Mainstream

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ANDREW MARVELL AND THE GOOD OLD CAUSE

CHRISTOPHER HILL

I

THE purpose of this article is to consider the poetry of Andrew Marvell in relation to the age in which he lived. Marvell wrote a good deal of political satire, which is of considerable interest to the historian, but has litle poetic value; his greatest poems (except the "Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's return from Ireland") have no direct reference to the political and social revolution of the seventeenth century. Yet this revolution transformed the lives of Englishmen; it faced them with intellectual and moral decisions which it was difficult to evade. I believe that if we study Marvell with a knowledge of the political background of his life we can discover in the great lyrics new complexities which will increase our appreciation of those very sensitive and civilized poems.

Marvell was born near Hull in 1621, his father being a clergyman of the Church of England—the only existing Church in those days before toleration for Dissent had been won. Andrew described his father as "a conformist to the established rites of the Church of England, though none of the most over-running or eager in them."* Marvell went to Cambridge, then much the more Puritan of the two universities, and remained there until 1640. He then travelled on the Continent for four or five years, during which period the Civil War between Charles I and his Parliament broke out. Most of Marvell's friends at this time seem to have been aristocratic young cavaliers of the type he was likely to meet in Continental salons; and when he returned to England his own sympathies were apparently royalist. But we have no real evidence for his activities, and little for his views, until 1650, the year after the execution of Charles I. Then he wrote the "Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's return from Ireland," from which it is clear that he was prepared to accept the triumphant revolution. In the following year he became tutor to Mary Fairfax, daughter of the famous general who had led the Parlia-

* *Works*, ed. Grosart, III, p. 322.

mentary armies to victory.* This suggests that he was already accep as a sound parliamentarian. The period in Yorkshire with the Fairfa and the years immediately following seem to have been those in wh his greatest poetry was written.

In his early thirties Marvell emerged as a more active suppo of the new Government. In 1653 he was personally recommended no less a person than Milton as his assistant in the secretaryship foreign tongues. Marvell failed to get this post then, becoming tutor t ward of Oliver Cromwell instead. But in 1657 Marvell became Milt colleague in the Latin secretaryship. Like Pepys, he was one of the n type of civilian middle-class official who came into their own after Civil War, during the soberer years of the Protectorate. In 1658 Mar was elected M.P. for Hull, for which he continued to serve in succes parliaments until his death in 1678. His correspondence shows him have been an indefatigable defender of the interests of his constitue But his main activity was as a pamphleteer for the parliamentary op sition to Charles II's governments and as a stalwart defender of religi liberty and freedom of thought, the struggle for which had origin attracted Milton and no doubt Marvell to the parliamentary side.

Despite his early royalist phase, then, Marvell became decided partisan of the cause of Parliament: he was intimate with its nob figures. He was not only the protégé of Milton, but also the friend Harrington, shrewdest of the parliamentarian political thinkers, and Baxter, most resolute of Nonconformist martyrs. Marvell accepted revolution only in his late twenties; he was no juvenile or light-hea enthusiast. But he remained stalwart to the "good old cause" in the d days after 1660, his partisanship becoming increasingly open as power of reaction grew. He ran great risks in attacking the cynical travagance of the King, the brutalities of the advocates of religious secution, and the treacherous activities of the pro-French party at c

II

FOR the purposes of this article, I am going to assume what I be to be the irresistible conclusions of modern research, that the

* Alas! the girl whom Marvell used as a symbol of ideal virtue in "Upon Ap House" (see below) came to no good end. She was married to the second Du Buckingham (Dryden's Zimri) in 16557. The marriage caused something of a sen at the time. For Buckingham, son of Charles I's hated minister, himself a not cavalier, used the Fairfax marriage as a means for recovering his confiscated estates General giving Parliament his personal security for his son-in-law's good behavio was hoped that other royalists would follow Buckingham's example in thus making with the Protectorate. But Oliver Cromwell died in 1658, and after that the lan on both sides decided on a restoration of the Stuarts. Then Buckingham in his turn able to protect Fairfax.

flicts of the interregnum were something far more like a "class struggle" than orthodox Whig acounts allow; and that there is some connection between puritanism and the "spirit of capitalism."* The struggle was a continuation of that which had begun in the sixteenth century: a new competitive system, based on production for the market, with its new standards of conduct, its new morality of effort and self-discipline (Puritanism) was impinging on a static, loosely organized hierarchical society, based on the nearly self-sufficient village community and corporate town, with its traditional loyalties, its communal life and worship, its freedom from the bondage of the market. The battles of the Civil War were fought between the retainers of great lords (Newcastle's white coats) and Montrose's Highlanders, on the one hand, and on the other the New Model Army of the career open to the talents, financed by a new national tax levied by Parliament and by the loans of the merchants of London. Two civilizations were at war.**

Marvell, as we have seen, came to be unreservedly on the parliamentary side in this struggle. His oft-quoted remark about the Civil War, "The Cause was too good to have been fought for," does not mean at all what those who cite it out of its context usually appear to think—that Marvell was disavowing "the good old cause." He meant, on the contrary, that the war *should* not have been fought because it *need* not have been fought, because the victory of Parliament was inevitable, war or no war. Here Marvell is following the historical and political theory of his friend Harrington, the author of *Oceana,* who argued that government must follow the balance of property. During the century before 1640 the bourgeoisie and the progressive section of the gentry had been buying up the landed estates of the King and the old aristocracy had gathered the bulk of the property of the kingdom into their hands. It was therefore inevitable, thought Harrington and Marvell, that political power must follow. "To come to Civil Laws, if they stand one way and the balance [of property] another, it is the case of a Government which of necessity must be new modelled; wherefore your lawyers advising you upon the like occasion to fit your Government to their laws are no more to be regarded than your tailor if he should desire you to fit your body to his doublet. . . . A monarchy divested of its nobility has no refuge under heaven but an army. Wherefore the dissolution of this Government

* See Tawney, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* (Pelican Edition), and Weber, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism.* I have elaborated my own view in an essay which I contributed to *The English Revolution,* 1640. A remarkable book by L. C. Knights, *Drama and Society in the Age of Jonson,* traces the conflict between traditional morality and the new ethics that was emerging with nascent capitalist society.

** Though, as the Buckingham-Fairfax marriage shows, the two classes could ultimately find terms for a compromise agreement, for both were *exploiting* classes and therefore had common interests against the great mass of the population.

[the Stuart would-be absolute monarchy] caused the war, not the wa the dissolution of this Government.."* That is why Marvell, "upon con sidering all," thought that the cause of religion and of liberty was "too good to have been fought for." "The King himself," he continued— with pardonable exaggeration if we recollect that he was writing unde Charles II's censorship—"being of so accurate and piercing a judgment would soon have felt where it stuck. For men may spare their pain when Nature is at work, and the world will not go the faster for ou driving. Even as our present Majesty's happy restoration did itself come all things else happen in their best and proper time, without any nee of officiousness."**

"The war was begun in our streets before the King or Parliamen had any armies," wrote Baxter,*** another of Marvell's friends, i whose defense some of his greatest pamphlets were later to be written As the tension within society became more acute, so a new type of lyri arose, charged with the most intense feeling of the age. These lyrics unlike the Elizabethan, were no longer intended to be sung: they ha lost their social function, and existed only to resolve the conflict withi the poet's mind. The poet has become an isolated individual in a di vided society, and his own mind is divided too: we find this interna conflict in poets so dissimilar as Marvell's early friend Lovelace, Crasha and Vaughan.

The whole point of the conceit, indeed, from Donne to Trahern (precisely the revolutionary period) is that it lays incompatibles side b side, that it unites the apparently unrelated and indeed the logicall contradictory, that it obtains its effects by forcing things different in kin on to the same plane of reference. In this broad sense we may speal of the lyric of conflict, whose characteristics are an awareness in th poet's mind of the new and troubling (especially the new scientific dis coveries) as well as the old and familiar, and an effort to fit them int a common scheme—first by the violent and forced juxtaposition of Donn then by the unresolved conflict of the later metaphysicals; until finall after the victory of the new political and intellectual forces, we get new type of poetry drawing on new philosophical assumptions, and dis turbed by none of the doubts which have tormented the sensitive sinc

* Harrington, *The Oceana and Other Works* (ed. 1737), pp. 59, 70. Marvell w a member of Harrington's Rota Club in 1659-60.

** *The Works of Andrew Marvell*, ed. Grosart, III, p. 212. Marvell's view of histo is further analyzed in Sections VI and VII below.

*** *A Holy Commonwealth* (written by Richard Baxter at the invitation of Jam Harrington, Esq.), 1659, p. 457.

the days of Shakespeare.* The tortured conceit gives way to the neatly balanced rhymed couplet. This new equilibrium satisfied poets less and less in the second half of the century but was not finally upset until the fresh social and political crisis of the French Revolution—and Wordsworth.

The existence of a conflict of some sort in Marvell is apparent from the most careless reading of his poems. At the risk of alienating some of my readers by an excessively crude and oversimplified statement, I wish to say briefly and dogmatically what I think may have underlain this conflict, and then to try to prove and illustrate this thesis. The suggestion is that Marvell's poetry is shot through with consciousness of a conflict between subjective and objective, between the idea and the reality, which it is perhaps not too far-fetched to link up (very indirectly, of course) with the social and political problems of his time. This conflict takes many forms, but we can trace a repeated pattern, a related series of symbols, which suggests that fundamentally all the conflicts are interrelated, and that this "double heart" (Marvell's phrase) is as much the product of a sensitive mind in a divided society as is Day Lewis's "divided heart." That of course is one reason why Marvell and the other "metaphysical" poets have so attracted our generation.

One of Marvell's qualities which is most sympathetic to us is his humor, his refusal to take his agonies too seriously. This is in itself one of the aspects of the "double heart," Marvell's ability to see both sides; but it also shows his attempt to come to terms with and to control the contradictions between his desires and the world he has to live in, his ideals and the brutal realities of the civil war. Humor is for Marvell one way of bearing the unbearable: it is a sign of his enviable maturity, besides which Waller, Cowley, Dryden and the other ex-royalist and future royalist panegyrists of Cromwell look so shabby. The opening lines of the "Horatian Ode" perfectly illustrate this aspect of Marvell's manner:

> *"The forward Youth that would appear*
> *Must now forsake his* Muses *dear."*

Less than three years after writing these lines Marvell offered his services to the parliamentary cause, which he was never to desert in the remaining twenty-five years of his life. The light touch, the self-mockery, the hatred of the portentous which are obvious in these lines should not obscure for us the genuine doubts and struggles, conflicts and despairs, which had preceded Marvell's acceptance of the position which he here

* Swift, of course, is an exception to this general acceptance of the new synthesis; but I think his personal and political abnormalities could be explained in terms which would confirm rather than weaken the generalization.

states with an irony made possible only by deep conviction. Marvell has come through when he has gained this tone.

III

BUT I propose to defer consideration of the "Horatian Ode" until after we have looked at some of the lyrics, in which the political approach is less obvious. Let us begin with "The Definition of Love," for here the points can be made merely by quotation:*

"My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility.

"Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.

"And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt. . . .

And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd. . . .

"As Lines so Loves oblique *may well*
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly Paralel,
Though infinite can never meet.

"Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars."

* All my quotations of Marvell's poems are taken from H. M. Margoliouth's admirable edition.

This is a very sophisticated poem, playing about with newly fashnable geometrical theories. The main point, obviously, is the one that nave already suggested as typical of Marvell—the conflict between Love d Fate, desire and possibility. Fate "defines" Love in both senses of e word——it both limits it and expresses its full significance. But the oem is far more than a clever conceit. The image in lines 11 and 12 perfect for the age of Civil War. Fate is symbolized by the products one of the industries which were transforming rural Britain, by the nventional symbol for warlike arms; and it "crowds itself betwixt" with esistible force: here Fate is thought of as a tumultuous multitude of man individuals, as well as abstract military and industrial processes. or is fate merely an external force. As two recent commentators have id, "Material Fate and spiritual Love, though apparently in complete position, are in reality two aspects of the same situation:

> *"Magnanimous Despair alone*
> *Could show me so divine a thing."*

"the Stars" were not so completely opposed, the love could not reach ch heroic stature.*

The individual exposed to and triumphing over and through the buftings of Fate is the theme of the bombastic rhodomontade of "The Unrtunate Lover":

> *"See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,*
> *Cuffing the Thunder with one hand;*
> *While with the other he does lock,*
> *And grapple, with the stubborn Rock: . . .*

> *"This is the only* Banneret
> *That ever Love created yet:*
> *Who though, by the Malignant Starrs,*
> *Forced to live in Storms and Warrs:*
> *Yet dying leaves a Perfume here,*
> *And Musick within every Ear:*
> *And he in Story only rules,*
> *In a Field* Sable *a Lover* Gules."

* M C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas, *Andrew Marvell*, p. 45. Their whole alysis of the dialectics of this intricate poem is most interesting, and their book is dispensable to the student of Marvell.

Marvell too had been forced "by the Malignant Starrs" to live in Storm and Warrs"; his finest music was wrung out of him, I suggest, in th grapple with a stubborn world.

Let us examine some of the other poems with these symbols and ou main thesis in mind.

The titles of many speak for themselves: "A Dialogue Between th Resolved of Soul, and Created Pleasure," "A Dialogue Between the Sou and Body." In the first of these the conflict is between a militantly puri tan soul, conscious of its mission, its calling, its arduous pilgrimage t heaven, on the one hand, and the distracting and illusory pleasures o the senses and of idleness on the other. In the second poem the conflic is more subtle:

"SOUL—*O who shall, from this Dungeon, raise*
A Soul inslav'd so many wayes?
With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
In Feet; and manacled in Hands.
Here blinded with an Eye; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.
A Soul hung up, as t'were, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart. . . .

"BODY—*But Physick yet could never reach*
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
The Pestilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's cheerful Madness does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not forgoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew."

Here the antithesis is not just between soul and body, for the soul m betray the body as well as the body the soul: it is a complex, fo

handed conflict, which blends the familiar themes of puritan asceticism against sensual pleasure with action against rest. (The symbolism of the last two lines is a favorite of Marvell's: the loss of certain natural qualities that the civilizing process makes inevitable. There seems, as will be shown later, to be a direct connection between this symbolism and the more obvious conflict of the Civil War.) The point is that Marvell's sympathies are here less decisively on one side than they were in the "Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," where the moral issue was clear: here opposite concepts are jostling in Marvell's mind. (He is indeed one of the few parliamentarian writers—if we except Winstanley on the extreme left—who frankly enjoys and praises the pleasures of the body.) *

The same complexity occurs in "Upon Appleton House":

> *"As first our* Flesh *corrupt within*
> *Tempts impotent and bashful* Sin."

This is not just good against evil, but evil that is also good against good that is also evil. In these complicated problems and relationships there are no easy solutions or evasions:

> *"To what cool Cave shall I descend,*
> *Or to what gelid Fountain bend?*
> *Alas! I look for Ease in vain,*
> *When Remedies themselves complain,"*

cried Damon the Mower. The Soul lamented to the Body that it was—

> *"Constrain'd not only to indure*
> *Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure."*

Again, in complex form, though with a different solution, conflict pervades "To His Coy Mistress." It is no longer soul against body, but the sensual pleasures up against the hard facts of an uncongenial world in which effort is demanded. The moral is not "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." It is—

> *"Let us roll all our Strength, and all*
> *Our sweetness, up into one Ball:*

* Aubrey tells us of Marvell that "he kept bottles of wine at his lodging, and *many* times he would drink liberally by himself to refresh his spirits and exalt his muse" (*Letters from the Bodleian*, II, p. 437).

And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run."

That, as has been well said, is a Puritan rather than a libertine conclusion:* the sensual pleasures are put into a subordinate place:

"Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime."

But as we have neither world nor time enough, coyness *is* a crime. The gates of life are iron, time's winged chariot is hurrying near—

"And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity."

This strikes a note we shall find repeated. The individual and his desires come up against the outer world, life and time. The mock-serious moral of that flippant and very un-Puritan poem, "Daphnis and Chloe," is the obverse of that of "To his Coy Mistress"; it is better to forego a pleasure than to be casual or half-hearted about it—

"Gentler times for Love are ment
Who for parting pleasure strain
Gather Roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their Sent."

In the "Coy Mistress" mere epicureanism is *rejected* for a more rigorous coming to terms with reality.** Again it is the old laxity and ease of the *rentier* ruling class at grips with the new effort, asceticism, concentration of puritanism and commercialism. And again iron symbolizes the harshness and impersonality of this world which we *must* accept.

IV

THE Mower, whose iron scythe cuts down himself as well as the grass, the innocent as well as the guilty, is a favorite symbol with

* Cf. the *Enchiridion* of Francis Quarles, first published in 1641: "He only (if any) hath the art to lengthen out his taper, that puts it to the best advantage" (fourth century, No. LV).

** Cf. Bradbrook and Lloyd Thomas, *op. cit.*, pp. 43-4, 73, on the structure of "To his Coy Mistress" and of the "Horatian Ode": the authors find in each "a triple movement, the Hegelian thesis, antithesis and synthesis."

Marvell. He appears in "The Mower against Gardens," "Damon the Mower," "The Mower to the Glo-Worms," "The Mower's Song,' and "Upon Appleton House.' The theme of "The Mower against Gardens" is one which frequently recurs: it contrasts natural and artificial cultivation, the coarse toil and sweat of the mowers is set against the leisured sophistication, the luxury products of the garden. "Luxurious Man," the Mower says

> —"*First enclos'd within the Gardens square*
> *A dead and standing pool of Air*:
> *And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,*
> *Which stupifi'd them while it fed.*
> *The Pink grew then as double as his Mind. . . .*
> *'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot;*
> *While the sweet Fields do lye forgot.*"

And over all this ostentatious opulence the Mower stands brooding like Fate, confident in his power:

> "*The* Gods *themselves with us do dwell.*"

But the nostalgia for a simpler pre-commercial age is qualified by an irony of humorous over-statement which shows that Marvell was arguing a case in which he did not wholly believe:

> "*And* Fauns *and* Faryes *do the Meadows till,*
> *More by their presence then their skill.*"

(There is the same semi-serious regret in "The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun" (see below).

The formal garden, as something essential to any gentleman's mansion, was relatively new in seventeenth-century England. There was still something exotically luxurious about it. "God Almighty first planted a garden," but they began to become common in England as a result of the Tudor peace, of the internal order and security which allowed manor houses to replace baronial castles and created the conditions in which lesser gentry, yeamen and merchants were able to prosper. In *The Faerie Queene* the garden is a symbol of the sheltered and opulent life of courtly society: Spenser follows in this the tradition of the mediaeval

allegory of love* Bacon write his essay to tell the very wealthy how a garden should be laid out. Stuart gardens, as the Mower has already told us, were still very formal: they were "the greatest refershment to the spirit of man," as Bacon put it, *because* of their contrast with rude Nature in the unenclosed waste outside. It is thus easy to see how the garden became a symbol of security, property, ease, repose and escape:** it was shut off from the commons, the open fields, the sweaty vulgar outside, from the Mower. For other seventeenth-century poets as well as Marvell and Milton the garden is normally Eden rather than Gethsemane.

If we take the garden as Marvell's equivalent of the ivory tower, the mere title of "The Mower against Gardens" is a political tract in itself It is Fate, the historic process which lowers over these artificial and walled-off paradises, as Milton's Satan broods over the Garden of Eden.

The Mower is always a portentous figure:

> *"Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was,*
> *And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass."****

When he is lost he is guided by glow-worms—

> *"—Country Comets, that portend*
> *No War, nor Princes funeral,*
> *Shining unto no higher end*
> *Then to presage the Grasses fall."*****

War and the death of kings are never very far away, even if they only point a contrast. In this poem and in "The Mower's Song" the Mower is overcome by the power of love: Juliana—

> *"What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me."*

(cf. the Fate and Love motive in "The Definition of Love" and "The Unfortunate Lover"). But in "Upon Appleton House," as we shall shortly

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* C. S. Lewis, *The Allegory of Love*, p. 119.

** "I . . . write . . . to those only, that are weather-beaten in the sea of this world, such as having lost the sight of their gardens and groves study to sail on a right course among rocks and quicksands" (Sir Fulke Greville, *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, 1907 p. 224); cf. the poems on "The Garden" by Shirley and Joseph Beaumont, in the *Oxford Book of Seventeenth-Century Verse;* "The Gardener," by Rowland Watkyns, in Marshall's *Rare Poems of the Seventeenth Century;* George Wither, Hymn 30, "When we are walking in a Garden" (in his *Hallelujah*); also Gerrard Winstanley, *Fire in the Bush.*

*** "Damon the Mower."

**** "The Mower to the Glo-Worms."

see, the Mower is directly related to the blind forces of the Civil War.*

The garden had its deep attractions for Marvell in the years before he plunged into public life. For he had his escapism, of which the opening of "The Garden" is typical:

> *"How vainly men themselves amaze*
> *To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;*
> *And their uncessant Labours see*
> *Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree.*
> *Whose short and narrow verged Shade*
> *Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;*
> *While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close*
> *To weave the Garlands of repose."*

But even here the poet is tripped up: "Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on Grass." The calm and peace are transient, an interlude: *"Temporis O suaves lapsus!"* says the Latin version. The garden is a place of temporary repose and refreshment, not a permanent haven. The mind seeks an intenser satisfaction than the merely physical pleasures of the garden: it

> *—"Creates, transcending these,*
> *Far other Worlds, and other Seas."*

The soul looks forward to further activity even while the body is at rest:

> *"Casting the Bodies Vest aside,*
> *My Soul into the boughs does glide:*
> *There like a Bird it sits, and sings,*
> *Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;*
> *And, till prepar'd for longer flight,*
> *Waves in its Plumes the various Light."*

Whilst the soul thus anticipates eternity, the garden itself recalls Paradise before the Fall. But the ambiguous phrase "Garden-state" hints at

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* All these symbols, of course, are used partly unconsciously, and so their significance varies: the Mower is now the power of Love, now the scythe of Death or Fate; now the revolutionary armies, now the productive classes as against the drones; at other times he stands for a pre-commercial simplicity which acquires an elemental force in contrast to the sophistication of the garden. So too the garden itself stands for different things in different poems: but I do not think this makes analysis impossible, provided we are careful to apply no rule-of-thumb symbol-equivalents. All Marvell's writing is packed with alternative meanings.

England, and the terms of the comparison remind us that Marvell's garden is in and of this world:

> *"—'Twas beyond a Mortal's share*
> *To wander solitary there."*

"Society is all but rude"; yet it needs impinge remorselessly upon the ideal world of escape, prevent it being final. Already in the second verse Marvell had doubted whether quiet and innocence were to be found at all on earth. The poem began by mocking at the vanity of human effort; in the last verse "th' industrious Bee" is introduced, who—lest we should have missed the significance of the adjective—"computes his time as well as we." The garden clock, for all its fragrance, reminds us of "Times winged Chariot." We cannot think ourselves out of time any more than we can escape from fallen humanity.

"The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun" pictures a garden-Eden shattered by violence from without: the violence of soldiers:

> *"The wanton Troopers riding by*
> *Have shot my Faun and it will dye"*

Marvell plays with the idea later to be elaborated in the "Horatian Ode," of the innocent victim sacrificially redeeming the users of violence, but here rejects it:

> *"Though they should wash their guilty hands*
> *In this warm life-blood, which doth part*
> *From thine, and wound me to the Heart,*
> *Yet could they not be clean: their Stain*
> *Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.*
> *There is not such another in*
> *The World, to offer for their Sin."*

There is no easy redemption. But the tone of the complaint is curious: "Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain." The Faun symbolizes an escape, and is not uncritically regarded:

> *"Thenceforth I set my self to play*
> *My solitary time away,*
> *With this: and very well content,*
> *Could so mine idle Life have spent. . . .*

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio *did: his Gifts might be*
Perhaps as false or more than he"

As always in Marvell, the conflict is far from simple: he cannot wholly praise "a fugitive and cloistered virtue."

In "The Coronet," the poet seeks "through every Garden, every Mead" for flowers to crown his Saviour (flowers "that once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head"). But—

"Alas I find the Serpent old
That, twining in his speckled breast,
About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
With wreaths of Fame and Interest."

And the conclusion is—

"—Let these wither, so that he may die,
Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care."

The garden is not enough.

V

IN "Upon Appleton House," Marvell's longest poem, all this symbolism becomes specific. The house has been a nunnery, which had come to the Fairfax family in the rough-and-tumble of the Reformation. In the poem the retirement, the cultured and indeed opulent ease of the nunnery is frankly opposed to the claims of a Protestant and commercial civilization. The words which Marvell writes of the earlier Fairfax who acquired the Church lands clearly presage the dilemma of the Fairfaxes, father and son, when they had to take sides in the Civil War:

"What should he do? He would respect
Religion, but not Right neglect."

The elder Fairfax built his family mansion and his fortune on the site of the nunnery; the younger Fairfax took up arms in the name of liberty against the Lord's Anointed.

In the poem England before the Civil War is depicted as a garden, in which Fairfax—

"—did with his utmost Skill
Ambition *weed, but* Conscience *till."*

(That other great parliamentary general, Oliver Cromwell, as we shall see when we come to analyze the "Horatian Ode," left "his private Gardens, where He liv'd reserved and austere," at the call of duty in the Civil War.)

Fairfax's garden (or England) is clearly linked up with the Garden of Eden (stanzas XLI-XLIII), concluding:

"What luckless Apple did we tast,
To make us Mortal, and The Wast?"

The symbolism of the Mower, who blindly massacres all that he meets in "the Abbyss . . . of that unfathomable Grass," is repeated in stanzas XLVII-LIII, and the reference to the Civil War is again explicit:

"The Mower now commands the Field; . . .
A Camp of Battail newly fought:
Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain:
The Women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the Pillaging"

War is no respecter of persons, cuts down the innocent and unconcerned together with the guilty:

"Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
To build below the Grasses Root;
Where Lowness is unsafe as Hight,
And Chance o'retakes what scapeth spight? . . ."

"Or sooner hatch or higher build. . . ."

"—What below the Sith increast
Is pincht yet nearer by the Beast."

Escapism brings no neutrality: the forces shaping our lives can neither be controlled nor evaded. This reintroduces Marvell's other theme of the need for equalizing desire and opportunity, the conflict brought to a crisis by the brutal external force of the Mower. Thus Marvell's key

ideas are linked in one symbol, suggesting the possibility that all his poems really deal with a single complex of problems.

In "Upon Appleton House" there is humorously ironical escapism again (stanzas LXXI-LXXXI). The whole passage is of the greatest interest as evidence of Marvell's "double heart." On a careless reading the picture is one of ideal happiness, a Garden-of-Eden life, an escape, particularly, from war:

> *"How safe, methinks, and strong, behind*
> *These Trees have I incamp'd my Mind;*
> *Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,*
> *Bends in some Tree its useless Dart;*
> *And where the World no certain Shot*
> *Can make, or me it toucheth not.*
> *But I on it securely play,*
> *And gaul its Horsemen all the Day."*

But again Marvell makes continual digs at his own dream world:

> *Strange Prophecies my Phancy weaves. . . ."*
>
> *"I in this light* Mosaick *read.*
> *Thrice happy he who, not mistook,*
> *Hath read in* Natures mystick Book."

(The heavy emphasis its position gives to "not mistook" can hardly be entirely without significance.)

> *"Thus I,* easie Philosopher,
> *Among the* Birds *and* Trees *confer. . . ."*
>
> *"The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,*
> *Between which Caterpillars crawl:*
> *And Ivy, with familiar trails,*
> *Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.*
> *Under this* antick Cope *I move*
> *Like some great* Prelate of the Grove."

"Easie" prepares us for incomplete acceptance, and the political note would strike for contemporaries the requisite undertone of disapproval in the last lines quoted, even without the hint of "Caterpillars." A bishop

* *Lewisham*, p. 390.

and his vestments could not but call up reactions of hostility in a good parliamentarian (cf. "Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage" in "Bermudas").

There is a snare hinted in the very placidity of this garden-world in the attractions of its philosophy:

> *"And where I Language want, my Signs*
> *The Bird upon the Bough divines;*
> *And more attentive there doth sit*
> *Than if She were with Lime-twigs knit."*

(Cf. "The Garden" and the passage about the falconer in the "Horatian Ode," quoted below.) For all its fair seeming, this Eden does not really satisfy the poet:

> *"—Languishing with ease, I toss*
> *On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss;*
> *While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,*
> *Flatters with Air my panting Brows."*

("In this time," Hobbes wrote in 1651, "that men call not onely for Peace, but also for Truth,"* flattery was not enough.) Chains are no less because men cling to them, nor are half-truths truths because sincerely held:

> *"Bind me ye* Woodbines *in your 'twines,*
> *Curle me about ye gadding* Vines,
> *And Oh so close your Circles lace,*
> *That I may never leave this Place;*
> *But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,*
> *Ere I your Silken Bondage break,*
> *Do you,* O Brambles, *chain me too,*
> *And courteous* Briars *nail me through."*

The idyllic scene suddenly suggests the Crucifixion. And the succeeding stanzas show that escapism is not in fact Marvell's ultimate ideal. It is not the highest wisdom to discover "I was but an inverted Tree." For now Mary Fairfax enters. Whatever she symbolizes (and it is clear from stanza LXXXXI that she is associated with Puritan "Goodness" as well as Fairfaxian "Discipline"), there can be no doubt of the condemnation of "loose Nature" (cf. "easie Philosopher") in the lines describing her advent:

"See how loose Nature, in respect
To her, it self doth recollect;
And every thing so whisht and fine,
Starts forth with to its Bonnie Mine." . . .

"But by her Flames, *in Heaven try'd,*
Nature *is wholly* vitrifi'd.
'Tis She *that to these Gardens gave*
That wondrous Beauty which they have
She *streightness on the Woods bestows; . . .*
She *yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,*
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are." . . .

"For She, *to higher Beauties rais'd,*
Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
She *counts her Beauty to converse*
In all the Languages as hers."

Her wisdom subsumes and includes the wisdom of the garden, just as her discipline and morals reduce its luxuriance to order.*

"Go now fond Sex that on your Face
Do all your useless Study place,
Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit:
Yet your own Face shall at you grin,
Thorough the Black-bag of your Skin;
When knowledge *only could have fill'd*
And Virtue *all those* Furrows *till'd."***

The new standards and discipline transmute the old cosmos by putting it into its place, and a higher reality emerges:

"'Tis not, what once it was, the World;
But a rude heap together hurl'd;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
Your lesser World *contains the same,*
But in more decent Order tame;
You Heaven's Center, Nature's Lap,
And Paradice's only Map."

* Similarly,' 'little T. C." had been adjured to "reform the errours of the Spring," and the mind in "The Garden" created worlds and seas which transcended reality.

** Black-bag=mask. Death, the final external reality equally, reinforces the moral whether the invitation—as here—is to virtue, or—as in the "Coy Mistress"—to pleasure.

* *Leviathan*, p. 390

(cf. "Clorinda and Damon"—

"DAMON— *These once had been enticing things,*
Clorinda, *Pastures, Caves, and Springs.*
"CLORINDA—*And what late change?*
"DAMON— *The other day*
Pan *met me. . . .*")

In many of the poems Marvell is concerned to show the mutual indispensability of apparent opposites. He says of Fairfax in "The Hill and Grove at Bill-borow"—

"Therefore to your obscurer Seats
From his own Brightness he retreats:
Nor he the Hills without the Groves,
Nor Height but with Retirement loves."

In "Bermudas" the vision of the prefect haven (which is also an idealized England) is set between two quatrains which remind us unobtrusively of the difficulty of getting there.

VI

THE conflict in the poet's own mind between the attractions of an impossible life of communing with Nature and easy evasion of reality, and the necessity of coming to terms with the world, is shown in its most interesting form in the "Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland." This poem was probably written before the great lyrics, before Marvell entered the Fairfax household, but it is convenient to consider it here since to some extent it sums up the argument by its direct political reference.

"The forward Youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses *dear,*
Nor in the Shadows sing
His numbers languishing . . .
'Tis Madness to resist or blame
The force of angry Heavens flame:
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due,
Who, from his private Gardens, where
He liv'd reserved and austere,

As if his highest plot
To plant the Bergamot,
Could by industrious Valour climbe
To ruine the Great Work of Time,
And cast the Kingdome old
Into another Mold.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the antient Rights in vain:
But those do hold or break
As Men are strong or weak."

The poet is clearly arguing with himself rather than with Cromwell; and note the garden symbol again. Then there comes the famous passage in which the parliamentarian Marvell shows his sympathy for the old-world virtues of the executed Charles I,* consoling himself with the vision of new life through sacrificial death:

"A bleeding Head where they begun,
Did fright the Architects to run;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw it's happy Fate."

Again Marvell takes up the struggle with himself, and hints back at the lost ideals of the Garden in a passage where the needs of the State are again shown as triumphing over the private interests of the individual:

"So when the Falcon high
Falls heavy from the Sky,
She, having kill'd, no more does search,
But on the next green Bow to pearch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The Falckner has her sure."

(The falconer is England, the State; but he is also Fate, the reality which has to be accepted, the historical process.) Marvell concludes reasonably on the side of action, the impossibility of neutrality:

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* Did Marvell see the execution? The lines—

"Nor call'd the Gods *with vulgar spight*
To vindicate his helpless Right,
But bow'd his comely Head,
Down as upon a Bed"

read like an eyewitness's recollection of a fact recorded by the Venetian Ambassador which Marvell's editors seem to have missed: "As they doubted that His Majesty might resist the execution of the sentence, refusing to lay his neck upon the block,they fixed into the block at his feet two iron rings through which they passed a cord which, placed on His Majesty's neck, would necessarily make him bend by force, and offer his head to the axe, if he did not voluntarily resign himself to the humiliation of the fatal blow. But the King, warned of this, without coming to such extremes, said that they should use no violence; he would readily submit to the laws of necessity and the rigours of force" (E. Momigliano, *Cromwell*, English translation, p. 282).

"But thou the Wars and Fortunes Son
March indefatigably on;
And for the last effect
Still keep thy Sword erect:
Besides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the shady Night,
The same Arts *that did* gain
A Pow'r *must it* maintain."

("Shady," it will be observed, continues the symbolism; cf. "Shadows" in line 3.)

Critics have frequently commented on the rather left-handed compliment to Cromwell in this poem: his use of force and fraud is indeed a little openly praised. I suggest that this is part of Marvell's own internal struggle, and is evidence of his desire to be honest with himself. The artist in him dislikes the unpleasant actions which alone can "cast the Kingdome old into another Mold"; but like his master, Milton, Marvell has come to realize that the immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. He has come down from the ivory tower into the arena.

In so far as Marvell is thinking of Cromwell at all, he is not treating him as an individual: the general is for the poet the personification of the revolution, the victory of the parliamentary cause over the King.

"Nature that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less:
And therefore must make room
Where greater Spirits come."

Cromwell draws his greatness from the events of which he has been the instrument—a view of history with which the Protector would have agreed and which Milton assumes in *Samson Agonistes.* For

Marvell the revolution is "the force of angry Heavens flame," ruining "the great Work of Time," something real which must be accepted or rejected, which cannot be wished away nor even excluded from the garden. "'Tis Madness to resist or blame" an elemental power of this kind. "The world will not go the faster for our driving," but it will also not go the slower for our regrets. Wisdom is "To make their Destiny their *Choice*" ("Upon Appleton House," line 744). In the "Horatian Ode" Marvell is clearly aware of a fusion of opposites, a synthesis at a higher level: the life of the community demands the death of the individual, rest is obtainable only through and by means of effort, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, freedom is the knowledge of necessity.*

But this paradox, this dialectical thought, recurs throughout Marvell's poems. The soul, in "On a Drop of Dew"—

> *"Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express*
> *The greater Heaven in an Heaven less. . . .*
> *Moving but on a point below,*
> *It all about does upwards bend. . . .*
> *Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run*
> *Into the glories of th' Almighty Sun."*

It is also in "Ametas and Thestylis making Hay-Ropes," ironically as in the "Coy Mistress" seriously. The solution of the conflict may not be the victory of either side, but a fusion of aspects of both from which something new emerges. We find the synthesis again in "Eyes and Tears":

> *"How wisely Nature did decree,*
> *With the same Eyes to weep and see!*
> *That, having view'd the object vain,*
> *They might be ready to complain. . . .*
>
> *"I have through every Garden been,*
> *Amongst the Red, the White, the Green;*

* "The Thesis is the impersonal power of Cromwell . . . the antithesis is the personal dignity and comeliness of Charles, which may effect Cromwell's achievment: and the synthesis is the acceptance of Cromwell, both his 'forc'd Pow'r' and his personal unattractiveness. . . . The poem may well represent the steps of reasoning by which the friend of Lovelace threw in his lot with the Roundheads" (Bradbrook and Lloyd Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 73).

And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
*No Honey, but these tears could draw. . . .**

"Thus let your Streams o'reflow your Springs,
Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears."

VII

THE suggestion then is that all Marvell's problems are inter-connected. They are the problems of an individual in an age of revolutionary change. I do not think the following lines from "The Fair Singer" were intended to be taken at more than their surface value (though one never knows with Marvell); but they could be interpreted as a perfect allegory of the influence of society on the individual:

"I could have fled from One but singly fair:
My dis-intangled Soul it self might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her Slave,
Whose subtile Art invisibly can wreath
My Fetters of the very Air I breath?"

Soul and body, Love and Fate, illusion and reality, escape or action—all the poems in the last analysis deal with the adjustment of individual conduct to external conditions and forces. Marvell's life and his poetry form a single whole. I would also suggest that the resolution of the conflict revealed in the lyrics is almost exactly parallel to the resolution of the political conflict revealed in the political poems: the individual soul never can disentangle itself from society, never can save itself in isolation; "the very Air I breath" even in the remotest garden comes from outside. Since we cannot escape we must submit.

The significance of this solution of his own crisis for Marvell is shown by the number of times he recurs to it. The moral of "The First Anniversary of the Government under O. C." is exactly the same as that of the "Horatian Ode":

"For all delight of Life thou then didst lose,
When to Command, thou didst thyself Depose;

* Here again the garden fails to meet the poet's needs.

Resigning up thy Privacy so dear,
To turn the headstrong Peoples Charioteer;
For to be Cromwell *was a greater thing*
Then ought below, or yet above a King:
Therefore thou didst thy Self depress,
*Yielding to Rule, because it made thee Less."**

The subordination of self to political purposes which he believed to be right: that is the lesson Marvell had taught himself once he found that he could not escape from the disagreeable realities of the world. It was not only Cromwell

—*"Whom Nature all for Peace had made,*
*But angry Heaven unto War had sway'd."***

Like so many other parliamentarians, Marvell had been pushed reluctantly to approve of revolution and regicide since otherwise "religion and liberty" could not be secured. Here again the wise and virtuous man "makes his destiny his choice."

"Far different Motives yet, engag'd them thus,
*Necessity did them, but Choice did us."****

Marvell was a true Cromwellian, truer perhaps than Milton, who could not accept the new tactics of the restoration. For Marvell, as we have seen, the restoration illustrated the point that "things happen . . . without any need of officiousness." He had Cromwell's carelessness of forms of government, provided the root of the matter were secure. Yet Marvell has Milton's sense—a conception surely born of the agonies and triumphs and sufferings of the revolution?—of good through evil, of the impossibility of good without evil, of the meaninglessness of rejecting good because of concomitant evil. It was from the rind of one apple tasted in a garden that the knowledge of good and evil came into the world. Tearing our pleasures "with rough strife Thorough the Iron gates of Life" makes them greater, not less.

"Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run."

* Lines 221-8. Cf. "A letter to Doctor Ingelo," where Cromwell is described as "*Ducere sive sequi nobile laetus iter*": on a noble course his joy was equal whether leading or following.
** "A poem upon the Death of O. C.," lines 15, 16.
*** "On Blake's Victory over the Spaniards," lines 141-2.

That is the final triumph over circumstance. The highest praise of Cromwell was that he

> —"*As the* Angel *of our Commonweal,*
> *Troubling the Waters, yearly mak'st them Heal.*"*

Or as Endymion, who wanted the moon, said to Cynthia:

> *"Though I so high may not pretend,*
> *It is the same so you descend."***

By the time of "The First Anniversary" and "On Blake's Victory over the Spaniards," all Marvell's problems are solved: and the great poetry ceases.*** Marvell became a public servant, and his experiences in writing compact business prose helped him, with Pepys and Dryden, to contribute a fresh element of conciseness and clarity to English prose style. Though the restoration was to bring new complications, the inward assurace Marvell had so hardly won in the fifties was never lost. The poet became a pamphleteer as soon as he saw some of the returned cavaliers try to set the clock back to before 1640, trying to interfere with liberty of thought. With a purity of style reminiscent of Pascal, Marvell laughed down the enemies of religious toleration. The irreligious fashionable world enjoyed his polished and sophisticated wit no less than Paris had enjoyed the *Lettres Provinciales* in which Pascal had exposed the Jesuits. It is no part of my purpose to discuss Marvell's admirable prose, but it is perhaps worth recording the judgment of Miss Bradbrook and Miss Lloyd Thomas that its wit and ridicule are based on "a security of unquestioned and untroubled belief which gives him a standard by which he can relate the different levels of feeling, with their intensity."**** That is what we should have expected from our study of the poems.

This security, this stability in his political principles, this poised maturity and urbanity, are Marvell's peculiar strength: and they were won in the conflicts of the early fifties to which the great lyrics testify. In a lengthy simile in "The First Anniversary," primitive man, terrified

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* "The First Anniversary," lines 401-2.

** "Marriage of Lord Fauconberg and Lady Mary Cromwell."

*** We do not *know* this. Miss Bradbrook and Miss Lloyd Thomas point out that some of the religious and philosophical poems might be dated after Marvell's state service began (*op. cit.*, p. 9). But I think the indirect internal evidence is strong enough to justify allotting all the great poems to the same period, roughly 1650-5.

I should like to think that the order of the lyrical poems in the 1681 edition (which Margoliouth uses) is chronological. Then we could trace the chronological as well as the logical sequence of Marvell's inner struggles. But the point is not material.

**** *Op. cit.*, p. 116. They contrast Swift—but that is another story. Swift, incidentally, was a great admirer of Marvell's prose.

by the setting of the sun and the shadows, continues to look for light in the west, and is beginning to despair—

> *"When streight the Sun behind him he descry'd,*
> *Smiling serenely from the further side."*

That is the dialectic of life and change as Marvell came to know it.

THE MARCH ON TLALNECALCO

JOHN G. ROBERTS

The story which follows is a chapter from an unpublished novel dealing in the main with the goings-on in a colony of American writers, art students and coupon clippers in a provincial Mexican town. The event described here should be thought of as having occurred some years ago.—*The Editor.*

PADRE Urbano Sepulveda was proud to belong to an order known familiarly as "The Cavalry of the Church," whose units were capable of rapid deployment and adaptable to changing conditions. Thus, he did not hesitate to use innovations, however unorthodox, so long as they redounded to the prosperity and hence to the power of his order, which had long since abandoned the vow of poverty.

Within a few years after his arrival in Los Cerros, the town's moldering defenses had yielded to the energy of his assault; and after securing his position he looked about him for a new challenge worthy of his talents. Although he had gained advancement to the curacy of the parish church over the heads of older colleagues, he was no vulgar upstart. He was a mestizo, to be sure, yet he was the cultural peer of even the criollo aristocrats of the old colonial town which boasted of its Spanish heritage. In fact, the only man to whom he deferred in matters of taste and erudition was an American, Dartby Thane, who for many years had operated an art school not far from the church.

Thane was something of an archaeologist, and his imagination had been kindled by the wonders of a disused shrine in a village at the foot of the mountains, some forty miles distant. He had assured the Cura that the Shrine of Tlalnecalco was an architectural gem of the pre-plateresque period, and his studies had led him to the hypothesis that the frescoes which encrusted the nave and transept, as well as the chapels, sacristy, baptistry, refectories, atria and adyta of the rambling establishment were among the earliest Christian murals in the Western Hemisphere.

Almost four centuries ago, under the tutelage of Spanish monks, Mexican peons had developed a quaint version of baroque painting without losing their primitive vigor and directness. In subsequent centuries their exuberant frescoes had given Tlalnecalco an awesome

reputation among the Indians of the region. These works spoke eloquently to the unlettered masses and provided them with entertainment, instruction and edification in those dark epochs before the advent of the cinema.

According to Thane, who was writing a monograph on the subject, the fresco of greatest plasticity, force and conviciton depicted a fear-maddened peon who, with his feet, wreathed in flames, was being forced to regard a book held before his eyes by leering demons. Thane related this theme to the old Spanish laws under which any Indian learning to read was put to death, along with his teacher. If this was true, the lesson must have penetrated deeply, for the illiteracy rate in the Tlalnecalco region was scarcely excelled in all of Mexico. A public school which had been installed next to the Shrine stood gaunt and forlorn for want of a teacher sufficiently dedicated to risk the fate of his predecessor, whose ears had been lopped off by Cristero fanatics.

The Shrine, more popularly called the Sanctuary, had been abandoned during the violently anti-clerical phase of the Revolution and its art treasures had been seriously damaged by the elements and by vandals. After Thane had imparted to the Padre some of his enthusiasm for the Sanctuary, they had embarked upon an ambitious plan for its restoration. Together, they had convinced the Los Cerros Guild, composed of civic-minded businessmen and landowners, that the Shrine of Tlalnecalco would be an asset to the community, and that to ensure uninterrupted work on the project, a building fund should be raised. This having been accomplished, the Guild decided that, to protect its investment, a long-term lease from the Government (which administered confiscated Church properties) must be secured.

But Padre Sepulveda, despite his unquestionably aesthetic motives for preserving the colonial masterpieces, had never deviated an instant from his devotion to the greater glory of Mother Church; after the lease had been signed and sealed, the Guild discovered that it had been drawn up in the name of the Cura's secretary, who was often a party to those transactions in which his employer preferred to remain inconspicuous.

However devious the means, the arrangement which placed the buildings and lands under the Cura's jurisdiction increased his incentive to refurbish and herald abroad the fame of the Shrine. It also brought out his organizational genius, which had found little outlet in the humdrum of parish affairs. While retaining outwardly the traditions of the past, the enterprising cleric applied modern methods of publicity and mass production to attract pilgrimages of ever-increasing

size, first from neighboring localities and then from towns and cities within a radius of hundreds of miles.

For a while, the Guild felt that it had been treated shabbily; but as the flow of pilgrims swelled, and since most of them passed through Los Cerros on their way to Tlalnecalco, the merchants in the Guild found them a gratifying source of revenue. Nothing like the take from the American tourists, of course, but the picturesqueness of the pilgrims attracted more tourists, so one good thing begot a better.

Although Thane, a Protestant, privately deplored religious excesses, he felt a warm tolerance for the simple faith of the Mexican peasants, whom he loved as his own. He had found in these Plateau Indians the earthy creativity of the human spirit, uncorrupted and uncomplicated by progress, and had devoted many years to revitalizing and disseminating the best of their handicrafts, customs and traditions. He had been disappointed at the Cura's rather crass approach to the Tlalnecalco project, and yet there was an undeniable grandeur to these great pilgrimages, perhaps unsurpassed since the days of Chaucer. And they had become a major attraction of his Academia de Artes Plasticas, which flourished by the patronage of those who sought the authentic culture of old Mexico.

Of late, Padre Sepulveda had inaugurated a system of retreats on which the pilgrims spent five days within the Sanctuary, time enough to study the frescoes, to engage in strenuous spiritual exercises and to meditate. Visiting them at least once during each retreat, the Cura was able to inculcate any ideas of a moral, religious or political nature which seemed expedient, and especially to shrive the pilgrims of the sin of avarice.

The young priests who did the actual shepherding were selected for their vigor, humility and contempt for worldly riches. The Cura himself trained them in a special seminar, in which they were taught the essentials of military discipline, book-keeping, vermin control and first aid.

However, the labor turnover was great; men fresh from the seminary tended to be literal and over-zealous. Some objected that it was undignified for an ordained priest to go about selling "licenses" to the peddlers of rosaries, amulets and milagros who swarmed into the village each weekend when one pilgrimage was due to leave and another to arrive. Others, tainted by materialism, advocated better conditons for the pilgrims: cots instead of straw mats, meat twice a week, an infirmary, showers and other luxuries.

But the Cura held that since the reward of making a pilgrimage

was paid in the currency of self-sacrifice and atonement, any improvements would subtract from the treasure these penitents were storing up in heaven. Would this not be spiritual larceny? Sleeping on stone floors there was no worse than on dirt floors at home, and if a diet of tortilla and beans became monotonous, at least it provided less fuel for the fires of lust. The rats, fleas and lice which infested the Sanctuary were visitations from a just God, and it would be a sin of pride to meddle too much with His divine will. But after the unsettling discovery of nits in his own scalp, he agreed to having the buildings sprayed with insecticide once a month.

As for sanitary arrangements, a stream passed directly beneath the buildings, and some long forgotten friar with a talent for engineering had devised a stupendous privy directly above it. When two hundred pilgrims seated themselves in rows, back to back, on this unique fixture, the nothingness of the individual was impressively demonstrated, and it was impossible for the occupants to fall into the error of vanity. The facility worked well except during the dry season when the stream shrank to a trickle; but it never dried up entirely, and hence it was unnecessary to install plumbing. The pilgrims were encouraged to go upstream for their ablutions, but the prepared lecture on hygiene, always delivered on the day of their arrival, never seemed to make much impression, particularly since these people arrived in a state of exhaustion from their long marches and believed, furthermore, that being in the very stronghold of the Virgin, no harm could befall them. Typhoid least of all.

But if conditions in the famous Shrine were less than perfect, complaints were few; in fact the pilgrims emerged from retreat with praises on their lips. For these pilgrimages combined the pleasures of a church-social, wholesome outdoor exercise, group singing, a vacation from domestic tedium, spiritual cleansing and perhaps delivery from one's woes by a genuine miracle. People to whom any amusement or diversion other than the drinking of pulque was seldom attainable would be ingrates indeed to complain when so much was given for so little.

To keep the fees within the reach of the poorest families, the Cura limited his net to a few pesos per pilgrim, and during the period since he had systematized these excursions attendance had risen to nearly fifty thousand a year. The ensuing prosperity had enabled him to establish a thriving ranch on the lands surrounding Tlalnecalco, and his equipment had improved commensurately. He was fond of saying that, although he still belonged to the Cavalry of the Church, he had taken

a tip from up-to-date armies and mechanized his troop. Instead of a prancing steed, he drove a Lincoln limousine, and owned two trucks for hauling provisions to the Shrine.

Sepulveda's rise had not been achieved without struggle. His bishop, whose orthodoxy was untainted by imagination, had threatened to unfrock him for violations of both the letter and spirit of the Codex Juris, not to mention the Rerum Novarum. And as the Bishop had subsided into senility, new hazards beset Sepulveda's path to power, not a few of them erected by Oton Serrano, a lawyer of liberal tendencies and political acumen. Because the latter was a Mason, threats of excommunication were ineffective against him, and his standing in the community had enabled him to organize the envious and disgruntled into a sinister cabal against the Cura.

In fact, matters had taken an alarming turn and were approaching a crisis. The difficulty had begun with the outbreak of aftosa, or hoof and mouth disease, in the Republic. The governments of Mexico and the United States had joined forces to stamp it out: cars, trucks and buses were stopped on the highways to be sprayed with chlorine solution as the passengers walked through lanes of disinfectant sawdust; flying squads of gringos in white overalls descended on ranchos to test and inoculate or condemn the cattle. Infected herds were slaughtered and buried in quicklime, even the oxen indispensable for plowing the cornfields. But the Cura dreaded a greater calamity than the infection of his livestock. Oton Serrano, who had been elected Mayor of Los Cerros despite his heresies, had expressed publicly his fear that the pilgrimages of rancheros, coming from or passing through contaminated areas, might bring the dread aftosa to the region. He had already requested a team of inspectors who might well recommend the discontinuance of the pilgrimages during the epidemic, which might last for years.

In anticipation of a grim battle, Padre Sepulveda had been pontificating from the pulpit against atheistic science, cynical plots of American cattle barons against their Mexican competitors, and opposition to the Will of God. Less publicly, he was closing ranks with the local Sinarquistas who carried on the clerical-fascist traditions of the Cristero counter-revolutionaries. Though relatively few in number, they had been able to arouse a stubborn resistance to the Commission; the peasants, who understood little of epizootiology but knew that without livestock they would starve, were responsive to terrorist agitation and had already assassinated several technicians in a neighboring state.

But even while the Cura ridiculed the idea that his little pilgrim-

ages could spread the infection (which in any case was probably imaginary), Mayor Serrano revealed the fact that Sepulveda was selling off his herds, and at a loss. Thus beset with calumnies and threats, the Cura needed the broadest support possible, and placed unusual emphasis on the annual pilgrimage from Los Cerros to the Shrine of Tlalnecalco, even offering a family excursion rate to swell the ranks. For he felt that with five consecutive days in which to exhort the most pious and least sophisticated elements of the population, he could work up a groundswell of indignation powerful enough to give pause even to the Aftosa Commission.

II.

Under such circumstances, the departure of the Los Cerros pilgrims brought an unusually large turnout, both of participants and spectators. The morning was fine, with a brisk breeze and only a few wisps of cloud in the limpid sky. The distant mountains seemed closer today because of the clearness of the air, a good omen. The sober festivity which pervaded the town was due in part to the coincidence of the pilgrimage with the birthday of the great national hero, Benito Juarez, an occasion for closing the schools and business establishments. The Mexican tricolor snapped bravely above the Palacio Municipal and smaller flags brightened the ancient buildings surrounding the plaza. A loudspeaker system had been installed on a balcony outside the Mayor's office and some sort of ceremony had been prepared. Members of the Municipal Band idled around the bandstand in the center of the laurel-shaded garden, but most of the spectators were drifting toward the Parroquia, where the pilgrims were hearing mass.

This venerable church, which managed to be imposing in spite of its grotesque melange of architectural styles, stood on a side of the square adjacent to that occupied by the Palacio, but well back from the street. A sketch class from the Academia had taken up an advantageous position within the gates of the walled churchyard and a dozen American students were arranging their materials while Thane, clip-board in hand, explained the origin and significance of the spectacle they were about to witness.

He was a lanky, awkward man whose unassuming boyishness made him seem younger than his forty years. A decade of dwelling in the sunny timelessness of the Mexican provinces might have relaxed the moral muscle of some escapists, but Thane justified his existence by inviting ever new responsibilities. Today he was even busier than

usual: as vice-chairman of the Los Cerros Guild's Committee for Fomenting Religious and Patriotic Fiestas, he had duties toward both the pilgrimage and the Juarez celebration; and since Urbano Sepulveda and Oton Serrano, enemies to the death, were two of his closest friends, his dual role would have to be played with exceptional finesse. As he talked to his students he bounced on the balls of his feet and ran his hand nervously over his colorless crew-cut. But a low rumbling and shuffling inside the Parroquia indicated to him that the pilgrims were completing their worship and would soon emerge. After a glance at his watch he finished his lecture abruptly and loped off toward the Palacio.

As anticipation rose, other American colonists and tourists, armed with everything from myopic brownies to triple-barreled movie artillery, elbowed their way into the front ranks of the amorphous throng, only to find themselves engulfed by those who pushed in front of them. The crowd gave way grudgingly as the pilgrims, mostly in ragged peasant garb, began to file through the atrium and into the churchyard.

The majority were women, some seeking fertility from the Virgin of Tlalnecalco while others sought a moratorium on this blessing with less conspicuous success. There were iconoclasts like Mayor Serrano who ascribed these "miracles" of conception to over-crowding and the opportunities for lechery offered by the Sanctuary, particularly at night when the only illumination of the labrynthine interior came from candles burning at the altars. However, simple folk had evidence that an all-night vigil, in which a number of specified saints were visited in order, was infallible. Occasionally some mixup induced pregnancy in a girl who had gone to pray at the chapel of St. Anthony for a husband, but this was blamed on some error in ritual and did not reflect on the virtue of the maiden so blessed.

Earnest young priests from the Shrine were pushing and tugging to form the submissive pilgrims into a column. There were men, women, children, the aged and infirm as well as babes in arms and toddlers. There was an infant in a sort of bo'sun's chair slung between his parents, and an old paralytic rode on a little cart pulled by a workman. Many carried pretty whips of woven maguey with which to flagellate themselves during penance. One elderly ascetic wore a crown of thorns and had his head tilted back to stare at the sun; he held his arms outward to form a living cross and it was said that he would make the entire journey in this position, Dios willing. Another penitente, bare to the waist, wore a rope collar from which spiny cactus leaves hung

against his chest and back. Thin trickles of blood already drew hushed admiration as the Americans jostled their way forward to snap photos.

Embroidered silken standards with gold tassels undulated above them and in the vanguard four of the strongest men bore aloft a glass case containing a bejewelled image of the Virgin, who had appeared providentially at Tlalnecalco in 1537 to rescue a friar captured by the Indians, still heathen up to that time. The image symbolizing their mass-conversion was affixed to a heavy marble base, lashed in turn to stout poles resting on the shoulders of the men. Carrying la Virgen was not only an honor entitling one to special consideration at the Sanctuary, but was regarded as a prodigious athletic feat. Anyone able to carry his share of the sacred burden the whole distance was conceded to be "muy macho," an expression implying masculinity in every sense of the word.

Four women, dressed all in white and wearing hoods emblazoned with the red cross, were followed by litter bearers. It was a rare pilgrimage on which nurses and stretchers were not brought into play, since a goodly number of the pilgrims made their forty-mile hike to pray for the relief of such ailments as consumption, heart disease and apoplexy. True, the nurses were not really nurses, but the stretchers were operative, and a sufferer could sometimes be brought to the Shrine in time to be saved by a milagro, or at least to die in the odor of sanctity.

The town's leading physician and free-thinker, Dr. Zamora, often reproached Padre Sepulveda for his encouragement of such hagiolatry. But the Cura, Zamora's patient, met his arguments nimbly, reminding the physician that although the parishioners were perhaps overly optimistic in their hopes of intercession by the Virgin, they were not superstitious enough to believe in so unlikely a miracle as that of being able to pay the outrageous fees Zamora charged for his scientific therapy.

The pilgrimage was supposed to have begun some time ago, but the Cura had not yet appeared to deliver his customary valediction. Such delays were not unexpected in Los Cerros, however, and there was little impatience except among the tourists, some of whom were still addicted to schedules and showed withdrawal symptoms. The other Americans were finding a wealth of picturesqueness for their crayons and lenses.

But Oton Serrano, watching from his office in the Palacio, found the scene revolting, even enraging. He had the Cura's assurance, relayed through Thane, that the pilgrimage would be well on its way before

the hour set for the commemoration, and he suspected that he was being betrayed. It was bad that the pilgrims would provide an unwelcome distraction from the patriotic festivities; worse, he, the town's anti-clerical stalwart, had provided the largest possible audience for Sepulveda's medieval mumbo-jumbo. But worst of all, his civil authority over the priest had become so beset with extra-legal taboos that he was impotent to act.

Thane arrived just in time to take the brunt of Serrano's anger, and he was able to mollify the Mayor only by promising to urge the Cura to launch his procession at once. So the American bounded down the staircase, breasted the tide of onlookers and reached the church; but before he could enter, a hush fell upon the crowd, then an excited murmuring. Padre Sepulveda had made his appearance and strode toward the head of the column.

Great astonishment was created by the Cura's costume. His ample figure was cloaked in a white cassock resembling a linen duster, so long that nothing showed beneath it except his brand-new Keds. A panama hat shaded his full-bland face, which was dramatized by a pair of blue spectacles, and he carried a shepherd's staff. Taking the foremost position with a portentous air, he looked imperiously from side to side, his plump lips compressed in piety. Raising his crozier and gazing into the heavens for inspiration, he waited for silence and was quickly rewarded. His lips moved soundlessly for a moment. This his ringing tenor enunciated one word: "Adelante!" Forward! As he began to march slowly, the pilgrims caterpillaring behind him, it was evident that, for the first time, he intended to make the journey to Tlalnecalco on foot instead of in his Lincoln!

Uncontrollably moved by the Cura's selfless act, the Municipal Band burst with ragged spontaneity into the strains of "La Diana," the tune played when a torero makes a particularly gracious pass at the bull. The musicians had been waiting at the bandstand to enhance the Juarez celebration, but their unscheduled kudos brought the bandleader out of the Palacio at a fast trot to take command. Capless and unbuttoned, the maestro managed to switch his men into "Las Golondrinas," a more sedate number appropriate to departures. But he knew that even this would land him in hot water with the Mayor, who had given orders that the Juarez celebration was to be kept severely aloof from the technically illegal pilgrimage.

The members of a ranchero band, who had come to town to serenade the pilgrims with their battered and obsolete instruments, found themselves left behind at the starting post and hastened to catch up by plunging recklessly into the march, "Under the Double Eagle." It was

not only a rousing good tune for the purpose, it was the only one they knew. The players, mostly old men and little boys, had inherited their instruments, as well as their memorized parts, from fathers and grandfathers; if, in the course of time, the instruments had gotten off pitch, or if memory had served them ill, each rendered his own version defiantly. Sometimes the basses oompahed alone while the trebles gasped for breath; in other passages the clarinet or fife went twittering off into space on a solo flight while saliva was dumped from the tarnished brasses. In difficult spots, the cymbals and bass drum carried the burden, but in the chorus they all played fortissimo, drowning out the much larger Municipal Band.

A few rockets shattered the upper air, and a swarm of boys who had climbed into the belfry of the Parroquia started belaboring the bells. The pilgrims, who took it in good part that their sacrifices should engender such applause, continued to march, preserving the reverent mien with which they had left the church. Their song leader chose this felicitous moment to raise his voice and the other pilgrims joined him in a desolate wailing, the women singing in a piercing nasal falsetto. Against this distraction of two bands, the bells and the rockets, each had to strain his lungs to bursting to hear his own voice and unison was impossible.

As the fugue grew in volume and incongruity, a column of several hundred overalled workmen from the textile factory, dragooned by their company union to take part in the Juarez parade, drew up in formation at the head of the street leading into the square. They bore aloft a broad streamer on which was inscribed, in small letters: *"Viva Juarez"*; and more boldly below: *"Virgin of Tlalnecalco, Sove Us From Communism."* At their appearance with this exalted sentiment, those of the spectators who could see the banner began to cheer, and others joined in without waiting to discover what the shouting was about.

But by now the entire student bodies of both public and parochial schools, who had been painstakingly arranged in order of stature and had been kept out of sight around the corner pending the start of the parade, found all these noises too beguiling; a few pupils broke ranks and the rest followed, swarming out into the square to see what was happening. Added to their yips and yells were the shrilly futile commands of the distraught teachers and nuns, striving to recover their charges.

Mayor Serrano, from the balcony of the Palacio, could see the situation becoming explosive. He had intended to remain tactfully inconspicuous until the pilgrimage had made its circuit of the plaza

and has disappeared down the hill; but the stampeding children slowed its progress, and Padre Sepulveda, setting the pace, dawdled along as though quite innocent of the storm that was breaking. The Mayor, his caution yielding to outrage, mounted the wooden box he had provided to compensate for his small stature and shouted: "Silencio! Silencio! Ciudadanos, demuestre su cultura!" But the few citizens who could hear him demonstrated their culture by whistling, and the sibilant dispraise spread. Some whistled against Padre Sepulveda, some against the company union and others against conditions in general. But the Mayor fancied that all this disparagement was directed at him and he saw visions of political ruin.

His wits did not desert him in this crisis, however, and he gave orders to turn on the loud speaker so that he could restore order (and by doing so, rise in the esteem of both religious and secular-minded constituents). But the operator of the amplifier misunderstood his signal and started the first record spinning, at maximum output. It was the National Anthem, commencing, "Mexicanos, al grito de guerra!" This war-cry happened to be the cue for the parade to begin, on the same route as that of the pilgrims but, unfortunately, in the opposite direction.

Thus it occurred that the chanting, oblivious pilgrims charged head on against a phalanx of workers, with only a few hundred beserk school children to ease the impact. The workers were followed by a detachment of agrarian militia in blue combat suits. (Luckily they marched with wands, since their rifles had been gathered in for ordnance inspection some years before by an uneasy government.) The contingent of town policemen brought up the rear of the parade, and hence were powerless to do more than charge helplessly around the periphery of the ensuing riot.

In their frustration, they neglected to intercept a train of burros loaded with firewood, debouching from a side street into the turbulence of the square. The animals became separated and the screams and curses of the drivers were indistinguishable from the general uproar. In the thick of the scuffle a group of Sinarquista extremists, hankering for new religious martyrs to the glory of their cause, slashed the binding ropes of some of the donkeys and the air became lethal with a cross-fire of stout mesquite sticks, hurled at random targets.

Most prominent of these was Mayor Serrano. Too horrified to think of cutting off the martial music, he was still trying to scream down the zafarrancho with his unamplified voice and had lost all of his dignity in the process. But he was silenced by a direct hit in the chest

before he had the prudence to duck; from behind the iron railing of the balcony he continued to roar like a caged lion.

Thane had felt from the first that Urbano's plan of starting the pilgrimage on Juarez day was unwise. But, an indomitable optimist, he had not been decisive against Urbano's blandishments; and now he was reaping a whirlwind which he recognized to be of his own sowing. He reaped it as methodically as was possible in such unfavorable weather, giving priority to his own students and others of his countrymen whom he could reach. He herded some of them to safety behind the churchyard wall but had to abandon to their fates the photographers, who were fearless, even gleeful, as they fought for vantage points.

Taller than anyone else in the crowd, Thane surveyed the situation, then battled his way to the eye of the hurricane, shielding himself from the flying mesquite with his clip-board. He reached the pilgrims carrying the marble slab on which the Virgin rested and looked around anxiously, but his friend Urbano was not in sight. Then he felt a sharp tug at his trouser leg. He looked down to see the Padre squatting in the shelter of the sacred image, smiling up at him; his eyes were enigmatic behind their blue glasses, but his demeanor indicated more satisfaction than terror.

Obeying an authoritative gesture, Thane crouched to confer with the Padre in his improvised command post. From this position, all he could see was a scrimmage of running, kicking, stamping legs. He glanced dubiously at the ponderous slab swaying over their heads, but the bearers, muy macho, were standing their ground. The Cura gave his orders rapidly and having finished, urged the coordinator of fiestas out and on his way.

By desperate shoving, wriggling and apologizing, Thane managed to reach the police station, adjoining the Palacio Municipal. Invoking the full authority of his various offices, he persuaded a frightened army corporal to call out his detachment, consisting of three privates of the Federales and to command them to fire a salvo of shots into the air.

The old Enfields made no more noise than a string of firecrackers, and yet they brought an instant and ominous cessation of hostilities. The weak were trampled in the general exodus to the safer precincts of the garden. As quiet settled upon the crowd, Padre Sepulveda emerged unruffled from his refuge and began to fish the troubled waters.

"Ave Maria Purisima," he intoned sonorously.

"Sin pecado concebida," came the response, dutiful as always.

"Amados hijos mios . . ." This was his usual manner of beginning a

sermon; but, obeying his intuitive tactical sense, he made a smooth transition into a prayer, which would be less vulnerable to interruption by the godless. The pilgrims sank to their marrowbones and many others did likewise. It was not only piety that brought the spectators to their knees; they knew that the dreaded Federales, with rifles still at the ready, would be less likely to open fire upon those in communion with their common creator.

The Cura, smoothing his cassock over his heavy thighs, first gave thanks for a small miracle; for although scarcely a whole pane of glass remained in the Palacio, the fragile showcase enclosing the Virgin of Tlalnecalco was still intact. Could this be anything but a judgment from on high? Exploiting his advantage, he took the offensive:

"In thy glory and omnipotence, oh Lord, in thy all-encompassing compassion for thy sinful and lowly children, deliver us from Lucifer, Prince of Darkness, deliver us from the power of the Antichrist, whatever the subtle guise in which he may cloak himself to tempt us to our confusion and damnation!

"Deliver us from the Masons in their diabolical conspiracy to destroy the Kingdom of God on earth!

"Deliver us from the free thinkers who entice us with the forbidden fruit of rationalism and false science!

"Deliver us from those corrupters of youth, the public schools, who would substitute the stone of fallacious knowledge for the bread of true belief, and would condemn our little ones to eternal punishment!

"Deliver us from the extranjeros who come among us with full purses to mock at our humble faith!

"Deliver us from the yanqui cattle slayers with their lies about aftosa, for they are poisoning our herds and starving our poor ranchers for the enrichment of the Texanos!

"And, Lord most high, deliver us from the Protestants, Jews, liberals, socialists and all other agents of the atheistic bolshevism which is engulfing the world and whose cruel waves are already dashing against the shores of our beloved Patria!"

The thundering red surf could almost be heard through the chorus of "amens" from the crowd, even from many of those who had come to honor Juarez. But more ominous were the scattered shouts of "Viva Cristo Rey!," the slogan of the old Cristeros when they had swooped down to kill and plunder, now adopted as the war cry of the Sinarquista fanatics who emulated them.

The Mayor clung limply to the balcony railing, recalling phrases from his set speech extolling Benito Juarez, called the Benemerito, father

of the religious reform and of the secular state, who had broken the stranglehold of the hierarchy. He was still ready to declaim on the Indian president, that great contemporary of Lincoln who had routed three imperialist invaders, executed the usurper Maximilian and set Mexico straight upon the course toward liberal democracy. But during the Cura's supplication, the Mayor, a member of the Revolutionary Party, a free thinker and, like Juarez himself, a Mason, could only bare his head and stand in silence. For Mexico is a Catholic country.

And now, the prayer over, it appeared that there would be no audience for the speechmaking. Having dealt his blow to the juaristas and their ilk, the Cura bade his flock rise. Resuming their hymn, the pilgrims marched on toward Tlalnecalco, those with bloody heads even more proudly than the rest. And the bulk of the spectators, including some of the workers, most of the school-children and, of course, all of the Americans, followed along.

NO HARD FEELINGS

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

THE bureaucrat justifies his acts by referring us to the ends toward which they are directed. His sincerity—which, of course, proves nothing—is real in that he cannot imagine whatever he does not being identified with a positive result. Was he chosen to satisfy the needs of others, or were they created to feed his ego? Does one have a tongue to speak with, or speak in order to have a tongue? The bureaucrat is a mouth; what can he think?

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the pupils of English charity Sunday Schools used to recite these lines:

> Though I am but poor and mean
> I will move the rich to love me
> If I'm modest, neat, and clean
> And submit when they reprove me.

Thus through the agency of the superintendent-bureaucrats, sensible advice from above was endowed with a poetic form of conviction from below. The faith of a small child could hardly be shaken once it was reinforced by verse. And who'd dare to say that faith was not a prime requisite if the mills of the gods were to be kept grinding? Take the child of whom his father said: "That boy of mine . . . when he was 7 years old I used to carry him on my back to and fro through the snow, and he used to have 16 hours a day. . . . I have often knelt down to feed him as he stood by the machine, for he could not leave it or stop." Wasn't there a danger that such a youngster might, if he lived, become a skeptic? But if he knew that he had the power to make the factory owner love him, what happiness for all: child, father, boss, England and God! Such are the uses of honest hypocrites.

Today all is changed. The poor are called the under-privileged. They rarely sing for their supper. Less of them are objects of private charity, more the subjects of public assistance; and the welfare state, as all liberals know, is slowly transforming what is not yet the best of all possible worlds into just that. So let us listen to one welfare bureaucrat as he

advises the needy youth of today. The "client" in question had just been awarded a scholarship to a leading university, and needed help merely to live. Applying for this to the appropriate agency, he received the following letter which does not require comment. but should be read carefully:

NEW YORK STATE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL WELFARE
COMMISSION FOR THE BLIND
Vocational Rehabilitation Service

We have your application for consideration of college training.

Professional training for a blind person is a serious matter. It takes a good many years and unless he has attained a maximum in adjustment and proficiency, it may well be that his ultimate ability to find satisfactory employment and economic independence will not be materially increased. Therefore, we require that all applicants for professional training adhere to a rigid program of self analysis and testing, in order to make certain that they choose the right course and will have a reasonable opportunity for success, upon the completion of their training.

If everything is still in order and it seems reasonable that you be allowed to proceed, we shall still require that you understand fully, that any arrangements which we make with you are purely tentative and are dependent entirely upon you and the progress which you make. We reserve the right to withdraw or to alter the course at any time that your progress is not satisfactory. It must be thoroughly understood that we would accept your case only on a semester-to-semester basis, depending on your progress. Your grades and academic work must remain at a satisfactory level. You must participate in extra-curicular activities, and you must advise us of your intent, your choices, and your reasons for your choices. We reserve the right to point out to you the choices which we feel to be the most advisable.

In addition, you must be prepared to seek part-time employment, particularly during the summer months. You must be willing to look for this employment yourself, in order to sharpen your skills in this particular regard. Professional persons in all walks of life, handicapped or not, differ from those of us who operate primarily with our hands alone, in that they have only intangibles to sell and unless they can sell those intangibles in a maner which is attractive, their store of academic knowledge so painfully acquired, will not stand them in good stead in the matter of earning a livelihood. The jobs will go to those who are the best salesmen. Therefore you must be willing to begin training yourself so that your ultimate employment will be assured.

You must also, during this process of securing part-time employment, begin to anticipate what the ultimate results will be when you secure your permanent employment after graduation. You will find that unless you are peculiarly successful, you will require certain additional help. Such additional expenses are logical and should be borne by you. No employer wishes to assume them. An early realization of this and preparation for it, and the taking of such steps as are necessary to offset a major portion of it, are a wise precaution.

You must also meet our requirements in the matter of orientation, that is, travel and personal adjustment. In these two areas, professional people must be outstanding and superior in their ability, in most regards, to the sighted. We will see that you are properly trained in these regards, but we shall also require that you maintain the standards which our training has set. Any deviation or laxity will alter our cooperation with you, unless you correct the matter.

Monthly reports are due on your counselor's desk on or before the last working day of each month even during the summer and until such time as you are notified that your file is closed. If you are granted equipment, you are to submit an additional letter at the conclusion of each semester describing the use you have made of the equipment in relation to your studies. May we also have a letter from you and your summer employer as to the progress you have made, the attitudes you developed, the experiences learned and how all of these relate to your objective.

All plans for sponsorship for any given semester must be submitted to your counselor six weeks in advance in order to allow VRS the necessary time for clearance of paper work to comply with Federal and State Regulations. Please sumbit such data as dates of attendance, Christmas and Easter recess dates, tuition fees, transportation costs and related data which you are requesting our help with.

All clients for professional sponsorship in their Senior and graduate years are required to submit two sets of duplicate letters to prospective employers monthly as well as duplicates of answers and the original which they have received in regard to this procedure. The original will be returned to the client.

Please sign this letter. One copy is to be returned to this office and the second copy you may keep for your records. Your signature will attest to your agreement to comply with the above.

Sincerely,

_____

Rehab. Counselor

* * *

A few months ago a Cézanne portrait was sold for $616,000 after wo minutes of bidding at a London auction. A Van Gogh landscape vent for $369,000. In 1957, at the sale of the Margaret Biddle collec- ion, a Gauguin still life brought $297,000, said to be the record post- mpressionist price until the London festival of art. Not having attended he latter, I recommend you to Aline B. Saarinen, associate critic for the *New York Times,* for a blow-by-blow report of the main bout:

Tension was high at Sotheby's on the night of the sale. Movie and elevision cameras whirred under the glaring lights as 1,100 modishly lressed, ticket-holding members of a fashionable, international audience at on gilt chairs or stood crushed against the tapestried walls.

. . . the bidding quickly became a contest between two New York art lealers. One was Georges Keller of New York's Carstairs Gallery, a uave man who looks and speaks rather like Charles Boyer; the other vas Roland Balay of Knoedler's, a short moon-faced man. . . . The man or whom Keller was bidding was not present. Balay's client was. He vas a lean, dapper man, with an El Greco face, the shipowner Stavros Niarchos.

Bidding indicated to the hawk-eyed auction personnel by unobtrusive estures, rose by $5,000 leaps. The final bid of $616,000 was, of course, stonishingly out of line with even the other very high prices of the sale.

Keller's client was Paul Mellon, son of the late Andrew Mellon. . . . Noisy art world gossip was that Mellon—not realizing he would be facing ne extravagant competition of Niarchos—had given Keller the directive f an "unlimited bid.' ' Mr. Mellon denies this emphatically. "I had a top rice," he said, "but my wife and I wanted this picture very much, so it vas a high one. Naturally, I wish we had gotten it for less but we re happy to have it."

Gossips also debated whether the Cézanne (and the two Manets Mr. Mellon also bought) were slated for museums in Washington, Pittsburgh r New Haven. Mr. Mellon declared, rather refreshingly for these days, hat he and his wife bought these pictures for their own enjoyment.

Very refreshing. How proud the miners and steelworkers of the Mellon enterprises must have been that they were able to beat Mr. Niar- hos and his merchant seamen to a standstill over a picture which the oung master and his lady will have all to themselves.

But let's not talk about surplus value. There's nothing an art lover espises more than sentimentality. Instead, I want to propose that once picture has hit $100,000, it should be incorporated so that the public

can buy shares and come in on the profits. Since we already have Peo ple's Capitalism, what's wrong with People's Art? Suppose you set u "Still Life with Apples, Inc." This going concern will be quoted on th New York Stock Exchange, just under Stewart-Warner, while the canva can be stored in the Lincoln Warehouse Adirondack Mountain vaults, fa from blast, fallout, and the dangerous human eye. For information on th stock, the man on the street will go to the art critic of Paine, Webbe Jackson and Curtis, or to a customer's man at Wildenstein. The onl ones this might displease are the painters in their graves; but they neve counted even when they were alive. It's true that Gauguin once wrote "What bothers me most is not so much poverty as the continual obstacle to my art, which I cannot practice as I feel it, and as I would were it no for the poverty which ties my hands." And that he asked himself: "Wha have I done to be so unhappy?" But if water can be struck from a roc why should not blood and tears be reconverted into a solid investment

TWO POEMS

GENE FRUMKIN

NEW WORLD

Turning back the clock of the heart,
he returned in sickness
to a sick town;
lemons hung black
from the boughs and grapes were pebbles
on the vines; outside his window

night was racked by summer coughs
dry as match-flames in the throat.
He remembered
growing up
in that laddering town;
hill on hill his wheezing steps

took its measure, tough Cortez in
boots, with tiger's eyes,
conquering that
bed-ridden town.
Then he was the sullen
king of red and black dominions:

marched the checkers in his throne-room,
always crowned himself
lord of laurels
in the mirror.
Webnets in the screening
gathered golden deaths of flies,

husks forgotten in the sunstream
dayfall down the garden—
weeds, O lances

through the bloomseeds—
how he hummingbirded,
laurel-boy, above the snails,

bushes, trees, lost to the earth!
Ten years brought him back
broken-eyed,
cracked in his luck,
with the scattered glass
of the world beneath his feet:

rainbow-glass, the weather black,
all the churches crumbled;
on their pulpits,
priests of marble.
Wisdom was too large
for so small a room as his

where he slept a crab to the falling
petals, leaves and feathers
of the sick town,
saw the bird-flights
only through the keyhole
of his shell, and heard the children

playing hide and death in the wind.
When had boyhood fallen
like an apple
from his grace?
Sometime, sometime the fabled
checkers broke, the game was lost,

sometime all the rich, ripe trees
ceased to bear the proof
of the seed,
certainty
fell behind the mountains,
skies turned palely mountainous, jagged,

not to be climbed, not to be conquered.
The boy stood a sole dream

in the arctic
silent weather
at the still point of his way.
Sick in the sick town of four walls,

sick of games and sick of coughing birds
perched outside his window,
he arose
mad as a song,
broke his panes and mirror,
leaped to luck down hill and hill,

O he ran the wind a whistling race,
boy no more nor ever,
man against
sky and mountains:
ran on bloody glass,
Man his eye to catch the green world.

SOME DAYS THE BLOOD IS WARM AND CERTAIN

Some days the blood is warm and certain,
the fingers touch all objects kindly.
I step from behind my usual curtain,
and smile, unnecessarily, at the desks
and cease to be that strange self
who answers the telephone warily
as if the caller might be a bomb.
Those days there is no sense of doom,
no one says anything unkindly,
and I seem to be profoundly witty.
When someone asks,
I know;
nothing is left behind
wherever I go.
Whatever happens then around me—
a death, a birth, a breath of wind—
becomes the mind, the flesh, the bone:
that clear, intuitive self
that is all I need ever completely own.

MARK TWAIN'S FAREWELL TO ILLUSION

CAROL REMES

AS OUR literature comes more and more into its own, Ameri writers are being dissected and analyzed as never before. Altho not given the attention that James or Melville get these days, the n controversial is Mark Twain. He has been tagged with every descript from funny man to the bitterest of cynics, from an unfulfilled talent one of the keenest commentators of his times. To date, however, c the part man has emerged. The whole Twain, his full significance American life and letters is yet to be delineated.

Toward that end Philip Foner has filled an important gap. He written a book* which proves Mark Twain the outstanding social cr in our literary history. He has culled Twain's literary and discur works to let the evidence speak for itself; in scholarly manner he has p sented the body of criticism on Twain; and he has gone to great leng to uncover heretofore unknown, partially known or unpublished mate

Devotees of Twain know of his ironic lampooning of monarchy, bitter attacks on slavery and his vitriolic passion against imperial We know the mockery he makes of middle and upper class sham babbitry, of crooked politics and politicians and their deception of people. Fewer of us are familiar with his views on religion, capital labor, and anti-Semitism.

Foner has put all of this between covers. While not neglecting th sections of Twain's writings which contradict the main progressive c acter of his social criticism, his thesis is that it is this latter aspec Twain that accounts for his greatness. In tracing the history of Tw criticism he reproaches the critics for their failure to come to grips w this fact. In general, he asserts, until well into the 1900's Twain (with notable exceptions) regarded chiefly as a jester and a clown, social commentary in his work derided or ignored. From the Twe to about 1935 Twain criticism revolved about two schools of thou that of Van Wyck Brooks who regarded Twain as not having fulf his potential, and of Bernard de Voto who asserted that Brooks fa

* MARK TWAIN: SOCIAL CRITIC, by Philip Foner. International Publishers. $4.

to give an accurate or positive enough evaluation of Twain and whose own view was laudatory and thoughtful.

It is unfortunate, however, that there is so little *analysis* of these trends and that Foner merely doffs his hat to contemporary critics. For example, Lionel Trilling, whose prolific contributions to the literary journals are the subject of much academic discussion, cites Twain along with Cooper, Melville and Hemingway in advancing the thesis that Huck Finn is another representative of the American hero in his desire to escape from society into nature; that he is the solitary seeker, characteristic of American literature, who takes with him either an Indian (Natty Bumpo) or Negro (Jim) as guide or teacher. That this hero wants to lose his identity is proven by his disowning his father. Trilling counterposes this concept with that of the British hero, Kim, who recognizes society's evils as Huck does, but seeks to enter it nonetheless and to find rather than lose his identity through various adoptive or symbolic fathers. For another, T. S. Eliot maintains that the continuity of the River and its return to its course gives Huck Finn its sense of unity. A number of Joyce critics hold that Joyce, out of admiration for Twain, uses the River Liffey in the same "symbolic" way Twain does the Mississippi; some have even claimed that Finnegan's name comes from Huck Finn and really means Finn again.

Certainly these more current concepts merit attention today when criticism of American writers in general and of Twain, in particular, is as varied and diverse, if not more so, than ever.

More, too, should have been made of Van Wyck Brooks' admission in *The Days of the Phoenix* that he had been wrong (partially, if not fundamentally) in his analysis of Twain. So caught up was he in the flush of Freudianism in America, Brooks said, that when he wrote *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* he psychoanalyzed Twain's shortcomings disproportionately and failed to appreciate his true stature. While Brooks does not repudiate his fundamental position, he is nonetheless making a telling statement about the psychoanalytical school of literary criticism (as well as *altering* his own approach).

IT IS unfortunate that Foner overlooks the very interesting and revealing *American Humor: A Study of the National Character* by Constance Rourke since it discusses so provocatively the nature of Twain's humor, inherent in so much of his social criticism. I would also question his evaluation of Carl Van Doren's approach to Twain in *The American Novel* which seems to me to place Twain in accurate historical and psychological perspective.

Notwithstanding the abundance of criticism on Twain, "there is some thing about him no one has got hold of," as Sherwood Anderson has pu it. Foner documents quite fully the so-called contradictions in his wri ings which have fed the controversy around him, but his treatment of th matter is inadequate. It is not enough to point out that as histor lurched ahead, as monopoly and imperialism showed their ugly heads Twain's anger and militancy increased. This is not unimportant, espe cially when one recalls that others like Hamlin Garland softened an James went into self-exile. But why was it that Twain's later years ar marked by both a cynicism and despair of mankind's ability to fight cor ruption and evil *and* a support for the cause of the Russian Revolutio and the revolution of colonial peoples everywhere? Why did he urg the annexation of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands in 1866, though h is remembered for his bitter attacks on imperialism in general and Amer can imperialism in particular? Is there a contradiction in his desire fo personal wealth and financial security and his attacks on the moneye and those corrupted by wealth so keenly exposed in *The Gilded Age?*

Were there two Twains, Theodore Dreiser once asked: the "laughing hoaxing biographer of Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Puddin'head Wilson an the "critical and massive creater of The Mysterious Stranger and Wha is Man?" Did Twain's failure as a writer and a person—in Dreiser opinion "he did not dare to revolt"—lie in the fact that he "was inducte into the social world of which, temperamentally he was not truly a par and which, at bottom, he resented. . . ." *Was* "his original soul le astray"?

While Foner has put many such tortured questionings in perspectiv by placing as paramount the social criticism in Twain's works, his ap proach is limited by its one-dimensional character. America has had n dearth of social critics. What makes Twain a more composite, a mor representative critic of American life than the others?

CERTAINLY the progressive nature of Twain's social criticism pro vides an adequate basis for explaining his greatness. But above an beyond this, his importance lies in the fact that he accurately reflecte the national character of his times. Many critics have alluded to h being the embodiment of the American democratic personality. As I se it, however, *the key to Twain's stature is that he is the expression of th feature unique in the development of American capitalism, the mai shaping force in American history, the Frontier.*

The singular fact is that the Frontier made possible, for a while a least, a continual rebirth of capitalism, and a concomitant refurbishin

f the preachments and ideals of the Revolution itself. It was ". . . . ne beating heart of America," James Truslow Adams said, "a place where ne Declaration of Independence was still a living gospel for all classes." hose who went West believed in the Revolution, in economic opportnity and the rights of man. That myth has replaced fact and fact bome fable, that apologists for the status quo cover themselves with the ura of the Frontier attests to the impact it has had in the formation of ur national character. Rugged individualism, free enterprise, unlimited pportunity, they chant, characterize American life today, as if there were ill the expansive economy of the frontier era.

Twain's works, as no other's—for he was closest to it in its heyday—irror all the illusions and disillusionments that describe this strictly merican phenomenon. It was the sense of equality, of right, justice and ue love of country which it signified that drove him to lash out at its espoilers. In his frontier days, he witnessed the injustices against the hinese in San Francisco, the grabbing up of free land by wealthy interts supported by the Federal government and the politicians; he saw free nterprise turning into its opposite and the aims of the Civil War pererted. Yet he believed, almost until the end, that America was different, ot subject to the same laws of development governing more backward ountries. His last illusion melted away, I think, when American impealism began to look like any other.

Isn't this the core of the American experience to date? Isn't there is ever-present conflict between the lofty tenets expressed in our Decration of Independence and the realities of capitalist development which estroy them? Isn't this what Twain's works teach us about our national haracter and more particularly about the nature of our illusions—which revent us from realizing the promises of the Frontier?

True, the Frontier was not the whole of America. The East left its ark through the great democratic spirit, Walt Whitman, through elville, Hawthorne, Lowell and others; the South produced Cable, Poe, nier and Harris; and the mid- and far-West gave us Garland, Howells, lling, Ward and Harte. But no area left the imprint, none was so al to the moulding of American thought as was the Frontier.

WAIN was of the Frontier as no other; he was from Missouri. It is not a question, as Brooks places it, of whether the Frontier was barren source for a writer, or whether it was a creative backdrop, as e Voto claims. Its importance in determining the dominant character American cultural thought in all its complexities is at the heart of the tter. Brooks claims the barrenness of frontier intellectual life accounts

for Twain's weaknesses; but whatever its characterization, it accounts fo his strength as well. It was Twain alone who reflected the vigor, th breadth, the health—and the disease—of an expanding America; he re vealed the seeds of its demise and the promise of its future rebirth.

No. there were not two Mark Twains, but one. His "original soul" was no more alienated from itself than America was alienated from itself When the great freedom for which we fought in 1776 became the righ to pre-empt, exploit and squander, Twain's voice was among the loudes in protest. He was a critical realist from the start.

If he supported the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands in 1886 b the United States, it was because he had a certain, if naive, faith that i would be more advantageous to the Hawaiians than if some backwar power were to take over, which was the only alternative he saw. I this connection, Foner should not have taken Twain's opinion of him self at face value that he was, in those days, a "red-hot imperialist."

Twain mirrored the unique features of the still-present America dilemma and this is what distinguishes his social criticism. That he en joyed a certain pomp at times and enjoyed his wealth did not detrac from his attacks on the exploiters and imperialists. That he was no rooted among the yet unjelled working class and was therefore no pro letarian in outlook puts him in a position to reflect the dominant his torical trend of his period. The limitations in his understanding and i his social criticism were the limitations of his era and his backgroun (As Foner points out, many critics emphasize his pessimism at the end but to say he was a pessimist is not to debase him—it merely shows hi to be human. Surely he was no greater pessimist than Crane, Norris Markham, although perhaps he had even greater reason to be since h had the dream to begin with and saw it shattered.)

Philip Foner is right in asserting that Twain's works (as those every great writer) are timeless and cannot be treated historically alon For even though "he lived too soon to make it possible for him to re his faith in the creative power of proletarian revolution," (as T. A. Jac son remarked of Swift) what he said fifty or sixty years ago about Amer can society still has an urgency and a power. Thus he is not merely a passing era, or simply the backwash of the Frontier, as Parrington d scribed him. His works are the *concrete* expression of *American* life its fullest complexity and this is what gives them their timeless valu In this there has not yet been a match for Mark Twain.

iGhT FaCe

ell, That's Better!

Television station WABC-TV, Channel 7, cancelled the Ben Hecht
w a few minutes before it was to go on the air. The interview
gram was to have taken up the problem of Bowery derelicts.
"About half an hour before it was to go on," a spokesman for the
ion explained, "the station manager arrived and found that Mr.
cht had decided to have a group of derelicts—about eight—on the
w. We decided that the condition of the men was such that they
bably would not be able to control their actions on the program.
we decided in the interest of good taste and public responsibility
cancel the show for tonight."
The program was replaced by a horror movie.—The *New York*
es.

hange of Venue?

Otto Skorzeny, a former Nazi Elite Guard officer who freed Musso-
from captivity in 1943, has been acquitted by a Vienna court of
rges alleging murder, robbery and arson in Czechoslovakia during
rld War II.—Reuters dispatch.

crificial Ceremony

The State Department's Russian Language publication *Amerika* en-
great popularity, although, as one Soviet student explained with
onscious irony, "you have to pull high up in the Communist Party
be sure of getting a copy."
A student to whom I had given a copy of an American newspaper
told me that he had cut it into seventy-five pieces in order to give
of his classmates some of it.—James H. Billington, assistant pro-
or of Soviet history at Harvard, writing in the Sunday *Times.*

d Then What?

A university class that tries to make every man his own psychologist
described to the American Psychological Association. It was

called a possible solution to manpower shortages in the mental hea field.

In the adult education course the students see motion pictures, pl with balloons, "dream" their homework, and analyze their own a others' reactions to events and people.

Dr. Daniel I. Malamud, a psychologist of the Mental Health Ed cation Project, Research Foundation of State University of New Yo described his workshop in Self-Understanding for adults at New Yo University.

Dr. Malamud has completed some forty courses with as many eighty adults attending each fifteen-week course.

Although not behaving as a therapist during the sessions, D Malamud plays the psychologist's advocate by encouraging the gro to participate. When he wants them to analyze their first childho memories, he starts by offering his own. Films are shown; studen are encouraged to predict how movie characters will behave.

One of his favorite exercises and one which has yet to fail to pr duce similar reactions, he said, is the balloon sequence. Each stude is asked to bring a balloon to the next session. Some bring nor others bring extras. Some buy their own; others ask friends to b them for them. After analyzing why they bring no balloons or extr and why they asked others to buy them for them, they blow up t balloons.

They analyze how they feel then. Some feel "exhilarated," others f "silly." They discuss what in their personalities accounts for th Other balloon experiments follow, including the breaking. They a themselves how they break the balloons and why they did it the way th did.

One homework aspect of the course is the dream. Dr. Malam asks the students to dream about the course, finds that 60 to 70 per ce actually can dream to order—or at least nearly. The dreams are an lyzed by the group.—The *New York Times.*

books in review

Professor Levy's Pamphlet

JEWS AND THE NATIONAL QUESTION, by Hyman Levy. Cameron Associates. $1.50.

HYMAN LEVY is professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University. Until recently he was one of the leaders of the British Communist Party. In 1956, after visiting the Soviet Union, he wrote this book which was published in London in 1957. It was severely criticized in the London *Daily Worker* and *Labour Monthly,* and Levy was subsequently expelled from the Communist Party.

For the American editon Professor Levy has made certain changes to correct factual errors and improve a number of formulations. The publishers have appended a critical article by the British Marxist, R. Palme Dutt.

Levy's main concern is the Jews in the Soviet Union. He attempts an analysis of their political and social situation, as well as the problem of Soviet Yiddish culture. Around this central theme Levy also discusses a number of other fundamental questions —the Soivet Union's Middle East policy; the foreign policy of the Israel government; the economic history of the Jews; the theoretical formulation of the concept of nationality and how Jews in various countries measure up to that concept; and, lastly, the problem of anti-Semitism.

There is a Hebrew adage which says: "If you try to grab too much you'll end up with nothing." In Professor Levy's case he has ended up with very little.

Levy develops the thesis that one of the chief reasons for the attitude of the Soviet government to the Jewish population in the Soviet Union is the "emotional affiliation" of the Jews to Israel. And since Israel is an outpost of American imperialism, the Soviet government, in order to insure its security, must encourage Arab nationalism, show hostility to Israel, and mistrust her own Jewish population. Levy writes: "How dependable, the Soviet authorities are bound to ask, can their Jewish population be in an emergency if they still possess, as many undoubtedly do, this emotional affiliation to the people of Israel, whose government, to all outward appearances, is pursuing a policy inimical to the Soviet?" (p. 63) (A few lines before, he had written: "In the present international situation, resistance to American imperialism, in those regions where it might be regarded as a threat to the Soviet Union and its security, is seen as essential.")

This theory does not hold water for a number of reasons. First, restrictive measures were taken against Jewish cultural activities in the Soviet Union as far back as 1936. Jewish theatres, newspapers, schools, were shut down. In that same year a number of Yiddish writers—Kulbak, Charik, and others —were executed. This was *before*

the establishment of the State of Israel.

Secondly, it is now a well-known fact that persecutions of prominent individuals, of cultures, of many citizens of all nationalities, including Russians, took place in the 1930's.

Thirdly, it is not accurate to say that the Soviet government is sympathetic to the Arab countries primarily out of concern for the security of her borders. It is true that the Soviet government is always concerned about the danger of an attack by hostile countries. Her history has shown that there are good reasons for this concern. But it is also a fact that from the first day of its founding the Soviet Union has inscribed on its banner "the liberation of all oppressed peoples." Right at the outset, immediately after the October revolution, she freed Finland and gave up her extra-territorial rights in China. Up to the present day it is a fundamental feature of Soviet policy to encourage the liberation movements of the colonial peoples. She does this by dealing with all peoples as equals. This is true in the Near East and in the Far East; in Latin America and in Africa. That is why the Soviet Union does not have air or naval bases anywhere outside her own borders. Recently the Soviet Union voluntarily gave up its bases in Finland, in Port Arthur and Darien. That is why she withdrew her occupation troops from Austria and Romania and is prepared to withdraw them from Germany.

Similarly, the relationship of the Soviet Union to the Arab countries is one between equal and independent states. It is clear to everyone that in the Near East and North Africa a real revolution is taking place. In Egypt, Syria and Iraq the Arab peoples have thrown off the yoke of the imperialist powers and established independent governments. In Jordan, Lebanon, Algiers, Morocco, Tunisia and a whole series of other countries in Asia and Africa the native populations are fighting for their freedom and independence. True to its principles of independence and equality for all peoples, the Soviet Union supports these movements. In the same way, these peoples have the full sympathy of all of progressive mankind everywhere. The sympathy of the Soviet government for the Arab countries has nothing to do with the security of her borders. She shows the same sympathy for peoples who are far removed from her territory.

The Soviet Union's attitude toward Israel is governed by the same factors which determine its policy toward other countries. It depends completely on the Israel government itself. So long as that government allows itself to be used by the great powers for imperialist purposes (as in the case of the Sinai operation, the Eisenhower Doctrine and her voting record in the U.N.), just so long will the Soviet Union regard Israel as she regards Panama, the Dominican Republic and other countries who support the Dulles policy of oppressing colonial peoples. Should Israel adopt a foreign policy similar to that of the United Arab Republic, India, Afghanistan, Burma and other neutral countries, the Soviet Union will certainly assume the same attitude toward Israel as it does toward those countries. The Soviet Union is not inimical to the people of Israel, just as she displays no enmity to the American people, who are ruled by the most powerful imperialists in the world.

In addition to the above-mentioned

notation about the Soviet Jews having "emotional affiliation with the Jews Israel" we find in Levy's book such rases as "It (the Soviet Union) has its midst a less integrated people an the others" . . . "a slightly alien ople" (p. 58) Hyman Levy would ve us believe that because the Jews e not integrated with the other peoes of the Soviet Union, the Soviet vernment entertains a certain amount suspicion toward them. Because—e theory goes—if it ever came to a nflict between the Soviet Union and e imperialist powers, the Soviet Jews uld sympathize with Israel, which uld side with the imperialists. This sounds very "logical" and "scienc." The trouble is, however, that e facts are quite the opposite.

I was in the Soviet Union myself 1956, a few months before Levy. talked at length with Jewish work-, government employees, writers and er professionals, Communists and reious Jews. I discovered from these versations that among broad secns of the Jewish population a great erest in "Jewishness" has developed recent years (beginning about 1943) interest in Jews in other countries especially in Israel. Up until n, I was told, most Soviet Jews did think of themselves as Jews. They fully integrated with the other iet peoples. Nationalistic moods an to develop among Soviet Jews a result of 1) the anti-Semitic poisspread during the nazi occupation ong the backward elements of the iet population, 2) the anti-Semitic tones and open hostility fostered the Beria clique, and 3) the adistrative closing of all Jewish cul-l institutions in 1948.

The Jews were not unique in this regard. I was told that during the last years of Stalin's life nationalistic feelings grew stronger among the Ukrainians, Armenians and Georgians as a result of the attempts to suppress their national cultures.

Levy speculates that many Jews in the Soviet Union would emigrate to Israel if permitted to do so by the Soviet government. It is quite possible that a number would leave. It is hard to say how large that number would be. I am inclined to believe that the total would be far less than the Zionists hope for. (Incidentally, the ban on emigration exists not only against Jews.)

There is among Soviet Jews a widespread ignorance concerning life in Israel. This results from the absence of a Jewish press either in Yiddish or Russian. The general press speaks mostly of the international policy of Israel and very little about the inner life of the Jews and Arabs. Thus the Soviet Jews have a very limited conception of many of the negative aspects of the Israeli picture. I visited Israel in 1952. When I later told some Jews in Leningrad about the economic situation of the Israelis, about the discrimination against Arabs and even against the "dark Jews" of the Middle East, about problems of food and housing, they stood in openmouthed disbelief and said that they had never of heard such things.

We must, it seems to me, conclude that Jews began to feel different from other Soviet citizens only *after* they began to be treated differently, that is, only *after* they began to be regarded with suspicion during the period of the "Doctors Affair,' and only *after* their cultural institutions were shut down. It was not the other way around, as

Levy would have it—that their institutions were shut down *because* the Jews were "different." If we were to accept Levy's theory it would mean that there could be no hope of re-establishing Jewish culture in the Soviet Union, for according to his view it would appear that there is a certain justification for treating Jews as "foreigners" and not giving them the same rights as all other Soviet peoples have.

In order to support his thesis that Jews were always different and are still different from other peoples, Levy states (p. 41) that as far back as 2,000 years ago Jews were a "fiercely nationalistic people" and that during the past 2,000 years this feeling of "fierce nationalism" was still further intensified. He does not bring any evidence, however, to support this contention that Jews were or are more nationalistic than other peoples. It is true that when the Jews were oppressed as a national group they drew closer together and felt a strong bond to the rest of Jewry. But this is also true of other peoples, e.g., the Armenian people under the rule of Turkey, or the Negroes in America, or the Arab peoples, or the Latin American peoples.

On pages 39, 40 and 41 Levy develops a theory about Jewish survival. He states that ". . . pogroms and the lesser forms of anti-Semitism have tended to keep them alive as a people." A second reason, he says, for the survival of the Jewish people is their dispersion throughout the world. He points out that "They (the Jews) must always be in one camp or another; and repression in one camp merely sharpens the will to survive in the other."

It is my opinion that Levy poses the question a little too simply. Religious Jewish historians explain Jewish survival as "God's wish"; God wills it so, therefore there are still Jews in the world. Nationalist historians also explain that survival in an idealist manner: Jews exist because they possess a higher spirit, a higher culture, etc.

It is true that pogroms and anti-Semitism help to strengthen the feeling of national identity among Jews. This is natural and understandable. But it cannot be offered as the main reason for their survival as a people. Let us take at least two historical examples to show that the theory is not valid. It is a fact that a high level of Jewish cultural life developed among the Jews in Spain in the period of the "Golden Age" *before* the Inquisition. In America, Jewish life is over 300 years old. And although there is anti-Semitism in America one cannot say that Jews in this country are oppressed. Yet we have a ramified Jewish life in America. Jewish organized life continues to grow and there is a living Jewish culture in both languages—Yiddish and English. We could cite many other examples from Jewish history to show that Jews can continue to exist as Jews without pogroms and without anti-Semitism. We believe these two examples will be sufficient.

We agree, however, with the second reason which Prof. Levy gives for the continued survival of the Jewish people. We refer to the fact that during the last 2,000 years the Jews have been scattered throughout the world. In my opinion, this is the chief reason for their survival. We completely disagree, however, that this dispersion has led to a situation where, whe

ws are persecuted in one country, will to live of Jews in other coun-es is strengthened. The reason goes ch deeper. We have to thank the t that various countries have not de-oped to the same degree at the same ne—what Marxists call "the uneven velopment of society." Because the ws, for historical reasons, occupied important place in commerce, they re accepted, with open arms where-er a native trading-class had not yet veloped. When such a class did de-op, Jews were pushed out of their sition, often by repressive measures. is happened in 15th century Spain d the process was repeated in Ger-ny, France and England. At the ne time, Jews were welcomed into land and even given many privi-es because Poland then needed them a merchant-class. Jewish history full of similar examples.

Persecution can and does lead to the integration of a people. The will live is not, of itself, enough to able a people to survive. It may be sufficient reason for nationalist his-ians, who believe that Jews possess higher "morale," a stronger will, n other peoples. But there must social, political and economic reas-*why* certain peoples disappear while ers survive. Jews are subject to same social laws as other peoples. Hyman Levy has two justified com-ints against the Soviet Union. The t is that the Soviet Union does not nt Jewish culture in Yiddish its ntful place among the many lan-ge-cultures of the Soviet peoples. e second is that the Soviet govern-nt to this day has not offered any *lanation* of its incomprehensible po-on with respect to Yiddish culture. ause such explanations are not forthcoming, theories like Levy's arise to fill in the gap, however inadequately.

But one thing is certainly clear. Hyman Levy has raised—though he has not answered—important questions. Since the rise of Hitler extraordinary events have taken place which have affected Jewish life everywhere. A third of the Jewish people were extrminated by the Nazis. Ten years ago the state of Israel was founded. Jewish life took on new forms in the Peoples Democracies of Poland and Romania. In the Soviet Union a long list of important cultural figures were executed, and for ten years all Jewish cultural activty was banned. Only recently have there been signs of significant developments in the revival of Jewish cultural life in the Soviet Union.

Against this background many questions arise for Marxists everywhere: What is a Jew? What connection have Jews in various parts of the world with one another? What should be the relationship of world Jewry with Israel? What kind of relationships can and should be promoted between Jews in the capitalist countries and Jews in the lands of socialism? It is high time that Marxists everywhere begin to develop a scientific approach to these extremely important problems.

CHAIM SULLER

A Contrast of Poets

PATERSON—BOOK FIVE, by William Carlos Williams. New Directions Book. $3.00.

BODY OF WAKING, by Muriel Rukeyser. Harper Bros. $3.50.

COMING ten years after the first four *Patersons*, Williams' rambling,

imaginative poem of a man-city-river is more brilliant even, more eclectic than its predecessors though in form and style it continues to resemble them. In the first four, taking flight directly from the city of Paterson, from the Passaic River, from personal letters and historical incidents which cast histrionic light upon the poem, W.C.W. follows an erratic, free pattern of associations in half narrative, half lyrical and usually hermetic poetry. Book Five, dealing in its entirety with woman as virgin and whore, is made impeccable by mention (Section 1) of such choice avant-guarde blue-blood stuff as Lorca's Don Perlimplin (Lorca's so blue blood in the American intellectual climate!), or quotes (Section 2) from Mezz Mezzrow's *Really The Blues*. This 'precious' quality and sophisticated leaning on other literature is subordinated to the brisk pace of the book. In Section 2, for instance, he presents us with a translation from Sappho and a straight and very beautiful poem on just a woman seen on the street, the two things separated by a whole page of prose jargon. At any rate, the entire book is balanced, through three sections, by a careful graduation in tone. It flows from a passionate beginning past an incongruous middle into the more serene third section describing a nativity of Peter Brueghel the Elder, and a French or Flemish tapestry from the Middle Ages representing the chase and capture of a unicorn among fields of flowers (the book is dedicated to the memory of Henri Toulouse Lautrec). the memory of Henri Toulouse-Lautrec). At one point, W. C. W. quotes a few verses from the Bible relating to the Joseph's subsequent troubled mind; then the poem resumes itself:

> No woman is virtuous
> who does not give herself to her lo
> —forthwith.

Immediately following this, W. C. W quotes a letter from a friend, a let relating to something entirely differe This is a tremendous stroke, a wond fully refreshing thing in a man of One only hopes that the unicorn (t free poetic fancy caught in the me of the world?) will concern itself w the child of such 'virtuosity.' This the burden that history places up woman, that it is she who must d cover the lover. Heaven help her she makes a mistake. What is admirab in Williams is the profane approa to Christian myth.

All in all, however, W.C.W. prefe to serve at a richly brocaded altar he And with the five *Patersons* in f poetic flight, one still prefers the pro achievement of Wolfe and the pill of Whitman in the fog. Between the two worlds slip the five elusive ge of Williams Carlos Williams.

WITHIN the confines of 118 pag Muriel Rukeyser's book develo and affirms some of her essential sta ments and conditions with perhaps greater degree of severity than in p work, certainly with undiminished vig and competence.

Looking separately at its four s tions, it must be said that certain poe in the first are unrequited mental exc sions of a rather abstracted, allegori nature. Others are very much the posite, coming from direct commitm and experience. A wonderfully fr poem in this section is *The Birth Venus* (after Botticelli) and the po in a poem like *Hero Speech* is acc tuated by real utterances like:

"But the seeds of all things are the ways of choice. . . ."

Section 2 comprises Miss Rukeyser's translations from the Spanish of Octavio Paz, poet and Mexican representative at the U.N. I have not been able to check the poems in the original but the translations read well and that is the greatest virtue in translation. The work of Paz is somewhat akin to that of Miss Rukeyser. However, one feels a more solid grasp of the object at hand in his poetry and, strangely enough, a keeping to the point. This last is a virtue more often associated with the English poetic tradition than with the Spanish.

The *Suite for Lord Timothy Dexter,* a New England eccentric of Revolutionary times, takes up the third section and provides a very enjoyable interlude to the predominantly brooding tone of the book. Dexter's fortunes are traced in a salty, jerky style; he does such things as hold his own funeral and spout off remedies for the ills of the world. Searching for a wife he says:

Now I will say
What kind of a person,
From thirty to forty
And a good jade
That will trot pace and gallop—
Not heave one off
But, rather of the two,
Heave on.—I mean right well.
Now stop, I got off the path,
Now I am honest. I wish for
A middling woman for size,
Sensible honest and comely,
Knowing when to speak
And when to be silent,
With a nose like mine.

And as if New England was not the home of wisdom, it must be sublime in its own way:

How many nicknames three things have:
Sex and glory and the grave. . . .

Section Four contains a heightened amount of truly important poems plus the large one that gives the book its title. *Body of Waking* speaks many things, has many meanings, often very concrete ones, for instance:

Century of absence. It could be like a time
When the soul that has slept leaps from its priests,
Spring when the old idea is at last available to all children,
And God in the world is on the lips of love.
Hot out of dried blood of the separate churches,
The nations, separate wards in the same hospital.
Revenge which spikes the cross and splits the star
Withers the crescent. The world circles among
The solitude of Spain, the solitude of Stalingrad,
Solitude in the hills of loess and the caves of Africa,
And now your solitude, New York who raised yourself above . . .

Altogether an important book, difficult at times, but rewarding in its pondered majority.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

Australian Poet

POEMS OF DAVID MARTIN: 1938-1958. Edwards & Shaw, Sydney, Australia. 18/9.

THIS is a book of hopes, and its first and last is Spain, symbol of the struggle of the world's peoples for freedom; the author's identification with this struggle is recorded on almost every page and summarized on the last in these words: "My faith is in the nameless, they/Whom we a thousand times

betray,/ Who will yet have their judgment day/ And cut with a broad sickle."

David Martin took up residence in England just before the Second World War and abandoned his native German for English, which he finds "a matchless instrument" for a poet; *"The Oxford Book of English Verse,"* he comments, "hit me like a hammer." The influence of earlier simpler styles of English poetry is apparent in Martin's work. For instance, he writes of the people in "Twenty-second of June": "Poet see: I am the chattel,/I am used and I am slain,/I have klled in every battle,/I am killed in each again." Ths is the kind of straightforward utterance characteristic of the early Wordsworth, of Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Speaking of the Soviet peoples, Martin chants: "Sing how with our labor throve/The fascist wolf's demoniac rage,/ We met him, conquered him and drove/The chastened beast to soil the cage." As is the case with earlier English poets and our best contemporaries such as Sandburg and Frost, Martin's poetry can easily be memorized because it makes memorable sense.

His writing also lends itself to quotation: "The past and the present/Are a meal for the future"; "Everything moves, we must be the movers,/Everything changes, we must be the changers"; "Every part/Is driving to the whole,/The child is turning over,/Ready to be born"; "The royal rose springs from the common sod,/I sing of Man from whom has sprouted God"; "I want a world that can/Accept the universal man."

While the dominant mood of the book is heroic, the other moods of men are not neglected. He is tender over lovers, children, and all passionate creatures, and gravely broods in "Requ em for My Cat": "Him who lived trust and please,/ Friendly, with in perial ease,/ Death has made no mo aloof./He is mourned beneath th roof." Humor sprinkles his pages, as this excerpt from "To a Policewoman" "O by such loveliness to be arrested And to obey where those sweet lip direct./The law has been most te derly invested—/I want to give offens I feel suspect." And he is not abo being flippant toward the illuminat "I like my peaches ripe and tender— Give me your Keats and keep my Stepl en Spender."

But always there are Spain and hop always there are realism and the lon confidence. Of the soldiers of Fran he sings: "And every time I see yo marching, soldiers,/The same old gu and pack and bayonet./I see us marc ing, marching from Madrid./You c not march like that, solders—/Not ye Not yet." His vision sweeps on to I dia, Japan, China and his last wo for them is spoken of Spain: "Clean and evenly divides/The crescent as onward glides,/The ripe corn falls, t root abides/Under the broad sickle."

These poems by David Martin will most appreciated by those who sha his attitudes and goals, but those wh do not will nevertheless find pages th speak to them; even his fellow poe who write strictly for each other w find lines they can respect which m set them wondering whether broad communication may not be possible. B in the long run judgment of the qu ity of this writing will best be ma by the common people, among who and from whom, and about whom t poems have been written.

JOHN H. MORGA