... habby cyclic redor he outraciously enviolated ...
 285 ... caught and dodged exarx seems himmulteemiously ...
 286 (marginal) HYPOTHESES OF COMMONEST EXPERIENCES ...
 287 (footnote) If we each ...
 289 ... crash habits of old Pales time ere beam slewed cable ...
 290 ... his craft ebbing,
 291 (footnote) O hce! O hce!
 292 ... his loose Eating S.S. collar ...

- 294 ... to edge his cropulence ...
- 295 ... dunloop into eath the ocher,
- 298 (marginal) *Ecclasiastical and Celestial Hierarchies.*
- 299 (footnote) Gee each ...
- 302 ... happinext complete, (Exquisite ...
- 302 Eche bennyache.
- 303 ... hof cullchaw end ...
- 303 ... his earth anyway? could ...
- 304 Honours to you and may you be commended for our exhibitiveness!
- 304 With her listeningin coiffure, her dream of Endsland's ...
- 306 (marginal) ENTER THE COP AND HOW.
- 306 ... economy, chemistry, humanity,
- 307 ... Hengler's Circus Entertainment,
- 308 ... the chancellor of his exticker.
- 308 (footnote) ... anticheirst,
- 308 (footnote) ... crossbuns and whopes he'll enjoyimsolff ...
- 309 ... harbour craft emittences,
- 310 This harmonic condenser enginium ...
- 310 ... howdrocephalous enlargement, ...
- 310 ... hummer, enville and cstorrap ...
- 310 House of call is all their evenbreads though its cartomance hallucinate like an erection ...
- 311 ... the clue of the wickser in his ear.
- 312 ... errol Loritz off his Cape of Good Howthe ...
- 313 ... the ealsth beside how the camel ...
- 315 ... Howe cools Eavybrolly!
- 317 He was the carelessst man I ever see ...
- 318 ... enthroproise call homovirtue, ...
- 319 Eh, chrystal holder?
- 321 ... elegant central highway.
- 324 They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, ...
- 324 —Heave, coves, emptybloddy!
- And ere he could catch ...
- 324 ... Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love, one fear. Ellers. ...
- 324 ... (hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) ...
- 325 ... the husband's capture and either ...
- 326 ... hero chief explunderer ...
- 328 ... her coaxfonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, ...
- 328 ... call of sweetheart emmas that every had ...
- 328 ... Heri the Concorant Erho, ...
- 328 ... Horuse to crihumph over his enemy, ...
- 329 ... hippychip eggs, ...
- 329 ... heard on earth's conspectrum ...

- 330 ... homey well that Dook can eye Mae.
 332 ... hec ...
 332 (... else thy cavern hair!)
 332 ... her changeable eye ...
 334 ... 'twas her hour for the chamber's ensallycopodium ...
 335 ... each in his different way of saying calling ...
 336 ... the Calabashes at his whilom eweheart ...
 339 Erminia's capecloaked hoodoodman!
 341 ... the worldrenowned Caerholme Event has been ...
 341 ... holler at this metanoic excomologosis tells of the chestnut's ...
 342 Emancipator, the Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwistle) ...
 349 ... he confesses to everywhere ...
 351 ... eyedulls or earwakers, prayers for rain or cominations, I did not
 care three tanker's hoots, ...
 352 ... His Cumbulent Embulence, ...
 353 ... euphorious hagiohygiecynicism ...
 353 ... his culothone in an exitous erseroyal ...
 355 ... it was Hercushicups' care to educe ...
 356 ... how comes ever a body ...
 360 And hoody crow was ere.
 360 Kematitis, cele our erdours!
 362 ... as he had contracted out of islands empire, ...
 362 ... under heaviest corpus exemption) ...
 362 ... having writing to do in connection with equitable druids ...
 363 Why, hitch a cock eye, ...
 363 ... behind hoax chestnote from exexive.
 363 ... I could have emptied ...
 364 ... hearth and chemney easy.
 365 ... am could up to my eres hoven ...
 367 Here endeth chinchinatibus ...
 367 ... the calif in his halifskin? that eyriewinging one?
 369 ... cupital tea before her ephumeral comes off ...
 369-70 ... cubital lull with a hopes soon to ear, comprong?
 371 ... clamatising for an extinsion on his hostillery. With his charge-
 hand bombing their eres.
 371 ... hugon come errindwards, ...
 372 ... (chalkem up, hemptyempty!) ...
 373 Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!
 374 Hence counsels Ecclesiast.
 374 Hung Chung Egglyfella ...
 375 Hired in cameras, extra!
 375 When hives the court to exchequer ...
 376 ... Hubert was a Hunter, *chemins de la croixes* and Rosairrette's egg.

- 376 ... hoovier, in your corpus entis ...
 377 ... household of Hecech saysaith.
 377 Head of a helo, chesth of champgnon, eye of a gull!
 377 Clean and easy, be the hooker!
 378 ... hulm culms evurdyburdy.
 378 Hang coersion everyhow!
 380 ... hospitable corn and eggfactor,
 380 ... hangars, chimbneys and equilines.
 386 ... hopolopocattls, erumping around ...
 387 ... he was completely drowned off Erin Isles,
 389 How it did but all come eddaying back to them.
 392 ... hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp ...
 392 ... for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause,
 393 ... honours from home, colonies and empire,
 394 ... Earl Hoovedsoon's choosing ...
 394 ... (hear, O hear, Caller Errin!)
 398 ... heroest champion of Eren ...
 398 ... highly continental evenements,
 404 ... close at hand in full expectation.
 405 ... hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even's vision ...
 407 ... carrier and the hash-say-ugh ...
 407 ... himself *ex alto* and complaining ...
 408 ... native heath he loved covered kneehigh ...
 409 ... Eusebian Concordant Homilies ...
 411 His hungry will be done! On the continent as in Eironesia.
 411 Hek domov muy,
 414 ... even if only in chaste, ameng the everlistings ...
 414 ... housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his cottage,
 415 ... compound eyes on hornitosehead,
 415 ... cantoridettes soturning around his eggshell ...
 416 Was he come to hevre with his engiles ...
 419 ... His Christian's Em?
 419 ... clerical horrors *et omnibus* ...
 420 ... son of Hek, ...
 420 Here Commerces Enville.
 421 House Condamned by Ediles.
 421 HeCitEncy!
 423 ... Childe Horrid, engrossing ...
 423 ... Helpless Corpses Enactment.
 423 ... he caught the europicolas ...
 425 ... how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking ...
 425 ... sacred on earth clouds and in heaven ...
 426 ... ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he ...

BOOKS AND COMMENT

461

- 426 ... erewhile had he craved ...
 426 ... out of farther earshot with his highly curious mode ...
 427 ... ere the morning of light calms our hardest throes,
 431 ... the most purely human being that ever was called man,
 431 ... delivered himself with express cordiality,
 432 ... for a consummation with an effusion and how,
 432 ... as ere he retook him to his cure,
 433 ... His Esaus and Cos. ...
 434 ... earthing down in the coalhole. ...
 434 ... Hayes, Conynpham and Erobinson ...
 435 ... Coraggio with their extrahand Mazzaccio,
 442 ... (were he even a constantineal namesuch. ...
 452 ... to be continued at Hothelizod,
 453 ... we shall all be hooked and happy, communionistically, among
 the fieldnights eliceam *élite* of the elect. ...
 454 ... hicky hecky hock,
 455 ... expedition after a bail motion from othe chamber of horrus.
 455 That's our crass, hairy and evergrim life,
 455 ... in the tail of the cow what a humpty daum earth.
 455 ... home cooking everytime.
 458 ... I'll be so curiose to see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as
 I'll know etherways. ...
 463 ... a home cured emigrant. ...
 463 ... every distinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish. ...
 464 Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking. ...
 468 Echo, read ending!
 468 ... must now close as I hereby hear by ear. ...
 470 Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon !
 471-2 ... the crooner born with sweet wail of evoker, healing music, ay,
 477 — Ecko !
 480 Ecce Hagios Chrisman !
 480 Hootchcopper's enkel. ...
 480 — Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It's his lost chance, Emania.
 480 Hillcloud encompass us !
 481 — *Hail him heathen, heal him holystone !*
Courser, Recourser, Changechild.
Eld as endall, earth.
 481 ... humeplace of Chivitats Ei,
 481 ... colours, either handicapped. ...
 481-2 ... the house of Eddy's Christy,
 483 ... entrust their easter neappearance to Borsaiolini's house of hat-
 craft.
 483 ... embracing a palegrim, circumcised my hairs,

- 483 ... crouched low entering humble. . .
 485 — Hell's Confucium and the Elements !
 488 ... Hullo Eve Cenograph. . .
 489 ... expecting for his clarenx negus,
 490 bringing home the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes,
 492 ... Certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy emotional
 volvular,
 494 Heavencry at earthcall,
 494 Holy snakes, chase me charley, Eva's got barley. . .
 494 The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief. .
 496 ... his ecunemical conciliabulum. . .
 496 ... come next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper,
 496 He caun ne'er be bothered but maun e'er be waked.
 497 ... Hosty's and Co, Exports,
 498 ... erica's clustered on his hayir,
 498-9 ... healed cured and embalsemate,
 502-3 The entire horizon cloth !
 504 ... Orania epples playing hopptociel. . .
 504 ... its holy floor and culprines of Erasmus Smith's burstall boys. . .
 504 ... cock robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado egg-
 drazzles. . .
 505 ... that exquisite creation and her leaves,
 505 And encircle him circuly. Evovae !
 505-6 ... ever himself for the presentation of crudities to animals. . .
 507 ... sealiest old forker ever hawked crannock,
 508 ... hullo and evoe, they were coming down from off of him.
 — How culious an epiphany !
 — *Hodie casus esobhrakonton* ?
 509 — He could claud boose his eyes. . .
 510 ... Heaven and Covenant, with Rodey O'echolowing. . .
 512 ... huggerknut cramwell energuman,
 512 ... herreraism of a cabotinesque explouser ?
 513 ... Edwin Hamilton's Christmas pantaloonade,
 514 — Like Heavystost's envil catacalamitumbling.
 514 ... how in the annusual curse of things, as complement to compli-
 ment though, after a manner of men which I must and will say
 seems extraordinary,
 517 ... half noon, click o'clock, pip emma,
 518 ... Hostages and Co, Engineers,
 519 — But twill cling hellish like engels opened to neuropeans,
 522 — Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for heckling . . .
 522 ... homosexual catheis of empathy . . .
 523 — Hotchkiss Culthur's Everready,

- 523 ... the Doddercan Easehouse having a wee chatty with our hosty in
his comfy estably...
- 524 ... besides him citing from approved lectionary example...
- 524 ... the reverend Mr Coppinger, hereckons himself disjunctively with
his windwarred eye up to a dozen miles of a cunifarm school of
herring,
- 524 ... says he, most apodictic, as sure as my briam eggs is on cockshot...
- 525 ... the hidebound homelies of creed crux ethics.
- 525 ... *Magnam Carþam*, es hit neat zoo ?
- 525 *Our Human Conger Eel* !
- 526 ... cooling herself in the element,
- 527 How me adores eatsother simply (Mon ishebeau ! Ma reinebelle !),
in his storm collar,
- 529 ... here and with maternal sanction compellably empanelled...
- 529 ... cavehill exers or hearts of steel,
- 532 ... eirenarch's custos himself...
- 532 Ho, croak, evildoer !
- 532 Eternest cittas, heil !
- 534 Eristocras till Hanging Tower !
- 535 ... handshakey congrandyoulithems, ecclesency.
- 535 ... Haveth Childers Everywhere...
- 536 Hello, Commudicate ! How's the buttes ? Everscepistic !
- 537 The elephant's house is his castle,
- 537 ... the legal eric for infelicitous conduit (here incloths...
- 537 ... eggsegs excessively haroween to my feelimbs for two punt scotch,
one pollard and a crockard...
- 537 ... Hodder's and Cocker's erithmatic.
- 538 'Twer a honnibel crudelty wert so tentement to their naktlives and
scatab orgias we devour about in the mightyevil roohms of encient
cartage.
- 538 ... all ecus in cunziehowffse ! 'So hemp me Cash.
- 538 Evilling chimbes is smutsick rivulverblott but thee hard casted...
- 544 ... haunted, condemned and execrated,
- 544 ... travels always with her eleven trunks of clothing,
- 545 ... copious holes emitting mice,
- 545 ... the horrors I could have expected,
- 546 At the crest, two young frish, etoiled, flappant, devoiled of their
habiliments,
- 546 ... *Hery Crass Evohodie*.
- 546 ... holocryptogam, of my essenes,
- 546 Thus be hek.
- 547 ... chiefly endmost hartly aver,
- 548 ... her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest,

- 548 ... her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what though exceeding bitter,
 549 ... exposant of his bargeness and Lord Joe Starr to hump the body
 of the camell:
 550 ... convenient herfor, to pass them into earth:
 552 ... ever a wynd had saving closes. ...
 553 ... her chastener ever. ...
 553 ... huge Chesterfield elms. ...
 555 ... he was cured enough. ...
 556 ... Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings. ...
 557 ... Hemsell and Co, Esquara,
 557 ... eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;
 557 ... correlations on whom he was said to have enjoyed. ...
 557 ... everybody connected with him ...
 559 Eh ? Ha ! Check action.
 559 ... looks at ceiling, haggish expression,
 564 Do you ever heard the story about Helius Croesus.
 564 ... equally handsome chief sacristary's residence.
 566 ... entrancing ! Hummels ! That crag !
 568 ... that horse elder yet cherchant. ...
 569 How chimant in effect !
 569 Call halton eatwords !
 569 ... ever have crash ...
 571 ... here in another place is their chapelofeases,
 571 Horsehem coughs enough.
 572 Cant ear ! Her dorders ofe ?
 572 Honuphrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor. ...
 572 ... a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius,
 574 ... heathen church emergency fund,
 574 ... had ever spun or fluctuated across the counter. ...
 575 ... all his cognisances had been estreated,
 578 Hecklar's champion ethnicist.
 579 Hot and cold electrickery. ...
 579 Herenow chuck english. ...
 580 ... hydrocomic establishment. ...
 581 Heinz cans everywhere ...
 582 ... huskiest coaxing experimenter that ever gave his best hand into
 chancerisk,
 582 ... escape life's high carnage. ...
 582 Bloody certainly have we got to see to it ere. ...
 582 ... Humphrey, champion emir,
 584 Echo, choree chorecho !
 587 ... when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret empire. ...
 589 ... our hugest commercial emporialist,

- 589 Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures.
 589 ... the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his distilleries. . .
 590 ... he was chogfulled to beacsate on earn as in hiving,
 590 ... honoured christmastyde easteredman.
 593 Haze sea east to Osseania.
 593 A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded.
 594 Even unto Heliotropolis, the castellated, the enchanting.
 594 ... the horned cairns erge,
 594 Edar's chuckal humoristic.
 594-5 ... Henge Ceolleges, Exmooth,
 595 ... among hosesoes, cherioteers and etceterogenous bargainbout-
 barrows,
 595 He canease.
 596 ... hailed chimers' ersekind;
 596 ... one of the two or three forefivest fellows a bloke could in holiday
 encounter;
 596 ... a hygiennic contrivance socalled from the editor;
 596 ... when no crane in Elga is heard;
 596 ... the hullow chyst excavement;
 597 ... heat,contest and enmity.
 599 Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing,
 600 ... ex-Colonel House's. . .
 600 *Homos Circas Elochlannensis* !
 600-1 ... calmleaved hutcaged by that look whose glaum is sure he means
 bisnigels to empalmover.
 602 ... exhabiting that corricatore of a harss,
 604 ... the cublic hatches endnot. . .
 604 Read Higgins, Cairns and Egen.
 604 *Hagiographice canat Ecclesia*.
 605-6 ... exorcised his holy sister water, perpetually chaste,
 607 ... at every hours of changeover.
 609 ... to every hearable a cry. . .
 610 ... he has holf his crown on the Eurasian Generalissimo.
 611 ... his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsteds costume. . .
 612 Hump cumps Ebblybally !
 613 Health,chalce,endnessnessesity !
 614 Have we cherished expectations ?
 614 ... Eblania's conglomerate horde.
 614 ... homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and hatch-
 as-hatch-can)
 614 ... heroticisms, catastrophes and eccentricities. .
 615 ... as highly charged with electrons as hophazards can effective it,
 616 ... the hartiest that Coolock ever !

- 616 ... ever complete hairy of chest, hamps and eyebags. . .
 616 ... that coerogenal hun . . .
 617 With earnestly conceived hopes.
 617 ... here's lettering you erroneously anent other clerical fands. . .
 619 ... erect, confident and heroic. . .
 620 Eager to choose is left to her shade.
 621 The child we all love to place our hope in for ever.
 622 And the helpyourselftoastool cure's easy.
 622 ... evers the Carlton hart.
 622 If you were the enlarged they'd hue in cry you,
 623 ... Ericoricori coricome huntsome. . .
 623 Enough of that horner corner !
 623 ... hot cockles and everything.
 623 Remember to take off your white hat,ech ?
 623 Hoteform, chain and epolettes,
 623 ... the hardest crux ever. Hack an axe,hook an ox, hath an an,
 heth hith ences.
 625 ... cousin who signs hers with exes. . .
 625 ... Claffey's habits endurtaking. . .
 628 Coming,far ! End here.

¹² *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*, p.84

¹³

Page

- 4 He addle liddle phifie Annie . . .
 7 *Apud Libertinam parvulam.*
 15 ... a parth a lone . . .
 17 ... alp . . .
 21 And the larprnotes prittle.
 38 ... annie lawrie promises . . .
 41 ... appy, leppy and playable,
 66 ... A Laughable Party,
 80 Any lucans, please ?
 85 ... *acta legitima plebeia*,
 100 *Annos longos patimur* !)
 102 ... areyou lookingfor Pearlfar. . .
 102 ... A.L.P. . . .
 106 ... *Allolosha Popofetts* . . .
 106 *Amy Licks Porter* . . .
 138 ... annoys the life out of predikants;
 153 ... *Amnis Limina Permanent*)
 153 ... any lively purliteasy:
 170 ... after load of plumpudding . . .
 182 ... anna loavely long pair . . .

- 201 Olaph lamm et, all that pack ?
 207 ... Annushka Lutetiavitch Pufflovah,
 213 ... Aches-les-Pains.
 215 Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be.
 221 ... All Ladies' presents.
 243 ... apotria like any purple cardinal's princess..
 254 ... ancients link with presents ...
 261 (footnote) ... alla ludo poker ...
 262 Approach to lead our passage !
 262 And let luck's puresplutterall Lucy at ease !
 263 ... all's loth and pleasestir,
 264 ... aid the linkless proud,
 265 ... an litlee plads af liefest pose,
 268 ... his analectual pygmyhop,
 278 A letters from a person ...
 280 ... afternoon lex leap ...
 280 A lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan ...
 286 (margin) .. APOTHEOSIS OF THE LUSTRAL PRINCIPIUM.
 297 ... A.L.P.,
 297 ... appia lippia pluvaville,
 306 Art, literature, politics,
 307 ... American Lake Poetry,
 327 ... anny livving plusquebelle,
 333 ... amnest plein language,
 337 ... annapal livibel prettily prattle a hide all her own.
 380 ... Aquasancta Liffey Patrol ...
 415 ... Auld Letty Plussiboots ...
 491 — And lillypets on the lea.
 495 ... *artis litterarumque patrona* ...
 496 — Alas for livings' pledjures !
 506 ... Anna Lynsha's Pekoe ...
 509 ... all his lot through the half of her play,
 512 Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella,
 512 Aye aye, she was lithe and pleasurable.
 512 ... absquelitteris puttagonianne ...
 513 A laughin hunter and Purty Sue.
 513 ... a leap at bounding point ?
 514 Also loans through the post.
 548 ... Appia Lippia Pluviabilla,
 548 ... my annie, my lauralad, my pised:
 568 The annamation of evabusies, the livlianess of her laughings, such as
 a plurality of bells !
 569 Alla tingaling pealabells !
 571 Annshee lispes privily.

- 579 ... attendance and lounge and promenade free.
 580 ... ambling limfy peepingpartner,
 613 Arrive, likkypuggers, in a poke !
 614 Since ancient was our living is in possible to be.
 614 Are we for liberty of perusiveness ?
 614 A plainplanned liffeysism assemblaments ...
 614-5 ... the ancient legacy of the past,
 619 Alma Luvia, Pollabella.
 622 As leisure paces.
 625 A lintil pea.
 626 Annamores leep.
 627 ... allaniuvia pulchrabelled.

14
In dulci jubilo
Singet und sit vro !
Aller unser wonne
Layt in presipio,
Sy leuchtit vor dy sonne
Matris in gremio
Qui Alpha es et O,
Qui Alpha es et O !

B. Henry Suso, O.P. (A.D. 1300-1366)

15 ... Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them,

Revelation, XXI.3

16 John I.6 and 12

17 Luke V.10

18 *Typical examples are:*

Stand up, mickos ! Make strake for minnas ! (p.12)
 Move up. Mumpty ! Mike room for Rumpty ! (p.99)
 Quake up, dim dusky, wook doom for husky ! (p.593)

The theme is a political slogan chalked on Irish walls in the twenties.

19 Sanglorians, save ! (p.4)

 ... with larrons o'toolers clittering up (p.5)
 and tombles a'buckets clottering down ... (p.24)
 ... nor a' toole o' tall o' toll ... (p.53)
 ... Lorenzo Tooley street ... (p.59)
 ... — and we now know what thimbles a baquets on lallance a talls mean) (p.138)
 ... chrysmed in Scent Otooles;

BOOKS AND COMMENT

469

...	Lorencao Otulass ...	(p.179)
...	send Larix U' Thule,	(p.235)
...	laotsey taotsey,	(p.242)
...	with toomuch of tolls and lottance of beggars,	(p.388)
...	Saint Lawzenge of Toole's,	(p.405)
...	thing Sing Larynx,	(p.419)
...	lairking o' tootlers with tombours a'beggars,	(p.510)
...	S.Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest,	(p.569)
...	Tomothy and Lorcan, the bucket Toolers,	(p.617)
	<i>et cetera</i>	
20	... in the matters off ducomans nonbar one,	(p.358)
	... at the darkumound numbur wan,	(p.386)
	... dogumen number one,	(p.482)
	Doggymens' nimmer win !	(p.528)
	... decumans numbered too,	(p.369)
	In Dalkymont nember to.	(p.390)
	But she's still her deckhuman amber too.	(p.619)

21

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9	Dalaveras fimmieras !
55	... the Great Schoolmaster's.
51	... Vol, Pov and Dev,
234	... his smile likequid glue ...
280	Or dreamoneire.
287	What the D.V. would I do that for ?
287	... what the Deva would you do that for ?
334	... a wanton for De Marera ...
342	It is Da Valorem's Dominical Brayers.
463-4	Dave knows ...
473	... ere Molochy wars bring the devil era,
473	... sombrer opacities of the gloom are sphanished !
478	Commong, sa na pa de valure ?
543	... devaleurised the base fellows ...
595	... in the deep deep deeps of Deepereras.
614	By dim delty Deva.
626	And though dev do espart.

22

Page

19	... tim,nick and larry ...
19	... sue, siss and sally ...
55	... tam, homd and dicky,
90	... Tob, Dilke and Halley,

- 285 ... thump, kick and hurry,
 325 ... tome, thick and heavy,
 351 ... dumm, sneak and curry,
 376 ... time, drink and hurry.
 410 ... Top, Sid and Hucky,
 425 ... tame, deep and harried,
 485 Thugg, Dirke and Hacker ...
 506 ... toad, duck and herring ...
 575 ... jim, jock and jarry ...
 597 ... tomb, dyke and hollow ...

²³ e.g.

- 3 ... regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.
 25 ... twelve urchins couldn't ring round ...
 147 A ring a ring a rosaring !
 209 ... aringarouma ...
 210 ... aringarung ...
 257 ... at rhimba rhomba,
 268 ... ringrang,
 314 ... has ringround as worldwide
 319 ... ringing rinbus round Demetrius ...
 351 Arcdesedo ! Renborumba !
 596 ... from Tumbarumba mountain;
*Rainbow and rumba at times in that echo have their thunder stolen
 by the Viconian cursus and the Elevation bell. The rainbow may also
 be chased in examples like :*
 4 ... how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of soft
 advertisement
 590 ... through the grand tryomphal arch. His reignbolt's shot.

²⁴ La musique est un exercice d'arithmétique secrète et celui qui s'y livre ignore qu'il manie les nombres.

Leibnitz

Celui qui pratique le clavecin ignore qu'il manie les logarithmes.

Henri Martin

But the bell, not the harpsichord, is Joyce's instrument in Finnegans Wake. The bellringer, ringing changes, is giving a recital of tonal permutations and combinations. (Incidentally, "Earwaker" is an old surname associated with that mystery: there are thirteen "Earwakers" to four "Earwickers" in the London phone book, (p.1514)—none in the Dublin book !)

²⁵

- 23 O foenix culprit !
 139 ... O'Faynix Coalprince ...
 175 O fortunous casualitas !

- 202 O happy fault !
 246 ... felixed is who culpas does ...
 263 O felicitous culpability,
 297 ... since fillies calpered.
 311 ... for finixed coulpure,
 331 ... them phaymix cupplerts ?
 332 ... phoenix his calipers ...
 346 It was Colporal Phailinx first.
 363 — Guilty but fellows culpows !
 426 Fu Li's gulpa.
 433 O foolish cuppled !
 454 If you want to be felixed come and be parked.
 506 Oh Finlay's coldpalled !
 536 Poor Felix Culapert !
 563 O, foetal sleep ! Ah, fatal slip !
 606 *O ferax cupla !*
 618 O, felicious coolpose !
- 30
- 32 Pinck poncks that bail for seeks alicence where cumsceptres with
 scentaurs stay.
 327 ... when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with
 Sinbads may ...
 344 ... pagne pogne, ...
 ... my bill it forsooks allegiance ...
 379 Bing bong ! Saxolooters, for congesters are salders' prey.
 541 ... ping on pang,

 12 ... every crowd has its several tones and every trade has its clever
 mechanics and each harmonical has a point of its own, ...
 215 ... every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch had its seven
 hues. And each hue had a differing cry.
 330 ... every lane had its lively spark and every spark had its several
 spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some trick of her trade,
 614 ... every article lathering leaving several rinsings so as each rinse re-
 sults with a dapperent rolle,

 6 ... a roof for may and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits
 tony)
 12 ... Olaf's on the rise and Ivor's on the lift and Sitric's place's be-
 tween them.
 201 ... the cane for Kund and abbles for Eyolf, and ayther nayther for
 Yakov Yea.
 215 Sudds for me and supper for you and the doctor's bill for Joe John.

- 494 Her sheik to Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas.
 614 ... cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in the pacts for namby.

27

- 604 How swathed thereanswer alcove makes theirinn !

28

IV.3.29 Problems of the Soul

THE FIFTH ENNEAD: Plotinus, translated
 by Stephen Mackenna.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Symbolism and American Literature, by Charles N. Feidelson, Jr.
Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1953. 356 pp. \$6.50.

NOTHING less than a complete reorientation of nineteenth century American literature seems to be the aim of Charles N. Feidelson, Jr., in *Symbolism and American Literature*. According to Mr. Feidelson, the one common denominator, the distinctive quality, of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville is not, as F. O. Matthiessen supposed (in *American Renaissance*), "their common devotion to the possibilities of democracy" but rather "their devotion to the possibilities of symbolism." To support his thesis, Feidelson offers a new reading of some of the major texts, attempts to define "the symbolistic imagination" and to discriminate "the intellectual landscape" that resulted in an indigenous American symbolist tradition.

Implicit in Feidelson's methods and findings are his assumptions and motives. Literary nationalism, only recently resurrected by the editors of *Partisan Review* after a long season of disfavor in the thirties, importunes him to declare that

At a time when English literature was living on the capital of romanticism and increasingly given over to unambiguous narrative and orthodox meditation, American literature had turned toward a new set of problems, growing out of a new awareness of symbolic method. In the central work of Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville, and Poe symbolism is at once technique and theme. . . . Symbolism is the coloration taken on by the American literary mind under the pressure of American intellectual history. Modern symbolism is a parallel response to closely related conditions; it is the literary consequences of certain basic problems of modern thought.

His aim is "to define this perspective, theoretically and historically." The strategy here is to establish the primacy for contemporary American writers and scholars of a usable American tradition, to reassure us that we need not be ashamed of our cultural heritage. Of course, our new assurance must be paid for: we must give up (or at least deplore) the romanticism of nineteenth-century American writers because their romanticism led to self-expression instead of (to use the term of an English romantic, Keats) "negative capability," the impersonal exploitation of a medium. Just how we are to separate the purely symbolic elements from the rest of the work (particularly the ro-

mantic aspects) is not quite clear; but, since the true "affinity" of the contemporary writer for his predecessors involves their common symbolical approach to "the basic problem" of vindicating "imaginative thought in a world grown abstract and material," the sacrifice is hardly a loss.

The touchstone of literary value for Feidelson is the doctrine of symbolism. Whenever nineteenth-century American writers adhere to the symbolical mode, they have special value: "Considered as pure romantics, they are minor disciples of European masters. Their symbolistic method is their title to literary independence." But it is difficult to discern the symbolic intent of their work because "nothing to approach the conscious craftsmanship of modern writing is apparent in the most obviously symbolic of American writing." Consequently Feidelson, after making "due reservations," attributes motives; he suggests what his subjects might have intended had they been aware of their intentions! Apparently, Mr. Feidelson believes in a theory of progress which extends to literature and criticism. He is thus able to discover what the writers themselves could not comprehend, their secret impulse toward symbolic expression.

Objections to *Symbolism and American Literature* should not obscure the real value of the work. It is the first systematic study of American literature from the symbolical point of view. Mr. Feidelson may be mistaken when he suggests that his analysis of the author's approach to language yields more valuable aesthetic criticism than Matthiessen's analysis of themes. Perhaps there are innumerable useful ways of discussing literature. Perhaps the results of a given approach will depend primarily upon the critic's intelligent use of his method. Certainly, Mr. Feidelson's sensitivity and intelligence enable him to provide new insights into specific works as well as a fresh appraisal of our literary background.—E.S.

Canciones Lúgubres y Tristes, a la Muerte de Don Cristóbal de Oñate, by Francisco Murcia de la Llana. Valencia: Duque y Marques Opúsculos Literarios Rarísimos, III. 1953.

A NEW edition of a very rare book referring to New Mexico has just been published in Spain: *Canciones Lúgubres a la Muerte de don Cristóbal de Oñate* ("Mournful Songs on the Death of Don Cristóbal de Oñate"). The only other edition extant is that of 1622 (the cover

CANCIONES
LVGVBRÉS, Y
TRISTES, A LA MVERTE DE
DON CHRISTOVAL DE OÑATE-
Teniente de Gouvernador, y Capitan Ge-
neral de las conquistas del nue-
uo Mexico.

COMPUESTAS POR FRANCISCO
Martín de la Llama, profesor de letras humanas.

DIRIGIDAS A DON IVAN DE
Oñate, Adelantado, y Conquistador
del nuevo Mexico.



CON LICENCIA
EN MADRID, Por la Viuda de Fernando
Correa: Año M.DC.XXII.

of which is reproduced here), an edition so rare that twenty-five years ago a copy was sold in Madrid—by the Librería Vindel—for four thousand pesetas.

It is a work of extraordinary interest, especially for those concerned with New Mexican history. Quite aside from its intrinsic value, this book was the first to speak of New Mexico as a territory with a definite personality.

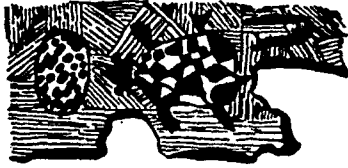
Francisco Murcia de la Llana, the author and compiler of the collection of Songs, glorifies the deeds of Cristóbal de Oñate, who died at the age of twenty-four while returning from a Spanish expedition to Mexico. Cristóbal was the son of Juan de Oñate, the governor and conquistador of New Mexico. Cristóbal's grandparents were Hernán Cortés and a daughter of Moctezuma.

The present edition contains a preface by the professors Agapito Rey and José Manuel Blecua, with interesting bibliographical and historical notes.

Incidentally, the work was first published in Madrid when the great dramatist Lope de Vega was acting as censor. He signed the authorization for the printing of the work.—R.S.

Genevieve Porterfield

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XLVII



THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY 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 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, 1953 and August 31, 1953.

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