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# CALIFORNIA

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

# QUARTERLY

PABLO NERUDA

ANGUS CAMERON

STANLEY KIESEL

JOHN WILLIAMS

LAWRENCE FIXEL

EVE MERRIAM

ISRAEL NEWMAN

JOAN LABOMBARD

WALDEEN

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN

JOHN O. KILLENS

LARS LAWRENCE

**SPRING 1952**

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

# CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY

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VOLUME 1 / NUMBER 3

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A CLEAN 6 X 9 READING EDITION

*The Crisis in Books* gives this issue its argumentative center, with Angus Cameron setting the terms. The fiction—*The Siege of Change* by Lawrence P. Spingarn; *God Bless America* by John O. Killens; *Dolores* by Lars Lawrence—moves among private crisis, social pressure, and public consequence, with each story's title and setting supplying a distinct point of entry. The poetry runs from *Lamp in the Earth* and *Textbook of a Return to My Native Land*, shifting between grouped poems and single lyrics rather than settling into one house style. The printed contents bring together 5 works of fiction, 9 poetry entries, 1 prose or editorial entry, giving the issue a deliberately mixed pace across genres and forms.

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

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## Notes on Contributors

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JEAN BURDEN is a Los Angeles poet and fiction writer who contributes freelance articles to the Home Magazine of the L. A. Times. ANGUS CAMERON, cited by Time Magazine as America's leading book editor, recently resigned as Editor-in-Chief, Vice-President and Director of Little Brown & Co., following a McCarthyist smear of that publishing firm and its authors.

AIME CESAIRE, a well-known poet of Martinique, was represented by a poem in our Winter issue. LAWRENCE FIXEL, a San Francisco poet, is here published for the first time. STANLEY KIESEL is another young poet whose first published work appears in this issue. He is a student at Los Angeles State College. JOHN O. KILLENS, a veteran of the South Pacific in World War II, has studied at Edward Waters and Morris Brown Colleges, Columbia and Howard Universities, and spent three years in night law studies. He is working on a novel.

MIRIAM G. KOSHLAND, translator of a forthcoming anthology of French colonial poets, three of whom appeared in our Winter issue, plans to work up a nurse in Africa, where she will edit a collection of Negro prose writers.

JOAN LaBOMBARD, a Californian, has been writing only a short time. The poem here published developed out of work done at a summer session at U.C.L.A. in 1950.

LARS LAWRENCE is an ex-teacher, now living in California, who has wandered extensively among the Indian and Hispanic peoples of the Southwest.

EVE MERRIAM has been widely published in literary magazines and is the author of Family Circle, a volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. PABLO NERUDA, internationally famous poet and statesman of Chile, is now in Italy where he won asylum as a political refugee from the quasi-fascist regime in his native land. He is best known here for his volume, Residence on Earth, and the pamphlet collection, Let the Rail-Splitter Awake. ISRAEL NEWMAN, a psychiatrist of Maine, has

contributed poetry to Accent, Coronet, The Nation, The New Mexico Quarterly, Poetry and Voices.

SEYMOUR RICH, a student of State College, Los Angeles, drives a cab in order to be able to write and study. This is his first published story.

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN has published two volumes of verse, Rococo Summer in the United States, The Lost River in England, and stories in The New Mexico Quarterly, New Story and other magazines.

WALDEEN is a distinguished dancer and dance-critic as well as the translator of Pablo Neruda's works and a fine poet in her own right. She is a resident of Mexico City. JOHN WILLIAMS teaches English at the State University, Columbia, Missouri. He is the author of The Broken Landscape, a volume in the New Poetry Series.

Cover design by Joseph Ehreth of Los Angeles.

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JOURNAL PAGE 3 / SCAN PAGE 5

# Lamp in the Earth

*Pablo Neruda*

Translated by W aldeen

CANTO GENERAL, a vast poem of more than five hundred pages, from which the following passages have been excerpted.

## 1. AMERICA MY LOVE (1400)

Before periwig and cassock:  
there came the rivers, arterial rivers:  
came the mountain ranges, in whose ragged  
curve the condor of the snow  
appeared immobile :  
came moisture and density, thunder  
as yet unnamed, planetary pampas.

Man was earth, vessel, eyelid  
of tremulous loam, clay form,  
he was Carib urn,. Chibcha stone,  
imperial chalice, Araucanian silica.  
He was tender and bloodstained, but upon the hilt  
of his damp crystal weapon,  
earth's initials were inscribed.

Afterwards, none  
could recall them : the wind  
forgot them, water's idiom was buried deep,  
the key lost, or inundated  
by silence or blood.  
Life was not lost, pastoral brothers.  
But like a wild rose

a red drop fell into dense woods, an earthen  
lamp was extinguished.

I am here to relate history.  
 From the peace of buffaloes  
 to the flailed sands  
 of southernmost land, in the amassed  
 foam of antarctic light, along the steep  
 furrows of sombre Venezuelan peace,

I sought you, my father,  
 young warrior of darkness and copper,  
 you, 0 nuptial plant, indomitable tresses,  
 caiman mothers, metallic dove.

I, Incan, of primeval clay,  
 ·touched rock and said :  
 Who

awaits me? And clasp.ed  
 a handful of empty crystal.

But I wandered among Zapotec flowers  
 where light was gentle like the deer,  
 and a shadow fell like a green eyelid.

My earth without name, without America,  
 equinoctial stamen, ·crimson spear,  
 your fragrance twined around me from roots  
 up to the cup from which I drank, up to  
 the most fragile word to which my mouth  
 had not yet given birth.

## 4. COMING OF THE RIVERS

Beloved of rivers, assailed by  
 blue water and transparent drops,  
 apparition like a tree of veins,  
 a dark goddess biting into apples:  
 then, when you awoke naked,  
 you were tattooed by rivers,  
 and on the wet summits your head  
 filled the world with new-found dew.

Water trembled about your waist.  
You were fashioned out of streams  
and lakes shimmered on your forehead.

From your dense mists, Mother, you  
gathered water as if it were vital tears,  
and dragged sources to the sands  
across the planetary night,  
traversing sharp massive rocks,  
crushing in your pathway  
all the salt of geology,  
felling compact walls of forest,  
splitting the muscles of quartz.

Amazon,  
capital of water .syllables,  
patriarchal father, you are  
the eternal secret  
of fecundity,  
rivers plunge into you like birds,  
flame-colored pistils cover you,  
great dead tree trunks people you with perfume,  
the moon cannot hold vigil over you  
nor measure you.  
You are weighted with green sperm  
like a nuptial tree, you are silvered  
by the wild springtime,  
you are reddened by timber,  
blue in the moon of stones,  
robed in ferrous vapor,  
slow like the trail of a planet.

But speak to me, Bio-Bio,  
those are your words gliding  
through my mouth, you gave me  
the language, the nocturnal song  
mingled with rainfall and foliage.  
You, before ever a child was seen,  
told me the dawn of earth,

the powerful peace of your reign,  
the axe buried with sheaf  
of dead arrows, what leaves  
of the cinnamon recounted to you  
throughout a thousand yeari.,  
and next I saw you give yourself to the sea  
separating into mouths and breasts,  
wide and flowering, murmuring  
a history the color of blood.

The cup of clay was of  
mineral race, man was made  
of stones and atmosphere,  
clean as jars, and sonorous.  
The moon molded the Caribs,  
extracted sacred oxygen,  
crushed flowers and roots.

Man walked the islands  
twining sulphurous polychrome  
sheaves and garlands,  
blowing upon a triton shell  
at edge of the sea foam.

The Tarahumara clothed himself in nettles  
and across the northwest expanse  
from blood and flint created fire,  
while out of Tarascan clay  
the universe was being reborn:  
myths of amorous lands,  
humid exuberance from whence  
sexual loam and luscious fruits  
were to become attitudes of gods  
or pale surfaces of vessels.

Like dazzling pheasants  
the priests descended  
Aztec stairways.

Triangular flights  
sustained the endless lightning

of their vestments.  
And the august pyramid,  
stone upon stone, agony upon air,  
sheltered within its tyrannous  
structure, like an almond,  
a sacrificed heart.  
With thunder like a howl  
blood poured down  
the sacred stairs.

But multitudes of peoples  
braided fiber, guarded  
the future of crops,  
plaited the brilliance of feathers,  
persuaded the turquoise,  
and through the vine-woven textiles  
expressed the world's luminosity.

Mayas, you have felled  
the tree of knowledge.  
Redolent of grain-growing races  
the structures of inquiry  
and death were elevated,  
and by scanning wells,  
throwing to them golden brides,  
you had discovered the permanence .  
of seed germ.

Chichen, your murmur~ grew  
in the dawnbreak: of forest.  
Building with symmetry of beehive  
work: had begun  
on your yellow citadel,  
and thought menaced  
the blood of pedestals,  
dismantled the sky in shadows,  
brought medicine,  
wrote upon stones.

The South was a golden marvel.

The high solitudes  
of 1\1:acchu Picchu at door  
to the sky, were filled with  
oils and songs, man  
had wrecked the cliff abodes  
of great birds, and in the new  
kingdom between peaks  
the tiller touched seeds  
with fingers wounded by snow.

Cuzco arose like a  
throne of turrets and granaries  
and that race of pallid darkness  
was the world's pensive flower  
upon whose open hands trembled  
diadems of imperial amethyst.  
Upland corn germinated  
within terra~ed soil  
and along volcanic paths  
went chalices and gods.  
Agriculture perfumed  
the dominion of kitchens  
spreading over roofs  
a mantle of winnowed sunlight.

(Gentle race, mountain-daughter,  
descendent of tower and turquoise,  
close now my eyes,  
before we approach the sea  
from where sorrows will come.)

That blue jungle was a grotto  
and within its mystery of tree and shade  
the Guarani sang and his voice rose  
like smoke in the afternoon,  
like water upon leaves,  
rain upon a day of love,  
sadness beside rivers.

At the end of nameless America  
lay Arauco amid swirling waters,  
isolated  
by all the cold of the planet.  
Behold the great solitary South.  
No smoke appears on its peaks.  
All to be seen are snowfields  
and tempest gales rebuffed  
by the rough Araucaria pines.  
Search not beneath its thick green  
for pottery's song.

All is silence of water and wind.

But among leaves behold the warrior.  
Among larches, a shout.  
Tiger eyes upon the  
snowy summits.

Behold the lances at rest.  
Hear the rustle of air  
pierced by arrows.  
Behold legs and breasts  
and sombre hair  
gleaming in the moonlight.

Behold the void of warriors.  
There is no one. The diuca bird's song  
ripples like water in the pure night.

The condor passes in its black flight.

There is no one. Do you hear ? It is  
footstep of puma upon air and leaves.

There is no one. Listen. Listen to  
the tree, the Araucanian tree.

No one. Look at the stones.  
Behold the stones of Arauco.  
No one, it is only th~ trees.

It is only the stones, Arauco.

otes on Lamp in the Earth

.Jraucanian is a valiant, ·never-conquered Indian tribe of Chile.

Ghibcha refers

the aboriginal people of Columbia's plateau of Bogota. Guarani is a  
pre-Colom-

- tribe of the Gran Chaco sub-tropical region.

Cuzco is a Peruvian city of Inca origin. A city of pre-Incan origin,  
Macchu

icchu, was discovered on the eastern Cordilleras not far from Cuzco  
in 1911. The

eat archaeological ruins of Macchu Picchu, subject of one of  
Neruda's finest

, are still standing high on the mountain top.

## The Crisis in Books

*Angus Cameron*

the crisis in For some time now it has been the practice of the critics of book publishing in the United States to look upon the crisis which deepens hourly in the profession as a business or commercial crisis. Research committees and investigating boards created or supported in part by publishers have been bringing in stale reports for two decades about what was and is wrong with book publishing in America. The faces change but the findings are familiar. From the reports of these expert investigators, the trade is plagued by the same old ghosts - poor distribution and, more lately since the uncontrolled war inflation, by a brother ghost more terrifying, high costs. Between the two the business of publishing books is perpetually haunted. As a result, the dark forebodings of a creeping form of bankruptcy make their dreary way among the men who own and operate publishing.

Now while the old publishing houses slowly die by strangulation in a market which will not expand as fast as costs increase, it is time for the people of this country who know the social value of book; to look at the question through eyes other than the somewhat dimmed ones of men in the trade, truth is that the problem is not the discussed and investigated - how to • traditional publishing going. Rather problem is how to keep a free press all; how to keep our culture informed its nature, its changes, the social scientific demands of an atomic world through books. The question really how to insure that the publishing books containing the truth about our times shall continue at all. The thought of publishers, critics, writers, and non professional people have too often turn in the small commercial circle; pursuit of the trouble has been only a kind tail-chasing around the problem of how to keep going a business which cannot and indeed should not be kept going • its old limited fashion.

There was a time in the capital 'free' market order of things when the demand of society for the truth through books and the opportunity for supplying those demands at a profit seemed to meet. There was at least a

half-truth in the folklore of capitalism that the demand for books in an expanding economy would always be met by some obliging and profit-hungry investor. For a good many decades, hard-backed publishing of relatively expensive books was a profitable enterprise for a smallish number of well-off middle-class intellectuals who made a profession of this most respectable pursuit. The middle and upper classes with enough money to buy these relatively expensive items were insured of a steady supply of more or less freely published books about the world they lived in, where it came from, and where it was going. While the truth about the world was more or less a luxury by-product of the way books were published and sold, there was a time when capitalist publishing did produce both a profit and the opportunity for the writer-critic to tell the truth. But publishing was always a class operation; its social benefits were a by-product of what was essentially a commodity attitude toward art. Even at its best, it was a profession which produced art for those who could afford the high prices; it was a middle-class profession with a middle- and upper-class audience. The great majority of the population could neither afford books at hard-backed prices nor were they reached by the distribution methods of the trade. For at least twenty years now it has been clear to many critics of book publishing that the blight of poor distribution was in reality a reflection of the class nature of publishing. As long as books priced beyond the reach of the average American, and as long as they distributed through the typical store, there was little chance that increasing demands of an increasingly large audience could be met. For a while it looked as if these demands might be met by the so-called pocket. Just before and after World War I the demand for cheap books and the invention of the paper-backed book made it look as if the twin problem of distribution and costs would be solved by the inexpensive and utterly ubiquitous pocket-size book. Like locusts, they overran the country. And more, it seemed as if the pocket book might bail out of their economic doldrums some of the worried old-line publishers, for the two largest operations, Bantam and Pocket Books, were owned and operated by publishing houses which were finding it difficult to make a profit and keep in business by supplying books to people with the income level to absorb \$4.00 novels and \$6.00 non-fiction books.

But it soon became evident that the 25c houses were merely commercial palliatives, not social solutions. They solved the problem of

distribution by using magazine distribution methods, and they showed that there was a mass audience for inexpensive books. But they did not solve the social problem of publishing. They merely reflected in 25c form the same contradictions which existed in the old-line houses who published the hardbacked editions of the books which eventually made their way into pocket-book form.

Here it is proper to stop a moment and examine more closely just exactly what the social problem of publishing really is. Book publishing, as now practiced, in spite of its pious and often hypocritical protestations to the contrary, is fundamentally one thing and one thing only - a capitalist enterprise in which considerations of profit outweigh any and all other considerations. If one has the slightest doubt of this, all one needs to do is to spend some time in a publishing house. A day for an acute observer would be all that is needed. I have never met the head or near-head of a publishing house who would not freely and proudly admit this; in fact, who didn't preach it in the counsel of daily decisions. This is not at all surprising. The publishing of the truth about the world we live in, and the distribution of books of historical, scientific, social, philosophic criticism, depend entirely upon the anarchy of the market and the profitability of such books to the men who publish them. As long as the customers of the book publishers, the class that could afford to buy books, had pride in its own progressive nature and confidence in its manifest destiny, it did, in truth, absorb all kinds of books. Indeed, partly out of its tradition of liberal intellectualism and partly because it felt socially and economically secure, this market and its suppliers did not exert a strict censorship over radical thinking and writing. The demand among upper-class intellectuals was large enough to keep the upper-class intellectuals who ran book publishing in business profitably. The Dreisers, the Veblens, the Londons, the Sinclairs and their successors got their work into book form through the tolerance of a class which felt it could afford a free press.

Now, however, the situation is entirely changed. Social crisis has caused the market and its suppliers to take a new view of a free press. The same social crisis, with its attendant "solution" by war inflation, high costs and shrinking profits, has had and is having a profound effect on the whole concept of what should be permitted circulation in book form. The same loose-at-the-seams economy which must have a

guns-not-butter way of life to stave off depression (which would follow if peace were assured without a reform of production policy) has a dread of viewpoints and opinions which are critical of the war-product "solution." A free culture is a powerful antagonist, and the modern Bismarck is beginning to reach, as he did, for their pistols when the word culture is heard. A critical literature is to them not only a luxury now; it is an outright extravagance. A big-business economy, based on maintaining the old colonial past abroad and operating with the McCarran and Taft-Hartley Acts at home, needs a free press like it needs a hole in the head. The culture which once got an intellectual titillation out of a free book press, or looked upon criticism with a tolerant contempt when its own values and precepts seemed like a divine order of things, now begins to look upon the free ideas of free writers with a new eye. The businessman's world doesn't look as secure as it did even a decade ago. Change, that dread bogey of the conservative, is everywhere afoot. It stalks not only through the colonial world, sick to death literally and figuratively of the famine status of perpetual agrarianism and slavery to the industrial powers, but it stalks through the channels of the home economy itself. Nothing is like it was. Socialism, and worse, is around the corner. The solution which the German businessman found after the crisis of World War I appeals more and more to the American businessman after World War II. The phony threat of "communism," for which one must read any ideas of social reform, is a convenient means of saving the status quo through the fraudulent claim that a war economy is a necessity for "defense"; and any writer who sees through the danger of these bankrupt policies can be smeared by the convenient Nazi techniques of red-baiting and racism.

It is not the intention of this paper to recount the official measures and unofficial hysteria which have been directed against freedom of thought, speech and press in our country. It is not necessary to run the whole gamut from Winston Churchill's Fulton speech to the imprisonment of Hollywood artists - from the ineffable performances of the Committee on Un-American Activities and the judicial witchhunts to the present situation in which to criticize an undemocratic and often venal officialdom is tantamount to treason. It is perhaps sufficient to point out that now, as in the past, the rich man's treason is the poor man's patriotism in many a social crisis.

It is enough to say further that now the "haves" and the "ins" think of a free press as one which preaches the anti-cultural sermons of a rampant and exclusive nationalism backed by a slavish acceptance of the status quo, Thoughts or writing which suggest change, motion, or reform are looked upon as an ailment to be extirpated root and branch.

No, the luxury of a free press is obviously one which a militarist-businessman society can no longer tolerate. Long a tragic joke as far as the newspapers are concerned, since they have become merely the trade journals of the business world which keeps them profitable through the direct commercial bribe of advertising, a free press can now no ger be permitted in book publishing either. As the hysteria of the times in- -~Lfrom official sources, and as variobscurantist unofficial organizations "oin in this mad medley, the publishers of books have become more and more jittery. The crisis in the businessman economy has hit book publishing a twin blow. Inflation on the one hand and ignorant and hysterical red-baiting on the other are met at last around the council tables of book publishing.

The need for volume, the only solution to the rampant rise in costs, and the shameful urge to conform to the Mc- Carthy-Acheson view of the world, combined to produce a single trend in book publishing. It was an easy and inevitable next move for publishers to lump all progressive books in the category of the impossible-to-sell. Book publishers, at first with some distaste, but finally with desperate eagerness, embraced the same "safe" solution which the motionpicture industry had long since found to be no solution at all. More and more "safe" and "popular" books poured off the presses. Trash fiction, pseudo-science, exposes by convicted spies and informers, sensational books of one kind or another (most of which sold no better than their betters) became the tendency. Books with vitality, critical books of all kinds, literary novels (so-called), and first books by new authors were the categories which suffered. A wonderful opportunity seemed to be at hand all the publisher had to do was to be respectable and conform to the ignorant standards of warmakers and anti-democrats and he would escape the criticism of the hysterics and at the same time solve his volume problem by these "mass appeal" and "popular" books. It was simple just not publish the "difficult" books (for which read "scholarly," "progressive," "critical," or "leftist"), but concentrate on "popular" books and all would be solved. It was a

wonderful moment all this and heaven too; he could qualify as a "patriot" as defined by McCarthy and such fine critical journals as Counterattack.

It must not be thought that this surrender was immediate or without soulsearching and inner conflict, for even the men in publishing who had little immediate concern with the social aspect of publishing felt subconsciously the proud tradition of their profession. The events which culminated in the writer of this paper resigning under pressure from the publishing house with which he was associated were full of conflicts for the men who brought them about. Even after the first surrender to the Counterattack-en gendered hysteria, when they publicly apologized for some of the best writers they had on their lists, the capitulation was against the grain of some of the beliefs of some of the men. But the development, indeed, the business aspect of the crisis, has produced a new type of man to head publishing houses in the last decade or so. The intellectual and scholar is still to be found among the top men but he is getting to be a rarer and rarer bird. In most of the great houses he has been relegated to non-executive roles which may be the most creative publishingwise, but he is considered too "impractical" or "theoretical" to deal with the new business problems. It is a lesson never learned by the "new" type of businessman-publisher that year in and year out the most successful commercial ventures are also for the most part the best books, in the best critical sense, published.

The question may then be what can be expected from the "new" publisher in the twin commercial and social crisis under which publishing suffers? An English publisher of reputation and taste once told me that he was astonished to see the change that had come over American publishing in the past twenty-five years and especially in the last ten. He contended that it was becoming (1951) increasingly difficult to find head of an American firm who was publisher-editor in the sense that English publishers, in his view, still were. He said he, "One simply cannot find anything really about a publisher's • or authors by talking with the head of the house. One can learn a great deal about paper prices, salary levels, business overhead, but absolutely nothing about books or writers." His tone of voice was querulous. He named and recounted with nice irony some of recent conversations, and doubted that this was a healthy sign.

It is true that most top figures • American publishing today either represent the controlling financial interest • the company, or they are there

beca they have talent for organization, selli or production, men whose only real st is a financial one in the profit-maki possibilities of books. The commodi nature of their activity has, for the m part, obliterated the social function producing books, and the average Ame can publisher is just about like his ave age upper-middle-class audience, a co servative for whom culture is a mea to social kudos. This new busin man-publisher, usually far removed fro the editorial give-and-take relationshi with the men and women who wri books, is the man who now faces the tw' threat to publishing which our soldier businessman economy has brought about. It is not a natural habit for this kind man to think often of the fact that important part of his responsibility the dissemination of truth. He'll tell yo that he leaves such matters, when he to the editorial department. He will freely admit that he is not "an editorial man." He will not freely admit, however, that by habit, background and experience he is just as suspicious and fearful of "ideas" in books as are his brothers who run the aircraft, tank, and munition factories in the country.

In most hard-backed publishing houses there are many men and women of intellectual understanding and sophistication with a full sense of the social aspects of producing books. And this awareness in a watered-down form exists as a contradiction in many of those who have now all but capitulated to the hysteria of our times; but by and large hardeked American publishing has become "safe," as that term is understood by the en who own the newspapers that review cir books. Even the most distinguished uses in America are falling over themves to publish books which prove their yalty - to a loyalty-oath mentality.

My own experience in the past ten s showed me a steady drift, most ceable since the end of the war, toward a tightening of the self-censorship publishers now so prevalent. A variety pressures, official, newspaper, social, the trade, have made even the most -minded and responsible men pull.their horns. In the past two years not have liberal and radical books found 1 reception, but any kind of critical uscript has found the going difficult.

a midyear sales conference in one e big houses last year, the salesmen era with two of the administrative of that house made the statement no "critical" book should be pubwhether it was "political" or not. attitude becomes more and more the prevalent one. The critical books of the Thirties and Forties are rapidly giving way to the safe books. The liberal,

the critical, the forward looking manuscript, whether fiction or non-fiction, creates an immediate problem in most houses today. Colophons which formerly graced some of our finest literature are now to be found on books containing the arrogant lies of unregenerate Nazis or the neurotic and crazy maundering of paid spies and informers. An atmosphere of censorship exists today in the higher echelons of publishing management, and under the surface with many of the staff members who loathe their roles but fear to be themselves at a time when every manuscript must be scrutinized for fear it may be considered subversive by a cringing management or "kept" reviewers. This frame of mind immediately conveys itself to writers of all kinds and all shades of opinions. I could recount a score of editorial conferences in the past few years in which, either consciously or unconsciously, the writer showed his fear of the atmosphere around him. The cry of "Subversive" has stilled many a fine research project or penetrating novel idea. The prospective writer of a scholarly study of Abolitionism is just as apt to censor himself today as the novelist who may wish to write a novel about a labor organizer.

In this atmosphere art becomes completely a commodity, and too often the artist either accepts this vulgarization of art and suppresses his critical insight for commercial reasons, or joins the equally anti-social little clique of those who retire to the ivory tower, where what they write may be considered by themselves to be a plague on both your houses but where, in fact, the most dangerous enemy of art really lurks, the belief that art is not a social function but a private therapeutic.

Proving that art is a social function ought to be as unnecessary as proving the earth revolves around the sun, but there are those who still need to have it demonstrated - unlettered folk like Sherlock Holmes, for instance, who astounded Watson by not knowing the first principle of post-Copernican science. Although this may not be the place for it, a few words on the subject might not be amiss. If modern anthropology and etymology, combined in such scholars as George Thomson, have proved nothing else, they have demonstrated the social origins, at least, of poetry, the epic, drama, music, painting and the dance. They have established that the totemic ritual of a hunter society gave way to the agricultural festival of the neolithic community, which in turn developed under civilization into poetry, the choral ode, and, finally,

with Aeschylus adding a second actor to the dithyramb, into the drama itself. Similarly the evolution of music, painting and the dance has been traced from primitive magic ritual. The fact that art, now, as then, arises out of the "tension," as Caudwell puts it, between the artist's consciousness and changing society on the one hand, or the artist's changing consciousness and the static elements in the dying order of things on the other, is self-evident. If it were not evident from scholarship, it would be evident from a study of a thousand examples of how the old order in every society has viewed art and artists in the past when the knowledge that the old order was dying and the new order a-horning became the possession of the artist. Everyone knows a score of examples of book-burning in times of social crisis. Indeed book-burning is older than paper itself. Whether it be the work *Brown Shirts* or of an ancient and actionary priesthood obliterating the thoughts of an Akhnaton from the umns of ancient temples, it is the thing the inevitable defense of the P by suppressing the Future as seen in Literature, like language itself, is social function, not a private therapeu • The artist in the ivory tower may d this truth, but the men who use soci for their own selfish purposes know act accordingly. By a thousand inllue in daily life, criticism, pressure, and ally outright suppression and blackl' the attempt is made to form, shape mold the artist to find "truths" whi are safe for the status quo and to igno deny, or hide those truths which sug change. Those whose function it has to disseminate the product of the artist· any culture have invariably acted in long run to sift, censor, select and su press, so that art may serve the for they do homage to, that class whose inter ests are their interests. When the burg ers of North Europe sought to di nate their • notions about how soci should be organized, they did not dep on the illuminated hand-written books the clergy intended for the church and potentates who controlled feu society in their own interests. They fou that a printing press was as necessary a trading class which sought to suppl a feudal one as was an accurate comp or a reliable clock for determining Ion tude. In order that the masses of the pie in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuri be informed of new ideas in social political relationships, the Scriptures, f one thing, had to be widely disseminate Familiarity with Scripture was a me of spreading individual criticism of a static society which had, for centuries, interpreted those same Scriptures to bolster and support its own ideas of the relationship between God and

men and between men and men. As long as the new businessman class was a progressive class its literature served to spread the truth. And the truth in science and art was a useful adjunct to that class's rise to a point at which it could end feudalism and set up the freer mercantile-trading society which eventually brought on the Industrial Revolution. The notions of a Bacon or a Hobbes were useful only when disseminated widely enough to change the old order. Their potent leverage against feudal idealism, against the hierarchy of medieval church and state, could not be limited to the means and intents of monkish copyists.

Today truth in literature is as alien and dangerous to the so-called bipartisan policy of the old order in America as *Novum Organum* ever was to the hierarchy of a Stuart conception of church and state. By a thousand pressures the author and publisher are intimidated into conformity. A pack of critics who know which side their bread is buttered on stand side by side increasingly with the whole publishing mechanism, ready to ridicule and discredit those ideas in books which do not suit the loyalty-oath apparatus. The culture of the ages has become the property of a handful of men who hate change, fear social reform, detest socialism, and would have us believe that 'tis their duty to "democracy" to maintain the horrors of colonialism abroad and business elite at home rolling in "de-" profits. The modern enemy of art does not like censor literature outright as yet; censorship is too patently against the very democratic principles in whose name his anti-democratic policies are carried through and justified. For the present, the modern Bismarck must utilize other means to suppress the truth. Social persuasion and pressure, official intimidation by investigating committees, with the active support of the crackpot fringe, like Counterattack—all these are brought to bear on the last few free thinkers among the old-line publishers. And class pressure need not bear down very hard on the publisher-businessman to bring him into line. Thousands of voices among writers feel the grip. Books of vitality and courage, novels critical of the values of the modern Bourbons, scholarship whose searching light on history is embarrassing to reactionary interpretations, all are "propaganda" to the modern publisher. His editors find that "the market is limited for books about anti-Semitism or 'the Negro problem';" or he discovers that a novel of ringing evangelical passion about the American tradition of freedom "won't appeal to women"; or that this or that kind of book "never sells."

Gradually, what has always been a class business comes to discover that its salvation lies in hearkening to the tastes and shriveled values of its steadily declining audience of well-off people who can afford a \$4.50 novel but can't afford the truth about what is going on in Korea. Works of disillusionment, cynicism, decay, perversion, couched in a bad imitation of Henry James and liberally splashed with the findings of Krafft-Ebbing, become "current fiction." The class that knows something is wrong with itself hopes to discover by reading Truman Capote or James Jones that it is a universal malaise. The guilt of the "haves" and the "ins," catered to increasingly by publishers, is salved by reading books which infer that man himself is tainted, evil, demoralized and damned. The mincing maunderings of social misfits are applauded as "truth" by cynics who, hating the world and its injustice and the guilt around them, seek solace in the thought that human nature is "that way." Humanitarian concerns in the subconscious of men and women who know of the brutal excesses in Korea are stilled by books whose central theme is the indignity, the worthlessness, the vileness and stupidity of man.

The simple fact is that publishing in America is fast becoming the monopoly of a class which cannot afford the truth in any form. Its function now is to spread the internal policy of guns-not-butter and justify the external policy, of suppressing the very struggle for freedom in whose name the crimes of the New Colonialism are perpetrated.

But, as always in man's history, the truth will out. It has a powerful champion in another and vastly larger segment of American life. The culture of man, the long process of extending truth through scientific and artistic criticism, now is the concern of the mass of the people in this country and other countries. The time has passed when it can be left either to the conscience of upperclass intellectuals who control its dissemination or to the anarchy of an inflation-ruined business apparatus which is throttling it. Telling the truth about the real world which surrounds us all, whether it be the world of the atom or the world of social relations, must now be assumed as the obligation of the only class in whose interest the truths of art and science can still work. The class of men and women who have long since learned that they cannot depend on newspapers to tell the truth about the struggle for a decent standard of life must and will learn that neither they depend on the old publishing apparatus to spread the more basic truths which their aspirations for a better,

m equitable world rest. Science has m possible a new world; it is the functi of the artist to criticize the old and new; it is the obligation of the peop to see to it that his words are read.

As a disseminator of truth, busin man-publishing, with art as a pure co modity, is dead. A labor press for boo is now as necessary as a labor press fo pamphlets and labor news. Organi labor in America must and will reali that the cultural past and its offsprin the cultural future, arc begging at th doorstep for nourishment. The interes of mankind in truthful books can n longer be left to the untender care o men whose private interests arc alien t truth. The people's assumption of th' obligation to culture is as inevitable the shedding of it by its former protectors.

Not only is the apparatus for a labo book press at hand, but experiment in the United Electrical Workers has shown that that apparatus can find a vast market for books which the traditional publisher would declare impossible-to-sell. This trade union, by successfully marketing 25,000 copies of an important critical book, has proved that its members are eager to read in paper-back form something other than escape fiction. Other such organizations must, in their own interest and in the interest of culture itself, be made available to the creative artist, who, increasingly censored by the old-line publisher, has already demonstrated in thousands of books and stories his growing knowledge of the identity of his own interest with those of laboring people. Both he and they can afford the truth.

The powerful upsurge of the so-called proletarian writers of the Thirties and Forties who carried forward with them the free cultural inheritance of the democratic past of our country must not be allowed to wither on a vine cut off at its root. The natural union of artist and worker as an unbeatable alliance for the spread of truth must be given practical organization. The techniques of businessman publishing, the book club, the paperbound book, must be adapted by organized labor to the distribution of books which tell the truth about the world they struggle in. The businessman-owner of a big book club would give a king's ransom for a sales organization as nwnerous, as widespread, and as eloquent as the tens of thousands of shop stewards across the nation.

Such a sales organization, with its numerous group distribution points, will combine with the interest of its members in social and scientific truth to bring about labor publishing of books, just as sales and

distribution techniques and the needs of a businessman society came together to create capitalist publishing. The class which can afford the truth is discovering for itself that Publishing with a big P can no longer be left to those for whom truth is an intolerable luxury, for whom books are a commodity whose prime value lies in profit.

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## Three Poems

*Stanley Kiesel*

---

three poem

### THE BEACH

Here by the sea everyone has been deputized

Except the children

Who move, disqualified, around the firm belief, the practised smile,  
Catching and throwing an honest ball.

The mothers and fathers

Sit like ancient islands

• Through the wild sea and wild air of their children  
Who continuously stream about them,

Salty and tidal, stampeding the shore,

Actively in spiring the crabs and the shells,

Pitting against the arrogant waves their arrogance,

Charming with their audacity the fish and the birds ...

These girls and boys, racing and holding their sessions

In the element, in the wet and dry,

Take the sun into their veins and inspire themselves

While their parents,

Far removed up the sand,

Hold up the dignified roofs of their brains,

Depressed and disinfected,

Being subtle about money and goods.

### CHILDREN OF THIS AGE

How trim, how tactful we are,

Erect and buried ;

As restrained on the earth as if we were in it;

In life as in death

Unapproachable and posed.

We are as pure and as processed as gasoline,  
Installed anywhere, cheaply and easily.  
We stand, a vast photography, mute and routine  
In the chambers of history, ingenious, irrelevant,  
Lonely and alone with the prestige of our engines ;  
With no affection for life  
We murder, then bandage ourselves.

The century trembles, hints of her love,  
But no, we demur, we are too coy for compassion,  
Too disinfected for overt behavior.

The century trembles, by now we should all have turned into music,  
But no, respectfully piping our sewage  
And ventilating prisons  
We are as pure and as processed as gasoline,  
Growing wheels on our limbs,  
Soon to drink oil and move faster than light.

## IN THE CITY

Here there is everything to make up love:  
Forests of arms, original eyes, artistic maneuvers,  
Cultivated negotiations, incomparable murmurs;  
The night will testify in court.  
Who is giving whom an ultimatum?  
Who is studying the dynamics of the situation  
Alone under a lamp!  
Who is legitimate and at the same time hungry?  
Who is charmed at naivete?  
Who falls out of his window?

... The city is dark.  
The arrogant virtuosos are flexing their knees.

If you listen you can catch innuendoes.  
See that old woman -

she is a museum.



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## To a Friend

*John Williams*

---

In rooms the young grab at each other ... •  
In the street someone is dying  
Surrounded by mailboxes.

The wisdom earned by sense  
Is hard expenditure,  
Against which self-expense  
Our waning powers endure.

Look: well upon those few  
Who gleaned but in the act  
And yet survive to view  
Through shambles what's intact.

Amid the hot event,  
Unmoving we are wise ;  
In learned experiment  
Is all we realize.

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## The Identity of an Hour

*Lawrence Fixel*

---

Whether the scene opens with a feather on nerve-end,  
and recall is our cat-fur bristled,  
or with a small smell of afternoon,  
and the flashing streets revealed in braille,  
pause, puzzle, poised for step at curbstone -  
while instants of before arrive, rehearsed.

And the image returns to invade a soft frontier,  
and a generation is marked in scale between towns ...  
We have entered a theatre of continuous performance,  
where an invented voice speaks the immaculate lines;  
But it's not opening night when memory attends:  
With the star gone, we follow the stand-in hour.

And learn that the hour gone, is missing;  
We work backward from a fingerprint and desire,  
send notice to all stations where we stopped:  
the register was signed with a special hand -  
But the swivelled clerk doubts with his head:  
no one of this face , ... No clock will take our check.

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## Still Life

*Eve Merriam*

---

The mushrooms smile indolently.  
What is so palely amusing?  
Their dark: undercurve will not tell.  
Slantwise they hunch their heads:  
Secret, a secret ..

Bananas, new moons by the dozen,  
A whole calendar of Aprils,  
What abandon of yellow  
Bangs in the air like a toy xylophone I

Celery, waving, would like to be thought a mermaid  
(See me so green, so fair, so haughty,  
So naturally curly--)

Oranges, incurable optimists  
Cheerful, content as zeros.  
Below, tangerines, precocious  
Take us -  
                    younger! dearer I

Lettuce, discreet,  
Manifold petticoat  
(Could be rhumba red if I chose  
But prefer this mock: demurity;  
Unfortunately, you understand--)

Apples, reliable, sturdy,  
Next to a picnic of pears. ---

Potatoes,  
Humble and nimble as hands,  
Gilded with dust of earth.

Their spray of dry dew  
Haunts the atmosphere.

**Peaches, tomatoes, carrots In winey confusion All mingle and shine:**

If only the store-man and his wife could make a living I  
While our purse had the coins to buy I  
And children's teeth bite jucily,  
Their mouths raining sweet in the sun.

Lean iron bird,  
Plucked of all its feathers,  
Emaciated, reduced to  
Iron backbone and beak.

"I can open my mouth  
By as half of myself -  
All hunger.

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# Monkey Wrench

*Israel Newman*

---

"Grab me by the throat,  
Twist my Adam's apple;  
But look: out I  
When it comes to it, my grip  
Is more than your weight in bulldogs I"

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# The Single Man

*Joan LaBombard*

---

Straight in his narrow bed, the single man  
Stares on the dark;; between the iron walls  
A hands-breadth from his reach, he lies as strict  
Confined as space within.the circle's span,  
Wary below the ceiling; if it falls  
The ordered mold will seal, its halves constrict  
To patterned shape the rigid, single man.

Flat palms against the walls, the breath withheld  
Expectant of the looming ceiling's press,  
Stiff as necessity the pose maintained;  
He notes his arching ribs, the mold repelled  
By will, by sinew, by perishable flesh  
Grown steel; the ;fusion momentarily detained,  
Plain from the mass the single man expelled,

To occupy his single, narrow bed,  
Though horizontal, truthful as a plane  
Means truth, shaped of its own integrity,  
He shores the dangerous roof above his head  
With columned breath, and perpetrates the stain  
Of living hands on anonymity,  
Demarked by chosen boards at foot and head.

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## A Nocturnal Discourse

*Waldeen*

---

We are made part of this  
but we know it not:  
sea silver as fishes' scales,  
smoke, flame, ash of cloud,  
day, dying, stained with our blood  
spilled on the sky, as we  
stand aside, eyes bewitched  
and find not ourselves  
in this world o.f its own.

Dark amber of sea kelp  
your eyes, hills couchant  
dark as your hair, night  
lays its arm around our shoulders  
while tiny bats  
in their dance of air  
wildly feint and circle  
our steps.

Silence voices the fear  
that love lies here, alert  
laughing, in the warm dark,  
while night spreads its hand  
across our eyes  
and between its fingers we see  
the salt crystal of stars.

The uncaged discourse  
of nocturnal sea  
tells of a death, cool  
brine-flecked and free,  
where battle-tired bodies

love-reft and alone  
could ride its rippling back  
couched on mane of foam.

Our vermilion silk of heart,  
and delicate pith of bone,  
brothers of sea anemone  
and white branch coral,  
proclaim us indivisible  
from starfish and spindrift,  
our love a sea myth,  
nebular and swift.

## The Siege of Change

*Lawrence P. Spingarn*

It was from my Aunt Louise that I first heard Uncle Lionel was home from abroad. We had just finished dinner when she mentioned it, trying hard to be casual after all those years of their separation, pretending even to me that her hunger for news of him did not exist.

I knew by the narrowing concentration of her face that she had not seen him, and guessed that she dared not make the first move, but I, as their nephew doubly related, was suddenly cast in the painful role of courier when she spoke again.

"You should see him," she advised me quaintly, looking past me at the open windows that framed the necklace of the Drive. "After all, he did you no harm. And he's an old man..." Even the harm he had done Aunt Louise seemed to matter little as she tilted at me and refilled my coffee cup. The harm? I recalled it as a series of rumors stored away like the toys of my childhood, meaningless now, and worthless, but revived at this moment by a woman who had never acquired a reputation for cleverness. But I allowed myself be taken in, and felt my own hunger for amusement.

"If you like," I promised, already using the irony that was my best weapon. "Will tomorrow be soon enough?"

"Tell me if he's changed," said Aunt Louise. "That's all I want to know."

But was it all? As I watched her greedy eyes in that narrow and emptily beautiful face, I knew that what survived even the death of love was her shameless curiosity about its corpse. Certainly my visit would not repair the breach between them, nor did Louise want me to report that Lionel was well and strong for his age. When my patience with her was exhausted, I found my coat and kissed her hand in a conscious mockery of her generation.

"Tomorrow," I promised. "And where shall I find him?"

When Louise told me, I stepped inside her door again.

"But that's impossible I" I said. "Go and see for yourself," she said, kissing me and patting my arm.

The morning air was brisk as I stepped from the bus and walked through one of the narrow side streets in the city's older quarter. Older, but not better for its time beside the dirty river that, doubled on itself with the rippling tides from the sea. And I, younger than any section of the city, felt like a stranger here; my ears were stone to the shrill tongues of Babel around me. Reluctant as I was, I walked swiftly nevertheless, avoiding the few runted, foreign-looking people that I passed, skirting the little heaps of filth and rubble that were piled like sacrifices before the boarded-up and condemned tenements. It was only when I reached that unique block paved in brick that I was aware of the siege it was withstanding the row of brick and granite; f11c;ades that Grandfather had tried to preserve against surrounding change was powdered by the rose-tinted light flung upward by the pavement. And the terms of capitulation roared triumphantly as I crossed the street and made for the doorway that had closed forever on Grandfather so many years ago.

The home of Isaac Benseradi had been locked and boarded up since his death. For a moment, I called up the rugged features of that former revolutionary, the Carbonari who had left Italy and the Risorgimento in his youth; and for a moment I wondered why I thought I could reform his only surviving son, who had lived for himself and who would laugh at my puny mission in the name of the woman he had put away. The moment passed, but the siege of change went on, and the remembered features disappeared into the bricks beneath my feet.

Although I had a key of my own, I rang the upstairs bell and waited many minutes on the stoop. Then, hearing no response, I plunged down the steps and rang again at the basement. The grille was open, and when I tried the inner door, that was open too. A woman's voice called down the hall for me to enter, and I groped toward the wedge of light that lay across the stairs.

"Lionel?" I shouted. "Uncle Lionel The woman answered me, stan • at the top of the stairs where once se ants had climbed from the kitchens wi elaborate dinners for the oak table which Grandfather presided, his mutt chop whiskers falling over his vel collar. When I reached the upper h I observed the woman's features, youn than her voice had promised, but tainly not youthful, and edged by invisible lace of weariness that suggest

deprivation and hardship. As I advanced upon her, she retreated farther into shadows, her slender form liquid in billowing garments, her voice a dusty w • per, her hands patrolling the air vague!

"He hear you," she said, speaking with a faint accent I had not caught before. "Go to him in the sala."

The shadows and her self-effacement did not fool me. She was no servant, least; there would never be servants here again. Recalling my uncle's propensity I bowed politely into the distance that separated the woman from me. The bare floors echoed as I turned away and passed through the wide doors of the sala, stopping when I saw the single, startling chair placed in the center of the unfurnished chamber. Light from the high windows and ceiling converged on that chair in such a way that the illusion of the room's fullness was momentarily intact. I was a child again, waiting to be noticed by the man who sat before me.

"Lionel?" I repeated. My Uncle Lionel was staring out at the expanse of floor around him, fitted to the chair as if he had never left this house to go upon his travels. His legs were crossed and his round face wore a bemused expression; he did not miss the rolled-up rug confined to a corner, or the other gilded chairs with tapestry seats, or the rosewood piano that he had always played so well. His pale eyes buried among wrinkles had never told me less than at present. As I approached nearer, I noted the same physical body, short, corpulent, solid; his leonine head with its hair dyed reddish-brown was still too large for his small feet and slender ankles. He made no attempt to rise when I grasped his hand, but blinked, smiled, tried to speak and coughed instead, froth bubbling on his lips and mingling with the flecks of rouge that heightened the pallor beneath such vanity. And what a dry, light hand it was, resting in mine so coldly after so long, covered by brown blotches from the sun of foreign beaches.

"Lionel," I repeated several times, bending toward his ear and giving his arm a squeeze. When he began to nod, I knew that he had returned from his travels at last. Then I heard footsteps on the bare floor behind us, and turned face the woman standing where the I-pull still survived in a faded twist silken braid. She was smiling with her upper lip and squinting at the crown light that had descended on us from the high ceiling, yet she wore a nimbus that I could not penetrate. "Onkel Lionel," she murmured

slow- 'reverencing each syllable with harsh ibration; mockery was there, and om too. I shook the old man again. "Come," I said gently. "Not here.

's sit in the Green Parlor, where we really talk." Before he could move, the woman d her hand· in a gesture of warning; cle Lionel sighed, and dropped back the chair.

She's right," he quavered. "The The climb... Thank you, Fraulein. Oh, Fraulein Stimpel, meet my nephew."

We bowed to each other, but I was not through with Lionel and increased the pressure on his arm as I leaned down and whispered Louise's name like a guilty secret. He stiffened at once and bent his eyes away from mine; no other name explained my visit so well. And now I smiled as I turned to Fraulein Stimpel.

"He has changed his mind, Fraulein. Come and help him up."

Her eyes flickered angrily, but she did not move. Lionel Benseradi gasped in dismay as he clutched the chair arms and heaved himself to his feet, He shuffled across the floor quite by himself, but at the end raised his arms stiffly toward the woman in a travesty of the invitation to dance. For a moment, it looked as if she would not accept him. Her lips drew back in a snarl for both of us, but he was nearer to her, and his bulk hid her quick relenting movement as she gave him her shoulder to. lean upon. Even then, his lifted head and ramrod back did not fool me Europe, Fr a ii I e in Stimpel, and twenty years of indulgence had sapped him. Looking down, I noted his threadbare striped trousers. His spats were stained, the shoes creased.

Here in the Green Parlor, where the musty smell was stronger, I could not so easily escape the dominance of the past, whose rare, silk-threaded paper was peeling from the walls like cornhusks. When Fraulein Stimpel lit the pile of trash in the marble- fronted fireplace, the air cleared somewhat, yet the faint odor of perfume hung from the cornices in invisible vials. This was the room that my mother loved and had recalled in such detail; Lionel, seated in the slip-covered chair, began to reminisce about her in the perfections of the past tense. Mother always sat on that embroidered stool with her girlish sewing; Fraulein Stimpel sat there now with idle hands, her head turned away in rejection of the past WC were considering. But as I grew annoyed at her, the register of Lionel's voice grew full and strong; my comments ceased. I dared not mention Louise aloud; each time I thought of doing so, dust caught in the words.

"And how is... Louise?" my uncle finally inquired, lifting his head with a sneer, raising his eyes to reveal their former arrogance. "She always wanted to stay home. Well, now, how does she like it?"

Anger freed my memory from the shackles of convention. I recalled some of my old suppressed memories the words that jarred on my young ears, the silences that were even more destructive, and the harried look on Grandfather's face whenever Louise and Lionel sulked at his table. When I turned from Lionel to Fraulein Stimpel, she had stopped pretending disinterest and was leaning forward. Her mouth was the net that would catch my answer, her smile the noose that would tighten around my words, wringing her satisfaction from them. Her titian hair and drawn, pale face no longer had the aspect of features seen beneath water. Looking closer, I became certain that I knew her exact identity. I stood up, bowed, and clicked my heels in the fashion of her country.

"Pardon. A thousand times, pardon. How could I fail to recognize such an artist? You haven't changed.... No, it was my fault, the fault of the surroundings. You can never change, Fraulein."

Her mouth snapped shut. She straightened up, straining for the extra in that would reaffirm her lost stature. as I recited her triumphs from the ping-albums and the opera scrap that my memory had hoarded, her face came into a new focus that revealed creases and cracks of the mask. Even lips chewed the husks of time that not be denied; the wattles of her face shook with the brown eyes.

"But tell me, Fraulein Stimpel, did you come here? Your fame and vocation belongs to your own country. young men do not know you yet. would not pull your carriage through streets. Why, Fraulein?"

At my questions, Lionel Bense slumped in his chair, grew smaller, his head in embarrassment. I was Lou's nephew too, and when I heard Fraulein Stimpel utter a weary sigh, I felt a shiver of my aunt's revenge.

"Please," the Fraulein said. "Do not ask such things. Und do not flatter me."

I looked at Lionel, whose face wore thick and strangled look, as if he swallowed an insult. Yet all I had to do was to recall certain triumphs, his triumphs too; I had been careful not to mention dates, careful in fact to leave an impression that most of these triumphs were recent and fresh. But I had spoken enough, and sat down feeling my destination of the career I had recalled. It was the Fraulein's turn to get up, but not with my assurance; she put a hand

Lionel's chair arid spoke entirely to hi "Excuse me. You stay a little here y no?"

As my uncle answered her in Germ it was hard for me to know what th were saying. They were people with secret, and I could only guess at the' relationship. Y ct, when she had left to ourselves and to the vacuum she had created, Lionel himself spoke of her freely.

"You have a good memory, my boy. Some day she will be known here by more people. Ah. yes I And to think she was only a student when I met her I She "Thirty?" I suggested. "Nineteen!" he roared at me, reddening in patches like an old harlequin, his mottled hands trembling at his sides. "Nineteen, my boy, and a student of voice. Fresh and downy as a lark, Bursting with life and song. Don't you believe me?"

"Certainly," I said. "Certaigly I believe you. Even a lark must be trained and nourished. You heard her first at the Konservat, perhaps?"

"Nein," he corrected mildly. "At the Imperium. Did your Aunt Louise tell you all this?"

When I shook my head, Lionel Bcnscradi blinked in surprise and leaned toward me with a searching look.

"Louise forgot the facts, boy. If ever she made me happy, it was long before you were born. She wanted nothing, nothing that I wanted, no fun of any kind. After a while, she even hated music and thought the stage wicked. What was I to do?"

I went on shaking my head relentlessly.

"Louise did not tell me everything, Uncle. I read the foreign papers, too. And I guessed at what I didn't know."

"You guessed?" he said quickly. "What did you guess?"

"About the conjunction of winter and fall. Passports aren't issued even to larks when they've sung Nazi songs. But then, you're a citizen, aren't you? A citizen in good standing.... And that helps I"

After staring at me with corsetted rigidity, my uncle sank back in the chair and tapped his ribboned eyeglass against the shiny cloth at his knee. An amused light flickered in his bloodshot eyes.

"You are a clever boy. Louise always liked you."

"Louise is still alive," I reminded him, but his expression did not alter.

"No," he said. "She was never alive." Again, he tapped the worn cloth at his knee. An easeful, satisfied expression bloomed in his old face,

where the telltale rouge was peeling off like skin. I could delineate the paths of his reminiscence, and did nothing to obstruct them.

"A-ah, so I" he began, underlining his long absence again by this small foreignism. "It was a good time. There are no regrets. This last year, as usual, we wintered at the Schneewald. And in the spring, at Glaustein, the cherries and peaches were big and firm. By the lake I was a child again, a child free of care.... "

I gave Lionel only a minute of repose. "Was it a ripe spring, Uncle? Tell me about it. In Vienna the streets were very quiet. Nobody laughed there. But you, Uncle Lionel, you and she crossed the frontier, where things would be better. Tell me about it I"

Before he could answer, dust gathered in his throat, dust from the hangings and cornices of this Green Parlor where Louise had waited once for the music to begin her sweeping descent to the ballroom floor. Lionel's sudden pallor and bulging eyes would have softened me another time; now I recalled Louise crying in my mother's chamber while I played on the carpet outside. I scraped my chair closer to the old man and gripped his shaking arm.

"Tell me, Uncle Lionel I Were you still having fun when the enemy entered open; there were fires in those fl orbs.

Glaustein, the Schneewald, Bad Neipperg - too much fun to come home, perhaps? Later, you were safely at Como; tell me about Italian cooking, won't you? And, because the war dragged on so long, you went to Nice; Antibes, Biarritz - always a little ahead of the trouble, the inconvenience. Of course, American dollars were even better then. What about it, Uncle Lionel?"

He was listening so intently that he appeared to be asleep; a moment later, he opened his eyes and wagged his finger at me.

"No, no! Not so fast, please. You're guessing, my boy, guessing wildly! You don't know how it was. How could you know?"

I let him savor his own confusion awhile. When a drowsy expression fell across his face and his head dropped forward, I stood up and clapped my hands smartly.

"And so, you have come home," I said. "Now you can bring all your baggage back. Tell me, Uncle. How does home seem?"

When he did not answer me, I considered a moment how far I should go. After all, I did not want his death on my conscience; this house had had its share of deaths. Yet Lionel was not struggling toward repentance; he was only trying to recall the flowery words he had always used so effectively.

"You were married f~om this house," I reminded him. "Even Louise can describe that day.... "

"Married?" he said. "Married?" "But you have forgotten. You've forgotten everything decent That's why you came back now."

At these words, his eyelids fluttered "There is no place else to go," confessed. "I've spent all that my f left me. And more, even."

I did not tell him that the family just sold this house; he was a trespasser here, yet for a moment he sat so strident and proud that I was deceived by pose as others had been first the father then Louise and the women who followed her.

"But your friend," I went on. "did she come here too? Surely, would have let her alone. She was their blood. She would have sung the songs. To an artist all songs are alike., Aren't they, Uncle Lionel?"

He did not answer, and I noticed his eyelids had fallen like seals on parchment of his face. Weary he certainly was, and what could he have said to me, he who had violated every scruple and knew no simple answers for anything?

I tiptoed out of the Green Parlor and walked slowly down the hall, taking the broad stairs, turning with the balustrade, watching the faint day dance along the rails and hang from the spidery fixtures and fittings of the lower hall. A voice whispered out of the ballroom, engaging me subtly, causing me to forget the time and turn toward the shadowy doorway, where the long gowns had swept to victory. I saw Fraulein Stimpel gliding up and down the dusty floor, holding her arms about the skeleton of imagination, fantastically dressed in trailing grey garments and a flat turban. For minutes she did not detect me; she studied only her own emaciation in the cracked mirror above the ornate mantelpiece. When she did see me in the glass, she cried out in age and clapped both hands to her throat. Even before she could turn round, the dry dusty words crackled in her mouth like cellophane.

"Spion!" she said, gobbling the term in a lust of anger. I stepped forward and bowed to her as if I had just presented y bouquet.

"Gniidige Fraulein," I said. "Bitte, niidige Fraulein? Perhaps I'm late, too late by twenty years to admire you. But please let me congratulate you, at least. There is still some splendor here. And it is safe here. We have won the war, but that will make no difference. For, after all, Fraulein, what is a war between friends?"

She stood with raised arms and glared at me, for there was something familiar to her in my eloquence.

"So do not be aiarmed, Fraulein. Do not let me frighten you it is far from my purpose. Yes, for I was just going. And I came to wish you well. You especially. Sometimes the transplanted flower springs up brighter, higher. Often, gniidige Fraulein, it roots deeper on new soil."

"A her, dein Onkel?" "He is sleeping now. You have tired him very much. But since you mention him, let's go on. Tell me, gracious lady, where was the bargain made? At Vienna? At Bad Neipperg? But you look puzzled.

You don't understand? Let me explain.... "

"Schrecklich!" said the woman, and I nodded in quick agreement.

"It is terrible. Worse than you think, for it wasn't any bargain. Without you, perhaps, he would never have gotten out. You spoke to certain people; he paid them. But here, gracious lady, wh•at is left? A-ah, my Uncle Lionel lied to you too. His money is gone, his only security. How will you enjoy yourselves now?"

"Schrecklich!" Fraulein Stimpel repeated helplessly.

"For you, of course, there are no compensations here. Mirrors, you think? But mirrors are not faces, applauding hands. What would you sing now, for me or Uncle Lionel?"

"Schrecklich," she whispered for the last time, a flutter of fear in her voice. I waited for her song with the patience of her admirers, those special admirers who had roared approval at Munich only a few years ago. Then, crossing the wide, empty room and standing on tiptoe, I scrubbed the dusty mirror in widening circles with my gloved hand. When I had finished, I stood back and made way for the shrunken woman.

"It's better to look first, Fraulein. You'll see here what the bargain really is. Count the lines, go over the fallen contours. The skin is pale and dry now, but remember how ruddy and firm it was. And remember, you lived well once, very well. At Glaustein there was music on the terrace; a cool wind like wine always came from the lake. And at Schneewald, after the long nights together, he'd drive you through the snowy woods, beneath pines. Sing of those things, Frailein Stimpel. Be glad, and sing of those days."

There were small tears at the corners of her closed eyes. She leaned forward, her hands at her sides, swaying like a tinder bush in a stiff breeze. Behind her, the tattered drapes fluttered and shook themselves. An implacable finger of sunlight pushed across the room and poked at her dyed, lifeless hair below the turban. As I turned from her and walked toward the door, I did not waver in recognizing the song. Aptly enough, hers was the song of The Lorelei, another temptress suspended in echoing legend on the rocks of illusion, far from anyone like me. Moving toward the sunlight and the street, I could not distinguish between the song and the singer; for a moment, I believed that justice had been done all around. My ears began to hum with the city's roar as I turned the brass handle and slipped through the door into the healing air.

But now the day was a snuffed candle in my nostrils. Anger came too late, and did me no good as I hurried through the giant spray of rosy light above the bricks. Home; was I going home to my neat room? Here was soot and dust and blown papers, cluttered stoops; piles of sacrificial earth; rubble of crumbling tenements. Home was something safe and clean and well-lighted, yet it recalled the blond simper of the Lorelei, the high rock above the churning stream. On the contrary, these rich features and voices all around me, suggested the d Smyrna heaped with figs, the color of Damascus, Cairo begging f god of flies, and the new banner at Jerusalem liberated. My anger been for the merging dead; these the living, demanding my attention love with fierce gestures and liquid I forgot the time and my place ' There was the old man himself, Benscradi, walking toward me like poor foreigner he had once been, straight and tall beneath his cape wide black hat. For a moment he amined the row of houses that had vived him, trying to pick out his o puzzled, wrinkling his brow. And I saw him shrug, rolling his eyes, mouth a line of scorn. He did not about the siege. Perhaps he knew side would win. Before I could be s

of him, he had smiled and passed • one of the humbler doorways,  
leaving to turn the corner alone and wait am the blowing papers for the  
uptown

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## God Bless America

*John O. Killens*

Joe's dar~ eyes searched frantically for Cleo as he marched with the other negro soldiers up the long thoroughfare towards the boat. Women were running out to the line of march, crying and hugging and kissing the men goodbye. But where the hell was Cleo?

Beside him Luke Robinson, big and tall, nibbled from a carton of Baby Ruth candy as he walked. But Joe's eyes kept peering up and down the line of civilians on either side of the street. She would be along here somewhere; any day now she would come calmly out the throng and walk alongside him. They reached the boat. Joe's mind drew a picture of her, and she looked the same as last night when he left her. He had walked away, with the brisk California night air biting into his warm body, he had turned for one last glimpse of her in the doorway, tiny and smiling and waving goodbye.

They had spent last night sitting in a little two-by-four room where they lived for three months with hardly any space to move around. He had rented it and sent for her when he came to California and learned that his outfit was training for immediate shipment to Korea, and they had lived there fiercely and desperately, like they were trying to live a whole lifetime. But last night they had sat on the side of the big iron bed making conversation, half-listening to a portable radio, acting like it was just any night. Play-acting like in the movies.

It was late in the evening when he asked her, "How's little Joey acting lately?"

She looked down at herself. "Oh, pal Joey is having himself a ball." She smiled, took Joe's hand and placed it on her belly; and he felt movement and life. His and her life, and he was going away from it and from her, maybe forever.

Cleo said, "He's trying to tell you goodbye, darling." And she sat very still and seemed to ponder over her own words. And then all of a sudden she burst into tears.

She was in his arms and her shoulders shook. "It isn't fair! Why can't they take the ones that aren't married?"

He hugged her tight, feeling a great fullness in his throat. "Come on now, stop crying, hon. Cut it out, will you?"

Look at Ralph Bunche. Godd they'd been over it all before. she want him to do about it an Become a deserter?

"I'll be back home before little Joey sees daylight."

"You may never come back. They're killing a lot of our boys over there. Oh, Joe, Joe, why did they have to go and start another war?"

In a gruff voice he said, "Don't you go worrying about Big Joey. He'll take care of himself. You just take care of little Joey and Cleo. That's what you do."

"Don't take any chances, Joe. Don't be a hero I"

He forced himself to laugh, and hugged her tighter. "Don't you worry about the mule going blind."

She made herself stop crying and wiped her face, "But I don't understand, Joe. I don't understand what colored soldiers have to fight for - especially against other colored people."

"Honey," said Joe gently, "we got to fight like anybody else. We can't just sit on the sidelines."

But she just looked at him and shook her head.

"Look," he said, "when I get back I'm going to finish college. I'm going to be a lawyer. That's what I'm fighting for."

She kept shaking her head as if she didn't hear him. "I don't know, Joe. Maybe it's because we were brought up kind of different, you and I. My father died when I was four. My mother worked all her life in white folks' kitchens. I just did make it. through high school. You had it a whole lot better than most Negro boys." She went over to the box of Kleenex and blew her nose.

"I don't see where that has a thing to do with it."

He stared at her, angry with her for being so obstinate. Couldn't she see any progress at all? Look at Jackie Robinson.

She stood up over him. "Can't Joe - just can't see it I I want you Joe. Here with me where you Don't leave me, Joe I Please-" She crying now. "Joe, Joe, what're we to do? Maybe it would be better t rid of little Joey - " Her brown were wide with terror. "No, Joe, N didn't mean that I I didn't mean darling I Don't know what I'm saying.

She sat down beside him, bent her face in her hands. It was terrible him, seeing her this way. He got up walked from one side of the little r the other. He thought about what white captain from Hattiesburg, M' sippi, had said. "Men, we have a jo do. Our outfit is just as damn impor as any outfit in the United States A white or colored. And we're wor towards complete integration. It's a 1 hard pull, but I guarantee you e soldier will be treated equally and wi out discrimination. Remember, we' fighting for th.e dignity of the individu Luke Robinson had looked at the lanky captain with an arrogant smile.

Joe stopped in front of Cleo and m himself speak calmly. "Look, hon, isn't like it used to be at all. Why you take my word for it? They're in grating colored soldiers now. And an how, what the hell's the use of getti all heated up about it? I got to go. Tha all there is to it."

He sat down beside her again. H wanted fiercely to believe that thin were really changing for his kind people. Make it. easier for him - ma it much easier for him and Cleo, if th both believed that colored soldiers ha Koreans ain't done me nothing. I ain't mad with a living ass."

a.stake in fighting the war in Korea. Cleo wiped her eyes and blew her nose and they changed the subject, talked about the baby, suppose it turned out to be a girl, what would her name be? A little after midnight he kissed her good-. ight and walked back to the barracks.

The soldiers were marching in full eld dress, with packs on their backs, uffie-bags on their shoulders, and carines and rifles. As they approached the big white ship there was talking and • oke-cracking and nervous laughter. They were the leading Negro outfit, immediately following the last of the white troops. Even at route step there ·was a certain uniform cadence in the sound of their feet striking the asphalt road as they moved forward under the midday un, through a long funnel of people d palm trees and shrubbery. But Joe hadn't spotted Cleo yet, and he was getting sick from worry. Had anything happened?

Luke Robinson, beside him, was talking and laughing and grumbling. "Boy, I'm telling you, these peoples is a bitch on wheels. Say, Office Willie, what you reckon I read in your Harlem paper last night?" Office Willie was his nickname for Joe because Joe was the company clerk - a high-school graduate, two years in college, something special. "I read where some of your folks' leaders called on the President and demanded

that colored soldiers be allowed to fight at the front instead of in quartermaster. Ain't that a damn shame?"

Joe's eyes shifted distractedly from the line of people to Luke, and back to the ope again.

"Percy Johnson can have my uniform y day in the week," said Luke. "He t to fight so bad. Them goddam Joe liked Luke Robinson, only he was so damn sensitive on the color question. Many times Joe had told him to take the chip off his shoulder and be somebody. But he had no time for Luke now. Seeing the ship plainly, and the white troops getting aboard, he felt a growing fear. Fear that maybe he had passed Cleo and they hadn't seen each other for looking so damn hard. Fear that he wouldn't get to see her at all - never-ever again. Maybe she was ill, with no way to let him know, too sick to move. He thought of what she had said last night, about little Joey. May- And then he saw her, up ahead, waving at him, with the widest and prettiest and most confident smile anybody ever smiled. He was so goddamn glad he could hardly move his lips to smile or laugh or anything else.

She ran right up to him. "Hello, soldier boy, where you think you're going?"

"Damn," he said finally in as calm a voice as he could manage. "I thought for a while you had forgotten what day it was. Thought you had forgotten to come to my going away party."

"Now, how do you sound?" She laughed at the funny look on his face, and told him he looked cute with dark glasses on, needing a shave and with the pack on his back. She seemed so cheerful, he couldn't believe she was the same person who had completely broken down last night. He felt the tears rush out of his eyes and spill down his face.

She pretended not to notice, and walked with him till they reached the last block. The women were not allowed to go any further. Looking at her, he wished somehow that she would cry, just a little bit anyhow. But she didn't cry at all. She reached up and nssed him quickly. "Goodbye, darling, take care of yourself. Little Joey and I will write every day, beginning this afternoon." And ·then she was gone.

The last of the white soldiers were boarding the beautiful white ship, and a band on board was playing God Bless d merica. He felt a chill, like an electric current, pass across his slight shoulders, and he wasn't sure

whether it was from God Bless d merica or from leaving Cleo behind. He hoped she could hear the music; maybe it would make her understand why Americans, no matter what. their color, had to go and fight so many thousands of miles away from home.

They stopped in the middle of the block and stood waiting till the white regiment was all aboard. He wanted to look back for one last glimpse of Cleo, but he wouldn't let himself. Then they started again, marching toward the ship. And suddenly the band stopped playing God Bless dmerica and jumped into another tune - The Darktown Strutters' Ball...

He didn't want to believe his ears. He looked up at the ship and saw some of the white soldiers on deck wavini smiling at the Negro soldiers, "Yeah, Man I" and popping their ers. A taste of gall crept up from stomach into his mouth.

"Goddamn," he heard Luke "that's the kind of music I like." husky soldier cut a little step. "I gu Mr. Charlie want us to jitterbug o his pretty white boat. Equal trea... We ain't no soldiers, we're a b of goddamn clowns."

Joe felt an awful heat growing i his collar. He hoped fiercely that Cl was too far away to hear.

Luke grinned at him. "What's matter, good kid? Mad about so thing? Damn - that's what I hate ab you colored folks. Take that godd chip off your shoulder. They just t • to make you people feel at home. Don you recognize the Negro national anth when you hear it?"

Joe didn't answer. He just felt • an~r mounting and he wished he co walk right out of the line and to h with everything. But with The Dar town· Struttred Ball ringing in his ea he put his head up, threw his shoulde back, and kept on marching towards t big white boat.

## Dolores

*Lars Lawrence*

dolor~s Excerpt from a novel A riot has just occurred in Reata, a southwestern industrial town, resulting in two dead, several injured, many arrested. Among those suspected of complicity is Apolonio (Polo) Garcia, a,,iner, whose young wife Dolores is half-blind.

"Wha' for I'm arrest? I don' do nawthing," Polo said.

Dolores Garcia stood in the crowd, silently wringing her hands, her clouded eyes staring, till the big policeman toolt Polo away. Then she ltnew what she must do.

Since the strike no advocate in Reata would consent to defend Polo; he had been in trouble too often. She must wire that lawyer in Copper City, who had helped Polo before, to come again ahorita and get her husband from jail. But she dared not go to the telegraph office in the centre of town. She too might be arrested, and what would become of the baby? She would have to send her wire om a neighboring town.

A strange man offered in Spanish to d her home. She wondered who he, but she did not aslt his name, feeling 'nctively that from this moment the less she ltnew the safer she would be. "Muchas gracias," she said.

They did not spealt again till the man said, "Ya 'sta la casa. Bueno?"

She groped for the doorknob and went in. The baby was crying. She changed it and gave it the breast. Her sense of urgency made her impatient with a process she usually enjoyed. She imagined Polo in the hands of deputies, gun-thugs, his quick little eyes darting in search of escape. Or they were beating him perhaps, to malte him confess. Pain stiffened her breasts She gritted her teeth to finish. She would have to talte the baby with her, and unless it slept she would be terribly hampered.

"The hossband of my cossen she wo to build houses there. My cossen cookin' for her."

and got herself up as if for a wedding or a first communion. Then she got in Polo's old car and started cautiously out of town.

A pause spelled out the cop's bewildered ment.

This was the most difficult part. Once she was clear of the cluttered street she could steer with more confidence, her dim eyes depending on color masses, shadows and lines to define the rutted roadway. There was always a shadow in the south ditch and in the deepest chuckholes in the road. She would know the north-south highway when she came to it because it was black. Then steering would be easy. She would keep near the right-hand edge where black met pale adobe.

She reached the highway without noticing that a state motorcycle cop was stationed there. She almost ran into his machine but locked her wheels. He jumped aside, then ran up beside her window, his face a meaty blur under a khaki officer's cap. "What the hell are you doin'? Tryin' to run me down?"

"I'm lukin' at bebbly," Dolores said. "I no notice jou."

"Let's see your driver's license." Fearing she might pick out the wrong piece of paper and reveal her blindness, she handed him her torn leather purse. He took it, walked to the front of the car to check the number on her plates. He was gone long enough to have searched the purse thoroughly before he returned it.

"Where do you think you're goin'?" His tone was less truculent now.

"The bebbly gonna get baptice with my cossen."

She pointed north with her chin, like an Indian. "He work on resservation with his hossband."

"Whose husband?"

"I don't know what you're talki about. Your cousin a man or a woman  
"My cossen he's a gooman. He got bebbly gonna get baptice too."

It was too much for Officer Ellsber "I'm sorry, sister, you'll have to p  
pone the christening and trot on hom You can't drive up there today. Try  
• again tomorrow."

"But the priest she don' come tomo row."

"Sorry, that's how it is. Turn around. She broke into a sweat. Turning  
a terrible risk. She took it by inches.

Evidently there were road-blocks all main highways, like in the strike,  
keep the ones in trouble from runnin away. She would have to stay on ba  
roads. There was an Indian wagon-tra that ran west, past Juanito

Herrera' ranchito. She seemed to remember tha it continued across the state line, wher would be no polizontes any more.

Many hours Dolores Garcia strained her failing eyes to follow the wagon• tracks that meandered across the desert between pinyon and chamiza bushes. The tracks were a yellow tan and the desert a tan yellow, and the shadows were short at this time of day and did not mark well the ruts.

She struggled to maintain a preca,ious balance between going fast enough to keep the carro in high gear and save gasolina, and going slow enough to stop quickly in case she strayed off the trail. As between the risk of stalling the motor and the risk of running off the track and burying her wheels in sand or getting ung up on a stump or rock, she chose ution, and she stalled so often that by e time she reached Juanito Herrera's acal the starter no longer worked. She ad had to crank the car several times y hand, and twice she had managed to tricate herself from high centers withut ripping off the pan.

She was very tired when she arrived t the old woodcutter's shack. Luckily uanito was at home, and he gallantly ffered to accompany her on her journey.

though he could not drive a carro, or deed anything more moden than his eying burro, his eyes were better than ers, and he might be useful in case of ouble.

She waited an interminable hour and a al£ while J uanito hobbled his burro, rralled his goats and performed God knew what other chores in the fussy, reak-jointed way of a vie j it o. She angled and nursed the baby and thought Polo in jail and chafed at the delay, that when at last he presented himself, aring his only black suit, as if he too re en route to a wedding, she had not heart to send him back for a shovel case they got stuck in the sand. Juanito's seventy-year-old eyes were ' l sharp compared with hers. He fixed em on the track ahead, warning her of ming curves and obstacles, pointing t the bushes, rocks and stumps between ich she must steer. With this help she was able to make tter time, and she was glad she had e out of her way to pick up the old. But after they had travelled seven eight miles, with only one jolting exnion into the brush, Juanito thumped ' deep-creased forehead and rememred that soon they would come to an passable place. An arroyo had flowed fortnight ago and cut deeply into the road where it descended into the sandy bottom,

so that there was a sheer drop of several feet there and the car might well turn turtle. He did not think any ranchero had passed that way who might have repaired the road.

Dolores did not immediately stop - this was too discouraging to accept easily but gripped the wheel tighter and doggedly continued.

"Is far from here that place?" she asked.

"Well, who knows? A little far," he estimated.

"Like one mile? Two miles?" "Pues, si, maybe like five or ten, quien sabe?"

"Is then across the state line, que no?" "Well, who knows where is the state line?"

Only then did she stop. He was muy burro, and she wished she had not brought him along.

She considered. If she could not get across the arroyo, if she had to backtrack eight or ten miles and then go round by the main highway, there might not be enough gasolina to take her across the state line to Pinyoncito where was a filling station. She might run out of gasolina while still in the desert and have to walk back to Juanito's carrying the baby; and although she could do it if she had to, this would not be doing anything to help Polo in jail, and all the efforts she had made and all the gasolina she had already used would be wasted, and how would she ever get Polo's carro home?

For the tenth time she poked a stick into the gas tank, hoping for reassurance. All she got was inexorable proof of a vanishing margin of safety.

The clinching consideration was Polo. Perhaps more than anyone arrested, Polo needed help, needed an advocate. Who was to help him if not she?

If she continued ten miles further and had to come back and got stuck without gasolina, that would be her fault. But if she turned around now, reached the highway and was arrested, that would be the fault of the caciques, the gringos. This Polo would understand.

It was further to the highway than she had supposed and this brought a new worry that nightfall might overtake them before she reached it. In the dark she would never be able to follow this track in high gear. She would have to go in low, wasting gasolina and wasting more time.

Tears of relief added to the blurring of her eyes when at twilight they topped a slight rise and Juanita exclaimed and pointed out, far off, the black serpent of the east-west highway.

Apparently he had been as anxious as she; he had spoken hardly a word since his abject apologies for having misdirected her; but now suddenly he talked like a happy catbird. He did not communicate his relief directly. His ebullience took the form of reminiscing about his youth, when his body had been strong and a strong body could make a living on the land; when there had been not so many gringos in the country and the Spanish gente had a good life, with corn in the cribs and lambs in the byres and scarlet chile covering whole houses, with bailes and horse-races and chicken-pulls and processions. There had been still many turkeys in the mountains to hunt in those days, and bears, and many many deer, and especially fish (because the Navajos were afraid of fish), and no one made any fuss when one killed an Indio.

Ay! the old songs, the corridos and songs that would be made up about things that happened, especially the songs for love. Ay! it had been good to be young. But lastima! what a thing to grow old alone with the dead in one's back so that a pretty young senora dared invite one to accompany her on a journey in a car very far all alone. Although she was twenty-eight and had been many years since anyone called her either pretty or young, Juanita felt less pleasure than apprehension. One never knew what ideas might come in the head of an old man, many years a widower. Bueno, she could defend herself. But worse than that, he said that now that they were on the highway their difficulties were over. He had come to guide her, and as darkness fell and the dim red lights of her worn-out car proved worthless, she had a harder time following the line of demarcation between the black road and the roadside shoulder by which she steered.

Huge transcontinental trucks roared over her like freight trains, blasting their horns in exasperation as if she were wilful obstruction and a menace; and the lights of those approaching caused her often to stop till she could relocate the edge of the pavement. Fatigue bore down upon her in waves, and only the terror of the deep ditch on her right kept jerking her back to full wakefulness.

As they approached a dip paved with a concrete apron where a wide arroyo crossed the road, Juanita turned off his stream of talk as if to listen.

"Cuida'o!" He spoke sharply. It was too late. She was already on the down-slope of the dip when a tongue of muddy water, outlined in foam, thrust swiftly across the road. The cloudburst Better is to stay where we are and remain dry. That way is warmer."

the mountains had reached the plain t last.

Dolores kicked the brake and stopped - short of the flow, she thought stallf her engine. Before she could instruct tuanita how to crank the carro by hand, e tongue of w a t e r broadened and ickened and welled up and up till it lled the dip from edge to edge.

Already the water was two feet deep round the car. It seeped in the cracks f the warped doors and covered the oorboards. They had to lift their feet. he pushed the starter without hope, d the dim lights went out. The baby woke and cried.

J uanita was fat a l i. s t i c about their light.

Eso es after rains in the mountains, e snows melt, arroyos flow, and traffic n highways where are no bridges waits.

udging from the quantity of water, it 'll not be possible to pass before morn- • g. Since little can be done in the darkness, is necessary to be patient. They are ucky to be on the slope and not in the eepest part in the middle. There no oubt the water could engulf a strong ung man; it would surely turn the car r and roll it downstream. Many ple get drowned in that manner. "Tal vez is not so deep here," Dolores id, "and we could push the carro back llp to the road where is dry." She was already opening the door when he laid a hand on her arm.

"Oye," he said. "Is perilous. · Listen." Under the high swish and plash of aters she heard a powerful rumble as subterranean thunder - rocks collidg and rolling over the concrete apron.

"Arc perhaps rocks very large," Jua- 'to said, "big enough to break the foot.

As if in confirmation, a boulder struck the upstream running-board with a jolt that made the old car jangle like a tambourine.

True also that there was a frostiness in the night breeze from the north. Was better to nurse the baby and wait.

Headlights glared in her eyes from cars and trucks pulling up at the far edge of the apron. Blurred silhouettes with flashlights were the drivers and passengers watching the flood or running up the road to

warn approaching vehicles to stop. Dolores looked back through the glassless rear window. There were the same lights, the same indistinct figures moving in pantomime, all sound erased by the loud gush of waters.

No one else had been trapped in the wash. Only she.

She thought of her bent and battered car as an ancient vessel on a reef, pounding to pieces in a tempest while helpless folk watched from shore.

The baby screamed again, and she realized she had squeezed it too tight. She must not let herself be so afraid. Here, at any rate, and for the moment, she was safe from the policias.

She unfastened her blouse, leaned forward a little and hitched her shoulder to release the breast. The instant the nipple brushed the baby's cheek it ceased its cries, and grabbed, and a thrill halfpain half-pleasure shot through Dolores' body.

Juanito was charmed equally with the child's avidity and with the mother's tight full breast.

"Is good," he said, "that small babies have much hunger and small mamas much milk. Very good and very pretty. Is like the Holy Virgin with the Santo Nino, very, very beautiful. Solely God can create a manner so beautiful of taking the aliment. The knife, the fo~k, the spoon are not beautiful like the heart of the woman. Is the thing the most beautiful, that. In truth, are closer to God the babies, and to His Holy Mother, than are we old ones."

"Here the policias do not catch us," Dolores said, as if he had not spoken.

The old man clung to his train of thought.

"Did you know I myself one time saw very close the Virgin? Si, de veras, once I had a dream, and in that dream I dreamed I was myself San Jose."

The memory made him chuckle. She made no comment, and after a silence he continued.

"From who knows how long ago, since a child, it appears to me that the Virgin is the woman most beautiful that has been in all time, the most beautiful in the face and the most beautiful in the vestments, and when the manhood comes to my body I think also that she must be the most

beautiful as well in the flesh, so that I begin to wish all the days and all the nights that Our Lady might appear to me as she has appeared in the how-long-ago time before the Indio Diego at Guadalupe - with all the light that streams from her, and all the beauty, only without all the vestments."

Dolores did not know what to say to this bizarre confession. One by one the cars on the far bank had given up hope of crossing soon; they had switched off their lights till now only one pair remained shining upon her, and she hoped that it too would go off soon. Then her breast would be in the shadow, and she would feel less uncomfortable with this old man who was so vividly his lusty youth.

J uanito rolled a thin cigarette, offered it. She shook her head. He for himself, and she noted that his far from lusty, were withdrawn, r tive.

"Always, all my life I am certain that is the sight the most beautiful it is permitted to man to see. It is per a curious thing that I am certain such a thing is permitted, albeit I never heard that any other man has seen it. Still I believe that perhaps I to be the first.

"For many years I wish like this I believe like this. I become a man, I pursue the girls, and I fight and g with other men, and I work hard for father and my mother on our ran ' and then I marry myself with a li young woman very pretty, very good very beautiful, and with Teresita I • very many years and very happy. It at first like the fire that burns too mu and then like the sheepskins that are warm, and then it is like everything e in life, and I am used to it and she used to it; but all the time, all the da and all the nights I am wishing for th vision as well."

The little cigarette was stuck to • lip and bobbled as he spoke. He unstu it now, inhaled a lungful of smoke, an dropped the remnant which hissed as i landed in the muddy puddle on the floo "Then it comes to me, that dre After the fire no longer burns, after am no longer too-much warm, when am at peace in my body and with her, my wife, the dream comes. I dream that I am San Jose, married with the Santa Maria, and I am going to her, and there I find her lying upon clouds very white in front of a sky very blue. Much light is though there is something like her in you.

coming from her, much, much, and she is without any of the vestments, only with so much light that it is like a fire that burns me. It is so much that I am not able to see all that I have wished to see, because

this sight one does not have the good fortune to see very often, verdad? Therefore I wish to see very well everything and remember all of my days.

"For this it is that I approach closer, in order to see better everything, and it is very holy and very mysterious. I am very happy, although the heat and the light are very much, and I think perhaps is not necessary only to look at this beauty, perhaps is possible to do more. But then of a sudden a cold hand like ice presses itself against my stomach, and it does not feel good when I am so hot and so happy, and so I say to the Santa Marfa, I pray to her to take away the hand. She does not say one unique word, Our Lady, only she smiles, very mysterious and very holy, and when I try to take away the cold hand, of a sudden she pinches me and I cry out, 'Santa Maria!' and I am awake."

Juanito laughed softly to himself a moment.

"Bueno, I am awake, and my wife is awake as well and laughing, and she asks me if I think she is in truth a virgin.

"I do not explain to my wife my dream, having then other desires which the sefiora can perhaps divine. But always and ever after that time it appears to me that my Teresita half-resembles the Santa Maria in the body half-equally, though she is not a saint, and though one who has never seen the Holy Virgin "thout the vestments might not remark e similitude. Ay I she was linda, my 'fe, like the spring. More bonita than e senora if the sefiora will excuse me, Si, she was lovely. Even the heat that came from her in the extreme sickness was not like the fever of another but like the heat of the light from the body of Our Lady. Only her hands and feet were cold always, and that was perhaps why in the dream the Virgin's hand too was cold. One may disbelieve, or one may laugh, but it is truth that there was a similitude that never I found in any other woman, so that never I found another that I desired to marry - which is perhaps a pity now that I am an old one, a little lone one, and it becomes difficult to cut the firewood with the dolors in the back. If sooner I had found the sefiora... who knows?"

Perhaps because the tribute was so awkward, Dolores was touched. She was also ashamed of the embarrassment she had felt in nursing the child in his presence. It was like a gringa to feel so. • She did not wish to look at him directly lest she surprise him in some unmanly expression of

sorrow. Yet she wished she could find a word to say that would reward or gratify him.

Suddenly, remembering her curt refusal of a while ago, "I would accept a cigarrito," she said.

"Muy bien," he said. The baby had long ago lolled back, replete, but she had not wished to interrupt the narrative. Now, while the old one fashioned the cigarette for her, she laid the child on the seat between them, hitched her shoulder and refastened her blouse.

There were no lights along the banks any more, only the turbulent sound of rapids. The car seemed to her now a little boat such as she had known as a child on the Lake of Chapala, safe and warm in the middle of the wide water, very far from any gringos or any policias or any danger.

Juanito lit the cigarette for her, and in the match's flare a wetness gleamed on his cheek.

"Muchas gracias," she said. "No hay de que," he said, adding for emphasis: "De nada."

"S1, hay," she insisted. • She tried to penetrate the darkness ahead, as if she expected to see, physically, the state line, and estimate the distance to the goal. Was Polo sleeping now in the jugado? Ojala I Perhaps she too could sleep and forget for a little time the sorrows of this day.

How glad she was she had brought this little lone one with her. Almost she could feel tenderness for him now, and admiration. Without doubt once he had been muy hombre, very much a man and a good husband. What if she had married herself with such a one instead of with the unhappy boy Polo, who in doing bad to those who hated him did also much bad to those whom he loved?

But this was an evil thought, now when Polo was in trouble, caught in his wrong-doing, and no one but her to help him. She should have found a better way than this, with her eyes as they were, someone better than this dreamy old man to assist her. She could still perhaps wade the arroyo and reach the state line on foot with the baby -- "Hi, folks I" A hearty man's voice floated above the flood. "Didn't know anybody was in that car till you lit that match I You all right?"

Dolores stuck her head out of the window, looked back and stifled a cry.

By the flashlight in his hand and the shine on his belt and boots she knew he was a policia. She looked wildly at nito, but the old man only chuckl the idea of anyone getting wet like just to come and talk to them.

When the cop reached the car stepped up on the running-board to his boots, and he had to bend al double to look inside.

"Motor must be full of mud I" shouted. "You'll never drive it out. W to go back to land?"

"Is orright," Dolores said, her v • trembling. "No bodder with aws."

The man had his light on Juani now he turned it on her.

"Well, I'll be --Look who's here He whistled. "Is that your cousin?"

"Si, is my cossen. She leave over the She indicated the direction of J uani jacal.

"Now wait a minute, nobody's lea • no place without I say so."

"She no go 'way, she leavin' o there She got a house over there."

"Oh-he lives over there. Well, that so? Last time you told me he liv up at Navajo Grove."

"No, is another cossen up there. He a gooman, that one."

"All right, all right, we. won't sta that again. You better come with Twice now you try and skip town. Co and tell it to the Sheriff."

There was nothing to do, nothing do.

"Orright, I coom." She indicated Jua nito. "She go home, no?"

"He don't go home, no! He coo too. Want me to carry yo1:1?" He stepped back into the water and opened the door:

"No. Jou take bcbby. I coom." "For Christ's sakes I forgot the goddam baby. You follow me pronto, the both of you."

She explained the situation to Juanito while she handed the baby to the policia.

He managed it and the flashlight awkwardly.

"Jou no drop him," she warned. "Him - a girl, huh?" "Off course is a girl." "Okay, I get it. We're gonna understand each other before we're through.

Come on, here we go."

He took a few steps toward shore, groping for the bottom with his boots, then waited for them to get out. Dolores sank one leg to the knee

in icy water, telling the old man to follow. Seeing he was obeyed, the policeman moved on.

As Dolores stepped in with the other leg, a rolling stone struck her ankle painfully. She let go the car door to feel of it and nearly lost her balance in the current. She did not fall, but her sense of direction was lost, and as she floundered through the muddy swirl she could not imagine why Juanito was calling "Senora I Senora!" in such a tone of alarm.

Officer Ellsbergh splashed out through the shallows, noting the band of wet pavement indicating that the flood had already receded somewhat. He turned to see if the others were behind him. The old man was making it, though he had evidently taken a spill and was crawling on his hands and knees. At first he, a vague short shadow in the start, wandering downstream. He yelled. But even a siren would be unheard in this noise. He looked for help among the spectators up along the bank and thrust the baby at the first woman he saw. By the time he turned back, Dolores was approaching the downstream edge of the apron, where the waters spilling off the concrete had dug a boiling pool in the soft arroyo sand. He dashed toward her, splashing recklessly and yelling. She didn't hear. Finding no footing suddenly, she plunged off the apron into the pothole and for a moment disappeared.

She had managed to regain her feet by the time he reached the apron's edge. The water was up to her chest. Hearing him yell, she stretched out a groping hand. He hoped to be able to stay on the apron and pull her up from there to save his uniform. But the current was too strong for her. She staggered back, swinging her arm to keep from falling, and he missed his hold. She sagged against the far bank of the pool, out of reach and apparently too tired to try again.

Swearing aloud, Officer Ellsbergh lowered himself shuddering into the icy cauldron, grabbed her by the wrist and fought his way back to the concrete apron. He hoisted himself up on it, then lifted her out by the armpits. His boots and uniform were ruined.

Goddam it, the whole Capone gang couldn't cause more trouble than this fool woman had caused him today.

She was coughing painfully and spitting. Apparently she'd taken in a snootful. He dragged her stumbling back to the road. There she crumpled on the black asphalt, coughing and gagging like she was going to vomit.

The old man had made it okay, and he came over, jabbering Spanish, pointing to his eyes and then to her.

So she had mud in her eye - so what I To hell with them both I Ellsbergh so spread a rubber coat over the back of the car so she and Juanito would ruin the upholstery.

started away, but she called after him.

"What's that?" he asked. "I no see good," she said angrily. "Ice no good. No can see."

The siren on the policia' s motorcy gave a rising scream. Dolores closed tired eyes.

He went back to her. "What you mean you're blind?" "Is what I tell you." "You mean -- So that's why -- Holy cats!"

She did not wake up till she was ready standing on the sidewalk outside the county jugado. Juanito had d' appeared.

He swallowed. If he didn't get shut of her pretty, quick he'd go nuts.

He took a couple of steps with the idea of commandeering a car to take them into town.

"Jou got bebbby?" she yelled at him. Christ, if he hadn't forgotten the brat again. But the woman who had it was already bringing it over. Okay.

Dolores hardly noticed when someone wrapped a blanket around her and over the baby. She was numb in the mind and in the body.

Then people were lifting her to her feet, helping her into a car. Juanito was assuring the polici a that the senora could drive very well the carro; he did not want anyone to think that she had broken the law by driving while blind. But no one paid any attention to him. A man Inside the jail was Polo, and she prayc he would not be angry about his car abandoned in the flood. Perhaps if s allowed herself to fall to the ground th would carry her in, and then Polo woul see how very tired she was, how hard sh had tried, and he would not be angry.

Because she held the baby she did no fall and they did not carry her. The policia guided her through a room inte> a hallway dense with bad smells. They came to a cage with many women and some children. A guard unlocked the door.

"Polo?" she asked. "My Polo is not?" There was much noise in the cell, no one heard her, but she knew this was not where Polo was. She recognized voices of women she knew. No one would scold her here. One

took the baby. Another led her to a cot. She wanted to ask again about Polo, but already her tongue was asleep.

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# Textbook of a Return to My Native Land

*Aimé Césaire*

---

Translated from the French by Miriam G. Koshland

Those who have invented neither gunpowder nor compass  
those who have never mastered steam or electricity  
those who have not explored the seas or the skies  
but know in its least corners the landscape of suffering;  
those who have only known the voyages of uprooting  
those who have softened kneeling down  
those whom they tamed and baptised  
those whom they inoculated with bastardization  
tom-toms of empty hands  
inane tom-toms of resonant wounds  
burlesque tom-toms of watery treason

Tepid little mornings of heat and of ancestral fears  
thrown overboard my peregrine riches  
thrown overboard my authentic falsehoods

But what strange pride suddenly enlightens me?

comes the colibri  
comes the hawk  
comes the horizon's breaking open  
comes the baboon  
comes the lotus bearer of the world  
comes from the dolphins a pearly insurrection breaking  
the shells of the sea  
  
comes a diving of islands  
comes the disappear ance of the days of dead flesh  
in the quicklime of the greedy  
come the ovaries of the water where the future  
shakes its little head  
come the wolves who feed in the wild openings

of bodies at the hour when at the ecliptic inn  
my moon and your sun  
meet ...  
there is my sex which is a fish fermenting  
towards banks of pollen  
there are your eyes which under the grey stone of the day  
are a quivering mass of ladybirds ...  
The grass will sway in balance for the cattle boat  
full of mild hope ...  
the stars in the setting of the ring never seen  
will cut the glass organ pipes of evening  
then scatter on the rich extremity of my fatigue  
zmmas  
coryanthes  
and you, old star of luminous foundation, drag the lemur  
from the unfathomable seed of men  
the undared form  
that the trembling belly of woman carries like an ore ...  
My negritude is not a stone, its deafness kicked  
against the clamor of the day  
my negritude is not a film of dead water, dead  
upon the dead eye of the earth  
my negritude is neither a tower nor a cathedral  
it plunges into the red flesh of the soil  
it plunges into the burning flesh of heaven  
it pierces the opaque prostration of its upright patience.

O for the royal Kailcedrat I  
Alas for those who have never invented anything  
for those who have never explored anything  
for those who have never tamed anything  
but they give up, possessed by the essence of all things  
ignorant of surfaces but impressed  
by the movement of all things  
indifferent to mastering them, but playing the game of the world.

Tepid little mornings of ancestral virtues  
Blood I Blood ! Our blood roused by the male heart of the sun  
those who know the femininity of the moon in an oily body

the reconciled exaltation of the antelope and the star  
those whose survival wanders through the sprouting of grass!

Alas, perfect circle of the world and of sealed harmony I  
Hear the white world  
terribly tired from its immense effort  
its rebellious articulations crashing under the marble stars  
its steel-blue rigidities piercing the mystic flesh  
hear its vain victories trumpet its defeats  
listen to the grandiose alibis, its paltry stumbling.  
Pity for our all-knowing and naive conquerors I  
Alas for those who have never invented anything  
for those who have never explored anything  
for those who have never tamed anything  
Alas for the joy  
Alas for the love  
Alas for the sorrow of the most wretched of reincarnated tears

And here at the end of this early morning  
this is my manly prayer  
that I do not hear the laughter and the cries  
the eyes fixed upon the town that I prophesy, beautiful.  
Give me the wild belief of the sorcerer  
give unto my hands the power to form  
give unto my soul the hardening of the sword  
I shall scarcely escape. Make of my head a prow's head  
and of myself, my heart, make neither father ~or brother  
nor son, but the father, the brother, the son;  
not some husband, but the lover of this unique people.  
Make me a rebel to all vanity, but docile to its genius  
like the fist on the outstretched arm I  
make me commissary of its blood  
make me trustee of its resentment  
make me a man of endings

a man of initiations

a man of reflection

but make me also a man of sowing  
make me the executioner of these high values  
now is the time to gird one's loins like a brave man

but ,doing so, my heart,  
 preserve me from all hate  
 don't make me that man of hate for whom  
 I have nothing but hate -

though I isolate myself in this unique race  
 you know however of my tyrannic love  
 you know it is not from hatred of other races  
 that I require myself to be a digger  
 of this unique race -  
 you know that what I desi~e  
 is for the universal hunger  
 for the universal thirst  
 to make them finally free  
 to produce from its closed intimacy  
 the succulence of fruit.

#### Notes

Calibri is the French and Spanish adaptation of the original Carib word for a variety of humming-bird in the West Indies. Coryanthes is a type of orchid requiring warm house conditions. Kailcedrat, a botanical term, is the native name of the Acajou du Senegal, a large tree whose bark, producing a tonic and antifebn action, was once studied as a possible substitution for chichona; the wood is used in the making of fine furniture.

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JOURNAL PAGE 55 / SCAN PAGE 57

## The Jack of Hearts

*Jean Burden*

---

Madame Lovell pushed the cards away and walked to the window. It was still raining. Already the sewers at the corner of Vista were roaring like Niagara. Only Los Angeles could pull a trick like this in the season when any decent place would have snow to cover up its sins.

Rubbing the back of her hand across the steamy window pane, she peered down at the deserted street. A few cars crawled to a stop at the traffic light, and moved forward again, the water spraying defiantly out from their wheels. As she watched, the street lamp in front of the florist shop bloomed into yellow light. Idly she glanced at the clock over the Vista Drug - 4:27. The days were getting short - bad for business, and worse for the disposition. The red car from Hollywood jangled diagonally across Sunset and stopped at the Junction. That would be Sam, or maybe Fred, in the motorman's uniform going into the drugstore. She couldn't be sure through this, yet, but it looked more like Sam. Poor - he hadn't been back to her since she had told him he was going to lose a lot of money on a horse, and two weeks later he had dropped \$300 in the sixth at Santa Anita. That had been the talk of the Junction for a month - until Stanley, the wino, lost his new shoes, the ones Pierre, the cobbler, had given him, and the whole neighborhood had to go on a hunt for them. Stanley himself had paddled along in his bare feet behind the posse, repeating over and over, "I never take them off, I tell you." They had found the missing "sabots" in the trash barrel behind Dan's butcher shop, mixed up with chicken feathers. To this day it was a matter of heated speculation as to who had been mean enough to play such a trick on Stanley.

Stanley - she wondered where he was this sodden day. Perhaps in Mecl's kitchen where it was warm. The old Czech was kind to Stanley and fed him more often than anyone. With the restaurant doing so well now, he could afford to. It wasn't like her business, where you couldn't even legally charge for service. Stanley must have been a good business man once. It was Stanley who had told her she ought to have a hanging sign. "Nobody can see your name on the window," he pointed out. "I'll

make you a sign, Lovey, and the customers will wear out the stairs beating a path to your door." Of course he had forgotten about the whole thing five minutes later, but she had kept the idea, and when Mike from the new frozen food store wanted to give her something for her birthday because of her forecast on General Motors, she had told him about the sign. The Rappaport Sign Company had done the job. If she leaned way to the right, and flattened her cheek against the glass, she could just see it. "Madame Lovell," it read in white square letters on black, "Psychic Advice." She had wanted to add, "Cards, Astrology, Crystal," but she knew the California law. Business had gotten a little better after that, but it still wasn't anything to get jazzed up about. Especially when it rained.

She pulled down the shade, turned on the lamp under the pink paper shade, and sat down again at the table in the middle of the room. She loosened the belt around her thick waist and sighed. God knew she'd give her coral-pin-with-thepearls to have some company tonight. She wasn't made for solitude. Ray had been dead twelve years and she wasn't used to it yet. She glanced at the photograph above the upright piano. A good man, Ray was, and the best chef in Buffalo. When you'd had a man around for twenty years you never felt quite whole all by yourself.

Maybe the cards had the answer. She had been dealing them for the past two hours, but couldn't get the right combination. It either came out "a trip over water" or "a large legacy from a dark woman."

She adjusted her eye shade, felt of her long earrings and dealt again, putting the cards down with a flourish. A jack of hearts fell on the deuce of clubs. Well, that was better. When it came out that way there was no mistake. A blond tor, and it was hearts, not diamonds. She hadn't seen that card in her fortune a long time. She felt an odd prickling sensation at the back of her neck and heart beat a little faster. It was not unpleasant feeling, but it reminded her of an emotion that belonged to her youth. It brought her to her feet. He might here any minute. Too bad she hadn't been born under Virgo, with a little more orderliness in her soul. She picked some candy wrappers and dropped them in the jardiniere, emptied the ashtray in the sink behind the screen, and ran her sleeve over the top of the piano. Then she brought the bud vase with the single rose in it and placed it under Mr. Truman's picture. With the gas heat and the pink lamp the room looked quite cozy.

Would he want the 50c reading or t \$1.00? Would he ask for a horoscope too? Would he stay to dinner? Of course it was hearts, wasn't it? She opened the ice 'box and found part of the ham Med had brought her day before yesterday, and some cold potatoes that could be fried. With a salad and Ray's recipe for French dressing she could make quite a presentable supper.

She squinted at herself in the mirror over the sink. Not too bad for 51, if she did say so. Lucky Madge had given her that henna pack just last week. She kept Madge's horoscope up to date, in return for a regular dye-job, and it worked out nicely. Madge was Libra and could be depended on to be fair. Ray would have liked the henna. He appreciated her, Ray did. "You can be as Irish and soft-hearted as you like inside, and God knows you are, Clarissa," he used to say, "but don't forget to look like a queen while you're at it." And then he'd laugh and pinch her back to the table. He handled the bottle tenderly, holding it up to the light, then brought it to his lips for a long drink.

. It had been a long time since anyy had said she was pretty. Maybe c wasn't any more. She looked in the 'rror again, but she could tell for sure. he felt pretty.

"Stanley I" Madame Lovell cried, "You forgot the glass I"

Suddenly she was conscious that the • had stopped. The sounds of the traffic m the street became louder, and at c same time she heard on the stairs the vy footfall of someone in wet shoes. he steps grew nearer and stopped outde her door. Madame Lovell's heart t at an unnatural speed. She smoothed wn her black skirt and felt her hair.

·s was what the catds must have ant. And yet when the knock came, she ped. The next moment, surprise and disappointment flooded her breast. "Stanley I" A newly shaved face under an old felt t, dripping with rain, smiled shyly at r.

"Stanley, why didn't I recognize your p?" She sounded cross and she knew and that made her crosser. "It must those galoshes you're wearing. Pierre them to you? Come on in. But you ly can't stay. I'm expecting someone." Stanley moved carefully to the middle the room. "You look mighty spruced up tonight, ley. A shave, a hat, galoshes, and rything. Christmas come early, or t?" Stanley looked down at himself as ugh he were a figure he wasn't familwith. His eyes became vague. "I 't remember... " "If you want a drink, you know where is. But don't take

long. I'm having pany tonight." Stanley took the wine bottle and a glass of the cupboard and brought them. He looked pained. "There was only a little left, and I thought..."

"Never mind, never mind." "Lovey, is there any more? I'm still thirsty."

"Help yourself. I keep it just for you." "You mean you don't drink, Lovey?" The question was incredulous.

They had been through this same routine so many times before. "No, I mean I was weaned on Irish whiskey, and I don't care for wine. Bring me the other bottle. I'm beginning to need something myself."

She sank into the one comfortable chair by the window, and sighed, loudly. Stanley put the whiskey bottle beside her, and the glass he hadn't used. She poured herself a small one. This was no evening to celebrate early. Her visitor might be coming any minute. She looked over at Stanley sitting at the table as though he belonged there. His profile was toward her, and in the dim light she could almost pretend he was somebody else. Not bad looking, really. Gray hair, a finely modelled nose, and a sensitive, gentle mouth. Strange, how he was always at ease. Maybe it was because he never looked ahead, and had lost the ability to remember. What kind of person had he been before he turned into a wino? Delicate hands, and kind. Never could fool her about hands. Hadn't he rescued four castoff kittens in the alley last September, and bought them milk with his few nickels? And his speech - sounded as nice as the priest back home.

What kitchen table?

The rain had begun again in a rising wind. What time was it, anyway? Dinner time was six o'clock at the Junction, by a kind of unspoken consent.

As though he had read her thoughts, Stanley turned and asked, "Lovey, did I tell you what happened to my Thanksgiving dinner?."

She had heard the story three times before, and each time with different embellishments. She took a burning swallow. "No, Stanley, what happened?"

"Well, it was the funniest thing." His face lightened with enthusiasm. "Med had given me my dinner a big plate heaped up with turkey, squash, potatoes, Brussel sprouts, and cranberry sauce. It was so heavy I could hardly carry it. Everybody I passed on the street said, 'My, what a fine

dinner you have there, Stanley!' Or, 'Don't you have a lot to be thankful for this year?' I carried it all the way to my house - must be four or five blocks - and up the stairs, and put it on the kitchen table... "

This was the new angle. What house?

"... I poured the kittens some and then I went into the other room wash up a bit before eating, and I came back, what do you think? The cats had eaten every scrap of food the plate I. There was nothing left turkey bones I" Stanley slapped his hand on the table and laughed as though he had told the funniest joke of the season. Madame Lovell put the drink down. What the hell. Stanley had no home, kitchen, and no 'other room.' Winter and summer he slept on Mecl's back porch, next to the garbage-can. Everybody knew that. The cats were real though, and the fact that Stanley didn't get any Thanksgiving dinner. And then he laughed.

She got up from the deep chair. Whatever time it was, it was too late. Too late for the Jack of Hearts, anyway.

"I've got ham and potatoes in the ice box, Stanley. You must be hungry. Would you like some supper?"

Stanley looked at her like a pie child. He smiled, and the lines around his blue eyes crinkled. With a gallant gesture he raised the wine bottle in a toast. "Lovey," he said, "you're a queen I"

## Border Raid

*Seymour Rich*

I can go into a butcher shop and watch that for nothing."

The mud-caked car crawled around the last bend, and Ernie saw that they ~re there. He pulled down the sun • r against the hard glare of light, looking at the nondescript buildings.

"There it is," Ralph said, raising his voice over the sound of the laboring motor.

"Yeah," Ernie 'said. An, open iron pte crossed the highway, and he thought, Is this all there is to it? Beyond the cc, to the south and west, lay the • ls, spotty with low cacti, dun colored, rnt by the sun - they might have the hills around Los Angeles. "I expected more guards," Ernie said. The Mexican customs officer peered ide the 1937 Chevvy at the two young ows in jeans. "What's your business in Tijuana?" "Tourists," Ralph an wered. The customs officer glanced once more 'de the car and passed them through. "What a card," Ralph said. He let of the w h e e l a n d l i t a cigarette. "What's your business in Tijuana?" He • Ir guys come here for the food?" "The bullfights," E r n i e said. He Iced south to the drab hills, the homely utter of the town.

"Bullfights I" Ralph said. "You going pay money to see them carve a bull?"

"Bullfighting's an art," Ernie said. "You see that bullfighting movie?"

"Art, hell I" Ralph said. "Save your money for the finer things. Let Uncle Ralph show you the town."

He grinned at Ralph. "On your right you have the mighty Tijuana River," Ralph said in Jhe voice of a movie travelogue. "A branch of the Blue Danube."

Tires scratched as they passed over a concrete bridge spanning a creek. Children splashed in the dirty water.

"And here we have the tallest, most modern apartment houses in the Western hemisphere."

"My God, what crumby shacks," Ernie said.

"These dumb spies don't know any better. They like it that way."

"You'd think they wouldn't have slums where tourists can see them." He felt an obscure resentment against the shacks, the naked children playing in the hard light.

They turned into the main street of the town. The bars ran out of sight into the distance. Unshaven, ragged peddlers flashed trinkets at them, yellow taxis the liquor and the food, by the uns harmony of the twilight hour.

cruised the streets, and swarms of Mexican girls and sailors from San Diego paraded on the sidewalks.

"Go easy. It's a long night." "I'm fine," Ernie told him. "I'm • right."

"And here's T.J.," Ralph said. He spoke in his natural voice now, and Ernie could feel the excitement in it. "Nothing like the States," Ralph said. "Man, what a town."

Staring at the dead neon of the night club signs, Ernie felt the prickle of disappointment, the betrayal of his imagination. It never works out, he thought. It's never the way you want it. Then he pushed the idea away. "Probably looks better after a few shots of tequila."

"Wait'll you see it at night," Ralph said. "With all that neon, it's a knockout."

"I need a drink," Ernie said. "Keep your shirt on, son. One thing at a time, so you'll get the most good out of it. I'm going to show you a time that you'll really know is living."

"All right," Ernie said. He smiled at Ralph, feeling easy and sure again. "You're the manager. Show me how to live."

"Next thing, a place to stay," Ralph said.

They had eaten and were walking south on the main street. The sun was almost down now, and it had started to get cooler. Here and there a light winked on in houses out on the hills. A soft twilight, like calm water, was beginning to submerge the streets. The lines of buildings were fluid and unreal.

"That tequila is good stuff," Ernie said. He was lazily content, warmed by "That stuff is dynamite, not like whiskey you get in the States."

"You got to sample the wine of country," Ernie told him. "When Rome, do like the Romans do. Try things, like bullfights," he said, sc • the gaudy

poster on the dirty wall, bravery and pageant of cape and costu "I've got to see a bullfight."

"You're crazy," Ralph said. "Th just a way of wasting money." pointed across the street. "That one 1 okay," he said. "Let's try it."

They crossed the street, went insi and up the stairs to the second fl Ernie rang the bell. The door was open by a little man in a collarless shirt, h bald head glistening in the light fr the single naked bulb. rooms?"

"What's the difference between t singles and doubles?" Ralph asked.

"Ten dollars for two singles, seve fifty for the one with the double bed, the old man answered.

"Let's take the two singles," Ralp said, winking at Ernie. "You never c tell." The room was as small as a cell. Erni stood beside the narrow bed holding the key in his hand. There was a single bulb overhead, a chair, a washbasin in the corner. Beyond the wall he could hear Ralph moving about, whistling.

He took the bottle of tequila from his pocket, aware again of a vague disappointment. It's the smell, he thought suddenly; it smells like that lousy room back in L.A.

He uncapped the bottle, lifted it and Ernie asked, pointing to the little picture.

drank, groping for the light switch with his other hand. With the room in darkness he felt better, but the smell, the roominghouse smell was still there. He opened the window and put out his head. He was looking down into an alley. It was full dark now. Somewhere below he could hear voices and laughter, musical and mysterious with night and distance, and the air held something different, alien.

Don't spoil it, he told himself; don't let it go sour on you. Sitting in the window he drank again, listening to the voices, letting the sharp foreign smell in the air take him away from the dingy room. Behind him the lights went on.

"What the hell," Ralph said. "You sitting in the dark? Let's get out of here."

"Sure," he said. He felt good now. "Let's get out and get some of t~at."

The club was jammed. The smoke thick, like weak tear-gas. A band yed American torch songs for the • ls and sailors on the dance floor. mie and Ralph squeezed in at the end the bar; "Two beers," Ralph ordered.

He eyed suggestive murals on the wall. "Not, not bad at all." Ernie's gaze roamed over the wall and on the shelf where the whiskey bottles were lined up. He saw a small one of a Mexican in a large sombrero, with two cartridge belts crisscrossed on his shoulders. "Those are sharp paintings." Ralph smiled at the bartender. The bartender returned a half-smile.

"Who's that guy in the big hat?"

"A general," the bartender said. "A patriot."

"What's his name?" "Pancho Villa." The bartender moved down the bar to another customer.

"Who's this Pancho Villa?" Ralph asked. Ernie still had his eyes on the bartender at the other end. He remained silent for a few minutes, then he turned to Ralph.

"He was a Mexican bandit... used to cross the border to raid our towns." He took a sip of his beer. "Hated our guts."

"That guy says he was a general." "I guess he was a general in their revolution."

"They must have funny notions down here," Ralph said. "Hey," he called to the bartender, "if this was a bandit, how come you call him a patriot?"

"Bandit?" The bartender asked. He stared at the dancers, at the dimly lit booths where the sailors were fondling the Mexican girls. He turned to Ralph, smiling slightly. "Perhaps he was a bandit. It is true he raided the American towns."

"Well for Christ's sake, then --" Ralph began.

"You want to argue or drink?" Ernie asked. "What'd we come down here for? Here comes the floor show."

The band sounded a fanfare and several dancing girls, with long, well-groomed black hair, appeared. But now there was a Mexican fellow standing behind their stools. • He was wearing a well-tailored blue serge suit, an immaculate white shirt, and a painted tie.

"I fix you up with nice girls," he was saying. Ernie and Ralph looked at each other.

"How much?" Ralph asked. "Five dollars each." Ralph frowned. "That's a lot for just another broad."

"But she nice girl. No work regular." The Mexican smiled and showed his half rotted teeth. "Her husband die, and she need money." He put his arm around Ralph's shoulders. "She no work regular."

Ralph stood up and looked at Ernie. "Well?" Ernie gulped down the rest of his beer and slid off his stool.

The Mexican in the blue serge led them toward a distant section of the town. It was dark and they couldn't see clearly. He pointed to a house in the shadows and left them.

Ralph took a coin from his pocket. Ernie called tails. The coin glittered briefly.

"Better luck next time."

Putting the quarter back into his pocket, Ralph disappeared inside.

Ernie took a deep breath. The tequila, warm inside his belly, gave him a feeling of happy anxiety. He felt he was high and almost drunk. Leaning against the fence next to the house, he heard the night completing itself. There was a guitar playing in the distance and he started to hum the Mexican ballad.

Ten minutes later, Ralph came out. "That was one of the best I ever had," he said. He lit a cigarette, grinning across the match flare. "I'm going back to the bar, I need a drink. Have fun."

Ernie opened the door and walked in. The room was dark and shadowy. The girl was sitting on the bed. He saw her first as a mask: - the black hair, the large dark eyes, and then, as she got up from the bed and moved toward him, he saw that she was small. She moved in a cloud of cheap perfume, and he thought in surprise and pleasure that she pretty and then that she was very yo He took off his coat and laid it on dressing table. And then he saw child.

It was at the end of the bed in a basket, and it was awake. He saw through the fog of alchohol, not un standing at first, willing it away as if were a part of a dream he did not w But it was there and it was real and saw the room then for the first time the tattered curtains, the dirt. He sme the smell of poverty and lysol.

"God damn you I" he said, snatch" his coat violently from the broken dr ing table, but he did not know whom was cursing. He turned to the door.

She was there ahead of him. "P faflor." Her eyes pleaded with him.

"Por fñfJor," she repeated. Ernie reached into his pocket pulled out a couple of crumpled bi Thrusting them into her outstretch hand, he took one last look at her. Th he turned and went quickly out the doo Fast at first, then more and more slowl he headed back toward the bar. T image of the girl and her. baby hung, his mind. The peddlers, the sailors, t Mexican girls formed a whirlpool. H saw himself sucked into the spinning human bodies, hungry babies and doll bills.

At the door of the bar he could h the wild racket going on inside, the ban blaring American jazz. With an effort, he shut everything out of his mind. H opened the door and walked in. Ralph was sitting at the bar, his arm about a "Shut up!" Ernie shouted. "All of you! Shut up!"

lack-haired girl. "It didn't take you ong, did it?" he said.

Ernie slid onto the bar stool and rdered a drink. Ralph smiled. "How it?" Ernie didn't look at him. "Swell, swell." The jazz was deafening. A dark, tily dressed girl went into a provoctive dance, accompanied by the howls f the sailors. "Well, your Uncle Ralph taking good care of you, huh? She was sweet piece, wasn't she?"

"Shut up," muttered Ernie. "You son f a bitch, shut up I"

"What the hell's the matter with youf ou drunk, for Christ's sake?"

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Ralph's hand crept over the girl beside him. The bartender's eyes me~ Ernie's. Ernie quickly turned away. He realized that he was staring at the picture of the Mexican in the big sombrero, and the criss-crossed cartridge belts.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess I'm drunk." Leaving Ralph with the girl, he squirmed his way through the closely packed sailors. At the end of the bar he put his drink down in front of an empty stool, slid onto it, and took a long swallow.

I'll have a lot of drinks, he thought. He didn't look at the picture any more.

## THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY

We have been notified by two of our aficionados that they received copies of our Winter Issue from which several pages were missing. We sincerely regret our failure to catch this bindery error before mailing. If other subscribers received imperfect copies we would appreciate their notifying us so that we may replace them.

**BY LAWRENCE P. SPINGAR**

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