

St. John's Collegian

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ANNAPOLIS

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By Way of Explaining . . .

that the COLLEGIAN comes to you this time looking slightly different, we can cite two reasons: This year the COLLEGIAN had a great dearth of "creative" material, and the contributors to it were a small handful of people instead of a sizable section of the whole student body. We have attempted to put together one last issue which would attempt to remedy these two defects. This has not been easy because many former friends of the COLLEGIAN had given it up for moribund, operating on the assumption that a dying man should be left to end his ways in peace. We do not begrudge them their skepticism in the least, but it is a rewarding thing to find them wrong: In the course of the last month, great amounts of poetry, as well as some prose work, have come in, and many of these contributions were given to us by students who had never appeared in the COLLEGIAN before. Also, general interest in the paper is visibly mounting and has shown itself in a range of manifestations from a write-up in the *Annapolis Evening Capital* to numerous queries about "how the paper was coming."

Perhaps there will be some "dialecticians" among us who, when they see this issue will not think that real creative work has been printed here yet because, in their opinion, only that which is explicitly put into the dialectical framework of trivium and quadrivium, and which can be questioned about its assumptions is truly creative. We take the liberty of referring then to some of the Great Books of the Western Tradition: What did Homer sing about grammar? Where will any one find an exposé of rhetoric in Shakespeare? Who, in *Tom Jones*, speaks about logic? It seems to us that, if we make it the COLLEGIAN's business to employ statements on the liberal arts as *creative* work, we are mistaking the means for the end. If the study of these arts does not help us to understand works that are, like the majority of human thinking, precisely *not* explicit about their ends and purposes, means and form, the pursuit of this study is useless and without content.

There might be some surprise, as well, at a number of outside contributors who have, in a highly profitable manner, increased the volume of this issue. We have solicited their work so that the literary ferment on campus might have some outside standards to set its gauges by. In a place where there are only 200 people, it is highly possible that what could be done in the way of writing is handicapped by the predominance of certain dogmas and viewpoints. Since we are to become free men here, the knowledge of many forms without necessity of adhering to any one for expression is, we

feel, implied in the aim of our study. Only through mixing fresh views and formulations with what we talk about among ourselves can such an end be achieved. To all of our contributors from outside, St. John's College sincere gratitude is due for trusting their work to an uncharted experiment. A list of their names follows:

ROBERT FLOTTEMESCH was at St. John's College in 1942 and in 1946.

D. L. HAMMERSCHMIDT is the wife of a tutor at St. John's College.

GEORGE JOHN is a former student of St. John's College. He has had his work published in *Poetry*, *Hopkins Review*, and other periodicals.

F. L. SANTEE is a classicist who is also a physician. His publications range from Vergil to linguistics to histology, and he is now practicing medicine. He was a tutor at St. John's College in 1946-47.

MARK VAN DOREN is Professor of English at Columbia University, as well as a noted poet and essayist. He is also a member of the St. John's Board of Visitors and Governors and a frequent lecturer at the College.

The World Waits

The world waits, holding its breath so quietly,
Death's rattle sounds like prophet's bones.
No desert raven ever was so raucous;
No other end threatened so many thrones.

Of big and little kings, of poor maids' men,
Of farmers in the field, of mice in burrow—
No sovereignty now, no subject sand;
No world, for there will be no more tomorrow.

So possibility, with half its voice,
Suspends the whole of this most panic time.
The held breath hears nothing but the croak
Of glories that were proper in our prime.

The song nobody sings—what did it say?
Goodness is difficult, and yet can be?
Death is certain? But the terrible raven
Says that, says that, too, unstopably.

Was there no different thing bright angels knew?
Still was it thus when gods walked here as men?
Always the world has waited? O, white bird
Of morning, tell the dark truth more sweetly then.

MARK VAN DOREN

Whippoorwills cry in the sunset,
Lurk in the garbage of eaves;
Dying winds rustle the tree tops,
Asking for nothing but leaves.

Twilight releases the darkness,
Turning the mind on itself;
Under the trees are no violets,
But the malignant, an elf.

Cunning, he speaks in the shadows,
Of the mythical glitter of night;
Offering fairies and fun
For the loss of intelligent sight.

Slyly, he lies, oh, so sweetly,
"Darkness is not what it seems.
Light is not all of life's pleasure;
Death is not dying, but dreams."

Darkness is warping the spirit,
Darkness is moulding the bread;
Night is a cowardly function,
Night is a dream of the dead.

TED OTTESON

Prose Piece

A bouquet of parsley floats by,—refuse which I cannot refuse!—the green fronds waving in the water just as they must have waved in their prime over the soil from which they came, the whole seeming, in its smallness even, like a towering mass of jungle flora wrenched by a hurricane from the shore of some southern isle. But everything is beautiful in this sun: before me there is no water, only water with light, and equally, I suppose, there is no light but light only unalone and with water, (—for who shall divorce these great forces from one another?) And it is not the water enjoining the light or the light enjoining the water, (—for all of this is done without argument,) but it is the two joined out of sight somewhere in the infinite. Moreover dirt is not dirt in this light then either, but is dirt with light and too we cannot avert it in this incandescent speculation and dissertation; for our speculation even is not speculation, but is speculation with light and cannot help but be unmuddled and bright then so that mud even could not disperse or frighten it!

GEORGE JOHN.

Poems from Atlantis

I

Bloken toown est friken gouff
nester queerton brister bouff,
frilin, frilin, tou rier, tou rier,
keckter, keckter pournée.

Werie titsen allin hou
bernin frougen darrie lou,
gallin, gallin, si ninen, si ninen,
keckter, keckter, pournée.

P. D. D.

The Banana Boat Took Three Years to Dock

Mr. Santillana said that Parmenides wrote of space, space with the Dedekind property, not being. Plato and Aristotle misunderstood and read "being" for being. Because the point continuum, with which the ancients had not the mathematics to deal, was misunderstood, metaphysics was born.

Man as an active agent in a passive universe was what was sought. The logos provided that passive world. Plato and Aristotle were looking for truth and the good life. The passive universe of logos, demanded by curious and naive minds, gave it to them. Parmenides and Zeno were not looking for the good life. They were logicians.

Unfortunately man is not alone in space, nor is man only active in a passive world; both man and the universe are active agents. So that the logos world, derived from man's attempt to classify the real, is not the true.

However pressing the demands of the mind, man and the universe are each processes, and all that the mind can do is understand the limits of the interaction of the two. The good life has no place in, nor can it be derived from an understanding of these processes. The inability of the Physicist to discover the logos is the tragedy of modern science. Plato knows this. I think Aristotle did too. It would appear that the logos must have an a priori derivation. But this is just how Plato and Aristotle proceeded.

STEWART WASHBURN

Applebaum

Beethoven was, perhaps, an unreasonable man in his demands upon pianists. Perhaps too, by regarding him as unreasonable, pianists may feel free to do with him as they like in matters of interpretation, no matter how expressly his wishes are indicated in the score. Nevertheless, certain demands, reasonable or unreasonable, must be met for an adequate, not to say fine, interpretation of his piano sonatas. Mr. Applebaum, in my opinion, did not meet these demands in playing four of these sonatas for the college.

As far as rhythm and tempi go, Mr. Appelbaum was on shaky ground, to say the least. Not only did he destroy the outlines of the last movement of Op. 111 by repeated distortions of time values, but also, when he returned to the original subject of the *Waldstein's* opening movement, he found his pace considerably accelerated and had to slow down before going on. Beethoven wasn't reluctant to indicate what he wanted in the way of tempi; and while leeway is certainly granted, there is not as much of it as Mr. Appelbaum allowed himself.

Then too, in merely making the notes heard, there were certain difficulties. The *Waldstein's* last movement was considerably mutilated in this respect. Often the left hand overshadowed the right with relevant but what should have been subordinate figurations. And,

equally as often, the entire picture was blurred by sloppy pedal work, causing one to wonder whether the right notes were actually there or not.

Much of what Mr. Appelbaum did was in questionable taste, in addition. Although, he undoubtedly had a very warm and beautiful piano tone, I for one, in the last movement of Op. 111 felt that he was heaving entirely too many musical "sighs," in the form of slight retards before important chords. Furthermore, the entire first movement of this same sonata was gone through with an indifference which hardly furthered the composer's intentions.

Mr. Appelbaum did have his good moments, though. The very beautiful sonata in F sharp, Op. 78, was given a performance which could hardly have been bettered. In this work, his tone was beautifully rounded and full, his finger work clean, and his dynamic shading impeccable. Similar things could be said for his playing of Beethoven's early sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, though, the first movement was played too slowly. If he had done the same by the Waldstein and Op. 111, the whole concert might have been much better than it was.

PAUL CREE

A Biologist Looks at Poetry

One who has a sufficient interest in the study of living things to find himself giving a good deal of time and interest to creatures may, by a certain license, be said to be a biologist. Now a biologist brings from the study of creatures to the study of poems certain dogmas of which he may not be shorn and to which he shows such sure loyalty that he may not look upon those who are without them except he look in scorn or in compassion.

For instance, to such a student of poetry it is elementary first that a poem is a structure made up of parts to which functions may be assigned. Second, that non-functional parts while they may be ornamental are usually not even that, but are always dependent on the life of the whole, which they thus deplete. Third, that the poetry does not reside in any one of its parts nor does it result simply from summing them. Finally that a poem, being more than the sum of its parts, finds its proper sensible analogue not in a house nor in a pie but in a living thing, and its uniqueness is comparable only to that of *this* plant—never also to *that* plant nor simply to a plant.

Some of the parts of a poem are the proposition, the narrative, the imagery, the rhythm, the music. These are actually composite parts made up of simpler ones as rhythm is made up of meter, the character of the accents, the length of syllables, the planning of pauses, etc., and as the music is made up of consonance, assonance, alliteration, rhyme, etc. The function of the imagery is to make the poem concrete and of the proposition to give it sense. The function of the rhythm is to aid the imagery and the proposition by freeing our attention from distractions and by setting the tone of the

whole. The function of the rhyme, besides its being musical, is to bind the parts together. These functions, if they are the true ones (and of course they may not be) are inter-dependent and furthermore they are inseparable from the needs and the character of the whole poem. All these parts may not be present in every poem; other parts may be present in some poems; but all are alike in being fashioned from the material of language.

Now several things follow from such an approach to poetry. One such thing is that the poetry may not be thought of as equivalent to "message" or "universal truth," although such a part may be present. When Auden writes:

Too soon we embrace that
Impermanent appetitive flux,
Humorous and hard, which adults fear
Is real and right, the irreverent place,
The clown's cosmos

he is stating a proposition not different from one stated by hundreds from Parmenides to St. Antoine-Exupery in prose or poetry and by many in other arts than poetry, such as Rouault in painting. Yet there is much more to Auden's lines than the fact that here is an old story. Another way to show this is to consider that of all the things which are lost in translation, it is probably the propositions that are retained if anything is.

The first two lines of Rilke's "Die Engel" read, "Sie haben alle müde Munde/und helle Seelen ohne Saum." This is the translation by Norton, "All of them have weary mouths; and bright souls without seam." This is a literal translation and the proposition is therefore unchanged; yet Rilke's poetry has departed. And this despite the fact that the meter is retained in the translation, which reminds us of what we already know, that of course the poetry does not reside in the meter anymore than in the proposition. There is nothing mystical about the fact that the poetry departs in the translation, for the *combination* of music, proposition, rhythm, imagery, is much changed. For instance, the vowel pattern, or such importance to the music, is quite different in the translation. It is even more important that, although the meter of the second line is unchanged, the rhythm is altered due to the juxtaposition of t and s in exchange for e and s in two cases; as a result of this alteration an essential thing is lost, for in the original the even, "seamless" flow of the line is organic to the sense—a relation which is lost in the literal translation. The substitution of "weary mouths" for "müde Munde" is also a sorry one for the poetry, however true it is to the proposition.

We may find that the difference between a good verse and a bad verse is associated with one part, but this does not mean that the poetry inheres in that part; rather it means that one part may affect the balanced relation between parts. Thus in free verse, when it is good, the breaking of a line may be all that is necessary to wreck the poem; for, in a verse of Amy Lowell's for instance, the functional relation between the imagery and the versification is altered to the detriment of the

poetry.

As a further example of the importance of functional relation of parts in poetry, notice how valuable are the alliteration of "f's" in the first line, the change of rhythm, and the choice of long vowels and initial consonants in the second line for establishing the sense and rendering the imagery of these lines concrete:

"We can lean on a rock we can feel a firm foothold
Against the perpetual wash of tides of balance of forces
of barons and landholders."

The lines are from Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral."

If one of the things that follow from the biologist's dogmas is that poetry or any art is never a matter of this part or that (no matter how important the part) but a matter of the organic unification of parts in a whole, his is by no means the only implication of his creed. Another thing which is apparent to him is that the search for the essence of a poem, that is for the definition of a poem, is as hopeless as is a comparable search in biology in any absolute sense. And for the same reason, which is that it violates a dogma—in some way making the poem equal to the sum of its parts and the poetry identical with one of those parts. It does not however follow that ignorance about poetry must remain invulnerable to any attempts at analysis or at composition any more than it follows in biology that dissection and experiment are useless means of learning. "Final knowledge of a poem" like "final knowledge of a cat" is a thing laid up in heaven and denied forever to the damned. Meanwhile there are some things saint and sinner alike may learn about each.

For instance there are some things that Mr. F. O. Matthiessen may teach us about the poetry of *Macbeth*. His lecture is not the last chapter about that great poem; it is not even a chapter as late (and later does not mean better) as is Cleanth Brooks' piece in *The Well-Wrought Urn*. However, it is certainly an excellent earlier chapter, which doubtless is what it was meant to be.

It is a chapter on one of the parts of a poem—in particular, the sense imagery. Such a lecture of course could not ignore the proposition. The final proposition of *Macbeth*, whatever else it may involve, surely must account for the movement from "renown and grace is dead" (II, 2) to "what needful else that calls upon us, by the grace of Grace we will perform" (V, 7); the movement from "why do you dress me in borrowed robes" (I, 3) to "now does he feel his title/hang loose about him, like a giant's robe/ upon a dwarfish thief" (V, 3); the movement from "brave Macbeth . . . disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel . . ." (I, 2) to "this dead butcher" (V, 7); and the movement from "the heavens, as troubled with man's act, threatens his bloody stage:" (II, 4) to "the time is freed" (V, 7).

Thus baldly stated, even in Shakespeare's language, we may think there is little to interest us and so turn in revulsion from any attempts at further exposition, expecting only to be sermonized or to be referred to similar themes in a hundred works of ancient and mod-

ern literature. Even as we come at last to be unable to bear the sight of a "great idea of the western world" when we feel it is the only reward got from the recurrent Herculean labor of digging up various seminar sites.

But precisely what Mr. Matthiessen did was to show that poetry is not primarily an idea to be compared with the Iliad and with Newton's Laws of Mechanics, nor an urn to be disinterred from the recalcitrant soil of a poem. It is not merely that he turned our attention to the scenery of the site. For imagery is not scenery. It may well be that he appeared to treat it as scenery—or more generally as atmosphere—but this was in order to show that it is not just this. The imagery of blood, darkness, sleeplessness, and the counter-point themes of natural beauty and innocence provide the setting for the propositions of *Macbeth*, it is true; but they also turn out to be the very means of communication—and yet more besides, since the communication of propositions is not the end of a poem any more than it is the end of any work of art.

One analyzes a poem into its parts precisely in order to show that in so far as the poem is good the parts are not separated. The end of the separation of form and matter in aesthetics is to show how they are fused, and thus *that* they are fused. And it is in the awareness of the greater or lesser happiness of the marriage that our criteria of criticism are formulated. If the form and the matter are finally divorceable, the two have not after all become one flesh; and we know we are dealing not with a poem, but with a temporary rendezvous.

Mr. Matthiessen's triumph was not the identifying of certain images and the citing examples where they are found, a task which any literate person may perform, but it was the showing of how these images are related to each other; how they develop; how in the sleep-walking scene we are dealing not only with the dramatic climax and most popular scene but also with the consummation of the poetic art; how in a true compound of action, proposition, and imagery we may get at any one of the three from any other; and finally how, when this is true, we may know we have before us a dramatic poem.

The eminent lecturer's work reminds us implicitly that there are three kinds of illiterates: those who cannot read the trees for the forest; those who cannot read the forest for the trees; and those who cannot read. The last are the simple illiterates, and they are found at all academic levels. Of the two more complex cases, the former usually do not occur before the sophomore level in college, but the latter crop up earlier and may then be perennial. It has been recorded that some mild cases of the two complex varieties have now and again been reached by the simple therapy of considering the statement and converse of an ancient Mongolian reprimand. Some of the poetry but little of the force is lost in translation. "You may be philosophically astute, Chung Chow, but philologically you've naive."

JOHN LOGAN

Sans Euclid (Before St. John's)

1.
Streets in the rain,
Like a dusty cheek washed clean,
Smelling of drowned heat and trouble,
Stop still the moment, pause,
Weary minds, driving hearts, innocent joy.

2.
The lamp leans left to light,
A hand of cards, a table,
A glass half full, two faces,
And a forgotten hour.

3.
Money lost, money earned,
Wept for, earned, lost again,
Yearned for, carried careless,
The money lost, remembered less.

4.
A cool wind coming in the heat,
As sleep after labor;
A cool wind in the heat,
As sleep from trouble,
Came that hour.
The hour troubled with
Light lost from the day;
The hour troubled with darkness coming,
A beast after prey.
The troubled night on the tracks of the sun,
Joined by a cool wind.
The beast night came to the stillness to creep,
Gathering its fellows to the hunt,
The beast bringing Darkness, Fear, Loneliness.
The beast night bringing sharp blades
Sheated in a cool wind.

J. O. DUNN

Penumbra

It is fulfillment, people say, but I
Turn and see nothing now determinate
Not landmarks nor the holy tracts of sky,
By which the bearings of the world were set.

Before deception over mountains tossed
A zealot dawn, as if the gods had met.
To gather brands for heaven's holocaust
And tint bewildered valleys violet.

Our loss comes bringing late tobacco cans
And pipes and all utensils of regret;
It is fulfillment, people say, of plans
That seem to me indeed penultimate.

F. L. SANTEE.

Needle and Thread; Esquisse

(Continued from page 12)

but he returned to the box which he had recently opened and lifted out a dark blue velvet jacket and a camisole of tan linen. He took off his own shirt lingeringly but overcame any further reluctance and quickly dropped it on a chair. An excitement ran to his fingers as he put on the camisole. He fastened the ruff at neck and wrists, and again caught a glimpse of the book still lying at the other end of the room. He walked over to it, stooped down and picked it up, replaced it on the shelf, walked to the lamp and dimmed the light, and then switched on the music.

Saxophones coughed and dissonant trumpets growled and then a plucking harpsichord softly settled at his hand and quietly filling and slowly becoming the room was transformed into a stately antichamber of a palace facing the Apennines. One feels the snow yet, Clement spoke aloud. He put on the jacket and moved about the room this time in time with the music. How like a Titian I feel, no, more like a Bronzino I must look. He had to put a stop to the music, and then sat on the bed to weep, to cry over the past. He took off the jacket, but as he was unbuttoning the camisole, the second button from the throat fell to the floor and he sobbed as it rolled toward a floor register, hurtled down into the furnace, into the black pit to melt into dust, to freely commingle with the ashes of the wood, the paper, the coal and occasional scraps of garbage not fed to the rabbits, the dogs and the yellow cat.

Albert will be angry, I promised to have my aunt look over his costume and sew all torn seams and match any missing buttons, Clement sighed. He turned up the light and pulled at the table drawer so that it tottered at the edge of its runners. There in back of the paper-bound copy of Calderón he found a little box and took from its varied contents a needle and thread and a fresh piece of twine. He picked up the button from the table and clumsily sewed it on the costume shirt. Almost a perfect match except for the thread which was olive drab. He folded the shirt and jacket carefully and neatly arranged them in the box; the lid replaced and the twine straightened and intact he tied it into a knot which all the force of his ingenuity would allow his fingers to devise.

ROBERT FLOTTEMESCH.

Hoodlum

Man, the rational animal,
Blots out his spark
And throws his doting father
Into an early grave.

Leaving his bits of bone
At every intersection
He tears the street names down,
Or twists to forty-five degrees
The thing whereby he could have saved himself.

G. M. SHEPHARD.

Sonnets (Continued)

III

If you would turn your heart towards the sun
Whose glow gives shadows now to earthly things
But then makes past the future deeds undone
Whose doing comes from dreams where we are kings:
If you would be free from Death's congealing fears,
And know the warmth of mirrored hidden love,
Fulfilling wildest hopes of tearful years,
Protected now: the hand in silken glove:
Then listen to the song of shepherds fair,
Addressed to Love, yet born of love's caress,
And feel the gum of arak in your hair
And breathe the pale incense of loneliness.
The love baptized in rays of mid-day sun
Cannot, by Luna's madness, be undone.

IV

When youth has fled unseen with setting sun
And age dictates the queries of my heart,
(Of what has been, which way the passions run)
To halt the ebb which orders us apart:
When with each day your misted mirror clears,
Unbroken yet, though all enchantment flies—
Of too pure hands now stained with blood of years
Which tried too late to make love out of lies:
Then Holy Blood of Christ is our refuge,
Received from hands ordained to our one hope,
That, saved from flesh's ensnaring subterfuge,
We may, in love, hide 'neath Our Saviour's cope.
Thus, love revealed in sacrifice and pain
Absolves us yet, to render less the stain.

Parallax

Since there are so many bad lectures, it was wonderful to hear Mr. Klein (who, of course, never misses) give a good one. In the first place, it was instructive. That is to say, it contained things that none of us knew before, things important for us to learn, things that we could hardly have learned otherwise. In the second place, it was clear. In the third place, its clarity was not such as to leave us with the impression that we had seen or understood everything about the Copernican revolution.

The problem that was the basis for the lecture was the problem of why Copernicus' theory came to be generally accepted among reasonable men by 1620. When Rheticus in 1540 published the first account of Copernicus' theory was any more right than Ptolemy's. Copernicus' transformation of Ptolemy was not based on observations. It was accomplished, not through looking at the sky, but through looking at Ptolemy's geometrical diagrams and shifting the circles about. In 1610 Galileo did look at the sky with a telescope, and while he saw certain things that made it impossible any longer to accept Ptolemy's account as true, he did not see anything that made it necessary to accept Copernicus' account as true. The phases of Venus and of the other

V

When hearts have ceased to beat taboos of pain
And night becomes for us the crib of fear,
When shierred plumage drives us out in rain
To seek in sodden leaves at half-past year
The woven dreams now sprung in mystic web,
Which yesterday were one with soft green hill,
Becoming now, yet flowing on the ebb
With nymphs of madness waiting for the kill:
Then chant, my dreamer, now of crippled love—
The wound by haunting images lain bare,
Instilled by cruel reminders from above—
With *Ave's*, close to soul-mate of despair.
Before the gulf of time had cast us out
The bridge of time destroyed itself in doubt.

VI

I now can repent to gods of Nature's Being,
Repent the blindness born of earth's despair
With shadow pains, dancing without seeing
Suns whose light made shepherds, once, aware:
And shrouded thus in shadows from false light
They fled from gods whose image they had cursed
To find in man a god of vicious might
And clothe him in hope, the quencher of their thirst.
But now my love is found in tender fields:
We sleep at last, laughing at frauded wrath,
And lyre and lute protect us here: Pan's shields,
And dancing nymphs insure the careless path.
The shadows of false faith have lost the race
To noon of love, eternal noon of grace.

ANDREW DEWING.

planets could not be explained unless the planets revolved around the sun. But it was not necessary to suppose that the earth revolved around the sun. One could have held the theory of Tycho Brahe that Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn revolve about the sun, while the sun with its system of planets revolves about the immovable earth. Nevertheless, while all educated men knew of Brahe's theory, none of them accepted it. Evidence for the rotation of the earth was not given until 1661 when the Foucault pendulum was anticipated. It was, therefore, not on the basis of evidence that thinking men of the 16th and early 17th centuries took Copernicus as true.

Then why did they? Mr. Klein made four interesting guesses as to the answer to this question. The first was that these men were fascinated with the idea of finding in man or in man's home, i.e., the earth, the measure of the universe. In Copernicus the apparent diurnal rotation of the sphere of the fixed stars is understood as the rotation of the earth. The apparent annual revolution of the sun around the earth is understood as the revolution of the earth around the sun. The Ptolemaic epicycles for the outer planets all become identified with the one orbit of the earth. Rheticus informs us that Copernicus called this the "great

orbit." If we once gain the initial understanding that the appearances are due to us and to our earth and its motion, we have a basis for mapping the system of the world. In the question period Mr. Klein pointed out that for Copernicus it was not so much that the appearances are false and the theory true as that the appearances have to be interpreted from the point of view of man as the measure. Copernicus' thinking, like that of so many moderns was second intentional in the sense that the theory which makes it possible to understand the appearances is not directly related to the appearances. Giordano Bruno opposed the acceptance of Copernicus' astronomy as hypothesis rather than truth on the ground that unless it were true, man would not be the measuring creature. Johann Kepler, who accepted, modified, and enlarged Copernicus' astronomy, found among terrestrial things all kinds of measures with which to attempt the measurement of celestial things.

The second possible reason for the acceptance of Copernicus' astronomy was that it made the sun central in the universe. Mr. Klein quoted Rheticus as saying, "Under the commonly accepted principles of astronomy it would seem that all celestial phenomena correspond to the mean motion of the sun. . . . Hence the sun was called by the ancients "leader" and "governor." . . . Whether it does this as God rules the universe or as God's administrator seems not determined. I leave this to geometers and philosophers. . . . My teacher (Copernicus) is convinced that the rejection of the sun's rule must be revised." This and other evidence show that Copernicus thought of the sun as the way in which God rules the whole universe. Rheticus, Copernicus' pupil, directly influenced Campanella who wrote "The City of the Sun" (a title that immediately suggests that "Sun" is substituted for "God") and in it taught that in order to know God we have to contemplate him in the image of the sun. This meant a rejection of the traditional Christian teaching about God.

It was connected with the third reason for the acceptance of Copernicus which was simply that his new astronomy was in opposition to the old. The great thinkers of the 16th and 17th centuries were possessed by a spirit of eristic.

It is, therefore, somewhat strange that the fourth possible explanation for the fact that people so quickly believed Copernicus without evidence is that they assumed a certain point of Christian teaching, namely the infinity of God. Plato and Aristotle had taught that God is finite and that the universe is. The Christianity of the Middle Ages had rejected the first but not the second. During the century after Copernicus certain men came to the conclusion that there was an inconsistency in this. Bruno argued, "If the first principle is the creator of the world, he is an infinite one and the creator of an infinite effect." Copernicus had not asserted that the universe is infinite, but he had suggested that it is. Moreover, he had taken a step in the direction of such an assertion. For if his theory were to be true, the sphere of the fixed stars would have to be at

a distance from its center many, many times greater than it would have had to be in the commonly held Ptolemaic theory. Indeed, it was on this ground that Tycho Brahe rejected the Copernican theory.

Now I suppose that most of us accept Copernicus. Why do we? We might want to say that it is because we now have evidence that was lacking in 1620: the Foucault pendulum, Bessel's observation of the parallax of the stars. On the other hand, it may be that some of the factors that entered into the thinking of the men of the 16th and 17th centuries are present in our own thinking. Mr. Klein's lecture makes us ask such questions as: How can the universe be measured, that is, known? Can it be measured by man's turning to himself? And if not, is there some other way? Is the sun the ruler of the universe? Is God infinite? And if so, does this imply that the universe is infinite?

Can we, with our small measure of intellectual courage, wrestle with these questions? Golly!

J. W. S.

Nativity

. . . maddening!
Maddening fray . . . to wit:—
The thing has passed
has gone to find itself
amongst the bones.
All cry the heartiest from the
tops'l:
Find it yourself!
What? . . . Is it only a few?
Really . . . if you—
Touching my forehead and enveloped
by my two hands
I feel
the cold sand-finished
steel of my typewriter—
Witch! Omen of
my destruction!
Chiding me with your cold response!
. . . Your light
facility, your narcotic
facility beckons
and I am numb with rejoicing.

R. DIXON FOX.

A Report on the Meeting "The Future of Negro Higher Education in Maryland"

Equality of opportunity is one of the most distinctive of American ideals. We boast that ours is the land of equality, of opportunity for all, yet, while we exalt this noble ideal, we violate it at a most crucial point of action—the provision of fair educational opportunity for all. We know that the quality and amount of education the person receives will largely determine his future success. We know that education should be a major

force in dissolving class lines and in equalizing the condition of men, yet, in many parts of our land, it accentuates class differences and creates disparities in the condition of men which strike at the very foundation of our American way of life. No pattern of education which fails to take account of this un-American situation can be called sound.

In seventeen states and the District of Columbia, separate schools for races has been fully determined by decisions of the United States Supreme Court. However, it is held by the Supreme Court that equality of educational opportunity for all is required. It is alarming, however, when we examine America's universal educational set-up to discover the vast inequalities which exist between the education of whites and the education of Negroes. It is a matter of common knowledge as well as of statistical fact, that equality of educational opportunity in most of the states maintaining separate and equal schools has not been a reality. Adequate funds have not been, and within any reasonable length of time, cannot be made available for educational purposes in a majority of the states affected by this problem.

Approximately two hundred interested citizens assembled in the Annapolis Town Hall, Tuesday, April 20, to witness a discussion of the problem as it affects the State of Maryland—a discussion of "The Future of Negro Higher Education in Maryland"—a discussion, not a debate, as was made explicitly clear by both principles involved. Dr. Martin D. Jenkins and Dr. H. C. Byrd, presidents, respectively, of Morgan State College and the University of Maryland, shared the platform during a two hour session which was crowned with an extremely heated period of questions and answers. In his forty minute address which opened the discussion, Dr. Jenkins viewed both graduate and undergraduate education for Negroes in Maryland, placing emphasis on the condition of Princess Anne College, a Negro undergraduate school, now controlled by the University of Maryland. He noted that there has been much controversy as to how long the college has been under the control of the University of Maryland, but over the fact that it has been shamefully neglected by the university and is a very poor institution, there has been little controversy. Dr. Jenkins then spent considerable time discussing whether this college at Princess Anne should be developed as an institution for higher learning for Negroes.

There followed next, a discussion of the regional plan of education for Negroes, a plan which Dr. Jenkins rejects, believing it to place Negroes in no better a place than they are in with the out-of-state scholarships. Under this regional plan, fourteen states are expected to pool their resources in order to provide educational opportunities which alone they could not afford. It is interesting to note that if the regional plan were to be put into operation, serious legal questions would be completely ignored. It has been ruled by the Supreme Court that these states must supply educational facilities for

Negroes which are equal to those provided for the whites. This necessitates the admission of Negroes to white universities and colleges or the development of separate but equal facilities for Negroes. The court says, however, that the states must provide equal facilities within the borders of their own state. Obviously, the regional plan is a contradiction of this law.

Dr. Jenkins included in his talk a statement of the policy of the University of Maryland with regard to the acceptance or rejection of Negro students. The statement began as follows:

"Students apply for admission to the graduate and professional courses and degrees of the University of Maryland are now being accepted or rejected on the basis of their educational qualifications, character, and other factors that are common to the admission of students, regardless of race, color, or creed. This is the present policy of the University as indicated by the president's explicit instructions to the dean of the professional and graduate schools."

The University's purpose in issuing this statement is unclear, as Dr. Byrd was heard to say later on in the meeting:

"It is perfectly true what the Board of Regents says about not going to exclude any student because he is a Negro, or because of race or religion. What the Board didn't say, but what it had in mind and has since amplified on, was where the boy or girl is to be educated. Whether at Morgan College or Princess Anne or Bowie or College Park is another question the Board has not decided."

At the conclusion of Dr. Jenkins' address, Dr. H. C. Byrd took the platform and outlined his side of the story, attempting throughout to impress upon the audience that he is merely a creature of the legislature, having no influence in it, whatsoever. Dr. Byrd maintains that he has consistently supported Negro education. Indicative of the type of improvement for which Dr. Byrd has been responsible is the College at Princess Anne, Maryland, which is under the control of the University of Maryland. Despite the fact that he is, as we all well know, interested in the improvement of Negro education, there are powerful interests which prevent him from enrolling Negroes at the University, and Dr. Byrd feels that it would be very unwise to arouse the antagonism of the preponderant public opinion which opposes unsegregated education. Dr. Byrd is an honorable man, and we have no just reason to doubt the validity of this statement. However, someone of the audience seemed to doubt whether the preponderant public opinion does oppose an unsegregated system and challenged Dr. Byrd during the question period. Dr. Byrd suggested to the gentleman that a bill be submitted to popular referendum to test the truth of his statement.

Although Dr. Byrd maintains that higher education should be made equally accessible to all citizens of Maryland, he believes it to be economically impossible at the present time, to establish a Negro school in the

state, the equal of the University of Maryland. It seems to follow from this statement that the doors of the University should be opened to Negroes. Of this, Dr. Jenkins had said earlier in the meeting, "It is amusing to me that the community won't allow them at the University, when they attend the Naval Academy, when they attend St. John's College, when they attend John's Hopkins University—the most distinguished university in this state—when they attend Loyola College without question and nothing happens."

But admitting Negroes to the University of Maryland presents too many difficulties to be feasible, said Dr. Byrd, failing to find time to enumerate them.

During the fiery question period which closed the Town Meeting, a gentleman in the audience presented a case involving himself. He stated that he is working on his Ph.D. in educational science, and that because the University of Maryland failed to permit him to pursue his studies there, he was forced to arise early in the morning, twice a week, to attend classes at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Byrd replied that the University of Maryland does not offer courses leading to a doctorate in educational science. The man in the audience then stated that he knew it to be a fact that there is a white student now working on his doctorate in education at the University of Maryland.

Another one of the audience pointed out to Dr. Byrd that the Supreme Court handed down a decision in 1938 (in the Lloyd Gaines Case) that all states must establish equal educational benefits for all its citizens. "This was eleven years ago," the questioner pointed out, "how much longer is it going to take this state to establish equal educational benefits?" Dr. Byrd replied, "Where're you from?"

MARTIN A. DYER.

You Shall Well and Truly Try

A DOCUMENTARY

The sun cut a slating mote-filled streak through the dry air of the courtroom. It touched the shoulders of Colonel Roberts, the prosecutor, warmed the polished walnut benches on the south side of the room, teased its way through drawn venetian blinds and splattered on the heads of the jurors in the box and the civil offenders before the bar.

It was the fourth day of superior court. The five panels of jurors had listened to cases of speeding, theft, perjury, manslaughter, violations of the public school law and the liquor law, and forty-seven divorces, all of which they had granted. Then men in the box rocked, chewed, spat, swung their feet, picked their teeth, sucked snuff, and rubbed their chins.

Colonel Roberts, sitting bullnecked over his files, checked his convictions smugly and called the next case.

Mary Ann Jones. Come around, Mary Ann.

She was a stocky little woman, nervous, her hands tight on her black purse, the sweat starting on her black face even before she stepped into the barred rays of

the October sun. The few colored spectators on the back benches of the far left corner shuffled in their seats.

Mary Ann, do you have a lawyer? No sub, ah haven't. Ah . . . Colonel Hutchins. Colonel Hutchins, will you act as lawyer for Mary Ann?

The charge wasn't pronounced loudly enough for any of the spectators to hear. Colonel Hutchins, holding his brown-rimmed pince-nez, questioned Mary Ann briefly, shrugged, and motioned her to the prosecutor's desk to sign her plea.

She enters a plea of guilty, Your Honor.

The judge stopped swinging his glasses and put them on. Lawyers continued their whispered bantering in front of the bar, and Mary Ann stood silent and tense, her hands moving over the fabric of her purse. Two hundred dollar fine and thirty days in jail, the thirty days to be suspended pending further order of the court. I don't want to hear anything more from that house of yours over there, you understand.

Colonel Hutchins rolled his unlighted cigar to one corner of his mouth and motioned Mary Ann to the clerk's desk, then settled sardonically to his paper again. A juror shifted in his chair and looked cynically at his neighbor. Two hundred for illicit relations! Lord, wonder why they picked her out all those niggers? And the sun descended slowly, its brightness crossing the courtroom, the jovial camaraderie of the lawyers, the rustling impatience of the spectators, almost reaching the left benches where the Negroes sat in respectful, sober silence.

On Friday morning the courtroom was restive with people. Negroes shuffled in, faces quiet as black water, and filled the benches on the left side. On the middle and right-hand benches were alternate jurors, loafers, painters, carpenters, farmers, and some women. A few unchaperoned school children straggled in, took the best seats they could find, fidgeted, giggled, decided they'd learned enough about court, and left before the proceedings started. And John Crumpy was led in through the swinging door at the left of the judge's bench, a big fellow with cropped hair and dark smooth skin, led in and seated beside his lawyer. He sat there, arms scrunched to his sides, while the prosecutor's stentorian question "Are you conscientiously opposed to capital punishment?" echoed and reechoed from the mottled granite walls, trembled heavy over mumbled consultations by defense and offense, over the judge's crisp "Accepted by the defendant," "Excused by the defendant," until the jury of twelve white men had been passed and seated in a sobered silent courtroom.

John C. Crumpy, colored, accused of the murder of Andrew Jackson Henry, colored, on the fifth of September, this year.

Mary Ann Jones, come around.

There was no doubt that Andrew Jackson Henry was dead, no doubt that he was dead as a result of cuts made by John C. Crumpy. Mary Ann was the prosecutor's witness, and she told her story in a low pursed voice.

Yes, suh, ah run a boa'din house. John Crumpy had a room there. No suh, Andrew Henry didn't room there. Bout leven o'clock that mo'nin John come in the back doah and went in the bedroom. No suh, the front doah wasn't locked. He said it was but it wasn't. Ah went in the bedroom after him an he had Andrew Henry on the floah back of the bed. He was makin strokes at him with a knife. Mary Ann rubbed a handkerchief across her forehead, but she answered the questions steadily. Yes suh, he was sayin somethin. He was sayin "Ah'm goina kill you." She held the handkerchief in her hand, crumpling it. Yes suh, that pocketknife, that's the knife.

Exhibit one, Your Honor. Prosecutor Roberts snapped open the two inch blade and placed in significantly on the table. Proceed, Mary Ann.

Well, he was jus makin strokes on Andrew Henry with the knife, on the leg, ah guess, but ah couldn't see cause he was behind the bed. Then he pulled him from behind the bed an went after the doctor, but Andrew Henry was dead when the doctor got there.

The defense took over then, Colonel Mitchell, in a faultless brown suit and bow tie. And the audience stirred a little, brightening. He's a good one, he is. He'll pull something.

Colonel Mitchell glanced jovially at his audience, then at Mary Ann. Now, Mary Ann, had Andrew Jackson Henry been in the house before? Yes suh. And had John Crumpy warned him to stay away? Yes suh, he had. Now then, Mary Ann, tell us how you were dressed at eleven o'clock that morning. Why, ah was dressed, ah had on a dress. No suh, ah wasn't in the bedroom when John Crumpy come in. Ah was someplace else. John jus come in an went in the bedroom, but ah wasn't in there.

Colonel Mitchell paused to half turn to his audience, one eyebrow cocked, waiting for attention. Now, Mary Ann, you and John have been living together as man and wife, haven't you? Mary Ann's mouth pursed up a little tighter in her plain black face, and she looked away. Now come, Mary Ann, we know you have; you just have to say yes. The lawyer turned again, half toward his audience, half toward the jury, his eyelids lowered mockingly. Well then, have you been sleeping together? No suh, John has his bed and ah have mine. Well, now Mary Ann, we don't want to embarrass you, but have you, say, been visiting from bed to bed? The audience tittered and the judged rapped for order, and Mary Ann Jones answered low, yes, we have.

Yes, suh, for thryee years. It was earier to answer, now she'd said it once. Yes, suh, ah've been married befoah. Al Jones, first. He died. An then ah married Geo'ge Peters an we got a divo'ce after a while. Yes suh, ah reckon people knows about John and me.

Colonel Mitchell took the audience into his confidence with a glance. Your Honor, I wish to bring it to the attention of the court that people knew of the relation between John Crumpy and Mary Ann, and accepted it. John's employer and his wife here (white),

this juror over here (white), the police (white), and the negrahs who lived around them. These people have known and tacitly approved their relation for three years. And in this state, Colonel Mitchell tapped at the place in a law book, a common law marriage can be made by two parties making such an agreement followed by cohabitation. I submit that a common law marriage existed.

Prosecutor Roberts rose scowling, whipping at Mary Ann with questions. You pleaded guilty to illicit relations with John Crumpy yesterday. Do you mean to tell me today that you are his common law wife?

Mary Ann rubbed the white fabric of her handkerchief above the rim of her glasses. Ah never knew what common law marriage meant. Ah didn't know til ah asked mah lawyer. He tol me to plead guilty yesterday and ah never knew about common law marriage. No suh, ah don't remember when ah asked him. Ah don't know whether it was befoah or after ah pleaded guilty. No suh, ah don't remember.

This made good listening. The audience leaned forward eagerly while the prosecutor blustered and Colonel Mitchell banteringly objected to Roberts cross-questioning his own witness. And Mary Ann stepped down, wiping off her brow with the crumpled handkerchief.

The sheriff gave his testimony, the date, the cuts on Henry's leg, that Henry was dead when he got there. Then John Crumpy took the stand, raising his hand while Colonel Mitchell gave him instructions. You are allowed to make a statement in your own defense. You are not under oath and you will not be asked any questions. Make your statement.

Yes suh. John lowered his hand and gripped his cap. It was mah house. Ah bought it an Mary Ann ran it as a boa'din house. Ah come home from work bout leven that mo'nin an tried the front doah. But it was locked so ah went round an went in the back doah. Then ah went in the bedroom an found Andrew Henry in there, round to the other side an under the bed. So ah pulled him out an began cutting on his leg. Ah didn't want to kill him, jus hurt him a little. Punish him. He'd been there befoah an ah'd tol him to stay away. Then when ah saw he was hurt bad ah went for a doctor, but the doctor din't get there in time. Ah didn't mean to kill him.

Suddenly he was crying, a twisted lonely sound in the high-ceilinged hostile courtroom.

When Mary Ann came down from the stand she was crying a little, and he had reached up and caught her, patting her awkwardly on the shoulder, while she leaned over and pressed her face against his cheek. John came down from the stand to sit beside his white lawyer, crying uncomforted, his sobs muffled in his handkerchief.

He pulled himself together enough to listen to the case for the state. Prosecutor Roberts gave his speech with a kind of bulldog persistence, worrying each statement with humorless repetition. He pounded his fist in his palm and waved the boarding house license and Mary Ann's indictment in front of the jury. Would

Mary Ann be using her name of Jones, or the name of her second husband, Peters, on this boarding house license, if she really felt she was the wife of John Crumpy? Of course not, she would call herself Mary Ann Crumpy. She would take out this license in the name of Mary Ann Crumpy. She would be known to her neighbors as Mary Ann Crumpy. And would a reputable lawyer, as we know Colonel Hutchins to be, advise Mary Ann to enter a plea of guilty to a charge of illicit relations, if, in reality, she were John Crumpy's common law wife? He would not. If he did, that lawyer ought to be disbarred. No reputable lawyer would advise such a plea if he really thought a common law marriage existed. No, Mary Ann and John Crumpy were not living together as man and wife, and John Crumpy attacked Andrew Henry in jealousy, not in defense of his wife and his home.

The prosecutor rose to the height of dogged oratory. I would not take the power of mercy from the jury, not if I could. But John Crumpy showed no mercy toward Andrew Henry, and he should pay for a life with his life. He went after a doctor, he says. I could shoot a man in the heart and then go after a doctor, but that wouldn't be mercy. Let's not make human life so cheap, he cried, shaking his fist at the jury, not even if it is a nigger's.

John Crumpy, Negro, sat with his head bowed, his face a dark blank. And Colonel Mitchell got up for the rebuttal.

He was a casual master of defense. He looked whimsically at the jury, the audience, the prosecutor. He shouted, whispered, joked, slapped the jurors on their knees, shook his index fingers like a boy playing machine-gunner. He flourished the boarding house license, the indictment to which Mary Ann had pleaded guilty the day before, and the law book.

Mary Ann didn't know what the term common law marriage meant. Colonel Mitchell's voice punched an irregular emphasis. Of course she used the names of Jones and Peters. Those were the names by which she was known; the names under which she had taken out licenses for a boarding house before she knew John Crumpy. But Mary Ann and John *have* lived together as husband and wife. For three years. John testified that he owned the house which she ran, and under the law he has a right to defend his habitation and his wife from attack. You would have that right, he leveled his arm at the jury, you would be justified in killing a man who entered your house with the purpose of violating your property or your wife, and you would be acquitted under the law. John Crumpy should have the same right, even if he is a negrah. John could have made his cuts to Andrew Henry's heart, but instead he cut the back of his leg, where he was least likely to kill. Colonel Mitchell's voice became smooth. John Crumpy is a good steady negrah. He has a job, and he works steady at it. And while he is gone, working, a good-for-nothing, shiftless negrah enters the home where he has been forbidden to go. John Crumpy had given him

warning not to come in his house again. But this shiftless negrah enters John Crumpy's house, the place which John has a right to defend. You would do the same thing if you were in John Crumpy's place, and you would be right to do so.

The sun was again slanting across the courtroom, brightening the dusty air, reaching toward the quiet black pool of negroes. And Colonel Mitchell spoke to the people under the touch of the sun. This is a white man's country, and I hope to God it's always a white man's country. This is a white jury, a white prosecutor, and a white man defending this negrah before a white judge. And that's the way it should be. But even a negrah is entitled to the same justice as a white man, and that's what I'm asking, a white man's justice.

John Crumpy was crying again, almost silently, sitting before the bar with white people all around him. He heard his sentence later, quite calmly—five years at labor for the state. He had already heard the harshest part when his lawyer spoke for him. This is a white man's country, and I hope to God it always is.

D. L. HAMMERSCHMIDT.

Needle and Thread; Esquisse

As he leaned over his work table a button dropped from his shirt and bounced several times before coming to rest, and shining with the lustre of imitation pearl reflected the late sun catching those rays which seemed to linger across the red stained surface of the oak table. Slowly losing its hold the sun nevertheless made him feel: I will return to strike bold outlines, to sharpen contrasts, to brighten up your life, to expose everything, and if I must I will destroy you whether you remain in that tiny room or come down into the familiar street. Your ally is the night but it gives you no comfort, and will proclaim to you only the loss of your own identity. He picked up the button and at the same time smiled at the tableau conjured up of the three fatal ladies mechanized and producing more than was demanded of them. He laid the button aside and the image faded as the symbol died, but he looked for the position on his shirt at which the button had come loose: second below the top, and then pulled at the drawer of the table and exposed to his eye and hand a calendar which could be reshuffled for centuries, a deck of cards, a pair of scissors and a Buenos Aires edition of a Calderón play. He removed the deck and had laid three cards face down when a telephone began to ring somewhere in the house. He counted to six and it stopped ringing. What am I doing with these cards, what do they mean, what can I possibly make them mean? It was no longer a question of probability.

Clement Martel had been wandering for two decades and that they had been two of the most important of his century he did not doubt, but in reality it was not a question of time for in retrospect engulfed by dream he might have come into the room twenty minutes ago. What was a lifetime in man's most sensory experience:

love? How probable was his existence in time or out of time? Could Al Quinn have been serious when he said that I was incapable of playing games, that I took life too seriously by playing it like a game and disbelieved his avowed success even in attempting to villify and exalt the artificial? A. S. Quinn was preparing his role as king or courtier or traitor, no matter which just so long as he was allowed the greatest freedom in choosing a costume preferably of satin and paste, or pearls and velvet touched here and there with a patch or two of the fur of an otter. Monstrous conceit Albert had screamed slapped across Clement's face and had walked off. But being left alone was the embarrassment for Clement: O wash the pain of dying friendship from my face with tears when I am not alone. Will I learn to trust no man? Clement hoped.

So wandering through the cold chipped years, since he remembered only the coldness of the temperate world and avoided the gatherings of heated discussion, Clement had returned to the tiny room and locked himself away afraid of the door fearing it as a harbinger of the plague or madness, and set about the task of returning to a far more distant past in which he felt more like a man of his world. But what was his world if he as he already denied had little to do with past, present and future? Now at this moment there is no past, no present, no future perfect. Certainly I have no time for clocks and sand, let the days measure off themselves, and don't remember for if you do you will have to admit a past. For some positive is as bad as negative in the minds of others. I will proclaim the symbol only by rising above it. Ascend then to the top of the mountain where it is cold and lonely. Cold and lonely are symbols: I have not succeeded. I miss the sun already.

He turned to a large pasteboard box tied taut with heavy string and proceeded to untie the knot. The light which came through the windows was soft, hazy and how he wished he could have thought parisian. That was the only European city he knew well, perhaps he had known it too well and had taken it so much for granted that he would never be able to go back and in any event never alone. That would be the place to die, he thought, if one were old and tired and still reasonable. How graceful one might be there in quitting the sun for the shade. Think of all those lovely shade trees dusty with August, but remember how bored you were so much so that you had to visit the Carnavalet or some such museum and gaze at the cast-off finery of once famous feet and shoulders, delicately infamous thighs and breasts and Johanna the Mad's ivory and gold filigree toothpick. The knot defied his well-pared nails and nervous fingers. He reached for the scissors and severed the cord, and pulled off the cover of the box, swept back the tissue paper and falling under a spell gazed at the contents.

A few moments later Clement thinking all that glitters is not brass dragged a tall lamp imitation Italian across the room to his table and flooded his presence with three hundred and sixty light bulb watts. He immediately felt that in this room he would always find the correct setting. Except for the writing table all the furniture was

painted a dull black, the walls and ceiling were gray as was the floor which was covered entirely by a soft wool rug. Only books with the most brilliantly colored of covers were in evidence and the pictures which hung on the walls ran the full range of a pure palette. On successive days Clement might conceive for himself the necessity of a stained glass setting or one of breughel madness or mockery or the dry dust of a choking death, but at this particular moment the room belonged to no period and yet could very easily have fitted into any.

He pulled from the bookshelf a thin leather-bound volume: green-dyed leather smooth to the fingers, soft to the cheek, strong to the eyes, weakly aromatic to the mind. It was a copy of *The Lover Pursued* by Cassandra Maria Helena Esclava of Torino and Touraine. Clement was in the process of translating the book and opened to the triangular marker of rough brown leather *Here I Fell Asleep* embossed in gold leaf to page twenty-six and began to read aloud the translations of three poems on that page which he had rendered through the heat of the previous summer. He read:

"I begin the day bountifully, from midnight no sleep; all has become diabolic planning, and yet it is as if all of the past belongs to the devil and now that I belong to the devil I belong to myself: no longer does evil exist because I am evil."

He continued:

"The dance of death is the only music which reaches my ears, my blood: I wish today as I balk with a growl at the rim of the lake with a kitten at the foot of the way. . . ."

Another version of the same:

"I stalk and I prowl, I grimace and I shake, but smitten with the thought I walk upright into my waywardness. . . ."

I wonder who Esclava was, he thought, and wrote this in the margin. And finally:

"When I go in search of love it is like setting out on a voyage to discover if it has all been a dream."

He stopped reading and slammed the book shut and hurled it across the room. There it lay conspicuously in the corner. His averted eye still caught a patch of green which ate into his consciousness, a sadness provoking him to find a place for the patch: a green lawn carefully bounded and neatly set-off by shimmering poplar trees before the soot-begrimed clay building, small because it had been an over-crowded school. And that was the only time we were not lonely, and if I might stop here, recall no more, go on living the lie, but sentimentality is a weak emotion and it was nothing more than the spring and a dream of sailing away. Perhaps I will go to Italy in the summer next or after and live in a room with rain-stained walls and have a wobbly-legged little table on which will stand a cracked white terra cotta pitcher filled with potable water.

Clement tipped over the carafe beside his bed and water a week old spilled over the table sweeping particles of dust and cigarette ash in its path. He had to move about the room again to destroy the pattern or purpose of his thoughts in an attempt to forego the inevitable,

(Continued on page 5)