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WHY?

This is the first issue of the TRINITY REPORTER in a magazine format. It will be published twice a year and will contain material written by alumni, members of the faculty and administration, and students. The content of each issue will be varied — fiction, non-fiction, poetry, book reviews.

The tabloid version of the REPORTER which was first produced in May 1970 will continue to be published but on a reduced schedule — five times instead of nine times a year. The content of the tabloid will remain as it has been — news about the College (people and events), class notes, sports and obituaries.

The concept of the two versions of the REPORTER is the result of much conversation and correspondence with alumni across the country. We hope the two versions will meet the prime objectives which were generally expressed — a newspaper to provide current news about the College — plus a magazine to convey the interests, reflections, research, commentaries and points of view which will demonstrate the distinctive quality of an institution like Trinity.

For the first issue, we solicited contributions. As we plan future issues, we sincerely hope alumni will take the initiative in submitting manuscripts for consideration or to write us regarding contributions they or others might make.

Any suggestions, ideas, criticisms will be most welcome. We don't want to work in a vacuum and in this kind of venture, feedback is essential.

L.B.W.

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The Sailor and the Steamer: Literary Reflections on a Maritime Revolution

by Edward W. Sloan III

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in 1847, noted in his journal:

*The superstitions of our age are,
The fear of Catholicism
The fear of Pauperism
The fear of immigration
The fear of manufacturing interests
The fear of radicalism or democracy,
and faith in the steam engine.*

In this self-styled "go ahead" era, steam-powered vehicles — the railroad, the river steamboat, and the oceanic steamship — caught the public fancy on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. In England and the United States alike, mid-nineteenth century spokesmen, astounded by the frenzied pace of technological advance, proclaimed that "time and space are annihilated" and boasted endlessly about the marvels of their age.



In the United States progress had become a matter of professed public faith. Celebrated as a national trait, progress received its most dramatic and tangible evocation through the onrush of technological innovation to which Americans by mid-century laid special claim. Yet one of the most remarkable achievements in technological progress was not to be initiated by the United States.

The ocean-going steamship came into its own in 1838 when two British steamers made almost simultaneous crossings of the Atlantic under continuous steam power. This highly publicized success and the immediate establishment of a regular transatlantic steam service vividly impressed itself on a receptive audience. In New York, especially, the comings and goings of such steamers provoked exhaustive discussion throughout the following two decades, and the rivalry between American and British steam liners became a matter of national honor.

Little wonder that an overdue steamship, let alone one *lost* at sea, elicited great public consternation. Thus in early 1850 the belated announcement that the steamer *Atlantic* was safe in a British port, after failing to complete her scheduled crossing to New York, brought forth a tumultuous response. As the editor of *Harper's* magazine later described it,

. . . the Extras, in a moment, sowed the exciting news broadcast over the town. Men stopped each other in the streets, and told the glad tidings as of some great victory which had secured peace and prosperity to the land. Crowds gathered under the lanterns while some loud voice read out the happy news. People looked in at shops and up at windows, saying, "The *Atlantic* is safe!"

"For that evening," he remarked, "men stood upon the ground of a common manhood, sure of individual sympathy, in the universal joy."

Of the same incident, Henry James relates that as a small boy he was at the theater with his parents when the news of the *Atlantic* arrived. "It was enough," he recalled, "that the public nerve had at the moment been tried by the non-arrival of the *Atlantic* . . . to the pitch at last of extreme anxiety; so that, when after the fall of the curtain . . . [the "hero" of the farce], still breathless, reappeared at the footlights [and announced] "Ladies and gentlemen, I rejoice to be able to tell you that the good ship *Atlantic* is safe!" the house broke into such plaudits, so huge and prolonged a roar of relief, as I had never heard the like of and which gave me my first measure of a great immediate public emotion . . ."

Yet in the midst of this steam mania not all were celebrants. For some observers, such progress exacted a price, whether physical or psychic; and their ambivalence, if not downright hostility, produced occasional dissonance among the choruses of praise. Such a critical viewpoint appeared early in English and American literary works of

the nineteenth century. As some of the most acute and articulate observers of the contemporary scene, major writers on both sides of the Atlantic to an arresting degree reflected, if not openly expressed, the strains and tensions of steam progress.

This was especially so for marine steam propulsion, as steam at sea cast its challenge to a centuries-old life of sail. In this challenge, and in the response to it, one may observe the immense disruption which steam brought about in nineteenth-century maritime life.

Objections to oceanic steam often were simply expressions of personal discomfort. Margaret Fuller — a poor traveller at best — complained, on an 1846 transatlantic steamer voyage, of "the smell and jar of the machinery, or other ills by which the sea is wont to avenge itself on the arrogance of its vanquishers." Emerson, in the haze of recollection, might rhapsodize about the ocean steamer as "a sumptuous ship [which has] floored and carpeted the stormy Atlantic and made it a luxurious hotel, amid the horrors of tempests." But in his journal of an 1848 crossing, he moaned of being "dragged day and night continually through the water by this steam engine . . . One long disgust is the sea," he concluded; "Who am I to be treated in this ignominious manner, tipped up, shoved against the side of the house, rolled over, suffocated with bilge, mephitic, & stewing oil?" Again, in his 1841 essay on "Art," Emerson awarded steam his highest accolade, proclaiming that "when its errands are noble and adequate, a steamboat bridging the Atlantic between Old and New England and arriving at its ports with the punctuality of a planet, is a step of man in harmony with nature." But when he was on board such a steamer in 1848, as it pounded relentlessly through the seas, he testily remarked that "The Americans would sail in a steamboat built of lucifer matches, if it would go faster."

Some might object to the filth which the coal-burning furnace produced; others deplored the smell. As Harriet Beecher Stowe recorded of an 1853 crossing,

Ship life is not all that fragrant; in short, especially on a steamer, there is a most mournful combination of grease, steam, onions, and dinners in general, either past, present, or to come, which, floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence which, in half an hour after sailing, begins to come upon you . . .

Of these weary travellers in the early days of oceanic steam, the most trenchant critic of them all was Charles Dickens. He summed up his distaste for ocean steamers by commenting morbidly on the perils of the unwary passenger. To travel on a steamer, Dickens explained to a friend, was to be trapped for days in a vessel "full of fire and people," with no boats to carry off the passengers and with the huge machinery pounding away and threatening

to tear the steamer to pieces as she struggled through heavy Atlantic seas. Such passengers, he concluded, might very well "Quake considérable" and "Damn the engine."

But the discomfort of an ocean steam voyager was only occasional; matters were more serious when steam propulsion was a direct and unbearable threat to one's entire way of life. This was particularly the case in the British Royal Navy and in the Navy of the United States.

Thus Admiral Sir Charles Napier spoke for legions of professional seamen on both sides of the Atlantic when he addressed the House of Commons in opposition to the introduction of steam power:

Mr. Speaker, when we enter Her Majesty's naval service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be *boiled alive*.

The American author James Kirke Paulding, while serving as Secretary of the Navy in the Van Buren administration, expressed similar convictions. Complaining to a friend that he was "steamed to death" by those pressuring him to convert the Navy to steam, Paulding justified his position in the face of what he described as a "steam mania."

We must yield the palm to the majority in this as in other things; for, whatever may be his opinions, the man who opposes the world is a fool for his pains. I am willing therefore to go with the wind, though I don't mean to carry full sail, and keep the steam enthusiasts quiet by warily administering to the humor of the times; but I will never consent to let our old ships perish, and transform our Navy into a fleet of sea monsters.

As if the violent distortion of traditional naval relationships were not bad enough, steam brought with it a host of disagreeable attributes which the men of sail could scarcely tolerate. As an eminent British naval historian has recently written

Into [their] paradise of spick-and-spanness suddenly . . . was projected the first shadow of 'steam'; steam, from whose grotesque and clumsy engines, from whose monstrous smoke-stacks, there belched forth the smuts, the concentrated mess from the combustion of filthy Newcastle coal, and the first smell and contamination of Oil.

For the men of sail, steam was truly "Hell's innovation"; grossly inefficient, undependable, aesthetically ghastly, and dangerously cumbersome as early steam warships wallowed about with their sidewheels flailing the water and their funnels emitting great clouds of soot. Thus merchant sailors as well had no fondness for the noxious newcomer:

The agony of it, to the deck officers [novelist and marine engineer William McFee recalled], was that they had to command from a bridge amidships, a most unsuitable location for a sailing ship man. There they might, with a following wind, be smothered in soot from the funnel. Sparks burned holes in the sails. The black gang, dumping ashes every watch, made life hideous with their banging and clashing of buckets, and the fine ash blew across the decks and into the cabins.

* * *

Beyond this immediate, material dimension of resistance to steam lay another level of perception; one where steam took on a more figurative than literal form. For those of a reflective cast of mind, steam at sea often appeared as an unnatural, alien, menacing presence. Thus in a number of literary works, most notably those of Joseph Conrad, one may discern through such apprehensions over steam the recognition by nineteenth-century authors of a revolutionary force.

If one defines "revolution" as that which irreparably tears the existing fabric of human values; which fundamentally disrupts, even destroys societal institutions and human relationships, then the introduction of steam — especially in the maritime world of the nineteenth century — was clearly revolutionary. Steam was not only creative of a new way of life; it was also destructive of an old way. Steam was a destroyer, not just of ships and men on occasion, but of a centuries-old tradition of human enterprise.

Joseph Conrad, a man trained in sail but one who rose to command steamers, compellingly evoked the sailor's instinctive distaste for steam. For Conrad, the sailing vessel was at one with Nature; sail at sea was an inspirational encounter of man's art with overwhelming natural forces, an encounter in which human physical effort and fortitude were put to the ultimate test. The sailing ship, Conrad insisted, "seems to draw its strength from the very soul of the world, its formidable ally." Through handling such a vessel at sea, men came to know and to accept the meaning of life; for Conrad, this meaning lay in man's total submission to the unremitting demands of the sea.

But the life of steam and the steamer herself, he argued, were devoid of this meaning. Indeed, the steamer represented a defiance of nature:

The efficiency of a steamship consists not so much in her courage as in the power she carries within herself. It beats and throbs like a pulsating heart within her iron ribs, and when it stops, the steamer, whose life is not so much a contest as the disdainful ignoring of the sea, sickens and dies upon the waves.

Conrad recognized the awesome might and conceded the inexorable advance of steam at sea:

The modern steamship advances upon a still and over-shadowed sea with a pulsating tremor of her frame, an occasional clang in her depths, as if she had an iron heart in her iron body; with a thudding rhythm in her progress and the regular beat of her propeller, heard afar in the night with an august and plodding sound as of the march of an inevitable future.

But [he then added] in a gale, the silent machinery of a sailing ship would catch not only the power, but the wild and exulting voice of the world's soul.

Conrad considered the steamship's operation to be fundamentally different from that of a sailing vessel. Rather than "yielding to the weather and humoring the sea," the steamer "receives smashing blows, but she advances; it is a slogging fight, and not a scientific campaign." For Conrad, "the machinery, the steel, the fire, the steam have stepped in between the man and the sea." Such steamers exploit the sea as a highway, rather than become, like the sailing vessel, the "sport of the waves." Perhaps the steamer's voyage marked triumphant progress; yet, Conrad queried, is it "not a more subtle and more human triumph to be the sport of the waves and yet survive, achieving your end?"

Thus for Conrad the advance of maritime steam was a mixed blessing, at best; for it resulted in loss as well as gain. The loss, he argued, lay in "the lack of close communion between the artist and the medium of his art. It is, in short, less a matter of love . . ." The life of steam might be one of contentment, he conceded, but "it has no moments of self-confidence, or moments not less great of doubt and heart searching . . ." Such seagoing," he continued, "has not the artistic quality of a single-handed struggle with something much greater than yourself; it is not the laborious, absorbing practice of an art whose ultimate result remains on the knees of the gods. It is not an individual, temperamental achievement, but simply the skilled use of a captured force, merely another step forward upon the way of universal conquest."

While still pursuing his maritime career, Conrad might leave the sea to go into steamers (as the old salts derisively put it); but his heart could not be in his work. Steam was so alien that true steamer men, he insisted, were not descendants but mere successors to those who for centuries had followed the noble calling of sail. Conrad might command a steamer, but he would never give himself to such a vessel, "fed on fire and water, breathing black smoke into the air, pulsating, throbbing, shouldering its arrogant way against the great rollers in blind disdain of winds and sea."

Perhaps the squalid reality of the steam age hastened Conrad's departure from the sea into his new life as a land-locked writer. As Conrad stated in 1903, "I consider myself to be the last seaman of a sailing vessel. Anyway,

no one will be writing any more about that old sea life." So far as he was concerned, *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'* (which Conrad wrote in late 1896 and early 1897) put "a seal on that epoch of the greatest possible perfection which was at the same time the end of the sailing fleet. I feel that deeply," he somberly concluded, "each time I look at the British Channel where nothing but smoking chimneys are to be seen nowadays."

Conrad was not the only major literary figure to contemplate with regret this nineteenth-century nautical revolution. Running through that literature which touches on steam at sea is a frequent assertion that steam is antithetical to the poetic muse, that steam at its prosaic worst marks an end to romance, an end to that which lifts mankind above the humdrum and the banal.

Of course, there were certain poets such as Lydia Sigourney who could wring sentiment from steam (as she could from most everything else); but perhaps more representative in outlook was one of her contemporaries, the Swedish writer Fredrika Bremer, who decided, in 1850:

Sailing vessels are so infinitely more beautiful and more poetical than steam-vessels. On board the latter one never hears the song of the wind or the billows, because of the noise caused by the machinery, and one can enjoy no sea-air which is free from the fumes of the chimney or the kitchen.

"Steam-boats are excellent in the rivers," she concluded, "but on the sea — the sailing-ship forever!"

Steam also managed to sully the glories of war, as it rendered obsolete the high adventure of fighting sail. In "A Utilitarian View of the Monitor's Fight," Herman Melville in 1862 thus commented on the implications of the Civil War duel between the famous steam ironclads, *Monitor* and *Virginia*:

Plain be the phrase, yet apt the verse,
More ponderous than nimble;
For since grimed War here laid aside
His Orient pomp, 'twould ill befit
Overmuch to ply

The rhyme's barbaric cymbal.

Hail to victory without the gaud
Of glory; zeal that needs no fans
Of banners; plain mechanic power
Plied cogently in War now placed —
Where War belongs —
Among the trades and artisans.

Yet this was battle, and intense —
Beyond the strife of fleets heroic;
Deadlier, closer, calm 'mid storm;
No passion; all went on by crank,
Pivot, and screw,
And calculations of caloric.

Needless to dwell; the story's known.
The ringing of those plates on plates
Still ringeth round the world —
The clangor of that blacksmiths' fray.

The anvil-din
Resounds this message from the Fates:

War shall yet be, and to the end;
But war-paint shows the streaks of weather;
War yet shall be, but warriors
Are now but operatives; War's made
Less grand than Peace,
And a singe runs through lace and feather.

Did the advent of steam, in its myriad forms, thus mark an end to romance? As the glorious, inspirational, white-winged clippers vanished from the seas, what of the steamer — with its drab, utilitarian, plodding ways? Was it merely a grotesque sequel to the sailing ship, inherently unromantic, incapable of stimulating men to great thoughts and great deeds? John Masefield, in his poem, "Cargoes," so proclaims this sorry end to maritime romance:

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green
shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores
Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

Or consider the romantic disdain for steam which Rudyard Kipling portrays in his poem, "The Three-Decker":

Full thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail.
It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten
sail;
But, spite all modern notions, I found her first
and best —
The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

* * *

That route is barred to steamers: you'll never lift
again
Our purple-painted headlands or the lordly keeps of
Spain.
They're just beyond your skyline, howe'er so far you
cruise
In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking
screws.

* * *

Hull down — hull down and under — she dwindles to
a speck,
With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.
All's well — all's well aboard her — she's left you far
behind,
With a scent of old-world roses through the fog that
ties you blind.
Her crews are babes or madmen? Her port is all to
make?
You're manned by Truth and Science, and you steam
for steaming's sake?
Well, tinker up your engines — you know your busi-
ness best —
She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest!

Felix Riesenberg, in his reflections of a life in sail, conceded that the steamer and the motorship are perhaps "robbing the sea of its horrors, of its hardships; but," he added, "they are also most thoroughly robbing it of those romantic treasures which alone made the calling of the sea a bearable business, aye, a compelling thing without reason." In the sailing days, Riesenberg recalled, life was bitterly hard, but the harsh sea "still held virgin pleasures not yet spoiled by millions of smeary hands." If one asks who is now the counterpart of the sturdy seamen of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, Riesenberg might point disparagingly to the men of the steamer; "the stall-fed stokers; these men with crooked legs, short distorted bodies, great gorilla arms and parchment faces [who] look back out of their dead experience, a cruel cold glint in deep-set eyes, a curl of disdain in wide nostrils, sniffing ghost-like over the black pan, the cabin leftovers, sitting on the gratings of the fireroom."

* * *

Then is all that finally remains only Eugene O'Neill's *Hairy Ape*? Does steam contaminate not only the world but also those men who submit themselves to the implacable dictates of the machine?

Kipling has told us that we will never reach the Islands of the Blest with our up-to-date steam liner. Yet he also maintains, in his poem, "M'Andrew's Hymn," that there is a special place and certain meaning for both steam engine and men who tend the machinery:

Lord, [says Kipling's engineer McAndrew]
Thou hast made this world below the shadow
of a dream
An', taught by time, I tak' it so — exceptin' always
Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy
Hand, O God —
Predestination in the stride o' yon connection'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same — enormous,
certain, slow —

Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame — *my* "Institutio."

For McAndrew there arises, on any trip, the inevitable question. "Mister M'Andrew," inquires a dapper gentleman, sporting Russian-leather tennis shoes and a spar-decked yachting cap, "don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"

[McAndrew has his answer, if he keeps it to himself]:

Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what
ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back — the cranks three inches off
my nose.
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it
very well,
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't
poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns — the loves an'
doves they dream —
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song
o' Steam!

As Kipling suggests, it was not that steam was inherently devoid of romance, or that sail had an intrinsic monopoly in the romantic realm. Nor was steam so alien, so dehumanizing, so meaningless for men. Rather, steam, above all else, represented change; a change of immense, bewildering dimensions. With its startling advances, by the magnitude and intensity of its achievements, steam unforgiveably shattered the comfortable, the familiar, the relatively predictable and comprehensible, the meaningful world for those born and bred in sail. This was its revolutionary impact. Yet while steam might vanquish sail, its victory would turn out to be as ironic as it was complete. For with a nostalgia born of frustration and bewilderment with the onrush of progress, so many men turned away from the triumphant machine at sea and reached with romantic yearning for their vanishing world of sail.

What might one then conclude about the maritime revolution in steam? Is the romance of the sea, especially the romance of sail, really a symptom of discontent with actuality? Does this nostalgia betray a deep frustration with the implacable realities of the present, a frustration which leads to a reverence for the past? Then do things become romantic only when they begin to slip away or, better yet, when they are safely out of reach? Thus does the romance of sail, and the corresponding hostility towards steam, betray a fundamental strain, a condition of human existence and the demand which this condition places upon mankind — that of coping with ever-present, never-ending change?

This nostalgic dimension of romance — romance as a flight from reality, a rejection of the present — emerges with particular force where technological innovation

thrusts itself on an unwilling and unready society. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The King," both epitomizes this endlessly recurring clash and suggests the ironic element which suffuses the maritime revolution in steam:

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;
"With bone well carved he went away,
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
And jasper tips the spear to-day.
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!"

* * *

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;
"By sleight of sword we may not win,
But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke
Of arquebus and culverin.
Honour is lost, and none may tell
Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders cried;
"Our keels ha' lain with every sea;
The dull-returning wind and tide
Heave up the wharf where we would be;
The known and noted breezes swell
Our trudging sail. Romance, farewell!"

"Good-bye, Romance!" the Skipper said;
"He vanished with the coal we burn;
Our dial marks full steam ahead,
Our speed is timed to half a turn.
Sure as the ferried barge we ply
'Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye!"

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
"He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn —
And left the local — late again!"
Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Robed, crowned, and throned, he wove his spell,
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
Hedged in a backward-gazing world;
Then taught his chosen bard to say:
"Our King was with us — yesterday!"

* * *

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CROSSBREEDS

by Steven H. Keeney

We're at the point now where we look back on all that '60s radicalism and wonder where it went.

All those wonderful dreams unabridged by ideology or practicality seem somehow "last night" to our soul. The dreams certainly haven't gone from us. But those shoulder-rubbing masses of dreamers out demonstrating have.

The *enfants terribles* of the '60s marched from barricade to bureaucracy; from street to stage; from one academic degree to another. They put the draft and two disgraced Presidents behind them. And they went to court — by choice.

It turns out that less convincing has to be done. Vietnam, CIA and Watergate symbolize painfully unarguable consensuses where there were confrontations half a decade ago. Those cases have been made.

Making them, in a sense, incorporated "The Movement" into the machinery it once confronted. Though the election financing laws have shifted somewhat, much of that machinery remains intact. But its one-time manipulators are today convicted (or, in one case, pardoned) criminals. You win a few, you lose a few. The Movement always was part of The System.

A religio-psychology major ('71) who demonstrated under a "Free All Political Prisoners" banner in 1969 counsels prisoners at a Rhode Island Federal pen now.

A poetic '60s revolutionary ('71) writes captions for cheesecake photos in *Oui Magazine* — after getting an M.A. in English under Paul Carroll at the University of Chicago. His roommate ('70), still sporting long hair and a motorcycle, churns out fictitious "advisor" columns for *Playboy Magazine*, elucidating the caloric content of semen with all the *savoir faire* of another Nabokov or Roth.

Me? After a four-year stint with the very much above-ground ("Start Every Day Right") *Hartford Courant*, I'm an administrative assistant for communications in the Hartford Public School System. Strictly a coat-'n-tie gig.

The reporter in me won't allow a run-down of the usual clichés here — no "rites of passage," "adolescent disillusionments," or "quests" are in sight. A more empirical approach would precisely define "Trinity activists" or "radicals," do a census, and record the incidents of its hypotheses.

We all know who the radicals were. They commandeered the administration building in 1968, refusing the Trustees permission to go to the bathroom. Radicals set up "communes," like the "Cabaret Voltaire," which "liberated" the first floor of South Campus C in 1969-70.

One of the sit-inners ('70) today occupies the Dean's office of a nearby college. Another ('68) works for the Capitol Region Council of Governments. And a third ('71), is a systems analyst for a major insurance company.

Trinity's black radicals fared differently. One of the black sit-in leaders ('68) is in Nairobi, Kenya, after picking up his M.B.A. from Harvard. A second ('70) will join the business office of The Woodlawn Organization (the late Saul Alinsky's Chicago action group) about now, a month or two before he gets his M.B.A. A third ('68) joined the faculty of a Washington, D.C. area college after psychotherapy for brandishing a knife.

A vintage year of "put-your-cards-on-the-table" activists have ripened to become closet freaks in coats, ties and straight labor. Once archetypal, faded bluejeans now seem almost anachronistic. Hair is less a statement now than a style. A good number go home to their wives each night, change into jeans (hanging up the suit pants to keep the creases crisp until the other suit gets back from the cleaner), and pour a drink.

One bunch that still inhabits virtually unchanged clothes is the band from Cabaret. The original name, "Gasoline" ("gasoline kills wasps"), is changed. But the main members ('71-'72) have stayed together, playing in Boston bars and living at a remote farm.

One of the ex-members ('72) has been doing odd jobs to support the phoneless Boston apartment where he writes about nuclear fission. He was reunited there with his college sweetheart ('73) after a wanderlust trek abroad, partly on State Department subsidy.

The intensely indrawn musicians share an uneasy peace felt, self-consciously, by sit-in and Cabaret activists alike. There is a crossbreed's comfortless sense of not quite belonging in either the before or after pictures. We are not fully engaged in either the "righteous outrage" of the mid-'60s or the "tradeoffs" of the '70s.

There is no "bottom line." It's not really possible to remain an unrequited '60s radical; neither is it really possible to become an unreserved convert to commercialism. Of course, neither commerce nor confrontation is looking too healthy now, anyway.

This still unfinished transformation is not wholly unexpected. Nor is it wholly unlike a parallel transformation that's gone on generally over the last few years. Two signals of the broader transformation in our society stand out: congruent life-style changes among the '60s "Establishment" figures, and, secondly, an excruciating national rediscovery of many New Left claims during the recent Congressional probes of Watergate, the CIA and the FBI. Just for comparison, following up some Trinity Establishment (synonymous with "administration") types from the '60s will help keep in perspective the activists who confronted them.

One of them, the then Dean of the Faculty became president of another, slightly more progressive, college in Ohio — a job he bolted after a most unsettling clash with the Trustees. He "dropped out" of academia, moved to New York City's Greenwich Village and is now reportedly in California.

The Trinity sit-in and Cabaret Voltaire types weren't the only ones going through changes. Hard-working, caring people all over the country were. Executive drop-outs got as much attention in the early '70s as the hippie drop-outs got in the early '60s. As the country sank into bleaker economic and ecological times, shuddering under the spreading darkness of Watergate, more and more people began a top-to-bottom reassessment of the society.

Reverberations of New Left activity in the '60s had reached into the lives of countless Americans five years later. They faced the issues in the streets during the late '60s. Within five years, the FBI and other police agencies had brought the issues home, breaking the quiet insulation of untold thousands of by-the-book lives. And, another hard fact had begun to dawn: reformers, like Martin Luther King, the Kennedy brothers, and hundreds of forgotten civil rights workers, were the real victims of '60s violence.

Most Americans were pitifully defenseless against the Watergate evidence. It made a damning lie of the greatest electoral landslide that straights and "law 'n' order" boosters had ever put together. It showed them to be suckers for cynics who callously manipulated their highest trust and aspirations. God was dead and the President quit before he could be booted. Very bad acid couldn't have been worse. In Watergate, as *Time Magazine* commented early in '73, "all the new left's seemingly paranoid fantasies are coming true."

Disclosures from Congressional probes sound like an old New Left rap: The vice-president *was* a redneck taking bribes in the White House. The (characterization deleted) President, *did*, in fact, lie and red-bait his way into office, surround himself with criminal kooks who said they'd trample their grandmothers for him, secret himself in palatial fortresses built with tax dollars on each coast, and harbor an abiding hatred verging on paranoia for almost everybody he didn't brownnose. He and Agnew *were* put in office with money from a criminal collaboration of top U.S. corporations that were strong-armed into bankrolling the richest campaign in U.S. history. He — and, it emerged, other presidents — engaged in illegal surveillance and wiretapping of political opponents, including civil rights and New Left activists. The CIA, FBI, IRS, DIA, and NSA *were* twisted to hurt actual and imagined "enemies" (believe it or not, on an enemies *list*) through a staggering repertoire of devious and illegal means. The CIA *was* used by U.S. corporations, like I.T.T., to dominate other countries — even to the point of contributing to the murder of democratically elected leaders like Allende in Chile, or popular leaders like Guevara.

The Vietnam war *was* a national tragedy and disgrace, fraught with U.S. war crimes like Lt. Calley's mass murder at My Lai (which Nixon pardoned before being pardoned himself). When the press helped expose the mass murders at My Lai, or the real Vietnam story in the Pentagon Papers, or Watergate's White House ties, it came under insidious assault — including wiretaps. Other rights, like those of anti-war demonstrators, *were* also systematically violated: from only one Washington, D.C. mass anti-war arrest, the government now owes \$12 million in damages. Most crucially, the lives of even the smallest among us *were* bound up with the lives of us all.

In the mid-'60s, people who said things like that stood to get pummeled, arrested or treated as though something were seriously wrong with them. In the mid-'70s, people saying things like that were either being mentioned as Presidential material or champions of their parties.

It was summed up by a sardonic *New Yorker* cartoon recently. A bartender pointed to an introspective long-hair down the bar and commented, "Poor fellow — he used to be an engaging conversationalist, but all the wild, far-out things he used to talk about are painfully obvious to everybody nowadays." The "extremist rhetoric" of the '60s and the "considered judicious opinion" of the '70s are as separable as whiskey and bourbon.

Where assimilation or co-option end, and participatory democracy begins, does *not* depend on how you see revolution. Whether the final synthesis at the end of the tunnel will actually require revolution is another question.

In looking over these molting crossbreeds from the '60s, a generally undiluted sense of purpose and commitment is tugged between co-option and anti-communism of McCarthy's sort.

On the one hand, a new despair is haunting the land, much the same sort that preceded the McCarthy era when Nixon was coming into power.

On the other, as all of us have begun to understand more, none of us are so far apart as we began nearly a decade ago. And we are all the better for it.

Certainly the Watergate-era confirmations of many New Left contentions, and the resulting acceptability of those points, shows the New Left's message was meatier than most.

It showed something else as well. We let our eagerness overtake our effectiveness; we started cutting democratic corners to get the New Left message across. Back then, we thought America had lost any conscience. But the nation's agony during Watergate showed, instead, that we had not made our case.

Although the nation never really showed Vietnamese or Chileans the same fastidiously moral compassion it showed Nixon, and although Nixon-Agnew's lucrative escapes from jail sentences showed something less than equal justice, America's human depth was still there to be tapped.

* * *

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POETRY

by Elizabeth H. Egloff

THE GARDEN TALKS BACK

1

Here where it is not so dark as green
beneath the roped embrace
of black birch and maple
within the intricacy of this garden
sheathed iris
nasturtium, hanging fox-glove
you are the only one who knows your name.

2

First you come to the edge of a lake
where clouds turn
revolving continuously —
are they sea or sky?
When the wind is out of breath
for what feels like years
you can see the way the water settles down
rocking on its hands and knees
back and forth
slowly closing one eye
You are made from next to air
something like water
the specialties of heat.

3

You decide to keep pushing
through the flat, green hands of ivy
and the berry bushes
(oh the mulberries)
looking for something like heaven down here
finally all you can hear is your own breath
your own heart
now that you have the place by heart
you open your mouth
sunlight
turns your ribs green
your tongue flowers
you are a red rose.

4

Think:
what kind of love
transcendent mask
remains separate with no pain
in its own sunny, childless, whore-bright world?
No. I reject the fair lady
and her plummy admirer.
What it all comes down to
is generation:
bee dances
and presents its stinger
to young tulip.
Wild violets breed delightedly in the field:
so that is love.
Deceptive
is the brown-eyed spider
gently rocking a few feet above the flower-bed.
He says: Beware,
this garden here is stronger than you.

5

Garden
wave your sharp little flags
blue white
gorgeous pink peonies
think of me!
Me!
steaming into the paradisaal gardens
past bold yew hedges
and giant, steely-leaved aloes,
opening up like a window
to the succulents
myrtle and oranges;
now that I have the word by heart
love
come up out of the fountain
this fountain
because you're too far down
and too mysterious
there on the floor of the other world.

TO THE ORANGE

TWO WAYS OF
LOOKING AT A STAR

FOUND WRITTEN ON A WALL
DURING EXCAVATION

1

Begin with a medium-sized orange
say 3" in diameter
resting comfortably in your right hand
like so
bounce one, two
care
carefully toss it up
about as high as your shoulder
yes
catch with the left
— now back —
easy does it
yessir

2

There is one true thing I can say
for the orange:
it is thick-skinned.

3

What it smells like is mmm
a sharp sniff of sunlight
nose prickles
goose bumps

Didn't you get up twice last night?
I thought I saw you in the dark
sideways
throw a leg over the sheets
one, two
and rising on your hands
look into the window
(the grey field, the grey bush).

The star burning steadily upward
like a round eye of snow.

I bet you *were* looking for that star.
I'd seen you getting out the charts
yesterday
pulling in lines from nowhere
for 'distance from horizon'
and coloring
'angle of earth's curve' red
until finally you circled round and round
this one little dot.

Why do you have to know
where the sun is
when everyone knows
it's down?

How different is it
now
from the way things ever stood?

"You were not here last night
and I could not sleep;
will you be here tonight?"

On the clay tiles
beyond the open door
the hem of a skirt moves small.

Dust
assembles, and reassembles
on the edge of her dressing-table:

the mirror shines,
a few hairs show up
in the teeth of a comb.

A man
with black insides
and red outsides
dances delicately
with a blue bull
on the back of her brush.

If not,
(written in the space below)
how will I live?

— One breath upon the next.
Intact
in this afternoon's light.

Elizabeth H. Egloff, Class of 1975, is an English major. She was editor of the current issue of the Trinity Review and has had her poetry published.

NEPAL

by Theodore D. Lockwood

To the northwest of Everest there is a pass called Shangri-La, high and bleak-looking amidst the snowy peaks on its flanks. No wonder authors have lent this part of the world a sense of mystery; little wonder that its remoteness has inspired mountaineers and travellers alike. For almost everyone has a love affair with Nepal.

Mine began long ago when I first read about the expeditions to the Himalayas, stretching for 1200 miles to the north of India. Nepal itself runs for 500 miles along the border of Tibet, never more than 100 miles wide, and contains 27 of the 40 highest peaks in the world, including Everest, named after the Head of the British survey office in India. Its Tibetan name is Chomolongma, Goddess Mother of the World; the Nepalese call the 29,028-foot peak Sagarmatha, Head of the Seas. Since Nepal once consisted of a series of inland seas before the tectonic thrust of the earth shoved the mountains and the land well above the waters, the name is appropriate. And down from its walls flows the Khumbu Glacier whose vast moraine feeds the Imja and Dudh Kosi Rivers on their way to India.

Nepal consists of a series of five ranges, beginning just north of the Ganges plain and culminating in the Himalayan mountains. Within its 55,000 square miles, about three times as densely populated as the United States, flow great rivers from north to south, carving steep valleys through the ridges and controlling the flow of travel. The country's position has correctly been described as "a fragile clay vessel wedged between two giant copper cauldrons," India and China.

These facts make it harder to realize that only twenty years ago the first tourists, three typically intrepid British ladies, reached Kathmandu, the capital. Even the mountain climbers had not been permitted to return to Nepal until 1950, a lapse of twelve years since the last expeditions had tried their luck. Now it is not difficult to arrange a trek into Nepal. My wife and I first went there in 1971, to traverse central Nepal in the Manaslu region. This last December my son, Richard, and I joined a group trekking into the Everest region — a climb of 275 miles with the innumerable ups and downs that go with walking in Nepal.

We reached Kathmandu just before Thanksgiving. Its streets are filled with bicycles, rickshaws, and cars. The drivers depend on the horn to disperse people, cows, and other vehicles. The older buildings, with beautifully carved but decaying verandas, crowd the alleys; and the numerous temples, rich in detail and greening bronze, challenge the hubbub by their serenity. In the morning an urban smog hangs over the valley, situated 4000 feet high behind the first two ridges. We awaited our departure impatiently, sorting out our gear to come within the 30-pound limit for the trek.

On November 29th Land Rovers drew up to the Yellow Pagoda Hotel to take us to our departure point, Lamusangu, 2000-feet lower. We drove along the Chinese-built highway to Tibet in the early morning and watched the distant ridges across the steeply terraced hills. It was warm, and shorts were proper apparel for the first day's climb of some 4000 feet up to Paktar. (Nepal is the same latitude as Florida.) Nepalese trails, even ones as well

travelled as this, rise abruptly and our conditioning was soon put to a test. Later that afternoon we watched as the Sherpas¹— some twenty of them — put the camp in order. I must say it is a pleasure to sip tea and eat some crackers while others prepare the camp and start dinner. After a dinner of soup, meat, rice, vegetables, and fruit, we had a surprise, an eclipse of the moon, then full and rising into a cloudless sky. It was our first of thirty days on the trail, the same one used by the Swiss expeditions from Kathmandu to Everest.

The routine did not vary from previous trips we had taken: wash water arrived at six in the morning, followed by tea, crackers, and porridge for breakfast. Duffles were loaded and packs were in position by seven. For three hours we would then walk the trail before a luncheon stop. Often the temperature was sufficiently cool in the mornings these first days that wind pants felt good over shorts. The trails sometimes were still frosted, for December is about as late as one can trek to Everest. By lunch we were ready for the juice, chapattis², eggs, meat, and beans. The menu varied somewhat from day to day, but generally there was a consistency which reminded you that culinary specialties are rare in these parts where most of the food has to be carried all the way. One night, on my birthday, the Sherpa cook did bake a cake over an open fire, a delicious variation.

For the first ten days we followed a slightly southeastern route across the five main ridges between us and the Dudh Kosi River. It is, like so many of the trails, an ancient trade track over which have passed for centuries the salt from Tibet and the surplus grain for India. Alas, by the end of this decade Nepal may become a food-deficit country.

*At points along the trail we
saw the great peaks like
Gauri Shanker to the north*

Exaggeration quickly enters anyone's journal, and I shall prove no exception. There is an incredible amount of up and down. At points along the trail we saw the great peaks like Gauri Shanker to the north; other days we were slicing across countryside ranging in elevation from six to ten thousand feet. One day we took a side trail to visit the cheese factory at Thodung, a long vertical ascent of 5,000 feet before we descended to the small village of Bhandar. The factory, engineered by the Swiss and illustrative of the kind of technical aid which has flowed into Nepal over the last twenty years, is on a hilltop of 10,500 feet. That means all the milk has to be carried there before being processed and stored. Then the large wheels go on backs again to find their way into the markets of the larger towns and cities. We became fond of the yak cheese, mild and filling.

As the days passed under brilliant sunshine, we became hardened to the hiking. Moleskin was less prominent; weights were coming down; and we gained

confidence in our ability to reach our objective, still many miles distant. We also found out who were the card players among the group of sixteen. Fortunately we found four for bridge after dinner, at least until gloves made shuffling difficult. Our cribbage and chess boards circulated among the younger set. Actually, aside from our leader, Gordon Wallace, an experienced climber and outdoorsman who has led many treks, the group was younger than the college president. Three of us came from Connecticut; two were from Canada; and the rest were unquenchable Californians. Inevitably on a trek groups sort themselves out. Most of the time four of us hiked together; others combined and recombined as the trail changed in severity.

*The lama chants are hypnotic
and the music carries you far,
far away from the culture
you have known*

On our ninth day out the clouds moved in, just before we might have had our first glimpse of Everest. And they stayed for four days, bringing rain, freezing, and slippery trails. The forests of rhododendron and fir became eerie. The sleeping equipment became slightly damp; laundry was out of the question. But then we had also lowered our standards of cleanliness! Maybe the addition of two yaks to bear our supplies had something to do with our tolerance. In the morning the tents were so iced that they had to be shaken and held over a fire before packing.

The tents were designed for two people. You had a choice: a tall one in which you could stand up or a low-profile style which was easier to heat up at night with candles and body warmth. Rick and I chose a tall tent. Happily there were enough so that we could segregate the more resonant snorers. Our sleeping bags were ample and warm enough for sub-zero temperatures at higher elevations.

During the dank spell we camped one afternoon at Takshindu. The monastery was holding the final rites for a deceased monk. Buddhists welcome strangers to their ceremonies, held in a square sanctuary, unheated and lit only by a few candles. The lama chants are hypnotic and the music carries you far, far away from the culture you have known. It was yet another reminder of how distant we were from Hartford. Religion is important to the Nepalese and their Tibetan refugee friends who maintain most of the monasteries in this region. Yet, they are quite prepared to be eclectic. Much as the transistor has begun to transform their knowledge of the world, as well as visitors, there remains a deference to inherited beliefs. Therefore, you pass every *mani*, or prayer wall, on the left. On walls and flags alike are inscribed the prayer "Om mani padme hum," and chortens in the form of crude figures of Buddha mark the landscape. Occasionally a stupa casts an eye on the traveller.

Finally we reached the Dudh Kosi River, at the low altitude of 4900 feet. We climbed up to Karikhola. We headed north, still under unpromising skies. Now and again the clouds would break and we would see the great peaks. (I debated whether to list them, and decided that, despite their resonant names, they mean little without a map.) We were still "walk-going" in Sherpa terminology, up and down the ridges by the side of a river which looked tempting to the rafter but was so cold as to discourage the washing of hair well matted from wearing a toque much of the time.

*We headed for Namche Bazar,
the rendezvous of all expeditions
to Everest, the world's
highest mountain*

It was cold and bleak when we arrived at Phakding (8600 feet) on December 11th, our thirteenth day on the trail. Rum in the tea that night raised our spirits, however. The next morning we were heartened: the sun was up and the sky was clear. We headed for Namche Bazar, the rendezvous of all expeditions to Everest. And, as we came up over a ridge, there was the world's highest mountain, a massive dark pyramid, protected by the Nuptse wall and flying a plume of snow off to the east. It was still a long way off. We settled into Namche, its houses lining the inside of a bowl at 11,600 feet. The police checked our permits; we bought more candles and two pairs of gloves a French expedition had given a Tibetan.

The next morning the clouds covered Namche as we wound our way up and around the shoulder towards Thangboche. On the way we saw the magnificent Himalayan monol pheasant, its iridescent plumage catching some errant sunlight. Thangboche is a famous monastery and a perfect setting from which to view the mountains on all sides. Fortunately we had planned a lay-over day for acclimatization at this 12,600 foot plain. And the next day was perfect for photography, and laundry. Everyone took heart as we looked up the valley toward the Khumbu region.

The climb to Pheriche was a slow ascent along the Imja Khola River until we broke off to the northwest to place our camp among the summer yak pastures, now deserted and beginning to get a dusting of snow. The next morning we awoke to find the ground covered and a gray cast to the sky. We donned gaiters for the first time and took out the glacial goggles against the appearance of the sun. Altitude began to take its effect as we moved on to Lobuje, a village of three houses at 16,000 feet. The snow began again and we were forced to lay over a day — hoping that the weather would break again and permit us to move up the glacier toward Gorak Shep, our high camp.

The fresh snow sparkled on the morning of December 18th, our twentieth day on the trail. Zinc oxide came out to

prevent sunburn, and polarizing lenses appeared on the cameras to compensate for the glare. Although it is not difficult to get good pictures in such magnificent scenery, there are problems, the main one being the cold. The temperature range is great enough to provoke malfunctioning occasionally, and changing lenses in the wind or the cold can prove uninviting.

We started up the gentle moraine along a frozen stream bed, the snow caking on the bottoms of our boots. By noon we had made Gorak Shep (17,300 feet) and concluded that six of us would push on to the top of Kala Pattar, our goal. Kala Pattar, at 18,500 feet, overlooks the base camp, icefall, and most of the route up Everest. It is otherwise a jumble of rock, snow, and ice — not difficult but, for most of us, higher than anything we had ever climbed before — 4000 feet higher than anything in the States outside of Alaska and 2000 feet higher than Mount Blanc in the Alps. We moved slowly. Breathing without oxygen at that altitude is laborious, but our acclimatization had been sufficient so that we all made it. Acclimatization had consisted mainly of having adequate time at intermediate elevations, eliminating salt from the diet, and consuming quantities of liquid daily.

*A seventy-mile wind hit us
and pinned us down prone
against the rocks. For thirty
minutes we shared what
must be the worst experience
of expeditions*

It was a thrill to stand by the cairn at the top, surveying the greatest mass of mountains in the world, so many of which reach well above 20,000 feet in every direction. Then a seventy-mile wind hit us and pinned us down prone against the rocks. For thirty minutes we shared what must be the worst experience of expeditions, the unexpected chilling wind that whips tents and people. Late in the afternoon we rejoined the others, now at our campsite. Tea tasted like elixir.

A let-down is inevitable. The next day we leisurely climbed another ridge for pictures while four others climbed Kala Pattar and the rest fought off the headaches and nausea of high altitude. Then we began retracing our steps to Lobuje. After Lobuje we cut over to Dingboche, another high pasture up still another valley, from which we could see the fifth highest peak in the world, Makalu, off to the right of Lhotse. The clouds drifting into the valleys to the south gave the whole scene a romantic cast. The next day we worked our way through Pangboche back to the monastery at Thanboche. At Pangboche we saw the alleged Yeti scalp and hand, erroneously attributed to the still-elusive Abominable Snowman.

At Thangboche we had a sobering experience. Gordon Wallace, our leader, developed uremia and for twenty-four hours the doctor ministered to him while two runners went to radio for an emergency helicopter. It was touch and go, but the weather held and the helicopter came after thirty-six hours of anxiety and evacuated Gordon to Kathmandu where, with hospital treatment, he recovered and could return to the States for an operation. It had been a reminder that, at these altitudes, and in these conditions, even the well-conditioned mountaineer can become critically ill overnight. That is why a doctor accompanies every trip. As one guide book laconically notes, "Recently several trekkers have died in this region because they did not heed the warning signs of sickness."

We wanted to spend Christmas Day at Namche Bazar. Therefore, we made a loop to the west on our return, to spend time at Kunde, a small village from which you get magnificent views of Tamskeru and Kwande. We struck up another valley to a small settlement whose small monastery proved intriguing. Never had I seen such turquoise mounted in the collection of Buddha statues, and the head lama, a young boy chosen for his assumed reincarnation of the earlier lama leaders, proved to be a most considerate host. Eventually that December 24th we wound our way down to Namche Bazar and to our tents, placed in the yard of our head Sherpa, Pasang Kami.

It was a different way to spend Christmas. Sherpa Tea — tea, milk, sugar, and salt mixed together — greeted us in our tents around 8:30 in the morning. It was a sunny, lazy day. We caught up on our journal writing, read, walked around the village and worked up an appetite for dinner. We had soup and thin poppers, yak liver, rice, cauliflower, potato pancakes with hot cheese sauce that brought perspiration to my forehead, yak brains, oranges, and two cakes. Cognac inspired the evening tea. How inspired our Christmas carols were others alone could judge.

The next morning we packed up for the trip down the valley to Phakding and then to Lukla. We had our last view of Everest before we reached the small airstrip. Fortunately the weather held and our charter flight arrived on December 28th to take us back to Kathmandu. Flying out we could see the area over which, three weeks earlier, we had trekked in. We were sorry to leave.

But it was refreshing to take a long hot shower. The dirt was more than skin deep I think, and no laundryman had a greater challenge than ours to wash at least a few items. Rick and I had lost twenty pounds each; my beard had a substantial look to it; and we all went in search of the Upper Crust, one of Kathmandu's pie houses. Then the bazaar became irresistible.

For contrast we then flew with five others to Tiger Tops in the Chitwan Royal Forest, a jungle protected by the government. Riding elephants through the high grass was quite a contrast to trekking. Although the tiger proved elusive, we did see rhino, deer, crocodiles, a leopard, and exquisite birds. New Year's Eve in the jungle was a festive boar roast, an excellent way to regain some lost pounds.

Then back to Kathmandu and on to Delhi, where, to our pleasant surprise, we had dinner with the Vohras³

from Trinity — then visiting India also. The transition to home was gradual.

A trek to Everest is so much more than mountaineering at its best: it is an introduction to a country, a culture, and a people. Nepal has so many contrasts: the small villages perched on the steep hillsides so etched with terraces that farmers have tilled for centuries; the deeply cut gorges with their fast running rivers; and the majesty of the mountains rising so high on the horizon. The culture offers equally sharp contrasts: the pagoda temples and their guardian animals remind you that their religious heritage is quite different from ours and yet the introduction of modern technology has begun to produce its clashes with the carved wooden images of an earlier era. (Kathmandu means wooden houses.) And the people engage your affection almost immediately: their good humor, their respect for others, their honesty, and their enduring kindness.

*The privilege which some have
to travel to the Himalayas
should never overtake the
sensitivity we must all share
in seeking solutions to the low
standard of living common to
these people*

It is easy to fall in love with this spectacular country and its people. And that is the joy of trekking in Nepal.

Yet, no one can travel to this part of the world without becoming aware of the poverty and hunger that so afflict these people. Compassion for a disease-ridden land inevitably alternates with delight in the unparalleled beauty of the countryside. In a world that has only twenty-seven days' reserve supply of grain, the meaning of starvation assumes a sharp reality. The privilege which some have to travel to the Himalayas should never overtake the sensitivity we must all share in seeking solutions to the low standard of living common to these people. That this article exhorts the splendor of Nepal should not hide from anyone the great problem which this and other countries of Asia face in providing for their people.

* * *

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¹A Tibetan people living on the high southern slopes of the Himalayas and skilled in mountain climbing. The Khumbu region in northeast Nepal is their "home" district.

²A pancake.

³Dr. Ranbir Vohra is an associate professor of political science and chairman of the department.

The Poem and Its Double: The Process of Translation

by Dori Katz

Compared to novels, short stories and plays, poetry is perhaps the least read genre of literature in translation. This is due to awe and prejudice. Many people believe that poems only appeal to a certain sensibility, that they are difficult to read, and above all, that they are untranslatable. "Poetry is what is lost in translation" runs the often quoted dictum, or, "translation is like a woman; if she is beautiful she's unfaithful, if she is faithful, she is ugly." This is not only unkind to woman, it is also unfair to literature.

While everyone agrees that the ideal translation should be beautiful and faithful to the original, not everyone agrees on how to judge these two essential qualities. Beauty speaks for itself; let it be recognized according to taste. But what about fidelity? What does it mean to be faithful to the original poem? Here the criteria for judgment can no longer be subjective; yet, there are no general ones. Does faithful mean copying the form of the poem? Does it mean to be faithful to its imagery? Faithful to the tone of the poem? Or must fidelity mean to be true to all aspects of the original? Since that is clearly impossible, to some readers then, all translations are always unfaithful to their originals. To a reader willing to compromise, however, to be faithful means to be true to some of the qualities of the text; i.e., to the most essential aspects of the original which create the essence of the poem. The question of fidelity must first be rephrased to ask "what is the central aspect of the poem that must be present in the translation?"

To decide what is essential to a text is to interpret and to define it, which is the first task of a translator. But before he can accomplish it, he must have his own definition of poetry in mind. That perhaps is the first difficulty, for what is "poetry?" There has never been, to many people's mind, a satisfactory definition of a poem. Some definitions which look promising are often invalidated by too many exceptions, or apply only to very contemporary poems; others are too encompassing to be of any help to the translator. For example, the French poet Valery's definition is very gratifying; to think of poetry as

dancing, instead of walking, which is prose. Yet such a definition is not much help when you have to decide which steps to give up in adapting the text to your own language.

If no absolute definition of poetry exists, conventional notions or biases about it do abound. The most common one is probably that poetry is irremediably tied to its verbal expression, and for most readers verbal expression means verse. In spite of the advent of free verse or of the prose poem, the idea of poetry is often still inseparable from meter and rhyme. This conception of poetry is what is most harmful to translation for it flatly refuses any example that excludes the form of verse. For most readers, then, the idea of fidelity in poetry is regularly associated with a strict copy of verse forms. For them, the number of stanzas, the number of syllables, the pattern of rhymes, all must be duplicated along with a literal adherence to the words of the original. This view makes translation impossible in the long run. It either depends too much on the rare moments when such close reproduction might be possible, or it becomes overly selective of which poems are translatable, thereby reducing the bulk of foreign poetry in English to certain examples. This seems too exclusive a decision not to be challenged.

Does poetry mean "verse"? Contemporary poetry in English includes examples of free verse, a sort of non-verse, and prose poems; we should therefore accept, as poems, translations that are in free verse or in prose. If rhymed verse is not always poetry, as the example of greeting cards may remind us, poetry can exist without verse, and a translation of a poem which is not then in verse can still be poetry. This more liberal attitude still leaves us with the question, "what is poetry?"

We would agree that a poem comes to us as a verbal expression, but that not all verbal effects are those of verse; there is a certain music in poetic language that cannot be scanned by meter; there are certain harmonies which are not created by rhyme. All good poems reveal the subtle play of the overtones of words; they manipulate allusions, auras, double meanings in words; they create emotive associations; in brief, they rely on the connotations of words rather than on their denotations, and thereby convey that message which cannot be communicated by any other means. It is, then, in this realm of language usage that poetry must seek its

definition; that is to say, poetry is above all a different way of relating to the world of experience through language; it is a different method of association in the mind, perhaps altogether a different way of thinking.

Since poetry lies in the overtones of language, translation must deal primarily with the connotations of words, rather than with their denotations, in order to be faithful to the "poetic" qualities of the original. Seeing that these two levels of meanings do not always coincide in the same word of another language, the choice of which of the two meanings to sacrifice shows the commitment of the translator to his own reading of the original. In a way, the closer he remains to the literal meaning of words, the more he may be endangering the poetic qualities of the text. A truly "faithful" translation might appear on an initial reading to be very free and far from the meaning of the original.

The interplay between the connotative and denotative meanings of words poses a problem for all translation and not only that of poetry. The difference is one of purpose. Anyone who has learned a foreign language knows that there are no absolute equivalents between two languages. For example, the simple French expression "j'ai mal à la tête," is not really "I have a headache," although this is how we translate it. "Mal" is one of those charged words in French that means pain, sin, evil, bad, among other things; therefore, it is very poorly represented in the English word "ache." If, however, all one wants is an aspirin, it matters little that "ache" lacks the philosophical and moral implications of "mal," for in the end the result will be the same; i.e. an aspirin.

In our "prosaic" everyday verbal communications, approximate equivalents of meanings will satisfy since language is being used only as a means to reach an object. It matters little, for example, that "chair" is not really the

word for the German "Stuhl," since behind the word stands the object chair, the wooden thing you might want to sit in, carry, climb on, bring, push back, etc. . . . Language which directs us to things that already exist, whether in reality or in the mind, is more or less transparent, unobtrusive and disposable once the object of its communication has been reached.

Poetry, on the other hand, or the poetic use of language, creates the objects it refers to while it is being read; it does not only lead us to things which already existed before the text was read. Furthermore, the language of poetry is not disposable once the poem has been read. I have defined poetry as something in the realm of the overtones of words, not in the function of objects. These overtones do not exist without words. The language of poetry is mostly imagistic, metaphorical. An image, to paraphrase the French poet Pierre Reverdy, is a pure creation of the mind which comes about through the association of two different realities. It is impossible to think of an image without bringing to mind the two terms of the association.

All words, of course, have denotative meanings; therefore in poetry words do come with some sort of ready-made, pre-existing meaning. That meaning is not altogether destroyed by poetic play, but rather it is subdued, suppressed, redirected and transformed. For example, in the conventionally poetic comparison of a rose to a woman, if rose comes to mind complete with leaves, stem and thorns, it will be very difficult to picture a young woman looking like the flower. What Robert Burns and Pierre Ronsard, among others, had in mind, was the beauty, the fragrance, the softness, the decorative usage that the flower evokes in the mind. The word "rose" is there more or less to trigger those pleasant associations in the mind, rather than to present a picture of the flower. As an object, the rose is almost invisible in the poem once it has triggered the associations in the mind. Unlike prose, which dispenses with the symbol, the word, once the object has been reached, poetry dispenses with the object once the symbol has been reached. To reach the connotations of beauty, youth, fragrance, color, we must first see the rose then go beyond it. The function of a translation of poetry is to trigger in the mind the same set of associations as those released by the original.

Since a translation may often stray from the literal meaning of words in order to project the connotative meaning, the English version will be "different" from the original; it will also be different because cultural and historical usages vary between languages. A translation is thus not, in any sense, the original in another language. It is also not the original in another sense; a translation has a double aspect. An original poem is the work of a single author in one language; a translation represents two people, the original author plus the translator; it represents the original text and an interpretation of that text. Finally, it represents the meeting of two languages. This double aspect of translation makes it a unique genre in literature.

Since all translations are in this sense "double," a translation in English is thus in some sense more than the original in its foreign language, and it is more than an original poem in English. In this light, we can see that the age-old debate of whether a translation should read like an original or like something strange, is in the long run irrelevant. By its very conception, the translation must be balanced between the two alternatives. It can't read like an original poem or it has been totally assimilated, dubbed, anglicized, and why then read Pushkin instead of Byron? If it is still "foreign," inexplicable and incomprehensible, awkward in English, it has not yet been interpreted and therefore translated. This balance between the two is difficult to achieve but it is a goal well worth aiming for. The "idea" of poetry translation must not be judged by unsuccessful examples, anymore than one judges poetry in general from bad poems. Too often, it is the original author who is blamed for the failure instead of the translator; a foreign poet will be judged untranslatable because there are no good English versions of his work.

Although a translation is the work of one individual, it represents a cultural interpretation of a foreign text. It may also reveal how a foreign author is understood, how he is valued, and how he influences other literatures. Many authors have, of course, influenced or been influenced by other writers, but no work communicates more directly than a translation this meeting of two minds. Since we take for granted that a translation must inevitably give up something of the original in order to exist, we might think that what a text loses in the passage from one language to the next, it gains by the encounter and union with that second language.

The function of a translation is not limited to conveying a sense of the original text, but, since it shows how that text is read, it also conveys a sense of cultural taste and bias; sometimes it even reveals them. Therefore, by reading translations, one can learn something not only of foreign literature but also something of one's own literature. This is perhaps most obvious with "dated" translations such as Pope's Homer or Ernest Dowson's translations from the French of Verlaine. The eighteenth century is far enough removed from us for us to recognize its peculiar diction and mannerism in the English versions of the Greek. Dowson's translations reveal to us much more of the effete movement in nineteenth century England, than they do of the French symbolist poet, Verlaine.

This double vision afforded by translation works both ways; as one can learn something about one's own literature by reading translations of foreign texts, so can one learn something about his own literature by reading it in foreign translation. One of the most famous examples of foreign influences which changed the evaluation of an author might illustrate the point. I am thinking of Baudelaire's French translations of Poe. These were crucial to literary history in many ways. First of all, they helped to make Poe available in France, thereby spreading the influence of his ideas. Secondly, they spread Baudelaire's own ideas, which he incorporated in his translations. It is not so much that Baudelaire used his versions of Poe to air his own ideas, but that he himself discovered these ideas while reading Poe. The two writers had great affinities. Reading Poe, said Baudelaire, was like coming upon an alter ego. The English texts were to him the flowering of a

certain aesthetics which was germinating in his own mind. Thus Poe had great influence on Baudelaire and subsequently on Mallarmé and the symbolist poets who followed. When in turn Baudelaire and the Symbolists were translated into English, they brought to our own literature certain conceptions which allowed for a different interpretation and evaluation of Poe.

Evaluation of writers change with the times and the fashions; foreign influence sometimes plays a great role in that change of opinion. Although it might seem perverse for an English reader to read Poe in French, in doing so he is removing him from the context of English and American interpretation, and seeing him through entirely different eyes. What he might see is something quite different, in this case almost a different writer. Poe, in the French of Baudelaire, is related to German and French Romantic ideas which were prevalent at the time of the translations. He is placed in a milieu that valued art for art's sake, a context that gave Beauty the major role in art; he is placed within a convention that saw the dream life as a second life, and he is placed within the influence of a particular aesthetics; one that read symbolic meaning in the gothic elements of narrative and exalted madness as a manifestation of poetic imagination.

The contemporary English poet Thom Gunn was perhaps being doubly ironic when, in his "Readings from the French," he characterized Poe's work as losing something in the original. Until recently Poe lost much in the original since it kept him in a context of native

interpretation. Perhaps we underrated Poe because we were too close to his words to look to what lay beyond them. Part of the literary climate of nineteenth century France has been incorporated into our own literature, so that by now we can find Poe without any help from the French. One of the significant changes occurring in that climate, however, was a new way of reading based on a new conception of poetic language, and that is precisely what the Baudelaire translations could teach us; a different way of reading. This is another aspect of the paradox of poetry, that it is something made possible only in its verbal expression yet that it is also something that must exist beyond the text of that expression. Poetry is that world beyond the words that Baudelaire saw and recognized in Poe because it was already within himself. This is a way that translation teaches us to recognize some formless qualities within ourselves, qualities that we might have ignored had they not been brought to light by the different perspective of foreign interpretation.

Perhaps this recognition of ourselves in others through translation is what makes it possible and significant. It seems to imply that in spite of cultural, linguistic, social and historical differences, men do share the same world, a world that is not limited to our experiences but extends into our imagination, our feelings, our thoughts. All poetry gives us a glimpse of that universal world; it is the bridge between reality and dream, and since a bridge has two directions, it enriches our lives by keeping us in touch with our many selves. Perhaps we should rewrite the old definition and think of poetry as precisely that something which is **not** lost in translation.

* * *

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"Sharon, would you pass the salt to me, please?"

"Oh isn't that nice — Sheena's learning manners. Is that how they act up at Dobbs? Please? Thank-you. Wonderful! Fabulous! Here's your salt, and thanks awfully much for asking."

Sheena didn't use the salt shaker; instead she thought back to the Dobbs dining hall. The seating arrangement was done in alphabetical order, so that Sheena never got a chance to eat with people that she liked. There were seven girls to each table. One had to go and get the food from the kitchen, and another had to serve it to the others at the table. It was Sheena's turn to bring the food to the table. Maya Heredon was serving.

"I don't want any asparagus, Maya."

"Don't you like asparagus? They're awfully good. What kind of vegetables do you like? I haven't seen you eat any since school started."

"I like spinach. I've never eaten asparagus or eggplant and that seems to be all that they know how to fix here."

"Well asparagus doesn't taste anything like spinach. You probably like spinach because it reminds you of collard greens."

Maya was laughing and giggling openly. The rest of the girls had half-smiles on their faces.

Sheena sat looking down into her plate. She had lost her appetite. She was wishing that she'd taken the damned asparagus. She was sorry that she'd volunteered the information about spinach. She was only talking. Every night for the past two weeks, she'd sat at the same table with the same group of H'es, listening to them talk about trips to Europe, yachting, horse shows, and skiing in Vail. She felt like a voyeur when they talked. She knew that she couldn't bring any of her experiences to the table. She was the base, and they were the poetic. They would not believe her life. She wanted to go back to her room, but no one was allowed to leave until the Headmaster rang the end-of-dinner-bell.

The girls had forgotten about her, and had gone back to their usual topics. Sheena didn't look at them. She just sat, staring into her plate. She had another fifteen minutes to wait.

"Sheena, I'm talking to you."

"What is it Mama? I didn't hear you."

"I said that you shouldn't have asked Sharon for the salt if you knew you weren't going to use it. Eat your food. You gotta wash dishes tonight, don't you?"

Sheena shook some salt onto her greens and potato salad, and stuck her fork into her greens. She was separating the salt-pork from the greens.

"Well look at this! You don't even eat fat-back with your greens anymore, and you only been at that school for three months! What's it gon' be like when you been there for three years: 'No fat-back in my greens, please?'"

"Mama, tell Sharon to leave me alone."

"Sheena, you and Sharon are just gon' have to get along on your own; I haven't got the time to help you. But both of you had better remember that neither one of you belongs to the other one; both of you belongs to me. I'm the one who kicks ass in this house! And I kicks all kinds — educated ones and pregnant ones too! Know what I mean Sharon?"

Sharon nodded to her mother, and glared at Sheena.

"How 'bout you Sheena?"

"Yes Mama."

"Good. We have one more week before the baby

comes and two weeks before Christmas. Don't let the pressure make you do or say anything that I'll have to make you regret. Clean up my plate, Sheena. I'm gon' go take a nap."

Sharon and Sheena were left alone in the kitchen to finish their meal. Sheena sat looking at her sister's belly. She could see the navel pushing through the maternity blouse. She was afraid of pregnant women. They had always seemed as though they were about to burst. Sharon looked uncomfortable, sitting in the skinny, vinyl-covered kitchen chair.

If she wasn't so mean, I'd get her a pillow, Sheena thought to herself. "Sharon, does the baby kick a lot, now that you're ready to have it?"

"Of course it kicks, stupid! It ain't dead. And I'm not ready to have it either. It just happens to be due in a week."

"Has Hannibal been helping you out? I mean, has he been coming over or anything?"

"No. Hannibal goes with Darlene now. He doesn't think that this is his baby. He says that it's mine, not his."

"But it is his. I bet he'll come over when you get ready to go to the hospital."

"And what good will that do? I've done everything else these whole nine months by myself. What difference is it gon' make if he comes over when I get ready to go to the hospital!"

Sharon had begun to cry now. Sheena was sorry that she'd started talking about Hannibal. She knew that he was her sister's tender spot. She felt like putting her arms around Sharon and telling her that it was all going to work out, how they could go away somewhere and buy a farm, but that wasn't real: it was a scene from a movie she'd seen. She did want to be someone's solace though.

"You want a paper towel? I'll wet a paper towel so that you can wash your face."

Sharon didn't answer. She continued to cry. She didn't sob when she cried; she didn't put her head down on the table to hide her tears. She just leaned her head back against the chair, closed her eyes, and let the tears fall down her face, and into her breasts.

Sheena glanced up and saw her in this position. A sharp pain went through her. I'm never going to let a dude use me like that, she thought. They always leave you hurting.

Sheena walked over to her sister and began to wash her face with the wet paper towel. She looked down at her sister's stomach just as the baby kicked.

"The baby just kicked, Sheena."

"I saw it. Your stomach thumped. Does it hurt much?"

"Not as much as a lot of other things."

A few weeks later, the baby was born. It came late, like most first babies. Sheena and her mother waited to celebrate Christmas until Sharon brought the baby home. It was a girl. Sharon named her Sheba-Rose.

Sheena returned to Dobbs for the second semester, but somehow she was less upset about being different now. When Maya giggled something to her about whether she'd spent the entire vacation in Harlem, she smiled back at her and told her that she'd spent it in the Bronx, just for a change of pace. She never bothered to tell her that she didn't live in Harlem.

* * *

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Reflections on a Fiftieth Reunion

by George Malcolm-Smith

Well, we made it. True, we may have lost a few of us along the way, but here we are — most of us. And the most of most of us, though each may have left a few parts of himself here and there. It would be extraordinary indeed if the trail of such an expedition were not marked by a few extracted molars, excised gall bladders, some discarded illusions and perhaps a broken heart or two.

The point is, we're here — to the astonishment of ourselves and the confoundment of many who predicted that, for one reason or another, we'd never get this far. And now, having slogged it all the way to this distant milestone, perhaps we might be allowed to dust it off and sit on it a few moments to indulge in a few observations concerning the experience.

The first reaction is a welling of gratitude for having been permitted to reach this point. (I am speaking for my classmates on the assumption that their thoughts would not differ greatly from mine.) Three-score-and-ten is, after all, generally accepted as the quota per capita. To ask for more would be to expect more than the expectancy.

We septuagenarians (the word has a lilt, doesn't it?) have a special reason to be thankful for our lot. Our generation popped into the cosmic scene at the dawn of the most propulsively creative century in the history of what is still referred to as civilization.

We were here when it all began (or very shortly thereafter) and we're still here to witness what is probably its fullest flower. We have seen the transition from the magic lantern to TV, from Old Dobbin to the Datsun, and from the Teapot Dome to Watergate.

A good deal of this frenzied creativity, which promised so much for the comfort, convenience and contentment of mankind, we could wish had never started. We're up to our nostrils in kinetics, synthetics and electronics. We've been homogenized, transistorized and computerized until we feel altogether traumatized.

But how could we possibly have foreseen that progress, like consumption, affluence and propagation, would become a dirty word?

Oh well, let's just count ourselves as lucky. What other generation has seen such a show?

Another emotion touches us at this late stage of the journey. It is an unaccustomed twinge of humility. Just why, we survivors ask, should we have been chosen as the favored ones? I think that my classmates would agree that some of the most deserving of our original group were denied the pleasure of being here, while some of the least deserving of us are very much here — hale and hearty, brimming with the old pizzaz, bursting with beans and vinegar.

One would think, seeing how we comport ourselves, that we take our survival as being our just due — as being a reward we somehow earned — when, in point of fact, we had absolutely nothing to do with it.

It's all a matter of the little black and white beans. If you're popped by a white one, there's still a bit of mileage in the old machine, but if you're pelted with a black one, the heap has had it. Fair enough, except that whoever is custodian of the beanbag Up There often betrays a lamentable lack of discrimination and an even flimsier sense of justice. But then, who are we to tell them Up There how to run their business? Little good it would do, anyway.

So our circle diminishes, and with it, a sense of humility born of resignation to the inevitable.

There are, however, certain compensations. One of them is the rather special way in which we survivors see one another. Granted, we do see the scant and faded hair, the sagging jowls and an undeniable distention of the torso. But we see much more. Age has endowed us with a kind of multiple vision — a sort of stereopsis, if you will.

What we see, in one glance, is the man who is and the man who used to be. They are fused into one — the bumptious youth we first encountered more than a half-century ago and the mellowed adult who extends his palsied palm today. He is one and the same. In short, we see the whole man. This is a kind of compression of time and permutation that only the passage of many years can bestow.

If we have one failing, we oldsters, it's an attitude of superiority. We tend to regard longevity as an achievement. Of course it's no such thing. Turtles, for example, live to a hundred-odd years of age (sometimes very odd), with virtually no effort on their part at all. Oh yes, they might run an occasional race with a rabbit. (Or am I thinking of the tortoise and the hare? And is a tortoise a turtle and a rabbit a hare? Well, never mind. You get the idea.)

We senior citizens (ghastly term) are prone to take a proprietary attitude toward the past, almost as though we had invented it. We fondle the memory of things gone by — the kitchen pump, the outdoor privy, coal range, milk can, arc light, washboard and the cistern. We are likely to lose patience with younger people who don't share our sentiments: "Do you mean to sit there and tell me you never heard of Harry K. Thaw?"

Nevertheless, we do have a certain compassion for the young, who, with their mechanized entertainments — automobiles, television and electronic music — appeal to us as pitifully underprivileged. (What could match a drive-in movie as the ultimate in joyless amusement?) Poor dears, to have been denied such live and intimate pleasures as we enjoyed at their ages — band concerts, dance halls, vaudeville, burlesque, hay rides, stock companies, trolley rides, speakeasies, three-ring circuses, taffy pulls, swimming holes and nights in a Pullman.

It's all kind of pathetic. Imagine never having seen John Barrymore's "Hamlet" or William Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes," nor danced to the music of the big bands of Jimmy Lunceford and Benny Goodman, nor been tickled by the antics of W.C. Fields, Ed Wynn, Clayton, Jackson & Durante.

You know, come to think of it, we could be right. Well, no matter. See you around in another fifty.

* * *

George Malcolm-Smith, Class of 1925, Hon. (M.A.) 1952, retired last year after a varied career, first, as a reporter and cartoonist for Hartford and Waterbury newspapers, and subsequently, as writer and editor of publications for The Travelers Insurance Companies. Meanwhile he managed to write several novels and to conduct a radio program from WTIC on the subject of jazz music.

BOOKS



WATERGATE AND THE PRESIDENCY: The Garrison State Revisited

By Thomas A. Reilly

*Perhaps it is a universal truth that
the loss of liberty at home is to be
charged to provisions against danger,
real or pretended, from abroad.*

James Madison

(In a letter to Jefferson, May 13, 1798)

I

In 1937 Harold D. Lasswell first directed his and our attention to what he termed the garrison-police state. It was Professor Lasswell's view that the persistence of a crisis of national defense could in time subvert our democratic institutions. Furthermore, he felt that a perpetual crisis atmosphere, such as that associated with the Cold War, might lead to a fanatic pursuit of national security that would wreck both security and individual freedom. Concomitantly, the permanent crisis would generate a large defense establishment and would result in the rise of those skilled in violence (military, paramilitary and police) to positions of influence and control throughout American society. Finally, the consequences of permanent crisis and the trademarks of the garrison state would include the expansion and centralization of government, the withholding of information in the name of security, the growth of suspicion and political police, and the decline of the press, public opinion, political parties, Congress and the Courts. In the end America in conflict with a police state would be transformed into a "garrison prison."

II

It is, I believe, against the Orwellian vision of Harold Lasswell that we may be able, however tentatively, to evaluate both the myriad events, processes and disasters that have come to be termed Watergate and the flood of books, most bad, a few good and all I assume profitable, that attempt to grasp the events or place them in a broader context.

Arthur M. Schlesinger's *The Imperial Presidency* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1973) is included in this essay since it seeks to bring order and perspective to events which too many want and need to see as isolated and aberrant. It is also important for two other reasons. First, it is the partial recantation of a liberal historian of the Presidency who like so many others had previously viewed that office's expansion from the cheering section. More importantly, his treatment of the evolution of Presidential war powers and such non-powers as executive privilege and impoundment serve as a test for the Lasswellian hypothesis. For example, Professor Schlesinger writes:

The Imperial Presidency was essentially the creation of foreign policy. A combination of doctrines and emotions — belief in permanent and universal crisis, fear of communism, faith in the duty and right of the United States to intervene swiftly in every part of the world — had brought about the unprecedented centralization of decisions over war and peace in the Presidency. With this came an unprecedented exclusion of the rest of the executive branch, of Congress, of the press and of public opinion

While Schlesinger deals with changes in the Presidency and their impact on policy and politics, as well as the "Nixon revolution," Carl Bernstein and Robert Woodward of the *Washington Post* deal with Watergate from coverup through unravelling. *All the President's Men* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1974) is a highly readable account of the two reporters' attempts to reconstruct and report the horrors of the Nixon re-election. It is significant not only as a well wrought tale about the undoing of the mighty but because it exposes the operational code and political milieu of the garrison state. A good illustration of this point occurs when "deep throat," a Woodward-Bernstein informant, tells Woodward after the *Washington Post* has been served subpoenas that:

That's only the first step . . . He's (Nixon) told the appropriate people "Go to any length" to stop them . . . Internal investigations, plus he (Nixon) wants to use the Courts.

If this is not sufficient, *All the President's Men* is replete with violations of civil liberties, perversion of the criminal justice system and the party system, attacks upon the press, suspicion, distrust and the bastardization of the concept of loyalty, both individual and national, by a political regime dedicated to neither policy nor principle but rather to self-perpetuation and power.

Other works could be cited. But taken together these two books explore a revolution originating in foreign threat and culminating in a domestic threat to the very institutions that so much, knowingly and unknowingly, had been sacrificed to preserve.

III

The meaning of Watergate lies not in the editorial page or in the panegyrics on the system's capacity for landing on its feet, but in the context in which it is placed. It is my belief that Watergate is not *sui generis* but is a manifestation of Lasswell's garrison-police state, and it is in this context that it is both understandable and explainable.

The crisis of the Cold War has led to that expansion of power which Lasswell feared and Schlesinger documents. The pursuit of security and anti-communism has resulted in that perversion of political loyalty that Woodward and Bernstein doggedly traced into the Oval Office.

In the Nixon Administration centralization proceeded in the foreign and domestic arenas as information was hoarded to prevent congressional, media and public scrutiny. The military and quasi-police agencies of the federal government broke the law to insure security and secrecy. This culminated in the illegal establishment of a political police, the Plumbers, whose task it was to distrust all, search out the disloyal and to secret the secrets. The "disloyal" soon included the political opposition, thus justifying burglary and wiretapping. When the center would no longer hold, the administration sought first to use the criminal justice system and then to subvert it.

Over all these symptoms presided a bankrupt leadership under which the garrison state came to maturity. Indeed, Nixon, in personality not unlike his immediate predecessor, created the hothouse atmosphere so conducive to these events. But the roots lie in the soil of the permanent crisis of international conflict. For real and imagined threats from abroad after thirty years had limited domestic political discourse, silenced dissent and enhanced

the prerogatives and powers of various elements favoring the status quo at home and abroad, including the new men of violence who owed their existence to the rise of the garrison-police state.

In conclusion, if the above is even close to the mark, jail sentences for the few or debates about checks and balances appear irrelevant. First, because we are not dealing with the unique acts of uniquely evil men, and secondly, because constitutional arrangements aren't necessary and sufficient to preserve or extend democratic politics and norms. Indeed, the American system of checks and balances did not create but were a response to American political and social realities. The real problem still confronts us as we listen to revelations about a generation of illegal F.B.I. and C.I.A. activities, J. Edgar Hoover's political blackmail and voyeurism, and renewed suspicions about the assassination of President Kennedy, all played against the backdrop of another President and Secretary of State warning us of international calamity and collapse in Indochina.

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A BICENTENNIAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

By John W. Tyler

As the Bicentennial year rapidly approaches, many authors and publishers are hastily putting the finishing touches on a plethora of new books about the men and events of the American Revolution. As this deluge begins to descend upon us, it seems appropriate to pause and reflect on some of the best books on the subject to appear during the past decade.

Among the oldest and most important is Bernard Bailyn's *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* (Cambridge: Belknap Press, 1967), first published in 1965 as an introductory essay to a multi-volume edition of *Pamphlets of the American Revolution*. In *The Ideological Origins* Bailyn overturns the tradition inherited from the Progressive historians, who viewed the Founding Fathers as primarily motivated by economic self-interest, and replaces it with his own more idealistic interpretation.

For Bailyn, the crucial factor in the radicalization of the colonies was the widespread acceptance in America during the early eighteenth century of the political rhetoric used by the anti-Walpolean "Country" party in England. The charges of "slavery" and "ministerial corruption," first formulated in the Mother Country, were so common in the American political vocabulary by mid-century that they deeply influenced the colonial response to the Stamp Act and other British imperial policies after 1763. Bailyn's ideas are the keystone of an entire historiographical school and thus essential to an understanding of recent literature on the Revolution.

One of Bailyn's students, Gordon S. Wood, carries the ideological interpretation of the Revolution through the war years and the Confederation period. In many ways, Wood's *The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787*

(Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1969) surpasses the work of his mentor. Wood charts with painstaking care the process by which the republican rhetoric of the revolutionaries found institutional expression in the constitutional settlements of the early state and Federal governments. The reader should be forewarned, however, that Wood's convoluted prose rambles over some 632 pages. Those who can muster the effort will find the experience rewarding, since *The Creation of the American Republic* provides a completely new perspective on the institutions of American government.

Pauline Maier's *From Resistance to Revolution: Colonial Radicals and the Development of American Opposition to Britain, 1765-1776* (New York: Alfred Knopf, 1972) is another contribution from the growing group of Bailyn students. Influenced by several recent studies of the "crowd" in European history, the particular concern of *Resistance to Revolution* is the role of mob action within the revolutionary movement in the major colonial seaport cities. Maier also underlines the close relationship between the rise and fall of the Wilkesite movement in Great Britain and the progressive radicalization of American politics.

One of the most important books on the military history of the Revolution has an important implication for current events. John Shy's *Toward Lexington* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965) focuses on the role of the British army in provoking the eventual conflict between citizens and soldiers. Shy makes important observations about professional standing armies that are pertinent to recent American experience both at home and abroad.

An attractive means of following the military history of the War for Independence is the *Atlas of the American Revolution* (New York: Rand McNally, 1974). What makes the *Atlas* unique among books of its kind is its utilization of battle maps published during the Revolution. According to the editor, Kenneth Nebenzahl, a noted map dealer and collector, these battle maps, many of which first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and other London periodicals, had much the same effect on the late eighteenth-century British reading public as television had in the United States during the war in Vietnam. The maps are skillfully arranged and meticulously reproduced; the accompanying text by Don Higginbotham is not, however, up to the high standard of the rest of the volume.

James A. Henretta's *The Evolution of American Society, 1700-1815* (Lexington, Mass.: D. C. Heath & Co., 1973) is a provocative antidote to the surfeit of Bicentennial literature in that it argues the thesis that the Revolution counted for very little in the formation of American culture. Although written as a textbook, it provides the reader with a useful introduction to the relatively new fields of American social and demographic history.

Naturally, there is a profusion of monographs on specialized aspects of the Revolution, among which the reader will have to pick and choose according to personal taste. Economists and businessmen will find much to whet their interest in Joseph A. Ernst's *Money and Politics in America, 1755-1775: A Study in the Currency Act of 1764 and the Political Economy of the Revolution* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1973). According to Ernst, the British crack-down on the high-flying colonial methods of currency finance was ill-timed to coincide with

an economic recession; thus it caused major grievances among American merchants and politicians. Connoisseurs of historiographical internecine warfare will also be interested in *Money and Politics* as an economic determinist's challenge to Bailyn's ideological interpretation. Both types of readers should be cautioned, however, that Ernst's book, like Wood's, is long and sometimes tedious.

The most important analysis of the role of religious thought in the Revolutionary era is Alan Heimert's *Religion and the American Mind: From the Great Awakening to the Revolution* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1966). Heimert draws a direct connection between the individualism and anti-authoritarian attitudes engendered by the Second Great Awakening (1734-1742) and the Revolutionary argument for independence from Great Britain, formulated more than a quarter of a century later. For several years now Heimert has been under attack by both historians and theologians, but his book remains at the center of debate.

One of the burgeoning minor branches of Revolutionary historiography has been Loyalist studies. Historians have devoted increasing attention to the men and women who chose the losing side in the tumultuous struggle for independence. Recent titles include Mary Beth Norton's *The British Americans* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1972), a study of the expatriate Loyalist community in England, and Bernard Bailyn's *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson*, (Cambridge: Belknap Press, 1974), a biography of the last native-born Royal governor of Massachusetts. Bailyn's book is not only a fine summary of the intricacies of pre-Revolutionary Massachusetts politics, but also a superb example of the art of biography.

The role of another minority in the Revolutionary period is the subject of Sidney Kaplan's *The Black Presence in the Era of the American Revolution* (Greenwich, Conn.: New York Graphic Society, 1973). One of the neglected stories of American history is that Black men fought and died on both sides in the Revolution, especially in the South where the attitude of the enslaved Black population had an important influence on British military policy. Although Kaplan's book is an admirable attempt at an interdisciplinary approach to a complex subject, it is unsatisfying in many ways, and one hopes it will soon be replaced by a more adequate treatment of the same theme.

Readers who would like to sample a variety of new ideas about the Revolution should consult Stephen G. Kurtz and James H. Hutson's collection, *Essays on the American Revolution* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1973). Most of the major scholars of the period — Bailyn, Shy, Jack Greene, Edmund Morgan, etc. — are represented, and the selections cover a wide range of topics, from religion to Congressional politics to military affairs.

The dozen titles listed above are only the proverbial tip of an iceberg of books on the Revolutionary era. There are numerous state and local studies, as well as many more books on some of the topics already mentioned. But this short list provides a starting point from which Bicentennial readers can conduct further explorations on their own.

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