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*Review / No. 4*





# *Provincetown Review No. 4*

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# *Behold Goliath*

*Alfred Chester*

## THE BUS

He is sitting opposite the doors. Outside, a thick snow falls and the bus pushes along through it slowly, like an old blind dog smelling its way. Sometimes it takes ten minutes to pass the two corners between stations — and who waits there anyway? Those who, unable to sit out the storm, cannot afford to taxi through it. The bus reaches St. Margaret's Hospital, recognizable only because of its lighted windows, yellow rectangles afloat in the blizzard. The bus stammers forward, stops. Inward fold the doors. There at the curb stands Medea with a murdered son limp across each arm. In the frozen snow-silence, the wet dark face of Medea, crisscrossed with splashes of black wet hair. She remains under the fall of snow, forever, fixed in her tragic moment. She moves; the tragic face becomes one of hatred; the children begin to bawl like human brats; and the woman herself, immigrant or refugee, clumps up into the bus raging, screaming, cursing in a language Goliath can neither understand nor identify (despite his proficiency in eight ancient and modern tongues) but which unlanguage tells how she has waited in the storm, how her boys are impaled upon cold, how her husband is mad with worry, how she execrates this land and this life. Goliath shivers, suspecting her of Satan or of God. And for weeks after, he cannot get on a bus without being almost felled by his unending wait in the snow and the weight of the dead children on his arms. Goliath wakes in time to prevent himself from broadcasting hatred upon driver and passengers, and then to challenge the motives of his own restraining hand.

## RAIN

Night had not fallen, nor would it ever. It was raised out of sight, lifted and held against the sky by a heaving leviathan of colored gaseous lights. The five o'clock scurry had already begun. By turning a corner, Goliath plunged himself into the sweeping haste of raincoated figures, gesticulating under the fat but gentle rain, talking above it, battling with or against umbrellas on the glassy streets that were packed with hooting, slowmoving traffic. Disgorged by their shops and offices, boys and girls, beautiful in evening freedom, held on to each other and laughed. Free, they were free! Freedom was in their laughter, in their flushed hurry. Goliath almost believed in it, swaying this way and that, smiling in spite of himself and hastening with them. Dark windows zippered up the facades, shutting the buildings like baggage. Tires splashed red-lit gutter pools on pedestrians too rushed to curse. Dripping blood, they ran. In flames, they ran. O the turbulent hurry, the freedom! They raced into subways and buses, filled up taxi cabs, fled round corners, sped along the avenues. Goliath hurried, joyful as another. Where to? He hesitated, stood poked and jostled by the rush, horrified at the faint moss of envy that had sprung over his heart. Where to? Impelled to their monotony: an evening's entertainment, a cranky brood, an aproned drab, steak and salad, the television set. In their souls sick to death of everything and flying back to it with joy. Was he



wrong in so presuming, Goliath wondered, looking at the girls and young men that pushed by him. At a distance, in a crowd, people always seemed to deny everything he thought about them, everything he had observed in himself and others, individually. Away, in the mob, how like a wild collapse of rain they were — free, spontaneous, purposeful. They justified belief in man: democracy was possible for those one didn't know personally. For, each at a time, piece by piece, they were driven and empty as raindrops, as himself.

The gentle five o'clock rain that had fallen through the lights like twists of cellophane by six became tumid and passionate with wind. The populace fled, except for Goliath, and a battle was on in the empty streets. Nature flew at the throat of the city; the buildings bent without breaking. Their mutual hatred was plain, terrific. Town and weather abandoned to each other and incongruous, leaning back or assailing, a drench and tumble upon massive stone, and finally the trickling reconciliation in the sewers. As Goliath watched he could feel the city attempt to cry out through him, or then he could feel the earth from under the concrete quiver up his body toward the rain. He would not be moved, would not take sides, not even when he felt his lips trembling as he watched the huge sewer-mouths receive the downpour. However violent they seemed, Goliath knew these were minor engagements — a flash, an illumination that revealed why the war was being waged. Nature could endure nothing but itself.

#### BERNARD

Perfect was he, without flaw, from the kinky brown hair and pug nose to the knock-knees and long feet. He excelled at his studies, was an extraordinary athlete, knew the reasons behind and the directions before international politics, could piss a wider arc than any other boy, and in his parents' night table lay manifold photographs and rubber devices with which his father titillated his mother (or vice versa). Under such circumstances, whose heart could fail to love? Sitting beside him at school was physic to Goliath, for then as now love gave him diarrhea as hatred constipated him. Eros' arrows were so many suppository tablets and Goliath's bowels serenaded the neighboring lad without pause. He was forced to leave the room so often to disburden his passion that the teacher at last said he must bring a note from his mother if he wished to be excused with such frequency. Thereafter did he suffer even more greatly for his love. Bernard was a pompous thuggish vain little braggart: perfect. He had a placid heartless smug little soul: perfect. He sat in judgment on Goliath, believing him a fool and refusing to accept any other interpretation. The defendant found this verdict just and sought to augment his folly that he might stay the longer at court. Bernard and his family presently left town, and though Goliath never saw him again, any act of virtue or sobriety, any grave or welcome thought into which he may have stumbled had this for a reward:

The benediction, the approval, the crushing and stifling, the apotheosis and annihilation of the knock-kneed wide-pissing tumor in Goliath's guts.

#### ENTERTAINMENT

Like any other great city, this one offered its populace more than merely evening freedom; it offered a variety of slaveries to which the freedom might be



put. This was necessary, Goliath knew, because he who has given away his soul between nine and five cannot usually bear to face it (or does not know where to find it) between five and nine. The city offered distractions, glorious dreams. One could descend from the unreality of an office to the unreality of a street and thence to the unreality of a night club, a theater, a public meeting, a music hall, a religious activity, a library, a brothel, a circus, a gambling casino, a street filled with whores and whoresses, a picture gallery, a queer bar, a luna park, or most frequently the long wide darkness of the national church with its two-dimensional gods in technicolor. Those who had been unable to encounter themselves throughout the day thronged these places at night that they might escape themselves a while. Goliath often found he had been dragged in along with them and for much the same reasons. All was dissolved into the evening's pasture. O delicious! O the grasses of oblivion! Their fragrance wrapped him round, spun his shadow into the world of men. The show, the dance, the frantic toilings were; but he was not. All existed because he perceived, and all being perceived he did not exist. Despite the narcotic joy he took from these moments, they were the most anxious of his life. Under the slept ruminations, something threatened. He labored like a juggler tossing translucent glass balls. His attention must not waver. He must pitch them relentlessly. Should one drop not only would all fall smashing but they would release something unfaceable whose outline he detected through the misted glass. With colossal effort, Goliath would burst himself out of the balls, and he would observe the preposterous covenant into which he and his fellows had entered. The absurdity of being here, surrounded by faces and objects composed of stupidity, blindness — how terrible! Yet to leave was as much a surrender as to stay, so usually he remained and continued, the charge of consciousness oftentimes receding but flowing even then like a silence in the row behind when a persistent hummer has for an instant paused.

#### THE WINDOW

He came loping along through a late afternoon fog, across the planned glass-and-brick shopping center until his attention was pierced by a swift claw of light. This imposition annoyed him, and that it had the power to do so — to annoy as well as impose — irked him still more deeply. He hesitated and, because he felt no curiosity, allowed himself to turn toward the source of illumination and to step into a mixture of fog and fluorescence, a bluish mud, suspended before the vast show-window whence the light issued. The display was crowded with household furnishings, but the backdrop, a gush of brown and yellow drapery that seemed to fall as innocently as water, immediately compelled Goliath's eyes to the left wall. Aware of this he resisted and snapped his gaze to the right, sickening as he realized that he had been taken captive by the window and whichever way he looked was immaterial: he was in the clutches of the left wall. To resist, to submit, to look this way or that, to run bellowing across the marble paths of the shopping center, to smash up the display — where was the difference? Wearily, he closed his eyes and then to avoid not-looking at the left wall, he looked at it and felt an instant's relief which shamed him.



What had Goliath been directed to see? A fairly large table spread over with figured white linen, decorated with branches of plastic honeysuckle, set with porcelain, silver and crystal. Six chairs of mahogany and yellow leather compelled Goliath's eyes still further, toward a matching buffet full of bottles, glasses and magazines. So very *gracious*, he obediently thought, knowing this was the word the decorator had sought to ring up in his mind. The word was long and thick, delicious, could twist one's heartbeats into unexpected patterns, and Goliath imagined how the decorator's luscious lips had belabored the word while fixing the display. Belaboring it too were the half-dozen people who would ultimately sit down at the table. Partly amused now by his surrender, and partly breathless with despite of himself, Goliath watched them arrive: the elderly hostess, arranging a vase of gladiolas, had purple hair and a cold, creamy complexion that flowed the length of her body, seamless and unblemished even between the toes, and entered inward to form her stomach, womb and brain. That handsome adolescent on the right was her husband — wrinkle-eyed, his golden temples graciously silvered to make him seem old enough to drink of the imported vermouth he now poured into glasses for his four perpetually happy and elegant guests. As they were, these six in the room, so they would always be, like Olympian gods: the crescendo of humanity. Untroubled, witty, unvisceral and of course gracious, these six had sat having wine before dinner ever since they invented themselves, their nonthirst inundating history. There were no hunchbacks among them, no crucifixions, no broken hearts, no self-lacerations, no bodhi trees, no cystitis to quicken the wine to fire or to blood.

"O Georgie, Georgie, look!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it *nice*?"

"Not as nice as you," he murmured.

"Yes, ah yes, much nicer," she sighed.

Turning, Goliath saw behind him a snuggling young couple staring in at the display, her subpoenaed eyes ghosted with dream, accepting an invitation to make of the perfect six a perfect eight. It was intolerable, suffocating, this window of delusion, this glass case packaging the relentlessly, remorselessly Good Life, and Goliath's fury grew almost as compelling as the brown and yellow backdrop. He wanted to storm the shop and its owner, upbraid him for inciting fraudulent emotions, pernicious imaginings, throttle his brains until the six gracious vanities melted out of history, until the decorator's tongue fell voiceless, spitless, as a slaughtered ox. Goliath's outraged heart shook as he attempted to control his anger, astonished at how far he had let himself go. He had been driven off first by imagination and then by passion: he had been flung round the blue mud by his wild little self — as if he cared a hoot about delusions or vanities!

Wherefore Goliath's fury? He knew that passions never looked like themselves: they edged sideways out of the dark with painted faces, with colored hair, with odors masked, with bodies padded or crushed, and they swallowed men whole. Who could give himself up to them quickly, this way, on a street? He knew there were endless possible motives to his anger, and he knew how thronged he was with self-deceit — his heart was as crowded, as impatient, as treacherous as an army: it could easily carry him to chaos and to death. Yet, when he turned away from the display, he wondered if he were not simply a coward. Perhaps he hadn't raped the furniture shop because he didn't dare. That was all: he simply had not dared.



No, no, once more he had fallen victim to the left wall — and it was all the same whether he had or hadn't attacked the shop: he was in *its* power, not his own.

#### THE WORLD BEYOND THE WORLD BEYOND

Not champagne nor the kingdom of heaven nor election day nor the Aegean nor Kant nor Einstein: but the very, the merest of Black Bread and Garlic. It is the unknowable Sesame Goliath may approach but never attain, through chewing or smelling or looking. Beyond everything possible for him, there will always be the smart doings of the Black-Bread-and-Garlic Set, the transcendental wisdom of the Black-Bread-and-Garlic Eaters, the narcotic beauty of the Black-Bread-and-Garlic Isles. And the prophet was a money-lender whom Goliath, aged ten, saw twice in a mansion with tudor windows and stone floors. He had silver things in his parlor, leaded glass doors between rooms, a kimonoed wife fat and hairy suggesting sweated rumps and powdered armpits. On a lacquered coffee table were Japanese tea cups (the very memory of which made Goliath's teeth tingle), Turkish Delight, cognac, and an enormous volume of Gibbon. That was all he recollected of Mr. Bodley, except for three sentences spoken to Goliath's mother either during the first visit, when the money passed one way, or during the second, when it passed the other. Said Mr. Bodley:

"We only live once."

"The days drag and the years fly."

"There's nothing so tasty as black bread rubbed with garlic and a little bit of salt."

To all three of which Goliath's swooning brain concurred, though he knew little of days and years, had barely lived, and never yet tasted black bread with garlic. Yet it was all so, absolutely and immutably. Goliath passed from Mr. Bodley's life but the prophet passed into his blood.

#### HIMSELF

In the dark, he walked by a man who looked like his father.

It was extraordinary: he had been afraid, and only there at the corner, as the racket in his breast subsided, did he realize how much. His childhood had driven straight up through him, disregarding the man, as it might on a dismal Sunday or during an equinox. And there were people who could not identify him with circumstance, there were women whom he frightened because he was hardly anything other than a man — and a man is such a naked thing, like those awful creatures who expose themselves from behind trees in the park. Whatever objects, whatever persons he had passed in his life, he was never free to pass them again, for they were him and they called out to themselves as he passed.

It gathered together in bits and pieces from along the roadside, and then it said: I — and when it ran in the rain it felt free. Goliath could not stomach the inanity of it, the way it was enslaved to its eyes for sight, to its ears for sound, to its tongue for taste or kisses. It met another and it hated or loved or was indifferent. A tap on the knee and its leg flew up lightly, heavy with irony — if it hadn't the irony would have been heavier still.



Though he saw no reason to be done with life, Goliath believed he could easily sit down before a gas oven where fruit tarts baked on their tin and blow out the flame, extinguish himself while he screamed in torn confusion, terrified by death, enchanted by the fragrance of the tarts. Nevertheless, when the ponderous heat at his buttocks had been suddenly replaced by a cool blade flashing not unpleasantly along his belly that lovely summer night under the boardwalk, he (who had been up to no good anyway) wept and trembled, emptied his pockets, begged to be spared this life, this teeny-tiny ootsy-tootsy life. He was left alive and penniless, an X flicked upon his abdomen, and like his mortality he bore the X to this day, though with the passing of time it had become distorted and blue as an excrescent vein, as a bird in expatiate flight, as a one-legged dancer in strangulated ecstasy.

#### FURNITURE

One winter's evening, Goliath found himself looking at a film so ridiculous that not only did he stop tossing glass balls, he flung them down in disgust. He decided to leave. On his lap he had been holding one end of what he supposed was his scarf and, making to lift it now, it held fast. Though he pulled, it would not come off his lap, and several seconds went by before Goliath realized that the man in the next seat was tugging the other end of it.

"Would you mind letting go?" said Goliath. "I'd like to leave."

"Excuse me, sir: but it's mine," the man whispered, his tone so complacent, so full of calm pride and unequivocal ownership that Goliath was shaken into rage.

"O no it isn't!" he cried and was hushed and complained at by the people roundabout. The sound of his own infuriated voice came back to him, and at once he turned his anger inward. To have thrown away all his possessions, to be master of nothing more than what he wore on his back — and then to fuss about a yard of brown wool! Releasing the scarf he sprang from his seat: "Keep it if you like. I don't care."

"Wait, wait," said the man, grasping his arm and forcing him down again. "Don't get so excited. I'll light a match."

"No, no, really. I don't want the damn thing."

"But if you think it's yours —" The man was searching through his pockets. "Here they are!"

A match was struck and Goliath was shamed by an unmistakably red scarf. To hide himself and his embarrassment, he bent over, mumbling, looking on the floor.

The man laughed. "It's not on the floor. You're still wearing yours."

Some strained laughter, apologies, think-nothing-of-its, and will-you-kindly-shut-up-we-want-to-see-the-film. Goliath rose, anxious to escape, but the man came after him up the aisle, still laughing and thinking nothing of it. Goliath hurried; the man hurried after. Outside, under the marquee, Goliath paused and looked back: the stranger's thin paper-white face came opposite him. What more did he want than his scarf, this man who kept laughing even now though he stretched and spoke: "Let's go have some coffee."



The suggestion was so irrelevant, the suggester so superfluous, that Goliath could neither refuse nor accept. He walked down the street with the stranger, stopped with him at a door beside a grocery.

"I live just here," said the man.

Goliath followed him up a short stairway which smelled of varnish and garlic, and because this odor seemed to Goliath suddenly an inherent quality of this and all similar vestibules, he felt he had climbed, smelled, and followed a hundred times before.

"Every two months I have a week on the graveyard — not bad, hey?" said the man as they climbed. "Because I'm ten years with the factory, the Potomac. You know it, I suppose — pots and pans, the big modern one over on the west side. Next year I'm off the graveyard altogether." The man was lying; this was clear to Goliath, though he had no idea why nor what about. "This is my week, so I go to cop a snooze at the flicks to make sure I'm up by half-past eleven."

"It probably isn't even ten-thirty yet," said Goliath.

"But once I'm up," he laughed falsely, switching the red scarf at his shoulders, "I can't get back to sleep." With these words, he had pushed open a door at the top of the stairs, and Goliath heard an echo — yet despite the echo he was so unprepared for what he saw that his legs weakened.

In the two large rooms separated by an arched doorway there was nothing but an iron cot with a grey spread. Nothing else, except a pair of sneakers placed neatly under the arch. Goliath knew at once, as he had known about the lie, that the man had lived here for years. The rooms bore heavily the air of his residence as he, moving across the floor, bore heavily their vacancy. But why should this established emptiness so upset Goliath? He had been in scores of places called homes that had no more furniture than this, sometimes less — a mattress or a blanket, newspapers on the floor. He had visited people in monks' cells, in bohemian lofts, in cellars, in packing cases. Within Goliath's own nonexistent home, there was naturally less than belonged to this man: there were no walls, no floors, no ceilings. To invite someone home would be to invite him into the void. Yet this man's apartment shocked Goliath.

"Give me your coat — and your scarf, ha ha! I won't try to steal it, I promise. You can sit down over there on the bed while I put up the coffee."

The coats went into a wall closet.

"Go on, sit down. It won't collapse. See? There you go. Say, maybe you'd like something stronger than coffee. I just happen to have a fifth of rye."

Goliath nodded. The man opened a door in the opposite wall, entered a small bare kitchen, returned a moment later with a nearly full bottle and two mugs. He sat down beside Goliath on the cot. They drank. The guest sat in silence but the host spoke at great length. He talked of the Potomac factory, of the nature of his work, of the fine guys who labored alongside him, of this and that, of nothing. The feeling of weakness had left Goliath with every nerve in his body awake, extending beyond the circumscribing flesh, charging off, reaching out for an explanation of its own sensitivity. Goliath listened to the man's voice, not to the words but to the voice, the tone, the chords, the harmonies. What happened then



made his nerves recoil abruptly like the horns of a snail from an alien touch. He began to feel the furniture.

He felt all of it, every piece of it that wasn't there: the thick soft rugs and heavy draperies, the packed bookshelves and cozy chairs, the sofas, the wardrobes, the end tables, side tables, cocktail and coffee tables, the lamps, the picture frames, the mirrors — everything big, massively Victorian, things of oak, every corner stuffed with tiers of porcelain and glass, every chair filled with cushions as soft and stuffed as loaves of fresh bread. He felt his heart struggling under the weight of it, and the emptiness that reached his eyes was more absurd than gluttony, worse than vanity, more terrible than affectation. It existed only by virtue of what wasn't there. Goliath sat on the cot laden down by every book and piece of clothing he had ever thrown away; they were inescapable; he was he who did not have them. Every loss had increased his possessions. Through the violence of his heart he heard his voice: "Why don't you have any furniture?"

The man flushed and was a long while silent. "Well, I don't know," he said at last, then paused, then unhappily: "I don't have many visitors. I mean, naturally I have friends but — I've always meant to get some things. I really should, you know. A nice fat pair of armchairs would be a good thing, wouldn't it? I don't know why — isn't it funny? I earn ninety a week and I'm a bachelor. You get so used to things, you don't even notice anymore. Yeah, a nice fat pair of armchairs: that sounds real good."

He was an innocent, a lonely bigcity void. Probably he was queer and had misinterpreted the scarf-battling — or no, he was anything for anyone extending a nice fat pair of arms. Like his rooms, he was by virtue of what wasn't there. He was too naive to pretend a principle or an affectation; his void was not of man's making but one that man had not filled in. Goliath thought back to his dream of walking naked and soundless, holding himself in his hands like opaque water, and he thought back beyond that to where the water cleared and to where it was not — the where being there because the water was not — until for an instant his mind fell into a hole the size of the cosmos which was because everything was not. The fillings in by man or nature were a covering up of reality, for reality was a nonreality, a nothing masked by illusion: shadows were the only substance.

Suddenly aware of his mind toiling with words, Goliath was relieved to recognize the trick of ultimates and principles. The man's rooms were empty, that was all. Goliath had given away his possessions and no more. Neither circumstance had any meaning beyond itself and the labors of the mind.

The man had somehow entered upon the story of his life. It progressed like the whisky bottle from a glittering full golden thing to one nearly empty. Goliath poured out the last inch quickly to make him be done. A churchbell tolled from across the street, and the host spoke more loudly but the guest counted. It was midnight. Goliath stood up and said he would be going. No, he could not stay the night. Yes, yes, he would come again. Often. Soon. Very soon.

#### NICOLETTE DANCES

He is baptized. He floats out of Pamlico Sound, as once Venus did from other waters, with billowing white gown, immortal soul and all. Too marvelous.



And absolutely painless, like buying on the installment plan. He goes down to the beach with a sailor and is unexpectedly saved.

But the payments on his purchase soon begin. He who has always been his body now begins to see it as an adjunct to his soul. One has a soul, and to it all qualities adhere, and the soul is with God, and the soul is God. Three dollars and ninety-five cents a month; don't forget your receipt. One identifies with the soul, as do the saints, or with the qualities, as does Goliath. The saints suffer the flesh, and Goliath suffers the spirit. He likes to drink and overeat, to cheat and lie and steal, to give himself up to his passions, to be frequently laid, to dress carefully and expensively. But now everything has a name and is a sin. He is in agony — especially at work, since he earns his living by performing a striptease in a nightclub. He is tormented by a recurring dream, thus:

Nicolette is in the midst of her number which consists of choosing men from the audience to dance with, each partner in turn relieving her of a garment. She is left, in the dream as at the nightclub, wearing nothing but a rhinestone G-string. At this point, in life, the band invariably stops playing. But not in sleep. The music goes on, and in consequence Nicolette must continue choosing partners. Her G-string is torn away, and directly after it her manhood — yet she dances, terror bristling within. The next man takes away her right arm, and the next her left. She makes frantic gorgeous eyes at the bandleader who bows and smiles but does not lower his baton. The dance continues. Off goes her head, her shoulders, her big shaved chest, her belly. She is a pair of hysterical legs tripping in the spotlight — though only for a moment, since the evangelist who baptized her comes out on the floor and deprives her of both limbs at once. Everywhere is strewn with Nicolette's clothes and her carrion, but to her horror the band goes on playing, and while there is nothing left of herself, she must still dance. From away yonder she hears the trumpeting voice of the club manager as if over a loudspeaker: "Come, come, lad, pull yourself together. This will never do." But poor Nicolette dances and dances and dances and dances.

At the moment of awakening, he reaches his trembling hands to the night table and seizes the cup of cold coffee and the sweet roll he now puts out nearly every night in anticipation of the dream. *Je mange donc je suis*. Or if the food isn't there, he sings and screams at the top of his lungs. *Je fais beaucoup de bruit donc je suis*. Or if there is someone else in his bed, he turns to him in panic. *On m'encule donc je suis*.

Goliath suffers mightily.

#### MOTHER

All the windows were dark except that one in the corner of the living room where Dolly always left a small night lamp burning so that burglars would think there were people awake in her house. Quietly, quietly, he unlocked the door and dragged his burden across the threshold, into the hall that ran the length of the house. Should he strip the man? When he switched on the hall light, a wave of nausea made him decide against handling the dirt-stiff clothing. The man's stink seemed more powerful indoors and with the light on.

Goliath tugged him to the door of Dolly's bedroom and carefully turned the knob. Light could not easily wake her, but she was sensitive to sound. Therefore,



with the utmost caution, he silently pushed the door inward until he saw her sleeping face. It was round and phosphorescent as the moon because of the creams and lotions. Cotton-tipped toothpicks stuck out of her ears so that, should her head turn in sleep, she would wake before smudging the pillowcase. The mouth was slightly open, giving little phlegmy snores like a tomcat. Quickly now! Goliath shoved the man in toward the right, against the wall opposite her bed. He retreated quickly, shut the door. He went back down the hall, switched off the light and locked himself out of the house.

The blood shrieked in his throat and head as he pressed the doorbell. He waited, pressed a second time. No lunatic burst of screams. No sound. Perhaps she had fainted. Again he pushed the buzzer. O God, perhaps she was dead!

"Who's there?" she asked from behind the door. "Who is it?"

"O Mother, it's me: your Goliath." When the door opened he embraced her fervently.

"Golly-boy, Golly-boy," said she. Her voice was agitated, surely not because of the chill of standing in her nightgown nor because of her pleasure in seeing him. Taking his arms, she led him toward the living-room.

"No, go back to bed," he said. "You'll be warmer and I can sit beside you. We'll talk there."

"To go to bed now! Why, I'll get you something to eat."

"I've eaten. It's chilly in the house — you go on to bed."

"I can get into bed anytime. It isn't often we can have a gab in the parlor, is it?" She hesitated, and he wondered at her nervousness. "I tell you what, you go fix me and yourself a cup of tea. That'll be real luxurious for me. Will you do that? And meanwhile I can wipe this mess off my face."

He did as she asked. He boiled the water and fixed a tray. This done, he walked back down the corridor, entered her room without knocking, and set the tray on the dressing table. She was sitting at the edge of her bed wiping her face with crumpled knots from a roll of toilet paper.

"I'll be ready in a jiffy, Golly."

He sniffed. "What *is* that smell, Mother?"

She said nothing.

"Don't you smell it?" He began looking round the room. "It's very strange, isn't it?"

Her hands no longer moved. Motionless, they covered all her face below the eyes — and the pink cloud of faded hair seemed to stiffen. Under the bed, just where the scatter-rug ended, Goliath saw a puffed grey hand. He grew rigid with surprise and disgust, then, recovering, spun round and went to the door.

"O Golly, Golly," she moaned, and though he stopped, he did not look at her. "Believe me, Golly, *no!*"

"Believe you?" he roared, going to her. Her face was expressionless, still masked by lotions that were now tracked by the grey rails of tears pendant at her jaws.

"Pardon my poor soul," she whimpered, the toothpicks trembling.

"It's better to marry than to burn," he said severely. "But it's better to burn than to fornicate."

Goliath knelt at the bed, grabbed the puffed hand and pulled until a head



lay on the scatter-rug. "Where did you get this heap of filth? Aren't you ashamed? Why is he lying like this on the floor?" Goliath kicked him, but he didn't move. "Is he dead?"

"Is he *dead*? Is he, Golly? O my God, is he?"

Holding his palm above the sprawling lips, Goliath felt the warm breath. "No, only dead drunk!"

"Thank God for that!" Her hands now covered the whole of her face, and her body shook with sobbing. "Take him away," she pleaded.

"Me? You want *me* to take him away?"

"Please, Golly, please," she wept, the tears running out between her fingers. "I couldn't touch him —"

"Couldn't touch him!" he repeated scornfully.

"Not now I couldn't. O take him away!"

"All right. I'll put him in the parlor and throw him out in the morning."

Her hands dropped and she turned her eyes full upon him. "In clear daylight, Golly, no! No, Golbaby — everyone would see."

"There is nothing hidden that will not come abroad. Nothing! *Nothing!*" They were silent a moment. "I'll take him down the street."

"Right now? My blessed, my sainted Goliath. Put a dollar in the poor man's pocket. You'll find a little money in one of your daddy's suits there in the closet. In the striped one, the grey." Goliath, moved by her thoughtfulness, obeyed. "My poor Larry, if he'd lived to see this night, he'd have died for sure. Forgive me, my La!" And she burst once again into tears, covering her eyes with bits from the toilet roll as if trying to arrest the bleeding of a wound. She ground the paper against her eyes, her head trembling so violently that one of the toothpicks dropped to the floor.

"You'd better go to sleep." Having put the dollar in the man's pocket, Goliath grasped him under the arms and tugged him out of the room. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

"No, Golly, please!"

"Go to sleep."

"I'll try, my boy. But maybe I'm too nervous to sleep."

"There are some tablets in your night table, aren't there? Take four to make sure."

"Two's enough. Too many's not too good."

"Four won't hurt. You know that perfectly well."

She nodded. "All right. I'll take four."

"Sleep well," he said, switching off the light. "And may God forgive you."

"He will, Golly, if He knows you did."

"Well, who am I to stand between Him and the exercise of His mercy? I forgive you, Mother." He sighed and, as he closed the door, she said: "Bless you, my boy."

Goliath took the man up in his arms, left the house and, with a feeling of great sadness, carried him down the street and dropped him gently over a hedge into the garden at the corner. Where would Goliath now go? Wearily, he returned to his mother's house. She was sitting in the living-room, in the chair beside the little night lamp. Goliath went to her, dropped to his knees and laid his head upon her lap. He wept heartily while she stroked his hair.



"Tell me," he begged. "You, my only connection with eternity — you, through whose womb I touch the roots of creation: tell me, tell me who I am."

#### THE PARTY

Goliath enjoyed the walk to Gloria Tilt's. The hawthorns and sycamores were in full leaf, carved massively from the night by street lamps or garden lights, and here and there, running with the sudden blood of spring, the maniacal redbuds. Once, he knew, LeBel Heights had been perhaps a dozen houses, the very rich, the anciently mysteriously rich, with high bursten walls, tall hedgerows, great ivied gates along the walks. One used to see the gables and the curtained Lincolns coming out the driveways, and one practically died of excitement. The mighty lived there, not the monied; one had hardly thought of them in terms of money. Where were they now? Goliath had no idea. Time had knocked down the mansions, the walls, the hedgerows and the mighty — and the rich had arrived, the authentically rich. All the fences were now kneehigh or breasthigh, the houses set far far back on their grounds, and the gardens hewn and gorgeous for public consumption. (And why not? Had not Caesar left his lands to the people?) Goliath consumed as he walked. Some of the gardens were terraced, stepping back toward the houses with bouquets of spring flowers: the earth bringing tribute. Or again, the illusion was reversed, and very waterfalls of blossom poured down toward the road, away from the houses. Goliath walked, consuming the aroma, the lilac most heavy as always in the fresh days of spring. O he knew who lived in all the houses, but nonetheless he felt a passing fondness for them as for shopgirls in their evening freedom. I, said Mr. Payne's garden, am Barney G. Payne. I, said Mr. and Mrs. Kraus's garden, am Martin and Hermione Kraus. I, said the shopgirl's freedom, am the shopgirl. Goliath did not protest against his feeling of warmth for all nature, including non-existent mankind, and so arrived at Mrs. Tilt's party unusually pleased with the idea of seeing those who would be there.

They were all there, in the garden beyond the cars and stationwagons, among the buffet tables and tulip trees, under the strings of colored lights.

There was Horace Trench. He went into the city once a month for — what he bragged was — a change of luck. Yet the changes were so similar to his wife that only the most literal-minded person would have accused him of adultery.

There was Patrick Rubin. He was sending his wife for psychoanalysis as she was pregnant again and therefore prone to manifest her strong unconscious death wish by crying every afternoon at five o'clock. Patrick Rubin did not believe in psychoanalysis. When a student at the university, he had spent two years being analyzed. He went because a pretty young woman pushed him away and told him he was smug, complacent, patronizing. His vocabulary changed radically, as did his weltanschauung and, since any change of ideas makes a thinker feel he has come closer to the truth (even when the new idea serves to negate that very feeling), he became even more smug, even more complacent, even more patronizing. How did he know? The same pretty young lady pushed him away and told him so. Once again he sailed closer to the truth: he left analysis and school, and entered business. Why then was he sending his wife for treatment? What else was he supposed to do,



he asked Goliath humbly — the truth was the truth, even if a man didn't believe in it.

Barney G. Payne was there. He looked at women the way young men in advertisements step off buses and look at the future — so confident of triumph that they need not hide the fact they covet it. "In my estimation, Goliath, the fashionable attitude toward women in the world today is to consider them as wanting one of two things in a man — either that he has money or is built big. But I say no. A woman responds to a man when she hears his soul chanting *Te Deum* for her. You'll pardon the comparison, but I see that a truly devout person is never drawn to a cathedral because of its treasures or the size of its steeple but because of the devotion inside its walls."

John Flashman was there. "The great boulevard was planned and built in the days when important people arrived in town by train. But now its panorama is wasted on commuters, students and laborers from the suburban areas. The important people come like angels nowadays and (according to the newsreels) weep or frown as they are driven from the airport through the slums. We must bellow for improvements, howl for our right to keep pace with progress. If we don't hurry, do you know what's going to happen? We're going to put another triumphal boulevard up in the wrong place."

Was Goliath there? Why did he wish to know? He was merely curious. Why did he wish to know? In order to torture himself. Why did he wish to know? That he might stop wishing to know. The last, he realized, was as likely an answer as any other, perhaps more so, for the only thing one did with a desire was seek to end it, this way or that. One might strengthen it or prolong its moment of gratification; one might run around the block or stop in the nick of time; the fire might be built into a raging holocaust — perhaps for no other purpose than to make a bigger quench.

Of course Horace's wife Mildred was there. "You don't think I'm ridiculous? *Really?* I feel so *embarrassed!* Imagine me, silly Milly from Gravery, cooking a chicken cacciatore." Beneath her apparent shallowness and stupidity, she was shallow and stupid, but her dedication to the role of mother and wife gave her an exaggeratedly lifelike quality, like an animal or a figure in a nineteenth-century novel. She believed in happiness and was therefore always somewhat surprised that she had problems she could not handle effectively. She had problems with her husband, her children, her three sisters, two brothers, their mates and twelve offspring, her house-keeping, her thrice-weekly woman whose cruel sarcasms martyred Mildred, for all the other homes in LeBel Heights had daily help, or more, sometimes much more. She would die if she had to ask that ugly loathesome sneering woman to come twice a week. But what were they going to do? They could barely manage on Horace's salary. "Probably you think we're fools," she said, astonishing Goliath. Had she suddenly become aware of his presence and attributed to him the quality of judge? He felt as he did when Thackeray or Stendahl reared in their chairs and asked him to pity poor Amelia, to comprehend Julien. Who, what, did they think he was? The authors never answered but Mildred replied almost immediately by giving him to understand she was not speaking to him. Mam and Paps, she said, had raised their six children on thirty dollars a week, and us with ten times as much — look at these hands, Goliath! These aren't advertised hands. Goliath laid aside his dish of Italian ham and stroked Mildred's blemished knuckles. There followed a little nervousness about who was to let go first.



Sam Blake was there. "In my heart, I'm red — really red. I believe in socialized medicine and public ownership, the whole works. I think capitalism is lousy. But I tell you that I would go to war and die to defend our present system for no better reason than that I was born into it. Can you dig that, Gol, or doesn't it make sense to you? Because whatever a man personally believes is not as important as being an integral part of his community. That's the only way a man can live with his conscience."

Raymond Tilt was there. Seventeen years old. Tall. Too tall, attenuated, but handsome. Jittery and jumpy. He planned on becoming a master of ceremonies and relentlessly told jokes over a portable loudspeaker like those carried by the Salvation Army.

Horace Trench was there representing his four-year-old daughter Millikins. Of fish she would eat only lobster and smoked salmon. Of dolls she would have only silken-haired ones that spoke. Of pets she would have only a chihuahua or Persian cat. And of fathers she would have only him who would have a daughter with the most refined and elegant tastes. Her mother, Goliath knew, would as soon have served her rag dolls, sardines, mutts and alleycats. To hear Horace speak of his wife's thrifty tastes or his daughter's extravagant ones led Goliath into a world where parsimony and prodigality were both absolute virtues. And not only were these qualities superlatives — no, no! They were unique to those in whom they obtained among the Trenches. If Millikins loved lobster, it was implied that all the rest of the world were herring-eaters.

Goliath was almost no longer there. Why did freedom always happen too late? Too late to do more than offer a choice of slaveries? One was caught, and then one remembered freedom, the repellent servile mind toiled its futile way into what it believed was action, choices, like a city in revolution. One fought the old regime or the new regime or hid oneself or flew to church to pray for the end of madness or committed suicide or stood in the streets rejoicing from the bottom of some abominable hatred. While the free men, the *truly* free — those who were slaves to other things — went on cobbling or eating or making love until their heads were chopped off.

"If you *are* determined to go, Goliath," said Mildred Trench, "would you be an angel and look in across the street to see how our baby-sitter is doing? Sometimes she has trouble with Millikins and is too proud to call us. If Millikins is up, you make the sitter phone over here at once, okay?"

Goliath had barely reached the road when he heard someone coming after him. Turning, he saw Mrs. Tilt's son, Raymond.

"I guess you weren't having much fun," said the boy. "But don't go yet anyhow."

This was the first time Raymond had ever spoken a full sentence to him. Goliath suspected he was drunk and, anxious to be rid of him, said: "I'm just going over to see Mildred's baby-sitter. I'll be right back."

Though he continued walking alongside Goliath, Raymond made no further remark until they reached the Trenches' porch. "I'll wait for you outside."

Millikins was up, nightgown raised and eyes rolling, singing a song for her sitter

(Continued on page 21)



















when Goliath opened the door. Seeing him, she came flying across the living-room, threw her arms around his thighs and pressed her cheek against his crotch.

"Uncle Goliath, Uncle Goliath! I'm so glad to see you!"

Only one thing prevented him from sickening: Millikin's cheek was applying an unusual pressure combined with a curious rubbing. Since the last time he'd seen her, she'd become interested in sex. Something natural was expressing itself! He bent to embrace the child with more affection than she was showing him. For her, he was not even there; this he saw in her beautiful cold brown eyes. He was an experiment in genitalia, and a stage prop calling for the exhibition of unfelt emotions. Of such is the Kingdom of God, Goliath thought sadly. Millikins caught his glance, and he was convinced that she saw what he was seeing. He was so certain of this that he had to look away. One day her eyes would flicker at him with blind despite for having witnessed and understood her long-forgotten hypocrisy. She knew he knew, and what was worse, it was looped in the mind's infinite circle: she knew he knew she knew. She did not attempt to deceive herself — merely everyone else. She did not perhaps know why she did this, but she knew it pleased her parents and that they were incapable of distinguishing her deceit. As she grew up, as she gained experience, wisdom and age, gradually, imperceptibly, comprehension would go out of her eyes, and all the deceit would be the only thing she was — and she would be obliged to believe in it. It would be herself! O horror, Goliath shuddered, the things that are oneself! A man, I, is, am myriad scorching shadows upon a truth as tender and turbulent as birth. Tear, smash, extinguish, annihilate shadow after shadow until one finds the disbelieving eyes in the head of the truth: a parched and shriveled dwarf roasting away in the self's Inferno.

Without having spoken a word to either Millikins or her sitter, Goliath freed himself, turned, fled from the house, and would have run all the way to the station had not Raymond Tilt called to him loudly in a voice of evident pain and longing: "I'm here, in the pergola."

Overjoyed, Goliath rushed to him, obviously frightening the boy, for when he took his hand, Raymond pulled it away.

Goliath contained himself. "It's all right," he said soothingly and took Raymond's hand again. "You know it's all right, or you wouldn't have come after me."

A little coyness followed, but presently Raymond agreed, yes, it was all right.

When they were about to leave, the boy, who had been long silent except to ask Goliath about the X on his belly, suddenly readopted his master-of-ceremonies manner. "Whad you say your name was? I always likes ter get their names afterwards."

Goliath smiled. "And I thought it was the first time."

"The first time! Listen to her, just listen to her! That wasn't even the first time *today*. Gawd, I'm a regular nymphomaniac, full of tricks — did I say *tricks*?" He was just the thing for television, Goliath decided. "But don't get me wrong — no sir, don't get me wrong — I'm not one of them there pansy-fellers. No sir, I'm strictly bisexual: I like soldiers and sailors."

When they reached the road, Goliath paused, meaning to tell Raymond goodbye. But the boy spoke first:

"You're sweet."

Goliath said nothing.



"Can you come again? I can. I mean, would you like to stay with me tonight? The old gargoyle's so plastered she'll sleep until noon and never know. I've done it before. We can reverse if you like, it's all the same to me. You go on up first and I'll meet you in ten minutes. My room's last on the right, or from the back stairway it's first on the left. O anyway you'll know it's mine, won't you, from the way it smells."

#### THE MAN

He lay in the middle of the street, in the middle of the night. Nettles of colorless hair grew from his ears and nostrils. Thick grey brows winged like antennae over the twin crescents of snot that were his halfclosed eyes. The white lips sprawled with sleeping breath. Goliath lifted him, partly dragged, partly walked him.

Goliath stopped, suddenly incredulous of the weight at the right side of his body. Turning, he saw the man's pale face, was startled by it, and his heart went low with pity for the stupefied stranger. Why am I doing this, Goliath asked himself, and compassionately stroked the three-day beard that spiked from the man's jowls. It was himself he stroked, himself he carried, himself he pitied, and knowing this his eyes went full of tears. Yet he did not pity himself. He pitied the man who was himself. Why am I doing this, Goliath asked the pale face that caressed his own. Because I am Goliath, he replied, and he continued along the street in tears, dragging his imperative.



## *Confessions from a chilled pumpkin*

Jeff Marks

am i not dreams going on all the time:  
i caught the dogs at my mama  
they crucified my daddy. i climbed  
up out of the culvert up on the hill  
and saw the nails in his hands and  
he said kill them. kill them all.  
that was his last taxi i went  
down into the tunnel under the river  
and the dead boys lying, the ragpickers  
strutting around with the rods in their pants.

he said there were rats in the river, rats.  
he said kill them off. rats in the drinking  
water, swimming in my blood-veins.  
for sweet christ's sake i have seen him  
on the hill when i come up out of the culvert,  
horseshoe nails in his hands, and the dogs at my mother.  
he gave me the rod, said keep it in your pants  
boy, you got rats in the bloodstream.  
i said i would clean them out.  
they took my rod away. how can i clean  
them out when they took my rod away?  
i told the ragpickers you can't hold  
an honest man or the son of an honest man,  
i told them i was doing my father's business.



## *An interview with David Amram*

(This interview took place over WKCR, the Columbia College FM station on March 26, 1961. It was conducted by John Cott, a student at the university.)

INTERVIEWER: Mr. Amram, your works are harmonically oriented. I'm afraid I have to play the straight man tonight with these academic terms, so I'd like to know what you think of Stravinsky's comment that harmony is no longer open to exploration and exploitation.

AMRAM: Well, I think that may be true for Stravinsky. As a matter of fact, last night I heard the *Firebird Suite* played on the radio and it was interesting to hear how he thought when he was approximately my age. I'm 30. And from his point of view, harmonic music was about at an end. In other words, in the post-Wagnerian era, which I suppose you could say went through Richard Strauss, ultra-chromatic music — where there was almost no tonal base for more than a few seconds — seemed to bring mathematically or logically harmonic music to its end. There seemed to be no future for it. I think twelve-tone music was a natural evolution from a certain Germanic chromatic way of thinking, if I'm not being too technical. But I don't think that Stravinsky or anyone has begun to explore the possibilities of harmonic music. Certainly, this could be proved mathematically and, much more important, emotionally. The possibilities of harmony have just begun to be explored and they'll never be completely explored. I think that's the reason why jazz, especially modern jazz, from the years roughly of Charlie Parker, the early forties, through today, has such an emotional impact on its audience all over the world and why such a large number of musicians, composers and intelligent and musically astute people are attracted to jazz. It's because the playing was literally systematized by players and musicians like Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Charlie Parker, and Al Hague in the earlier days and many others. Dizzy Gillespie, of course, was a master, and Miles Davis literally extended the possibility of harmony and improvisation further than they'd ever been before. He reinterested serious listeners in harmonic music.

I: Would you say with the coming of such players as Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor, who are trying to break down the harmonic structure of jazz, the chord structure, isn't this perhaps defeating the harmonic idiom that you are talking about in this case, in reference to jazz?

A: Well, no one thing defeats another. That's the tremendous fallacy art is placed in in the 20th century. I don't think that art is necessarily like a missiles race in that one advancement makes something else obsolete. Dmitri Mitropoulis said that music was like a mountain, and that it was systematized and made structural by every single contribution, whether it was made by somebody playing violin on a streetcorner or somebody writing a symphony. And ultimately to have a peak on the mountain you needed everything else.

I: I see. In other words you'd probably say Coleman was developing or reflecting some part of the harmonic idiom.



A: No, I think that Coleman got tired of imitating Charlie Parker, like a lot of alto players did, so he started something of his own, and his own way of thinking and feeling is not running up and down chords. Neither was Charlie Parker's; that was only his vehicle. He extended and systematized with others what had been until that time not quite formalized. The Dixieland players used to run up and down chords quite a bit but they didn't extend the chords as far as modern jazz musicians did — the thirteenth. You can't go any further or you'd be back at the beginning again.

I: Right. Just another question while we are on this matter of jazz in your work. You have used jazz techniques, jazz motifs, jazz procedures and so on in many of your works, and why do you do this? You actually think that jazz can be fused with so-called classical music?

A: Well I don't think that it's necessary in composition to consider the fusion of jazz per se with classical. I think the composer is a serious musician who has to think of music purely in terms of sound and feeling and emotional content and structure. And jazz is part of my life. I also played with symphony orchestras for quite a few years. I worked as a classical French horn player, and then I worked as a jazz musician. I've done both since about the age of 12 and written both kinds of music. Although I've concentrated mostly on classical composition, I don't think it necessary to distinguish between any elements of music if they are native to the composer. I think that most attempts at so-called hybridization or transplanting jazz — something like Luther Burbank — or grafting it on to classical music, which is to say, somebody that has no understanding of what jazz means emotionally — what the notes mean — what the rhythm means and the feeling, and what those notes and rhythmic patterns are saying emotionally. I think that some one who has no knowledge of jazz and tries to have a jazz combo and to start playing the changes of *I've Got Rhythm* or something and then the symphony orchestra comes in playing something else, is irresponsible artistically or opportunistic rather than creating anything new. But to use the elements of jazz, the poetic and emotional elements of jazz, successfully in classical composition would naturally make a very interesting musical form.

I: Right.

A: For quite some time Ravel did it. George Gershwin did it. Stravinsky did too in a way, in his youth, although he never understood jazz beyond a very limited point. Because he still considered it primitive music, which it is hasn't been for quite some time.

I: Yes, he feels that jazz is a totally different fraternity altogether. I quote him, "a wholly different kind of music-making that has nothing to do with composed music; and when it seems to be influenced by conservative music it isn't jazz and it isn't good and that's exactly the point."

A: Well, that's questionable. I'd say that's his view. It's impossible for any astute or aware musician not to be influenced by his surroundings. Unless he is an idiot. And then he should stay at home.

I: Ummm — to get away from the jazz just a minute, what is your opinion of serial techniques?



A: You mean making cereal?

I: Not in the Kellogg tradition, but let's say Berrio, Boulez and Stockhausen.

A: Well, I like all those composers. I've heard Berrio flute pieces several times and the unaccompanied flute pieces which John Perras played on the same program when he played my *Discussion*. It is a tremendous piece. I haven't heard very much of Boulez's music that I could pass any opinion on. But what I heard I liked quite a bit.

I: You judge on the basis of the piece itself, not on the technique.

A: I'm really more interested in hearing the sound of the music and then hearing the personality of the composer, the player that played it and the general atmosphere and method that the music communicates to me. I think that's the importance of music and, for a composer, that's the important way to listen to music. Otherwise he gets so involved with technique that he forgets the whole idea of what music is about. I'm concerned mostly, technically, with my own music.

I: Similarly, is that your feeling of electronic music? I mean, do you feel that it is music?

A: Sure, anything can be music that's a sound, cause in a certain sense all recorded music is electronic music. When they make a harpsichord ladder in baroque music, they're not producing on a disc what you would hear in a room. Electric guitars and all those things are a part of our culture, whether you like it or not. Organs which no longer have pumps are run by electricity. All amplified music is a form of electronic music because it uses, in addition to the natural sounds created by people or instruments, electricity, either through amplification or through changes of balance or equalization of the frequencies and so forth. Of course electronic music goes one step further and eliminates usually the performer so the composer can work directly with the sounds and in that sense have a perfect performance of what he has in mind. And of course some electronic composers use electronic sounds and instruments. I think that it has a limitation which counteracts its value — the value being that you can do exactly what you want — the limitation being that you eliminate the live quality of the person playing the music.

I: I see. What do you think of the chance composers like Cage and Feldman in their Zen Buddhist rationalizations?

A: Well, I think that their statements are more interesting than their music. Frankly, I like the idea that they don't treat the concert hall as seriously as has been done frequently in the past. I think that's interesting because possibly they'll break down the fear that audiences have when they go to a concert. So in a certain sense, maybe what they are doing is helpful because they make the audience laugh or they make the audience think. Why are we here at the concert? Mr. Cage's famous piece, *Seven Minutes of Silence*, which some consider his best work, gives seven minutes to think, Well, how about music? Where is it going? and so forth. However, I think a little bit of that goes a long way because I find mostly at parties when people are playing the bongo drums and hitting on pots and pans and dancing that it's much



more interesting over an extended length of time to see that type of improvising or jazz musicians or listening to Shankar or something with some thought and spirit and soul behind it than simply having musicians get up and have everyone start jamming in public. We used to do it in the Army quite a bit and it's fun. I question whether or not that's compositional technique except for a very limited part of composition. For instance, a cadenza was improvised in the old days. Jazz is certainly the best form of improvised music and perhaps what John Cage and Morton Feldman and those people are doing will be the stepping stone to something really artistic.

I: Yes, except the rationalizations with the Buddhists.

A: Well, I don't think that's anything really to do with Buddhism. That's sort of Sears Roebuck Zen Buddhism, which became very popular just a few years ago, just as Dadaism was in the 20's, being socially aware was in the 30's, saving the world for democracy was in the 40's, and being a hipster was in the 50's.

I: What about the 60's?

A: Well, the 60's is a new era which I hope will usher in a deeper regard toward expressive human emotion and, if you want to say, romantic aspects of art. In other words, it's impossible for artists no matter how big their egos are, to keep up with politicians or world scientists. There'll be men on the moon pretty soon and we are threatened with war every day. Certainly just getting high and lying up in a room somewhere waiting for an atomic bomb to come isn't going to provide an accurate solution to the part of artists. In other words, non-action is not particularly an answer, and I don't think that trying to make art as frantic and hideous as modern life is, can be rationalized as being reflective of our times anymore. The times are so insane that art just cannot keep up with that insanity and have any interest, therefore I think that possibly people will gather up all of the broken pieces which have been smashed all during the Twentieth Century now for sixty years and try to construct something. Simple expressive, heartfelt, touching, human, and possibly hopeful.

I: I think this is always true of the people but it's the government and the complete alienation of people from people and government.

A: That's up to the artists.

I: How can they achieve anything through music? Music doesn't say anything in words, it doesn't say stop the bomb!

A: Well, I don't think music is supposed to. I think that music should express the nobility of the human spirit and express it hopefully. That's the composer's job — to orient or reorient people to the fact that man is capable of doing something beautiful. In a certain place at a certain time.

I: You don't feel that industrialization and bureaucracy have gone so far that the emotions that music will hopefully express can no longer be expressed?

A: No, because even my little attempt so far in the small things that I've done have gotten an audience. People are writing letters and people have seen plays with music in them. People have seen things in Central Park — the Shakespeare plays that are free. People saw *J.B.* and attended my Town Hall concert. People that heard



my music on the radio actually said they got something from it. Well, if they got three seconds of any kind of a human feeling, I feel that the years and years that I've put in have had some justification. If they didn't even get three seconds I would still continue because that's my job as a composer.

I: What are your views of the current musical scene, or have you outlined them, do you think, with your opinions on serial music and so on?

A: Well, I think it's a very interesting time to be alive. I think that's what Talleyrand said and he avoided getting massacred during the French Revolution.

I: I see, you've gotta play it like a fox?

A: Not necessarily, I think that you have to be aware of your surroundings and I try to listen to as much music as I can, more all the time, and I try to appreciate more what my contemporary colleagues, composers and artists, are doing rather than hating them, which is the trap that careerists in the arts fall into. I try to listen more to other composers, other music, and try to generally appreciate what they're doing rather than saying — am I better than them or are they getting played when they shouldn't? These are the usual things that seem to hang up a lot of artists today. I try to listen and be aware of all kinds of music in general: jazz, classical music, concert music, music from Europe, folk music. I go to Washington Square and listen to the folk music a lot.

I: Following this, are there any works of art, movies, plays, etcetera, that have taught you anything about your own music or influenced you in any way aside from musical composition?

A: Sure, most of the Shakespeare plays I've worked on. I've done about eighteen now, I guess, including *Hamlet* which I just finished at the Phoenix Theater. I'm doing three this summer in Central Park and two at Stratford, Connecticut. I've worked on a great many and I've always been fascinated by Shakespeare. No matter how complex psychologically or in terms of the plot the play was, it was always human and every line, if you read it carefully, if the actor didn't make it clear and you might wonder to yourself, seeing it over and over again at rehearsals, why was this written, and you read the play you could see that it was there for a human reason, and I think that's why Shakespeare has survived above all others — the humanity in every line that he wrote is unbelievable. And it's so easy to identify with his characters — even the small parts of clowns and courtiers — they all are somehow real. And the second thing I've learned is to be human musically. It's hard, though, to identify dramatic characters in music. The structure of his plays is so fantastic—the scene sequence—and this is very important musically to avoid being boring. In music you have less time than you do in a play. A play might run an hour and a half; if a piece goes over fifteen or twenty minutes it will never get played. So you have a structural problem with composition. And I think Shakespeare's plays are an interesting way of seeing how emotional material can be developed in terms of character. Then of course I go to a lot of art exhibitions and I know a lot of painters. I guess all composers become interested in painting, not in a particularly pretentious way, just that it's similar to composition. But it's all there in one place.



I: Does the best painting approach music or does the best music approach painting, or couldn't you —

A: Well, it's different. You see, music moves horizontally in time. It's also vertical. But the vertical part of music goes by horizontally. I don't mean to sound far out. I mean it takes a certain amount of seconds, whereas the painting is right there and you look at it whole, and then your eye starts to wander around in and out and back. The painting also takes time to see, but its immediacy is right there. Even if you look at a score, you have to turn the pages. The painting is right there at the time, and it can hit you immediately.

I: You mean it's one sensation. Let's say, in the movement of a string quartet you can develop this feeling.

A: In the string quartet you have to wait maybe eight minutes and nineteen seconds till the movement's over, and then you see what it was about. When the last note has been played, then you can see what the first note meant, and so forth. And each time you listen you understand more. With a painting, you get the entire sensation at once, and then you start looking at the detail. Listening to music is something like a backwards sensation.

I: I understand you're now working on a Sabbath service for the Park Avenue Synagogue. How do you feel about writing a piece of music for religious purposes? And also could you tell me why so little music is written today for the church, synagogue, etc.?

A: Well, in answer to your first question, I feel very good about it. Otherwise I wouldn't write it. As a matter of fact, that's my early philosophy of composition. I only write what I really want to, whether or not its remunerative — which writing music for plays usually has been, and which classical composition almost never is. The synagogue piece was commissioned, but the reason I did it was because the idea of setting Friday night service to music immediately excited me. Cantor Putterman of the Synagogue approached me, and after discussing with him the nature and function of music in the service, he told me of all the distinguished composers who had already written music for him. These included Douglas Moore (who I believe is a teacher here on the faculty, and a very good composer. That's not payola, I like his music), Darius Milhaud, Ernest Bloch. I think Leonard Bernstein also wrote one work. Lawrence Rosenthal is also a very good composer of theatre music as well as classical. There's also Sholom Secunda, Jacobi and — oh yes, Isidore Freed, a marvellous composer who died very recently. He has written a piece for them too. But the idea of writing this kind of music, setting the Hebrew text to music, strikes a certain chord in me which I didn't know was there, though I am a Jew. Not nationally, because I don't believe that religions are supposed to fight one another or crusade. I think the days of crusading are over. I really got tremendous inspiration from the wonderful message the service has for all people — even more so than from Shakespeare. There is something in the Psalms which I am using dedicated to peace — the beginning of Psalm I, Verse 33: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." That's my dedication for the service. It's an opportunity to express practically ideals that you want to express as a composer



and which often you can't.

I: How would you feel about writing a mass?

A: I'd love to if I were asked. And I'd be happy to write a Protestant service. That's not because I think they're all the same, or that they're not challenges, or that I discredit the fact that I'm Jewish. Orlando di Lasso had three names — Orlandu Stellatos, Oron Delatra when he wrote his French tunes and Orlando di Lasso for his Italian numbers. And he wrote secular as well as church music. I would like to write for any kind of religious service if it were done in a serious and dignified way. I think I'm best equipped to do the Sabbath Service because I have instinctive feeling for Hebraic music, and this probably appears in all my work. I don't know if collective unconscious is still popular in academic or intellectual circles. I think there is some truth to it. Certainly I heard that kind of music as a boy, and it's something I have a natural feeling for.

I: Why is it that more of this type of music is not being written today?

A: Well I think that's a good question, and there is a very good answer that pops into my mind immediately: nobody asks composers to write it. And number two, even if this kind of music were written, there would be no place to get it played. There is a magnificent wealth of music already written; I mean Hebrew music. Certainly, Bach and several hundred others have written enough religious music to be played for the next fifteen years without a stop. For example, Poulenc writes religious music, but there is not enough interest today among religious groups to have contemporary works written. I think if the other Temples followed Cantor Putterman's shining example and commissioned composers to write music, there would not only be a new interest in that type of music, but there would be a new interest in going to the synagogue and getting a real sensation and excitement from religion. I think if the Catholic Churches commissioned more masses, they'd make more people interested in going to church. They'd find it much more exciting to go and hear new music. In fact, they might even get some converts.

I: What are you working on now and what are your plans for the future?

A: At the moment I am writing a string quartet and a brass quintet for an evening of my chamber music at Town Hall next February. We are going to have a brass quintet, *Discussion for Flute, Cello, Piano and Two Percussionists*, and then the string quartet, and then music from *Midsummer Night's Dream* which I'm writing for the Park this summer; then a piano sonata and closing with a trio for sax, horn and bassoon. But I still have to write the brass quintet and the string quartet.

I: What works will be performed in the future?

A: I was invited by Rudolph Serkin to attend the Marlboro Music Festival as guest composer for part of this summer, but I'm not certain which pieces will be played there. Some of my chamber works and I suppose there will be some performances of Shakespeare for small orchestra. I've had some interest in those pieces. I don't worry too much about performances. I think that's the kiss of death among composers. If you worry that much about your music being performed, it stops you from writing more. I think the important thing is just to write it and the performances will ultimately take care of themselves.



*To an old poet in Peru*

*Allen Ginsberg*

Because we met at dusk  
Under the shadow of the railroad station,  
                        clock

While my shade was visiting Lima  
And your ghost was dying in Lima  
    old face needing a shave  
And my young beard sprouted  
    magnificent as the dead hair  
        in the sands of Chancay  
Because I mistakenly thought you were  
                        melancholy

Saluting your 60 year old feet  
    which smell of the death  
        of spiders on the pavement

And you saluted my eyes  
Mistakenly thinking I was genial  
                        for a youth

(my rock and roll is the motion of an  
    angel flying in a modern city)  
(your obscure shuffle is the motion  
    of a seraphim that has lost  
        its wings)

I kiss you on your fat cheek (once more tomorrow  
Under the stupendous Disaguaderos clock)  
Before I go to my death in an airplane crash  
    in North America (long ago)  
And you to your heart-attack on an indifferent  
    street in South America

(Both surrounded by screaming  
    communists with flowers  
        in their ass)  
— you much sooner than I —  
    or a long night alone in a room  
    in the old hotel of the world  
        watching a black door  
...surrounded by scraps of paper

DIE GREATLY IN THY SOLITUDE

Old Man,

I prophesy Reward  
Vaster than the sands of Pachacamac







## *Shenandoah*

*Joel Oppenheimer*

oh, shenandoah, i hear you calling, far away, across the di dum. dada di da da da di dum, da da di da da di. and the shenandoah is a green valley that cuts across america south to north, aiming generally northeast, like an arrow, in the eastern part of the states, in western virginia; between the appalachians to the west, those old, old mountains, and to the east, older, more worn, smaller mountains. it has always been country with good land, the crops grow easily there. it is not like the rocks of vermont and maine and new hampshire, it is not like the fertile but easily worn red clay in georgia and alabama, it is not like the rich but thin topsoil of kansas and nebraska, or the west beyond that that suffers only from lack of sufficient water. it is the shenandoah valley, and crops grow easily there, and always have. for myself, i have ridden through it, in a jeep, and stolen apples from trees phil sheridan's men stole apples from, and i have seen fields that men of jubal early's slept their last sleep in, and the wheat was still growing there, as it had done before. i have ridden, by jeep, down the very road phil sheridan, the dandy little general rode down, to save his men at winchester.

the lecture is over. or maybe not. what i know is phil sheridan's men rode with cavalry sabers hung at their hips, on the left, like every other cavalryman, and the sabers were heavy, i have hefted one in my hand, not much of a guard to it, but still a definite hilt and some sort of a guard, and a wire wound handle you could hold onto... and in addition, in the boots of their saddles, spencer carbines, and on their right hips, colt revolvers, issue model 1845 navy model i think, but then i'm not that sure. twelve times the fire power of any mounted force that ever rode. and knew how to use it too, for what it was. the indians? couldn't stand up to them, when it was used properly. crazy man custer, was, of course, a different matter. but, in general, who could face them. grant sent phil around petersburg with a bunch of them. they met five times their number in the woods, that would be to the south and west of petersburg. they held them off. they whipped hell out of them, giving twelve shots for every one against them.

well, every morning that he left the house, he walked past little phil's statue. he walked past the statue of little phil, and the park dedicated to him, in the square also dedicated to him. or at least they all carried his name, though it was easy enough to forget it was his. and also, at the park's point, facing the other way, the flagstaff, a plaque at its base, for ellsworth, colonel ellsworth, and his fire zouaves. colonel ellsworth the first man of his rank killed in battle. the fire zouaves men recruited from the firemen of this city. like turks into battle they went, red sashes around their waists, their flowing pants tucked into their boots and bucketing down over the tops thereof. zouaves marching into the hell of first antietam. we called it that. they called it bull run. in any event, defeat. well, that's a different matter, why worry now about it. antietam or bull run. defeat.



well, good morning to you, phil. every day that little ritual. and every night, passing by, good night to you, phil. and a thought now and then for brave colonel ellsworth, and sometimes for the fire zouaves. and it was right as he saw it, and worth something, today. dandy phil sheridan the one grant sent off after the war, a week or so after the end, right to the mexican border. phil, he said, your orders. and that little son of a bitch, riding right along the texas-mexican border, leaving caches, medicine, food, arms, ammunition, wherever juares' men could find them. a whole army deployed under the dandy little general, just to feed them. the monroe doctrine meaning something, anyhow. let them fight their own battles, but come and get it boys. not that it wasn't economic too, i know that, but there are ways and ways, and that was dandy phil sheridan.

every morning, then, a warm hello. am i crazy, no, i guess not. somebody ought to say hello to the little dumpy cocky son of a bitch. ought even to straighten up, snap to attention, throw him a salute, if bellevue weren't so close. they'd pull you in for that, now, you know that. keep it cool. go to work every day dressed reasonably, shave every two. treat your girl good enough, never get that drunk in public places, unles they know you. okay okay say hello to him under your breath if that's the best you can do for it. you're not even treating your girl that good, you know it too. and damnit you oughtn't to drink so much. well, what in hell to do about it anyway, yes? you going to face her sober, think you can face any woman sober, pull your saber, come on like a man?

shenandoah carried over the plains to the rockies, then to sea in the clippers, a good chantey. but always that green valley, wherever sung. always the cavalry out, flankers out, all riding but not hard, their spurs clinking, their harnesses jingling, leather creaking, the sun dappling the valley through the old apple trees. the road dusty, the little spumes kick up after the hooves hit, bandannas up around your nose if it gets too bad. somewhere near you, right or left a stream, you hear it gurgling, running along, clear and cool, or maybe old shenando itself. the rivers of america. and the sun dappling the valley. then, in the distance, puffs a little different than the dust rising through the trees. the valley narrows a little. through the cut riding hard. phil sheridan riding hard, dumpy body bouncing easy on the horse, even phil sheridan jingling creaking clinking too, and the colt slapping against his hip and over and over, each step, stride, of the horse slapping it out and back again. guidons out, staff riding hard with him. the man knew how to ride.

good morning phil, and how did you sleep last night. in the pines in the pines the sun never shines i shiver the whole night through. no that's a shade song, never catch him singing that. i don't even know if he marched in the grand review, but if he did, you know how. pretty as god, up ahead of the men all polished and shined and shaved. meade's army, it was a captain's army, everything perfect and in order. thomas's boys, still out west, a sergeant's army, all proper, all moving along. sherman's army marched the second or third day, that was a private's army, each man in or out of his own uniform, beards of all sorts sprouted all over, the bummers riding flank for each company, each got its own stolen wagon or chaise or brougham or buckboard, drawn by mules, mismatched horses, ploughhorses, ponies, oxen, each vehicle piled with forage for the men, and in the rear of each company, the contra-



band that waited at the crossroads for mr. lincoln's army. there were men in the buff and blue washington's aides wore, and men still in rocky mountain clothes. that was sherman's army. but sheridan's army would have been the army of an earl or duke, an extra snap, an extra shine, an extra swing, riding after phil. but maybe he was already on the way to mexico by then, i don't know.

at least the image of the parade stayed in his head that way, even rolling on his bed in the middle of the night. if he could only come off all that bullshit, reach around, grab her instead of an imaginary bridle. well, would that make it any better? for him or her. this way at least he knew where he was, and so did she. somewhere in the shenandoah valley ninetyfive years ago. okay. start from that then, pull yourself together. check your loads men, we're shooting tonight. on the old camp ground. give us a song to cheer. our weary hearts. a song of home. and friends we love. so dear.

given this as a base, he then could understand that it was necessary sometimes to be tender, or even to accept a woman's love, something which rarely occurred to him otherwise, how could it? but he knew, sometimes, in the cold bedroll, the utter loneliness of a man betrayed by himself, and all his dreams, and how false it all was that lured him. he wanted only her warmth, selfish as that might be, but that was what pleased him, and pleased her, when he could accept her tendernesses, and offer his own. and peacefully, after, as he smoked, she would lie quietly beside him. oh yes, she had been quick to see that then, finally, he had reached some stasis, and could enjoy, at least, her company next to him, and enjoy, for once, the cigarette, and remember to light one for her, too, and reach the ashtray up, and put it on his chest, for both to use.

so when he sat in a bar he had to dream it was redeye do you understand that, redeye from a sutler's keg in a sutler's wagon. drawn off, diluted god knows how many times, but it got them loaded, they all got roaring redeye loaded, shooting off pistols in the middle of the night, pissing any god damn place, cursing, shouting, singing, fighting, not even with strength enough to damage anybody, roaring redeye loaded in the middle of the shenandoah night... he rolled over then, and with one tentative hand felt her belly under her pajama top, and then her breast, and then, clutching her breast gently, tenderly even, but still clutching, he couldn't deny that, finally fell asleep soundly and dreamlessly, for at least a little while. till he woke with a start, released her, heard her stir, turned on his side, his back to her, and finally dozed off again. jesus god don't do this to anyone, what else can you ask.

if the bottle was just put out in front of you, on the bar, and you drank your fill, or what you knew you could pay for, and then they collected, after, on the basis of what was gone, would that make it any easier, or would you feel any more a man. if there was a whorehouse you could ride up to, a nice, homey sort of place, hitch up at the rail, get rid of the poison every friday night, you think that would do it. it might. or say hello to phil, even under your breath, every morning when he rides out. salute him snappily, but meaningfully, feel burning inside you your own determinations, your own goddamned determinations, even mount feeling them move you up into the saddle, one leg up and over, to land firm on your rump in the issue saddle, how did you feel lifting the saber and charging all those yelling



butternut bastards. no better. but something did move you on, you know that. your great grandfather fell before white oaks, fell charging the butternuts with his bayonet fixed, fell with a minie ball in his shin, and carried it forty or fifty years, almost till the day he died, imbedded in his shin, and died, they say, because they tried to take it out, and a few months later he was gone, because they had taken it out.

but will even that make her any happier, knowing that. nothing will make her any happier, by you. shenandoah won't make her any happier, even, riding those green fields with you. you think that's heaven? or if you had been with the twentieth maine on the top of little round top, out of ammunition and ready to charge, is that heaven too? you silly bastard. sit and drink, even sherry if it comes to that, see if you can get it up tonight. i.e. drink just enough so you'll be able to, and not too much so that you can't. say hello to phil in the morning, say hello to phil in the evening. burn out, lavish all the love you have on the idea of the female you hold sacred before you, see the sunlight dapple all the leaves, and the sweat glisten on your bay, shake your sword up high, wave it, brandish it, flourish, for christ's sake even make like a jongleur, make believe you're not in that war even, but six hundred years earlier, fighting the saracens and the church of rome, go ahead. you won't sleep any easier thinking of mexicans can't even read or write picking up spencers along the rio grande.

thinking of men in the battle of the wilderness dying in the wilderness of wounds compounded by the flames of the burning trees and fields that reached their ammunition cases, killed then by their own ammunition going off. and the screams in the night and day for three nights and days. or i dare you to think of shiloh and those fucking boys, the ones with ramrods shot through them. cause of death, an iron ramrod at high velocity. both sides dying that way, both sides too green, too scared to remember you take the ramrod out, before firing. that's a cheering thought isn't it? the army the army i'll never go there any more.

and then in the morning wake up, if it's the right day for it, shave, otherwise just have coffee, and as the two of you walk out in the early fall sunlight on sheridan square, every morning you look at phil sheridan up there on the pedestal. phil sheridan up there on the pedestal is the same phil sheridan led his boys up the cliffs outside of chattanooga. all winter the army was pinned inside chattanooga, after the defeat at chickamauga, to the south and east of the city. in the spring, food started to trickle in and hooker came with ten thousand men from the east, and sherman from the west with his army. and hooker attacked the right of the line, and won the battle above the clouds, and started moving in on the ridge. and sherman took his men by boat and attacked the left of the line, but the maps were faulty and he found himself fighting like hell to go up one mountain, and then faced with another, and on and on. so they sent thomas' boys out of the city in a frontal assault to attack the rifle pits at the foot of the ridge. and sheridan was with them, a regimental commander then, under grainger. and he was waving his sword, and running, and the boys were firing their muskets and running, and they took the rifle pits, and then they started to go up the hill, to the second line of pits. and grant turned to thomas and he asked, why are they going on, they were supposed to make a demonstration and



come back, and thomas turned to grainger and asked the same thing, and grainger just said something to the effect that they had been there in the city a long time, and when they decided to go, he was afraid wasn't nobody going to stop them. and sheridan himself has written of that charge, like a crazy race. he turned around to send the men back, and saw everybody else was still going on left and right, so he said okay boys, let's go, and they went. up to the top of the hill, and over the cliff, and chased the southerners out, and turned their own cannon on them while they ran, and sherman was coming up from the left, too late, and hooker was coming up from the right, too late. and all the boys, you can believe it, drank plenty of redeye that night.

okay okay it's raining. it rains a lot in new york, makes the flowers grow. feel your own cock, he said, rising like a chrysanthemum. purple brown in the sunlight, purple brown in the dusk. it's raining, and they all have their ponchos out, ponchos out and on. maybe even the sergeant gave an order. i don't remember. the horses keep moving forward, along the shenandoah valley. to the southwest. in the rain. somewhere to the southwest, jube early. somewhere to the northeast, old abe. somewhere to the southeast grant and lee fencing at petersburg. the crater is still piled with dead bodies they haven't got out yet, and the rain is filling that too. further south, somewhere in georgia sherman is still coming on, the bummers are out, one of them got his buff and blue uniform just this afternoon, and another a pair of matched bays for his hay wagon. in the west thomas is moving slowly, inexorably. what a lovely word. when the man moved they couldn't stop him. when the man held, they couldn't move him. okay is that what you want to think about all the time.

and in bivouac when we finally get there we find the sunshine no longer dapples the leaves. of course not, it's still raining. the ground soaks it up, the ground, even, isn't dappled any more, except with spreading blotches, mud, as the rain takes hold. but damn it that's what makes the apples grow, the rain, damn it. mugs full of coffee fill up, cool off, with rain, before you get a chance to drink them. but the rebs have it harder, brother, it isn't even coffee in their mugs is watering up with rain. okay, now are you satisfied? but rain brings erotic visions, reel before them. think of spending the whole day in bed with her, it's raining too hard to go out. and then get rid of that idea. think of: are the posts out? are the horses watered? there's what you ought to love, your horse. even, love your horse as your brother. otherwise you're lost. clean the carbines, get the mud out of them. clean the revolvers. both instruments constitute your edge, haven't you learned that yet? if you can, get your boots off, even if only for a little while. dandy phil's in camp. that's the end of that. why is it raining so goddamned hard?

and then, sitting in the bar, and the bottle not on the bar before you, but only brought out when you need another drink, and then, the money taken from you, what constitutes anything we might call reality? shenando i hear you callin. getting a little loaded now, the blood heating up. you know of a better way to do it? don't call names, now. well, the rain is keeping up. i ascertained that by looking through the window. the rain was still falling. a man ought to do what he can do. come on, baby. come on, baby. well, on the other hand, it don't make much difference. you



say you got a hundred. well i got ninety nine. but if you could learn whatever it is you got to learn. learn it, damn it. well, it isn't that easy, you know that.

ride in the dappled sunshine, feel it, even, warm your back. you're still not going to make it, necessarily. a gun in your back, maybe. push it, see where it goes. it's not that easy. and it's still raining, the horses are getting restless. the horses, god damn. that much willingness, how do they put with it. horses in the rain, still moving forward, or standing at ease. anybody with sense would say screw it, move out of the way. that glistening bay of yours, does it? no. it stands there, restless because of the rain, but tomorrow it'll be ready for you to ride, in spite of the rain.

in the morning, dandy phil rode out, dressed in his best uniform, he glittered even in the rain like god. you think he didn't, well, i think he did. shining sword shekelah at his side, out after jube early, in the shenandoah valley. and his boys had taken their beating too, already. we all knew that, but it didn't signify. we knew he'd do it, and he did. got there in time, dandy phil, on top of his horse. won't ever forget that sort of thing, turning defeat into victory. his little sword ashining, him araring to go. and they never once told you what his old lady said. nobody even cared. i don't even know where she was then. i don't think she was in his tent. he may have dreamed of her, though. phil sheridan dreaming of his old lady, on the eve of winchester. that would be something, if you could prove it. why can't you grab her tit for sustenance, god damn you. because you know what you're grabbing. okay. that makes it easier. you know what you're grabbing, don't you. grabbing a tit is grabbing a tit, when are you going to admit that you silly bastard. or never. that would be nice.

so he would have to admit, even to the police, when he walked out of the bar, he was more than a little loaded. and it was still raining. he had known that when he walked out. still, he walked out. the rain beat down on him in dapples. it soaked his wintercoat, which after all was not a raincoat. it reached down to soak his pants. in the winter, now that he was thirty, he customarily wore a watchcap to keep his head warm. but of course in the rain the watchcap did no good. it was less than no protection, because the rain soaked into it, and soaked his hair. the rain poured down, and it dripped off the edges of the watchcap too, dripping down his face, off his nose, before that, off and over his glasses. his lips were constantly wet with it.

on top of that he could feel his hair plastered to his head by the soaking wet fall rain. the streets were moving very slowly beneath his feet. even on a horse on a night like this they would move very slowly. even underneath a horse's feet. each block moving like a parade until he was counting the steps, waiting for the end of a block. and he was conscious that he was ducking under every cover, he was hugging the wall. images of the madman sheridan kept whirling in and out. would sheridan duck under the apple trees of the shenandoah valley. he didn't know. he wished he did, it would give him something to go by. his drunken brain was his drunken brain though. it would keep him going. where was he going. to sheridan square. to sheridan square where the statue of phil sheridan is. where the flagpole for colonel ellsworth and his fire zouaves is. is there a monument in lewiston or wherever it is for the twentieth maine. where did they come from they learned to have that much



balls. to sheridan square. to sheridan square. shenando oh shenando un hum un.  
umnhum hum hum.

things don't get clearer. the night goes on and on. the rain has existed forever,  
when did you doubt that it had. sabers don't glisten at your side, they lie moldering  
in the dust. who else are you kidding. or ride down the valley, ride, swinging death  
at every stroke. the apple trees gleam in the sunlight, they dapple you with their  
shade, the apple trees stand dank and somber in the rain.

good peasants all  
watch our fall

or

good peasants each  
watch our reach

which one was it. you tell me. the rain keeps raining. other similar sentiments.  
why can't you do right for once, ride down the valley with dandy phil. oh how  
sweetly his little ass, rubicund in the sunlight and the rain, his rubicund ass jounces  
over his saddle, jounces over his horse's ass. clink jingle creak slap. clink jingle  
creak slap. that's the way phil sheridan goes. creak jingle clink slap. the cavalryman's  
serenade. oh shenando.

okay we made it. here's the statue, there in the park. the flagpole too. the flag's  
down naturally. the flag comes down at sunset, who you trying to kid. anyhow, here's  
dandy phil. it's raining like hell. he noticed that horses put their heads down in  
the rain just like people. ought to observe that. we're riding through the rain.  
winchester here we come. oh you dirty mothers you better watch out. we're riding  
through the rain. he noticed then in the night that the sounds are quieter in the  
rain, the rain and the night they hush the noise, not exactly quite so much jingle  
creak slap or clink. not in the rain, thank god. we might even come up undiscovered.  
but he wasn't there yet. sheridan square a good two blocks off he thought. how else  
to make it, than moving on, through the rain. don't you know anything else?

right after christopher and sixth, that bare two blocks from the square, he  
discovered his umbrella hanging useless in his hand. where from? that sutler, that's  
who. he had put it in his hand when he left the bar. that's it. that's it. it was hanging  
useless in his hand almost like a saber. god damn he cried. god damn god damn. a squad  
car went past in the rain. whoooooeeeyeee he yipped, a regular rebel yell. which side  
was he on? but he thought let them turn around god damn it, let them turn around. but  
they didn't, just kept going on in the rain, like sheridan's horse, just kept going on in  
the rain. now. now. up ahead the flagpole for ellsworth and those silly fucking  
firemen, the fire zouaves, ellsworth's fire zouaves, ellsworth the first man of his rank  
killed in battle. what was he doing up so close to the action. but that's twentieth  
century man asking that, you know that, you twentieth century cavalryman. the flag  
was down. of course. it was after sunset. but the flagpole was there. new york firemen  
picking up guns and silly uniforms. they marched into battle. first antietam. the  
umbrella became a saber in his hand.

now the park loomed before him slowly, he still taking cover next to buildings,  
under awnings, anything that offered support in his perilous state. okay you yellow



livered dog belly bastards, hey you there in the butternut come on out. fight goddamn it. his umbrella a saber in his hand. phil was there, standing in the rain, in sheridan square. you believe it, phil, you going to fight? he moved through the park then, his body moving as if on horseback, he could hear the holster slapping his hip, albeit quietly because of the rain. he moved up to the statue. phil was up there, leading them on. he climbed over the little fence, his umbrella still unopened still in his hand like a saber. up to the statue. okay. what are you going to do. the umbrella hung in his hand. the water ran down from his watch cap soaking his head, his hair, running into his eyes, over his glasses and nose, soaking his mouth, and running into the hollow of his chin and throat. then he was up on the statue, supporting himself precariously on the plinth of it. his arm holding on fiercely to some bronze abutment of it, stretching around so that his hand reached as far as it could to hold onto something. goddamn it he thought, you're waiting for me, there. when i come home, babe, we'll make it like never before. you don't think so. i don't even think so. but why not. the umbrella was open in his hand, the arm not supporting himself was stretched as far as it could. the umbrella hung over dandy phil sheridan's head. he was standing there, on the statue, holding his umbrella over phil's head, in the rain. okay, phil, he said familiarly, we been through worse before. the rain dappled the umbrella, and splashed away and away. sometimes the rain hit his shoulder or his hip. but not a drop fell on dandy phil sheridan's head. okay, okay, he kept saying, phil, we been through worse before.



*A change of residence*

*Eve Triem*

*If it is not done at first  
it will never be done.*

In the raw rooms  
cluttered with books & cartons  
I keep one eye on him  
suddenly quiet, bleached,  
and the other  
on nonsense:  
(where to hang the pictures,  
push a chair?)

You promised            you would never  
                                         go without me  
Not a wager  
nor an assertion  
                                         to decorate a gift.  
*Take off that coat*  
                                         *of travel!*

The city chatters,  
the bells of the cathedral  
shake the windows  
the redhead finch      sings in the gum tree.

Paint the dingy chest.  
*If it is not done at first —*

I have no breath  
to waste!  
all goes to your grey coal  
— blow harder! —  
to break the false husk,  
strip the flame free.



## *Introduction to a revolution*

Leonard Rubin

NOTE: *Last August, when I visited Cuba, the Agrarian Reform was already in effect. It had been mapped in the Sierra Maestras long before Batista's fall (and there are capitalist planners today in unlikely parts of Miami). Emphasis was being placed on social change, to make it follow rapidly upon economic. The record of my impressions may be viewed as a period piece.*

Havana's airport had music on Friday, August 12, 1960. A jet-prop Britannia (Cubana Airlines) disgorged a man in a pale blue suit, who had been sitting with the pilot all the way from New York. The newspapers didn't identify him, but a bystander called him "Comandante."

The boys on the guitars wore red jackets which somehow made them resemble the Militia, who wear blue. They strum it a new way.

That night a North American homosexual named Jim McKay, sitting in the Humboldt Club on Humboldt Street, told why the Cubans didn't care to trade with the Red Chinese. His approximate words were, "The Cuban is large as a man, while the Chinese are small in that department."

McKay sat drinking *mochitos* (a rum mint julep) with two North Americans who were trying to find *la Revolución*. Behind them, a boy was improvising poetry out of slogans: "*Cuba sí, yankis no! . . . Venceremos!* (we shall overcome) *Venceremos! Venceremos!*"

"I've been here five years," said McKay, a sometime seaman and oil man who once operated a black market, "and I'm leaving in a week. I have to leave, I'm broke. The government is the only customer now. I went to the different government agencies and showed them my plans — that's an unpopular word to a Cuban — and they weren't interested."

McKay and his Cuban partner designed office interiors. He had invented "flexible" furniture, whose legs can take extra sections to increase their height. "Just when things were beginning to go well . . . but I'm not bitter, I don't regret those five years . . .

"Cubans eat in moderation, drink in moderation. When you find one who doesn't, don't trust him, he's not typical. Castro's eating forays through the kitchens of the Havana Hilton after nationalization are legendary, but he's a *gallego*, a Spaniard . . .

"To understand Castro, you have to understand Lenin, Robespierre, and Savonarola."

"Garibaldi?"

"No."

"*Venceremos!*" shouted the poet.

The *yankis* agreed it was unbeat verse, and threw *cubilete* (five dice) for the round.



On Saturday, Fidel celebrated his 34th birthday in the country. A monster rally took place without him on the steps of the capitol, which copies ours except for having a taller dome. It bears no resemblance to the governmental structures in Peking.

Below the giant permanent temporary sign, *Patria o Muerte* (nation or death), other signs were hung in the red, blue and white of an American revolution: *Juramos Aumentar* (we swear to augment) *la Producción*; *Cuba sí, Yankis no, Venceremos!* Posters around the square celebrated the nationalization of North American firms.

The opening speaker was a woman (name unreported), who stood crowded among the officials on a rostrum built high over the white steps. Her words were the words on the posters over and over, with praise for Fidel. Her words came strong and clear from dozens of loudspeakers, clustered like fruit in the old masonry around the square.

The crowd gave a roar in answer.

On the steps and pedestals of the capitol sat hundreds of revolutionaries, a few of them bearded, a few of them women. As the crowd of onlookers in the great square expanded, the shouting, handkerchief-waving mob center expanded even more quickly. Soon no one remained passive except those squeezing along under the arcades to reach another part of the square.

The blueshirts with their rifles didn't have to squeeze, as there was no one in their way. "You just smile," said a *yanki* in the thick of the crowd.

"Fi-del. Fi-del. Fi-del."

It was perfectly sincere. The boys in the Militia sincerely did not know how to use their rifles; some held them like guitars.

A second speaker mouthed the slogans, and the crowd returned them. The tall smiling *yanki*, leaning against a fence like Gary Cooper, but with a friend and a stranger pressed against him, examined the eyes of every blueshirt.

"Venceremos!"

He hunched off the fence and began to stroll for open country, smiling. He smiled as his mustached compatriot edged away from him.

"Fi-del. Fi-del. Fi-del."

The two *yankis* drank beer with ice at a sidewalk cafe with a schoolgirl, pretty and glowing with intelligence, also her mother and boyfriend, who all repeated the slogans in an effort to translate the Revolution.

"Fi-del. Fi-del. Fi-del."

A man on the fringes of the tourist business said, in English, "The American people are good. The trouble is *politica*, which I do not understand. Maybe when there is a different *presidente* . . ."

The girl agreed.

On the night of August 23, 1960, the Prime Minister gave a televised speech before the Cuban women's federation. I arrived on the platform too late for a ceremony in which the people gave Fidel a cow.

I watched him carefully all the while Vilma Castro, Raul's wife, stood in the eye of the camera; she was scrambling the feminist and motherhood bits. Not once did Fidel cease twitching like a big cat. He is so disturbing to women they don't talk about it.



(In Havana's consonant-swallowing argot, "Castro" becomes "Catro." A *barbudo* — bearded one, or veteran — from Oriente was very bitter when I pointed this out; he bet me five pesos a housemaid would pronounce it right, and the judges refused to tell him he had lost. *Fidelistas* ordinarily call the Prime Minister "Fidel.")

When it came his turn, Fidel let the ovation run awhile (*Cuba sí, yankis no!*) and then quietly began the usual rally speech, gloating over the nationalization of American firms. He fed plugs for womanhood to his cheering audience. Idealist or not, he clued them repeatedly, once by calling his new partners in trade "our good friends, the Russians." There was cream in his whiskers when he said that.

Twitching between paragraphs, turning from the camera to make faces at the dignitaries behind him, the Prime Minister pointed to the sacrifices of "(our boys) in the Sierra Maestras." His end syllables were beautifully resonant.

The women cheered him, clapped and pounded in unison.

When he was too hoarse to continue, the show was over and a song arose:

*Fidel, Fidel*

*Qué tiene Fidel*

*Que los americanos*

*No pueden con él.*

(What has Fidel got, that the Americans can't do a thing with him?) I waited in the throng for 15 minutes before I could squeeze backstage.

Fidel had disappeared, but his cow stood restless with a militiaman holding each horn. They followed me out.

Cuba was being governed last August from the 18th floor of the INRA building. Fidel's unpretentious office, which adjoined a conference room, had a view of the part of Havana he had taken away from Americans.

An eight-foot map of the Agrarian Reform in Cuba stood on the floor, leaning against the front of Fidel's desk. (INRA is the National Agrarian Reform Institute.) His books ranged in subject from Abraham Lincoln to the psychology of dictatorship, in English; most were gifts he hadn't had time to read.

The clock was stopped at four.

Cubans were always having to "get back to the office." I knew only one of them to actually get back, and it was so late his office was closed. Even the dedicated young bourgeois who were the Revolution, and who worked constantly, seemed to spend most of their time going from place to place.

(Reporter's comment: Two factors made progress conceivable in Cuba — urgency, and American air-conditioning. Because sharecroppers in shacks were considered out of the question, an Agrarian Reform was put into effect and homes were built. The same attitude toward illiteracy produced schools.)

Elections were not considered an urgent requirement — "The Cuban government is the people." One official remarked, "We have to clean our house first — our house is very dirty — and then improve the building."

A university student summarized the Cuban experience with elections in these words:

"A friend of mine went to fight in the Sierras — his father was a candidate under Batista's regime to represent Las Villas province. He had never been there; he didn't know anyone there.



"Before the election, he went to see important men there and give them checks — ten thousand dollars, fifteen thousand dollars. The checks were dated four or five days after the election. He said, 'You deliver me so-and-so many hundred votes . . .'"

(He was outbid, and didn't receive a single vote in the polling-place where he himself had gone.) "Maybe my wife didn't vote for me," he said, 'or my son — but I know I voted for myself.'"

Capt. Suarez Gallol, top aide to Nuñez Jiminez of INRA, described the previous method of industrialization as follows: "A *batistiano* (Batista buddy acting as entrepreneur) put up four hundred thousand dollars, and the government ten million — but four hundred thousand was the guy's commission from buying machinery in the U.S., so he paid nothing."

After Batista's overthrow, industrialization was considered vital to national independence and was made a function of INRA. It was financed in part by city workers, who were social-pressured into contributing from their pay. New industries, like the processing of construction materials out of the waste from sugar cane, were as brilliantly conceived as the non-imitative Cuban architecture.

Last August these included a "frog farm" run by Maj. William Morgan — the American who had fought Batista and later pretended to work for Trujillo while really working for Fidel.

Frogmanship was Morgan's gift to peacetime Cuba. His state-owned "farm" employed hundreds in the manufacture of handbags which he said were better than alligator. Frogskins, mostly trucked in from elsewhere on the island, were put together in a large wooden shed. Frogs' legs were shipped to the United States.

I watched Morgan arrive suddenly with his soldiers one hot August morning, in an Oldsmobile glittering with aerals and chrome. The guards snapped to attention in front of his shack office.

Morgan was clean-shaven last August. Handsome and florid, a uniformed success, he barked lovingly at the boy soldiers as he strode to the shack. "My house is yours," he said, giving us the Cuban welcome in English. He waved at a cot, an old couch, wooden chairs, a desk, two submachine guns and an air-conditioner.

Morgan tensed when I sat on his desk between the guns.

The boys who had arrived with him, he volunteered, were "friends of the family. In any other country, they would be called bodyguards. They live in my house."

Morgan said he was Cuba's Director of Fisheries and a public works administrator, "but this is my baby." He was going to build another shed to manufacture ladies' frogskin shoes, of which we had seen samples — all high fashion — in one of the handbag buildings.

When the United States revoked Morgan's citizenship in October, 1959, civil liberties organizations said they would defend him. "I wrote back saying, 'Thank you, but I don't want to be a political football.'" He said Cuba then gave him the status of a "native born" citizen — he could be President of the Republic.

"My folks are in America, and I have two kids there . . . I wouldn't go to the States with an ordinary passport (without diplomatic immunity).

"I'm here for what I believe. When I went to school in the States, we learned that people should have enough to eat, children were entitled to go to school . . ."

Morgan said that an elected government at that time would mean red tape.



"Here, you send a bulldozer. In two weeks, the (unfinished) surface may not be the best in the world, but farmers are using the road.

"The Twenty-sixth of July movement isn't a party — there is no opposition to Fidel. The Directorio (Morgan's "second front" in the Escambray mountains) — we decided to disband. The workers are behind Fidel . . . country people . . . middle class, except those affected by the Revolution.

"Communists wouldn't run a candidate against Fidel; no one would vote for him . . . There is a gentleman's agreement here. The anti-Communists don't attack the Communists, and the Communists don't attack the anti-Communists . . .

"The Communists are forced in to a position where everything they've advocated is being done — by someone else."

Morgan quoted Fidel as saying in smoke-filled rooms that if Cuba were 90 miles from Russia, she would be fighting Russia's imperialism instead of ours.

"If someone opposed me here, if he said, 'This man is no good, he's an American, why should we have him around here?' I would just sit in front of the television cameras. He would have to leave. The first question the people ask is, 'What mountain did *you* fight on?'

"If Fidel dies — frankly, I would hate to see it. Each of the other leaders has a segment of popular support — Raúl, Ché, Nuñez Jiminez has some, I have . . . I'm a soldier, not a politician . . .

"There could be twenty years of war . . . I would go to the mountains with my men and my guns. We'd sit in the mountains and see what happens."

(Morgan said he had 3,000 men. Dr. Berta Plá, Cuban cultural attache barred from her New York post last June for alleged propaganda activities, told me, "He has no men.")

On the morning of October 21, 1960, police in Havana surrounded Morgan's penthouse and arrested his Cuban wife, his mother-in-law, and some of his soldiers who arrived by truck. That night they captured Morgan at the "farm" with a lesser hero, Maj. Jesus Carrera. Both were accused of trucking arms to counter-revolutionaries in the Escambray mountains.

Morgan strode to a floodlight wall at 10 P.M. Saturday, March 11, 1961; his execution was followed by Carrera's.

The trouble between our two countries touched him last August "like a father and mother fighting for custody of a child . . . *no tengo* . . . excuse me, I'm thinking in Spanish and talking in English."

He said that '*Yankis no*' applied only to monopolists. "Go anywhere in Cuba. They are the friendliest people in the world. When a Cuban says 'My house is yours,' he means it."

We sat speaking English at la Bodeguita del Medio (little grocery in the middle of the block), an old revolutionary hangout and good-food place in Havana. A man who had been singing with the guitars approached us: Jorge Hernández, formerly in the Sierra Maestras with Fidel. His mustache was shaved to a heavy black bar.

Hernández accepted a drink. He wanted the four Americans to know that the Cuban people were as friends to the American people . . . "Your government is no good. In Cuba, government and people are the same . . . In Cuba, the Army is all the people . . ."



He showed us a photo of himself with beard, and pictures of his wife and children. He had descended upon Santa Clara with a submachine gun and half a dozen rebels, hunting the Batistiano commandant over two-thirds of the province. They had run from one bar to another, looking in every face (he pushed my face back) . . . "No, that's not him." They hadn't found him — then.

Reaffirming his respect, particularly for the woman at the table, Hernández bought a round of drinks. It was my turn, then his again — in Cuba there is no polite way to end it.

"The Cuban people love the American people . . . Don't believe the North American press." Hernández leaned forward. "*Think for yourselves, and talk with people over the table.*"

La Bodeguita poured five humanists into the lukewarm night. "I'll show you the Cuban F.B.I. (sic)," said the stocky Hernández, rippling as he walked. He led us through the alleys of Old Havana to a police building where a boy in uniform leaned his chair in a doorway. "This gentleman guards the entrance — you have to see him first." The boy shook hands with each of us.

". . . And this one gives information." Inside, a peasant-looking Negro also leaned his chair against the masonry. Near him stood a partition with a modern Information window. He roused himself and gestured with pride; if you wanted to know anything, he would step over and talk to you through the hole in the glass.

It was hot and musty inside the building at three A.M.; the various bureaus were in the process of moving out (Cuba's government was divided between temporary quarters and new ones not yet completed). The Personnel office contained heaps of cartons, but its desk lacked the usual bourgeois clutter. A motto hung framed on the wall: "Character should be like marble — white and enduring" — Martí.

Two men stood in an air-conditioned office upstairs, one young, the other flabby, in blue pants. "This is a twenty-four-year-old police inspector," said Hernández. "He is responsible for seeing that all goes well in Havana; and *this* is a prisoner. You see, not a scratch on him. Tell me," Hernández addressed the older gentleman, "have they beaten you, or mistreated you in any way?"

He shook his white head and answered: "No."

"Why were you arrested?"

"As a counter-revolutionary."

The inspector said: "He is being investigated by police. If he comes out clean, he will be released . . ." Armaments had been found in the suspect's house.

Hernández turned back to the white-haired prisoner and expressed the wish that he would quickly be released. "*I hope so,*" said the man in English. He walked out to the unguarded hallway, leaving his relic of a blue jacket on the back of a chair.

Local narcotics suspects were asleep, all at peace, in their crowded cells. I never found out whether "F.B.I." work was really one of the building's functions.

But in a basement office, seven men sweating over heaped-up paperwork scribbled, sorted, and banged on staplers. Some were shirtless. A large fan groaned, an air-conditioner was running, and the room was unbearable. Hernández said, "They work like this twenty-four hours a day — these get up, and others take their places. They are processing the applications of all who wish to leave Cuba . . ."



Two boys patrolled the street together in the dark of Old Havana — one was *policía*, the other *milicia*. They stood still at our approach.

"I will introduce you," said Hernández. "Militiaman, come forward! . . . This man is a volunteer."

A tall Negro boy came forward shyly. "I must be at work (his civilian job) at six in the morning," he said. He shook hands with each of us, and gave me a Cuban cigarette.

"Policeman, come forward!" The other boy approached to meet us. "This is a regular policeman."

"I was the third man with Fidel in the Sierra Maestras," said the policeman, who was slight and beardless.

Although he was starting a new job at eight that morning (something to do with radio), Hernández insisted on accompanying us to wherever we were staying. When our taxi stopped at the St. Johns on "O" Street, he climbed out unsteadily and said, "This was a hotel for the Batista people. I'm the manager now."

My compatriots went up to bed and I decided to walk along the Malecón, where sewage and petrol are part of the sea air.

Hernández refused a drink (it would have been his turn, mine again . . .). He asked if he could do anything for me, like get me a girl; then he spotted three cronies and introduced us all. When last seen he was talking with his fellow-soldiers in front of the St. Johns.

At three A.M. Sunday, August 28, a young *compañero* of mine was looking for me in the Hotel Nacional. He had been out with the *Bombay Times* correspondent's daughter, and he wanted to share a taxi to the country, where we were staying.

I had spent the evening, my last in Havana, with a girl who was a government official. She had been working all day, didn't drink, and refused to think about food. When we left the American-style restaurant, we had to pick up galley proofs at government printing plants — one of them used to be *El Diario*. I paid for the taxis, and the saving on her expense account would go — really — toward building schools.

We hit a C. R. (counter-revolutionary) joint where they played flamenco. The pretty waitresses in overdone *fiesta* costumes jumped at a chance to speak English. The well-dressed C. R. tables were quiet in the midst of maracas, guitars and singing.

"They're just marking time," said the government girl, "waiting for their passports to come through."

Suddenly, "*Cuba sí, yankis no!*" — youth of the Revolution sang in chorus with the guitars, and the club turned into an uproar. A *barbudo* in a suit and tie was singing.

"This place has changed," she hollered in my ear. They strum it a new way . . . your uncool son quits eating with his ax and joins *la Revolución*. You read him the same when he grinds his ax. At a table near us, C. R. youth jumped up and sang in answer:

*"Cuba sí, Rusia no!"*



They rose and snake-danced through the crowd to a flamenco beat, but the Revolution had the lung-power.

We left early; our waitress apologized to me in English for "the noise." The government girl brought me to her hotel, talking about her galley proofs, the Revolution . . .

There she collapsed from overwork, leaving me to correct the proofs.

Later, my young *compañero* and I walked down under the rock which holds up the Nacional. We had been told the hotel taxis were needlessly expensive. Along the Malecón (he carried a duffel-bag and staggered slightly), we looked for a taxi, an intersection with traffic, directions to the town of Baúta — anything.

From a lone English Ford across the street came a voice, unequivocal: "Yankis, go home."

It was the only time.

## *Come-lights*

*Emilie Glen*

Come-lights      come      come,  
Marshes curve to a shell of lights,  
    Pebbles in wet-shine,  
St. Elmo's fire,  
Lighted train hurtles lighted sea-city  
    Toward a meeting of lights,  
Billion keys to the city,  
    Venus rising from the sea

City of lights  
    Belonging to everyone      no one,  
Dots to trace to the picture,  
    Show window of invisible glass  
    Between reach and have,  
Gift wrap to a city unknown,  
Glittering invitation to skim off the lights  
    And let the dark city go,  
Fish-lights for the net,  
    Sunken city rising from the sea,  
    All bells ringing,  
Come-lights      come      come



## *This is how she feels*

Walter Kerell

Like tomorrow's sweetest milk the milkman left on the doorstep yesterday; like clustered weeds flailing the 7 winds; like 19, 11 and 2; like her present 30 summers times 2, 3 and 200; like 1 blue forest with too many eyes: an openhearted lion near his luncheon pyramid of bones lowers his public head and sleeps; the stars shine through the bones, a blue light describing his will; underfoot, silver dingles catch the beetle's horns for now. How does she feel? Like no daughter she ever heard of, water stood up and walked away, out of her mouth, legends, hidden ears; her eyes sat down in her lap where her hands lay, that rolled on the ground when water got up and said: Let's go. This is how she feels: — It was 8 o'clock, and February, not the 6th and not 1925. (Never again.) Then it was *minuit*; then, chilled at 3, rolling her paramour home, she suddenly stopped, bent one knee in her mind and one in the street, lowered her head, shared out houses to the homeless in their beds in their houses, showered 3 words at her station, unbent her treeless knees, found her hands, picked up 3 billion cubits of water, watered her eyes, which lied but opened, clustered the life of the one in the vine of the other, dreamed, cried good, reached the street, the house, the doorstep where, reached for key, unlocked door, unrolled the nightly wreck on his in-side of the bed, brushed teeth, took off shoes, socks, slacks, lay down 30 winters in a heap on the floor, crawled yearless into bed, took her place toes to heel, stomach to back, lowered her hair over pillow, over bed, over room, out window, up street, into sun; fell down, into sleep; dreamed, awoke, did not look, fell asleep; opened mouth half-awake, did not look; fell asleep, eyes locked, fell asleep.



## *The excortication*

*Emily Whitty Lambert*

"It is nothing," the doctor says, her eyes compassionately condescending. "Thousands of women have this operation every year. You spend three days in the hospital altogether; on the second morning you have an anesthetic, I do a little cutting, and on the fourth morning you go home."

"Very well," I reply calmly. "I am ready to go at any time." I light a cigarette and notice that my hand is steady, but this is not surprising. I am a reasonable woman, and, as the doctor says, the operation will be nothing.

"It is nothing," a wise woman friend says later. "I had it done myself and I tell you honestly not to worry. Now when I had my thyroid — that was a different story."

I watch her mouth and do not listen, then rather rudely cut her off: "I do not enjoy talking about such things, really. And as you said, in my case, it will be nothing."

A few days pass and then it is a cold Sunday morning and I rise early to ready myself for the hospital. "You have not packed yet?" my husband asks. He is nervous; his tone betrays it.

"There is lots of time," I reply. "And, besides, I know exactly what I am going to take." I do know, for I have planned. Three gowns. A robe and slippers. Make-up. Books. I take the gowns from my dresser drawer. They are freshly laundered and fragrant with English lavender and for a moment, as I stand in my bedroom before the open suitcase with my sweet-smelling gowns in my hand, I remember the old woman in London who stood in the rain on Petticoat Lane, selling her lavender. It is almost a poem, this memory, and consequently I smile, then lay my gowns in the suitcase and fold on top of them a new velvet robe, royal blue in color, that I have purchased especially for this occasion — to raise my spirits should they sag under the weight of hospital asceticism.

Next, I tuck yellow slippers into a pocket along one side of the suitcase, pack my make-up into a zippered leather case, and distribute a small library among the remaining pockets. There! I am ready. I snap the lock on my suitcase, put on my coat and gloves, and we leave our apartment, warm with steam heat and familiarity, and go out into the cold Sunday morning. A biting wind brings tears to the eyes and a strong sun brightens but cannot warm and because it is so cold, the city streets echo with emptiness as I ride to the hospital in a taxicab with my husband, who is solemn, more solemn than I, before the mysteries of womanhood.

To cheer him, I make a joke: "Do you think we will enjoy Ravenna?" For we have only recently returned from a year in Europe. The small suitcase at my feet is the very one we often packed for short trips from our Florentine apartment. And it was on just such a cold and bright morning that we once boarded a train for Ravenna.



He takes my hand and smiles: "Of course. We will love Ravenna." I have reassured him and I am pleased.

The taxicab stops before the hospital. The driver turns around to watch solicitously as I leave his cab. I start up the path, but look back as his parting words reach me: "All the luck in the world, lady."

I smile at him and, for his sake, hope that I appear more fragile than I feel. I do not want him to feel his sympathy wasted. I walk up the icy path leading to the hospital, my husband at my side, as the taxicab drives away.

At the entrance, my husband holds open a door for me, and with him I enter a lobby, stiff with glass and glossy floors and polished plants. We glance around, see no one, and do not know how to proceed. Then a nurse appears and beckons us into a small office to the left of the lobby. I sit down, lean back against a straight-chair back, and answer the nurse's questions as well as I am able to.

After typing my statistics in rapid staccato, she strips me of jewelry and money and role in life. ("Just hand your rings and pin to your husband, dear, you can't wear them here. Give your money to him, too. This is the way that husbands get rich! Now, say goodbye to him, dear. You won't be needing *him* for a while! We'll take care of you now!")

I turn to my husband; we kiss; he walks away and a second nurse accompanies me down a hall to an elevator. We ride to our destination in silence; I am delivered into the custody of a starched and squalid attendant whose nose drips unheeded as she leads me to the impersonal room that is to be my "private" (how outrageous a euphemism when applied to a hospital room!) domain for the next few days.

After I have unpacked and undressed and put on a gown and my new velvet robe and my new yellow slippers, there is little for me to do. I glance around the room again. Its cerulean coverlets and walls of confectionary pink aim toward cheerfulness yet nothing arrests the eye. It slips rapidly over sterile surfaces pausing only upon the curiosity of an electric bed: here at least is something I have not seen before. I press a button and have the bed raise and lower itself at my command, then, tired of this pointless pastime, I walk over to the windows, where I stand and watch old women cross the park that lies below.

The park is a small patchwork of cement and barren soil and bare black trees and, from where I stand, the old women crossing the park (on their way to and from mass, I suppose) seem to be crawling rather than walking. They bend their shoulders into the wind and crawl across the dry brown park, looking like a straggle of beetles that might at any moment be randomly squashed by a large fat thumb. Old women! There are too many old women in the world, I think, and wonder where are the children who usually play in parks. I should prefer their shrill cries and scarlet caps and the grating of skates over rough cement to this crawling procession of black-clad women.

I leave the windows, lie down and read awhile, and after lunch from a tray and various ministrations from nurses, interns, and attendants, my husband comes,



smelling of the cold outdoors that already seems alien, and carrying an armful of yellow chrysanthemums and a slip of cardboard that allows him to see his wife for a sliver of time as thin and as neatly bordered as the paper permission he bears.

I like the yellow chrysanthemums and I take them from him and place them in a vase on the window sill against the cold, already darkening sky. "Now," I say, "I shall look at the flowers and remember your love." I smile at my husband and touch his hand with pleasure, yet his visit tires me. There is little to be said that has not been said, and by moving into this hospital room, I have moved into an experience he cannot share. We talk — and I am sadly pleased when the hour has passed and he has gone and I can again lie back against my pillow and muse.

Later, I have my evening meal — it is as bland and puerile as Pabulum — and after an hour or two of reading, I am given a pill so that I will fall asleep at an innocent hour. Just before falling asleep I consider attempting to "say my prayers" to see if I can remember them after a long span of years. But I am already so near sleep that it does not seem an interesting project after all.

\* \* \*

It is morning now. It is dark outside, but within this special hospital world it is morning. Nurses hurry through the halls, thrusting thermometers into the slack mouths of patients who, waking, cannot for a moment think where they are. I, however, know instantly that it is the morning of the excortication. I close my mouth around a tube of glass and it seems to me as I lie here in my white bed, shrouded with a white curtain, that so inevitable are the events to follow that I feel no fear at all. (For since there is nothing that I *can* do, my fear would be lacking in function.) I lie here and wait and consider for a moment the curious syntax of the bright red sign on the table at the foot of my bed: "Nothing by mouth." I am shrouded with whiteness; against such whiteness that red sign is as cruelly bright as blood.

Light filters into the room from the three wide windows facing the park that I can no longer see; sound filters in through the closed door. I hear rumbling sounds of plumbing and the rattle of breakfast trays and I am hungry and wish that I were at home, with my flower-sprigged breakfast tray before me and my husband at my side. Instead, I am all alone in a white bed shrouded by white curtains and still without acknowledging any fear it occurs to me that within the next two hours I shall perhaps die.

The curtains part and a nurse — I have not seen this one before — appears and deposits on the table a square white bundle. "Put these things on," she demands and goes away.

I partially obey her. I take off my own silk gown with its delicate flowers embroidered over the breast and its ribbons of green velvet and replace it with a stiff white sack. I cannot, however, think what to do with the three strange white objects remaining. The nurse returns and brusquely explains: "These are stockings. So put them on. This piece of gauze is a cap for your head."



It is obvious, of course. They should have needed no explanation. I put them on and return to my bed to wait, then mercifully, my waiting no longer matters; Demorol robs it of meaning.

\* \* \*

How many minutes pass? I do not know or care. A brown face bends over me. A voice says, "Harold, see if she can lift herself," and the brown face of Harold speaks: "Now, Miss, can you lift yourself up and slide over here?" Where is here? I lift my head and see a table, lift my body and slide onto the table, and the brown face of Harold bends over me and straps me to the table. Carefully, he maneuvers the long table out of the room and through the corridor to the elevator. The rubber wheels whirl quietly over the smooth polished floor and Harold hums as he does his daily work. He hums and I fill in the words of his song: "Hang down your head, Tom Dooley / Hang down your head and cry / Hang down your head, Tom Dooley / Poor boy, you're bound to die."

I smile because he hums this inappropriate song and I smile because he wheels me into the elevator and it is padded with dark green and I laugh because I am swathed in white and lying so still in a swiftly moving padded cell and I laugh because it is all so very laughable and who is brown-faced Harold and is he as happy as I as he hums?

The lights brighten: the operating room. Soft-spoken Harold speaks: "Lift yourself up, Miss," and humbly I obey. Slowly I slide myself onto the table, stretch out my long white body, swathed now, but soon to be bared to the woman whose face appears above me. "How are you?" her white face asks, containing within its blurred boundaries eyes that seem as black as ebony.

Oh, it is an exquisite joke that she should ask this foolish question, that her vacuous face should hang above me, wavering as it waits for an answer, and cleverly controlling my desire to laugh I say, "Lovely! I am feeling lovely!" For after all, the operation will be nothing.

Her vague face vanishes and I am alone and the lights are bright and hurt my eyes and I lower my lids for a moment until a nurse bends over me and straps my arm to a board and then my arm pains as a needle pushes into it, punctures it, pains it pain pain that panics me until suddenly! I sink down into a swirl of saccharine sleep.

\* \* \*

RUTH, LIE STILL! STOP IT! who speaks to me so sternly when i am sobbing i am sad and i am sobbing RUTH, LIE STILL, THE OPERATION IS OVER AND YOU ARE FINE! i am sobbing and cannot lie still i toss and turn because i have pain and cannot see where i am and do not know why i have pain! STOP IT, RUTH, YOU ARE DISTURBING THE OTHER PATIENTS! but what of me who is it who shouts at me as i sob oh what of me why do i sob so oh care for me someone STOP IT, RUTH! a hand on my pulse and a leather strap tightens around my arm and a face for an instant appears above me yellow hair bright yellow hair another



face voices shouting at me why do they shout so RUTH, STOP IT, OTHER PATIENTS ARE SERIOUSLY ILL! *Then put me someplace else!* i shout with rage outrage everything is wrong i am outraged i shall scream with rage i am helpless and they are cruel why are they so cruel ALL RIGHT, RUTH, WE'VE SENT THE OTHER PATIENTS AWAY. *You fool! You are a fool to think I believe you.* Other patients. Where are the other patients? I look around. For a moment, I can see. I see a woman on a table near me. She speaks: What kind of operation did you have? I cannot see her where did she go was she there at all why does she ask me this question she will belittle me like the voices she will say it is nothing that i am nothing that i am little and nothing and they are big and crueller than life *How should I know what they did to me?* Voices: She's hysterical. What makes her act like that. The anesthetic, but she can control it if she wants to. She's just hysterical. She's just not trying. *Are you talking about me? Are you saying I am hysterical?* why do they talk about me as though i am not here i am here and i am trying so hard but it is so hard to try they ask too much of me RUTH, TRY TO ACT LIKE A GROWN-UP WOMAN! i cannot it is unfair of her to ask it she knows i cannot she bends over me bright yellow hair bent over me bright yellow lights above me a hand on my pulse and yellow hair above me i hate her yellow hair and the yellow lights the yellow sunlight i used to sit in yellow sunlight i used to play in yellow sunlight i used to sit so still and all alone in yellow sunlight i did not rage so then i played all alone in the yellow sunlight i was so quiet then why do i toss and turn so now she's as quiet as a mouse they used to say she's a good quiet child i kept so still and quiet in the yellow sunlight and i can't stop crying now! RUTH, LIE STILL! *I won't! I won't lie still! You can't make me! I hate you, hate you, hate you!* Voices: We'll have to give her some Demorol. She isn't even trying. A hand turns me over and a needle pricks my flesh and i need no longer toss and turn i need no longer sob because i am heavy and still i lie still and heavy like a sodden sponge and soon i shall slip i am slipping into a heavy dripping stone stillness...

\* \* \*

Two days have passed since the operation and I may go this morning. Soon I shall start to dress. Now, I lie back on the clean white sheet, my head on the clean white pillow, and I think that, after all, my stay in the hospital has passed rapidly: lassitudinous days punctuated by a hospital routine that has quickly become familiar.

I am satisfied that I have been an exemplary patient. I have not rung unnecessarily for assistance; I have eaten all that I have ordered and taken all the pills that were prescribed for me and smiled at the nurses and dutifully answered all their impertinent questions concerning my bladder and bowels and blood.

I have done well and I *am* well now. I feel the pleasant sense of accomplishment, the brisk "there, that has been got out of the way" feeling I often have after mailing out a packet of overdue checks or mending a rip in a dress that has hung untended in my closet for weeks.

Now it is time for me to dress. My husband will soon be here to take me home. I leave my bed and disrobe. As I do so, I look down at my body, thankful that my skin is still smooth and free from scars. I draw a girdle of elastic over my belly,



fasten a brassiere around my breasts, pull nylon stockings taut on my legs, slide a petticoat of silk over my head, remove my black wool dress from the hanger and put it on, fasten a strand of pearls around my neck. Next, I exchange my slippers for high-heeled pumps and sit down near the windows to prepare my face: I rub rosy foundation cream gently into my skin and follow it with a dusting of powder; I fill out my eyebrows with short, deft strokes of pencil and cover my lips with color, and when I have finished, I look as well as I have ever looked. Pleased, I put on my coat and gloves and, taking my suitcase in hand, I leave my pink-walled hospital room and walk to the end of the hallway, where the elevator stands empty, waiting to carry me down to my husband, who waits below.

There is the doctor. I shake her hand. "Yes, I am feeling quite well, now. Yes, he is waiting downstairs."

The operation is over and has not even bequeathed me a scar.

I step into the elevator and silently the door slides closed, then silently again the door slides open and I step out into the lobby and into the arms of my husband and together we leave the hospital and together we go home and before I have even unpacked my suitcase I am smug with the notion that I have recovered it intact: my oh! so well-ordered woman's life.

## *For Eileen*

*S. Dorman*

Inside  
the smoulder of the growing  
skull  
fractured faces dance  
upon the light of waterwells.  
Rain with its lute and lyre  
of woman  
penetrates the cells. From  
the sky light is met half-way  
and mouth gropes full of sun.  
Child  
who has choked on weeds of hope  
is gnawing at the hungry world  
inside.



# *Theory of Art*

Le Roi Jones

The root  
is likewise  
an animal. A  
totem. Pure  
& flamboyant.

Still eyes, sooty teeth  
of the street. A dark singular  
consciousness.

The animal  
moves.

moon  
in black veils  
mourning. Huge  
lady beast. The face  
of a yellow bitch. With  
blackness, strange, mocked  
like the totem. The animal  
sleeping. A source  
of terror. When he  
wakes. Beneath  
her slippery  
meat. The smell  
of insides  
on the ground. Black  
tangled hair, a heavy smell  
inside. Honeysuckle, summer,  
the spent lover  
smelling his fingers.



## *Dreams of Hippolyte*

Susan Sontag

(from a novel)

I stayed at my brother's house in his absence, explained my mission to my sister-in-law and sister, and entrusted them to reintroduce me to the society of the town. In no time, I was invited to teas, dances, and Thursdays at home, and out of several eligible prospects, I chose a young girl of plain appearance and modest character who seemed genuinely pleased at my attentions. She was the daughter of an army officer, convent-educated, fond of children, and of an irreproachable reputation. My relatives whom I consulted thought her an excellent choice.

After several visits to her family's house in which I listened respectfully to her father's diatribes against the Arabs, and played duets with the daughter, and after a final conference with my relatives, I spoke to her father, received his permission to propose to the girl, proposed, and was accepted. The wedding took place when my brother came back, looking tanned and younger than when I had last seen him; and shortly after, my wife and I returned to the capital, to begin our new lives.

"So you have married, little Hippolyte," Jean-Jacques said to me.

I did not think it right for my wife to meet or talk with Jean-Jacques, but of course he had heard the news from me. And I tried to give him a full account of my reasons for marrying, and my mode of choice. He agreed with me that this was the one way in which my family could have been useful to me but, as I expected, he found my act a serious one.

"I thought," he said, "that you were less conventional than to act in this stale way, to act out of a conviction."

"What conviction?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "this conviction you have just expressed to me of the fittingness of marriage."

"Oh, that," I said, "that is not a conviction, that is a need which I discovered, with the aid of my dreams. As you know, Jean-Jacques, I relish solitude. If anything, solitude is my only conviction. But there is no contradiction between my solitude and my marriage. Never have I done anything for the sake of order. Or," I smiled, to let him know I was thinking of him, "for the sake of disorder, either."

"But have you not married for the sake of order?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "If my life expresses a faith in order, it is its nature, that is all. The proof of this is that to others this order will inevitably appear as disorder."

"And your convictions?"

"I don't want to have any convictions," I said. "If I am (or believe) something, I want to discover it through my acts. I don't want to act in the way I do because it accords with what I am (or what I believe)."

"It was I who told you that, you know."



"You were right," I said. "I want to follow my acts. I do not want my acts to follow me."

"But you put a special interpretation on what I said. For you, the fewer acts the better."

"Yes," I said, "only those which are necessary, those which define, those which destroy."

"And your marriage, Hippolyte? Is that an act which defines and destroys?"

I was prepared for this question, and could answer, quickly, "Yes."

I had much pleasure in my marriage, for my wife was in many ways as quiet a person as myself. There was one important difference. My wife was a person capable of the most sincere respect. She respected flowers and children and uniforms; she respected the effort of the youth who carried the coal up six flights of stairs each week to our apartment. She communicated to me some of this respect and gravity. For by the time I was married, I had already tired somewhat of the boredom and self-seeking which the members of Lucrezia's circle exhibited. And I was tired of what is called sophistication.

I appreciated my wife's quietness, which left me all the time I wanted for myself and my thoughts. Of course, I could not help being moved by my wife's devotion to me. But it was of such a generous sort that I never felt hampered in any way.

She did not like to go out much but I felt entirely free to come and go as I like—to walk by the river, to find Jean-Jacques in his café and converse with him, to read, to go to the national film archives occasionally with Lucrezia.

Because my wife was not, as far as I could see, a sensuous person and expected to fulfill conjugal duties only out of a sense of duty, I saw no reason to bother her with them. She was very young, and I respected her youth. But I liked doing with her what I knew she genuinely liked. She enjoyed walking in the park and looking in department store windows at dresses. She liked me to read to her, which I did each night before we went to sleep. (Out of consideration for her background, I had bought her a bed.) I read her children's stories and fables, but she liked even better the ones which I made up myself and told to her.

One that she was especially fond of, I called "The Invisible Husband". It went as follows:

"Once upon a time, in a city near a forest lived a beautiful princess. And far away, in the mountains called the Himalayas lived a plain but hard-working young prince.

"It was always snowing where the prince lived, and to protect himself from the cold he wore a handsome suit of white leather and white leather boots. And in this way, too, he was almost invisible, and could move about the mountain without being eaten by any of the dangerous animals who lived there.

"One day the prince thought that he would like to have a companion on the mountain, whom he would also dress in white. So he went through the forest to the city, and asked where the princess of that city lived. For, naturally, being a prince, he could only marry a princess.

"Now the princess of this city had very weak eyes, and when the Prince dressed in white was presented to her at the court she had great difficulty in seeing him. But being of a tender nature—and because, with the keenness of hearing which



is often given to people with poor sight, she heard his voice and found it attractive—she wanted to accept his proposal of marriage.

“‘What does he look like, father?’” she said.

“‘There is no doubt that he is a prince,’” her father replied. I have seen the records of his birth.’”

“‘Then I will marry him,’” she said. “‘He will be a restful and melodious companion.’”

“So the prince took the princess with him back to the mountain and guarded her in his house of snow, and fed her milk and the raw meat of coconuts and rice and sugar and other delicacies with his own hands.

“The princess’ eyesight did not improve, but since everything around her was white she did not notice that she could barely see her husband.

“But one day, while the princess was alone sewing a tablecloth, there appeared before her a black mountain bear. The princess was not frightened because she did not know that this was the most dangerous animal on the mountain. But she was startled, because she was not accustomed to seeing anything so clearly.

“‘Who are you?’” she inquired courteously.

“‘I am your husband,’” said the bear. “‘This suit I found in a dark wet cave, on the other side of the mountain.’”

“‘But you must have caught a cold,’” she said. “‘Your voice is hoarse.’”

“‘Undoubtedly,’” said the bear.

“The bear spent the afternoon with the young princess. When he got up to go, she was sorry to see him leave. But he told her he had to go in order to return the black suit to the cave where its owner might, by this time, be looking for it.

“‘But can’t you wear the suit again,’” she pleaded with the bear.

“‘Perhaps sometime I may find it again when I pass the cave. And then I will come home in the middle of the day and visit you.’”

“‘Oh, yes,’” she cried.

“‘But you must promise me,’” said the crafty bear, “‘not to mention this black suit, even to me. For I detest dishonesty, or wearing anything which is not mine. If I wear this suit again, it is a great sacrifice of my honor which I make for you.’”

“The princess always respected her husband’s moral scruples, and she agreed. And so the bear came sometime to visit her, but she never mentioned his visits in the evening when her husband returned. What she enjoyed in the bear was being able to see him, but she did not like the hoarseness with which his voice was afflicted each time when, as she supposed, he ventured for her sake into the wet cave.

“One day, she found his voice so unpleasant that she urged him to take some medicine.

“‘I detest medicines,’” said the bear. “‘Perhaps it is better that when I have this voice, I do not speak to you at all.’”

“Reluctantly she agreed, but from that moment she began to find less pleasure in her husband dressed in black, who was in reality a bear.

“‘I would rather hear your voice,’” she said one day to the bear, as he was embracing her roughly. “‘In fact I do not enjoy seeing you as much as I did.’”

“Of course, the bear did not answer.



"When the bear went away in the mid-afternoon, she determined to speak to her husband when he returned in white in the evening.

"But being an obedient wife, she did not dare to break the promise not to speak of the black suit. And when her husband returned, in fact she said nothing. That night, however, she stole out of bed while her husband slept and went forth on the mountain. Although it was black night, she could see no less well than in the white day.

"For many nights and days, she wandered about the mountain searching for the dark cave where she supposed her husband found the suit. Most of the time it was snowing, and she was very cold. Eventually she felt stones and a space beneath her hands which felt like a cave, and she sighed with relief.

"I will leave a note for the true owner of the suit," she said, weary with cold and exhaustion but anxious to complete her mission.

"And she tore off a piece of her white dress, took a pin from her hair, pricked her white skin until the blood came, and, using the pin as a pen and her blood as ink, wrote the following message on the cloth: "Do not leave your suit any more. Thank you." She signed it, "The Princess of the Mountain."

"And then, feeling quite ill, she wandered for several more days and nights upon the mountain until she found her way home.

"Naturally, the prince was relieved at the return of the princess and put her to bed immediately. He tendered her faithfully, and fed her one teaspoon of sugar each day. She was sick for some time, but she recovered. Through her illness, however, her eyesight failed completely, and she was entirely blind.

"But the princess was not unhappy at this result, since she had been nearly blind before. And now there was no problem of choosing between her husband in white and her husband in black.

"I am happy now," she said to her husband.

"And she heard her husband reply in his gentle voice, "'We have always been happy.'"

"And they lived happily ever after."

My wife was above all obedient and uncomplaining. She was the sort of wife who would have enjoyed the mother-in-law, which, alas, I could not supply her. I worried sometimes that she must be lonely in this strange city, where she had no friends or relatives. But she seemed not to miss company. I thought, too, that she might want to have a child, but I did not think she was old enough for this yet. I thought there was plenty of time (I was not yet forty), and besides I wished to prolong the peacefulness and purity of our relationship.

You may imagine that since I respected my wife's virgin nature, I still took care to satisfy myself outside the home. This was not the case. I wanted to be faithful to my wife, as I expected her to be faithful to me. It was very convenient: in being faithful to my wife, I could at the same time be faithful to myself.

It was about this time that I clarified my ideas on what constitutes proper self-love.

I beg the reader not to react disapprovingly to this notion. I do not believe there is the slightest vanity in the following reflections.

I reasoned thus: the one criterion of love upon which all can agree is intensity. Love raises the temperature of the spirit—it is a kind of fever. And since all human



beings want, in my opinion, is to feel alive, they love. (This is also why they go to war. If war did not satisfy a fundamental human desire—not the desire to destroy, which is superficial, but the desire to feel more intensely, to be in a state of strain, such states which are diluted in ordinary civil life—the practice of war would have been tried once and abandoned. Instead it is a permanent feature of human life. It is obvious that men regard their own death as not too large a price to pay for feeling alive, and they are right.)

War does not fail. But love always fails. Why? Because it is at bottom the desire for incorporation, for amalgamation. The lover does not seek a beloved. He seeks a bigger self, a bigger ration to nourish himself in the desired withdrawal from the world. But thereby he merely adds to the weight of his own burden. He now carries the other person, too.

One possible solution to love is hate. In hating, we push the burden aside. But then we are left diminished, weighing half of the amount we have become accustomed to.

The only solution is to abandon the external. As long as we are dependent on others, we are bound to be frustrated. Therefore the only proper object of love, as of hate, is oneself. Only thus can we be confident that we are not mistaken in paying the tribute of our feeling. Only in this way can we be sure the object will not flee, or change, or die. Only in this way are we satisfied.

To this line of reasoning, I will append an anecdote.

One day my wife and I were gazing out of the window of our apartment. Across the courtyard a neighbor was doing her laundry. For a long time we watched the motions of her stout red arms plunging in and out of the tin tub overflowing with lather.

Eventually, she finished, hung up her wash, and went in, without removing the tub. Then we saw a fluttering of the wash, as if the wind were moving it. And from behind a large white sheet emerged the dark figure of the coal delivery boy wearing a cap, who gazed up at our window. For a long time he stood there staring, and then began to move backwards slowly. He did not see the tub of lather behind him, and losing his balance bumped against it and fell, knocking it over and getting himself drenched. My wife sighed and smiled.

He sat in the puddle of warm water, and began to cry and curse with vexation.

Then he went and leaned against a wall, half-sitting on a bicycle propped up there which belonged to my wife. He picked his nose and gazed at our window. Once he went away, but came back shortly, chewing on something, and stood there in the twilight.

When it became dark, I told my wife to go out and tell him to come in and have supper with us.

This was my second line of reasoning. It will be shorter than the first.

Every change of emotion we feel as a momentary invigoration. But this flush of feeling is deceptive. It is the prelude of a tapering off of vigor, when we realize the dependence of our feeling upon an external other. True vigor only results from the knowledge of separateness.

All the hoary ideals of community, friendship, love are shallow; they are makeshift expedients, devised because men cannot bear to be separate.



Love is the chief impediment to our ability to remain separate. But although the secret of life is separateness, love cannot be denied.

Separateness? Self-love.

To this second line of reasoning, I will append a second, shorter story.

One day I was standing before my mirror naked.

For some time, I had been schooling myself to remove my clothes. For while in clothing I feel tranquil and undifferentiated, my mirror confronts me with the taste of myself which is sharp and saline.

My wife came into the room, and my first impulse was to cover my nakedness. But I conquered my sense of discomfort, for I was always entirely honest with her.

I proceeded to touch my sex. She moved about the room, humming quietly to herself.

I thought of three things: of the egg, and the butterfly, and the rain.

When I reached the climax of my meditation, my wife came and dried me with a towel.

This was my third line of reasoning.

I have found that I think best when I think one thing; that I feel most deeply when I feel one thing. (If I could redesign my body I would make it celestially large, so the cities of men would appear as a single speck to me; or so tiny, that I could only see a blade of grass. And how lovingly I would examine that blade of grass. I would caress its blunt fringe, peer into its dark crease, hurl myself against its green wall.)

There are two great passions in my nature. I like to concentrate on some small problem, and I like to be surprised. But nobody is as small as I am. And nobody surprises me as much as I do myself.

And my third story:

In the vacancy of my wait, in the numbness of it, I struck a man walking on the street.

The horse butcher rushed from his shop and seized me by the ear. Curses fell like droppings from the golden horse's head.

A crowd of shopkeepers and marketing housewives gathered. A policeman came with his stick.

A man in the crowd slipped me a revolver. But I did not wish the death of the world, or indeed of any person in it.

Therefore I went along with the policeman, was fingerprinted, interviewed by the prefect himself, locked up for a night in a cell with thieves and released the next morning.

My fourth and last line of reasoning follows.

Man strives to be good for being bad is just the name for some people's goodness. The essence of goodness is monotony. (Notice that I say monotony, not consistency. Consistency, which many identify as a criterion of the good, is surely as spurious an ethical ideal as was ever formulated.)

From monotony comes purity. This is why monogamy is better than polygamy. But monogamy is polygamous, when matched against self-love.

What is more monotonous than the self?

A little story: Last night I dreamed the same dream three times.

In this dream, I walked on a frozen sea.



In this fashion my wife and I lived without discord for several years. I had no particular desire to travel, and except for one trip in which I took her to visit her family, we did not leave the capital. But it happened that my felicity was brought to a swift and cruel end, in the following manner.

One day my wife told me that she had been feeling ill. I hastened to take her to a doctor, despite her protests that the doctor would only tell her it was a liver complaint and I would have wasted my time in the visit. Of course, she was justified in expecting this diagnosis — which is the beneficent myth of the national medical profession, and has cured many patients by distracting their attention from real ailments to imaginary ones.

It is my opinion that illness has two causes: undue neglect, or excessive cultivation, of one part of the body. Thus I have heard of a woman who talked incessantly who died of a disease which began in the ear, and of a young man, a trial lawyer, given to very expressive arm gestures, who was stricken by paralysis. There are fashions in diseases, too. In less developed societies, illness, like everything else, has a collective or communal character: the archtypal form of disease is the plague. But in our society illness has retreated to the private sphere, to the non-infectious, to the individually borne. Disease attacks each man alone — in his heart or lungs or viscera. It is now an individual judgment (in the manner I have just described) rather than a pollution. Therefore it must be borne with greater resignation, for it cannot be passed on to anyone else.

My wife's illness, as the doctor explained to me — for she was, alas, seriously ill — had this modern character. It was not communicable, so there was no danger to me. And it was very likely incurable. There was nothing to do but to go to bed and wait its development. My wife received the news from me bravely. Together we decided that she should remain at home rather than go to a sanatorium.

The task of nursing her became my sole and willing occupation. I brewed her tea and sat by her bed; for hours at a time we would sing and recite prayers and play tarot. My wife believed devoutly in astrology, and taught me to read the cards. She prophesied a long life for me, which made me, in the circumstances, somewhat sad. I wanted to summon her family, but she did not seem eager at this suggestion, perhaps because she thought this would be more appropriate at the end. Wishing, however, to provide her with a little more entertainment than I alone could furnish, I decided to invite Jean-Jacques to our room. I went out one afternoon, after alerting a neighbor that I would be absent for a couple of hours, and found him no longer at his usual cafe but at the one next door.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the price of coffee has gone up 10 francs and, also, because the proprietress has been most unfriendly."

Jean-Jacques was looking especially robust that day, and carried an uncut copy of his new novel which he autographed and presented to me.

I explained the situation at home, and begged him to pay my wife a visit.

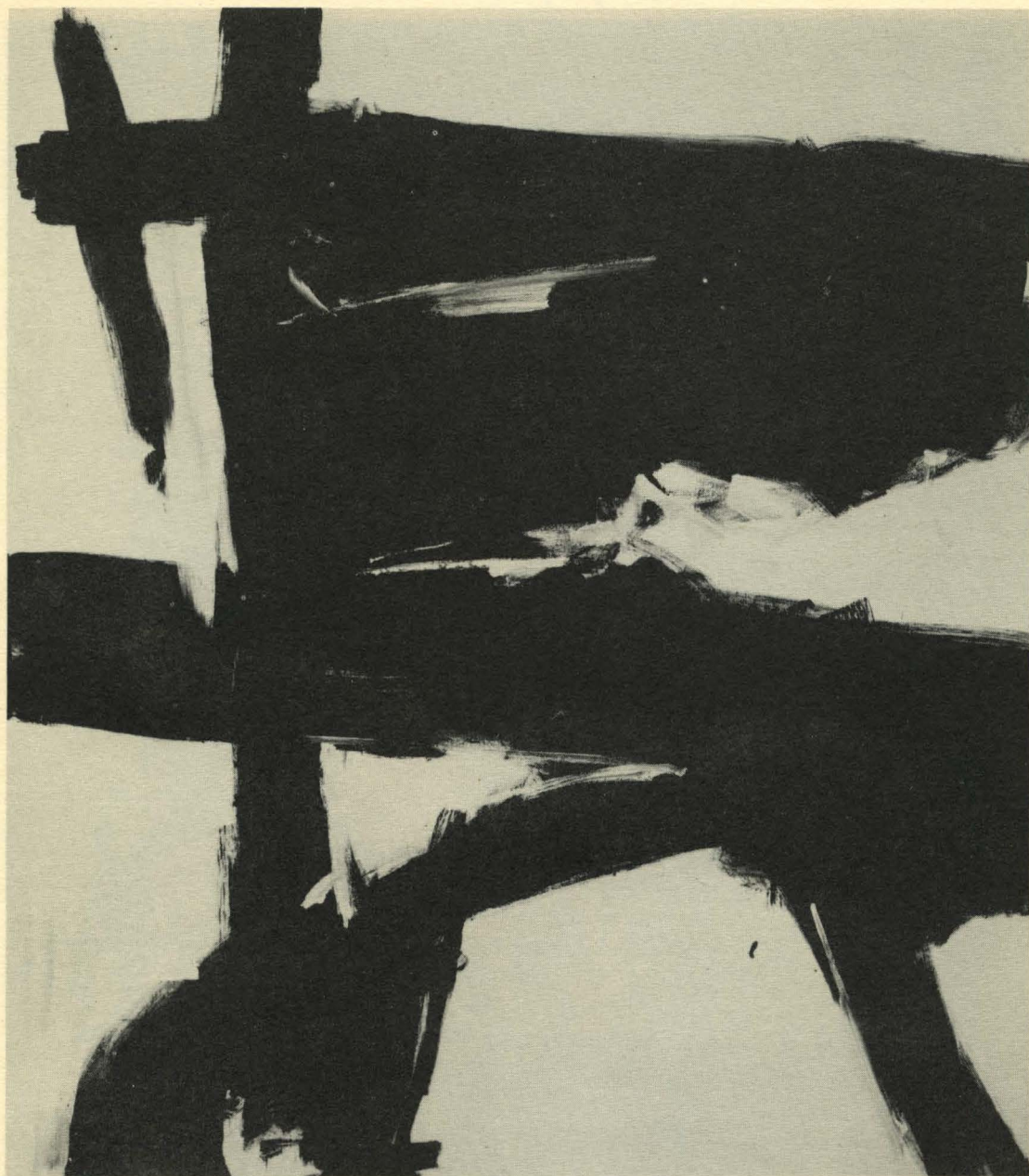
"I should be very angry with you, Hippolyte. You have kept me away from the princess so long! I wasn't going to eat her, you know."

*(Continued on page 73)*





















Umberto Romano

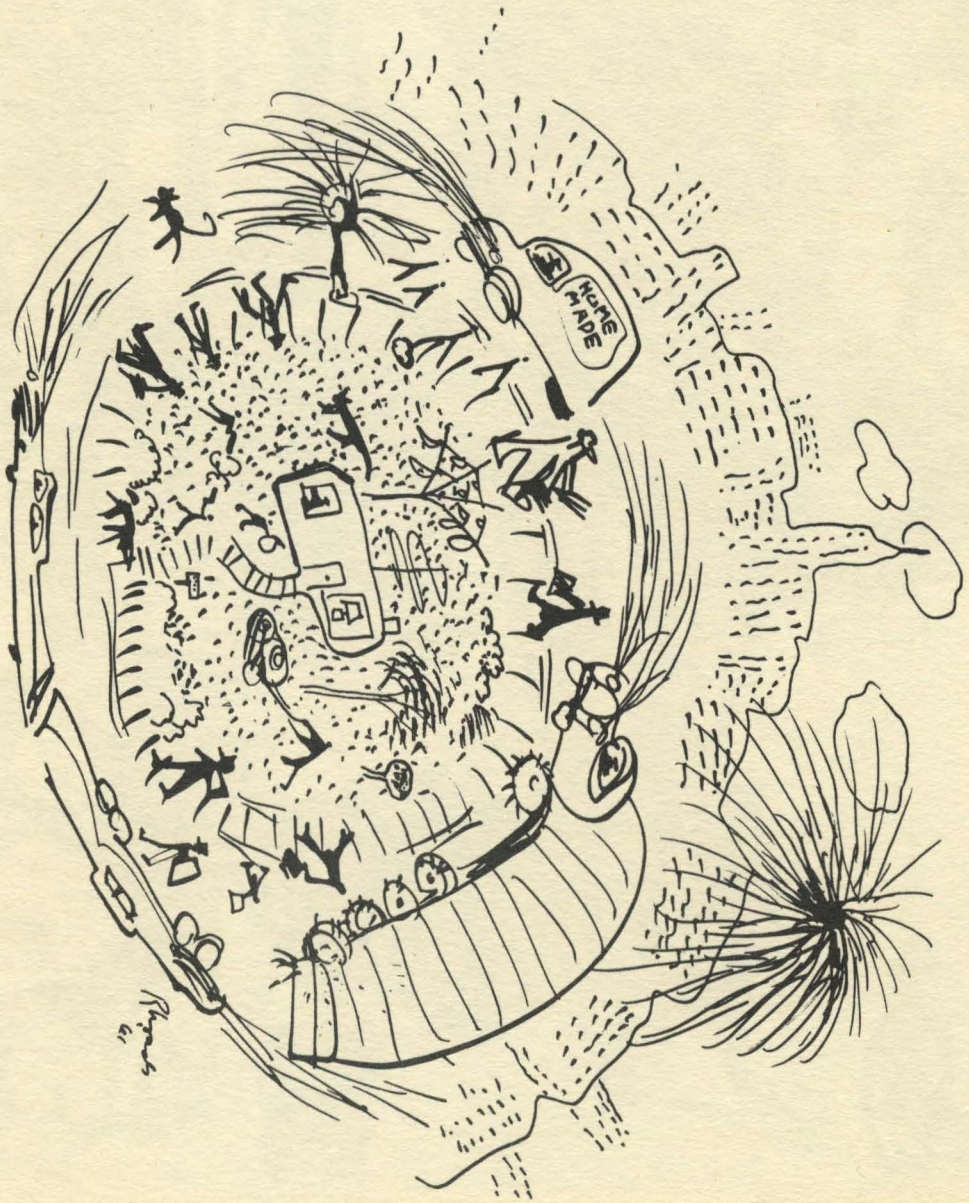














"True enough. But you have an unsettling effect on people, dear Jean-Jacques."

"And now?"

"Now my wife can no longer distinguish between pleasure and over-stimulation. Do come."

"I shall come later."

I was delighted, and left him at once to return home.

Very late that evening Jean-Jacques arrived. I was already dozing in the wooden rocking chair beside my wife's bed, where I now regularly slept. But when I opened my eyes at the sound of his knocking, I saw that she was still propped up on her pillows, looking with feverish stare at the door, the pack of tarot cards lying in disorder on the quilt.

"She is not sleeping," I called to Jean-Jacques, as I pushed the coverlet from my knees and went to the door.

"Sing out!" cried Jean-Jacques gaily as he entered the room.

My wife began to sing a lullaby and Jean-Jacques, who was wearing a paratrooper's uniform, began to dance around the bed, his heavy boots resounding against the floor.

"It's perfect," I said. My wife nodded agreement. "How did you know what to wear?" I said to Jean-Jacques.

"The very image of respectability, my boy," Jean-Jacques shouted, without interrupting his dance.

"But did I ever tell you that my father-in-law is an army officer?"

"What?" Jean-Jacques shouted.

"The army! An officer!"

"The-very-image-of-respectability!" And with each word he stamped once from left to right.

"Long live the colonies," murmured my wife, moving further under the blankets until only her face was visible.

"And now, little lady, we're going to march." And he seized me by the shoulders and we marched up and down the room. I was filled with vivacity, and at certain moment broke away from Jean-Jacques' powerful grasp and ran to the side of the armoire.

"I declare war," I cried.

"You're dead," said Jean-Jacques calmly.

But at this moment my wife burst into tears, and I turned on him reproachfully.

"Let's not make war," I said. "It frightens her."

"But I want to fight with you," he replied. "After all, I was once a professional boxer."

"Yes, I know. It's that which makes it foolish for me to fight with you." I began to feel some natural apprehension, for I thought Jean-Jacques might be serious.

"Let me take off my respectability, first," he said in a determined voice, and began unbuttoning his neat olive-green shirt.

My wife's head disappeared under the covers.

"But I'm dead."



There was a low sob from the bed.

"That's your advantage, Hippolyte. As being an ex-boxer is mine."

He became impatient with the buttons, and lifted his shirt over his head. At that moment, I seized the other chair in the room, the one next to the armoire, and struck him over the head with it. He fell to the floor. My wife's head emerged from the blankets.

"Oh, oh," she cried, her eyes now red from weeping.

"It is the penalty for impersonating an officer," I explained, and dried her cheeks with my handkerchief. "Well, now I must take him home. I shall have to leave you for a while."

It proved, of course, impossible for me to lift Jean-Jacques and carry him alone down the steep flight of stairs, so I went down alone and roused the coal delivery boy, a strapping adolescent, who lived in the next street. For what amounted to a day's wages, he agreed to assist me in getting Jean-Jacques home, and we returned together, brought him, still unconscious, downstairs, into a taxi, and up the stairs to his hotel room. I sent the boy back to my room to attend my wife until my return.

Jean-Jacques did not regain consciousness until dawn, and when I saw him turning in his bed and moaning and holding his head, I slipped out the door. I was exceedingly angry with him. Stopping to buy some food, I returned to my room. But when I opened the door, to my dismay, I saw not my wife but the coal delivery boy lying, fully dressed, on the bed. He seemed frightened to see me, and blurted out that he had thought it best to wait my return in order to tell me that my wife seemed very ill when he came back, that he had summoned the neighbors who in turn had called an ambulance, and that she was in the city hospital. I paid him his wages for the night, and hastened to the hospital, where the nurse confirmed the news of my wife's serious condition. I was allowed to see her for a few minutes, but she was in a coma, and did not emerge from her coma when, three days later, she died.

I shall not speak, now, of my grief.



## The beach

## Diane Di Prima

where I ship out from, the tides  
give no indication  
washing dead flowers, under the rocks  
at my back; the houses flat & implacable  
painted green. It peels. The walls are damp.

The chill at the railroad station in the mornings  
always the dawn light & wind,  
our collars turned up  
the suitcases broken, a gesture. Almost empty.  
Ourselves the pitiful grey of no baths, no sleep  
the grey we rub off the sheets  
in the green houses. Did we lock the door  
the sea is gold in the dawn light, the rocks  
silhouetted against it.

how many years will you amble along the shore  
hands in yr pockets, whistling the same old tune?  
living on softshell crabs, the seafloor hard  
under yr clean bare feet.

Just as I caught the train I think I saw you  
shuffling to the horizon to stamp it flat

that was before the picnic basket fell open  
& my choice, my monster lobster walked back  
home



## *The rebellious diary of a robust girl etc.*

*Rosalyn Drexler*

*(an excerpt from a novel)*

So nice to write again. Camp kept me pretty busy so I neglected to. The activities had me coming and going: I was in a spontaneous play — I made a costume for carnival day (I was a Greek goddess and it was hard to sew loads of pine needles on my sheet) — I swam back and forth to the raft five times and made the “white caps.” A sketch I made was picked for the newspaper, and I sang on talent night; I was leader of the girls. Made friends with Leila. She comes from Albany. Her uncle runs the camp. Leila invited me to visit her in Albany.

I thought miracles were happening everywhere because they were happening at camp, but when mom and dad met me at the bus — the same old thing: he was disgusting, she was apologetic; and my heart sank. I felt that no matter what the worthless shit, the ungrateful rat — all the names they ever called me or each good things ever happened to me it would still be me; the stupid little snout nose, other — because nothing ever changes but the face of things.

Dreamt I had to pee and thought I was on the toilet, so I let go. It felt warm and comforting. Woke up in the morning in a freezing puddle. I wanted to sleep some more so I put a towel over it and managed to doze off again. The smell of pee reminds me of me.

I FORGOT TO MENTION: THE BEST THING ABOUT CAMP WAS FOOD. Only once it wasn't so good when we went on a hike and I was crossing over a log and fell into the water with the lunch. Nothing soaks up water faster than white bread. Ha. Ha, so I shared Netty's and Leila's lunch and ate much more than either of them. That's the end of my story — which remind me of that famous poem:

Tell me a story  
Jacky O'Nory  
and now my story's begun  
Tell me another  
about his brother  
and now my story is done.

Think I'll make up a poem about my sister:

Tell me a blister  
of my little sister  
and now my blister is closed  
tell me a pus full  
about how she's trustful  
and now the story's exposed.

If she ever wears my sweater again I'll broke her head. Nobody's going to call me selfish just because I don't want her to dirty my sweater. It doesn't fit her anyway and the more daddy dear hits me for taking it back, the more I'll hate that freak with fourteen curls hanging off her head.

I am writing this on the train to Albany. Decided to go visit Leila. I'm pretty much of a coward; some kids don't care if they just go away anywhere to no one,



but I like to go somewhere to someone. Leila invited me to visit but she didn't know I'd take her up on it. She doesn't know I'm coming.

Eggs stunk up the coach. Bought an orange-ade. Am chewing the straw. My head itches. No fun to scratch — nothing to snap, crackle or pop. Ugly sailor next to me wants to talk. Reading a horror comic. The whole navy can drown. Lights are dimmed now. Could be an exciting situation. Sailor is trying to see what I'm writing. Maybe I'm the idea man for horror comics. The sailor is now examining my gills and feeling for a fish tail. "Shove it!" He doesn't like that. Potential heroes never do. Now he thinks I'm common and I think he's white trash. Boy I'm empty, and I'm on my own.

Did the conductor say there are two stops in Albany? Maybe not. Hope Leila is rich. If they're poor they'll kick em out but on the other hand if they're rich they won't even let me in.

I wasn't going to say anything about the Albany trip because I formed an awful picture of myself there. I mean I have no worries, I'm devil may care, and I invite myself in on one of the poorest, saddest families I've ever met. First of all the place they live in is rotting wood. You have to feel your way up a tall flight of splintered stairs — then there's a rust screen door; that's the way in. The kitchen is the bedroom is the living room, but the toilet is almost private. In the center of Leila's home is a pot belly stove; Leila says you can get gassed from coal fumes unless you keep the windows open (and they do, so it's kind of keep warm and die, or live to freeze another day). Her parents were suspicious of me, I mean as a runaway idiot, not me as a mysterious spy. They wondered how my parents could have let me go so far alone. When they asked me, I said: "Sure they know where I am, they trust me." I believe they sent an immediate telegram to my parents about where I was.

Leila was very nice to me; we slept in the same bed with her little brother Peter. I kept thinking about pressing against him but Leila was between us. Warm flesh on a winter night seems wonderful, that's something kids with a whole bed to themselves miss. That's why kids want to creep into their parents bed, why should they be alone? Daddy always used to lay next to me, on top of the bed whenever I woke up with a nightmare. I just remembered something funny about him — how he took showers with me but he wore bathing trunks. I used to think it strange — maybe I wouldn't even have noticed he was undressed, if he hadn't dressed for the shower — or maybe I would have, after all, that's just about how tall I was — up to there.

When I first got to Leila's no one was in because they were all at some baseball game. If there's anything I can live without it's baseball.

I went to the bathroom three times during the night in Leila's mother's nightgown. I thought it flattered me. I hoped that Leila's big brother Al would see me (and if he did who knows what else?). Anyway the room was dark and full of bodies and the red glow from the stove made me think that hell started out in Albany.

Received a pompous call from cousin Lenny. My parents respect his opinions even though he issues them from between jaws held together with tiny rubber bands. His bite is off and I might add that he is too or he wouldn't seem so sane. He told me to come home immediately and not make my mother sick. I told him to mind



his own business. I wish I didn't still have a crush on him. Liking him has nothing to do with the way he really is. He was nicer when we were younger; one Christmas he couldn't wait to give me my gifts — rushed into the toilet and handed me a real bark Indian canoe and a gray flannel bathrobe.

Back from Albany with no repercussions. My parents seemed refreshed by my absence. Mother was much nicer. Father obviously thinks it was funny. They sure puzzle me. Shouldn't they be mad? I ran away. What can I do to get punished?

Was my usual bitch self at dinner this evening. Refused to eat the liver, made faces, and picked at it till I nauseated everyone else. Ordered out of the room — I took a shoe and banged on the steam till mother came in. She threw a dish towel at me and I ran screaming behind the bed. Then father ran in and told mother: "Don't scare the kid." Mother answered: "She'll see what she gets." I cried as if my heart was breaking. Father cursed mom all night for bothering me. I think father likes me a little.

Mother gave me some girlie magazines to throw out. Said she found them in the coat closet on the top shelf. They're dad's. I really don't know why she couldn't have thrown them out herself. Wants me to think how horrible my father is I guess. When I get mad at him for being disgusting to her she orders me to be nice to my father because he is my father. Reason does not prevail.

In some way, dear diary, I'd like to make this next happening funny; it happened to me and it hurt and it made me hate everything — except the one who caused it — mother.

Time: 4 o'clock

Weather: Miserable

Place: My bedroom

People: Mom and me

Reason: Fight

Mother: "You'll go if I have to drag you there"

Me: "I don't want to"

Mother: "You rotten pig, put on your coat and come on"

Me: "I'm very tired, I want to stay home and read"

Mother: "Don't you waste my money. I'll break your neck"

Me: "Go ahead"

Mother: "If you don't hurry up you'll miss your lessons"

Me: "Even if I go I won't sing. I'll stand by the piano and cough."

Mother: "Cough! Cough? You'll be a bastard and cough, when I'm trying to do you something good? I could use the money for myself — but instead I want to make something out of you — and you're going to cough and embarrass me to your teacher!"

Me: "Yes"

Mother: (She punches me in the stomach and knocks me down on the floor. She kicks me a long time and doesn't let me up)

Why did it all happen? When she ran out of the house I pretended I was at my lesson and sang. I sounded as if I was rubbed out and something else was written on top.

Strange things happen. If they don't happen they're not strange. But whether they happen or not, boy it's something to be ashamed about. I don't know what



came over me, but I felt very sexy. I was in bed and Lucille was in her bed. I crept into her bed and felt her up. She woke up and I got cold feet. She smiled at me in a friendly way. She's much nicer than I am. She gives, I take. Lucille is kind of like a second class citizen trying to buy in. No matter what she does her status doesn't change. I came first and they love me best because when they had me they still loved each other.

Visually speaking she's an East Indian: dark, dank, secretive. I look at her and I hear ankle bells or temple bells or sacred cow bells. She has eyes that hypnotize: big brown. She has breasts that appetize: big down. She's everything I'll never have on by body. My slow-glands against her fast ones.

Stared at undressed dummies from the bus window. Hoped to incorporate their perfection by thought wave into my own undeveloped shape. When I stare at women I'm comparing myself. I'm hard on myself. I seldom look at men. The first time a man whistled at me he was in a truck and I was on a bicycle wearing shorts. Sure I'm okay toe to thigh, and from the neck up — but, in between I'm too human.

Mother says: Why shouldn't I love both my daughters the same? Why shouldn't I love them both, they're both mine, and I bothed them both from the same stomach. With me always the same soup for each and right up to the measuring line there, measure it. One baked potato each, each for each and all for all, why more? Half a cup, whole cup, five spoonfuls and whole fulls. Leg? A leg. Two legs in two mouths. Fruit salad, one a pineapple, two a grape, three a cherry, four a pear, five a real banana, and six sectioned grapefruit. Eat! Don't leave. Keep even. Line up there in the fair is fair parade. Don't hit.

I keep walking through the rooms. Like the fun house at Coney Island. Sister laughs with her friends outside. Inside the floors teeter-totter, my face shakes in the mirror, and the toilet swishes and grumbles. The un-used living room is dark, a shock of light in my room hurts my eyes. The closet door handle pulls off unexpectedly and I tumble backward. I've been drinking Sacramental wine, now I'm ill. It was too sweet.

I say I want to be understood, but what is there to understand about me, or anyone? Perhaps I mean: "Anticipate my wishes and act on them." If this is what I mean then being understood becomes a one-sided affair. I know that once I get talking I sound strange to most people and yet I can't stop. This is the test; if someone enjoys my mind and can take me as I am then I am his forever, maybe. Maybe I should be put away as mom sometimes threatens. I have to suffer deep guilt for weaklings yet they are the strong ones. Mother is strong because she keeps taking punishment; she has the act down pat. I can knock her down, spit on her, take her house money, dirty the toilet, stay away from home, order mad meals, insult her accent, criticize her because meat gets stuck between her teeth, tell her she is decrepit, hate her, fear her, wish her dead, make her carry packages up the five flights alone. She makes excuses for me: "You're really a good girl but a little nervous."

Nervous? I'm disgustingly nervous, but I can't help it. Her whine turns my stomach. Who am I, what am I, to bear the burden of her life when I have none of my own. I wish I could get married. Maybe with someone I loved I wouldn't be so awful. I GUESS I HATE MYSELF. TIME TO STOP.



## NOTES ON THE WRITERS

*David Amram*: 31-year old composer, has written music for theatre (*J.B.*, *Caligula*, a new score for *Peer Gynt*, and all of Papp's N.Y. Shakespeare Festival Productions) as well as for the concert hall. He recently completed a Sabbath Service for the Park Avenue Synagogue. His next concert will be held at Town Hall in February.

*Alfred Chester*: Author of a novel, *Jamie is My Heart's Desire* and a book of short stories, *Here Be Dragons*. Has published stories in *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Evergreen Review*, *The Second Coming Magazine*, *Sewanee Review*, *Botteghe Oscure*, and elsewhere. Recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1958.

*Diane di Prima*: Author of a book of poems, *This Kind of Bird Flies Backward*, of prose, *Dinners and Nightmares*, plays, *Paideuma* and *Murder Cake*, both produced at The Living Theatre. Editor, with Le Roi Jones, of *The Floating Bear*.

*S. Dorman*: Poems published in various little magazines and accepted by *The Nation* and *Saturday Review*.

*Rosalyn Drexler*: A story, *Isaac*, appeared in *Provincetown Review* 3. Other work in *First Person* magazine. Mother of two and wife of the artist. Her novel is now making the rounds of avant-garde publishers.

*Allen Ginsberg*: Internationally-known American poet.

*Emilie Glen*: Short stories and poems in several anthologies — *New Directions* 14, *Best Short Stories* 1952, *The Golden Years*, *American Poets Speak*, *New Folder* and numerous little magazines. Was on the staff of the *New Yorker* and an editor at Macmillan's.

*Le Roi Jones*: Poet and editor of *Yugen*. Recipient of a Whitney Fellowship.

*Walter Kerell*: Born New York City. Spent ten years in Paris. Poems published in *Botteghe Oscure*. Is now an associate editor of the pacifist-anarchist *Catholic Worker*.

*Emily Whitty Lambert*: Born in New Orleans. She is the wife of Saul Lambert, the artist. This is her first published story.

*Jeff Marks*: Attended the U. of Chicago and Iowa State. Now teaching at Indiana U., and editing the magazine *december*.

*Joel Oppenheimer*: A book of poems, *The Love Bit*, is scheduled for fall publication. An earlier volume, *The Dutiful Son*, was recently reprinted by the Patterson Society and Totem Press jointly.

*Leonard Rubin*: A N.Y. newspaper reporter, who was a psychotic for years. Author of science fiction and bitter letters to the *Village Voice*.

*Susan Sontag*: Teaches theology at Columbia. Her first novel, *Dreams of Hippolyte*, will be published next year by Farrar Strauss.

*Eve Triem*: Published extensively. Her book of poems, *Parade of Doves*, won the 1946 award of the League to Support Poetry.



## NOTES ON THE ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

*Bob Corless*: 21-year old painter whose work has been included in group shows at the De Aenlle, Graham and Great Jones Galleries.

*Emilio Cruz*: Born Mar. 15, 1938 in N.Y.C. Shown at Sun Gallery, Provincetown in 1960. Four of his drawings will appear in the next *Transatlantic Quarterly*.

*Elaine de Kooning*: Shows at Graham and De Aenlle galleries. Is now engaged in research on the Chessman case.

*Sherman Drexler*: New York painter exhibiting at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery. Will show at Tirca Karlis Gallery, Provincetown, this summer.

*Paul Elfенbein*: 27-year old free-lance N.Y. photographer. He took these pictures as parts of self-imposed assignments.

*Franz Kline*: American painter. Exhibits at the Sidney Janis Gallery in N.Y. with work in major collections and museums here and abroad.

*George Rhoads*: Born Chicago 1926, studied at U. of Chicago and Art Institute. Has been painting for the past 15 years — the last three in New York City.

*Umberto Romano*: Since his first exhibition in 1928, Romano has been regarded as one of our most active and searching artists. Has received 14 distinguished awards from major national and international exhibitions. Recently commissioned to execute a large mosaic for the City and Municipal Courts Building, N.Y.C.

*Morton Schleifer*: A young N.Y. photographer who is currently experimenting in the abstract. The picture in this issue is one from a series on the activities of the *Catholic Worker*.

*Lawrence N. Shustak* (cover): A gentle and perceptive photographer whose work has appeared in many of this country's leading museums. Currently showing in the *Photography in the Fine Arts* exhibition in Minnesota.

*Selena Trieff*: Studied with Hans Hofmann. Shows at the HCE Gallery, Provincetown and Nonagon, N.Y. Recently produced a daughter, Sarah.



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# *Provincetown Review / No. 4*

*Joel Oppenheimer*

*Alfred Chester*

*Allen Ginsberg*

*Diane Di Prima*

*Le Roi Jones*

*David Amram*

*Franz Kline*

*etc.*



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Provincetown Review, No. 4 (Summer, 1961)  
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