

LIVING LITERATURE

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**(A) WORLD OF MEN vs.
The Man in (The) World**

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JAMES BOYER MAY

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Edited by JAMES BOYER MAY

A CLEAN READING EDITION

Advertisements, subscription promotions, the front cover and blank leaves have been omitted. The poetry, fiction, essays, correspondence and reviews of the issue are given in full, in the order in which they are printed.

Where a poet uses the space of the page — indented lines, hanging steps, gaps within a line — that spacing is treated as part of the poem and kept as closely as a proportional typeface allows. Square brackets enclose conjectural readings where the scan is faded. Original spelling, punctuation, capitalization, paragraphing and verse lineation are kept.

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MODERN FICTION STUDIES (Vol. X, No. 3 — 75c) is devoted to eight articles on Camus. Some of the writers, such as M. M. Madison, Naomi C. Jackson, and Ben Stoltzfus, are concerned primarily with his philosophy; others (Richard Lehan, J. H. Matthews, and Brian T. Fitch) are concerned with his literary merits. Glenn Sandstrom compares Meursault of *THE STRANGER* with Julien Sorel of *THE RED AND THE BLACK*, while Marilyn Gaddis Rose makes Meursault into the Pharmakos of the ancient scapegoat syndrome. This issue, by the way, also includes over eleven pages listing studies of Camus to date. 110

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Concerning the artist (cover and pages 85 through 92) :
 This is the second portfolio of photographs by Martin S.
 Dworkin to be published in TRACE. He has long been
 internationally recognized, widely exhibited, and has
 illustrated numerous books . . . lives in New York City where
 he teaches at Columbia University.

ACADEMIA & THE YOUNG POET AS BREADWINNER

William Heyen

ADMITTING THE BRASHNESS OF AN ESSAY OF THIS SORT, let me first defend its importance. Although I do not consider myself the typical young American poet, whatever he is like if he actually exists, in a personal discussion clues to the state of young poetic minds in this country (U.S.A.) may come through. Such discoveries are always interesting, and perhaps revelatory of several aspects of our culture. Nor am I embarrassed writing about myself, for, paraphrasing Thoreau, I know no one else better.

I received a Masters in English from Ohio University and am now in my second year of college teaching at State University of New York at Cortland. I'll return to graduate school beginning this fall, and hope to earn the Ph.D. before I have to leave again for financial reasons. Applying for a teaching fellowship, in the frightening half-page blank reserved for my discussion of the reasons I am seeking the degree, I simply wrote: 'I plan to pursue the Ph.D. degree in English out of an intellectual curiosity and out of a desire to achieve the increased pay and security in university teaching circles that result from the possession of such a degree.' I look forward to going back to graduate school, but not without some dread. I like to think I am largely self-educated and do not need practice hurdling various academic barriers. At the same time, Ohio University has a fine, progressive atmosphere. I refuse to get into an ulcer-causing situation at one of the status schools where medieval traditions, departmental infighting, and petty egos have become legendary.

I am twenty-four, married to a lovely girl I met at a teachers college at Brockport in upstate New York, from which we were both graduated a few years ago. I taught a year of high-school English while Hanny finished her last year of school. At our wedding the following summer, town team basketball- and baseball-playing team mates of mine sat in some disbelief in the pews. Hanny and I honeymooned in the Smokies, went to graduate school together, and were blessed with a son — our in-laws counted the months on their fingers — just nine months and ten days after we were married.

*You were conceived in Tennessee.
Gatlinburg, to be exact.
The Bear Skin Motel, in a cabin
called Mountain Laurel. Your mother
and father believed they loved
for love and not for progeny . . .
You traveled through Kentucky
zygote style. Your mother
saw the blue grass that became
your eye, the flower that became
your cheek. Never mind
the science of the thing.*

Even when things are going smoothly in graduate school, a student feels strange pressures, and I remember escaping to poetry-writing dozens of nights when I should have been studying Chaucer, or AREOPAGITICA, or light and dark imagery in Hawthorne.

In the library the ship, ship
of raped pages
whispers
your name, and I purposely slip
From Shakespeare to the night before.

I guess I have broken into the middle-ground poetry markets, and I can smile a little at my early rush to get into

any kind of print. On the other hand, I feel a new professional urge to publish, which is disturbing; but this motivation is at least tempered when I remember certain lessons from the masters, Emily Dickinson and Wallace Stevens, for example, who wrote because they had to and published anything at all primarily because friends wanted them to.

But Billy, our son, is at this moment climbing onto my lap and Hanny has just turned on the television — all of which brings me around to my main concerns in this essay. I have no Bohemia to run to, nor even quiet room from which to observe the world and gather the stuff of poetry. I suppose mine is an ancient problem, that of the relationship between the poet and the practical world. I should bring the garbage downstairs and should play with Billy for a while, and should arrange my introductory remarks for the new semester's classes that I'll meet tomorrow. But I am restless and feel a need to write escaping to prose this time because I don't know whether to wait around for the poetic inspiration I have occasionally felt or to just sit down and force out some lines and hope that they come together into something meaningful. This method, too, has resulted in a couple of good poems for me — I think. A poet friend of mine makes it a point to write from five to seven every morning. Another doesn't write thing for weeks and then spends a weekend in a burst of energy, turning out hundreds of lines. Both have made their meek adjustments to the practical world: one teaches high school; the other spends forty hours a week in a factory. Both have told me that they feel a need to get away from things, to pack up and devote themselves to their writing, to leave behind their fragmented roles and become poets proper. Two poetry-writing students with whom I have become acquainted this last year are convinced that they must travel and sever practical ties to develop as writers. One left school a few months ago, quoting something from

Ginsberg as he walked out of my office for the last time.

At least in degree, this urge to achieve freedom is one peculiar to the young American poet today, or at least of the last two generations. In some ways every age is more complex than its predecessor, but — isn't it true that in industrial, technological, scientific, educational America today, the pace of living, the burden of just maintaining oneself, has become compounded? When Billy bangs on his toy typewriter or Hanny sews on her new machine or the church bells or fire alarms start bonging or wailing a block away, I wonder if ever again I'll be able to write a line or two.

Yet perhaps true poetry today is to be found in frenzy and not in any romantic yearning for freedom and solitude or the simplified past. Noise exists. The fire engines will not disappear. America is fast becoming a land of cities; even those parts of cities where artists have traditionally barricaded themselves against the world outside, are being invaded by tourism. Perhaps the new poet's symbol will have to be a moon studded with steel observation towers and missile sites, if his poetry is to be vital and significant. Wright Morris has pointed out that for American novelists the territory ahead seems to be returning, oddly enough, to the past. Lodged tightly in Syracuse traffic the other day, I thought I felt and understood the continuing trend towards nostalgia in American poetry and fiction. When I am surrounded by the grating noises and bad smells of hundreds of cars and by tightly-packed ugly buildings on both sides, I see visions of myself as a child walking knee-deep in a Long Island pond, looking for painted turtles the size of quarters; but sometimes even this vision feels the intrusion of the machine.

A Model A rusted on the shore of Speck's Pond. One
door was locked shut and one swung on one busted
hinge. Young to the spring we sat on its hood
bobbing for sunnies and perch. . .

I have a kind of personal pastoral reserved for protection from what is becoming the real modern world. At the same time, I wonder if my true place as a poet is to be found in a setting that is anything but peaceful and comforting. Perhaps the banging of Billy's typewriter and the blaring of nauseous television commercials can become a mood music for me and inspire poetry that faces the real modernity of America, a modernity of both physical and mental bondages, a modernity based on the realization that there are immense differences between Walt Whitman's world and mine.

I try to spend
each July 4th weekend
at the Sound. Last year
it rained and whitecaps strained
from Connecticut to the shore
at Stony Brook. But I could still
drink concession beer
while enjoying the war
of wave and rock
from a green-shuttered pavilion
run by a bent, gray woman
who moaned her luck
in a voice that could kill
gulls. A flag hung over
the sand, so cheap that stars
turned blue and its white bars
a dirty red. Colors dripped
to the ground as it paled
in the quick wind. . . .
Walt Whitman saw poems from here,
watching the small boats
off Crane's Neck haul flounders
and porgies, pulled flapping
from the green water,
their bellies winking,
iridescent to the sun.

Having had the opportunity lately to listen to Galway Kinnell, David Ray, and W. D. Snodgrass read their poems, I am reminded of the partnership that has developed between the young American poet and the university, and of the affinity the poet seems to feel for the relative freedom of Academia. Certainly, it is into the university that I am headed, and for this reason I cringe whenever I hear the term 'academician' leveled negatively at a young poet. Questions that have been frequently debated come immediately to mind: Can a university-poet arrangement rob the poet of his creativity? Is the freedom the poet achieves a false one or one which removes him from the world which should be the genesis of his work? Are there other hidden and destructive elements in such a relationship?

In a COLLEGE ENGLISH essay a while back, William Van O'Connor said that a young writer in the university who has the Ph.D. is, in effect, king of the mountain. I would like to believe him; and practically speaking, I am sure he is right. The Ph.D. poet makes an able breadwinner. But might there not be various other limitations placed on the writer, limitations restricting his freedom? Donald Heiney has remarked: 'It is no accident that poets who are well paid have often felt "prostituted."' I would like to believe that each individual will react to his university patron according to his own integrity, or lack of it. At the same time, I would not, as a family man with complex responsibilities, want to become involved somewhere where even the temptation of 'prostitution' is greater than it might be elsewhere.

Now, this leads me to a question that is closer to me and upsets me even more. Does the kind of research required for the Ph.D. turn a creative mind into a pedantic one? A graduate-school friend of mine, who has recently published poems in POETRY, CONTACT, PRAIRIE SCHOONER, VIRGINIA QUARTERLY Review, and other fine magazines, absolutely refused to take a course in criticism as a Masters candidate

because he felt it would make him examine literature too methodically and because he thought he would soon be writing poetry which would attempt to appease a certain critical slant. I plan to write my dissertation on Wallace Stevens, probably on *HARMONIUM*, his first volume. I wonder if the required research or the methodical study of these eighty-five poems will lead to a Ph.D. of great cost, one that will bring a secure job while it exacts its toll on my poetry. Several young friends and I know that we can make our ways to ivy buildings and tree-lined university walks, relatively free from financial worries, relatively well-adjusted to the practical world; but we wonder at the price. We wonder if Academia will compound the difficulty we are having in achieving freedom and writing truly, or if it will relieve this difficulty.

ISSUE P. 3 · SCAN P. 13

AFTER READING AUDEN'S THE SPHINX

It's a funny thing —
Art seldom reflects
The obvious life —
Except in a novel
Here, a play there —
It just seems to spawn
Or have been spawned by
More and other art —
And no one seems to mind . . .
Reading a few lines
About some marble
Carved from a music.

Lee Malone

TOWARDS PRINT (IN TRACE)

by the Editor

WITHOUT HAVING DELIBERATELY sought to find and publish new writers, TRACE increasingly has been giving first print to younger and younger people. By recent count, and comparisons with other periodicals, it has been determined that more firsts have appeared in these pages than in those of any other magazine recently current. This has resulted simply from consistent efforts to read incoming mss. impartially, as to authorship — which should be a hopeful indication of a high percentage of lively talents among those who enable statisticians to speak in terms of an unprecedented ‘population explosion.’

With regard to publications here of known and sometimes of prominent authors — these too have come about without intent and search. We’ve rarely solicited material, and almost never have asked name writers who are subscribers to submit mss. In connection with the last fact, there has been a degree of negative premeditation to avoid creating any sort of closing circle of writers reading one another’s works. A criticised exception has been a policy of consistent publication of material by members of the staff. Reasons for this should be obvious: those who are with the magazine are more or less in accord with the Editor’s views and produce more things fitting the editorial trend; and the frequent use of their writings helps to give something of a unified tone and evidence of aim to a magazine which also is criticised for being too diverse and ‘unpredictable’ in its contents.

To be specific — one reason for the ‘query first’ note on the masthead page has been to discourage submissions from older readers of TRACE (presumably influenced to some extent by this) and to increase the percentage of mss. sent in

by those who have little or no idea of what we've previously printed. This has contributed to the diversity which is basic to another major policy: that of endeavoring to 'trace' as many as possible different tendencies among today's serious writers. Necessarily, not a few of the poems, stories, and articles from time to time are not of types to which the Editor himself is partial; they have been accepted and published because they've been judged valid from the points of view of their authors — who are credited with sincerity of intentions.

The element of quality, in whichever category, has not been slighted; but many excellent mss. have been rejected because their authors had done the same (and sometimes better) before and/or elsewhere, or because the work just wasn't breaking any new ground. On the other hand, some things of less than top quality have been published because the authors had made reasonably successful efforts to achieve genuine and significant individual expressions.

Despite granting print occasionally to what's adverse to the Editor's opinions, as much attention in the main is given to thematic content (especially in the articles) as to the writing itself. Every so often, a ms. comes along which seems to express a valuable slant, but which is shoddily written; and if the author accedes, it is drastically edited, even revised, to meet a minimum standard of composition. However, poetry is never touched, and what's loosely called creative fiction goes untampered except for very minor editing in key with the author's style and purpose; if the work has enough good in it to rouse interest, but exhibits what we think are serious flaws, we point these out to the author and leave it to him to revise or rewrite if he wishes.

A closing statistical note: slightly over three percent of mss. received are accepted for publication.

EDITORS AND OTHERS WRITE

Yankee Captain of Arkansas Literary Craft Looks Back

Dear Editors:

There was just enough wind, the first day of June, 1962, when the new seaworthy craft, SOUTH & WEST, set sail from a port that boasted a population of 70,000 nonliterary sailors. We still boast ten subscribers in Fort Smith, but the Arkansas Gazette, Memphis Commercial Appeal, and Springfield (Mo.) News, and others took note of our voyage. The major college libraries of America reserved reading space.... But meanwhile, the Arkansas Library Commission gave us a heave-ho; and after four fine voyages, we lost dozens of subscribers in a certain Arkansas locale (a well known Negro poet had been taken aboard ship).... But we steamed out again, making new friends.... and little SOUTH & WEST was being used for teaching at the Savanna, Ill., High School.... threatened mutiny among the crew (primarily Waves) never took place.

The Captain wanted a permanent port, so she founded S. & W., Inc., a nonprofit literary association, in August, 1962.... and voyages continued.... In Jan., 1963, the Captain asked other groups to form an Affiliation of the Arts of Ft. Smith.... which was done, if still with rumors of mutiny among the crew.... In 1964, The South & West Brochure Club for Poetry became as real as the Arkansas River.... the books still flow.... In May, 1964, the literary yacht, S. & W., Inc., invited Arkansas sailors who wished to write and publish quality poetry to step aboard ship as members.... In Sept., 1964, literary sailors from other states were invited . . . the crew has become widespread and large . . . and we steam toward 1966. . . . The Captain has become gray . . . but she thinks the voyage worth it . . . the wonderful literary

sailors around the globe worth it . . . and a literary renaissance is on in Arkansas . . . four poetry columns have been born. . . . In Jan., 1965, a new sloop called BORDER rode out of Fort Smith Harbor . . . and the ship SOUTH & WEST now docks at ports like Roland (Okla.) High School, and Piggott (Ark.) High School, where students and teachers alike are more interested in literary crafts than in the anthologies . . . and the future does not lie in the past . . . but in the future . . . and there are warm rumbles in Fort Smith . . . and no longer any rumors of mutiny among the crew. . . .
Sue Abbott Boyd

ISSUE P. 6 · SCAN P. 16

NEW PRISON WRITING CLUB NEEDS MATERIALS

James Singer (goose Tree Press)

Dear Editors: The Pen & Pencil Set at the California prison at Vacaville is a creative writing club. A number of members write—or try to write—poetry. And they're working in a vacuum. I suspect many of them have never seen a contemporary poetry magazine. . . . Send these men magazines, pamphlets, books? Old, new—it doesn't matter, because they'll all be new to them. They should be addressed to: Lt. S. V. Parazette, The Pen & Pencil Set, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif.

THE HUMAN MUST COME THROUGH

D. V. Smith

Dear Editors: THE HUMAN VOICE Quarterly Magazine is a poetry magazine—with the difference that it gives recognition to the poet who has deserved it, either through years of good writing, or through virtue of a brilliant talent, when previously unknown. The difference is that it gives recognition instead of seeking it. A poet's work is usually printed in fragments, a poem here & a poem there so that the poet has only a fractured public image. We present the poet and his work, not in this fashion, but in the sense of importance and presentation. It is not unusual to find as many as 15-20 poems by a single poet in one issue. . . . Also—this is a review with the difference that it presents the works themselves instead of chattering about them . . . here, an ample selection is taken from a book, along with full details about the book. . . . And contents are built up, not of sameness, but of variety. . . . We hail the end of the silent commitment . . . We want material that is provocative, amusing, warm as heaven, cold as hell, modern, traditional, experimental, with only one taboo: the human must come through; the animal simply isn't enough.

NOVELIST OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

Abigail Ann Hamblen

BECAUSE OF HIS BACKGROUND, HIS THEMES, AND HIS RATHER STARTLING SUCCESS AS SHOWN BY PHENOMENAL SALES AND MOTION-PICTURE PROFITS, CAMERON HAWLEY IS IN DANGER OF BEING OVERLOOKED AS A SERIOUS NOVELIST. THIS SHOULD NOT OCCUR, IF ONLY BECAUSE OF THE PROBLEMS HE PRESENTS.

IN 1951, HAWLEY WAS A DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION WITH ARMSTRONG CORK, THE FIRM HE HAD SERVED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. IN ADDITION, HE HAD BECOME WELL-KNOWN FOR SHORT STORIES AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES WRITTEN ON THE SIDE. HIS RESIGNATION IN ORDER TO DEVOTE ALL HIS TIME TO WRITING WAS NOT UNPRECEDENTED IN AMERICA: OTHERS BEFORE HIM HAD LEFT CAREERS IN BUSINESS FOR A SIMILAR PURPOSE. SHERWOOD ANDERSON COMES TO MIND, AS WELL AS THE LATE WILLIAM MARCH.

WHAT SETS HAWLEY APART FROM THESE IS HIS MAKING THE PROBLEMS OF THE BUSINESS WORLD THEMES FOR FICTION. WHEREAS ANDERSON FEARED THE GROWTH OF INDUSTRIALISM, GLORIFIED THE QUIET FARMLAND, AND MADE HIS STORIES FROM LIVES OF SMALL MEN AND WOMEN, HAWLEY HAS FASHIONED THREE LONG NOVELS ON WHAT MIGHT ALMOST BE CALLED THE GLORIFICATION OF INDUSTRY AND THE GREAT CORPORATION. HE HAS TURNED AWAY FROM PRIVATE, LIMITED DRAMA TOWARD A KIND OF STORYTELLING THAT HAS ABOUT IT THE SWASHBUCKLING ATMOSPHERE POSSESSED BY OLD TALES OF ROYALTY AND CONQUEST, OF WEALTH AND CONTEST. INSTEAD OF BATTLES AND SIEGES, THE MAKE-UP OF COMPANY PERSONNEL, THE PROCESSES OF BUYING, SELLING, MANUFACTURING, AND DISTRIBUTING PLAY IMPORTANT PARTS.

NO ONE COULD SAY THAT HE HAS NOT SHOWN PRIVATE EMOTIONS NAKED, OR PERSONAL CONFLICTS OF THE MOST

AGONIZING KIND. BUT IT MUST BE NOTED THAT HIS MAIN CHARACTERS ARE THOSE 'AT THE TOP'—MUCH AS, IN THE CLASSIC DRAMA, THE TRIUMPHS AND DEFEATS ARE THOSE OF KINGS AND PRINCES. PERHAPS IT IS THIS, AS WELL AS HIS INFORMED MANNER OF SHOWING BUSINESS EXECUTIVES AT WORK, AND HIS SMOOTH-RUNNING YET RESTLESS STYLE, WHICH EXPLAINS THE CURIOUS EXCITEMENT IN HAWLEY'S NOVELS. THE MEN WHO WORK AND PLAN AND ACT DARINGLY HAVE NOTHING WHATEVER IN COMMON WITH LEWIS' OAFISH GEORGE BABBITT, OR, INCREDIBLY, WITH MOST OTHER BUSINESS MEN IN AMERICAN FICTION.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (1952) SHOWS THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER AT THE TOP OF A GREAT FURNITURE COMPANY, THE TREDWAY CORPORATION. THE PRESIDENT, ALMOST AWESOME IN HIS REPUTATION, HIS TALENTS, HIS PREROGATIVES, DIES SUDDENLY WITHOUT HAVING NAMED AN EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT WHO would automatically take his place. This leaves the other executives wondering, planning, hoping, maneuvering.

As the story, condensed into just two days, moves episodically along, jumping from one man to the next, then turning to show the effect of the struggle on wives and associates, one question becomes increasingly apparent: Just what view of a huge company should a great executive possess? What should he see as its aims, its very reason for existence? Or, to put it differently, why is one man eminently fitted to be president of a corporation, and others not?

Hawley's answer, coming as it does from long experience in business, may surprise certain readers who have preconceived notions of what 'business' is like. Near the end of the book, in a tense scene when most of the principals are together, one of them is courageous enough to stand up and proclaim that their obligation is more than obligation to stockholders, important as that is — more than obligation to pay bigger and bigger wages. 'No man can work for money alone,' he says in the stunned silence of the room. 'It isn't enough. You starve his soul when you try it — and you can

starve a company to death the same way.’ And he goes on to tell of certain workmen who have actually taken a cut to be transferred from the department making an inferior line of furnishings designed for wide sale at low prices. As one fit to head up a large corporation could not be bought for any salary, neither can the most insignificant workman.

And so the individual eventually chosen does not accept the position for money or even for power. He takes on the burden because he sees just what the Tredway Corporation involves: the lives, the well-being of those dependent upon it. This knowledge would enable it to go on and on to greater and greater strength. He grasps a philosophy of business of which those about him are unaware.

The theory that honest men, whether corporation presidents or workmen, take more pride in their work than in their pay checks is certainly not new. Neither is the knowledge that a big company affects countless small lives, and therefore is responsible for them. But these ideas have seldom been so effectively dramatized.

Another problem concerning the calibre of man suitable to be head of a company is brilliantly brought out in the third (and longest) of the three novels, *THE LINCOLN LORDS* (1960). Hawley has elsewhere voiced it vehemently.* Decrying the current image of the ideal corporate executive as a man liked by everyone, ‘a man who leads by soft persuasion,’ he dares to say that the most important quality of character is not ‘getting along with people.’ It is essential to realize that a corporation is ‘a business institution — not a social institution devoted to an all-out pursuit of mass happiness.’ Attempts at ‘group thinking’ must end: the man at the top must make decisions, must not shy away from responsibility.

* *BUSINESS WEEK*, Feb. 20, 1960, p. 129.

Handsome, appealing Lincoln Lord, who all his life has run from decision-making, looks with such horror upon the

burden of responsibility that he has become a 'job-jumper.' Now in this, the last position he may ever be able to gain, that of President of Coastal Foods, will he awaken to a knowledge of what it really means to be president of a company? The question is made fascinating by its ramifications, the impact of the answer on so many people.

An elderly financier, thinking of men like Lincoln Lord, reflects that they are 'a natural product of a world gone soft, an age in which "getting along" was all that really mattered, when company presidents were no longer judged on their ability to strike fire in the hearts of their men as they led them into battle, but rather on their talent for tranquilizing everyone into a state of non-resistant conformity to some scientifically determined pattern of human behavior.' Perhaps the cause is the growth of government, the tax structure, the mushrooming of both corporations and unions, too much prosperity. Yet the motivations seem inexplicable.

Allied with this problem is that of the 'phony;' and this gives such concern to Hawley that he fills THE LINCOLN LORDS with examples of the type. These are people who have gained great honor in their fields simply because they know how to advertise themselves. For actual accomplishment, they rely on assistants and subordinates. Thus, Beatrice Cullen, the great food editor and acknowledged authority on cooking, leans on the skill and industry of her staff. Thus, Thomas Singleton Ruskin, the well-known scholar, has his research done for him by students. Thus, Dr. Horace Cleaveland, the famed pediatrician, signs his name to articles written by unknown physicians employed in his clinic. (In EXECUTIVE SUITE there is Karl Eric Kassel, the renowned architect whose plans and designs are all produced by young men just out of college supposedly 'studying' in his office.)

Lincoln Lord himself, handsome, a gifted speaker, is held responsible for the Japanese trade report commissioned by

the government. When he rises to speak of the work of the Lord Committee he makes the report come alive; and the occasion for his speech is 'front-page news all over the country.' Accompanying the account of it is no picture of the men who have produced the report out of hard study and expert knowledge. There is just one picture: that of Lincoln Lord.

Important as such questions are, they do not approach the profundity of what Hawley voices in *CASH MCCALL*, his second novel (1955). This is by far the most 'glamorous' of the three novels, largely because of the glamor of the main character. Cash McCall has everything: charm, good looks, a keen mind, limitless wealth. He is a financier who is at once shrewd and adventurous. The sums he manipulates are reckoned in the millions. He buys and sells companies for profit as another man might buy and sell potatoes or garden implements. And because of his fabulous dexterity, his talent for increasing wealth, he is held in awe, as if he were a man apart; he has the respect, but scarcely the understanding, of those around him. And he himself understands why: it is because he goes counter to the philosophy of the culture in which he lives.

'We have a peculiar national attitude toward money-making,' he says. 'We maintain that the very foundation of our way of life is what we call free enterprise—the profit system. We're so serious about it that we'll fight to preserve it—literally go to war—but when one of our citizens shows enough free enterprise to pile up a little of that profit, we do our best to make him feel that he ought to be ashamed of himself.' It is a 'Christian precept,' he observes, that there is virtue in poverty, so that despite all the talk in favor of the profit system, it is a 'crime against society' to accumulate any property.

American fiction is filled with heroes who brave the world to attain their goals, but very few of them are heroes of

finance. Cash McCall has something of Theodore Dreiser's Frank Cowperwood; he has Cowperwood's genius for making money, his ability to move in the realms of high finance with never a misstep. But he lacks Cowperwood's ruthless cruelty and chicanery. According to his lawyer, he recognizes the difference between what is legally right and what is morally so.

And Cash McCall believes in happiness; he regards 'pleasure not as a frivolity to be grudgingly tolerated but as something organically linked to life itself, not as a weakness, but as a strength, not as a contradiction of power, but as the proof of its existence.' Happiness is the birthright of such a hero, one of the strong men, one of the conquerors in American fiction.

Hawley believes in him, as he believes in all the other hard-working, sincere businessmen whom he has created. Because he believes in them thoroughly, he has dared to make them figures of romance.

Further, he believes that money-making is not only adventurous, but morally justifiable—his faith in this grounded in experience and clear-sighted observation. For this reason, his fiction, in spite of its occasional slick spots, its concessions to broad popular appeal, has significance for American readers. For this reason, it deserves to be considered 'serious.'

THE MEANS OF CINEMA (A REVIEW OF AK AISATSUI)

by A. Fredric Franklyn

*(It cannot reasonably be speculated that very many cinema makers are much influenced by modern fiction. On the other hand, makers of fiction are unavoidably influenced by cinema. Mr. Franklyn's basic criticisms of this film indicate why numerous modern prose books have not been reviewed in TRACE despite frequent occurrences of elements of purely technical interest. So, this departure – for us – is a measure an effort to get at a source of current literary contamination.)**

PRODUCED FOR THE NIKKATSU Corporation, UNHOLY DESIRE lives up to the atmosphere of melodrama suggested by its English title. It is difficult to account entirely for its failure on such a level, because the director, Shohei Imamura, and his collaborator on the screen treatment, Keiji Hasebe, were the same team who, in 1963, created NIPPON KONCHUKI (or, as it was titled for release in the U.S.A., THE INSECT WOMAN).

Hasebe also was one of the three authors of the script for Kon Ichikawa's ODD OBSESSION, in 1959. Five years before that, Imamura piloted his first film as a full director, THE DIARY OF SUEKO (NIANCHAN). In 1960, he directed HOGS AND WARSHIPS (BUTA-TO-GUNKAN). And he has been credited as a screen writer with such films as CUPOLA, WHERE THE FURNACES GLOW and THE GAMBLING MONK. Hasebe and Imamura are not new names in the scripting and directorial end of Japan's film industry.

Masahisa Himeda, Imamura's photographer for AK AISATSUI, also worked with him on THE INSECT WOMAN. Director and cameraman, as a team, share certain

preferences for particular cinematic techniques. A favorite is their use of a two-shot from an angle above or below the lens subjects. They also overwork medium close-ups. At the same time, these are the camera usages through which they achieve some of their most effective photographic sequences.

Both motion pictures exhibit the same pendulum-like variations between vital and static visual extremes. In *UNHOLY DESIRE*, a medium-close shot is used during a flashback sequence and at the close of the film behind titles, of a young girl using a mulberry leaf to encourage a silkworm to move up her thigh between her legs. The deliberate and refined sensuality has enormous impact. In weakened contrast, whenever this director/photographer team are at a loss in this film for a visual transition, they point their camera at a close-up of a train engine's wheels braking or starting over its track.

**Note by the Editor.*

The choice here is evidently a triple one: first the necessary transition; second, managing it through some organic visual action; and third, adding the extra depth of making the railroad images symbolize the lives and events of the story's people. Concerning the last intent even the train noises are employed as background throughout the screenplay. This isn't faulty thinking in terms of the nature of the medium, nor are these poor choices in terms of the particular script. But the basic railroad image, chosen essentially for its intrinsic suggestion of virility, has had all vitality bled away through excessive repetition.

This is, in fact, the nature of the failure of so many of the picture elements; this, and the even more damaging weakness of employing such a plethora of thematic and cinematic means to make the film statement. The screenplay's elements far exceed any amount necessary to utilize the screen as a vehicle to say something about human life. And their uncritical continuous usage becomes a

separate blunder.

In Imamura's own words: 'Sadako is a simple, ignorant woman who wishes to marry into a family that will bind her and block her real self strongly. Yet, even in this type of woman there is the urge to break away from the strict control of the family and live like a real human being.... Does not her subconscious desire for a "free life" betray her? She keeps thinking that she is the victim, but is this true... how could she live her whole life inside a family which is enveloped in the tentacles of many taboos?'

The story line indicated by such a premise is not impossibly complex. Even the expository sequences necessary to convey the atmosphere of the status quo will not require a great deal of screen time.

The threefold task imposed by this particular combination of theme, plot, and background is: to make clear the girl's motivation to be part of the family; to indicate the terms on which, realistically, she will have to pursue her stated goal; and then, with as much simplicity and authenticity as the postulated circumstances permit, to examine the problems of character and relationships which might normally mature out of such a situation, and the efforts to deal with them as one might expect from her in terms of the girl's personal equipment and limitations.

Basically, these are the elements of many fine motion pictures. Their treatment in *UNHOLY DESIRE* is confused, tiresome, melodramatic, and dishonest.... The unnecessary complexity of plot is another occasion for the over-use of materials and the resultant confusion of purpose.

The relationships growing out of the marriage between Sadako Takahashi (played by Masumi Harukawa) and her husband, Koichi Takahashi (Akira Nishimura), her mother-in-law, her little boy, and the growing, compromising intimacy of Sadako with Hiraoka (Shigeru Tsuyuguchi), the youngster with the heart condition who first robs and then

rapes her — all provide ample scope for enough dramatic controversy to fill a feature-length motion picture. But the story is further cluttered with the relationship between Sadako's husband, Koichi, and his mistress, Yoshiko. Additionally, Sadako's girl friend, who lives next door with her husband and who also sometimes employs Sadako as a seamstress, is having an affair with still another character who happens to be a student who is coincidentally cultivating Sadako's husband (a librarian) in hope of obtaining some sort of scholastic recommendation from Koichi! There simply isn't time in a single drama to inspire an audience with the necessary empathy for the fate of so many diversely-worthwhile people and plans!

These extraneous secondary figures and connections certainly confuse the central purpose of the material. But the fact is, even Hiraoka, Sadako's rapist, provides nothing more solvent in his character than a sort of catalyst for Sadako's inevitable defection. But he is an unnecessary chemical agent in the mixture, which must have come to a boiling point without him anyway, just because Sadako's rebellion was, from the beginning, a foregone conclusion . . . given the circumstances of her unnatural place in this middle-class family environment and her own catalytic nature.

Worse, the use of the character of Hiraoka, which should at most have been minor, has been exaggerated until the role exceeds all others except that of Sadako herself. And the excessive focus on the fundamentally-limited agency of this boy in the story has no more organic justification than to provide the script with its surface pretext for a deliberately heavy-handed magnification of the screenplay's basically incidental sexual content.

In view of the drama's legitimate and really interesting elements, this sexual character of the film, which should have been incidental, was unhappily the honest intent of producer and author, and the measure of the results the

production has naively achieved. The elaborately-masked concern here has been no more meaningful than to produce a sex-and-shock box-office hit. The limited aim is the more deplorable because the essential materials suggest better possibilities; and because a creative combination of photographic, directorial, and writing talent which has been productive before has been misused and wasted for a lightweight commercial venture.

But even assuming an honesty of purpose, the means employed exceed any amount or variety of cinematic characters, situations, and effects needful to make a statement about the human condition. So much precious complexity risks continual clichés, and works more to dilute the substance of a drama than anything it contributes to its validity.

Nor is there ever any clear statement of theme. Taken from an original story by Shinji Fujiwara, the fatiguingly-plotted screen vehicle is materially lacking in point and even lacking in direction — sometimes where it most needs a clarity of intent. Indeed, unless director and writers believe that an honest heterosexual response between two human beings is ‘unholy,’ there doesn’t appear to be any issue to these protracted comings and goings and continually-reoccurring sexual struggles. The story line, such as it is, wanders through the events graphed with evident intent to titilate and to shock — with little else that becomes meaningfully apparent. The one ‘value’ made clear from the beginning is everybody’s determination to kill off Hiraoka in an engagingly-horrifying and prolonged heart attack in the midst of the film’s last sexual gambit. There is never any doubt that this tidbit is being held in reserve for the viewer.

The fatal coronary and coitus-interruptus, besides being gratuitous and distasteful, make one of the most unbelievable and dull moments in a motion picture filled —

by the quality of its unfortunate atmosphere of prurience and audience patronage — almost exclusively with melodrama and tedium. Leading up to this absurd directorial and writing choice is an unbearably-dull sequence with three of the characters tramping through the snows of a considerable slice of Northern Honshu. The fortuitous breakdown of a train ahead of them on the same track has stalled their own train. This is the flimsy architecture with which the edifice of spurious necessity for this journey has been erected. And the audience is constrained to plod step by step with these fools up into the hills, while Hiraoka's breathing becomes increasingly rapid and he works on his imminent heart attack. A series of amazingly-obtuse cinematic choices.

Sadako has accompanied her lover, ostensibly to a trysting place in a town they have previously visited. Actually it's confusing because each talks a good deal about the merits of Hiraoka's notion that they should run away to Tokyo. At all events, she has brought along Thermos of tea which she has poisoned with a liquid agent that has been painfully planted in the story many sequences back. The device and its broad manipulation, is especially offensive because the audience knows from the beginning that the poison can't be used or they will be cheated of the opportunity they have been eagerly awaiting to watch a man die from a massive coronary seizure. In the midst of sexual intercourse! But the much beleaguered and aging Sadako's grim intent is to murder her lover-rapist, and she carries on gamefully with it, her author's higher purpose notwithstanding! Presumably the reason for her homicidal enthusiasm stems from her discovery that she loves poor Hiraoka now. She is pregnant, in any case, and believes the child to be his. The penalties of fatherhood come high in some areas of the world!

Anyway, Hiraoka is doing a pretty good job of forestalling Sadako's unkind plans for him by persisting in this

senseless journey they are taking up the snow-clad mountainside on the way to wherever the train was supposed to have conveyed them. His breathing is candidly ragged by this time, and grows worse during their unmotivated progress toward his exciting end. Author and director evidently persist in naive hope that there's still an open question in the audience's mind as to whether Sadako's Thermos or Hiraoka's own idiocy shortly is going to do him in.

This breathiness on the parts of so many of the characters in so many of the sequences has apparently struck Imamura as an even more reliable device than his repeated photographic references back to a moving train. He fills the sound track in scene after scene with stupid and unrelated animal struggles among all of the principals, to produce a sum of breathy incoherence and unhappiness which is sufficient in itself to obscure any other notion of cinematic purpose. Sadako, as a matter of actual tally, is carnally traduced five times by her lover and twice by her husband! This score does not include one unfinished attempt by Hiraoka and two incompletes by Koichi. Also not taken into account, is the sexual sequence between Koichi and his mistress, Yoshiko — nor the scene of breathy outrage in which Sadako's girl friend's adulterous behavior is discovered by her sten-torian and single-sequence husband.

Well, one way and another, these are characters that do breathe!

Meanwhile, back on the mountain: adding a little seasoning to Hiraoka's approaching wide-angle-vision apotheosis, Yoshiko — who has boarded the same train to follow the couple and obtain three-dozen 35-mm photographs for evidences of their criminally-normal behavior — is climbing up and down the mountain in their breathless wake, a little out of breath, herself. She plans to turn the fruits of her candid-camera holiday over to Sadako's

husband to apprise him of his wife's faithlessness so that he will throw her out and incidentally turn to Yoshiko, giving her the patiently-awaited opportunity to legalize her own somewhat embarrassing relationship with Koichi. It's a bit complicated, but apparently not to the characters involved.

Anyway, there is a simply heart-rendering moment when Yoshiko, who is semi-blind without them, drops her glasses in the snow, making it momentarily impossible for her to continue with her vicious and entirely self-centered purpose. It is clear that the audience is somehow expected to sympathize with this girl in her artificial difficulties. Unfortunately for the plans of director and author, the audience sits there hoping this bitch will fall into a gully and break her amateurish, selfish, and hostile neck. Disappointingly, she recovers her insufficiently-damaged glasses and is not yet killed, becoming, instead, an immediate victim of the author's and director's whimsey, another juicy morsel held in reserve for the film's anticlimactic moments. Her own fatal accident has to wait until Hiraoka has 'breathed' his last.

True to her mission, Yoshiko follows Sadako back home after Hiraoka's big and final moment, snapping away with her 35-mm. And there, outside the railroad station where she is frantically trying to log a final couple of photos of Sadako leaving for her home in a cab, Koichi's nearsighted malicious mistress steps busily off the curb into the street in front of a monstrous oncoming truck (the fate of the ungenerous) and is knocked fifteen or twenty feet on her way to Buddha all at once.

The courageous girl lives long enough, however, to ensure that her documentary in stills will come to the hands of her lover, to do Sadako. By this time, the picture is at least an hour too long; but some odds and ends remain to be cleared up — more than enough for an anticlimactic denouement which is even duller than any preceding sequences.

And the worst has not yet been said. For all the excellence — elsewhere — of its technicians, this cinema work is riddled with consistently-bad directorial and writing choices. Its means far exceed anything necessary to convey the sort of quasi-religious, hypocritical cant which serves in lieu of any genuine or original concerns in this sort of drama. And the endless repetition of these confused elements becomes finally so stultifying that the most blatantly-melodramatic sequences cease to offend or to stimulate in any manner whatever. This cotton drama blends finally into an indistinguishable tedium. But the story's real failure lies in its one-dimensional people....

Not one of the characters, apart from the clichéd little sympathetic tag who is Sadako's small son, ever makes a wholehearted, warm, and considerate gesture toward anyone else. The humanity of these adults is oriented totally toward their own small self-interests. Any one of them could die, waiting around for the most infinitesimal display of consideration. Four of these human beings do, in fact, perish from this spiritual drought during the long course of this elaborate and gimmicky drama: Hiraoka, most spectacularly; Yoshiko, retributively; Koichi's grandfather; and inevitably, Sadako's bastard. Using so many people, so many emotions, so many circumstances and events, so many plot complications simply to deal with one truth about the biped mammalian organism is as stupid and insensitive as burning down a house to open an unlocked door.

THE CHRONICLE

• An Evolving Directory (of magazines and publishers of literary intent)

Contents key: C = criticism; F = fiction; X = articles; P = poetry;

AT = all types of writings; G = graphic art; ? = unknown.

Format key: LP = letterpress; O = offset; D = mimeo/dupl.; ? = unseen.

Periodicity key: 1 = annual; 2 = semi-annual; 3 = tri-annual;

4 = quarterly; 6 = bi-monthly; 12 = monthly; ? = irregular or

unknown.

Prices are for single copies. Dates are years of founding.

Payment key: 0 = no pay; * = copies or nominal \$s; ** = better

than nominal; *** = fair rates; **** = top remuneration.

Latest Indexed Address List closes 1964 TRACE Series, available in

hardback book — \$4.00.

ADEPT, P.O. Box 52927, Houston, Tex. (Now appearing ; ed. by Vivian Ayers, with coop. of int'l board. Uses photog.) AT; G; O; 4. \$1 ; '65.

AION, 308 W. 109th St., New York City. (Yet unseen, rptd. relevant.)

ALAN SWALLOW, Publ., 2679 S. York St., Denver 10, Colo. (A REFRAIN OF ROSES, Martin H. Robbins — \$2 — poetry. In New Poetry Series: POETRY and a Libretto, Joan Simpson Meyers — \$2.)

ALBATROSS, 145 Noe St., San Francisco 26, Calif. (Mag. only, suspends.

Ed. Priscilla Waterman will publ. books, incl. poetry of Melville

Abbett.)

SCAN PP. 29-39

THE CHRONICLE

THE CHRONICLE, 'An Evolving Directory' – eleven pages, some hundred and forty magazines and presses. It is omitted, with the capsule notices: it is a working address list rather than reading matter, and it is superseded by THE INTERNATIONAL GUIDE TO LITERARY AND ART PERIODICALS.

Two entries carry the Eureka line forward. COFFIN is at 3118 K St., Eureka – the HEARSE address – with 'Jon Griffith's long-awaited No. 1, fantastic lot of poems, art, all shapes, sizes, colored papers – in folder-format cover.' And COERCION of Omaha has 'Recent No. 4, a special poetry issue – ed., Clarence Major,' who had been running his own pamphlet series out of Chicago when TRACE first listed him seven years before.

CRANK BOOKS distributes Jim Burns's SOME POEMS, 'hand-sewn mimeo, ltd. 200.' FILM CULTURE is distributing Gregory Markopoulos's POEMS with an introduction by Gerard Malanga. DUST of El Cerrito lists Alan Watts and Gene Fowler and a LITTLE MAGAZINE DIRECTORY of its own. BIM writes from Barbados, BETWEEN WORLDS from Puerto Rico, AMBIT from Hornsey Lane, where Martin Bax 'joins in founding arts centre with theatre, gallery, poetry bookshop in Kensington/Chelsea area.'

The names are listed in Trace_56_1965_chronicle_names.txt beside the transcript. – ED.

GAMES, SUNSETS, AND HUMAN FEATURES

A CONTRA-VIEW & 'THE POINT FOR LITERATURE'

from George Thompson

S. E. MORAY LODGES A NUMBER of complaints against 'psychologists and social scientists' in her 'Accurate' and Insalubrious (TRA No. 54), most of them familiar. Moray's occasion for ire is GAME PEOPLE PLAY, by Dr. Eric Berne (GROVE, 1964), the book Moray perhaps thought she was reviewing in her article. Berne, she believes, is doing at least two things which are objectionable: trivializing 'deep human feelings' by calling them moves in 'frivolous games;' and operating in the larger program of behavioral scientists to 'regard people as empty masks.' Moray is quite wrong about both these matters. She is wrong on the first count because she misunderstood Berne, either having overlooked or utterly misread certain straightforward passages in the book. The second matter, I would like to look at separately.

When Berne points to the games that people play in ordinary social intercourse, he is giving attention to a special kind of transaction between human beings. He is using 'game' in a limited, technical sense to tag that kind of transaction. Although Berne takes five orderly and economically-written chapters to fill out his sense of 'game,' it is possible to show in a few passages that his idea is not at all what Moray accuses him of holding. Berne, for example, distinguishes between a 'game' and an 'operation' by this explanation, on page forty-eight:

Games are clearly differentiated from procedures, rituals, and pastimes by two chief characteristics: (1) their ulterior quality and (2) the payoff. Procedures may be successful,

rituals effective, and pastimes profitable, but all of them are by definition candid; they may involve contest, but not conflict.... Every game, on the other hand, is basically dishonest, and the outcome has a dramatic, as distinct from merely exciting, quality.

... An operation is a simple transaction or set of transactions undertaken for a specific, stated purpose. If someone frankly asks for reassurance and gets it, that is an operation. If someone asks for reassurance, and after it is given turns it in some way to the disadvantage of the giver, that is a game.

Berne says in a number of places (cf. pp. 49, 50, 61, and again pointedly in his Introduction) that games of the kind he is examining are not necessarily 'fun.' The parties may be seriously engaged in a relationship, he says on page seventeen of the Introduction. And on page fifty: 'The most complex game that ever existed, that of "Coma," tier" as described so well by Stendhal in *THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA*, was deadly serious. The grimmest of all, of course, is "War."

One might wish to argue Berne's occasional dips into literary criticism, but it is clearly beside the point to complain, as Moray does, that Berne 'almost' calls that 'abstract "behavior"' of abstract institutions . . . honest and reasonable, while the ways in which real people act are somehow not kosher — maybe dishonest.' (TRACE, p. 297.)

Berne provides an abundance of 'ways people act' that are honest. In fact his theory of dishonest, or ulterior transactions, would be of little descriptive use if it were not logically possible at least for him to contrast games with game-free, or 'nonulterior' social exchanges. He does this quite explicitly, as the passages quoted will show. Further than that, Berne notes the existence, in practice, of game-free situations which are not merely procedures, rituals, pastimes, or operations. These he calls situations of

‘intimacy,’ an idea he develops in the second part of his book by contrasting intimacy, the ‘spontaneous, game-free candidness of an aware person’ (p. 180) with ‘games’ in his sense.

Against this necessarily spare background, a simple example will help:

Little girl: Mommy, do you love me?

Mother: What is love?

This answer leaves the child with no direct recourse. She wants to talk about mother, and mother switches the subject to philosophy, which the little girl is not equipped to handle (p. 95).

The dialogue, of course, is not to be taken as a transcript, but a description of what might be implicitly stated in such an exchange. Berne’s point is that the mother is not speaking candidly, but out of an ulterior aim of cornering the child in order to avoid intimacy.

Moray writes: ‘It would be marvelous if psychologists and social scientists were more interested in looking at people as human beings instead of as IBM cards, parts of mathematical formulae, labels, gamesters, and role-players’ (TRACE, p. 298). This remark is not relevant to Berne’s game analysis, as Moray must know if she has read the last six chapters of the book. (‘The aware person is alive because he knows how he feels, where he is and when it is. He knows that after he dies the trees will still be there, but he will not be there to look at them again, so he wants to see them now with as much poignancy as possible.’ Berne [p. 180] is here posing some arguments in metaphysics, aesthetics, and the philosophy of mind perhaps, but certainly not ‘on the road toward automating people’ [TRACE, p. 298].) Moray’s dismay, however, at the automating practices of the behavioral sciences in general deserves some explicit reply, if only because of its homeliness.

Of cool comfort, but a beginning, is the understanding that human beings will be what they are regardless of mistakes in describing them. There are, admittedly, abuses of empirical inquiries and of systematic appraisals related to what people do, think, feel, and so forth. Interestingly, misuses of psychological tests often are the acts of people who are not behavioral scientists — administrators, personnel managers, review boards — and squarely at odds with the advice of psychologists who have developed the tests. (A comprehensive and evidently neutral treatment appears in *Who's Fit to Serve?* by James Ridgeway THE NEW REPUBLIC, Mar. 13, 1965, pp. 9-11.)

Aside from that, it is clear that, on principle, explanations of human behavior in terms of something like 'motivation' or causes — though useful in promoting certain changes in people and making limited predictions about how people will perform under stateable conditions — cannot logically exhaust our interest in what people are like or our efforts to understand them. Actions, as contrasted with behavior, cannot be accounted for strictly in causal terms. And this is not a notion to be proven or disproven by further investigation into the psychological facts. It is part and parcel of our ordinary concepts of human actions. Regardless of his behavior, for instance, a man cannot be said to steal something which he does not believe is the possession of another. If I can see that my boss is inadvertently destroying his own business, it will not be because I know the cause-and-effect explanations of his behavior. It would be quite reasonable, further, if you show me, on the other hand, that my boss is doing this deliberately, without either of us referring to what makes him act the way he does. Or our friend Joe may convince us both that the boss is acting involuntarily — which puts the matter altogether in another light: 'He is acting on orders from above, and his job is at stake. It's some monopolistic

scheme, so although it's deliberate on his part, it's not exactly intentional.'

Emotions of the kind Moray wants to protect, protect themselves much the same way. My therapist may get me to report my hostile feeling, but he and I must discuss a good deal more than mechanical relations before we can decide whether I am angry, jealous, fearful or vindictive. Notice that in the case of emotions we 'decide' more than we seem to 'find,' although I might introspect in order to 'find out what my feelings (which I might prefer to overlook) happen to be.' By contrast, a person might be wrong about naming his emotion: he might claim he only pretended to be angry and quite sincerely believe

NEIL MYERS

HAMLET - I

In November, in the mouths of dark, like hollowness,
I woke & put on clothes & stumbled from the house
for deer into the pit of streets as if my spear
were damaging my side & traveling in the snow
(why do my enemies alone give hope? or is it only
the Jesus in the snow
stuck like a holy bone on the burning sky?)
In November fields
I probe the pumpkin & the corn's
dry tassels in the dust of snow.
The cornflake man
is dancing to the prayer,
& on the edges of the hills
the dry farms
equate & fade into the still of air
like steel against the fold of rocks.
Hamlet marching to the night
prays devils for his agony
& lifts his rods to point the light-
ning to his mother & his heir,

or dances in November rain.
I will not speak his prayer.
The end of God is hollowness.
What can redeem is emptiness, not prayer.

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JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS

A MASQUE OF MEANINGS

The witch of birth touched my lips
a tap of forgetfulness.
Loosed from a nine-month's journey
I arrived one memory less,
beginning, then, at a loss —
and the breastwarm dark is gone,
the buoyant passage from arm to arm,
love looking down.
How long the circling finger poised
to buzz on dimple, navel, knee,
descending, being bumblebee?
With hive and honey gone,
Sister, Self, what have we done
for sweet or shame,
hands and heartbeats since
but seek our vanished name?
Turning in time as a figure
lost in a chamber of mirrors
looks out and is reflected back;
moving space as a dancer
spins for a circle of eyes,
changed in the thoughts of the watchers
to become her own disguise.

JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS

LOVERS LIFT A FAULTY MIRROR;

look deep, the gentle glass will break
and the mended silver keep its seams.
Take an image from the shards
and rise to greet a stranger
or cross the timeless time of sleep,
eyes shut in dreaming's second-sight

to find once more
the thread that leads us into light
is fastened in a cave of water
and the green pools give our image back.
Wake and seek: a sky has no reply.
The birds sing to their own,
the leaves translate the wind
yet beauty gives and takes our breath.
The selves seal in their mysteries,
a secret honey swells the hive
and loves are bees that bring the sweet
for journeys that the living make.
A voice has said: 'your names
are many as a world of eyes
and when the witch-death seals your lips
and gives to bone its shirt of stones,
though stars and meanings cross,
you leave your wisdom to the wind
and end is as beginning, at a loss.'

MAUDE RUBIN

THE WEDDING GUEST

Through fly-specked glass the bride is washed with
morning,
light brushes okastuc kukues aknist-virgin.
The uninvited wedding guest keeps turning
a memorized roll of film: a warm white night
soft flesh . . . parked car's dark cave.
Time that uncoiled in Eden
coils tight in this dingy aisle.
The judge's query
repeats itself to one who feels the burden
of her body's swelling weight,
though bridegroom's platinum circle dulls to gray —
his shirt-front the pouter-bulge of a fish-fed gull.
She whispers two syllables. A mist of tulle
fogs out the sun.
Time's hour-glass-hornet-waisted
sifts only this knife-sharp quartz.
The wedding guest slips out, eyes drained of lust
knowing the bridegroom's kiss
will taste of dust.

MAUDE RUBIN

OLD THUNDER HUNTS AGAIN

Through sonic-boom and rocket-blast
Old Thunder snores.
No blue pacific, the ocean boils —
bubbles with sewage
white-foaming floods
of detergent suds.
Noon haze of smog
sharp as the long-held squirt of city dog
blisters yellow hydrant paint —
scalds eye and throat.
Time for another hunt.
Breaking his dream of Midas-lust,
Old Thunder puffs out a loose-lipped curse,
whistles his liver-spotted hounds.
With blood-streaked drool
they claw
this black-top parking lot for bones . . .
find only a mouldy hung-over dove,
one rancid pin-feathered eagle.

JOSEPH EDGAR SIMMONS

LET ME NEVER LEAVE MY SANE HOUSE

Let me never leave my sane house
for lonely corridors
for an inmate twilight
for epode in strangeness
where no brush of green is
where the walking is unhallowed
where the scream is
and the white arms bearing the man to floor
to halt extremist pivot
convulsed on wood
in a night
nurse, nurse, say my prayer with me
let me never leave my sane house
let me know the sweetest slant of light
the domestic trees,
my trees, my dawn,
my children fair and there
in a morning let me be calm in light.

JOSEPH EDGAR SIMMONS

THE WIND AT THE EVE (METAPHOR 51)

We cannot act
Without moving toward a phantom:
See Keats spy his bird
And Plato draw cave for cave;
Each grand enfold
Falls like speckled joy
Within the webbing time and space,
The matrix where zooms
The hurrying bone, hare-fast and hungry.
And there are requests:
Distill, my Lord, said the turtle
And He did
And the fox asked for elusive leaps,
The deer for a quick twitch of horns under moon,

But myth, eyeing galaxies, took a menacing grip and
sighed.

We rattle the world for our babies,
Sob, shrug, are baffled by the dead —
That one, too, is under wraps,
Is energy in a sheeting wind
Which crisps the phantoms
Spool along the stairwell
And, drawn down the oblique roof,
Shrieks 'Alive! Alive!'
In goodly eve talk.

Joseph H. Kempf

THE SPECTATOR

Time is a vulture.
He hunches naked-neck black
In his crookback tree,
Watching with deceptive detachment
The struggle below.
Stirred from some carrion dream,
He flaps his musty wings
To remind us he's watching,
Then preens his feathers
And settles down to wait.
He's in no hurry,
This primordial ghoul.
His essence is patience;
All things acknowledge
His sovereignty —
If not sooner,
Then later.

JOSEPH H. KEMPF

**THERE FROM HIS HUMPBACK PERCH, SLOW
BENEATH CORPULENT LIDS, HE ROLLS A RHEUMY
EYE AND OBSERVES THE FINAL TWITCH. HE
SENSES VICTORY, BUT HIS NOSE TELLS HIM NOT
QUITE YET — SO HE SHUTS HIS BLOOD-RED EYE
AND SLEEPS A CARNAL SLEEP, KNOWING WITH
STOIC CERTAINTY THE STENCH WILL WAKE HIM
IN TIME FOR THE FEAST.**

When the corpse is rank enough He drops from his
bough, Sliding silently into the wind; Down with curl of
carion lip, He lights at the feet And feeds to the top.

At last he abandons the bones, Munching an ear for
dessert, Then retires to his crookback tree; There he sits and
cleans his beak, Keeping it honed for you and for me.

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DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

POEM TO BE READ SILENTLY

This is a poem to be read
with eyes and mind, with
the companionable senses,
and not to be listened to:
as lisped or lilted,
caterwaulled or dredged
through ego and emotions,
broad a's made broader
on its prairie latitudes,
eyes coy like a mother's
above it, chin being stroked
for vaulted syllables and
consonants as oracular as snakes,
and the meaning middle-octave
underscored and then interred.
To be kept in abeyance: all
the propped-up listeners,
with arm-pits sympathetic
nasals cum-molto, coughs accented
with iambic rhythm, mouths
crossed and crossed out,
eyes yearning for endearment.
Is this poet meaningly in his cups?
At the mercy of his father's libido?
Is what he vocalizes prophecy or
barely edification? Are his symbols
Post-Freudian, and are we genuinely
attuned to be non-receptive?
For instance, that other listener,
three rows ahead, with red beard,
can we give him patronage too, and
still confront meaning and rhyme?

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

This is a poem to be seen privately,
to give assault in secret, to tear
at factials, to wring necks,
to skewer on forgotten compulsions,
to be left on its page of formal
print and soluble words, not to be
scattered like confetti in a grange
or music hall, where the audience
coddles a hundred and more
personalized germs, or rustles
about like fowls for the peckings.
Nor possibly watch that man
with his russet beard, a cigarette
behind each ear, who, should the poem
cash in with a formal meaning,
aims to set his beard afire.
This is a poem to be read direly
and dunly, in an aloneness of respect
or derision and minus a beard to set
on fire, or to be emulsified with
a pedigreed cough of understanding.

JO McDOUGALL

ON LEAVING SOLOMON

casebook: noted :
Renoir looking out of the glass
the girl coming past him speaking with flesh
and the sun falls flat like a paperweight glass frog and
this is the way October always comes here:
sun in a dump of washwater scummed
and something else yes to be noted —
an exodus: ofwaspsounds going white in the sun
a smell of willows sounding green
)young wet jabbing green
and the way grass is stubby like jazz
is only tobeentered barefoot
and in summer
But october glides me glass blue cellos bassing rain
and it is time to fold the renoirs
Songs
: to gather in

JO McDUGALL

TO A CERTAIN ARTIST

becauseYou
because and everything implicit
in that link:
laughter slides voice a fuse a meld
because you are that tensile
fibered webbed in the dark wet runs
intaglio lines and you spread fanned wings
songs scatter like spores/seed tumult of veins
and
shorebirds eye me
their grace flint stretch small pulse
know it is warm
warm colors here
and beaches

TRACY THOMPSON

YOU

You gave me the lowdown
on the loops and angles;
the curves and the maladroits
fell into your ken. You it was
discovered the lumbar
lucidities, and the musks of miasma.
You wrote in lower case of disloyalties,
you wrote in upper of fidelities,
you taught a science beyond lucky chance
and a beauty unnumbered of virtue.
Beyond the moon's magic
was your brilliancy
you gave me mandolins of
information
flutes of communication, letters
of jewsharp
epistles of musical comb. Without you
was nothing that was, was not,
without you was, nothing that, was-was not.

N. M. WEISS

TRANSMIGRATED

blue derby-like umbrella mountain roads
spilling sun and spring
to hungry black chasmatic mirrors
below
dead brown and bugs
raised
from boring graves of brown
february
sucked and stolen
saturated by bloated
kidney-like
ostentatious globs of
glycerated fat
broken by the tread
of heavy hours
invisible elfish finger
back to boring, brown
graves —
to await

BERNICE WINTERS

LEITMOTIV 60's

Hear the Harleys
har-r! har-r!
manic riders
in thin black leather
tooling to Valhalla
on flaked-job
cycles. Down
shifting Vikings
buzz by in
bunches
slicing the streets
in search of a
scramble. Weird

Wotans
lost in zippers,
a pocket of
chain
for windshield smashing;
making the scene at
Whiskey à GoGo
while their suicide clutch
rests
and pony shoes
cool.

BERNICE WINTERS

LO THE SWINEMAIDENS!

with their crotches
vibrating,
blonde-laying chicks
on 4-figure
choppers
squeezing their
sphincters
inside narrow shrill
lycra.
Sex in sync
hot on the buddy pad,
out-dragging the deathwish
with a bounce of be
hind.
If this is the bike
bit,
where is the
thunder?
Siegfried is sick
and Brünnhilde's
bleary. These
honkers-on

and hangers of wheelies
are big DAD/dee
dropouts
with super
charged bitches.
The Norsemen pull double
weil Odin schreit 'SCHNELLER!'
und die grosse Goddamnerung
cost
a penny a mile.

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WILLIAM PACKARD

MACBETH

The rush of the irrational, its headlong thrust far in the darkness, how it all happens in such haste that there is hardly time to wish for the initiative before the deed is done, the wonder of the whirling world is blundered, & we observe the birth of murder, blurring surfaces, obscuring purpose & reversing certainties.

O the brain, the brain is dangerous, the brain contains strange sights & sleepless nights, it is a scorpion tormenting its own secret being, it is all hell telescoped into an instant of insanity, until the conscience cools, recoils, & turns rock solid & insensible, a resignation past all rage, some wretched restless man absurdly cursing his own words.

STANLEY COOPERMAN

THE LABORATORY

I am obsessed with dimples:
from bottles of salt babies I weave this
garland,
their delicate chins adrool
with dry formaldehyde and grandmothers,
a suck of pinkness (slightly
soiled by time), and
delectable fists floating
in the wash.
The lecturer himself seems
wrinkled,
his voice fumbles and gnarls,
his fingers
(urine-colored as befits the text)
wave to us from behind
unpasturized clouds,
his cigar

squeezes slowly from his face.
And you my pretty, pretty girls
who smell of ribbons:
dipped in plastic, your eyelids
crack into a gaggle of moonfire
that fills your sweetest tube
and ventricle
with sudden pity:
dark unhappenings fill every nostril,
discharging a soft renunciation
shaped like tears.

RYAH TUMARKIN GOODMAN

DO THE DEAD EAT

On the other side of the death notice
Is an ozark pudding recipe.
Do the dead eat?
The living live on rumours and events,
Savoring crumbs of sun
On memory's mound.
The dead eat islands of strawberries
And phrases of frost.
Having no need for seeds of survival
Or rains of circumstance,
They feed on black roots
Holding summer's greenest green,
And taste the taint of living words
Under stone.

JERRY H. BURNS

ILLUMINATIONS

i,
during the iceage
of my adolescence
imagined it to be

something else
the wheel of birth to death
revolved through flesh and fear
and comprised the lot of me
how was i to know
the reverse is also true
and each is only
half the orbit
but thus does careen this mudball
sphere through breathless eons
this singular carousel
where
if i stretch my length
and catch a star
the man at the gate
will give me
two white roses
one for now
because i am dead
and one for mother
when later like hecuba
she bares her breasts
to the bloodless moon

EARL HENDLER

MEASURE

And with today's penchant for new things
we note that English coach without its horses,
a baby carriage pinioned to old springs,
gavotting wheels with an eighteenth-century bounce
in an all-aluminum body,
its weight of tradition pleasantly deceptive,
and that eggnog interior of silk
for the putatively royal infant,
christened by a jeweled drop or two,
the horses' trot muffled for his splendor,
and oiled door handles, sleek with ormolu,
for the great gossips, swift to take ahold,
god-like, able to afford God
some measure of material justice.

DAVID RAFAEL WANG

MIRACLE IN HONOLULU

When a miracle happens in Honolulu,
The tourists dash out naked, enwrap
in their best paraphernalia, each
carrying a suitcase, ready to catch
the nearest fallout at their feet.
In their excitement a middle-aged's eyeball
falls out of its socket, merging
with the traffic of one-way streets;
Another's feet simply take off,
vanishing into an alley,
a dead end where the beachboys meet;
A third loses a child —
a liquefaction none has expected —
Its blonde hair entangled in the macadamia
ice cream, which discolours its body
and into the gutter seeps.
When order is restored, where there was
a traffic island, there is now a sea.
The test must be a stunning success,
Since none retains the memory to give it coverage.

EVELYN FOWLER

EMERGENT

Once
skeletal thought
crept timidly
from cave of time.
Intuitive molecule
shapeless
seeking
within the cranial void....
Compressing
brain-ball figments
into patterned parallel,
Molding its shape
on the molten core.
Relentless
as windsong
narrowing backward
through moth-white whirl....

D. M. BLACK

FOR BLOOD

shouting for blood
no no not blood what can you buy
with blood but he is hustling her
along the pavement and the crowds shout
Give us our holidays
Give us our gods our girls our leisure our
Liberty our wages our football our baseball our
click! she has caught her hand
on the latch of the gate and she catches
it up, and she does not notice
he has fallen dead. There is a little blood on her hand.
She
puzzles over it.
I,
who plod vivid through the shadowy turmoil,
have a stone ruff and white scales like an Australian
dragon.

SISTER ROSE CAROL PIETTE

GREAT FATHER OF INDIAN SUMMER

Great Father of the Indian Summer
Stay with us
As your Autumn colored moccasins
Slip off to winter's shoes.
How wild have been the dances calling down
the war-painted spirits
from their branched forts.
And now,
they've woven a blanket
for your sleeping earth.
How eagerly your tribes of chipmunks and furry
squirrels
Gather into secret furrows
Corn and nuts
to be a shield against the siege of

the great white winter.
Now from their straw papooses
your feathered children go
to seek a warmer wigwam
with a constant fire.
See the trees
stripped, with arms upraised
as martyrs, awaiting their robe of grace.
No. Leave us not, Great Father,
in the ice palace of winter days.
Purify your crystal children.
Make them reflect your rays.

JOHN HIDEYO HAMAMURA

THE FAR HILLS

To where under the moon, tribes of mountains hunch
hard and bitter cold in their old robes:
robes once green, now grey and black and cracking like
dry
leather, streaked white with snowy
hair fallen and left fallen....
To where one morning, spring comes down
like singing rain, loud and brassy and
bold as the sun, to the mountains then singing
and swaying with the song feathering rain off their wild
flower
breasts,
feathering and misting down the long valleys....
To where on that morning, the mountains rise
and swirl the fringe of their young green robes
and stretch out their arms and arch their backs and
laugh at the sun. And then begin their dance to the sea.
i'll run —
to where the mountains begin their dance down to the
running sea.

CHARLES SHAW

I SCATTER PAPER PROMISES

The paradox of time wrings winter hands
and leans against the unrelenting years,
now whispering a resurrected rune,
now pondering the circumstance of space.
Who knows the sublimation of success,
knows, too, the incandescent chaperon,
no longer sipping darkness from a cloud
or fingering the napery of noon.
The rusted arm of night unhooks a leaf,
gone begging for the signet of a song.
I scatter paper promises that drift
across the wounded vertical of dawn.

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PAUL B. NEWMAN

DIURNAL REPORT

In the white sunlight of this consciousness small things take on a grain by grain distinctness. Form moves from blind and insecure dimensions toward tactile certitude. The morning wind from cool white land all night beneath the darkness lying stirs itself and raises silence to the dreaming musing mind whose mythical perceptions silvered and gilded like our mouths dive through. Consummate sweetness your lips pressed into dreaming silence. Being, overwhelmed in darkness, drew me from my seeing, told me everything.

RAY JEROME

MAN ON A PARK BENCH

We bear a humanity become
Stigma, and spend our
Million dollar lives on
Penny frustrations, nurse
Dollar despairs on
Dime beers.
Orphans all — children of
Orphans — we lay our
Corrupt innocence on the
Auction block of life, or
Hoard it like misers their
Pennies, beggars their
Snot.
Good is archaic.

Beauty cowers in the
Fugitive places.
Truth is a decrepit old
Man on a park bench,
And evil is become
Tame, civilized, urbane.
Having nothing
We desire all.
Our love — besieged by
Hate, resentment, fear —
Turns upon itself and grows
Cancerous.

RUTH FORBES SHERRY

IDENTITY

The core, an isometric crystal,
hostile to valor, probity and wit,
and faith's fury,
resists my probing chisel.
Something indurate
defies the drive of tool.
All history's jailed within,
and all identity.
What avail to whistle up a Djinn
who no more than I with spoon-fed myth,
can bind the pain of birth
and death?
I'll batten down my will;
gorge on orange
and damson;
velleities of wisdom.

LEONA HAMILTON

SCIENTIST

Night-walking in a field
of white mice,
you analyze the universe.
A smear on a lens
makes you detective of the blood,
asking the microbes
to show you life and death.
By what equations, then
are your dreams
consumed?
Go home for lunch,
but wipe the mould first
from your horn-rimmed spectacles.
Now let your wife explain
why the curd rejects the whey,
and the yeast will bless the bread.

PASSENGER PIGEONS

Carl Schemmerling

Grandma Adams's way to the West Hollywood Market, where she did all her food-shopping, went through an alley behind a Greek restaurant and an actors' workshop kind of struggling theatre. On the other side of the alley, an old woman like herself kept a big rambling back yard full of scraggly rose bushes, and otherwise denuded of grass by a dark-leaved avacado tree; in the rear of the back yard, and approachable from the alley, was an aviary for parakeets—scores of them — while in flight, noisy and fantastic. Between the smells of Near East cookery, garbage cans, the clutter of shabby stage props, and the hut full of subtropical birds, the alley was a pleasure to walk and a real enclave in the gaudy monotony of streets crowded with new Hollywood garden apartments unnaturally landscaped and flashing quasi-manorial titles. Grandma Adams felt proprietary toward this alley. She never passed the aviary without a look in at the pastel folk that, at her approach, flowed whirring through the air, unless it happened to be raining and the birds — the whole Pacific littoral — were subdued and hunched under nature.

Grandma Adams started, almost crying out a warning. There was a kitten lying against the baseboard of the aviary near the double door. She'd thought the kitten was a cat and in some manner burrowing a passage toward slaughter and a meal. But, almost immediately, her sharp eyes identified it — small, orange, and crouched as closely into a shallow depression in the dirt as its ratty fur allowed. It had taken what protection was to be had from the weeds that grew there; clearly, the kitten was near its end. At the sound of Grandma Adams's surprise, the animal raised its head and

glared at her with one yellow eye which was already half-glazed; the other eye, or a jelly resembling it, hung from a caked and suppurating socket.

Still quivering from the expectation of having to beat off a marauder with her shopping bag, Grandma Adams returned the creature's stare. It sickened her — not the absent eye so much as the fear and hatred overlying the gathering death in the eye that survived. In spite of its weakness, the kitten scraped around to face the new enemy; then hissed wickedly. 'You little devil,' Grandma Adams said to the kitten, 'still full of salt.' Its courage warmed her with old-fashioned admiration. Perhaps if the animal had been piteous, or abject, or simply moribundly vacant, she would have gone on and placed the call to the Humane

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Society. The fierceness in so small and inexpensive a life touched her. Deftly, she reached over the kitten's back and grabbed it up by the nape and pushed it into the shopping bag where it twisted feebly. It had tried to slash at her, all right — as terrified by the sudden wilderness of birds at its back as by the strong claw that had it by the neck.

Maybe it'd be best, Grandma Adams thought, now that she had accepted responsibility, if I'd drown it and relieve it of its misery. But she was already out of the alley and walking rapidly, not toward her apartment, but toward the veterinary hospital four blocks west of the West Hollywood Market. Not that she hadn't seen her share of ailing and deformed kittens drowned — even as a girl on her father's farm where cats proliferated, and the men — surrounded all their lives by animals — allowed only the best. In her bag, the kitten lay still and weighed nothing. Doubtless starving and diseased. Its eye. Another cat, equally desperate and hungry, a stronger cat whose territory the kitten had invaded, probably was responsible for that — or some cruel boys. Grandma Adams held the bag away from her body so it would swing as little as possible and not jolt against her. She had seen monstrous boys douse cats in kerosene and light them; once, one of her father's hands, a moron, bite a pup's budding tail off. Ah, that wretched man, whose bones had been like lumber in a canvas sack! She'd gotten that one fired.

The veterinarian on duty remembered Grandma Adams from the time her last dog had been ailing so much before he'd died, about three years before. He was a man in his middle thirties whose disposition Grandma Adams had always thought ill-suited to his profession. She knew he made a point of being addressed as Doctor, Doctor Olitsky.

‘What is it we’ve got here . . . uh, Mrs. Adams, isn’t it?’ He reached for the shopping bag and laid it, none too gently, on the narrow counter while Grandma Adams told him.

Dr. Olitsky peered into the dimness, exercising caution. He grunted with distaste. ‘Come on in,’ he said, ‘and I’ll have a look at it, if you want. I can tell you right now you’d be better off to save your money.’ ‘It’s my money, Doctor,’ Grandma Adams said. ‘True,’ Dr. Olitsky said. What he claimed he hated most in life was sentimental women with their useless humanized pets. He had difficulty hiding this blunt excess of his personality. His partner had warned him. A good part of their prosperity derived from doggies and dear kitties. ‘And I understand how it is, but for Chrissakes be sensible, will you, Olitsky?’

Dr. Olitsky worked the kitten out of the shopping bag and had it be

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hind the head, finally forcing it upon the stainless steel table. It rolled its feral eye, remaining motionless and splayed, as though only waiting for an opportunity to expend its last strength in mayhem. The examination room was lined with tall glass cabinets loaded with jars and implements. Behind doors, dwelt a subterranean yelping of tormented dogs. In the brisk light, Grandma Adams could see the kitten's coat was sparse and matted, its tail an opossum's, and befouled.

She waited on the side while the veterinarian fingered the kitten's distended belly, inspected its parted lips and puckered anus, and slid the skin under its ruined eye back and forth. 'In my opinion, put him away,' he said. 'The eye is finished, and he's half-starved. He's got worms and diarrhea. Most likely die or turn out badly anyway. We can do it here for you. Five dollars.' He had already pushed the kitten back into the bag. He held his free hand loosely away from himself, as though wishing to avoid contamination.

You're a cool-hearted lobster, a civil servant, Grandma Adams thought. If the condemnation of life had at all concerned Dr. Olitsky, she might have handed him the five dollars — which she could not afford — and that would have been the end of it, for she was well acquainted with the Lord of Creation Who dribbled lives through His fingers. She was an old woman, and the animal, only a kitten on the table, a worthless stray. There must be a thousand dying in the city at the moment, the indomitable with the rest.

The veterinarian read her silence with a grimace of contempt. 'Look,' he said, 'it's not as though you were attached to the animal, as though you've had it for years. For the price of repairing this one, you could fill your house with cats. I'll bet you have a dozen as it is? Well, even so, the cat's

gone wild and won't make much of a pet. Get rid of it. There are always cats, and more damn cats.' 'And always people, and more damn people,' Grandma Adams said. Dr. Olitsky laughed at her. 'Call tomorrow,' he said. 'I will indeed,' Grandma Adams said.

She called; and the cat had shown signs of improvement. She called again; and the cat had improved. In four days, she went to get him, not knowing what she would do with a cat in her apartment, or what she would give up in order to pay for what she didn't know what to do with. Dr. Olitsky placed a wire-handled cardboard box on the counter. 'Here's your thoroughbred, Mrs. Adams. Naturally, he's going to look at the world lopsided.' He raised the lid and cradled the creature tightly in the crook of his forearm, his hand gripping the front legs so Grandma Adams could judge his handiwork. The kitten gave her his burning singular stare.

CARL SCHEMMERLING

Dr. Olitsky

She saw right away that the shadow had gone out of it and the savagery replaced by intense wariness. The empty socket had been sewn and salved. The orange fur looked fuller and lighter, the tail had begun to blossom; the animal seemed twice as large. Dr. Olitsky was satisfied. 'It's fantastic what a few good meals and a dose of modern antibiotics can do. I'll give you something to take with you, for the parasites, and some vitamins. Keep your tomcat in the house for a week or two at least, Mrs. Adams.' 'Thank you, Doctor,' Grandma Adams said, taking the box. 'You did as good a job as I figured you could, once you set your heart to it. It's not everybody that's in a position to save.'

The veterinarian, feeling craftsmanly, expanded. The job had been more interesting than most, in a line that largely spayed, clipped, and prescribed for gluttony, year in, year out. 'Not my heart, Mrs. Adams,' he said. 'My mind. My mind.' 'Have it your way, young man,' Grandma Adams said, 'But if I were you, I'd consider some other kind of work.'

Dr. Olitsky followed her to the street under an itch to justify himself and not knowing why. He squinted in the sunlight and sucked his lips back—a nervous habit. Maybe Mrs. Adams stirred up the sediments of his disapproving mother who had preferred her eldest son. 'I get fed up sometimes working on dogs and cats,' Dr. Olitsky confessed. 'Cringing, sneaky, pampered, rotten beasts, most of them, in the city. Working dogs are different, out in the air, some brawn and usefulness there, a bit of the old lupine ancestry left. Not one cat in a hundred's a real felis, historically a beautiful genus, beautiful. Doesn't do a species much good to associate with man too closely, Mrs. Adams—take my word

for it. Majority of them won't do it either. Expire. Nature's wisdom.'

Grandma Adams waited for him to go on, the cat meanwhile scratching experimentally at the box. Dr. Olitsky, smitten in the psychology, was compelled to continue. 'Mrs. Adams, I have a secret ambition. What do you think of that? I'd like to chuck this enterprise and be a vet in a zoo. What would my wife say to that? A third, a fourth of the income? But the animals, not a bunch of fat mutts. My work would have significance in a zoo. Mrs. Adams, I want to operate on an elephant. *Loxodonta*. That's nearly research in and of itself. Some men aspire to the governorship. I want to treat *felis concolor* for gastric disturbance. How many people are there in the world, do you suppose, who can claim they've done surgery on an elephant?

The older the world gets, Grandma Adams remarked to herself,

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more foreign the people in it. If Dr. Olitsky's callousness had put her off, his whimsey (if that's what it was — worse, if he were serious) reminded her of the opinions of the late Mr. Harvey Adams, whose regret at leaving her had been balanced by his relief at departing the Twentieth Century. 'How many doctors, Dr. Olitsky, do you suppose have carved up kings? Young man, I believe you're an idiot. My father used to say, a cat should be a lion to a mouse.' She hated to be rude, but wished Dr. Olitsky a good afternoon.

'So what am I, a mouse?' the veterinarian muttered bitterly at Grandma Adams's receding skirts. 'What a business.' He remained in a poor frame of mind the rest of the day. Mus muscular. Even the fact that his brother had recently borrowed another \$500 from him didn't give him a lift.

Rusty, Grandma Adams named the cat, after his color. 'Rusty?' she said. 'Rusty,' she repeated. 'Here kitty-kitty.' The cat never answered to this name, but she noticed with satisfaction that as time went by he'd involuntarily twitch at the sound of it when the name caught him unawares — and then she'd imagine he'd sulk at the evidence of a flaw in his attitude. In Grandma Adams's experience, no decent cat answered to its name. She was pleased.

She kept him in the house, the largest of living creatures, save herself, gliding under the tank of goldfish, the canary, and the philodendra, none of which he disturbed. In fact, none of the flora and fauna of Grandma Adams's apartment interested him. After the initial suspicious inspection of likely exits with his round topaz eye, like the fertilized yolk of some exotic egg, his thoughts seemed to turn inward, to broodings purely feline. He grew big and developed his habits, none of which disrupted the sustaining routine of

Grandma Adams's elderliness. In time he let himself be stroked, though never sought nor gave affection. He preferred high sleeping to low. Also, he enjoyed reclining at length on the window sill, gazing out on the street by the hour, usually in the evenings as the lights of the Hollywood Hills rose to the surface of the increasing dark. Grandma Adams decided against ever allowing him out, at the cost of perpetual tending to the litter box; she suspected he might revert to origins one day and return to the alleys. She liked him. He was big, handsome, one-eyed, wicked-looking, and the color of a Malay pirate, independent and intelligent. It was like having a sturdy, roustabout young man in the house — a touch foolish, exciting. She was disturbed only that she might die before he did — which was the reason she had never replaced her old dog, the one Dr. Olitsky had euthanized with a pup. One grew old, one should embrace loneliness.

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The cat grew very big, and not all fur like some; though the depth of that, too, was substantial. When he was eight months old and in the blush of maturity, Grandma Adams stood on the scale with him under her arm and subtracted her weight from the total. 117 pounds minus 102 pounds left fifteen pounds of orange tomcat. When he'd hit the floor coming off the mantelpiece, long as a leopard, she was concerned for the peace of the downstairs neighbors.

The first time Rusty attacked her, she regarded it as a poor prank, a bit of aberrance on the part of the serious-minded fellow. She was standing at the sink doing the few dishes from her dinner; and because he came for her across the linoleum, she heard his long claws striking an arpeggio and was warned. She cried: 'Rusty!' He slid to a stop, the madness fading out of his eye. He had been aiming at her ankle where it was exposed between the top of her shoe and the hem of her skirt. At her cry — not of fear, of command, after a lifetime with all sorts of animals — he'd raised his head and looked at her. Had it been human, he'd have shaken it to scatter the delusions. 'Why, Rusty,' she said soothingly, 'whatever is ailing you, boy?' She picked him up and rubbed him behind the ears, her hands still soapy. The cat shivered. In that instant before she had cried his name, while he'd still been elongated low to the floor like a reptile, it hadn't escaped Grandma Adams that his ears had been laid back and his tail stiff and open as a bottle brush.

When he stopped trembling, she courteously placed him on his window sill. She invited him to relax himself in view of the lights of the city, to sniff the messages of the night air. 'You devil,' she told him, 'you'd be a fine ratter if we had any rats here.' She admired an animal who knew what his teeth and claws were for, just as in her youth she had been partial

to young men who could be handy with their fists should some stranger's brazenness require putting down. And it pleased her to think how neatly she'd handled him, the way a good woman can turn to carresses the fists of the brawlingest young roughneck.

Well, that was true. But, for the rest of the evening, she found herself alerting at every noise. Mr. Adams had once shot an Airedale which had snapped at her. This had been when they were still living near Great Falls, Montana. Mr. Adams had buried the dog in a grove of willows near the river. 'The next time, it might have been your face,' he'd mollified her. 'I won't have no wild animals in my house.' . . . A long time ago.

She was dusting the parlor, a room seldom used; with a rag of flannel nightgown, she idled from the covered dish of hard candies to the concl

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shell she'd bought in Miami Beach, to the pictures of Mr. Adams and their son (who lived in Chicago and wrote once a month), removing the air's inexorable sediment from these and other objects which linked her to the vast disproportion of her past. Perhaps intuition, or a peripheral warning by her yet-undiminished senses, or a caution unwillingly bred from that week-old incident in the kitchen: she suddenly turned. The cat was inching backwards in retreat under the sofa, his neck slung between his shoulders. His ears were flattened and his lips slightly parted, showing the teeth; and in the dimness beneath the furniture, his eye was full as the tropical moon. An odd sound filled the room, one of those uneasy murmurings in a house — seeming to come from nowhere, or everywhere, until Grandma Adams realized the sound was the cat's. He was growling deep in his interior. She moved her feet and the cat's eye followed them. 'Rusty,' she said sternly. Her voice had no effect; his eye continued to follow her feet when she moved them. 'Rusty,' she said again, and her voice broke because she had been holding her breath. Instinctively, she drew her skirts and remembered to walk slowly into the dining room, moving one of the chairs into the territory separating her from the cat. The cat flashed on its belly under the coffee table, its loving fixation on her ankles unbroken, as though the ankles were mice. The tail switched from side to side. When his hindquarters sank and began to gather, Grandma Adams hopped quickly into the kitchen, throwing the swinging door shut behind her.

Her throat fluttered with the effort of her heart; all at once she had to sit down at the kitchen table — or she'd have fallen down. She'd washed the table that morning; it was barren and spotless. The drainboard was clear and the faucets polished, the hot one dripping — one . . . two . . . —

languidly as the passage of time itself. A man would have fixed it. Her modest house plants from the window ledge had been set under the water, their leaves green and polished in the sunlight. Other than that the steady drip-drip of the faucet and the canary's listless scraping, there was no sound in the apartment. An aching loneliness overwhelmed Grandma Adams. To her own shame, she felt her eyes abruptly fill with tears.

When she got up and put her ear to the swinging door, there still was no sound. She opened it a crack. Rusty was lying on the couch. 'You bad cat,' she said, 'what's got into you?' Her voice shook with the betrayal; but, hearing her, the cat dropped nimbly off the cushions and strolled to her, tail high and sporting. He marched into the kitchen. With a light hop, he rubbed himself against her knee — a gesture common to cats,

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but not to this one. Grandma Adams lifted him up and gentled his ears and pulled his whiskers. He purred, and she fed him.

Nevertheless, that night she kept her bedroom door closed and lay awake a while, listening to the cat prowl the apartment. She remembered a time when she and Mr. Adams had had a spat when they had been recently married. She had locked him out of the bedroom. But not for all night. She giggled in the darkness at that memory; it had great savor.

Grandma Adams returned from shopping in the afternoon, and the cat bit her on the Achilles tendon of her left foot. She screamed shock and pain, dropping her groceries, including a half-gallon bottle of rosé wine. The cat fled into the corner behind the ornate pole of the floor lamp. Back to the wall, he regarded her guiltily. Her scream had unnerved him. 'You confounded, crazy, wall-eyed, ungrateful rattlesnake! You nasty, misbegotten son of an alley flea-bag!' Grandma Adams swore — though weakly and breathlessly, as though she'd suffered a mild stroke.

She collapsed into the chair nearest the door, alternately rubbing her lacerated heel and pressing her hand against her breast, while the thin watery wine formed a continent on the rug. The cat looked as uncertain and cowed as a one-eyed tomcat could ever look. When she made a movement, he shrank. He behaved like a dog afraid of a beating, yet trying to salvage his pride. On the whole, he seemed so unusually burdened with a sense of wrongdoing that Grandma Adams took pity on him. Besides, the wounds were not deep. The carpet was a dark color anyway. She took the cat in her lap, apprehensively noting he was giving off a musky scent; she wondered if she'd have to put up with

much of that. His heavy warmth settled into her thighs as she and the cat consoled each other. They had never been so close.

But, in three days, the nail-holes in her dry flesh had become bluish and were giving her increasing pain. She went to her doctor, an old, bald GP named Marvindale. In a natural process of retirement, Dr. Marvindale refused to admit new patients to his care. He tsk-tsked over the wounds and the account of their infliction and administered a shot of antibiotics plus a tetanus booster. He chided her for the three-day wait. 'I read a story once,' he said in his puttering manner, 'about hogs forcing their way into a bedroom when the family was out in the front yard and devouring an infant in its crib. I don't trust animals. Carriers of disease.' As long as Grandma Adams was in the office, he gave her a physical examination. She noted sadly that his hands were not steady. 'Take mild exercise,' Dr. Marvindale advised. 'Relaxing walks. Don't take those stairs of yours two at a time.' They chuckled and lingered in the

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waiting room, where they were alone; Dr. Marvindale had insufficient work these days to require a nurse.

Grandma Adams entered her apartment cautiously, as much in nervousness of the cat's bolting out as of being attacked again. She had decided — or it had been decided for her — that she would run the risk of further madness on his part rather than give him up. She couldn't have borne returning to an empty apartment any more, after three years of acustoming herself to the boundless isolation of the elderly. 'Rusty,' Rusty,' she would call softly at times, and go looking through the rooms for the cat.

One late afternoon in the fall, having stepped out to mail her monthly letter to her son (who, intensely fertile, had recently sent a snapshot of her latest, undifferentiated granddaughter), she returned and peeked into the living room to be confronted by the cat arrowing toward her like a huge furred centipede. Thus, she slammed the door in plenty of time and sat unhappily on the top step outside the apartment until Rusty's latest phase should pass.

The cold of the concrete step seeped through her skirts and into her shrunken buttocks. She could imagine the reaction of Dr. Marvindale, to say nothing of Dr. Olitsky. The stairs led solely to her apartment, but at the foot was the front door of the ground-floor residence of Mr. Dilbrey. Or was it Milbreys — a he Grandma Adams recognised was a she. The last thing in the world she wanted was Mr. Milbrey's girlish curiosity. Luck was with her. Mr. Milbrey, or Dilbrey, did not appear; and she breached her musky apartment on stiff, benumbed legs, unobserved. Mr. Harvey Adams would long ago have wrung that damned cat's crazy neck.

When next the insane cat drove her from her apartment, Linz the postman discovered her. She'd sat as still as she

could while Linz, mumbling discordant Bach, stuffed envelopes into the mail receptacles at the foot of the stairs, hoping that — his vision accustomed to the light of day — the postman would miss her sitting motionless in the relative darkness of the upper landing. ‘Why, Mrs. Adams!’ Linz exclaimed, as Grandma Adams demurely drew her skirts about her legs. ‘Have you locked yourself out? Look here,’ he said enthusiastically, ‘I’ll pick the lock or have somebody climb through a window. How long have you been sitting there on that step like that — like an exile? It’s a good thing I happened along. Mrs. Adams, don’t worry.’ He had unburdened himself of his mail sack, and his zealous consolations had taken him part way up the stairs. ‘I’m not locked out of my apartment, Mr. Linz,’ Grandma Adams said. The postman looked so disappointed that she couldn’t find it in her to deny

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him the truth of the situation. Linz was delighted. The stupidities of human destiny were his meat. 'The animal is uncivilized,' he said, hardly able to keep from laughing. 'Something has to be done. Let me think.'

Grandma Adams closed her eyes and, fervently as a child, wished events away and herself in another place—on that farm near Great Falls (which had been the best), thirty years ago, where the nearest neighbors were a quarter-mile away and you heard more of their dogs than of them. For, Mr. Milbrey had poked out of his rooms and stood hungrily at the bottommost stair. He resembled an ornate badger. 'Whatever is going on here?' he asked. 'Good afternoon, Mr. Milbrey,' Linz said. 'You're looking first-rate this afternoon.' Milbrey's belladonna-bright eyes flashed and he stole a pleased glance down his robe—from his angle, a portliness of mauve satin—knowing very well the postman was putting him on; but people were always putting him on, because of what he was—and soft and rather doughy besides. He took the good and the shreds of truth out of what they had to say, and chewed down the rest. It was a handsome robe, from a special shop in San Francisco, and Milbrey could name names of those who'd gnaw their dewy lips in envy of it.

'Mrs. Adams's cat is acting peculiarly,' Linz explained. 'The cat is attacking her and won't let her into the apartment.' 'Her cat is attacking Mrs. Adams,' Milbrey trilled. 'Oh, splendid! How *recherché*.' He snuffled discreetly into his palm. 'I didn't even know she had a cat. Don't you distress yourself, Mrs. Adams,' he added gallantly, 'I've had a few tomcats by the tail.' Still twittering, mostly at Linz who winked and grinned, Milbrey suddenly swept around the mail sack and the postman—and with remarkable swiftness. Before Grandma Adams could protest, he was up the stairs,

his satin robe enveloping him in scent and whispers. ‘Now,’ he said to Grandma Adams, ‘I’ll just barge right in there and tame that bad creature. I have a special knack with tomcats.’ Grandma Adams had hastily climbed to her feet in order to protect her door. ‘I can handle my own animals, thank you, Mr. Dilbrey.’ Her voice had gone reedy. ‘I don’t need any help from your sort,’ she said, trying to get between Milbrey and the door.

A shadow of pain passed at a depth under Milbrey’s flushed face—like the shadow of a school of fish, gone at once. He had always honestly liked the old woman, whom he saw constantly in front of their building, or buying vegetables at the store, and who in fact generated appliquéd daydreams of his adorable mother. Yet, the difficult format of his life had abundantly taught him that to open one’s heart slightly to anyone

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was to invite the hatpin of cruel betrayal. That was the shadow of pain Grandma Adams saw — of an important lesson ignored. The expansion of Milbrey's smile was his heart reactively hardening.

He brushed by her, physically throwing her off balance, and opened the door. She plucked weakly at the membrane of robe stretched over the meaty back, her indignation sapped by the effrontery of that unhappy man. Milbrey said: 'Tut tut tut tut tut.' No help came from Postman Linz toward whom Grandma Adams now looked helplessly. Linz faked an intense preoccupation in the opening door. Carrying mail, he reasoned, was the modern world's revenge on men of his calibre; every genuine diversion was a godsend, and a necessity.

Milbrey eased his head into the apartment. Automatically, he condemned the colorless, worn Sears-Roebuck decor and the atticky smell of aging humanity dirtied by feline musk, even as he confronted the cat. The cat squatted on the back of the sofa watching the door, head thrust out like a gargoyle's, dark papery lips peeled back over the fangs — a one-orbed demon, violent copper strands and shark's teeth. Milbrey's head was similarly thrust out — but in horror. He withdrew — with the prime intuition that the cat had intended to vault the space separating its fortress on the sofa from his own flaccid face. He expected an enraged, frustrated thump against the dangerous side of the slammed door.

'Good Lord,' he cried, 'the brute's utterly mad! How can something as totally Pleistocene as that be lived with?' Grandma Adams's vindictive triumph was hollow, for it was clear that the repulse of Mr. Milbrey indicated Rusty still was possessed. Instead of the tart comment, the demand that he remove himself from her mat, she looked distressed. The two

men waited silently to see what she would do, crowding in on her in the shaft of her enclosed stairway. She did indeed feel exiled, without a home to escape to, and surrounded by overbearing strangers. The men and the cat. She abruptly decided to risk the cat; perhaps she could seal herself in the kitchen if she moved quickly enough. Any injury — only to be left alone. She opened her door, clucking soothingly. The cat snarled and minced his feet under him. She slammed the door and burst into tears.

‘Oh, poor dear lady,’ Milbrey said, patting her birdlike shoulder awkwardly. Women crying agitated him while filling him with an excitement; but this was an old woman. Linz came up the last few steps and said persuasively: ‘Mrs. Adams, this is serious. It’s beneath the dignity of man to be driven out of his home by animals, as though he were still in the caves. Why don’t you sit down, Mrs. Adams.’ She sank weakly down

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beside the postman. 'Mr. Milbrey,' Linz said, 'perhaps you have a small glass of wine for Mrs. Adams. A dash of sherry. Or a brandy.' 'I certainly do,' Milbrey replied eagerly, and wobbled down the steps, returning at once with a bottle of Corvusier and three tiny fragile snifters. 'Why don't we all repair to my little den where it's infinitely less chilly than out here on the cement.' 'Fine,' Linz agreed. He had been wishing for an opportunity to find out what kind of silken incensed bordello Milbrey had fixed up for himself. But Grandma Adams shook her head, 'No,' she said. Her eyes were locked on her knees, tears had spread into the absorbent wrinkles of her lower lids. 'Mrs. Adams,' the postman urged, 'he's right. This stone is murder on the rheumatism.' 'No,' Grandma Adams said. Linz looked at her. 'No,' he shrugged. The stubborn old, like brats.

Milbrey had arranged the snifters on a step and filled each two-thirds. The brandy slipped down Grandma Adams's throat, a fiery serpent. Linz took a slug off his. 'Say,' he said all at once to Milbrey. 'An idea. May I use your phone? I know the man who'll want to help us in this predicament.'

He had hoped for permission to go into Milbrey's place alone; but Milbrey padded along closely behind him. While Linz phoned, he hovered around his front door where he could keep tabs both on the postman and the old lady sitting quietly on the stairs with the brandy glass between her fingers, looking at her knees, immersed for the moment in a swarm of isolating images that put a veil across the present. Milbrey had no intention of leaving Linz or anyone else unguarded in his near-perfect apartment. Many valuable articles of virtue were about. People who would never think of stealing, stole, Milbrey sadly knew, from Milbrey without much compunction — a truth that was a melancholy

mystery.

‘Morris,’ Linz said while his eyes roamed, ‘an unusual situation involving a cat. *Felis domesticus* — what do you think? But savage. We need you, Morris. We’re powerless here. Mrs. Adams’s. Yes. The little sweet old broad, you know which. The cat drove her out of the house. The house. Her apartment. No, I’m not shitting you. Come on over here and dominate things, Morris, so that I can extract a moral finder’s fee.’ Giving the address, he hung up chuckling. ‘He’ll be over,’ he informed Milbrey. ‘Good,’ Milbrey exclaimed, almost clapping his hands before thinking better of honest enthusiasm in present company.

He ushered the postman out. ‘With cats, Morris is unbeatable,’ Linz said. ‘He’s got fifteen or twenty of his own, God knows how many.’ . . . All the time imprinting Milbrey’s chambers on his mind. What a way to

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live! The place looks as though the rear entrance would open onto a back alley of Hong Kong. He'd had no opportunity, alas, to catch the bedroom — the altar room, so to speak, of Milbrey's cunning temple.

'Don't worry, Mrs. Adams,' Linz said, putting his arm around Grandma Adams's shoulders, 'my friend is on his way. In the meanwhile, if Mr. Milbrey doesn't mind, a touch more of this excellent cognac. You can't get near the French for brandy, although Korbel's is damn good.' Milbrey recalled a mot of a bittersweet rival of his: California wines are like eight-year-old boys — need a few years development yet. 'California wines,' he said, 'need a few years of development yet.'

It must be the whiskey, Grandma Adams thought, making her head so light; and the voices of these two idiots, an indifferent patter, like crickets stirring after the spring rain. Her father used to make whiskey. A wooded ravine ran back into the hills above the westernmost cornfield, the one where the corn never did do as well as it might have because the torrents coursing down the slope scoured the roots. Her father eventually had let it go to graze — or the upper part of it. In a ravine above that particular field, and after a stiff climb among the dark bellies of the tree trunks, there were the mash barrels and the still where her father and his hands made whiskey once a year, in fall after the harvesting, for the long winter. Sometimes the men would go up there when the first of it was just ready; and, come evening when they didn't show up for dinner, you knew where they were.

Grandma Adams recognised Morris when he arrived: the fellow with the reddish beard, close to Rusty's color, who was never in so much of a hurry not to stand and pass a minute in mannerly inquiry. He had a nine-year-old son he had to

raise himself because a chippy wife had run out on him and the child. When he'd told Grandma Adams that, she couldn't help but look up to him in spite of his queer occupation. He was some sort of artist, not steadily employed. Morris had brought along his boy, whose hair was the color of carrot juice. The boy looked them all over with faded-denim, scrutinous eyes, preparing himself should his father ask him later on what he had seen — as he often did. It was a curious sight. Even for Morris: the old woman, Adams; that perennial peripheral, Linz; and one of the more-obvious Hollywood faggots — all in a row three steps above Linz's mail bladder, drinking. That was the reason he lived on the Coast, Morris told himself — for the screwballs.

'Mrs. Adams,' Morris said, 'Brother Linz.' Linz replied: 'Morris Dubrovner, Mr. Milbrey — another of my vast clientele.' Morris said: 'This is my boy, Eddie.' 'Hello,' Eddie said, standing beside and a step

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behind his father. 'Not the Morris Dubrovner,' Milbrey said, 'the assemblagist?' He had not yet let go of Morris's hand and was unwittingly kneading it. 'Ah,' Morris said. 'A potential customer?' Milbrey retracted his hand. 'Oh, no. Of course I admire your work intensely. But my tastes are more refined, well . . . divergent . . . from your kind of thing.' The brute had a positively unnerving way of diminishing you with his ringed irises, Milbrey observed. He never felt at ease with the doings of these sweat-and-hammer, come-lately ultra-moderns anyway. No real elegance whatsoever.

'Anyhow, Mrs. Adams,' Morris said, 'my friend Linz tells me you're being troubled by your cat who is crazy, temporarily we hope.' 'Really, Mr. Dubrovner,' Grandma Adams said gratefully, 'I'm thankful for your taking the time to come over here, but Mr. Linz should never have bothered you. I guess this is all pretty silly . . .' Grandma Adams saw nothing except concern, understanding, and a softeningly intense interest in Morris's eyes. She felt all at once lacy and more shy than ashamed of being driven from her home by a pet. The postman and the fat dandy were one thing; Mr. Dubrovner was something else again. Grandma Adams smoothed the wisps from her temples; then she smoothed her skirts. Why — here was a man. 'Mrs. Adams,' Morris said, 'if acquaintances can't be of use to one another they won't become friends. Will you tell me exactly how the cat's been behaving? Then, with your permission, I'll go up and have a look at him and we'll find out what's to be done.' 'Mr. Dubrovner,' Grandma Adams said, 'I'm sure glad you came along.'

Once started, she discovered she had a great deal to tell: what a bully cat Rusty was, and how big and handsome in spite of his ruined eye which made him look bold and

wicked, not ugly; and how the first thing she did when she walked into her apartment was hunt up Rusty and (don't laugh now) even chat with him a bit; and wasn't it odd how a cat or dog got to take on human nature, especially when you're alone otherwise. When he'd come for her like that it was dreadful. Like a drunk in the house. Like one of her uncles who had been a peach of a man, but who had sent his wife and children screaming into the thickets three, four times a year; you never could tell when next. God unencumber his long-gone soul, poor man.

Now and then, Mr. Dubrovner had to rein her in, but that was all right; he was respectful and had a perfect right. The thing was that even she hadn't realized how long it had been since really talking to anybody. And she had never been able to share Rusty at all: how she had found

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Rusty, about finished alongside the parakeets, and had gone without her cigarettes and used less coffee to pay for having him put to rights. Even though she hadn't wanted another animal because — well — she was getting on probably, and it was a sad thing to leave them friendless in the world. All her life she'd been around animals, all kinds, bulls to peewits. . . . 'And you wouldn't think, Mr. Dubrovner, listening to me now, I'm pretty good with them. It's a knack born in. And Rusty came slithering across the rugs like some big hairy lizard, licking his chops as though my ankles, in passing through his one good eyeball, had been turned into a pair of plucked squab legs.' . . . And she really shouldn't laugh, because it sure as hell wasn't funny at the time. The fact was, for all the trouble he caused her, she regarded his tomcat gumption.

'Nevertheless,' Morris said seriously, 'you can't have the cat prowling around in your apartment while you take up residence on the landing. No one who respects cats lets them get mean. A cat is only a cat and a man is a man and both ought to know it. There are the kept, and there are the masters. I have seventeen cats, myself. Yes. Anyway, Mrs. Adams, I have a pretty good idea of what's ailing your Rusty. Don't you?' A cool mantle came between Grandma Adams and the answer that had weeks ago formed in the wings of her mind. 'No,' she said, 'I sure don't.' She studied the buttons on his shirt.

Morris smiled to himself, the others grouped around him at the foot of the stairs. He was the controlling element, nor was any satisfaction so pure as the power to elicit reactions and events and play on the states of other minds. 'Let's see what shape our boy Rusty is in now,' he said lightly. Instead of going up the stairs himself, which was expected, Morris

turned to the boy. 'Eddie,' he suggested, 'go up there and stick your head in the door and tell us whether that cat is still in a mood to tear people up.' 'Mr. Dubrovner,' Milbrey said, 'that is a terribly gigantic cat.' 'Eddie's used to cats,' interrupting Grandma Adams's agreement and not looking Milbrey's way. Morris was looking at Eddie. Eddie excused himself softly as he stepped between Grandma Adams and Linz. Linz devoured the traces in Morris's face. 'Catch him for us, Eddie,' Morris said.

At nine years old, it seemed to Eddie that his father, whom he loved most agonizingly when most frightened by him, had an uncanny knack for knowing exactly what he, Eddie, wanted least at any moment in all the world to do, and asked him to do it. His voice grew smooth, like the taste of chocolate on the tongue when he said: Eddie. Eddie. Do this, will you Eddie. For us. (Why, Dad?) I'm making a man out of you,

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Eddie. You'll understand, by and by. 'Go on, Eddie,' Morris said from the sunny bottom of the stairs, 'open the door.'

The boy inched open the door and peered through the crack. The cat, as described, big and orange and with only one yellow eye and a brown flap where the other should be, was lying on the couch, head in forepaws. So cats lie, Eddie knew from his father's seventeen, when bemused. When at peace, more or less. He let go the door knob to put his hand around the edge, and the latch returned with a deafening clank. He jumped, but the cat only blinked its watching eye. It didn't lift its head. Eddie slipped into the room. His father's invisible feet were in Eddie's footsteps as he approached the couch. It was dead quiet in the room. No, it wasn't: he could hear his father's voice meandering evenly the way it always did at such times, as though he couldn't care less what Eddie was up to. 'Here, puss, puss,' Eddie pleaded with the cat. He extended both arms and rasped his thumbs and forefingers. 'See? Oh, be a pal, kitty,' Eddie said, almost within touching distance of the cat's jaws. The cat gave an odd shudder. Oh brother! — he was stroking the dirty thing's ears. He picked it up and rattling with relief and joy, cried out: 'Dad, Dad, hey! I got him. Come up, hurry, Dad.' The cat weighed a ton. But it was settling in his arms.

'You smell that?' Morris asked Grandma Adams. 'Cat scent. It's all over the apartment, and this is where it comes from.' Morris was holding the cat against his ribs, his hand covering its forelegs, the way people hold cats. 'Some male cats emit this odor when they reach their sexual maturity. When they arrive at their need.' 'Horniness,' Linz said aside to Milbrey. 'You know, Mrs. Adams,' Morris said, 'when cats are in need their minds are suffused by sex. They go crazy for sex, and they're no good at all. The point is, this animal

has to be fixed, Mrs. Adams. The sooner the better.’ ‘Well, that’s not right to do to an animal,’ Grandma Adams said. ‘My father always said there were two things he couldn’t stand, a bad person and a eunuch.’ Millbrey fidgeted and clamped his lips, for the old woman had shot a rheumy glance his way and reddened.

‘It’s either fix the cat or eventually have him destroyed,’ Morris said. He made a point of stroking the cat, drawing the skin of its head back tightly over the front of the skull so that the eye and the scar widened and the cat rumbled eloquently, demonstrating that cats invariably trusted Morris. He noted the old woman at the word destroyed. ‘Either fix him or destroy him,’ he repeated, while returning her gaze with firmness and deep feline knowledge.

‘I don’t want half an animal,’ Grandma Adams said. Morris replied:

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‘Every one of my cats is fixed.’ Grandma Adams said: ‘It doesn’t seem fair to them.’ He said: ‘On the contrary, it relieves their wild souls. They’re in a state of torment otherwise.’ ‘I know.’ She objected: ‘But—as though he were an eating-animal.’ ‘This is the city, Mrs. Adams, not the farm where they can roam.’ ‘But he’s such a feisty, brave young tom.’ ‘One night he could tear out your two eyes.’ ‘I can’t do it. I know you’re right. I know what’s been on him, from the first, from the time I smelled him. I know it’s unreasonable and I surely can’t even explain it to myself. But I don’t want to have my last tomcat fixed.’ She turned. ‘Mr. Dubrovner?’ ‘Mrs. Adams?’ ‘Am I old and foolish?’ she asked.

Morris said nothing. It was strange how people the color of sand, had those cool blue eyes, the color of nothing, into which the strength drained. ‘I can’t afford it,’ Grandma Adams said dimly. Her head felt too heavy for her shoulders. ‘Accept your last tomcat as a gift from me,’ Morris said perfunctorily, calling Eddie to him. ‘I have my car outside.

We might as well see to it right now. He's cooperative.' Grandma Adams nodded; with them, you wound up nodding, looking at your feet on the floor, sooner or later. It took your breath away, like whiskey.

'I can't go,' Milbrey complained petulantly, flapping his blunt fingers. 'I'm not dressed. Won't you boys wait? I've never been to this kind of ceremony.' 'Aw, come on, Mr. Milbrey,' Linz laughed, 'sure you have.' 'Linz,' Morris said, 'you drive. I don't want this son-of-a-bitch sticking his fangs into my neck in traffic. Eddie, in back.' 'Yes,' Milbrey said acidly, stepping back from the car, 'you drive, Civil Servant. It will be an exciting change for you.'

'Where to?' Linz asked. Morris gave him Olitsky's address. 'My vet's,' he said, 'only a couple of blocks.' Linz said: 'You should see the cozy web Milbrey's woven for himself in there. Looks like an Oriental whorehouse, complete with fetishes. A collectors' item.' 'You're going to get into trouble some day, Linz, with your curiosity and your big lip. You'll wind up unemployable altogether.' 'The government never fires postmen off their stinking jobs unless they're kid-buggerers.' 'But you manage to milk some amusement from the stinking job, don't you?' Linz gave his incisors a rude, country-store suck. 'Yassuh,' he said. 'Saw a collie and a woman, one glorious day. Shade had warped away from the window, and present to take advantage of the rare sight was the indomitable Postman Linz and his hide-full of messages. I'd have called you for that one, too, Morris, but you understand—limited engagement.'

Morris turned slightly on the seat and examined the postman's incon-

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spicious profile. At the same time he held the cat's head down to prevent it from agitating itself with a view of the streets. There was something in Linz's attitude at best, Morris decided, that he didn't care for — an underside, a burrowing, green, contemptuous worm. He suspected he'd give Linz the ice soon. He had half a dozen Linzes around: failures, men of intelligence yet barren of talent, energy, or resourcefulness, who took such envious interest in the activities of Morris Dubrovner. They gratified the ego, but you paid for it. Well — pennies! Morris let out a startling laugh that made the cat puncture his trouser legs with the tips of its claws. He felt powerful and extraordinarily definite; when the day put him in a mood like this, he worked his ass off at night in his studio. 'Steady, you bastard,' he said to the cat. 'This is a huge cat, Linz. He deserves to be fixed. We're doing both him and that sentimental old bat a big favor.' Linz said: 'You were great back there, Morris, great.'

Eddie had overheard the term fixed many times, and only now it occurred to him to wonder what it meant exactly. He leaned over the front seat. 'Dad, what does fixed mean?' 'It means cut off the balls, Eddie. You know those things that hang in your bag?' What a bitter, bitter joy you are to me, Big Daddy, Linz thought, grinding the front wheels of the car into the curb.

'What the hell,' Dr. Olitsky exclaimed, 'I know this cat. This is the old lady's animal. See that socket? What're you doing with him, Morris?' 'Just getting along, Calvin,' Morris said in what Linz identified as the Morris-with-appointments persona. 'I need a quick de-nut job on this cat. Linz here and I are doing Mrs. Adams an important favor.' 'What?' Dr. Olitsky said. 'While you wait? I've got an anesthetized hound on the table.' 'So, put him on the floor for a minute,' Morris

said, 'he won't report you.' 'Some day I'm going to be a world-famous specialist in anthropoids,' Dr. Olitsky said, 'and you can take all the cats on the goddamn earth and feed them to each other.'

They went into the room with the glass cabinets and the labyrinthine yelping and Dr. Olitsky placed the dog, a bloated cocker spaniel whose eyes rolled up milkily, on the floor under the table where it wouldn't be stepped on. The dog's tongue hung out limp as a sock. Eddie bent down and looked at the dog, lying there without sign of life. Morris held the cat firmly on the table while Dr. Olitsky injected nembital into a handful of skin. At the touch of the needle, the cat began to growl and flex its long claws on the steel table, but Morris bore down with a grimace and the drug soon penetrated the cat's substance, annulling its will, though not its consciousness. The veterinarian felt around under the

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tail for the nestled scrotum which, grasping, he incised, inserted a curved scissors from a jar, and said: 'Snip. Gelded. He'll come off that dope in a few hours, his desires a thing of the past.' The cat's eye was dilating on the light fixture. Morris thanked Dr. Olitsky, who was washing his hands in the sink; and he, Linz, Eddie, and the cat drove back to Grandma Adams's apartment.

'Here,' Morris said to Linz, indicating the limp cat on the seat, 'you deliver him. That's in your line.' The incident of the old woman and her cat had already come to an end for him. He had the car in gear and had to drop by the gallery anyway. Linz was left no choice. He was already standing in the gutter. 'What if there's a reward,' Linz said. 'Invest it,' Morris said. 'Good-by, Mr. Linz,' Eddie said. 'Good-by, young Eddie.'

Milbrey's door remained sullenly shut, but Grandma Adams was waiting at the head of the stairs. To the postman, climbing with the cat in his hands, she seemed foreshortened and shrunken in her clothes, and he wasn't interested in guessing what was going through her head. She stood aside to let him enter and asked him to lay Rusty on the sofa. Then she thanked him vaguely for all the bother he and his friend had gone to; she hoped she wouldn't have been the cause of his being too late on his mail run. 'Don't worry about that, Mrs. Adams,' Linz said, retreating civilly through the door, 'ninety-nine pounds of every hundred are of absolutely no value to anyone.' She gave no sign of hearing him, though she stayed in the middle of the room, dry lips slightly parted as if intent on him.

Linz was glad to get out of there. But, Christ, she couldn't have the bloodthirsty thing chasing her out of the home twice a day. Morris was right. But getting old is a lousy send-off from Creation, he thought, under a fearful and sudden wave of self-pity. He shouldered his mail sack and grunted: 'Come on, torment, old Sisyphus is back.'

After she had shut the door, Grandma Adams leaned against it, listening to the postman's footsteps. They took a long time dying. Then she went over and sat down next to the cat on the couch. He was lying on his side where he'd been put, yet he shifted his head and watched Grandma Adams with his amber eye. She stroked his back and absently plucked at his ears. 'Rusty,' she began, but sighed exhaustedly. What was there to say? She was grateful the man in the rust-colored beard had not returned, for her frame ached as though sand had sifted in between the joints; and her mind placidly refused to formulate more than fading sparks, so that its workings took on the swarm of greenish

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fireflies in a dark woods. It was growing darker in the apartment as well, because of evening, early this time of year. In the window, a pallid and riverly sky pressed on the sharp demarcation of the hills. Her hearing remained astonishingly acute, as it did whenever she was about to sleep. The canary, hungry in the kitchen, nicked at the floor of its cage. The leaky faucet tapped its eternal signal one . . . two. The idiot's breathing of the city rolled up to her like a ground vapor. Another sound was growing louder in the room. Grandma Adams let her hand fall across the cat's faint ribs, and he watched her peacefully and hypnotically, purring as if recovering at last from a painful malady. 'Rusty,' Grandma Adams said happily, 'is it you I hear purring?'

The wing of death, Madam.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

this to be so — while still, there are limits to the actions we would allow him and yet believe that he pretends. If he pounds the table — all right. If he breaks a window — may be. But if he takes a bite out of my hand — that's just going too far, isn't it? He's 'really angry.' Unless: 'There was a madman with a gun on me, and unless I carried off the act impressively. . . .'

The situations are open. However, it is clear that, though in some cases facts about behavior and even causes are mixed into our considerations, descriptions, appraisals, and explanations of human conduct rest with concepts of actions which cannot depend upon the causes. An emotion needs an object, and the object is not always the cause. If I hope my horse will win the race, this is not because my horse will win the race.

People who are familiar with literature on mind will recognize that I am lifting illustrations from the work of Anthony Kenney, J. L. Austin, Errol Bedford, and others in philosophical psychology. Much of the basic material in this field has been set forth in the papers of John Wisdom; and of course it is all very much dependent upon the contributions of Wittgenstein. I offer these names for those who would like to look further. I have only skirted the problems.

The point for literature, I think, is the following: A writer who believes he can get some professional aid from systematic study of human beings will want to recognize that the behavioral sciences are deliberately-limited studies. They are limited partly in the sense that they can never be substitutes for the writer's own way of working. Being empirical, rather than artistic, enterprises, the work they do gravitates toward two perspectives: the providing of causal explanations of behavior; the systematic generalization on human features in the form of role theory, role descriptions, and statistics. Features which interest a writer — like poignant regret — cannot quite be the objects of empirical study in the sense that a sunset is not quite an object for meteorology.

Lest the artist hope for too much when he turns to contemporary philosophy, I should mention that it is fairly clear that there will be no philosophical method for getting at the nature of something like a poignant regret, true human identity, individuality, or private sense of loving. It will be possible, however, to state conditions under which it makes sense to talk about such features; and I have tried to outline what that comes to by what I have done above. The actual talking about those features, nevertheless, is not done by the philosopher in his professional role, but by all of us. The writer is the professional at that, in that he is expected to perform more pointedly and better than the rest of us. The scientists may furnish him with facts he'd not otherwise

have, and the philosopher may untangle sense from perplexity in ways that will provide the writers with short-cuts or clarity, but neither will do the writer's work for him. There is something odd about complaints of Moray's kind when this is clear.

One or two loose ends: Moray is of the mistaken belief that game theory is all one thing. The reasons for assimilating a thing into the category 'game' are in practice quite varied. There is one matter at stake in Berne's theory: that of ulterior intentions. Quite another matter is at stake in the 'maximizing and minimizing gains' interests of others Moray cites. The latter, by the way, is not limited to a 'schizophrenic win/lose, good/bad procedure,' although Moray is certainly not alone in thinking this. (Cf. my Game Theory and Social Value States in *ETHICS* for October 1964.)

A minor contribution of my own to Berne's theory — on which I'm still working — is the game which I call 'Game.' It consists in making it appear that the other is playing a game. Moray says: 'The questions ultimately must be asked concerning psychological tests and books such as *GAMES PEOPLE PLAY*: What is their purpose? — What is their aim? — Who is using whom?' (TRACE, p. 298).

INQUIRY FOR TODAY'S INTENT AMONG NEW BOOKS & PERIODICALS

Milton VanSickle

PHILOSOPHY HAS BEEN PRESENTED IN MANY WAYS. Plato, who originally intended to be a dramatist, presented the majority of his ideas in the form of dialogues. All that remains of Parmenides are fragments of a poem. Virtually the only expression we have of Epicurean philosophy was left by Lucretius as rather unpoetic verses. Or, we may think of the fascinating paradoxes of Zeno, of Elea, and of Hui Shih (to say nothing of Zen). More recently, Nietzsche presented his poetic *ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA*, and, like Lao-tse and countless others, utilized epigrams. But, not until very recently has a philosophy been presented (by Sartre and by Camus) through novels and plays. Probably because of these forms, Existentialism is not only a rigorous philosophy, but also a popular attitude. Kant and Hegel, for example, are hardly for popular consumption. However, the novels of Albert Camus are short, simple, in contemporary style, and easy to read.

MODERN FICTION STUDIES (Vol. X, No. 3 — 75c) IS DEVOTED TO EIGHT ARTICLES ON CAMUS. SOME OF THE WRITERS, SUCH AS M. M. MADISON, NAOMI C. JACKSON, AND BEN STOLTZFUS, ARE CONCERNED PRIMARILY WITH HIS PHILOSOPHY; OTHERS (RICHARD LEHAN, J. H. MATTHEWS, AND BRIAN T. FITCH) ARE CONCERNED WITH HIS LITERARY MERITS. GLENN SANDSTROM COMPARES MEURSAULT OF THE STRANGER WITH JULIEN SOREL OF THE RED AND THE BLACK, WHILE MARILYN GADDIS ROSE MAKES MEURSAULT INTO THE PHARMAKOS OF THE ANCIENT SCAPEGOAT SYNDROME. THIS ISSUE, BY THE WAY, ALSO INCLUDES OVER ELEVEN PAGES LISTING STUDIES OF CAMUS TO DATE.

Philosophy means many things — but what most of us seek in philosophy, I think, is a better understanding of the world, of the universe, and of ourselves. Existentialism is a philosophy of insecurity and may be seen as a comanifestation of the contemporary age along with Freudian psychoanalysis, Einstein's relativity, Goedel's proof, Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, Schoenberg's

twelve-tone system (as well as atonality and more recent experiments in music) — while, in art, there is a variety of schools (Cubism, Abstractism, Pop Art, etc.), and in literature: *FINNEGANS WAKE*, for an apposite instance. All of these have in common a certain irrationality when compared with the (in retrospect) calm, logical certainty of previous manifestations in these fields. For, in the past, there was only one truth, of which science, religion, and the arts were merely different facets: one, to solve all material problems; one, for spiritual direction; one, for aesthetic practice. Philosophy was the field in which all could be drawn together, explaining these others definitely and finally.

If we wish, we may ‘trace the process of our moral decline, to watch, first, the sinking of the foundation of morality as the old teaching was allowed to lapse, then the rapidly increasing disintegration, then the final collapse of the whole edifice, and the dark dawning of our modern day when we can neither endure our vices nor face the remedies needed to cure them.’ Although this well sums up the attitude of many toward our age, the words are those of Livy, written at the dawning of that age which we now tend to see as the Golden Age of Augustus. Like Livy (and Hesiod), we are inclined to view a certain period of the past as a Golden Age — though, since the invention of progress, we now more probably may place it in the future (and we are in danger of ranking prophets higher than historians). We are prone to believe that the past had brief interludes of sunlight in an otherwise dismal world — or, that in the future there will be a long, unbroken period of joy and satisfaction. How golden may this age seem to our descendants!

So, since we have it so much rougher than the dead or the yet-unborn, we are faced with all manner of uncertainty, anxiety, despair, and the absurd. For the past is very certain: a simple matter of uncovering the incontestable facts; and certainty is equivalent to security. Unfortunately, however,

the past is almost as uncertain as the present or the future. What we generally call facts are only the official versions of what occurred. (A perusal of *THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS* or George Orwell's *HOMAGE TO CATALONIA* will show that quite often no one, not even among those in official control, knows what is actually occurring.) Such are the versions which appear in Livy (though he makes it clear that 'such traditions I propose neither to affirm nor refute').

The Sources of Western Civilization in ten volumes, edited by Herbert H. Rowen (*THE FREE PRESS OF GLENCOE* — \$1.95 ea.), are being published in paperback. Volume 3 of this series is *ROME*, edited by William G. Sinnigen. The introductory essay is very adequate, and there is little to quarrel with in this presentation, which will be useful for college survey courses and also of interest to the general reader. It includes some of Livy, Polybius, Appian, Suetonius, Tacitus, and Ammianus Marcellinus, as well as Eusebius on Constantine, Tertullian defending the Christians, Quintilian explaining how education has deteriorated, Cato the Elder writing about the good life back on the farm, some travel tips for sailing to India, and bits of poetry. Also, there is a little of Lucretius and some narcotic-bolstered stoicism of that philosopher-king, Marcus Aurelius.

How we cling to the secure, colorful, and unlikely traditions concerning our ancestors and the foundations of our nations! It is a relief to turn to the past where the men were either very noble and virtuous or very evil and thoroughly detestable. For, when bad guys die, we can participate in their killings without incurring the guilt of murder. They deserved it! This, after all, is not murder, but Justice. If the hero dies in a story or TV Western, we are entangled and practice a little death, too. But we do not identify with the nameless scoundrels, and we are relieved and give no thought to their deaths. We find nothing of

ourselves in them; thus, though it is the death of a human, it is not we. (Lucretius notes the pleasure of standing on secure land and watching another struggle against a storm out at sea. Not because we delight in his dangers, but because we've been spared them.) And killing (or dying) in battle seems always to have been everywhere considered heroic.

Guy Endore, in WAR, YES! SEX, NO! (ETC., Vol. XXIV, No. 4 Suppose that, by accident, you were sent to a mental institution. We would hope that the accident would be rectified before treatments were begun — and that you would need merely to protest your sanity. However, your natural anxiety at being considered psychotic might appear as a symptom of your alleged psychosis. And if your protest should take the form of violence — But let's not be upset. After a couple of tranquilizers, this won't seem nearly so traumatic.

Unlikely? Perhaps — but it has happened. And in many states in the U.S. it is sufficient to be signed in by a relative and a medical doctor, or possibly two medical doctors (who, of course, collect a fee). The patient, to be sure, has the right to a trial (though he may not appear at his trial, should a psychiatrist state that it will be an upsetting experience), and has the right to be examined by one or more psychiatrists. However, psychiatrists are not produced with assembly-line accuracy; as with the rest of us, their existences are circumscribed by birth and death — and not all of them would consider revolt a valid method of giving meaning to an individual's life.

THE WHITE SHIRTS

is weakened by the obvious concern of the author, who endured 'the Terror of Tuesdays and Thursdays,' when electro-shock treatments were administered on a seemingly quantitative basis. (Not too long ago, prefrontal lobotomies were the panacea. Now, it's wonder drugs, which, according to Miss Field, replace concern with one's problems with a dependency on the drugs similar to alcoholism or heroin addiction.) Though some may pass this book off as psychotic ravings, Miss Field raises pertinent questions such as: the right of the mental nonconformist to remain in his mental state without having an arbitrary norm forced upon him for his own good. And she raises a clarion call for separation of science and state!

If, as Camus and some of the self-avowed Existentialists maintain, the universe is irrational — how can a man be rational (as Camus asserts he is)? What he calls rational can only be a symptom of universal irrationality. Then science based on mathematics — which, like logic, can never be without contradiction — hardly can be more than a pragmatic and incomplete answer to any human problem. Science may be useful in getting men to the moon; but it is not science, rather men's individual and group application of science, which will accomplish this. Groups and nations and 'isms' have theoretical, abstract, and empirical values — solely to individuals, however. Individuals may act in groups or for nations or may participate in movements — but it is not the groups or nations or movements which act.

Thomas W. Africa sums up the situation succinctly; though he deals with historians, his summation has a wider application. He writes: 'The discipline of the historian is like that of the lawyer: arguments are advanced and attacked under common rules of evidence, and the conclusions

reached are neither absolute nor moral but (it is hoped) reasonable. In court and in history, there is no place for inflexible laws or for dreams and portents. . . . Except as a place, Rome never existed — Romans ruled the Mediterranean world, and Britons (not Britannia) ruled the waves. Because its follies and achievements are active causal agents, the recent past weighs heavily upon the present, but the remote past survives chiefly in parodies composed by politicians and Romantics, its realities of interest only to historians. Almost invariably, appeals to the past are pleas for the present. Remembering little, believing much, each generation is essentially a stranger upon the earth . . . ' (The City of God Revisited: Toynbee's Reconsideration, in JOURNAL OF THE HISTORY OF IDEAS).

A nation is not its wealth or its power or its scientific achievements, but the people who live in it. And it is well to remember that whatever value a nation has — indeed, all value — is human value.

IN ASTROLOGY'S DEFENSE

THE LATEST STUDIES OF HEART (of man) failure make the root problem not diet or disease but time-stress, the need to be 'regular.' Once the urgency of artificial, man-time is alleviated, disposition improves, efficiency increases, life is newly endowed. Yet, of all methods to transcend or master time — from coffee breaks to vacations, from doodling to drugs, from liquor to art, from the borderline 'sciences' of hypnosis and fortune-telling to ESP — whatever, in other words, relieves one, even for a 'moment,' of self-time and focuses instead on outside authority ('Father Time') — the most neglected and overlooked is, strangely enough, the most ancient of time-concerned subjects: Astrology.

Sidney Omarr (born Leo, Aug. 5, 1926) in *MY WORLD OF ASTROLOGY* (FLEET — \$5.95) dramatically vindicates the importance of astrology both as a 'scientific art' and as a means for man 'to live a life free from needless fear and inner opposition.'

That the subject needs defending can be attributed to the easy generalizations, misunderstood or misapplied, of newspaper popularizers, and also to direct and potent attacks of such scientists as Dr. Roy K. Marshall who openly avowed to demolish astrology and was successfully countered by Mr. Omarr during a lengthy (and 'overtime') radio debate.

The event was of sufficient personal satisfaction to Omarr to make it predominant in the early sections of the book — in which, eminent scientists, philosophers, and authors are quoted on behalf of astrology. Carl Jung: ' . . . astrology represents the summation of all the psychological knowledge of antiquity.'

Referring to a less known authority, Omarr relates the fascinating story of Evangeline Adams who was instrumental

in having astrology legalized in New York State (where alone it remains legal today) by her analyses of birth charts including one of X, the trial judge's son.

From a purely-literary standpoint, the book also has value. First, the characterizations of persons based on the data of their nativity are lively and suggestive and merit study by anyone interested in the possible intricacies and repercussions of human involvements. Second, we remember that certain of our literary personalities who have loomed preternaturally large have been identified with celestial bodies — Rimbaud: 'In him the Sun and Moon were both strong' — Dostoevsky: '... near ... the Moon of our non-being.' (These are quotes of Henry Miller, whose association with astrology — Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn, The Cosmological Eye — may be more obvious) — and, of course, D. H. Lawrence: the 'Dark Sun' who saw man as a 'Moon that waxes and wanes.' Omarr also draws from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Emerson, and others further to demonstrate the services of astrology to literature and other aspects of our culture.

Punching in, again, to time-clock culture, the question remains as to the practical, nonmystical, nonliterary (scientific, that is) astrology. What does it do? How does it behave? It is not, the author emphasizes, concerned with the 'causes' of events, but rather in establishing that 'a correspondence does exist between planetary positions and human and other earthly actions or reactions (Jung: a "synchronicity").' It is very much concerned, then, with past, present, and future. And the competent astrologer, even do-it-yourself astrologer (instructions are included for casting the horoscope), is necessarily a guide who helps the 'native' with decisions 'to know what to do about the indications and trends reflected in his birth chart.'

The point is richly advanced by the late Aldous Huxley in *THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION*: 'To be enlightened is to be aware,

always, of total reality ... to be aware of it and yet to remain in a condition to survive as an animal, to feel and think as a human being, to resort whenever expedient to systematic reasoning. Our goal is to discover that we have always been where we ought to be.'

Total reality, systematic reasoning, our relation to things as they are —to the extent that astrology supports and contributes to this, Omarr's book is persuasive and well worth serious attention.

M. D. Elevitch

THE SNOWS OF WINTER

Somewhere this side of paradise when you can't go home
again the snows of winter fall early in your heart

It's hanging there

Robert Lowry

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