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QUARTERLY

GEORGE ARBE

JAMES WYCKOFF

LAWRENCE LIPTON

HUGH HARDYMAN

SAM ELKIN

JANET STEVENSON

PHILIP STEVENSON

KAREL ■ APEK

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CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY

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A CLEAN 6 X 9 READING EDITION

The Role of the Prophet gives this issue its argumentative center, with George Abbe setting the terms. The fiction—*The Shepherd Takes a Wife* by James Wyckoff; *Through a Looking Glass* by Sam Elkin; *The Punishment of Prometheus* by Karel Čapek—moves among private crisis, social pressure, and public consequence, with each story's title and setting supplying a distinct point of entry. Essays and reviews carry that movement into *Literate China*, so the issue reads as a conversation rather than a stack of unrelated contributions. The printed contents bring together 3 works of fiction, 2 prose or editorial entries, giving the issue a deliberately mixed pace across genres and forms. The result is a compact but varied record of the issue's particular moment.

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

CONTENTS

Notes on Contributors	<i>Contributor notes</i>	2
The Role of the Prophet	<i>George Abbe</i>	3
The Shepherd Takes a Wife	<i>James Wyckoff</i>	10
Rainbow at Midnight	<i>Lawrence Lipton</i>	16
Literate China	<i>Hugh Hardyman</i>	43
Through a Looking Glass	<i>Sam Elkin</i>	48
Declaration	<i>Janet Stevenson and Philip Stevenson</i>	55
The Punishment of Prometheus	<i>Karel Čapek</i>	61

Notes on Contributors

GEORGE ABBE, in his early forties, is a Universalist pastor in New Hampshire. He has taught at Yale, Columbia, University of Pittsburgh, Wayne University and Mount Holyoke College. He has published widely as novelist and poet. *Voices in the Square*, *Mr. Quill's Crusade*, *Dreamer's Clay*, *Letter Home*, name only the highlights of his output-and has contributed to *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Poetry* and the *New Republic*. At present he is engaged in first-hand clinical study of mental illness. "My purpose is to become a superior psychological novelist and show how our society is dying spiritually because it has no economic security."

SAM ELKIN has published in *Harper's* and *Cross Section* 1945 and 1947. His work has been reprinted in *The Best Short Stories of 1945*, and he has also been published in England, France, Norway, South America and the Soviet Union. He tells us he is doing too much work for TV, but he's beginning to reduce its volume in order to finish a novel.

HUGH HARDYMAN, born in England in 1902, came to this country in 1919 and became a citizen in 1927. He has worked on newspapers, contributed to liberal publications and written on foreign affairs for thirty years. Since his retirement from ranching in 1944, he has been in the forefront of the struggle for civil liberties and peace in Southern California.

LAWRENCE LIPTON has held top positions with the publicity and advertising departments of two major motion picture theatre chains and has written widely syndicated articles of opinion as well as syndicated mystery fiction, radio drama and motion picture scripts and originals. His novels include *Brother, the Laugh is Bitter*, Harper & Bros., 1952, and *In Secret Battle*, Appleton-Century, 1944. His first poetry was published by Frank Harris' *Pearson's Magazine*, on the staff of which he later served for a time as literary editor. These poems and others as well were later anthologized by Prof. Bruce Weirick in *Illini Poetry*, a collection of University of Illinois student verse. At the present time he is working on a novel and a new

book of poems to follow *Rainbow at Midnig* which was twenty years in the writing.

JANET STEVENSON specializes in award-winning for plays. Her third an latest award is from the Arts of the Theatre Foundation for her play *But Yt A Woman*. A teacher of playwriting, she has also published short fiction.

PHILIP STEVENSON, co-founder with Lawrence Spingarn of the *Californ· Quarterly*, is the author of two novels, three movies, three long plays, some thi short stories and one-act plays. "All live births," he reports. With his wife, Jane he wrote the Broadway play, *Counterattack*. Another collaborative effor *Declaration*, was produced in Los Angeles in 1948.

JAMES WYCKOFF was born in 1918. He has worked as a cowboy and a ranchhand in Wyoming; he has been a bookseller in New York. His writing career began in the army about 1945. He has published in little magazines in England and this country. He has just finished a novel... "and am starting another."

The Role of the Prophet

George Abbe

Personal salvation is not enough; to be saved, as the scriptures of all lands tell us, we must love and suffer for our fellow-men; concern for self must be equalled by concern for all our brothers. Jesus says that he shall find God who comforts the sick, liberates the imprisoned, sustains the needy, "the least of these," our brethren.

Whenever I consider the fusion of the He believed that the roof matters And an ice box should have something in it, That the inward clock of a person ticks With the outward minutes; That to dwell on mercy is good And to pray on Sunday, But also that God is food And work on Monday.

religious ideal and outward reality, I am reminded of the courageous countryminister friend of mine who stood so firmly against war that he was ousted from his parish; who believed so unquenchably in the importance of combining faith and works that he encouraged me to take a class in social ethics in his next rural parish where, in spite of hard-shelled, traditional conservatism, I actually achieved some progress with such liberal publications as the Nation. I wrote a short verse to this friend:

So, if we are true prophets, our thoughts reach outward; we contemplate the plight of the exiled, desperate, and alone. Religion deals with the purification of life. Jesus said, Be ye perfect. And in order to scour and cleanse, we must meditate upon the full features of the ugly.

Let us consider, before we reach the climax of the exalted vision and the prophecy of the good - let us consider wretchedness and evil.

Man is endowed with imagination and restlessness; he is a fighter. Duped and plundered and crushed a thousand times, a thousand and one times he rises up to reply. Evil besets him degradation, want, exploitation; but he burns with invincible sources of strength - science and moral might and creative temper. Today, with total annihilation overhanging him, he needs, most of all, imagination-the poetic-prophetic imperative which is God calling back to Himself His own kind, the people

of mercy and good will, those who can be drawn to that ultimate fulfilment at the heart of supreme Being, who can create the world of fraternity and equality, here, on this earth. "Give us this day our daily bread... on earth as it is in heaven." Great poets-great prophets-Shelley, Whitman, Sandburg-are forever seeking to help man to understand and adjust-not to what is, but to changing environment, to concepts of truth and God which alter with habit and necessity. The maturing prophet and poet turns from prettifying to realities affecting ordinary people.

The Bible observes that it is not the man who is ostensibly reverent who is religious-not the one who stands on street corners, beating his breast, crying the Lord's name. The truly religio person may never speak God's na may deny He exists; but he is religi if he is doing the will of God releasi the prisoner, feeding the poor, hear the sick and broken, doing it, as Scripture says. "unto the least of these, our brethren.

The prophet finds that much of o modern world is £utilitarian. Death a depravity so abound that our people ha lost all sense of proportion and value. comic strips and movies, in fiction a on the radio, death and brutality cynicism are accepted as commonpla death ceases to have its real meanin evil is taken with a shrug. Man's pligb his privations and psychological w his spastic dance toward annihilation • all is assumed to be inevitable. This preparation for tyranny making t people's minds stunned and empty, or, best, a place for despair so that de gogues can rule-destroying all that • hopeful, intelligent and creative in ou thinking, adjusting us to the idea t brutality is commonplace and natural that when dictatorship imposes brutali upon us, we will not resist.

The imaginative and original are r idly perishing in the publishing world today where mergers and monopolies a increasing at a frightening rate. N thoughtful, literary novels; nothing icon elastic or challenging-only the stan ardized product. As markets shrink, elements of experiment and risk rn be reduced. In motion pictures, fourt rate films must glut the market beca when the capital necessary to produce • concentrated in fewer and fewer han then genuine competition ceases.

This trend toward monopolies is wh undermined liberty and brought fasci to lta ly, Japan and Germany; it is t greatest threat which faces America today. The nature of a profit-making economy is such that men must use any and all means to constantly accelerate the rate of their profits, or be overrun and killed off; and as an ever more limited number

amass wealth through these compulsive mechanisms, true free enterprise withers and expires. It is futile to debate the issue of free enterprise we no longer have it.

In all ages, the Gorgons of commercial power have sought to squeeze the life from man. The prophets have resisted. Shelley stood forth passionately against the oligarchy of the Church; Milton had his battle for freedom of the press; today we are in the final convulsion of the effort to save the right of any dissent.

The prophet cannot resign himself. The prophet must attack, as he always has in periods of crisis and suppression. The prophet must vitalize in man the will to change, the will to live rather than the will to die.

In every age, people are blind to the circumstances in which they move, their overhanging rate. All about us today we see the myopic and the self-righteous. Jesus referred to them in this fashion:

"When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will America has built a plane of streaming silver That out of love and goodness flies abroad. Its belly houses the smiling dream of a giver, Rotarian or Legionnaire, believer in God.

Its turret guns are cleaned with oil of gentleness; "For your protection" blazes in its star; To symbolize eternal freedom of the press It scatters implications of atomic war.

be heat; and it cometh to pass. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

In America, a small group, powerful in ownership and control, has sold to the public, by the exercise of enormous pressures, the get-tough policy, the theory of the Divine Right of the United States. This same group has drawn us into support of bankrupt and contemptible regimes abroad, into economic coercion of dissenters, the imposition of our culture upon other peoples. The common man in Western Europe who wants change but is being held back by America's economic royalists, is beginning to feel that he lives in a colony of the United States, that he is to be sacrificed by our merchants in a war for American profits. Again, Jesus speaks eloquently:

"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves,

neither suffer ye them entering to go in.... Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." Not long ago, in the Saturday Review, I sought to describe this very situation in our midst:

America's great lovers shaped the wings With hands that said: "Your shadow caress the poor Of Europe with this promise If they sing 'America the Beautiful,' they shall endure." Across a half a hundred countries its motors cry Where, flung beneath, the steel America spawns The temples of our day- lay and ecclesiastical - are not much different from those of Jesus' day; they are run by those whose interests are at odds with the general interest - and our private lives and properties are constantly affected by this basic fact.

Shines tenderly in blossoming industry, In humanitarian helmets, sagacious brawn Of fleet and air armada come to dine At brotherhood's table. There will be speeches and a prize; People learn freedom; they can see That frigidaire is wired to the Divine.

Back home, the poll tax lives, the Negro dies, Accepted faults in cycles most benign.

In our contemporary world, we perience the hypocrisy and deception these rulers, what Jesus called "whi sepulchres," in many ways. First, broadly speaking, we are aware of it as a class, especially in industrial cent where mass production is and mass suffering.

The owner of this city has been more than kind, And tender in his wishes for us all. I saw him pasting bank notes on the blind, Hiding the dead-from-hunger behind a wall.

I saw a street car with bumpers of velour Run over frightened people most considerately The bones broke softly, and a velvet sewer Received the bodies - buried without fee.

I saw the needy naked in department stores Placed in a bronze globe dewy with perfume Which whirled them with subdued and pleasant roar Till they forgot their need of board and room.

I saw the starving sorrowed-for and loved By a long procession of the richly clad Who touched thin, dying bodies with their gloves, Asked for a priest, slowly removed their hats.

The factory owner, compassionate and able, Saw that the hand torn by the new machine Was wrapped in linen napkins from his table, A note sent to the workman's wife who grieved.

The owner of these owners, wherever he was, Could not be seen, but he was more than good On the prone body of each unemployed He placed a vase of flowers to serve as food.

And then we begin to realize that the supreme evil of war proceeds from the methods of these individuals, driven as they are by necessity, the compulsions of profit-making. We discover that they direct Government. I shall never forget the amazement and despair in the voice of a minister friend of mine after he had gone to Washington with a delegation of clergymen to protest the drift toward reaction and denial of civil rights. They had been received coldly, obtained no satisfaction. He said to me:

"We got into the car to come home, and there was a long silence, as though we were all stunned, and then Harper said: 'Good God I I can't get over it! Those men don't represent us... they don't represent us at all!' And," my friend concluded, "that just about sums it up."

So we discover that Congress becomes the instrument of the vast designs of individual rulers who determine America's fate from behind the scenes. And when other forms of coercion fail to insure markets, then war is used.

What is the role of the prophet and the poet in such a world? To discern, where others cannot see; to prophesy, without fear or favor.

Faith in life and man's will to live! The prophet-poet must summon the dispersed and frightened forces of humanity; he must identify himself with the crushed and despairing, the vast roving bands of ordinary men who, assembled, can storm the crumbling walls of the past. His speech must be a weapon, especially in these times when it is no longer a question of peril only, but of survival.

Poets in every age have identified themselves with the most progressive movements of their age; they have foreseen and prophesied. Most important, they have identified themselves with the lower class and everyday elements of society. Note, for example, Chaucer and Wordsworth. Jesus, man of moral wrath, was not less a poet. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that

are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he. that cometh in the name of the Lord." By such, Jesus means those who bring in truth and justice. He refers to them elsewhere, the poor and lowly, as creating the Kingdom of God, meaning the kingdom of righteousness on this earth. "And behold, the last shall be first; and the first shall be last."

Finally, then, we come to the prophetic vision that is positive, hopeful, that stirs us with the courage to create the world where all religions, races and creeds are merged, and there are no differing faiths but only one God.

Today, the individual's safety must be measured by group safety; separation is being annihilated; men find they must work and plan as a whole, if they are to live as private citizens at all. Today, we must stress the total psyche of men, the combined, social struggle toward unity and brotherhood. While rugged individualism was the law of life, it was difficult to act in a moral manner; the new emphasis on merging of self in community is the thrilling realization of an edict long heeded: "He that loseth his life, shall find it."

A non-segregated world is being born. Prophet-poets have long predicted it: "I looked into the future, far as human eye could see... saw the wonders that would be... when the battle flags were furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

•In the summer of 1948, travelling through Poland, I had an unusual experience. I had always observed, among people in my own country, a strong emphasis upon a private, personal God, and had, in fact, depended on such a deity myself. But this trip through a land of exciting experiment taught me that there is also a social God, a divine impulse of the total group and total organism. Here, in the midst of incredible destruction, privation and need, men were being forced to cooperate in order to rebuild. They were learning broader security through broader responsibility.

Catastrophe was breeding brotherhood. Long exploited as a colony of a foreign power, they were now free, proud, and growing. As one Protestant minister of Warsaw, previously of the United States and

Canada, expressed it: "For the first time in our history, economic justice is being done."

In witnessing the humble and heroic struggles of these people, the work performed against great adversity and with pitifully inadequate tools-yet with hope and fearlessness because what they were giving, they believed, would find equitable return-,in witnessing this, I felt God's impulse toward a world of harmony and love. I discovered that there is more than one kind of Christ in the world, more than one kind of God. Sometimes those who do not speak God's name, or those who even deny Him, are carrying out His will too. There is a personal God, which we tend to stress in America, and there is the salvation that is revealed in unity, an interdependent effort and progress.

In my travels through these regions, I saw many crucifixes, wayside and domestic, with thin, stretched muscles and agonized face - the concepts of a medieval and feudal past - negative, horribly grotesque. But that was not the Christ I felt most strongly. Seeing a whole people pool its energies and resources to raise the level of all, I remembered Jesus, the carpenter; I discovered a Christ of the Common Denominator, of social need and social evolution. And inspired by that, I wrote this poem:

TO THE JESUS OF OUR DAILY BREAD

I do not see you on a cross, But with a hammer in your hand; Not the bowed head, the blood of loss;

,I see you raise your eyes, and stand - Stand in the hot noon of your youth
The carpenter, the worker known To other workers, strong to prove
The muscles' power, through wood and stone, To raise, with song
of blow on blow, The simple, everlasting truth Of rooms, and doors
through which to go To meals, and rest, and prayer, alone.

Let others watch you bathed in blood, A sacrificial lamb, a prey To whip and thorn and angry flood
Of hatred known to all who say The words of God. Let tortured art Depict you wrung with agony; I take you,
Jesus, bold of heart, With clear light in the eyes that see How only out of labor's worth, · Whether of spirit or the bone, Can buildings house this
needy earth, And the true will of God be shown.

I see your face, the sweat, the cheer, The word called to the comrade near,
I take your courage Strength to make What must be made for mortals' sake.

Love of man is love of God. The prophet must instruct and inspire in these two spheres, making them identical; along with encouraging the good, he must expose and challenge evil; he must marshal the forces of mankind to achieve a better world. He, more than any other, must recognize the creative reality of the universe, the evolution and compulsion in man toward universal harmony.

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The Shepherd Takes a Wife

James Wyckoff

Around Meeteetsee, old Hill was famous as a womanhater. "I just got no dum use fer 'em," he'd say, mumbling around his badly-fitting false teeth. "They ain't a one of 'em's ever satisfied with what they got. They all want to live like they was a queen or somethin'."

In his opinion on women, Hill was like a lot of shepherders. It was just funny when you remembered what had happened some years before. They still tell it around Meeteetsee, with laughter and wagging of heads - the time Hill answered the letter in the Lonelyhearts column of a western magazine and got himself a wife.

- Roy Martin drove Hill into Meeteetsee on the day he was to meet his fiancée.

It was in the spring, just after lambing, and the Greybull was still swollen and muddy from the snows that were melting up in the mountains. Meeteetsee's a small town, about twenty families or so, and most everybody was out waiting for the stage to arrive from Cody, which was the nearest rail depot. Hill was decked out in clean dungarees and a new plaid shirt. And he had shaved and even had a haircut. There was no mistaking what he was as he walked stolidly down the street with his black Stetson square on the top of his head, uncreased like an Indian's, his square, saddle-colored hands hooked into his suspenders, and the old black and white shepherd dog at his heels. Hill was as solid and stocky and weatherbeaten as any of the spruce stumps that dotted the country around Roy Martin's sawmill.

There was a little kidding in Hill's direction, but he didn't pay any mind to it. Everyone was wondering what kind of woman he'd gotten himself, and they were kidding about how Hill would greet her. Some bet they'd kiss, others claimed they'd just shake hands, Hill being crazy like he was.

She got off the stage, a tall, darkhaired woman, maybe thirty-five, with a heavy jaw and red, shiny hands that looked as though they'd been

in water a lot. She was taller than Hill. Her glance quietly took in the group of onlookers.

Hill nodded hello, then took her bag• gage, an old grip held together with rope and a grain sack, and the two of them followed Roy Martin up to the minister's.

"What for?" he asked. "Man does a day's work he's tired come nightfall."

She stared hard at him for a moment when he got into bed and took his teeth out and slipped them under the pillow.

After the weddi"ng ceremony Roy wanted them to come out to the sawmill to celebrate with him and Sofia, but Hill said no, he had to get back to his sheep, he'd been gone too long already. So they had a couple of drinks in Miller's, and then Roy drove them out.

Hill's woman was so tall she had to stoop to enter the sheep wagon. She had told Hill in her letter that she'd been married to a traveling salesman and that she liked to keep a clean house. Hill thought she looked with approval at the way he'd fixed the wagon. He was a good cabinet-maker, and he hadn't wasted an inch of space in the wagon - the drawers under the bunk, the table that pulled down from the wall, the sunk-in cupboards, the lamp brackets, the shelves. Hill kept it spotless too. After each meal he tidied everything away and swept out. Everything in the wagon had its special place. Everything was within easy reach.

"Kin we both of us fit in that bunk?" the woman asked.

"I reckon,". Hill said. Her eyes went to the stove. "I'll cook up some supper," she said. "Where's the woodpile?"

After supper Hill took the dog and went to look at his sheep. It was just getting dark when he returned. A breeze was moving down the draw that led from a copse of pine and spruce just above the camp. The woman was seated on the step outside the wagon.

"It gets lonesome out here, don't it?" she said.

"There's a lot of work to do," Hill Id her.

"Don't you have no radio?"

,"I didn't know you had store teeth," she said.

"Had 'em all yanked one day over to Cody," said. Hill. "They were no dum good to me. These here boughten ain't caused a day's grief."

Then she made him take off his long woolen underwear before he made love to her. During the night he got up and put them back on again. He always wore his long-handles, summer and winter.

The next morning they were up early. Hill always rose early, especially in summer. Standing on the step of the wagon he listened to the roar of the Greybull far below. At that altitude the air was clear and light in his lungs. His seeking eyes caught the clear outline of snowcapped mountains far away, the gray cut of giant rimrocks just over his camp, sharp against the blue sky, the slender string of smoke from the cook shack down at the Z Bar L. The land down in the valley lay in giant, irregular squares of browns and yellows and greens. At his feet the dog yawned, stretched, licked briefly at the place where he'd been chewed in a fight with a coyote. Man and dog listened to the sheep.

He made his rounds, noting the condition of the sheep, the grass upon which they fed, the water supply. When he got back to the wagon the woman had breakfast on the table. He ate hungrily, noisily too as was his habit, and when he was through he cleaned the plate with a piece of bread. He felt satisfied. He sat on the step with him. She squa on the rung just below his, and he to move his feet. The ewes drew away.

didn't have to clean up after the meal now, and so he went outside and cut up some firewood. He stood looking down the valley, thinking about his good fortune.

The next day the woman scrubbed out the wagon, though Hill told her it didn't need it, and she aired the bedding. She baked a pie Sunday. Then Hill shot a deer and they had game.

She found plenty to do, as Hill had promised. She mended the blankets, ironed his clothes, which he had ne~er done, and made new curtains for the wagon. In the evenings after she'd cleaned up she read the magazines that were on the shelf back of the stove, while he sat out on his step, as he always had, smoking his pipe, thinking about the sheep, the weather, the chores that would fall on the morrow. His three pet ewes still came up to be petted and fed, and talked to. He told them about last spring's lambing, about how he used to bust horses for Henry Owens when he first came to this part of the country, about the time there'd been the rabbits down at Lars Thomas' place in Sunshine Basin and how they used to eat the bottom right out of a haystack till it fell plumb over, and how. one evening he and Lars and someone, the chore

boy maybe, or old Gussie Mallard had sat on Lars' front porch with 22s and with the headlights of the Ford truck turned on and potted rabbits right and left. And he told them how good it was to have a woman to cook and clean for him and keep the bed warm, how much better it was having someone there for all night and not just for an hour or two the way it was with the girls down town at Lillian's.

One evening after she'd been there about a month the woman came out and Hill spat at the ground and tam the tobacco in his pipe with his finger.

After a moment the woman said, looking at him, "You ruther talk them than me?"

"I was just pettin' them a little." "I hear you talkin' to them eve night."

"Ain't nothin' wrong with that." She was silent. Then she said, "Wh kin we go to town?"

"What you want to go to town for r• "I thought we'd go see a show on time."

"Way over to Cody?" "It ain't far." "Sixty miles." "There's the stage. It ain't far. We don't never see nobody here, only that camp jack when he comes to move the wagon. I never reckoned it'd be this lonesome. An' you don't like to sit inside with me."

"What did you say you wanted to be married for? I told you what I was like in my letter."

"I thought - " She didn't finish the sentence.

Hill sat looking into the shadows that were lengthening about the wagon.

"Where'd you put my sweater?" he said after a moment. "I had it in the drawer 'neath the bunk."

"It's in the chest." "Can't find nothin' no more." His pipe was out and he stood up and went into the wagon.

The woman continued to sit on the step. She was thinking how lonely she'd been married to the salesman who was never home. After a while Hill came out and said, "Camp jack'll be movin' the wagon tomorrow, over th' other side of Willow Creek. I reckon we could go visit Roy n' Sofia over to the sawmill."

"I'd like that," the woman said. Then she added, "I made the curtains, an' I read all them books back of the stove."

Hill didn't say anything.

The next Sunday they walked to the sawmill. It was about four miles, but the trail was easy. Hill had been in the habit of coming for meals whenever his wagon was in the neighborhood. Sometimes he helped Roy about the mill. One winter he cut building logs, and another time he helped Roy put up a new bunkhouse.

Roy and Sofia made a party for Hill and his woman. Sofia baked a cake, and Roy made ice cream. They had elk meat, put up the winter before in mason jars. Roy brought out a bottle of whiskey. He said a toast to the couple and he told Hill he ought to quit herding and come to work at the mill.

"It ain't the life for me," Hill said. "I couldn't stand to look at nothin' but a bunch of trees all around me."

Sofia said, "It ain't lonesome with them two," and she nodded toward her two young children who, seated at the end of the table, were giggling at each other.

Hill's woman looked around the room. It was a log house, Roy'd built it, with a long, straight spruce log peeled and lined with linseed. There was a brick fireplace, a pine floor, oiled too, and a couple of blankets for rugs. There were lamps. After the meal Roy and Hill sat out on the porch smoking while Sofia showed Hill's woman the rest of the house and new clothes she'd bought on her last trip to Billings. Then all four of them took a walk around the place and then they sat on the porch as the sun started to dip.

They watched the sun go down on the other side of the river, lighting in long washes of bright yellow the smooth flanks of rock, smelling too the pine and spruce all around them, and the sage a little, and the team grazing in the small pasture just below, while Roy told about the last time he'd hunted elk up north of Piney Creek. Sofia sat knitting. The children were out of sight, their screams of laughter coming now and again from the other side of the corral.

Hill didn't say much. His woman was thinking how clean and shiny the linseed oil made the logs, and about the dresses Sofia'd bought in Billings. Sofia had given her a red shawl, and she wore it now over her shoulders. Every so often she stroked a corner of it with the tips of her fingers.

When the sun was down it got chilly and Hill said it was time to go. Roy and Sofia urged them to spend the night, but Hill said he had to see to his sheep.

The two of them started back in the twilight. Neither spoke all the way back to the wagon. And they went to bed in silence.

The grazing wasn't good where the wagon had been moved and so they pulled camp again and they didn't get to visit the sawmill a second time. Hill's woman didn't say anything about wanting to go back and see Roy and Sofia, and she didn't say anything more about going to town either. She continued to do her work as she always had, and Hill was satisfied. He thought himself lucky, and he thought her lucky too.

One day about three or four weeks after the visit to the sawmill Hill was late getting back to the wagon from his morning rounds. A sheep had fallen into a post hole and had broken both front legs, and he'd had to shoot it. He shot it right through the head, and then he butchered it for mutton. He was sorry to lose the sheep, but he was glad to be having mutton. He figured the woman would be glad too. It took him a while to carry the carcass back to the wagon, and it was well into the forenoon when he got there. He found the camp jack had arrived with his supplies. Hill told him about the sheep, and then he went into the wagon. He was good and hungry for he'd not had breakfast yet.

"I got a mutton," he told the woman. And then he saw the grain sack and the grip with the rope around it in the middle of the floor.

"I ain't stayin'," the woman said. "I'm goin' to town with the boy." She was seated on the edge of the bunk.

For a long moment Hill didn't speak, only stood there looking at her, moving his false teeth around in his mouth the way he did when thinking.

"What d' you mean?" he said at last. "I ain't stayin'. I'm goin' to town. I ain't comin' back." She was studying him, her tone was flat.

Hill went to the stove and began building a fire for his breakfast.

"If there was people around, neighbors. I told you I wanted to go to town."

"We went over to Roy an' Sofia's," he said.

"Can't be gallivantin' all over the country when there's work to be done."

"You just want me for my work. It ain't right."

"I told you how it was in my letter." "I know- 11 "You're all the time fussin' at me,"

he said. "I can't figger why.,I got best wagon round this part of the co try, an' I draw top pay. I don't what you're all the time fussin' about He put the skillet on the stove looked at the new curtains on the dow. "Hell, I let you change my wa all around -- She didn't answer him right a Then she said, "I reckon I never figge it'd be so - so quiet-like. I thought I don't know, I guess." And she r and went out of the wagon.

Hill cooked up a stack of wheat for himself and the camp jack, and camp jack came in and ate with h' They didn't speak. They ate with th elbows on the table, munching slo till the meal was finished. The wo waited outside, sitting in the shade the camp jack's wagon.

Then Hill came out and put the gr ' sack and the grip with the rope aro it up on the camp jack's wagon, without saying a word turned walked off with the black and white d When he was a good distance a he stood on a knoll and watched th wind down the mountain. He saw red shawl Sofia had given her, whi she now wore around her shoulders e though it was too warm for it. Fin they dropped from sight. He waited they showed for a moment at the riv watching them cross the wooden brid and disappear around the bluff on other side.

He cooked hominy and deer meat f supper that night, and when he through he washed the dishes and dr' them and put them away. Then he sw out the wagon. He stood looking at curtains. "God damn," he muttered.

He sat out on the step, pulling on pipe, moving his bridgework slowly lS his mouth, and stroking the dog's head. Once he turned to look in the direction the wagon had gone. And he thought for a minute how it would be alone in the bunk again.

After a while his ewes came up to the wagon and he fed them. He began to tell them what had happened to the sheep who broke his legs that day.

It got dark, but still he didn't go inside. He continued to sit on the step

IN DEMAND

while it got very late, smoking and talking to his sheep, telling them at last about the woman and how you could never trust such a one, they were none of them ever satisfied, no matter what you did for them. And he told how tomorrow he was going to take down the curtains and scrub the wagon. A man alone at least knew where he was. A man did his day's work, and he wasn't always changing his mind.

are back issues of *The California Quarterly*. Vol. I, No. I, is scarce. A few copies available at \$1.00 each. All other issues at 75c.

Autumn, 1951 (Vol. 1, No. 1) D.P., a story by George Tabori. *Where My Dark Lover Lies*, a story by Gwyn Thomas. *Strong, Silent Man*, a story by Jay Williams. *The Place Called Choice, Part One*, a long poem by E. P. Thompson.

Winter, 1951-'52 (Vol. 1, No. 2) *The Vine by Root Embraced*, a story by Sanora Babb. *A Legend of Huehuetonoc*, a story by B. Traven. Other fiction by Ray Bradbury and Millen Brand. Poetry by C. E. Eatori, Howard Griffin, Thomas McGrath, E. P. Thompson.

Spring, 1952 (Vol. 1, No. 3) *The Crisis in Books*, article by Agnus Cameron. *Lamp in the Earth*, a poem by Pablo Neruda. *The Siege of Change*, a story by Lawrence P. Spingarn. *Dolores*, an excerpt from a novel by Lars Lawrence. Poetry by Eve Merriam, Waldeen, Stanley Kiesel.

Summer, 1952 (Vol.1,No.4) *CombatFatigue*, a story by William Norton. *Two Parodies*, Ira Wallach. Poetry by August Kadow, Naomi Replansky, George Abbe, Norman Rosten, David Corn el De Jong, Edwin Rolfe.

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JOURNAL PAGE 16 / SCAN PAGE 18

Rainbow at Midnight

Lawrence Lipton

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Structurally

Rainbow at Midnight (only one-third of which is presented here) is a travel diary, the narrative of a journey through time-space: the first fifty years of the Twentieth Century, with flashbacks into pivotal and pertinent times and places of the past, and an occasional glimpse into an imagined future.

Thematically the poem deals with the crisis of our time, which is examined in its twofold character: psychological and cultural, spiritual and sociological. The question that is raised is, to use a line from *Dead Reckoning*: What was it went awry? Where, at what moment in man's evolution, did he take the road that brought him to his present crisis? And what was "the road not taken"? The subject is debated by various "characters," e.g., The Pale Young Man and Joana of the Bound Hair in *Between Two Worlds*; Haggard in *Ritual of the Lights*; the New Barbarian as The Postulant in *The Ritual of Community*, etc.

The poem is in four parts. Night Flight states the problem in terms of

recent history -
 wars, revolutions, the
 concepts of Progress and Decline, Chal-
 lenge and Response, etc. Part Two, Fan •
 fare for a Delayed Exit, examines the
 problem on the level of intellectual val-
 ues. Point of No Return explores the
 implications of choice in terms of the
 individual's dilemma (as in Between
 Two
 Worlds and And Choose You
 Must,
 the latter not included here).
 Part Four, Rainbow at Midnight, em-
 ploys the device of ritual drama to
 present an imaginary (post-world-revo-
 lutionary) therapy for the "healing of
 the lesion," the New Man
 (as The
 Postulant) seeking his way back to "the
 forking of the road" as a point of de-
 parture for other, more desirable des-
 tinations -
 a community in the func-
 tional, rational sense of the word. Three
 "rituals" comprise this section, of which
 the final one, The Ritual of Community,
 is presented here.

L. L.

take-off

(Kitty Hawk, Dec. 17, 1903)

1.

Twelve seconds, mark: it well. In space and time
 No longer than the first conceptual thought

That launched the brief milleniums of man,
Laid down the flaming measures of the mind
Yet left a morbid lesion still unhealed
A fractured Adam with an Adam's Fault.

No matter. Fallen but with Reason crowned
He scorns instinctual Eden, powers a wing
With charnel fires from Cambrian seas distilled
Storms heaven again with mathematic eye
And since that first abstraction split the mind
No longer asks the mythopoeic Who
Demanding only to know How, not Why.

The old faiths loosen, fall away. Look: down,
The spiral of the centuries is coiled
Around an alp whose root is in the sea
Whose steps are measured eras ring on ring
Dividing reason from the mythic dream -
Evolves the wheel, the sail and now the wing.

2.

This was to be no ordinary century,
The very torque and turning point of time;
Keen bladed for the forward thrust, on wings
Prefigured by no prophet in his dreams
This groundling guns a path into the sky.

Henceforth space by itself and time
by itself, are doomed to fade away
into mere shadows, and only a kind
of union of the two will preserve
an independent reality.

H. MINKOWSKI

Computing drag and lift, resultant vector,
Finds new coefficients of the will
Explores the mind's dynamic and the soul's
Stagnation point; Bernoulli's theorem

Transformed into a common· apothegm.

No omens and no auguries attend
The scene ; the rite is secular and plain.

Man come of age. succeeds to his estate -
P arthenogenesis of the cosmic egg
Self-conceived and self-inseminate.

3.

Cogito ergo sum. By taking thought
Man has added cubits to his stature
Creates himself, out of himself distills
Essential ichor of elan tJital;

All things are possible. Our bright retorts
Precipitate a culture -
 now the word
Recalls to mind bacteria more than books;
If Newton's apple falls it falls ad hoc
In proof of Newton's law. A worthy cause.

The only ghosts we know are in the spectrum
Imperfections in diffraction grating;
•It is better so. Our ignis fatuus
Is no foolish fire, no will-o' -the-wisp
But only methane gas: to be explicit,
Carbon-Hydrogen, four.

4.

Laboratorium, no longer meaning
Labor linked with prayer, now conjures up
No Ouroboros, no Hermetic dragons,
Only test-tubes, charts. Of all the gods
Only Eros is permitted wings;
New-fledged in Vienna, reapotheosized
In Zurich, de-sublimated in Chicago, lays
His Psyche on the analytic couch.

The pleasure principle is plain. The age
Impatient with Platonic nonsense, prone
And prurient takes its ease, al fresco in
The park.; its bed the Sunday comic page.
Brancusi's bird, a hieroglyph of flight
Beside the primitive mask. In Grand Palais
Donatello au milieu des fauves.

Dubito ergo sum. Our Anthropos
Is logical to a fault. Our Athens needs
No Paul. The Unknown God is Truth.

5.

The Century of Man. His hand direqs
The camera's eye, his mind seeks out, selects
Among the multitudinous footage, finds
A frame of reference in space and time.

Slow motion of the runner, there a point
Significant, a moment rare and beautiful
The diver dives and then, reyerse, she rockets
Up again. You sweep away the grime
Of ages; see, the Neolithic potter
Fashioned these, and flung them in the teeth
Of time.

And speech, man's oldest monument; alive
Upon our living lips today is ancient man,
His gestures caught in breathing pictographs
Preserved as insects are in amber or
The mastodon in Pleistocenic clay.

6.

Restore the book: of bones and beasts and men.
Jerusalem, her holy mountain. Rust
Is on the sacrificial knife ; where priests
In blood up to their elbows documented God
And steined the prophets. Let the tomb reveal

The saint his cloven hoof, the hero-god
His feet of clay. Unwrap the cerements,
Unseal the lips that to Osiris lied.

Unriddle all arcana, cryptogramic
Charts of secret and untraveled oceans
Sunken islands long since overborne
By ancient unimaginable seas.

7.

Restore the past. Knit word with word and bone
With bone. Fill in lacunae in the text.
Reveal the writing underneath the gloss
Lay bare the skeletal structure stone by stone

But gently, brother, gently. These are sign
And signet of the quintessential anguish.

Fear and wrath. Incunabula of men
Who ate the bread of trembling in their time.

And whether on reindeer cave or Karnak's wall
Etched out the selfsame hope. Set their stamp
On history's page, then died and left their bones
Between the battle-axe and the votive lamp.

8.

The word is Youth. The word is Progress. I
The heir of all the ages, from this height
Survey my world and godlike call it good.
Fiat lux, from chaos conjure light,
Create all things in my own image with
The automatic the immediate word
,I blast the banal and I break the norm
Revaluing all values and all form.

And now behold the miracle of flight!
Across the bright meridian of noon
Wild horses storm unbridled to the sun
The world is young and life has just begun.

Then lock the door and file the script away.
 The play is ended ; if recalled at all,
 Remember only with the long-drawn breath,
 A poem of love remembered after death.

9.

Here is the curtain, dust enfolding dust.
 The last prop, a folded fan, is left
 Upon the boards where it fell. The guilt
 Is scabrous on the royal box. No man

2]

Has lifted hand to fly the final drop,
 "A sylvan dell, with shepherds in the lower
 Left, and at the right a well." The seats
 Yawn upward to the high proscenium arch.

Dust is on the green tormentors, high
 Under the iron beams the wings are greyed
 With distance. There the door stands open for
 The final exit that was never made.

Attention I Action ! Let the worldight down.
 Call all hands and let them set the stage.
 The actors stand impatient in the wings.
 Music. Lights. A new play for a new age I

1.

Then has it come so soon that in our youth
 This task: is laid on us to fly by night
 Across a wilderness of empty sky
 Where no horizon looms nor any sign
 Of visible motion, neither cloud nor star
 Nor any mark: to take our bearing by?

What was it went awry? Did we not take
 The metric readings, riddle out the charts,
 Correct the compass, find the agonic line,

And by that lodestar set our course aloft
 Upon the cleanest winds of heaven into
 The newest dawn of time?

And now to see the night close in so soon;
 A self-deception, what we took for dawn
 Was no beginning, but the final glare
 Of sunset, blood-red for a dying day.
 And did we build our gallows then so high
 Only to dance at last upon the air?

dead reckoning
 O Zarathustra ...
 caught in thine
 own snares, self knower, self hang-
 man/ "Why didst thou strangle thy-
 self with the noose of thy wisdom,,,

NIETZSCHE

2.

That night the graves were opened and the dead
 Walked. Barbarous kings with blood upon their brows
 That ravaged to the perilous ends of earth
 And left their spoor upon the naked plain
 For vengeance of the hunter, eye for eye; ·
 All the dead we thought that we had slain

Rose up. A savage pageantry that wound
 Through crooked streets of cities devious
 And dim ; macabre saints, the rack and rod,
 The prelates temporal, the drunken lords
 And all their silken syphilitic whores
 Within the shadow of the crucified god -

A thousand years of Europe, and our years
 The worst. Theirs was the arithmetic tread,
 The patient mile; a swift progression ours,
 And geometric; where they walked we fly-

And measure progress by our numbered dead.

3.

Lost, and listening to the motor drone
 A blasphemous Te Deum, mocking the false dawn
 That lured us to our doom, I think of him
 Who, drunk with Dionysus, launched the breed
 Of Supermen, despised the crucified one
 And hanged himself {for reasons of his own)
 Upon the selfsame tree.

And you, Hart Crane,
Who would have rung what sounding changes on
The verb to fly, surrendered to the sea,
Torn, perhaps, by ship's propeller -
 an irony I
The machine absorbs the poet -
 contrariwise.

Enough. It is a bitter jest, God knows.
 Drunk or sober, you were not the last
 To take that way out of the mind's dilemma.
 In this clockwork: universe, our brave
 Mechanic dream turned nightmare, it may be
 We too have found our Purgatory, hun·g
 Between a heaven that mocks us and an earth
 We fear, and· hunger for -
 Who was it died
 In battle -
 they or we?

thunderstorm

1.

A thermal incident, no more. Occlusion
In the classic style. A High and Low
With all the isobars in proper place.

"Out of the chamber of the south cometh
The storm. And cold out of the north . .
The breath of God," Elihu said. We know

,It's atmospheric pressure. A given number
On the Beaufort Scale and counter-clockwise
In accordance with Buys Ballot's law.
A vortex system moving at some thirty
Miles per hour. "God thundereth marvelously,"
But the voice we hear is not the Voice
Out of the Whirlwind. We are rational men.

For metaphor let this suffice: Two giant
Actors on a thousand-mile-wide stage
An awesome drama of the atmosphere,
Or vaulting Tropic versus crouching Polar
Wrestling in titanic conflict. Still,
An ephemeral Depression, nothing more.

2.

But here, my hearties, is no schoolroom text.
No blackboard navigation. Here the arc
That leaps between the positive and the negative
Is no equation. Here the isobars
Constrict the heart and all the arrows point
To where the nerve-ends meet. Here every sense
Is false. The ear is deaf, the eye is blind.
A spark of primitive fear ignites the brain
With demon thunder and blade rain.

Behold, God is great; we know him
not. He draweth up the drops of
water, which distil in rain . . . the
skies p~ur down, Can any understandf

Job XXXVI

And now the universe has stopped. The stars
Black: embers on a bed of ash. The moon
An old brown wound, the sea a stagnant pool.

The eagle plummets to the earth, a stone.

I freeze with panic fear, and from the pit
Come brute and bitter things, the faceless ones
That beckon to my doom -

and down I go

My fingers frozen to the stick

Am I

A savage cowering in his cave? The cool
Geometry of reason answers No.

3.

Time was when as a child I knelt alone
Before the feet of Moses where he stood
And tried to read the shattered stone;
Time came when through a year of nights I sat
Beside the deathbed of my old desires
My eyes the uncut pages of a book
And sought to puzzle out my many lives.

Spore of what plant, east-borne or west,
I never knew; Moor, Byzantine or Slav,
What blood mixed with the blood of J cw;
A stranger ever and a child of change
Face, figure, pattern of the hand, always
A little strange; always a stranger and
But lately come, across the wilderness
On broken feet; and stopped perchance to peer
At my own image in some window pane
Would ask, What am I doing here?

4.

I do not wish

To put too fine a point upon it. Not
That we have had our poetry of revolt,
But that it passed into the official canon :
That's unique.

And from it stems when all is said and done

Dachau, Belsen, Kishinev, the wrath
Of Rome and Babylon.

'Twas always impolite to point, and when
The finger's sharp and bony, probing under
Skin made tender by good living, power
And pride -

the wonder is some few of us
Arc still alive.

Our means outmatch our ends ; something between
The comic and the cosmic hung; a situation
That's ideal for downs: as when against
A certain April blue hung bitter fruit,
Ychosh4a bar Yoseph, friends, a certain Jew.

Take our Jeremiah with our Jesus then,
Graft of the same vine, whereof the fruit
Is wrath . . . and wine.

I do not wish to put too fine a point
Upon it. Not that we have had our poetry
Of revolt -

others had it too -
But that it passed into the official canon.

In this unique,
And Chosen (for our sins, no doubt) we stand
On palace steps, before the city's gate,
And pointing say: Thou art the man!

"A Century of Progress"
World's Fair, Chicago, 1933

Prepare the time-event
With Wagner's Evening Star. In lieu of God
Project upon a screen in diagram
Arcturus; for his outstretched Finger draw

ritual of the lights

Canst thou bind the sweet influence
of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of
Orion! Canst thou bring forth Mat-
zaroth in his season! or canst thou
guide .drcturus with his sonsf Know-
est thou the ordinances of hea!len!
canst thou set the dominion thereof
in the earthf

Jon, XXXVIH

PART TWO FANFARE FOR A DELAYED EXIT

A beam of light through telescopic lens
Focussed on a photoelectric cell

(As Michelangelo's God transmits to Adam
The vital spark:) and thus complete the circuit.

Fiat lux I Let t denote
Terrestrial time, and see the speed of light
At 6 times 10 to the 12th power miles · per year,
Allow for factor h , for certain variants,
Planck's Constant and Pythagoras' pants -
And presto I neon streams across the night.

The Moving Finger writes (as Omar said
Who also pondered astronomic laws)
And having writ, moves on -
to keep this date
With Westinghouse Electric Company
And Mr. Rufus Dawes.

Amid the smells of popcorn and
Of frying fat, Haggard late
Of Paris, frustrate emigre
And now frustrate expatriate

Ponders the Promethean rite Behind a wry sardonic mask And pours himself another drink:

From his bootleg pocket flask:

What does it matter, Arcturus or
Aldebaran ? The wind is fair
For France, and here I sit
With bootleg liquor at the Fair

All honor to the mind of man
Whose brilliance blinds and overawes
And to the thousand billion cells
That answer to the name of Dawes

And praised be God for Westinghouse
That now has something more to sell:
The brain that brought Arcturus down
May yet bring Satan up from hell

Then who shall chain us to the rock And on what lonely mountain peak:

What mad and muscular Heracles
Shall save us from the eagle's beak?

The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in
Our stars but in ourselves, alas,
Says Haggard ; stars can wait, our day
Is brief -
and freshens up his glass.

Will the Management permit a question?
To what end? Egypt oriented
Temples to Arcturus. Travelers
On land and sea sought out Arcturus as
A guiding star.

The thing goes deeper.
Fire from heaven, the Promethean rite
Has been a symbol of creative thought
(Whether stolen from heaven or by grace of God)
From Hesiod and Aeschylus to Pope--

"God said, Let Newton be I and all was Light."

One has a right to raise a point of taste.
In Galileo's Rome the telescope
Became a tricle for mountebanks to gull
The simple in the marlct place.

And has, it now become a tricle to light
The neon signs that advertise the wares
Of hot dog merchants and concessionaires?

Wherefore to all concerned, small thanks,
Says Haggard, Science is the mind
And Labor is the hand ; the rest
Is belly and a broad behind

Science can be bought and sold
Ownership is heaven-sent
Labor is a tool ; what counts
Is profit, dividends and rent

Labor is a worlc of love
And therein all the merit lies
What is it but the debt we owe
To pure and private enterprise?

Who shall measure it in ergs
Or match in terms of honest toil
The charismatic virtues of
The U. S. Steel and Standard. Oil

Who yet shall make the dollar glow
With light from Leo and the Bear
And snatch the fire of heaven itself
To flush the toilets of the Fair

In parting I propose a toast :
To decent liquor; to a mind
Unfettered; and the effiuvium
Of natural female unrefined

The hour, alas, is growing late
 Says Haggard, and I'm getting tight
 Further deponent sayeth not
 And so good night, gar~on, good night.

invocation for a world congress of religio

1.

The ways to heaven are many and man
 Has tried them all: the poppy, cocoa bean,
 The Tantric Buddhism, and God knows what
 Inventions of the Greeks. Emasculation,
 Temple prostitution; science too,
 Alembics and equations, secret numbers,
 Spires, and stairways winding to the stars.

They took the rhythm of their hearts
 And froze its motion into stone,
 Their roseate hopes of heaven they upflung
 In tall rose-petaled windows, and their prayers
 Upgathered in a haze of tears
 Through which the sun shot rays of healing light
 And that was God.

Always at the birth
 A Herod, at the death a Judas.
 Do we dare imagine the king's death?
 What may we tell in Gath, or publish now
 In Ashkelon? Who was it put
 The crucifixion on a business basis?
 Prayer wheels spin alike in Lhasa and
 In Rome. The roads to heaven are many
 And lined with brothels, abattoirs,
 And money-changers' booths. Our Eve
 Is a conventional nude in swank: saloons,
 And Adam emasculate behind his fig leaf now
 Keeps regular office hours.

Come close, for I would speak: softly
 Concerning those who walked the earth
 With some ineffaceable image dreamed,
 And died for it. A poem chanted by
 Some poet in a rented room
 Is overheard by vulgar ears,
 Repeated over the back fence with
 The monday wash; a tale lost in the telling.

Such a life was Jesus, among others;
 In whose name empires were built
 On the mistranslation of a word,
 And fortunes on a typographical error;
 Lacunae in the text, a scribbled hand,
 Forgotten memoranda on old bills
 And backs of envelopes.

•I can well believe it, having seen
 How one may make his life a poem
 Brought to life; beauty and terror
 Amidst the billboards and the juke-boxes;
 Known only to God's fools, to lovers,
 And to simple men. Perhaps also
 To those who sin and suffer the guilt of it.

I speak of these, for whom reality
 Did not begin with the morning coffee
 And end with the evening paper;
 Who could turn from battle, heat
 And detonation of the kill, to where
 Some lone enchanted bird sings his heart out
 To some high wonder in the hills.

so

2.

By what devices shall we fix
 The time-event where the Thing
 Is intersected by the Name that names it?

What coordinates shall bridge the gap
 Between them?
 We fabricate a speech of number, size;
 Rename the names of demon, god heaven,
 Zero for the Sun ya, Nothingness, and for
 Infinity the two linked circles;
 Split the mind in conic sections, find
 Hyperbolas and parabolic forms
 As pure as truth and beautiful as light:

 Define and redefine it as we will.
 It is a beauty void of love, as cold
 And lovely as a loveless hand ; the chill
 And opalescent beauty of a dry
 And empty shell. Here is the place for God
 In our hypothesis.

Not the well-rubbed, all but faceless
 Coins of Glory, Praise and Power,
 The borrowed dignity of capital letters;
 Not that we are vain, imagining we
 Have squared the circle, bridged the parallels,
 Defined the Tetragrammaton,
 Equated mercy with the atomic chain ;

Not, please note,
 That we have given a definite value to
 The ineffable X, resolved the opposites,

 Or found the linlt between Jehovah· and
 The high impersonal linked circles of
 The mathematical Name.

Not god-ghuto, the one implored, but worship
 In its proper sense of having weorth,
 God as sum and summit of all values,
 Shorn of meretricious praise;
 The logical necessity, the X
 That stands for all we seek and do not know

And keep on seeking; that in all
Humility and nothing more.

And having defined our terms, restored
To human speech the clean intent,
An honest man may once more speak of God
Without embarrassment. •

1.

Whether by fire in the black night
Self-tortured for some. half imagined crime,
Whether in the green of spring
Hard riding by the storm-beaten shore,
Or in the carnival of falling snow
Blind fingers in your tumbled hair -

Not knowing how to begin
Or what to do
Now or never or forever
What to say
When life says: Yes, or No?

Whether on the high table-lands of war
Rustbitten by cold doubt, supine,
Whether in the well-fed cushions, drugged,
I sip slow-breathing peace like wine,
Or when the purple river of my veins
Ebbs with the rhythm of the final breath -

in our time

And so we bring this broadcast to a close.
From this room high OfJer New York we
can see far across the waters of the bay
and out to sea. The sun is rising on this
fateful day of September First, Nineteen
Thirty-Nine, a!d where the sun is rising,
there in the east, the sky is fiery red.

RADIO BROADCAST BY ROBERT TR. OUT

You rise and pace the floor.
 There Radio-Victor sits in chaste moderne
 And blares insanely to himself
 Between the bookcase and the easy chair.
 Minutely now you comb the air
 For music, find it, kill it with a twist.
 How nervously you twirl the dial,
 For nothing pleases, nothing is,
 Well, shall we say, decisive.

Better crash of static counter-
 Irritant than whine of sentimental
 Music in a world gone mad.

2.

Again the cry is war. Prepare
 The Pyrrhic victory again.
 To slay this beast we now become
 As beasts ourselves, that once were men.

So poke among the tenements of Paris
 Search among the slums of Calais, find
 The erstwhile Mademoiselle from Armentiers
 And say:

O ma cherie, remember when
 Amid the thunder of the guns --
 That palsied hand, the same
 That sent us overseas, now sends
 Our sons, dead fruit of this our dying world
 These twenty years and more,
 To make your undernourished girl their whore.

Not quite official, but the High Command
 Is realistic in such matters, let
 The May-flies flutter from the sand

And writhe a moment in the nuptial flight;

The Gold Star Mothers meet to send their thank.s
For this indulgence, gents, that to their sons
You grant the unofficial respite from the guns
Before you fling their bodies to the tank.s.

3.

Again the cry is war.

High hat,

Gold braid.

The presses run black. blood.

The radio shrieks hatred in a dozen tongues -
Kilo-megacycle, superheterodyne -

You laugh your gallows laugh,
You shrug your shoulders and you sigh ;

Turn off the radio.

We are as men condemned to die,
And waiting for the end.

Deal out a hand of cards, my friend,
"Twill do to while away the time.

4.

Weld fiesh with steel then
And give the steel a brain
Call it the arm that strikes
This thing men call a plane
Call it the mari made weapon
Call it the steel made. sentient
Knowing where and when

So take your apple of a world
And see it whole
Sun up to sun down round
From pole to pole

See with what high disdain
 We span the Great Curve or
 From winter cloud drop down
 With thunder and black: rain

Spin the world, my masters,
 Here chalk: in a line
 And here plug in a pin

Play out your little game
 Hamburg, Balaclava, Austerlitz
 The stakes may change
 The pawns are still the same

And we
 With speed and thunder of our wings

Hand on the wheel
 Heart made of steel for striking
 Will lost in the single will
 Bereft of pity and of love
 Blast deep foundations for
 A world we know not of.

PART THREE POINT OF NO RETURN

point of no return

1.

There should be silence after storm, the peace
 That brings the soldier home; the war is won.
 And yet there is no peace. We stand midpoint
 As at the Pole where all meridians meet,
 Where time has lost all meaning. There is no
 Direction here save only one -

Inexorably down.
 Too late, too late for empire. Gone the world
 Disraeli made; God's vicars and the Cross
 With Vickers Limited not too far behind.

Repeat again and for the hundredth time:
 We gave them telephones and roads. We brought
 Their sons to Oxford.

On what terms?

The hawk trained to th hand that feeds it brings
 The bird down shrieking from the shrieking sky;
 The dog fed at the baron's table licks
 The baron's hand. For every English pound
 A pound of flesh cut closest to the heart.

This was the most unkindest cut of all
 Age thou are shamed, Rome thou hast lost the breed
 Of noble bloods, profaned Burke's Peerage and
 The British Stud Book. Is it Ghosts you see
 Of Amritsar or Omdurman? Teach the mind
 That made the Gita to respe~t the bold
 Churchillian line.

I see a face

Amid the fires of camel dung, Doughty's,
 And the mask of Lawrence, faith betrayed;
 I see your Miltons and your Cecil Rhodes,
 The Nightingale and the Maid. Your sun has set,
 The night comes down. Babylon is fallen, fallen,
 And all the images of her gods .. are broken
 On the ground.

2.

The heirs assemble.

Decrepit Lochinvars they come too late
 Out of the west; gone lewd in their decay
 They tempt with gold what Britain toolc with guns.
 They gat no heat. The well runs dry. The eagle
 Waited too long for the lion to die.

America, amor, amore. America
 Was love, America was promise.
 America for a time wore the face

Of FDR as Athens wore the face
Of Pericles.

N otJum ordo seculorum.

Now these too polite dissenters fade
Abandoning the field they never won.
• Thought itself becomes suspect, and virtue
Wed to vice still keeps her maiden name ;
Corruption walks the halls of state and sits in
At the palace poker game.

Our Alarics when they come

Will find no caesar to dethrone, only
An effete Valens, bribe-takers and
Embezzlers, even a blunt barbarian will
Disdain to touch. Dehumanized we fall,
Corrupt, decapped, deracinate and dumb ;
And at the last self-murdered more than slain.

between two worlds

Dialogue for Joana and The Pale Young Man

Now that Spring has come again,
elbowed on the window sill, you sit
and watch the coming of the rain,
forehead pressed against the window pane.

You say,
"Torn between two worlds,
one has a choice to make."

You turn your head
and something in your face
beneath the grey-green light
recalls long-fallen leaves

How then shall I put off
my cap and bells?

From this window we can see
how Spring comes on,

not singingly as we
would have it, but with black
artillery of the skies
to blast alike
the withered willow and the budding tree.

You speak of choice.
What choice have trees
that stand as villagers might stand
and watch invading armies swarm
across their land ?

Come, let us make a jest
as men will do
about the things we crave
and fear the most.

Spring comes too soon this year. Too soon.
A sleeper wakened long before her time.
Yawns bleary-eyed and scratches her behind ;
A. pimplly Venus on the half shell, rising
in a fume of Vaporub
with just the slightest snuffie of catarrh --

"How droll you are."

How undisguised
shall I confront my life
and with my naked eyes
stare down the naked knife of time?

Yet one must somehow make
adjustment to the world, you say.

Look now how rank on rank
the grey combatants move
with swift outriders on their flank.

And think
how humble smokes arise
the humble chimney smokes

rise up and stand
and then as if compelled •
by some contagion of their motion move
to join the massed battalions of the skies.

Say, Time the spider weaves
and year by year
enwebs us to our doom;

Or say that year on year
his moving hand prepares
this cairn to be our tomb ;

And say again what all men living say:

If this be so
live only for the day.

Say this, and having said it, think
how now the ticking of the clock
is louder, faster! Stop your ears
against these tyrannous hammers? Hear
how now your pounding heart repeats
this tocsin. Time is in your blood.

"Yet somewhere, surely;
is a nodal point.

You speak of choice.
What choice have we
whose every hour is held in thrall
whose every breath is measured, we
who wake to see
the master's shadow creep across the wall?

A point where forces meet, -
between the knives of give and get ;
a point of balance -
 finding which,
this trembling finger may suffice
to still the frail imbalance of our lives."

In days like these who holds the scale
with even balance in his hand ?

 This tiny room,
the plain, unpolished wood, the bars
and rings of chromium, modern things -

What is it but a crumb
the master leaves upon his plate
for you and me?

What are we after all
but window-shoppers in a world
to which he holds the title
and the key?

They 'Own us. Every breath we breathe
both day and night.
Do not think those hands
so gentle white
would hesitate to sink
their well-groomed nails
into your naked eyes,
so desperate their hate
of all we love and they despise.

So take life like a naked blade
and bend it in your bleeding fist
and slowly, slowly twist it
till it snaps.

 "But one must be assured
of certain certainties,"
you say.

See now how spring the lover comes.
What certainty can stay
the certainty of hands
that close around us now.
How like a death, and yet,

how like the warm encirclement of love.

What is there in us that so fears
yet craves
the smothering embrace of storm ?

The time has come. Have done
with biting fingernails
and pacing back and forth
across the room ;

Nor, locked-fo one another's arms,
two against the world,
lie back and nurse a foolish hope
while knuckles whiten on the fist
that grips the gallows rope.

In days like these
when every sun
that rises is a signal gun
that summons to another day of war,
a war that knows no truce
whose battle lines are flung
across the family dinner table
between father and son
lover and lover,
a wire invisible and biting sharp --

You raise your hand. I know.
I know just what you mean.

I look into your eyes and on my brain
your still unanswered question burns
like letters on a screen

And now,
the windows running grey with rain.
The ashen eyes,
the incommunicable pain.

I turn to go. I stand

and hold my hat.
What shall I say? Between two worlds
we hang. Between the agony
of dying and the fear of birth,
too late for this world and too soon for that.

PART FOUR RAINBOW AT 1 MIDNIGHT

the ritual of community

THE HIEROPHANT

Men have always
Known the answers long before they knew
How to ask: the questions. The land, they said,
Is God's and rightfully belongs to all.
Within the tribal brotherhood the act
Of labor was a sacramental act,
The exchange of goods a ritual performed
With reverence.

CHORUS OF INITIATES

Labor is a sacred thing
Not something to be bought and sold,
The fruit of labor, whether of hand or mind,
Is hallowed fruit.

CHORUS OF POSTULANTS

Weep not for us
We lived with death
Here thinking festered
In the sores of hate

Weep not for us
We gave too little pity
We who sinned without pleasure
And suffered without pain.

CHORUS OF INITIATES

Labor is a sacred thing
When love has entered into it
As when the iron is hot the metal takes
The shape the hammer lays on it.

CHORUS OF POSTULANTS

What shall assuage us, we
Who spilled the wine
And drank the lees, and dying
Pant for water without thirst?

I

THE

HIEROPHANT

There can be no community of man
Where men are prey to men ;
Cut back to the root, the source
Where means and ends were severed,
There you will find the things
Of primal worth: these three,
Sacrament, rebirth, community.

CHORUS OF INITIATES

Labor is a sacred thing
The need to give and to receive,
The love of human fellowship
United in the ritual ring

I weave your cloth

I build your house

I grow your food

We sow and reap, we mold and spin
Fashioning the finished from the crude.

THE

HIEROPHANT

Customs, cultures, all are intergrown

Forever widening the human span
Family, tribe and nation, now the world
Is fatherland and motherland of man.

CHORUS OF POSTULANTS

Rededicate our lives, restore
The sense of wonder ; men made brothers
Not in name alone, but deeper,
In the ritual ring. Fresh sacraments,
New meanings valid for our time,
A world reborn, a new hierogamy.

There shall be wings that soar above the storm
In that supernal calm where simple men
,Imagined heaven once. There is no turning back.
The course is set. We must go through.

CHORUS OF INITIATES

And yet no word is lost
• Of all that has been spoken, no deed wasted,
No life given in vain. These dead, and these
Now living who shall be the dead tomorrow -
Through the years the cost of human gain
Is all these unknown dead, these bitter,
These anonymous tears.

So let it be a rainbow of the night
The spectrum whole but in a minor key
The perfect circle never seen by day
And at its center, white, the sign
Of things to be.

That when the fire goes low
We be not smitten blind whose eyes
Are scared with splendor of the noon,
But patient as the night, we with some few
To keep it burning in some quiet place
Breathe on these embers, till the span
Of night is run, and a new sun ignite

To send it in another twisting spiral up
The slow circuitous ascent of man.

CHORUS OF POSTULANTS

By what science then and on what paper graphed
Upon what curve of night descending shall we find
Not darkened lands but cities fabulous with light I

Literate China

Hugh Hardyman

The author was one of sixteen delegates from the United States to the Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions in Peking, October 2 to 10, 1952. After the conference he traveled 3000 miles through China. Literate China is, therefore, a firsthand report.

Shanghai, a city of almost six million people, did not have one passably good library under Kuomintang rule.

Today, in 1953, the grandstand of the famous race-course in the heart of Shanghai houses a library of over 900,000 volumes. Its reading rooms can accommodate 1200 people at a time. More than 200 newspapers and 660 periodicals, all published in China, are available to them, together with 220 foreign technical journals and other publications from many countries. The space under the grandstand of the old greyhound racing track, once a center for Western drinking and gambling, has been turned into a branch library, patronized by over 4000 adults and between 1600 and 2000. children a day. Across the track has been built a tremendous stage. On it perform visiting symphony orchestras, opera companies, ballet companies from Moscow, troupes of dancers from Czecho-Slovakia, folk dancers from every section of China. The grandstand has been enlarged to hold fifteen thousand seated spectators and five thousand standees. Tickets for the performances are distributed through the trade unions and peoples' organizations. For the first time the workers of Shanghai are learning from the finest artists of the Socialist half of the world what music, song and the dance at their best can contribute to the enjoyment of life.

Such is the nature of the campaign conducted by the People's Republic of China against the illiteracy that has long burdened 85% of the Chinese people.

The Ministries of Culture and Education are employing every possible procedure in their gigantic task. First readers and text-books are printed in editions of ten million; high school students are taught how to teach their families and neighbors; radio broadcasts aid home study groups.

Every trade union and factory has its class in literacy; every industrial project offers study after workhours to all employees. On the great irrigation projects where peasants from the neighboring villages are employed by the million, the workers are encouraged to learn to read in the evenings, then return to the villages and themselves teach their neighbors. (On the lines of fifty thousand men digging and carrying earth on a sluice-gate site near Chiangpao, pens and pencils could be seen protruding from the breast pockets of at least half the men; they were the proudly displayed badge of those learning to read and write.) In 1951 there were forty-two million adults enrolled in educational courses, and it was believed that • the number would be fifty million when the figures were in for 1952.

To Chi Chien-hua, a cultural teacher in the People's Liberation Army, goes credit for the greatest accomplishment in the war on illiteracy. He has developed a method of using phonetic symbols for the learning of a basic Chinese known as the 2000-character system, by which in 150 hours of study it is possible to learn to read and write 2000 characters which suffice for the reading of newspapers, of ordinary commercial, domestic or political correspondence, of any simple contemporary prose. In the spring of 1952, departments of education, trade unions and peasants' organizations called conferences everywhere in China for popularization of this quick method, training of teachers in it, and the elimination of illiteracy throughout the nation by 1955.

The long-discussed Latinization of the Chinese script, which would end the limitation of enjoyment of the Chinese classics to those with time to master the forty thousand characters used in them, is under consideration by the government. Many books on the subject are available in the bookstores. There is no present plan, however, for any move to be made toward Latinization until all the people have learned at least the elementary means of expression in the traditional script. Meanwhile bookstores have multiplied like rabbits and are packed with browsers. The Hsin-hua bookshop in Peking alone opened more than seven hundred branches in the first four months after Liberation. There is now one bookshop, state-owned or private, for every sixteen thousand • of the population.

Development of four great library systems is one means for the advance of culture in China today. Public libraries are being built in the

cities and countless villages under the Ministry of Culture. The Ministry of Education has promoted over 14-0 University libraries, more than 600 high school libraries and innumerable libraries in the primary schools. The All China Federation of Labor has instituted a great network of workers' libraries and reading clubs. The fourth library system provides general literature as well as technical and educational works for all members of the armed forces. The use of travelling libraries ranges from great portable reading rooms which are erected at industrial projects to individual 'culture carriers', men who walk from village to village carrying two boxes of books on a shoulder pole.

Another activity of the Ministry of Culture is the establishment of museums for the education and pleasure of the people.

The museum building begun by the Kuomintang at Nanking, Chiang Kaishek's capital, was paid for many times by the people in taxes but never finished until the new government completed and opened it to the public. Here the art of China through five thousand years is beautifully displayed in chronological order from the earliest bronze through the painted pottery of 2600 b. c. and the first printed books of the eleventh century to the unrivalled porcelains of the eighteenth and the absurd mechanical toys of the last Empress.

In Shanghai the new museum is housed in the top floor of the old racecourse grandstand and is likewise arranged chronologically room by room with admirable lighting and descriptive labeling. The bulk of the Shanghai collection was formerly in the Imperial Museum in Peking and was retrieved from packingcases consigned to Taiwan (Formosa) by Chiang Kai-shek but intercepted at the liberation of Shanghai. Since the establishment of the museum many outstanding pieces have been received from wealthy Chinese contributors. (The curators frequently recognize these gifts as former national treasures stolen by Kuomintang officials, but they merely bestow thanks and praise on the "donors" of their "family heirlooms" in the hope that more additions to the collection may be forthcoming.)

There are five permanent collections now housed in the palaces of the Forbidden City in Peking, making up the vast aggregation of objects known as the Imperial Museum. Open daily to the public is the long line of thirteen halls under a continuous roof-ridge known as the Historical Museum and containing exhibits on the evolution of mankind,

archaeological materials in wide variety, halls on the history of the Chinese people, antiquities, archives, models, films. One palace is filled with historical materials of the Ch'ing dynasty. Several palaces house the exhibition of Buddhist sutras and objects used in Buddhist services. Two large pavillions house the collection of playbooks and stage properties, others house musical instruments, maps, pictures. The six palaces which formerly were the private apartments of the empresses and the imperial concubines are still kept in their original condition. In addition to the enormous permanent collection in the fifteenth-century palaces built by the Mings, the Ministry of Culture frequently sponsors temporary exhibitions of many kinds and has restored the zoo and parks wrecked by the armies of the Kuomintang.

Exhibitions are also a standard educational technique of the trade unions, which are leading organizations for the dissemination of culture among the workers. Each city has its Workers' Cultural Palace, which is a central clubhouse operated jointly by the many trade unions of the city. In Shanghai one of the leading hotels has been taken over for this purpose. Last autumn there were four separate exhibitions there at the same time.

The first showed the history of the workers' movements in Shanghai through the half century before liberation. The second showed production achievements of the workers in the past three years inventions, labor-saving and cost-cutting devices, development" of substitute materials to counter shortages, and the rationalization of working methods to increase production. The third showed the achievements of the Chinese people since liberation, with rooms full of graphs, charts and photographs of public clubs of the individual unions scatter through the city.

works. The fourth was a show of paintings, posters, drawings and photography by the trade union members of the city.

The show of workers' inventions displayed the enormous ingenuity which has been tapped by liberation. Workers who once had had no incentive to apply their intelligence to production problems when they were merely the sweated employees of foreign interests or of monopolists under the Kuomintang, are now given titles of honor and immediate advancement for each idea adopted. Here were the first Chinese-made plastics; porcelain pipes and fittings for pumps, which are exported to

India in large quantities at lower cost than steel or other metal; seamless brass tubing, formerly imported from the United States; a machine grinder of international standard accuracy; an automatic weaving machine, by which one girl could tend 32 looms instead of 6; a teletype machine, built at 13% of the cost of the similar machine hitherto imported from England; and the first 20-digit electronic computer designed and built in China.

For six days a week attendance at the clubhouse library averages over 3000 readers, with over 600 books borrowed daily for home reading. Motion pictures of cultural or educational merit are presented every afternoon, and one play or opera is performed nightly by amateur or professional casts. The Union Drama Group numbers 150 players in addition to a chorus group of several hundred and dancing classes running into the thousands. An average of five thousand union workers a day have used this cultural center since its opening October 1, 1950. Similar programs on a much smaller scale are provided by the workers' Opera, for centuries a favorite entertainment of the court and the wealthy has now become tremendously popular with the workers in the cities, and for the first time it is being brought by touring companies to the villages. The Peking classical opera in its traditional form is still produced for a rather limited audience, but in a revised and modern form the ancient folk tales and dramas are performed before packed houses the year around. Plays which exploited vulgarity, horror, obscenity or superstition, have been dropped from the repertoires or rewritten. Hundreds of the old plays needed little change in their lines, for they expressed the noblest of the national traditions industry, courage and intelligence, resistance to oppression or love of freedom. Typical of these is the magnificent cycle of thirty-eight plays dealing with the exploits of Sung Wu-king, the Monkey Wizard. This obstinate, brave and lovable folk hero in the form of a monkey expresses the popular resistance to feudal oppression; he surmounts every obstacle, escapes every trap, with the gallantry and gaiety of a Robin Hood. In one superbly irreverent and colorful opera the Monkey Wizard invades Heaven, tweaks the divine beard and even succeeds in stealing and eating the divine dinner. All the hosts of Heaven are sent to capture Sung, but he defeats them all in a magnificent ballet which gives full scope to the tumbling and sword

dancing in intricate patterns which have always been one of the glories of Chinese classical opera.

The color and costuming in Chinese opera today would turn Rudolph Bing green with envy. Departure from the traditional falsetto in all the modernized operas is a change welcomed not only by Western ears but also by those of the Chinese masses. In the wholly modern operas such as *The White-Haired Girl* the scores strike a Westerner as an engaging mixture of Chinese folk music with the inspired simplicities of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

With reform of the content of drama and opera, the status of singers and actors has changed immeasurably. Just as vagabonds and strolling players were lumped together in mediaeval England, so in feudal China up to 1950 there was no lower social group than theatrical performers. Today they rank with writers and other intellectuals who are leading the people forward into a new and better life. Some of the leading writers and artists have joined theatrical companies as playwrights and set-designers. No less than four actors are members of the supreme legislative body, the People's Political Consultative Conference.

Plays illustrating the problems of the moment and demonstrating their solution in terms which every peasant can understand are presented by hundreds of small companies, which travel for one-night stands to the villages where four-fifths of the 475,000,000 people of China live. Not only the cities but even the small towns have their dramatic schools from which the students tour the countryside in topical plays, which emphasize issues such as resistance to foreign invasion or the desirability of education for women. Though all the feminine roles are played by men in the Peking classical opera and all masculine roles are played by women in the Shaosing operas of Chekiang and Shantung, the great majority of plays today are presented by mixed companies. Indeed even in the Municipal Prison of Peking an exception is made to the segregation of the sexes in the case of the four prisoners' drama groups, which stage weekly performances written, composed, directed and sung by the men and women prisoners.

In city and village alike the schoolrooms and playgrounds of China today are filled with healthy children, sure of themselves and trustful of others, growing into the future with absolute confidence that they can make it better than the past, better than the present, that with the aid of

science and a proper respect for the dignity of all men they can and will create a society in which. things are used for the service of man instead of men and women and children being ground to dust and ashes in the service of things. There are more than fifty million children in school in China today, and in their hands lies the future of by far the largest branch of the human family.

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Through a Looking Glass

Sam Elkin

That was the year the Ohio River overflowed its banks and flooded the Redbird ballpark.

The infield was a mess. The grassy part was bumpy and uneven. The basepaths were lined with long, treacherous cracks, like the bottom of a dried-up reservoir. Obviously, the field needed constant raking and rolling, but in Class D, minor-league baseball, a ballplayer was lucky not to find cows grazing in the outfield, let alone a manicured infield.

In any case, the physical condition of the field was no worry to Phil Rossoff. When he socked the first ball pitched, during an intra-squad game, and drove it sharply, fair, along the left field foul line, sending a run home, he swept around first base and saw that he could easily advance. The left fielder was running hard over to the foul line and even a spectacular play would not catch him at second.

But Phil also knew that the scouts and manager were watching him from the bench. He knew they were impressed with his hit, especially the driving in of a run. He saw the fielder make a successful back-hand stab of the ball, stop, turn and throw. He knew he could still go into second base standing up, but after a hit like that he just had to show the scouts and manager one more reason why he was big-league material.

So he hit the dirt. He felt his spikes catch. There was no pain, just a slight snap which he felt but thought he heard. Instantly, he knew he had broken his ankle and, at the same moment, a terrifying thought stabbed into him that he would never be able to walk again.

Phil Rossoff rolled over slowly and rested on his hands and knees. He was afraid to look down at his foot. It felt funny, as though it would fall off if he tried to move it. Everybody came running out on the field, making sad clucking noises, wearing long faces. There were many hands to help. Somebody told Taylor, the club trainer and general handyman, to bring his jalopy on the field. In a few minutes Phil was sitting beside Taylor, ready to go to the hospital.

"Too bad," he said. "I had you figured for the center field spot."

It might have comforted Phil to hear that because he was very young - sixteen - and, at that moment of his life, still believed everything he saw or heard. But he didn't hear what the manager said. He was beginning to shiver with fear and nausea. Even Taylor's attempt to be cheerful all the way down to the hospital couldn't stop the dreadful thoughts that kept popping up in his mind.

"At least you know you'd a made the club," Taylor said at one point. "That's something."

"You think it'll heal all right?" "Don't see why not. You kids heal a lot faster. Besides, it ain't much of a break from what I could see."

"Gee, I hope not." "It's bad when it splinters. When the bone comes through. Believe me, •I seen some lulus."

Phil turned and looked out of the car window. He watched people walking on the sidewalk and thought how easy walking was when you were able to do it. He faced Taylor again.

"When it's bad," he said, "can you walk afterwards? I mean, after it heals?"

"Sure. The docs know how to handle them things. Why I know plenny a guys playing ball that once broke a leg or a arm. Course it's a little stiff for a while, but that'll wear off long as you ain't afraid to use it. Matter of fact, they say it heals back stronger'n it ever was before."

"Honest?" Phil faced the window again and saw one small boy throw a rubber ball to another boy. The ball was missed and the boy took off after the bouncing ball. Phil watched the boy running. It's so easy, he thought. He thought how just an hour ago, half-hour ago, he'd been running all over the field. I was a cinch to make the big-leagues, he thought and bit into his lower lip. He remembered how in the past two weeks, while the ballpark looked like a good place for a swimming carnival, everybody just sat around waiting for the waters to recede. He remembered this morning when they called everybody out for practice. He was the first one on the field, laughing, feeling good and strong and eager.

"Hey," he remembered saying to somebody. "They didn't have to wait this long. I'd of played on water, on wood, on cement, even on the side of the highest mountain if they'd wanted me to." He remembered laughing, saying that.

Seven hundred miles away from home, he thought. For the first time in my life. The big-leagues, he thought. The big money. The good life. Get your name in the papers. Honored. Respected. He bit harder into his lower lip.

He thought about all the baseball he'd played in highschool and semi-pro. Basketball and football, too. Nothing like this had ever happened to him. A sprained ankle, or wrist, and once a twisted back when he'd gone up in the air to take a ball off the backboard and somebody had knocked his feet out from under him.

He remembered Sievers now, breaking a leg in a high school football game. But that was something that happened to someone else. That could never happen to him.

"Now don't worry about it, Phil," Taylor said.

Phil shook his head. He wanted to say I just never thought this would happen to me.

But he couldn't say it. A short chubby doctor wearing glasses took Phil Rossoff's right ankle between his hands and squeezed. Phil jumped so from the sudden pain and held on to the sides of the movable stretcher. He tensed himself for another squeeze, but an interne immediately began to put splints, gauze and plaster around his leg.

He was surprised. "Is that all, Doc?" "That's all unless I didn't set it right." He blinked. "Don't you know?" "Never do until it starts to heal." Phil grimaced as the interne drew the gauze tight around his ankle. He wet his lips.

"Suppose you didn't, Doc?" "Have to break it all over again." Taylor placed a hand on Phil's shoulder. "Don't kid him, Doc. You set it all right, didn't you?"

The doctor smiled suddenly. "Don't worry, son. Your ankle'll be all right.

It's not a bad break."

Taylor stayed by until they placed Phil in a ward, in a bed near the door. Then he left, saying. he'd be back later on with clothes and anything else Phil might want. Phil asked for a toothbrush.

After Taylor had gone the pain started in his right foot. A nurse came and took his temperature. Then sh~ got three pillows, stacked them at the foot of the bed and placed his ankle on top.

He asked the nurse how long she thought he'd be in the hospital.

"At least ten days," she said. "•It feels like it's gonna pop through. the cast."

"Is it very tight?" "Well, it's swelling now. If it swells too much we'll have to split the cast." She smiled. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Maybe it's not healing right." "Why do you say that?" "The Doc said if it didn't heal right he'd have to break it all over again."

The nurse smiled again. "He only kidding," she said and turned away. Too quickly, Phil thought and watch her leave the ward. Suddenly he had an awful feeling of complete helplessness and he wished Taylor had stayed with him. And then he thought hard about calling home and having his father come down for him. But that passed when he heard his mother's voice. "You wanted to be a ballplayer! You wouldn't listen to me! Now look what happened! He bit into his lower lip because suddenly, he felt like crying and he didn't want to cry in front of all these strangers, the old man in the bed beside him, the other men across the ward, all of them looking at him, he thought, and he turned his head on the pillow and shut his eyes and saw Mr. Silverman's thin, kind old face and heard him say "Three years, Phil. A year in Class D. Double A the next year. Then Triple A. And then the majors. Three years, Phil. Phil pressed his lips tight together. He was going to be the first one from Oratanum ever to make the majors. He was going to justify Mr. Silverman's faith in him so that, later on, when reporters asked, what do you owe your success to? he'd say "This man here. Mr. Silverman. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be up in the big leagues. Phil turned his hands into fists. Now it would never happen. And not only that, he'd probably never walk again for the rest of his life because it was a bad break and everybody was trying to hide the truth from him, Taylor, the Doc, the nurse, trying to be kind and he didn't want kindness. He wanted his leg whole again, just to walk, not even to run, or play baseball any more. He wanted to be able to walk again, that's all, only to walk again; God, how wonderful it was just to walk longfellow's." He spat out a laugh and glanced around the ward to see whether others were laughing with him.

when you were able to.

Phil pressed the side of his face into the pillow, feeling the pain beating in his foot, his hands sweaty and cold, the sound in the room of

someone talking just' a jumbled mass until, little by little, words became clear to him. "The butchers are gonna chop my leg off. The bastards."

Then the thing that made him listen carefully was that there was no anger in the voice. No sorrow. No bitterness. In a simple, matter-of-fact tone the voice said: "The butchers are gonna chop my leg off. The bastards."

Phil opened his eyes and looked at the bed directly across the aisle. There he saw a middle-aged man lying on his back. The upper part of his bed was raised. The man had a thin, bony face, a small face. His complexion was dull and pale, yet the eyes seemed bright and cheerful enough. He glanced at Phil a moment and said: "You too, kid?"

Phil shook his head. "Bust your leg?" "My ankle. I got it sliding." "Baseball?" Phil nodded. "I'm with the Redwings."

"A pro, huh? They got a good team this year?"

Phil nodded again and started to say something, but the man wasn't really interested; he sighed and shook his head. "These butchers are gonna chop my leg," he said. "You know that?"

Phil stared at him as a nurse entered the ward with a small pan of water, soap, face towel and a dry towel. She went right up to the bed across the aisle and said: "Now, Mr. Trent. No cracks. I'm going to wash your back."

Trent smiled. "A poet," he said. "She don't know it. Her feet show it. They're They all were, except Phil. "Now, no tickling," the nurse said and sat the pan down on the table near the bed.

"Me? Tickle?" Trent said. Then a sly expression slid into his face. "I wouldn't do that. Not in front of all these people." He stretched his head up to the nurse and continued in a loud whisper: "Look, why not get one of those screens around this bed and let me wash your back."

The nurse scoffed. "You wouldn't know what to do."

"Maybe not. But I tell you this. I know the front from the back." Trent's eyes rested on her bosom. "Yes sirree," he said. "I sure do."

The nurse did not answer. She reached into the pan, soaped the face towel until the white suds appeared on the cloth and then, instead of washing Trent's back, she ran the soap-sudded towel across his mouth. He let out a "HEY!" and spluttered, and everybody roared. But Trent wasn't angry. He was laughing and the nurse was laughing with him.

Then she began to wipe the soap from his mouth with a dry towel laughing all the while when, suddenly, before she could move back he kissed her on the lips. She let out a little squeal and everybody in the ward broke out in a renewed burst of laughter.

Everybody, that is, except Phil Rossoff.

Later, Phil asked a nurse if it was true Trent was going to have his leg taken off.

"Yes, of •course," she said and her tone was so casual Phil stared at her.

"Is that what you do around here? Cut people's legs off?"

"Why? Ain't they treating you good?"

"He has to have it done, poor man." "But for crying out loud, why's he taking it that way?"

"Can't you get me in a private r or something?"

Taylor shook his head. "The cl paying for this," he said. "Don't th they'd pay for a private."

"What way?" "Look at him I He's laughing!" And, of course, Trent was laughing as he told the story of how he had broken his leg.

"Ask 'em. Please. Maybe they Please, Mr. Taylor."

"Now, what's wrong, Phil? wasn't like this this morning."

"I'm a painter," he said. "I was painting this sixteen foot barn. I slipped and fell to the ground. Funny about how I fell. I landed on my back and my foot cracked a log. That's how,J broke it. The goddamn thing gives me a pain." His face flushed slightly. "Heyl How's that? It gives me a pain!" He laughed heartily. "Four times I broke it," he went on. "I don't have it long enough to use it. So off with the leg." He swept a forefinger through the air. "Like Alice in Wonderland," he said.

"Off with the head, you mean," somebody said. "That's Alice in Wonderland."

"Head. Leg. What's the difference?" A ward attendant came into the ward.

"Hey, Jim!" Trent yelled at him. "Off with the leg I" The attendant laughed with him and shook his head as if to say whata guy, whata guy. And Trent's eyes touched every patient's m the ward. Including Phil's.

Phil Rossoff had to turn away.

Just before lunch Taylor brought Phil's clothes and toothbrush. Phil didn't realize how much he had wanted to see Taylor.

Taylor said: "Thought I'd bring your stuff now instead of later." He squinted. "What'sa matter, Phil?"

"Listen, Mr. Taylor. Can you get me out of here?"

Phil wet his lips. "Look, Mr. Tayl See that guy across the aisle from me "He's gonna have his leg cut off." "Tough. But what's that got to with you?"

Phil stared at Taylor and tried think of some way to tell him a Trent, about the way Trent acted, aho the way Trent was taking it, like it nothing at all having your leg cut o like it was just the normal thing to How could he tell Taylor about scared he was, everybody lying to him He didn't want them taking his leg o He didn't want anybody lying to h' either, but he didn't want them tak' it off either. Dear God, I don't wa them doing that without telling me aho it. No. I don't want them to do that all. I just want to get out of here, awa from these lying nurses and docto away from this crazy Trent who ma it seem like taking a guy's leg off the normal thing to do around here. Mt Taylor, he thought, looking up at him, and then he shut his eyes and shook h' head.

"What's it got to do with you, Phil?" "Nothing," Phil said. And lay ba on his pillow and heard Taylor say. "Now look, kid. You just take it easy.,I'll be back tomorrow morning. Okay?"

kissed him on the lips and, as they drew apart, Phil saw that Trent was crying.

Phil nodded and heard Taylor leave his bedside.

After lunch, which Phil couldn't eat, things quieted down. They drew the shades and it seemed that everybody in the ward dozed off. But Phil couldn't sleep. That afternoon he wouldn't have slept if they had doped him. His ankle really began to hurt, but he was afraid to call the nurse. She might take a look at it and say Off with the leg. Smiling at him as she said it.

He kept his eyes shut and the pain got very bad. Finally he couldn't take it any longer and he opened his eyes to reach for the bell, to take his chances with the nurse. He saw Trent sitting up in his bed, acting nervous and fidgety.

The ward attendant came in and Trent called to him softly. The attendant went over to Trent's bed. They spoke in whispers for a moment and then Trent gave the attendant a bill. The attendant nodded and left.

In a few minutes he returned with white curtained rolling screens. He placed them around Trent's bed. Then he moved a chair beside the head of Trent's bed and left. The screen hid Trent from everyone in the ward except Phil; Phil could see him through a small opening in the front.

Minutes passed and finally a plump, moderately-dressed, dark-haired woman came into the ward. She was alone. She went over to Trent's bed, opened the screens a bit, and now Phil was able to see them both.

Trent leaned towards the woman awkwardly as she came in. His face was strained. She took his face in both her hands and gazed into his eyes. Then she in appearance the woman was just like her clothes, plain, moderate and neat. But when she took Trent's face between her hands and smiled down at him a soft and tender warmth changed her into something lovely.

Now she spoke in a whisper, though Phil could still hear her. She asked Trent how he felt and he could not answer with words. He nodded and held her hands and kissed her palms and the back of her hands.

After a while he said in a trembling voice: "Peggy, they're gonna cut my leg off."

She ran her hand over his forehead. She took a handkerchief out of her handbag and wiped his eyes. She was sssshh, shushing him, saying: "All right, Jack. All right, darling. I know. I just spoke to the doctor. I know, I know, darling."

"I'll never walk on two feet again," Trent said. "We'll never dance again." He choked up.

"We don't do much dancing anyway," she said.

Trent shook his head, trying hard to control his tears. He reached up, took her face in his hands and drew her down to him. He kissed her on the mouth, the cheeks and on the mouth again.

Now he had stopped crying. She sat down in the chair, her hands holding his left hand, her lips smiling. And now their voices softened and Phil couldn't hear what they were saying any more. And, somehow, he was glad he couldn't. Just as Phil saw him kiss her hand again, Trent

looked right at him. Phil shut his eyes and kept them shut until he heard the woman walk across the floor, past his bed and out of the ward.

Later the attendant folded the screens around Trent's bed and took them away. Shortly after a nurse went around raising the shades. The patients began to wake up. One or two radios were turned on, and the walking patients arose from their beds.

A nurse came in with a cold glass of orange juice which she brought over to Trent. Trent smiled, turned to the patient beside him and said: "Some service in this joint, yeah?" He glanced up at the nurse, laughing. "Bet you do this for all the one-legged patients."

"We do not!" "You mean it's me you're doing it for?"

The nurse smiled and nodded.

Trent beamed and glanced around ward. "Boy, what I'd get out of gals if my other leg was coming oft," said. Everyone laughed with him, cept Phil.

And then Trent looked right at And for one quick moment the smile his lips narrowed. Then, a little loudly and with a flourishing sweep his right arm, he said: "Off with leg I" and laughed again, at Phil.

"Off with the leg I" Trent shou "Off with the leg! Off with the leg!"

Phil Rossoff looked at Trent lying the bed across the aisle. Trent was s ing at him, laughing hard at him.

Finally: "Off with the leg," Phil ' and smiled.

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Declaration

Janet Stevenson and Philip Stevenson

In 1798 the die-hard Federalists, over bitter opposition by Vice-President Thomas Jefferson and his Democratic- Republican party, jammed through the Alien and Sedition laws as "security" measures during a cold war with revolutionary France.

In the play, an early victim of sedition charges is Will Emmet of Maryland (a fictional character reminiscent of Vermont's Matthew Lyon), editor, Congressman, protégé of Jefferson. His case is being tried by Judge Samuel Chase, one of the Founding Fathers disgraced for speculating in wheat during the Rev-

SCENE

A portion of the Federal Courtroom in Baltimore, September, 1798. The unseen jury is the audience. The usual disposition of bench, witness-stand, counsel tables. A railing separates participants from spectators, a few of whom in the front rows are visible at the lower left corner of the stage. An aisle between the spectators leads off stage. As the lights come up, WILL sits at a table, looking pale and ill from his gaol confinement. With him are MRs. EMULATION, the crudest and most ruthless enforcer of these "libels on legislation." Legal details of the scene are taken from sedition trials of the period under Chase and other jurists.

Other characters are Mrs. Emmet, Will's Scottish mother; Hopkinson, a Virginia storekeeper; Albert Gallatin, the French-Swiss-born member of Congress, later Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson; Madison, the future President; Pearce, a fictional Senator, well-bred, conservative, a cynical wit; Pelatiah, a Virginia mountain-man, hunter and trapper.

dressed in flowing robes, smoking a segar. Sitting beside him, elegant in ruffles and lace, SENATOR PEARCE is taking a pinch of snuff. The FEDERAL ATTORNEY, an inoffensive, balding man of 50, is questioning a WITNESS on the stand.

ATTORNEY I'm going to ask you the same question •I've asked the other witnesses. How did you vote at the last election?

WILL {jumps to his feet}: I object! How he voted has nothing to do with-- MET, HOPKINSON, GALLATIN and MAD- CHASE (mechanically):. Objection 180N. JUDGE CHASE on the bench -is overruled.

assisted. If the Court will have a li patience-- WITNESS For John Adams and the Constitution. Against the Democrats and foreigners.

CHASE (heavily ironic): great deal. Proceed.

ATTORNEY Thank you. And you swear that all you have told the jury is true?

WITNESS I swore once. Want me to swear again?

ATTORNEY (satisfied): No more questions. Your witness, Mr. Emmet.

WILL Since you bring up the Constitution, let me ask you something else. Do you know the first amendment guarantees-- CHASE (leaning over): An improper question, young man. The witness has been ruled incompetent on constitutional questions.

WILL (sighs): Very well. That's all. (He starts back to his seat.)

ATTORNEY (rises): The witness is excused. (The Witness returns to the Attorney's table.) The People rest.

CHASE The defendant may now present his case - if he has one. WILL (about to sit - turns, smiles at his friends, comes down): Gentlemen of the Jury, the defense will establish three points. First, that the Sedition Act is unconstitutional and therefore null and void-- CHASE Young man I WILL Yes, sir. CHASE Before you entangle yourself further, I urge you again to accept counsel. Senator Pearce has generously consented to guide you between the Scylla of temerity and the Charybdis of ignorance.

WILL My thanks to the Senator, Your Honor. But if I'm gaol-bound in any case, I'd rather make my way un- WILL (bows - then, to I shall establish, second, that my publishing was not an act of malice. third, that what I said is true. Now, the point of constitutionality -- CHASE No argument on that is a missible.

WILL I was only going to read t Constitution, sir -- CHASE You may read what y please in the privacy of your closet, bu not before a petit jury.

WILL (flushes, seems about to bur'. out - but bites his lip, then speaks quietly): Very well. To the Court and the jury I cheerfully admit having writ ten and published the passage in question. But I contend that it is innocent of an intent to defame. As my first witness I call Judge Chase.

CHASE (bridling): Me, sir? to testify in your favor?

WILL If you please. (Chase grins at Pearce.) Do you refuse to obey the sum• mons?

CHASE On the contrary I Pray try me I (He moves to the witness stand with a flourish.)

WILL Judge Chase, do you know that next month - or a little more - members of Congress are to be elected?

CHASE I do. WILL Do you know of any law to prevent a candidate from addressing his constituents?

CHASE None. Unless he commits libel.

WILL And if he does not? CHASE That remains to be proved.

WILL You mean I've got to prove myself innocent. (after a pause) All right. What is sedition? For example, I ask the opinion of the witness on the following sentiment (quoting from memory): "When a long train of abuses and usurpations evinces a design to reduce the people under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and-- CHASE Enough of that, young man I WILL {innocently}: Does the Court find sedition already?

CHASE Direct incitement to insurrection I Are we to understand that you are responsible for this inflammatory proposal?

WILL I? Oh, no, sir. You are. CHASE (Purple): 1! I! I WILL Yes, sir. You did sign the Declaration of Independence, didn't you?

(There are titters from all over the courtroom. Pearce laughs freely. Chase pounds his gavel furiously.) The witness is excused. {More snickering as Chase returns behind his desk.) Now, Your Honor, may I discuss my declaration?

CHASE (stiff with anger): As you please. The rope at your disposal is unlimited.

WILL {bows, comes down): Gentlemen of the jury By careful editing, any statement can be turned into its opposite. Take the phrase, "The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God." Quote the last four words only, they're atheistic. Quote the whole, and it's Scripture. So with the passage I published. It's true I blamed the President for all these oppressive measures in time of peace. But I also made clear that he acted against his own better judgment. He was incited to it by a cabal of Federalists -- CHASE Come to your point, sir! WILL My point, gentlemen, is that I

merely indicated errors in the President's judgment. I realize that in England the King can do no wrong, but in America-- CHASE I warn you I You must prove these charges. iin full!

WILL Yes, Your Honor. {moving back upstage} I call my second witness, Mr. Albert Gallatin.

CHASE {nervously}: One moment. {Gallatin waits as Will picks up a paper from the table.} What do you intend to prove by this witness?

WILL Why, sir -- CHASE That paper. Are those the questions you mean to ask?

WILL Yes, sir, but-- CHASE (holds out his hand): Submit them to the Court.

WILL There was no such rule for the prosecution.

CHASE Give me the paper! WILL But first the jury should hear them, sir.

CHASE Juries, young man,,may hear legal evidence only. And the Court is the sole judge of what is legal evidence.

WILL If there's anything improper, sir, I'll gladly strike it out later.

CHASE Illegal evidence, once heard, may make a most improper impression. The paper, sir!

{Tight-lipped, Will slaps the paper on Chase's desk as a distant growl of thunder is heard. He returns to his friends.}

WILL Even God's temper is tried.

{During the following, Pearce reads over Chase's shoulder, shakes his head, whispers earnestly to Chase - in sharp disagreement.) ss Mas. EMMET {beaming at her son}: He's ridin' ye hard, son. Keep a tight rein on yerself.

WILL {smiles, unclenches his fists}: My hands is all worn out from it now.

HOPKINSON You're doin' fine, lad.

CHASE (impatiently silencing Pearce): Nol no! no! (Pearce shrugs, contemptuous.) Young man I WILL {hurrying to him}: Yes, sir?

CHASE The questions may not be put to the witness.

WILL {tense}: Am I permitted to ask why?

CHASE The law requires you to prove the whole of your assertions. If you charge three things and prove but one, you fail. If you prove two, you still fail. It is impossible for you to prove all by these questions.

(A II present are flabbergasted.) VOICES {ad lib}: This is incredible. What law? He's making his own law. He should be impeached. He's going too far.

CHASE Silence I WILL Then I'm not to question the witness?

CHASE Not unless you submit other questions.

WILL But then-- (He seems about to burst. But Gallatin suddenly clears his throat in warning, catches Will's eye, smiles. Will returns the smile.) Then - the defense rests.

CHASE Sum up your case. (Will stands undecided for a moment, looks to his friends for encouragement, then makes up his mind and comes down to face the jury.)

WILL Gentlemen I As you see, I'm prevented from offering any evidence in my defense -- {Chase's gavel ban Will flinches, but controls himself continues. During his speech, Pella • and Jefferson, wrapped in cloaks, enter and take seats in the second row of seats unnoticed.) I can only appeal to you to judge whether the facts I published are true. And ask you to reflect that I'm on trial for criticizing the President. appointed the Judge. Who appointed Marshall-- CHASE Have a care! WILL And the Judge told the Marshall to keep all damned Democrats off the jury!

CHASE No party is on trial here Proceed with your own defense or take your seat.

WILL Scenes like this are being enacted all over the country I But have you heard of any Federalists being arrested {throwing caution to the winds} We're on trial for opposing the Federalists, who thrust a gag in the people's mouth and a gun in their ribs!

CHASE Sit down! WILL I can prove it I CHASE Silence I (Will turns on his heel and takes his seat.) You have proved to be your own executioner. (Will holds his head.) The People will sum up.

(Thunder again. Through the rest of the scene the storm grows more violent, and lightning is seen.)

ATTORNEY { rises and bows to the jury}: Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant has admitted his crime. Your duty is clear. I call upon you to discharge that duty, uninfluenced by favor, partiality, prejudice or

affection, in the name of God, your country, and the purity of your souls I (He bows again, starts back to his place.)

CHASE {nettled}: Is that all, sir?

ATIORNBY The case is so clear, I prefer not to waste the valuable time of the Court. (He sits complacently.)

If this is Federalist justice, I'm guilty and proud to be I JEFFERSON (jumping to his feet): Hotspur - no I (All turn in astonishment, seeing him for the first time.)

CHASE Then I must amplify my instructions. (He sweeps down past Will.) Gentlemen of the jury It is charged that William Emmet did publish libel against the President of the United States. The fact of publication is admitted. As to the intent of the libel -- W ILL H the Court please! Whether 'tis libel is for the jury to decide I CHASE Would you learn me the law, sir? (to the jury) Gentlemen - are the defendant's charges true? Take the phrase - oppressive measures in time of peace/ Are we truly at peace with France? Has she not captured our vessels?

GALLATIN (to Madison): So has England.

CHASE Who spoke? GALLATIN I remark to Misser Madison zat England takes our ships more zan France. Our sailors also I CHASE This is an American court I You may take your opinions and your pronunciation whithersoever they arc native I (to the jury) Alien opinions aside, gentlemen, we are not at peace I Therefore the defendant has published an untruthknowing it to be an untruth - in order to destroy popular confidence in the government. To rouse the people in the next election I To place in power the defendant and his anarchistical party I WILL (jumping up): No party is on trial here I CHASE Sit down I WILL You said it yourself I CHASE You're in contempt of court I WILL You're right. I'm in contempt of you and this whole legalistic farce I W ILL Mr. Jefferson!

CHASE (in alarm): What's he doing here?

(Awed ad libs. Pearce is the first to recover his poise.)

PEARCE Take it back, Mr. Emmet! Judge Chase, forbid the plea I (He whispers earnestly to Chase during the following.)

MRS. EMMET Dinna gi' up now, Will. Ye held on so gudc. Spoken HOPKINSON together Take it back, son I GALLATIN Misser Emmet, I beg

you no I MADISON Withdraw the plea I WILL (shaking them off): Nay, leave me be!

CHASE (shakes his head violently): Nol No, no, no, no! (He pushes Pearce aside.) No I The plea is accepted I William Emmet, have you aught to say why this Court should not pass sentence on you?

WILL Naught but this! My intention was to rouse the people I (A bright flash of lightning, followed immediately by a sharp detonation of thunder.)

CHASE Take him out I (Two Attendants jump toward Will.) WILL And elect Democrats to Congress I (The Attendants seize him and start hustling him down the aisle.) Jefferson and liberty I (Jefferson holds out his hand. By a wrench Will manages to grasp it briefly as he is dragged out. Chase pounds for ers to me.

JEFFERSON Persuade your party, then!

order in vain over the cheers of the spectators. Pearce is urging Chase out.)

CHASE Sentence will be passed tomorrow. Jury dismissed. Court adjourned.

(With almost indecent haste he starts for the aisle, only to find it blocked by Jefferson's detaining hand. Chase pauses, hostile but indecisive.)

JEFFERSON One word, sir! As an American I ask you to reflect. You have sworn-- (With a wordless exclamation of rage Chase pushes past him, pulling his robes aside as if to avoid contamination. In contrast, Pearce, who follows, stops with a courtly bow.)

PEARCE Mr. Jefferson--(as Jefferson returns his bow) - may I make myself your messenger?

(Spectators begin to gather round the two men.)

JEFFERSON If you will I (controlling himself with dignity) Both you and I, Senator, have sworn to uphold our Constitution. This means - if it means anything - that we are both bound to denounce this outrage against the Bill of Rights.

PEARCE You overestimate the power of my undeniable charm, sir. Just now I failed abjectly to open the blind eyes of Justice.

JEFFERSON With the people we shall not fail.

PEARCE (lightly -with a shrug): Am I my brother's keeper? (He start, past Jefferson.) Excuse me, Mr. Jefferson. {He is en route to the door.)

JEFFERSON (wheels): Then carry this message! For every newspaper suppressed, three will arise to plague you! For every editor in gaol, a dozen Democratic Clubs - a hundred pamphlets I {Pearce waits by the door, smiling, ironically, till Jefferson finishes. Then, with a slight bow, he is gone. Pelatiah goes to the door and looks out after him as a diminished roll of thunder sounds.)

(Mrs. Emmet offers Jefferson her hand.)

MRs. EMMET Will was certain ye'd come, Mr. Jefferson. He was that pleased.

JEFFERSON (hows over her hand with respect): Will you tell him for me, ma'am - I know now he was right and I was wrong. The people declared this tyranny null and void long ago. Our task is to find deeds to match their declaration.

(She blinks back grateful tears, as Pelatiah yells out the open door.)

PELATIAH You're gonna git wet, my hearties! And there's a worse storm abrewin'!

CURTAIN

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SECOND PRINTING

The Punishment of Prometheus

Karel Čapek

Karel Čapek, whose play *R. U. R.* added the word robot to our vocabularies, wrote the following sketch in 1932. His staunch belief in the ultimate triumph of the ordinary man was a dominant theme in all his writings. We are indebted to George Allen & Unwin Ltd. of London for permission to reprint this selection from the Czech dramatist's volume, *Apocryphal Stories*.

With much coughing and clearing of throats and after prolonged proceedings for the collection of evidence, the extraordinary Senate betook itself to the meeting, which was held in the shade of the sacred olive tree.

"Well, gentlemen," yawned Hypometheus, the president of the Senate, "what a confoundedly long time all this has taken! I think I hardly need to sum up; however, to obviate any formal objections - The accused, Prometheus, a citizen of this place, being summoned before the court on a charge of inventing fire and thereby - hm, hm - upsetting the existing order of things, confessed, firstly, that he actually invented fire; further, that he is able to produce the same at any time by the action called kindling; thirdly, that he did not keep this mystery - this shocking phenomenon - secret or report it to the appropriate authority but deliberately revealed it, in fact handed it over to the use of unauthorized persons, as is proved by the evidence of the persons concerned, whom we have just interrogated. I think that is all and that we can proceed at once to declare him guilty and to pronounce the sentence."

"Excuse me, Mr. President," objected the lay magistrate Apometheus, "but I consider that in view of the importance of this extraordinary tribunal it would have been more suitable if we proceeded to pronounce judgment after deliberation and, so to speak, general discussion."

"As you please, gentlemen," assented the conciliatory Hypometheus. "The case is perfectly clear, but if any of you wish to make a remark, please do so." • "I would venture to point out," said Ametheus, a member of the tribunal, coughing primly, "that in my opinion one aspect of the

whole matter should be specially emphasized. Gentlemen, I am thinking of the religious aspect. I ask you, what is this fire? What is this kindled spark? As Prometheus himself admits, it is nothing other than lightning, and lightning, as we all know, is the expression of the extraordinary power of Zeus the Thunderer. Will you explain to me, gentlemen, how an ordinary fellow like Prometheus had access to this divine fire? By what right did he seize it? Where did he get it from? Prometheus has tried to persuade us that he simply invented it; but that is a silly excuse - if it were as simple and innocent as that, why should not one of us have invented fire? I am convinced, gentlemen, that Prometheus simply stole this fire from our gods. His denial and prevarication do not mislead us. I would describe his crime as common theft on the one hand, and as the crime of blasphemy and sacrilege on the other. We are here to punish with the utmost severity this impious presumptuousness and to protect the sacred property of our national gods. That is all I wished to say," concluded Ametheus, and blew his nose, energetically on the corner of his chlamys.

"Well said," agreed Hypometheus. "I ask your indulgence," said Apometheus, "but I cannot agree with argument of my esteemed colleague. I watched how the said Prometheus kindled this fire; and I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that - between ourselves - there's absolutely nothing in it. The discovery of fire could have been made by any idler, loafer or goatherd; we ourselves did not happen upon it simply because a serious man hasn't the time and doesn't dream of playing about with stones to make fire. - I assure my colleague Ametheus that these are quite ordinary natural forces which it is beneath the dignity of a thinking man, much less a god, to occupy himself with. In my opinion fire is too insignificant a phenomenon to affect in any way matters which are sacred to us all. But the case has another aspect, to which, I must call the attention of my distinguished colleagues. It appears that fire is a very dangerous element, in fact even harmful. You have heard a number of witnesses who have deposed that in trying Prometheus's boyish invention they have suffered serious burns and in some cases even damage to property, Gentlemen, if through the fault of Prometheus the use of fire becomes general, which now, unfortunately, seems impossible to prevent, neither the property nor even the lives of any of us will be safe; and that, gentlemen, may mean the end of all civilization. It needs only

the least carelessness - and at what will this mischief-working element stop? Prometheus, gentlemen, has committed an act of criminal irresponsibility in bringing into the world so harmful a thing. I should describe his crime as the causing of grievous bodily harm and endangering the public safety. In view of this I am in favor of a life sentence of imprisonment with a hard pallet and manacles. I have finished, Mr. President."

"You are perfectly right, sir," grunted Hypometheus. "And I would just like to say, gentlemen, what did we need this fire for, anyway? Did our forefathers use fire? To invent such a thing is simply disrespect to the inherited order, it is - hm, merely revolutionary activity. Playing about with fire, who ever heard of such a thing? And consider, gentlemen, what it leads to people will relax by the fire, they will wallow in warmth and comfort instead of - well, instead of fighting and things like that. It can only lead to effeminacy, the degeneration of morals and - hm, general disorder and so on. In a word, something must be done against such unhealthy signs. The times are grave, very grave. That is all • I wished to point out."

"Most rightly said," declared Antimetheus. "We all certainly agree with our President that Prometheus's fire may have unforeseeable consequences. Gentlemen, do not let us conceal the fact from ourselves, it is a tremendous thing. To have fire in one's power - what new possibilities open out before one! I will only mention a few of them haphazard to burn the enemy's crops, set fire to his olive groves and so on. In fire, gentlemen, our people have been given a new force and a new weapon; through fire we shall become almost equal to the gods," whispered Antimetheus, and suddenly exploded fiercely. "I accuse Prometheus of having entrusted this divine and irresistible element of fire to shepherds and slaves, to the first comer; I accuse him of not giving it up into authorized hands which would have guarded it as a treasure of the state and governed by its means. I accuse Prometheus of thus being a dishonest trustee of the discovery of fire, which should be a secret of the priesthood. I accuse Prometheus," shouted Antimetheus, carried away by emotion, "of teaching even foreigners how to kindle fire I of not concealing it even from our enemies! Prometheus stole fire from us by giving it to everyone I I accuse Prometheus of high treason! I accuse him of conspiracy against the community I" His voice rose to a scream and he

broke off, coughing. "I propose the death sentence," he managed to get out.

"Well, gentlemen," said Hypometheus, "does anyone else wish to speak? Then in the opinion of the court the accused Prometheus is found guilty firstly of the crime of blasphemy and sacrilege, secondly of the crime of inflicting grievous bodily harm, causing damage to the property of others and endangering the public safety, and thirdly of the crime of high treason. Gentlemen,,I propose to pass sentence upon him either of life imprisonment, rendered more rigorous by hard pallet and manacles, or sentence of death. Ahm."

"Or both," said Ametheus thoughtfully, "so as to comply with both proposals."

"How do you mean, both sentences?" asked the president.

"I've just been thinking it over," grunted Ametheus. "Perhaps we could manage it like this... condemn Prometheus to be chained to a rock for the rest of his life... perhaps let vultures peck out his godless liver, does Your Excellency understand?"

"That would do," said Hypometheus placidly. "Gentlemen, that would be an exemplary punishment for such a ahem - criminal eccentnc1ty, wouldn't it? Has anyone any objection? Then the session is closed." • • *
 "And why did you condemn Prometheus to death, Daddy?" Hypometheus's son, Epimetheus, asked him at supper.

"You wouldn't understand," grunted Hypometheus, gnawing a leg of mutton as he spoke. "Upon my word, this mutton tastes better roasted than raw; so you see, this fire is some use after all.

It was for reasons of public interest, you see? Where should we be if an who liked was allowed to come al with great, new inventions unpunished See what I mean? But there's someth' this meat still needs - Ah, I've got it he exclaimed delightedly. "Roast mu ton ought to be salted and rubbed wi garlic! That's the right way to do it Now that is a real discovery! You kn a fellow like Prometheus would nev have thought of that I"