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QUARTERLY

GEORGE TABORI

E. P. THOMPSON

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

WILMA SHORE

GWYN THOMAS

CURTIS ZAHN

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN

BYRON HERBERT REECE

EDWIN ROLFE

WILLARD N. MARSH

LOIS W. BRIGGS

JAY WILLIAMS

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CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY

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A CLEAN 6 X 9 READING EDITION

The Place Called Choice: Overture and Part One gives this issue its argumentative center, with E. P. Thompson setting the terms. The fiction—D. P. by George Tabori; *The Daring Young Woman* by Wilma Shore; *Where My Dark Lover Lies* by Gwyn Thomas—moves among private crisis, social pressure, and public consequence, with each story's title and setting supplying a distinct point of entry. The poetry runs from *Three Poems* and *At the Zoo*, shifting between grouped poems and single lyrics rather than settling into one house style. Essays and reviews carry that movement into *The Editors*, so the issue reads as a conversation rather than a stack of unrelated contributions. The result is a compact but varied record of the issue's particular moment.

This edition resets the journal's literary texts for reading. Each piece begins on a fresh reader page and identifies its original journal page and PDF scan page; advertisements and decorative matter are omitted. Artwork and irreducibly visual material appear as labelled original plates.

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Notes on Contributors

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BYRON HERBERT REECE has drawn on the lore and balladry of his native Georgia as material for two collections of poems and a novel, Better a Dinner of Herbs.

EDWIN ROLFE's poems have appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature, Poetry, Montevallo Review, Yank, and in several anthologies. He is preparing a new volume of verse for publication.

WILMA SHORE has published stories in the New Yorker, Mademoiselle, Cosmopolitan, McCall's, Good Housekeeping, Story, Accent, and other magazines, and in Best American Short Stories of 1941.

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN has been represented by poems and stories in many magazines. He is the author of two volumes of poetry, Rococo Summer, 1947, and The Lost River, published recently in London.

GEORGE TABORI, prominent European story writer and novelist, is the author of Companions of the Left Hand, Beneath the Stone, etc. He is now living in Italy.

GWYN THOMAS is the distinguished Welsh novelist of Leaves in the Wind, Venus and the Voters and The Dark Philosophers, and has written many short stories.

E. P. THOMPSON has published poetry in various English literary magazines and is now working on a novel and a collection of poems while teaching at Leeds.

JAY WILLIAMS spent a year abroad as a Guggenheim Fellow following the appearance of his novel, *The Good Yeomen*. His non-fiction work, *The Fall of the Sparrow*, has just been published.

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D. P

George Tabori

Szapolyai was caught fast on Third Avenue beneath the arches. Flattened against the iron post, chin down, stomach drawn in, he stood stiffly, like a guardsman. Cars passed right and left, puffing hot gas at his ankles. He closed his eyes and shifted the heavy paper bags, the one with the goose and sauerkraut, the other with his new black boots, the canned peaches, the alarm-clock. A train approached overhead with a growing roar the arches began to shake, Szapolyai began to shake, his teeth clattering. The train passed, carrying its thunder away from the red brick, the brown stones, the fire-escapes, the old men staring from their windows, the children below, the bars, the dark shops. When he opened his eyes, Szapolyai saw how the lights fell through the girders, forming bar-like shadows on the stones. The cage was intolerable. He blew his breath out and ran to the sidewalk, brushed by the fender of a cab. After the shrieking had died down the driver leaned out and shouted at him: "Wanna get killed, ya dope?"

He stopped by the huge steel basket and wiped his face. His back stud had come adrift again; his celluloid collar had slipped up and was touching the back of his head, coldly. He put the two bags down by a banana peel, away from a small heap of dust; fastened his shoelaces, reached inside the sleeve of his jacket, pulled up his cuffs, pushed down his collar. Then he saw a man waving at him, coming across the broken shadows. Szapolyai waved back. The man had a lopsided neck, and walked on tiptoe with bent knees, half running, half crouching. His elbows were drawn high, almost to his armpits, and he carried a small box. When he stepped into the light, Szapolyai noticed that his mouth was drawn up on one side as if he were eager to show his back teeth.

"Happy-birthday cards," the man gurgled, offering his box. "Happy-birthday cards."

Szapolyai shook his head, sternly. The man took no notice, staggered on he must have been accustomed to refusal. Szapolyai picked up his bags, peering down the street. He heard laughter, and turned. There was

a bar nearby, glum behind the red and blue neon lights. A group of men sat in a dense row at the bar, watching a television set. The laughter was double, pouring out of the machine, of the men by the bar, pouring into the street in a wave, playing around Szapolyai, his small black hat, his bags, his collar, his white face, his stainedsteel teeth, his fear. There was a sign above him and an arrow pointing up ahead. He peered up, moving his lips slowly. "THE LAW," the sign read. "Never sweep refuse into street." Resting his bags on his knees he fished out his little dictionary. The trouble was, he could only remember one word at a time. "LAW-TORVENY." His heart was beating faster. He thought of the blue-shirted policemen. He lifted the two bags, balancing them on one arm, holding the dictionary in his free hand. The trouble with the bags was, he couldn't trust the string. Before taking him to the subway at Zerega Avenue, Mrs. Berkes, a distant cousin, had warned him about the string. It was kind of her to give him all those presents, but she shouldn't have let him go without a map. By the time he had reached Forty-second Street he was choking with fear the tunnel rushing past was too dark; the strange city overhead too heavy; he couldn't breathe, and left the train, wandering heavily into the street; and now he was lost.

A man and a woman came out of a house, ambling gently, his arm around her waist. Szapolyai stopped; his tongue appeared on his lower lip; with a twisted finger he turned the pages of the little dictionary. But he was too late. The couple had entered the bar. Szapolyai peered inside. They had their backs to him. A cat was inside the window, basking in the red-blue light, blinking sleepily. The laughter streamed out, would not let him enter. He shuffled on, aware of the moon among the high towers, immobile as if the night would never pass. He stopped on the corner. Beyond a few canopies there was another avenue, noisy and crowded. The houses he could see were washed in red light. He couldn't see the sky, only a pink haze between the towers.

A young man in shirt-sleeves passed, kicking a stone. Quickly Szapolyai consulted his dictionary.

"Please," he said. "Haven't any change," the young man said. He did not look at Szapolyai, and quickened his step, leaving the stone behind. Szapolyai stared after him, remembering the village football team. He walked up to the stone, kicked it furiously; but did not feel better. The bags were getting heavy, his arm was aching again he ought to eat the

goose and the sauerkraut, but he wasn't hungry and dared not sit on the curb. "Law," he whispered to himself, and shifted the parcels on to his other arm. "Please," he tried to remember. Or was it, "Plose?" He looked it up again. "Please," he murmured, and turned toward the brighter street.

He stopped by the first canopy in the side street, and saw a large courtyard with a strip of lawn around a stone fountain. The fountain was dry, and hanging above it on three sides were a few yellow windows. He could not call out. No one was passing the windows, there were no geraniums in the windows. A woman was walking a dog, softly begging it to do its business. The wind came around the corner with a puff the newspapers in the gutter began to roll along past Szapolyai. He caught a glimpse of the photograph of a pretty girl; tried to step on the paper, but it flew along by the garbage cans, the brass hydrants, the parking signs, and stopped at an alley. He walked after the paper. The alley was lit by a single lamp, sloped steeply, and he saw a man, sitting against the wall, catch the paper, look at it, ball it up and throw it away, watching it roll down the slope.

"Please," Szapolyai said expectantly. They were alone in the alley. He might have a chance to explain everything.

The man had his hands in his pockets, scratching himself. He stared at Szapolyai and got up slowly. He had a whitish beard. He was not wearing a collar. Szapolyai liked him for not wearing a collar; it reminded him of the oldest peasant in the village back home, of his red, wrinkly neck above the collarless shirt, of the week day stubble, the pipe, the slow speech, the elaborate curse spat out when the pipe went cold.

The man smiled eagerly. "Want me to carry your bags, sir?"

"Please," Szapolyai said, turning the pages of his dictionary. If only he could remember more than one word.

The man reached out. "Goin' far?" he asked.

Szapolyai stepped back, uncertainly. "Do it for a quarter," the man said, and took hold of the parcel with the goose and the sauerkraut. Szapolyai ushered him away and slapped his hand 'th the dictionary.

"Gotta eat," the man was indignant. Szapolyai was frightened, and began to hurry away.

"Thank you!" the man called after him angrily. He wanted the goose, Szapolyai thought. The confounded goose caused so much trouble; he

should have eaten it on the train. He passed a parking lot. The cars stood empty in the cold light. There was no one around. He turned back; the man who wanted the goose had disappeared. Szapolyai changed his bags over and wiped his face. A cat came by and sat near the curb. The cat, too, was like the village, the past. The cat was the soft touch of a boy in the past.

"Tsi-tsi-tsi-tsi," Szapolyai tried. The cat remained serious. Szapolyai stepped nearer. He might give a goose leg to the cat and take it to the boarding house; if only he could find his way. He could put the cat into his pocket as that boy used to. "Tsi-tsi-tsi," he tried again. The cat arched its back and slipped underneath an empty car.

He walked on, carrying the bags in both hands, peering out between them. He was nearing the corner. The noise grew, a bus appeared suddenly and stopped with a deep hiss; but no one got off. He saw a great red sign hanging against a building. He read it slowly changed the parcels over and turned the pages of the dictionary. There was no such word; but he stood still, feeling the awe he had felt on arrival, four days before; an awe he had since forgotten. The street was sparkling with colour red, blue, green and white lights, great fireworks caught in mid-air; about to fall apart, he feared, and go out. Beyond them rose the towers, a dark and irregular range. They belonged to the moon the moon was the only round object in the heights, constant against the signs, the people moving in the street, the cat, the goose, Szapolyai.

He peeped cautiously around the corner, and saw that immediately beneath him a fat woman sat sprawling among piles of newspapers. She was eating cherries from a paper bag, spitting the stones back into the bag. The cherries, too, were of the past red on the trees in the orchard, ripe for the silent women with their dotted aprons, their wizened hands picking cherries.

The fat woman felt his gaze, looked up with a little shock, blinked.

"You meshugge?" she asked. Szapolyai smiled. She offered the bag; he came around the corner.

"Plose," he said. "Please." The woman cocked her head, watching him. "Please," Szapolyai said loudly.

"What's yours?" the woman asked, pointing at the newspapers. "Judge Bentley lays an egg, it's all there."

Szapolyai turned the pages of his dictionary. "Address," he said, lifting his eyebrows.

"Don't stock it, honey." The woman spat out.

"Please," Szapolyai said, balancing the bags on his hips, standing crookedly. The lights were flickering, the small print began to blur. "Address."

A man stopped. "News," he grunted, and threw a coin.

"What you want?" the woman asked. "Speakste mumme loshen?"

Two women came by, arm in arm. "Where you bin?" the fat woman asked them. They laughed. Szapolyai shook his head, walked on. The fat woman perhaps called after him, but he wasn't sure. When he turned he saw a small crowd around her; she was staring after him between their legs, her cheeks stuffed with cherries. He passed two marble pillars, large copper lanterns above them, a row of steps, a palace inside, beautiful carpets, a uniformed boy, A cheerful group was lounging on the steps, heavyset men with rimless glasses, straw hats on the back of their heads, hands in their pockets. Their shoes were very shiny, their jackets open; Szapolyai could see how their bellies bulged roundly over their belts. He remembered a Sunday show in the village, The Sheriff's Revenge. But for the star pinned on the shirt, the wide-brimmed hat, the gun in the holster, the men on the steps looked like that Sheriff. He gaped at their short neckties held tightly by gold clips, the big white cards in their lapels, their wristwatches. They laughed, slapping one another on the back. Szapolyai thought they might break into song, but one of them, the biggest, called out "Taxi," and they pushed past Szapolyai, slapping shoulders, their eyeglasses glinting as they sat back on the seats.

Now the sirens began to sound, coming nearer, falling from the sky. He jumped behind the marble pillar, hunching his back, waiting for the crash and the smell of smoke. The wailing was part of the past a still summer day when he visited the county fair, the white streaks the plane had left behind, a long wail, the longer whistle of the bombs, a crash, clouds of dust, brick, timber, two haystacks burning. The wailing moved inside his head. He forced himself to look up, hiding behind the goose and the sauerkraut, his collar cold on the nape of his neck. Some people stopped curiously. A long black car came wailing by, two red lights winking; inside two men in white sat by a woman lying on a stretcher.

Szapolyai could see her pointed nose. There was death in the car. He lifted his hat reverently. The wailing d on, echoing under the towers. ow he felt comforted by the towers 11 vd the moon they seemed above death • the streets, above flying timber and rning haystacks. As he shifted the bags s r in he felt the sauerkraut leaking; his d was wet. He wanted to throw the into a steel basket, but a blue-shirted iceman was standing there, looking ' t and left. He hurried on behind the iceman's back. There was a shop on corner, one of those pharmacies and urants combined. The door was; the blue light-tubes shimmered; counter was· almost.empty, and three 'ters in spotless white were busy, ming taps off and on.

He entered shyly, his right hand drip- • g with sauerkraut-juice. He walked the far end where one couple were bed, their legs entwined in their high 'rs, bent over their plates. He hesi-, seeing himself in the mirror, emrassed by the white face, the oblique, the overpadded shoulders. A poodle sat gracefully by the couple,.. crossed. Szapolyai smiled; the dog the village, too the dusty road, ing home at night, the tinkling pro- • n of cows, the kerosene lamps bed the starched curtains. He put the on the floor, wiped his hand in his erchief, and hopped onto a high, awkwardly. His knees were tremb- The dog got up and sniffed at the. The woman who was holding it a yellow leash jerked it back, without • g. Szapolyai smiled again: "Tsi-tsi- " he tried. He wanted to smile at the e, but they were busy. They seemed lie together, but never turned to each other, talking straight in front of them or to the mirror. Now and then the dog got up, stretched its long neck towards the goose; but the woman always pulled it back, without turning.

The man was eating a long sausage on a soft roll. "Hurry up if you don't want to miss the beginning."

"Don't want to go at all," the woman said, drinking from a paper cup.

"How d'you mean?" the man asked. Szapolyai listened, the little dictionary in front of him. "You said you did."

"Said nothing of the kind." The woman stared at herself in the mirror, lifting her chin, turning her face right and left.

"You did," the man said; his eyes popped every time he bit into the roll, receded when he started to chew. "I don't care, but you said you wanted to go."

"Didn't," she said. The dog started to whinny. "Quiet," she snapped.

"Okay, you changed your mind. There's nothing wrong with that." The man ran his tongue round his upper teeth. "You said, mad about seeing Little Women."

"I did?"

One of the waiters came up, a young man with a lined face and curly hair. He looked as if he had only a moment to spare. He was busy all the time, even while walking towards Szapolyai, placing paper napkins on the counter.

"Yes?" he said, reaching for some small cream jugs.

Szapolyai smiled. He wanted to make it clear that he wasn't going to order anything, that he only wanted to ask a question. "Please," he said in a low voice.

and moved away. "Two coffees coming He didn't want the couple to stare at him.

up."

"Address," Szapolyai explained, and hunched his shoulders to indicate that he was lost. The waiter stepped nearer with a sugar bowl, inspected Szapolyai's face.

"My memory's perfectly good," the man spoke into his plate. "I know what I'm talking about. Little Women, you said distinctly."

"Never," she said. "What kinda salad?" the waiter asked Szapolyai.

Szapolyai showed him the dictionary. On the inside cover was the address. The waiter leaned over.

"Please." Szapolyai was comparing their fingers; the waiter had neat, oval fingernails, shining like pearls. Szapolyai's were short, square, not very clean.

"Three twenty-five West Twentytwo," the waiter said. "Go to Grand Central, take a shuttle to Times Square."

"Please?" Szapolyai asked, listening hard.

The man with the sausage said loudly. "You know what you can do."

"Grand Central." The waiter was filling up water glasses in a hurry. Szapolyai stared at him with a rigid smile. The waiter made a curving move with his arm pointing into the street. "Turn left, two blocks."

"Hurry up, Nick," the second waiter cried. "The mob's out from Loew's."

"Never said Little Women, never entered my mind," the woman talked back at the mirror. "Two coffees."

"You shouldn't have any more coffee," the man said.

"Got it?" the waiter asked Szapolyai, Szapolyai liked the smell of the place; liked the chromium machines, the clucking taps, the paper napkins, the orange hills, the big pies. He watched the waiter work at the coffee machine, the quick, calculated movements. He caught his eye. The waiter was annoyed, but came back.

"Deutsch?" he asked. Szapolyai shrugged. "This guy's lost," the waiter spoke to the couple. Szapolyai wished he hadn't, and slid off the chair. The man and the woman turned.

"Where d'you want to go?" the man asked. Szapolyai smiled. The waiter said, "West Twenty-second."

"Take a bus," the man said. Szapolyai bowed. The woman looked him up and down. The poodle stood up, sniffing.

"Polski?" the woman asked. Szapolyai picked up his bags. "He'll never get there," the woman said, watching him. The sauerkraut was dripping. "Fifi, sit down," she cried to the dog. "Look at that bag!"

"What d'you want me to do?" the man had turned back to the mirror, pouring sugar into his cup.

"You could take him to the bus stop." She watched Szapolyai put one bag on top of the other, pressing his chin against it, a small black pocketbook in his free hand.

"I thought you wanted to see a movie," the man replied.

"I don't!" the woman shrieked. Szapolyai looked around in fright. Her voice echoed under the blue light-tubes, the pink jars, bottles, boxes. One counter was covered with small green turtles.

He • wanted to stop and inspect one of shop full of neatly arranged bottles. He then, wind it up and watch it move. But the woman was angry; it must have been the sauerkraut that had made her angry. The dog stared at the grey juice running down Szapolyai's trousers. He made for the door quickly. A crowd was coming in; mainly young people. The men had very short-cropped hair; two of the girls walked lazily, chewing. Szapolyai was trying to squeeze past them when the man by the register called after him.

"Hey, you!" "Please." Szapolyai smiled, fleeing. "Hey, you!" The man got up. "He had nothing," the waiter cried out.

Outside, Szapolyai stopped by the window, flat against the mountains of toothpaste, mouth wash, face powder, lipstick, small green turtles. The street was very crowded. He remembered the waiter's gesture, and turned left. There was no east, no west, no south, no north left for him. He made a full circle, turning round on his heels, looking for a landmark; where was the windmill, the drinking well, the wayside shrine? Everywhere there were the winking, jerking signs, the great names hanging hugely against the buildings, the purple mist overhead, the buses, the cars, the people going nowhere, just walking up and down confined by the towers. To stop himself from crying he tried to find comfort in the magnificence of the landscape. He rained his neck and his eyes followed a string of blue windows to the distant top hat shone through the mist with three shafts of light rotating slowly.

He retreated from the crowds, slinked along the wall, and saw a darkened had never seen such beautiful bottles, all sizes, with golden stoppers and labels. He could see his face in the window, the long nose, the small moustache, the black hat, the square shoulders, another face behind him. Politely he stepped aside. The man behind him was very tall and thin, with a beaked nose. He ignored Szapolyai, stepped closer and placed his open palms on the window, licking his lips. His Adam's apple moved up and down as he scanned the bottles from right to left and back again. Szapolyai watched him. The man smiled, ran a long finger inside his loose collar, rested his forehead against the window, squinting. "Rye," he said pressing his nose against the glass.

"Please," Szapolyai said. "Rye," the man said softly. It must have been a woman's name. "What d'you know?"

Szapolyai showed him the inside cover of his dictionary.

"West Twenty-second," the man swayed. "West is the place for a stranger. Where d'you come from?"

Szapolyai bowed, smiling. "No speaka da English?" the man asked. "All that rye," he sighed. He must be in love, Szapolyai decided. The man took his arm and led him to the corner.

"That way," he said, pointing ahead. "Avoid the lights, stay close to the wall, don't let them stop you. Park, Madison, Fifth, keep your eyes on the

setting sun, you can't miss it. Cross to the mainland by a tunnel, from there on you're safe. Catch trout in a stream, camp under bridges, pick all the flowers you can find. Just walk on, patiently." He squeezed Szapolyai's arm. "When you're kneehigh in the Pacific, remember Hancock'," He slapped Szapolyai's shoulder and returned to the bottles.

Szapolyai smiled, and turning back towards the man lifted his arm and pointed ahead, enquiringly. But the man was leaning against the glass. Szapolyai waited for the lights to change. The cars stood in a straight line except for a taxi-cab, raring to go, coasting slowly. Szapolyai looked right and left, and followed a young woman across the road. The side street led slightly uphill; it was darker and quieter. He must get rid of the goose and the sauerkraut; he walked with quick but heavy steps, resting the bags on his hips. The street was lined with enormous buildings. The windows on the left were half-hidden by blinds, but there was light behind them, moving figures, the steady clatter of dishes, the humming of a dynamo. The pavement was broken by iron grills; he peered down and saw the black rails below. A train passed, and the earth began to shake; Szapolyai began to shake;

the goose and the sauerkraut were shaking, too, the juice running through his fingers. He hurried on, looking for a doorway; there were no doors in the street, only clattering windows and dark walls. He had nearly reached the corner when the young woman who was walking ahead of him stopped abruptly, turned and came back, swinging her bag. She wore a flowery dress, no hat or scarf. She seemed lovely to Szapolyai, like the woman in one of those Sunday shows in the village, in a picture called *The Bull of the Pampas*. She had a small, tight, hardly visible smile; her eyes were half-closed. She slowed down. Szapolyai wished he had got rid of the goose and the sauerkraut before. He stepped into the road to let her pass, and thought briefly of taking her home to the village, or driving her in the surrey, of stopping at his sister's house. "This here is Mary," he'd say. Mary was the only English name he knew. His sister would bow: "What good breeze brought thee?"

She stopped. "What you got there, big boy?"

His heart was racing. He put the bags down, lifted his hand to beg her for patience, showed her the dictionary.

"Voo fransay?" She swung her bag, her shoulders. She smelled very sweet.

"Please," Szapolyai asked her, and stepped back to get under the lonely street-lamp, turning the pages of the little book. HOLGY-LADY.

"You're cute," she wrinkled her nose and laughed through it. "Want to buy me a drink?"

"Please?" he cupped his ear with his hand. She stepped closer. "Drink," she said. "Look it up, big boy." She made a drinking movement, leaning backwards. He could see her double-chin. His collar slipped up at the back; he pushed it down.

"Drink, drink!" He was beside himself at understanding her. He lifted an imaginary beer-jug; emptied it, laughing.

"Yeah, yeah," she cried. "Come awn I" She took his arm. He stood for a second solemnly, grinning to himself with puckered mouth. Then he stepped aside, lifting a cautioning finger, honorably.

"What's the matter?" she asked. Carefully he put his hands into his pockets, turned them inside out, shrugged, turned out his palms. Her face changed. "No money?" she said. He rubbed his index finger and thumb together; paused; shook his head:

"I get it," she said, walking away. "Please!" he called after her. She stopped. He picked up the smaller bag. "What's that?" she asked. He wrinkled his forehead in delight, sniffed loud, smacked his lips to persuade her of the goose's excellence. She smelled at the bag. "Hum-hum," he said, intimating a wonderful meal.

"You're crazy," she said, and laughed through her nose, walking down the street. He stood with the bags, watching her rhythmical gait, the swinging bag, the swinging hips. He was disappointed but unsurprised. "Hum-hum," he said, half aloud, and turned to walk uphill, stopping on the corner. This was the gravest street, deserted under the endless range of buildings. The white lamps, the red signals changing to green shone upon no one. A narrow strip of lawn stretched in the middle of the road, with a few young trees in a cluster. He looked up there was no one at the windows. A newspaper bounced along in the wind. The street ended in a tower with a large, illuminated clock; it was very late. A car slid out of the arch, carrying violent music inside; a lame pigeon hobbled along in the distance. He walked across to the lawn and climbed over the iron fence. The tower might be a cathedral; he took his hat off, placed his bags on the green, and waited. A small cloud came by, but it could have

been smoke. He looked at the trees would they survive? He took his shoes off, wriggling his toes. Would he die of thirst? he thought, and buried his face in the grass; it smelled of oil. There was no stream in the desert; no shepherd's flute would be heard. Now he knew he had lost the village, the companionship, the pity of his memories. He could no longer remember the green shutters, the thatched roof, the geraniums, his sister's face inside the black scarf. He opened his dictionary and looked up the word and began to yap half-heartedly, "Help! Help!", and waited and called again and nobody came.

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JOURNAL PAGE 12 / SCAN PAGE 14

The Place Called Choice: Overture and Part One

E. P. Thompson

"Wind that has blown here always ceaselessly, Bringing, if any man can understand, Might to the mighty, freedom to the free;

Wind that has caught us, cleansed us, made us grand, Wind that is we,
We that are men - make men in all this land."

Charles Sorley.

Crime and compassion, then, statistics, ecstasy, Struck like a match from chaos. It's all an accident. This town beneath me meaning no more than stonecrop, Lichen of banks and offices fungus on a stone wall Spawning into the night a pretty stitchwork of lights Like swarming midget spiders, bringing someone money. Widows and acrobats, clowns, suicides, It's all in the luck of the draw. Man makes what he can get. The kids play at bandits. Blood issues on the speedway. The gunmen point from the hoardings, indicating manhood, Virility slouching in a soft hat and an oil-stained raincoat, Getting girls at a bargain, going loaded to the cash-tills, Educating the young in the ethics of business. The weak get cracked like grapeseed, chewed into digits. On the corner by the Palace Without malice or logic Death waits in a slumped indifferent posture, Sticking his knuckles in the eyes of all comers.

The applewood is black, bearing fruit at the back of mills. At Ashton the stunted cotton operatives, at Bradford The memory of anthrax, silicosis in the Durham quarries. At Manchester you can find a forgotten half-acre of gravestones, The grey light blocked by the utilitarian chapel, The mechanic's institute, the condemned back-to-back terraces. Soot settles on the cemetery, assuaging its chemical hunger, Adjusting the stone accounts, writing off our grandparent's losses. A good plot lost to the dairyman, the jerrybuilder, now to all memory Except of the local antiquarian, muffled in Sunday's habit, Pacing between tilted crosses, tracing some local worthy Or once in a leap-year some American returning To hunt up his ancestors, in a Packard or a Cadillac Presses between trams and hoots into the dark passageway, Enters the

wrought-iron creaking gates. Rain on the headstones, Where Jones the Chartist is buried.

Wind crosses the marshes, Fowey, the Cinque Ports, a sand-bar across the estuary Silt, mudflats, wormcasts, black posts, rushes, saltings, Nets rotting in a brackish inlet, a Viking war-way, The neglected sea-groyne, corkfloats, tar, corrupting bladderwrack. The scavenging gull and the shag lime the clipper's keel Where picnic-makers throw refuse, sucked half under in sand. Or buried in a bookshop in an unfrequented quarter.

Bristol, perhaps, or Nottingham. The stack marked down to sixpence. The dust rarely disturbed. Cobbett's paper, yellow at the edges.

The New Moral World. The Black Dwarf. Cooper. Bradlaugh. A find for some professor, more stuffing for a thesis. Or in the reference library, entombed in the white card-index, Paine's Rights of Man which once in some high Pennine valley The weaver at his handloom, straining by rushlight, read.

Wind crosses the moors. The valley of the last wolf. Old iron workings. Mica. Quartz. The monotonous peatbog, Black roots, ling, harebell, the wet relics of a forest. The gutted stannary. Scrub oak on the old encampment, Brambles and st. john's wort, among the chalkbits and pellets, The droppings of rabbits, a shred of pottery, a flint, a coin.

Or with more grace at Burford, integral with Cotswold stone, Entering the ceremony of cottages, sweet william and crown imperial, Buried among neighbours and labourers, the Leveller corporals. Riding by night the Roundheads forded the river (Fifty miles since dawn, Fairfax and Cromwell), Rested in watermeadows among frogcup and loddon lily, Found them and rode them down, their doublets still unbelted, Drowsy at midnight, damp cramping their hips, fatigue Of freedom's parturition, of a hidden understanding Nudging their dreams. Damage of horses Sundering the darkness. Sudden clamour of orders. Tinderboxes. Odour of burnt powder, garlic. Then on the leads time enough for meditation. Later, in the churchyard, (The round dance come to an end, the children hailed indoors) Hard determination was needed for that death in full daylight, Looking at the muskets marking their target, The soldiers torn in their duty...

Wind crosses the cities Driving the rain under doors, sweeping the housing estates, Kicking with ten-league boots at the evening racing special, The pools slip, the Woodbine carton, the plain cover for

contraceptives, Clapping the corrugated sheets on the roof of the garage, Rusted nails, brake linings, tyres, half bricks, oddments.

And now squats in the knotted core of this town Among the keening smoke-stacks, the megalithic condensers, The engines shunting in the yards, the dark bulk And lighted swarm of the mills. And the wide-eyed child Listens to the wail in the guttering, watches the street-lamp Spill and people the walls with shadows, guardsmen, bandits, The cocked stance of the gunman, the slouched shape on the corner, Sensing enemies as human, the spy and the hunchbacked miser, Never thinking for a moment of the wind at the door, the wolf.

Wind that is geological time, eraser of familiar landmarks, Opposing the gait and strike of strata, scouring the faults, Incessant commentator, stalking the peaks and hursts, Scanning the smoke of valleys and the straddled cities, Searching the conscience of England.

Across the Piltdown gravel, Over the Swanscombe skull, crunched among ammonites and shells, Over the tiny crustacea, the bric-a-brac of chalk, First cousins to our father Who lies crouched in the abandoned road of memory Clutching in his stone fist a charm against the centuries Trawling the turfs of Fosberry with a net of shadows, Vaulting the countless Stones, the barrows, the temple to Mithras, Bursting the hinges of Stonehenge and entering on Halifax, Howling in the eyeteeth of the boar, through the saurian's crutch, Wind, crossing peaty headlands, Crying in pylons, Questioning the conscience of this island Stuck like a white fishbone in the chops of the Atlantic.

If you had suffered In your own person the pain of the spine's erection, The brain stretching in the skull, ache of the widening eyes:

Pressed south by that tonnage of ice, had your white hide Sliced into blood by the sabre of the biting tiger, And now, stooping to put out the bottles on your doorstep, Or dropping the sports page for a moment to stir the fire, Suddenly heard that question in the whorl of your ear, The wash of the sea in the shell, the wet acres, the wind...

Saying: "I find the old sites vacant. The fishing villages choked, thorns choking the encampments, The churchyard kept quaint for American tourists. Couch-grass and knapweed encroach on the chalk landmarks, From Chaucer's driftway the oak and the yew are ousted And among soft larches the chosen pheasant is defended From the poaching falcon, the

fox, the ancient badger And on the Pennine uplands The Chartists march
no more with their pikes and torches."

Saying: "I have ransacked all the cities. Liverpool and Coventry,
Nottingham, Bristol, Searching the new site of my haughty oppon.ent,
Hunting for a sign of that implacable resistance I have met before in this
flinty arena. Where does he lurk among these black-bricked embrasures
And gun-shaped chimneys? On what issue will he wrestle Clutching at
my wrists and challenging my kingdom, When I next encounter him,
man, my antagonist?" Would you recall for a moment your figure on the
earthwork, Sweating in brown firelight, hacking with shaped antlers,
Throwing up a wall against tall oncoming strangers, And the late watch
on the dyke while the infernal nightjar Kept scarring the silence and
startling the sentries That night on the Sangro Waiting with corked face
and vine-leaves in your helmet For the canvas boat to be launched among
hanging flares And the crunching of mortars and the slitting arrows, Your
brothers posted as "missing", strewn in a chalkpit?

And would you wonder (recalling that the mortgage Is nearly paid up,
the installments on the washer, And you've done your bit for your
country, the works foreman Has tipped you for a rise), would you pause
and consider Whether anything was lacking, whether all was in order, Or
some important engagement had evaded your memory, Some note
scrawled in childhood, some knot in your conscience, Some dues
outstanding to an half-remembered union, Some brother at Burford, the
slit-trenches of the Sangro Whom you vowed to avenge if heaven fell in
the encounter, Hand-to-hand upon high hursts, with your humanity at
issue?

England in the grip of suave, competent killers. Her will weakened by
an ethic of money-spiders And all the cant and claptrap of a vicious
individualism Masking the lurking coshboys, the slouching gunmen,
Letting in the agent of the ancient antagonist. Sand silts the narrow roads
Making obsolete the heroic charts, the old markers of feeling. The
couch-grass and the plantain obscure the white landmarks Of a culture
down on its luck, of a nation of hawkers. The wind knocks for an entry,
the forest encroaches, The brain evacuates old sites in the skull, The eyes
come together, Making way for the sloping mammal, the ape, our father.

England, buried somewhere under bricks, oddments, worn tyres
Under the shady transaction clinched in the flashy roadhouse Buried with

Arnald and Lockyer, with Holberry, with Linell, With the victims of anthrax in the back courtyards of Bradford Where the applewood is black, bearing fruit by the oldest mills Stupefied in the smoke of Sheffield, sullen in Derbyshire, Raking up old grievances and grouching in East London, Recall the old challenge Which each generation has no choice but to master, Flint, bronze, and iron, and the human union, Or you, on your doorstep, Turning back to mumble your private solutions, You will not avoid the slumped figure on the corner On the moors of space from the tree of your skeleton Noosed in your timid and unsatisfied existence You will swing in the winds of your death forever.

FIRST PART

"A sense sublime Of something far more deeply inter/used... "
Wordsworth.

Here on this black hurst above Halifax, bare Except for the refuse of an old slum-clearance, Standing on this old track, the cobbles and setts Sunken and worn by the labourer, the hardy pack-horse And the weavers hunched under their pieces, recalling The cold spell setting in (the masters called it 'progress') Chilling my father's knuckles in the frostblue rushlight, And I, on a torn blanket by the hearth, lay watching His limp clemmed fingers threading the last warp, Until the clock struck five, my seventh birthday, And he stood over me, cursing, shaking salt from his eyes, Calling me out for my bit of parkin and cold porridge, Setting me off to the new mill in the valley farmland, The clatter of my clogs on the track with an hour to dawn...

Recalling my return, some ten years later, With my skin like paper, the curious crick of my shoulders Rucking my jacket up, the daughters of the parson Staring and dropping their eyes, and the jolly vicar Giving his heartiest greeting, the girl at the farm Laughing in my face, and turning back to her guardsman...

I note the black apple trees by the disused canal, The lime eaten out of the farmland, the smoke Hung like a heavy ball of phlegm in the valley Soaking the walls, the whitethorn, the poor grass, But lug the usual loads, tread with my thoughts The Great North Road of acceptable consciousness (How science has got out of hand, and man disengaged From nature, devouring himself, and all that trap), Catching sight-always

too late-from the side of my eye Some figure, abandoned, thumbing a lift, shouting...

In the thicker evening more vocal, and at night Possessing me at last with-large excitements And various voices, heard, though hardly understood, As the textile villages litter and foal their lights From here to Lancashire and Blackstone Edge- Sensing within that interthreading of workshops, In the intricate by-ways and slips between the Palace, The speedway, the Lyric, the accountant's offices, Some human bond more strict than the bonds of money, Warmer, it may be supposed, but more exacting.

Beneath those yellow airanes of st.earn in dispersal, There, in that thicket of evacuating smoke-stacks Is the place where mankind is knotted together, The place of engagement among whale-backed moors, Under the pretty fairylights of heaven The place where humanity is knotted into matter, The brain to the skull, and the skull to the plane\.

Threading a road through the inner thoughtways One within me, thrusting for speech In the breast of this bonebox beating aloud, Marker of the vaunts of man in his earthdays Of the folk of this woolstead thirsting to sing:

"First in the fireage, foremost in the firemist, Beyond all forethought master of matter Thick in the hallways of a thousand windows Thunder of looms and throng of folk. Stir with a stick their house of reeds, There is flurry of fins and sheen of scales, But faster than the fish the flashing shuttles, Closing the cloth in a thousand hallways. A thousand skills, with crafty workers One man who is cunning, casting metals One skilled in secrets, maker of fireballs To carve the rockstrength, the thews of the earthback Tripped like a stripling in throw of conquest. One skilled in carding, one in combing, Packing of parcels or cunning in counting One skilled in harnessing the horses of iron, Fearless in the smokestorm feeding the funace One at the helm of the intricate cloudcraft Carrying loads in the roads of the eagle. Surely such men have the visage of heroes? Even the gods, should they look from heaven, Would marvel together in fear and in envy!"

And mixed imperfectly with this, another said:

"Here there is concourse of skill, but there is no Art. Here there is concourse of jobs, but there is no Work. Concomitance of men without community. Man is a hunter by day, with muscle and flint-edged wit, Making what he can get, and in the evening He takes a two-penny bus to the housing estate in the suburbs, And reads the racing special and goes out for a drink. A man's job is divided among a million others.

The sheets go out to the laundry. The children to school. The pipe and tabor, the round-dance, the craftsman's eye, All taken out of the home, divided among specialists. And sickness rushed in an ambulance to the General Hospital, And what is called Love excited in the cinema, Veneration and compassion hidden in eventide homes, And justice taken from man and set in the assizes, Pretending on a dais not to be ordinary and bald and Still partly human guilt and contrition Sold in the streets as the paper poppies of atonement And conscience in the care of the bishop and the Sunday papers, And morality given in charge to the local police-station, And neighbourliness paid into the rates and set up in an office (Sometimes, indeed, the subject of an address by the mayor), And mortality no longer accepted as one of the community Taking a rightful place among weddings and confinements And passed every day in the churchyard by the field labourer As he goes out in frost to plough or returns with the harvest, No, but trundled shamefacedly through congested side-streets Past guilty averted faces to the crematorium outside the suburbs Screened by prunus and laburnum from the thundering by-pass.

And what is left of man is left with these commandments Thou shalt not owe money. Thou shalt not lend money to others. Thou shalt not get thy name into the national papers, though In the local papers thou mayst be noted for giving a donation To the Xmas Fayre or for rescuing a dog from a manhole Or for receiving a scroll and a bonus for forty years' service Dinging brads in cardboard or shredding the peel of oranges. Thou shalt work long hours whenever work may be provided Feeling guilty all the while for not doing more for the nation Or the inflationary spiral or the Gap or the man in the office (When there is no work thou art permitted to be bitter And commit suicide-in private---or vote for another party). And woman, thy mate, shall do as thyself until married When she shall bear guardsmen and workers and mothers of guardsmen. Thou

shalt work until sixty-five and then make do on a pension, Welcoming the canvassers who announce the next Old Folk's Treat Laid on by the benevolence of the candidate for the council, Until thou departest to the home or the hospital, or, without fuss, Taketh thy place in the Garden of Rest in a five-guinea urn Sold by the same syndicate which controls the cinema circuit And which built the police station and has bought the local council And has a lawyer on the payroll and a placeman in Parliament."

My friend said (I remember): "Law is a lie, love is a lie, life is a lie. How can there be justice if there is no way to act justly? How can there be love while women give birth to guardsmen? How can any work endure that is done without creation? I will go to the mountains, I will heal myself among mountains, And make myself whole in their foothills, raising sheep Among the foothills of mountains I will -heal my soul.

If I want water I will go to the stream for water. If I want to love I will go to my wife with love. I will go out for the lambing and keep my fences in order, And when it is time for harvest I will take in the harvest. I will eat when I have to eat. I will help my neighbour at the shearing when he is ready And h~ will help me in his turn when I need his help. I will do what is necessary whenever there is occasion, And whatever is demanded I will try to meet the demand. And I will keep my own conscience, Building a mountain wall against the bullying pulpit, The yapping vixens of the press, the fussy tourists, And keeping a keen watch For the wall-eyed sheepdog, who, in full daylight Lolls and flops with wagging tail, flatulent with goodness, Watching the flock with benevolent loving-kindness, Forgiving all sheep in general, all Until at nightfall Or the long false hour before dawn He circles closer to some solitary ewe, Slinking in the shadows with the stealth of holiness, Until (straggled by her fleece in a gibbet of brambles) He sinks in her gullet the jaws of a killer. And so, keeping my own council, keeping watch, I shall see this day out, the years will turn over, And on occasion I will pause at the gate, on the doorstep, Or stand on a hurst of rock on the foothills, Within my view the mountains, the barn I have altered, The marks of my hand where the bracken has receded, My children by the stream, my neighbours in the churchyard, And in the lazy air of evening the cry of lambs, Lamps lighted in scattered farms and children hailed indoors As I turn to ascend the rock-strewn escarpment."

And there I left him with the wall-eyed dealer, With half a pint of whiskey in his thickening skin, Grousing over subsidies, Haggling over pigs in a falling market And returned with a sense of loss to the city.

To the saloon bar of the tudor roadhouse just before closing-time. The fussy electric globes stew in the smoke, on the tables The overlap of alcohol like beads of perspiration.

On the walls there are nymphs and satyrs in plastic Done out in quaker grey, in primrose, in American ochre. A deal is clinched in the corner two more double whiskies Go down as expenses. A chauffeur in the background Simpurs with gratitude, receiving a pint of bitter From a paunchy jester, one of his owner's party- Those grey-haired men, under-managers, gangers, Who have made in the general nobbling, what they could get And who now issue laughter like blood on the speedway, Grouped self-consciously round the bar, watching sideways While they finger pound notes, chaffing each other With fat wives at home and their prowess in drinking- O aging men who make good, the very goal of eminence, The type for emulation by the youths in flashy mufflers, The formula to be studied by the hawk-eyed traveller With his military top-coat and his jerking fingers...

The conversation quickens, liquor loosens the root-strings Of the thick loaf of tongue, the false teeth clacking: "We desire anyway a good time anyway We desire company, stair carpets, ladies in plastic, \,Ve desire manly things like pipes and commissions. Anyway we desire to forget the General Hospital, The precise effect of mortars that night on the Sangro, Desiring to be well thought of in company we despise. We desire to be real men and women. We do not know what it is we desire, but At least we desire to be different, Desiring at least desire."

And the paunchy jester buttons up his overcoat, Beckons the chauffeur, sets his jaw for the night And says: "I play like this to prove that I am human, Being really a mapmaker, a pioneer of business, A person of importance in the city's councils, An employer of labour, a man it is well to please."

And the lads draw their coloured mufflers tighter, Squinting a last time at the plastic crutch, And say: "How about it, Jack? Shall we make it Australia?

I'm about fed with this lot. I could make a sailor, Technician bridging intricate deltas, A sheriff's deputy, prospector, a trapper, a marksman.

Let's get a ticket. I know a kid Will teach us a trick or two, make up a packet From a truckload of pork in the Leeds black-market."

And the hawk-eyed traveller, maudlin with alcohol, Leans on the bar and grimaces sardonically, Throwing his lips into an heroic posture, Saying: "There on the Sangro Commanding my platoon, or surveilled by Cassino, They knew my value then, a man of consequence, Quick with decision in times of destiny. Standing with straddled legs on an exposed hurst In the eyes of my men, under fire of mortars, Scanning laconically the enemy positions, There in the mud and the savour of cordite I realised my manhood, becoming human."

So they turn to the night, the traveller, the jester, The young men and maids, saying: "Give us This night this day something to occupy The vacant sites in our skulls.

Deliver us from The need to acknowledge our own denial.

O let there be Some enormous Kill in tomorrow's papers, Disaster to others. Let there be outrage, Serious offences on our next-door neighbours, Some girl go daft and undress in the office, COLOSSAL CRACK-UP IN COLLISION WITH COMETS."

And I left them in the street, Hustling importantly with pails of slaked lime, Keeping the human incinerators stoked, and Chucking on the crackling bundles of their nerves For the last great flare-up, the technicolour show-down.

And I heard Lawrence say, no, cry:

"My Curses on this clan of lizards who Deny the claims of life. My curses on The coins they pass for men, and all The counterfeiters in the mint of love, The moneylenders in the church, the banks They give the bonds of manhood to, and all The holiness of timid self-abuse. Whatever's stained with soot, mechanical, Whatever's overlaid with cash, I do renounce and kill it in my soul, And let the English people drink their fill Out of their spotty glass of freedom, smeared

With the possessive grease of bourgeois man:

I cut them from my heart... "

But did not cut those bonds Deep under Eastwood in the roads and headings, Those thongs issuing from the stacks of Nottingham Drawing less slack in Sicily, tighter in Taos, Chafing his neck in Mexico, and, in

the end, Noosed from the headstock by the fibres of his being Swinging
in the winds of his own denial.

And standing still in thought over lamplit Halifax I was perplexed,
concerned in the root of my existence, Disturbed by these voices, desiring
to sing The mastery of men, and confronted with faces, empty On dismal
doorsteps, disclaiming all knowledge of man, Helpful, enquiring the
address, perhaps in the next street, Or the policeman or placeman may
know-but never encountered.

(Parts 2, 3 and 4 will appear in our next issue.)

CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY / VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 / AUTUMN 1951
JOURNAL PAGE 25 / SCAN PAGE 27

The Agenbite of Inwit as Agon of Kwakiutl

George P. Elliott

Notes Toward the Exegesis of a Myth-Particle A preliminary investigation into the neglected field of ceremonial songs of the Kwakiutl has only reinforced what we have suspected concerning its relevance to our time, to the best writing of our time. Though none of these songs ought properly to be considered peripheral to our deepest problems, yet one particular recommends itself to our attention if only for its total and committed centrality: The Stomp of the Hamed Shaman. The text has been stored by Mr. Otto Kellen and translated with compelling sensitivity by Dr. Edith Rothmere; it may be found in the *Journal of Northwest-Pacific Ethnology* for May-June 1949.

The Stomp is a variant on the chief ritual dance of the sacrificial potlatch in which the Kwakiutl overwhelm the gods after a natural disaster (which they view as the gods' challenge). The correspondence of this basic situation, particularly in its inverted form, to the position of the artist in modern society is obvious; and the concern of our best poets to explore the rituals of sacrifice in the symbolic patterns of our new chaos - in Joyce's example to use the art-work itself as sacrificial instrument - points to a deeper correspondence. In these Notes, however, the intention is not to treat the larger aspects of the Stomp - in all their mythic implications they extend, as it were by a cultural solecism, into every aspect of our areas of concern, they illuminate us - but rather to indicate some of the more meaningful correspondence of form. In the words of Dr. Budenji Ossol: "The antinomies of impulse forced on the psyche of a solipsistic culture like the Kwakiutl's urge by analogized paradox toward our own more complex dissociations. Their microcosm is our macropotential."

The physiologically determined rhythm-pattern (one must remember their dance-mode, a heel-hop two-step with lateral deviants, all maintained with that total involvement of the Dionysiac) correspond to the subtleties of shift and echo in *The Wasteland*. Not only that, the refrain of the Stomp occurs in *The Wasteland* almost syllable for syllable: "W eialala leialala / W allala lei leialala The importance of The

Wasteland to modern poetry need not be stressed; it stands at the locus of intersection of the old and new, the being and meaning, the ins and outs of modern poetry. In the words of Miss Lucy Foyce: "The Wasteland is our most significant poem, the most accurate litmus paper of our despair."

There seem to be few correspondences in Yeats. Yeats calls our hands "flycatchers of the moon" (by which he means the mother spiders. + bugs the mother): the Stomp scenicizes this to "I am a fly disgraced by my poverty before the dark moon" (that is, the loss incurred by suppressed motherdesire). The images latent here are operative on several levels, on at least one of which (the one indicated) they intercommunicate that felt experience which is the poet's concern. One could wish that Yeats had known about that rich father-symbol, "Cannibal Who Sits at the North Corner of the World." What a fine antithesis to his Byzantine artisan!

Lawrence's Kwakiutl poems are too well known to need comment in these Notes. The Stomp employs closely patterned statement-forms of that kin~ of textural interweaving so characteristic of Pound's Cantos. More than one of Wallace Stevens' figures can be shown to have Kwakiutl correspondents - Ananke, for instance, functions like Spotty-Tongue He-Bear.

But the most convincing correspondence, that of greatest value, is the 8-3-5 pattern which runs throughout the Stomp, in event, line-interval, and stress modes. No one could argue against the fictive relevance of this essential pattern - no one, that is, who has explored Finnegan's Wake in all its relatedness. Could it not be that Joyce found H C in the 8-3-5 of the Kwakiutl? There • no published evidence that would contradict this hypothesis, and there is at least a hint in its favor: the four Chieftains in Finnegan (page 546, Viking 1939) all occur in nearly identical form in the Stomp. Is this coincidence? Or is it rather the great poet's perception of that "transferable awareness" which S. Rognvald Flåtøya has told us about? We are dealing with erudite and litmic poets. We must assume that they knew of the Stomp before we learned about it. They sensed its greatness.

And that it is great there can be little argument. Even Kelen and Rothmer disclaim any complete understanding and of course there are no more Kwakiutl who can speak or understand the ritual classic poetry of the Stomp. Pound's Cantos are great when only five or six men in the

cultural matri have been able fully to grasp their great ness The Stomp of the Shamed Shama eludes us all.

These Notes have suggested that the Stomp is relevant, aware, committed, seminal for our time, central to our concern and major in its implications. To do more were to penetrate beyond. the sphere of criticism into the fields of broader disciplines, into the loci of shared investigations.

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The Daring Young Woman

Wilma Shore

Della saw his face flower with joy at sight of her, not possibly, (not possibly; it was too quick, come upon him all at once), her had swelled so great inside her e thought, This is it; I can't top might as well turn around and go now, she thought, and smiled at for a moment they stared into ther; their surroundings, the unadolescents, the eager eight-yearwith their balloons and dancing on sticks, disappeared, and they itently together in their smile, as hammock between two flowering 't top it, she thought, but it was she had felt she could, because the evening must hold a hundred ents, that she had been amused thought. And yet as they pushed out two hours later, the phrase in her mind and it was no longer seemed strangely vital that she circus with Jeff, that she step the circle which began with her father and completed itself so smoothly with Harry. Her father was the first to take her to the circus, she wore a broadbrimmed sailor hat with wide navy streamers, her face softly rounded and smoothly fresh beneath it. After her father came the gangling boys, and she wore Cuban heels and a small cloche; and the young men, and her heels were three inches high and her gloves glace kid; and then with Harry she had, in some welcome way, returned to her, father, she wore a cloche from Mr. John and French doeskin gloves, but again she was tended, guided and fed, protected from discomfort and, invariably, excluded from decisions. And through this complete cycle her reaction to the circus had remained unchanged; she still burrowed through the Crackerjack with breathless anticipation, though she had long known that she did not want the prize; the enormous gasping of the calliope still laced through her and squeezed her ribs together; the smell of animals, crowd and sawdust was like ether, when she bumped her knees against the seats she did not feel the pain.

She had known, somehow, that with Jeff the experience would gain a new dimension; but she did not identify it until the clown, tilting back and forth on a tower of tables, finally fell to the ground, and Jeff laughed. When she laughed too, not at the clown but out of joy in his

enjoyment, she realized that for the first time the pleasure of her partner existed independently, neither reflecting hers, as her father's had, nor resulting from her, as had that of the young men, who had taken it as an endorsement of themselves, as though they had tamed the tigers, teetered on the tightrope, or bounded upon the trampoline; nor satirizing hers, as Harry's did, and mocking its naivete.

It's that Jeff is young, she thought; and wondered briefly whether her acceptance of his youth stemmed from her own advancing (attacking) years. No, she decided, it's that youth is nice in him. He had neither the surface roughness nor the inner doughiness of most young men. Yet, once you had penetrated his outer indifference and removal, you found an intensity of reaction, unpredictable, passionate, whose disproportion to its stimulus was that of a child. Is that why he hides it? she thought; because he can't trust it to behave?

As the trained horses wheeled and trotted from the ring he caught her speculative gaze; accepting it as a communication of love, he responded to it intimately with the muscles around his eyes, the pressure of his shoulder. It seemed strange that such a long succession of clever women should have been unable to discover his specific or to apply it consistently, when it was so simple and obvious; the copious application of a warm, uncritical attention. She had it, she had it; and yet its possession was hollow, since no one could know of it, no one could say, There goes the woman who unlocked Jeff Schirmer, and everyone thought he was unconquerable...

"My God, you're beautiful," he said, as though surprised. Harry never wondered at her beauty; he had simply taken title to it. "And where are you tonight?"

"At Fran's." He looked at her with concern. "Again? You were there Tuesday."

She smiled. "She had to show me her new suit. A gabardine, from Bonwit."

He could not keep himself from returning her smile. "Glad you went to see it?"

She pressed her arm against his without answering, as though she could not speak. I can't, she thought; and again equated this inner swelling and bursting to a quiet evening alone, while Harry went off to

his conference; she might have listened to the radio, or read, or knitted, or really gone to Fran's; ("... covered with sequins, like a hysterical fish... passed out under the table and wasn't found till the next morning... those dragging pains in the back, my osteopath... ") and then the fanfare burst through the loudspeakers, striking her from fifty inhuman mouths at once, and the voice of the unseen ringmaster stretched and distorted the announcement of the next attraction.

She looked down. The lights dimmed, the vari-colored pool of spectators disappeared, and three incredibly beautiful creatures, the aerialists, confident and proud in their sparkling capes, strode through the spotlight to the center of the arena. The band swept into a bright and strident waltz and they dropped their capes, revealing their inhuman and potent bodies. She leaned forward, aware of a familiar separation within herself, feeling her spirit leave her chic, groomed, earthbound body and go to join them as they rose slowly into the dust-whorled air, clinging with a strange, aloof joy to their ropes. A hundred lights focussed on them as they stepped easily and with an eternal grace onto the two high goldfrin'ged platforms, the man and woman on one and the second man on the other, opposite, and a thousand lines of vision stretched tautly toward them, spinning a great, invisible web in which she herself was caught, watching and being watched; not only she at thirty-eight, but she at eight, she at eighteen, all the herselfs which had ever experienced this rare, glorious dichotomy.

And now it began; the first man unfastened the trapeze and swung off on it and then they were all swinging, back and forth, from trapeze to trapeze, from platform to platform, describing great, beautiful arcs through the empty air, the music following, with its swoopings and swayings, their purer movement; and she was free, completely free, as she was once each year, of her garments, gravity; time~ space, her own inabilities or the ties which bound her to any human being.

When the music broke off her breath rushed into her lungs and caught there; the unclaimed voice shouted something and into the shocking silence the drums released the ominous ruffie that was the articulation of a thousand caught breaths, a thousand hastening hearts. The men and the woman wiped their hands on handkerchiefs which they placed delicately on the platforms and for a moment stared steadily at one another, catching across the space that divided them the beat of each

other's hearts, the pulse of each other's blood, the rhythm of their breathing; and then, high above the soft drum-beat, they threw themselves upon each other, upon one another's compliance and discipline, upon the air, upon the thousand stares. With them she swung, wider and wider, with them she hung, swooping far out in emptiness, head down, her ankles held in the strong hands of the first man, somersaulted through space and was caught by the hands of the second.

The complex and delicate figure which they drew upon the three dimensions of space lasted only an instant, but that instant had burst the bounds of time and existed forever, with a thickness and solidity of its own; and then they stood, all three, upon the larger platform, the band acclaimed them with a single, triumphant note, and it was over; a thousand spines curved backward. But as she watched them, her own spine sagged, her own breath finally released, she noticed the woman's hand on the rope which suspended the platform and, a hundred feet away, sensed, rather than saw, the tightness of its grip. The face of the aerialist was smiling, she could see that, she could see the easy sway of the head on the strong neck, the calm and gracious posture of the slightly bent knee; but she could feel the tense and frantic bones of the hand about the rope, and for the first time, of all her yearly flights, she looked down as she flew and beneath her she saw the emptiness, the spectatorencrusted blackness; it was a well, a pit, a nothingness; a nothingness into which one might fall.

She rose suddenly to her feet. Beside her Jeff looked up and she realized that he had been completely out of her mind. "Let's go," she said.

"Not yet," he said. "The lion-tamer-"

"Let's go," she repeated, sliding sideways across the knees of the people in the row. He came after her. "I can't stay out too late," she said, "It'll look wrong." Jeff followed her down the steps, one long step and one short, one long and one short. At the door he reached her and took her arm. "The drugstore," she said. "I'd better call Fran." The whole evening, the whole beautiful evening, changed, spoiled; and it would always be like that. She pulled her arm away from him because he had not said, Don't call, say you were with me, I don't want it this way. But maybe he would still say it if she waited, if she didn't by the slightest, the most minute sign, indicate...

She patted his shoulder. "Wait a minute, I'll be right back." She slipped into a phone booth and dialed Fran.

"He hasn't called," said Fran. "Thanks, darling," she said. "I'm heading home." And hung up.

He put her in a cab and as she drove off she turned to watch him through the window, stencilling his image on her mind. She held it, she held him, all the way home, through the lobby, up in the elevator; till she fitted her elegant gold key into the door, and then she folded him neatly in tissue paper and laid him away until the next day; when she awoke, at eleven, and Harry had gone to the office, she would unwrap him again, and turn him this way and that in the light. A gray gabardine suit from Bonwit, she thought, pushing open the door; but cut wrong for Fran, she needs a fuller skirt, with those hips.

He was sitting in the big green chair with his cigar and his quality of permanence which, wherever he was, made it seem as though he had been there, and would be there, forever.

"Hi, darling," she said. "Hello," he said. He watched her. "Have a nice evening?"

Her heart contracted. Something's wrong, she thought, he's found out; she always did. And, as she always did, she began talking, and came and sat in his lap, dropping her furs and gloves and bag in a lovely, feminine heap. on the table and feeling the fear deep and voluptuous counterpoint to the safety, the solidity, of that lap, the broad chest and shoulders, the deliberate fingers around the cigar. "... just wrong for Fran," she said. "It's a pity; if she would only take me shopping, instead of showing me the stuff after it's altered..." But there was something wrong with his lap, too.

She stood up and crossed to the table opposite for a cigarette. "I suppose she knows I wouldn't let her take anything with a pencil skirt," she said, flicking the silver table lighter, "And she really-

"I saw you go into the drugstore," he said.

She held the flame to the cigarette, drew in, replaced the lighter carefully on the table. It was not the first time her fear had come true; there was the time in Tucson, the time at the Plaza, at least five such times. And always she had managed, she had woven the quality of herself into a sheer and radiant veil with which to conceal the bony elbows of his

discovery. Inside her mind she could now feel the process beginning; there was this unfortunate, neurotic boy, thought he was in love with her and he was so afraid he might start making silly scenes, she thought she'd better see him once and put her foot down; it was shame that Harry had come across it, but certainly there was nothing wrong. But she only stood tapping her cigarette on the ashtray.

"I went in after you called Fran," he said. He sounded as though someone were strangling him. "She said, 'Della's still left, she'll be home in a few minutes.

He had a lovely, woman-type evening."

Oh, Harry darling, she thought, the complete speech appearing suddenly in her mind like a slide of America, the beautiful. It was such an awkward situation and I thought I was handling it decently but I guess I simply made a fool of myself and wounded you... spoken earnestly but with just a shade of sympathy. In the clotted silence she knew the same speech was writing itself, as on another strip of ticker-tape, in his mind;

And that he was waiting for it, for the point before which he could continue his charade of trust and confidence. But she still stood tapping her cigarette, waiting for the end of her marriage as for a trolley. I've been through it too often, she thought. I'm tired.

"Where were you?" he said. "At his apartment?"

No, she thought, we went to the circus. But this was impossible to say; unsuitable, unlikely; he would take it as mockery. She did not answer. Her marriage icked away, ran out like the last grains of sand in an hourglass. And then she heard him rise and walk toward her, five heavy steps, and she knew with a secret, wholesome joy that this time he would surely strike her; but she could not raise her head and look at his face, averting her eyes as though from a cat dying in the gutter. If only he doesn't break my nose, she thought, and then there was his fist against her jaw and she felt with surprise that she was falling.

She lay quite still on the floor with her eyes closed, although her legs were awkwardly disposed and she could feel her skirt halfway up her thighs (like a corpse in a newspaper picture, with a worried onlooker in the background and the front fender of the Death Car barely visible); partly from exhaustion and repletion and partly because she knew if she moved he would hurt her again. And because the scene was finished. It

had been short, they had reached the climax too soon; after fifteen years, and all the long fights, it was strange that the end should have come in two or three minutes. Perhaps, she thought, he is as tired as I. And then she heard him walk away. She opened her eyes and watched him. He crossed the room to the opposite wall and stopped, like a mechanical toy, facing the blank wall. "Now get out," he said.

She had done what he told her for fifteen years. She stood up, gathered her furs, her bag, her gloves, and looked about. She could see nothing else of hers, (after fifteen years) but a bill from Saks on the desk. She picked it up,; one black dress, one green coat, two hats, six pairs of stockings. But I bought these last month, she thought, while we were married; and she put it down again for him.

He stood motionless; only his hands, dangling limply at his sides, twitched from time to time. He remained, through his stillness, master of the scene, as he had (really) been master of all the major scenes of their marriage. "I was just something that belonged to you," she said bitterly. "You could pick me up and put me down like a paperweight."

When she passed the living room she d' not look in.

Fran had a bed ready. "I'll call t doctor," she said.

He did not turn. When he spoke his voice was very low, as though he had not truly wanted to speak. "You made me be a bad man," he said. "I didn't want to live like this, in suspicion. You made me be bad." And the childishness of his speech, this lawyer, this man whose expression was ordinarily so polished, so complex, sent her away; she walked quickly into her bedroom and closed the door.

As the latch clicked the shaking began. She took two phenobarbitals and called Fran. "Come right over," Fran said. She waited a moment and then dialed Jeff's number. While the phone rang her whole life blew up into her head and pressed outward against the bones of her skull; if he should be out... It rang once, it rang twice, it rang three times and then he answered. "Jeff," she said, "Jeff, something happened... " Her voice was soft and breathy, chopped into little vertebrae by her chattering teeth.

"What is it?" he said. "Is it you? What's the matter?"

"He saw us in the drugstore," she said. "He hit me. I'm going to Fran's." She listened for a moment to his urgent incoherent voice and then put down her finger and broke the connection.

It's going to be all right, she thought. It's going to be all right. Darling! he had said. Della, baby! The silk things slithered coyly through her shaking fingers as she packed. When she passed a mirror she saw the great red mark on her jaw and she could see it with Jeff's eyes and her breath caught in her throat in a kind of sob. Darling! Della, baby!

She put on her coat and went out.

"No," said Della. "No, don't." Towards Fran's efforts she felt only a dusky impatience. She did not need or want a doctor, she did not need or want make-up to cover the welt on her jaw, an ice-cream or a drink, and she had neither the strength nor the interest to explain why she did not; like a man rendered voiceless by thirst, searching dumbly for water she pushed inarticulately toward her needs, a warm, scented bath, her new crepe nightgown, powder, and lipstick used lightly. For perhaps the first time in her life she bathed and dressed rapidly and without more tenderness toward her person than a lumberjack might show his saw; and when the doorbell rang she was ready.

At sight of him, his closed face glowing with emotion, the shaking increased and he took her in his arms as though to press her into quiet. "Darling," he said "Darling, darling..."

"Oh, Jeff," she said. "Darling... But not, My darling. He seated her on the couch and she could feel him turn to look at Fran, and against his chest she could hear Fran's soft footsteps with drawing. "Oh, Jeff," she said. She shook against him in an intricate and terrible rhythm; like an old Ford, she thought. Soon she would know, yes or no. But she could think only of yes, (Darling Della baby....) riffling through her mind's card file in which she had, for six months, noted all the escaped endearments, the sudden smiles, the unconscious signs and portents. Quiet, she thought quiet, lulling herself like a child, It's going to be all right. Until she could a help her up. She raised her arms. "Carry me," she said.

He sighed deeply and turned, bringing her face nearer to his.

He moved her head gently to see the red mark, and she felt the tightening of his body. "You don't want to tell me," he said. "Some other time." "Was it very bad?" She pressed convulsively against him. Darling.

Della, baby... "It was very >ad," she said simply. And then, boldly, "In a way."

"Yes," he said. There was a pause. "I can't stand that you had to go through t," he said. "But I'm glad."

It required the sharpest discipline of ner life to remain still and soft. "Glad why?" she said.

He turned her and looked into her!yes. "You know why," he said. His face held a subtle impatience.

She saw how hard it was for him, how terribly difficult, and she wanted not to make it too hard. But she had to be sure.

"Tell me why."

"For us," he said, almost angrily. And now, if she had not been thirty-ight, she would have wept. "Oh, my farling," she said; "my dearest." The woman Jeff Schirmer married. I'm too lucky, she thought, such a wonderful man... Jeff Schirmer, and everybody'd given him up... And still she was cautious, afraid to reveal, through too sharp a reaction to certainty, that she had ever felt doubt. l Fran came and stood in the doorway, he was uneasy; if Harry ever heard about Jeff's being there he would never ~orgive her. Della wanted to laugh and fry and make fun of Fran and kiss her r.nd thank her; but she was too tired.

"I'd better go to bed," she said, and Jeff That was so Fran would know. But she need not have bothered. In the doorway he paused. "She ought to try to sleep," he told Fran. "Tomorrow I'll take her down to my lawyer, if she's up to it."

And there it was solid, recognizable, completely stripped of ambiguity. As conclusive as an item in Winchell. But in this most brilliant moment she caught sight of her own hand, holding his neck, and she saw that it was the hand of the aerialist.

"I'll give her a nembutol," said Fran. It was the same hand, the rigid bones, the taut skin. She too had performed the great feat, the death-defying leap, and now that she had arrived safely at the other platform her hand still remembered its terror. But why? she thought. Why should my life be a well, a pit? Why should it be a blackness to fall into, a nothingness? What have they done to me that my life should be nothing?

"Let me down," she said. "I'll carry you, baby," he said. "Let me down!" she said, and he put her down. She stood, feeling her legs weak and shaking beneath her, and thought, how can this be?

"Try to sleep," he said. "So we can go downtown tomorrow, I'll call my lawyer."

"No," she said, "Never mind." His face began to close. "Never mind what?"

Fran moved suddenly. "Go to bed, Della," she said. "Go to bed."

"Just never mind," she said. "Just never mind." And turning, she walked away from them, from them both.

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Where My Dark Lover Lies

Gwyn Thomas

To be struck dumb, all of a sudden and in one's tracks, by a sense of this earth's sadness, that has always been my failing. "Rest and pay the thing the tribute it deserves." That is what my mind seemed to say. But since Morlais Moore is no longer with me to water with his words the deepest of my pensive roots I am less touchy and my feet have learned the trick of shuffing forward through the plush air of stupefaction, of giving an ass'urance to those around me that I am no less daftly and numbly enduring than they.

A grey little-column of thoughtfulness was Morlais Moore, the tenderest thinker we had in all Windy Way where we lived. He moved serenely among us, pale and wonderfully comprehending, a brilliantly lit-up question mark which annoyed all such men as my father who watched life in a more cautious and recessive mood than Morlais. Upon his strict humanism and aloofness from the acts of prostrate worship which they loved they blamed nearly all our troubles including the heavy rain which tormented our hills. My father was never slow to stand up prophetically and revile m when I came in late from a session o talk with Morlais and his friends at th Institute. He told me that the fluid o Morlais' soul was dark and mordant an I would find myself hollowed and unfi to prosper if I did not find myself sweeter and simpler companion. But i was Morlais alone who redeemed tho early days from a shapeless squalo Morlais alone who made me dream o a time when the wind of some grea dignity and purpose would fill the sai of all our being and make the plane seem less sullen and alien than it usual! did from where we stood in Windy Way I would have sworn that the soil of th loyalty could never be made barren. Bu it was; and the rapturous unity of da and senses, time and essence, that ha grown from it was known to me no mor There was a girl. As she walke through my life only to bear a woun her name and face are not to be recalle It was on a fine June evening I foun that she had vanished to London with seducer of the first class from the nex valley.

That evening Morlais had asked towards him in my voice I had not used before. "And I'll do it."

I came to come along to the Institute to hear him give a talk on the upward spiral of man's conflicts. But I was in no way tied to anything as sane and reviving as Morlais' calm assertions of perfectibility. I went home.

My father was a noisy, distracted man with a fine edge to his manias that would bite into my distress and make it less.

I was one of that numerous sect in the indie Way which claimed that a terrible rusting silence of contempt and unanimity creeps into life in proportion as man thickens his seam of bumptious pretitude. They fight against that silence by talking and thinking only in the most roaring tones. My father had also, to cut out still further any margin of mute ease in the life around him, obtained a gramophone that kept the house full of good sound. It was an instrument with a gigantic horn, bought out of the compensation for a leg smashed in the steelworks. All the records he had were of horns. He had so many of them and played them so constantly I was alarmed when my own voice in due season dropped down into a splendid baritone fullness. I thought I, was a freak and my friends had to assure me that my tone was as common as the upper register on which my father doted. That night of the love-betrayal, I found him sitting earful beside his gramophone. The mechanism had snapped with age. In his grief he had broken several of his records and they were around him on the floor in a circle of brilliant blackness like the fragments of his own exploded mind.

"Tell me if there is anything I can do to help you," I said with a tenderness. He asked me to accompany him to a meeting held by that famous revivalist Aaron Reed. I walked hesitantly along with him, for Morlais had told me often that Aaron Reed was a false one, a pain to life with the scalding urges of his soul-terror. But I was in a mood to be perverse. "Aaron will do us both the world of good," I said.

Aaron had planned a master-stroke for that evening. Instead of addressing the people inside the chapel he asked them to congregate within the very precincts of the chapel graveyard. A small temporary platform had been erected for Aaron in a corner that caught the final downswill of evening light. Aaron was a man of flame. We may dispute about what fed his fire but the flame was there and the mark and the smell of charring stayed in the minds of all who heard him. His subject

that night was the living and the dead. Aaron was against the living and to show how full of hooded and sinister - reservations he was towards those at present on earth he addressed his remarks directly to the dead, on or near whom we were standing. He called upon them, whatever their state, to come and visit their loathesomeness upon the vile quick. A lot of people fled, thinking that Aaron was going too far. Others, alarmed by the intimate urgent note in Aaron's voice as he called upon the horde of disinterred avengers to split the corrupt earth and set to their task, pressed with agonised bodies upon the tombstones to keep the earth intact and the dead placid. But Aaron's words were just the wild apocalyptic meat my spirit asked and I pushed these cravens away from their work of oppressing the helpless dead. I called upon Aaron's allies not to dawdle and shouted out my supporting plea that life with its short shirt of frayed acceptances be shamed and overthrown.

When they came back to their senses people crowded around me to compliment me on my trumpet of a voice, my spout of scalding prophecy. Aaron Reed himself was interested. He promoted a collection which was to pay my first year's expenses at a theological seminary with which he had a link. A month later I entered that place and was instantly oppressed by the narrow solemnity of its aim and method. My whole self split with thirst for the uproarious libertarianism I had known in Windy Way, at the side of Morlais Moore. Part of my thirst I slaked with ale, part with tears. I wrung the hand of the college's principal when he told me I was too fond of lying in simple rapture in the hedgerows of the Lord's highway to travel very far on the road itself. He asked me to go.

I returned to Windy Way after a spell of vagrant and manuring privations. I thought that I would rush at once to the dwelling of Morlais, enter into the cool chamber of his merciful wisdom and remain within it for ever. But I did not. Perhaps it was the look of lonely madness in my father's eyes asking me for companionship, some hint of stability in his crumbling dusk. Perhaps that seminary, idle and planless as my progress through it had seemed, had given my mind a crafty and opportunist slant, a vulgar hint of some inward power to be developed. I did not seek out Morlais. Once in a while I saw his eyes, already bright with the promise of that dea which made brief work of him, search face and heart as we passed in the str or in the portal of the Institute, but made him no

sign. There was somethi I wanted, some bit of crass immedia fulfillment which I knew I would nev find in the shadow of Morlais.

I throve in the company of the pio sustained by the colour and drama their nimble propositions and massi yearnings. I kept company with Mil cent, the daughter of Uriah Bagley, undertaker of the place. Uriah foresa a fine future for me in his trade, with t quick ripples of compassionate mel choly on my face and the cello-throb sorrow in my voice. I needed only learn the practical details of the er and court Millicent without any tr of the goatish levity which Uriah claim to have seen in my earlier phases. agreed. This seemed the kind of ha bourage I wanted and I entered into • with delight. The very night that Uri told me that within a year he woul admit me to full partnership I hea that Morlais was near to dying. I gri ned into Uriah's face and gave Marl • not even the peel of a used thought.

Millicent and I did most of our ear est courting in a shed alongside Uriah' workshop. He was one of the most dil" gent providers the dead will ever ha and he worked to all hours. Between t beat of my passion and Uriah's lovin hammer-strokes I was hung on a ra of painful and complicated rhythms.

It was a soft day in Autumn when put on a black suit, a bowler and winged collar to assist Uriah publicl for the first time. He said that since m initiation was to be gradual and easil digested, I was to see none of the pr liminaries on this occasion but would meet the procession at the bottom of Windy Way, a short distance from the Black Meadow, our burying place. Also, he said, he was choosing an inexpensive turn-out, of little moment, at which I would be able to question him at will about this detail of procedure and that.

The funeral was indeed meager and there was as bleak a look on Uriah's face as I fell in at his side as there was on the black, rain-filled sky. The body was being borne along on a clumsy oldfashioned bier. I recognized two of the bearers. There was Edwin Pugh the Pang, called that for his way of wincing at any mention of the bruises sustained by our species in the cause of being so special. There was Teilo Dew the Doom, called that in tribute to the atrabilious visions of disaster and collapse that had eaten his mind hollow through the years of an underfed life. The whole procession struck me as eloquently quaint. "Who is this?" I asked. "That agitator bloke from up Windy Way. Morlais Moore. Dies without a

penny. A roomful of books but not a penny, not a decent death policy. Could n't even afford the hearse. They made a collection."

And Uriah tapped his top hat in disgust. An oppression like black serge buttoned itself around my mind. I had always known that between myself and Morlais there would come another meeting and I felt a great sap of significance rise in that moment. The pain must have overflowed in me and I was not surprised when I saw Uriah make a violent grimace, put his hands to his stomach and mutter something about the chronic gripe that always came upon him when he saw death treated shabbily and without proper forethought. He asked me if I could see this business through to its end.

"Oh yes," I said. "To its end." And I could hear the words twist themselves into a frightening laughter down the endless corridors of my regret.

Uriah rushed off home. We reached the tall gates of the Black Meadow. They were locked. I beat upon them and called on whoever was within to open in the name of fate to which I now felt myself to be professionally affiliated. A man came excitedly along and told us there could be no burial. The chief caretaker, Wonno Slee, that very morning, after twenty years on the job, had been driven to hysteria and flight by the sight of so much quiet negation filing in through the main gate. An hour before he had been reported climactically drunk two valleys away, in a high pagan mood, waving the graveyard's keys in front of him and defying death to get into the Windy Way Black Meadow except over his dead body. As we were being told this, the clouds broke and the rain came solidly on us. We saw the point of Wonno Slee's despair and wished it a happy issue but we were getting soaked.

Over the road was a tavern called The Rising Lark, kept by a prim performer called Mathew Studley. As we approached the doors Mathew stood there, his arms upraised and his mouth gaping, shocked that men who were supposed to be halfway through a solemnity should be jostling into an inn. He told us to go away. But my thoughts about Morlais were so tender and mad to kiss, coated with a fine fundamental flavour that made my senses sing a dark alto lament, that I pushed Mathew to one side and told him not to be a discord. We left the bier and coffin in the shadow of the high walls of the Black Meadow entrance. We could see

them, forlorn and dripping, through the window of the snug in which we took our seats.

We drank deep, more amused in a bitter and hurtful way with the passing of each pint, by the clucks of dismay that came from Mathew Studley, and we warned him to be less of a trademark for man's wasteful fussiness. I stood up by the window and gazed through the curtains across the road. The rain was becoming more masterly and strong. I thought of the long winter days when the wicked misery of kindred storms had depressed me, yet exalted Morlais, for he would not allow even the antic twist of a private mood to debase the promise and value of life. As I stood there, Edwin Pugh told me, in a voice like a nightwind, of how much Morlais had missed me at the last going-off, of how I, with my special brand of big-eyed, sardonic wonder at the whole of being, had been the one thing able to move Morlais to a forgetting laughter. And all together, our reflections on how cheerless had been the life of Morlais Moore, crushed between the rock-faces of his and the world's distress, how without warmth, solace or crown, made us feel we would willingly have drunk on with no return to the bane of total awareness. And now he was there, abandoned, soaked, stared at through the streaming window of a hot inn parlour, denied admission even to the Black Meadow which is one place that should always be ready to find a spot for the badgered. The big fire in the snug thickened the gold of Studley's ale and wrought in us a passionate liberality, a great raw material of love.

"Restitution," I said quietly into plush curtains of the window. "What would the face of a full restitution. • such lives as ours be like to look at?"

We grew reckless as we took the shroud off our regrets and timidities told the things to dance and be as I felt smoothly potent and effective. I sent Mathew Studley off on a false rand. Mathew had been conditioned to believe anybody in a winged collar as he swallowed whole my story of brother in Windy Way who wanted urgently to see him. We slipped over the road and brought Morlais into the snug to share our exultant comradeship and comfort. We placed him out of sight beneath a bench and we were glad he was beyond consciousness for he had always regarded drunkenness as a cruel and pitiable maneuver. As the afternoon drew to a close, the boys invited me to deliver a final statement on life and death and the way they have of sliding up and down the torn hillsides, happy • their muck.

Then in rushed Studley, alight wi rage, scorching our soft thoughtfulne He bundled us out, threatening us wi a spell in the County Keep, our gaol, we did not instantly leave him in pea He and his wife got us outside and bolt the door.

We argued to decide which of should go back and tell Studley abo Morlais. We all trembled as we talk because Studley is an austere unprogressive man who had always regard Morlais and his discontent as a pest, ev when Morlais was alive and walki about Windy Way. What Studley wou think now was enough to make us fain Teilo Dew said that I, as Uriah Bagley's assistant and dressed up in such dark clothes, was the proper person to go. I took my collar off to show my neutrality as far as Bagley and ritual were concerned at that moment and I told them it would drive me mad to have Studley's tidy little spear of rage tear into me after all the hymnal thoughts about Morlais that our minds and mouths had been singing. Edwin Pugh ~he Pang, who was still in tears, agreed with what I said and we decided to give the matter time. In whatever context you could always rely on Edwin Pugh the Pang for this kindly, Fabian approach.

We picked up the bier and returned it cautiously to Uriah's warehouse. I went home and had a short nap, resolved on picking up the threat of my respectability, sitting upright in my chair and keeping my bowler on during the whole sleep so that my mind would not be too undisciplined even in dreams. Then I went to Bagley's house. I got Millicent by the fire and using a face and voice that had all the reds and browns of autumn in them I induced in her a mood of extra affection. When I was on the point of explaining to her about Wonno Slee, the rain, and what had happened in The Rising Lark, in came a small army of people led by Mathew Studley who was in a whiter heat of spite than before. He was followed by our largest policeman, known for his Prussian bearing and unfriendly helmet as Sewell the Spike. Studley spoke, stuffing so many vindictive words into a minute, the minute ached and sickened. He told how their domestic help, a woman of frail nerves and melancholy bent, had gone into the snug to do a little cleaning before the evening session and had moved the bench to get her feather duster to work. She had seen Morlais and had needed two shillings' worth of brandy to get her in motion again. I tried to explain about the cold and the rain, the empty draughty chamber of living in which Morlais had

spent his days, of how we had been trapped by the wild rapture of a moment to make him that last foolish brotherly gesture. But my voice was a faint indistinguishable strand in all that hubbub. Spite was on a rich pasture and in no hurry. A fence of small pitiless men was closing in on me. Through the slipping shadows of my panic and disgust I could see the wise face of Morlais with all its deathproof mercy and hopefulness and I was about to bawl at all these people to be silent, be silent, silent.

But Uriah Bagley whose face had now lost its first sheen of anger and gone over altogether to cunning said he could explain the whole matter. Studley, winking at Sewell in his excitement and warning him to keep his manacles handy, dared him to do so and added a guess that it was I who had persuaded both Slee and Bagley to promote this phase of frenzy and irreverence into the graveyard trade.

Uriah brushed Studley aside and asked them to recall how full of contempt Morlais had always been towards those who make their peace with the harmless flaws of our social living, who look out for themselves and get on. They all said yes. Even I said yes, plucking at the festering splinters of things unsaid that pained between my heart and throat. I "Remember the frown he gave my prospective son-in-law, Waldo Phelps, when Waldo here showed signs of settling down with my daughter Millicent in a responsible trade. But even in death Morlais was out to push his malicious destructive fist through the lives of others. No doubt he gave testamentary instructions to those two other querulous social moles, Pugh and Dew, to set this afternoon's events in train. Slee was snared into dereliction. The body was misdirected into The Rising Lark and the stage was set for Waldo Phelps to be denounced as no fit man to be an undertaker's assistant. But we see through his design. We are not going to be ruffled." Uriah grasped Studley by his collar and was shouting desperately into his ear as if telling him to move up on the last raft. "We will not play into the hands of Morlais Moore. We are not going to be ruffled. Tomorrow, Waldo will again supervise the interment of this cantankerous misfit and there will be no mishap, will there, Waldo? The earth with dignity and peace will claim its own, won't it, Waldo?"

I shifted my eyes from the peremptory blaze of Uriah's eyes, I tried to close my ears to the pleading suggestive moaning of Millicent. Then the underpinnings of my grief and wrath collapsed. I smiled and said yes,

yes, yes, wanting to build my rickety bridge of affirmations into an utterly thoughtless, hurtless land.

And ever since then, the soil of me has been at peace, its furrows tidy, its crops regular and fat. But I have not been able to hear, see or feel the beating rain without having my secret core contract in a wince of disquietude, knowing myself for hours on end to be shrunken and betrayed.

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Three Poems

Curtis Zahn

OFFICERS, GENTLEMEN, RELUCTANT VIOLENCE

Colonels Oddbold & Fieldglove, and the
Tall, charitable stance of Major Brassblower
Were the men
Behind the men
Behind the 8-ball, sir,
And well -
 it's a living.

Who in
Hellever
saw such a sight
As manmight, cannonshot and J eepropelled,
And a folding steel umbrella
Across the sky? No,
And whamming whole armies with riding crops.
Drinking airfarce toasts
In gentlemanic haberdashery so inscrutably allied
To women's fashion journals,
And the good life of glamorfaked backgrounds,
Soft to the touche,
The smoothquip
And fine young U. S. couples

Reluctantly engaged in the awful practice
Of blowing up the entire frigging universe.

Fellows,
The brains that frapped today's anyhow
Hatched foulducks and money-chicks, yes,
and a majority citizenry idolmugging might -
Or anything,

Except ice cold charity
Or themselves ...

TIJUANA

In all that thin, squalid, exploited valley
There exists no security, only the stoic
Freedom of the economically damned, and
Everywhere hangs listlessly the olive-eyed
Color of greasewood's smoke. Here, crab-grass
Rebounds under the lifted hooves of melancholy
cattle, but it's crew-cut, it's sparse, dry
And creamed with dust. And manzanita thinks
adolescent thoughts about willow, knowing, too
the peculiarized smell of corrugated tin
roofs that defend from rare rain, the radios
Which talk: all day long of things

Nobody will be able to buy.
Here they grow soft, small, men with musical hearts
And wives gone fat with poverty's diet, and absurd
Dogs that caricature a civilization
Ground thin between two restless nations, and
Slowly pulverized by shock: of opposed ideologies.

A wire fence makes it Mexico, but God
Has never been asked. And the vegetation
Does not change its citizenship overnight, nor do
The Animals, and even the river

In its winter plumage, traffics casually
Across the International Line, bringing home
The raw sewage deposited there when
Good Neighbors built the fence
And created an incident, and
Caused a City, a roadside beggar whose hat had
Better stay away from his head.
But no, the birds need no passports

And coyotes can cross and re-cross; the
Tourists too. Only the residents are immobilized;
Frozen to the north by
The sprawling verbage of passport wordage
And turned back south and east by centuries
Of Sterile desert, and held to the western
Beaches by the Pacific's relentless combers.
Tijuana? One can get into but not out of it
And into it from the whole world
Have come seekers, drifters, escapes;
Wanted men and unwanted women, come here
For the final stalemate. Their shoes -
Their city shoes frozen by dust, and
Stomachs bleached by begged Tacos shot with horsemeat.
Here to dry up while drinking and stealing
And waiting. Converting their German, French,
English, Chinese into the oiled, grey
Pidgin Spanish of bordertown; to wait
beside the flagrant streets for new faces
Come to be horrified by sin, and to
Grovel in the spectacle
of abortion and absorption. And to hear
Lame, warped, U. S. made guitars, chord-wreaked
by Indians too poor to fatten
Their dogs for the eating.

ONE STAR FOR "P. R."

In church, from between artificial shoulders
(squired by khald's brilliant epaulets;
pantsed by reverent, high voiced tailors)
His head dignified a Captain's rank
And now, dignifying shaded sidewalks

I'll make a man out of your boy
A corpse out of the man
A memorial out of the corpse
A moral out of the Memorial

They'll call it Army Day
There will be flowers
Sad, sympathetic upper-brass
will hold hands with sexless mothers

Stimulated maidens, though unhappily his sex
was ordained to make old women naughty
Now kneeling in prayer, meditating his mission
He was grateful to God for his reflected features
In the capitulating faces of religious teenagers

The campaign on that innocuous morning
In this odd, undeclared war of Public Relations
Had brought surrende! from the entire choir,
A Rotarian, two bobbysoxers and the Preacher's wife
Plus the voluntary enlistment
Of a Prep-school sophomore
Who kept white mice
Well done, sir! The Army-
Had held the line against Christian wisdom
Assassinated logic; exploded history
He'd captured a date for the cocktail party
(all in the line of duty of course)
While learning Bibles frontwards, backwards
At \$485 per month, plus incidentals
Men, it wasn't any Sunday School picnic

He moved swiftly, guiltily toward Headquarters
Hating the eyes that loved his back
Aware of the prisoner by his side -
A mother of three who promised surrender
All in the line of duty, lady,
And that line forms to the right, lady -

He gave his life to the country
Gave his country to the military
Gave the military to God
Gave God to the devil
And lady,

He gave the devil a Captain's rank.

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Two Poems

Lawrence P. Spingarn

NIGHT IN THE FUNERAL RANGE

Night where the Greyhound never stops, lizard's night;
Cold blood like a river underground, the stab of stars;
High wind, neighing of a wild horse, whips of sand ; •
Promises whined by a loose board in an empty house -
Is it the house of the harlot dance-hall girl
Who stored in garters the careless green of men's eyes?
House of a pledge, a draught, the greasy but unrubbed lamp
Shining through curtains out on the busy sand
Where the centipede counts drops from a broken bottle,

Drops that work through rock to the drifts and stopes,
Dram for the thirsty veins that boast and roar?

Feet stamped on the planks, the fiddles squeaked.
Careless, O careless green, with bullet and blade
Wore boots to bed, and wide, and handsome high

In the shale of time, shaken and hurtling down
With a stockinged kick and ten-dollar kisses

Spun from a wheel: charity, all was charity!
Now, where the Greyhound never stops, lizard's night;
A dry mouth gasping out its angry death,
Rouged lips like a crater in the void.

THE SHIP OF FOOLS

The ship of fools moves down the burning world
Into the shadows of nocturnal fire
Between the gulfs of stars, the capes of fear,
Bearing the Babel-tongued, those innocents,
The foster-darlings of a vast neglect
In idle postures of obeisance.

While in the tender zone so suddenly seared,
So treacherously assailed by China gongs
Of damor, and by monkeys with stopped ears
Howling the words rehearsed by supple priests,
The wise stand under palm trees in the rain
Beating their chests in featureless regret
For sending out a ship of fools to chart
The journey of their need, such arrant need!

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Elements

Byron Herbert Reece

I who must bear the ceaseless rage
Of constant war with time engage
Always the foe, therefore to see
The sun at morn is victory.

Seeking alliances I plead
With all things succoring my need

O Sun, when time has conquered me
Diminished shall your rising be,
Or if my fate by day be met
Direly depleted shall you set.

Consider, Air, when I shall keep
A silence death-ordained and deep
By so much less shall be your note
As shakes the lyre-box of my th-roat.

O wayward Water, running down
With vocal tides by field and town
Remember, when with death I go
Lessened shall all your currents flow.

Now, therefore, be for armament
And moat repelling death's advent,

O Air and Water. Be, O Sun,
The signal yet of victory won.

And Earth, my sister element,
The two of us were never meant
Incestuous, or without delight
To lie together in the night.

Therefore if death should plead for me
A lover's suit, reject his plea.
Though he compel me to his will
Reject me still, reject me still!

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Sentry

Edwin Rolfe

Asleep, breathing like an enormous child,
wounded, but soothed by the cool salve of night,
the army lies exhausted on its stony bed,
its lonely eyes clear on the outpost, envying the sleepers,
dreaming the special waking dream of solitary sentries,
but tense, fearing the naked knife in each blurred shadow.

Whether in Guinea or the Apennine hills,
during or after battle, or in maneuver,
each sleeping man is obsessed, weighted with anger,
uneasy at midnight against the mysterious mass,
asleep on the next ridge or beyond the ocean,
whose voice and touch are death, he knows as enemy.

The dreams are dinosaurs and moths, various
as ways of wounds and mutilation in battle;
and nightmare imaginings agitate the night
with wild and muted sound, while here and there a shriek:

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Anniversary Card

Willard N. Marsh

As this rumpled afternoon enters the roots,
Through the zebra rain, and the long-leafed light
Lies steep to the repeating hills,
Five chimes somewhere travel a bugle distance
To open your almond sleep.

Astir in the apple-blue dusk and stretching,
You join me on a bridge of breath.

Though your breasts are no longer Gretel's
And I flag cabs more often, where this stocking-slung
Chair is is love in its checkered vest:

Can imitate God, slake thirst, make a sudden garden-
And as long as we keep it amused,
Can keep us from being exiled
Where the dark witch flies in the shoe-haunted closet.

At the Zoo

Lois W. Briggs

In their big, airy kitchen, the four Mannings were having breakfast. Outside, the California summer moved changelessly to its close, The pyracanthus berries, turning red, weighed the branches down. Pale wedges of sunshine lay between the dark shadows of the deodar, and the eucalyptus leaves floated out slowly and drifted down and were lifted again in an invisible stream.

Connie Manning looked out. Her plants had stopped growing. Everything was just resting in the sun. It was almost possible to think that she could rest contentedly, now, too. She ought to be able to. She'd made her decision. Two weeks ago, when the college president had called Steve in to discuss the question of presenting controversial issues to the students, he'd given Steve a choice to make. And Steve had left it up to her. This morning, though the waning season meant she must tell Steve scion, she no longer felt the dark squeeze of resentment she'd felt before making up her mind. She glanced at her husband.

Steve Manning sat eating quietly. He was a lean man and his clothes hung straight and flat-the right size, but they didn't seem to have his own wrinkles them. His tie was the same, smoot tied, but only to his shirt, and his h had been given someone else's haircut.

Everyone at the table seemed lost thought, or perhaps not quite awake except the little boy, Teddy. He d vigorously at his grapefruit and look around and nodded his head as if he w discussing something. He was ten. summer butch had grown out and close to his head with peaked edges li a soft, frayed cap. Beside him, his sis scooped languidly at her fruit. On h twelve-year-old face was a look of a stracted weariness.

Suddenly Teddy leaned around bowl of asters to look at his parents.

"It's a holiday," he said informative! "Eat some toast," said his mother a picked up her cup quickly and decisivel Her brown eyes were flecked with Jig as if the sun that had freckled her rou arm had speckled them, too. Her hair bleached a bright glue color on top, li a doll's wig, but it was brown where fell apart.

The little boy ignored his toast. "It is, Jeannie," he said defensively.

"Is what?" said his sister dreamily. "Is a holiday," he said. "It's Labor Day."

hind them or go flying up and up and over the top.

"So what? she said. "Well, so... " he began and then leaned to look at his father. "Dad!"

"Yes, Ted," said his father. Even when he spoke, Steve Manning didn't move, just raised his eyes and looked at his son. "I'd forgotten," he said courteously. "Had you planned something?"

Jean spoke in a bored and far-away voice. "Not to the beach," she said. "It smells."

Teddy almost stood up. "Then where?" he said despairingly. "Mother, then where? We always go some place on a holiday."

Connie smiled at him and shook her head. Suddenly Steve moved. He sat up and put his palms on the table. "I'll tell you," he said, "let's go to the zoo."

"The zoo!" shouted the boy. "Jeannie, the zoo!"

"I'm not deaf," she said coolly, but she smiled faintly at her father. "Daddy,"

she said, "once in a while you have a good idea. When do we start?"

"Now, wait," said Steve. "I didn't say we were going. Ask your mother. Connie?" He turned to her.

"Well," she said and looked across the table at the children. Then for a moment she didn't go on. Not because she didn't know what she would say. She felt entirely cheerful now and eager to do something, but it was just that Steve had tarted them all sweeping slowly up a wonderful wave of excitement, and now that they were almost at the top, it was delicious to hold back, just for a moment while no one knew whether they'd slip back into the smooth, green trough be- She smiled slowly at the children. "Yes," she said, "let's go to the zoo." And the big wave broke and the four Mannings went up and over with it and dropped down into the boiling, flying spray, tumbling and laughing and calling to each other.

It was hot in the great park when they got there at noon. A mist hung over the trees and the rich, curling ferns in the valleys were gray, too. The air was still and people moved slowly. No one could hurry on a

dreamy day like this, and anyway, there was no need. The animals in their cages would wait. The Mannings drifted up the broad steps, and it was not until they reached the flat place at the top where the cages began, that they realized they had forgotten something, something important, because suddenly they wanted to feed the animals and they had nothing at all to give them, nothing to throw to the bright chickens, the shrewd, perplexed little monkeys, and the wandering sheep with their smoky, nibbling lips. The Mannings stopped and looked at one another.

"It's no use," said Steve, "I'll have to go back and get something." He swung slowly down the steps again.

Connie watched him. For days now, the same thing kept happening. Whenever she took time to look at him intently, she started seeing him in the president's office, across the shiny table from the president, who sat there firm as a tackling dummy, with rosy cheeks and clumps of white hair coming out of his scrubbed, pink ears.

And how would the president warn

one of his teachers? Sometimes Connie saw him jolly and easy, and then, she thought, he might say:

"There are some people, you know, Professor Manning, who recognize that our students are too young to make up their own minds. We have to form their ideas, so that as Tomorrow's Citizens, they won't be the prey of crackpots. We must select the material we present."

Or sometimes, in her mind, the president said solemnly to Steve, "Now, in these dangerous times, we just can't run risks. The trustees, you know, feel that the very fact that a teacher discusses the radical side is a sign he has lost his bearings—to an extent, I mean." And here the president would relax a little and say, "But I'm sure you realize this, Professor Manning."

And when the president stood up at the end of this imaginary interview, he would say lightly in the tone of an afterthought:

"So I'd suggest, Mr. Manning, that hereafter you submit to me outlines of your courses, so that we can see exactly what you have in mind. I'm sure you will hew to the line. We wouldn't want to lose you from Political Science... "

Steve hadn't really told her much more than the bare facts. He'd asked the president for time to think it over.

"I guess it means my job, if I don't go along," he'd said to her.

"What are the trustees after?" she'd asked.

"They want to keep things as they are,. they feel safer that way," Steve had said. "They don't want any new ideas. They want security."

And she had said, "It sounds as if they were a bunch of women. Women always want security."

"Security's a complicated thing," St had answered, and she had said tense! "Everything's complicated, security, sponsibility, everything."

i 3 s This problem had come at the wro time, of course, just when they'd fou the home they'd always been looking f where the children could ride their cycles safely and play in the freedom the hills, and she had set out pla which had put down ro?ts, and she h put down roots, too, and she wasn going to pull them up, and she wasn going to transplant the children, eith She had made this decision. Why ha any regrets? And why, particularly, over and over it as if it weren't all se tled? Steve had left it up to her. would never reproach her. She didn have to worry about anything, really..

Steve was coming up the steps no When he reached the top, he hand each one a sack. "There!" he said wi satisfaction, and the children smiled if they shared a secret with him. It w going to be a good day, thought Conni "Where do we start?" she asked ha pily. "You lead the way," she told t children, and they all walked down curving path.

In a big cage was a black gibbon a all black-black lips and tongue an clouded black eyes. On his thin arm tufted like a brush, he swung easil around the cage, from limb to limb the bare, bleached tree. Then he came u to the front of the cage and looked specu latively at the people. He blinked severe! at them.

Connie laughed. "He wants to kno if we can do it," she said.

"Sh, Mother," said Jean, without dar Teddy. "Dumb clucks, they can do it if they want to. They catch fish out in the open."

ing to turn around and see how many people were staring at her mother. The pe was beginning to vocalize now, very eriously, with an abstracted look on his ittle black leather face.

"They've forgotten how to act for themselves," said Steve.

"Owow, owow, owow," he said, rounding each note carefully. When he finished, he came closer to the fence and stared out indignantly. "Can't you even do that?" said his look.

"Try it, darling," said Connie, touching Teddy. The little boy squirmed and averted his face.

"I know he wants me to," he said shyly.

Jean turned a brief, horrified look on him.

"I've disgraced myself," said Connie. He was used to Jean, yet she found her- If feeling uneasy. It was the ape's sad little face, she thought, and she turned away from the sight of the bars and the lifeless tree. With Steve and Teddy, she followed Jean to another cage.

PELICANS said the sign, and all the annings lined up in front of the cage and looked in. On the inside of the fence, the pelicans were already lined up looking out. Solemn and squat, the big white birds stood gazing with unbroken seriousness and attention, and to Connie they looked troubled, too, as if they were waiting to have something explained.

Teddy cracked a peanut and threw it to the cage. As it went past the pelicans, they all opened their mouths, but not one of them reached for the peanut and it fell on the ground.

"You have to throw it right into their ink satchels," said Connie. "Aren't their mouths terribly big and pink?"

"They didn't catch it," complained "They don't have to act for themselves, do they?" said Connie. "They've got everything they need. Why should they?" She spoke quickly without thinking, but a little defensively, and she wondered why. She had no urge to argue or theorize on a day like this.

"Yes, Daddy," said Teddy, "why should they?"

His father patted his shoulder. "Well," he said, "maybe they shouldn't. Maybe all they need is security. They're fed and protected and taken care of. Maybe that's enough."

Security, there was that word again. Even on a holiday things took her back to the night Steve had come home with his news. Almost anything could start her remembering and reviewing, and only a few minutes ago she had told herself it was settled. All that remained was telling Steve, and she already knew she would say to him that he could solve his problem within the framework of the college. Everyone has to have

supervision and control. Everyone has to accept sacrifices. She wouldn't have to argue with him. Then why hadn't she told him before? Was it because he believed so profoundly in the academic traditions of freedom? But she'd lost her freedom when the children came, her days and her nights and her energy for doing the things she'd dreamed of, and she'd accepted it. It had been a struggle, but she had accepted it.

"Let's go on," she said. "Pelicans look so inquiring, I feel as if I ought to explain things to them." She spoke carelessly, but she felt unaccountably irritated as if she and Steve had started an argument and been interrupted.

"Me, too," said Jean, "and they just keep waiting. How dumb!"

"I could tell them if I could talk pelican language," said Teddy.

"But you can't," said his sister. "Maybe I can," he said. "You don't know everything."

"Oh, shut up," said Jean. The children were getting irritable, too.

The Mannings moved on to another cage. Here, too, there were big, bleached trees with limbs that stretched and crossed. Everywhere there were little birds, hundreds of them, and at times some mysterious gathering excitement sent them all flying up, so that the air was full of wings and a soft fluttering sound. Down below the trees it was quieter, and fat, web-footed birds moved about lifting their feet carefully like children wearing their fathers' shoes.

"They're all going somewhere, it looks like," said Teddy.

"Yes," agreed his father, "they look that way. They look so important, they ought to be going somewhere, but they aren't."

"Aren't they?" said Teddy seriously. "You can see that," said his father. "They can't, they're in custody."

"What a silly word to use!" said Connie. "And anyway, they think they are, so what's the difference?"

She felt the children glancing at her. Her voice must have sounded sharp. The park was getting more and more oppressive with the city's smoke hanging over it. She took a deep breath. Our last holiday of the summer, she thought, and I mustn't spoil it.

"Look at the darling ducks," she said but she felt the day was fated. Everything joined to make it unpleasant. She could feel Jean come up and lean against her. On the other side, Teddy edged closer, uneasily.

"Why are we huddling here?" s said. She felt a slight sense of pani now, as if she might start running, b she moved slowly and put her arms the children's shoulders. "Where no Steve?" she asked, not looking at him.

Steve reached for Teddy's arm. " to the bear pit," he said cheerfully, a they walked up the hill. "As if we we being drawn," thought Connie.

Standing in front of the bear pit, loo ing across the deep barrier to the b stones beyond, she felt the time had co when she couldn't look any more. Wh the Mannings approached, three bro bears had stopped their restless prowli among the rocks, and now the great mals stood on their hind legs and begge looking at the people with small, anxio eyes.

"Like dogs," said Jean. "How have the mighty fallen," Steve.

The children looked up at him but said no more, just looked at the bea Connie looked at them, too. There w nothing else to do. If she spoke, s might burst into tears. She ought to p her depression into words, it would r l.ieve her. But she couldn't begin. S could only stare at the bears. "What terrible punishment it would be," s thought, "if I had to stay and wat them all my life!"

A few minutes later, as if they a acknowledged the same thing, the M nings turned and moved slowly up t hill, making the circle back to their ca ss Quite suddenly, as the Mannings rounded the last curve of the hill, they iaw the merry-go-round. Certainly no)ne had expected to see it away off in he hills. But here it was, like a colored?icture on a turned page.

They moved toward it unquestiongly, as if all the time it had been their ue destination. Up close, they stopped.

he merry-go-round was beautiful. Its rrors were clear, its horses unchipped. ome of them had flat red tongues othing over the side of their mouths, me, enormous bunches of grapes or red, ed rubies on their bridles, and their ddles were set with scrolls and tassels f gold. Their necks were arched and der their wild eyes their nostrils flared ed.

From inside a glass cage, a brightaired girl handed Steve a string of tickts. "Now," he told the children, "you see the world." Connie and Steve walked to a bench d sat down. In a moment, the music gan, gay and simple and free as the • d. Clang! Clang I Everybody ready I d the merry-go-round started up. Conie leaned back. How restful to sit and

atch the horses rise and fall, to see the come round and the children hand own their tickets blindly. It didn't matr, tickets didn't matter, and the chilren looked off at nothing and smiled acefully, sweetly. Yes, it was beautiful d so familiar to your childhood, it reeased something inside you. It was like ing home, forgetting your perplexities, ing things as you had always known y must be. Connie reached over and took Steve's d. She felt the pressure of his fingers. e leaned against him. It wasn't going to childhood, it was just going home, back into her own world - hers and Steve's. And now there was the rush of contentment, the falling away of the time when she'd been gone, and the sure sense of seeing things clear again.

"Nice, isn't it?" said Steve, nodding at the merry-go-round.

"Very," she said, and then without planning, she went on, "Steve, you're going to tell the president you're going to... I mean, you can't be bound, can you? You have to be free to do what you think is right. You'll tell him, won't you?"

"Yes," he said, "we'll have to do that quite soon now." He sighed. "I hate to," he went on. "I hate to move."

Connie had a brief glimpse, from a great distance, of their house, very small, set into the big hill, and a tiny yellow van, like a toy, dropping down the curving road. She blinked.

"Yes," she said, "so do I." For a moment, they sat on the bench quietly, then Connie stood up and together they walked toward the merrygo-round and stood looking at it. On and on it went, and back of it rose the great hills, withdrawn in the mist, rising, rising, high and detached. And down below these, between the gray hills, was a little merry-go-round, sturdy and bright and happy beyond words.

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Strong Silent Man

Jay Williams

It was a Saturday night party, a vociferous one, and Henry Marplan had been arguing for what he called a "scientifically-run society." Brent Forrest had had hiiH a dozen drinks and was leaning back in the corner of one of Anstis Chargood' s right-angled sofas, biting his pipestem with indignation, but not saying a word.

Brent was a man with a secret. He never thought of it as anything so mysterious as a secret; nevertheless, as any deep concealment will, it had encrusted his personality; it had changed him into a silent man. Yet he enjoyed going to parties where his restrained tweeds and his neat brown face were solid, sober notes.

"Society must be thought of as a machine," Marplan was saying, in his intolerably arrogant drawl. "Precision and the smooth function of all its parts is the aim. Eh?"

Anstis chuckled. She reached out a long thin arm, spattered with freckles, and took a cigarette from the box. "And who'd run this machine?"

A man had come up behind them and was leaning over Anstis' shoulder with his hands clasped, his elbows resting on the back of the sofa. "The analogy the machine," he put in softly. "Sou like fascism."

"Hullo, Izzy," Anstis said. "Did you know? Marplan is proud of be" a fascist."

O "I am not," Marplan said cros "That's the trouble with you, Ans You like to pin labels on things."

"Machines are made by men," man called Izzy went on. "The a~s is not to think of society as a machi but rather as an aggregate of men. F cists do it the other way."

Marplan got very red. "Oh, com he said. "I was just giving it as an ample. There's no need to categorize i "But it's a false example." "I don't know about that. Mach" parts are pretty intricate, eh?"

"Not so intricate as human beings. "He ought to know," Anstis put • "Izzy's a physicist or something. Are you, darling?" She yawned. "God, I'm tired. Isn't this party ever going to hr up? Why do I give wrangles like t anyway?"

She got up, stretching her arms strai out in front of her, squinting against t smoke of her cigarette, lacing her tinge too," Brent said, more reluctantly. "Rather unusual."

ogether, and said, "Goodbye. I'm off to et a drink."

Marplan got up with alacrity. "Me oo," he said.

Brent took his pipe out of his mouth nd gestured after him, as he disappeared nto the crowd with Anstis. "Got some ean ideas, that boy," he said.

"Arrogance is a fascist virtue." Izzy came round the end of the couch and sat own, turning the lamp away from his eyes. He was very thin and a little tooped; he seemed to have some trouble olding his head erect, so that he gave he impression of peering up at people ven when he stood above them. His nose as thick and had once been broken so at it was short and blunt and looked dd set in his hollow-cheeked face. He ore an old corduroy jacket, ragged at he wrists, and a pair of excellent flannel rousers which needed pressing.

"Mm. Interesting phrase," said Brent ith approval.

"Why didn't you say it to him?" "Don't know. Never did like to call "No?" Izzy smiled derisively. "Peraps you've never been called any names. have. My name's Isaac Wald. Why do ou think Anstis calls me Izzy?"

Brent sat up straight. "Isaac Wald?" e said, in surprise.

"Her pet Jew," Wald said. "Ali right. 'm dramatizing it, I suppose. I'm a lite drunk. Parties... " He waved one d in a circle. "I suppose I could ange my name."

Brent could not help chuckling. "I 'd," he said suddenly, before he could ntrol himself.

It was out. The secret. He had said it. Wald raised both eyebrows. "Oh?"

"My name used to be Isaac Wald, Wald laughed out loud, a braying, violent laugh, so grating that Brent immediately regretted having spoken. But it was too late for retraction.

"Well, well," the other said. "Glad to meet you, Izzy."

"Don't say that," Brent said. He could not help looking about quickly. "I'm sorry. Don't mean to conceal it, but a good many people-"

"I know." Wald sat up, scratching the thick, prize-fighter's nose.

"Well. I enjoyed the way you backed Marplan into a corner. Needed doing, I suppose."

"Let's not change the subject-the way we change names. No, no. Forget that. I didn't mean to say it." He leaned close to Brent, and said more softly, "Forget it. What's your name? Now, I mean."

"Brent Forrest." As he said it, he was conscious of a certain unease, almost embarrassment. What the hell's wrong with you, he thought. There isn't that much difference between Forrest and Wald. I suppose, he thought bitterly, you'd like it if I said a word or two of Yiddish now, to make a real bond between us.

"You were in the army?" Wald asked. He pointed to the tiny enamel bar of the Bronze Star in Brent's lapel. "Under the name Forrest, I suppose?" He scratched his nose again; when he did so, his upper face became fluid and wrinkled in a squint. He scratched with his four fingers, the thumb curled helplessly against the palm. He said, as if it were part of the same conversation, "You know, I used to have a thin nose. A kid broke it for me in school." He stopped scratching, and looked at Brent with a wistful smile. "I was always in fights. Tell me-don't be upset, I'm always asking crazy questions-why did you change your name?"

Brent had regained his poise. He lit a match and held it to his pipe, and said, "Let's talk about you."

"Sure. It's none of my business anyway. I'm known as Big-Mouth."

"O well?" "Like a lover." "Never seen you at her parties." "I don't like parties. I don't have much time, anyway. I teach, you know. And I'm working on my thesis-uh-an examination of the wave theory of light. If Breckenridge-the man I work under-will leave me alone maybe I'll get my doctorate. There it is again, you see." He shrugged. "He doesn't like Jews. Thinks they're sly Orientals. Maybe he's right. Maybe you're right. Maybe I should have changed my name."

"Do you know Anstis He picked absently at a scab on his chin (he always seemed to be fiddling with his face, Brent observed with distaste) and added, "But you see, I'm kind of proud of that name. My great-grandfather was a famous rabbi."

Brent felt a surge of liking for him again. He had said that quite simply, with a kind of firm pleasure which gave both sayer and saying dignity.

"Where was this?" he asked. "Right here," said Wald. "In this country. My folks have lived here since the Civil War. Funny, isn't it? I've been wishing Breckenridge would say to me, some time, 'Why don't you go back where you came from?' Why, damn him, his father came here from England in a cattle boat."

Wald's thin face was flushed and he gripped spasmodically at his knees. Then he relaxed and rubbed his cheeks both hands, eyeing Brent with his head on one side. "That's me," he said. "Sound like a snob, don't I? But I've to do it, in self-defense. You know how it is. Or do you?"

"I can imagine." "No doubt. Is that why you boo Brent Forrest?"

"Conversation's getting a little edge," said Brent, with an attempt to be good humored.

"I'm sorry," Wald said humbly. "I told you, I've had too much to drink." Brent stood up. "Be right back," began.

Just then Anstis returned. "Hey, guys," she said. "Don't break up party."

"No intention of doing 'so," Brent said.

Wald was more elaborate. He took Anstis' hand between both of his, peered up at her with a simper. "Madonna," said. "Que vous êtes enivrante."

"Don't show off, Izzy." "All you people are so damned clever," Anstis said. "I wish I were clever."

"So you are, beauty-puss," said Wald but he was no longer smiling.

Sensitive, Brent said to himself. That's why I hate us. Look at me. Blush because I happen to prefer the Anglican "Forrest" to the German "Wald."

He said, "I've got to find a drink, Anstis. Where've you hidden it?"

She gestured over her shoulder. "My hero," she said. "Izzy, did you know Brent was a blasted hero? He got Bronze Star for doing something frightfully brave. Make him tell you so day."

"Taunts everyone," Brent remarked. "That's why everyone loves her." He went away, only glancing back for an instant to see Wald looking after him with an intent, fixed stare.

The drinks were on a glass-topped hie in a screened-off section of the long m. Brent elbowed his way through e circle of busy, chattering drinkers, dding to one after the other. He passed rough waves of -conversation, breasting e oily ridges of cigarette smoke that ung on the air. I wish I was home, he eaid to himself, pouring a generous dollop of rye and splashing soda into the glass.

That was a strange thought. He was customarily among the last to leave a rty. Although he talked little, he en- • yed watching; he liked the sensation of remoteness amid urea l it y; the snug, 'endly alcoholic nest from which he cCOULD listen to many conversations witht committing himself. That was it. He never committed himself. He did not like to be on one 'de or another. His small, comfortable!!!)artment near Washington Square was full of fine reproductions of paintings, t he never argued strongly on aesthetic nds, contenting himself with saying, My taste just happens to run to Cene... yes, I rather like poor old ee," or if someone objected that he had Picassos, "All very well in his way; course I can see your side of it, but ' not for me." He had a great many rd albums, too, but he could never found listening to music. If a visitor while the phonograph was on, he ld shut it off at once. He worked hard all day; he was a -out man, and very well known in his field. He ate with his friends, each day precisely at noon, in the same restaurants, enjoying his food and listening to all the conversation but seldom joining in. His dinners were always lonely affairs; he said, jokingly, that they gave him his only time during the day for catching up on his reading.

I like living alone, he thought. There's no danger then. No one can encroach on your life. I'm not a hermit, I spend mostJ of my time with other people. But I like to live without needless conflicts.

He turned away with his drink in his hand and found Waid standing behind him.

"Hello, Izzy," Wald said in a whisper. "How're the drinks?"

Brent pursed his lips. "I wish you wouldn't call me that," he snapped. Christ, he thought, what made me tell him in the first place? It was startled out of me. Because I never met another Isaac Wald. Damn all coincidences.

Wald rubbed his forehead, and said apologetically, "Look, I don't mean to be insulting. Just a little dopey."

"Be dopey, if you like. But keep quiet." Brent felt an impulse to torment the other. "How old are you anyway?" he asked.

"Youth might be an excuse. What I told you, I told you in confidence. Don't make an ass of yourself."

Wald said nothing. He looked at the floor, his neck bent. He must have broken that once, too, Brent thought. Aloud, he said, "Mustn't behave like a child all the time;"

He went to find Anstis. But suddenly it occurred to him that he had given Wald a weapon. None of his friends knew him as anything other than Brent Forrest. It might be humiliating-awkward, was how he put it to himself-if Wald went about telling everyone. Anstis, that perpetually unguarded, heedless woman, might take to calling him Izzy.

At that, he turned back, but Wald had left the bar. He felt a spasm of something like panic. Suppose the fool got really tight, got angry because of that crack about behaving like a child, decided to revenge himself?

He stood indecisively, discovered he was still holding his glass, and drank half of it off. Around him the noise rose and fell and rose, like the murmur in a gigantic conch. He stretched his neck, staring toward the other end of the room, and fancied he saw Wald standing in a group of people. He was certain he heard Anstis give a shriek of laughter.

When he got there, Anstis was saying, "All right, Tommy, now you try it."

A young man whose face was blotched with pimples took an amber cigarette holder out of his mouth. Marplan stood nearby with his hands behind his back, rocking from heels to toes. He seemed annoyed, and Brent guessed that Anstis had been teasing him.

Wald was grinning widely, leaning back against a book-case. He said, "Why not Marplan? Let him try it. He knows music, doesn't he?"

"I don't make a game of it," Marplan growled.

"You don't make anything of it," said Anstis. "You know that very well, Henry dear. It's just noise to you. Go on, Tommy."

The blotched young man cleared his throat once or twice, and then hummed something. When he had finished, Anstis said, "C for effort. What is it, Izzy?"

"It's-ah-the first movement of Mozart C Minor Concerto, K' 491." "Oh well," said Marplan.. "Nob can prove it."

"No, but he says it with such authority," said Anstis. "Hullo, Brent. This a fine game I just made up. We think snatches of music, and Izzy knows what they are."

"Nobody can prove it," Marplan peated.

"I can prove that one," Tommy in. "I've got the album home. Casad' plays it."

Brent opened his mouth. He found, his astonishment, that he was about say, "I have the album too." He shut mouth again, and took out his pipe • stead. He could not fill it without putting his drink down, so he held it in mouth unlit, and sucked in the bitter • "You try it now," said Wald, look' straight at him.

Brent grunted. "I've no voice. Can hum."

"Whistle, then." Brent took his pipe out of his mouth and whistled very precisely and sharp the air upon which the Goldberg variations are made.

"Bach," Wald said, before he had finished.

"All right. What is it?" said Brent. "Are you challenging me?" Wald had a half smile, as he rubbed the left side of his chin with a forefinger.

"Don't know. How do you play that game?"

"That's the Aria of the so-called Goldberg variations for harpsichord, by Bae Right?"

Brent nodded. "Goldberg variations?" Anstis She whinnied with amusement, throwing back her head.

which is distinctive, as much as the Chin- "What's so funny?" Wald asked. "He was a great harpsichordist. Bach composed that music especially for him to play."

"Well, it just seemed so quaint," said Anstis. "You mustn't get defensive, darling • g Izzy." She put her arms around his neck. "You are defensive, you know."

"Most of the great musicians are Jews," said Marplan heavily. "It is strange, however, how few of them are composers of any note. Eh? Mendelssohn's about the only one, and even he is pretty thin."

"Why do you say that?" Wald asked indifferently. "What are you trying to prove?" His gaunt face had become very raw and hard, and all at once he jammed his hands deeply into his jacket. Kets as if to still them.

"Nothing," said Marplan. "I've known great many Jewish people. They have lent, and they're sensitive, but too expensive to be really great."

"Let's not get into that," Anstis said. "Why not?" Waid was standing very tiffy. "Let's get into it by all means.

his guy's fond of making large, loose neralizations. Wouldn't you call Einein great? Or Proust? What about-

"Now wait a minute," Marplan interrupted. "I don't have to be maneuered into an anti-Semitic position. But u can't avoid the special characteristics f certain people. The fact is, the Jewish ace hasn't turned out any composers of eat stature, perhaps because music "They're not a race," said Wald. Let's be a little more exact."

"Of course they're a race," said Mar-. "They have a racial appearance, Wald darted a quick glance at Brent, who stood motionless, looking from one to the other. "Why don't you say something in this argument, Forrest?" he asked.

"Don't ask him," said Anstis. "It's a waste of time. The whole thing's a waste of time."

"So you think all Jews look like the illustrations in 'Der Stuhrmer'?" Wald said, returning to Marplan. "With hooked noses and frizzy hair?"

"I didn't say that. But if you sit in the subway you can always pick them out. By their mannerisms, by their speech, and so on."

"You are making a common mistake," said Wald coldly. "If you heard a man talking Italian, would say he belonged to the Latin race?"

"Exactly so," Marplan said triumphantly.

"Or gesturing in the air? That's supposed to be a Jewish trait, but Italians do it. What's a nation, then?"

"That's another issue. And besides-" "There isn't such a thing as a pure race,". Wald said. "Unless you use anthropological terms."

Marplan's voice rose. "Of course there are races. Any anthropologist will tell you-"

"That nationalities are not to be confused with races." Wald's tone was biting. "I could show you Jews from Poland who resemble the poor Poles among whom they live, English Jews who are indistinguishable from Cockneys, Palestinian Jews who are like Arabs."

"Protective coloration," Marplan replied.

"But a race can't change its racial characteristics," Wald snorted.

think I'm right or wrong?" Waid sisted.

He's right, Brent thought. The man was so unattractive, so brash, and yet so sure of himself. He had such detestable mannerisms, but he was brave; he had no hesitation about attacking whatever seemed to him false and evil. And his arguments were pointed and effective, for Marplan was becoming more confused. "Are you trying to deny the existence of Jews?" he asked.

"Oh, rubbish. Why don't you stick to the point? I can show you a dozen Jews you'd never suspect of being Jews." Wald raised his eyes to Brent, and quickly looked away. "It isn't because they've disguised themselves. It's because they're human beings, and they adopt the manners and mores of the society in which they live. So they become--"

"They become counterfeiters," Marplan said angrily.

"What 'race' do you consider you belong to?" said Wald sharply. He pulled out one hand and pointed a finger at Marplan.

Marplan said, "That's a typical Jewish trick. Slide out from under."

Wald's face grew dark. His lips were swollen with fury. Anstis said, "How on earth did we get into this? It's so pointless. Now just stop it. You too, Izzy."

"Pointless?" Marplan bit his lip. "Why don't you speak up, Brent?" said Wald. "Can't you say anything?"

Brent's mouth was numb, and his jaws hurt; he had been biting on his pipe. He said, "I'm afraid not."

But he could not meet Wald's eyes. What the hell do you want of me? he said within himself. It's none of my business.

"You won't even say whether you "Have to think about it some mo Brent said cautiously. "Well, I've got go now. Good night, Anstis. See tomorrow?"

"Of course, my strong, silent man. Brent got his hat and coat quickly said goodbye to a few friends. The was dark and damp and smelled of overshoes. It was snowing lightly, an shrill wind blew from the river, send" the snow rasping over the paveme The lamp post in front of the h flickered with the shadows of snowfl and the steps leading up to the st door were dusted with white.

He paused on the top step to light pipe. The wind blew out his match, he turned back to put his face in corner of the door. The door open

startling him. A man in a black soft and a trench coat came out. It took a second or two to realize that it Wald.

"Well, well," said Wald. "If it i Isaac Wald himself."

Brent took his pipe out of his mou "Still being infantile?" he said hars "You wouldn't back me up, eh Wald said. He sounded more unha than angry.

"Back you up? What for?" "Mr. Bronze Star. The hero." "You're being insulting. Shut up." "I'm sorry, Brent." "Don't call me Brent. We're not friends."

"We don't have to be so formal." "What are you going to do, blackm me because you know my real name?

"I'm a physicist, not a blackmailer.

"Let go of me," Brent said. "No," said Wald. "I'll never let go of you.i, Brent's chest hurt, he felt so sorry for e other. But he said, aloud, "All right.

t's leave it at that." "I kept my mouth shut during the gument, didn't I?"

"What do you want of me, for God's e?" Brent said in desperation. "Nothing. But how long do you think you can escape?"

"I've got nothing to escape from." "Only yourself." "I suppose you're a psychiatrist, too." "No, no. But why are you in hiding? l this business of the pipe in the mouth,,e very British stolidity, the man who ver says anything... Why? So that one can find out anything about you?" "Don't you think you're being a little ey?" "Sure." Wald looked very white and.ggard in the snow-shadowed light. But you owed it to yourself to take my "Aren't you trying to pin me down to race? Just as Marplan was trying to pin you?"

"No. It isn't that. I can't fight all one. I can't fight alone, Isaac."

"Don't call me that." Wald came right up to him and caught im by the lapel. "Don't you see how it? I'm alone," he said, almost in a whisr. "You're a coward. That's the truth f • " ' It, "You're crazy," Brent said. His own 'Oice was no more than a whisper.

"And you?" "I'm not-" "Not afraid?" Brent moved a step back. "I don't," he said. "I'll have to think about Wald clung to his lapel. "You've done much thinking." • "Let go, you idiot!" He pulled himself away roughly.

His foot slipped in the fresh snow; he caught hold of the railing to save himself.

Wald was jerked 'round by the movement. His foot dangled in air momentarily. Then he lost his balance. He clawed at Brent's coat silently and missed. He fell awkwardly and heavily, sliding down the steps sideways. His hat flew off; his head struck the last step with a ringing crack. Then he lay still in the snow.

It happened so suddenly that Brent could only stare down at him for a minute or two. It was very cold, and the wind fluttered the edge of his coat.

"Brave," he said, under his breath. "Oh, my God. Brave, is it?"

He ran part way down the steps. He bent far over and touched Wald's shoulder. There was no movement. He ran back up the steps, breathless, and pushed open the door. He stumbled on something, and saw that it was his pipe, but he did not stop to pick it up. He burst into the apartment, and stood blinking against the light.

"Anstis!" he cried. She came forward, startled and not quite sober. "What-what's the matter?" "It's Brent. There's been an accident." "He slipped. He fell down the front steps. He broke his neck, I think. Better call an ambulance."

"What-who are you talking about?" she said, in a shaking voice.

"Brent Forrest," he replied. He could not understand why they looked at him so strangely.

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