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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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RELATIVISM IN LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

BY STANLEY NEWMAN

THE NON-FICTION NOVEL

BY WILLIAM WIEGAND

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

BY WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

GEN'L WM. WALKER

BY JOHN HOUGHTON ALLEN

STORIES

BY TONY HILLERMAN AND LINDA T. CASPER

POETRY

JOHN A. ALLEN, GABRIEL FIELDING, EDSSEL FORD

LUCIEN STRYK, HOLLIS SUMMERS, RAMONA WEEKS

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ON MAY 10, 1967, Dr. Stanley Newman delivered at the University of New Mexico the Fourteenth Annual Research Lecture, "Relativism in Language and Culture." Professor Newman, a member of the UNM faculty since 1949, is distinguished for his scholarship in the fields of anthropology and linguistics, and for his interdisciplinary research and publication.

After attending the University of Chicago where he received both his Bachelor of Philosophy and his Master of Arts degrees, he was awarded the Doctor of Philosophy in Anthropology by Yale University in 1932. From 1932 to 1937, Professor Newman was a Research Fellow of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale and then for two years held a position with the General Education Board of New York City.

During World War II, he worked for the Information and Education Division of the War Department and, among other duties, gave intensive language training to U.S. Army officers assigned to the Middle East. He also prepared courses for the teaching of English to Brazilian and Mexican technicians and to German and Italian prisoners of war held in this country.

After World War II, Professor Newman taught linguistics for the Institute of Social Anthropology at the Escuela Nacional in Mexico City and conducted basic research in the Aztec and Otomi tongues. He has also done similar studies for other languages.

He has held teaching positions at the University of Texas, Columbia University and Brooklyn College—as well as at Yale and the Escuela Nacional in Mexico—before he joined the faculty of the University of New Mexico. Since 1953 he has been a full professor in the Department of Anthropology at UNM.

Professor Newman is known as a teacher of students from many academic disciplines and as a nationally prominent writer and scholar. He has authored or co-authored more than thirty articles, forty reviews and a number of book-length studies. His *Zuni Dictionary* was published by Indiana University in 1958. The University of New Mexico Press published his *Zuni Grammar* in 1965. Among the professional societies of which he is a fellow or member are the American Anthropological Association, American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the American Folklore Society. He has, in the past, been Vice-President of the Linguistic Society of America and President of the New Mexico Phi Beta Kappa Association.

RELATIVISM IN LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

BY STANLEY NEWMAN

One of the most impressive facts about language is its automatic and seemingly instinctive character. When we are in the process of talking, we can come to feel that we are doing something as natural as breathing or walking. We do not need to stop and plan the sequence of words. We can have perfect confidence, for example, about plunging headlong into the beginning of a sentence. There seems to be some mechanism inside us, a kind of electronic governor, that will tick off the sounds and words in their proper form and their proper order, so that we will find our way to the end of the sentence. This will suggest the beginning of the next sentence, and a new sequence of words is created by the automatic selection process. The ability to handle sounds and words in this way is the most complex system of skills that the human being acquires during his lifetime. And it is a distinctively human ability, entirely different from the systems of fixed messages in animal communication.

Because speech appears to be a spontaneous activity that comes from somewhere deep inside of him, the human being develops a warmly intimate feeling for his native language. It becomes an essential part of him. It comes to be associated with emotionally charged reactions. He finds some ways of using his language pleasurable, some ugly, some humorous.

But unforeseen frustrations arise when a person is learning a foreign language. There comes a time in the learning process when the learner makes his first attempts at talking. He plunges recklessly into a sentence, only to realize in the middle that he cannot find his way to the other end. His inner mechanism does not seem to work automatically with a foreign language. On a naive level, he will blame the language, feeling that it is not as richly expressive as his own. Or he may be more knowledgeable and realize that, in the case of his own language, he has internalized the linguistic system; he has learned his native language at the optimal age and has practiced it for thousands of man-

hours, through hearing as well as speaking; he has become so habituated to the language patterns that the system of speech seems to flow from him without his thinking about it. In the same way, the emotional overtones attached to words have also been learned so thoroughly that they become intuitive responses. But, in the case of a foreign language, the experience of internalizing a totally new system of habits and responses is seldom fully realized, especially if the language is very different and the culture very remote from his own. There are few individuals who learn a second language with the intimacy that the first was acquired. Most people learn only one language from the inside, just as they learn only one culture.

This limitation of experience raises a problem, the problem of absolutism versus relativism. Individuals normally perceive other languages and cultures from the vantage point of their own. They unconsciously use their native experience as a norm, a source of absolute values for comparison with foreign ways of behaving. With some expenditure of effort in addition to good will, however, we can escape from our native prison and obtain a glimpse, at least, of how native speakers operate and respond emotionally in a different language system. We can achieve some measure of relativism and gain an appreciation of the insider's view of a system foreign to ours.

To illustrate the relativistic approach, I will use examples from my fieldwork with two American Indian languages. Although I will be primarily concerned with linguistic features, it will be necessary for me to deal with them in their cultural context.

The first example is taken from Yokuts, a language spoken by several groups of Indians in south-central California. As a standard procedure in fieldwork, the linguist first takes down a vocabulary from the language. This provides him with samples of the language that are short enough for him, as a nonnative, to handle. The word list is a practical first step by which the linguist learns to perceive the sounds of the foreign system and to practice pronouncing the forms, with the native speaker as a guide. After a few days, the linguist then ventures into the transcription of connected discourse. Usually this involves having a native informant dictate folktales, which are then written in a phonetic script. My principal task as a linguist was to work out the grammatical patterns of Yokuts, and this could be accomplished only by analyzing the words in the context of phrases and sentences.

But I also became interested in studying the stylistic features of Yokuts folktales. Something of the flavor of the style can be conveyed,

perhaps, by the following translation of a short passage from a Yokuts story:

As before, Coyote assembled the people. And all the people assembled. A large covering was already spread over the ground. On it he is now going to pour his load of seeds. And he poured it. And they said, "This is certainly a lot." And, "Count these important people," they say to Dove. Now they are going to divide it. And each of them took his share. And the unimportant ones took what was left. And all of them were pleased. Having taken their food, all of them will now prepare it. And Falcon's friend, Crow, ate a lot of black seeds. And he turned black.

This is certainly a plain and bare style. In general, the linguistic aspects of this style result from exploiting certain resources of the language and, in contrast, making a sparing use of other of its resources. For example, this passage, this entire story, and the stories I collected from other Yokuts speakers consist primarily of simple rather than complex sentences, frequently connected by the loose conjunction "and." Yokuts prefer to make simple statements like, "And each of them took his share. And the unimportant ones took what was left." Our stylistic tendency would be to avoid the word repetition and to tighten the structure by making a complex sentence of the two statements; we would prefer a revision such as "After each of them had taken his share, the unimportant ones received what was left." But the preference for simple sentences does not result from any poverty of resources in Yokuts. The language, in fact, has more grammatical machinery than does English for constructing complex sentences. There are eight subordinating inflections in Yokuts, attached as suffixes to verbs; they form dependent verbs with various meanings, such as "having done so-and-so," "in order to do so-and-so," and "while doing so-and-so." The language also possesses a large assortment of subordinating conjunctions, with such meanings as "when," "if," "because," and the like. But these subordinating techniques are rarely used in folktales. In the passage quoted above, there is only one complex sentence, and no more than a dozen occur in the entire story from which the passage was taken. Speakers of Yokuts, then, have the linguistic means to form elaborate sentences, but they prefer to keep the sentence structures simple.

The same tendency is at work in the construction of words. The most complicated part of speech in Yokuts is the verb; to form a

complete word, the verb must have at least one suffix. This is the lowest limit of complexity that the language permits. It is significant that the majority of verbs used in myths and tales are kept at this lower limit. From a rough sampling that I made of several hundred verbs in the stories, I found that more than three-fourths had no more than a single suffix; only one out of twenty verbs had as many as three suffixes; and the sample had no instances of verbs with four or more. This lack of elaborate words is not due to any lack of linguistic resources in Yokuts. The language possesses the means to achieve complexity in words as well as in sentences. The total number of suffixes is about the same in Yokuts as in English. It is possible, in fact, to construct Yokuts words with five, six, or more suffixes. As an informal test of my grasp of the grammatical patterns, I would invent words containing five or six suffixes and try them on my informant. He was able to translate these inventions of mine without any difficulty. But he found these elaborately constructed words amusing, and sometimes they would occasion a burst of laughter from him. Although the words were grammatically correct, their construction was impossibly heavy and pompous to the native sense of form. To the Yokuts feeling for simplicity, they were grammatical monstrosities.

In addition to this simplicity of form, the style of folktales is characterized by the use of words with broadly generalized and literal meanings, like "assembled, people, large, a covering, ground, pour," to quote from the first few sentences of the passage given above. There is no attempt to gain specificity of meaning with finely nuanced words or to stir the imagination with words employed in figurative senses. Here too, the language has the resources, in this case a class of verbs, that would delight the English stylistic sensibilities. Many verbs of this class evoke sharp images, as "to make a slow bending motion upward (as branches bending in the wind)," "to make swinging motions back and forth," "to become spread out in a fan-like formation (like trees sticking up out of a hill or like fingers spread out)," "to make puckering motions in and out."

I happened to stumble upon these verbs accidentally after I had been working intensively with the language for three or four weeks. One afternoon as I was talking with my informant, I overheard his eight-year-old son make a remark in Yokuts as he was pointing to the other side of a stream that ran by the house. I was able to understand all but the last part of his sentence. The remark caught my attention not so much because it had a new word in it, but, rather, because the

word seemed to be constructed in a way that I had never encountered before in the language. I repeated the sentence to my informant and, in standard fieldwork procedure, asked him to tell me what it meant. He translated it as, "That thing over on the other side is making a squeaking noise." The Yokuts word that had caught my attention was *k'i:k'wiya:'an*, the verb meaning "it makes a squeaking noise." The last part of the word, *-wiya:'an*, was the same as a regular verb meaning "it is doing." But the compounding of the "it-is-doing" verb with a preceding element was the first example of a compound which I had found in Yokuts. In English we can form compounds freely in great numbers, as in "book-case," "table-top," "pencil-sharpener." But Yokuts, as it turned out, used compounding in only the one class of verbs of which *k'i:k'wiya:'an* was a member.

Another characteristic of these verbs was their use of onomatopoeia, or sound imitation. The consonants and the vowel in the first syllable of *k'i:k'wiya:'an* are meant to represent the kind of sound being referred to and, in fact, are reminiscent of the sounds in the English equivalent, "to squeak." Most onomatopoetic verbs of Yokuts do not resemble English verbs to this extent, but we can appreciate their sound imitativeness across languages: "to strike a flat object to the ground" is *k'ubwiyi*; "to snap the teeth" is *k'at'wiyi*; "to make fluttering or spinning sounds" is *t'abababwiyi*. In English we are fond of words which play with sounds in this way. Words like "thump," "boom," "squeal" are felt to add vividness to one's style, particularly in writing; they are richly evocative words to native speakers of English.

My informant's reaction to these Yokuts verbs was very different from that of an English speaker. When I tried to find additional examples of this class of verbs, the informant seemed hesitant to give them to me. On the first day that I tried to obtain more verbs from him, he was able to recall only two or three more. But by prodding him intermittently over the next two or three months, I was able to collect about a hundred examples of this class. He told me that these were words used primarily by children; he felt that such words were too silly for serious adult attention. Verbs of this class appeared only a few times in all the folktales that I gathered in two summers of fieldwork. They were used in narrative contexts where an overtone of the ludicrous or the extravagant was appropriate. A verb of this type, for example, occurred in a story in which Thunder, as one of the mythical characters, was to come to a meeting; the compound verb referred to the loud booming noise made by Thunder, the ludicrous verb being a

stylistic device to emphasize the ineffectual nature of the loud noise and to foreshadow the action of slow, heavy Thunder, who had to make several attempts to move before he could get started on his journey. Other examples of these verbs appeared in stories about Coyote, a trickster and dupe in Yokuts mythology; in these narratives the compound verbs were used to refer to some of Coyote's clownish antics, but they were rare even in these contexts.

We would find these verbs stylistically appealing, then, because of their specificity of meaning, their vivid imagery, their mimetic play with sounds. In English, we value a style in which words are used to achieve delicate overtones of meaning. We urge students in composition classes to avoid what we regard as colorless words, such as "walk," and to substitute the more specific and nicely nuanced words like "saunter," "hobble," "march," "plod," "pace." We tend to believe that language used effectively should evoke visual images and stimulate the other senses as well. In terms of our stylistic values, the sounds of words should be exploited for their contribution to the music of a passage or for their imitation of the sound of whatever is being described.

But speakers of Yokuts have a taste for a blander and more subdued style. To them the compound verbs are linguistic freaks, which can be employed in good taste only on rare occasions. The specificity of meaning in these words and their bright imagery, which we enjoy, add to the sense of violence and bizarreness which the Yokuts associate with these forms. The mimicry in many of the compound verbs is regarded by them as childish. The very compound form of these verbs is an anomaly in the language and adds to their aura of eccentricity in the context of the native form-feeling.

The feeling for form is a powerful factor in our esthetic reaction to words. We cannot share the Yokuts feeling of freakishness for compound forms, since English is full of compounds, which therefore seem normal to us. But we may be able to understand their reaction by reference to our own stylistic feeling toward a grammatical form that is as rare in English as compounding is in Yokuts. I am referring to the grammatical technique of reduplication—the repetition of part or all of a word—as in "choo-choo," "pitter-patter," "piggy-wiggy." We feel that these aberrant reduplicated forms are silly and freakish. We associate them with children. Although we would use some of these words in children's stories, we would restrict their use to special and rare situations. A speaker of Yokuts, then, has much the same kind of

reaction to k'i:k'wiya:'an, "it makes a squeaking noise," as we have to "tittle-tattle" or "doggy-woggy."

If we regarded English stylistic norms as absolute values, we would rate Yokuts style, as exemplified in the folktale passage quoted above, as dull and repetitious. The constant use of simple sentences and simple words would seem monotonous to us. The parade of words with abstract, generalized meanings would give us an impression of colorlessness; we would be disappointed at not finding the kinds of specific, sharply etched meanings that we have been accustomed to expect as stimulants to our imagination. A style which lacks visual imagery and fails to appeal to our auditory or other senses would appear flat and tasteless to us.

But, as we have seen, Yokuts possesses the resources in its grammar and vocabulary for satisfying the stylistic norms which we have in English. The plain fact is that our stylistic norms are not absolute and universal. The native speakers of Yokuts have no desire to exploit the resources of their language for English esthetic purposes. If they were to react to English style on an absolutistic basis, they would find our use of language as displeasing, as foreign to them, as we find theirs. They would undoubtedly feel that English lacks those qualities of restraint and consistency that they find pleasing in their language. Our varied sentence structure would strike them as an untidy jumble of short and long sentences, some of which are so overloaded with subordination and qualification that the bold outlines of a statement become lost in a welter of twists and turns. Our striving for vivid images and the expression of fine shades of meaning would seem to them too strident and garish in contrast to the quiet dignity of their own style. For their taste, our exploitation of sounds and pictures in language would beat too insistently on the senses.

Instead of judging one language by the standards of another, instead of regarding our language as an absolute standard, we can take a relativistic view; we can recognize that, just as each language has its own distinctive grammatical rules, so the standards of usage that govern its style are also distinctive. There are, in fact, several styles in each language. The storytelling style of Yokuts employs certain conventions that are not used in everyday speech, and each of these styles utilizes the resources of the language in slightly different ways. Furthermore, the Yokuts recognize that some storytellers are more talented than others and can actualize the stylistic values of the language more effectively. In English, too, we are familiar with different style

levels in different language-using situations, such as conversational style, the style of formal address, newspaper style, the style of poetry. We, too, recognize that some individuals are more skillful than others, even gifted, in their ability to exploit English in one or more of its style levels. We are even aware that English stylistic habits—in literary prose, for example—change over time, and they change more rapidly than the grammar or the system of sounds. Language styles seem to respond to cultural changes, particularly in the category of the expressive arts. An individual growing up in his culture learns not only the grammar of his language but its habits of usage as well. He eventually learns to react esthetically to these stylistic customs: certain ways of using the language in certain situations give him pleasure; styles that depart too far from the usage to which he has been habituated will seem inappropriate to him and lacking in the essential qualities of good style.

From this point of view, we can compare styles relatively, without being misled into regarding one as better or worse than another. We can compare Yokuts with English storytelling styles by recognizing, for example, that Yokuts has a greater tolerance than we do for various kinds of repetition—recurrence of the same simple sentence structures, of simple word forms, even of the same words. We, on the other hand, have a greater tolerance and enjoyment of the sensual potentialities of language, particularly for the stimulation of the visual and auditory senses. In other words, we and the Yokuts simply have different perceptions and different expectations with regard to the stylistic values of our languages. These differences are the result of our distinctive linguistic habits and cultural experiences.

My second example is taken from the Zuni language, spoken in a pueblo of western New Mexico, about forty miles south of Gallup. The Zunis have a practice which is somewhat comparable to our mimicking of foreign accents. In our culture we follow this practice in some of the folk narratives that we label as “jokes” or, on a more exalted level, in our dramas, where foreign characters in a play are expected to speak English with some variety of a stereotyped dialect. Needless to say, Zuni mimicking appears in a different cultural setting. One of the clown societies, which is among the religious fraternities of Zuni, has the function of presenting humorous interludes between the major parts of a ceremonial. The clowns have an extensive repertoire of skills, used for providing comic relief in a long ceremonial sequence. Among their skills is the ability to talk Zuni with

a variety of foreign accents. In some of their skits, they lampoon various of their pueblo neighbors, the Navahos, Spanish-Americans, or Anglos. Of the foreign groups with whom they have interacted, the Anglos are apparently considered to provide the best material for farcical treatment.

For several generations, the Zunis have heard speakers of English trying to talk their Indian language. Traders and missionaries living in or near Zuni villages have been their principal models for mimicry. Part of the humor results from the situations in which the clowns dramatize their speaking parts. The clowns select the types of situations that would strike the Zuni as incongruously secular, in contrast to the sacred setting of the ceremonials. Such modern items as telephones, radios, alarm clocks are considered inherently funny when brought into a ritual context by the clowns. In one of their dramatizations the clowns have clotheslines strung across the plaza to represent telephone wires; they come running out on the plaza and pretend to talk over the telephone, jabbering in Zuni with their stereotyped version of an English accent. Another type of skit is represented by sideshows, in which the clowns act as barkers. Or the clowns may stage auction sales, where they take the part of auctioneers and high-pressure salesmen who move out among the crowd of onlookers.

Against this cultural background, the clowns distort Zuni in certain conventional ways to achieve the effect of an English speaker's mispronunciations. The details of their mimicry are an interesting form of folk art, which might be considered as verbal caricature, and I would like to examine some of these details.

In the clowns' verbal performance, certain features of mispronunciation are given special treatment. Our rising intonation in questions is an example. In English, questions which can take a "yes" or "no" answer are intoned with a rising pitch at the end of the sentence: in a question such as, "Are you going tomorrow?" the intonational rise normally appears on the word "tomorrow," with the second syllable taking most of the rising tone. Zuni, on the other hand, uses a technique for marking questions that is very common in languages of the world; it simply attaches an interrogatory suffix to the end of one of the words in a sentence, which then becomes a question, but the Zuni interrogative sentence is pronounced with the same intonation as a declarative statement. In trying to talk Zuni, speakers of English would naturally tend to transfer their native habits of pronunciation to Zuni words and sentences, and the rising intonation in English

questions would be among these transferred habits. Because this intonational melody is foreign to Zuni, it would be perceived by the Zuni ear as outlandish and comic, and, therefore, as material for clownish treatment. When the clowns use this funny intonation in their mimicking performance, they exaggerate the melodic rise to heighten the comic effect; sometimes they rise on their toes while stretching the upward glide. In general, the melodic patterns of a language seem to strike the human ear with peculiar vividness. In our own mimicking conventions, we expect a skillful performer to include the characterizing melody for each of the foreign accents—and we have stored in our minds' ear the replicas of the Irish melody, the Mexican melody, the German melody that we have heard mimicked. Furthermore, at an early stage in the process of learning their language, infants often reproduce the expressive intonations and accents, even before they have the words to fit into the melodic framework.

Another oddity of English that the Zuni clowns utilize is our habit of aspirating certain consonant sounds. This is a pronunciation habit of which most English speakers are unaware. The initial consonant in a word like *pin* is pronounced with a puff of breath, or "h"-like aspiration. But the "p" sound in the word *spin* has no aspiration. This difference could be symbolized as "p^hin" versus "spin." The "p^h" variety is used when it occurs in certain positions within the word and under certain conditions of syllable stress; the "p" variety is used in other situations of position and stress. The same rules of pronunciation apply to the "t" and "k" sounds in English. The habit of aspirating these sounds under certain conditions and of repressing the aspiration under others is an amazingly intricate habit that native speakers of English learn with automatic precision in their early childhood. But Zunis do not have this habit. Their "p" and "t" sounds are always unaspirated, like those of French or Spanish. When an English speaker hears a Zuni word like *pola*, "cottonwood," he would normally perceive it with his native speech habits as starting with "p^h"; he would naturally, then, reproduce the word as "p^hola" instead of "pola." This type of mispronunciation, however imperceptible or trivial it may seem to us, sounds grotesque to the Zuni and is seized upon for mimicking. Clowns learn to pronounce the foreign aspirated sounds in Zuni words, usually exaggerating the breathiness for added comic effect. It is considered especially funny when sacred words in Zuni are pronounced with these aspirated consonants.

These two features of pronunciation—the intonational rise and the

aspiration—will be sufficient to illustrate the peculiarities of English speech that the Zuni clowns introduce into their mimicry. But the stereotpye of Zuni spoken with an English accent includes distortions that could not possibly be derived from the mispronunciations of a native speaker of English. For example, although Zuni has a “y” sound that is much like our own, the clowns replace it with a strongly frictional “y” in the mimicking version of a word like *yalanne*, “mountain.” This type of sound is foreign to English, as it is to Zuni. It resembles a sound which appears in some dialects of Spanish, and I suspect that a Spanish rather than an English accent has been the source of this distortion introduced into the clowns’ performance. It is to be expected that mimicking conventions would include items which are an inaccurate representation of the source but serve to enhance the comedy.

Zuni mimicry of the English accent is selective. It not only takes account of certain mispronunciations which English speakers—and, perhaps, other quaint foreigners—would be likely to make in talking Zuni. It also omits other distortions of Zuni sounds that most native speakers of English would inevitably produce. One of the characteristics of Zuni that would be difficult for English speakers to learn is the quantitative system, which in some ways is very much like that of Classical Latin. Zuni vowels are distinguished into short and long varieties. In a pair of Zuni words like *mula* and *mu:la*, the only difference resides in the length of the “u” vowel: the vowel is short in *mula*, “parrot”; in *mu:la* (from Spanish *mula*), “mule,” it is long. Similarly, the consonants of Zuni appear as either short or long. The words *’usha* and *’ushsha* are differentiated by the length of the “sh” sound: the consonant is short in *’usha*, “grouse”; in *’ushsha*, “bull-snake,” it is long. Every vowel and every consonant in the Zuni system of sounds is contrasted on the basis of this quantitative factor. Because English has no quantity features of this kind, it would be difficult for a native speaker of English, in the first place, to become aware of these features of Zuni and then, eventually, to learn to perceive quantity differences in Zuni words with any degree of self-confidence. Learning to control the length of sounds would require him to develop a new set of habits which would conflict, at several points, with the stronger native habits which he learned in English. Consequently, few English speakers could be expected to reproduce Zuni words with the correct vowel and consonant quantities. Yet, Zuni clowns do not make use of this distortion in their mimicry of English

accent. And there are other mispronunciations that English speakers would be expected to make that do not appear in the conventionalized performance of the clowns.

The principles of caricature help to explain the characteristics of the practice of mimicking foreign accents, whether the practice occurs in Zuni culture or in our own. The purpose of this convention as practiced by Zuni clowns is not, of course, to provide an accurate picture of the English speaker's pronunciation of Zuni; it is, rather, to exploit the oddities of the foreigner. For the purpose of highlighting the foreigner's peculiarities, only selected elements of his mispronunciation need be used in mimicking. The inclusion of too many of the distortions would result in incomprehensible speech, no matter how typical of speakers of English such badly mangled pronunciation might be; and it is essential for the audience of the Zuni clown to follow the sense of what he is saying. In our own convention, too, whether it is a joke about German Americans or a serious drama involving German characters speaking English, the audience must be able to understand the content of the joke or the spoken parts in the drama. In verbal mimicry, then, as in the visual forms of caricature, the presentation must be highly selective rather than exhaustive. It is merely necessary that some degree of verisimilitude be attained and that the audience be able to recognize the object of the caricature. The listeners must be given sufficient clues to know that they are listening to an English dialect in Zuni or to a German dialect in English, as they must be able to recognize the caricatured face of the President of the United States in a cartoon. The stereotyping of these caricatures, the reinforcement achieved by repetition, helps members of the culture to identify the object being represented. Besides selecting only certain features for representation, the practice of caricaturing also permits exaggeration of these features, if the exaggeration heightens the ludicrous or distinctive qualities of the foreign group or the individual who is being caricatured. It even allows the inclusion of some features that do not, in fact, belong to the real group or person, just so long as this departure from reality succeeds in supporting the already existing stereotype.

As native speakers of English we can scarcely be expected to find anything funny about our rising intonation in questions or our aspiration of "p," "t," and "k" sounds. We cannot truly participate with the native Zuni in his feeling that there is something intrinsically absurd about these speech habits, for few of us have had the cultural

experience to impress us with the incongruity of these phonetic habits from the vantage point of the Zuni linguistic system. We have heard these habits within the context of English, and here our habits inevitably seem natural and right to us. Yet, I think, we can appreciate the fact that foreigners may appear funny in any culture by recalling our reactions to the mimicking of foreign accents in our own culture. Here we have directly experienced the oddities of German speech, for example, or the grotesque features of the language of American Indians. Naive members of our culture may even come to believe that our mimicking stereotypes give us a true portrait of the foreigner. But, as we have seen, a mimicking tradition aims at providing a caricature rather than an accurate delineation. There is nothing inherently peculiar, of course, nothing funny in any absolute sense about German speech any more than there is about English speech. It is only when they are taken out of their proper context, when German habits are embedded in an English context or when English habits are thrust into a Zuni context that they appear strange and incongruous.

For this very reason, mimicking practices are particularly strategic, I feel, in offering an insight into the relativism of culture habits. Through these practices, we have the experience of hearing German as if it were a funny kind of English. We can understand that, by the same token, English might be perceived as a funny kind of Zuni. Mimicking achieves its effect by the trick of assuming that the native context is absolute. From this absolutistic view, foreign habits will always seem odd or bizarre.

It may be more difficult for us to persuade ourselves that the stylistic features of English are relative to our language and culture. We are more conscious of the elements of English style than of our phonetic habits, and we have stronger emotional commitments to the style features that are regarded as effective and pleasing ways of using language. Particularly if we have participated in our traditions of written English, we have learned to be aware of the features of good style and, in our own compositions, to try to achieve them with conscious deliberation. We are taught to search for words and phrases that will add vividness to our writing and to keep from repeating the same words in close proximity. We come to feel that these stylistic norms are absolute values. As I have tried to show, however, these norms are not applicable to Yokuts. In fact, some aspects of Yokuts style—the avoidance of vivid expressions, the high tolerance for repetition—are directly opposite to our own stylistic values.

From a relativistic point of view, it is natural for us to have an emotional investment in our linguistic and cultural habits. These habits have been built into us over a long period of time. They form an automatic set of responses. For the same reason, it is right and natural for persons raised in a different language and culture to have equally strong value commitments to a different set of habits, regardless of how inappropriate outsiders may feel these values to be. But the recognition of this fact raises a dilemma. We must not deceive ourselves that, through an effort of good will, we can climb into the skins of people from a culture far different from our own and participate in any significant way in their emotional responses. Not being a native speaker of either Yokuts or Zuni, I am willing to confess that I cannot respond esthetically to the values of Yokuts style or laugh spontaneously at the Zuni mimicking of English. The best that I can do is to gain, in some measure, an objective realization of the stylistic qualities valued by the Yokuts; through analysis I can arrive at the incongruities of English that Zunis can grasp intuitively. To believe that I could experience these values like a native Yokuts or Zuni would be to entertain a romantic delusion.

The relativistic view, then, demands that we recognize our limited capacities for sharing emotionally charged values across languages and cultures. Beyond this relativism, there are, of course, absolutes that apply to human experience with language. All human beings, in contrast to subhuman primates, are endowed with the capacity to learn a language as their native form of expression. All human beings, furthermore, have an innate potential to use the forms of their language as one of the sources of esthetic expression. Language provides the stuff for artistic elaboration as does clay or paint or music. Some of the principles by which different groups mold their language into esthetically pleasing forms are universal, such as the principles of rhythm and repetition. But these universals, or absolutes, are high-level abstractions which seem remote from the intuitive bases of our esthetic experience. What strikes us most vividly in viewing the art forms of another culture is its differences from our own. And it is here, in the understanding of these differences, that the relativistic view provides convincing answers. For this view permits us to attain a more sophisticated appreciation of people whose background of linguistic and cultural experience is totally different from ours. With it, we can begin to understand why they behave as seemingly strange as they do.

Gen'l Wm. Walker

BY JOHN HOUGHTON ALLEN

GEN'L WM. WALKER was how he signed himself to *The War in Nicaragua*, published in Mobile, 1860, largely to recruit filibusterers for his last and disastrous adventure in Central America—for the grey-eyed man of destiny was a scholar and gentleman, and left his own testament, written fluently and with a certain style like *Caesar's Commentaries* in the exalted third person.

In the old daguerreotypes he looks like a brigand, but Walker was nevertheless the greatest soldier-of-fortune of them all. He lived in the golden age of filibusterism, when the young nation went adventuring, and men believed in Manifest Destiny. Filibusterism was not exactly honorable, but it appealed to the imagination, and in a left-handed way was even patriotic. It was land hunger and greed and glamor and restlessness, but all that was required of the venture was success: the morality being, then as now, not to be caught about it.

The poets were chauvinistic and Joaquin Miller wrote an heroic poem to Walker, *whom no man understood, true as steel, or a star, and brave as Yuba's grizzlies are—a presence like a chevalier*, but Walker did not look like a hero. He was such a *little* man, weighing hardly more than a hundred pounds, homely and shy and reticent, stuffy, with a sick complexion and grey eyes that both fascinated and repelled.

He had an indomitable will and certain lofty ambitions and a mis-directed genius. He was born in Tennessee, of Scots ancestry, and puritanically raised, like so many of the ruthless self-believers. As a child he was refined, intelligent, devoted to his mother. He was precocious, graduating from the University of Nashville at fourteen, and receiving his M.D. at Pennsylvania before he was twenty. He continued his studies in Paris, but not being inclined to medicine, he returned to this country and studied law and was admitted to the bar in New Orleans.

These professions had their uses in his career, because his military hospitals were better than average, and his governments sensible, patterned after the Napoleonic Code. However, he was an unsuccessful lawyer, and became a journalist, in the best tradition of those who fail at everything else. *It is significant that while in New Orleans this greatest filibusterer-to-be was against popular meddling in Cuba, and once horsewhipped the editor of a Spanish-American newspaper.*

It was in New Orleans that Walker fell in love, and the rest of his young life was to be frustrated—he was about thirty when it ended before a firing squad—and he was to be chaste, austere, with a secret grief. In the finest and Southern romantic fashion he suffered a resolved melancholy. His lady love had been deaf, and this studious serious little man had learned sign language to converse with her, but she died of the yellow fever. Thereafter, Walker became reckless in his habits.

In 1850 he moved to California, where he had brief troubled careers in law and journalism, and several duels. In court Walker the lawyer often defended Walker the editor, and his acquittals were acclaimed by demonstrations in the streets, for he was popular with the public: a brilliant speaker, sharp and not profound, subtle and unconvincing, given to rhetoric and ready patriotism and uncommon fervor, the ideal demagogue.

Filibustering was in its springtime.

Alex Bell had just returned from Ecuador. The Marquis de Pindray and the Count Gaston Rasousset-Boulbon had been sending expeditions to Sonora which, however, ended in fiascos. Nor was Walker's first attempt at filibustering auspicious. He did succeed in lowering the Mexican flag in La Paz, and declaring Baja California part of his projected Republic of Sonora, so that the Mexicans had been surprised and were heard to say that Walker might as well have declared all Mexico, and this would have saved him the trouble of making pronunciamentos in the future. For Walker never got to Sonora.

Ostensibly, his intention had been to establish a military colony there, not necessarily hostile to Mexico, with a mind to protect the helpless citizens from marauding Apaches, whether Sonora approved or not. Walker honestly believed anybody who could settle and bring peace to that territory had a right to it in the name of humanity. He deplored the corrupt Mexican politics, the cowardly garrisons. He pointed gravely at the mines abandoned, the haciendas laid waste, the monasteries roofless in ruins, the natives relapsed into ignoble savagery.

In fact, Walker rationalized, making his invasion ethical, the motive pure, like an enlightened nation prepared to exploit and colonize a backward country anywhere, for its own good.

With forty-six men, the dregs of the Barbary Coast, which San Francisco felt well rid of, Walker sailed to Ensenada. He established a base there and continued to La Paz, and finding it defenceless, he proclaimed the entire peninsula part of Sonora. It must have struck the Mexicans as comic, for at first they did nothing: they regarded him as a madman. Walker's very appearance was disarming. The sight of this tiny man with the light hair and almost pupilless eyes, the face a mass of yellow freckles, the expression melancholy, the clothing anything but military—ill-made pantaloons without straps and a blue coat and white fur hat in this tropical climate—was preposterous.

The invaded town refused to take him seriously, not even when he made speeches, and appointed cabinet ministers and army and naval officers in earnest from among his social misfits, but when the good citizens of La Paz heard two hundred recruits had landed at Ensenada, they became alarmed and straightaway drove Walker and the filibusterers out. The brave little army retired to Ensenada to fight another day, but here there were nothing but desertions, because the recruits had come expecting to find the peninsula another Canaan, and were rocked by, astounded at, the actual hideousness of this ugly land, its aridity and miserable climate.

The mountains were like gutted quarries, the coasts bare with no water to drink. There was desert everywhere, and on the islands, cannibals; so that many of the filibusterers were glad to go home, willingly relinquishing the high honors and appointments they were offered in the Republic of Sonora.

Walker resorted to executions and floggings, but half the recruits deserted. Then undismayed, leaving a small detachment at Ensenada "to hold the country," Walker with a hundred men made a toilsome march through the desert to the Colorado River and arrived at the boundaries of Sonora with the force decimated by fever and fatigue and desertion to a mere thirty-five. They were few, but Walker called each man a hero. He addressed them in noble language. Some Germans who had brought their musical instruments tried martial airs. But these heroes looked across the Colorado River and seeing Sonora was ugly and desolated as the peninsula, no amount of persuasion could prevail upon them to go farther.

They turned back in despair towards Ensenada, they were starved,

feverish, in rags, with their feet bleeding, and harassed by bandits, for Walker had made the mistake of requisitioning cattle belonging to the robber Meléndrez, and Meléndrez, if not exactly patriotic, was highly indignant, and wanted these freebooters out of the country. He had killed all the garrison at Ensenada, so Walker had no alternative except to retreat to the border, with Meléndrez and his horsemen literally driving them back into the United States. *All in all, it had been impolitic to requisition the cattle of Meléndrez, and Walker was not to make another such mistake until he ran afoul of Commodore Vanderbilt, in Nicaragua.*

However, he was the hero of the hour upon his return to San Francisco and resolved on another expedition, but was now prevailed upon to give up the idea of Sonora and devote his highminded ideals and talents to the prostrate country of Nicaragua. It was suffering anarchy and fairly crying for the liberator. In six years it had had sixteen presidents, for in Nicaragua everybody wanted to get his hands on the Customs and kill all his enemies.

Nicaragua was badly in need of regeneration: it wanted rescuing from its backwardness and disorder, and Walker was not one to turn down an appeal to chivalry, although he lived in a time when chivalry was largely dead.

There were filibusterers in Nicaragua already, on both sides. C. W. Doubleday on the Liberal, and Major Dorse, whom Doubleday called a scoundrel, on the Legitimist. Still, Doubleday had been touched when Major Dorse was killed, for he died gallantly of three wounds, meanwhile firing a burst into Doubleday's lines. Also on the Liberal side was General Mariano Méndez, a Mexican soldier-of-fortune, very ferocious, in charge of lancers and arquebusiers, of whom the Legitimists were afraid before ever he arrived to blow on the walls of their towns.

Walker's filibusterers were mostly mountain men, and arriving from California they were given triumphal welcomes with grandiloquent speeches and the clanging of all the churchbells and the braying of brass bands, and in every town they got drunk. They were fifty-eight in all, later called the Immortals, and they practically were: stout hearts like Achilles Kewen, who had fought with López in Cuba and was Walker's second in command, and Timothy Crocker, a fairhaired boy, by far the bravest that Walker had in Baja California, who was commissioned a Major, and Hornsby a veteran of the Mexican War, as Captain.

They joined the Liberal side and were known as the American Falange. They always had the position of honor, leading the attack or covering the retreat in every battle, and some were killed: others who did not fall were to die more slowly of wounds and gangrene and bad whiskey and Asiatic cholera. The plague came from the habit of insanitation, of leaving the dead unburied, for great heaps were executed after every town fell and left outside the walls for the buzzards.

THE LIBERAL COMMANDER MUÑOZ, an ignorant and vainglorious Honduran, very black, with the manners of a petit Napoleon, now let Walker have a few lancers under Méndez and one hundred unenterprising native auxiliaries under Doubleday and told the Americans to take Rivas.

The Legitimists, whom Walker called a rabble, were commanded by General Santos Guardiola from Guatemala—in Nicaragua everybody had a finger in the pie—who laid waste in the country like a spoiled child, and was even more terrible than Mariano Méndez, and Walker had appealed to the Falange against his inhumanity.

The filibusterers embarked on their tiny ship the *Vesta* to San Juan del Sur, where they landed and got lost in the forest. They were drenched by torrents of rain, and emerged wild and ragged, looking like buccaneers, but the Falange moved into Rivas at a quickstep. The auxiliaries were supposed to follow, and cover the rear and flanks of the attack, so the Falange charged boldly, unsuspecting, driving the Legitimists before them. However, the auxiliaries fell away and the cavalry did not show, and the handful of Americans found themselves pinned down by a most determined fire near the plaza. Heavy cannon were brought to bear on them, and they had to fight their way out of this trap, leaving their wounded behind in the cathedral, but these Guardiola had dragged out and tied to stakes and burned alive, making a fine auto-da-fe.

Eighteen of the Immortals had been killed. Major Crocker among them, bleeding from a shattered jaw, with one arm useless, but urging on his men to the last. Colonel Kewen was also killed, with a bullet in the lung, smiling as he died. Doubleday, who had left his cowardly auxiliaries and joined the Falange, was shot in the temple but lived, and two other officers were seriously wounded.

The broken little army had to retreat to the coast, with every village closed and shuttered against them. Walker was grieved by his losses and disgruntled by the perfidy of the Liberals. He sulked aboard the

vessel *Vesta*, threatening to withdraw from the country, but Muñoz was providentially killed at this time, and Walker was made supreme commander.

A few recruits arrived, among them a fine Prussian officer, Bruno von Natzmer. Walker discharged the native auxiliaries, and waited outside León for reinforcements from California. Nothing tries the firmness of freelance soldiers so much as inaction and many of the Immortals threatened to desert, so that Walker had to harangue them, assuring them they were the precursors of a noble movement destined to affect materially themselves and all Central America and the world.

About this time there broke out a rash of dueling among the hot-headed officers, which Walker effectively put a stop to by issuing an order that whoever survived in these affairs of honor would summarily be shot, or both parties if they lived.

Cholera spread in the camp and Walker, wanting to be nearer the isthmus and communications with California, moved the Falange back to San Juan del Sur.

Guardiola in Rivas with five hundred men prepared an attack that would drive the filibusterers into the sea. Walker marched to meet him with his Falangists and General Méndez with 120 native cavalry, but the Liberals were taken at Virgen Bay in a surprisingly unfavorable position, being attacked with their back to the bay, with front and flanks exposed. However, the Falange mowed down the enemy with deadly rifle fire.

The enemy was drunk with aguardiente—after the battle the field was strewn with empty demijohns, like cannonballs which had missed their mark—and pressed by their own cavalry, but they could not defeat the fifty American riflemen. Upwards of a hundred Legitimists were killed and many left wounded as Guardiola fled, but these were treated humanely by Walker, much to their surprise, and that of Méndez who wanted to slaughter everybody.

Guardiola resigned his command to General Corral, and withdrew to Honduras where he started another revolution and became President. Legitimists came over to Walker's side, who now found himself popular with these fickle people because of his mercy to prisoners, and because he kept his native auxiliaries from looting and murder. Nor did Walker use the customary impressment, so generally his native troops were reliable.

Reinforcements arrived until the Falange numbered one hundred Americans: Colonel Gilham, a veteran of Baja California, who had

lost a leg in that campaign, arrived breathing fire, along with two excellent officers, Brewster and Davidson. However, Doubleday resigned, and was only to return when all was lost and Walker needed him. Doubleday had begun to suspect Walker of self-seeking, and Walker also lost Méndez, whom he had to dismiss because Méndez was rustling all the cattle, and his offences and cruelty and petty peculations were intolerable. Méndez had gone over to the Legitimists rather sadly, saying he could never understand Walker.

Walker tried to make a truce with Corral, who would not parley, so Walker seized the steamship *La Virgen* and crossed the lake of Nicaragua with his Falange and in the dead of night took the city of Granada. It was a successful action, with one native killed and he a Legitimist drummerboy, which caused a contretemps, for Norris, who did this for the Falange, asked to be excused in the future because, as he whimsically complained, in every museum, the battlescenes he encountered were the same—there were always the broken cannon and dead horses and the general riding cockhorse and only the drummerboy lay dead in the foreground, and this resignation Walker just as whimsically accepted. . . .

THE POPULACE OF GRANADA was pleasantly surprised to find the filibusterers orderly and disciplined. Walker released political prisoners who joined the Liberals. The Legitimists feared the reprisals of the Liberals a great deal more than they did any action of the Falange, and Walker now issued manifestos, asking for justice and that the Americans be allowed to remain as citizens. His proposal was accepted enthusiastically, and Walker to his amazement found that a good pronunciamiento, full of bombast and vacuity, could have more effect on these mercurial people than a dozen battles, although on the other hand he observed that one day the people hollered viva the Americans, and the next they might just as loudly viva for the other side.

Father Vigil, a powerful priest, also had been won by Walker's moderation. Walker was a reactionary, which conciliated the Legitimists. His defeat of Guardiola and the painless capture of Granada had made him the hero of Nicaragua. Recruits kept arriving, sixty in one lot under Colonel Birkett Fry.

General Corral and Walker met in Granada and fell into each other's arms, with the women and children smiling through their tears, and a Te Deum was sung in the cathedral. A new government was formed with a figurehead president, Corral Secretary of War, and

Walker Commander of the Army, and officials were appointed from both Liberal and Legitimists parties. It looked like a happy coalition, but Corral, true to form and almost immediately, conspired against Walker and called privily on Honduras and Guatemala to help expel the invaders, as a patriotic duty, and proof of this treason being produced at the court-martial, Walker reluctantly had him executed, for then Corral became a martyr.

However, Walker's general moderation became the fashion, and to keep the Roman peace, and largely at the instigation of Walker, the president decreed more colonization by Americans, until there were twelve hundred citizens of the United States in Nicaragua and all in the army. Great Britain had not been alarmed at his success as yet, and the United States looked the other direction. All might have gone well if Walker had not fallen afoul of Commodore Vanderbilt, who owned the powerful Transit Line across the isthmus, with ships on both oceans.

The Commodore had his own code of ethics. He even supported Walker under the table, and when the new government, also at Walker's instigation, demanded that the Company pay what it owed Nicaragua, or have its contract annulled—Vanderbilt had been indignant. In his books it was a definite doublecross, and the Commodore was a most vindictive man.

Walker was brave, uncompromising, and later stood off the combined armies of Central America, he defied Great Britain consistently, and would not back down from the United States, but he made the gravest mistake of his life when he tangled with Vanderbilt—a man so powerful that even the United States came hat in hand to borrow money from him—for it was to be the revenge of this single capitalist to scuttle Walker's dream of a Latin American Empire.

Walker had facts on his side, justice, poetry, the opinion of jurists—adornments of the California bar, in a day when learning, eloquence and logic were more important than they are in these degenerate times and molded legislation which benefited society and was not the evanescent law born of party passion and unpure interest—and Walker had shown that the Transit Company had forfeited its contract by not building a canal, or a highway, or any railroad, and that for six years it had not made a payment. But all this was beside the point, for Walker had most certainly been impolitic in having its charter revoked, and most certainly should have left Vanderbilt alone.

Vanderbilt appealed to Congress, but smilingly the United States

pointed out, as he had pointed out to them so often when he wanted to violate any treaty or the neutrality laws, that the Company was a Nicaraguan corporation and for him to go to Nicaragua for redress. Vanderbilt then called upon the Nicaraguans to sustain his octopus, warning that in ridding themselves of the Transit Line, they were delivering Nicaragua to Walker, the pot calling the kettle black.

When he could not start a revolution in Nicaragua, he turned in fury to Costa Rica, which he began arming for an invasion of Nicaragua, and in this little enterprise Vanderbilt was backed by Great Britain, now alarmed at the fantastic success of Walker. Great Britain was in favor of the status quo, and Walker cut in on its dividends, and there is nothing the English will fight for like money.

The opera-bouffe country of Costa Rica, that never had a war, went forth mouthing brave words, and marched to Guanacaste, where they met and engaged Schlesinger with five hundred filibusterers, but these were not the calibre of the Californians, being mostly French and German, and they were decisively defeated by three thousand effete Costa Ricans. Walker was so disgusted that he demobilized all the Europeans from his army and had Schlesinger courtmartialled for neglect of duty, ignorance of command, cowardice in presence of the enemy and, when Schlesinger escaped, for desertion.

Then Walker set about repairing this appalling loss of face. He paraded his filibusterers in Rivas and addressed them, endeavouring to show the moral grandeur of their position: how they stood alone, without support or sympathy from the United States, opposed by Great Britain and formidable private interests, maligned and betrayed and inveighed against by many of the very people they liberated, and with the proper rodomontade told them they had to choose between basely yielding up their rights, or nobly dying for their adopted country.

Walker did not seek to hide the peril, with the Costa Ricans advancing on Rivas, Guatemala and El Salvador at last having declared war and approaching Leon, Honduras joining the Confederation also, and the Legitimists under the traitor Méndez allied with the invaders—all upon the sacred soil of Nicaragua, alienating the sympathies of the people, demanding that the filibusterers be turned over to them, and that every patriot arise against these oppressors (although a few Nicaraguans went over to them and those among the bourgeoisie, the chronically treasonable, those that wore shoes).

Walker inspired the filibusterers, calling upon all true men, and

allowing the Costa Ricans to enter Rivas, he then attacked with all his forces. Colonel Sanders with four companies of California Rifles entered north of the plaza, Brewster with three companies to the South, and von Natzmer moved up with the reserves. At first all succeeded, but the Falange was stopped short of the plaza by a very galling fire of sharpshooters, pinned down and defeated by the same Europeans whom Walker had dismissed from his army after the disaster in Guanacaste, for these low mercenaries had found it just as profitable to fight for Costa Rica. They eventually worked to the rear of the Falange and set fire to all the buildings so that Walker had to withdraw from Rivas.

The seriously wounded were left in a church near the altar for sanctuary, but these unfortunates were nonetheless dragged away and shot like dogs in the plaza. *It is a matter of record that the atrocities in this filibusterers' war were all committed by the little Central Americans, with the exception of the burning of Granada, and that was in a military fashion. And significant, that when cholera broke out in the enemy camp and the brave Costa Ricans decided to withdraw from their first campaign against these fiends and monsters, they left their own sick and wounded to the tender mercies of Walker who treated them humanely and according to the articles of civilized warfare.*

Nominally, it was a Costa Rican victory, although in the battle only fifty-eight of the Falange were killed and sixty-two wounded, while above four hundred Costa Ricans and mercenaries were slain and as many wounded. There was no need for another battle, for due to the unsanitary habit of Latin American armies not burying the dead, cholera struck in Rivas and spread fiercely, with mortalities so frightful the Costa Ricans abandoned Rivas and withdrew into their own country, carrying the plague with them.

WALKER RETURNED TO LEÓN in triumph, where the filibusterers were greeted in the most enthusiastic manner, with brass bands and bells ringing and speeches. Flowers were strewn at their feet as if it were a victorious army. Minstrels sang the praises of Generalísimo Walker. Fiestas were held, tears of gratitude shed. The people all hollered viva, but meanwhile the figurehead president in León and his cabinet were busily betraying Nicaragua to the Allies.

No sooner had Walker and his Falange withdrawn to the south

than the whole province of León declared against him and his renegades and vivaed for Guatemala and Honduras and El Salvador.

Walker, grieved at this treachery, dissolved the Liberal government, held a free election and made himself president. It was a perfectly honest election because nobody ran against him.

The Nicaraguans began to stir uneasily: Walker was an honest man, and to them that was a most dangerous kind of fanatic. All Central America had come up against an incomprehensible situation, which they were not sure they could become accustomed to: they saw desolate prospects of peace, with everybody's private appetites and personal retributions curbed, and there would be no fun when it was no longer possible for a defeated candidate to declare a revolution over the weekend.

Still, the filibusterers were no worse than their new liberators, the drunken Guatemalans and the rabble from Honduras and the element from El Salvador and the pestilential Costa Ricans.

General Ramón Belloso of El Salvador was honorary commander of the Allies, but General Paredes of Guatemala, who was a Spaniard of the pure blood, refused to take orders from this mestizo and operated independently, while Méndez looted and terrorized León gratuitously, so that the Nicaraguans were very unhappy.

Walker went about strengthening his government, nor was he one lightly to believe in the theories of democracy. His republic was military, nor were his men dying gloriously in battle, gasping out life from the evil effects of typhus, convulsed in the agonies of cholera, or making other sacrifices for liberty, just to put in practice a form of government that would be abused and malpracticed by a backward and degenerate people.

Walker was pro-slavery, and his first act as President had been to legalize it, and this in a country where most of the population had a touch of the tarbrush. But slavery was not uncommon at the time, and half the United States believed in it.

Walker's laws and decrees were published in both English and Spanish, for the Americans did not take the trouble to learn the language of their adopted country. Walker did have a bodyguard that was bilingual, for convenience, but they were Cubans, and what they spoke has never been regarded as Spanish, even in Central America. But Walker had a motive in flattering the Cubans because he intended later, when he conquered Central America and annexed Mex-

ico, and allowed the Southern States, when they eventually seceded, to join his pro-slavery Caribbean empire, to take Cuba from Spain, and kick Great Britain, for her sins, out of the Indies altogether.

Walker had always wanted a navy, as far back as Baja California, so he confiscated a schooner that belonged to the dissolved government in León and made Lt. Callender Irvine Fayssoux, who had served in the grand navy of the Republic of Texas, its commander. The ship was rechristened the *Granada* and men from among the Immortals detailed as sailors. Lt. Fayssoux received orders to cruise in the Gulf of Fonseca, discourage support by sea to the Allies in León, take captives and intercept important messages and make shipshape reports directly to President Walker.

IT WAS NOW SEPTEMBER 1857 and the Falange consisted of two battalions of Rifles, the light Infantry, the mounted Rangers, and a small artillery under Captain Schwartz, about eight hundred in all. Opposed to this American Phalanx, as it was now called, were twenty three hundred Allies, together with various traitorous detachments of Leonnese under the butcher Mendéz. Costa Rica was temporarily hors de combat, but the Allies were determined to get Walker out of Central America anyway.

Walker allowed them to gather in force and then struck the Allies in Masaya on October 11, intending to destroy and demoralize the enemy at one blow. But while the attack went successfully, nine hundred free-lancing Guatemalans took the loyal city of Granada. Colonel Fry and two hundred sick and wounded had been left to defend it, so Walker was constrained to pull his attack on Masaya to retake Granada, literally driving the drunken Guatemalans out of its streets.

At this time, providentially, when he needed a genuine soldier most, Walker was joined by the ablest soldier-of-fortune in the business, Colonel C. F. Henningsen, who had been in the Carlist Wars, in Russia with the Tsar, in the suite of the Hungarian patriot Kossuth, and the British Army. Walker put him in supreme command, much to the resentment of his rough and ready colonels, whose principal ideas of military tactics was taking the plaza and leading troops in person, but soon his efficiency was felt in every organization of the American Phalanx.

Costa Rica had returned to the fray, for Vanderbilt was not paying them for nothing, and threatened the highway of filibusterism, which

was the Isthmus Line, so that Henningsen had to clear them away time and again. Walker also sent him to Masaya, but Henningsen would not needlessly sacrifice men they could ill afford to lose, and the next day Walker took command, proving Henningsen's point by losing a third of the Phalanx killed and wounded. . . . The Allies would not budge, and they followed when Walker withdrew to Granada. They surrounded the city and Walker evacuated the bulk of his army across the lake to Rivas, leaving Henningsen with 227 men and 73 wounded to come later, after the town had been razed as a military necessity.

It was a severe measure, but also a dark hour for the filibusterers, with the only good news being that Lt. Fayssoux in the schooner *Granada* with 28 men and two cannons had attacked a full-blown Costa Rican brig which mounted six guns and carried a complement of 114 men and officers, and blown it to kingdom come. Walker was so proud of this victory it almost compensated for the loss of Granada, and he considered Lt. Fayssoux admiral of the southern seas and another Nelson and gave him an estate near Rivas for signal services to the Republic.

Meanwhile in Granada the unsuing hero of the entire extravaganza was Henningsen. He had the responsibility of the wounded and 119 civilians, the thankless job of razing that city, and Granada was under constant attack. On September 24 the Allies had attacked at three points, with Henningsen's artillery dispersing the main body, his stubborn riflemen resisting an advance on the plaza, but the wharves were lost and his escape by water cut, so now the filibusterers were besieged in a flaming town by Allies reinforced to the number of seven thousand with new Leonnese traitors, mercenaries, scavengers and Costa Ricans. The besieged were threatened with no quarter unless they surrendered, starvation and disease decimated their ranks, but Henningsen repulsed every Allied attack, and the grim demolition went on, as Walker had ordered it.

Henningsen had seven guns and four mortars, and ammunition was so scarce that retrieved cannonballs were fired back into the enemy. There was cholera and typhus in camp. The houses were burned except those in which the civilians and wounded were quartered, and the filibusterers were exposed to the elements. There was apparently no hope of being rescued by Walker. The cordon of the Allies drew tighter every day, but the filibusterers prepared to die in their trenches by the bayonet. They had no country, they were offered bribes and

safe conduct to surrender, but Henningsen gave his replies at the cannon mouth.

The enemy attacked daily and were repelled with terrible losses, but their spirit did not falter, and the filibusterers, without ammunition, sick and wounded and starving, seemed doomed, when Walker at last came steaming over the lake with a small expedition to their rescue. He stayed aboard himself, but Captain Waters landed with two hundred Rangers and these fought their way through the besieging Allies to Henningsen's relief in the most desperate assault of that war. They cleared a path savagely through the enemy and when the cordon closed, cleared it again, carrying the sick and wounded, and bringing off all the civilians, and what remained of Henningsen's detachment with its brave tattered flag flying. . . .

Granada was in ruins, at best a barren victory, and there would be no more recruits to this lost cause. At Granada the mortality had been terrible, along with the casualties, and these men could not be replaced: of 419 Americans who had defended and razed that city, 110 were killed or wounded, 40 deserted and 120 died of cholera and typhus. The figures alone speak of the unconquered heroism of these few adventurers and their commander, fighting in and razing a besieged city, threatened with extermination and marching out undefeated, after having resisted sickness and wounds and famine and assault and bribery and hardships not even mentioned in the reports, but the best was General C. F. Henningsen—the last to leave, the beau ideal of this kind of mistaken chivalry, who looked around at the desolated city, and with a gesture worthy of Byron, struck a lance into the ashes, and his duty done, on the lance was a pennant of paper with the sad words written *AQUI FUE GRANADA!*

It was a pity these good men had an affinity, almost a genius for lost causes. For Walker's was lost, he was in desperate straits, with the enemy closing for the kill, and his only hope a relief expedition under Colonel Lockridge that tried to fight up the San Juan river, but this forlorn reinforcement was too late. Badly managed, hampered by the British fleet, it was eventually destroyed by Sylvanus H. Spencer, a renegade soldier-of-fortune who worked for Vanderbilt, an English officer named Cauty, and Barillier, an ex-Zouave.

Spencer had been an engineer on the lake steamers of Vanderbilt and was ideally cast for the role of river pirate. After intercepting the relief expedition, he had captured all the steamers and the forts on the river and had moved up and taken the waters of Lake Nicaragua.

The lifeline on the isthmus was cut altogether, and Walker was in Rivas, with the ocean at his back, surrounded by the Allies, and Costa Rica took all the credit. Costa Rica issued a statement: "The main artery of filibusterism is divided forever. The sword of Costa Rica has severed it."

It was enough to make Sylvanus H. Spencer, and even the filibusters laugh, for Vanderbilt had done this, and Spencer had twenty thousand dollars as a down payment to show for it, together with a lot of Company stock the old Commodore had saddled him with, to make him keen. Nor does Walker fail to give credit to this base and murderous creature Spencer, who did not scruple for the sake of lucre to imbrue his hands in the blood of his countrymen struggling against intolerable odds to maintain their rights and beleaguered by cruel and vindictive enemies, for Walker admits that, if it had not been for Spencer, the Lockridge expedition would have come through and taken the enemy in the rear, and the siege would have been lifted and the war not lost.

For there was dissension among the Allies after Granada, cholera in their camps, and they had suffered great losses in the fruitless attacks on Henningsen. Of the seven thousand Allies engaged during the siege, Henningsen put hors de combat at least two thousand, while fifteen hundred of these heroes deserted. The Allied commanders blamed each other, and Nicaragua was tired of its liberators and wanted to get back to simple and chronic revolution for themselves. The Allies besieged Rivas, but it was not with the same heart.

The filibusters at Rivas were 919, of which 500 were effective. Henningsen and Walker both made sallies against the enemy, but to no avail. The cathedral bells were melted down for ammunition. The troops' rations were horse and mule meat. There was the usual cholera and typhus in camp. The assaults were daily, and the Allies outnumbered the Phalanx ten to one.

Walker made use of generous promotions to bolster morale. He addressed his troops often, in the manner of the first Napoleon. Deserters were not mistreated by the Allies, and now there were desertions, though Walker said it wrung tears of agony from every true-hearted man to witness this shame and dishonor in their countrymen in such crisis and the air was tainted by their crime and degradation.

Henningsen won a last massive victory with a sally against the cordón at San Jorge, that killed and wounded five hundred Allies, but it only brought about a vindictive counterattack and general assault: six

hundred of the enemy making a feint at the hospital in Rivas, where the doctors had to arm themselves to protect the patients, and the Salvadoreans entering north of town with seven hundred whom Walker drove back viciously, the Costa Ricans entering the north-side with seven hundred, to be repulsed by the Mississippi Rifles, while the south side was over-run with Guatemalans, whom Henningsen cleared of the streets with artillery.

After that the war was stalemated, but sooner or later, the ammunition would be exhausted and the filibusterers forced to surrender by attrition. Walker knew it, and allowed American women and children to be evacuated to the sloop-of-war *St. Mary's* which had been sent for that purpose by the United States. The British frigate *Esk* was also standing by, and had ordered the plucky little *Granada* to strike its colors, and got a go-to-hell from Fayssoux, and Walker had been so wroth he took time from the siege to make the British commander apologize for this insult to the Nicaraguan flag.

Captain Davis, of the *St. Mary's*, then prevailed upon Walker to surrender himself and his men to the United States, although Walker held out for guarantees from the Allies for the Nicaraguans who had remained faithful to him, fearing reprisals. He then turned himself and his filibusterers over to Captain Davis—pointing out, not without pertinence—that the flag of Nicaragua still flew over Rivas, while the besiegers had only the flags of Costa Rica and Guatemala showing, and those of Honduras and El Salvador.

Captain Davis had orders to attack the *Granada*, but there was a difficulty in its seizure, even after Walker and the Phalanx surrendered, because Walker was reluctant to turn over his navy, which he needed to return and take back the country. He had not renounced the presidency of Nicaragua. Fayssoux would not give up the ship without orders from Walker. The American sloop-of-war brought all its guns to bear on the *Granada*, but Fayssoux merely prepared to do battle with the United States, and most certainly would have, if the written order had not come from Walker to surrender the schooner.

The evacuation was orderly, with Henningsen spiking the guns and destroying materiel, and the filibusterers were embarked on various ships. They were in rags, vermin-infested, starved and suffering from wounds and fever. Henningsen, with his curious detached personality now made a last estimate of the three thousand filibusterers engaged in this Central American venture and found fifty-five per cent lost by

death and illness and desertion, thirty-four per cent killed and wounded, and only eleven per cent surrendered to Captain Davis.

Walker's last general order at Rivas read: "Reduced to our present position by the cowardice of some, the incapacity of others, the treachery of many, the army has yet written a page of American history which it is impossible to forget or erase. From the future, if not the present, we may expect justice."

THERE HAD BEEN NO CAPITULATION to the Allies. These were furious at the United States intervening, and went back to quarreling among themselves. Everybody wanted a slice of Nicaragua, even Honduras and El Salvador, and Guatemala demanded the province of León. Costa Rica demanded the Transit Route in no uncertain terms, to keep it safe for Vanderbilt and went so far as to declare war on Nicaragua, when it was not released to them, but this was called off because of the return of Walker in 1858.

Everything in Nicaragua had returned to normal: with revolutions as usual, discord and dissensions and doubledealing, reprisal, and Vanderbilt not paying anybody, England collecting the Customs, and statues were put up in the plazas to commemorate the heroes who expelled Walker from the sacred soil of liberty and Central America. But in the United States, Walker vowed to return, he vowed it by all the bones of the mouldering American dead in the jungles, on the isthmus, at Mayasa, at León, at Rivas, at glorious Granada. He would return in the face of the reproaches of the backward people for whose welfare they had died, and he would let no man tear the laurel from their graves wherever they may lie.

Walker protested he had been betrayed, harassed by great powers and private interests, and coerced into surrender by the United States Navy. In New Orleans he and his staff were tried and acquitted of the charge of violating neutrality laws, and Walker brought down the house with the statement: "I have yet to learn that men, seeking to maintain their rights in the perpetuation of Southern institutions, of which they have been unjustly deprived by foreign and abolitionist interference, are to be restrained by a Southern jury, and willingly trust our case to their decision."

The bands played *Hail Columbia* when Walker and his brilliant staff appeared in the theatre at New York. The ovations were tremendous, that is until the rank and file of the filibusterers began ar-

iving from Panama, miserable wretches, destitute and sick, complaining of the inhuman indifference of Walker, and that they had practically been abandoned in the tropics.

However, Walker was again recruiting, and paid little attention. Like a wild beast maddened by its wounds, Walker was determined to return and regenerate the stubborn ungrateful little country of Nicaragua. Doubleday was back in the fold. He did not approve Walker's sentiments exactly, but Walker had a ready reply for his romantic scruples, "I am not contending for the world's approval, but the Empire of Central America."

The watchword was "We'll meet at Philippi."

THE SECOND EXPEDITION was made up of Anderson, Hornsby, Fayssoux, von Natzmer and 270 recruits in a little vessel that slipped out of New Orleans one night without lights and landed them at Puntas Arenas, where later they were joined by Walker, and waited for reinforcements to arrive under Henningsen.

Anderson prepared the movement inland by taking Fort Castillo and a few of Vanderbilt's steamers, but just as Henningsen was due to arrive with artillery and materiel and Walker begin his triumphal return to Rivas, the steam frigate *Saratoga*, mounting fifty guns and flying the broad pennant of Commodore Paulding of the United States Navy, anchored directly opposite the filibusterer camp. It was supported by two American men-at-war, and two British vessels. These combined navies landed marines who effectively got between Fort Castillo and the filibusterer camp and blockaded the San Juan river.

Walker sent a protest to Commodore Paulding against this violation of neutrality, but the only answer was the *Saratoga* training its guns broadside on Walker's camp, and putting out small boats with howitzers to take the filibusterers in custody.

Walker surrendered, but under duress.

Thereupon Commodore Paulding wrote this rather incredible letter to his wife: "Upon this (the order to surrender), he came to see me, and this lion-hearted devil, who had so often destroyed the lives of other men, came to me, humbled himself and wept like a child. You may suppose it made a woman of me, and I have had him in the cabin since as my guest. You would think, to see him and the Captain and myself, that he was one of us. He is a sharp fellow and requires a sharp fellow to deal with him. I have taken strong measures in forc-

ing him from a neutral territory. It may make me President or may cost me my commission."

It wasn't only Walker who had delusions of grandeur.

It all goes to show, then as now, on what flimsy pretenses the president expected to be elected, but Commodore Paulding had definitely acted without authority, and Walker once back in the United States turned on him ferociously. He backed the stuffy Commodore into a corner and demanded through Congress that the United States return himself and his men to their country from which they had been forcibly removed and even kidnapped, and that the Commodore be made to apologize and salute the Nicaraguan flag.

The administration of President Buchanan was definitely embarrassed, nor did Walker shrink from abusing the President. He pointed out that Buchanan openly advocated the annexation of Cuba, but that he Walker, was the president of his own country in Central America, and treated like a felon. The Walker-Paulding imbroglio was very heated, with Walker making a fine appearance in Congress. Paulding was publicly censored, but Walker came off second-best, with his popularity waning.

THE GREY-EYED MAN OF DESTINY had had his day.

There was no longer privy support of filibusterism. The United States had begun to wonder at the wisdom of Manifest Destiny: of grafting the disturbed and alien peoples of Central America on the body politic of this great country, that could not settle its own question of slavery, even if Wm. Walker by any chance did turn his conquests over to the United States.

He was no longer regarded as successful. Yet Walker planned a third expedition and his own Transit Company. It was called the Southern Emigration Society. The United States Navy was alerted, with instructions to apprehend the expedition on the high seas. England patrolled the Mosquito Coast, but nevertheless Walker and above a hundred filibusterers evaded these navies and landed in Honduras.

Walker immediately took the fort at Truxillo, and made his last and fatal mistake by declaring the port free. For the customs were mortgaged to Great Britain, and England's fury sent the HMS *Icarus*, Novel Salmon commanding, to demand that Walker return the funds instant, and surrender himself and his renegades to Her Majesty.

Walker was forced to flee towards Cape Gracias to avoid capture,

and here the filibusterers took refuge among the Carib Indians. The Icarus followed them patiently along the coast, and finally starvation and fever caused the filibusterers to surrender: they were assured by the British Commander they would be treated as prisoners of war and returned to the United States. Eventually they were, all except Walker, who was straightaway turned over to the authorities in Truxillo like a common criminal. Walker's old enemy Guardiola was now President of Honduras, and Walker was well aware of the fate awaiting him.

He was very bitter about this last treachery of the English. He had the right to take Truxillo, since Honduras was technically still at war with Nicaragua, and he pointed out for posterity that he was still President of Nicaragua. The conduct of Captain Salmon, in receiving his surrender and then turning him over to his enemies, Walker deplored, saying it reflected on the honor of a British officer, but Walker realized it was no use protesting and he prepared calmly to die.

After six days in prison, he was awakened one fine morning, and confessed himself to the priest—for Walker had embraced the Catholic faith under Father Vigil in Rivas—and he was marched out at eight o'clock and shot against a ruined wall. A second volley was fired into the body where it lay kicking on the ground. Finally the officer in command of the execution discharged a revolver in Walker's face, mutilating it beyond recognition. And so died the greatest filibusterer of all, groveling in the dirt.

Nobody ever said he didn't deserve his fate, but there was something brave and noble about Walker. He was no mere vulgar adventurer. He had moral force and integrity, but as has been written he was "mastered by, rather than master of, his dreams, with a blind belief in his own destiny, unable to receive advice or suggestions, sadly lacking in knowledge of human nature, greedily hastening to seize supreme power, unable to conciliate opposition, utterly wanting in tact and diplomacy" and the wonder is that he got so far. Had he succeeded in his desperate enterprises, as he almost did, Walker might today be a name in America like Bolivar, or Washington.

WHEN HE DIED, filibusterism died with him. Henningsen said it would never die, that a thousand men would rise to vindicate the memory of Walker, and Nicaragua would be retaken and regenerated as his monument, but the fabulous soldier-of-fortune was wrong: there were no men to rally to the cause, none like those who followed Walker, and

there was never to be again another leader to replace him. He was the last, as well as the greatest of the filibusterers.

All the young adventure and energies of the United States were now to be dissipated in the Civil War, which was bigger and better than any lost cause ever dreamed of in Central America, and all the sad adventurers were to go down fighting for the South. Henningsen, and Fayssoux and Hornsby and Anderson and von Natzmer and many another filibusterer became but names lost in the musty records of old battle lists of Shiloh, the Wilderness, Vicksburg, Atlanta.

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GABRIEL FIELDING

CORRIDA IN AZPEITIA

I

Now we are back from the far South
Our coin spent in the sovereign sun
Over the blue counter where the girls wear waves
And the corn breaks on the dry pines,
We remember most the bull's mouth
And his hanging tongue in the sand,
In the noise, in the cloud of clapping—
And the sexual poise of the matador's thighs.

If the cape turn like a wind or a wave,
If the bull drive or stagger,
His grave gaze on the whispered threat,
He'll be brave, he will die
He will purge some debt.

And homing high from the far South
Through clouds, through the fell Pyrenees
Where memory plumbs the gadarene slope
And the eyes turn in on the sullen sun,
We remember most the bull's mouth
And the piercing truth in the sword,
In the hide, in the clustering flies
At his side and the loop of the drunken horns.

If the death set like a trap or a clock
If the bull lean or shudder
His blackening ton in its shroud of sweat
He'll be brave, he will die
He will purge some debt.

When we came back from the far South
Where the houses crouch on the little hills
And the shutters shout of the darkness within
As the wind collects in the sea's cheek,
We remember most the bull's mouth
As we wept by the wall in the round ring
Where the reed-pipes call on the sombra side.

If the man die like a dog or a slave
If the bull tilt, wet his horn
In a groin or a silken breast,
He'll be brave, he will die
He will purge some debt.

And running back from the far South
Through the map and the mountains
The paper-backed towns and the dancing stooks
Dazed in the light of the losing sun,
We remember most the bull's mouth
And his hellbell cry when he drowns out
In the rising noise as the Spaniards shout
'Ole!' for the kill and the blood runs still.

If the crowd fail like a wind or a wave
If the bull lurch or stumble,
His blinding eye on a man or a maid,
He'll be brave, he will die—
Some debt will be paid.

II.

Ignatius stands in the dark;
Let him be lifted up by the four handles on his bier:
Let the gold and the thin face
And the pallors of fasts long kept
Shine out on the shutters of houses and sleepers
Here where the night coffers the four dead bulls
And the live matadors and the people who prayed in the streets.

Ignatius stands in the dark;
Let him be lifted up by the four bishops about his bier;
Let the eyes and the brow-sign
And the marks of spirit on flesh
Shine in through the windows and walls of the town
Here where the night smothers the four live bulls
And the bright matadors whose swords are stacked for the morrow.

Ignatius stands in the dark;
Let him be lifted up by the two hands and the sandalled feet;
Let the robe and the shaven scalp
And the symbol of Blessedness
Shine on the vinous eyes and the earthen hair
Here where the night conceals the four new bulls
And the young matadors whose hands are clenched in their sleep.

Let him be lifted up;
Sustained in the savour of myrrh
In the empty aisle of the thronged church
Let him be lifted up!
Let him stride over the stone floor
Through the prayers to the Western door
And out through the Spanish night
With no word:
With his light!

JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

NOT AN ELEGY

By chance, over the angry years, I met
The father in the good physician twice
Before he died. In the day of the enemy,
The nation's gray disaster, like a prodigal
Patient bearing that disease, I came
To haunt him in his clinic, where the ill
Believed in miracles, and found the doctor,
Only in that moment, living alone,
Himself an invalid, and only then
Knew his poverty and knew my own.

Again, like strangers on the final evening,
We kept decorum in our ignorance;
I, as ever, stubbornly a ghost
In quest of an always missing person; he
Matter-of-fact, admitting that his back
Was troubling him. I saw the doctor, rising,
Pit his disbelief against the fierce
Enemy; and only in that moment
Only then, I took him into my care
And cured him homeward over the angry years.

EDSEL FORD

SESTINA FOR A FAMILIAR LOBSTER

I have seen this poor potted lobster
In a hundred advertisements: he leered gloomily
From the captain's table on the USS America,
Gawked dumbly on the beach at Montauk Point
(*You like it, it likes you*). There's something
About a lobster that makes no mistake

Or could it be that this is my mistake?
That something real distinguishes one lobster
From every other one of them, that something
Akin to mankind makes them all stare gloomily
Out of their stalked eyes? (*Aye, here's a point:*
Death in the red is frowned on in America.)

All aliens cry *America, America!*
Till tip and tax establish their mistake;
Then they are told it isn't nice to point.
My sympathies are somehow with the lobster
Who, emigrated from his waters gloomily
And promised nothing, immigrates to something.

Maybe our problem is that we want something
Better than anything, in America.
I once saw a blue-lipped Jewess staring gloomily
Into a crepe suzette, and my mistake
Was seeing all Jews in her, as every lobster
Is the one on shipboard or at Montauk Point.

I'm not at all sure I have made my point,
Bedevilled as I am by a vaporous Something
Which mixes up mankind in a sauce of lobster.
If there's a point, it is that in America
We classify each other: a mistake
Which leaves us living brotherless and gloomily.

I had not meant to speak my speech so gloomily
Nor illustrate it with so gauche a point
(The nebulous moral is no rare mistake):
Go throw your arms around someone or something;
Invite him into the ark that is America;
Go out and call by name your choice of lobster.

Commit yourself not gloomily to something—
And point out always, friend, that in America
We may mistake the King, *but we dig lobster.*

LUCIEN STRYK

IMAGE

The house
Huge ugly plant
Peeling rotting
Around us
Making dark dark
Draining
Cutting off
It will see
Our end
Its floorboards
Sinking
To our dead weight

RAMONA WEEKS

THE VIOLENT COUNTY

Here is a book called *Violence in Lincoln County*,
Lincoln County being the dream-doldrummed country where
Pat Garrett pulled his pistol, attacked the midnight air
Of old Fort Sumner, and laid Bill Bonney low.
One whole weekend, nourished by fever and flu
And a farrago of outlaws, I nursed
Over an index, trying to bring order to
The county and the men that Governor Lew
Wallace had given up on. (Would Ben-Hur
Have triumphed over mesquite and juniper?)

Back to the index, the bones of men belabored
In Lincoln County, trying to cull subentries,
I pause. Here is Bob Ollinger, one of the sentries,
Left to guard William Bonney, alias Kid Antrim.
Working his small hands through the cuffs, the Kid
Seized a gun and crawled out on the landing,
Spotted his jailer coming back from lunch. "Hi, there,
Old boy," sang Billy-O softly, and Bob was dead
Before he hit the dirt in Lincoln County.

Antrim, Henry; Billy the Kid. See Bonney, William,
Here is Ben Tucker. Brave as a pride of lions
On page sixteen. On page twenty he died young.
Here is the English sheep rancher, John Tunstall,
Shot from ambush for economic reasons.

The autopsy revealed a shattered skull;
Thin bones caused by venereal disease,
The doctor said. (Was he the one who then
Some months later pronounced the Kid as
Good and dead? I'd like to ask him how come
Old men turn up each day to claim the title.)

Alex McSween and his good wife Sue. She became
The richest landowner for miles around
Except for Lucian Maxwell. The Maxwell claim
Ran clear to the Mexican border. And some say
Dona Lucia Maxwell has a motherly spot for
Young Billy Bonney. Garrett, with his star,
Shuffled up and killed Charlie Bowdre, Billy's
Cohort and my favorite. Charlie is my dar-
ling and no doubt about it; indexes
Capture all the daylight in a book. If
Someone asks you why the cards in the green
Box sit blank, the galleys palfreyed with checks
Like an outlaw's blacklist, look out the zippered screen
Toward the storied badlands of Lincoln County.

"Billy's grave and all the hanging bagatelles
She had to see at first-hand; she and Sue McSween
Are planning to rewrite history. Charlie Bowdre
Comes tumbling from the dust, and well-rehearsed,
They larrup to their posts. She has kissed Charlie.
The empty heart constructs the miracles:
Convexing, dismaying all future indexers,
Bill Bonney hesitates not, but blazes first."

HOLLIS SUMMERS

THE STUDY OF HISTORY

Upon this self-same sofa
Quietly my grandfather

Slept away at least
Seven thousand pieces

Of seven thousand suns
Naming afternoon

To wake refreshed
To face the rest

Or men who also served
Good Queen Victoria;

He slept as I shall surely
Sleep, as I have slept

Differently governed
By certain sovereigns

Waking among the long
Ungoverned evenings

Under this same cover
Upon this self-same sofa.

HOLLIS SUMMERS

FLAGSHIP, TOURIST CLASS

We walk a great deal when the weather allows,
The women in shoes that look like baked potatoes,
The men in sandals we would scorn at home—
We speak of comfort—but the weather is often foul,

And so we write and talk. We write letters
In both directions, home and where we go to,
Weaving small webs for holding on;
But our hands cramp and we like talking better.

We always tell each other who we are
At length, describing our homes and where we work
And what we do at Christmas, and our flowers,
And children; and we always say we prefer

Traveling Tourist Class where you get to know
Interesting people, all the while alert
To snatch a glance through the No Admittance doors
Where the opulent, no doubt, also wait for Bingo.

Poetry Contributors

✿ A professor of English at Hollins College, Va., John A. Allen's poetry has appeared in several issues of *NMQ*. The Reporter, and Kenyon, Sewanee, Southern and Saturday Reviews, among others, have published his work.

✿ Author of six novels, among them the much praised *Birthday King*, GABRIEL FIELDING is a practicing physician. He is presently teaching at Washington State University, Pullman, Washington, where he is author in residence. *The Birthday King* won the W. H. Smith award for Dr. Fielding, as well as the St. Thomas More Gold Medal. His most recent novel is *Gentlemen in Their Season*, published in this country by William Morrow and Co.

✿ EDSSEL FORD is so familiar to readers of *NMQ* that he needs no introduction. He lists as his most recent work, "The Panther," a full-page poem in the Dec. 1966 issue of *Defenders of Wildlife News*, Washington, D.C.

✿ LUCIEN STRYK's poetry has been published in over fifty periodicals ranging from *The Listener* (London) to *Saturday Review*, anthologies and textbooks. His essays, fiction and reviews have also been printed widely and he has been the recipient of many grants and honors. Doubleday Anchor, Fantasy Press (Oxford, England), and Alan Swallow have published his books. He was editor of *Heartland: Poets of the Midwest*, a volume published this year by Northern Illinois University Press.

✿ Distinguished professor of English at Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, HOLLIS SUMMERS has novels, children's books, and poetry to his credit.

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The "Non-fiction" Novel

BY WILLIAM WIEGAND

I In Cold Blood

BY THE TIME Truman Capote's book, *In Cold Blood*, gets waxed into paperback and moving pictures ("the crime that shocked a million readers by the author of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*"), what remains of the integrity of the original work will probably be forgotten. Also forgotten may be Capote's notion that he had created something new in writing this book. *In Cold Blood* was not like a "documentary novel," or a "historical novel," Capote said. Least of all did it need a crime to make it work; its nature could only be described as a "non-fiction novel."

A "non-fiction novel" was a term the purists were not ready for, but rather than disturb the sleeping issue of the difference between literature and journalism which Hemingway had pretty well settled for this generation, Capote's claim was left as simple vanity. Surely this sort of thing had been done before even if, as most were ready to allow, seldom so well.

Still, if the book is good, one wants to know why, and Capote's term, ungainly as it is, serves to call attention to the high standards against which the book wants to be measured. "Non-fiction" implies a willingness to be held responsible for the data included as literally factual. The story actually happened. Newspapermen could "cover" it, and in the Clutter murder case newspapermen, of course, did.

Being covered though need not imply that the primary aim of the book is the same as journalism's aim. Ordinarily, journalism seeks to inform the reader about a particular event, or to "discuss" it. But the purpose of *In Cold Blood* is closer to that of the "novel," the chief aim of which is to "suggest" and "extend." The novel shares this chief aim with other art forms. What is therefore important in defining the novel, Capote would say, is not the imagined, or fictional, character of the material (compare the factual fidelity of many historical novels); but it is rather the suggesting and extending capacity all art forms share.

In a novel, the particular formal techniques employed will be those generally associated with fiction. Now, some of these techniques have long been used by journalists. At an elementary level the newspaper columnist may include the dialogue of a public figure for something more than the information it contains. The feature writer who writes about Kenedy's "vigah" or Johnson's "you-all" is reflecting an intention to characterize a public figure's personality. If he goes further and "imagines" satiric episodes (as Russell Baker and Art Hoppe do), he is "discussing" public issues entertainingly. But some of the better comic strips, such as *Pogo* and *L'il Abner*, do the same thing, and comic strips (maybe with the exception of *Peanuts*) are not "art."

In the somewhat longer forms, magazine writers have also used techniques of fiction: "scene" for its immediate evocative quality; dramatic development instead of rhetorical development; occasional distortion of chronology for emotive effect; even attempts at "depth" psychology. With certain techniques, it is not always easy to say whether they belong inherently to journalism or to fiction. The elaborate use of detail, for instance, has marked the development of at least one kind of novel, but when Defoe and others first used it, they were essentially copying the fact-oriented journalist or the popular autobiographer. Since then, "formal realism" has become so intimately associated with the business of fiction that a writer of a magazine article who uses it will probably write not with the blunter rhythms of a journalistic Defoe but with the more sophisticated overtones of subsequent fiction. But rarely—except in occasional pieces like E. B. White's "The Door"—is there a full formal control such as fiction has.

Full-length books of non-fiction have used these techniques and probably a few others. Any book which totally avoids them—unless it is the Warren Commission Report on the Kennedy assassination—will probably go unread, since the hunger for "objective truth" is hardly ever so great that the laboratory report is considered a proper model. The natural and social scientists learned from the novelist. Oscar Lewis's book, *The Children of Sanchez*, proceeds from a series of tape-recorded accounts of the experiences of a lower-class family in Mexico City as Lewis, a sociologist, recorded them. But Lewis edits out the conventional questions of the interviewer, and after his introduction does not interrupt the dramatic flow of each of his narrators. He imposes order on the accounts by omitting the "extraneous." Moreover, he juxtaposes the various narratives in such a way that one narrator can comment on events that another has just de-

scribed, thus increasing the ironic significance of the counterpoint. This device is completely familiar in American fiction, at least since Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury*.

Scientists notwithstanding, as a general rule the newsworthy public event, like the inconspicuous private one, is nearly always altered and re-imagined when the suggesting and extending power of the novelist is sought for. Few writers with this object want to stick to *all* the facts. Thus, when Thornton Wilder writes about the collapse of that footbridge in South America, to treat it as he wants to treat it, he felt he had to fictionalize. When Stephen Crane writes of the sinking of the Cuban gunrunner, which he actually experienced as a correspondent, the most he can risk in his newspaper account to suggest the emotive effect of the disaster is a metaphor or two. It is only later when he distills the meaning of the experience and its impact in the short story, "The Open Boat," that the irresistible conventions of journalism can be unloaded for the sake of a rendering in which many of the facts are changed and the local metaphors effective in the newspaper account do not even appear.

With experienced novelists, cross-fertilization between fiction and journalism produces some paradoxes. When, for example, John Hersey chooses as subject for a novel the uprising of the Warsaw ghetto in World War II, he elects to invent "documentation" for the story by employing journals, notebooks, and other records from the inhabitants of the ghetto, as though to imply that the best insurance for the novelist is to convince the reader that it actually happened.

But when Hersey decides in writing about Hiroshima not to fictionalize it, he now chooses fictional techniques in order to maximize the emotive impact of the dropping of the bomb. He preserves the dramatic fluency of each subject's account of the experience. Further, he multiplies the force of it by making the reader undergo five times the violence of the event. The effect of the extended intensity of a single point of view is exploited in a way that was unknown before certain developments in the technique of the novel took place. But for all that, *Hiroshima* is not a novel, and Hersey would be the last to claim that it was.

It is only with Capote that the growing obliteration of the lines that demark journalism from fiction seems virtually complete. He wages total war with journalism and its conventions by his conscious intention to keep the instinct to inform and discuss subordinated to the novelistic objective throughout. With this perspective the new

form he seeks can evolve (and perhaps it is the way all forms evolve) because the intentions are no longer mixed.

Some of this can be seen by comparing Capote with the kind of writer who on the surface does the same sort of thing. Stanley Kauffman chooses John Bartlow Martin, a veteran true-crime man, whose work Kauffman finds sufficiently like Capote's to make him feel that *In Cold Blood* is no particular innovation. The apparent logic is that both Martin and Capote treat a criminal case at considerable length, with drama and with "depth" psychology, and both publish originally in installments in the most well-paying periodicals.

Beyond this, their assumptions are really quite different. Martin writes in the old *Police Gazette*, *American Weekly* tradition as it was sophisticated by the slick magazines in the Thirties and Forties. This sophistication was achieved chiefly by the infusion of sociological and psychiatric method into a narrative which still basically depended on the old Gothic evocation of the scene of the crime. Martin's one full-length, true-crime book, the story of an Ann Arbor, Michigan, murder committed by three teenagers, depends on these habits. Martin begins with the "shadow-lined" streets on which the crime occurs and proceeds from there through the newsman's catalogue of names and places to a series of interviews with people who knew the principals in the case. He emphasizes the class levels of the three defendants in these interviews. The attitude of the community toward the principals is also examined. At last, he answers his question, *Why Did They Kill?*, which serves as the title of the book, almost entirely by means of the psychiatrist's reports, here a labeling process which discerns after the fact that criminals had criminal tendencies. Martin's narrative specialty is the observation of incongruities, and again this reflects *Police Gazette* technique—"Revered Clergyman Slain," "Illiterate Pig Woman Key Witness," and so forth. For Martin, it is the guise of innocence, the handsome teenager, the shocked parent, which supplies the paradoxes that ~~keep~~ the reader interested.

In crime writing, the case history technique is naturally even more particularly emphasized by those who have their credentials along with their professional title. Frederic Wertham and Robert Lindner are two successful examples. Generally their approach relies on the convention of a scientific age that the best way crime can be treated is one which cools the phenomenon into a safely clinical aberration. The aberration is testified to by the medical authority who may accidentally deliver us a prurient glimpse into the haunted secrets of the

criminal, but who at the same time will relieve us of the burden of much real empathy for the culprit by casting that gulf between health and disease into the issue. As a convention, the sick-well dichotomy may not be much different from the old elect-damned dichotomy that was the basis of the pleasant stimulation of *American Weekly* true-crime.

It is odd that Capote has been criticized for "cold-bloodedness" on the grounds that he is acting "scientific" without the proper diploma. The business of crime-reporting would appear to Kenneth Tynan and Dwight MacDonald and some others properly to belong to the pro. The police reporter and the psychiatrist can dispose of the matter with what are evidently the only answers it is decent for us to have.

Actually, Capote handles the clinical matters almost with diffidence. Although the psychiatrist's report is included in the data pertinent to the case file on Smith and Hickok, by the time the reader reaches this report in the book, the medical diagnosis does not seem to mean very much. Its conclusions are intelligible in terms of the evidence Capote had previously presented. But the conclusions as such seem no more than a professional label fixed on a pair of consciousnesses that have been rendered more justly and more emphatically in the material that has preceded. The subject Capote chose has already been realized, and such realization transcends the functionalism of a clinical analysis. For by this point he has also realized the Clutter family, the small-town life of western Kansas, and the spirit of a certain time and place. None of the victims are made to seem mere integers, created for the purpose of being acted upon. They hold their space in existence for the short hour of their time; and what they stood for, unsentimentally, endures side by side with what is represented by their aimless and pathetic antagonists. Nor are the impulses of the Smiths and the Hickoks vanquished by an execution, even though the period is placed with stubborn impassivity at the end of this particular case.

The real strength of the Capote book is achieved by the way he exploits a whole battery of novelistic techniques which enforce the structure and hence the meaning of the Clutter case. First, in the opening section he builds the emphatic involvement of the reader by the familiar technique of cross-cutting. Scenes taking place in the Clutter home are alternated with scenes between Smith and Hickok preparing for their trip and en route to their destination. At first the two stories are made to seem completely independent. They take

place hundreds of miles apart; the respective principals are strangers to the opposite party. In a machine age, antagonisms are impersonal; what you don't know is more likely to hurt you than what you do. The Clutters don't know, and neither do Smith and Hickok. They don't know the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is nonexistent, but such uncertainty is of the order of things.

Within this section of the book, Capote also keys the identity of the two forces before they collide. Smith and Hickok are identified with the road and the automobile. They are introduced in a garage, subsequently they are seen in quick-stop cafes. The Clutters, on the other hand, are rigidly established on their homestead. Where they have settled seems not only the heart of their family, but the heart of the community. In the scenes recorded on the final day of their lives, friends visit them at their home, and even though the family is shown as tremendously interested and active in events occurring outside their home, the core of existence is first settled and stable before it can eddy outward to become productive. The home is sustenance and health; it is defined by apple pies and the Four-H Club. Remote places are "sickness;" the mother in the family was once in a Wichita sanitarium ill, but now she is returned and is well.

At the end of the first section of the book, with the last guest of the Clutters departing into the darkness of the night, the terrible collision between the two forces is about to take place. But Capote tells nothing about it here. On one hand, he is delaying the impact of it until later in the book where weight will be required and where its more immediate relevance to Smith and Hickok as independent psychologies can be apprehended. On the other hand, to dramatize it directly, as all the early sections of the book have been dramatized, will be too much for the reader. The crime needs the cushion of an interpolater; it needs to be recounted secondhand, as violence was on the Greek stage.

Also, more important to Capote at this early point is the shattering effect of the crime on the community. He takes up the story from its first felt moment within the house the following morning when the Clutters are discovered by friends who would pick them up on the way to church. The interdependence of the Clutters and the community has already been demonstrated in the first section. Now, as the news whirls into the larger vortex, Capote shows how self-doubt, and even doubt of the Clutters, produces a cacophony of discordant opinion. Various dialects and idioms are registered in separate inter-

views as the organism that is the town reacts to the cancer it thinks it detects within. Capote selects the postmistress, nominally the agent of interpersonal communication, as the chief and most articulate spokesman of the new feeling of subversion and isolation.

Thus, it is not shock as much as it is a more dangerous force—disunity—which must be coped with in Holcomb and Garden City. At this point, Capote introduces his folk hero, Police Captain Dewey, who must restore the town to health. A thoroughly inconspicuous and unprepossessing man, Dewey must be carefully and subtly developed. He must be given space in the book where he is by himself, occupied not so much in thought as in solemn meditation. Accordingly, there are paragraphs in which Dewey contemplates nothing, except perhaps the land. For there is nothing to contemplate. The clue-hunting methods which might succeed in a rational universe are almost useless here. Dewey goes through the motions, but Capote never tempts us to feel that the little grey cells, as the detective story would have it, offer very much hope. Dewey is cast as the conscience of the community, a moral force. Untroubled by the winds of mistrust, he does what decency can do. If he is to catch the biggest fish that anybody in port ever saw, he will have to be lucky but he is not too proud to keep trying for that luck.

In the meantime, the antagonists, Hickok and Smith, are shown like hurled pebbles still skipping across the water after their refracting impact on that half-yielding, half-impenetrable surface. Their flight is not presented as panicky. Instead, it is more like the dissipation of momentum. They are "on the road," reflexively, as they have always been. They experience neither hope nor fear. Their stops whether long or short afford encounters with other transients, and it is only their fantasies perhaps that give them any appearance of having a will, a plan.

In this part of the book Capote distinguishes Smith from Hickok. While earlier the spectacle of their combined force has received the emphasis, now the components of their individual mediocrities are separated out. Smith and Hickok derive from different native heritages. Hickok belongs to an exhausted bourgeois line of clock-watchers; his father is dying, his mother whines and clings, and refuses to believe. Smith, on the other hand, comes from an older frontier tradition, of medicine shows and Indian rodeo riders, of prospectors and extravagant aspiration. In a way, both of them are distorted shadows of their forbears, both of them are reflected as if

in funhouse mirrors. But it is important to understand, or to try to understand, that an incompetent father or a clumsy mother is only part of the story, that that father had a father too. If it is fair to say that Hickok wanted too little in life and Smith wanted too much, it is worth knowing what contributed to the different aspirations.

Distinguishing them as Capote does during this section prepares the reader for an acceptance of the dramatic climax of the book, the account of the murders by Smith after the arrest. In order that the morbid and sensational aspects of the account may be softened, the question of "who?" has been allowed to become more central than "how?". The gory details of the crime, while they are not denied, are thus sublimated in the rather more pertinent psychological, and social, question as to which of these two forces—that represented by Smith or that represented by Hickok—is the more violent, the more ruthless, the more unstable. Wanting to know who pulled the trigger each of the four times may be beneath the law's notice (Smith and Hickok were both guilty "ten times over"); but Capote creates the curiosity in the reader. It is of more than passing interest to know who presses the button—the glib, initiating Hickok or the Christ-painting, guilt-ridden Smith. Capote says that, four times over, it is Smith.

The last quarter of the book, a longer proportion than most writers would allot to this part of the case, shows Smith and Hickok in the community of the condemned, ironically the only community in which they have existed with such lingering permanence. Capote takes the trouble of describing the personalities and the crimes of some of the other inhabitants of death row in order to give definition to the community in which they spend their final years. The temper of this place gets contrasted, in alternate sections, with the temper of Garden City, which is seen in the last part of the book both during the murder trial and in the appeal. While Garden City, that solid reality earlier in the book, drifts off in the mists of the ephemeral words of some undistinguished attorneys, the drier reality of the prison and the inevitable execution scene replaces it. Capote includes the "last words": Hickok, like Willy Loman appreciating the good turnout at a funeral, and Smith, not unlike Raskolnikov, "apologizing."

There is a brief coda, a cemetery scene between Dewey and one of Nancy Clutter's girl friends. The scene restores consideration of the Clutters to the proper importance for the reader. Further, it turns again to the landscape, the concealing earth, and to Dewey, the hero of the narrative, who endures, untriumphant, with decency and luck.

II Green Hills of Africa

IN THE RECENT biography by A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway is quoted on what "the artist must do." "On canvas or on the printed page," Hemingway is supposed to have said to Hotchner, "he must capture the thing so truly that the magnification will endure. That is the difference between journalism and literature. There is very little literature. Much less than we think."

It is not an unexpected observation from Hemingway, for in many ways he is the symbol of the "difference" between journalism and literature. As much as any other cause, it was Hemingway's great seriousness about the art of letters that within his lifetime reduced the glamor and the stature of the ace reporter and the foreign correspondent, and in its place substituted the prestige of the "author." The reduction of the newspaperman's image was perhaps most gleefully announced by Hemingway's own managing editor, Harry Hindmarsh, whose exploitation of Hemingway in the latter's final months as a newsman in Toronto helped decide Hemingway to abandon the business in disgust. Hindmarsh is supposed to have said that at last the age of the prima donna had come to an end. All great correspondents had become replaceable cogs in the machine. By the end of World War II, the age of the great newspaper had ended too. Without the creative independence that the individual paper once had, the genuinely creative writer had abandoned the profession.

It was perhaps natural for Hemingway to make much of the difference between the permanence of literature and the amnesia of journalism, where you had to "forget everything you knew yesterday." He did not at the same time, however, make any invidious distinction between fiction and non-fiction. He knew that the basis of his own power, whatever he wrote, lay in "the fact"; and also knew, quite consciously, that "the way it was" served as the cornerstone for the hard, new structure of literature he wanted to make. The beginning of his literary career came in the vignettes he wrote for *In Our Time*, which are purified fragments of journalism, literally "magnification," as he calls it, or to use another frequently applied term, "objective correlative," the discovered essence of experience which communicates the emotion that ought to be communicated by that experience.

But the vignettes of *In Our Time* are very brief, and if they succeeded in a measure as both "journalism" and "literature," they did not provide Hemingway with any larger guidance when he came to

attempt book-length non-fiction. While he could obviously see the connection between the vignettes and his short stories, he had no apparently coherent idea of the nature of the problem that might obtain in a long work like *Green Hills of Africa*.

Consider his Foreword to *Green Hills*:

Unlike many novels, none of the characters or incidents in this book is imaginary. Any one not finding sufficient love interest is at liberty, while reading it, to insert whatever love interest he or she may have at the time. The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination.

If the statement is not utterly frivolous—and Hemingway was far from a whimsical man—it appears, first of all, that Hemingway supposes that the introduction of that which is “imaginary” is weakening to a serious work of literature, that it is better to write that which is “absolutely true.” The belief will not surprise since it is consistent with most of Hemingway's other statements about writing, and is the basis of the Hemingway esthetic. But at the same time Hemingway hints at an assumption that what is fundamental in the long work of literature is “love interest.” He makes the comment half facetiously, no doubt, in order to guide us to what he thinks is the real *sine qua non* of a work such as his, namely, a “shape” or a “pattern,” considerations which are more important than “love interest.”

All this is well, and we accordingly may assume that in writing *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* he was as much aware of the need for a shape, or a pattern, as he was of the need for a love interest. What happens, however, in *Green Hills of Africa*, as one reads beyond the Foreword, is that for Hemingway the superimposition of a “shape” or a “pattern”—an essentially modifying act—comes into conflict with the aim of writing that which is “absolutely true.” The book has a defective shape and ultimately seems not very true at all.

Structurally, the difficulties are self-evident. The “country” in which the action takes place seems to have little “shape” as such, for it is fully vulnerable to the depredations of the hunting party. It offers up its wealth and its bearers to the service of the safari, and there is only fitful rapport between the protagonist and the land, nothing like the mutuality one feels in “Big Two Hearted River” or *The Sun Also Rises*. Moreover, the “pattern” of the month's action is fuzzily presented. The urgency of the hunt is forced at times, forgotten at others.

In the early, best-known portions of the book, there are many oracular pronouncements on the literary situation, most of which might easily have been lifted out of context without harm to their general drift; or if, alternatively, they were deleted from the book, it would be without injury to the remainder of the text. All this is well known: the absence of any felt connection between the structure of the book and its intention.

Perhaps the absence of "absolute truth," in Hemingway's terms, is even more disturbing. The characterization of Mrs. Hemingway is one example. On one hand, she is said to be very involved, very interested in the hunt. On the other, she is depicted with a kind of brittle and lolling indifference, at most patient and polite toward her husband's childish lust to have the kudu with the longest horns. She is anything but a coherent representation.

That Hemingway senses this may be suggested by his two very effective later portrayals of a wife-on-safari. In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," the woman Margot cares so much whether her husband is "brave" or not against the lion that she commits murder to indicate her interest. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the wife is sadly, yet honestly, not interested in the safari, but the terror of her lack of interest is partly alleviated for the hero by an understanding of the wasted pasts of both principals and by the mystique of the lonely transfiguration at the end.

Hemingway's success in these stories depends in great measure on his understanding of the techniques which must apply to make the stories have their impact. Here, the techniques are extremely traditional. Both of them depend, literally, on the life-and-death situation which intensifies the importance of the struggle. In "The Short Happy Life" a conventional love triangle is offered and must be resolved. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," an even more elementary dramatic question is asked: will help arrive in time? Of course, neither story is settled in the simplistic terms their plots imply, and obviously neither of them accepts the easy beliefs of hack fiction that life is good, wealth is good, marriage is good. Nevertheless, their traditional qualities are apparent, and they demonstrate that even many years after Hemingway had developed his purer and more personal form for the short story, a form which was already admired and widely imitated by the time of the African stories, he still found a use for fictional techniques with which he was not primarily identified and against which his best work directly rebelled.

What went wrong in *Green Hills of Africa*, it would seem, is that traditional techniques of a parallel sort were simply not available for long "non-fiction." Since novels were something that had "love interest," the only model that was available was that of journalism. For Hemingway the method of "long" journalism was a group of articles to make up a series. In the newspaper back home, whether he was the war correspondent or the travel reporter, he wrote in installments. A given installment would seldom run as much as 5000 words, and even when there was a definite continuity between succeeding installments, the important thing was the organization of the individual episode and not of the series as a whole. As a result, "tableau" was the source of impact and also provided its meaning; implication that depended on a perception of remoter connections in the longer narrative line became secondary. *Green Hills of Africa* similarly grew episodically and in terms of the tableau; it was unable to find, except in very uncertain ways, the shape of the country or even the shape of the hunt. Hemingway fell back on the submerged "I" of journalism when either a more or less egocentric selection of detail would probably have helped the book.

Most of the excrescences of the book are a result of irrelevant habits of journalism. The anecdotes in it inevitably lead the reader astray. They have the feel of newspaper humor: the easy laugh at the expense of a clumsy native or the anger of a Mr. Dithers sputtering at somebody's frustrating eccentricity. Mrs. Hemingway wins the designation P. O. M., for "Poor Old Mamma," an epithet which reminds one of Earl Wilson's habit of calling his wife "the B. W." when he mentions her in his gossip column.

Some people in the cast, such as the Austrian in the early chapters, are overemphasized, perhaps out of belief that they are "most unforgettable characters." Others, such as the rival hunter Karl, are only half-developed or not developed at all, perhaps again because of the journalist's habit of limning a character quickly and picturesquely, rather than extensively and with growing depth, as the novelist must do.

Finally, the substantive conversations in the book are both pointless, and in process are handled rather like newspaper interviews. Evidently Hemingway felt that some notice had to be taken of the fact that the narrator was an author, and as such, had opinions and areas of information that had nothing to do with the hunt. In *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*, relatively intelligent protagonists

are allowed to remain silent on subjects alien to the narrative, but in *Green Hills* Hemingway finds it interesting to have himself interviewed on the literary situation, and while his statements in a different context might have been of some value, here they seem pretentious and postured. Since there is little discussion at all in the book on the purpose of the hunt, it is dangerously easy to infer that Hemingway is offering his credentials as *Urbemensch* in an effort to justify the morality of the hunt. If the literary talk were handled less like one of his own interviews with Mussolini or with Lloyd George, the conclusion would be less tempting. But this is the way it occurs to him to do it. A more spontaneous opportunity to talk literary talk—when the narrator and P. O. M. are actually reading books—he passes up by furnishing typically simple-hearted responses in their dialogue: "That was a damn good story," etcetera. The strategy implies that literary talk is strictly for public consumption, and that grunts are preferable among friends.

Many other examples of the habits of journalism arise in *Green Hills*. They do not completely destroy the short-term power and precision of certain sections of the narrative, but they disunite and weaken the coherence of the story and seriously damage its total effect. They seem to indicate that a sacrifice of the conventions of fiction (which involves much more than whether or not there is a love story) do not guarantee finally any great appearance of "absolute truth"; any more than the habitual employment of the conventions of journalism arrive at that truth. One is impelled to feel that the fuller and purer meaning of not only Hemingway's African experience but of the analogous experiences of any man is better served in the two African short stories than in *Green Hills of Africa*.

Perhaps much of this is familiar: that the rendering of truth is no better served by the precepts of the journalist, or by the precepts of the specialist than it is served by the precepts of the artist. The fact-monger can be the greatest charlatan, and innocent formlessness can have, or seem to have, the loudest meanings. But questions like "what is truth?" are fortunately beside the point here. What a comparison between *In Cold Blood* and *Green Hills of Africa* may illuminate is that techniques and strategies associated with fiction can have more value in evolving the meaning and felt significance of events which have "actually happened" than will techniques associated with journalism. The important quality of literature is the capacity to universalize the implication of an isolated real happening, and while remaining

loyal to "facts," yet to put these facts in some distinctly larger context by the way the various elements are deployed rather than by discursive examination of the elements.

The journalist may find this difficult for a number of reasons, some of which I have examined, but chiefly because he is so conditioned to the primacy of the facts that he seldom has the space or the natural gift to create the larger context. The "specialist" who writes non-fiction has essentially the same problem. By habit he grinds exceedingly small; he is trained to examine things discursively, from one particular angle, and although he may know some of the basic tricks of the novelist's art, his can often be the "little learning" that is the dangerous thing.

What the Capote success seems to indicate is that it does not even matter so much if the conscientious "non-fiction novelist" makes a mistake in fact here and there (as has been alleged with *In Cold Blood*) or that someone else has a different interpretation than his. What seems to matter more is that he has sacrificed some of the novelist's hard-won privilege to disaffiliate (which may be sending the novelist the way of the poet), and that he has written a book which shows there can still be a connection between the artist, practicing his art to the full, and the random event which verifiably happened and has this implication, this texture, this raw core.

Some of the things that have been learned about the mass audience make the need for this kind of writing plain. There is, for instance, a story that when the Gemini 8 space flight was floundering somewhere in the beyond, causing the television networks to cancel their regularly scheduled programs in order to wait out the return of the nation's heroes, many television watchers actually called the station to object because a weekly series called "Lost in Space" had been taken off the tubes for the evening.

No cause for amazement; gluttoned as they are, people continue to hunger for the fare of the fictionalist, some even at the trough of a child's fantasy called "Lost in Space." They are not attracted by the professional catering of even a Brinkley and Huntley when they suspect they are simply going to be told over and over—for who knows how long?—that the intrepid astronauts, whose script is also familiar, are lost, and that they are still lost, and that they have not yet been found. There is no grandeur in that.

Who can blame them for being bored? If it is the hack magic of "Lost in Space" on one hand, or the melancholy design, for better or worse, of Huntley and Brinkley, or for that matter of the President

in press conference, then it may be Hobson's choice. But if instead the unsubsidized inclination of a good writer, whose habits are not the journalist's or the specialist's, guides him toward a job such as Capote undertook, then the lines start to etch away. There will still be "fiction novels" around, some even on the burning issues of the day. But for uncertain reasons, their blaze is low; the form seems to have lost beyond recall the combustible power of, say, an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, let alone a *Red and the Black*. If this is the case, the non-fiction novelist might just as well lift up the glass and try with some new refractions for the "magnification that will endure."

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The House Next Door

BY WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

BACK IN 1910, seven weeks after I had been born my mother was enough recovered to return with me to Newport. She always maintained I showed one moment of interest on the trip: as we crossed Boston in a hack, from the North to the Back Bay Station, I stirred and stared out the window at the Boston Public Library.

Now it was late June. My father, in the meantime, had moved the family furniture from the LaSalle Place cottage next to the celery field on The Point where he had spent the first year of married life. We were to have the ground floor of a tall, gray, clapboarded two-family house at 12 Cranston Avenue at the corner of Tyler Street. I believe it was jointly built and owned by my Grandfather Scott and one of his three brothers—my Great Uncle George, always called Ponnies, who lived with his strange wife Louisa on the second floor.

Once in her new house, my mother deposited me safely in the middle of a bed and called upstairs for Aunt Louisa to come down. But when she returned with my aunt to the bedroom to admire the baby, I was gone. Esther Wilbar, who lived with her mother in the house next door on Tyler Street, had spotted the arrival of the hack, had come in by the back door almost as my mother came in by the front, had scooped me up in her arms and carried me home. No event in my life could be more symbolic. For the next ten years (until my family moved to Haverhill) I lived as much in that house as in my own, and I was given there endless care and boundless affection, love as kind and tender as I should ever know. This as long as they lived: till the morning, when I was about fifteen, I broke into that house and found Essie lying dead of a stroke on the kitchen floor, and the summer afternoon, a few years later, when again I had come

from away and arrived at the gate just as Grammie Wilbar—in her nineties—had died.

Grammie Wilbar was already an old lady on the June day in 1910 when Essie briefly kidnapped me. She was seventy-four. (And yet I was a college man when she died.) She was an old-fashioned old lady. I daresay she had settled into old ladyship years before, perhaps when she was widowed. She never went anywhere. Her appearances were rare even in her backyard, which Essie—who “never cared a drat about them”—kept pretty with grass and flowers. Grammie’s toothless mouth was sunk grimly in, as became one who had seen a lot of life and would put up with no nonsense. Her eyes were an alert black. The rest of her was a soft cascade of once-stout body, uncorseted and habitually clothed in a floor-length black-and-white calico dress: a two-piece dress, the top part shirted out above the skirt and gathered vaguely at the waist. In the pocket of her dress there was always a yellow-soiled rag. Grammie Wilbar took snuff. She moved slowly at her household tasks, sometimes singing old songs in a high, thin voice. She sat a great deal, her feet in gray felt slippers on a stool. Her perpetual habit was to cherish her hands, alternating palm over back, palm over back, hour after hour: the shining, too-smooth flesh of the very old.

Essie was then forty-one. Like an astonishing number of people who have influenced my life, she was born in 1869. Of course she was by all the standards of the times a confirmed old maid. Everyone who grew up in a New England town will have known the type. Sometimes it was, as here, a mother, sometimes a father, who kept such a daughter captive: to serve out her life as daughter, housekeeper, cook, nurse, companion, the virginity inviolate and her years so drily withering in the permanent relationship of child to parent, so often, as here, worn out and predeceasing the parent—if not, then left to an emptiness perhaps worse than the long servitude, for the time is too late to fill the emptiness and the habit of the years has been a false denial of emptiness. You can guess, then, even if I fail in the story, what began for her when she snatched me from the bed and hurried home with me in her arms. But out of this too there is for me always the amaranth. If a writer could recreate one day as real as reality—bring back even one hour in one house so all might know, himself too, exactly how it was. If only one could realize a wish, so passionate as to be wholly without vanity, though not wholly without selfishness, to make the dead immortal.

She had been pretty in her youth: dark haired and eyed, the skin olive dark, the features generous in the small face. "Oh, my!" my Grandmother Scott would say: "How the delivery boys used to lolly-gag over the fence talking to Essie!" When I knew her—and she seemed to me never to change—the face had sharpened, her hair was gray-streaked, and there was a touch of dark down on her upper lip. She was a slender, straight-backed woman, head high, and much given to laughter. She dressed in white shirtwaists and ankle-length skirts.

Scotts and Wilbars had known each other a generation or more. The families had lived on Dearborn Street or some other, those little streets of story-and-a-half houses between Thames Street, running along Newport's harbor front, and Spring Street. And in nineteenth-century Newport I imagine everyone of similar class and racial background knew one another. It was Grammie Wilbar who remembered the many times she had seen my great-great-grandfather with a baby's white coffin under his arm; twice married, he begot in all twenty-five children, very many of whom died. He was my father's and mother's common ancestor, already mentioned: Francis Scott; and on his death bed he smiled and prattled of seeing babies all around him.

About the turn of the century such stock as the Scotts and the Wilbars began moving uptown as they became a bit more prosperous. And the Irish, fleeing famines at home, had taken over a good part of older Newport. In my childhood they were long established as the race we looked down on. The prejudice was not so much vicious as unthinking condescension. My mother always whispered and sometimes hissed the word "Irish!" It sufficed as full explanation of, for example, the cooking of a light-colored rather than a properly dark-colored gravy. But the oldest of us all, Grammie Wilbar, nourished such prejudice with characteristic fierceness. "Know nothings!" she would say. "Bowl of potatoes in the middle of the table—that's all they had. Everybody just sat around and grabbed." In her we witnessed, undying, the initial resentment. Grammie never forgave Queen Victoria for "sending them over by the shipload." But then, Grammie had several scores to settle with the English in general. They had, worst of all, shanghaied an uncle of hers in the War of 1812, and in 1912, *seriatim*, she would tell me of it with angry voice and clenched fists. The foul deed had of course occurred before her time—she was born in 1836—but it was near enough to have a prime place on her

impressive list of hatreds. Grammie's indignation was always immediate, no matter how remote the occasion.

Like all the houses on Tyler Street, the Wilbars' was built close to the dirt sidewalk and fenced on four sides. A latch gate opened to a brick walk which seemed unique to me, for it was of heavy gray brick. The front door, with its yellow and lavender-colored glass and its round bell which you rang by turning a sort of key, faced our house, but behind a long thin piazza covered with white clematis vine. There were bushes and flowers side and back, and under one of the clothes-posts in the back yard a turned over iron pot, handy for a child to sit on. Bleeding-heart, yellow lilies, sweet william, lilies of the valley, columbine; in one corner a tall white lilac. On the north side of the house there was a barely negotiable passage between the house and the high board fence, a dark, cool passage hipdeep in odorous fern.

Mr. Wilbar, who was a carpenter, had built the house solidly, its rooms rather high, its woodwork generously broad around doors and windows. To me he seemed so remote as scarcely to have existed, and I cannot remember anything the Wilbars ever said about him except the manner of his death: he came home for dinner one noon, lay down on a couch and died. But my Grandmother Scott reported he was "a funny-looking man, broad as he was tall. Folks used to say Sarah"—that is, Grammie Wilbar—"made his pants for him. Sarah'd make him stretch out on a big piece of paper, flat on the floor, and just draw the pattern round him. Anyway, that's what I always heard." Outside his family, the memory of Mr. Wilbar caused derisive smiles, as if he were a sort of helpless comedian. "He had wood ashes in his hair all the time."

I shall never outlive a sense of grateful wonder that my knowing Grammie Wilbar bequeathed me, so to speak, an extra century of American memory. After all, an old lady born near enough to the War of 1812 to talk of it with wartime fervor took one back almost to the birth of the nation. She must at least have seen, in her childhood, old soldiers of the Revolution. When Lincoln was assassinated, Grammie was already in her thirtieth year. So when I heard how people cried in the streets at news of his death, I heard it from one who had stood in the street and cried, who remembered the shops all draped in black. I can hear her, scuffing softly in her felt slippers as she moved about her slow chores in the kitchen, singing one or another of the Civil War songs—"Tenting Tonight," "Lincoln's Gunboats"—

"Da Massa run—hah! hah!
Da darkies stay—ho! ho!
It must be dat da kindom comin'
An' the year of Jubilo!"

—songs she had known since they were new.

The house itself and the Wilbars' way of life were also much more of the past than of my childhood when within such a few years the first huge war seemed to begin the acceleration of life which has never paused since. True, it was not really an old house; off the back hall there was a bathroom containing a wooden-cased tin tub and a square-wooden-covered toilet—no wash bowl; the kitchen sink and a basin served for that; and there was central heating, a big coal furnace in the cellar which sent up steam to the ugly radiators that were undisguised double rows of gilded pipe. But there were chamberpots under the beds upstairs and at night the only light in the house was kerosene lamps. And that was very scant light indeed: where Grammie and Essie sat, there was the fragrant light casting a dim small circle—the rest of the house pitch black; though at bedtime Essie lit a second lamp and each lady went through the front hall and up to her room, lamp in hand. Once a week the glass-bottomed, glass-chimneyed lamps were arrayed on the kitchen table and Essie would clean chimneys with a roll of newspaper, trim wicks, refill the bases. No doubt the lamplighted world impressed me as a haunting one. Late dusky winter afternoons, the lamp flickered beside her as Essie sat down cellar in front of the furnace "waiting for the fire to come up;" and I beside her while she talked—that cellar, with its clean smell of dry pine kindling, its washtub containing a newspaper-shrouded block of ice and butter, eggs, a bottle of milk, the cups of vanilla junket Essie made for me—their refrigerator; and then the light in Essie's hand as we finally went up the open-back stairs which scared me a little, throwing a circle about us both, woman and small child. If I stayed to supper the lamp on the kitchen table was the unrivalled accessory for the shadow game; as soon as the table was cleared Essie would make silhouettes with her hands—donkey heads, rabbits, parrots, horse heads, the lamplight throwing them large and exciting on the buff walls. Fire hummed and shifted in the kitchen stove. A tap dripped in the soapstone sink. An intimate odor of sour dishcloths and yellow soap mingled with the kerosene of the lamp. I stayed a little longer—time was going on seven o'clock by now and supper long past—and we played Come-a-gee-come.

"Come-a-gee-come."

"What do you come by?"

"Come by the letter S."

"It's in this room?"

"Yes."

"Sink?"

"No."

"Scott?"

"No."

"Sausages—in the swill bucket?"

Delighted laughter. "No!"

"Let me see. What could Winfield have thought up we can't think of?"

"It's easy—it's easy!"

"All right—I give up."

"STOVE!"

"Oh, law—now how could we have missed it, sitting right there."

"Now you do it. You be the come-a-gee-come."

"Just once more, or your mother'll skin me alive for keeping you over here so late. I've got to have time to think. Let me see. Well—come-a-gee-come."

"What do you come by?"

"Come by the letter L."

—But the voices fade. Of the pitiful handful of things one remembers from the thousands that have vanished, voices are hardest of all to recall. It is the nose, not the ear, which is talented. Decades smother sounds, and who can say what secret words were selected, offered: such a mighty game to guess them then, and all unguessable now. An old lady, an old maid, a small blond boy sit around the edge of lamplight: but all at once as silently bespelled as though they were a dream.

Theirs was an old lady's and a spinster's house and not a child's, but of course it was a wonderful house for a child. The kitchen was a sunny east room, full of warmth and of good bread and molasses smells, summer and winter. The oil-cloth-covered round table stood near the window. One day I lay full-length on it. "My! Look how Winfield's growing! He 'most touches now, one end of the table to t'other." It was the eating room, the tea kettle and vegetable-paring and cooking room, the heart of the house.

But, as I say, Grammie Wilbar sat a good deal, and that was in

the sitting room or front room you went into from the kitchen. "How be you this morning?" she inquired over her spectacles. At the center of the room stood a small round table draped in fringed turkey red: as a very small child I enjoyed sitting beneath it, fancying I was wholly invisible and undiscoverable—a game I was encouraged in, spared the disclosure that my feet were sticking out under the fringe. A lamp on the table, some books, a couple of rocking-chairs nearby, and under a shelf along one wall the kind of apple-green and gold-painted Hitchcock chairs later coveted by lovers of antiques. Over the shelf there was a large engraving of the full-sailed racing yacht *Columbia*. One grew up highly yacht-conscious in Newport, and Grammie Wilbar early enjoined me to pray for the defeat of Sir Thomas Lipton, thus no doubt inculcating in me a conviction that prayers were always answered favorably. For a doorstep, there was a stuffed cloth cat, a faded calico cat. It was in that room, principally, that I sat while Grammie reminisced, where Essie taught me checkers and parchesi, where I first pored over Mother Goose and began a scrapbook celebrating Lincoln. Essie's rocker was by the south window, Grammie's deeper in the room, by the center table; and what comes back to me is sitting in Essie's lap and being excited by the poem about "What will poor robin do then, poor thing?" The snow, the threat, the barn. There was a drawing of all this on the page beside the poem.

If it was winter time, on each sill and midway window ledge lay a thing of Essie's making I never saw elsewhere; brightly printed, club-shaped cloth bags which Essie had filled with sand, sewed up, and used as draft preventives. Of the four windows in the room two were blind-closed: the north one overlooking that choked trail of fern by the back fence, and the center window of the three bayed onto Tyler Street. That left two narrow windows, eyed northwest and southwest, for a lookout on anything that might occur on the street and yet with a minimum risk of any passerby looking in.

To close or not to close blinds was, I see now, a mark of generation. My young father and mother left every blind hooked back, but upstairs and down half the Wilbars' windows were shuttered and nearly all my Aunt Louisa's. Many rooms were caves of semi-darkness because of an elderly desire for privacy and a lifelong habit of protecting one's rugs and furniture from fading by the sun. Prime example was of course the old-fashioned parlor, and the Wilbars' was next to the sitting room: its doors as well as its blinded windows were

kept closed. Like the sitting room it was carpeted, but its carpet had a bright, untrodden freshness. The horsehair furnishings looked untouched. A tripod bamboo stand held a nonidentifying crayon portrait of Mr. Wilbar. Long-dried-out cat-o'-nine tails were draped above framed engravings on the walls. One corner of the room was made unexpectedly exotic by a tall china umbrella stand filled with peacock feathers which glittered in the dusk. Just inside the door leading from the sitting room stood a little table which held a green bottle of smelling salts and a jar of Canada peppermints. The mints were my occasional permission, from Grammie Wilbar, to open that door, take the one step inside and return. It was a room so augustly undisturbed as to scare a child. Literally, it was preserved for the great event, the funeral; and in fact it was on the two occasions years later that I saw people actually moving about in that room and had to stand amidst the drench of flowers before the open coffin in the altered light: the sun muted through the drawn tan shades, but for an hour—somehow more frightening still—the blinds were open.

Those peacock feathers were a present from Grammie Wilbar's cousin, Bradford Gay. He was an old bachelor who lived in a big house on Cannon Street, one of the handsomer streets that ran, nearer the center of town, between Broadway and Kay Street. He had traveled far and wide—Essie passed on to me mementos of his journeys, a green-snail shell and an abalone shell, and a bottle of many-colored sand from the Egyptian desert. Yet I doubt if I ventured into his presence. For whatever reason, he terrified me. He looked like photographs of John D. Rockefeller, incredibly ancient and remote, and—this may have been the peculiarity which caused my terror—his head tilted slightly but immovably toward one shoulder. And once in a great while he would pay a brief afternoon call. Immaculately attired in gray suit and hat he would round the corner of Tyler Street and proceed toward the Wilbars' gate with a precise and slow-paced dignity. Essie, rocking at her south window, would spy him with a "Here comes Uncle Bradford!" And off I would put, out of the sitting room, through the kitchen, down the back hall, into the bathroom; and there, door closed and myself as still and unbreathing as possible, I would perch on the toilet seat, hidden all the while he remained in the house. Until, with her queer cackle of laughter, Essie would release me with the announcement that he had gone—and I would be restored to my customary status of little kingpin on the carpet.

Yet it was because of Uncle Bradford Gay that a great, unique, un-

forgettable event took place. One summer morning I hurried excitedly back and forth between my own and the Wilbars' house. I had news. Grammie was going out. Uncle Bradford lay mortally ill, and Grammie proposed to go and see him. All morning was an amazed anticipation, all eyes on the weather, which stayed fair. Immediately after the noon meal—which was, as I have said, dinner—I hippered over to the Wilbars' again. Essie was her usual brisk self, though perhaps with an added zest, coming and going through the front hall in her street dress, her black hat with its bunch of red cherries already squarely perched on her head. And when Grammie Wilbar, hand on the broad bannister, came down the stairs—a lady I was to see that once and that once only. She was all in black: little shoes, a dress of many folds, a jet-decorated cape about her shoulders, and most extraordinary of all a tiny black bonnet set in her white hair and tied under her chin. Somehow the wonder of it increased as she proceeded out into the day, through the gate and down Cranston Avenue to Broadway. There was many a face at the neighbors' windows while she moved slowly along beside Essie. I brought up the procession on my tricycle, following as far as the corner of Uncle Bradford's street and then returning to wait in the park in front of Mr. Murphy's house at the foot of Cranston Avenue. And so it was, though perhaps a sad occasion for Grammie, a day of splendid adventure for me. I wheeled behind as they regained Tyler Street and home. Exhausted, Grammie got back to her rocker, took off her bonnet, and Essie hurried in with hot tea. I was given some too, camomile. Grammie, as was her unvarying custom, poured some tea from her cup to saucer, blew gently upon it and drank, the saucer shaking in her veined hand. Soon she settled back, and it was as though the world had righted itself, but after an event of such wonder that you could not, however happily resettled, regret the excitement that had so tumultuously marked that day.

Some months afterward, Essie popped into my mother's kitchen to report she had seen the ghost of Bradford Gay. "I woke up in the middle of the night," she said, "and I saw him clearly, standing right beside my bed."

"Weren't you scared to death?" my mother asked. "Oh, my gorry!"

"No, I wasn't. I said right out loud, 'Do you want to tell me something?'—and he was gone. Still," Essie went on, "I can't help but think there's something Uncle Bradford wants to tell me. I'm going to put a pad and pencil on the table by my bed."

And I could see Essie showed no fright at all. But agh, I thought: that chill, forbidding old man, that tilted head! I, who had fled from him alive, would have been paralytic with terror at the sight of him dead. I do not know if I brooded on the possibility of Uncle Bradford's ghost favoring my bedside with a visit; it would have been like me; in any case, I have no recollection of Essie seeing him again.

In her youth Essie had once gone to Boston and back on the cars: there was until my youth train service between Boston and Newport; but all her life Grammie never ventured off the Island of Aquidneck and in the last decades, as I have said, scarcely out of her house. Another time I saw her come with Essie through the gate, but on that gray-clouded day Grammie merely took the few steps in to our back porch to view an exhibit I had devised. It was a storm porch with all the damp, musty, wooden, close-shut-in, cosy though neither in- nor out-doors atmosphere peculiar to storm porches. Whatever the pictures I had scissored and mounted on the inner walls of the porch, Grammie came that day to see them, solemnly praised it all, solemnly drew from the pocket of her skirt a nickel, solemnly presented it to me, and then Essie led her home again.

Her bedroom at the head of the stairs was one of the blinded rooms. I think it had dark, carved Victorian furnishings—big bed and big bureau, but I remember for certain only a small glass case attached to the wall. Here again were, though in minor display, stuffed birds and among them a lovely striped chipmunk. No owl, but the chipmunk did very well: I liked to pop into that room just to see him. There was a spare room. There was a curious, narrow, right-angled room, a storeroom containing trunks which were filled with novels; the walls were papered with an animal-picture paper—giraffes, elephants, tigers, all black on buff, a fascinating procession. Off Essie's bedroom, which was carpeted with straw matting, was a tiny room overlooking the back yard and the fences toward Lincoln Street. That nook barely held Essie's sewing machine, herself, and me playing on the floor with paper and colored pencils. It was a sunny-morning east room, but I rather think we were most often there of a rainy day: a thick Newport rain blowing outside and ourselves as snug as a bug in a rug, as Essie said, chattering away with the chattering machine, Essie's foot steadily working the treadle. She gave me slippery elm to chew—thin, woody sticks of it that slimed the tongue.

In that era, just before the World War until sometime in the 1920's, the town seemed almost half-populated by old bachelors,

spinsters, widows and widowers, in many instances each living alone and in most instances maintaining themselves in proud independence. Newport somewhere included a Poor House and there was an Old Men's Home, and I heard or knew of inmates at both. But all these others somehow got along on what even then must have been small funds and what now would seem impossibly small. (I am now, of course, mixing adult judgment with memory: as a child I had no awareness of economics.)

The Wilbars were in many ways typical. They owned their house: a good, tight house, well cared for, unabused, and seldom in need of repairs. There was no wage-earner. In the bank they had some thousands of dollars—I should not be surprised if it were no more than ten or fifteen; I should imagine their annual expenses were counted somewhere in the hundreds. They had no gas, no electricity, no telephone. Coal and food were their major expenses; coal in those days ran about twelve dollars a ton, and Grammie and Essie lived on plain fare. There was no entertaining, there were no luxuries, no extras. Life went on, week in and week out, year in and year out, at a measured, unchanging pace. It seemed a static world that could contain but never be altered by variations, and those variations were chiefly the simple rhythmic ones of time, the weather and the seasons. A sparse existence but with no sense whatsoever of poverty and with a real sense of security. Not many streets away—you could walk to the edge of that gold coast in fifteen minutes—dozens of the richest people in America sported about in a world so different from the Wilbars' it should have been on another planet; but the Wilbars' was one house in Newport where the echoes of that other world hardly sounded if at all. Grammie and Essie were exemplars of the old maxim: use it up, wear it out, make it do. Their time was, as it turned out, within the final hours of the era when you might not be joking if you remarked of a Yankee that he kept on the shelf a box containing, as labelled, "String Too Small to Save."

Narrow, provincial, shut-in, unimaginative: that, I suppose, can be applied to the Wilbars' world; but there was no meanness in it, and there was modesty, decency, pride. Nor was there anything supine. Grammie, clenching her shiny old fist and brandishing it, burst out "I'd steal—I'd lie—before I let any child of mine starve!"

As a matter of fact, I don't know how thoroughly Yankee Grammie Wilbar was. The Wilbar name (though here the spelling was odd if not unique) is an old one in Rhode Island, and I believe her own

folk had been around a long while; but her maiden name was Wilkey and I think she was of Germanic stock. She had had three daughters. Mary—older than Essie, and a friend of my Grandmother Townley since the days of my grandmother's childhood years as a "Scott" in Newport—had married a man named Everett Kline, and they were Aunt Mollie and Uncle Ev to me. They were childless, and they ran a farm just outside Newport in Middletown.

It was said that the Klines spent their wedding night in the Tyler Street house and that Mr. Wilbar, gun in hand, insisted they occupy separate rooms. If that story is true I can only surmise that the reason for it, however fantastic, was bitterness over a scandal the Wilbars had borne earlier. Another daughter, Emma, "had to marry" a man named Harry Hammett. She died young, leaving two small sons. Her daughter, "Tottie," died as a child. Grammie talked frequently about this grandchild, how Mr. Wilbar used to tote her on his shoulders to their house, and I imagined—or perhaps it was so—that a color drawing of an angelic little girl's face, framed on the wall of the sitting room, was of "Tottie."

Grammie maintained an unrelenting enmity toward her Hammett son-in-law. She had nothing to do with him and very little to do with the younger of her grandsons, George. But the older boy, Louis, she took into her home and she and Essie brought him up. So I had had in that house a predecessor, a real grandson. He was now away, working as a newspaperman in Troy, New York. On a preserves-closet door down cellar there was a painted ringed target at which Louis, as a youngster, had hurled darts; and I in my time did the same. Essie made the darts out of corks, feathers, and horseshoe nails: I got the horseshoe nails from the blacksmith shop run by my two great-uncles the Goddards, down behind my Grandfather Scott's hardware store. I made believe I was the champion dart-thrower of the world. And in one of the Wilbars' upstairs rooms—it must have been the spare room—there was a bookcase filled with the red and gold Everyman books as another sign of Louis. He was bookish and he was, apparently from childhood on, extremely shy and withdrawn. Only after his death did Grammie and Essie discover that he had had short stories published.

Suddenly Louis reappeared. This was no mere visit. He had come home to live—or, more exactly, to die. A doctor in Troy had examined him and said "My boy, if you have a home to go to, you'd better go there." So here he was, slowly coming and going through my familiar

next-door gate: turning up Tyler Street if anyone he knew were in sight the other way—such as my father, with whom Louis had gone to school—or crossing the street if he saw anyone he knew on his side. Gray, emaciate, silent. To me he looked like an old man. He must have been, in fact, just into his thirties.

From a bedroom window in my house I watched him coming and going. I was estranged, self-banished. Once again I was frightened of an intruder on my cozy world. And this was far worse for me than the rare afternoon calls of the late Uncle Bradford Gay. Louis belonged in that house. He had resumed his rightful place which, I suppose, I had all along been filling for the Wilbars as a renewal to them of Louis' small boyhood.

I sat one morning alone on our back steps. The high board gate was open onto Tyler Street. Essie came in.

"Why don't you come over and have some of my gingerbread?"

I shook my head.

"You know you love gingerbread."

I wouldn't budge.

"It's real fresh. I've just taken it out of the oven."

No.

"Well, if you won't come, Winfield, then I'll just have to carry some over here to you."

Off she went. I sat where I was. Back she came with a plate full of the warm, spicy gingerbread I loved so. I ate in a choked silence. And I loved her very much. Once she had said to my mother, "I don't know whether Winfield cares anything about me for myself or whether it's just the things I do for him." But she was the things she did. What more can a child know?

The miserable weeks went on. Grammie might wave to me from a window as I trotted up Tyler Street to find my playmates; otherwise I did not see her. Summer came on. Louis went out to the country, to the Klines' farm. A few evenings later as he talked with Uncle Ev and Aunt Mollie, just before bedtime, he fell over and was dead. The next noon, from my position at my parents' bedroom window, I watched four men carrying a covered, six-foot wicker basket into the Wilbars' yard, up the front steps, through the front door. The blinds of the parlor windows were open, the tan shades drawn.

Essie came over to our house, the day following. My mother was at work in the kitchen and my sister and I were playing about.

"I wonder," Essie said, "if Winfield shouldn't see Louis?"

My mother looked at me inquiringly.

I shook my head, this time in an agony of fear. No—no—no!

"Well," she went on, "if he doesn't want to, of course that's all right. I just thought it might be best for him if the first dead person he saw was someone he didn't love. It might make it a lot easier for him later on."

But no—no! I postponed the sight of death.

Nevertheless this first death near me caused a good deal of death consciousness for awhile. Essie and the Klines had at once bought a lot in the Island Cemetery on Farewell Street, for Louis' burial and their eventual own. Grammie's lot was filled, save for the place, she said, waiting for her. Her grave, she told me, had been dug and lined with brick at the time Mr. Wilbar had died and his grave so made alongside the other. This fascinated me. I would sit hunched on a footstool, looking up at Grammie as she placidly went over this information, and thinking how strange it was: there she sat, talking ordinarily enough, and a few streets away there waited, ready, under the grass, a brick-lined place for her. Specifically and inevitably for her. Perhaps a child only partially believes in death: he becomes aware that it happens but to all alive whom he knows he cannot—or will not—imagine it happening.

I saw that grass-covered place often. Essie would wrap available yard flowers into a wet newspaper and off we would go to Louis' new grave—across Broadway to Gould Street, down Warner to Farewell, and then in through the wide cemetery gate and along the gravel drives crunchy and hot in the summer sun. We paused at the old Wilbar lot and I think I imagined Grammie's brick-lined grave as unfilled in any way, as somehow a block of six-foot-deep space and thereby all the more awesome within that quiet ground. Not far from this were two or three adjacent lots all belonging to various groups of my own family, but at that time there was nobody buried there whom I had ever known. As Essie and I went along we passed now and then under the shade of elm trees. The salt breeze from Newport harbor stirred there. But Louis was buried away over back in the "new development," all treeless and bare and sun-struck. There Essie retrieved a mason jar and we filled it at a nearby "fasset"—that was Essie's pronunciation—and she busied herself a moment over the flowers she had brought. "You know, Winfield," she said, "there's room in this lot for you, if you'd like to be buried here." Me dead? Me buried? Incredible. And I could make no reply.

I stayed silent all the way home—that is, into the Wilbars' cool kitchen, where Essie brought me junket from the cellar.

Everybody came and went by their back doors—the front doors were almost as inviolate as the Wilbars' parlor—and whenever Essie left the house she hooked open the screen door to a railing above the back stoop. This was perhaps a signal to any neighbor that Grammie was alone in the house. That door was screened with a black, thickly netted cloth which smelled dusty. Essie's excursions were almost always errand-running; they were brief and occurred less than once a day. Often she took me along for company—to Downing Bros.' drugstore on Broadway with the red and green urns in the window, its black-and-white tile floor, its wooden shelves and drawers, its wooden counters marble-topped, its medicines, its glass jars filled with candies—the Canada peppermints, hoarhound drops, bulls'-eyes, and its pans of chocolates, fudge, penuchi and gumdrops. Or to Tallman's fishmarket, cool and fly-filled, sawdust on the floor, and redolent of mackerel. Or, halfway down Broadway, Wilcox's old-fashioned market and grocery dark with the smell of tea and crowded with all kinds of things in big, standing, covered bins. Or, sometimes, to the cleanest-smelling, most wonderful-smelling place, I thought, of all: a little bakery kept by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, soft spoken Negroes of light color and impressive gentleness. It was such an immaculate, sunny store, right by the Fire Engine house.

Everybody knew everybody.

If we went as far downtown as Thames Street it was only once or twice a year to pay the coal bill. But as I grew older, though when I was still quite a small boy, perhaps seven, Essie began a weekly Saturday afternoon custom of taking me to the show. And the Colonial Theater was on Thames Street. We never attended any other. We would arrive early, lights on in the theater and no one else in sight, and take seats in the front row. The stage too was lighted and was hung with a flat curtain decorated in some curlicue manner but largely covered with painted square signs advertising various business establishments in Newport. Essie's voice sounded loud to me in the empty house. After a time other patrons began wandering in, though none came so far down front. I fed on a color-striped bag of peanut brittle provided, en route downtown, by Essie, and we chatted and waited.

Inevitably the magic moment came: theater darkened, sound of the advertising curtain creaking upward in the night, and then the comedy movie came on. Fatty Arbuckle or Ben Turpin or Charlie

Chaplin: all pantomime and captions in those days of course, all slapstick. I recall only a constantly hilarious atmosphere composed of people tumbling into rain barrels, flailing each other with broad sticks, receiving pie full in the face, being chased by cops over fences and through backyards, or wildly, erratically racing in tin lizzies—now and then weaving miraculously back and forth in front of roaring steam engines.

Essie and I were at once in heaven and there we stayed all afternoon. The comedy was the short movie. At its end the stage was again lighted, the advertising curtain lowered and the vaudeville commenced. There were always five acts and I think their general character altered little, week in and week out: the pair of men in straw hats, and swinging canes, telling jokes, singing and dancing—those two and their endless counterparts usually opened the show. Dog acts, magicians, tumblers, a beautiful girl walking the wire, a singer—for all these the front curtain was withdrawn and they performed for us against a deep, magical background of stageset urns filled with paper flowers. The orchestra, right at our very knees, almost in touching distance on the other side of the low, velvet-hung brass rail, manfully caught the mood of each act.

After that, the house again darkened, we could if we wanted watch the bald pianist, solo, by dim light playing mood music for the 'big movie. But there was, after all, the big movie to watch. Sometimes it was sad, but it always came out fine. Essie read each caption very audibly and somehow for her own satisfaction as well as my information. And afterwards Essie and I returned to a dusky winter afternoon, damp and chill and with a smell of snow. We would hurry up Broadway and if I had been exceptionally excited by the movie I went into the Wilbars', sat at the kitchen table and told the whole story to Grammie, seated over her tea and victuals—her word—at the other end. The Wilbars ate early. Their day was over—almost over—now. Indeed, one of Grammie's peculiar stubbornnesses was her insistence that my birthday was not April 30th but May 1st, and I cannot explain this unless it was a conviction that any occurrence after bedtime, which too was early, must be accredited to the next day.

Whenever Grammie got indignant she said in measured disgust, "Oh, pshaw!" Whenever she got extremely indignant, she said "Shit!" On these latter occasions Essie or my mother, if present, always acted as if nothing whatsoever had been said. As for me, I may have regarded the word as unique with Grammie; certainly I did not pick

it up. She was in general given to criticism of others and, after all, she was older than most people and no doubt felt the superior wisdom of age. "Sue Scott," she said referring to my real grandmother, "never was a one to 'tend properly to her own housework. Always hanging out the window gabbing with anybody'd come by. Her young 'uns running around every which way in any old thing, and their noses running too, like as not." And Essie had a streak of bluntness applicable if she thought necessary to one's relatives. "I don't know," she would say, fussing at my feet as she changed my shoes and stockings, "I don't know what kind of a mother would let a child go out like this in such wet weather. Law's sake, you're soaked through. Now come over here and stand by the stove while I get you some dry things."

Even Essie's kindness had its limits. One rainy morning as I played in the sitting room there came a child's soft knocking on the back door. It was my small sister, Jeannette. She knocked and knocked but Grammie made no sign and Essie made no move. They did not dislike Jeannette, but I was to them their one sufficient child. We sat still and quiet and after awhile the knocking ceased. I played smugly on and yet with a feeling, for which I had no words, that I had been an accomplice in something furtive and mean; but I had no words of that sort either, and what can a child make of an incident bearing the imprimatur of his elders? Later in the morning when rain cleared I was restless.

"What's the matter?" said Essie.

"I don't know what to do."

"Now what's got into you?"

"I don't know."

"Well, try to think of something you'd like to do."

I thought about that.

"I guess," I said, "I'd like to walk up to Lincoln Street and see the new granolithic sidewalk."

And so, hats and coats on, Essie and I marched out to the corner and up one street to Lincoln. There, inside a barricade of chicken wire, stretched the wet-dark gray, new concrete, all marked with a cross line at exact intervals. I looked at it contentedly. It was a new thing in the neighborhood, an event, an excitement. The world did change.

But sometimes of a bright, soft Newport afternoon, Essie took me walking without purpose—except, I daresay, to get herself out of the

house. Rhode Island Avenue, a street of quiet houses and big trees and, after we crossed Kay Street, a good length of dirt sidewalk running along a high cement wall and under clipped plane trees.

"Here," Essie said, taking a round button-like object from her pocket. It was a silken twist, red, white and blue. "Do you know what that is?"

"It's a knot," I said, holding it in my hand.

"It's a beau knot," Essie. She laughed. "Now you're my beau."

Grammie had somehow forestalled a marriage. One day Essie came into our house and talked tensely to my mother. She had just heard news of the death, in his forties, of a minister. She had known him when they were both young. Now, suddenly, he had died, leaving a wife and children. Then, as she talked about him, Essie broke down and cried.

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The Replacement

BY TONY HILLERMAN

IF YOU HAD asked Sergeant Hubble if he had any particular interest in crows he would have looked surprised, and said no, and wondered why you asked. Yet he had been watching the flock gathering in the woods behind the town for at least ten minutes—seeming, at least, to give the birds his close attention. Very likely this was simply because there was nothing else to gaze upon from where Hubble sat, with his back resting against the wall of the ruined house. It might have been, however, that Hubble was hoping that the crows would fly away from their nightly roosting place and that this would somehow delay the coming of darkness. Such a wish would have been shared by Hubble's associates in B Company since the night ahead promised to be unusually unpleasant.

The Sergeant's face gave no hint of what he was thinking. It was at the moment a placid face, slightly soiled on the right cheek and around the mouth and bearing a patchy, dark stubble—enough to suggest that when Hubble became as old as he looked he would need to shave twice a day. Far behind him a machine gun sounded, a brief tearing sound which left a ripple of snapping, falsetto echoes to die away in the empty streets along the river. Hubble's face revealed only the faintest evidence that he had heard. His eyes remained half-closed and his mouth remained relaxed in something close to a smile, giving him the appearance of drowsy benevolence. Only a muscle twitched in his cheek. Nothing more.

Hubble's thoughts must have been as pleasant as his expression, having no connection with the moment, nor with the familiar sound of the German light machine gun, nor with the assignment his company faced with the arrival of night. Yet Hubble was an old soldier—old as the chronology of rifle companies is calculated if not by a tally of birthdays—which necessarily meant he was also a careful one. Therefore it was safe to assume that at least an obscure corner of his con-

sciousness attended the sound. And waited. And then fled away the fact that there was no return fire. This same dim crevice of his mind would have also certainly considered the question of why the German had fired. Probably someone in a rifle platoon along the river had violated the rigid protocol with which the First Battalion and a Panzer Grenadier unit shared this battered Alsatian town. It would have been a replacement, inevitably a replacement not yet tuned to this, forgetful for a moment, perhaps stepping from an exposed doorway, perhaps peering too long from a window at the winter sunlight, perhaps some other equally outrageous sin against the time, some other intolerable violation of the ethic. And a German, seeing this affront, had given the situation the automatic professional split-second of deliberation, had weighed the knowledge that firing slightly diminished his own chances to remain alive, balanced this factor against the prepared index of other considerations, slightly tightened the first finger of his right hand against the curved steel just long enough, but not long enough to insult a mortar observer with the sight of smoke or a muzzle flash. A highly competent, professional operation, judging from the sound of it—and with highly predictable results for the replacement.

Hubble yawned and stirred within his heavy clothing, registering the luxury of heat where the sun had been upon him and the familiar feel of cold flesh of his shaded leg. Corporal Kahn breathed gently beside him, twitching occasionally in his sleep. The figure of a man emerged from the woods, briefly alarming the crows. The sight seemed natural enough. Yet the alert corner of Hubble's mind instantly proclaimed an incongruity, that men no longer walked alone but in long, straggling files, and certainly not along this road indecently exposed in daylight. Once Hubble had run down it with other men, and the tanks had come out of the woods behind them, and the house against which he now leaned had been burning, a warm, bright flare through the gray rain. But Hubble, an old soldier, would certainly not deliberately remember such things, not the sound of the mortar shells, nor the sound of his own voice, cursing against the noise, shouting at his replacements to get up and keep moving, and knowing they would lie there safe from terror while the mortar gunner completed his careful, skillful, professional pattern. Now this was past, meaning only that tonight his squad would number only four men, four careful wise old men wading silently across the shallows toward the dark

houses. The replacements were gone and with them the responsibility. There would not be that burden tonight.

The man walked steadily down the road, tilted slightly forward under his pack but somehow jaunty. Strolling 600 yards from the rifle pits in the riverbank brush, less than a thousand yards from the stone sheds where the half-track sometimes waited in patient ambush. Hubble put his hand on Corporal Kahn's leg and squeezed. He pointed toward the man on the road.

"Fresh meat," said Kahn, squinting against the sunlight. Hubble didn't reply.

"Yeah," said Kahn, satisfied with his judgement. "Right out of the repo depo at Saverne." Kahn cupped his hands and shouted for the man to get off the road. A sudden breeze, cold against the face, blunted the call. The man walked steadily, swinging his arms. Hubble suspected he was whistling. Hubble started across the river, curious. The animal hidden among the brush and scattered buildings remained silent.

"Maybe nobody's going to shoot the simple bastard," Kahn said.

Hubble could see now that the approaching helmet was a fresh olive green, marked with a vertical bar of gold. Kahn yelled again and the man turned his face toward them and angled off the road, across the ditch, still unhurried.

"Imagine the second platoon gets him," Kahn said. "They haven't had a platoon leader since down at Colmar and they just had that one a week or so." Kahn took off his stocking cap and rubbed his matted head. "I can't remember that one's name." He said it, Hubble thought, almost as if it surprised him.

"No," Hubble said.

Kahn thought about it.

"They seemed to like him though. I remember Peterson told me they was going to take care of him." He looked at Hubble. "Do you remember what happened to that one? He wore glasses and he had that new kind of carbine."

"Think it was a mortar," Hubble said. He wished Kahn would stop it. The lieutenant had been on his back under the poplar trees but all Hubble could remember clearly was that snow had collected on the lens of his glasses. Hubble suddenly wanted very badly to remember not his glasses but his name. Robinson? Roberts? Something like that.

"They oughta take care of replacements when they first come up here," Kahn was saying. "Until they can learn a little."

Hubble couldn't remember the lieutenant's face either, or his voice. Just the snow on the lens of his glasses. He couldn't hardly remember any of them, not the later ones. Some of those they got after Anzio he could still see and hear but not those who came up from Marseilles, or the bunch they got from Dijon, or even the new ones from the Saverne replacement depot—the ones he lost last week right there by that road. He could sort of remember, but not their faces and not their names. Not any names at all.

"Just look at that poor bastard there," Kahn said softly. "Great sense of timing. Walks in at four o'clock and over the river he goes when it gets dark and he doesn't know his butt from third base."

"Henderson," Kahn said suddenly. "Wasn't that lieutenant's name Henderson?"

"I don't know," Hubble said.

The two men stared at the lieutenant. He stopped whistling as he walked up, dropped his pack against the wall and leaned his carbine against the bricks carefully. It was that new model. He held out his hand to Hubble. "Lieutenant Eberwine," he said. He shook hands with Corporal Kahn. "I'm looking for B Company."

"Headquarters is down there by the church," Kahn said, pointing.

The lieutenant leaned against the wall and took off his helmet. "Ah," he said. "It's a fine day." He smiled at the world, taking in Kahn and Hubble and the crows in the woods and even the part of the town across the river.

Hubble looked away from the lieutenant. He thought: "Eberwise. It sounded like Eberwise."

"Lieutenant Eberwise," Hubble said. "Lieutenant Eberwise, what is your first name, sir?"

The lieutenant looked surprised. "It's John Eberwine," he said.

Hubble took an envelope from his shirt pocket, and a pen. "How do you spell it?" he asked. He wrote it down as the lieutenant spelled it, feeling embarrassed.

"I like to remember names," Hubble said, just glancing at the lieutenant.

Lieutenant Eberwine smiled again, a warm and happy thing it was, and Hubble turned away from it quickly. He saw the crows were roosting now for the approaching night.

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The Transparent Sun

BY LINDA T. CASPER

"THAT WOMAN is back," Zenaida said, her voice at the near edge of contempt. She swung away from the window that looked across to the governor's office in the provincial capital. Before the full-length mirror on the wall, she stopped to check her teased hair. Her knees were white and smooth beneath the tight pink jersey. Then she entered her room, pulling the door severely.

A plaster crucifix near the entry trembled with the closing. Her cat, a ball of petulant sun, jumped up onto the piano stool and with pink eyes peered timidly about the long hall adorned with old portraits so faded they looked like sun stains on the shellacked walls.

Don Julio glanced up from the morning papers which had just come from Manila, and looked after the closing of the door, trying to decide what his wife had said. The precise click of the door-lock alerted him. He had married each of his three wives when they were barely twenty but now at seventy, he could no longer understand youth or Zenaida, a white skinned mestiza who had been cashier at his theatre, the only movie house in the capital. She must have been provoked by something he had said: by his silence?

"What is it?" he asked, leaning forward on the rattan chair against wide armrests of narra, the newspaper creased between his belly and knees, his fingers marking the obituary page which he always consulted first and last to follow the demise of friends long scattered about the islands.

"That woman," Zenaida shouted from her room, her voice clear and sharp as claws.

Don Julio lifted himself above the windowsill and peered through the vines of pink and white *cadena de amor* that hung over the window grilles like the scattering hair of the woman who stood at the gate, in plain brown skirt, faded overskirt and loose white *camisa*. Her feet, encased in brown plastic slippers, were trying to find balance over the gravel driveway.

"Open the gate," Don Julio called to a servant and replaced the newspaper on the table, now carefully folded on the page of obituaries. A quick eye disclosed the death of Don Esteban. . . . Esteban had repaid him with good money for a wartime debt that friends insisted could be annulled in court. Esteban had said, a debt of honor binds a man more strictly because it is the measure of his life. Don Julio's interrupted glance read: . . . *fallecio en Manila . . . se ruega no envien flores.* . . .

Don Julio walked over to his wife's room and stood outside. "It's my cousin. Don't call her 'that woman'." He waited awhile for her answer. When none came he took courage to try her lock. Her room was open.

The smell of stale perfume crumbled about his face as he looked around to see where Zenaida was. He saw the yellow drapes, sun-streaked and brittle, salvaged from past housekeepings to shut the room from malicious eyes at the capital. He avoided the large dresser mirror; he no longer relished any sight of himself. On the hall outside he could tolerate the pictures of his youth, the young face waxen in the perpetual pose of forgotten reveries. He saw Zenaida brushing her fingernails, with her back against an impressive collection of jerseys printed in the colors and foliage of some overripe garden.

"Don't call her 'that woman'," he said in the same voice he used to coax her to bed.

Zenaida continued brushing her fingernails, now and then glancing at the newspaper pictures of society ladies beaming past each other on the floor below her feet. She could model clothes as well as any of them, if Don Julio would permit. . . . She looked up at him, around him to the huge wedding portrait: Don Julio secure on a red cushioned chair and she, the young succulent wife, looking to the side, distracted.

"She's your cousin, not mine," she finally said, blowing at her cuticles and dangling a leg over the newspaper ladies, a pink satin slipper caught deliriously over her toes, an amused smile playing on her face.

"Return the necklace," Don Julio said, approaching his wife slowly so as not to startle her, a hand extended to touch the hair that was brittle with applications of hairspray, a special concoction of beer and essences smuggled from Jolo.

Zenaida flounced her eyes at him.

"Return them, *hija*, and I will make it up to you. The necklace is old anyway. Old and tarnished. . . . Of what use can it be to you? It does not become you. . . ."

"What necklace?" Zenaida sprung away from the intended touch, leaving Don Julio poised to caress the vacated air. She laughed at his discomfiture, a tiny, kitty laugh that properly disclosed her fine teeth and exquisite darting tongue. "She must have told you lies. I know of no necklace . . . that belongs to her, you say, to an old woman?"

Zenaida continued to move away, tying and retying the pink ribbon sash around her body, moving along the window where through the transparent drapes the sun glowed into her arms.

Don Julio restored his hands to his sides, groped for the pockets of his purple dressing gown, worn pink at the hem and cuff; the waist sash, tied indifferently, sagged over his hips.

"Give it back to her, *hija*; you do what I tell you now and you will receive something several times in value . . . something young and precious, something new. . . . You can choose it yourself."

"I still don't know what necklace." Zenaida paused before the dresser to pat her hair and spray her ears with Gloire de Paris. The spray hit her eyes. She grimaced and rubbed them hard, like a child waking up from an afternoon sleep. She peered at herself. No lines on the forehead, none around the eyes. She was barely twenty, barely beginning to live. She smiled at herself, her eyes glinting as though to coax a secret lover who provoked her even in the presence of the old man.

Suddenly the mirror wings of her dresser disclosed Don Julio still struggling across the distance between them. She moved away from their reflections on the dresser mirror. She watched him, amused at the way his wrinkled feet slid in and out of his purple slippers when he walked. Had he ever been young?

"Listen, *hija*," Don Julio said, standing still so Zenaida would not move further away. "You tell me what you want in return . . . anything at all . . . a trip to Manila . . . to Baguio . . . we can stay as long as you want. . . ." To emphasize his generosity Don Julio raised a hand loose with flesh.

"Baguio gives you asthma and no one is there except during summer." She pouted at him, then slipped into the golden jersey silk with drastic bamboo prints. "Do you like it?" she asked, luring him with her small kitty voice.

"What do you want then? Anything. . . ." Don Julio hunched his shoulders to restrain his lungs. He leaned on to the back of the chair Zenaida had sat on, unable to lift his feet further.

"This," Zenaida said, opening the wardrobe with the dragon lock, her fragile fingers long and white against the mahogany.

Don Julio looked up, his eyes consumed by the gold filigree necklace, by the glass pendant, by the crucifix inlaid with green bits of mirror.

Zenaida held it up, swung it before him; watched him follow with frayed eyes the flaring trace of sun it left in the air.

"IT'S AN OLD NECKLACE," Don Julio said, as he looked at his cousin Sepa who sat at the edge of her chair in the living room, her old face more faded than the portraits on the walls. He could not recall her young face. He had not seen her in years, not since his first wife, Gloria, had died.

Sepa did not speak, as though to hold intact the pieces of her face. Head inclined to one side, she stared at the cup of chocolate before her, not even following the flight over it of a large green fly, not interested in anything that fell outside the fixed arc of her sight. She laid her hands on her lap, rubbed the fingers slowly as though trying to feel the texture of her own skin. She sighed and inclined her head to the other side and closed her eyes against the glint of sunlight on the waxed floor.

Sepa came prepared to redeem the necklace. A month before, she had come to the house to pawn. She could have gone to one of the *agencias* in the capital but she had no trust in them. She told her granddaughter, Antonia—two sons were lost in Corregidor, the only daughter to smallpox at infancy—"Julio will give me more and the necklace will be safe with him." She had sold various pieces of her inheritance, but the necklace, the only piece left, the one she had coveted from childhood, she could only pawn. She had pledged it once to Gloria, Julio's first wife. They had all grown up together.

At her earlier coming, Julio had not been at the house. Zenaida, in his stead, had generously offered the money and accepted the necklace. Sepa had watched her try it on, negligently view herself with it on the full-length mirror. "Take your time repaying, Sepa," the young wife had said. "We trust you. And come any time you need us. If you have any more old pieces . . . jewels that have been in your family for years . . . I would like to see them." The long white fingers had en-

closed the gold filigree necklace that hung wantonly from the white neck, the way Sepa had often dreamed of its hanging on herself. But she never had dared to put it on before others. . . .

"Is there anything you need?" Don Julio was asking. "Antonia may want to study in Manila. The universities are excellent there. I can support her through school. My son, Gloria's firstborn and mine . . . you remember Federico . . . he is now a school superintendent and Antonia can easily secure a position through him at my slightest word . . . so let her have the necklace."

"I have come to redeem it," Sepa said, her voice quiet and apologetic. "One should never pawn . . . it's my very. . . ." She pulled out the handkerchief that was attached to the inside of her camisa by a large safety pin. She looked at it for sometime, then she started to loosen the knotted ends. Carefully she unrolled it, pressing the corners down on her lap. Tight as little dried worms the folded money emerged. One by one she placed them on her palm, balanced them there tentatively. She contemplated the exposed designs, shades of brown and orange and white that were becoming blurs in her eyes. Quickly she brought the creased handkerchief to her face, rubbed it with both hands into her eyes. Sobbing quietly, inwardly she rocked herself at the edge of her chair.

"Stop, Sepa, you're too old for that," Don Julio said, glancing about the hall, his eyes darting to the room of Zenaida. The door was closed. No longer menaced by fear, he reached over to pat Sepa's arm. "Don't cry, Sepa. Let us talk this over. I can give you a sum, not modest by any means . . . it will be between us. Then you won't have to sell mats in town. A life of hardship does not become you. . . ."

"I have sold mats since my husband died; beginning with our own," Sepa said. "I raised my children on my peddling. What few jewels I inherited were lost during the Sakdal uprising; all those buried by Father were never recovered, those we carried in flight disappeared with the servants . . . you knew that, Julio. . . ."

Don Julio sat back to rest his body. He looked at the portraits on the wall. Without seeing them clearly, he knew the one over the piano was Sepa's father, Don Macario. "I remember your father," he told Sepa.

"He was dead not long after the uprising . . . my husband followed," Sepa said, her fingers afraid to close upon the rolled money in her hands, the money Don Julio would not accept.

"Don Macario was good to me . . . he used to take me in his *quelis*, the horses golden with bronze harnesses . . . remember, Sepa, when everyone would look up and after us when we passed? I remember his silver hilted sword, the collection of pistols, the table in the hall before the image of San Antonio where he counted the silver brought by harvests. It was not his wealth, but the richness, the perfection of his devotion, his attending to the smallest. . . ."

Don Julio looked up to the next portrait, Sepa's mother. When Don Macario's house burned, Gloria had asked for those portraits, borrowed them until another house could be built of sufficient grandeur to compliment the gilt-edged portraits. . . . Don Macario died without erecting another house. Often, Gloria claimed Don Julio's nonexistent ancestry through those portraits, in order to impress newly acquired friends. Don Julio, himself just becoming rich, would not disclose the fact that he was brought to Don Macario's house as a servant, a distant relative whom Don Macario raised as a companion to an only son.

"I remember your mother," Don Julio said. "All the vats of preserved lime and santol that her cooks prepared, the legs of ham curing over her kitchen stoves, her silverware so pure that spoons bent almost from touch. . . . She was good to me. . . ." Don Julio began to revel in recollections almost forgotten. The more he recalled, the more he felt revived, assured and restored. "See the portrait of your mother, Sepa, see how well it is preserved in my house."

Sepa turned on her chair, pushing her feet back into the brown plastic slippers that rubbed her toes raw in a single morning's peddling. She turned to the portrait. In the slant of light upon the floor she could not fix her eyes steadily. But in her mind she saw the portrait again, remembered the delicate face that had been widely sought in marriage and whose features only her older sister had inherited, and around the slender neck, the necklace, reproduced in tempting shades of gold like a ritual sun simultaneously buried and being unearthed.

"You remember, Julio" she said, rising slightly from the edge of her chair, recalling how she had always desired that necklace, as recompense for the beauty she did not inherit. Suitors had come for the older sister, but for her, only one who therefore had to be accepted. She had her father's face, broad and mild, generous with faults. But now, her grandchild, Antonia, reproduced her mother's beauty. She desired the necklace, now for Antonia, more fiercely than she had for herself.

"I came to redeem the necklace," she said, no longer tempted by Don Julio's offer.

"It cannot matter that much to you, Sepa, not any more," Don Julio said. "I have offered you much more than it's worth because I owe it to your father. How else can I ever repay him? But Zenaida needs this jewelry. She's young, we must be patient with her. She has never enjoyed the things you had. Let us be good to her, Sepa. You have been luckier, your own father and mother had provided for you. . . ."

"Remember, Julio, when Mother died and her jewels were being distributed among us?" Sepa asked, her fingers tight around the money in her palm. "I asked only for that necklace but Ate, being older, received it. Remember, you said you would get it back for me?"

Don Julio sat back to recall. Once, his slingshot had raised a welt as large as a hen's egg on Sepa's forehead but Sepa refused to name him and thus condemn him to flogging, undressed before all the servants. In gratitude he had felt indebted to her, as well as to Don Macario; had intended to be her protector though she was several years older than he was. When the jewels were being partitioned, he had promised to get it for her somehow. Though he was barely thirteen then, the pride of growing manhood had demanded that much of a gesture of gallantry.

"Remember, Julio, you bought that necklace from Ate with the first big money you made? It was your wedding and you laughed as you handed it to me, and said, instead of my giving you a gift, you were giving me one. That's why I pawned it to you, first, when Gloria was still alive . . . then now."

Don Julio saw the warped fingers extending the tightly rolled bills. He felt his deformity and he looked away quickly. Sternly, a man bent on repaying a debt of honor, he walked over to Zenaida's room. The lock would not turn.

"Zenaida," he shouted. "Bring that necklace. Now."

Zenaida remained in her room.

Don Julio's hands clutched the knob, tried to rattle it. It sounded like his bones knocking. He released the knob, started to turn away. Then, unable to look at Sepa, he knocked again, softly with his head bowed against the door.

"Zenaida," he said, his voice crumbling against the wall. "Someone is here to see you."

Then he walked over to his own room, across the hall, and waited for Zenaida's clear voice, like sharp claws tearing the long hall's silence.

✿ LINDA T. CASPER, who lists her occupation as wife, mother, and writer, has published one novel, *The Peninsulars*, and has another, tentatively entitled *The Stranded Whale*, in progress. She had a story in the spring 1965 issue of *NMQ*, and she has published numerous pieces of short fiction, essays, and book reviews. Born and reared in Manila, Mrs. Casper has traveled widely throughout Southeast Asia, western Europe, and the Mediterranean.

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