

the
REBEL

**WINTER
1964**

EAST CAROLINA COLLEGE,
GREENVILLE, N. C.

Notes On Our Contributors

Tommy Jackson, a junior art major from Washington, N. C., makes his first appearance in this issue of the REBEL, with a play, *Voices*, which was performed as the work-shop production of the Playhouse last fall.

Milton G. Crocker, now living in Richmond, Virginia, is a former member of the REBEL staff and a frequent contributor to the magazine. He is presently a book reviewer for the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Dr. R. R. Napp, an assistant professor of sociology at East Carolina College, makes his first contribution to the REBEL. He is co-author of the book, *Breaking Down the Barrier* (A Human Document on War), which was reviewed in the Spring, 1961, issue of the REBEL.

Hannelore Rath Napp, the wife of Dr. R. R. Napp, is a former German national. She makes her first REBEL appearance with her book review in this issue.

Walter J. Fraser is a graduate-assistant in the History Department, making his first contribution in the book review section.

Dr. George A. Cook is a professor in the English Department and author of a critical biography of John Wise. He has made frequent contributions to the REBEL publications.

Robert E. Wigington is a senior majoring in English. With this issue Bob makes his first appearance both as contributor and as Fiction Editor of the REBEL.

James Forsyth, a former East Carolinian staff member from Greensboro, North Carolina, is a frequent reviewer for the REBEL.

Ruby Taylor Collins lives in Greenville. She makes her debut as a REBEL reviewer.

John C. Atkeson, Jr., and Joseph S. Bachman are members of the History Department faculty. They make their first appearances as REBEL reviewers.

Jan Coward, a Junior music major from Greenville, contributes his first REBEL review.

Ronald W. Gollobin is a member of our staff.

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EDITORIAL

Morals acts bring into comparison man's vision of justice with the evils that may be covered by the curtain of social and political institutions. Kent, in *King Lear*, is a simple, blunt man, aware of a sense of duty to the king. His profane cursing of the fawning courtier, Oswald, puts him into the stocks. Oswald, in Shakespeare's imagery, was made by a tailor and as Lear later says: "Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes and furred gowns hide all." In a similar respect, Martin Luther and an obscure South Carolina politician Calvin Graves found that denouncement of robe-covered vices may lead to the "stocks."

Martin Luther could not act against his conscience and nailed his Ninety-Five Theses to a church door in Wittenburg, Saxony. As a result, he was ex-communicated by the papacy and declared a political outlaw by the empire. But the Protestant Reformation attests the impotency of these measures of Pope Leo X and Emperor Charles V. Calvin Graves was not so fortunate as Luther for not acting against his conscience. Graves was speaker of the North Carolina Senate in 1849. The Senate had split over a measure proposing a railroad (from Goldsboro through Raleigh to Charlotte) which would link eastern North Carolina to western North Carolina for the first time. Graves' home county of Caswell opposed the railroad bill, which would bypass Caswell, in favor of another railroad bill proposing a route from Danville, Virginia through Caswell to Charlotte. The measure had passed the House and was tied in the Senate. Graves cast the vote that made the Goldsboro-Charlotte road law. This vote ended his political career and he sunk into historical obscurity.

Both men were acting out of conviction that they were right no matter what the con-

sequences. As Martin Luther said at Worms: *Hier stehe ich. Ich kann nicht anders. Gott heff mir. Amen.* [Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen.] Graves is of less historical significance to be sure, but his behavior was none the less virile.

Such a stand is a moral act and should be the one serious decision of the college student. All other decisions—whether he should work to live or live to work, whether he should take an AB or a BS degree—are minor. But up to now, the student has had no concern for moral issues. He has been concerned with the financial security that his diploma may bring. Pragmatism has replaced the "idealism of youth." The student has been taught to respect the retribution that might occur if he rebels against the immoral actions of dishonest men. The college administration is concerned with education—the disciplining of the mind; not with morals—the disciplining of the heart. Intelligence stems from the disciplined mind. And college is based on the dictum of Lao-tze that the only condition upon which the conscious cosmic orderliness (his term for God) allows man any freedom of behavior is intelligent action. When he breaks this condition, man is punished for his folly by the consequences of his act. Moral action is useless or, at best, melodramatic.

This attitude is dangerous because it allows no vision of justice for the student to judge the acts of his fellow men. He may recognize a fellow classmate cheating on an examination and say nothing. If he does not protest, he condones cheating. When he condones cheating, he is responsible for cheating. Likewise, he is responsible for the mindless posturing, the absence of any profound ethics, the ridiculous antics, and

the useless suffering of his classmates, professors, deans, and college president. Ultimately, he is responsible for the nausea that swept the country in November when John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

The moral act may be expressed in the pragmatic world. Luther's protest of the sale of indulgences was not useless; neither are the Negroes' protests of segregation. Calvin Graves' affirmation of good for the whole rather than for the few was not melodramatic; neither are the German students' affirmation of their *Studentenfreiheit* that Dr. Napp describes in his article.

Last year about this time, Bill Griffin, then editor of *The East Carolinian*, and I had just returned from a trip to Atlanta. We had had visions of working for a newspaper. But until we received college degrees, newspapers would only consider us newsboys. We applied, without results, to the state and city employment commissions for jobs allied with writing. Then we searched the want-ads. We answered one ad calling for "magazine representative." A company was hiring fifty young men in the college age bracket to sell magazine subscriptions door-to-door. These fifty were to be sent to the west coast where they would pass themselves off as college students working their way through college. Their "gimmick" was claiming to have entered a "magazine subscription selling" contest. Another ad asked for "publishing agent." A stationery company wanted college-age men to canvas college campuses selling stationery to fraternities. An encyclopedia firm advertised for proofreaders, re-write, and copy men. These positions had been filled, we were told; but they still had some openings in selling.

By the second week in Atlanta, Bill and I had run out of money. We had paid in advance for our room at the YMCA, but we

could no longer afford the ten cent hamburgers at the "Krystals." So one morning I joined the line of farmers and unemployed to sell a pint of blood to the blood bank for five dollars. Bill, though, had gotten up in a different frame of mind and checked out of the "Y." With the money that was refunded from the unused portion of our rent, we bought enough gas to return to North Carolina and to our friends and relatives. Bill went home to Jacksonville and I came back to Greenville.

I felt awkward being out of school, so I looked for a job. The college gave me the name of a man who offered part-time employment. I phoned him and he said to come over and talk to him at his office.

His office was over a loan company. When he learned that I was unmarried, he shook his head and said that he had asked the college to send him married students. They were usually in debt and needed money. Such a situation insures him against a student who would not work. But I told him that I needed money and I was a worker. He offered me a job selling cemetery lots to Negroes.

I met him the next morning. It was a Saturday morning and we drove out the Bethel highway to see the cemetery. As we drove, he told me some of the procedure. We were to work from a list of prospects that had been compiled by a loan company of Negroes who were good loan risks—having just worked off a loan, or having good credit. The cemetery company was not in a position to finance a grave lot so the Negro must borrow the money—preferably from a loan company. It is very important to catch the Negro with his wife because the signatures of both are required on loan applications. Thus nights and Saturdays were the best time to work. We reached the cemetery, and I saw what there was of it. It was still under "development" and con-

sisted of a barren muddy field surrounded by straggly pines that could not even be sold for pulp wood. Then we went to see prospects.

The "spiel" would go something like this: Hello, is your wife at home? Would you get her please, because I have something very important to talk about. How do you do, ma'am. I represent something new in Greenville that will bring dignity and status to you and your family—a perpetual care cemetery, Green Lawn Memorial Estates. Perhaps you have seen the white perpetual care ceremony between Greenville and little Washington and noticed how attractive it is; Now you too may have the dignity and beauty of a cemetery that is as good as the whites. We are calling on you because your name is on the list of the leading families of the Negro community and we want you to add your prestige to our cemetery. For this service we will sell you your lot at a discount. Perhaps you know Reverend So-and-so who has just bought a lot for his family? Or are you acquainted with Mrs. So-an-so? She teaches at Winterville and has just bought a half lot for her and her husband.

Are you acquainted with perpetual care cemeteries? It means that your loved ones would not be left uncared and unweeded in some grave in the middle of a field or unsightly corner of an old church yard. There are no more space in church yards around here for burial, so Reverend So-and-so told me. And we all know how unmindful the future generation will be. There is no assurance that you will be cared for. Now with perpetual care you and your loved ones may lay beneath green grass all year round—mowed and trimmed eternally.

Let me show you my book. Here you see the Estate with the lots indicated. Isn't this a beautiful one and convenient too. Mrs. So-and-so bought that one. This is just the

front section. Later on two more sections will be added. But I know that you want to be on the first and the best. Here is a copy of the letter from Mr. Blount of the band that states that Green Lawn Memorial Estates has established a fund that will guarantee perpetual pay for a caretaker and upkeep of the cemetery. My license from the state of North Carolina that allows me to sell cemetery lots. This statue of Jesus Christ will be imported from Italy to stand in Green Lawn. And here is the cement replica of the famous Bok Singing Tower that will be forever playing music. This is a grieving widow being taken advantage of by the funeral man who is pressuring her into buying this out of the way lot he has been trying to get rid of for ten years. Yes, now here is the picture of the smiling widow whose husband bought a lot in a perpetual care cemetery. Oh, look at this beautiful casket. And this one. I certainly would like to go like this. These are the bronze grave markers. You can't mow a big lawn with grave stones in the way. These bronze flower holders slide right into the ground.

Finally, the family is asked which lot they want. One lot will hold four adults or eight children; a half lot will hold two adults or four children. They sign a loan application, and they will only have to pay five dollars a week for twenty months. If the husband dies before the loan is payed off, the insurance on his life (taken out by the loan company) will take care of the loan and his widow will not have the payments to meet.

I quit after two nights. However, I did not tell the salesman until he came by the house a week later to get his picture book for a married student he had just hired. I did not think he would understand if I told him I thought he was crooked. I felt unscrupulous selling graves to people who could not afford the necessities of life much less death.

Louis D. Rubin, Jr. is a Southern educator and writer. Mr. Rubin was born in 1923 in Charleston, South Carolina and was educated at the University of Richmond and Johns Hopkins (Ph.D., 1954). He has taught at the University of Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Rubin has also served as the Associate Editor of the Richmond News Leader, a Guggenheim fellow, and a Fulbright lecturer. Among Mr. Rubin's works are: The Golden Weather, Southern Renaissance: The Literature of the Modern South, Thomas Wolfe: The Weather of His Youth.

Presently, Mr. Rubin serves as the Head of the English Department at Hollins College, Roanoke, Virginia. This month, Mr. Rubin plans to publish the Hollins Critic, a magazine devoted to the criticism of unheralded contemporary writers and poets.



Interview with

LOUIS D. RUBIN

Interviewer: Is Southern literature created out of a sense of nostalgia?

Mr. Rubin: Allen Tate has said that one of the characteristics of Southern writing of his generation was that it came out of a time in which there was a crossing over from one kind of life to another, and I think this is very much true of the so called Southern Renaissance. You see so many writers—John Crowe Ransome, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Donald Davidson, the four poets there, and then Faulkner, Wolfe,

Welty (Welty, to be sure in the 30's, but still in the same era), Stark Young and Erskine Caldwell, Caroline Gordon, Katherine Anne Porter, Carson McCuller a bit later—suddenly where you have had almost no writing to speak of. You're bound to look at the time and place and ask yourself, now what caused this; what was there about the life of the South that caused this sudden flowering when it wasn't there before. You see that Southern life in the early two decades of the twentieth century was going

through a period of tremendous change. It was entering the modern world.

The Civil War had a lot to do with this. The South was in a state of shock for ten or fifteen years after the Civil War and well up into the 1900's. It was basically a small town, agricultural situation. The cities in the South weren't very important. It was not an urban-oriented society. It was a closed, fixed society where people operated the way their grandparents did and their parents did—or they thought so. The result put the South in more or less of a colonial situation in relationship to the rest of the country. There was almost no capital to speak of. After all, a great part of the Southern capital was slaves and this capital was simply wiped out. There was no industrialization either. Well, this being so, the Civil War had the effect of retarding the entrance of the South into the modern world, retarding the urbanization and industrialization of the South.

This involved a very evident pattern of life of the small Southern community being very much of a unit by itself with its existence going back in time. The First World War really opened up the South. This delayed process came with sort of a cataclysmic speed. Suddenly the South began changing, and it began changing very much. It is still changing.

In a period of change like this the person of sensibility asks himself "Who am I?" "What is this?" "What is right?" He is brought up with certain sets of values, things that he believes in; he is told that these things are so, and then he goes out into the world and finds out these things are not so. And what several generations of Southerners thought was truth—moral and political—turns out to be highly debatable. What this does, of course, is to cause confusion.

Essentially, literature is an attempt to give order to human experience. This is what Faulkner does. I don't mean he sits down and says, well, let's see how I can give order to this experience. Nothing of the sort. He tries to say this is what being alive means in this person or that person. Tate points this out very nicely in his essay on the Profession of Letters in the South. I think he calls it historical dimension—a looking two ways. The Southerner is a modern and he sees the past as a modern looking into it. At the same time he is not wholly modern, because he has been taught certain values and he sees the present with a sense of the past.

The perfect figure to me is the poem by Allen Tate "Ode to the Confederate Dead." This is a

man standing by the cemetery gate and he sees the leaves falling on the cemetery. It is a Confederate cemetery, but it needn't be. It is Confederate because it's in the South. And he says, how can this mean anything to me? What is the historical meaning of these people? What does this mean to me as a human being? This kind of two-way vision has a lot to do with the feeling in a great deal of Southern literature of the past. Well, the family is changing and breaking out; people are moving all over, the world coming in. And you find almost every one of the Southern writers at one time or the other will be dealing with just that situation. So it seems to me that nostalgia is very much an important part of the literary impulse that produced modern Southern literature.

Interviewer: What effect will urbanization and the civil rights movement have on this nostalgia?

Mr. Rubin: Well, obviously it is changing, but there is still a great deal of change to go. And there's always resistance to change. This is going on in the South now. I noticed in this question here you ask about the civil rights movement. The Negro in Southern literature has always been an index to change because this change is symbolized in the Negro. My own feeling is that a great deal of the resistance to integration consists of an attempt to try to hold on to the past—try to hold on to a situation that one knows and not to let go. When you let go of something, you are in motion; and where do you go? And in the South the crux of the matter seems to focus around the Negro.

Think of the Negro in the local color literature of the post Civil War period—Uncle Remus, Edwin Russell, Thomas Nelson Page, and the Negro who looks back on "befo de wah," and "this ole dahky don' wan' be free." Then follow it right on through, Cable up to Faulkner and beyond. (Ralph Ellison, the Negro novelist, made a remark once that Faulkner is probably the greatest writer about the Negro who ever existed because Faulkner looked at the Negro in every conceivable kind of situation, every kind of angle and explored this thing consumately.) I don't think that anyone will be able to say that social change is no longer a factor in Southern literature.

Now, I think this is true. I spoke of this hold of the past. I don't think that is nearly as strong in the post World War II writers as in the past. They grew up with a different kind of world. It is changing much more for them. So you don't

get the same sort of historical dimension. In my most recent book, *The Far Away Country*, the last chapter is a long analysis of William Styron. When Styron's first novel came out everybody said, well now this is Faulkner. I thought so too. Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* is like Faulkner, supposedly. The whole novel takes place while a body is being taken to the cemetery which is the situation in *As I Lay Dying*. The family is very much like the family in *The Sound and the Fury*—there are faithful retainers and even the Negro preacher. It seems to be, at first, very Faulknerian. And Styron said he started writing it after he immersed himself in Faulkner's work for a couple of weeks.

But if you really look at that book, I think you'll see that in lots of ways Styron is one step beyond Faulkner in terms of his attitudes toward certain things. And that step represents an examination of the very principles that Faulkner automatically believes. Take the scene in *The Sound and the Fury* in which Dilsey, who has been taking care of the family, goes to church and hears the preacher from St. Louis, the Reverend Shegog. He gives that wonderful sermon of the blood of the lamb. Afterwards Dilsey comes out of the church and she says "I seen the first and the last" and Fronsie says "What do you mean" and she says "Never mind. I seen the first and now I sees the last." This is the story of the Compson family. Compare that situation and Faulkner's attitude towards that Negro preacher with Daddy Faith in Styron's novel. I think you'll see that it's very different. Faulkner's Negro preacher is a primitive, all right, but what he is saying makes Dilsey stronger so that Dilsey can endure and Dilsey can take care of the family. Styron's Negro preacher is really a charlatan. He plays on the gullibility of his audience. Styron seems to be examining moral religious attitudes and values which Faulkner assumes and judges the modern world by.

Quinton Compson in *The Sound and the Fury*, goes to Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the holiday and commits suicide—by drowning. Quinton is a kind of tragic figure. He is isolated from time and place. The role of the Compsons in Yoknapatawpha County is gone. He can't play that role anymore. There's no place for a man of his notions and his attitudes in the twentieth century Yoknapatawpha County. The attitudes themselves have gone to seed—they've become caricatures of what they used to be. Now compare that with Peyton Loftis in New York in Styron's novel. The tragedy is not that Peyton Loftis is isolated

from Port Warick. No, we're glad to see her go to New York because she seems at least to have a chance there. Her troubles are personal and familiar but they're not dynastic. It is not the sense of a dynasty ending. It's quite true that the Loftis's once were the leaders of Virginia society—but that's not very important. Her troubles come out of her relationship with her mother and father, the absence of love and the psychotic element of her mother. This family role, this dynastic situation which you get in Faulkner—the idea of the whole generation coming down—is missing in Styron entirely.

Port Warwick society may be decadent when we see them at that party (it's a very fine scene as a matter of fact). It would be just like any other modern urban society. In other words many of the premises on which Faulkner operates—history, the fixed society, religious belief—in Styron and in Styron's contemporaries are being examined, whereas Faulkner assumed them and judged the world by them. This is what I mean when I say that the sense of the past—that two way historical vision of the high Renaissance is not as important for the modern southern writer any more.

Interviewer: In your book, *South: The Modern Southern Literature in Its Cultural Setting*, you refer to Styron, Agee and others as Southern by virtue of their attitude toward language. What is the Southern writer's attitude toward language?

Mr. Rubin: This is something that academic critics kick around a lot. I think it's true. Southern literature, even back into the nineteenth century, has been characterized by a great deal of rhetoric—full blown, old fashioned rhetoric—and the sound of words, the connotations of words. Most Southern writing seems to have this rhetorical sense, exploring the full resources of the language. Look at the attempts of Dos Passos or Hemingway to make the language clear and as simple as possible, divested of any heavy adjectivizing. It is clipped, terse, matter of fact type of language. Well, now, compare that to someone like Faulkner or Wolfe or Warren or Eudora Welty or Styron.

I did a review in the *New York Herald Tribune* last month of a book about the contemporary novel called *The Critical Presence*, one of those books where people write essays on various writers. The man that did the essay on Styron jumped all over him for using "pain," "agony," and six or eight words like that in a simple 75 or 80

word sentence. So, I just opened *Light in August* and without much trouble at all I found a sentence that was about half as long and used just as many emotive words. This is a characteristic of Southern writing. Perhaps it comes out of the fact that they like to hear people talk.

It is the Senator Claghorn caricature of the Southern politician. Southern politics has always been fine, full rhetorical talk and hearing the politicians throw on the words has always been a good old Southern tradition. This certainly has worked into the literature. Southern writing has had the full rhetorical properties of the spoken language. It can be overdone. Wolfe overdoes it a great deal. I like a great deal of Wolfe, too, but he just throws these abstract words all over the place.

It is a dimension of language, and it gives a kind of artistic dimension to the fiction. It goes along with an attitude towards people as individuals. They are characters. It is important to the Southern writer.

I was arguing with Miss Welty about just this thing, as a matter of fact. I was saying that essentially there are two kinds of writers. (This is a big generalization. You could set up all these dichotomies you want.) There is the kind of writer who is exemplified by Tolstoy, who is dealing with the normal, as it were, and there is the kind of writer who is exemplified by Dostoevsky, who is dealing with the abnormal—people who are larger than life.

There is that line in *Death of Ivan Ilitch*, a marvelous short novel by Tolstoy. The second part of the novel starts off something like this: "Ivan Ilitch's life was most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible." To me this is a kind of writing. The people are not larger than life. In ordinary life, in the usual, day by day happenings of everyday life Tolstoy shows a certain kind of drama, and pathos. It seems to me Eudora Welty is essentially this kind of writer. Thomas Wolfe is this kind of writer; Proust is, too, in a different way; Joyce, also. Then there's the other kind of writer (and I'm not making any distinction between the two, qualitatively) in which the characters are not typical people. You couldn't say of them that life is "most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible." There's nothing ordinary in the life of Alesha Karamazov or Thomas Sutpin. That kind of writer aims at a person who is larger than life and at the same time, not quite human. And his criterion is not everyday realism. This is the kind of writer who writes tragedy.

It seems to me that Reynolds Price is not that kind of writer. Basically Reynolds Price's people are simple, everyday people. By simple I don't mean by that they are boring or not interesting. What is extraordinary about E. W. Gant in *Look Homeward Angel*? He's not an extraordinary person in the sense that there is anything remarkable about him. He gets drunk, he seems to be able to throw a somewhat more epic drunk than the man down the street, but after all that is not an unusual accomplishment. He is a stone mason, a business man, a father. The point is that Thomas Wolfe, picking someone like W. E. Gant, can show the full humanity of this ordinary creature who doesn't do heroic things—he doesn't ride across the battlefields of Waterloo or try to build a dynasty. And Wolfe makes him into an extraordinary fictional creation. To make the extraordinary out of the ordinary is essentially what Reynolds Price does. Rosacoke Muscian is not an extraordinary person. She is just a little girl who grew up on a farm and falls in love with somebody named Wesley, and finally becomes pregnant and gets married. Nothing remarkable or extraordinary about that and yet Reynolds Price can take somebody like her and show in their everyday life the truly extraordinary human quality of ordinary human life.

It goes beyond tragedy in a sense. It is too realistic to be tragedy, because it's too true to everyday life. Both the tragic and the comic things are qualified. Time goes past and these people grow older. That canvas is too broad for the romantic highlight of tragedy.

Interviewer: What was the contribution of the Fugitives to American Literature?

Mr. Rubin: They were the exponents, first as poets and later as critics, of a hard, disciplined, objective, imagistic kind of writing. The best Twentieth century poet is characterized by the concrete properties of its images. The metaphysicals were of so much interest to these people. The idea that the poem must be self-contained, the poem shouldn't require the reader's views on Truth, Beauty, and Goodness in order to make it a good poem; and this is what Fugitive poetry was—it was very disciplined, it was a craft. It came along at the time when poetry needed a sense of craft. Ransome, Tate, Warren, and Davidson, and Merrill Moore wrote a poetry which was tremendously influential because it was good. It had that sense of craft, that sense of the poem being self-contained, and the proper respect for

both the connotative and the denotative properties of language.

A critical movement grew directly out of that. The New Criticism was designed to criticize that kind of poem. What does the New Criticism do? The critic looks at the poem and says, "All right, this is what counts. What do these words, what do these images, what do these configurations do?" He judges it in terms of that. Never mind the writer's biography; never mind whether he believes in virtue and motherhood or not. What does this poem say? The Fugitives have been very important as critics. The tremendous power of the New Criticism and the influence of the New Criticism has been in the fact that it has been so closely allied with the practice of poetry. It wasn't something external to poetry. It grew out of the same instinct for language and feeling for language that made those people want to write poems. And that accounts for the fact that it was so valuable—because it was a way of purifying poetry.

In English literature we have always had the tradition of the poet-critic. The leading English critics have also been practicing poets—Ben Johnson, Dryden, Samuel Johnson, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, T. S. Eliot. In French neoclassical literature—this is a generalization which I can make so nicely because I don't know very much about French literature—the critics were not tragedians. The great Nineteenth century French critics are Sainte Beuve and Taine. They weren't poets. Generally speaking, our criticism has avoided the heavy conceptualizing, the abstract quality of French criticism. French neoclassical criticism of the late seventeenth century put a straight jacket on the writers. Our criticism is much more pragmatic.

Interviewer: Does criticism dominate the present American literary scene?

Mr. Rubin: I personally don't see anything wrong with people writing criticism—that's because I write a lot of criticism. But you hear a lot about the way critics are throttling poetry. That is bunk. Critics can't throttle poetry.

My friend Karl Shapiro, for example, has remarked in *Defense of Ignorance* that literary fashions are set by critics. That is nonsense. No critic has ever been able to set a literary fashion. Literary fashions are set by poetry. It wasn't transition in the critical talent that changed the creed in modern poetry. It was "Prufrock" and "The Waste Land." It wasn't the "Preface to the

Lyrical Ballads" or the *Biographia Literaria* that created romantic poetry. It was the *Lyrical Ballads*. It wasn't Johnson's essay on dramatic poetry that created Augustinian poetry. Criticism arises after the fact. It arises in an attempt to try to understand, codify and explore the facts of poetry. But Shapiro says we've got to break up the Alexandrian criticism of our day. He wants to do it by critical essays. The only way to change modern poetry, if he doesn't like modern poetry, is to write poetry—poetry so different in speaking for the time and so much better that it will cause a revolution in the attitude that poets take towards the world through language.

I've known Karl Shapiro for years. He taught me at Johns Hopkins in 1948-49. He is really a very nice guy, very sweet, mild-mannered person. He likes to take critical stances. He does them for effect. As long as I have known him he has taken one stance or another. But he follows them out logically. If he takes a stance that calls for a certain conclusion that this or that poet is no good, then he says that this or that poet is no good—even when he knows better. He thinks it's a good thing to have people saying things.

But going back to this business of whether critics create taste or not—a perfect example of the essential powerlessness of critics was the San Francisco "beat" literature. There you have a school of writing which none of the respected, trusted, influential critics of the day had any use for whatever (personally, I think with good reason). If criticism could throttle literature, the best literature would never have been able to catch on. Yet even so paltry a thing, so obvious a thing as "beat" literature sprang right up. Why? Because there were poems that interested people. If the "beat" literature had anything behind it, all of the critics who were wed to the metaphysical poem and the so called T. S. Eliot influence would have been helpless to stop it.

And so this business about critics throttling anything is just bunk, just nonsense. Someone who says that shows a lack of respect for poetry and fiction. If they think that any criticism, I don't care what kind of criticism, can essentially hurt a good poem or help a bad one; hurt a good novel or help a bad one—if they think that any criticism can do that they're crazy. Criticism is a secondary activity. It's always subsidiary to the poem and the novel and it's always going to be that way. When a novel comes along that the critics can't recognize, it may lie fallow, it may await recognition for awhile. Blake would be an example. The idea of criticism throttling it—

no indeed. Criticism is, I think, a very useful activity—I engage in it myself—but the idea that criticism can throttle creative literature is just nonsense.

Interviewer: Does the college situation place limits on the sensibilities of the writer who is also a college professor?

Mr. Rubin: Anyone has to operate in a given situation. If you work on a newspaper, that places limits on sensibilities, time, and energy. If you're independently wealthy and you live on Majorca or on Key West then there are probably fewer limits placed on your sensibilities. I think of myself as a writer who teaches, but I'm sure other people think of me more as a teacher who writes, which is probably more realistic. At any rate the reason I am at a college is that it is the closest I can get to what I am most interested in—literature: writing it, reading it, thinking about it, talking about it. It is the closest I can get to literature and be paid for it. It's as simple as that. I don't know any other job that will pay me for doing what I like to do. I like to teach. I like to think about books and literature and stories, and I like to work with people who are also doing that. That's why I am at a college. Every writer is engaged in a conspiracy against the world, against people who would want to make him earn an honest living. I have found this is the best way to do it. There are other people I know that it just doesn't work that way at all. I have known writers who take jobs which are completely divorced from writing so that when they do write they don't use any of the energy that they want to use in their writing.

I personally feel that being a college teacher has not hurt Robert Penn Warren. At the same time, I don't think that not being a college teacher has helped Eudora Welty. Eudora Welty is not the sort of person who wants to teach in college. I think that people tend to try to get the position and do the things that they like to do. Then they rationalize it into a system. It's fashionable, of course, among a certain kind of writer, or certain group of writers—I call it the Connecticut Cocktail League, as opposed to the Kenyon Review League—to look down at the university and college teaching. They think that if you teach in a college you live away from the world. A remark like that makes no sense to

me because I have never heard of any writers who were street car drivers or bus drivers or stevedores. I don't see why you're any more away from the world if you live on a farm than if you're at a university. It is true that you are around people who put a greater emphasis on intellectual activity than you would in every day life. I personally don't see where this is bad. In the Connecticut Cocktail League you're not supposed to want to teach. That makes you into a pale, wan, intellectual kind of writer. If you can tell me anything that's more sheltered than suburban Connecticut—I don't know what.

It works both ways. I don't think it makes any difference. I don't think it hurt T. S. Eliot to work at Faber and Faber or a bank. It's a matter of individual temperament. People like Malcolm Cowley try to make out rules that the writer should do this, he should not do that. I think they are playing games. But you have to have something to write about, and that is what Cowley has found to write about. It is obviously true that if you have a job in which you work twelve hours a day in a boiler factory you aren't going to get much written. It would be very difficult to write in the other four hours. But within reason is what I meant.

Malcolm Cowley worked for the Viking Press. He's been with the Viking Press for a long time. It seems to me that if one is going to get conditioned, one could get just as conditioned by having to pander to the trade department of a publishing house as one can to a classroom.

People don't go out and live and then write about it. They keep their eyes open. You don't have to live something to write about it. Emily Dickenson is a perfect example of that. What kind of life did Emily Dickenson have? Not a particularly glamorous one; and, yet, she managed to write some pretty good love poems. There've been lots of writers who have written on things they didn't know anything about—William Faulkner never fought in the Civil War. I know too many writers who teach, for example, to be able to say that environment makes them certain kinds of writers. People are writers or they aren't writers. It is what they do at the typewriter—whether that typewriter happens to be located, as mine is, in a study on a college campus, or in the backroom of a warehouse, or in a newspaper office, or in a house out in lower suburbia, or a place down there on the Florida Keys.

A HUMAN ACCOUNT OF A

GERMAN STUDENT RIOT

By

R. R. Napp

During the last week of June, 1962, a series of student youth riots were set off after police brutally disrupted some student musicians performing in a sidewalk cafe near the University of Munich. According to many students and professors, the riots took place as a protest against the invasion of "Studentenfreiheit", the general freedom cherished by German students throughout their cultural history. The police were bluntly accused of using Nazi-like tactics in clubbing people indiscriminately and in not wearing badge numbers for identification.

The mayor and police of Munich claimed the participants were mostly juvenile delinquents and that few students were actually involved. The facts later uncovered by the press indicated that many students were involved and that the issues were much more complex than the mayor and police had thought.

On the night of June 26, 1962, at about 11:00 P.M., approximately 50 mounted police clattered toward the University of Munich through a side street opening on Munich's main thoroughfare, Ludwig Strasse, in the Bohemian sector called Schwabing. At that time, my wife, a German teacher, and I were taking a final glass of wine before retiring. The teacher suggested that my wife and I accompany him to the scene of the

excitement. My wife, a former German national herself, declined, recalling similar unpleasant events during Hitler's reign of terror, but I accepted. While getting into the car, we were joined by a female hotel clerk.

Sceptical but expectant, I began to take mental notes on myself and those around me for future reference. I tried to recall the teachings and warnings of Gustav Le Bon, (1841-1931), a French sociologist. He held that a crowd can hypnotize even the strongest personality sufficiently exposed to its influence; in the crowd, there is an ever-present subliminal influence attracting its members to herd-like behavior. In his book, *The Crowd*, he states: ". . . by the mere fact that he forms part of an organized crowd, a man descends several rungs on the ladder of civilization."

Arriving at the scene, we drove very slowly through the eye of a human hurricane composed mostly of students, with a scattering of city toughs. They permitted cars to pass through the congestion as long as movement was kept to a respectful speed.

Tension was everywhere. One felt it before actually becoming immersed in it. Waves of emotion swept across the entire area like uncontrolled electricity. One could not help feeling it would

take only a simple short-circuit of behavior to turn this milling humanity into an ugly mob.

We gathered under a marquee situated directly in the middle of the crowd. It was agreed that at any sign of acute violence we would either retreat into a nearby alley or make a hasty departure from the area along a sidewalk leading North.

As emotions heightened, there was violence in the form of rock throwing and tipping automobiles. It was difficult to remain passive; one could not avoid being drawn into the excitement somehow, if only as a spectator. After about an hour, we saw the mob furiously stone an automobile which had not slowed while passing through this area of human hysteria. *Le Bon* seemed justified.

If ESP could be found to have influenced the riot, it would have been at this point; one felt a lull in the storm of human violence—a pause that carried a note of warning. Glancing about, it was evident that traffic had been discontinued at both ends of the mob.

Unexpectedly, a voice on a loud-speaker identified itself as the *Burgermeister* (mayor) of Munich and requested everyone to clear the area at once, or suffer the consequences. We immediately started in the direction of the North exit. Before we could disengage ourselves from the mob, however, we were faced with a cordon of a hundred or more policemen with locked arms and clubs raised high.

I advanced, hoping to be permitted to leave, since we had not participated in the violence, nor opposed the *Burgermeister's* order. Approaching the police, I tried to explain hurriedly that I was just passing through, as had others before me. The police were not in a reasoning mood; the point of no return had been reached, and they brushed aside appeals, at the same time giving general orders to retreat, or suffer injury. It did not take much thinking to realize this was a trap sprung without due warning as punishment for the mob. The police seemed bent on disciplining indiscriminately all who stood before them. I found myself forcibly shoved back into the mob, luckily dodging a blow at my head. People began to fall on all sides of me as the police cut a swath through them. Occupants of the apartment houses above began to throw empty beer bottles and garbage at the crowd. With a half-dozen students, I dashed into the alley previously noted. The police were close behind as we scrambled over a six-foot stone wall. On the other side, the alley was again blocked, this time by a huge Gothic door, and there were other students al-

ready trapped there. I fortunately remembered the structure of this type of door from my own German student days and recalled that a lever at the right would fully open it, even though locked. Only after tumbling out the door into an empty side-street did we feel safe—safe, ironically, from the police.

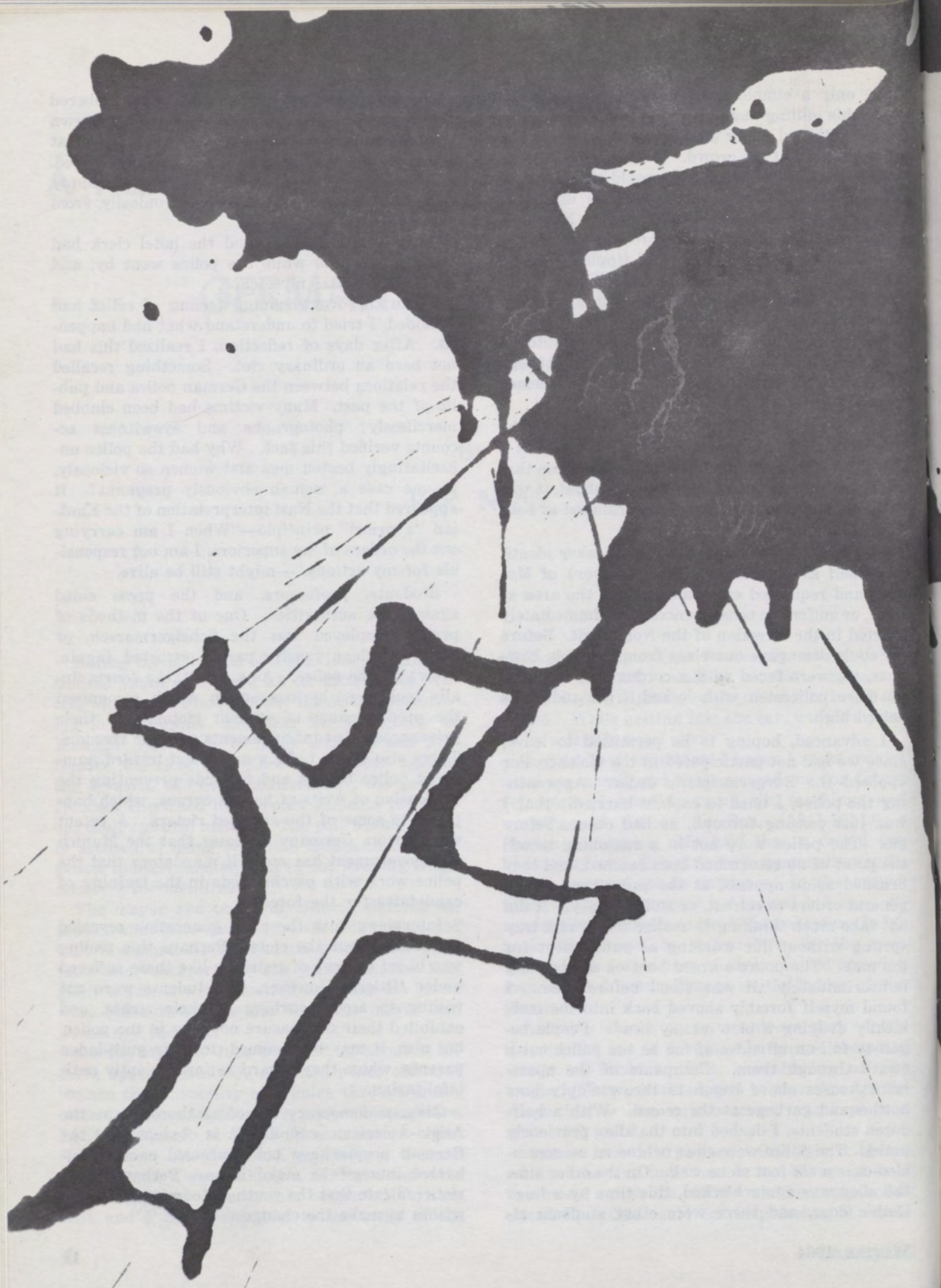
The German teacher and the hotel clerk had managed to hide while the police went by, and rejoined me after my escape.

When the overwhelming feeling of relief had subsided, I tried to understand what had happened. After days of reflection, I realized this had not been an ordinary riot. Something recalled the relations between the German police and public of the past. Many victims had been clubbed mercilessly; photographs and eyewitness accounts verified this fact. Why had the police unhesitatingly beaten men and women so viciously, in one case a woman obviously pregnant? It appeared that the Nazi interpretation of the Kantian "a priori" principle—"When I am carrying out the orders of my superiors, I am not responsible for my actions."—might still be alive.

Students, professors, and the press sided against the authorities. One of the methods of protest employed was the *Scheigermarsch*, or silent march, a passive parade escorted (again, irony) by the police. As a result, the courts finally took some serious action which recognized the predominance of student rioters and their grievances about infringements on their freedom. There also seems to be a movement toward numbered police badges and towards preventing the suspension of writs of habeas corpus, which happened to some of the arrested rioters. A recent report from Germany discloses that the Munich city government has made it mandatory that the police work with psychiatrists in the training of candidates for the force.

Interviews with the older generation revealed antipathy about the riots. Perhaps this feeling was based on fear of reprisals like those suffered under Hitler. However, the students were not willing to accept curbing of their rights, and exhibited their displeasure not only to the police, but also, it may be assumed, to their guilt-laden parents, whom they regard as insufficiently anti-totalitarian.

German democracy is not as thorough as the Anglo-American sort, and it is obvious that the German people have not expressed enough collective interest to make it so. Perhaps these riots indicate that the youth of today in Germany wishes to make the change.





VOICES

The setting of this play is an isolation room in a state asylum for the insane. The room is small, very drab, and almost barren of furniture except for a bed, a rocking chair, and a small cardboard box which contains some children's toy blocks. The room has one window, one door, and a large plaque over the bed which reads: GOD BLESS OUR HOME.

As the curtain opens, however, all that can be seen is a pale blue square of light, which is that light emitted through a small, high window. All else is obscured in the darkness. In the center of the stage, a faint beam of light slowly transcends from the blackness, out of nowhere. As it brightens, a woman can be seen in its radiant circle. She is kneeling on the floor taking toy blocks out of a dilapidated cardboard box and piling them very carefully on top of one another. She works industriously at this tedious task of piling blocks (the kind with the alphabet and little animals on the sides) as if it gives her great pleasure. She continues undisturbed as the light forms a circle around her. Then, as if suddenly interrupted by prying eyes, she turns directly to the audience with a questioning look on her face; a gleam in her eyes.

Christine: Wh . . . why are you all staring at me like that? Is, is something wrong?

(She looks down at herself as if to see if her slip is showing. Then, her eyes fall to the pile of blocks and she laughs a gentle, but rather embarrassed laugh, realizing how silly she must look.)

Christine: Oh, Ha, ha, I see. You're wondering what I am doing with these blocks. I guess it does look rather strange, a grown woman playing with . . . oh, I'm sorry. I haven't even introduced myself. My name's Christine and, well you see, I'm doing this for my daughter Polly. Polly's crippled and she can't do much for herself, especially anything strenuous. I just thought I'd build her something to play with, poor thing. Of

course, she'll probably tear it down, you know how children are. (She looks around, shivers.)

Such a big house, and so cold. It wasn't always like this, not always. I can remember when I was a young girl, this house was—alive! Alive with young people like myself, laughing and gay and voices would echo through this house, so big and old, and I would know there was nowhere else on earth I would rather be than here. Oh, this house was so beautiful then. There were no light bulbs hanging unshaded from cords. There were—chandeliers! The house was full of chandeliers, crystal chandeliers with reflections of light dancing on the high ceilings and walls—cascades of reflections showering the room like soap bubbles. Ha ha. (Reflections appear throughout the

room.) Oh, what times we did have. There were thirteen of us girls, young, pretty and Miss Savage just took us under her wing like a mother bird. Most of us were orphans at the time she found us, homeless with no place to go. It always was a mystery to me how she managed to find us in a big city like this.

I was living—if you can call it that—I was . . . existing in a little flea trap on Dragon Street called the Vagrant Arms Hotel, or some ghastly name like that, when Victoria walked in right out of the clear blue like an angel of mercy and brought me here. I had been working at odd jobs—waitress, salesgirl—and I was down to my very last dollar when she came. I told her all about my childhood . . . about how my mother died when I was just a little girl and how Poppa had been cleaning one of his guns that he never kept any bullets in and had shot himself right through the stomach with an empty rifle when I was seventeen and I was left alone to drift . . . just drift alone by myself.

Victoria brought me to this house, this beautiful house on Conception Street with its candeliers and curving stairways and red carpets and I met the other girls. I remember Victoria used to refer to this place as her HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS though we weren't, really. Ha, Ha. And some of our beaux would jokingly call it THE HOME FOR SAVAGE GIRLS, meaning, of course, that we were all brought here by Victoria Savage. Oh, we had lots of beaux in those days and we girls played hostess to young men from some of the best families in the South.

The season was Mardi Gras when I came here and Victoria gave a masquerade ball in the parlor with balloons and colored streamers and confetti, and a very select group of young men were invited to be our escorts. She dressed us all in billowing gowns of silks and chiffons—Victoria just reeked with the milk of human kindness.

There were dragons in the streets and men inside the dragons and whiskey inside the men inside the dragons. Bloated Pinocchios and forty-foot giants inched their way—ghosts of city streets filled with color—and led by a monstrous illuminated snake piercing through the crowd as if from the Bayou swamps with a single glaring, white eye. As our beaux arrived we each made a grand entrance from the stairway wearing masks of black velvet and seeded pearls. Champagne flowed from a fountain of two marble cupids and we tripped the light fantastic to the waltzes of Strauss.

That's when I first met Jim. He was a dashing

Cyrano de Bergerac and I was Roxanne—Victoria thought of everything. Jim Gaylord Coltraine the Third! The toast of two cities—Mobile and New Orleans. He literally swept me off my feet that first night.

This room was beautiful then, thick tapestried material the color of dark red wine covered the walls and rose-colored, velvet curtains draped the windows. I can remember when it was that time of the month for me. I would lie here in the dark and watch the shadows of the wisteria vine and morning glories—silhouettes against a moon of white ice and a sky of royal blue crepe and I would listen to the music and laughter below.

I had many other callers besides Jim, but we found love in this house and we married—almost a year after our first meeting. We spent our wedding night in this very room and I—conceived on Conception Street. That was always sort of a—*sadly*) joke. I left this house on Conception Street, went away with my husband of a few hours, and we were happy for . . . a while. When we returned, they were gone: Victoria, the girls, the beautiful house . . . all gone. There had been a fire and Jim and I came back to live in the cinders and debris. He bought this house for me and Polly was born here and she played among the ashes in the charred—scarred rooms. (*She begins taking toy blocks out of the cardboard box once more.*) Those were wonderful days, care-free days, for Polly was a healthy girl with hair the color of champagne and she was my one joy in life. Jim was becoming an habitual drinker and wasn't much of a father for our child or husband for me. It was a world of roses and sunshine until the horrible accident.

Actually, Polly is very well-behaved for her age. (*She continues to stack the blocks.*) Maybe it's because she can't get around like other children. That's why I have to do so many things for her. Jim, he's my husband, Jim thinks I baby her too much and he keeps telling me to let her do things for herself, but I—well, I can't help feeling sorry for her. I know pity's a terrible thing but in a way I feel responsible for the accident. When she fell, I . . . no use thinking about that now. She's alive and that's all that really matters. (*She puts the last block in place.*) There now, all finished and if I do say so myself, I think it looks pretty good. Polly? Polly? Polly? Come see what I've got for you, honey. Polly? That girl, I declare I don't know what I'm gonna do with her.

(*She rises and walks over to the bed. The beam of light fades away and moonlight bursts in*

through the small window lighting the room clearly. Now, for the first time, the audience is able to distinguish the set as a room in an asylum. There are bars in the window which are tinged with white moonlight and cast long shadows across the floor. The door in the center of the backwall has a very small, barred window and through it can be seen the bright yellow light from the hallway. On the wall opposite the lone window hangs a cardboard plaque which reads: **GOD BLESS OUR HOME.** Beneath this plaque can be seen the shape of a bed, visible only because of the moonlight shining on clean, white sheets. Christine walks over to the bed, reaches behind it to a chair, and brings out a stuffed rag doll which she hugs close to her. One leg of the doll is badly damaged and has straw protruding from a hole. This "wound" has been partially bandaged.)

Christine: (In the loving voice of a mother for her child.) See the pretty blocks. Aren't they nice? (She holds the doll's face close to her ear.) Oh, you're sleepy. Poor little thing, you haven't even had a nap all day. Alright, you can go to bed if you want to. Yes, you can play with the blocks tomorrow. (She tucks the doll into bed and, pulling the chair beside it, she begins to sing softly.) Rock-a-bye baby

In a tree top
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down will come cradle
Baby and all.

(Christine kisses the doll on the forehead and looks lovingly down at it. Picking up the chair, she walks over to the blocks, sits in the chair with her feet on the wooden rung, and starts to pick up the blocks. After she has placed two or three in the box, she tiredly gives up.)

Christine: Golly, I feel so sleepy. I think I'll just leave these here until tomorrow. (She yawns) I hope you'll excuse me, but I just can't seem to stay awa . . .

(Another yawn interrupts this last statement and she drops her head into her lap. She remains still and quiet for a moment, then suddenly, she raises her head and looks around the room. She jerks her head in every direction like a bird, as if looking to see if she is alone. When she speaks, she is practically another person. She has changed from the sweet mother she was to a wild frantic creature. She looks with disgust at the blocks, and savagely knocks them down.)

Christine: That bitch! Who the hell does she think she is . . . cooing over that damn rag doll, talkin' to it like it was her own kid. She ought to be ashamed of herself, actin' so damned high and mighty when she killed the girl herself. Can't say I blame her though, that Polly always was a little brat. I did think Christine had more sense than to get herself locked up in a place like this. Now where did she go? I could have sworn she was here a minute ago. Well, I know one thing just because she's stuck here for the rest of her life don't mean I'm gonna stick it out with her. (She goes over to the window, grabs the bars and shouts . . .) Hey, let me out of here! Somebody! You've got the wrong one. I ain't crazy! Don't you see? She's the crazy one, not me! Let me out! Anybody, please . . . Let me out! And to think, that stupid bitch don't even realize she's locked up in this joint. (She goes over to the wall plaque.) Humph! God Bless OUR Home. Christine old girl wherever you are, I have news for you. This ain't exactly home sweet home. Rag dolls, toy blocks . . . no wonder they think she's crazy. Why, oh why don't they let me out? I'm not insane! I'm not the crazy one! (About to cry, Christine begins to pound on the door.) Somebody! Anybody! Please. Let me out of here! OH GOD, LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!

(Suddenly, there is a flash of lightning which illuminates the stage for a split second, making everything seem unreal and ghost-like in its striking glare of light. This bolt of lightning is followed by a deafening clap of thunder, intense and powerful. The thunder subsides to a slow rumble, and a voice which sounds as if it comes from an echo chamber, deep and resonant and powerful, speaks from the darkness.)

Voice: (Accusingly) You have sinned! You have wallowed in the depths of supreme, unmitigated sin, you abide in the lodging of your retribution, you deny the very blame of that sin! You, Christine Coltraine, were cursed from the day you killed your daughter, Polly, by pushing her . . .

Christine: (She shrinks back into the semi-darkness, trying to get away from the terrible voice.) No! I . . . You're wrong. I didn't kill her. It was . . .

Voice: . . . by pushing her into the tracks of the oncoming train.

Christine: No! I . . .

Voice: It is useless to deny that which is truth. I am the all-seeing and the all-knowing; the supreme and divine being and yet as I speak, you

still deny your sinful deed shamelessly.

Christine: (On her knees, weeping.) Oh, God, can you ever forgive me? . . . I didn't . . .

(*The voice breaks into a wild, manical laughter. When he speaks again, the tone of his voice has changed from the slow, hollow sound to that of a more normal, though somewhat high-pitched man's voice. It is a menacing, taunting voice and at times becomes quite eerie as it echoes through the dark room.*)

Voice: (Laughing.) Ha ha ha . . . Oh, Christine, really! So you thought I was God? I honestly didn't think you were that far gone. I guess I overestimated you, Christine.

Christine: You!!!!

Voice: Yes, it's me. Jim. Remember? You should be remembering a lot of things, Christine. Remembering how we *had* to get married. Remembering how you left me as soon as you got your grubby little hands on the marriage license. You wanted everyone to think it was legal. Remember how you told everyone that your husband was killed in an accident. Oh, I didn't mind. Not when I found out. Remember when I found out that Polly wasn't even my own kid? No, I wasn't even her father. You probably don't know who he was, do you, Christine? Do you?

Christine: Stop it! Stop it!

Voice: That's right Christine, cry. Cry and remember. Remember how you got tired of being the little mother tied down with a little girl. You longed for your old way of life again. Remember how you plotted to murder your child when she was only four years old?

Christine: I didn't kill her. It was . . .

Voice: It was who, Christine? Oh, that's right, there are two of you now. I suppose you're going to tell me it was your "other Self" who murdered Polly. Your sweet, innocent other self who loved Polly as a mother should; as you never did.

Christine: What are you talking about?

Voice: I think you know what I'm talking about. Now let's see, are you Christine number 1 or Christine number 2? Oh, don't look so shocked. Please spare me the dramatics. You see, the doctor gave me a rather detailed account of your er . . . shall we say . . . illness. It was very interesting. Paranoid schizophrenia, disorganization of the personality, introversion, he gave me all the gruesome details. The way you've been acting I'd say you were Christine number 1 now. The one that I married. It's too bad you can't be the other one all the time. The doctor told

me she lives in a dream world; she actually thinks this is her home. And *she* has Polly, or at least she thinks she does. You, Christine, all you have is me. Me . . . to remind you constantly of what you did.

Christine: I can't hear you, Jim. I'm putting my hands over my ears and I'm just blotting you out. I'm not listening anymore. Do you hear me? I'm not going to let you do this to me!

Voice: It isn't that easy, Christine. I'm going to make you hear me, make you remember. Remember when you took Polly to the railroad station? I was there. Oh, you didn't see me but I was there. I followed you and I stood and watched. I stood and watched you murder her! Remember when you pushed her, Christine. Remember how she looked when the wheels rumbled over her crushed body? And the blood! Remember that first gush of blood? It was scarlet and formed a cross at your feet. Rather ironic, don't you think? Then, afterwards, there were all the pieces . . . a million pieces and they had to clean up the mess with a mop. There's one thing I'll remember, Christine. I'll remember how you stood there and laughed and laughed. You were still laughing when they took you away.

Christine: Stop it! Stop it!!! Yes, Jim. I remember it. Every minute. I admit it! I killed Polly. Is that what you wanted to hear, is it? I'll tell you something else, too. The whole time I was wishing you were there, Jim, on those tracks with her, scattered in a million pieces. I was praying that you were, Jim. Oh, how I hated you. You were the only thing that kept me from freedom. If it weren't for you I wouldn't be in this place now! I hate you Jim! I wish you were dead! I wish it . . . I wish it . . . I wish it . . .!

(*She breaks into sobs. Footsteps are heard approaching the room and Christine pulls herself up to the window in the door. She looks through the bars and quickly turns around, drying her tears.*)

Christine: They're coming. I've got to do something or I'll be locked up here for the rest of my life. What can . . . I know, I'll pretend to be her! I'll be so damned sweet and innocent that they'll know I'm sane. As sane as they are.

(*She lies down on the bed as two voices are heard outside the door. There is a jangling of keys after which a nurse and doctor enter quietly.*)

Doctor Anders: I thought you said there was trouble here, Miss Nelson. Screams of violence coming from this room.

Miss Nelson: (quite smug and sure of herself) There were. Only a few moments ago, Sir. I heard her myself.

Dr. Anders: Everything looks fine to me. Why, she's sleeping like a baby. I would advise you to be more careful in your observations before you start running all over the hospital screaming bloody murder.

Miss Nelson: But I swear . . .

Christine (sitting up): She's right, Doctor. I was a little loud, but I'm sorry and I'd like to apologize.

Doctor Anders (gently): Well, now. I must say you're being extremely cooperative about this, Mrs. Coltraine. Not at all like Miss Nelson here described you. I expected some two-headed monster . . . *(he laughs)* . . . with fangs.

Miss Nelson: Doctor Anders, I don't understand it. She's been absolutely impossible since they brought her in. Screaming and shouting and pounding on the door . . .

Doctor Anders (eying her): Miss Nelson, I think you've made a mistake. Mrs. Coltraine looks perfectly calm to me. Maybe she's just upset about coming here.

Miss Nelson: I never make mistakes as you will see when you have been here a little longer. Dr. Phillips, who was here before you, God rest his soul, always commended me on my aptitude.

Doctor Anders: But not your attitude, I imagine. If you would try to be a little more friendly with the patients and less concerned with your sacred punctuality, I'm sure things would run much more smoothly. Why must you insist on being perfect and refuse to believe that it's possible for you to make mistakes too, like anyone else?

Miss Nelson: Not I, Doctor. I'm sure that this woman is putting on a show for your benefit. Behind that sweet little face she's probably laughing her head off.

Christine: Why, I . . .

Doctor Anders: It's alright, Mrs. Coltraine.

Christine: Please call me Christine.

Doctor Anders: Very well, Christine it is. I'm going to be your doctor from now on Christine. Now, tell me. Are you really as bad as all that?

Christine: Honestly, Dr. Anders, I've been as quiet as a mouse . . . *(the two women glare at each other)* . . . except a little while ago when I had a bad dream. That was the only time.

Miss Nelson: She's lying!

Christine: Miss Nelson obviously has something against me but I have no idea what it is . . . why should I lie?

Miss Nelson: Why, you little . . .

Doctor Anders: Now, Miss Nelson.

Miss Nelson: I suppose you're going to take her word, a lying, scheming little . . .

Doctor Anders: Miss Nelson, you're not to speak that way to a patient and you know it! Now, your report may or may not be right but . . .

Miss Nelson (overlapping): My report was faultless. It was as exact as all my reports have been for the last fifteen years here!

Christine: Well, flip her a fish!

Miss Nelson: You see. It comes out now. She's nothing but a conniving little . . .

Christine: Why you . . . *(Unable to control herself any longer, she walks directly to Miss Nelson and slaps her.)*

Miss Nelson: Ow!!!! You see, Doctor? She's wild. Simply wild!

Doctor Anders: Leave us alone for a moment, Miss Nelson. I want to speak with Christine. *(Miss Nelson unwillingly leaves the room as Christine sinks onto the bed, crying softly.)*

Christine: Now I've messed up everything.

Doctor Anders: Well, I can't blame you much. She's had it coming for a long time.

Christine: Oh, Doctor, I'm so sorry. It's just that she treats us all so mean. I hate her and I just couldn't hold back any longer.

Doctor Anders: I understand. Perhaps you'd better rest now, I'll talk with you later when you're feeling better. Good night, Christine. *(Exit)*

Christine: Good night, Doctor.

Christine (with a menacing giggle): I reckon I fooled him! Sleeping like a baby he said. Well, Christine old girl, you're on your way. With him on your side we've got it made. *(She yawns and lies down. Finding the rag doll, she flings it wildly across the room.)*

Christine: Damn doll!

Doll: (In a mechanical voice) Mama . . . mama . . . mama . . . mama . . .

(Christine lies quietly for a moment then she sits up in the bed and, as if wondering what has happened, she runs her hand through her hair thoughtfully.)

Christine: Wha . . . what am I doing over here in bed? I thought I was in the chai . . . Polly?

Doll: Mama . . . mama . . . mama . . .

(Christine discovers that the doll is not in bed but lying on the floor.)

Christine: Polly? *(She runs to her.)* Oh darling, are you all right? What are you doing over here on the floor? You know you shouldn't try

to walk without your crutches. (*She hugs the doll close.*) Your Daddy will be very angry with you. Maybe we'd better not tell him about this, what do you say? We'll just keep it our little secret. Just between you and me, o.k.? O.K. Now, you've got to go to bed. Do you realize what time it is? Why it's almost twelve o'clock. You behave now and go to sleep. That's a good girl. (*She begins to sing softly.*)

*Lullaby and good night
La-de-da-dum-de-da-dum
Mmm-mm-mmm . . .*

(*Christine kisses the doll on the forehead, then suddenly she swings around to the audience and, as if startled by an intruder, she clutches her heart and leans for support on the chair.*)

Christine: Oh. You frightened me. I, I didn't know you were still here. I'm sorry. I must have fallen asleep. Please forgive . . .

(*The last trails off into a startled gasp as she notices for the first time the blocks which have been knocked over. She runs to them, drops to her knees and begins to caress them gently, lovingly as she starts to pile them again.*)

. . . (*Crying*) Now who would want to do a thing like this? After I worked and worked so hard. It's not fair. It's just not fair. I try to do something nice for Polly and then this Jim! It must have been Jim. He never liked me or Polly. He did this. I know he did. He's always been this way, hateful and jealous. Wanting revenge just because the court gave Polly to me instead of him. Unfit father. He was unfit alright. Plastered night and day! Oh, how could he? How could he do this?

(*She looks directly at the audience.*)

I hate to be rude but I wish you would please excuse me. I know it's not nice to ask someone to leave your home, especially when they're invited guests but well, you can see how upset I am. When Jim comes home I'm afraid there might be a scene which might become unpleasant.

(*She picks up more blocks.*)

He really shouldn't have done this. What will I say to him when he comes home? How should I greet him? Jim, I hate you! No, that's too harsh. After all I have no proof it was him. Why anyone could have been in here while I was asleep and knocked the blocks down. But who? Jim is the only one with a reason. Jim's the only one who would do it. Jim.

(*Christine grits her teeth in restraint while trying to speak to the audience.*)

Christine: My mother always told me it was impolite to stare. Must you stare at me? (*She turns toward the window.*) Jim? Jim, is that you out there?

Man's Voice: No lady, it ain't Jim. It's the night-watchman.

Christine: Oh. Well, if you see him please tell him to come right up. I want to tell him a thing or two. I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind, but good.

Man's Voice: Sure, lady. Sure.

Christine: He should have been here by now. If he was here when I was asleep and if he did knock the blocks over I'm sure he wouldn't leave it at that. No, he'd come back to gloat and tell me how silly I am just like always. Maybe he's down in the kitchen.

(*She tries the door. It is locked.*)

Oh, no. He's locked me in! Jim! (*Pounds on the door.*) Jim! Open this door or I'll call the police! Jim! Do you hear me? Jim! This is the last straw.

(*She rushes to the bed and reaches under it and pulls out a plastic toy telephone.*)

Christine: Hello? Operator? Get me the police! Operator? Operator? (*She keeps trying but gets no answer.*) Good God!!! He's cut the wires! He must be out of his mind.

(*She throws the phone wildly across the room and it lands close to the window. She tries the door again, sobbing, when suddenly there is a bolt of lightning and a clap of thunder as before. The menacing high-pitched voice echoes once again through the semi-darkness.*)

Voice: It's no use, Christine. You can't escape. I'm going to kill you, just like you killed Polly. Oh, there won't be a train to push you in front of. In fact, it won't even be a physical death. I'm going to kill you mentally. I'm going to haunt you until you'll wish you were dead.

Christine: No, no! What are you saying? I didn't kill Polly. Polly isn't dead. She's right here with me. Jim! Have you lost your mind? Locking me in like this and then Where are you? I hear you but I can't see you. If this is your idea of a joke, I certainly don't think it's very funny. Jim. Jim! So help me Jim if you don't come out right now I'll scream. Do you hear me? I'll scream!

Voice: It's no use, Christine. You can't escape. I'm going to kill you.

Christine: (*She begins to scream at the top of her lungs over and over again.*) Aiiiiiiiiieeeeeee!!! Aiiiiiiiiieeeeeee!!! Aiiiiiiiiieeeeeee!!!

(Approaching footsteps are heard outside the door.)

Aiiiiiiiiieeeeeee!!!!

(The doctor and nurse rush into the room. He says something to her and she exits.)

Aiiiiiiiiieeeeeee!!!!

(Doctor Anders shakes Christine violently in an attempt to quiet her.)

Doctor Anders: Now, now Christine. What's this all about? Come on, tell me all about it.

Christine: He was going to kill me. He tried to kill me!

Doctor Anders: There, there, who tried to kill you?

Christine: Jim! My husband. He was here. I heard him.

Doctor Anders: Now Christine, you've got to control yourself. I've got something to tell you. Your husband was killed a little while ago in a car accident close to the hospital.

(Christine drops numbly onto the bed. He has already placed the doll in the chair.)

Christine: But, that's impossible. He was just here. I saw him!

Doctor Anders: No, Christine. He was not here. So you see, you've nothing to be afraid of. Your husband is dead. He can't hurt you now. It's all in your mind, Christine. It's all in your mind.

(Miss Nelson returns with a glass of water.)

Doctor Anders: Here, take this. It'll calm your nerves and help you rest.

Christine: Tell them to stop staring at me. Please tell them to stop staring at me.

Doctor Anders: Tell who, Christine? Who?

Christine: (Pointing at the audience.) Them, their eyes, they're burning me. Burning!

Doctor Anders: There's nothing there. Nothing but a wall and you've got to learn to accept it. Nobody's there, just a wall.

Christine: But, I see them!

Doctor Anders: It's just an illusion. Relax now and go to sleep.

(Miss Nelson exits. The doctor stands in the doorway, a silhouette against the bright light behind him, and shakes his head with pity. He closes the door and moonlight floods the room. Christine gets up off the bed and with great dignity approaches center stage.)

Christine: That man, you must overlook him. Why, he thinks I'm crazy, that . . . that I suffer from hallucinations and speak to things which aren't there. (She looks directly to the audience.) But I'm speaking to you and you're there, aren't you? Of course. I don't know why he refused

to believe that I spoke to Jim, and I did you know. Why, you're my witnesses. You heard the thunder and saw the lightning and the rumble. So if I am insane, you, too, are insane.

(Christine turns and walks slowly back to the bed. When she reaches it, she clasps her hands in prayer, her head tilted back.)

Christine: I am not crazy! I'm as sane as you and you and you. (She points to the door.) Those people who just left here, they're the crazy ones, not me . . . (She drops to the floor clutching the rocking chair, and cries.) . . . NOT ME . . . NOT ME

(Seconds pass and there is quiet except for the constant sobs from the figure on the floor. The stillness is broken by a loud town clock which announces the hour of twelve. It is a piercing, ear-splitting sound, almost frightening as it splits the silence.)

BONG!!!!

BONG!!!!

BONG!!!!

(There is thunder and lightning.)

BONG!!!!

Voice: (Deep and powerful) You have sinned.

BONG!!!!

Voice: You have wallowed in the depths of supreme, unmitigated sin!

BONG!!!!

(A direct beam of light shines on Christine and the doll.)

Doll's Voice: . . . mama . . . mama . . . mama . . .

BONG!!!!

Voice: It's no use, Christine. You can't escape. (High pitched and eerie.)

BONG!!!!

Voice: You have sinned!

Doll's Voice: . . . mama . . . mama . . . mama . . .

BONG!!!!

(A direct beam of light shines on the telephone.)

Voice on the phone: The number you have reached is not a working number . . .

BONG!!!!

Voice on the phone: (Continuing) . . . Please hang up and redial your party. This is a recording.

BONG!!!!

Voice: It's no use, Christine.

Voice on the phone: The number you have reached . . .

Doll's Voice: . . . mama . . . mama . . . mama . . .

Voice: You can't escape . . . you can't escape . . . you can't escape . . .

BONG!!!!

(The curtain closes.)



SUSIE. Woodcut. Janet Morris.

A DELTA PHI DELTA PORTFOLIO

The art fraternity, Delta Phi Delta, was ostensibly founded to promote "friendship, scholarship, and recognition of achievement", which sounds fine, but perhaps needs a little explanation. Art institutions have always existed—outside of a few attempts to institutionalize creativity or establish a lobby in Congress—to bring the artist and his public together; the art needs selling and, essentially, the artist needs exposure and the public needs to see. It would be definitely *de trop* to impute to the institutions a purely mercenary character. You know the artist does not just express himself; he expresses himself to the world.

Especially in the classic stereotype, the artist is isolated. Art institutions—museums, academies—provide a means for bringing him to the world. They pass judgment on his work, from a more or less universal set of criteria, thereby giving his individual expression a wider significance. Art dealers are inadequate as his only connection with the world because they merely expose without judging. Precisely, the artist is the Id (the vital force expressing itself according to the Pleasure Principle); the art institutions are the Superego (judging from abstract principles); and

art dealers are the Ego (operating on the Reality Principle).

A secondary function of art institutions is promoting the intermingling of artists. In intellectual intercourse, and by consensus and jury, the artists play a part in the formation of the Superego. Friendship during this intermingling is a purely personal, not institutional, matter—especially among artists. In fact, strong conflicts between the Superego and the Id are not uncommon, and do not seem to prevent either from functioning.

The relationship of scholarship to art has yet to be exactly defined. Where it is considered at all, scholarship appears to have the same connections with art that eating has with making love. Particularly in art fraternities, however, with their academic connections, the promotion of scholarship has an undeniable euphonic value.

Delta Phi Delta is an honorary fraternity. The artists represented on the following pages, in having been selected by the institution of Delta Phi Delta, then, have been approved by one of the Superego parts of the art world. The Rebel Magazine now assumes its role in the dissemination of art, and takes pleasure in invoking the Reality Principle.



DAVID. OIL. Willie Marlowe.



UNTITLED. Oil. Henry Harsch.



THE KISS. Woodcut. David Burkette.



UNTITLED. Woodcut. Ed Henry.



UNTITLED. Oil. Pat Waff.



IMPALA. Woodcut. Roberta Eason.

MILTON CROCKER

Poet

The Southern Horn

Ah yes—we too have known, have seen,
 against the fields of Shiloh
 the brighter red against the green
as the rain was falling slow . . .
(And the silent figure never born
Broke the silent night with silent horn)

We might have worn the sun,
 been lovers, you and I—
 had we been born to run
beneath another sky . . .
(But the silent figure never born
Breaks the silent night with silent horn)

The mansion rots beneath the rain . . .
 the yard grows thicker still with weeds;
 such is our lot—a little pain—
the kindness of forgotten deeds . . .
(And the silent figure never born
Breaks the silent night with silent horn)

Bormus

And on such a day
heard we another tale
told by sea-side and
 in distant land,
of Bormus also, who, once,
 in harvest season
went by autumn wood,
by autumn glade,
seeking water for the reapers;
and by the water-pool was seen
 and never seen again.

Naiad

“And by the water-pool
on such a day,
 up from the grotto
cool and sweet,
we leave the grotto for the rocks,
preening our hair in the wind,
and talking of many things:
fair Echo,
 who came and went
on such a day
and sighed for love
 and disappeared;
and of Iphis,
who hanged himself for love
when turned from the maiden’s door
and she, fair Anaxaretes,
was turned to stone . . .”

Laurel

“ . . . up from the rock-pool, cool and sweet,
up from the grotto, close and fair,
come we on such a day,
 combing their locks in the wind.
And by the water's face,
of such a day, came Daphne,
fair Grecian girl,
 fleeing Apollo's hand.
Daphne, the river's daughter,
 and the tree taking root
even under eye . . . ”

Helen of Troy

“Nor shall we come again to Corinth,
nor into Thrace,
nor Thebes,
 wind kicking heel,
 wind bearing us out;
shipboard, wave-stock,
smack of the salt-wind
on battered lip . . .
dreaming of Helen,
 Leda's daughter . . . ”

Helen of the Trees

And I have seen her,
Helen of the Trees,
walking in the grove
 of a summer's day.
I have seen her
 in the garden,
her shadow rising on the wind.
Hear me!
 I have seen her;
blond tresses,
gossamer-gowned on the green grass,
silent foot carrying the dance into silence.
I have seen below the olive trees
what none has seen before
when the wind has turned them
 green and black.

Lotus-Eaters

And in the spring
 gather lotus leaves,
green and thick,
nor ever think again of home.
By fireside and
 many miles away
girls grow old
and will not wait . . .
and will not wait . . .
 The tale of Troy
was never told;
we are not men
 but ghosts
who have not heard the sirens sing . . .

Sybil

Gone
the gods of the wood . . .
hamadryad, nymph . . .
gone . . . gone . . .
gods of the wood.
what has the world left us?
By sea, the wrecks that once were ships.
by glen, the ghosts that hover.
 We will go by the water-course
 looking for a glory . . .
and we will never come again . . .

Huntsman of Harz

(And Hencklenberg dying said,
"I care not for Heaven—
but only the hunt—!"
"Then hunt forever!" said the priest.)

There—
by slope, by fir,
leaf-shadow and the evergreen vein,
wind came upon us;
and by the waterside,
the shadow on the grass . . .
saw we the hunter;
saw below the belly of morning
the grey hounds go before . . .
and the cold shadow
on the grey morning sky . . .

Francois Villon's Jailer

(Addressing him on the eve of his last departure)

Aye, Villon, I have known them too,
the friends I gained and lost,
the fire that burnt the yew,
and those who heeded not the cost
of such a game as they played at,
but in the end were eaten by the fire;
who talked again of this and that
and then went quickly by me to retire.
But neither I nor you can say
in what chambers now they lie—
some we know have found some way
to fix old Time—a bitter lie—
but what is that to you and I
who care not ever for the cost
of the chamber in which we lie,
nor for what we may have lost.
I make my own bed—as you—
and each pris'ner's another task
to me, as your days are to you.
I only do—I do not ask.
Be away! I tell you!—Be away!
There's nothing now to hold you here.
The fog's thick—a bleak December day.
By night you'll be long miles from here.

Nightmare

There are no whistles
in this land . . . no travelers
will try these roads at dusk
for food or forage.
Along this shore no grey gulls wheel
in slender arcs to try the sky
or stretch their feathered wings
in vain against the wind.
In this land the pebbles
have a will . . .
rocks rise up and know.
The very trees have thought
and try their thick dry speech
in the sad grey hours before twilight—
surely here no human hands
will try the window-latch
or roses climb toward the yellow light;
those we meet by moonlight,
midnight, by sun-high mid-day
speak with a dying rattle in their throats;
their eyes avoid us, hands seeking
the limits of perception, borders of the room.

Homecoming

How should we
feeling the omnipotent presence
invade the room
like subtle sleep
in the dreams of a madman
place upon the shelves
all our wares
in neat and gleaming rows
the shining glass of them
already magnifying the cracks
that spread down the side.

And how should we arrange
the knick-knack stands
that line the grey walls
of our cell
with their little figurines
blue-eyed and stiff
watching us in the night
through animal eyes.

That night along the ferry road
the wind whispered of autumn things
and the June night turned chill
with the burden of jagged piece
dropped out of the universe
the vast mechanism gone awry
and the hands on the clock
spinning around too fast.

I remembered mist
above deserted streets
and once the looming shape
of a big grey dog
who knocked over a garbage can
and ran away
frightened out of his wits
by the sound of his own folly.

The dog had never come back
but I had.
So now I would go
down once familiar streets
looking for the thread
that wasn't there
and watch big blue buses
pass me by.

And soon I would go back
and stand beyond the mirror's image
where the jagged edges
formed bloody patterns
on my brow
and hear
from far away
beyond the bright green cabinet doors
the endless dust rising
and the cracks growing larger
and the figurines would begin to scream
louder
and
louder.

POUND:

HIS LITERARY INFLUENCE

By

James Forsyth

"So long as you are alive, your case is doubtful."

—Albert Camus, *The Fall*

Speaking on Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway once said that Pound was a major poet who only devoted about one-fifth of his time to writing poetry. The rest of the time he spends helping advance the fortunes of his friends. "He defends them when they are attacked, he gets them into magazines and out of jail. He loans them money. He sells their pictures. He arranges concerts for them. He writes articles about them. He introduces them to wealthy women. He gets publishers to take their books. He sits up all night with them when they claim to be dying and he witnesses their wills. He advances them hospital expenses and dissuades them from suicide. And in the end, a few of them refrain from knifing him at the first opportunity." Later he said: "Like all men who become famous very young he suffers from not being read. It is so much easier to talk about a classic than to read it. There is another generation . . . and this generation is reading him."

In 1963 Ezra Pound was named the winner of the Academy of American Poets award for Distinguished Poetic Achievement. As Hemingway said, his achievement in literature goes far beyond the original work he had done. In recent

years, several critics have attacked Pound's handling of younger writers. The basis for their criticism has been that he tries to dictate too much to them what they should read. The best answer for them is in Pound's *A B C of Reading*:

"YOU WILL NEVER KNOW either why I chose them or why they were worth choosing, or why you approve or disapprove any choice, until you go to the TEXTS, the originals."

Pound realized early, and tried to teach to others, what many aspiring writers never learn—in order to write correctly the writer must have a solid background, a frame of reference for what he is doing. He attempts to explain it by comparison:

"You can't judge any chemical's action merely by putting it with more of itself. To know it, you have got to know its limits, both what it is and what it is not, what substances are harder or softer, what more resilient, what more compact.

"You can't measure it merely by itself diluted with some neutral substance."

This article will attempt to show just a small amount of the vast influence he has had on a few writers who obviously have been selected because of their importance.

...” According to Eliot, his first meeting with Pound was arranged by Conrad Aiken:

I had kept my early poems (including ‘Prufrock’ and others eventually published) in my desk from 1911 to 1914—with the exception of a period when Conrad Aiken endeavoured, without success, to peddle them for me in London. In 1915, (and through Aiken) I met Pound. The result was that ‘Prufrock’ appeared in *Poetry* in the summer of that year; and through Pound’s efforts, my first volume was published by the Egoist Press in 1917.

Actually, he met Pound in 1914, and getting “Prufrock” published was not as simple as he makes it sound. Previously, Pound and Aiken were the only people, including Eliot, who saw any merit in the poem that Eliot had written during his sophomore year at Harvard.

On 30 September, 1914, Pound wrote to Miss Monroe concerning Eliot:

He is the only American I know of who has made what I can call adequate preparation for writing. He has actually trained himself *and* modernized himself *on his own*. The rest of the *promising young* have done one or the other but never both (most of the swine have done neither). It is such a comfort to meet a man and not have to tell him to wash his face, wipe his feet, and remember the date (1914) on the calendar.

Pound sent to Miss Monroe Eliot’s “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” in October, 1914, for *Poetry*. Several months went by and the Eliot poem still did not appear. In May, 1915, Pound sent her an acid note on the April issue which began with this comment: “My gawddd! This is a rotten number of Poetry!” “Prufrock” appeared in the June issue.

Getting “Prufrock” published was a start, but nothing compared to the work Pound had to do in editing *The Waste Land* several years later. Transitions in it are due to the editor. The original composition was probably based on the methods used in the earlier Cantos.

At the time *The Waste Land* was being edited, Eliot was working in London and Pound was in Paris. There was much correspondence between the two men, but a good deal of it has not yet been published. Part of one of Pound’s letters to Eliot reads:

Caro mio:

MUCH improved. I think your instinct has led you to put the remaining superfluities at the end . . .

IF you MUST keep ‘em put ‘em at the beginning of ‘April cruelest month.’ The POEM ends with the ‘Shantih, Shantih.’

The thing now runs from ‘April . . .’ to ‘shantih’ without a break, and let us say the longest poem in the English langwidge. Don’t try to bust all records by prolonging it three pages further.

My squibs are now a bloody impertinence. I send ‘em as requested; but don’t us ‘em with Waste Land.

Attached to the letter was a poem, “Sage Homme”:

These are the poems of Eliot
By the Uranian Muse begot:
A Man their Mother was,
A Muse their Sire.
How did the printed Infancies result
From Nuptial thus doubly difficult?
If you must needs enquire
Know diligent Reader
That on each Occasion
Ezra performed the Caesarian Operation . . .

Eliot replied, in part:

Cher maitre: Criticisms accepted so far as understood, with thanks.

1. Do you advise printing ‘Gerontion’ as a prelude in book or pamphlet form?
2. Perhaps better omit Phlebas also???
3. Wish to use Caesarian Operation in italics in front. Compliment appreciated, as have been excessively depressed.

A section of Pound’s answer goes:

I do *not* advise printing ‘Gerontion’ as preface. One don’t miss it at all as the thing now stands. To be more lucid still, let me say that I advise you NOT to print ‘Gerontion’ as prelude.

I DO advise keeping Phlebas. In fact I more’n advise. Phlebas is an integral part of the poem; the card pack introduces him, the drowned phoen. sailor. And he is needed ABSolutely where he is. Must stay in. Do as you like about my obstetric effort.

Just these segments of three letters show that Pound had quite a lot of influence on *The Waste Land*, and perhaps explains why it reads so much like the Cantos. The reader should realize that "Caesarian Operation" has been omitted and "Gerontion" was printed separately.

Eliot wrote in 1946:

It was in 1922 that I placed before him in Paris the manuscript of a sprawling, chaotic poem called *The Waste Land* which left his hands about half its size, in the form in which it appears in print. I should like to think that the manuscript, with the superseded passages, had disappeared irrevocably; yet, on the other hand, I should wish the blue penciling on it to be preserved as irrefutable evidence of Pound's critical genius.

Eliot dedicated *The Waste Land* to "Ezra Pound, il miglior fabbro"—the master worker, as Dante had used in reference to Aranut Daniel.

Pound thought *The Waste Land* was "a masterpiece; one of the most important 19 pages in English." Pound hoped Eliot could be provided with another income than the one he was earning at Lloyds' bank. The pressure of the work had already given him one breakdown and he was on the verge of another. *The Waste Land* was written during his recovery in Switzerland and the foreign phrases are the talk of other patients.

Eliot has also helped Pound with his work. Pound recognized Eliot's critical abilities and, on occasion, sought his advice. When Pound first started on his major work, the Cantos, he said: "Eliot is the only person who proffered criticism instead of general objection."

IV

About the same time that Pound was editing *The Waste Land*, he was pushing the stories of a young American journalist who had taken up residence in Paris, Ernest Hemingway.

Charles Fenton, in *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway* wrote:

It was from Ezra Pound's edicts about imagism, in fact, from their application to his own verse, that Hemingway profited most strongly from the exercise of writing poetry. He employed the same intensely concentrated pattern that he would use in the important prose exercise of *in our time*.

Hemingway was a bit shy of taking his work to Pound for advice, so he often took his material to Gertrude Stein, who made the statement "You are all a lost generation," with appears opposite the title page of *The Sun Also Rises*, or *Fiesta*, the title it is printed under in England. Hemingway learned a lot from Miss Stein, but she later stabbed him in the back. Hemingway tells about it in a conversation with his brother, Leicester:

But I really did learn from that woman. And I learned from Joyce and Ezra at the same time. Gertrude was a fine woman until she went so completely queer. From there she got worse and convinced herself that anybody who was good was also queer. From there she got worse and convinced herself that anybody who was queer must also be good. But before she went way off, I learned a lot from her.

But Jeezus, that book Stein put in last year was full of malicious crap. I was always damned loyal to her until I got kicked out on my backside. Do you think she really believes she taught me how to write those chapter headings for *in our time*? Does she think she or Anderson taught me how to write the first and last chapters of *A Farewell to Arms*? Or *Hills Like White Elephants*, or the fiesta part of *The Sun Also Rises*? Oh hell. I talked the book over with her all right. But that was a year after it was written. I didn't even see her between July twenty-first when I started it, and September sixth when it was finished.

When Pound would read a draft of a Hemingway story, he would blue-pencil out most of the adjectives. In making speech "fit" the character speaking, Pound is second only to Hemingway, who may have learned from him.

In 1923 Pound contracted William Bird to print a series of booklets.. "Gen. size about 50 pages (??? too short for you.). Limited private edtn. of 350 copies, 50 dollars down to author, and another 50 later." The sixth volume was Hemingway's *in our time*. The first edition inscribed:

This book was printed and published by Bill Bird . . . I introduced Bill to Ezra Pound and Ezra suggested a series of books . . . Bill said, 'What about Hem?'

'Hem's will come sixth,' Pound said

In May of this year Scribner's will publish Ernest Hemingway's memoirs of Paris in the

twenties. We can only hope that they haven't altered it to protect some sort of public image. When released, it should give valuable information about the part Pound played in Hemingway's career. It must have been considerable, because in 1954 Hemingway wanted to renounce the Nobel Prize in favor of Pound.

V

There are many others who, somewhere along the way, fell under the influence of Pound. As Iris Berry said: "Pound was everybody's schoolmaster and more—he really bothered as to whether his 'Disciples' had enough to eat or read the right books or met the appropriate elders."

Robert Frost probably did not learn anything from Pound, but it was Pound's review of *A Boy's Will* which helped push Frost to the fame he was to enjoy until the time of his recent death. His review certainly helped in the U. S. because American publishers had refused to print his book. They did not consider it bad, just too different. Others who fell under his influence at about the same time are William Carlos Williams, e. e. cummings, H(ilda) D(oolittle), T. E. Hulme, Marianne Moore, D. H. Lawrence, and so on.

James Joyce had fought for ten years to have a book of short stories, *Dubliners*, published. One firm backed out. Finally, with the help of Pound, *Dubliners* was published in 1916 in book form, about the same time his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* appeared.

Before being printed as books, they were serialized in *The Egoist*. In a review of *Dubliners*, Pound wrote: "Mr. Joyce writes a clear, hard

prose . . . these stories and the novel now appearing in serial form are such as to win for Mr. Joyce a very definite place among contemporary English writers."

Joyce never required much editing, and probably resented being called "English." Pound did not like some parts of *Ulysses*, and, according to Eustace Mullins in *This Difficult Individual, Ezra Pound*, "he balked at *Finnegan's Wake*." Not only was there trouble getting that one published, they had a hard time just getting someone to set the type.

Probably the man who knows Ezra Pound the best is T. S. Eliot, who has worked with him for almost half a century. Perhaps Eliot best summed up Pound's contribution to other writers in this statement:

"No one could have been kinder to younger men, or to writers who, whether younger or not, seemed to him worthy and unrecognized. No poet, furthermore, was, without self-depreciation, more unassuming about his own achievement in poetry. The arrogance which some people have found in him, is really something else, and whatever it is, it has not expressed itself in an undue emphasis in his own poems. He liked to be the impressario for younger men, as well as an animator of artistic activity in any milieu in which he found himself. In this role he would go to any lengths of generosity and kindness: from inviting constantly to dinner a struggling author whom he suspected of being under-fed, or giving away clothing (though his shoes and underwear were almost the only garments which resembled those of other men sufficiently to be worn by them), to trying to find jobs, collect subsidies, get work published, and then get it criticised and praised."



SUMMER: A VIGNETTE

By Robert Wigington

In the summer of 1950, they were drafting men from the National Guard because of the war in Korea. We were used to that now. At first, everyone was a little frightened. Father bought six bottles of liquor because he was afraid that it would be rationed. Mother fussed a good deal about it. She would say, "It's a terrible thing. I'd be ashamed of myself. They'll probably ration food too. Did you think of that?" On the Fourth of July, Father and Uncle Jim drank a bottle of the liquor. We spent the afternoon in the park. Mother made sandwiches and potato salad and Father bought some soft drinks and canned beer and put it in a plastic bucket filled with ice. He also brought a very large bottle of dill pickles. There were a lot of people at the park, but Father and I played catch with a large, yellow, rubber ball. Mother and Uncle Jim rested on a blanket under a grotesque oak tree. Father kept his liquor in the white cabinet above the kitchen sink.

The first I remember of the war was that winter. Mother and I planned to go to the movies. It was a movie named "Champion". Mother said that she did not believe she would like it, but

rather than disappoint me, we went in a cab. You could hear the chains click on the highway. There was a two-way radio on the cab; and, at uneven intervals, a voice sounded but I could not understand a word. They were very busy. The driver asked Mother if he could pick up an extra rider. In the falling snow, a young woman came from a lighted porch. The house was hard to distinguish in the snow. Mother and I sat in the back seat. She rode with the driver. She was very pretty with long, black hair that hung over a leather jacket. She had a very white face. Her cheeks were a rose colour. She used a lot of lipstick and it looked very damp and thick in the light of the street lamps that reflected off the snow. She worked the night shift at the Western Union office. She was already late for work.

"Mr. Simms called three times. I'm sorry," she said.

"No. It's fine," Mother said.

Mother had a soft husky voice. It sounded funny closed in the warm cab with the snow falling about us.

"Is Johnny doing all right?"

"I haven't heard from him for over a month."

"Margie's husband's in the service," the driver said. He was a young man with sharp features. He had a very pointed chin. He kept his hat cocked up on top of his head. Later, Mother told me he was an alcoholic and had a hard time keeping a job.

"He got extended when the war broke out," the driver said.

"It's really horrible," Margie said turning in the seat and looking in the back at an angle. "I'll get four or five letters at a time."

"It's so cold in Korea," Mother said.

"You sure that the boy doesn't mind?" Margie said.

"You don't mind picking the lady up do you Davie?"

"No. Of course not," I said.

"The last letter, he wrote me about all the tanks. He said that now they were running all the time."

"You can't stop tanks with M1's," the driver said.

"It's pitiful," Mother said.

"We've only been together for two years," Margie said. "That was in Atlanta just after we were married. John was stationed there then."

Margie's husband and the driver had gone to high school together. Before his marriage, John had decided to be a career man in the Army.

On Friday mornings in the summer, Mother and I bought groceries. She bought all the groceries for the weekend on Friday. In those days, we walked to the store. It was a small neighborhood grocery. There were large, dark barrels of salted fish sitting in front of the meat counter. The customers in the store looked very hard at you if your wire basket was stuffed to the brim. There had been a run on sugar. One Friday, there had been no sugar at all. Mr. Jones said not to worry because he would have some in three days. Mr. Jones owned the little grocery. He was an old man with silver-grey hair and Mother said that he had been in the grocery business for a very long time and could be trusted to keep his word. It was very hot carrying the brown, thick bags heavy with food. I was always in a sweat when we got home. After we had put the food away, Mother and I would sit on the shaded, front porch and have an iced drink and watch the slow moving traffic in the brilliant sun. In the shade of the porch, talking quietly, a light summer breeze coming through the trees slightly stirring the leaves, the sweat would dry and I would feel stiff and constricted.

During that summer, I did not get up in the mornings until very late. Mother would be working around the house, washing, dusting, sweeping, doing the necessary chores of daily life. Mother wore a kerchief about her head. I would eat in the kitchen by the enamel ice box. Usually, I had milk and cereal and bananas. I truly loved bananas. If I were in no rush, I would fry the bananas in a skillet. Eating in the kitchen, I would read the newspaper. Father had read it before he had gone to work at the factory and it often was quite messed up. In the afternoon, Mother would read the paper rocking on the porch. I was interested in the sports page because Philadelphia was doing well in the National League. I did not think they would win the pennant. The Phillies were a very young ball club and did not have much experience. Besides, Curt Simmons had been drafted into the Army. In the newspaper, there were pictures of Randy Turpin and his mother. Turpin had outpointed Sugar Ray Robinson in a fifteen round bout. Turpin was the middleweight champion of the British Isles. After the fight, he was middleweight champion of the world. I truly hated Robinson. I thought that maybe someday I would become a prizefighter and I would not let that happen to me. A month after the fight, there was a picture of Robinson playing golf in Florida. There was a Negro caddy in the picture and Robinson had his arm about the caddy and they were both smiling. It was dark and cool inside the house. Out in the street, the glare of the sun was a bleached white.

On a long August afternoon, I sat in McCall's Rexall drugstore and watched the fan. The fan had four long arms and hung in the ceiling over the gleaming soda fountain. The fan did not seem to stir any air at all. It would move very slowly.

Outside, there was a black, moving thundercloud. You could see the jagged lightning and feel the booming, resonant thunder; suddenly, it was much cooler. In the store, the overhead lights would flicker and the fan would slow up. It began raining large, heavy drops as Bob Fitzgerald came in.

"You almost got wet," Dottie said.

Dottie kept the soda fountain at McCall's. She was short, middle aged, with a drooping, buxom body. She wore a great deal of rouge; and, in her white, slick, nylon uniform, she looked as if she were a toy doll won at a carnival.

"Yes, I did," Fitzgerald said. He nodded to me as he very deliberately poised himself in a booth. I smiled at Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald was captain of the football team in

his senior year of high school. My mother and his mother were in the Forest Hill Book Club together.

It was raining very hard now and the torrents of wind would blow the rain against the plate glass window. In the back of the store, Mr. McCall was preparing a prescription. His head was down intent on his work. I could see him through the small window that he handed the prescriptions through.

"Let me have a coke, Dottie," Fitzgerald said.

"How's it with with you, Bobbie," Dottie said, scooping ice into a glass.

"Pretty good," Fitzgerald said, smiling with a small, deliberate, compaction of his face.

Dottie brought Fitzgerald the coke. She seemed to flap when she walked.

For a very long time, we were all silent. Dottie wiped the counter with a towel. You could hear the hum of the fan.

"I've been drafted," Fitzgerald said. "I'm going to Korea, Dottie. By God, I know. I know I'm going."

Fitzgerald's voice was low. It was as if he were talking to himself.

"That's bad," Dottie said.

"Graduating from high school and all," Fitzgerald said, "maybe I'll stay in the States."

"Sure," Dottie said. "I bet you will."

Fitzgerald was making rings on the table with his glass. He was looking at the raindrops on the window. Dottie watched Fitzgerald.

"I really don't mind," Fitzgerald said. "It probably wouldn't be as bad as it's made out to be."

"You know it's not. The best way is not to think about it."

"It's just that the guys that want to come back never do," Fitzgerald said. "By God, they really never do."

"It's not like that," Dottie answered.

In the patter of the rain, Dottie's voice was soft and clear.

"Yes, it is."

Fitzgerald's voice was soft, cutting, and very high.

"My father never came back from Germany," Fitzgerald said thinly. "He wanted to come back. He had a wife and a kid to come back to."

"That kid Compton from Oak Street, he got drafted too," Dottie said. "I bet you guys go in together."

"It's just funny about the guys that don't make it," Fitzgerald said.

Outside, after the rain, there was a clear, fresh

smell. You could hear the water running along the gutters in the street and hear it splash and gurgle into the drain. At the corner of the street, there was a very young poplar tree and the torrents of wind had blown against it very hard and there was only one thin green leaf dangling in the air.



A SWEET GOOD-BYE: A VIGNETTE

By Ronald W. Gollobin

She stood tall on the top step of the front porch looking down at him with that funny half smile.

"I've been honest with you, Jennifer," he told her.

"Well you might have been lately, Robert, but you weren't at first."

"You always bring that up, don't you?"

"It's always true isn't it? Does it ever change?"

"No, it never changes."

"I'm sorry, Robert. I really am."

"No you're not," he said.

"Listen, you don't know what I think. And until you do know, you should shut up." She looked at him and smiled. "You can go around all you want saying what a damned dirty trick it was, but I don't care, Robert, I really don't." She leaned casually against the brick column and let the wind blow her hair across her forehead.

"I'll be damned if I go around saying anything, Jennifer."

"Well go home and brood, then," she told him.

"O. K. Jenny," he said. "You keep the ring if you want."

"As a souvenir?"

"You bitch! You stinking low-life bitch. You didn't have to say that."

"I think you're precious, Robert," she told him,

still leaning against the brick column. Robert stood very still with his hands and his knuckles all white.

"Why are you calling me 'Robert' all of a sudden? Since when did you get so formal?"

"Let's don't get rotten, Robert."

"O. K.," he said nodding slowly, "O. K., I'm sorry. I have a bad temper and I shouldn't have said that."

"Oh you have a nice temper, Robert."

"You can go to hell!"

"You certainly are emotional today. It's really so immature."

"You certainly are bitchy today, Jennifer."

"I wonder why you get so emotional?" she taunted in a low voice. "Oh, I know why. Poor Robert, he can't stand to lose anything, and if he does, he comes around squeezing his sour grapes all over the place."

"Damn you, Jennifer. Damn you to hell!"

"It's really so immature, Robert."

"O. K., Jennifer," he said. "Let's talk about why you get so bitchy. Let's discuss it awhile."

"Oh hell, Robert, why don't you grow up? I'm just playing with you. You stick your stupid neck out and then cry when it gets chopped off."

"No, let's talk about your bitchiness."

"Who the hell are you to make the rules, Robert? You have to learn that when you play with someone else, they make rules too. But Robert pouts if people violate some article of his 'code'."

"You don't want to talk about it, do you, Jennifer? You'd rather not discuss why Jenny is so bitchy."

"You cut that out, Robert."

"Now we see the picture change. Now we come back to earth and talk sense. How do you like these games, Jennifer, and these rules? Aren't they fun?"

"Let's stop now, Robert, before we get too ugly to each other."

"O. K. Jenny—we'll stop now. Just don't forget that I can play games too."

"You're such . . . such . . . a damned fool. You are a pig-headed fool and you want to rub your sour grapes in."

"I thought we'd quit," he said. She stood up straight.

"Ha!" she laughed. "Are you going to pout again because I didn't play by the rules?"

"I'm not going to pout."

"Bully for you, Robert." She leaned her head a little further back against the brick column and smiled a beautiful smile at him. "Why don't you go play with somebody that plays by your rules, Robert? Then you won't have to pout."

"I'm sick of this rule business. Is that what your faggot friends over at the theatre taught you?"

"Who's a faggot over at the theatre?" Her head came off the brick column.

"Who isn't?" Robert laughed.

"You don't know anything, Robert. You think all writers and actors are faggots."

"I certainly don't have the perspective on it that you do, I mean sleeping with them and all."

"That was nasty, Robert."

"I also certainly don't fool myself into thinking that people are interested in me because I'm such a smashing great actress."

"If you're going to call a spade a spade . . ."

"I'm going to call a spade a dirty shovel."

"I am not that. You get that straight, Robert,

I am not . . . a . . ." She was no longer leaning on the brick column. The wind was blowing her hair down in her face.

"Of course you still have two more months before it really starts to show. By then, you can probably figure out which faggot is the father."

"I'm not that kind, do you hear me?" she asked. Robert pretended not to hear and went on.

"Two months, Hmmmmm. Two months and there goes the figure. There goes that nineteen inch waist. But then there are always plenty of young mother types needed on the stage."

"You bastard!" she screamed.

"Speaking of bastards," he continued calmly, "what would be a good name. Horace? No, let's see, a little more theatrical, hmmm; how about Oscar? Oscar! Oscar W., Junior."

She ran down the steps swinging gildly. Robert caught her wrists. He held her away slightly.

"Let's see, Jenny," he continued in the same mild tone. "You and Oscar can play games together. You can play 'which father is the faggot?' or you can play 'pin the rap on the faggot!'"

She tried to bite him but he caught her head and held it away.

"I know what I've done, damn you. I know," she said.

"Yes, but do you know with whom?"

She kicked him in the shins twice. He laughed.

"Damn you, I know who the father is, but I'm not going to tell you, you spiteful bastard."

She kicked him again, hard.

"No, no, no, you can't tell me because all the other faggots would get mad if they found out your faggot had been sleeping with a *woman*."

She quit kicking and sat down on the bottom step with her hair in her eyes. She was crying with her head bowed.

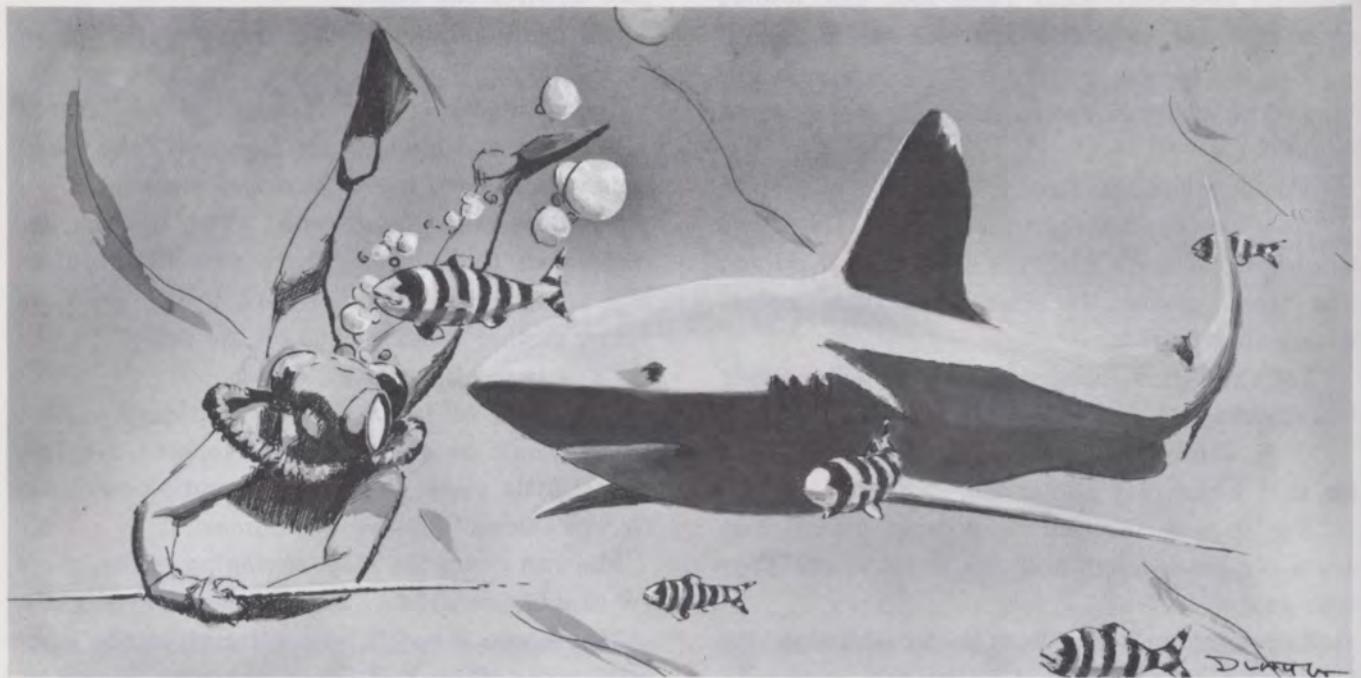
"You try to act so superior, Bob."

She looked up, a blank running face.

"They were all so . . . sophisticated. I thought I was . . ."

Robert stood straight and said, "Good luck Jenny." He watched her cry for a minute, and then walked across the yard to the sidewalk and out to the street.

THE REBEL REVIEW



Voyage of the Calypso

The Living Sea. By Capt. J. Y. Cousteau with James Dugan. New York: Harper and Row. 1963. 328 pp. Ill. One Map.

Twenty years ago, two men, Jacques Yves Cousteau and Emile Gagnan, achieved a goal sought by men for centuries. They developed a simple device which permits a man to go beneath the surface of the sea and to remain there for a considerable length of time, untethered by connections to the surface and unencumbered by bulky suits. Their device was named the "Aqua Lung." Subsequently, the "Aqua Lung" has become famous through the production of the award-winning film "The Silent World" and the publication of the book of the same name. Using this device, hundreds of thousands of people have viewed the undersea world at first hand.

Cousteau quickly recognized the efficiency of the "Aqua Lung" in marine biology and archaeology. The Captain set to work to acquire a ship and to organize a team of scientists and divers. The ship was an ex-U. S. Navy minesweeper, named "Calypso". His organization became known as the Calypso Oceanographic Expedition. *The Living Sea* is the narrative of this oceanographic group and of some of the results of their efforts.

From the decks of the "Calypso", numerous experiments and discoveries were made. For instance, Dr. Harold Edgerton of Massachusetts In-

stitute of Technology developed flash and camera equipment capable of operating under great pressures and photographing the bottoms of the deepest oceans. Auguste Piccard, one-time professor of physics at the University of Brussels, directed the trial descents of his bathyscaphe invention, a maneuverable man-carrying vehicle capable of descending to the maximum depths of the oceans without reliance upon surface connections. The Calypso Oceanographic Expeditions have explored reefs, ancient wrecks, and the sea bottom; they have seen dolphins at play, witnessed sharks feeding, observed strange rectangles of pebbles constructed by octopi for unknown reasons, and developed new insights into the ecology of the sea.

Cousteau's interests pass mere exploration; his work has resulted in significant gains not only for the scientific community but also for the world at large. He works for the day when men may enter the "silent world" and stay for months at a time to study more effectively the oceanic environment and to develop its resources. This is the real core of Cousteau's interest. The value of this interest rests in the fact that demographers predict that the earth's population will double to six billion by the year 2,000 A. D. The population boom will place a severe strain on the resources of the land. One answer to this problem is the

idea of "farming" the sea. From the sea, we obtain not only fish and water, but also seaweed, plankton, and other organisms useful as food-stuffs, as well as nearly every mineral required for industry. Oceanographers believe that the resources of the sea are virtually limitless.

Believing that men must be able to live in the ocean to manage these resources properly, Cousteau and his research team have begun a remarkable project. In 1962, Cousteau established "Continental Shelf Station One" off the coast of France. This was a cylindrical tank placed in forty feet of water. The tank was designed to serve as a warm, dry living space for two men. It could be entered and left at will. The object of the station was to determine the ability of the men to live and to work under water and to return to normal atmospheric pressure without suffering ill effects. The experiment lasted a week and was a complete success. Cousteau thus demonstrated that there is no practical limit to man's living under pressure. Now, he looks forward to a series of Continental Shelf Stations populated by numbers of people. These stations would be designed to organize and to oversee the "farming" of the sea. Since the publication of *The Living Sea*, Cousteau has successfully established an underwater village in the Red Sea in which men have been able to live and to work for thirty days before returning to the surface.

If Cousteau and others in the same field of study are correct, it would appear that man, already on the threshold of outer space, is on the threshold of another space, what Cousteau calls "inner space." With the world population explosion, the work in inner space may prove to be of far greater importance to man's long-range survival than the exploration of the stratosphere.

Although *The Living Sea* makes fascinating reading, it possesses some serious defects. First, it re-covers roughly the same period of time included in *The Silent World*, published ten years ago. It would not be unreasonable to think that there would have been sufficient new material developed since 1953 to avoid this re-coverage. In addition, a large part of the material covering the period 1953-1963 has received prior publication in the *National Geographic Magazine*. Even the photographs, admittedly magnificent, cannot completely escape this criticism. There are twenty-four pages of color photographs and sixty-four pages of black and white photographs. Of these, twenty color and twenty-one black and white photographs are credited to the *National Geographic Magazine*. Certainly, in some twenty years of tak-

ing underwater pictures, Cousteau could have found a complete set of previously unpublished photographs for use in a new publication. These defects contribute to a belief that *The Living Sea* was done hastily and with a minimum expenditure of time and effort.

Despite these criticisms, *The Living Sea* is worthwhile reading material not only to persons interested in undersea activities, but also to all persons interested in the future of the human race. If Cousteau is to be believed, we may find the solution to many of mankind's most pressing problems by conducting an orderly invasion of the sea. If this is done, one can only conjecture what effect this invasion might have on the sociological and political development of man.

JOHN C. ATKESON, JR.

British Comedy

Afternoon Men. By Anthony Powell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. First American Edition. 221 pp. \$4.00.

Afternoon Men, Anthony Powell's first novel, is a satire on a cross-section of London Bohemia—a small group of people which Gertrude Stein called "a lost generation"—during the years of confusion between the two wars. The characters, oddly enough, remind the reader somewhat of the ones in Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, but Powell's are not nearly so well developed. Mr. Powell is better at letting the reader know who is speaking. At any rate, the Englishman seems to have been influenced a great deal by Hemingway. Any further comparison to Hemingway would be unfair to Powell.

The main character, if there must be one, is William Atwater, who, unlike the others in the book, admits that he has no real talent. Atwater has a job in the art museum and the only ambition he has is for the committee to supply him with a swivel chair for his office. He attends an occasional art exhibit of one of his friends, but only to see if he can recognize the models—a more legitimate excuse than many have for going.

The book is a series of incidents which are amusing, but do not make up what could actually be called a story. There is no real beginning or end, and no real development. The people just exist and don't learn anything by their existence. It is just comedy. British comedy is unusual, at least by American standards. None of the characters in *Afternoon Men* are absurd, or make absurd statements just to be funny. The humorous things they say and do are all feasible, some by a

little stretch of the imagination.

In a club of some sort where the story opens, Atwater and a few of his friends meet and later leave to go to a party thrown by a couple that someone in the group knows. It is a miserable party and everyone sits around wishing everyone else were in hell. An American publisher, Mr. Scheigan, gets so drunk he goes to sleep on the floor, but seeing him there gives the room a lived-in feeling, and because when sleeping he does more for the party than when awake, he is allowed to rest. At the party, Atwater meets a girl called Lola who annoys people by chattering about Bertrand Russell. Apparently, however, a chattering girl isn't too annoying to Atwater for Lola ultimately succumbs to his seduction. Part of Mr. Powell's description of that seduction is very amusing.

"Slowly, but very deliberately, the brooding edifice of seduction, creaking and incongruous, came into being, a vast Heath Robinson mechanism, dually controlled by them and lumbering gloomily down vistas of triteness. With a sort of heavy-fisted derterity the mutually adapted emotions of each of them become synchronised, until the unavoidable anti-climax was at hand. Later they dined at a restaurant quite near the flat."

Raymond Pringle, an artist with little artistic ability invites Atwater and a few other guests to spend several days at his country retreat. Included in the party are the worldly Harriet Twining, who Pringle has decided to marry, and Hector Barlow, another artist, but one who enjoys more talent and considerably more success with women.

Pringle and Atwater walk to the downs one evening after dinner and when they return find Hector and Harriet engaged in a bit of play on the sofa. Pringle rages for a while but when his wrath is spent, the entire party retires for the evening.

The following day, Atwater and Harriet go for a stroll along the cliffs above the beach. From this vantage point, they notice Pringle on the beach below and watch as he undresses and steps into the water. Thinking that he is going for a swim, Atwater and Harriet walk on and slip into a small woods for a bit of entertainment. When they return to the cottage, Pringle has not returned.

After a while, the guests get hungry and decide to eat without their host. On the dinner table they find a note from Pringle saying that he will not return. The first decision facing the guests is whether to look for Pringle before or after eating. One of the ladies delays their decision by suggesting that the note is simply one of Pringle's pranks. The guests try to hide their

hunger by poking at their food very disinterestedly.

Later, Pringle does return—he decided against it. Art and suicide are not his talents. He was picked out of the water by some fishermen in a small boat. When one of the fishermen comes by to claim the clothes loaned Pringle, the guests cannot decide how much to award him. Ten shillings is too little and a pound is too much. So they compromise, fifteen shillings.

Afternoon Men was originally published by William Heinemann of London in 1952 and is presently being reissued in America because the author's current *Music of Time* series has revived interest in his earlier work. *Afternoon Men* is not a deep book, but it does provoke some good thought and gives valuable insight into his later books.

—JAMES FORSYTH

The House That Walpole Built

No. 10 Downing Street. By Rubeigh James Minney. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1963. 483 pp. \$6.95.)

The story of a house constitutes a subject which the general public ordinarily considers appropriate for bedtime reading. *No. 10 Downing Street* is something of an exception to the rule, however, since it bears only the faintest resemblance to things reminiscent of Storyville. It will, nevertheless, find its greatest appeal as excellent bedtime reading, though principally for Anglophiles who—sadly—are becoming increasingly rare.

Author Minney, born in Calcutta, was educated at the University of London where he specialized in history. His new volume is a perusal of nearly three centuries of the lives and times of English notables who have occupied the famous residence on Downing Street, the home of British prime ministers since the days of Sir Robert Walpole in the early 18th century. The story begins with a sketch of the Harvard trained, sometime Puritan minister, Sir George Downing, (1623-1684), and an account of his devious methods in acquiring the property which bears his name. The structural changes which have marked the history of Number 10 receive careful treatment throughout, and constitutes a feature of special interest. The book continues through the occupancy of Harold Macmillan, who vacated the premises in 1960 to permit extensive repairs.

The principal appeal of the work lies in the biographical portraits of the great and near-great statesmen who have occupied the residence and the sketch of events in which they were involved. One gains an intimate and colorful knowledge of

personalities which are at least vaguely familiar, e. g., Pitt, Wellington, Disraeli, Gladstone, Lloyd George, and others, though the incidents surrounding them are often of slight importance. They are seldom uninteresting, however. The volume is then a happy mixture of gossip and fact, well researched and thoroughly entertaining, but hardly important as history. It is well illustrated, contains a thirty page index, and includes an extensive bibliography. Appendices show the floor plans of the residence prior to the reconstruction begun in 1960 and the list of occupants, including their dates of occupancy. This volume will delight the Anglophile in his leisure moments, but others may find it tedious.

JOSEPH S. BACHMAN

Ritterkreuz

Cat and Mouse. By Guenter Grass. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. pp. 189. \$3.95.

Guenter Grass, a powerful and imaginative novelist of postwar Germany, staged the setting of *Cat and Mouse* around Danzig. One has to understand the history of this city and its people in order to understand fully the mentality of the characters in this book. Rather reserved and independent, these proud people represented more than the average people of Germany during the Third Reich.

The hero of this book is Mahlke who is barely 14 when our story starts. Completely unaware of the political extremities, this boy lives by the law of compensation forced upon him by a petty bourgeoisie. He looks different—ergo in order to survive—he has to find a way to be different. He cloaks the real Mahlke in an aura of myth and heroism. Although somewhat strange to his contemporaries, he gains their respect. He stands out! His huge Adam's apple, the sign of precocious virility, seems to be at once embarrassment and stimulation. Mahlke has to excel to be accepted. Yet all this time no one really seems to know him. Does he know himself, or is he just fascinated with his self-imposed role? He finally manages to get expelled from his school because of a rather symbolic prank. He stole the symbol of achievement, the "Ritterkreuz," from one of the country's young heroes during a speech given by this insignificant bourgeois. Wherever Mahlke goes, he seems to leave a myth unequalled by his peers behind him. His reputation as a lover matches that of the daredevil. Again he stands out! He seems a devout Catholic, yet he declares

emphatically that he doesn't believe in God. "A swindle to stultify the people. There's only Mary." Then Mahlke becomes the hero—he is awarded the same "Ritterkreuz" which he once took from the young speaker. Returning home, the decorated Mahlke has to experience the bitter truth that he still is not accepted by his petty society. This seems to be the end for our sergeant—he is tired of compensation, and yet, he finds a way in death to keep his peers wondering what really has become of the "Great Mahlke."

Guenter Grass beautifully characterizes Mahlke's friend Pilez who is drawn to Mahlke in a deep psychological way. Pilez wants to shake the image of the "Great Mahlke" during his school days and later on in life, but he never seems to be able to overcome this shadow. He was the one who sicked the cat on Mahlke's mouse (as the unusual excrescence of cartilage was referred to).

The cat—or in a much deeper sense, society—was ready to jump on Mahlke because he was at once different and, henceforth, strange.

Cat and Mouse is a brief and compact novel and the art form is deliberately different from pre-war German literature.

HANNELORE RATH NAPP

Monument To A Family

The Moonflower Vine. By Jetta Carleton. New York: Simon Schuster. 1962. 352 pp. \$4.95.

When Jetta Carleton was in college at the University of Missouri, she wrote well enough to win the Mahan poetry, essay, and short story prizes, the highest literary awards of the university. As a collegemate of hers, I am pleased to see her amply fulfilling the promise of those early years in a first novel of wisdom and sustained interest, *The Moonflower Vine*.

Miss Carleton is recalling her own life in the setting and the family that she writes about. She grew up in the southwestern Missouri section between Joplin and Kansas City and came from a family that roughly corresponds in members and background to the Soames people of *The Moonflower Vine*. It is easy to see the author raising a monument to her family, or to some one's family, in this book.

The story handles admirably father, mother, and three daughters. There is another daughter, Mary Jo, pretty much identifiable with Miss Carleton herself, but she is so much younger than her sisters that she seems to belong to another genera-

tion, contemporary with Peter, a grandchild that Matthew and Callie, the parents of the girls, bring up. Peter and Mary Jo are brushed over in the novel; they figure only slightly in the opening section of the book that is devoted to a picture of the family when the parents are old. Every other member of the family has a section to himself.

The first section not only emphasizes the family in its annual reunion when the girls—Jessica, Leonie, and Mary Jo (Mathy has died)—are home on summer vacations but also the blooming of the moonflower vine (*Calonyction Tuba*, a poisonous plant of rank growth, and fragrant, eight-inch blooms that flourish from midsummer until frost over a wide range of the Mid-West and West). Watching the evening blooming of this plant has become a family ritual, and unusual efforts are made to be present when the milky-white, trumpet-shaped flowers unfurl.

Once the reader has settled down in the family circle, he must be prepared to jump up and read through sections on Jessica, the eldest daughter, who elopes with a hired hand from the Ozarks; Matthew, the father, who, though a small-town superintendent, would not let go of the farm acquired at marriage; Mathy, the daughter who remains always inexplicable to Matthew as she marries her father's most wayward pupil, Ed Inwood, and dies in a plane crash, barnstorming in Texas; Leonie, the most dutiful but the most unloved child who also marries Ed Inwood; and Callie, the illiterate wife, who keeps all the family together by the amalgam of her love and understanding. It is in this last section of the book that a well kept secret is revealed.

In these few sentences devoted to the gist of the book, I have revealed but little of the charm of its style. In choice of word and phrase Miss Carleton again and again refreshes the reader. Miss Carleton calls tombstones "the furniture of the dead"; has her father sleeping "busily"; hears tunes "full of backcountry woe"; and knows a familiar region can be "treacherous with memories." But the humanity of the book, the goodness of human feeling shining through the pages leaves the deepest impression. Callie yearning back over fifty years to baby half-brothers that their mother didn't want; Tom, Jessica's first husband, dying in the baggage car of a train; and a gypsy winning his way through the world with a harness bell tied to his shoe—these moments and others come out of the heart-gripping vibrancy that characterizes the whole novel.

GEORGE A. COOK

Paradise On Earth

The Garden. By Yves Berger. Translated from the French by Robert Baldick. New York: George Braziller, Inc. 1963. 226 pp. \$4.00.

Contrary to the poet's lament that man cannot conquer time, Yves Berger, a twenty-seven year old French author has created an anonymous protagonist who relates by flashback the causes which have led to, and the trials he has overcome, in immobilizing time.

The narrator and his sister, Virginie, several years his senior, were reared in the cloistered atmosphere of the rambling family estate near Avignon. Their father, to protect them from the "evils" of mid-twentieth century society, engaged tutors for math and science while he guided their progress in languages and history. Gradually, however, their other subjects were eliminated and the children passed their days immersed in their father's obsession, the "golden age" of history, Virginia in 1842, "a paradise on earth," when time should have ceased to exist.

Showing an aversion to these concentrated studies, Virginie was sent to the University at Montpelier; the father and son, drawn closer together, devoted more time to their dreamy, endless readings and reflections. When Virginie returned for the holidays, she realized her brother was sinking into a reverie of fanciful visions of the past, infected with the same obsession which consumed her father. Despising their preoccupation with the past and believing she could save her brother, Virginie finally gained her father's consent to enroll her brother in the University.

Securing a room for him next to hers, Virginie encouraged her brother to make friends at the University, but his childhood seclusion and his innocent dreams of the past made it impossible for him to communicate. Unable to awake him to a real world of life and death, she orders him to move into her room and begin a book about Virginia in 1842. With this arrangement, Virginie hopes to offer "inspiration" for the book, a medium through which she believes her brother will regain reality by writing himself out of the past.

But Virginie fails to stimulate his imagination for writing by taking him to burlesque shows and introducing him to pornographic literature. As a last resort, she seduces him. She uses this incestuous relationship to reward him for his progress, and under these terms, he frantically completes the book. But when Virginie reads the finished work, she realizes that her brother is still manacled in the past for the book is filled with

"visions conjured out of nothing, mirages." Martyn, destined for a life of prostitution, Virginie leaves him "in the darkness, in slavery."

The narrator ends where he has begun, in his father's garden, days merging with the nights, time suspended, and the realities of life, love and death successfully submerged in his unconscious.

Yves Berger has maintained an entrancing, ethereal atmosphere throughout his novel; consequently, the characters are only partially developed. Published in France as *Le Sud*, *The Garden* was awarded the Prix Femina and sold 130,000 copies several weeks after its release. Perhaps this success was due to the seduction scenes where the author belabors his point often with tragicomic results.

—WALTER J. FRASER

Oh, Lord!

It Is Time, Lord. By Fred Chappell. New York: Atheneum, 1963. 96 pp. \$3.95.

Mr. Chappell comes close to raising the doctrine of original sin to a level with the Greek tragedy of fate. However, the major portion of the novel is concerned with James' attempts on the personal and artistic levels to acknowledge his responsibility for his world. It is when Mr. Chappell moves down from his mountain Eden into the waste land of piedmont North Carolina that his control deserts him and the beautifully integrated echoes from Genesis begin to clash with an image of urban experience that refuses to be poetized into significance.

The out of work and spiritually crippled narrator allows himself to be sucked into a sordid trio of red-necks—July, Mavis, and Preacher. When James continuously complains of their physical and moral crudity in tones that suggest a superior if degraded sensitivity, we become anxious for some manifestation of action or thought that will sooth a growing alarm that Mr. Chappell does not feel his narrator should exhibit anything more than a languid ability to phantasize. And phantasize he might, had his imagination been constructed of anything more solid than the flat cardboard contours James offers as his encounter with the world. Judy and Mavis, Apex factory workers, are depicted as little more than sexual gratification in mill uniforms. They are all that is unattractive in appetite, devoid of aesthetic qualifications whereas the little wife who lives a number of miles to the west on Winston supervises James' children and the shattering remnants of their married life with the cool efficiency of one

possessed of the patience of Job, radiating from the frail beauty of a mountain flower. It is to her that James returns after his lusty bouts with Judy in Apex to look upon his wife's goodness and sleep in peace among his own cool, clean sheets.

The suggestive image of evil and the recognition of evil is in the person of a red-haired stranger who parked with his town whore behind the barn and was refused assistance by James' Grandfather. Later, this same "bush" of red hair turns up on the head of Preacher, a cool apostle of the sawdust flap-tent type of Evangelism. It is Preacher who lures James off to the hell hole of Apex and introduces him to the lively ladies of romance—Judy and Mavis. It is Preacher who pays the price for James' sin. Judy's husband kills Preacher, mistaking him for James. It is salvation through the sinful who sacrifices, knowingly or unknowingly, himself on the altar of involvement and is true, true to the spirit and experience of life. We only wish that beneath the structure, the ideal of how it is all to work, there might have been enough compassion and love to make the resolution meaningful. Mr. Chappell has not remembered that one of the bitter-sweet results from the fall from innocence was humanity and the subsequent prickly pear of art to manifest this condition in all its complexity.

In a very real sense, there would seem to be no central character or characters in *It Is Time, Lord*, but rather a sensibility, created by Mr. Chappell, in the very act of attempting to create for himself a meaningful pattern from a residue of memory and imagination haunted by faces and names. James is a sort of Ulysses we have come to recognize as the Homeric hero in the work of Joyce and Proust. His search and the grail of redemption that might possibly lie at the end of that odyssey is a mastering of self through the particular form he as a writer has chosen to create from within. It is the particular infolding nature of *It Is Time, Lord*, this fictionalized biography of a writer who is himself a failure, to lure the reader's critical attention away from the manipulation or lack of it by Mr. Chappell and to hold accountable the demure unprepossessing James. We are vulnerable beyond any specific canon of critical theory to the particulars of human experience rendered in art to such a pitch that if resolution of conflict is impossible, there must, at least, be felt a community of spirit with the artist's attempt, a recognition of having participated in the look, feel, and taste of an experience merging on all levels of significance. The experi-

ence Mr. Chappell offers in his novel is significant only in isolated scenes that serve by their very power to make the remainder of the work seem an exercise in critical theory, a format utilized at the expense of content.

—STAFF

"Man Come of Age"

Honest to God. John A. T. Robinson. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 143 pp. \$1.65.

The Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, John A. T. Robinson, has let a religious skeleton out of Christendom's closet. Admitting, as a bishop, that Christianity must undergo a radical revolution if it is to serve a secular and non-religious world, he has questioned the traditional mode of Christian expression. Restating traditional orthodoxy is not enough; a new expression must be found.

Because of the immense intellectual advances of the past century, according to Robinson, the "man come of age" can no longer accept a god "up there" or "out there." This god image is being pushed further and further out of his domain; he is meaningless. Dr. Robinson says that god is not a being in space whose existence we have to prove, but the "ground of our being, our ultimate concern, what we take seriously, the source of being."

What is the place of Christ in this Christianity of new expression? Does "man come of age" have to believe that Christ was only God come to earth disguised as man? Christ, Robinson believes, was the man for others because he was love incarnate. Because Christ was love, he was in perfect harmony with the Father. But to be the man for others, he also had to be entirely man, the servant of the Lord. Dr. Robinson feels that the virgin birth can be symbolic only, symbolizing that Jesus Christ was not born by the will of man, but according to the will of God.

Believing that the scriptures do not suggest that Christian ethics are for the religious only, but for all men, Dr. Robinson thinks that we should have a new morality. It is a morality where nothing is prescribed but love. Dr. Robinson feels that man will evaluate a problem more carefully if he relates the problem to love rather than to the question, "What's wrong with it?"

Much of what is purported in *Honest to God* is drawn from the theologies of Paul Tillich and Dietrich Bonehoffer who speak of a Christianity of new expansion for "man come of age." For the first time, this complex theology has reached the layman in simple, concise, and definite terms. It

is an attempt to get beyond dishonest confessions by Christians and dishonest rejections by non-Christians. Also, *Honest to God* attempts to answer the question, "What is Christianity?" and to find a place for this Christianity in the modern world. Although Robinson's book has been labeled heretical, many questions have been asked that will not soon be answered.

JAN COWARD

A Little Martyr Can Go A Long Way

The Faithful Shepherd. By Lucette Finas. English translation by Ralph Manheim. New York: Pantheon Books. 1963. 248 pages. \$4.50.

The Faithful Shepherd is a psychological study of a young Parisian man, newly married, struggling to find an identity of his own. Never having been able to accept anything at its face value, Armand is tortured by each casual remark made to him. Armand dissects each situation completely, imagines himself the victim, and mulls over many possible solutions for his conjectured problems. As a child, Armand was the martyr for each incident that occurred. If anyone were hurt, Armand would reconstruct the incident with himself as the injured person—even to the point of inflicting upon himself actual, physical pain.

Armand and his wife agree that each may have an affair if they wish; neither will be jealous of the other because "true love" will triumph. But, French or not, nature intervenes. Armand immediately becomes jealous of his wife's lover, but endeavors to keep face by buying presents for the intruder. Yet, when Armand suspects his wife of giving the approved lover presents, all pretensions are swept away and Armand's jealousy is more than obvious. As a defense mechanism, Armand takes a mistress, but his conscience is bothered by an overriding sense of guilt.

Living more in his imagination than in reality, Armand finally drives himself to insanity. To show sympathy for the Jews who were persecuted in World War II, he attempts to burn himself alive. Armand indeed is a complex character. His complexities are not explained.

The Faithful Shepherd as a novel has no concrete plot with which the reader can be excited. If vagueness can excite and sustain, *The Faithful Shepherd* is a book well worth reading. If the reader is seeking a complicated plot with an entertaining denouement, *The Faithful Shepherd* will simply gather dust.

RUBY TAYLOR COLLINS