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In recent years, readers have seen the death of many established magazines, but they have seen the birth of few new ones. To survive these lean years, magazines needed strength and vitality, and this need has resulted in a desperate scurrying to manufacture these qualities when they did not exist.

The college magazine does not encounter quite the same problems as does the professional magazine. Infrequently does it depend on numerical and monetary reader support for its existence, and consequently there should not be the absolute necessity to please an ever-larger group. But the magazine shakeup has reached the college level, and most college magazines are cautiously probing the uncertain path of the future in an attempt to find pitfalls. Some did not begin to probe early enough.

For example, humor magazines on the college campus rapidly near extinction. And in an apparent headlong effort to truncate an already brief future, they skip as gaily as the two "impractical" pigs into the bared fangs of the wolf of obscenity, and their own annihilation. College humor magazines never had much apparent purpose except to entertain readers; but originally this entertainment took sophisticated and satirical directions. Today it rarely satirizes anything, and usually panders our most base proclivities. Their jokes not only reek from the muck underneath, but turn green with the slime of stagnation on the surface. They are crude, stale, and impalatable.

But many schools were cognizant and overtly abandoned their humor magazines. However, phoenix-like, humor magazines have reappeared in the form of the general-feature magazines. These magazines claim analogy with *Esquire*, and in their format, they combine humor, features, poetry, fiction, news and art. They are a journalistic grab-bag for the indiscriminate reader.

Why do college editors prefer "general-feature" magazines? They purport a responsibility and a desire to please the students. But we believe that there is another responsibility inherent in the publication of a magazine: the responsibility to attempt to improve the discrimination of the readers whenever possible. This responsibility entails the publication of something other than a grab-bag. It requires vitality and a refusal to hide sloppiness in a hodge-podge. It requires cognizance of the need for change. It demands insight and determination by student editors so that new trends will be honest improvements, not merely old ideas in new dust jackets.

Betty Smith began her writing career as both a playwright and a newspaper woman. After studying at the University of Michigan, she spent three years in New Haven as a student at the Yale Drama School, wrote articles for the N.E.A. syndicate, and was a feature editor on the Detroit FREE PRESS. In 1937, she came to the University of North Carolina with the Federal Theatre Project and decided to make Chapel Hill her home.

A recipient of a Rockefeller Fellowship in drama and a Dramatists' Guild-Rockefeller Fellowship in playwriting, Miss Smith has had numerous plays published. She is the author of three novels: *A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN*, *TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER*, and *MAGGIE-NOW*. *A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN*, published in 1943, has an average sale of 20,000 copies each year.



Interview with **BETTY SMITH**

Interviewer: To what extent has your residence in Chapel Hill modified any pre-conceptions you might have had about the South?

Miss Smith: Well, it hasn't modified any because I always wanted to come to the South and I've been romantic about it. When I had a chance to come here, I came. I came here for six weeks to do a job and when the six weeks were up, I was supposed to go home but I arranged to stay. I was in Federal Theatre and they sent four of us down here for six weeks to be exposed to Paul Green's *Lost Colony*. When that was over, I packed up, gave up my house, got on a bus, went two blocks and told the man to stop. I wanted to stay here forever. So I called up Paul Green and Professor Koch and said could they do something to keep me here. They got me a Rockefeller Scholarship of a thousand dollars, and when that ran out, they got me another one and I wrote *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* on it. No, coming here was the best thing I ever did because it put Brooklyn

into perspective. I had thought that home was just commonplace stuff. When I got here I found it was so different. I stayed here and I liked it because the living was easy and the children were safe. I had always lived in a big city and this was sort of wonderful to me.

Interviewer: Do you think the atmosphere in the South is more conducive to writing?

Miss Smith: Absolutely. Because it's not a formal way of life. It's easier to know people and the living is easier. It's not so cold in winter and things are easier to come by, especially in a college town. There's access to the library and there are people who are writing around you. When I lived in Brooklyn, before I came here, I was known as a lady who went to business every day. But when I came here there was a small reception and I was introduced as a writer. That had never happened to me before. So, I had to live up to it. I think most of the people who come here and want to

write succeed in writing because there are so many writers, and it's contagious. Unknown people that you never knew could write their names or even spell out their names have become very successful writers from this part of the country.

Interviewer: Do you think you will ever write a novel about the South?

Miss Smith: Well, yes, I will. But I have to get a perspective on it. I've only been here twenty-five years. I think a person has to be born and brought up in a place to get the feeling of it. As a child, you know more things than you think you know. Impressions—first impressions—are so important. Right now, I'm writing a book about a college—about married students in college—and it's a composite of all the colleges I've been to. It's of North Carolina, it's of the University of Michigan and of Yale. There's a campanile from here that I use and there's something from Michigan that I use and a little bit from Yale. Yale doesn't fit in too well because it's more formal than these colleges. A lot of things from here are in the book, although I don't call it the University of North Carolina. I don't call it any university—no name.

Interviewer: A couple of years ago John Ehle had an article in the *News and Observer* saying that the University of North Carolina had forfeited its position as the cultural and intellectual hub of the South. Do you think that UNC still is the leading intellectual center?

Miss Smith: Well, of course, it is. I think that what he said might have been legitimate if he referred to playwriting. At one time, this was the center of the playwriting medium—especially one-act plays—it had a great reputation with Professor Koch's folk plays; but I think since that time a lot of novelists have come from here. Why, John Ehle himself has published four novels while he lived here and one of his students, I think, has published a novel. A boy named Roark has published and a man named McKenna is having a sensational success. Every place you look someone is writing a book.

I don't know whether the South as a whole has fallen down in production of good novels, but certainly Chapel Hill has not. Do you know that Harper, my publisher, is publishing four novels by Chapel Hill writers this year—not North Carolina writers but Chapel Hill writers. By me, McKenna, John Ehle, and Doris Betts, I think. But four novels are coming from Chapel Hill for one

publisher. I think that Chapel Hill is the foremost writing town in America, barring none. And also, I was with Jessie Raeder in the English department. I spent the afternoon in one of her classes today and you'd be surprised by the promising writing that's coming out of there. They are all honor students and they are all seniors, but some of their work was read and the excellence of it is surprising. I don't think John was referring so much to the writing. We have talked about people in the arts and it is too bad that the formative years of their lives must be devoted to being a sophomore or a freshman. Our contention is that they should be allowed to come here after one year of college and go right into the writing courses and not have to wait until their junior or senior year. The best writing years, the provocative years and profitable years, are between eighteen and twenty-two, when you get material together, and when your point of view begins to jell. To devote those precious years to trigonometry and ancient Rome and all of those things in science is a grave mistake. A writer is an impulsive person, not a good student especially. There shouldn't be too much education. I think they should graduate from high school. I think they should have maybe a year in general college. But I don't think there should be all these years of languages and arithmetic and science.

Interviewer: Is it possible to teach creative writing?

Miss Smith: Yes, I think so. But if you are too scholarly, if you know too much, you get in the way of the writer. The writer writes out of his emotions and his experiences and a too well-trained instructor would be apt to go off the track. He knows too much. He analyzes too much. He doesn't work with his emotions and instincts. Of course, most of these writers here have had the full college course. But they write in spite of it, not because of it. They might come out of it with full experience of college life and write about college life as F. Scott Fitzgerald did. But as far as I know, Eugene O'Neill never had a full college education, nor Sinclair Lewis. I don't know about Hemingway, but I don't think Robert Burns ever had a college education.

Interviewer: How would you go about teaching a creative writing course?

Miss Smith: Well, you tell what the elements of a book are. When you start you want to prove something—what's your theme? Do you want to

prove, as in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, that poverty can be transcended, or as in my new book, that it is not the big things in life, the great fortunes, but the smaller advantages that occur from day to day that make for happiness and contentment? And then go about proving it—who is your character who is going to carry the burden?

But the way they teach here, somebody writes something. They are told to write, and then the thing is read and criticized, praised or condemned. And that's the best way to teach writing. Get them to write anything. If you give them a lot of rules and plots and all that, it might be a year before they get into writing. Miss Raeder sometimes starts off her classes—a brand new class and people in it who have never written before (or supposedly have never written before)—and says look out the window for two minutes and then she calls out, "Sit down and write your reactions." Some people say the clouds are very nice. Others say the girls are wearing shorter dresses this year. Everyone has a different reaction. And you tell them something about form. A novel can be two hundred pages or six hundred and it can be about one character or sixty characters. There's more scope to it. And once in a while, you give a lecture on the use of words and how much dialogue should be used. I personally write everything in dialogue because I had a very tight training as a playwright for many years at Michigan and at Yale. Novel writing is a new thing to me. I write everything in dialogue and then transpose it. I keep the best lines of dialogue. Every line of dialogue must either advance the plot, show characteristics, or be interesting in itself. You must have at least one of these elements. If you have all three, you are pretty wonderful. If you have two, you are very good. You just cannot have people talking idly. The dialogue must do something.

We go at it that way. There really is no form for teaching writing. There are no rules.

Interviewer: What books do you suggest that your students read?

Miss Smith: Well, I always say if you want to write like Faulkner you should read Shakespeare. If you want to write like, oh, some modern person, like Salinger (I don't like him.), read Hemingway. But if you do read people like Zane Grey or the quick writers, you write confession stories. Read better than you write. I advise everybody to read *War and Peace*—not *War and Peace, Crime and Punishment*—I can't read *War and Peace* myself—although I'm working on it now. But read *Crime and Punishment*, because that has plot, that

has character and what it says is that nobody's wrong and nobody's right. It's a rare thing that you understand why this man committed murder. You don't condone it but at least you understand it.

Interviewer: What is the difference between writing a book to make it appeal to the popular mind and writing for critical acclaim or a lasting purpose?

Miss Smith: Well, if you write for yourself, write as best you can with nothing in view. Don't slant it, don't copy, don't be too much influenced. If you must be influenced, be influenced by the greatest writers there are. But, if you write for money, you don't write well because you are anxious to please and to make it look good to a certain reading audience. If you write because you feel so deeply that you have something to say, and that you'll die if you don't say it, you might be successful and you might get money. And if money comes your way, don't reject it. Once you write a book that you like, fight to get all the money that you can, but don't sit down to write for money. It doesn't work. You have to please too many people. You must decide whether you want to write good books or popular books.

Interviewer: Do you think the most interesting work, at least in the novel field, is still being done in the South?

Miss Smith: Yes, I think the most important work is being done in the South. I can't name any other place that is so prominent. I can't think of any good writers from Connecticut or from Massachusetts or from the Middle West. It used to be the Middle West, you know, way back. There was Sandburg, and Sherwood Anderson of *Winesburg, Ohio*, one of my favorite writers, but today I think that the best writing is coming from here. And oddly enough from New York City. There's quite a gush of good novels coming from the Metropolitan areas. I think the best Negro novels are written by the northern Negroes.

Interviewer: Which southern writer do you think best portrays the South?

Miss Smith: Faulkner. I don't know of any other southern writer who did as well. There is Carson McCullers. But her work was general. It could be the west or the southwest. I can't think of any others. I think Paul Green's work is the lyrical South. He's very lyrical in his work, but his most successful work is historical stuff, you

know *The Lost Colony* and all that. But I read Faulkner and it sounded real and true in his attitude towards the Negro and the Negro's attitude towards his characters. In the books he had all of the phases. In one book that I read the Negroes talked among themselves in one way and talked to the white people in another way and the whites talked to the Negroes in another. He has all those nuances. I think he's got it better than anybody I've ever read.

Interviewer: What is the difference between popular books and good books?

Miss Smith: A good book lasts. That is my one feeling about it. A quick book like *Peyton Place* or *Forever Amber* is very big for a couple of years, but it never is spoken of in classes. My idea of a good book is, it's being required in a college English course. That's my criteria and also that the libraries stock it, you know, not just for new books, but that it is in the stacks. Of course, that will take in Zane Grey's stories, and I don't think that he is particularly a good writer, but it takes in most of the classics and a good book like *The Grapes of Wrath*. That's a book for the ages, and also *Gone With the Wind* for its historical value, and also most of Hemingway's books, and of course, Mark Twain's books to go back and so on.

You have to read something. In my day, when I went to college, it was *This Side of Paradise*, the F. Scott Fitzgerald book, and *The Great Gatsby*, and also one or two of Ben Hecht's books, and Sherwood Anderson. Those are all books that are read year after year by different generations. I am very proud to say that it will be twenty years next year since the publication of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. It is still selling two or three thousand copies a year to high schools and to colleges. It is on the approved reading list. I think the war books like *From Here to Eternity* are halfway in between, but they lose out pretty soon in five or ten years.

I think Thomas Wolfe was one of the best writers that ever came out of the South. Not for his material, but for his great pouring out of things and his details and the authenticity of the dialogue and the actions. I think *Look Homeward Angel* and *Of Time and the River* are two of the best books published. I don't read them anymore. I enjoyed them when I was younger, but now I don't enjoy them so much. But that's good writing because he broke down the barriers of too much form in a novel, so many chapters, so many pages. He went at it and wrote eight hundred pages and let the chips fall where they might.

Interviewer: Sometime last year Lionel Trilling made a comment to the effect that he thought writers should live in urban areas. He felt that there was a certain immaturity in provincial or rural writers. What do you think about this?

Miss Smith: Oh, I think that if a person has lived in a town from birth and has grown up and been educated in that state, that he should go to an urban area to write, just for perspective, because things loom up a little differently. You get a little too detailed if you write in a place in which you live. I think that if you want to write about New York City, go down in Tennessee and live, and eat in the places there and shop in the stores there, and see the whole thing. Then the city comes into perspective. Sandburg is from Chicago, but I think that he wrote his best stuff when he was out of Chicago. He traveled around a lot. You know, I'm all for that. I don't believe that you have to continue living in the place that you are writing about. If I moved back to Brooklyn, I'd write a very good novel about Chapel Hill because the difference in the people, the difference in the food, the difference in their point of view, the sharpness of the city person would make me see all of the things here. I am so used to these things now that they don't stand out. I take them for granted. But if I am away for two weeks, I begin to see how people talk and I begin to count on certain people, even my daughter. She was brought up here and now is in Washington. She was here this weekend and she said, "I forget how it is here." She went with her daughter Candy to see the free movies and it was raining. They stood there and she said a boy came without saying anything to them, a young fellow that had been waiting to get in, and put the umbrella over them. She heard somebody conversing about Gaithersburg, Maryland and said, "Do you come from Gaithersburg?" And he said, "No, but my friend does." They found out that they had mutual friends there, and then a girl came out and some boy said, "Do you have a car?" She said "No," and he said, "You wait here and I will get mine." She said that that couldn't have happened anywhere except Chapel Hill, in a college town. "In Washington," she said, "You stand in the rain and nobody is going to offer you part of his umbrella. They might swipe yours from you. And nobody is going to say, 'I will take you home,' because it would be dangerous to accept such an invitation in a big city." She said that she had forgotten how wonderful everything here is. She had been away quite a while.

She writes, and she may write; she is a potential

writer. She'll write about the South, I believe, because she talks about it all the time—of the different things out here, how the chrysanthemums come out here sooner than they do up there, and how the strawberries are different, and how lush the growth is here and how stingy it is there. But if she remained here, she would probably get bored by it, and say how nothing happens here.

Interviewer: Then you don't believe either area displays any inherent immaturity.

Miss Smith: No, it's simply this. I never wrote of Brooklyn while I lived there. I wrote of it while I lived here. When I stayed in Brooklyn, I never wrote any books because all of the things I saw meant really little to me. I was aware of them, but I thought that that was the natural trend of things and it wasn't interesting. I came here and these people were something, were interesting. Oddly enough, the book is not popular in Brooklyn. They say that it is not so, that I have spoiled Brooklyn and keep tourists away. They say I have maligned Brooklyn, that the people are not poor, that they live very comfortably. But of course the people who buy books and read books are the people who live comfortably. The tenement kids (you know now it is the Puerto Ricans who are the downtrodden) don't read those books, and if they read that book about Brooklyn, they would say, where is this place? Because there is nothing like that in their life. But I do think that a writer should get out of his own environment when he has soaked it up. You know, when he has gotten everything out of it. And I think that while he is living there, he should not consciously be aware of how things are. I think that all of these things stain his mind; I don't think that he should sit up and say, "I will take note of this, and write about it someday."

Interviewer: What is the finest thing to you about being a writer?

Miss Smith: Because I can live so many lives at once. It is like a shy person who goes to a party where everybody is bright and pretty and clever, and this person has no wisecracks, no repartee, and then he will go home and lie in bed awake, and think of the things he could have said, or should have said. And you can write that down. There are a lot of points of view I have and a lot of things that would otherwise be repressed. But I can write, and I can make my own world in my writing. In *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, the background was very poverty stricken and sordid, but I can think of it now. When I was a girl I used to

think, this is a dream. I don't believe this, and if you had one apple, it was so wonderful—or an orange. We had an orange at Christmas. We were very poor. An orange meant so much to me. And I can write those things and let them out of my system. I let myself go and write my opinions of people. And write the thoughts that I think. I can't go around telling my thoughts to people. You know they would be bored stiff, but I can write all of these things. A book is a companion. It is a best friend and I can tell it anything that I want. I can make the people be real who were cruel to me, or I can make them very nice to me in the book. I can take a character who gave me a lot of anguish and make a very gallant guy out of him in the book the way I had wanted him to be. And I can make an ideal mother, or if I write about a mother who is cruel and strict with her children I can write about her as a very sympathetic, understanding person. I make my own world that way, and that is the best thing about it.

Also, I like the prestige of being a writer. I like the label. I did a little acting in my time, and I was a newspaper woman in my time, but now when they say, what is your occupation? I say author! or novelist! And people say, what do you do? You live at Chapel Hill, what do you do? Work at the University? I say, No, I am a writer. And I never fail to thrill, seeing my name in print. Betty Smith is a common name, but even if I see it in print in connection with somebody else, I get a little bit of . . . No, I think that what I like best about writing is that I can live so many lives. Because no matter what you say, all writing is autobiographical. You can't write about anything unless you know, have seen, or have felt it, or have heard about it first hand. And because of that, it is autobiographical. You can't write about a man unless you have known not one man, but you take a composite. You take five professors that you knew, and you make one ideal professor out of them, with all of his spoils and all of his riches. The people in my books are my dear friends, and anything that I want to get off my chest, a woman character gets it off her chest. Such great agony in childbirth—nobody wants to sit around and listen to it. But in a book, I can write all of the gory details. That's what I think that I like best about writing. Somebody listens to me. As a shy child in a big family, it was always, "Keep quiet, keep still we are not interested," and also in the neighborhood, "She has always got so much to say, all of the time." So I got so I didn't say anything, I wrote it. That is why I am very happy now, writing. And even if nobody published my work, I would still write.

QUIET CONTRADICTION

by

SUE ELLEN HUNSUCKER

The man leaned against the counter, his face burnt rusty brown and his cigarette loose between his lips so that it dangled when he talked. Ben sat watching the cigarette flip and flop, wondering why it didn't fall. It had burned until it was almost half ashes and they didn't fall either. They seemed glued on.

"I mean I told 'em," he was saying, his hat pushed back on his head and his elbows resting on the counter. "I told 'em—I said I wish I could send all you black bastards back where you came from—to Africa, I mean." He paused and the ashes broke almost at the filter. The man worked the burning stub around in his mouth as if it were a cigar, took one drag, and dropped it on the floor. "These younguns," he said, shaking his head and flattening the cigarette butt with his foot. "They expect you to give 'um somethin' for nothin'. The old ones know you gotta work like pure hell to get ya dollar. That's what I got to do and I ain't no damn nigger."

Ben scratched at the scab on his knee cap and then picked a little piece of the thin crust off to see how the sore was underneath. The sore looked yellow like a pale egg yolk and the air stung the exposed place. "Quit that," said Lou Anne. "Do you want to git it inflicted?"

"Hell no, Lou," Ben said, sticking his knee up in her face, "but ain't it already?"

"Couldn't hardly help it, you ignoramus, when you got ya dirty fingers in it." Lou Anne peered at the sore, first at the scab and then sideways so she could see the pus and swelling underneath. "It is sorta runny," she said, pressing the scab firmly with her finger.

"Hey, what you trying to do? Squirt me in the eye?" Ben moved his knee and put his hand over the sore.

"You better go home and git your Mama to put some alkehol or somethin' on it," Lou Anne said gently.

"Reckon I better git home at that. Mama says Papa's coming home soon. He ain't been home in two nights and Mama must miss him real bad 'cause I woke up and heard her crying." He looked down at his hand and remembered the sore under it. "But I ain't gonna put no alkehol on it."

"You better, Ben Parson!" Lou Anne moved closer to him. "Can I see it one more time, huh?"

Ben moved farther down the box, his hand still protecting the sore. "What for?" he wanted to know.

"'Cause I wanta see a live knee sore 'fore it dies. 'Cause you gonna die, Ben Parsons, if you don't wash it out with alkehol."

"Who says?" Ben still hid his knee.

"Mama's a nurse, ain't she? I know all about knee sores from Mama. I'm nine, ain't I?"

Ben shrugged and worked his fingers against his knee so that Lou Anne could almost see the scab. "Nine ain't much," he said.

"Older 'n you. A whole year older." Lou Anne's lip shot out, and her pony tail swished as she lifted her head.

"Well, you ain't no bigger," Ben said defensively.

"Well, I'm smarter. Now, let me see."

For a moment Ben was sure she was smarter, so he moved back down the box beside her and

lifted his hand off the sore carefully. "Now don't you go touching it," he warned.

"I'm not, silly." Lou Anne had her face so close to his knee that Ben could feel her breath on the open part of the sore. "Hey, there's a bug on here!" Lou Anne's head bobbed up and almost hit Ben's chin as his head went down.

"You already got bugs and you ain't even dead yet," Lou Anne said.

"Hell, Lou, that ain't nothin' but a gnat." Ben picked the gnat off and mashed it between his fingers. He stood up. "I'm going home now. You coming?"

Lou Anne looked up, her blue eyes sparkling and her mouth wide in a toothy grin. "Ain't never walked home with a corpse before."

"Shut up, damnit, or you'll be dead first," Ben threatened.

"You ain't gonna murder me, Ben Parsons. White folks got laws against it. Just niggers kill each other," she said as she followed him out of the store.

They walked slowly, Ben with his hands in the pockets of his shorts, his left leg stiff as he moved, his eyes on the sidewalk so he wouldn't step in the fresh tobacco juice the colored men spat as they talked in the afternoon shadows, their voices husky until they burst into cackling laughter. Some leaned against the telephone pole and others squatted with their backs against the battered brick buildings. Lou Anne walked a little ahead, her left hand outstretched, slapping the parking meter posts as she passed.

Ben sat down on the front steps when he got home and leaned against the porch post. Sunday, the half-breed collie dog from next door came over and laid down next to Ben on the step.

"Hey, there, old boy," Ben said softly and began rubbing the dog's head with one hand while he kept the gnats off his knee with the other.

"Papa's coming home right soon, Sunday." Ben stopped rubbing the dog and looked down the street. The dog lifted his head, whimpered, and then began to hassle softly. Saliva rolled around the edge of his mouth and finally dripped to the cement.

Ben smiled. "Yeah, boy, Papa's gonna come walking right down that street and he's gonna stop and look up at that sweet gum tree on the corner and say 'Damn fine looking tree' and pat the old bark and pull a leaf and say 'Bring that home to Mama 'cause she dearly loves the smell,' and then he'll sniff it a little and grin and push his hat back on his head." Ben looked down at

the dog. "That's what Mama says, Sunday. She says he's gonna take off his gun and his hat and put 'em on the top shelf and say, 'Gun's a dangerous thing, son,' and I'll say, 'I'm gonna be a policeman, too, Papa.'"

Mrs. Jonas who lived next door came out and hollered, "Sunday!" and the old dog went loping off to his supper.

Ben hugged his legs and leaned his head against his knees until he heard an automobile come up the street and stop. It looked like an ambulance, except that it was black instead of white and red like the one his papa sometimes rode in. Ben couldn't even see a red light on the ambulance and he couldn't see in the long windows because there were curtains on the inside.

Ben had just disappeared into the house when the men drew the long steel box out of the back of the ambulance. The men carried the box carefully, slowly up the walk and onto the porch where Ben's mama met them.

It was almost dark when Lou Anne came and sat on the porch beside Ben. The front door was shut and they couldn't hear the soft, hushed voices inside. Ben looked back at the white wreath on the door. Lou Anne looked, too. The gladioluses were turning brown around the edges and the big white bow looked like it belonged on a birthday present.

"When my grandpa died," Lou Anne said, "he had so many flowers you couldn't see him."

Ben looked at the ground. "Goddam, Goddam, Goddam," he muttered.

"I think lots of flowers are nice, don't you?" And then, without waiting for an answer, she said softly, "My papa says your papa'll have more flowers than anybody since everybody liked him so well."

Ben picked at his scab. Finally, he cleared his throat and spoke. "I thought you said just niggers killed each other."

"Well, I don't know everything," Lou Anne said defensively. She looked down at the scab and then at Ben. Tears left clear, clean streaks on his cheeks.

Lou Anne put her arm around his shoulder and pulled him until his head was cradled against her neck. Then she swayed gently, holding him like her Mama used to hold her when she cried.

After awhile, she stopped swaying and said gently, "You ain't gonna die, Ben, even if you don't put alkehol on that sore." She relaxed her arms a little and then felt Ben pull closer to her, his head heavier against her shoulder. "But, tomorrow I'll put some on it," she said.

A Summer Poem

I can still remember
Strong arms that held me
On a Summer night,
Beneath the great, grey
Shadows of the elm.

Days we spent with the
Wild sea and swift wind
Along the silver slope,
Watching grey waves change
To Emerald, then Amber,
And back again to grey,
And spoke of places far away . . .
Another land . . .
Another time . . .

Nights we spent in
Silence,
Listening to the quiet
Earth sounds,
Until . . .
Bewitched by counting
We tumbled into
Lethargy and sleep.

The gold, mellow days
Melted under the lazy
Summer sun . . .
Each day sweeter than
The last . . .

The flaming sky at last
Gave birth to Autumn,
And all too suddenly
The sharp cold breath
Of Winter
Spread across the earth,
And with it came the rain . . .

Then slowly, slowly . . .
The orchards lost their
Pale and solemn faces,
Spring breathed a
Sweet sigh across the
Earth,
And the Earth woke,
And laughed and grew warm . . .
And love wore on . . .

But as the days grew softer . . .
Mellower . . .
We knew . . .
For lovers always know,
That love is never twice the same . . .

And when the lazy Sun
Hurled Summer to the earth again,
I knew before I woke
That still, soft morning
I would find him gone . . .
The mocking summer days wear slowly on . . .

—BRENDA CANIPE



HARVEST

by

JO ANN LEITH

THE REBEL

It was hot. The road stretched ahead of me, shimmering in the heat. The air blowing in through the open windows was stifling and dusty. For the past hour and a half, since I had crossed the Indiana-Ohio state line, I had driven on the new highway—new to me, anyway. A lot of things would be new to me; ten years changes things and men.

I was passing wheat fields now; immense golden-brown carpets that swayed ever so gently in the hot July sunshine. On both sides of the road the grain grew. I had forgotten how the wheat looked when it was ready for harvest. Mid-July. In another week or so the golden shafts would be replaced by ugly grey stubble, left in the fields as the huge combines swept through like lumbering monsters gobbling up everything in their path. I wished I could have waited another week before coming. I liked the idea of watching the combines do the work.

Ten years since I had had a part in a wheat harvest. But we never used a combine. We always rented a threshing machine. Man, that was back-breaking work. Neighbors with their wagons and teams of horses came early in the morning and spent one day on each farm feeding the cumbersome threshing machine. A pitchfork was your best friend, almost, in those days. Tossing wheat bundles all day long, a fellow got pretty expert at wielding one. Grabbing the tied straw shafts as the machine coughed them out; stacking them in neat bundles; working on the machine itself for a change, watching the bags filling with the tiny wheat grains; grabbing the filled ones and tossing them onto a truck moving slowly beside you; that was man's work.

I smiled remembering those days. Always hot then. And there wasn't much time, or occasion, for conversation. Every man had his chore and he stuck to it, silently, almost resignedly.

Funny how vivid a memory can be, even when it hasn't been recalled for a long time. I must be remembering all those things because I'm getting close to home now.

Home. Now there was a word I might have some argument about. Home for me, really, was 280-odd miles north. Home was Gary, Indiana, about as un-farmlike as you can get. And I liked it; wouldn't think about changing. Home to me was my wife Sue and our little boy. Home was my job there as a salesman with Modern Pre-Fab Homes. Home was my house, not too big, neat, respectable, in a new development, with nice

neighbors. And home was the reason I was traveling in this heat, alone, on an errand I hated.

It really started a few months back, in the spring, when the weather was getting nice and the neighbors back in Gary were getting out in their yards and doing things. My next door neighbor, Jim Anderson, had some fence people come out to give him an estimate on fencing in his yard. I'm usually a pretty easy-going guy, but that hit me wrong and I got hot under the collar and one thing led to another and Jim and I had a few words. Actually I apologized later, and Jim never did put up the fence, but it got me to thinking. Got my wife Sue to thinking, too.

One night, soon after the fence incident, when she finally got the baby settled for the night, she curled up on my lap.

"You really were pretty rough on Jim, you know."

"Yeah, sure."

"I mean it, honey. All the poor guy was doing was finding out how much it would cost to fence in his yard. That's his privilege, you know."

"Fence in his yard? And for what? Keep out my kid, or something? What's the matter, he too good for the rest of us, or something?"

Sue was silent for a few minutes. "Jed, what makes you so sensitive about people not liking you, about shutting you out? Why are you offended when you're not invited every place, or included in everything that goes on around here? This isn't the first time something like this has happened. There must be a reason."

"Oh sure. Get out the psychology book. Find out what happened way back in my childhood that I don't want to remember. That's the solution, isn't it?"

"I'm serious, Jed. Something or somebody hurt you terribly sometime. It's true you might not remember, or might not *want* to remember."

"Drop it, will you, Sue. Knock it off. I'll call up Dr. Head-Shrinker tomorrow!"

We didn't talk about it any more then, but that doesn't mean I didn't think about it a lot. I knew what my "trouble" was, all right; I'm not that dumb. The fence was a sort of symbol, I guess you'd call it. Shutting us off from the neighbors, keeping us apart in a way. I liked my life the way it was, with cook-outs and card parties and borrowing tools and sugar. Anything like the fence that seemed to put us on the outside was too much of a reminder of what my life had been when I was growing up.

I grew up right here, in this land of golden wheat. Really grew up, I mean. I wasn't born here but came to live here when I was a little skinny guy of thirteen, almost afraid of my own shadow. My folks—well, my mom died when I was little and I don't remember her—but my Dad and I traveled the crop circuit. Beans in Texas, fruit in Florida, berries further up the coast, always following the harvest. We never had a home, but we never went hungry either, and my dad was good to me. If we stayed in a place long enough, I got to go to school, but I always knew it wasn't for long. And kids have a peculiar way of letting you know that you don't belong. My dad was proud of the way I caught on to the lessons and he always seemed sort of sorry every time he had to take me out of school to move on.

I really don't know how we came to be in Ohio that summer. We had never worked that far north before. But we came home the summer I was thirteen, just in time for the wheat harvest. We even stayed a little after the harvest—and that took a good two weeks—and were getting along fine. One night my Dad went into town—he didn't drink much, we never had the money for that, and I don't begrudge him a moment's pleasure because he had a rough life—but the lights failed on our old jalopy and Dad hit a bridge abutment and was killed, just like that.

Everybody here in Woodville was nice to me. They gave Dad a decent burial, but I knew they were wondering what to do with me. It was old Mrs. Henby who suggested that I go live with the Scotts. I didn't know the Scotts except that we had worked their harvest, too. Seems they had lost their only child, a twelve-year old son, a few months back and Mrs. Scott was taking it real hard. It seemed the logical solution, to a lot of folks around here, to have me go live with the Scotts.

It might have been logical, but it never worked out. I remember the day I went to live there. I had been staying with the preacher and his wife, and Mr. Thomas took me over to the Scotts one afternoon in August. He tried to explain to me how it would be living at the Scotts.

"You see, Jed, Mrs. Scott is a fine woman, and she'll be good to you. It's just that you'll have to be understanding and give her time. She and Mr. Scott were married a long time before James, their son, was born. She loved him very much, and now she's lost him."

I looked at Mr. Thomas and wondered: didn't I love my dad, too, and didn't I lose him? Will

somebody give me time and understanding, too? But I didn't say anything to him, or anybody, because I didn't have a choice.

Mrs. Scott wasn't there when we arrived, but Mr. Scott was. I liked him right away, but I wished he would talk more. He was so quiet, and he kept his eyes down toward the floor most of the time. He seemed in a hurry to get outside and back to his work. He showed me to my room. There was a bed with a patchwork quilt, a braided rug on the floor, a "God Bless Our Home" embroidered on a cloth over the door. The window looked out across the kitchen garden. It wasn't the room their son, James, had had. I found out later his room was kept locked and nobody went in except Mrs. Scott.

Supper that night was a solemn affair with just Mr. Scott and me. I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever see my new "Mother." After supper Mr. Scott took me for a walk around the farm. He seemed to come alive out there in the fields and when he was showing me his fine livestock.

"Jed, I'm glad you came. You'll be good for for this house. Good-night, son," he said, as he left me at my room.

Strange how a person will remember little things like that, even conversations.

I saw Mrs. Scott at breakfast the next morning, but she didn't sit down to eat with Mr. Scott and me. She had a slight frame, and her bones seemed to stick out all over. She wore her hair pulled back so tightly it pinched her eyes in at the corners and gave her an almost Oriental look. When I came into the kitchen she was standing at the stove watching pancakes brown. She turned and looked me straight in the eyes as she pulled a chair out from the table.

"This will be your place, Jed. I hope you like pancakes."

I liked all Mrs. Scott's cooking. And she was generous, always heaping my plate up high and asking if I wanted seconds. There was always an apple and a few cookies or a glass of milk waiting for me when I came in from the fields, or later on, from school.

School was rough at first. I was put back in the fourth grade, and then they stretched things for me. I didn't know any of the other boys there and didn't know how to get to know them. But it didn't take long before a few of the boys let me know I'd be welcome in their group. I worked hard and made up one grade that year. Miss Spencer said if I studied during the summer I could probably go to the sixth grade soon after

school opened. That part didn't bother me.

What I was worried about was not having any close friends. Once two of the boys came home from school with me and I invited them in the house. Mrs. Scott was there sewing, and she looked up in a quick jerking way and left the room. That night Mr. Scott asked me not to bring anybody home with me for awhile yet.

The house was quiet; the Scotts didn't own a radio, or if they did they never played it. Neighbors didn't drop in, and the telephone rarely rang. We went to bed soon after supper and got up early in the morning. We stayed busy; we never went any place, not even church.

Christmas we didn't have a tree, but the Scotts gave me a new green sweater that Mrs. Scott had knitted herself, and I found a Bible on the chest in my room, the first book I ever owned. The Scotts didn't give each other gifts.

It didn't take me long to realize that Mrs. Scott was most comfortable if I was not in the room when she was working. So I ate with the two of them, but then I excused myself and went to my room. I never brought anybody home with me. I did my chores and kept to myself.

I ran away twice. Didn't get far, just down the road a little. I guess I expected them to find me. I was right there in plain view on the highway. The Scotts never said anything to me about it, we just went on like before.

I did my share of work on the farm. Mr. Scott was a hard-working man, but not like my Father who always worked for someone else. Mr. Scott's work meant something more, for when his harvest was in he could see and feel and taste and hold on to the results of all his labors.

I liked the summers best, and the wheat harvest best of all. I liked the idea of neighbors working together. One big team, getting a job done. Hard work it was. Blisters raised on my hands and got black, and my legs and back ached until I felt I'd never walk straight again. But there was a camaraderie among us, in spite of our silence as we worked. We all belonged here, together, doing this job.

And that's how it was for three years. The Scotts were good to me, gave me a good home, good care, but they didn't give me the one thing I desired above all others: a feeling of belonging.

I left for good when I was sixteen. I guess you could say I ran away again, but I did a good job of it that time. I struck out away from the highway. Got to Indianapolis and enlisted in the Army. I served three years, even got to Korea.

I met a lot of fellows in the service who were outsiders, like myself. But the funny thing was, even they never counted me among their crowd. I had folks as far as they were concerned, a family and home, something most of them never had. A lot of times I wished I were back with the Scotts. At least they were something solid and real to hang onto.

But I never went back to see the Scotts. I sent them a card the first Christmas I was gone, and a picture postal from Japan telling them I would soon be out of the Army. Nothing personal. No return address. Of course I never heard from them. When my hitch in the Army was over, I went to Gary. Worked in a bank for a while, did some radio broadcasting work. Finally settled down to a happy life, finally convinced in order to "belong" I had to work hard, constantly.

Two weeks ago a letter postmarked "Woodville, Ohio" came addressed to me. I was in Chicago at a conference, but Sue called to tell me she had forwarded it. The letter was from Mr. Scott.

"Dear Jed, Just a line to tell you Mrs. Scott is seriously ill. The doctor thinks she hasn't much longer. She would like to see you before she goes—we'd both like to see you. The Red Cross got your address for me. It would mean a good deal to us if you could come right away."

I crumpled the letter in my fist. It made me mad. I didn't owe the Scotts a visit. Mrs. Scott had had three years to tell me anything she wanted to. I had a home of my own now, where I belonged, and I wanted no part of old memories.

I called Sue that night to tell her about the letter. She knew about my dad, and everything, and that I lived with the Scotts for three years, but I never told her *how* I lived there, always on the outside looking in, never really belonging.

"Are you going, Jed?"

"I didn't think I would. I had planned on a few days at the beach with you and the baby."

"Jed, I think you should go."

"Sue, you don't know anything about it. It's hot, and I'm tired, and I want to come home."

"Do you want me to go with you?" I could get Mother to come stay with the baby for a few days."

"No, no, Sue, don't do that. I'll—I'll think about whether to go or not. You stay there. That's where you belong. I'll let you know what I decide."

And here I was, just a few miles outside of Woodville. So, what did that prove? That subconsciously I believed I owed the Scotts some-

thing? And what did I have to say to the Scotts? Hello and how have you been the past ten years? And have you kept my room locked as a shrine, too?

Not really very funny. The Scotts would be changed, of course, just as I had changed. Now Mrs. Scott was seriously ill. Even as I drove nearer the farm, I dreaded the meeting more and more.

It was a little after five when I drove up to the Scott's back door. The place had changed a good deal. Run-down, needed paint. Garden was a patch of weeds. Barn looked empty, no signs of horses or cattle anywhere. It was too quiet.

The screen door swung open and Mr. Scott came down the steps, hand outstretched, to greet me.

"Jed! Jed, my boy! You're looking fine! Why didn't you let us know you were coming? I didn't know if you'd get my letter—if the address was right."

Mr. Scott looked the same, only thinner and white-headed. I thought for a moment he walked straighter, taller, more sure of himself, but I could have been mistaken.

Mr. Scott kept pumping my hand. He was really glad to see me.

I looked at the fields.

"Are you still farming all this, Mr. Scott?"

"No, Jed. I've rented out my fields for the past seven years. Got to be too much for an old man."

He winked at me, but then sobered.

"Mrs. Scott hasn't been well for a long time. Not long after you left, Jed, she seemed to give up. You know what a fine cook she was. Well, she got so she never noticed when it was meal-time any more. Paid no mind to her garden. Just sat and stared out the window most of the time. I was afraid to leave her alone so much. She really missed you, Jed. Oh, she never talked much, you know that. That wasn't her way. She took losing our boy so hard. Then after you came, she had a reason for living again. You left too soon, Jed. You should have given her more time.

Well, that really caught me off guard. Mr. Scott was almost blaming *me*! All the ten years I'd been gone I blamed Mrs. Scott for my troubles.

Every time I was rebuffed by anyone, every time I had an insecure feeling, every time I had to fight and push my way so I could belong to a group, I blamed Mrs. Scott. But Mr. Scott had said: "You should have given her more time."

We went inside. The kitchen was cool and dark. Mr. Scott explained.

"I pull the shades early in the morning. Sorta' keeps the kitchen cool. It's been so hot lately."

I looked around the big, roomy kitchen. Same table and chairs. I had an urge to sit down in my place again, feel the hard wooden back of the chair against my spine. If I closed my eyes I could hear Mrs. Scott telling me that was my place.

I turned to Mr. Scott.

"Mrs. Scott—how is she?"

The old man sank down on a chair. Now his head bowed in the familiar way I remembered and his eyes sought the floor.

"Not good, Jed, not good at all. The doctor says it is just a matter of time. I don't know why she hasn't given up before this. She's been so poorly for so long. You've been on her mind for a long time, too, Jed. She said she had to see you one more time."

I pulled out the chair in my place, sat down and reached my arm across the old man's shoulders.

"I'm glad I came, Mr. Scott. I've been wanting to come for a long time, too. I think I know what Mrs. Scott wants to tell me. And I have some things to tell her, too. We're a lot alike, she and I. It's taken us both a long time to realize that everybody in this world is different, and that means that each of us can give only what he has. Mrs. Scott took me in when I had no place to go. Took me in and cared for me when every time she saw me it must have been like a knife turning in her heart remembering the son she'd lost. She couldn't tell me she cared for me, not in words, but I wouldn't be here today if I didn't believe with all my heart that she loved me dearly."

I looked through the kitchen window, past the golden wheat fields.

"It's harvest time, Mr. Scott. Time to finally count up all the hard work you've been doing. I need to tell Mrs. Scott her work has paid off, too. I want to show her a picture of my son, James Scott. Can we go in to see her now?"

NOTES

ON A POETRY FESTIVAL

by

MILTON G. CROCKER

Attending a poetry festival such as the one held recently in D. C. was somewhat akin to wandering into a nudist colony fully clothed. That is, one tended to feel somewhat odd at first; and then one saw that everyone else looked odd too . . . at first glance. The feeling of oddness, as Mr. L. Quincey Mumford, Chief Librarian of the Library of Congress, pointed out, was probably because this was the first event of this sort to ever be supported and arranged by the Federal Government . . . of course, in co-operation with the Bollingen Foundation of Harvard University. The poets themselves and, indeed, a good number of the guests looked as if they expected the place to be momentarily surrounded and all of them to be arrested and put away.

But shortly the feeling of newness and exposure wore off and we chatted amiably with anyone who was near us or anyone who would listen.

The Poetry Festival was actually the birthday party for *Poetry Magazine*. The small quarterly which has outlasted most of its contemporaries and quite a number of larger and more widespread-in-appeal magazines was fifty years old this year. And what can be more natural on a fiftieth birthday than a party? And what a party it was! The party was represented by at least twenty of the most well known poets in the United States and an audience of almost equally important commentators, critics, publishers, and lesser poets. It lasted three days, during which time everyone, even the lesser knowns, got a chance to be heard.

The introductory speaker was Mr. Mumford who pointed out the novelty and import of the Festival. Mr. Mumford went on to say that the Library of Congress (and the government) has a responsibility to the arts. He thanked the Bol-

lingen Foundation for their help in the Festival and spoke of the successive editors of *Poetry Magazine* who succeeded Miss Harriet Monroe after her death in 1936. He spoke of the theme of the Festival,—friendship among poets (an item which I was to wonder about later and over which I am still a bit dubious).

The second speaker was Mr. Morton Zabel, who was the direct successor to Miss Monroe. Mr. Zabel is a soft-spoken man, in his sixties, who spoke of the topic for the mornings discussion—"The Role of the Poetry Journal." Mr. Zabel concluded that it is the duty of the poetry journal to publish the best poetry being written. He further concluded that the poetry journal in order to survive has to guard against the inertia of an established institution. He commented that no one expected such little magazines as *Blast* to last. In the words of Mr. Zabel:

A poetry journal must have dedication, modesty, a sense of proportion . . . and the magazine must be supported by the poets themselves . . . a poetry journal must be an act of confidence . . .

Mr. Zabel spoke intimately of the figures in American literature which it has become the style in my generation to look up to as all-knowing, all pervading members of the hierarchy whom one hesitates to approach. Truly, this was a lesson in itself; an example of Mr. Zabel's own modest yet firm approach to American literature. Mr. Zabel then concluded by saying:

The last fifty years of poetry have been the richest in American history . . . no one, no prophets could have foreseen this . . . not even Whitman . . .

Mr. Henry Rago, the third speaker and present editor of *Poetry* then pointed out: Miss Monroe decided to found *Poetry* in 1911 during her trip around the world. She was over fifty before she even conceived the idea. The opportunity was of her own making; very few had the insight she possessed, the ability to perceive the future of American poetry; in short, she had the grit. She discovered Pound's *A Lume Spento*, *Personae*, and *Exultations* in London in 1910 and this probably led to her later decision. She was the first American to really discover the angry expatriate. During the succeeding years Pound was trying anything that seemed new, anything that smacked of *vers libre* and sensationalism; in a word, Pound shocked the American public and the English public into accepting the new poetry, the modern

poetry. So spirited was he, so varied, and so much obsessed with what was new and unusual, different, violent, that had he been the principal editor of *Poetry Magazine* the whole thing would probably have failed. Miss Monroe was at times forced to stand him off with determination. But as the first foreign editor, Pound introduced such noteworthy poets and poems as T. S. Eliot and his "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"; and he first made Robert Frost known to the American public through his reviews in *Poetry* of Frost's first two books, which had to be published in England. But perhaps Pound was right in his assumption that "what is good is new . . . you must *Make It New* . . ." Without his obsessions and driving force the whole school of modern poetry probably would not have developed.

The fourth speaker of the morning was Miss Louise Bogan whose first poem published in *Poetry* appeared in the elegaic issue after Miss Monroe's death. Miss Bogan is a tall, handsome, stately-looking woman with a New England accent. She said:

Poetry was pamphleteering (in a way) for a particular art . . . the imagists condensed and intensified language, they abolished the sentimental.

Miss Bogan concluded her remarks by emphasizing that the American poet of today is not as isolated as was his predecessor fifty years ago when *Poetry* was being founded. Since then a lot of changes have occurred. The knowledgeable amateur has become an important part of American society. And the poetry journal has changed its status too; today our poetry journals are regarded as documents to be preserved and cherished. The very fact that we were there at that time under the auspices of the government proved the merit of Miss Bogan's words.

Mr. Kunitz, the last speaker of the morning, emphasized the role of the poet in our modern society. He called the poet and the writer the free men of our times. The writer is even more different now because of his freedom and individuality. His work is worth nothing as a commodity. He has precise indirection. The society industriale can never understand him. And to make matters even more complicated the poet cultivates the myth of his own difficulty. Mr. Kunitz concluded:

The writer must always be busy in his search for style. The style emphasizes the age in which he lives. Those hand-

fuls who listen to the prevailing tune will play it back . . . but differently. . . . the writer must always keep testing the limits of his difficulty; because a writer is either experimental or dead.

The poet's art tends to be secret, private; popularity soon loses itself in vulgarity and repetition. Our age demands no secrets . . .

At this point we had our first discussion period and a number of prominent people in the audience rose and were introduced and made comments of one kind or another (including me, who wasn't very prominent but couldn't resist the impulse).

It was time for lunch and we went out into the sunlight. It was one of those bright fall days which come occasionally in late October. It was warm and sunny and the grass on the Capitol lawn felt springy and alive under our feet as we walked across toward downtown Washington.

That afternoon the poets read from their own works. Karl Shapiro, Mark Van Doren, Louis Untermeyer, Delmore Schwartz, Muriel Rukeyser, John Crowe Ransome, Howard Nemerov, William Meredith, and Leonie Adams. All of these people are fine poets and it was a fine afternoon; unfortunately, however, some of them do not have the best reading voices. Delmore Schwartz, for example, although a very fine poet, is not a very good reader; and Muriel Rukeyser too comes across much better on the printed page than she does when she is doing her own reading, although she has a most pleasing voice.

And suddenly it was evening, and we were walking back through dusk on a windy street to the final lecture of the day.

Randall Jarrell was the speaker, and he was introduced by Mr. Heckscher, the Consultant to the President on Arts. In his introductory remarks, Mr. Heckscher made much of the fact that poets are odd people . . . who wish to be left alone. He implied that the government's interest is symbolic of something larger, and he made what I thought was one of the most beautiful statements made during the whole Festival in or out of the context of poetry: "Poetry is the sea into which all the rivers of this generation flow."

The title of Mr. Jarrell's lecture was "Fifty Years of American Poetry," which soon turned into "An Evening with Randall Jarrell: His Likes and Dislikes." Mr. Jarrell began by saying (rather humorously) that it took fifteen minutes over an hour to pack in the fifty years of American poetry and although he was only supposed to speak for an hour, if we would bear with him he

would take fifteen extra minutes. Mr. Jarrell then proceeded to speak for an hour and forty-five minutes.

The balance of his lecture was spent in discussing people who were his contemporaries, but who weren't there to defend themselves.

E. A. Robinson expresses human sympathy, and understanding of humanity . . . Robinson hates hypocrisy as did Twain . . . his poetical language is paradoxical . . . few good poems, but we respect him. . . . Edgar Lee Masters tells of a bygone America . . .

After this statement concerning Masters I could only breathe heavily and sigh, "Thank Heaven!"

Mr. Jarrell then went on to dispose of: Carl Sandburg, whom he doesn't like because he has "Not quite a style;" Lindsay, whom he likes and whom he compares to William Blake; Robert Frost, whom he likes and whom he praised for twenty minutes or a half hour (Frost was sitting right in front of him. I mean, I like Frost too. But is it criticism of a literary nature?); Ezra Pound, whom he dislikes intensely and whom he ridiculed by quoting neither from his poetry nor his rather extensive works of valid criticism and translation but instead by reading from one of his pro-Nazi works; Wallace Stevens, whom (Wonder of wonders!) he likes; William Carlos Williams, who is "biased by his Imagistic views." And on and on and on he went with his "list."

There were many, many more whom Mr. Jarrell didn't like and whom he managed to ridicule although he did not offer much valid criticism. (Notably: Anyone connected with Eliot or Pound in any way; his far-flung jibes reached as far as Hart Crane and Archibald MacLeish and even down to the Beats, when he concluded that

Good American poets are individual and rare. Poets are ruined by groups writing manifestos. The Beatniks were ruined thusly . . . the Beats naturalness is a learned imbecility.

and—concerning Edna St. Vincent Millay: "... it's too bad that more of our modern poets don't write poems that can be read in a canoe." However, at this point everyone had stopped laughing and we all just wanted to get out and away from him. My only impression from Mr. Jarrell's lecture was that I found him tiring and somewhat of a bore.

II

The second day began. The weather was suddenly harsh and cold. Down East Capitol Street

where we were staying the spectres of what had once been beautiful flowers shook beneath the pelting of a rainy, windy day. A scrap of paper blew by us as we walked out in the morning air. But the poetry conference went on, unmindful of weather or Cuba.

Robert Penn Warren had been scheduled for chairman that day, but was too ill to attend the festival and Richard Wilbur, a pleasant, energetic, young man of about thirty-five, took over. Babette Deutsch was the first speaker. Her subject: "The Poet and The Public." Miss Deutsch, a small woman with hair now turning white, speaks in a New England accent—slight but noticeable. She is so short that looking down on her from the audience you suddenly realized that she has to look almost straight up to see over the podium. Miss Deutsch is the author of over eight books. She opened her remarks by stating the resemblance which exists between the art of poetry and the ability to make a speech. "A speechmaker resembles a poet in that every word counts." Miss Deutsch continues:

The heart was the seat of feeling for Coleridge. The poet must feel: and he must always be strange. Remember the poem and the manner of Li Po's dying:
And Li Po died also;
He tried to embrace
A drunken moon
In the yellow river.

EZRA POUND

For the poet there must be a metaphorical drowning also. The poet may also be doomed to oblivion . . . "and none shall speak his name . . ." Li Po died long ago; he died in a faraway land after writing in a strange hand . . .

Miss Deutsch's remarks became more decidedly angry and short as her speech progressed.

. . . poets are human beings. Villon, Rimbaud, Pound, all have an intelligence of the heart . . . the public is a huge, faceless, amorphous thing . . . the Congressional Anthology issued a few years ago was composed of mixed pieces. The anthology was sponsored by a prayer group. There were 103 selections, most of which were pious. The favorite poem then was "If" by Kipling; the favorite poem now might well be "The Gift Outright." . . . the Soviet Union case is different. The poet there writes for a large audience . . . the poet is a member of the public too . . . but he must understand himself first . . .

After Miss Deutsch's speech Howard Nemerov was introduced. Mr. Nemerov had read the day before and I was looking forward to his speech very much. I was not disappointed in him. He is a marvelous looking individual with an ironical twist to his mouth and a way of speaking which makes you think that he's always going to say something funny or something very important; he has almost silver-white hair cut short in a flat-top. Nemerov is an active man. During World War II, he flew for the Canadian and American air force; he is the author of novels, a critic, a short-story writer, and a teacher as well as a poet.

Mr. Nemerov recalled the first beginnings of wanting to be a poet, the myth of beginnings which all poets invent, the vanity and the dislike for the public which most poets go through. Mr. Nemerov concluded:

. . . no one is drafted into poetry. Poetry, however, does exert power into the world of reality; therefore, it has an audience . . . somewhere.

But poetry is subversive. It teaches freedom. . . . we write at last because life is hopeless and beautiful.

The next speaker was Mr. Karl Shapiro, one-time editor of *Poetry* himself, and present editor of *The Prairie Schooner*. Mr. Shapiro won a Pulitzer Prize for his poetry in 1945 and was poetry consultant to the Library in 1946 and he has published at least one book of criticism. He began by saying that, concerning the poet and his public, he doesn't know what a poetry public is. Almost every other art has a public. Even the classics are enjoying a re-birth in America; but there is still no public for modern poetry. Another thing, Mr. Shapiro pointed out, American poetry is in such a small quantity . . . D. H. Lawrence seems strangely American alongside some of our modern American poets; and neither our critics nor the poets themselves think in terms of a national poetry . . .

. . . in the 19th century we can count about one and a half American poets. We are now honoring the dawn of American poetry. We are in our Beowulf years.

With this Mr. Shapiro ended his lecture and a rather heated discussion ensued, during which quite a number of guests and poets and poets and poets exchanged blows with one another (of a verbal sort). Then followed a short lamenting period in which the question of the poetry audi-

ence again came to the fore. This concluded when Mr. Kenneth Rexroth rose and said:

Allen Ginsberg, whether you choose to regard him as a poet or not, sells more than all the rest of us here put together. About 100,000 copies a year . . .

. . . and the second morning was gone and it was time for lunch and walking back through the cold afternoon to rest for a few hours.

Then it was back to the library for another afternoon of readings. The readers were John Berryman, Gwendolyn Brooks (who is probably the finest Negro poet this country has ever seen and who manages to somehow escape from racial aspects most of the time). J. V. Cunningham, Richard Eberhart (who was once a fine poet but who has now, unfortunately, given up poetry for *The Saturday Evening Post*), Louise Bogan, Paul Engle, Henry Rago, W. D. Snodgrass (who is a young poet with a good talent and who seemed perfectly delighted about something all through the Festival), and Allen Tate (an erudite and amazingly learned poet with a great deal more to be said for him). The afternoon passed too swiftly, and I left the Library that afternoon with a haze of beautiful and dark impressions racing with delicate speed across my mind.

The evening of this second day was the climax of the Festival. Robert Frost was the speaker that night. The auditorium was filled and over-filled and Frost received the warmest welcome that I saw anyone get during the Festival.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer introduced Mr. Frost and spoke of his own first encounters with the poetry of Frost many years ago. I believe that one tends to take too lightly such personalities as Untermeyer; for, while his poetry is not great poetry, it was beautiful to see these two knowledgeable individuals seated together, each complementing the other on that stage . . . Frost with his snow-white hair the color of a New England winter, old, but with the fire still bubbling in him, still fighting . . . Untermeyer, a tall erudite man, tending toward the lankiness which we associate with awkwardness, but poised, assured, speaking in low familiar tones of Frost and other people he had known.

Frost rose and spoke of youth, of "fishing in a still stream" and of people he himself had known, of his own poetry, of the fact that his first poem was published in 1882 by Susan Hayes Ward in a newspaper and was called "My Butterfly" . . .

. . . real grief is a woe which you can do nothing about . . . poetry is about grief.

Politics is about grievance . . . I always liked nonsense verse . . . when it was funny . . .

Mr. Frost read from his own poems and added a line to one of them that night. He spoke of his trip to Moscow and commented on his impressions of the U. S. S. R. and Khrushchev.

And then it was over. The whole audience rose in a body and gave Mr. Frost a standing ovation. He came back and stood for a moment at the podium and talked of his friend Ezra Pound and rather pathetically of Miss Monroe . . . "she wanted to be remembered for her poetry . . . but it didn't quite measure up to it . . ."

The last day arrived. We had rushed back and forth so much that it seemed sometimes we had been doing this all our lives; Washington was agog since the Cuban situation had arisen. Pickets paraded in front of the White House carrying signs. The signs proved that at least two groups were picketing at the same time; two groups picketing for exactly opposing things . . .

The morning lecture for this third day was "The Problem of Form." The speakers were Allen Tate, Leonie Adams, and J. V. Cunningham. John Crowe Ransome was the chairman. Leonie Adams was late because of taxi trouble and for a while everyone was wondering if she was going to make it at all. This made Mr. Tate the first speaker. Miss Adams came in early in his lecture and was ushered to her seat.

Mr. Tate's lecture centered around the four causes mentioned and outlined by Aristotle; a point which had been begun in Mr. Ransome's opening remarks. Mr. Tate concluded by applying a more scientific approach to the problem of form. Sometime during his lecture I found my head swirling as he talked of "spatial distribution" and mathematics. He ended by saying:

. . . poets are always partly formalists, partly expressionists; at times one more than another . . . poetry is a disorderly art . . .

The next speaker was Miss Leonie Adams. Miss Adams chose to approach poetry from a scientific angle also. She talked of "organic form" and defined it as "a vital fusion of form and content." She ended by saying that "poetry moves toward song but cannot reach it."

The last speaker of the morning was the one I found most pleasant, J. V. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham is a large man from the west coast who dresses informally and walks with large sure

steps. His voice is exactly what you would expect from him—large and resonant and appealing. Mr. Cunningham's approach to the problem seemed closely akin to existentialism; a semanticist's holiday (you know—the one where the semanticist or the speech teacher spends his holiday giving speeches). Mr. Cunningham said:

We have too many choices in our society . . . we give a positive value to informality . . . we praise "real speech." What is unreal speech? Form is regularity—it is that which remains the same when everything else is changed . . . form precedes its existence . . .

In conclusion he said that we have no place to go except, paradoxically, back to regular meter and form.

This last afternoon's readings were given by R. P. Blackmur (a writer almost classical in impetus), Katherin G. Chapin, Bebette Deutsch, Langston Huges, Randell Jarrell (whose poetry was not quite as bad as his speech), Stanley Kuntiz, Ogden Nash (who made quite a success with his verse and who was highly liked by the other poets), Kenneth Rexroth, Richard Wilbur, and Oscar Williams.

The last lecture was given by Sir Herbert Read. Sir Herbert began by stating that in view of his subject, "A View of American Poetry from Abroad," America's greatest poet was Henry James because of the scope and depth of his work.

Bernard Shaw called America and England "two nations divided by a common language" . . . Henry James compels by the range of his perception . . . American poetry was born of a clash of forces . . . Whitman was a revolutionist . . . a dead end; most of American turned away from Whitman . . . After Whitman came Pound as an international influence; he lost the road of Whitman, he defected, and a great poet was lost to America . . . William Carlos Williams took his place . . .

Sir Herbert went on to say that Pound had become a Confucian or a European; Eliot has also been lost to American verse . . . There was more, of course. Sir Herbert talked of Hart Crane and Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore and Robert Lowell. But at this moment my mind went back to the first day we arrived here, went over the events which had happened since that time. I felt bad that such a thing must end.

Sir Herbert closed his lecture with a word re-

forging that strong tie which has always existed between England and America: "To be an English poet is to be in the best tradition." And then it was over for good. The people left; I left. We stopped for a moment and chatted with Kenneth Rexroth in the foyer outside.

I Who First Found Spring

I who first found spring . . .

Who touched the sunlight
Caught upon jade boughs,
And watched the same sun
Sprawl along the river's edge . . .

Found love's delicate soft wings
Hidden among the bittersweet of fall;
And silently left spring behind,
To live with shadows, smoke and amber leaves.

—BRENDA CANIPE

FRANCIS SPEIGHT

The Artist In Residence

The two-story frame house loomed darkly over the street, and we peered in at the windows. "Are you sure this is the right place?"

"Yes. Maybe he's not home."

"He must be. He said he would be."

So we rang the doorbell, and in a moment a light came on way down the back hall and then Francis Speight opened the front door. He led us slowly down the hall and into the room where the light was coming from. In the room were the busts of two Greeks, two bronze casts of the work of Lucca Delarobia, an easel, two straight-back chairs and a studio couch. This was all the furniture we saw.

We met his wife and daughter and then they disappeared into the back rooms where the family lives. He asked if we would like to look at the paintings, and we followed him back into the hallway and into another room. Paintings hung from the walls, paintings sat on the floor and paintings were stacked in the corners. Most of the paintings were of the Schuylkill Valley, particularly the Manayunk-Roxborough area. This is the region in which Speight is said to be the dean of landscape artists, and he has dedicated



"Art is a comment on life. As an expression it can be humble; it can be eloquent; it can be rough; or it can be just plain pretty and still be art. At the same time, it's a comment on the artist's life, and it's difficult for people to understand that."

—FRANCIS SPEIGHT



SCHUYLKILL AT MANAYUNK OIL 28 x 36

First Altman Prize for Landscape—1958



HOLY FAMILY CHURCH OIL 24 x 30

most of his life to its celebration. He likes to paint during the early morning or the late afternoon, when the sunlight plays around the edges of objects and creates a counterpoint world of shadow and light. This world draws him in and its dim lights infuse his canvases. His painting is like his speech—wary of overstatement.

"But in this one I was experimenting," and he pointed to the painting of *The Holy Family Church* in front of us. "I generally paint things with the light on the side, but that time I waited until mid-day and looked for a rooftop to reflect the light from the sky. You see, all the shadows are simplified. You can't see the windows in the buildings." And we moved on around the room and into the next room.

Someone observed that one painting looked as if it had been done by someone else. Speight folded his arms and looked intently at the painting. "Well, that one's my wife's." Then, "She may be better than I am, you know."

There were paintings in every room, both upstairs and downstairs. In one room, the floor was covered with canvases. "This is the drying room," he explained. "But those in the corner were painted when I was a student. That was my father's old horse and cart and I took them out of the barn and hitched them to the fence and painted that picture."

Francis Speight, a quiet and modest man, was brought up on a farm in Bertie County, North Carolina. He was graduated from Wake Forest College and went to Chanderly Art School in Washington, D. C., intending to learn enough art to illustrate the stories he hoped to write. "I knew I wanted to do something, but I wasn't sure what it was. First I thought I'd write; then I thought I'd write and illustrate my stories; and then I decided I would just be an illustrator. But somebody told me to go see Daniel Garber, and I wound up at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts studying under him."



The floor was covered with canvases.



STRAW FOR THE CITY'S HORSES OIL 36 x 46

Sesman Gold Medal for Landscape



REMNANT NO. 1 OIL 22 x 30

CANAL SCENE OIL 40 x 50 1926-29

*Reproduced in Carnegie Institute
International Exhibition Catalog in 1929.*



Speight became a good friend as well as a favorite student of Garber, and it was probably the influence of the older man that guided him down the quiet stream of landscape painting while the currents of contemporary art swept erratically on.

Speight's work has not gone unnoticed. He received the First Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design, 1930; the Kohnstamm Prize, Art Institute of Chicago, 1930; the Landscape Prize, Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts, 1932; the Bronze Medal and Third Clark Prize, Corcoran

HALLOWEEN NO. 3 OIL 24 x 28

*Collection. David Warren
Edenton, N. C.*



THE RED STREET OIL 36 x 40



HILLSIDE IN WINTER OIL 38 x 48

ran Gallery, 1937; the First Altman Prize for Landscape, 1951 and, in 1955, the Obrig Prize at the National Academy. His canvases hang in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum, Pennsylvania Academy, The Art Gallery of Toronto, Butler Institute of American Art, Norton Gallery in Palm Beach, Memorial Art Gallery in Rochester, New York, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and Pennsylvania State University. In 1962 he was awarded an honorary Ph.D. from Wake Forest College.

He had been at the Pennsylvania Academy, as student and teacher, for forty-one years before he became East Carolina College's Artist in Residence in 1961. "I've always wanted to come back to North Carolina and paint," he said, "but this was the first chance I got."

How long does he plan to stay? As long as he finds something important to do. He told us, "I haven't retired. I've come back home, but I've come back home as a work project. I want to stay as long as I can or until I feel I should go someplace else. It's sort of hard for me not to look down the road and look away off."

THE WHITE PICKET FENCE

a play in one act

by

HARLAN MILLS

*"It was a great mistake, my being born
a man, I would have been much more
successful as a sea gull or a fish."
"That's morbid craziness . . ."*

—EUGENE O'NEILL

(A fallout shelter located under a nondescript farmhouse in Rock Wall, Texas, just outside Dallas. Winter, 1982.)

(The decor is one of studied simplicity. A print of Stuart's *George Washington* hangs from the plaster wall. Also in the room are the following: An open dictionary on a stand, a sherry decanter and glasses on a high shelf, a hand wound victrola and scattered records, oil lamps with flower print shades, a series of drawers in a cabinet—such as a revolving dental cabinet (Circa 1882). The drawers are marked as to contents. A violin sits in a chair. On a tall easel there is an unfinished painting of a grotesque nude woman. The table in the center of the room is covered with a game of monopoly. Play money is stacked in neat piles. There is a pipe in an ashtray next to the game. Smoke rises from the pipe. Mozart plays on the victrola. A small tinsel Christmas tree stands in the corner.)

(An old woman in her seventies crawls through a tunnel into the room. She carries a flashlight which she places in the drawer marked "flash-lites." Mary is the woman's name. She wears a very plain dress and looks like Grant Wood's *American Gothic*. She puts on a bright red robe with an Elizabethan collar. She sits at the game, rolls the dice and moves her red piece forward. Continually glancing back over her shoulder, she cheats a few spaces and snitches a few bills from the bank.

An old man in his seventies crawls in and puts his flashlight in the drawer marked "Flashlites." His name is Joseph and constitutes the second half of the Gothic couple. He puts on a bright yellow monopoly piece. He winds the Victrola and sits down to play.

King, a young man in his twenties, crawls in and puts on his black robe and hurries to the game. He takes off his robe and starts to crawl back out.)

KING: Play for me. I forgot to close the door.
MARY: I'll have to play for King. (KING EXITS. SHE NODS.)

JOE: Do, by all means, play for King.

MARY: Thank *you*.

JOE: (EXAMINING THE PLAYING BOARD). Are you *there*?

MARY: Yes. I rolled doubles.

JOE: I'll bet.

MARY: Are you insinuating . . .

JOE: (CORRECTING HER MOVE). That is supposed to be King's knight.

MARY: I don't like it any more than you do.

JOE: Monopoly? Or playing for King?

MARY: Don't be a poor sport. You never go on like this when you win.

JOE: There's no sense in quibbling over the little things. But then again, if you didn't have the money to get the nice ones, you have to compromise and make the little ones do. Some things get me down. Change the record. I am too nervous for Strauss.

MARY: How about some Haydn. You love him.

JOE: Not the *Messiah* though.

MARY: Oh, no. Not that tired, old thing. We have the tree.

JOSEPH: Something simple. Just strings. (MOVES) that's . . .

MARY: Cello? (KING CRAWLS, UNNOTICED, INTO THE ENTRANCE OF THE TUNNEL).

JOE: If you must. (WHILE SHE GOES TO THE VICTROLA, HE CHEATS AT THE GAME BY MOVING HIS PIECE FORWARD AND HER PIECE BACKWARDS AND BY TAKING SEVERAL BILLS FROM THE BANK). We . . . have . . . quite a selection . . . but not enough . . . needles . . . I'll have to do something about . . . that . . . soon.

MARY: There. Something simple and from the past. (THE OTHER SIDE OF MOZART PLAYS.) It's Bach. You'd never guess it though.

JOE: I would guess Haydn. Haydn, Haydn. Ah! (BLOWS A KISS).

MARY: Music is all in the mind.

JOE: One. Two. (PAUSE.) Eh . . . ? No. Especially the new music.

MARY: I wonder where King is? I don't know whether he would want me to buy or sell.

JOE: He's probably still watching the sky. Here . . . I'll play for him.

MARY: What? Well, let's alternate. (PAUSE). Yes, definitely. He was scanning up there while we were there. He could be shielding us from the truth.

JOSEPH: We're ready for the worst. Little good we'll get from knowing when it is coming. We've done all we can down here. Your play.

MARY: He was fascinated with watching it.

JOE: Fascinated? Not hardly. But smiling though. That's a change. He's young. Sherry?

MARY: Oh, I . . . I . . . Oh, Joseph, I . . . Well, I . . . Please.

JOE: Where is it?

MARY: What do you mean "where is it?" You know perfectly well where it is. Stop trying to distract me from the game. I am after St. Charles Place and you well know it.

JOE: Of course I know where it is. Didn't I put it there myself. On the shelf. I would say that was the sherry up there, would you not?

MARY: Please. I am trying to concentrate on Marvin Gardens. The glasses. Get the glasses. They're next to the decanter.

JOE: Perhaps you are taking something for granted. I have my needs too. Just a little more consideration in your voice would help out a great deal. I've lost a son. I have lost more. My father's gone.

MARY: It is some sense of guilt that makes you go into that before you start on your sherry. The boy is gone. The parrot is in parrot heaven and you have nothing to fret about. Pour.

JOE: I'm going to have a seizure too. You are picking up traits from Helen and Tena and Blanche. At Mr. Jack's. Where is King? Why doesn't the afternoon shape up?

MARY: Dr. Boddo told you not to complain. He's doing everything he can. He says to take it easy.

JOE: I think I have had enough of this music. I can't concentrate either. I detest Handel. Too many strings. After sitting through eight hours of that whining thing every day. (POINTS AT VIOLIN). I am in no mood for more of it from that scratchy thing. (POINTS AT VICTROLA).

MARY: You specifically asked for strings.

JOE: I was being witty.

MARY: Tongue in cheek, no doubt.

JOE: You seem to get the picture.

MARY: Stop the Strauss then if you must. Don't you have your way in all things. In "*absolutely*" all things. (HE TURNS TO THE VICTROLA. SHE CHEATS).

JOE: That's why our marriage is a success.

MARY: What marriage? Pushing each other around in this hole like we were living well. There's nothing high on the hog about this pit. I'm sorry, Joseph. I know it's the only way to survive. But the scratchy records, and the sweet

wine. I know. We eat squarely. I can thank you for that. We'll be ready when they find us. We can wait like cornered gophers—like you say "gophers" for the "snake" to come . . . Your move.

JOE: Don't start your forensics.

MARY: Not on your life.

JOE: Save them for King. He is the only one around here who appreciates your extemporaneous devices. When he is around here . . .

MARY: I am silence itself.

JOE: Who said that?

MARY: It wasn't literary allusion.

JOE: I have an education, my dear. You don't have to keep reminding me that I had the education. Why must you? Is it part of your plan?

MARY: Don't be asinine. You haven't touched a drop yet.

JOE: I intend to do so. Shortly. Please hush enough for me to think.

MARY: You can only move forward. What are you thinking about. (KING CRAWLS ON UP THE TUNNEL OUT OF SIGHT). No. Don't tell me. More than likely about King watching the sky again . . . or the parrot, that's a favorite subject, or the boy—lying with his shaven body in some valley . . . unclaimed. You have a one track mind.

JOE: I am all in with your point after point trying to prove to me you are right. I know, for God's sake, I know so concretely, that you are right everytime. In every instance.

MARY: Then serve the sherry. And stop dickering over Connecticut Avenue. It isn't worth it. Half a glass for me though. And you might serve up one for King. He'll need warming over when he comes down.

JOE: Go ahead and play for him. I'll get his sherry. He won't drink much. Not with the sky threatening like he says. Days like this, he hardly touches a drop. I know that.

MARY: I know that too. You don't have to explain everything to me like I am a senseless, uninitiated child of twelve. I know more than you give me credit for. Put that in your pipe.

JOE: Poppycock . . . absolutely, poppycock!

MARY: Don't use that word. It is inane and meaningless. I have asked you not to use it.

JOE: That's the first time I've used it today. I love words.

MARY: Joseph. Are you losing your memory? Are you going to show your age by losing your memory? Was the parrot not lesson enough?

JOE: It happens to the best of us and when you get right down to it, Mary, I think it runs in the family. If I can consider Father as family.

Perish the thought. I haven't used it . . . before.

MARY: You said it right in this room. Just a moment ago. On the way for the sherry. I remember distinctly.

JOE: Poppycock?

MARY: Absolutely . . .

JOE: You are insane. That proves it. That's the first time I've used it today and I'll have you use some respect in your little rebuttals. I don't like that tone of voice.

MARY: I am not talking about "poppycock." I am referring to "absolutely . . ."

JOE: Drink up and forget. I don't follow you.

MARY: The word is *absolutely*. I've grown tired of begging you to refrain from using it in front of me. Have you lost all consideration?

JOE: I have never used the word. Why would I when I know very well you detest it? I know all too well. After that scene on the Green, how could I, in my right mind, allow it to pop out—I don't how carelessly. You have a habit of drawing lines around the finest points. Actually.

MARY: What if I were to get sick? Then you would have more consideration, perhaps. I guess it takes something like that with you. You don't understand anything unless someone shouts at you. Your disregard for your father was neatly shifted to me. I get the brunt of your ingratitude. It certainly didn't take me long to catch on to that.

JOE: How can you sit there and go on like that with the sky threatening? The Enemy could come through that tunnel any minute. I've done all I can. I've made all the arrangements. If you are going to let economic pressures turn you into a sour old woman, then I am going to take off.

MARY: Where would you go? Just tell me where you would go? And while you are thinking, move! (PAUSE). These little quibbles keep us going, I suppose. Keep the blood circulating. Let's try not to refer to each other as old, though. I think we could draw a line there, Joseph.

JOE: Do you want to live a life of illusion, Mary? If you do then I'll call you "the girl from Next Door." You are seventy-two. I am seventy-eight. Move.

MARY: You did say it. On the way to the sherry. (PAUSE). Wait a min-ute. Don't you look like that. How dare you suggest that it was I . . . Are you inferring . . . Lis-ten.

JOE: Better drink the sherry. It will work well where you need it most. Listen. Here comes King.

MARY: Don't say anything about fussing. He hates it so, and I just don't want to get him all

rowed up. He's been so worried today.

JOE: What reason does he have to hang around here now? He won the last real dollar just then. He has won all our money. We have nothing left he can take.

MARY: (SLAPS JOSEPH). Don't you dare say a thing like that! What he has won from us would have been our son's if he had survived the war. (KING CRAWLS INTO THE ROOM).

JOE: So you like to think . . . Well, well! King, boy! What do you look all flustered about? Get him a tablet, Mary. Boy, your sherry is on the table. (MARY GOES TO THE CABINET).



MARY: King, come here.

KING: I was watching the sky. All directions. I just felt something was up. I looked over toward Dallas. That's the way they'll come if they come. Nothing. The sky was empty. Not even a bird. Then I noticed something back up in the North. Moving slowly this way like a Blue Norther. You've never seen anything like it. Like a cloud of birds. And it was making a sound. Like zzzzz. Only worse than I could ever tell you. And the shadow of it moved underneath it, like it was a rainstorm. With hail. I've got to go back up and take my rifle. I'll do the best I can. I wish you had a radio so we could know for sure. I am positive it is the Enemy. It looks like this is it. But it could be our corps in a counterattack. As soon as I find out, I'll be back down. This shelter is the best place for you now.

MARY: Oh, King, darling. (EMBRACES HIM). Be careful. Be careful. What would we do without you? You are like our son now. Please be careful.

JOE: If you get caught, don't tell them about us. Not either side. They'd only include us in a census and then we'd be responsible again. Re-

member: Mum's the word.

KING: No matter what happens, I'll return. Stay here. Don't come out for any reason. Do you have everything you need?

JOE: That's a question. We've been down here years just for this moment. I hope they attack.

MARY: Who?

JOE: I don't care which side now. I'm going to die before anything happens. Get him a tablet, Mary. (SHE GOES). Get up there and fight. Fight for the right. (IN A WHISPER). Have you got the real money? I want it now.

KING: I didn't have time to get it.

JOE: You have every cent to our name. I let you win for a commission, not for the cash.

KING: I know. I will bring it as soon as I can.

MARY: Oh, precious darling. (SHE RETURNS). Crawl on up and be careful. We'll play for you. Above all, be careful.

KING: Goodbye. I will return. (HE EXITS WITH HIS RIFLE WHICH WAS HIDDEN UNDER A CHAIR).

JOE: And soon! There goes a smart kid.

MARY: I'll get the record. (TAKES A SPECIAL RECORD FROM A FOLDER AND PLACES IT ON THE PHONOGRAPH).

JOE: Put it back. There's nothing up there! He just forgot his rifle and had to come back for it. That's what I like about the kid. He beats us at this game, takes all our money, but he has a sense of responsibility to us. He adds a bit of excitement for what he takes. That's nice of him. Aren't many around like that. Nice kid. Glad we've got him.

MARY: I believe him. I think this is *it*. And it's about time. Do you know where everything is? I'll check the wick. (SHE INSPECTS A PRAYER CANDLE. LIGHTS IT, AND BLOWS IT OUT).

JOE: If this were the end, what difference would it make? I'm getting tired of this place anyway. The parrot's gone. The boy's gone like his hair. And now our little friend is our only deviation. How's your sherry?

MARY: (THINKING) If I did say "absolutely" I promise you, I don't recall. A pure slip of the tongue. It happens to me frequently, I have been told, during the excitement of competition. Good sherry. Dry.

JOE: Too warm.

MARY: Yes.

JOE: This shelter is designed wrong. The shelf is too high.

MARY: Heat rises.

JOE: That's no old wives' adage.

MARY: Tale.

JOE: Pardon?

MARY: Excuse me. It was just the sherry.
(PAUSE).

JOE: You are certainly excused. But not the architect. But what use is it to fuss about it now?

MARY: You are right. The hole has been dug. We are in it. The shelter has been built. Nothing can be done about it. Here's seven hundred for two hotels.

JOE: How do you expect them to design for the "people-who-do-things-as-they-should-be-done?" What do they know about sherry shelves? All they know is poverty. They are inept these days. They spend all their time figuring strain and stress. They'll put the shelves too high because they aren't going to live down here. All that paper wadded up on the floor doesn't make them efficient. *Holiday* says they can't get a wine cellar built right anywhere. A lost art. All over the world.

MARY: Not even in Paris.

JOE: Why would you say Paris? You didn't read the article?

MARY: There is more than one copy in circulation, certainly.

JOE: Do tell. It's your move. I wish you would pay attention to what you're doing.

MARY: I saw it hidden behind the commode.

JOE: Have I no privacy?

MARY: Lincoln took off his shoes to think.

JOE: That's a fop's legend. Where do you think King has gone? Just to the top, or completely away?

MARY: No use to change the subject on me. I know where you do your serious study.

JOE: It's a better magazine than that trash you read.

MARY: How do you know what I read?

JOE: I don't suppose I hear you at the club. In the buffet line with Helen. Under the umbrella at the games with Blanche. Cackling like hens over the films. Look at you react. You can certainly hand out the gibes, but watch, just watch you take them. I wish I had a mirror!

MARY: That's a cliché to hide behind.

JOE: You read them at the beauty parlor, no doubt. That's an extravagance that will stop when they take over.

MARY: At least that is more respectable than your holiday.

JOE: Respect? I live my life for my own self. Respectability comes after that task is done. Even at my age. Especially in the john.

MARY: You've hit the nail on the head, and

I'm glad of it. Of course. I do read more of the trash down in Mr. Jack's. But who doesn't. He drapes it all over the armrests of the dryers.

JOE: And what's wrong with your hair drying machine.

MARY: It broke. Everything breaks. You know that.

JOE: I got it for you thinking that it would save us a little. Where does it all go? Oh well, it's gone now and I'm glad. The Calcutta Pool, the hopeless nights losing to King at Monopoly, and to Helen.

MARY: Leave Helen out of this. She is at least unique.

JOE: That's what you said about King. Where is he now? Out there watching for the end. Looking at that horrible mess in the sky? What a morbid sense of humor he has developed.

MARY: He keeps in touch with reality.

JOE: You'll be watching the ten o'clock news the next thing I know.

MARY: If we had a set! (THERE IS A MOAN OF PAIN AS KING COVERED WITH BLOOD CRAWLS INTO THE TUNNEL). I wish . . . (WHEN SHE REALIZES THAT THE SOUND IS ONE OF TERROR, SHE SCREAMS AND GRABS AT JOSEPH'S THROAT. HE LAUGHS VIOLENTLY AND PUSHES HER BACK. SHE RUNS TO THE VICTROLA AND BEGINS PLAYING *THE NATIONAL EMBLEM MARCH*. IN A FRANTIC RUSH, SHE LIGHTS THE PRAYER CANDLE AND TURNS OFF THE OIL LAMPS. JOSEPH CEASES TO LAUGH AND DANCE. HE TURNS TO LOOK IN THE TUNNEL. KING DRAGS HIS BODY INTO THE ROOM. JOSEPH STOPS THE MUSIC).

JOE: Boy? Is this the end? Have they finally come?

KING: Oh. Oh. A damp cloth. Quick. I'm afraid they got me. Just like a war movie. But this time it's not so funny. It was them. I mean every one of them too. They came out of the sky just like I knew they would. There was no stopping them. My rifle was like a broken toy.

MARY: Here's the cloth. Let me do it.

KING: (SCREAMS) Don't touch me!

JOE: Stand back. Give him air. No, Mary! You're standing in front of the duct. Move over here. Get the boy a tablet.

KING: No. I don't want anything. I'll be all right.

JOE: Let him clean off his own wounds while he can. It'll make a man out of him yet.

MARY: How can you talk like that?

JOE: Some people don't want their heads held.

Do they, King?

KING: That's right, sir.

JOE: Stop grimacing, Mary. The boy knows how to take pain. Any normal man would be crying. He hasn't flickered a muscle. Where is the wound, boy?

KING: They were all in uniforms. Not marching, but instead—running. Like wild animals. They give them those pills, you know, that make them extra strong like supermen. They can go for weeks without sleep. You wouldn't believe it when you watch them come down out of the sky. It is ghastly. They swarm over the fields with their machines. And when they find a shelter, they sink a bomb and stand back. It doesn't take five minutes to get down inside and pull off the dog tags. Each platoon has a quota to meet. After they've covered a county, you can see the holes all over the place. They even have some kind of stuff they spray on the bodies so they—turn to dust—without stinking the place up. If they've gone over Dallas then I'd hate to think of what has happened. I don't know what to tell you to do. There is no place you can escape to. There is no escape now. Don't tremble.

MARY: King!

KING: There's nothing you can do. Sit here. Play the game and wait. Talk and wait. They've spent years and years figuring out how to do just what they're doing. There is nothing, nothing we can do to stop them now.

JOE: Stand back, Mary. Back over there. (JOE TAKES A PISTOL FROM A DRAWER MARKED "DIRTY SOCKS".) You see this pistol, boy. It's ready to fire. And I'll use it if I have to. Your game has been well rehearsed, but it's a gimmick that has failed. Take it from a man

who knows what perfection is. I see through your game. I don't know what it adds up to, but I'm stopping it right now. I've got my rights.

MARY: Put that gun back. Joseph! He is our son now!

JOE: Son? This rat? Mary, your son was a bigger man this this. Look at him groveling on the floor with all that blood running down his face. Is that the face of your son? I will tell you "no!" I've lived in this hole too long, King, not to know a rat when I smell one. And if you follow me, too long not to know ketchup when I smell it! Take the towel, Mary. (SHE TAKES THE TOWEL AND SMELLS IT). Taste it. I said taste it! There. Ketchup, am I not correct?

MARY: Yes. King, what is the meaning of this? . . .

JOE: Quiet, Mary. Listen to me, boy. We have taken you into our shelter here and treated you like our own son that we lost in the war. My wife here has taken you into her heart and loved you. I have grown to have great confidence in you. When you won some of our money with this game you brought, I told myself, "all right, Joseph, let the boy win. He's not cooped up in a hole trying to hang on to the little bit left in his life. He is as free as the birds are free. The threat, the ultimate threat does not reduce him to the size of a gopher, of a mouse that only comes out at night. He doesn't snivel around for assurances of security and benefits. He's got guts. Nothing can stop this boy, I said!" Not that I put my ambitions and dreams in you. No. I've had a good life. It's been small and unexciting some people might think, but it's been a life that I could understand. I've been fortunate to have a wife like Mary to live beside me and to care for me—in this hole trembling for our lives. I don't know what you're doing with all that muck on your face. I don't know what your game is this time. You've taken everything we've got as far as I'm concerned. There's nothing else in this place you can use. Why didn't you stay after you came in here for your rifle? Why didn't you keep your exciting little stories to yourself and burrow in with someone who could offer you more?

KING: It is ketchup. I didn't mean for you to think it was blood. It is ketchup. I put it on myself so that I would look wounded and dead when they came this way. It was all I could do. My rifle was just like a toy gun. It's absurd, but it saved my life, and perhaps it kept them from coming up above with their machines that would find you out. Perhaps this junk saved your own lives. Please believe me. I watched them swarm-





ing towards the South. They can go a week. No telling how much longer they have till they stop. They might come back. I watched them move away listening to them buzz—perhaps the sound of the machines they carry—I listened to the explosions every time they found a shelter sunk under the fields. I saw and heard the extermination. I didn't know where I could go, so I came back here. The scream you heard when I came into the tunnel was beyond my control. I am so ashamed you have to know what a fake I am. After all the trust you have put in me. I am so ashamed. But you are all the family I have. Where else could I go?

MARY: You have come to your rightful home. Have we lost all love, Joseph? Put the gun away. There. Get up, King. When I . . . Well, I . . . I just don't know what to say . . . I'm going to . . . (no, I'm not). There.

JOE: Control yourself, Mary. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a crying woman. Get up off the floor, boy. If you're going to be living down here until it all blows over you are going to have to help out. We do everything ourselves.

MARY: How can you be so matter-of-fact at a time like this? I am beginning to think you don't want the boy to stay. Or do you have something else up your sleeve?

JOE: I try to have a seeming reserve with no one, but an actual reserve with everyone, especially my wife. Now, King, since you've never stayed here over night, you know nothing of our Plan-in-Case-of-Discovery. We will have to figure out a way to put you in our act. In case we are discovered here, we have a little something we do to prove that we are absolutely worthless to any society and therefore perfectly all right like we are. You will have to fit into the plan. It is our

only hope for survival.

MARY: He could be blind.

JOE: Too easily tested. Insanity can be detected too. There is a problem.

MARY: Crippled? T. B.? No, I don't guess so. How soon do you think they will be back in the neighborhood?

JOE: Play some more Haydn. This is too much for me. There is so little time.

KING: Do you have anything with some down beat, you know?

JOE: Even though you are the one with our money, King, this is our house. And as long as you are under my roof, you are going to listen to the things I listen to and furthermore . . . enjoy them. (MARY PLAYS MOZART).

KING: All right.

JOE: That's a "yes sir" from now on. You are no longer our guest. You are one of us. Put on your robe and let's finish the game while we discuss what your protection will be.

MARY: I feel fine. Perhaps the shelf is at the right level.

JOE: Sherry makes everything seem right. You see, King, we have a simple life together, but it is our own life. I said for you to put on your robe. And drink your sherry.

KING: Well . . . sir. There are a couple of things I need to do before I move in. I need to return this monopoly set. It isn't mine. The guy it belongs to is headed for Houston to find his sister. I told him I would try my best to get it to him before night time.

MARY: Won't that be a dangerous trip? All the way to Houston. It seems that they would take Houston before they would Dallas.

JOE: I understand, King. I am sure you are doing the right thing. Bring the box for the game, Mary. It has certainly been like another person in the house. We have all enjoyed having it here. I guess you might say it took the parrot's place. We used to have this parrot—but I won't go into that now. You will learn all about our pasts when you return. If something should happen to you and you didn't return, I trust that you will keep the location of our shelter a secret.

KING: It is my friend who is going to Houston, sir. Not I. I will be right back. I promise you.

JOE: There is one thing I would like to ask you. Is all our money gone? Really gone. Commission and all.

KING: I'll tell you when I get back. It must be getting dark. I must hurry.

MARY: I will have a nice something sweet waiting when you come back. Your favorite. And

a nice, ice cold drink. You'll like that. And then we can think up something for you to use in case they do discover us.

KING: What do you use? (TAKES THE GAME).

MARY: We've assumed the names of Mary and Joseph because of a certain religious implication. You never can tell what might help.

JOE: You return and then we'll talk about such things as that.

KING: I should be back in an hour or so. Bye now. (HE EXITS CARRYING THE BOX).

JOE: Well. That's that. The monopoly set is gone for good.

MARY: Seems funny already, doesn't it?

JOE: Well. What's gone—'s gone. We'll just have to make do without it.

MARY: Let's just don't talk about it for a while. It's too good to be true. We have gained a son.

JOE: (TOASTING) To jail. And here's to the motto of the monopoly. "Go to jail. Directly to jail. Do not pass go. Do not collect . . ."



MARY: "...two hundred dollars." The record has stopped, hasn't it? Joseph, you live in your own world when you are winning.

JOE: Do you call this winning . . .? We haven't gained a son. Don't you see? *The boy will never come back.* Not unless he's left something else. When he took our last dollar today, I knew he'd never be back. Oh, there are always Fridays when the money comes. But that's hardly worth his time. Not after the big stakes. Can't play for play money after the big stakes. Can't play for play money after you've gotten used to the real stuff. No, Mary, this isn't winning. He came back for the monopoly. There is no enemy. There

is nothing coming out of the sky, no extermination, no troops. If I hadn't caught him on the ketchup, there's no telling what he would have taken. Maybe you. He came back for all he could get. But I only let him take what was rightfully his. He'll move on to Houston and work the pits down there. He'll go far. There's no doubt in my mind. As for the enemy and their swarming over the countryside with machines that buzz—poppycock!

MARY: I'll say it again. You live in your own world when you are winning. Thank the Lord I have my interest in Painting and Victorian Politics.

JOE: As if that was all you have. (PAUSE). You only believe the things you want to. He's not coming back down here. He's got the game.

MARY: What was that meant to mean? Too much sherry and excitement for you. Warm sherry at that. I bet you'd like some more of that drink I fix. With the lemons. Wouldn't smooth things over though. You wouldn't drink it today. Because he might come back—despite your void of faith in human nature. Too bad you have no instinct. You have too much faith in hotels on State Street and three or four houses on Baltic. I may live what you call an illusion, but I have faith. I'm happy. I have my art.

JOE: (POINTS AT NUDE). Do you call that art?

MARY: (POINTS AT VIOLIN) And that!

JOE: This is a stalemate. We need the game. Put on some music. King's not coming back. He'll never play for fake money. He's a product of the new educational systems. He plays to win.

MARY: Leviathan.

Joe: If he comes Friday, I'll take him then. Unless the enemy wipes us out with their buzz bombs. (LAUGHS). Fat chance! What an imagination! What inventive coils his brain must have! I'm green with envy! (MARY GOES TO THE VICTROLA). Let's have something lively. Something with a down beat. Not like all the sentimental junk we have to sit through every night of our lives. What is this world coming to? I can't stand to come home again after I've gotten out.

MARY: If you ever did. Don't be petty. You're upset about King.

JOE: To hell with him. I'm talking about you. You feed me the biggest line of bunk every time I start to go. I guess that's something to come back to? Is it? Well, is it?

MARY: I suppose you don't like my dress next. I suppose you don't like your robe either.

After I dyed it to exactly match your monopoly piece. It wasn't an easy task making these things. I took my sewing basket to club every day. Those were the days. All the girls were green with envy—as you say—because I was interested in my family life. I have tried so hard to please you. I knew that the times you left weren't successful, that it was hard for you to come home in the end, but I also knew that yellow was your favorite color. (THE RECORD RUNS DOWN).

When I stopped having Florence Mae make Thelma's Cake, it wasn't because I suspected you and Thelma of anything. It was legitimately your favorite recipe. I never let you know that I knew you suspected me of knowing about you and Thelma. It was because of your health. Your athlete's heart. You can't ply yourself with calories any more. I go out of my way to help you and Dr. Boddo. I pretended to develop an aversion to cigars when he took them away from you. I claimed I had a trick knee when he made you give up tennis and golf. I switched to sherry . . . for you. Just for you, darling. I am on your side, believe it or not, Joseph.

I took that recipe and destroyed it for good. For your own good. I had to let Florence Mae go of course, but that was just because things were getting tight. I could have made the cake. I can cook. It wasn't that. It was for your own good. I didn't stop doting you with your favorites, though, did I? I merely stressed the few you had left. I made you a yellow hat for New Year's eve. Did you think that was just an accident? You remarked at the time . . . that it was the only yellow hat there. All those sequins took time. That robe took time. Notice the little embroidery on the sleeve. See it. Yes. Just a bit of meaningless nonsense for decoration. Just a tidbit of me that doesn't make any sense perhaps to you but livens up your evenings when you try to figure it out. I did it while I was waiting for Rena to deal me four cards. I had the ace of hearts and I was going all or nothing for a Royal Flush. I was looking for a sign.

I got so involved that I didn't notice I was putting the monogram on the sleeve instead of over the heart. When the cards came to me, I saw that she had dealt me a King of Hearts and a Ten of Hearts . . . and a Three of Clubs and a Seven of Diamonds. Maybe that was the sign.

I chuckled to myself . . . and did just what you see now. Just a confused little muddle of nothing. It's interesting though.

You see, Joseph, I trust my love for you. That's why I let myself go on so. We've gone through too

much together not to really have something right in there holding us together. You can grump off when you do go, come back without any warning, take my shag balls at the club without mentioning it to me, read *Holiday* on the commode . . . Just remember and never forget, I'll wait for you. Joseph, I'll wait for you.

JOE: I don't like you to get serious like this. It isn't a real marriage when you embarrass your mate. It's better to quote the columns and read the reviews than to be critical. I want to go on record right now and ask you for the last time to please watch your criticisms. King could be standing right outside that door. He could come crawling in here at any moment. Let family talk be kept in the family. I am dead serious. I appreciate the yellow things. I have little left in my life that I do enjoy. I've given up all my favorite habits just to stay alive. I want you to continue to surprise me with yellow things and "things," but I also feel that you are *fishing for compliments* when you bring the subject up like you have just done. I won't be able to appreciate anything else that is Yellow. How could I? Not even this robe. I am the man of the house.

MARY: Don't be so pretentious. Don't be so haughty and condescending. I have treated you only with most tender respect. I have never questioned your virility.

JOE: And I trust you never will! I hope our marriage is founded on a firmer rock than that.

MARY: And as for that—let sleeping dogs lie.

JOE: I'm going out to find King. I've had too much sherry to let him get away without taking a piece of my mind with him. That's what he should have come back for.



MARY: I continue to go unnoticed and unappreciated, despite all my little sacrifices, my little concessions to mediocrity in order to make you a happy home down here at 4908. Drown my anxiety in the music of the masters, in an occasional glass of wine? My only consolations. My consolations. (SHE PLAYS MUSIC).

JOE: (SITS) Come here. Now I want you to come here, Mary. (SHE SITS ON HIS LAP). I thought the lemon drink was wonderful yesterday.

MARY: You noticed.

JOE: Yes. It was delicious. You sat on my lap like this. We sipped lemonade together. Just like those wonderful years before the war when we never fussed at each other. We got all of our steam off scolding the parrot . . . for messing up and saying those obscene things . . .

MARY: It wasn't fresh lemon juice. It was bottled.

JOE: I gathered that. I know what I'm drinking. But nevertheless, it was wonderful of you not to mention it to me until now. By forcing myself to enjoy it, perhaps I enjoyed it more than I would have if I had fussed.

MARY: I do all I can with the household budget, Joseph. I always keep a fresh lemon in case someone like King drops in. For peels in drinks, or to grate on meringues. But generally I make do with bottled juice.

JOE: I know, I know. We've let that game get the best of us. We're just behind right now. I'll find King and talk with him. If he comes to live here like he says, I'll win it back. Things will pick up soon. Perhaps Friday. We just can't play with this artificial money. It's too easy to run up bills that way.

MARY: I stretch things.

JOE: I know. But I appreciate it when you let me make the little discoveries. Don't you feel much better when the compliments come from me and not from you?

MARY: It's when you say things like that that I feel meager and petty. I don't want to be a stingy woman. You know that.

JOE: Look at me. There. Now relax your face. There. Don't you see someone who loves you. Those things I told King when I was mad—those are the things I feel about you. I just don't go running around the house barefoot and I just don't tell you all the time. There are things I just don't do.

MARY: Of course. I'm such a fool.

JOE: Absolutely.

MARY: Joseph. (PAUSE). Yes. There's a word. Go again. Say it. Go on.

JOE: Don't make fun of me. I'm serious.

MARY: Please. For me.

JOE: Absolutely.

MARY: There. See. It's not ugly when it's said with love.

JOE: Absolutely.

MARY: Absolutely. A little while ago when it was just thrown off the top of your head it was hideous and out of place. Now I can accept it for what you do mean when you say it. Absolutely. There. I can say it too.

JOE: Words keep us apart, perhaps.

MARY: Absolutely.

JOE: Words are only symbols for ideas that change . . .

MARY: Absolutely . . .

JOE: I must make a confession to you, Mary. A confession that makes me feel like a child and a fool. There is no sophistication to break the fall. Honestly. I must say . . . I have been cheating on you.

MARY: I'm glad you've told me. I suspected it when I saw your rage at that boy. And Joseph, I have been cheating on you too. Perhaps we can forgive and forget since he's gone now. I think we can, because I think you're right. He won't come back. I've known all along. That's why I've been so cross. You understand?

JOE: Absolutely.

MARY: I am so glad you just came out with it. That proves this little episode has opened some doors that have been shut too long. All over that stupid game.

JOE: By helping him win our money, I planned to pay him a commission and thereupon make you think we were penniless which would insure my position in the house.

MARY: I suspected it for a long time. Oh, little things give you away. The flick of a wrist, an unexpected change of subject, certain awkward pauses and contradictions that seem to crop up out of the blue. Sometimes I notice a quiver of your eyelashes when I look deep into your eyes. There comes a certain wince on your face when I mention particular things. I'm glad King doesn't have to hear any of this. It is something I wouldn't want him to know I know. It's something I wouldn't want to get out of this room. Do you agree?

JOE: Absolutely.

MARY: There! The wince. The quiver. Oh darling, you need me. My little sacrifices that go unnoticed, well, I have found my way of compensating for them—not just in my art and my interest in Victorian politics—oh, yes, in a form of self

attention, one might say, something forbidden sneaked in under the tension of possibly being found out, an indiscretion . . . you know?

JOE: Absolutely.

MARY: Absolutely. We have grown so much alike. Sherry. Haydn. And getting a little on the side. (PAUSE). There. The wince. The quiver. The pursing of the lips. Those lips. We have both been cheating on each other—perhaps for different reasons. Yes, my nude is young but grotesque. Your song is only a whining thing. Our intentions are far beyond our capacities. Perhaps that is the reason for our divinity.

JOE: You cheated me and I cheated you under our sophisticated chatter, while King drained away everything we had with his promises of secret power. (THERE IS THE SOUND OF SEVERAL PEOPLE ENTERING THE TUNNEL). Get control of yourself. We've waited all these years for this. We've done it again and again. Now the test comes.

MARY: Help me, Joseph, I'm afraid.

JOE: It takes them thirty seconds to get down the tunnel. Move!

MARY: Yes! (THEY KISS QUICKLY AND BEGIN THEIR ROUTINE. THE ROBES ARE PUT INTO A DRAWER MARKED LAXATIVES. MARY TAKES AN OLD SHAWL AND A BASKET OF KNITTING FROM A DRAWER MARKED GARTERS. JOSEPH LIGHTS HIS PIPE, WIPES BROWN CIRCLES UNDER HIS EYES AND TAKES AN UNFINISHED CROSSWORD PUZZLE FROM A DRAWER MARKED RAZORS. MARY PUTS ON A RECORD WHICH PLAYS LOUDLY. IT IS THE NATIONAL EMBLEM MARCH. SHE LIGHTS THE PRAYER CANDLE AND PLACES IT ON A SMALL SHELF UNDER GEORGE WASHINGTON. THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS PUT ON THE TABLE. AS THE GRUNTING NEWCOMERS, DRESSED IN MILITARY UNIFORMS ENTER, JOSEPH SAYS CORDIALLY IN A MIDWESTERN ACCENT:)

JOE: Well, well, well . . . howdy folks. Come right on in this house. (THE CHIEF, FIFTY-TWO, POINTS TO THE FLOOR. HIS ASSISTANT, TWENTY, THROWS KING ONTO IT. THERE ARE MACHINES THAT BUZZ ATTACHED TO STRAPS OVER THEIR SHOULDERS). Momma, get the boys some of your oatmeal cookies. They look like they could use 'em.

MARY: What a surprise! Who's this here? Cookies? Just took out a fresh batch . . .

CHIEF: Do you recognize this man? He

brought us here and said that you would vouch for him. Is he yours?

JOE: Our son was killed in the services many years ago. We don't get out much you see. We live a very quiet life down here in our shelter. Don't bother no one. No one bothers us.

KING: Joseph, tell them. Tell them, I'm your son. Mary listen. It just takes one word. They're going to take me to the . . . (THE ASSISTANT CLAPS A PLASTIC TYPE OF A BAG OVER KING'S HEAD . . . SMOKE COMES OUT OF IT).

MARY: My goodness! I wish I had one of those things for Joseph here. Joseph's my husband. My name is Mary. We're just plain folks. Mary and Joseph. Won't you sit down.

CHIEF: Don't let the vapor bother you. It is harmless. It will put him at ease. The poor boy is frantic.

JOE: Take off your satchels. They look heavy, son.

CHIEF: No. You'd be surprised. They are very light. Good cookies, madame.

JOE: Those are radios or something?

CHIEF: They are used for detecting fallout shelters. Big nuisance. You wouldn't believe it. All day long climbing in and out of holes in the ground. I'll tell you straight from the shoulder. I'll be glad when all this is over.

MARY: What's he talking about, Poppa?

JOE: She hasn't been out in fifteen years, son. Say something to make her happy.

CHIEF: Delicious cookies. Best I've ever eaten. Must use ginger.

JOE: Says he loves your cooking, Momma.

MARY: Well, thank you. I'll give you a hug for that. (SHE HUGS HIM).

CHIEF: Take him on in. I'll be along in a bit. That will be all. (EXIT KING AND ASSISTANT).

JOE: Do you destroy the shelters in this part of the country?

CHIEF: (YAWNING) Oh, yes. We have quotas. Depends on the size of the town, you see. Quite an elaborate plan, really. We're over the hump now I think.

JOE: Momma! That's your song. (SINGS) Oh! The Monkey wrapped his tail around the flagpole.

MARY: (GETS UP TO DO A LITTLE JIG. JOSEPH LOOKS AT THE CHIEF AND TAPS HIS HEAD TO SHOW THAT MAMA IS OFF HER BEAM. THE CHIEF, YAWNING FURIOUSLY, STARTS TO LEAVE.) (SINGS) Oh,

the Monkey wrapped his tail around the flagpole.
JOE: What's a seven letter word means Land
of the Free?

CHIEF: Take it easy. (EXITS.)

JOE: (GOES TO DICTIONARY) Sing, Mom-
ma. They'll be watching us from now on. We

can't let up for one moment. Not until we die.

MARY: (SINGS) Oh, the monkey wrapped
his tail around the flagpole.

(THE LIGHTS FADE TO DARKNESS. ONLY
THE CANDLE UNDER GEORGE WASHING-
TON BURNS AS THE MARCH PLAYS).

Alone

They can't make me love them—people.
I stand untouched in the incessant swirl
of their pseudo-tragedies
and saccharine joys.

They can't make me love them—
Any more than the pallid grey raindrops
Groveling face down in the dust of the cobbles
Could make my eyes sting with
anger
or tears
or joy.

They can't make me love them—
Any more than sanguine burgundy wine
Spitting crystal bubbles that shatter on my nose
Could make hands grasp with
anger
or tears
or joy.

They can't make me love them—people.
I stand untouched, and only now and then
do great shouts of emptiness
spew from my silent lips.

—DENYSE DRAPER

THE REBEL REVIEW



But There's A Catch...

Catch-22

Catch-22. By Joseph Heller. Dell Publishing Company. 1962. 463 pp. \$.75.

Yossarian, World War II bombardier still alive after some forty missions and determined to stay that way, has a strange notion in his head. "They're trying to kill me," he tells Clevenger, a friend of his who is mad.

"Nobody is trying to kill you," Clevenger cries.

"Then why are they shooting at me?"

"They're shooting at *everyone*," Clevenger answers. "They're trying to kill everyone."

"And what difference does that make?"

To Yossarian, of course, none whatsoever. As he points out later to someone who tries to explain things to him: "Get it straight. Anybody who

is trying to kill me is my enemy."

And this definitely includes the Group Commander who by this time has raised the required number of missions to forty-five. He does this for a very good reason. He wants his outfit to make a very good showing so that he can become a general.

So Yossarian finally decides to go mad, the way everybody else is, and he goes to tell Doc Daneeka about it. But Doc Daneeka ("a man whose idea of a good time is to sulk") has troubles of his own, the main one being that he has been drafted just as he was beginning to make good money, and has no sympathy for Yossarian. "You're wasting your time," he tells him.

"Can't you ground someone who is crazy?"

"Oh, sure. I have to. There's a rule says I have to ground anyone who is crazy."

But there's a catch, he explains. "Anyone who wants to get out of combat isn't really crazy. The really crazy ones are those who won't ask. If you ask to get out of combat, you are obviously not crazy."

And this is only one of the catches in this really extraordinary novel that has been moving along unspectacularly for nearly a year now before finally beginning to emerge as some kind of peculiar masterpiece. Certainly it is one of the most original novels written in years. Its humor at times is unbelievably cruel; it is shocking, outrageous, even gruesome at times, and yet it has in it a peculiar *Alice in Wonderland* quality that teases the reader along, convincing him of almost anything.

Are these characters real or fantasy? Are they characters or caricatures? There is Major Major, the rather mad squadron Commander who does not want to have anything to do with anybody, and has his own catch. "Don't tell anybody I'm in," he tells his sergeant, "unless I'm out. If I'm out, it's all right to tell them I'm in. But if I'm in, tell them I'm out; then come inside and tell me, and after I have left, you can tell them I am in." Major Major, whose name and resemblance to Henry Fonda have somehow warped his life, thus copes with the world the best way he can.

There is Milo Minderbinder, the epitome of all the big operators who have ever lived, a financial genius who is convinced that the war could be run better through private enterprise. In one fantastic chapter, he comes close to proving this when he, as mess officer and head of a buying syndicate has by this time come into control of a fleet of planes, both American and German, contracts with the Americans to bomb a bridge and with the Germans to defend it. He is running his own little war and much more efficiently, it seems, than either of the governments. Your credulity is coaxed along through all this by the mere fact that you have known people who think like this. Mr. Heller seems to establish this and then allows his imagination to explode, carrying the story to such heights of absurdity that you begin after a while to accept this mad world with all its strong logic as willingly as you accept the ghosts of Shakespeare.

It is inadequate and unfair to take a few examples out of a novel like this for any fair showing. The tone, the quality, that strange reality of it all, is somehow missing when not seen as a whole, so that it sounds a bit far-fetched. And it is far-

fetched in a way: the characters do not speak the way people ordinarily speak. They say usually just what they think and feel, as in the novels of Dostoevsky. The interesting thing is that once you are engrossed in the book you accept this as a perfectly natural thing. Why, after all, should men practically already doomed to death bother with trivial lies? It seems most sensible that they should talk this way.

Naturally, it is something of a jolt to be suddenly confronted with madness; therefore, at the beginning the reader is slightly dubious and a little impatient. After being conquered by the first few chapters, though, his resistance gives way as the novel sweeps along at an exhilarating pace, springing one delightful surprise after the other. Heller is savage at jumping on twists of thought or peculiar logic; he seems to revel in mad logic at times as much as the incorrigible punster must revel in words. Yet at the same time there is sensitivity and insight, so that the waves of laughter sometimes seem necessary to hold back cries of complete frustration.

It is all too good to last, and sad to say, it doesn't. Toward the end, as happens in most serious comedy, comes the somber note, the descent from its high level of absurdity, until it reaches that plane of stark realism, which in most novels would seem powerful, but somehow here seems to let the reader down with a sour taste in his mouth. This is natural, it seems, and was on the author's part an admirable attempt to round the whole book off into an artistic whole. But comedy is the hardest kind of writing in the world to end satisfactorily. Tragedy moves from its very beginning toward a dead end, cutting out possibilities of escape from the tragedy as it narrows down; comedy, on the other hand, inherently tends to expand, piling one possibility on top of another, building up momentum, until the only way to stop it is to deny its existence—to make it take a serious turn. This Heller attempts to do at the end, but it is not artistically sound. He forces Yossarian to face up to a moral problem that seems petty in the shadow of the first of the book, and the reader is left with a feeling that he has been cheated, maybe lied to, along the way.

However, if it is a lie, it is an interesting one in the first part, and well worth reading. It is a dazzling performance at times.

—MAC HYMAN

A History of the Cold War

A History of the Cold War. By John Lukacs. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1962. \$1.45.

Why the United States and the Soviet Union are engaged in a titanic struggle for existence is a compelling question for all Americans. Though many Americans often try to side-step the fact of this struggle, either by ignoring it or by seeking such opiates as entertainments, they can only temporarily do so. As a national group, and also as a part of humanity, we Americans must confront the terrifying issues that not only our national survival but also our personal survival are at stake. Historically, ideological and national clashes were both geographically and technically limited, but since World War II, the first true world war, there has been an increasing polarization of all nations to either the United States or Russia. More important, each of these colossi, as the standard-bearer of many nations which espouse a common body of beliefs, has become responsible for their defense and has at its command terrifying nuclear and biological weapons to fulfill this responsibility. Hence, the questions of why this polarization of nations came about and what the historical nature of their struggle is demand answers in order that an informed citizenry will realize how America stands today and the possible solutions for our dilemmas.

Professor John Lukacs, historian and essayist, addresses himself to seeking at least a partial answer to these questions. Beginning with the assumption that a nation has a character which is the sum of its past political, economic, social, and cultural development, Lukacs then suggests that we learn and discern the nature of the present polarization by studying the history of each of the combatants and the nature of their historical relations.

First of all, therefore, Lukacs very briefly relates the course of Russian-American relations through the Second World War, stressing the lack of causes for animosity and clashes. For the post-war years, when the Cold War begins to take shape and to crystallize, Lukacs provides a fuller description of the events. His chronicling is carried through to 1961, and though adequate as a capsule summary, his narrative is so incomplete as to demand the reading of supplementary studies of each major area of the American-Russian relations. Indeed, the student would be well advised to turn to Thomas A. Bailey's *America Races Russia* for the pre-revolutionary period, to George F. Kennan's *Russia and the West* for the Soviet-American relations under Lenin and Stalin, and

to Hugh Seton-Watson's *Neither War Nor Peace* for the Cold War itself. Lukacs' interpretations, such as his view that Harry S. Truman's containment policy was more of an inevitable response to Soviet expansion rather than the beginning of a dynamic policy of countering Soviet designs, require the use of these other studies.

None the less, in the second half of his study, Lukacs makes a notable contribution to our understanding of the present conflict by his provocative "description, through a historical approach, of important tendencies, convergencies, conflicts, misunderstandings, and movements of the two great protagonists of the World Struggle." By juxtaposing the two national characters and civilizations, Lukacs convincingly shows that the nature of the current struggle of the two powers is not one of light against darkness or of good against evil. He shows, rather, that there is much common ground for understanding between the two powers because of historical and natural similarities and because of the increasing mutual interchanges between the two cultures.

Lukacs does not suggest that this growing ground for understanding will of itself bring about the end of the Cold War. But by showing that the present conflict is not one of diametric opposites, he gives us some hope that the higher morality of mankind might prevail above that of simple national aggrandizement. Finally, he hopes that the people and the leaders of these nations will realize that "the problem of morality already transcends national decisions not only in an ethical but in a practical way" since mankind now has the power to destroy itself.

Thus Lukacs' book is deserving of a wide readership, and since not the least of its qualities is its inexpensive format, this study belongs in every library.

—DR. GEORGE W. BAKER

The Will To Live

The Will To Live: Selected Writings of Arthur Schopenhauer. Edited by Richard Taylor. Garden City, New York: Anchor Books, Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1962. 365 pp. \$1.45.

Leibnitz maintained that this is the best of all possible worlds. Schopenhauer concluded that it is the worst of all possible worlds.

A signal service is performed by Professor Richard Taylor of Brown University and Anchor Books in this publication of selected writings of the man who turned Romanticism into pessimism. Professor Taylor, in his editing, keeps faith with Schopenhauer by following the format which

Schopenhauer adopted in *The World As Will and Idea*, the complete exposition of his doctrine. While drawing heavily from the second edition and the fifty supplementary essays of this four-part work, Professor Taylor again demonstrates fidelity and makes a helpful contribution by interspersing essays from other Schopenhauer works which illuminate and illustrate his basic insight.

The title, *The Will to Live*, is certainly an accurate selection for these essays which propose to distill the essence of Schopenhauer's thought. It is Professor Taylor's contention that these essays also serve to demonstrate the compelling brilliance of the mind which coupled detailed empirical examination and daring metaphysical speculation to unveil the meaning of existence. And yet, the editor seems to detract from this high purpose when, in his nineteen-page introduction, he appears not so much appreciative of Schopenhauer's budding brilliance as desirous to use the attendant thorns as a "switch" on his own "whipping boy." One gets the impression that Professor Taylor's admiration for Schopenhauer's thought arises out of their mutual rejection of any optimistic conclusion about existence rather than from their agreement on the structure of existence. Nonetheless, this book accomplishes its purpose in presenting the heart of Arthur Schopenhauer's thought.

The genius of Schopenhauer lies in his departure from the point of Kant's classical distinction between "what is" (the thing-in-itself) and "what is knowable." While Kant disparaged any path leading toward "what is," other than a hint of "what ought to be," derived from moral imperatives, Schopenhauer opens the way by affirming that "what is" is ascertainable. That is not because we can reflect on it, but because we are an expression of it.

We are more than thought (Descartes: I think, therefore I am) and that which lies closest to us in our inner nature is not thought, but *will*. "What is" therefore, is *will*. This *will* is the indestructible kernel of being and it expresses itself in all phenomenon. This approach marks Schopenhauer as the forerunner of such phenomenological ontologists as Husserl, Heidegger, Kafka, and Marcel.

Schopenhauer not only affirms that "what is" is *will*, but he observes its indifference to individuals and its sole purpose in the perpetuation of existence through the species. Therefore, he draws the conclusion that this *will* is blind and unconscious. Man's "narrow breast" is too small to house this infinite striving and he, as all phenomena, is dashed about in the endless profusion

of life. The *will* alone is immortal. Man, despite his quest for a meaningful existence, emerges as a mere expression of the *will* and lives only to perpetuate existence. Serving that end, he, like a fly or a flower, falls back into the nothingness from whence he came.

The reader will be fascinated to follow Schopenhauer as he unfolds this thought through a penetrating examination of such subjects as life, death, insects, sex, comparative anatomy and zoology. Confirmed pessimists will find a patron saint. Perhaps a few excerpts will bait the courageous Davids began taking on this Philistine.

"Human life must be some kind of mistake."

"Whoever seriously thinks that superhuman beings have ever given our race information as to the aim of its existence and that of the world, is still in his childhood."

"To desire that the individuality should be immortal really means to wish to perpetuate an error infinitely."

Readers of this book should not be limited to the scholarly student. Although a reading knowledge of Latin, French, and German would make available the frequent untranslated quotations, all serious readers will find these essays not only accessible, but challenging and provocative.

—RICHARD T. DAVIS

Short Pleasures

Short Pleasures. By Anne Bernays. New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc. 1962. 228 pp. \$3.95.

Anne Bernays, a newcomer to American writing, is a graduate of Bernard College and a former columnist for *Town and Country Magazine*.

After graduating from Bernard, she "fell in with a gang of brilliant, disreputable people—intellectual snobs and pre-Kerovac beats." From these people, Miss Bernays has drawn many of her ideas for *Short Pleasures*.

In *Short Pleasures*, Miss Bernays relates the actions of Nicky Hapgood during her years in boarding school and junior college. Nicky experiences the usual growing up pains.

Her boarding school career is remarkably normal. Following her entrance into junior college, Nicky, in an effort to meet the demands of society, drifts into an engagement with a dull but presentable young man named Bradley. Their relationship during college is strikingly assuasive for Nicky. Bradley is too far away for any association except daily letters and an occasional weekend, but he serves as the excuse Nicky needs to avoid emotional entanglements with men closer at hand. Only Nicky's perceptive young brother

sees Bradley as he really is, "an amiable jerk," and in spite of her secret misgivings, Nicky is unable to admit to herself that the engagement is a mistake.

While her parents enthusiastically plan a huge wedding, Nicky becomes more confused and depressed. Unable to escape the trap she has unwittingly walked into, she rebels against Bradley and the society he represents. Only three weeks before the wedding, she runs away to New York, pawns her engagement ring, and flees to a middle western city where she attempts suicide.

Her suicidal attempt fails but, nevertheless, frees her from the anxiety imposed on her by a regimented society. Nicky is able to understand herself as an individual and to accept the impositions forced on her by her family and friends.

About the only good thing Anne Bernays accomplishes in *Short Pleasures* is characterization. Miss Bernays has captured the freshness of youth in a faithful rendering of the language in which Nicky Hapgood thinks and speaks: "There was no doubt in me: I wished my mother dead. I realized that this is the kind of emotion a person is supposed to forget. I never did."

Beyond characterization, the purpose of *Short Pleasures* is illusive. There is no visible purpose for *Short Pleasures* except perhaps as entertaining escape reading.

—BOB BOWMAN

The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes: His Fortunes and Adversities

Translated by W. S. Merwin. *The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes: His Fortunes and Adversities*. Garden City, New York: Anchor Books. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1962. 95¢.

In 1554, three editions of *Lazarillo de Tormes* appeared. The first edition had appeared in 1553, and immediately this anonymous little book became popular with the entire literate Spanish world. Its birth was the birth of the picaresque novel.

Essentially, the picaresque novel is a series of realistic episodes narrated in an autobiographical form by the picaro or rogue who links the episodes into a chain. The picaro has certain distinct characteristics: His birth is low and uncertain. He is forced by circumstances to become a servant. He passes from master to master in order to provide himself with sustenance. He lives by cunning and trickery. His various adventures or mis-adventures satirize the various classes of society. In spite of his misfortunes, the picaro remains optimistic.

"It is only right, to my mind, that things so remarkable, which happen to have remained unheard and unseen until now, should be brought to the attention of many and not lie buried in the sepulcher of oblivion. The reader may find matter here to entertain him, and even he who does no more than dip into this book will have his reward in pleasure."

Thus Lazarillo, hereafter called Lazaro, begins his tale. He reveals his parentage as being extremely low and leads us into the tale of his first master, a blind man, who "next to God himself, had given me most of the qualifications which made it possible for me to attain my present position." Lazaro was taught the thieves' jargon and other tricks of the trade necessary to stay alive.

Forced by hunger to leave the blind man, Lazaro entered the services of first a priest, then a squire, a Friar of the Order of Mercy, a seller of indulgences, a chaplain, and a constable. Enriched in experience, Lazaro finally obtained the position of town crier, married a servant woman of the Archpriest, and found himself entirely satisfied.

W. S. Merwin has translated this novel into English with great skill. He has successfully transposed the idiomatic expressions of old Spanish and obsolete terms into readable, entertaining English.

—JOYCE CROCKER

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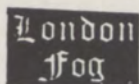
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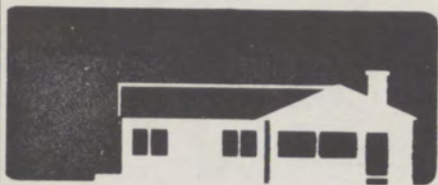
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