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CALIFORNIA

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

QUARTERLY

WILLIAM NORTON

LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY

RICHARD NICKSON

AUGUST KADOW

LEE JENSON

CARL SELPH

NAOMI REPLANSKY

GEORGE ABBE

IRA WALLACH

HERBERT J. BIBERMAN

BRUCE MCM. WRIGHT

JACK BEECHING

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A CLEAN 6 X 9 READING EDITION

To Readers and Writers gives this issue its argumentative center. The fiction—Combat Fatigue by William Norton; The Politician by Tiba G. Willner; The Little Iron Soldier by John Greenleaf Whittier—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 Poem for Pastora Pavon and Two Mysteries, shifting between grouped poems and single lyrics rather than settling into one house style. Essays and reviews carry that movement into Saturday Night with Hamlet, so the issue reads as a conversation rather than a stack of unrelated contributions. The printed contents bring together 3 works of fiction, 17 poetry entries, 2 prose or editorial entries, giving the issue a deliberately mixed pace across genres and forms.

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

GEORGE ABBE's books include *Voices in the Square*, *Dreamer's Clay*, *Lt Home and They Also Fight*. He has taught creative writing at Yale, Columbia and Mt. Holyoke. JACK BEECHING is a British poet living in Bristol. His poems were recently published in the Key Poets series. HERBERT J. BIBERMAN, one of the Hollywood Nine, has been an actor director for the Theatre Guild, a director and producer of motion pictures. DAVID CORNEL DeJONG is a well-known poet and novelist. A collection his poems is announced by Prairie Press for this year. LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY lives in Augusta, Georgia, where he edits poetry for *The Humanist*. LESLIE WOLF HEDLEY, editor of *Inferno*, has written three books that have been published under various names since 1936. LEE JENSON, a Los Angeles resident, has appeared in *Frontier* and *Midland* and in *Masses* and *Mainstream*. AUGUST KADOW. has taught English at Georgia Tech. He has been published in *Poetry*, *Epoch*, *Interim*, and other magazines. RICHARD NICKSON helped prepare the film *Pictura*, an Adventure in Art recently released. Several of his lyrics have been set to music. WILLIAM NORTON, combat infantryman, newspaper reporter, warehouseman, truck-driver, upholsterer and laborer, got his first job in Los Angeles at the age of eleven. *Combat Fatigue* is his first published story. NAOMI REPLANSKY is a young poet whose work is being accepted with increasing frequency. Scribner's will bring out her book of poems, *Ring Song* in the fall. EDWIN ROLFE has been published widely on both coasts. His latest book, *Fi Love and Other Poems*, recently sold out its first printing. NORMAN ROSTEN is the author of several volumes of poems, including *The Big Road* and his latest, *Songs for Patricia*. CARL SELPH, a native of Arkansas, has had poems in various 'poetry journals. IRA WALLACH has contributed to *Esquire*, *Tomorrow* and other magazines. His books, *How to Be Deliriously Happy* and *Hopalong Freud*, will be followed in the fall by *Hopalong Freud Rides Again*. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892, really is the famous poet, Quaker, abolitionist. TIBA G. WILLNER, a resident of Los Angeles, is here published for the first time. HAROLD V. WITT has appeared in *Accent*, *Furioso*, *The Hopkins Review*

and Yale Review, and is currently preparing a collection of poems for book publication. BRUCE McM. WRIGHT, a practicing lawyer in New York, has contributed poems to Poetry of the Negro; to Mork Sang, a Swedish anthology of American Negro verse; and to Poetes des Deux Guerres (Paris). His volume, From the Shaken Tower, came out in England in 1944.- OURTIS ZAHN had several poems in our first issue. These later appeared in translation in the Stockholm magazine, Clarte.

To Readers and Writers

With this issue of THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY we round out a year of editorial experience. In the course of preparing material for publication - reading hundreds of manuscripts, disssing, analyzing, selecting and editing ntributions, corresponding with authors ut their work - we have learned uch, not only about our immediate job t also about the general condition of terature, the problems facing the cre- ·ve writer in today's America, and the ires of readers for intellectual meat d drink.

came together, being Ives creative writers, we outlined an of agreement broad enough to cover r individual tastes and canons. As "tors in conference, however, we could be satisfied with expressions of perference. In selecting certain s and stories for publication we had ask ourselves why we preferred them others. In writing to an author about ed material we wanted to be able ·ve him specific criticism which might him to a clearer understanding and re artistic expression of his own communication. We had constantly to reexamine and re-articulate our own criteria, to re-read· and re-evaluate what we had already published.

In this process of orientation we were helped by thoughtful letters from readers whose sense of responsibility toward the magazine seemed no less than our own. To these correspondents we are deeply grateful. We are glad that so many contributors have expressed appreciation of our criticism, analysis, and suggestions for revision. The least we can do, we feel, is to share with our readers and writers this statement of our position as developed during our first year. It may gratify them to know that we have come to agree with some of their criticisms of the work in our early issues.

We hope that in return they will give us the benefit of their reactions to this editorial. We should like to use representative extracts from their letters in our anniversary issue in the fall. By a continuing exchange of this kind we want to establish the sort of principled rapport between

readers, contributors and editors which we consider essential to our kind of magazine.

Writing as an art is, in the broadest sense, communication by means of imaginative and evocative language operating upon concrete experiences and transforming them into valid generalizations. It is the aesthetic apprehension and articulation of perceptions, thoughts, emotions and impulses which are in no way unique or restricted to an artistic elite but common to the mass of mankind. Just as the scientist shares the average man's impulse to harness the forces of nature in order to lighten labor and make possible a fuller and freer life, so the artist shares with the great majority of men his impulse to illuminate and civilize human relationships.

The art of writing is thus not a passive reflection of reality but active and purposeful. The writer's act of creation, the actual putting of words on paper, is motivated by a universal human desire to modify the attitudes of his contemporaries toward the world, toward him, toward themselves. The way in which he influences others depends on his own attitude toward life; and this in turn is moulded by his whole history, not only as an individual but also as a member of his entourage, his class, his nation, his culture.

Creative writing employs means somewhat different from those of critical or informative writing; its main reliance is not so much on the logical concept as on the artistic image, the artist's device for revealing the general in the particular. However, its end is the same; no less than other forms of communication it expresses attitudes, hopes, beliefs and aspirations, positive or negative. Lacking these, it cannot be more than a technical exercise divorced from life. Writers who claim that their writing communicates no beliefs or moral judgments are in my opinion either self-deluded or ashamed to face the meanness of their views.

The notion that art is separable from life, which was once widely propagated as a mask for unacknowledged motives, is no longer held by many, and we need not reargue the case against it. If, as we believe, the most enduring art is imaginative re-creation of real life, it will reflect not only the complexity and contrariety of immediate experience, but also the simplicity underlying the turbulent history of men in whatever period, their unquenchable will to make a better life, and their capacity to progress toward it.

The art of writing, however, is obviously more than a humanist attitude. Faith in man and in human evolution, the desire for love, abundance, democracy and peace, honest angers and resentments these are more or less articulate in all men. The special function of the writer is to embody them with force and eloquence in all their variety and clash, to give them the most compelling expression, the widest currency. This task demands a special sensitivity to the significance of facts and the contradictions between them, the most expert and imaginative use of all the resources of language, the most exacting critical standards of selection and organization.

Ordinarily, technical and formal requirements are placed first in any catalogue of the elements of good writing. We place them last not because form and technique are inferior ingredients but in order to counteract the widespread illusion that they are superior. In the actual practice of creative writing form and content interact, forming as it were a binary star, inseparable in any final sense, each attached to yet distinct from the other, revolving about each other to comprise a gravitational unity. Nevertheless it is necessary to recognize within the unity the primacy (anteriority) of content - the matter of life and thought and feeling.

EVERYMAN AND NO-MAN

In content and in form, how does American literature today stand up to the demands of art?

According to the dominant literary trend, life in America is a chaos of crime, unmotivated violence, humiliation and greed - unbearable, yet unchangeable. Simple goodness, uncomplicated motives, are jeered at, derided as corny, sentimental, old-hat. Angus Cameron com-

ented in our last issue (*The Crisis in books*) on this tendency:

"The class that knows something is wrong with itself hopes to discover, by reading Truman Capote or James Jones, that it is a universal malaise. The guilt of the 'haves' and the 'ins,' catered to increasingly by publishers, is salved by reading books which infer that man himself is tainted, evil, demoralized and damned. The mincing maunderings of social misfits are applauded as 'truth' by cynics who, hating the world and its injustice and the guilt around them, seek solace in the thought that human nature is 'that way'."

As an example of what Mr. Cameron ns, consider the recent novel by Paul!es, *Let It Come Down*, issued by dom House (publishers of that specular nova in the literary firmament, 'ttaker Chambers). The editor of the *York Times Sunday Book Review* idered this work important enough merit front-page critical attention.

is novel, said its reviewer, Robert ham Davis, Associate Professor of ish at Smith College, rives its central character relentlessly toward doom, toward the final orgiastic shudder, with the nightmare clarity, the hallucinative exoticism, of the best of Bowles' short stories. And as in the short stories, artistic power and inhumanity go together." (Our italics.).

The hero of the novel, Nelson Dyar, lives "in a state of progressive paralysis of will. He has read nothing, loved nothing, committed himself to nothing.... Bowles has tried to define the basic human situation by removing everything that makes a man human. The hero of 'Let It Come Down' is not the Everyman of the old morality plays, but No-man, a living cipher, a moral idiot." This "hero" goes to Morocco out of "a sudden desperate need to give his life character and meaning." In the course of filling this "need" he becomes successively involved with "a fat forceful lesbian," "a subtly beautiful, foul-spoken Arabian dance-hall girl," "a Russian agent," and, "under the influence of hashish, he makes violent love" to a Marquesa. He gets a job smuggling and "tries to outdo in corruption and intrigue the whole corrupt, intriguing society" of Tangiers. Inevitably, our hero kills a man; however, "the death has philosophic rather than human meaning," and "the manner of the murder" is "doubly symbolic. It implies both perverted sexuality and specific hatred of the brain." In the reviewer's opinion, the hero "is totally uninteresting when not under narcosis." The book itself is seen as having

"its place in a well-defined literary tradition with deep psychological roots," although, as a serious social novel, "it seems malign and corrupting."

Our purpose here is not to attack a writer but to expose a social philosophy of which Mr. Bowles is perhaps as much a victim as an exponent. If his work were an exception the situation would not be serious. Unfortunately, it is but one Paul Bowles, is more explicitly described by John W. Aldridge in his essay

sample of the dominant mode in literature. As Amy Loveman has pointed out in the Saturday Review:

The Metaphorical World of Tru Capote (Western Revue, Summer, "American fiction is at present in the doldrums... Sex and sex perversions, the brutalities of the battlefield and the barracks, the crude and reckless craving for the titillation of the senses obsess many of the more serious novelists. It is a narrow world they mirror, an intensely ingrown and chaotic one, often an exhibitionist and sensational world."

We decry this trend. We maintain that it not only distorts but flatly contradicts reality. No degree of "art" can persuade us that No-man is Everyman. On the other hand, if it be claimed that the hero of *Let It Come Down* is not a generalization but a unique individual - not all men but a man - then the author is under obligation to reveal the social forces that have crushed out his humanity, or else to stand trial for treason to art.

Even the best of this sort of writing, it seems to us, extols man for his capacity to face death bravely, to accept humiliation with humor, to adjust to evil, rather than for his natural impulse to fight for life with courage and confidence. It is not unfair to say that the main current of American writing today is anti-humanist and untrue in content; that it is rooted in the belief that men and women are essentially beasts or babes in the woods, incapable of coping with the problems that confront them, inhibited from even trying, and therefore doomed to degradation and death as a species.

What is the situation with respect to the formal aspects of writing?

As we should expect, in view of the degeneration of content, we find endless attempts to make form usurp the rank and function of content. This process, only hinted at in Prof. Davis' review of "It seems to me that

we have a right to ask of a novel that it stand in some meaningful relation to recognizable life; we have a right, that is, to ask that the characters resemble or in some way connote or enlarge upon the human situation.... [However,] Capote's achievement, founded on a technical skill largely divorced from insight, communicates no insight beyond that which it affords into its own parts.... Even though, taken together, the characters and devices produce a world, they do not produce a world of eternal significance. They belong to the special illusion Capote has created; outside it, they do nothing and are nothing.... The real world should, by rights, be part of the illusion; but it is not and cannot be.... Having once awakened and looked about us, we see that, really, for all its intensity and horror, the thing was never there at all." Our italics.)

As a corollary generalization Aldridge observes:

"By presenting characters in the grip of some supernatural spell, one is able to suggest that the motives behind their behavior are unknowable, irrational, and, hence, irrelevant; and by presenting them in the grip of violence, one is able to divert the reader's attention from the inadequacy of their motives to the shocking circumstances which surround them."

Form is there seen in a perverse role as an agent of disbelief, as a distraction, abstraction and subtraction from content, a reduction of it to absurdity, in a sense the annihilation of it, instead of in its rightful function as a creator of the validity of content, a vehicle of insight into the realities of the human situation.

Again, if this prostitution of form were the exception it could be ignored, but it is becoming the rule in the modern mode. The purulence of contemporary literature is not unconnected with the growing censorship of views advocating social change. Certainly, today censorship is bolder and more far-reaching than ever before in the American experience. To cite Angus Cameron again:

"Thoughts or writing which suggest change, motion or reform are looked upon as an ailment to be extirpated root and branch.... An atmosphere of censorship exists today in the higher echelons of publishing management, and... immediately communicates itself to writers of all kinds and all shades of opinion.... The prospective writer of a scholarly study of Abolitionism is just as apt to censor himself today as the novelist who may wish to write a novel about a labor organizer....

The simple fact is that publishing in America is fast becoming a monopoly of a class which cannot afford the truth in any form."

Mr. Cameron is of course speaking of the book field. But in the sphere of riotical publication the situation is no better. Among the mass-circulation adrtising media it is worse. The big gazines have a long and dismal tradi- • n of unrealism - the safe formula in ion, the genteel and jejune in verse. e pioneers and nonconformists of litature have never been welcome in their es until after they have achieved pularity elsewhere (and even then but dom); today they are altogether abt. The tremendous contributions of egroes and other national minorities to erican culture have rarely found place such publications; today they are ctically excluded. Instead, we have given depictions of minority peoples foreigners as sinister, clownish, or rwise contemptible inferiors, as lovchildren not yet quite human, or as tations of their decadent "betters." As a result, American culture has been blighted and impoverished. Thanks to the suppression of minority views, the honest writer today is faced with a paralyzing dilemma. We do not mean the sort of writer who once gave us vibrant portraits of democratic heroes but who now chooses criminals and informers as his protagonists, or who contributes to such infamous literary enterprises as Collier's war issue. These are the damned; their influence is no longer creative but corrosive; and they are snugly at home in the organs of contemporary nihilism. Our concern is with the young writer who has not yet matured his point of view toward his work, and with the established writer who finds himself suddenly estranged from the literary scene, inhibited by its spiritual desolation. Where can these find outlet?

To the writer whose conscience forbids him to conform to current literary fashion the door is not quite closed, but it is closing fast. More and more the alternatives narrow down to Write as the monopolists of publishing demand, or quit writing. Many have capitulated. Many are silenced. The clang of prison gates on Hollywood screenwriters signalled ~ drive to impress not only the screen but all forms of writing into the service of war-preparation with its inevitable suppression of civil liberty and policing of thought. In films a blacklist of nonconformist talent has sent quality to an all-time low, and the outlook is for more and worse. Thomas M. Pryor reported in the New York Times on June 1st:

"Now, perhaps as never before in its recent turbulent history, the creative element in Hollywood is experiencing a form of censorship unparalleled in the experience of the average individual in this country."

Only the appearance of a literature health and hope can discountenance t literature of decay and despair.

Radio and television too are being patrolled against the incursion of fresh ideas. Drama critics unanimously complain of the most arid theatrical season in history, and one of them, Brooks Atkinson, concludes that:

"The intellectual and artistic life of the country has been flattened out. The ignorant heresy-hunting and the bigoted character assassination that have acquired the generic title of McCarthyism are succeeding." In literature suppression has operated not only upon the unpublished manuscripts but also upon the published work, including classics of impeccable respectability - as witness the ouster from New York school libraries of Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. In the face of this resurgence of Know-Nothingism we are reminded of Walt Whitman's reaction to a similar (though far less severe) sinking-spell suffered by the American spirit in post- Civil War days:

"Never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believ'd in, (for all this hectic glow, and these melo-dramatic screamings,) nor is humanity itself believ'd in. What penetrating eye does not everywhere see through the mask? The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. The men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men. A scornful superciliousness rules in literature.... Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain-top afar in the west, the scornful laugh of the Genius of these States." (Democratic Vistas.)

It is all very well to denounce, deride and protest. Indeed, protest is necessary, inevitable. But in our view, as in Whitman's, it is not enough. The mere exposure of sores will not cure the disease.

OPEN DOOR

In founding THE CALIFORNIA QuAR TERLY we have tried to open one n door to honest creative work, welcomin the young writer as well as the esta lished craftsman who, though he retai a slippery foothold in the commercial field, feels uneasy at the company h keeps, and longs to make common cau with the people, to give voice to thei striving for the peaceful advancement of their aims.

We shall welcome creative work root ed in the simple truth, established by the whole course of history, that human beings, without distinction of race, colour or nationality, are infinitely more than brutes or children, that they are irrevoc ably committed to struggling to improve their lot - here on earth - now in our time. We shall discourage writing which, in its total effect, expresses attitudes con• temptuous and destructive of human aspirations, writing which pictures man as a will-less cipher or a moral idiot, the prisoner of his infancy, of his barbaric past or his eternal frailty.

We are not idealists. We see the forces of corruption at work, preparing us for war abroad, dictatorship at home. But we do not accept them as universal or eternal. We refuse to "dream the wrong dream" in spite of the pressures upon us to accept it as reality. We shall not present crime and brutality as average human attributes, but rather we shall urge writers to put them in perspective as aberrations from the norm, often socially conditioned, and eradicable or at least combatable. And we shall consider madequate stories and poems that add up to a shrug of indifference or a sigh of resignation.

This is not to insist on pat solutions to human problems - on the contrary. The contrived "happy" ending, the facile nversion, and the determined pessimism of shallow tragedy are all equally evasions of reality, flights from artistic responsibility. Oversimplification in art is no more truthful or realistic than is overcomplexification. Nowadays, bower, complexity in art is too often misen for profundity, whereas it is more • ely to be either the mark of artistic oth - the failure to grapple with the k of generalization - or a device for fogging basic reality. Complicating ctors in mankind's age-old struggle for eedom must not be allowed to obscure e larger truth of human progress. Our lea is for writers to recognize that stacles and weaknesses have been overme in the past and

will be in the future, that men's ills are remediable, at life moves forward - if we will. Progress is not automatic. Science can destroy as well as preserve life, abolish instead of expanding freedom. In the aim of art we must expect stagnation and decay whenever we condone suppression of truth or allow large segments of the people to be excluded, as Negroes excluded, from their rightful importance in the national culture. We believe that a crucial test of the viability of our culture is whether it will acknowledge and welcome the present upsurge of the Negro people toward full partnership and leadership in national life. Therefore we shall give special encouragement to the creative work of writers of Negro and other minority groups.

time, with their cooperation, we hope to present a picture of the contributions to American culture of many peoples rather than a picture of the attitudes of a dominant elite.

Central to the question of progress in any field today is the question of war and peace. It is sheerly incomprehensible to us that the statement of the eminent British writer on this subject (quoted in full on our inside front cover) has not been publicized by every literary organ in the United States. The neglect of this significant document is an index of the degree to which American literature has been diverted from the universal preoccupations of our time.

We reject the notion that the appearance of weapons of wholesale incineration among us inevitably dooms man to extinction or slavery. We believe not only that international differences are solvable but that they are actually in process of solution, thanks to the determination of the great majority of mankind to live and enjoy the fruits of the earth rather than to die in a world war that no nation or group can possibly win.

To the shibboleth that "War is inevitable" we oppose the declaration that "Peace is indispensable."

We shall discourage writing which tends to echo in any way the pessimistic views of World Incinerationists, Inc., or their demented faith in the Hell Bomb as a protector of their vested interests; and we shall welcome works expressive of the universal striving for peace. We shall avoid depictions of unmotivated violence for violence' sake - a propaganda designed to habituate people to the inhumanities of war.

Our position with respect to literary form is consistent with that on content.

Believing as we do that human differences can and must be composed by peaceful negotiation - by the freest and amplest communication directed to mutual understanding we call for clarity as a primary asset in all forms of writing including creative literature the utmost clarity consonant with tension and extension, with fullness of meaning and emotional impact. Difficult forms are justifiable only if they reward us by illuminating areas of truth not otherwise accessible. While we aim at a thoughtful readership, we do not regard literature as cryptography. All too often today obscurity in form is the result not of the author's struggle to say something new but of his attempt to sound "original" or "scholarly," and to conceal the fact that he is saying nothing.

Long ago Walt Whitman wrote in *Democratic Vistas*:

"Much is said, among artists, of 'the Grand Style,' as if it were a thing by itself. When a man, artist or whoever, has health, pride, acuteness, noble aspirations, he has the motive-elements of the grandest style. The rest is but manipulation, (yet that is no small mat- Form is indeed no small matter, as Whitman himself was to discover when his neglect of it limited the effectiveness of his prophetic song. Yet theoretically he was right in that the best form grows out of healthy human attitudes, out of experience accurately observed, deeply felt and thoroughly understood; that it is at once the creator and creature of valid content.

Thus we advocate the most persistent search for forms capable of encompassing the full richness of the twentieth-century world. In our day-to-day work as editors, however, as between expert presentations of unreal or invalid material, and the incompletely expressed communication of reality, we shall choose the latter~ In trying to do something for our fellow-writers and ourselves by launching a new magazine, we felt we were doing no less for readers. But were we? Did we have an audience for the kind of work we intended to publish?

From the successful books, in which man was pictured as a sub-human with no desires above the belt-line, torturing himself and his fellows without motive, it might be concluded This is what people are reading; it must be what they want.

Obviously, however, readers have no real choice. Not only the avenues of publications and distribution are blocked by the promoters of hysteria, but also the avenues of advertising and publicity. Books critical

of the prevailing social trend are refused advertising space, and often they are not even reviewed. Their distribution is made almost impossible, their publication unprofitable - whereupon it is "logically" concluded that readers are "indifferent" to them. To speak of a free choice in reading is absurd today when publishers are being hounded to jail under the Smith and McCarran Acts for the "crime" of publishing books that have circulated freely for generations in the past, when writers and teachers are proscribed, not for their acts but their opinions, and condemned to secondclass citizenship without due process of law for differing with the Cotton Mathers of our day.

We decided that an audience for our kind of magazine did exist, an audience fed up with the widely advertised, easily available sensationalism and trash, an audience that demanded healthy fare and was willing to go out of its way to find it. And so it has proved.

This audience will not be content with less than first-class work, and we are aware that we have not yet satisfied its demands. We confess we are not immune to the corruption in the air we breathe, and our contents have revealed a certain degree of infection. However, of the best that we have published we are very proud, feeling that it could not have found an outlet in any commercial publication, perhaps not in any other independent literary organ. We are determined to find more such work. Today the quality of the stories and poems that come to us unsolicited is higher than it was when we started. Writers of promise, whose work we have painstakingly analyzed and encouraged, are showing the fruits of their efforts and ours, and these results will be increasingly visible in future issues. The place we have made for the accommodation of health and hope in the present contagion is not an imposing stress. But happily we are not alone.

We have allies in every field of writing and of every shade of opinion outside the bid bullies and foes of progress. We have not yet found more than a fraction of our audience. Rather, little by little, they are finding us. At stake here is much more than the building of one magazine. In its appearance these troublous times may well enrage others to more ambitious ventures - indeed, we have heard of such. There are signs that we may be on the eve of a broad movement to free American writing from the shackles of irrationalism and fear. Long overdue, in opinion, is a revival and reinvigoration in mid-century terms, of the best of the American literary tradition the

"thread-voice" that runs unbroken from John Woolman and Philip Freneau, through Emerson, Whitman, Frederick Douglass and Mark Twain, to Jack London, Carl Sandburg, Theodore Dreiser and Lillian Hellman. In the spirit of that tradition, and in the words of its chief spokesman, we call for a "programme of culture" not merely for "the parlors or lecture rooms, but with an eye to practical life, the west, the working-men, the facts of farms and jack-planes and engineers... and not restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses."

With Whitman we believe that the function of literature is "to bring the people back from their persistent strayings and sickly abstractions to the costless average, divine, original concrete.... Nothing will do as well as common ground."

Finally, with him we recognize that "Whatever we do not attain, we at any rate attain the experiences of the fight, the hardening of the strong campaign, and throb w'ith currents of attempt at least. Time is ample. Let the victors come after us.... JTive the attack!" To writers we say, speak your minds and feelings. Throw off the indignity of silence in the face of lies. Break a lance for human decency, for understanding, for the time-honored right to think and communicate truth. Disregard the eye of the censor, the ear of the bigot, the calumnies of scoundrels who threaten you for daring to demand the right to live and work creatively in a prosperous and peaceful world. Send us your poems of love and wrath, your stories of courage and resistance, your satires on vice and folly. Speak forcefully or gently, angrily or wittily - only speak! Remember with Theodore Parker that "Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed however broadcast will catch somewhere and produce its hundredfold."

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JOURNAL PAGE 12 / SCAN PAGE 14

Combat Fatigue

William Norton

combat fatigue The hole was long enough so you could stretch out in it at full length and just wide enough for the two Infantrymen to sleep together sharing blankets and huddling close against the cold. Over the top of the hole were the small logs and over them a canvas shelter-half. On top of that was dirt piled up and then a few bushes uprooted and thrown there for camouflage.

When a shell landed nearby some of the dirt sifted down through a hole in the canvas making a neat pile on the blankets.

Mitch lay on his back with his dark head pillowed on his arms and a cigarette hanging from the side of his mouth. When the ash burned out long he turned his head to one side and the motion caused the ash to fall to the shoulder of his field jacket. His face was plain and young.

His eyes were young, young enough to dream, but the dreams and the hope were gone and death was a shadow there like a fine veil across his sight. The neck of his wool shirt was greasy black with dirt and his hands had performed all the functions of living for two weeks without being washed. When he felt the heat of the cigarette burning close to his lips, he reached for it and crushed it out between his thumb and forefinger. Then he poked it into the dirt under his blankets.

Up and down the line in the platoon men were sitting outside their holes talking, some oiling rifles and some lying on their backs watching the pale winter sun move through the cold sky. At the top of the Taegu Ridge where the platoon was dug in, the men in the outposts sat by the field telephones and watched the dark patch of woods a thousand yards away. That was where the enemy waited.

Mitch lay in the hole smelling the stink of himself and wishing to hell he could walk away and never come back. Walk all the way home even. Beside him Pete blew softly into a harmonica. "... Where now so swiftly flies the timid swallow..." Between them on the blankets were the two rifles, the grenades and the bandoleers of M-1 ammunition.

Another man came to the opening in their hole and Pete crawled outside to talk to him. Mitch didn't move and his eyes didn't open but when Pete came back Mitch wanted to ask what the other man had told him. He didn't though because he was afraid. As long as he didn't ask, he didn't know. But Mitch knew what it was. It was the orders to move.

"What'd he say, Pete?" "Battalion says we got to move back into the woods tonight."

It registered slowly in Mitch's mind, etched deeply by the acid of fear. "What in Christ's name for?"

"Don't ask me, Mitch. The colonel told the captain and he told Gooch and Gooch said that was it."

"That fat ass of a colonel would rape a sheep if someone would hold it for him."

"No doubt." Pete mouthed his harmonica again. "... And well I know 'tis sad afar from home..."

Mitch rubbed his hand along his face and then looked at the little rolls of black that came off on his fingers. It was the oil of his skin mixed with dirt. He could rub any place on his body and the dirt would come off like that.

"Just us going in or the whole company?"

"Just the platoon." Mitch reached his fingers into his hair and pulled a handful of it, "Why in the ell don't they tell us to blow our own beads off? Why don't they say that tead of telling us to go back into the oods?"

Pete turned his face away from his 'end so that he was looking. at the 'rt on his side of the hole. "The colonel 'd the Koreans pulled out of there d now all we have to do is move in d take over their holes." "How in the hell would he know?" "Maybe air reconnaissance." "Maybe bull. Maybe we're all going be dead like the colonel wants." "You're not going to die, Mitch. ~u're too stupid."

"Yeah. I'm one stupid sonofabitch to go out there and get a goddam bullet between the eyes." Mitch fingered his right eye as the idea grew on him. "Right in the goddam eye and out the back." His hand moved away from his eye to feel the back of his head. "Right out there, Pete. Right out there in the back."

"Lay off, Mitch. You'll get a toe blown off and go home and draw a pension."

"I saw a guy that was hit in the eye once. In the back where it came out you could stick your fist in the hole. He must've been dead when it hit him but he kicked around for a while like a chicken with its head cut off."

"For Christ's sake keep your mouth shut."

"Honest to God it was just like that. He must've been dead but he kept on jerking and moving."

They were silent then, Overhead they could hear the buzz of one of the little artillery planes that skirted the front lines flying close to the ground. Pete fondled his mouth-harp for a while and then brought it up to blow softly again La Golondrina, the plaintive melody about the little bird, the swallow so sad afar from home.

The platoon dug in along that ridge was never the same thing from one day to the next. It was always the same number on the records of the regiment but inside itself it was always changing. Replacements came up and when they were used up they went back. It was always changing. Different people with different names and different brains each washed in its own individual blood. But the Army gave them all the same number, 745 rifleman, And they were consumed just like other army supplies. But each was a different brain washed in its own individual blood and each brain whispered through every hour of the day and night... I am me I I am me I My name is my name and the pain in my flesh is my pain and the fear squeezing my heart with its two dirty hands is my fear and O sweet Jesus what am I doing here? Why am I here in this place? Why is it me in this Godforsaken place where they want to kill me? Each brain screamed out against the evil that forced it to kill or be killed.

The cold was a killer that had to be fought. It killed hands and feet and balls and face until the only thing alive was the inside of you and your eyes and your head that was thinking sweet suffering Jesus wouldn't a fire be a beauty right now.

Daylight was when the enemy could see you and night was the time for staring until your eyes felt like raw wounds. The wind and the leaves moving and every sound was the enemy. At night the enemy was ten feet tall with a belly of iron and every finger a goddam knife reaching out to slash and eyes that could see everything and feet that walked on the wind not making a sound.

And in the daytime the enemy tried to blast you apart so sloppy chunks of you would be plastered over everything. Like Miller, the poor bloody bastard you could put in a sack and carry over your shoulder.

Mitch reached his hand inside his jacket and shirt so he could feel along his belly where the flesh was warm and alive, where the blood flowing underneath would come out spurting like it had on Miller.

The platoon had to move. It always had to move. It moved with a five yard interval between men in a line scattered out that trudged and stumbled cursed. Mitch had heard some of th pray but not many. Most of them said piss on everything especially the colon And on the sonofabitches who mad money out of the war. Them too.

The platoon moved when it was ord•ered to move and every time it happened somebody was gone and new replacements came up in a few days. And a few more thousand or hundred thousand or million bucks were shot to hell. But Mitch knew the platoon had to move. He knew about the maps back at division headquarters. where everything was shown as a symbol and he knew that the maps wanted the platoon to move forward a thousand yards into a dark patch of woods where death roosted like a dark bird. And he knew that on the maps it would be just a fraction of an inch and just a few words in a morning report at corps headquarters and nothing much in the papers back home. But it would keep the war going, keep business good.

Mitch knew about that patch of woods where some of the platoon was already sprawled with bone fragments gleaming whitely out of wounds crawling with insects. There were plenty more men where those came from, Mitch knew that. There were plenty more men for the dark patch of woods. Plenty more wounds and plenty more insects.

He dug his knuckles into his eyeballs so that wild colors and crazy patterns whirled and the pain was sharp and he could feel his eyes as round balls half inside his skull and hooded by the skin of his eyelids on the outside. Some day right in the eye would come a screaming bullet. Some day, maybe tonight.

Christ O Christ O leaping Jesus, what was the use? Why cringe and crawl in 1a hole and live with the pus of fear inside your stomach? A goddamn number crawling in a hole in the goddamn ground pissing in your own pants and breathing the rotten smell of your own rotten liody. Why live at all? Why run and hide from something that was every place

just waiting? Why not meet it and live for that one blinding flash so that afterwards there would be no light and no pain, only quiet and peace and darkness?

But Mitch didn't want to die. He wanted to breathe and eat and touch women again and maybe sing. He wanted to touch a woman with his hands and feel the warm life there and the blood that moved in slow pulsations and the texture of the skin that was alive.

"Want to eat now, Mitch?" Pete had put his hand on Mitch's shoulder and as rocking him gently. "I got a can of cat and beans here, Mitch. Do you want it?"

After a moment he heard Pete's voice and saw the can of food held out to him. He took it and raised himself on one elbow so he could eat. "Is this my birthday present?"

"Yeah, Mitch. I sent in to Sears and Roebuck for it." He watched as Pete opened a can for him and then took a spoon out of his shirt pocket and wiped it clean on the sleeve on his field jacket. He dipped his spoon into the can and put some of stuff in his mouth. The beans were hard and slimy and the meat was little chunks of fat and gristle. Pete spoke with his mouth full. "Y, Mitch. They don't use nothing but the best grade of wormy tomatoes in stuff and they keep the meat from turning green by embalming it. Am I right?"

Mitch didn't even smile. He took a drink from his canteen to wash down the beans. They settled like clay in his stomach. That line about the wormy tomatoes and the meat turning green, that was what Pete had heard him say and now Pete was trying to be nice by coming out with it. He rolled over on his back to light a cigarette.

"Think you'll ever amount to much, Pete?"

Pete grinned and reached for Mitch's cigarette to get a light for his own. "You damn right. I'm going to be a hero like John Wayne in the movies."

"Yeah, Pete. You're right. John Wayne did it right in the movies. He screwed all the women and drank all the beer and then he killed the hell out of all them treacherous enemies and then they gave him the medals and he went right back to screwing and drinking beer."

The odor from both men hung close and oppressive in the small hole. Stomachs twisted with fear do an explosive job of digesting cold canned beans.

Mitch moistened the cigarette in his mouth so the paper wouldn't stick to the skin and tear when he took it out. "Think it'll be bad tonight, Pete?"

For a long time Pete didn't answer and Mitch almost forgot what he had said. He could hear off somewhere a machine gun that pounded for a few seconds and then was silent. An artillery shell screeched overhead and then burst.

It wasn't even close. Mitch watched Pete's face during the sound and it was like seeing his own feelings in a mirror. His face was tense during the scream of the shell and then it relaxed after the explosion located it as a safe one.

Most of the time Mitch knew it was not going to hit. But then sometimes he got the feeling that it was coming and it was just a matter of waiting a little longer. He had the feeling that time had almost run out on him. Every time they had to move forward it started happening all around him. Always before it had been someone else. Maybe this time him.

Mitch thought of that patch of woods where he had gone twice before and dug a shallow hole with desperate haste and cowered in it panting with his face pressed to the dirt while the torrents of fire burst and slashed around him. The hot stench and sting of powder-smoke was scorching his lungs again as he remembered and he saw the figures of the enemy infantry as wisps between the trees, coming toward him with the muzzle-flashes of their rifles spitting and next to his ear the vicious crack of the bullet passing. He thought of how they had gone back, running and scrambling up the bare rocky ridge with an aching shame of fear in their throats and panic boiling wildly in their stomachs while parts of them were left scattered in the woods and up the slope in tangled heaps of torn clothing with bare faces staring sightless at the sun..

Later, Graves Registration would get them, the ones they could find. Sometimes, when they carried a dead one back, his buddy, the guy he had dug holes with, would touch his hand hanging limp there and maybe he would cry if he had been in the lines too long and there were too many ragged edges inside of him.

- They always fingerprinted the dead ones back at Graves Registration, the ones that had fingers, so there would be no mistake. Sometimes it was a tough job on the ones that had been out a long time, especially if the hands were puffed and waterlogged. If that was the case

they slit the skin at the wrist and peeled it off the whole hand like a glove. Th the guy who was in Graves Registrati doing what he was paid for would sli the skin of the dead one's hand over • own hand, just like a wet rubber glov and make the prints nice and neat fo the records.

Mitch raised his hand and stared a it. He saw the color of it blue along t lines of the veins on the back, the hai growing there and the tendons stringin from each finger down to his wrist. Th blood under the skin gave it the colo of life. Mitch knew the color of th dead ones too. It was gray with alm a shade of green to it. That was th color of the dead ones.

Pete watched Mitch holding up o hand and moving his lips in silent speech.

"What are you doing, Mitch?" Mitch's eyes turned toward him dull but he didn't reply. Pete reached ou and touched his shoulder.

"What are you looking at your ban for, Mitch?"

Mitch brought his hand down an rubbed it along his cheek where th stubble of his whiskers was thickest. Ru bing himself like that was a nice sensa • tion. He liked the sound and the feel it. He rubbed up and down until he ha forgotten what Pete had asked.

"Mitch! I asked you what you wer thinking about."

"About tonight, Pete." He folded both arms across his face. "I was thinking about tonight."

"You ought to forget about it, Mitch. It doesn't do any good to think about it."

"Pete, why should the colonel want us to go down there? It won't do him no good. It won't do nobody no good."

"If it wasn't him telling us it would be someone else."

"Yeah. You're right. If it ain't one sonofabitch telling you to do something it's another. The world never seems to run out of sonofabitches." Mitch felt anger rising in him and it made his breath come faster. "Why in the hell does it have to be? Why have the damn war?"

Pete started to answer but Mitch burst out again. "And don't tell me no crap about stopping communism because I just don't give a good goddamn. I just wish all the bastards that are making dough out of this war would come out here and fight the goddamn thing." He reached for a handful of dirt and moulded it in his hand. "And I wish I was a idiot

sitting someplace drinking beer.". He let the dirt dribble through is fingers and wiped them on his pants.

"They would have made you an officer then."

It was an old joke between them but 't didn't register with Mitch. He turned • face away and pressed it against the 1 dirt on his side of the hole. "If I was an officer you know what 'd do, Pete? I'd write me out an order r a jeep and I'd head for the next boat ing home." His voice got louder and hands clenched themselves into fists.

d if any sonofabitch got in my way d blow his head off."

"How about me, Mitch? Would you c me with you or leave me here to all the medals and win the war by If?" "Anybody wanted to come he could his own jeep." "Then what happens to the war?" "Let it go to hell for all of me." "What about them, Mitch?" Pete's motioned in the direction of the patch of woods where the enemy "tcd and death roosted like a dark bird.

o hell with 'em. Let 'em go to hell.

Let 'em go home." He stopped for a while and when he spoke again he turned his face toward Pete. "You go home too, Pete. You go home and all of 'em." He waved his hand to mean the outside where the others of the platoon were dug in along the ridge.

"You don't mean that?" "What the hell do you think?" Mitch felt a sourness rising in him and he turned his face so he could feel the scratchy wool of the blanket against his cheek. The whole trouble was the dumb bastards who wanted to be heroes like John Wayne in the movies. They were the ones who believed the fancy words that rang like a brass band marching six abreast down Main Street. And the old rumheads from the last war marching out of step and looking funny as hell while the young saps watched and listened and decide they didn't want to be cowboys after all.

The kindergartens were full of heroes, old-soldier material and hero-killed-inaction material, RII\ They ought to hang signs on the kids, thought Mitch, half of them Rumhead Old Soldier and the other half, Hero Killed In Action.

How in the hell would it ever stop? Every complicated sonofabitching thing in the world could be invented by some smart guy except a way to stop the fancy words from parading down Main Street and the big shots

from starting a war every time business needed a boost. Maybe it would never stop unless a guy stopped it for himself. Just told them all to go to hell and walked away. What could they do? Blow your head off? That'd happen anyway. Just get up and walk away. Tell them your feet hurt and you had to see the medics. Tell them you heard voices and you wanted to go to the booby hatch. Tell them you'd blow your own head off if they didn't let you go. Tell them you'd blow the lieutenant's head off. Tell them you just had a divine call and you couldn't do any more bloodshed. Tell them you were the bastard son of King George VI and you wanted to go home. But better yet, tell the rest about it and get them to go home too.

Home, sweet Jesus, home. Some day he would go home, thought Mitch, only it would be in a box while a fat-assed bunch of M.P.s wearing white gloves stood at parade rest. The box with him in it would come over the side of the ship in the cargo sling and the longshoremen would load him onto a truck all the time wishing it was something else they were handling because some of them had already handled their own sons like that.

Mitch reached for a cigarette and brought two of them out of the pack. They were smashed from where he had been lying on them. He stuck one in his own mouth and put the other between Pete's lips. Pete's eyes opened and he winked. The match passed between them and when it was out their faces were shadowed again.

"Think much about going home, Pete?"

"Yeah. First thing I'm going to do is take a bath with the maid."

"You'll be dead, Pete. No maid would take a bath with you dead."

"Mitch, goddamn it, lay off. This will be over in a few more month and then we're all going home."

"I got a big picture of it. They won't stop it because they're afraid of a depression back home. The only way we'll get home is if we just get up and lea Start walking."

"You're talking crazy, Mitch. Wi can't do that. You're going to get ho You've got to believe that."

Far back behind the lines the big of corps artillery had received a possibl fire mission. It was the dark patch o woods where the platoon was going. I they were knocked out of there again t artillery would plaster the

area. Closer the front the long-toms of division artillery had the same coordinates on the map and still closer the 105's of the field artillery battalions were zeroed in. The chemical mortars and even the 80mm mortars of Dog Company, the weapons company, could fire in support. It was all arranged that way. The maps were ready.

The night came cold and bright with the moon riding high. The platoon lieutenant took a last look at the luminous dial of his watch and shoved it under his sleeve so it would be hidden. He had already smeared his face and hands with mud so the glaring paleness of his skin would not show in the moonlight. He shouldered his pack and started down the line of holes where the men sat ready. Their faces too were daubed with the earth's protective coloring and as he passed they stood up and harnessed themselves in their equipment.

Grenades hung by their handles from the buttonholes of field jackets and the cartridge belts were full. Mitch and Pete stood side by side before their hole waiting for the lieutenant to motion with his arm and start for the top of the ridge. There were no cigarettes and when someone talked it was face to face feet scuffing the ground carried clearly on the night air. Another hundred yards passed and Mitch felt the slimy warted with the person he had words for and his voice was low.

"Did you ever fall out, Pete?" Maybe he had said it and maybe he had only thought it. Fall out. Fall out. That's what the army said when you were dismissed, when they were through with you for the time being. But it meant more. It meant a lot more and different. When they marched you 25 miles through the pine woods of Georgia and the straps of your full field pack had cut wounds in each shoulder and sweat ran from under your steel piss-pot of a helmet down your forehead into your eyes where it burned, then' you wanted to fall out. Fall out and lie flat on your back and close your eyes against the sting of sweat while you wished to God you were a thousand miles away. Fall out and quit. Lay down and quit. That's what it meant.

Mitch was thinking about how he could fall out. Maybe when the platoon rted down the ridge he would straggle the dark until he was behind all the t of them. Then he would just fall t, sit right down where he was until e hell was over in the little patch of ds down below. When the platoon e clawing its way back up the ridge 'th the tracer bullets

chasing them from n below, he would already be there. ive and waiting. Alive.

The lieutenant started for the top of ridge with the rest of the platoon g out behind him in a rough diad formation. Mitch fell in when his came and Pete was just ahead of. Up at the front were the lieutenant the platoon sergeant. They passed crest of the ridge and started down front slope. The men ahead loomed dark forms and the sound of their toad jumping in his stomach and the awful ache of fear in his throat and the sharp pain of his heart beating in his chest.

The front of the column ·stopped and each man walked up on the man in front of him until the halt had passed itself convulsively down the line to the last man. The last man was Mitch. The column started again and after a few yards it was strung out as before with a point in front, a bulge on both sides and the rear tapering back. Someone dislodged a rock and it rolled and crashed down the ridge while every man in the platoon stopped dead still in his tracks and fought down the impulse to turn around and run, to fall to the ground and never move again, to scream out against the night sky. The sound of the tumbling rock had barely ceased when a white star of light shot up from the woods below and sparkled brilliantly as it floated toward the earth.

In the flare every man felt naked before the eyes of the unseen enemy. Every man huddled within himself and waited for the smashing blow of high-velocity metal that would tear his life out in one raw bloody chunk.

After the flare the mortars started falling. The bursts walked back and forth across the slope searching blindly for them. The column moved again and Mitch found himself on his feet with his rifle in his hand moving attter the last man. In the flashes of light from the explosions he could see parts of the slope off to the left and right. When the searching mortars found some of the platoon, Mitch could see the men throw themselves on the ground. He heard a harsh moaning sound somewhere in the darkness; someone had been hit. He dropped to his knees even though there were no bursts near him. Slowly Mitch lowered himself flat and watched ahead through the darkness. He saw Pete stop and look back. He stayed where he was. After a minute Pete started back for him so he got to his feet again. Then Pete was close with his mouth against his ear.

"What's the matter, Mitch?"

He shoved Pete away and started walking after the dark shapes and the scuffling sounds ahead. The column was headed directly for the looming shadow of the woods and when they were two hundred yards from the edge another flare arched its blinding white glare into the sky.

Somewhere in those woods an enemy observer corrected the mortar fire and brought down a dancing torrent of explosions. The fire was expert. It bracketed them and straddled them and crisscrossed them and split them into halves and quarters and loins and shanks and five-pound chunks.

Mitch huddled alone on the ground with his face pressed to the dirt and his arms around his head. A sharp little rock under his cheek made a pleasant pain because it told him he was alive. This far and no more, Mitch told himself. It was a sob in his throat and a wild unspoken cry. Either kill him now or leave him alone. He would never move again except back to his hole. When the platoon moved ahead he would stay where he was. If any of them came out of the woods he would go back with them. If none of them came out he would go back alone and talk to himself instead of to Pete. The fresh raw dirt in the hole was clean and cool and strong and real. It was a friend and threw its arms around you when you hugged it close in fear of the death-screechers that made jagged, one-eyed-bastard sounds through the air.

Mitch felt a blast near him that forced his breath back down his throat and squeezed in on his ribs but there was no ripping stab of ragged metal through his flesh. The next one fell ahead and he heard a piercing scream soar upward as someone caught the fragments in his body. There was a continuous roar of sound for a while and then silence except for a harsh animal sound somewhere in the darkness. It was half moan and half animal growl. He heard sounds of movement in front of him but he didn't raise his head from the cradle of his arms. Let them move. Let them walk or run or crawl any place they wanted. Let them stand up and take that bullet in the eye. The one that would mush your brains inside and open a hole in the back of your head so the squashy mess could ooze out.

Someone was beside him, reaching for his face through the fold of his arms. It was a whisper next to his ear. "Mitch! Mitch I Are you all right?"

"Get away from me, goddamn it I Get away."

"Mitch, the lieutenant and Gooch are both hit."

"Good." Hell yes, good. Now they could all go back.

"The lieutenant says for you to take over the platoon and go ahead."

What in the hell is that silly sonofabi tch talking about?

"Mitch I Did you hear me? The lie tenant says you're the oldest man in t platoon and you got to go ahead with the patrol."

as some of the bullets passed close. He felt it but it was happening to someone else. He was just watching.

Jesus to Jesus to Jesus, what in the hell did Pete mean? Walk in front of the platoon? Walk toward the woods where the muzzle flashes were waiting to burn into your eyeballs? Walk in the goddamn front?

"Mitch I Come on." He felt Pete grabbing at his field jacket and pulling him. Why wouldn't the bastards leave him alone? Pete, that dirty sonofabitch, pulling at him. What in Christ's name was the use? They wouldn't let him fall out. The other dumb bastards like Pete didn't have sense enough to fall out, so what was the use? The one in the eye was still waiting. Why didn't all those dumb bastards have enough sense to fall out? He'd tell 'em. Tell those other silly bastards in the woods too. Tell them to fall out and go home too.

He struck Pete's hand away angrily and climbed to his feet. He felt dizzy for a moment and staggered when he started walking. He lurched forward, past the forms huddled on the ground, and headed for the edge of the woods. Behind him he heard Pete running and his hoarse whisper.

"Mitch I Mitch!" Mitch stopped and turned then and ICl'eamed at the top of his lungs against the empty night sky. Against the men of the platoon. Against Pete. Against erylthing. "Go on home, you silly sonfabitches I Go on home I Go home!"

Then he set off at a stumbling run ard the edge of the woods. He stopped d screamed at the muzzle-flashes of enemy rifles before him. "Cut it out, you silly bastards I We're going home. All of us!" He felt the crack of sound in his ears "Mitch! Mitch!" Pete's voice was back there some place.

The staccato flash and sound of a machine gun began off to the right and he felt an impact that knocked him off his feet. But he was up again and stumbling forward. He screamed against the enemy muzzle-blasts.

"Cut it out! Goddamn it, we're going home now! Cut it out!"

The cracking in his ears like someone holding firecrackers there was continuous now and something crashed into his arm so hard that somehow the arm wasn't there any more. He didn't feel it at all. He turned to shout again to the men in platoon, but suddenly he was very tired. He was too tired. So he just stopped and stood there waiting, counting the muzzleflashes of the enemy rifles winking out at him as though they were lights seen from far off. He had counted up to five when it came.

The muzzle-flash that had been in the woods an instant before jumped through distance and became as big as a sun before his eyes. It burst a brilliant red and orange and green and it was so bright that he had to close his eyes against the glare. Mitch closed his eyes and it was dark and he went home. The earth caught him as he fell and that was home.

Behind him Pete had seen it happen and afterwards he lay still for a long time with his face down and his closed lips pressed against the dirt. The dirt was reality. What he had seen was not. It was crazy. It was a guy blowing his top because he had been in the lines too long and was too tired and had lived with fear too long and had seen too many bloody faces that might have been his own and had tried too hard to find an honest reason for being there and carrying a rifle through ruined villages past the bodies of Korean people burned alive by the officers and gentlemen of the air corps.

After a while Pete raised his face from the dirt. Ahead in the woods there was no sound to show that dark eyes watched and square work-hardened hands rifles confidently. He looked at the showed forms that were the other men the platoon around him on the grou Each man waited for someone else move first.

Pete moved. He inched his way aro on his belly and started crawling b toward the top of the ridge. Behind • he heard the rest of the platoon start follow.

SONGS AND LYRICS

CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY / VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4 / SUMMER 1952

JOURNAL PAGE 23 / SCAN PAGE 25

Poem for Pastora Pavon

Leslie Woolf Hedley

My blood is bursting
with your ripe songs
the wail of your voice
stabbing the air with flashes of fire

roses fall at your clapping feet
and Spain cries at her own deathbed
where her music lies murdered
and you too are gone
into the nowhere of America South
where the guitar is now silent
the dance fingering the dawn
only in remembrance of you

O girl with the combs
your touch of gypsy remains
for the ground remembers your feet
the evening air trembles at your voice
your skin lights up our darkness

your flamencos burn
in the fading sun of dead guitars.

er known as the Nina de los Peines, a great flamenco singer, beloved
of the

, whose voice was broadcast by the Loyalists across the lines in the
Spanish

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Three Songs

Richard Nickson

three son

The song I sing shall light her eyes

Till none be lovelier than they,
For love will sing though lover sighs

and would, yet cannot, turn away.
So fair her beauty is and bright,
I shield my eyes as from sunlight.

O burning brightness I Lovely fire I
It is for her alone I long,
Whose eyes are lit by love's desire

To sing their beauty into song.
Then sing, my sighs, and singing make
Extravagant praises for her sake.

2.

Stars hang from the moonlit tree

Like silver.berries down,
Dangling among the dark: leaves,
By cool winds blown.

O gather them before they fade, And soon, love - soon I With your slim fingers reach and pluck:

The ripening full moon.

3.

Stilled when the music dies

Is the echo of flute and song:
Laughter in love's eyes

Fades, and is gone.

Swiftly our dreams, our youth

Rust in time's deep mould,
Tarnished as every truth

Once known, once told.

Even the glittering day

Dwindles to twilight gloom;
And as we kiss, we lay

All heaven in a tomb.

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The Swimmer

August Kadow

the

The naked body grooves strange elements,
turns like a plow to where its furrow weaves
across flat fields and terraces, then mounts
the swift and snowcapped ranges of the waves.

Expatriate and farmer, it invades,
with awkward, sidewheel motion, foreign soils
that are unconquered though the hand divides
the cities of spindrift its own wake seals.

As distances prepare their alien tides,
the lonely body seeks, where dolphins flash
across salt entrances, such solitudes
as rest within the homestead of its flesh.

And finds, destined of voyagers, the trial
where dreams of drowning coil with promised sleep ;
then, arms like axes turning, takes the trail
the hand imagines up the moving slope.

Clean with the sweat of sea upon its skin,
beyond the porpoised reef, at last it climbs
into its own geography to scan
the countries and rich forests of its claims.

Now stretching like a field to greet the sun,
the body knows a harvest joy and peace
no brilliant valley nor bright autumn scene
of ripened wheat can with its gold surpass.

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Green Fires Flying

Lee Jensen

Summer burned with early fireworks,
brilliants sparking in the hands of boys
racing over the glooming lawns,
our eyes greentouched by those flying toys.

Wherever you looked one was always lit.
You watched and followed it
to darkness, and cupped its black body,
and peering, discovered cool green light,
a touchless liquid, pooled in your hand's palm.

And you closed that calm green world·
and turned its icefire star
off and on, into a mason jar.

Enough was when one was always on.
You stood that pale lantern on the lawn
and lay alongside in the warm grass.

Last were trails of green fire
flying through the sudden dream
that lidded down those casual stars
one by one behind the darkening glass.

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The White Crane

Carl Selph

I saw a white bird huddled in the black-
Walled alley, miserable in the slanting rain;
He was quite lost, and bricked in from the sky
And his green swamp. His whiteness made a stain

Of purity upon the wall, but from
The sad length of his beak the rain's slow stream
Wept down. He walked unbalanced with his arm-
Less gait: I stood, caught in his rain-gray dream.

The tall girl looked at me -
 we understood;
We smiled a little, deep within our eyes;
We knew the bird and we were one: we knew
The self that we were once (which always dies).

• But clocks were ticking, sand was running, bells
U nrung, uncast, were beating in our hearts:
The crane was left to droop drenched wings alone:
We split our triune soul into three parts.

And though I have gone back on sunny days
And tempted him with every dainty food,
And leaned against a hundred grief-swept walls
Where countless other dreams I once pursued:

The crane has not come back to this dark way:
The tall girl has not smiled across the day.

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Two Poems

Naomi Replansky

HOUSING SHORT AGE

I tried to live small.
I took a narrow bed.
I held by elbows to my sides.
I tried to step carefully
And to think softly
And to breathe shallowly
In my portion of air
And to disturb no one.

Yet see how I spread out and I cannot help it.
I take to myself more and more, and I take nothing
That I do not need, but my needs grow like weeds,
All over and invading; I clutter this place
With all the apparatus of living.
You stumble over it daily.

And then my lungs take their fill,
And then you gasp for air.

Excuse me for living,
But, since I am living,
Given inches, I take yards,
Taking yards, dream of miles,
And a landscape, unbounded
And vast in abandon.

You too dreaming the same.

.. When that joy is gone for good
I move the arms beneath the blood.

When my blood is running wild

I sew the clothing of a child.

When that child is never born
[lean my breast against a thorn.

When the thorn brings no reprieve
I rise and live, I rise and live.

When I live from hand to hand
Nude in the marketplace I stand.

When I stand and am not sold
I build a fire against the cold.

When the cold comes creeping round
I seek: a warmer stamping-ground.

When that ground becomes too small
I come against a stony wall.

When that wall is not to climb
I chalk: on it a burning rhyme.

When the rhyme can work: no spell
I know the circle of my hell.

When my hell does not destroy
I leap from ambush on my joy ...

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Early Morning Bus

George Abbe

Teach, then, faces alert to bend
athwart the windows of the autumn bus,
above the nerveless hand too frail to sin,
above newspapers thick and cold with lust;

teach I -

what does the child within the womb
say to the leaf whirled by an engine's hurry?
What do the blue fumes write upon the tomb
of one more city day embalmed in fury?

Teach I face of student grooved to groaning rut
of lucubration and ·tormented urge ...
The insufficient check blown in the mind's street
scrapes down through elms where rust and glory merge.

And workman, eyes flung windy and· absorbed
against the blank stone of the leaning hour,
topple, and tell the dust what glinting gourd
swings on the porch of hope, gutted and sour.

And she whose fastidious dress proffers a light,
succulent, hedged with wealth, hooded with poise,
presses the switch of every traveller's sight
so that a softness dulls the crash of noise,

so that a pretense paints upon the walls
more than a moving bus, or products to be bought -
a perfume shrined, a loveliness too tall
for any crumbling, safety to be sought -

And will the unborn child, born to this frost,
still grovel, will the workman's glance descend,
the student ape the book? Oh, morning lost

to station and degree, waken, transcend,
lift every body sitting stricken here
in single utterance, swifter than any fear.
two parodi

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Pedanta for the Whole Family

Ira Wallach

The Pedantist is an ex-novelist who has already written his best books and now commutes between Hollywood and the Ultimate Reality. He asserts that things are not what they seem. What we see is only the appearance of things, our sense perception of things, and these in no way correspond to reality.

Pedanta shows us that beneath this confusing outward

appearance lies a permanent, eternal, unchanging Reality to which it gives the name, Third Base. Third Base is. All other things are the misleading manifestations of Third Base, an expression of Third Base, but in no way the essence of Third Base.

If you have come along thus far, you will be ready to assume that Third Base

India has begun to reject mysticism and demand

something of a higher caloric content. Saddened by this philosophic turn toward ham and eggs, Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, Gerald Heard, and other exchange students, have dragged their type-writers to the prayer-mat to compose "Pedanta for the First World." Since this book failed to plunge the West into a deep enough torpor, another mystic (on loan from Universal) has written a more popular guide to reality.

exists. Since such a pervasive, unchanging Reality does exist, it follows that it exists everywhere and in everything. Third Base not only surrounds you. It is in you. You are an expression of Third Base.

The purpose of Pedanta is to teach you to strip off the unessential, the coating of lust, hunger, desire, ego, the sense of self, that stands between you and Third Base.

When speaking of the Third Base within every living and inanimate thing, Pedanta uses the term, Second Base (Third Base Immanent) to distinguish this aspect from the all-embracing Third Base (Third Base Transcendant).

Now we come to the core of Pedantist philosophy which declares that human

life can have but one purpose: to attain Second Base, which is the essential human reality, and thereby make it possible to reach Third Base.

Why? When? How? Who says?

The great philosophers, saints, dramatists, and story doctors of the world have, in their varying manners, shown us that man himself, with his possessions, his sense of self, his ambitions, is nothing but a package of deep-frozen detritus. This is born out by a study of scatology (the science of man).

Yes, you may say, this is obvious, but now that I agree, how do I go about

stripping myself of all that I am so that I may be myself? To this Pedanta replies, "Remember that you are not you. You are Second Base. Do you realize how close this is to Third Base?"

When you say that you have a separate istence, you are saying that you are you, and when you say that you are you, you block your own path to Second Base.

re you you ? Only as long as you insist pon thinking you are you.

Now you will ask, "If I am not I, ho am I?"

The Pedantist answers, "You are a nction."

"A function of what?"

"Of Third Base."

"What about Second Base?"

"You must touch Second on your way Third."

"What must I do to reach Third?"

"Forget self. Forget the ego. Put aside ysical and mental hunger. Practice absolute continence."

"Sex ties you to the apparent world. strengthens your wife's conclusion that u are not Third Base."

Pedantists know that Third Base may reached, although few have reached it.

Throughout history we have the records of men and women who have shared in common the supreme mystical experience of sliding into Third.

In describing this mystic experience the

saints are in startling agreement. What happens is this. The saint not only recognizes Third Base. He is Third Base, nothing more, nothing less. Third Base Immanent and Third Base Transcendent merge.

Pedantists call this experience "Mah Jong." Mah Jong is a state in which the teeth fall out, the hair parts in the middle and recedes, body weight declines sharply, and the extremities exhibit a catatonic rigidity. These are only the outward signs of the supreme spiritual experience. The rest is even more fun.

In the beginning the aspirant Pedantist will doubtless have visions. These are good, but they must not be confused with Mah Jong. Of these visions a famous Pedantist leader said, "They are foul balls but they keep you alive at the plate."

Now let us talk about actions, physical and mental, since every thought is also an action. The hypothesis of "halvah" or action explains the Pedantist approach to reincarnation. Our halvah stands between us and Third Base. (So much rubbish on the base paths!) The more good halvah we have, the closer we are. Our bad halvah, however, is a barrier to our progress. We must work off this bad halvah. If there is still some left at the moment of death, we carry it over into the next life and start working it off again. You may or may not accept this,

according to your risibility (which stands
between you and Third Base), but with-
out an understanding
of the Law of
Halvah, the philosophy of Pedanta will

always seem a little unreal to you.

"Then we just get better or worse
from life to life?"

"Not at all. You can escape from your
halvah as soon as you realize that you
are Third Base."

"After that?"

"After that you will achieve Mah
Jong. Mah Jong wipes out all the halvah,
the good with the bad. Then you may
hang around for a while in your mortal
shell, but you will soon turn into per-
manent Mah Jong, or eternal identifi-
cation with the Reality."

"Goody, goo'dy, gumdrop!"

"I knew you would see it our way."

"May I be reborn as a cat?"

"Certainly."

"Ah! Then I can have nine reincar-
nations next time around!"

In devotions in which the devotee seeks
to express his love for Third Base, he
must decide how he shall conceive of it:
with or without substance, and with or
without qualities. He may, according to
his personal desires, worship the Eternal
in any of these six aspects:

1. With substance and with qualities.
2. Without substance and with quali-
ties.

3. Without
substance and without
qualities.

4. With substance and French fried
potatoes.

5. With
French fried potatoes an~
without qualities.

6. Hey, Mac, hold the onions I
These exercises, best undertaken from
three to six in the morning when the
navel is more pliable, are essential steps
for the new practitioner.

Many scholars and holy men have
commented upon the word "OM." OM

is the holiest of holy words, and as
symbol it is one with Third Base
Second Base, as well as the bridge
tween halvah and Reality. This OM
therefore, the Word-Mah-Jong,
the
pression which most closely approxima¹
eternal Reality. Contemplation upon,
repetition of, OM brings us somew
between Second and Short. In sound'
the word OM, we give the sound val
of the letters A, U, and M, and th
in turn, contain within themselves all
sound values of the human tongue.

For years Pedantists have sponsor,
OM as the holiest of words, represent'
the noise made by Reality as it scra
against bad halvah. But lately m
Pedantists have discovered even superi,
attributes in the word, MO.

In many ways MO is spiritually superior to OM. Thus, while some courage the devotee to sing:

I came here to speak to OM,

OM wasn't here, so I spoke to To I urge those beginning their devotion exercises to sing:

I came here to speak to MO,
 MO wasn't here so I spoke to Joe.
 Through constant meditation upon the
 word MO, with its rich treasure-house
 of vowel and consonantal sounds, we
 realize that we are Third Base and we
 know that we, too, may achieve the catalytic
 joy of Mah Jong.

This, then, is Pedanta's message to the
 West. The light of Pedanta is faltering
 in the East, and we of the Hollywood
 Pedantist are pledged to keep alive the
 word.

The prayer-mat beckons you to the
 Ultimate Reality, to Mah Jong, to the
 ineffable union between you and Third
 Base

Come!

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Chin Up, Cosmos!

Ira Wallach

The author of "Chin Up, Cosmos," presents this work as some kind of affirmation or other. This is popular philosophy, Sacred Cow Department, inspired by Bertrand Russell's "New Hopes for a Changing World."

GLOBAL DILEMMA

The dilemma which faces the modern world is as complex and irrational as the society which has given rise to it. Those who have held that life has a significance find this confidence growing weak. The prospect of war engulfs them, and they ask: of what value it may be to cherish beliefs and attitudes when both may disappear, along with more solid objects, under the impact of atomic weapons.

Today confidence and conviction in a course of action is a sign of mental decay or megalomania.

Intelligent men, who bring to problems a reasoned scientific attitude, inevitably arrive at a restrained hysteria. It is the proper cultivation of this restrained hysteria which may see man through the sorrows which will have to face in the coming years. The prospect of war naturally horri-

us, yet while we declare our horror
 this prospect, expressing disparate
 • ws as how best to avoid the holocaust,
 e part of man wants war.

Which part? No single answer pre-

ts itself. In some men it is the large
 testis, in some the pancreas, and in

others the pinky. Physiology and
 pathology will combine to offer a defi-
 -ve answer but we cannot wait, supine,
 the solution.

Too often we are given to a discussion

man qua man, ignoring, in our con-

genital incapacity to face facts, the hiatus
 between the technique and machinery of
 man, which have advanced in huge
 strides, and the growth of man himself,
 which has not kept pace with his own
 technological advance. Man, in a word,
 has grown too tall for his height. We
 can no longer afford to ignore the dilem-
 ma: shall we make man taller, or shall
 we shorten the machines?

It matters not which step we take as
 long as we take a step qua step. I would
 certainly propose, therefore, that UNE-
 SCO immediately set up a commission
 (by force, if necessary) to answer this
 question, and to insist that the answer
 be binding upon all nations.

I mention this only because I hope
 that the spirit of affirmation, which I
 propose throughout this book: and shall
 reiterate
 in subsequent chapters, will
 forge those attitudes without which the

new man, like present man, is impossible.

THE PROBLEM OF ASIA

Our world is divided. The West has a high degree of culture, technology, and birth control, whereas the agrarian East is underdeveloped and oversexed. The traditional hatreds of both man for man and nation for nation have given rise in Asia to the most severe and deep-rooted envy of the West. The East has yet to learn the lesson of Christian love and compassion. In all truth, did not Christ

die for the United States and Western Europe?

hydrogen bomb only if Africa pr
recalcitrant.

These hatreds of which I speak are man's legacy from his tribal beginnings. What began as hatred and rivalry between man and man in primitive communes grew with the growth of the clan family into tribal hatreds, and finally, in our modern world, reached cruel fruition in national hatreds. How clearly we see the tribal soil which nourished the hatred of Egypt for England so that today, as in the time when Osiris reigned, the tribe of Pasha Musa ibn Said hates the tribe of Pasha Eden Suez Canal. The tribal hatreds which flourish between the W afdists (a modern tribal form)

and James Farley Coca Cola
ibn Incorporated
are too obvious to

elicit comment.

Our problems center on the continents of Asia and Africa. By a curious yet vitally important coincidence it is on these continents that the problems of Asians and Africans center. It is there that the ingrained habit of feudalism distorts their social vision.

NEW LIGHT FOR THE COLONIES

Asia, now a source of discontent which offers a challenge to the West, must be given a system that is not too exploitative. How exploitative it must be should not, I believe, remain a matter of individual judgment alone. Surely a commission of UNESCO

(to be set up by force, if necessary) must pass upon what should constitute the proper exploitative condition for the non-whites. Africa, in the course of things, should be willing to bear a slightly more not too exploitative situation than Asia. This is simply cricket, and I would favor the use of the

Need it be said that changes such I envision, vital as they are, must not premature?

No one can question validity of Iran's claim to economic

independence, yet the prematurity of claim is patent. Looking upon the colonial world in retrospect historians might well refer to this as the Age of Premature Claims. The maturing of some of the

premature claims is causing needless embarrassment among men of good and delayed reflexes who see things • the aspect of eternity. Under this aspect so nobly envisioned by Spinoza, we should. Iran worry about oil?

When man rids himself of his tribal fears, the Soviet Union, his uncertainties, and Rumania, when he grows in an atmosphere in which his underlying sense of guilt has disappeared, he realizes that oil is not the property of any one nation. Under the aspect of eternity which, by extension, must be infinity, oil is the property of Anglo-Iranian.

We must remember that the West • is merely administering eternity's

RATIONAL ECONOMICS

When governments come to realize that the future welfare of the individual nation depends not upon conflicts, but upon a new man, wholly dedicated to the concept of cooperation, affirmation, and atomic fission, such things as trade barriers and tariffs will vanish, and an era of genuine free trade will burgeon. Is it not better for England to sell automobiles to America while America sells automobiles to England?

Why must

England attempt to bar American automobiles? An efficient and enlightened

approach to a free trade economy demands that all governments sell Fords

to each other, except for Asia and Africa which should concentrate on the two B's: Buying and Birth Control.

After all, the concept of property, at the root of so much of our legal and social conflicts, is an historic concept which has developed and changed with the passage of centuries. Modern technology has so concealed the question of property that it no longer has validity. Only duPont knows who owns duPont, and of what value is his certainty in an uncertain world?

WORLD GOVERNMENT

I offer these precepts, this manner of approaching life, as a consolation to those

ho, beset by the pressures of the modern
 • emma, turn toward the past for con-
 dence. I do not believe that man has

tlived his time in the cosmos. To
 ose who would agree to my proposals
 t raise the objection that they are

possible today, let me explain that all
 at I say presupposes world government.

The obstacles to world government

obvious, yet we must achieve world
 ernment or man will disappear. In
 ch circumstances his disappearance

m the cosmos will be a condign sen-
 nee passed upon his inadequacy to rule
 • own world. Roughly, the world is

arrayed into white and non-white. Yet
 the situation is not without its confusions
 since Chiang Kai-Shek is clearly a Cau-

casian for the purposes of this book, and Eastern Europe is distressingly eclectic in the matter of pigmentation.

Since world government can not come on the basis of world accord, it must be the fruit of conquest. We must assume that force will bring it about. Only thus can we avoid war.

Such a government would supply Asia and Africa with tons of contraceptives. In time, it may develop other functions.

Jov AND CALM

This, then, is the basis for my faith and my hope in the future. Even more, it is the reason for that confidence which will inspire the wise.

We must call upon the calm of philosophy to light our way through the murky aeons ahead. When the new man arises from the rubble and ashes of a peaceful settlement, he will be without the impulse to murder which afflicts us all. The tribal hatreds will have disappeared, and if we can achieve a sufficient level of rearmament it will inspire a general spiritual awakening.

Then, with a deep belief in man's bloody future, we may lift our heads and say, "Chin up, Cosmos!"

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Saturday Night with Hamlet

Herbert J. Biberman

The inmates of the Federal Correctional Institution at Texarkana, Texas, where I spent five months for having upheld the First Amendment against a Congressional Committee, had yard privileges once a day and twice on Saturdays and Sundays. Yard was a four-acre field, wire-fenced, available for air, 'sports and just loafing. We played baseball or football or sat on the ground smoking and talking about life, past, present and future. Dope fiends could also whoop up their special reminiscences on a little rise of ground known as "Narcotic Hill."

Yard was the climax of the prison day; everyone lived toward it each morning. But, during the three months we had lived in the same unit, Blooey had not gone to yard once. Blooey was blond and slender, in his early twenties, with large pale blue eyes; he was serving eighteen months for car-theft. He was called Blooey because when he was angry, which was always, he would slap his hand down upon an imaginary holster at his side, unselfconsciously, like a child, yank out an imaginary gun, squeeze an imaginary trigger and bark, "Blooey!"

He couldn't remember when he had begun to do this. It was long before he began his stretch in jail. It was befo his four year navy stint during the when he spent ten months on a batt ship without once going ashore. He cepted the name as if he had been ch • tened with it.

In the Federal Correctional Instituti he squeezed his trigger and barked ou his lethal imprecation largely upon • wife. Ten times a day she paid the fi price for his suspicion that she was u faithful. There was considerable e~ dence to substantiate this thought. Fo example, she wrote him every day. I two days went by without a letter, received three the following day. Pr sumably she wrote them in batches that she could wipe him out of her mind for days at a time; maybe even a full week's supply every Friday night, befo she ran off with her lover for the weekend. But Blooey was no fool. When he got out he would prove it. No horsing around with questions and° cross-examination. He'd just walk up to her and- "Blooey!"

Perhaps this imagined violence was enough entertainment. In any case, he never went to yard, and he rarely entered the day-room at the end of the unit where there were dominoes, ping-pong and a radio. Normally the inmates, work over, faces washed, chow eaten, hurried off to one of the few divertissements offered men on good behaviour. Not Blooey. He sat silently in his cell until nervousness catapulted him out into the unit corridor, where he would plough up and down past the row of cells, gaining speed as he paced, head bent low, eyes fixed in fury on the cement floor.

He was doing this after chow one afternoon when I passed him on my way to yard. "Come on," I coaxed. "Play a little ball. Do you good."

He paused and stared at me, his blue eyes wide and angry. Then, without answering, he began to pace again. I could see his trigger finger twitching at his side. "Blooey," I said, "why devour yourself? Anger has to be social or 'it can't do you any good."

He stopped and stared past me; in a distant, unfocussed way. "Mr, Bib'min," he said, sweetly - I never could prevail upon him to use my first name or pronounce my last one correctly - "You're O.K. You didn't take no crap from the ogress committee. You don't take no p from the cops in here. But about ple... hell, you ain't even off nipple t. Hell, I knew more than you when was... couldn't have been more than • e. My old lady had three more kids, nger'n me. We hadn't had nothing eat for two weeks but okra we found wing wild. Got so tired of my head empty garbage pails, I took me to As he spoke his eyes widened. "There always plenty of tourists driving ough. I went two blocks past the center town and got my nerve up; then I ped on. the running board of the out-of-state car I see and I yell, 'I'll show you the town!' The people laugh and tell me to get on inside and begin. They like what I did so well they give me a whole dollar. When I get back to the center of town I'm jumping for joy. Then four of the grownup guys who did guiding regular come up and wanted. to talk to me."

The milky-blue of his eyes was now unbelievably and terrifyingly intense. "They took me up a side street and started in to beat up on me, all four of them, until I couldn't hardly breathe. Then they found my dollar. I dragged me home somehow and told my old lady... and she hit me so hard I screamed, and a guy from next door come in and whacked

me and said if I didn't shut up he'd get me thrown in jail. Them are all people... all of them bastards... Bastards today too! Even the kids."

By now his pupils bulged so that it seemed they must surely burst. Instead, they contracted suddenly, and then began to expand even more terribly than before. He reached for his imaginary gun, drew, squeezed. "Blooe!" he barked, and then rapidly relaxed. In momentary, majestic calm he began pacing again with that distant, unfocused stare.

After that I stopped trying to affect him. Too big a job for me; his anger was too deep, too blind. And then, one day when I was in the unit wash-room, he burst in, eyes wide. He pointed at me as though accusing me of foul, calculated, personal betrayal. "Hamlet is a mother-raping opera!" he cried out. "And the actors sing the son of a bitch!"

I was bewildered. Hamlet was the film scheduled for Saturday night, two days off. It had been on the schedule for weeks. Why, suddenly--?

"You could have told me!" he cried.

won't work. Remember what I said about anger, about revenge?"

"You could have told me it wasn't no regular movie! You could have...
"

His eyes began to widen; but just then the whistle blew, calling us to work. The screw unlocked the gate and a line poured through.

"Now, wait a minute-" I began. Blooe couldn't even hear me. "Want to bet it ain't an out-and-out mother-raping classic? That it ain't two and a half mother-raping hours long? That it ain't written in lousy, mother-raping limey talk?" He drew a tremendous breath and gave me the coup de grace. "And the mother-raper ain't even in color!" And he started up the cell-block on a doorbell-ringing campaign.

The un-Elizabethan canard that Hamlet was an opera had burned so deeply into Blooe's hate-center that it threatened to displace his wife from Number One spot. His eloquent cry against Hamlet swept the institution. Inmates, thankful for any opportunity to damn, to oppose, joined under Blooe's leadership in passionate protest.

I caught him later in the corridor. "Blooe, before you blow your top, don't you think you ought to find out--"

He whirled on me. "That mother-raping Harvard graduate of an educational director! That screw! Correctional Institution! Correctional influence! Correctional... Blooe!" Then he stepped right up to my nose.

"You! he shouted. "I want just one thing out of you. A sixty-four dollar answer. I want to know where you stand!"

I drew back. "On what?" "What do I do, come Saturday night? See the shrivelled-up, worn-out bag the mother-raper Harvard screw pulled out of the moulding? See the mother-raper that's over a hundred years old? Didn't think I knew that, did you? Well, I do. Now, where do you stand, Jack? Yes or no?"

"Blooley," I said tentatively, "this By the time we returned, cultural f had been poured all over Blooley's fir The bulletin-board in the day-r boasted a notice from the educatio director that in preparation for the fi on Saturday he would deliver a sho lecture on Hamlet that evening at sev in the auditorium. Blooley read it a blew his top.

"That Harvard mother-raper is d funct. His pants are down and he's run nin' like a rat. Tryin' to get off th mother-raping hook by explaining H let to the n---s and wet-backs tonight so they'll think they understand it when they see it tomorrow night. Is there anything sneakier than a screw? Blooeyl Blooley/ BLOOEY! Boycott the son of a bitch!"

The inmates began to gather around. One of them joined in. "Yeah!... Them English jerks, mother-rapers! Spend good jack to make Hamlet into a movie.. • instead of pussy-books that'd make a pot of dough!"

I stared at the inmates with sudden insight. "But Hamlet is crammed full • of pussy," I countered. The men fell forward as if hit from behind by a bolt of lightning. All except Blooley. He looked as if the bolt had kicked him in the belly. I circled, ignoring him, detailing the mighty lust of the King for his new bride, the song sung by sex-starved Ophelia, the incestuous pull between Hamlet and his mother. Anything stuffy about incest?

This happy turn of events was interrupted by the whistle for dinner. As I swung into line I exchanged a glance with Blooley. Those fiery eyes were heavylidded, half-closed.

Assembled in our corridor again after chow, waiting for the whistle to blow, I reopened.

"What's wrong with a classic? What is a classic? A book people just won't stop reading. Hamlet's not a hundred years old. It's three hundred and fifty years old. And a lot of people think it's still better pussy than all

the pussy-books that have been published since - and there have been millions of them."

"Is it that good?" they demanded in animated chorus.

"Don't get me wrong," I retorted. "I didn't say Hamlet was a pussy-book. No, if you're looking for just glandular stimulation then Hamlet isn't your dish.

Hamlet does a great deal more than ~at. Hamlet illuminates pussy. Hamlet is like a woman you want to go back to again and again... not just a chippy u can't stand more than once." Then summed up. "That's a classic woman.

othing wrong with that?" A thick, honey-like silence fell upon em. When the whistle blew us all the corridor to our afternoon rs, a sort of chorus rose: "Well, if you look at it that way... re, if that's a classic.... Hell, if you t to look at it like that, hell... "

That evening in the lecture auditorium amlet won the first round. The officer charge of the outer hall turned out to a Hamlet-partisan. He held the doors past normal closing time, calling now and again, "Here comes a gang," "A batch down the hall." This would ve to be a single uncertain inmate, two at most, moving.hesitantly, with id gait, to the edge of the auditorium, picking up speed only when they discovered tpey were not alone. The doors closed, twenty minutes late, on an audience of seventy-four; twenty-nine Negroes, twenty-three Mexican-Americans and twenty-two Anglo-Americans.

The educational director began by saying that after serious debate among the officers as to the advisability of exhibiting Hamlet in the institution, it had been felt that since thirty-two of the thirty-three pictures in a year had been popular with the majority of inmates, it was perfectly proper to exhibit one which would be popular with only a tiny minority. (Thus, in apology, and touted as a minority item by its defenders, Hamlet was permitted entry into this Federal Correctional Institution.) Ht then told the story of Hamlet very simply and encouraged the men to re-tell it to the other inmates in order to combat the prejudiced misinformation which seemed to have swept the institution.

Normally, all but about twenty-five of the five hundred inmates attended the weekly film showing. Four hundred men crossed the

threshold of the auditorium that Saturday night. Blooey had lost the battle for boycott. Now it was up to Hamlet.

The officer in charge led off. "Now we know a lot of you aren't going to enjoy this picture at all. And we want to make it as easy a~ possible for you to leave. Anybody who wants to go, at any time, just get up quietly... and you'll be allowed to return to your units. Now, it's a very long picture. Two and a half hours... and that's a long time to sit in front of the same picture. Now, if anybody has to go to the toilet, he'll be allowed to go and he can return to a seat in the back~ if he wants to. We • know this picture is just for a few of the... all the while grunting in admirati men here, so don't let's the rest of us spoil it for them."

Instead of leaving en masse, the men, astonished by the seeming reasonableness and flexibility of his speech, broke into the first resounding applause I had ever heard accorded an officer.

The lights began to dim out and as they did the man to my left allowed the man to his left to change seats with him. I looked casually out of the corner of my eye. At my side, because he meant to be there, was Blooey. He was tense. The issue was not yet decided. There was still a chance that the men might hoot Hamlet off the screen.

A familiar nervousness seized me as we sat side by side, staring ahead. I identified it quickly. It was opening night. Next to me was the critic of The New York Times.

The sound equipment was poor, the acoustics were bad and the accent unfamiliar, but only fifteen inmates left the auditorium - of whom three returned. I may have missed a couple toward the end of the evening; Blooey was keeping me very occupied. When he heard the phrase, "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," he leaned over, projected his lips into the very canal of my ear and in a loud, tickling whisper demanded to know if that "saying" had been "invented" by Hamlet. Before another five minutes had passed he had recognized three more sayings and he was almost gleeful. At the entrance of the players he began to predict things to come. With his strictly Hollywood plotsense he was never even remotely on the track; but he was far from discouraged. He tried again and again to catch the structure of Shakespeare's inventiveness. He was not alone. In the encoun between Hamlet and Polonius the • mates laughed loudly, enjoying, with regard to costume, manner of speech gesture, the expert way in which Haml pulled the leg

of Polonius. This solid entertainment. When their laught interfered with the next speech, Bl jumped up. "Shut up I" he shout "Them mother-raping bastards," he mu tered as he sat down. "No control."

Slowly he wound his arm around m shoulder, paralyzing it with his wh weight and talking into my ear inc santly - short, crisp questions follow by jabs with his left fist into my ri Then, suddenly, without warning, line came floating toward us, down the three hundred and fifty years of Hamlet' life; a line with Blooey's initials carved into it: "Give me that man who is not passion's slave and I will wear him in my heart's core..." "

Blooey's arm dropped from my shoulder and both his hands took an iron grip upon my knee. "Give me that man who is not passion's slave," he repeated. And he began to mutter. "Show me the guy who ain't passion's slave. I'd like to see the guy. It's easy to talk about him but who's ever seen him? A guy without passion! Yeah? No! A guy who ain't passion's slave, that's what he said, ain't it? Sure! You can have passion but you got to be not passion's slave. That's the guy." Then he looked back to the screen, his two hands still digging into my knee. When the death march began his hands slowly pulled away and relaxed into his own lap.

Normally, when a picture ended, the ~en rose quickly, eager to get out of the hot and fetid room. But at the conclusion of Hamlet, the motion picture for the "few," the inmates, Negro, Mexicanand Anglo-American, made the auditorium ring with their applause.

Blooey grasped my arm just under the shoulder, lifted me out of my seat, and propelled me through the crowd almost at a run until he had deposited me on the concrete floor of our unit-corridor, among the gathered inmates. Then, looking at nobody but meaning me, he said, All eyes were on me. I filled my lungs and began.

"Blooey, passion drives everybody toward violence. Maybe we're all born passion's slaves. Plenty of things we'd like to put an end to right now, once and for all. The only question is - how do you get rid of rotten things - but for good - root and branch? God knows Hamlet wanted revenge (Shakespeare, forgive this over-simplification) and God knows it's the one thing he didn't get. He just laid out a long line of stiffs of which he was himself the last. What he achieved wasn't vengeance - it was just mass murder." Blooey's eyes were shining as he studied.me. But

'they didn't begin to grow in ize. You could feel his brain geared into his emotion and his emotion locked into the notches of his thinking. "I'm for personal vengeance, you been tellin' me and it landed me in the can. O.K. But you -you don't believe in it. You're for social vengeance. Where did that get you? In the can. Anything in Hamlet tell you how to stay out of the motherraping can?"

"No. How to keep hold of yourself even when you're in. Keeping out of these cans'll take a little social action." "And that's the only thing can break bein' passion's slave?"

"What else?" "And Hamlet didn't know that?" "No." "You mean I know more than he did?" "You do now, in that sense, yes." "How come he didn't know more?" "Well, maybe because he was a Prince maybe because all of us in our time know more than he could have known in his."

"You mean... there's things I could know in our time... that if I really latched on to them... if I let them latch on to me, that is... then I wouldn't be just screwing around...? Is that it? That what you mean?"

I fell over across his lap and grabbed his shoulders. "Blooeey, my pal - that mother-raping Harvard graduate couldn't even tie that. That's magnificent."

"It is?" "Magnificent." Every eye in the corridor turned upon Blooeey with solemn admiration.

The following day, for the first time in three months, Blooeey went to yard.

SATIRICAL POEMS

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The African Affair

Bruce McM. Wright

the african affai

Black is what the prisons are,
A stagnant vortex of the hours
Swept into totality,
Cret!ping in the perjured heart,
Bitter in the vulgar rhyme,
Bittt>r on the walls;

Black is where the devils dance
With time within
The creviced wall. Time pirouettes
A crippled orbit in a trance;
And crawls below, beneath the flesh
Where darkness flows ;

Black is where the deserts burn,
The Niger and Sasandra flow,
From where the Middle Passage went
Within the Continent of Night,
From Cameroons to Carisbrooke
And places conscience cannot go ;

Black is where thatched temples burn
Incense to carved ebon-wood ;
Where traders shaped my father's pain,
His person and his place,
Among dead statues in a frieze,
In the spectrum of his race.

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Three Poems

Jack Beeching

RECRUITING POEM

To say don't kill my brother is sedition,
To write it on a wall is criminal libel.
So one who'd rather dodge his share of trouble
Should kill his brother of his own volition.

To say I will not shoot my son is treason;
Ignoring a command to kill is mutiny.
A man in uniform must do his duty.
The soldier with a rifle mustn't reason.

Standing at crossroads shouting very loud
I will not bomb my mother is obstruction.
Such words might cause a positive reaction.
The traffic might be hampered by the crowd.

Standing on frontiers saying very clear
Don't shoot my son, I will not kill your brother
Might well cause politicians too much bother
If mothers' sons elsewhere should overhear.

So let us boldly turn our backs on trouble,
Put libel and sedition under ban,
And having killed as many as we can
Let the survivors crush our homes to rubble.

Clapping orations in a draughty hall
And dismal slogans papering the city
Cry up our vengeance for the greedy rape
That Fear did once upon his cousin, Pity.

And meanwhile Pity's waif, no daddy's darling,

Loiters on corners in her gaudy frock.
The thwarted come to save her from temptation
And well-bred, witty men and women mock.

The young are taken by her easy virtue ;
To them she seems half serpent and half dove.
The middle aged don't really wish to meet her.
The old are seldom capable of love.

Three cheers have burgeoned from the public meeting.
She notices our jocund headlines flutter,
Then sells her love like. loaves of bread by retail,
Face in the stars and one foot in the gutter.

ON THE DISTANT PROSPECT OF A WRAF OFFICER

Now that the poor are poor no more what is there for a girl to do
But braid her hair and choose to wear a uniform of Air Force blue.
That's hardly worse than to disperse with equal hand the parson's
bounty
Or with good grace to take one's place, genteel and very nearly
county,
Niece to a Lord, and oh so bored with tennis, bridge and church
bazaar;
Yield, modesty, and march with me to barracks where true heroes
are.

The gay and self-willed boys were killed at Arnhem and at Alamein;
We drop each year a ritual tear, and sense a brief and token pain;
But each year less, as in the Mess with singsong and with cocktail
glasses
The sad and weary are made cheery, slowly life like toothache
passes.
So every winter we inter the body of the murdered spring;
The mourners do not always choose to weep, nor do the happy sing.

Her buttons bright gleam through the night like stars that light her
to her bed

Where make-up mask and thermos flask help her to simulate the
dead.

The murdered bride at her bedside keeps as from happy childhood
habit

"Alice Through the Looking Glass" and Beatrix Potter's "Peter
Rabbit."

Next day will bring the same old thing, grim preparation for the
fight.

Though bugle shrill and maidens drill, we'll have a fairy tale tonight.

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Song for the Make-Up Man

Norman Rosten

The make-up man
Is full of faces
He comes to you sweetly
With pink: for your ears

Lean back and smile
He will change your face
His colors all cover
Your wrinkles your fears

In a time of thunder
And nowhere to turn
He comes to your sleep
His fingers begin

Forehead to chin
Ear across to ear
Shadow for the eyes
You're a different man

But who knows what terror
Clings to you then
Cringing under
Your permanent skin

Did you ever see
Such a hiding of possessions
Did you ever see
Such a washing of sins

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County Courthouse, Summer

LeGarde S. Doughty

Nothing in his id gave him love of cotton mills.
Arkwright, seeing hands, would not have understood
this boy's hatred of monotone.
Perhaps, seeing the copper swirl of hair, Brahms would.

Face aquiline, motile, formed to lift toward Lyra,
fit to explore some glorious universe,
he was not book-born, deftly; loom-born, crudely .
. . . He broke a lock, stole a purse.

The courtroom hushed, huddled. The judge foretold
years lightly: three to five . . . a baseball score.
Silence.

Righteous masks deployed about
saw no boy at all; saw handcuffs leave ~he door.

Down granite steps the rain touched patina, soft;
touched wet the sheriff's copper ribboned girth;
touched cool the prisoner's fevered shirt;
touched merciful the perplexed earth.

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Elegy for Edna Millay

Harold V. Witt

Note how an era ends, found dead
as a fishwife of natural causes, its old
passionate poseuse. Someone said,
my God, was she still alive?
Proving death is mostly relative.

Edna Millay, singer of many
songs, obsolete, anachronistic
nightingale, has joined the subjects
of her elegies. The quick
buy hairdye and misleading laxatives.

From a shelf where a whorled seashell moans
the village teacher taking down
slim volumes with some perfect lines
remembering may regret again
the unanswered letter or the taken train -

Except one voyage dared on, into
the city's visited clang, where she,
too-conscious poetess appeared
late in red velvet, having been
dawdling at the other end of town.

My God, was she still alive?
rings the cruel refrain.
Instead of bells or Shelley who might write
another Adonais for himself,
an alcoholic angel cries all night.

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Seniority

David Cornel DeJong

Relegated to the attic, with a torn
eiderdown around my knees, spilled
nasal drops between my buttons;
how smooth the fur of stuffed dog and
tom-cat beside me, and there's a vase
with a red rose into which Jesus
might have pushed like a bee,
but was impaled on a thorn.

A seascape outside the sea-green
window, and on the shelf a spurned
ham with ennui encrusted ;
now but rock away the snuff box years,
and listen for the gander honking
at someone about to enter an always
Christmas open door, his breath pluming
like grey candlelight above him.

Congenially the weather rattles
with sandy pellets or strews scales
from denizens of the deep.
Because my father was a captain always
full of Yankee lies ; he perished
here beside me too, clicking no louder
than a mousetrap when his ventricle
shut down and his teeth snapped shut.

Good night then, everyone, I have
reserved a worm-tailed rat for all,
and his gnawing will be the music,
plinking at the strings of solitude.

St

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Two Poems

Curtis Zahn

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Destined to be born and born to lead,
He was raised to be born, to be led
To be destined. And here,
In this greatest of cities
In the best of counties; in the
Finest of States in a
Nation among nations over
This largest of worlds, he was
First to oppose war, the
First to fight.
The last to be first, yet, first
to be last. No one
Was more in favor
of fewer people; for less
Time than most citizens.
Nor gave more for less
While doing less for more, than
The Honorable Candidate.

UNPOSED PHOTOGRAPH OF I. I. FREITAG, ESQ.

They say he could blow life into the F-holes
Of waxed, waning, leatherstained old violins
And smash corporations
While owls in the eaves laid crosseyed eggs
And build universes on a cost-plus basis
As termites bit on the buyer's market

Venerable old I. I. Freitag
Muttering, charging, retreating

And caneing the cameras
And benevolently dictating to a small rubber dog
Gone suddenly crazy with trees and hydrants

Surprised at his birdcalling and whistling
To the mighty wheelbase of his limousine
Though informed by his Hamilton
That John with his Princeton diploma
Shall not glide comfortingly to the curb
For exactly 43 seconds yet, then
Mother his master into the grey-gloved
unrecognizable face of plateglass anonymity

Gentlemen, you come upon him as do ferrets
Whose teeth persecute the blue, frantic old eyes
Ordained to gnaw away at the Great Man
Worrying and always scurrying
For deadlines and flashbulbs
And he has no statement to make today.

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Two Mysteries

Edwin Rolfe

1.

The corpse is in the central square, in the spring sun.

The hilts of two jewelled daggers tremble on her breasts.

The blood is cold, corked, on her black and rigid nipples.

Her face in death is beautiful. She has obviously been raped.

Around her walk the busy men, their heads filled with figures.

The women go by with their empty baskets, obsessed with menus,
with many mouths, with the ancient alchemy of mothers

transmuting lead to gold and coppers into bread.

Only the pigeons and the anarchic children hover around her,
the doves bemoaning the death and the child-eyes grave
on the casual brutal bier. All others hurry past.

The sight is familiar as dust in the city air.

Somewhere, it is assumed, an invisible detective
broods darkly in a dark room, his black shoes on the desk,

assuring and reassuring no one in particular
with slow words and fumbling words, in the ritual of despair:

"Sooner or later, mark my word, we'll identify the woman,
and from that to finding the killer is just a small step ••• "

Only the children stand silent, and stare, stare
at the broken body, the tragic face, the living opulent hair.

2.

Unlike the neat denouement in the popular novel,
the mystery is never adequately explained:

why the lad with the brilliant I.Q. ended up in a hovel;

why, when the lovers set out on their picnic, it suddenly,

brutally rained.

And the sold-out innocent can never understand
how the Fates, that conspired against him, that turned

him into a sot,
were simply the normal doing of his best, his truest friend
who, promising all things faithfully, quite naturally forgot.

The final chapter, as usual, long-looked-forward-to,
is strangely, mysteriously ripped from the overweight book -
so what can we, dear frustrated readers, think or do
who invariably find the richest prize in the hands of the crook,

the lovely virgin with the dazzling hair won by the diseased roue,
and all our golden Tomorrows wrecked on the dunghill of Today?

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The Politician

Tiba G. Willner

In the small town of Glenville in pper New York State where I spent my (the scholar); Na than the Gyp (the horse trader); and we, the baker's family, were the Genossen (comrades).

Idhood, Schmulkey Zimmerman was hat the Gentiles called a go-getter. He as not the only junk-dealer who went to Gentile neighborhoods with his gon, buying paper, bones, scrap iron, d bedsteads, and old rubber, but his tomers found him more friendly and than the others. They liked him. he name Schmulkey was not easy for to pronounce so they called him okey. Smokey was more American, said. Although the synagogue group were ared to agree that Smokey would t ahead in America, they did not give their reservations about him. For one • g, they did not like the way he gave rybody nicknames. But what could do? The crude names were more or appropriate and they stuck. Mr.

Katz who delivered the bread on of my father's bakery routes was a e man, four feet six. Smokey called The Krepele (little dumpling). Our ghbor, Mr. Wiener, a kindly old, soft-spoken and well-read, was ed The Loksh (the noodle) because was tall. There was Shmeel the Chosid Everybody forgave Smokey soon enough; he was not the kind that people could remain angry with for very long. He made jokes and laughed lustily whether the joke was on him or someone else, although to tell the trut);i it was usually on someone else. He discussed everything that entered his head. He talked continuously - whether he made sense or not did not seem important to him. My mother said that what was on his lung was on his tongue.

But Smokey certainly could get things done. Take the matter of finding wives for his two sons. The sons were no bargains; they were neither handsome nor clever. But no girl in the town seemed good enough to Smokey. Besides, Smokey had gossiped about them all; so, as a matter of pride, he could not possibly consider any of them as daughters-in-law. Unabashed, he sent his wife to New York to see a matchmaker. There Mrs. Zimmerman looked over the available stock and

came home with two healthy, willing girls. It was shocking to the younger people, but the older folks found little amiss in the arrangement. After all, that was how they had been married.

evening Zelman took him up on point: "Don't be such a smart one. you think God made everybody such a big mouth?"

In the year 1920, the Jewish citizens of Glenville never mixed into or even interested themselves in the politics of the town. They were glad enough to be left alone. Aside from gossiping about each other, they minded their own business. Politics was for the big-shot Gentiles. The Jews preferred to know nothing of such things. They had great respect for those who spoke the English language and stood in awe of public officials of any kind. Even when the postman came to the door with mail, they would answer the bell with fear and misgivings.

Smokey had no such fears. He was the only Jew in Glenville who was not only on speaking terms with the hangerson around the City Hall but actually knew a few Judges whom he called by their first names. Not in their presence, however.

Almost every night, a group of people settled down for tea and talk in our large kitchen. These were the most articulate and well thought of among the Jews. The regulars among these molders of opinion were my father, the baker; my mother, whom the men accepted as an equal; Zelman, Smokey's brother; Mr. \Viener; my brother Charlie, included by virtue of the fact that he did man's work in the bakery; and Max the Idler, who qualified as a regular primarily because he was habitually out of work and often stopped in to while away his time.

Whenever Smokey came into the group he talked mostly about the others' reticence in getting better acquainted with the local scene and how important it was for them to become part of it. One Smokey, not easily insulted, "You're just envious. Wait until the elections. Judge Fitzgerald pro me a public position if I could help the Jewish vote in this district."

Mr. Wiener leaned forward, sear Smokey's face. "Smokey, do you r believe the politicians would give a J a city job?"

"Of course!" Smokey shouted, w ing up. "Judge Fitzgerald promised and he's an honest man. He woul go back on his word!"

"Golden promises!" muttered Zelm Mr. Wiener continued, very interested: "But Smokey, is this the Jew is going to make his position better?"

"If one Jew gets a city job, then will help us all," Smokey answered.

Max the Idler interrupted, "He shmelp - nothing will help us until Messiah comes." Max, who had war very little in his lifetime, and waited long, could afford to wait even longer. My father was busy taking the h rye bread from the oven, but he never lost track of the discussion. Now wiped his brow. "\!\\Then will you learn Judges, Messiahs, city jobs, political rubbish! We will not be helped by picking up the crumbs from the rich man's table. All common people must work together for what they need."

The group looked serious and most of them nodded in silent agreement. Smokey's face fell.

My father took pity on him. After all he had made his position clear. "Well, Smokey," he said, kindly, "try. What can you lose?"

From that night on, Smokey was inexhaustible. Now that he had the tacit agreement of his neighbors and friends, he really went to work. He turned his junk-wagon over to his two boys and devoted himself exclusively to politics.

He would go to the butcher shop on Thursday nights, when it was crowded with housewives shopping for the Sabbath, to harangue the customers. Heretofore, he had gone to synagogue only on holidays, but now he walked to and from the Saturday services, talking steadily. Before long there was not a single child in our district who did not know the name of Judge Fitzgerald. Meeting Smokey on the street, people would say before he had a chance to open his mouth, "All right, Smokey, we know - 'Vote for Judge Fitzgerald'."

Smokey cajoled, argued and fought down all opposition. He talked tirelessly of the benefits that the Jews were deriving in the new country and how grateful they should be for this haven from persecution. He mixed fact with fancy. He was serious and ludicrous. Everyone laughed at him and belittled his efforts, but all the same they were intrigued.

My father, despite his lukewarm agreement with Smokey's plans, continued to stress the matter. He felt that the issues involved were too important to be treated lightly. "Granted, Smokey, it's true that it would be easier here for us if Jew and Gentile worked together, but who is going to let

us?" "Baker, this is a democratic land, no ogromchikes' here. to shoot down Jews." Smokey knew how to hit where it hurt. The baker had lost a nine year old son - shot by the Czar's police in old Russia. Then, as if he were on a new subject Smokey continue! brightly, "Do you know who said hello to me this morning? The bank president. Yes, to me. He said, 'Hello Smokey.' Just like that. And why do you think? Because I deposited fifty dollars to my account? No, of course not. Because this is a land where everyone is equal. That's why." My father shook his head sadly, discouraged at Smokey's naivete.

Smokey's entrance into politics had become the major topic of discussion. "You know," Max the Idler told Zelman one night in the bakery, "it would be a fine thing for us if Smokey got an important job. After all, as Smokey says, this is a free country. Where is it written that only the Irish can be politicians? Of course, it would be better if our representative didn't have such a big mouth, but he started it, and we can't be too particular."

At this point Max the Idler voiced the sentiments of most of the Jewish district. They really would be proud if such a thing came to pass. So in small ways they began to help Smokey and certainly no one hindered him. My father allowed Smokey to enclose circulars with the bread orders that were delivered all over town. Mr. Wiener showed up on Thursday nights at the butcher's and the grocery and held quiet discussions with the men and women. Smokey knew that Mr. Wiener carried more weight than he did, and he unobtrusively urged him on.

A month before the elections, Smokey went into high gear. Borrowing all of Na than the Gyp's horses, he organized a parade. The horses drew junk-wagons transformed by bunting and signs supplied by Judge Fitzgerald's headquarters. The "parade" went up and down the three streets of the Jewish neighborhood and then back to the main street so that the whole town could see Smokey in action. One of Smokey's sons organized a group of young people and children that went door to door reminding the voters to go to the polls.

The day of the election Smokey stood at the door of Yaffee's grocery store, which was the polling place, resplendent in a new suit. He took each voter by the elbow and ceremoniously led him into the store. Nobody seemed to mind or think it strange that Smokey went rig-ht into the polling booth with most of the voters. Very few of them could read

English and Smokey was really a big help beca use he knew where to put the X's.

At six o'clock election evening, Smokey went over to the City Hall. Judge Fitzgerald, surrounded by well-wishers and petty politicians, noticed him and was quick to congratulate him on a job well done. The returns were overwhelmingly for Fitzgerald.

That evening Smokey gave an election party at the Workmen's Circle Hall. The dreary, dimly lit hall had been decorated with Zionist and American flags. It was a gay and festive affair. Everyone was in fine spirits. The women, led by Smokey's wife, had fixed a long table loaded with noodle pudding, stuffed fish, salami, all kinds of bread and from our bakery, and two steaming vars of tea. Smokey spoke with a ca in his throat. In awed tones he announ to his assembled friends and neigh that he had been made Assistant to Assistant in Public Works.

He was cheered. Nobody knew actly what Public Works meant but sounded official and they were very mu impressed.

Most of the guests went home feel" pleased that they had gone along wi Smokey and helped re-elect Judge Fi gerald. Their faith in human nature confirmed one who works is repai They talked and laughed excitedly, b they were dignified about the whole ma ter. They felt that they could lift the" heads a bit higher.

It was six months later that a grou of children, riding bicycles on the ou skirts of town, saw Smokey standing • the middle of the city dump, dressed • a green and red uniform, clearing a section of the yard with a long-handl rake. As a garbage truck approached, he hoisted the rake to point. "Garba to the left, tin cans to the right!" he shouted.

From that. day on, Smokey never nick• named anyone else. His own brother Zelman gave him the name that stuck with him to the day he died Commissioner Shtunk. But little else was said in our town. There was nothing to belabor. We were, after all, realists.

SECOND PRINTING

In this department from time to time we shall present material from the past which is generally unknown, or has been overlooked or forgotten, yet which in our opinion still speaks aptly to the contemporary reader. The short story reprinted below was first published in the Washington, D. C., National Era in 1848 when General Zachary Taylor defeated Lewis Cass for the presidency.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER:

Aminadab I vison started up in his d. The great clock at the head of the -rcase, an old and respected heirloom the family, struck one. "Ah," said he, heaving up a great sigh m the depths of his inner man, "I've a tried time of it." "And so have I," said the wife.

ee's been kicking and threshing about night. I do wonder what ails thee." And well she might; for her husband, well-to-do, portly, middle-aged gentle- ' being blessed with an easy conce, a genial temper 1 and a comfortc digestion, was able to bear a great

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The Little Iron Soldier

John Greenleaf Whittier

deal of sleep, and seldom varied a note in the gamut of his snore from one year's end to another.

"A very remarkable exercise," soliloquized Aminadab; "very."

"Dear me! what was it?" inquired his wife.

"It must have been a dream," said Aminadab.

"O, is that all?" returned the good woman. "I'm glad it's nothing worse. But what has thee been dreaming about?"

"It's the strangest thing, Hannah, that thee ever heard of," said Aminadab, settling himself slowly back into his bed. "Thee recollects Jones sent me yesterday a sample of castings from the foundry. Well, I thought I opened the box and found in it a little iron man, in regimentals; with his sword by his side and a cocked hat on, looking very much like the picture in the transparency over neighbor O'Neal's oyster-cellar across the way. I thought it rather out of place for Jones to furnish me with such a sample, as I should not feel easy to show it to my customers, on account of its warlike appearance. However, as the work was well done, I took the little image and set him up on the table, against the wall; and, sitting down opposite, I began to think over my business concerns, calculating how much they would increase in profit in case a tariff man should be chosen our ruler for the next four years. Thee knows I am not in favor of choosing men of blood and strife to bear rule in the land but it nevertheless seems proper to consider all the circumstances in this case, and, as one or the other of the candidates of the two great parties must be chosen, to take the least of two evils. All at once I heard a smart, quick tapping on the table; and, looking up, there stood the little iron man close at my elbow, winking and chuckling. 'That's right, Aminadab!' said he, clapping his little metal hands together till he rang over like a bell, 'take the least of two evils.' His voice had a sharp, clear, jingling sound, like that of silver dollars falling into a till. It startled me so that I woke up, but finding it only a dream presently fell asleep again. Then I thought I was down in the Exchange, talking with neighbor Simpkins about the

election and the tariff. 'I want a change in the administration, but I can't vote for a military chieftain,' said neighbor Simpkins, 'as I look upon it unbecoming a Christian people elect men of blood for their rulers.' 'don't know,' said I, 'what objection can have to a fighting man thee's no Friend, and hasn't any conscientious scruples against military matters. For my own part, I do not much interest in politics, and never tended a caucus in my life, believe it best to keep very much in the quiet and avoid, as far as possible, all letting and hindering things; but there may cases where a military man may be voted for as a choice of evils, and as a means of promoting the prosperity of the country in business matters.' 'What!' said neighbor Simpkins, 'are you going to vote for a man whose whole life has been spent in killing people?' This vexed me little, and I told him there was such thing as carrying a good principle too far, and that he might live to be sorry that he had thrown away his vote, instead of using it discreetly. 'Why, there's the iron business,' said I; but just then I heard a clatter beside me, and, looking round, there was the little iron soldier clapping his hands in great glee. 'That's it, Aminadab!' said he; 'business first, conscience afterwards I keep up the price of iron with peace if you can, but keep it up at any rate.' This waked me again in a good deal of trouble; but, remembering that it is said that 'dreams come of the multitude of business,' I once more composed myself to sleep."

"Well, what happened next?" asked his wife.

"Why, I thought I was in the meetinghouse, sitting on the facing-seat as usual. I tried hard to settle my mind down into a quiet and humble state; but somehow the cares of the world got uppermost, and, before I was well aware of it, I was far gone in a calculation of the chances of the election, and the probable rise in the price of iron in the event of the choice of a President favorable to a high tariff. Rap, tap, went something on the floor. I opened my eyes, and there was the little image, red-hot, as if just out of the furnace, dancing, and chuckling, and clapping his hands. 'That's right, Aminadab!' said he; 'go on as you have begun; take care of yourself in this world, and I'll promise you you'll be taken care of in the next. Peace and poverty, or war and money. It's a choice of evils at best; and here's Scripture to decide the matter: "Be not righteous overmuch."' Then the wicked-looking little image twisted his hot lips, and leered at me with his blazing eyes, and chuckled and laughed with a noise exactly as if a bag of dollars had been poured out upon the meeting-house floor.

This waked me just now in such a fright. I 'sh thee would tell me, Hannah, what e can make of these three dreams?" "It don't need a Daniel to interpret em," answered Hannah. ".Thee's been inking of voting for a wicked old soldier, because thee cares more for thy n business than for thy testimony inst wars and fightings. I don't a bit onder at thy seeing the iron soldier thee tells of; and if thee votes to-morrow r a man of blood, it wouldn't be range if he should haunt thee all thy I vison was silent, for his nscience spoke in the words of his wife. e slept no more that night, and rose p in the morning a wiser and better When he went forth to his place of iness he saw the crowds hurrying to and fro; there were banners flying across the streets, huge placards were on the walls, and he heard all about him the bustle of the great election.

"Friend Ivison," said a redfaced lawyer, almost breathless with his hurry, "more money is needed in the second ward; our committees are doing a great work there. What shall I put you down for? Fifty dollars? If we carry the election, your property will rise twenty per cent. Let me see; you are in the iron business, I think?"

Aminadab thought of the little iron soldier of his dream, and excused himself. Presently a bank director came tearing into his office.

"Have you voted yet, Mr. Ivison? It's time to get your vote in. I wonder you should be in your office now. No business has so much at stake in this election as yours."

"I don't think I should feel entirely easy to vote for the candidate," said Aminadab.

"Mr. Ivison," said the bank director, "I always took you to be a shrewd, sensible man, taking men and things as they are. The candidate may not be all you could wish for; but when the question is between him and a worse man, the best you can do is, to choose the least of the two evils."

"Just so the little iron man said," thought Aminadab. " 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' No, neighbor Discount," said he, "I've made up my mind. I see no warrant for choosing evil at all. I can't vote for that man."

"Very well," said the director, starting to leave the room; "you can do as you please; but if we are defeated through the illtimed scruples of yourself, and others, and your business pinches in consequence, you needn't expect us to help men who won't help themselves. Good day, sir."

Aminadab sighed heavily, and his heart sank within him; but he thought of his dream, and remained steadfast. Presently he heard heavy steps and the tapping of a cane on the stairs; and as the door opened he saw the drab surtout of the worthy and much-esteemed Friend who sat beside him at the head of the meeting.

"How's thee do, Aminadab?" said he. "Thee's voted, I suppose."

"No, Jacob," said he; "I don't like the candidate. I can't see my way clear to vote for a warrior."

"Well, but thee doesn't vote for him because he is a warrior, Aminadab," argued the other; "thee votes for him as a tariff man and an encourager of home industry. I don't like his wars and fightings better than thee does; but I'm told he's an honest man, and that he disapproves of war in the abstract, although he has been brought up to the business. If thee feels tender about the matter, I don't like to urge thee; but it really seems to me thee had better vote. Times have been rather hard, thou knows; and if by voting at this election we can make business matters easier, I don't see how we can justify ourselves in staying at home. Thou knows we have a co to be diligent in business as well as vent in spirit, and that the Apostle counted him who provided not for own household worse than an infidel think it important to maintain on proper occasions our Gospel testimo against wars and fightings; but there such a thing as going to extremes, t knows, and becoming over-scrupulo as I think thou art in this case. It said, thou knows, in Ecclesiastes, ' not righteous overmuch why shoul thou destroy thyself?' "

"Ah," said Aminadab to himsel "that's what the little iron soldier sai in meeting." So he was strengthened • his resolution, and the persuasions of friend were lost upon him.

At night Aminadab sat by his parl, fire, comfortable alike in his inner his outer man. "Well, Hannah," said he, "I've taken thy advice. I didn't vote f, the great fighter to-day."

"I'm glad of it," said the good woman., "and I dare say thee feels the better f, it."

Aminadab I vison slept soundly that night, and saw no more of the little iron soldier.

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