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ICarbs

VOL. I, NO. 1

FALL-WINTER, 1973

From *The Underground Woman* / Kay Boyle

Lawrence Durrell / Ian MacNiven

William James & George Santayana / Sidney Hook

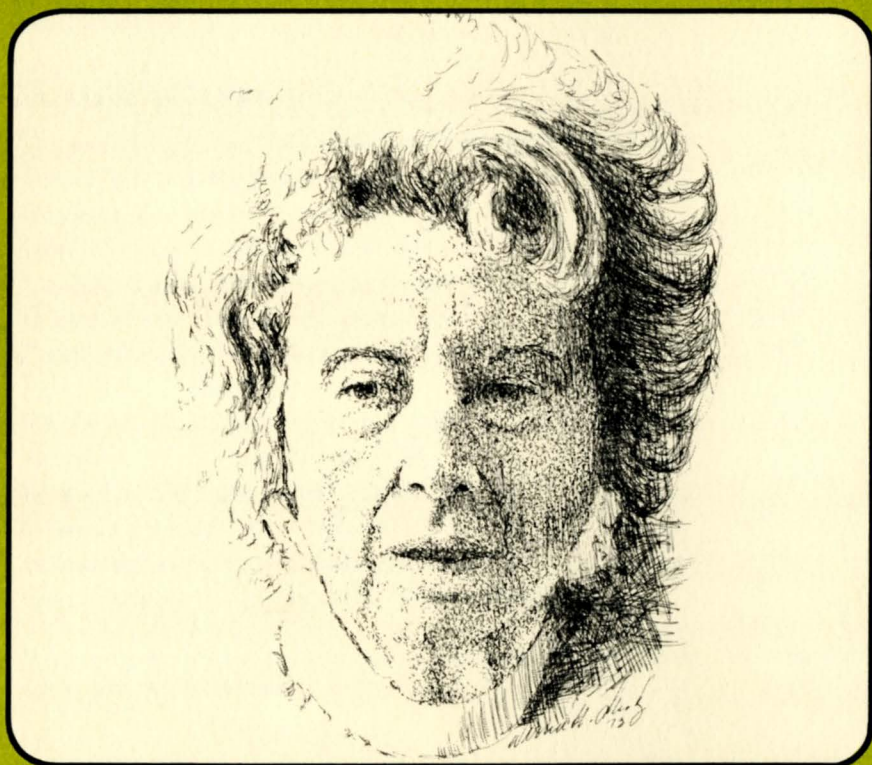
John Dewey / Jo Ann Boydston

Ernest Hemingway / John Howell

Robert Graves / Ted Boyle & Richard Peterson

Francis Stuart / Jerry Natterstad

Morris Library / Ralph McCoy



ICarbs*

VOL. I, NO. 1

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* ICarbs is the National Union Catalog symbol for Morris Library, Southern Illinois University at Carbondale.

ICarbS has three primary goals: to publish scholarship which derives from the research collections in Morris Library; to communicate this information to other interested libraries and scholars who share our concern for the spreading of knowledge, and to keep the Friends of Morris Library informed on what their membership monies and their gifts are doing—and what their additional gifts might do.

Although monetary gifts are welcome always, there are many other ways Friends can help Morris Library. We have a new law school; we have a new medical school. And both need books. We need books and manuscripts and correspondence concerning 20th Century literature, drama, and philosophy. We need books and correspondence and photographs on Southern Illinois history and business.

Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, under various names, is 100 years old. Yet it has been a major university less than a score of years. Consequently, the alumni rolls have begun to expand just recently. Too, many people feel a state university has unlimited state funds, so private funds are unnecessary. This, of course, is untrue. There is no library in the country—public or private—which can flourish without the help of its Friends.

In short, *ICarbS* hopes to accomplish its goals. The editors will appreciate your comments, suggestions, and your means for making Morris Library a still better center for knowledge than it already is.

This first issue of *ICarbS* has been made possible by the Friends of Morris Library. We are deeply grateful.

Editors: David V. Koch, Alan M. Cohn, Kenneth W. Duckett.

Editorial Assistant: Michèle Doyle

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Excerpts from Novel in Progress, *The Underground Woman*

Kay Boyle

1

There was not only a priest who came to administer to the spiritual needs of the inmates at the Rehabilitation Center. There was as well a lady minister, a tall, spare, wooden-boned woman, resplendent in green silk and brassy ornaments, her hair henna-ed stiff and bright, with rouge in abrasions on her cheekbones, and in the wrinkled, sunken caverns of her cheeks. Her time was Friday evenings, and after supper a dozen demonstrators and twice as many regular prisoners made their way down the hall that ran from north to south of the women's quarters, walked together in twos and threes past the library, the processing offices, the lock-up wards, to the snow-white chapel, just around the corner from the isolation cells. An unadorned metal cross was fixed on the open chapel door, and once the prisoners crossed the threshold, the whiteness of the walls, and of the pulpit and pews, struck their eyes like sudden light. A blanched tide of virtue had seemingly flooded into this simple room, and there it remained, land-locked and stagnant, yet antiseptically pure. The four narrow windows of the room were arched like church windows, but the glass in them was stained only with the color of the sunset, and the prison bars on the outer sill could be clearly seen, like the slender stems of trees, against the evening sky. Dead white were the hymnals in the dead white racks that ran along the backs of the pews, and chalk-white were the seats of the pews into which the inmates moved silently.

The prisoners were demeaned even before they entered this place of worship, humiliated by their grey dresses and their ill-fitting tennis shoes, while the lady preacher and her organist had the proper outfits in which to sing the praises of the Lord.

"Oh, God, it's the side-show at the circus!" Calliope murmured, the

gentian eyes even bluer behind the charcoal lashes, the square brow furrowed under the modest crown of braids. The organist who stood above them on the platform was scarcely larger than a dwarf, with legs grotesquely bowed beneath a pink wool skirt, and pastel sequins trembling on her rosy blouse. "Oh, God, I'm cruel!" Calliope whispered, her head held high, her small chin firm.

The organist wore high-heeled, white, patent-leather pumps, with satin rose-buds serving as buckles, and rose-buds as well in the brittle nest of her hair. She told them, the little-girl voice fluting out of the middle-aged, care-seamed mouth, that she had found salvation as recently as five years ago. It was not too late for any of them there in the chapel to be saved, it was never too late for anyone, not the drunkard lying in the gutter, not the drug addict, not the blasphemer, not the woman who had strayed; and the lady preacher, standing tall and bony in the merciless light of sanctity, her gaunt face manlike under her halo of orange hair, put the seal of approval on all the organist said by pronouncing at intervals the cabalistic, ancient word "amen."

Twenty-two years she had been coming to the Rehabilitation Center, was the information the minister snapped at them once the organist's testimony was done; twenty-two years of bringing the word of the Lord to those who had left the path of righteousness. The brass of her bracelets rang from the pulpit as she fixed first one woman and then another with her wild and bolting eye; twenty-two years of self-sacrifice for the sake of the unfit and the unworthy.

"I was called upon to sacrifice my husband, my married life," she told the congregation, "for I could not serve two masters. I was called upon by the Lord to leave my husband and divorce him. The Lord had put His finger on me, and I bowed to His will."

"Oh, yes, yes, Lawd!" Tallulah moaned aloud from the back pew. "Praise the Lawd, amen!"

"Once I had cast off marital bonds, I was free to listen for the Lord's directions," the lady minister said. "My ears heard anew, and my limbs were strengthened. I could follow in His footsteps without faltering. The temple of my body was purified and no human hand stood between me and my Saviour."

"Praise the Lawd, oh, praise the Lawd!" Tallulah wailed aloud.

"One day I shall stand on the right hand of the Lord in everlasting glory," the lady minister said, "but you will not be there, none of you will stand there with us unless you repent and mend your ways."

"I've been mendin' them, Lawd! They almos' mended now, praise the Lawd!" Tallulah cried out of the mountainous weight of flesh that rested on her knees now as she swayed, renouncing, rejecting, all of them in the chapel, even the lady preacher who sought to wrest her bridegroom from her in something as evil as adultery.

"What kind of an outfit will you wear up there in heaven ma'am?" one of the college girls called out. "Don't you think if you and the organist wore grey dresses like the prisoners you would be more acceptable to God?"

"No one is authorized to speak during the service!" the lady preacher cried, her voice not yet beginning to shake. She made a sign to the organist, and the dwarf's hands pounced on the organ keys.

The lady minister raised her conductor's baton and opened the brightly rouged trap-door of her mouth to lead the singing, the fillings in her back teeth glittering as brightly as the brass-studded collar at her haggard throat.

"Hymn forty-one!" she said.

The organ quavered and throbbed, sighed deeply as the women got to their feet, and, their voices thin and tentative, began to sing. "Jesus is our Savior," they murmured in hesitation, feeling their way, until Callisto's high, clear voice soared above the others, drawing the voices of the black girls as if by magic from their throats. "Jesus is our Savior!" they declared in triumph, and now a tide of joy rose higher and higher in the chapel room. The great surging of the women's voices lifted Tallulah from her knees, and she held to the back of the white pew, singing and laughing, swaying, and singing with them, and laughing, laughing until the tears ran down her swollen face. And, without seeming intent or effort, the words began to change then and the tune, and, "Black and white together, black and white together!" sang the voices, and the lady preacher snapped her mouth shut and struck sharply on the wood of the lectern with her baton that had beat out the rhythm on the air. At once, the organ gasped into silence, and slowly, separately, the prisoners' voices died.

"Some of us," said the lady in the pulpit when all was still, "are singing. Others are just having a good time."

"Excuse me," Callisto said, her narrow gypsy-dark hand raised like a student's in a classroom; "excuse me, but isn't singing a joyful thing? And isn't being joyful a reverent thing?"

The cords in the lady preacher's neck stood out, lashing and writhing,

no longer veins or arteries, thought Athena standing just below the pulpit, but snakes imprisoned in her flesh. This was their doom, to turn and twist forever in their hideous convulsions, strangling in their rage, unable to slither away.

"Those of us who will continue the singing with respect may remain in the chapel," the minister said, the voice, the spirit, stricken, the snakes lashing in purple wrath. "Those who are here for a good time will leave—will leave at once! AT ONCE!" she shouted; and then the serpents abruptly ceased in their contortions, and the woman spoke in awful quiet, her shaking hand holding to the lectern, her mouth reaching for air. "The voice of the Lord is gentle . . . His voice is gentle," she said, each word a separate shudder in her throat. "He has written me a love letter . . . He has written a gentle love letter . . . a letter that only the pure are privileged to read. *Your* eyes, they cannot behold it. The Lord has written His gentle love letter to me in the chapters and verses of the Bible. He has not raised His voice against me as sinners have done. He does not, does not, raise His voice," she whispered, her trembling fingers still clinging to the lectern. "Now go, now go."

In a rustle of movement, the prisoners placed the hymnals in the racks again, and, demonstrators and regulars alike, they filed through the doorway, humble as cenobites in their ill-fitting garments, and the lady minister and the organist were left alone. As the prisoners moved down the hall to the dormitories, they could hear the far, tremulous cry of the organ calling after them, the sound growing fainter, ever fainter, until it was finally lost as Callisto began to sing to them, part in humor, part in grief, that she was a poor pilgrim of sorrow, travelling this wide world alone.

Then they sang together, Lydia, Calliope, St. Theresa, Ann, Athena, the housewives, the librarians, the college girls, the lady psychiatrist, the professor's wife, and the nameless others, while Tallulah stood, enormous with the terrible burden of her flesh, weeping against the bars of the dormitory window, her body blocking out the color of twilight as the silhouette of a giant might have done.

2

A girl was brought into the Rehabilitation Center late one night, which had certainly happened other nights when they were there, but this time her screaming awakened them. One of the college girls slipped quickly from her cot and crept down the half-lit corridor toward the office, keeping

out of sight against the wall. When she came back, she gave the whispered word that the office door had been partially open, and that she had seen the shrieking, cursing girl trying to break the grip of the handcuffs, fighting to wrench herself free of the deputies who held her, biting and clawing like a cat. The story flew from cot to cot, from demonstrator to regular prisoner, and back to demonstrator, the girl and her history pieced together in a barely audible exchange. Within five minutes they all knew she was small as a ten-year-old, that she was black and wore her hair in an Afro, that she had feathery artificial eyelashes, and that her eyelids and fingernails were done in frosty white. She was wearing one of those tweed-like, sheath skirts, and white, high-heeled, crinkle-leather boots, the college girl reported, but whether or not there had been the time to note all this in the split second she had seen the girl nobody asked.

"Could be Marcie," one of the black girls whispered. "She ain't been gone but two weeks, maybe three."

The big-bosomed, motherly deputy could be heard shouting that they were going to get the lieutenant out of bed to deal with her if she didn't stop her noise.

"Could be Myrtle," another prisoner said. "'Member her always talkin' 'bout gettin' herself white boots with heels?"

But the girl's name must have been Bea, for that was what she screamed out half a dozen times as she fought the deputies, crying through her clenched teeth that they weren't going to get Bea down on her knees, not yet, not ever, shrieking with the fury of a cat cornered in an alley by its battle-scarred oppressors, striking out in terror against their flattened ears, their lashing tails.

"Seems like Bea got a lot more cool than that," another hushed voice said.

"Sound like she los' it all this time, whoever she be, whatever she done," Tallulah said in the darkness, and the words were trembling in her mouth. "If that Bea, she know better then to carry on like she outta her right mind."

"Bea was shootin' up three-four times a day, costin' her a hundred dollars flat. Thas what she said," another whispered. "If that Bea cuttin' up out there, I knows for shu she not twenty yet, an' she got a kid she leave with her momma, 'cause she been in and outta too many years to count."

"Could be she gone so far off her head this time, she don' know her way back," Tallulah said.

"You bitches, you don't get Bea's clothes! You don't take away her clothes!" the words came tearing, ripping, down the hall and into the dormitory where the women lay.

And now the struggle became fiercer as the deputies stripped her of all she owned. Her furious outcry changed its course when they carried her to the hole, and slammed the heavy door on her, and her cries climbed higher and higher as she beat the handcuffs against the stone of the floor. The women in the dormitory no longer spoke, but they had begun to hum in chorus, to moan a muted accompaniment to her piercing anguish, their steady voices weaving a hammock of sound in which to rock their sister in her pain. Slowly, slowly, their lament gathered power, flowed through the wide doorway, past the toilets and sinks and showers, flooding into the other dormitory beyond, until it seemed that the two long rooms would overflow with the moaning, humming tide of the prisoners' voices, and the women would have to rise from their cots to save themselves from the deep, lapping tide. In the end, when it could no longer be borne, the women would fling aside the worn sheets, the patched army blankets, and leap up, trembling like aspens, and gyrate in increasing frenzy until, like horses stampeding, they would collide with one another, neighing in panic, their voices slashing the darkness in inarticulate answer to their sister's voice crying out from the cavern of the hole.

So far past rational communication had they come that there seemed no possible words left to be exchanged, and yet above the thin, high sound of screaming, and above the steady requiem of the prisoners' voices, they could hear the lieutenant seeking to speak with the black girl through the barred aperture of her cell. She must have been standing there, smartly uniformed, her dark hair elegantly coiffed, flanked by a bodyguard of deputies. The sustained pitch of Bea's fury did not waver or break, and the humming, the keening, of her sisters rose ever more tender, ever more enveloping, no single voice ascending above the others, but the women's voices become one voice that swept away in its melodious grief whatever words of reprimand the lieutenant might be trying to say.

"Oh, sing out loud, please sing out loud!" Ann whispered fiercely to Callisto. "Please sing the Vietnamese song you always sing to us! Sing 'How many children must we kill before we make the wave stand still!' Just that, so everyone can hear!"

But Callisto gave no sign that she had heard what Ann asked, and she did not sing that song or any other, but hummed the tender hymn of desolation as the others hummed. For what they had learned that night was

that they were not, and had never been, a hundred women lying on their cots in the dark, isolated in their own identities, women now who were neither black nor white nor chicano, but all with interchangeable skins. The attack upon one girl in her cell was an attack on their own flesh, and when at last the sheriff was called from the men's side to subdue the girl called Bea, the picture came suddenly into focus, as if caught in a telescope's clear, uncanny eye.

Outside in the wide, starlit night were, first, the look-out towers set high above the fields, above the fences topped with barbed wire; inside the fences sprawled the low, barracks-like, prison buildings, with barred windows and barricaded doors; and within the buildings were gathered the lieutenant's deputies and the sheriff's officers, their waists cinched with leather, the men with revolvers in holsters at their belts, and handcuffs dangling at their hips; all this now mobilized to silence one naked black girl in her solitary cell. They knew they were forever one woman when the sheriff unlocked the door of the hole and lobbed the tear-gas in. Their sister's screams ceased, but louder and louder their voices hummed and moaned and keened as one voice, as they pictured her coming out on her knees, crawling out naked, gasping, choking, nothing left to her of all she had chosen to define the role she had to play, nothing except the artificial eyelashes and the moonlight varnished nails. It was later to be whispered among them that the sheriff struck her down with the butt of his revolver as she came out, but this not even the vacuum of silence where she had once cried out could verify.

"There is to be quiet in the dormitories," Corporal Anxiety said from the threshold. She had switched on the lights to see if the prisoners were all in their designated beds. "You are to be silent!" she said, the lantern of her jaw swinging on its invisible wire; and the sound of the women's humming came to an end.

1788 copy

The one and only!

To Nancy from Larry

In Memoriam: stars, Jon,

butter, Κολοσσα, jearrells,

ding, insects, tears, love

and laughter.

and a promise of the year
books as yet!!

Κερκυρα

21
Ηλλας

Durrell's cover page for THE BLACK BOOK—"The one and only"

The Lawrence Durrell Collection: A Preliminary Examination

Ian MacNiven

Lawrence Durrell, best known as the author of *The Alexandria Quartet*, the collective title of the novels *Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive*, and *Clea*, is also a fine poet, humorist, epistolary stylist, and perhaps the finest writer of foreign residence books since D. H. Lawrence. Concurrently with his literary activities, he spent 15 years in British government service, mainly in Alexandria, Belgrade, and Cyprus. Always a convivial person, he has numbered among his friends T. S. Eliot, Henry Miller, Dylan Thomas, and many other highly articulate individuals who have contributed toward making his correspondence file a treasure for the archivist and literary historian. The acquisition of Durrell's personal archive, comprising over 2400 items, including notebooks, manuscripts, and letters, by Southern Illinois University's Morris Library is an event of first importance to students of modern literature.

It is a fortunate exception when a majority of the extant manuscripts, working notebooks, correspondence, and personal copies of source material of an important author are assembled in a single collection and made available to scholars during his creative lifetime.

Lawrence Durrell's personal papers, acquired intact by Southern Illinois University, is such a collection. Present are full or partial manuscript versions of nearly every major published work, as well as many drafts of poems, travel articles, prefaces, and occasional compositions. Most of *The Alexandria Quartet* is represented all the way from the "Quarries," Durrell's name for his working notebooks, through the corrected typescripts, to the galley proofs. His frequent habit, when composing verse, of re-writing an entire passage instead of inserting corrections makes it possible to follow step by step the progression of his creative imagination. There is also a large assortment of clippings from the world press as well as numerous radio and television scripts about Durrell which will save the researcher many hours of work.

Among the correspondents, Henry Miller is represented by 360 letters, Richard Aldington by 200, while people as diverse as T. S. Eliot and George Katsimbalis, Freya Stark and Mai Zetterling wrote frequently to "Larry." In addition, separate acquisitions by the University contain Durrell's letters to Aldington, Jean Fanchette, Gerald Sykes, and others.

Though interesting in human terms, it is as the record of a literary life, the portrayal of the development of Durrell the writer, that the collection is most fascinating.

THE BLACK BOOK TYPESCRIPT

An important early item in the collection is the typescript of *The Black Book*, with Durrell's annotation, "the one and only," mailed in 1937 from Corfu to Henry Miller in Paris with the instruction to read it and then "pitch it in the Seine." Miller wrote back, "Immense. Colossal. . . . The most stimulating thing I have read in years and years," but advised extensive cutting of over-rich passages. The manuscript shows that Durrell made nearly a hundred excisions ranging from single words to a page and a half, although the total deletions do not amount to more than a dozen pages of typescript. He had already done some pruning before Miller saw it, since Anais Nin, then Miller's Villa Seurat accomplice in various publishing ventures, objected to some of the cuts made in Corfu before the manuscript was sent to Paris. Perhaps Durrell felt too much affection for his *Black Book* prose to cancel more, because he was to say many years later, "In the writing of it I first heard the sound of my own voice."

In general the deletions show good editorial judgment, and apply to passages where overt influence, overwriting, personal attacks, or sententiousness are evident. While retaining two references to Aldous Huxley by name, Durrell deleted four rather Huxleyan phrases: two developing "electric" images and two mentioning soma, the opiate doled out to the populace in *Brave New World*. Similarly, "a heap of masticated images" may have sounded too close—and inferior—to Eliot's "a heap of broken images." Durrell cut the overcharged simile "locked like gorgeous maggots in a forever of sense" from the statement, "We are spun round with rocks and hills and chimneys," no doubt finding it both overwrought and out of keeping with the scene of idyllic repletion being described in the rest of the passage. The compulsion to *tell* which irritates some readers of the *Quartet* is clear, too, in the uncut *Black Book*, where Durrell has his narrator, Lawrence Lucifer, declaim:

The fires are lighted, go out, are relighted. *What I am saying is the complete dearth of anything definitive in the way of action. The machine triumphs over our sloth.*

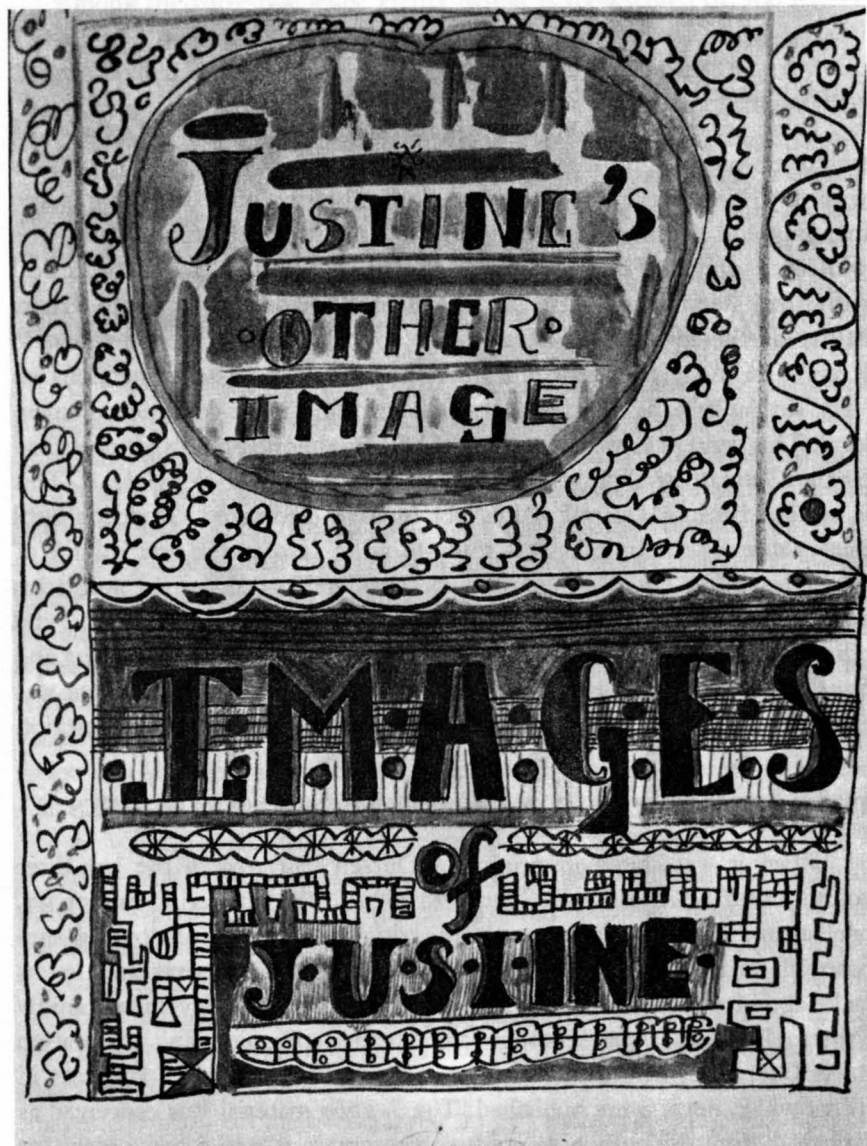
Durrell himself set this portion in italics, then cancelled it.

There are other passages we may regret losing: "the sopping thatch of watercress pressing up ice-cold between our toes"; "to those who go down with the New Year in dissonance and misery I offer the long piano hymning and flashing: and a long roll of drumfire in the night"; and "the wild duck dragging their sandals in the lake." Some deleted sections deal with the "heraldic universe," which Durrell had proclaimed to Henry Miller as the ideal plane of existence for the artist, something akin to Keats's realm of prophetic imagination. One such passage mentions an "IT," in capitals, as standing for the controlling inner condition of mankind. This concept is very like the "It," forerunner of Freud's id, described by the German psychologist Georg Groddeck in his *Book of the It*. This is curious because Durrell claims not to have discovered Groddeck until much later. By the time he was ready to write *Justine*, the first volume of *The Alexandria Quartet*, he had had considerable occasion to polish his style, and to digest the behavioral theories of Groddeck, Otto Rank, and others. Still, since *The Black Book* is Durrell's *Portrait of an Artist* and *Sons and Lovers* combined, it is worth noting how sure his judgment was even so early in his writing career. And this we find in the manuscript.

THE MATURE NOVELS: NOTEBOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS

When it was stated in print that Durrell had written the last three volumes of *The Alexandria Quartet* (1962) at the staggering rate of six, twelve, and eight weeks respectively, criticism appeared attributing supposed flaws to the haste of composition. As his manuscripts and letters make abundantly clear, Durrell's novels, while they may have been rapidly written, invariably went through an extended planning and maturation stage. Often the themes were subjected to several trial runs, sometimes in forms which never were published. The *Sappho* material was conceived as a novel before the author decided to incorporate it into a verse play, for instance. *The Black Book* in theme and character is demonstrably an ancestor of the *Quartet*, while the "Author's Note" to *Tunc* states, "Here and there in the text attentive readers may discern the odd echo from *The Alexandria Quartet* and even from *The Black Book*; this is intentional."

The facts of Durrell's working life show a definite continuity of theme



Durrell's drawing for *Justine* dust jacket

and intention. Shortly after finishing *The Black Book*, Durrell mentioned in a letter of 21 July 1937 that he was planning an associated opus to be called "The Book of the Dead," and in the beginning of a notebook dated August 1938 is a schematic "Plan for 'The Book of the Dead'" to be set in London. At a later date Durrell transferred the locale to Athens before finally deciding upon Alexandria in the spring of 1945. By 20 November 1953, he was referring to the manuscript as "Justine." It is then more accurate to say that *Balthazar*, *Mountolive*, and *Clea* were "work in progress" for twenty years rather than a matter of weeks.

Similarly, the *Tunc* (1968) and *Nunquam* (1970) material went through a long gestation. Soon after finishing *Clea* in 1959, Durrell announced his intention of writing a comic novel, and tentatively assigned to it the title "Placebo: An Attic Comedy." Inserted among the notes for a humorous tale of the British diplomatic corps published September 1963 appears the equation "Art = placebo? or real pill?"—one of the questions considered in *Tunc* and *Nunquam*. The association of the early "Placebo" material with the diplomatic sketches was not merely a matter of spatial coincidence. Felix Charlock, a central figure of *Tunc* and *Nunquam*, was in the early drafts placed in a British embassy as part of a chancery which included Vibart, Iolanthe, Sipple, and Caradoc. Later Charlock emerged as a scientist, and the whole cast became part of the business world of *Tunc*.

Durrell still clung, however, to the idea of a comic novel. "The hero of the New Comedy will be the scientist in love, grappling with the androgynous shapes of his own desire," as he wrote in *Tunc*. But beyond the generalized "comic novel" concept, no overall plan for *Tunc* and *Nunquam* is to be found in the notebooks, whereas in *The Alexandria Quartet* Durrell apparently knew where he was going at least by the completion of *Justine*, and in the author's preface to *Balthazar* he published his "three sides of space and one of time . . . continuum" plan for the series, which he was to hold to fairly closely. There may be a further difference between the geneses of the two novel sequences, since the material in the *Tunc* / *Nunquam* "Quarry" seems more fragmented, random, and undirected than the notes for the *Quartet*.

Durrell is as generous in describing his writing procedure as he is in leaving clues to the original conceptions and aims of his books. On the inside cover of the spiral notebook he labelled "Balthazar Mss," he inscribed, "Working Method: I try and work on the machine but whenever I flag I turn to ink and paper to release the flow. This Mss is produced in

that way." This explains in part the fascinating nature of the "Quarries," for they contain in spontaneous form the author's thoughts, which range from extended passages appearing verbatim in the published text to bare ideas later rejected. On the first page of the "Balthazar" notebook are the opening paragraphs of the novel in almost exactly their final form:

Landscape tones: brown to bronze. Steep skylines, low cloud, pearl ground with shaded oyster and violet reflections. The lion-dust of the desert: the prophets' tombs turn to bronze. . . .

Summer: buff sand, lilac skies. . . .

The notebooks also frequently contain passages which furnish interpretative aids. A chart in one of the Quarry notebooks for the *Quartet*, headed "Analysis of the scenes in 'Justine' by Colour & Narrative," parallels events to the tonal quality or "spirit of place" Durrell intended as setting and background. For example, under "Narrative" he begins with "Naming of subjects" and "the child" (Melissa's daughter) opposite "Mediterranean Island" in the "Colour" column. Similarly, "Mnemjian" is followed by "Fustian about Alexander"; "Cohen's death" by "Jewish hospital." Another illuminating point in the notebooks is Durrell's occasional identification of himself with the protagonist. A note clarifying Nessim's behavior states "He suspects a lover: me." And Darley's first flight from Alexandria is annotated with "My Upper Egypt Trip." Felix Charlock in the Quarry for *Tunc* and *Nunquam* is sometimes referred to as "myself."

Metaphors and similes figure plentifully among the emendations to the manuscripts, suggesting a parallel between Durrell and a cook who seasons a dish after a preliminary cooking and sampling of the contents. Like a gourmet chef, he finds it easier to add than to delete, so that a simile he feels to be unsatisfactory is more apt to be replaced by one more elaborate than simplified or eliminated; for instance, "until one thought the sky was swallowing like a human throat," was cancelled in favor of "until one thought of the world as being mirrored in a soap-bubble trembling on the edge of disappearance." Sometimes other similes are appended to existing ones: "islands, *which* punctuated the water like great pin-cushions, *like paws, like hassocks.*" Or some are simply inserted: "choirs of gnats whizzed up there *like silver rain*"; and "'Egypt,' he said to himself *as one might repeat the name of a woman. 'Egypt.'*" (Italics indicate Durrell's additions.) In the workbooks Durrell appears as a writer of tremendous invention and fertility of image who finds new expressions

springing forth when he rereads his own manuscripts, a man enamoured of words.

POETRY

Durrell's poetry notebooks provide an excellent opportunity for observing a poet in the act of composition. In conversation with Alan G. Thomas, London antiquarian bookdealer and a lifelong friend, Durrell described his poems as "growing like stalactites" by a slow, additive process, and in an interview with David Holloway on 9 September 1959, he accounted for his recent low production:

Poetry is a distilling process. The germ of an idea will come and will probably take something like a fortnight to come through properly and that means lying around the house, unshaven, feeling miserable and getting no other work done. Anyway it is an exhausting process and may empty the mind of a third of a novel in one good poem.

In an unpublished letter of 20 July 1961 to Richard Aldington, he said, "Yesterday . . . I wrote a poem, the first for about six years." Apparently the sustained effort required to write *The Alexandria Quartet* left neither the time nor the energy for poetry. The 114 holograph pages of the working notebook for "The Death of General Uncebnunke" amply illustrate the demanding nature of Durrell's poetic muse.

The earliest entry recognizable as part of the "Uncebnunke" sequence introduces the concept of the uncle asleep in death, the basic image of this particular poem-stalactite. It was published as the first stanza almost unchanged from the original version:

i My uncle sleeps in the image [of] death
 In the green-house and the potting-shed
 The wrens junket: the old girl with the trowel
 Is a pillar of salt, insufferably brittle
 His not to reason why although a thinking man;
 Beside his mesmeric incomprehension
 The [little] mouse [mopping and] mowing
 And the giraffe and the spin-turtle
 In the picture-book look insufferably little
 But knowing, damnably knowing.

In the second draft Durrell made but few alterations, indicating that the stanza jelled rapidly for him, and then began to ring a series of changes based on the first line:

- ii* My uncle sleeps in the image of death
Not a bad sport, the boys will tell you,
More than the average Spartan in tartan.

In the next draft the third line becomes "More than a Spartan in tartan," the published form. In the succeeding pages Durrell brings in other images, but still retains the first line as the foundation of the stalactite with little, if any, change:

- iii* My uncle sleeps in the image of death
Gluttonous is death, the great eater,
- iv* My uncle sleeps in the image of death
He sleeps the steep sleep of his zone,
- v* My uncle sleeps in the shadow of death
The shadow [of] other worlds, deep water penumbra
- vi* My uncle sleeps in the image of death
The shadow of other worlds, deep-water penumbra.

Whatever Durrell's plan for the final arrangement of the stanzas with these beginnings, they were not published contiguously or even in the order originally written. Thus, while version *i* appears as published stanza I, *ii* appears in IV, *iii* as X in the *Proems* printing of "Uncebunke" and not at all in subsequent printings, *iv* in VII, and *vi* in XIII. All the "Prudence" passages were written later, in a block, and then inserted among the stanzas dealing with "my uncle."

In the manuscript stanza introduced by *vi* quoted above, Durrell wrote a line which apparently started him on a new set of variations:

- vii* Love was astronomy to him; hunting and fishing. . . .

He built further on this idea with:

- viii* Love was astronomy, hunting and fishing,
Up at green d[a]wn with the gun: the icing on the lake
Knew the gleam of his ironware, the whip of lead.

He then dropped the word "love," which Durrell sometimes complained was inadequate, and returned to "my uncle":

- ix* My uncle has discarded astronomy.
He sleeps in the monotony of his zone.

This theme he was to follow through many variations:

- x* My uncle has discarded astronomy,
In his body are bedded twelve sciences,
- xi* My uncle has discarded astronomy
In his body embedded lie twelve sciences,
- xii* My uncle has got beyond astronomy
He sleeps the Babylonian sleep, deeper
Than bitumen lakes, the Devil's alliances.
In his shin-bone the weevil presides
Over the sixteen sciences,
- xiii* My uncle has got beyond astronomy,
His sleep is of the Babylonian, deeper than a sea,
- xiv* My uncle has got beyond astronomy,
His sleep is of the Babylonian deep-sea,
Darker than bituman, defter than Devil's alliances.
He has seen Golgotha in carnival.
Now in the shin-bone the smart worm
Presides at the death of the sciences;
The Trinity sleeps in his knee.

As though paralleling the loss of the faculties described in the "amusia, aphasia, agraphia, alexia, aboulia" passage in the earlier *Black Book*, Durrell follows the extinction of the sciences in "my uncle" with the anesthetizing of language, speech, and music:

My uncle has got beyond astronomy
 He sleeps the Babylonian sleep, deeper
 than bitumen lakes, the Devil's alliances.
 In his shin-bone the weevil presides
 Over the sixteen sciences, ~~the~~
~~the~~

My uncle has got beyond astronomy,
 His sleep is ^{of the} Babylonian, deeper ^{than} sea,
^{deeper} than bitumen lakes, the Devil's
 alliances.
 In the shin-bone the weevil presides
 At the death of the sciences, and
 The weevil sleeps in his back.

My uncle has got beyond astronomy.
 His sleep is of the Babylonian deep-sea,
 Darker than bitumen lakes, the Devil's
 alliances,
 He trembles sleeps in his back.
 In the shin-bone the worm presides
 At the death of the 16 sciences.

xv My uncle has got beyond astronomy.
 Under his tongue sleeps language,
 Ten dead tongues,

and

xvi My uncle has gone beyond astronomy,
 He sleeps the harsh sleep of the unstrung harp.

Despite the fact that the "Uncebunke" manuscript dates from the exciting autumn Nancy, a talented artist and Durrell's first wife, and Lawrence spent in Paris with Henry Miller, Anais Nin, and Alfred Perlès, a long-time Miller crony, Durrell still wrote at least 1400 lines of manuscript for the 354 lines of published verse. By way of comparison, the ratio of working prose manuscript to published prose is much lower, often approaching a 1:1 ratio for passages Durrell composed directly on the typewriter. Even when he was culling passages from a "Quarry," he often transcribed, virtually unaltered, the holograph draft to the finished typescript.

Durrell's aversion to rewriting his prose is to some extent responsible for its flow and spontaneity, but also for the presence of the occasional infelicitous passages usually absent from his more highly crafted poetry. The converse is true, too. With a few exceptions Durrell's poetry appeals more through clarity and hardness of line, image, and structure than warmth of feeling. This intellectual coolness he escapes mainly in lines of obvious private, personal inspiration, such as "Wrap your sulky beauty up," (from "Water Music") and ". . . go/ Mimic your mother's lovely face" (from "Cradle Song").

It should be noted that generalizations about the amount of rewriting Durrell devotes to poetry do not seem to hold for more recent poems, to judge from the autograph manuscripts of the poems printed in *The Icons*. There is little evidence of revision, and in some cases only a single holograph draft of a poem exists. This does not, of course, preclude the possibility that Durrell may have disposed of other drafts but, keeping in mind his earlier practice of following through a given motif in a single notebook, the likelihood of a change in his approach to composition is worth considering and suggests that the chronological sequence of notebooks be applied to a developmental study of his writing.

LETTERS

The Durrell Collection reveals many of the public and private faces Lawrence George Durrell has worn. In 1931 he used his own name for his first publication, *Quaint Fragment*, a book of poems printed by a friend, Cecil Jeffries. As "Gaffer Peeslake" he acknowledged *Bromo Bombastes*, a 1933 satire of George Bernard Shaw's *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*. As "Larry Dell" he attempted several music hall songs, while as "Charles Norden"—after the character in Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*—he signed his second apprentice novel, *Panic Spring*. "Charles Norden" was also featured as the Sports Editor of *The Booster*, a magazine Durrell, Miller, and Alfred Perlès exuberantly published in pre-war Paris.

In the mid-1960's Durrell exhibited watercolors under the name of "Oscar Epfs," whom he only identified as "the custodian of the Gare du Mt. Athos." These various guises are fitting for a man who makes much of the elusive nature of fact, truth, and reality, and who has consistently teased those critics who insist on placing him as most importantly a poet, novelist, travel writer, or humorist.

Many private aspects of Durrell appear through the mirror of his correspondents. To Miller and Perlès he remained the vital and life-bringing Larry of the Villa Seurat days, sparked by the sun and wine of Corfu, and given mystic depth by his boyhood near Tibet. To Diana Gould, a young ballerina in wartime London who was later to marry the violinist Yehudi Menuhin, he was a father-confessor and comforter. To T. S. Eliot he meant hope for the English novel, while to Richard Aldington he was both a valued equal as an artist and a warm personal friend. With each correspondent represented in the Durrell papers, his image appears in a different perspective.

While the Durrell-Miller correspondence documents Durrell's best known literary and personal friendship, his exchange with Richard Aldington is the most dense (380 letters counting both sides of the correspondence) during the crucial period of his emergence from a respected but little-known writer to a bestselling author, and from a retired diplomat "with enough savings to last two months" to a professional writer with considerable financial security. With one exception the letters date from January 1957 until the day before Aldington's sudden death on 27 July 1962. The one exception is Aldington's 8 September 1933 reply to a

letter of appreciation from the young Durrell, in which due to a misreading of Durrell's signature the salutation reads "Dear Mr Dumell."

Whatever pique Durrell may have felt at the mutilation of his name must have been more than offset by the established writer's uncondescending discussion of Imagism, and his invitation to form an acquaintance upon Aldington's return to England later that year. It is a tantalizing near-miss that these two personalities who were to become such close friends 24 years later should pass with a mere salute, especially since Durrell was to continue an admirer of Aldington's art.

In January 1957, Durrell renewed contact with Aldington, asking in telegraphic upper case for information about housing in the south of France:

I HAVE BEEN A STUBBORN ALDINGTON FAN FOR MANY YEARS AND OWE YOU MANY A DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR INTRODUCTIONS TO FRENCH WRITERS LIKE DE GOURMANT [sic] WHOM I WOULD NOT OTHERWISE HAVE ENCOUNTERED. I AM LAZY AND SPEAK BAD FRENCH. . . .

I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE CHEAPISH AND PLEASANT!! ALL OF US ARE THESE DAYS.

Aldington promptly replied with a helpful letter, and by mid-February Lawrence Durrell and Claude, his third wife, had lunched with Aldington and his daughter Catherine in Montpellier. The friendship came at a good time for both, since Durrell then knew no one else in the Midi, and Aldington was discouraged because he felt, with some justice, that he was being boycotted by British publishers sensitive to Establishment disapproval of his uncompromising books on T. E. Lawrence and Norman Douglas.

Durrell's friendship was obviously a source of great comfort to Aldington in his illness-plagued last years; nor was the support one-sided: Aldington promoted Durrell through many of his friends, wrote an article on him published in *Two Cities* magazine, and it was to the older writer that Durrell turned for pre-publication approval of *Clea*. Aldington's judgment was encouraging:

There are one or two signs of haste, . . . but otherwise the whole thing is superb.

Earlier, Aldington had praised *Mountolive*, though he singled out one detail for attack:

And, my dear boy, before I forget it again. Just turn to page 235 of *Mountolive*, and observe your boner. You make Balthazar check the other man's queen! No

wonder things go wrong in the world when the F. O. [Foreign Office] plays that sort of chess.

Durrell defended himself, producing an authority:

. . . about the chess howler you signalled; this was picked up on proof by Alan Pringle and I was asked to amend; before I could I got another letter saying that they had looked it up in the biggest Oxford and it was okay, queens were checkmateable. I know nothing about chess; it is like double-entry bookkeeping, I've never been able to understand it at all.

Aldington was not satisfied:

Alan Pringle has mistaken his reference. . . . Checkmate is the anglicized form of *shah mat*—the king is dead. . . . You tell Mr. Pringle from me to look again. I have been playing chess since I was ten, and I know that a checkable Queen is nonsense. You *can't* check the Queen.

But the next day he wrote conceding:

I mentioned our bitter and discourteous wrangle about checking the Queen [to a visitor]. My friend is much more of a chess-player than I am, and it seems that we are both right, but you are righter. "Checking the queen" is absolutely unknown to the rules of chess, and of course it was on that fact that I was going. But, some time back . . . it became the custom in chess tournaments for a "courtesy warning" to be given to an opponent whose queen is in danger. . . . Your observation was clearly excellent as usual, and Balthazar's remark is fully justified. There is nothing for me to do but apologise lavishly to all concerned, and to evaporate ceremonially.

On a more serious note, Aldington served Durrell as a link with other important writers, alive or dead, including D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Roy Campbell, and Aldous Huxley. Aldington, although a man who had suffered from "Lorenzo's" temper, held a most charitable view of him:

The paperback of [*Death of a Hero*] is due out today—which takes me back to the Ile de Port Cros in the autumn of 1928 when I was beginning it, and DHL and Frieda were living with me. Three disasters happened—Aldous' *Point, Counter Point* was a book of the month success; DHL got those appalling notices of *Lady C.*; and Frieda to whom I had read the first part of *Hero* went babbling to DHL about how good it was. Result: I was told that within a year or so Aldous would be dead or in a bug-house; "and you too, Richard, you're worse than he is." . . . Within 16 months poor DHL was gone and we were still more or less extant. It is so curious to me that both during DHL's life and after people can't see that these wild accusations were nothing but the nervous

exacerbation of a man whose lungs were gone and who had a damnably rotten deal all around. If DHL had been a boot-licking time-server . . . they'd have given him the O. M. [Order of Merit] and perhaps even a little of their money.

Other letters in the collection show that Durrell has in his turn become the counsel for many younger writers.

To any scholar preparing a major work on Lawrence Durrell the SIU-C collection is indispensable. As a basis for in-depth studies of various aspects of Durrell's literary activities and reputation, it is practically inexhaustible. The testimony the collection provides about the aims and aspirations of an important group of English and American writers immediately before, during, and after World War II, and continuing up to the present, guarantees that this material will not be allowed to lie dormant and undusted, "Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year."

The John Dewey Papers Come to SIU-C

Jo Ann Boydston

In May 1972, Sidney Hook, the distinguished philosopher who is president of the John Dewey Foundation, announced the gift by the Foundation to Southern Illinois University at Carbondale of all the papers in John Dewey's personal estate—manuscripts, memorabilia, correspondence, books, paintings, photographs—stored in eighty-four warehouse boxes since 1970.

The nature of this collection and the story of how it came, twenty years after Dewey's death, to be deposited in Morris Library are matters that may be of special interest to collectors.

Roberta Grant Dewey, whom Dewey married in 1946, established the John Dewey Foundation in 1964, twelve years after Dewey's death. Through this foundation, special grants were made to promote Dewey studies and to promulgate Dewey's philosophy. Not long before her death in 1970, she made a holograph will with bequests of \$100,000 each to the two adopted Dewey children, Adrienne and John, Jr. The remainder of her estate, estimated later at some two million dollars, she left to the John Dewey Foundation. However, New York State mandates that unless children are specifically excluded by a will, not more than half an estate can be left to a charitable foundation. It was necessary, therefore, to divide the estate between the Foundation and the Dewey children. As one step in this division, a decision was reached to sell the collection of papers and materials. The members of the Foundation board, who were at that time Sidney Hook, Ernest Nagel, and Gail Kennedy—all noted Dewey scholars—urged that the collection not be broken up and sold to various persons and institutions. After the collection had been formally appraised, the Foundation board, exercising its rights as legatee, purchased all the materials and deposited them with the other Dewey papers at SIU-C.

Some of the reasons for the Foundation's decision and action can be found by looking back into the early 1960s when Southern Illinois University initiated a research project, entitled at that time Cooperative Research on Dewey Publications. The purpose of the project was to collect,

John Margulies drawing of John Dewey

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

1922-3

SYLLABUS FOR PHILOSOPHY 191-192

TYPES OF PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT

INTRODUCTION

1. The word "experience" is here taken non-technically. Its nearest equivalents are such words as "life", "history", "culture" (in its anthropological use). It does not mean processes and modes of experiencing apart from what is experienced and lived. The philosophical value of the term is to provide a way of referring to the unity or totality between what is experienced and the way it is experienced, a totality which is broken up and referred to only in ready-made distinctions or by such words as "world", "things", "objects" on the one hand, and "mind", "subject", "person", "consciousness" on the other. Similarly "history" denotes both events and our record or interpretation of them; while "events" include not only the acts and sufferings of human beings but all the cosmic and institutional conditions and forces which in any way whatsoever enter into and affect these human beings - in short, the wide universe as manifesting itself in the careers and fortunes of human beings.

REFERENCES: Murray's Oxford Dictionary, on Experience; Monroe's Cyclopaedia of Education, on Experience; Democracy and Education, p. 2; Influence of Darwin, 198-204. For technical meanings, themselves the product of philosophical reflection, see Baldwin's Dictionary of Philosophy. For the value of the term in philosophy, see BUSH, Jour. of Phil. 6: 175-182; same Journal, 10: 533-541; DEWEY, same Journal, 3: 253-257, and Essays in Experimental Logic, Introduction, especially p. 1-10.

Stroph. Down. Introduction Experience - on Ed. and Ling. See Index, p. 517 of v. 4 of 196 - 182; Rural; Aristotle, vol. XIV, p. 2-16, title on Argument

Syllabus which was precursor for Experience and Nature

edit, and publish all the writings of John Dewey.¹ As this work progressed, all Dewey's previously published works in all their variant forms were collected; copies of his correspondence were sought, as were publishers' records, works about Dewey, translations, and similar kinds of background materials. The "Dewey Project" gradually grew into what is now known as The Center for Dewey Studies.

The Center has now completed publication of the first series of Dewey's works, five volumes of *The Early Works of John Dewey, 1882-1898*.² Yet to follow are fifteen volumes of The Middle Works, 1899-1924, and twenty-five volumes of The Later Works, 1925-1952. Other publications are also being produced at the Center: a *Dewey Newsletter*, a *Checklist of Translations*,³ a *Guide to the Works of John Dewey*,⁴ a Checklist of Works about John Dewey, 1886-1972 (in process), a checklist of works about John Dewey in other languages, and numerous articles.

In the process of collecting and planning the complete edition, the Dewey Center acquired original materials—letters, class lecture notes, books with Dewey's marginalia, photographs. However, a major impetus toward collecting manuscripts came when Kenneth Duckett joined the Morris Library staff in 1965 as archivist and encouraged the Library to make a special effort to collect Dewey papers in connection with the publication of Dewey's works.

A series of oral history interviews that Mr. Duckett conducted with Dewey family members and associates opened a number of possibilities for this collecting. A steadily growing nucleus of manuscript material gradually began to attract additional gifts, and from time to time items were purchased.

Dewey correspondence and manuscripts also were acquired by the Library in other collections; notable among these were the papers of the Open Court Publishing Company, obtained through the efforts of Ralph McCoy, Dean of Library Affairs, and Lewis Hahn, Chairman of the Dewey Center Editorial Board. A significant addition to the Dewey collection was the windfall gift by Charlotte B. Windsor of the Elsie Ripley Clapp papers. These papers, like the Dewey papers, were presented to the Dewey Center

1. The history and development of this undertaking are described more fully in Jo Ann Boydston and Joe R. Burnett, "The Dewey Project," *Educational Forum* 35 (January 1971), 177-83.
 2. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1967-1972.
 3. Jo Ann Boydston with Robert L. Andresen, *John Dewey: A Checklist of Translations, 1900-1967* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1967).
 4. Jo Ann Boydston, ed., *Guide to the Works of John Dewey* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1970; Arcturus Books Edition, 1972).

Carus Lectures.

Not the daughter of Ham.
 A truly big - bear engrained
 Bacon - why his humanist note
 failed to be realized - the ec. & natural
 situation - his condemnation of Atlanta.
 & Atlanta's reversal.
 The market-place =
 middle man =
 Negatives science -
 do absorption of prod & conservation
 being on matter & mind.

Notes for the famed Carus Lectures

but are housed in and are under the auspices of Special Collections of Morris Library. This fact should be noted because, although the concentration of Dewey scholarship at Southern Illinois University has been the chief force in attracting such collections, the quality of Special Collections as a depository has also been a force.

Thus the University had been involved on two fronts in collecting and studying Dewey materials since 1961. During her lifetime, Roberta Dewey had not wanted to deposit Dewey's personal papers in any institution; after her death, however, it was apparent that arrangements would have to be made to dispose of the papers. When Sidney Hook became president of the John Dewey Foundation, he and the other two directors were invited to visit the Dewey Center to consider Southern Illinois University as a permanent location for the materials. Dr. Hook and Dr. Nagel each spent a day at the Center, at Morris Library, and at the Southern Illinois University Press. Firsthand acquaintance with the resources, facilities, and people at Southern Illinois University persuaded both men that the interests of Dewey scholarship would best be served by depositing the papers at this institution. Dr. Kennedy, who had been here earlier as a consultant to the Center, considered this from the outset the logical and desirable depository.

Meanwhile, from among the stored materials, one large oil portrait of Dewey by Joseph Margulies was offered for sale; Corliss Lamont, philosopher and philanthropist, promptly purchased the portrait as a gift for the Center for Dewey Studies. That painting now hangs in the Education Library on the fourth floor of Morris Library.

Some Dewey scholars, and among them was Corliss Lamont, were convinced that the logical place for Dewey's personal papers was Columbia University, because of Dewey's long and intimate identification with that institution. But Dr. Lamont's visit to Carbondale to present the Margulies portrait provided an opportunity for him to see the possibilities for preservation and extensive use of the materials here. The problems of restoring the materials were of special concern to him; when the Foundation announced the gift of the papers to Southern Illinois University, Dr. Lamont committed \$10,000 for their restoration.

The need for extensive restoration was caused by Roberta Dewey's attempts to preserve and restore the more valuable documents; she had mended many items with cellophane tape, had put others between plastic covers that fused, and had extensively disturbed the original arrangement of the materials.

The papers are now being processed. Although the materials themselves will not be available to scholars until the processing is complete, preliminary information about the collection has already been provided by three persons who examined it between 1970 and 1972. First, a lifelong Dewey scholar Dr. Gail Kennedy, who is now deceased, as a director of the John Dewey Foundation made a detailed listing of the contents of the boxes for the Foundation; then, Kenneth Duckett, Curator of Special Collections of Morris Library, inspected the materials and made notes on the Kennedy inventory; and finally, Mr. Robert Metzdorf, New York manuscript expert who used both the Kennedy list and the Duckett notes as he worked through the boxes, made an official appraisal for the Estate of Roberta Dewey.

From these sources, we know that the collection is extremely varied; the items are diverse both in kind and in value. The Dewey library forms one large segment, with more than 2,500 books collected through the years by Dewey and by other family members. Some 900 of the books are dedicated to Dewey, inscribed to Dewey, or—most importantly—annotated by Dewey. A section of the library comprises Dewey's own works in different editions, reprints, and translations.

Among the miscellaneous kinds of items are doctoral hoods, portraits, photographs, a terra cotta bust of Dewey, diplomas, films, tapes, newspaper clippings, cancelled checks, and the now famous Underwood typewriter at which Dewey wrote most of his correspondence and drafts of books and articles.

Of special interest and value are the many family letters, dating from the 1860s. Dewey's first wife, Alice Chipman Dewey, died in 1927; from that time up to his second marriage in 1946, one or another of his daughters lived with him. This continuous maintenance of the family household is probably the reason the papers include so many materials from the very early days of Dewey's and Alice's life together, such as the numerous letters they exchanged during their courtship, and correspondence with their children.

Among the manuscripts are many that underlie subsequently published items; these will play an important role in the textual editing of those writings for inclusion in the collected edition of Dewey's works: the typescript for the revised edition of *Experience and Nature*, considered by many Dewey's *magnum opus*; the typescript for the Carus Lectures, from which the first edition of *Experience and Nature* was published; much of the manuscript for *Knowing and the Known*; a number of chapters of

Logic: The Theory of Inquiry; chapters and revisions from books as yet not identified. There are, in addition, many previously unpublished manuscripts, lectures, notes for speeches, drafts of articles, class notes, and reading notes.

The more than eighty poems that Dewey wrote but never published also are among the papers. Of these the John Dewey Foundation retained ownership, with a view to publishing them. The heroic size bronze bust of John Dewey by Jacob Epstein, also still the property of the Foundation, is on loan to the Center for Dewey Studies and is presently displayed in the Rare Book Room of Morris Library.

This is a significant collection of materials in itself, but the John Dewey Papers derive added significance from being incorporated with the already collected Dewey materials. The total Dewey collection will have continuing importance through the years, serving as a rich resource for study by scholars from many fields. Thus, although the John Dewey Papers are of incalculable value in the work of the Dewey Center, they will also inevitably make Southern Illinois University at Carbondale the world center for Dewey studies.

George Santayana
From his friend
the Author

Sept 29. 90

H. M. Kallen

Sicut cursor vitæ lampada tradens

from

G. Santayana

June 6, 1911.

Sidney Hook,

swift in the race, keeping the torch bright.

December, 1875 - from his friend
H. M. Kallen

Presentation page of William James's Principles of Psychology

William James and George Santayana

Sidney Hook

A first edition of the two volumes of William James's *Principles of Psychology*, now in the collections of Morris Library, encapsulates a singular record of relations among American philosophers from 1890 to 1972. The volumes' historical migration is told by the inscription page reproduced here: William James to George Santayana to Horace Kallen to Sidney Hook. Slipped into the first volume of the *Psychology* are Santayana's review of the work and James's letter that reads:

My dear Santayana

I didn't say what I felt last night about your review, which I have read again carefully. It is a beautiful composition, and though I say it who should not (in view of the complimentary epithets which you lavish) it seems to me wonderfully just. It is a great honor to me, and I thank you most heartily.

Yours always
Wm. James

95 Irving St., March 29, '91

Dr. Sidney Hook, who presented the books to Southern Illinois University at Carbondale last year, discusses here the relationship between James and Santayana.

—Jo Ann Boydston

George Santayana's comments on William James's *Principles of Psychology*, an inscribed copy of which he had received from the author, together with the review of the two-volume book by Santayana in the April 1891 issue of *Atlantic Monthly*, throw an interesting light on the intellectual relationship between the two men. From the perspective of the rather cool and acerbic comments on William James in Santayana's essay on James in his *Character and Opinion in the United States* and elsewhere, the first chapter in their relationship seems rather surprising.

My dear Santayana

I didn't say what
I felt last night about
your review, which I
have read again carefully.
It is a beautiful compo-
sition, and though I say
it who should not, in view

James a.l.s. to Santayana

of the complementarity of that
which you lavish, it seems
to me wonderfully just.
It is a great honor to
me, and I thank you
most heartily.

Yours always

Wm. James

95 Irving St., March 29, '91

In his review of James's epoch-making *Principles of Psychology*, Santayana is extravagant in his praise of the clearness, originality, and stylistic charm of the work. Although quite aware of the philosophical dualism that still pervades James's treatment of such themes as free will, automatism and the nature of the soul, he stresses, as James's great contribution, his repudiation of the dominant traditions of metaphysical psychology. "The most striking characteristic," he writes, "is, perhaps, the tendency everywhere to substitute a physiological for a mental explanation of the phenomena of mind. He will have no mentality behind the mind."

In other words, Santayana felt a strong kinship with what he interpreted as James's basic allegiance to naturalism and materialism. He was well aware of the elements of metaphysical hunger in James's personality. He attributed them to "an aesthetic and moral bias," and implies that they ill comport with the scientific genius of James's creative achievement. James's subsequent development deepens Santayana's insight here, for within a decade James was questioning the substantive existence of consciousness and fathering, despite himself, tendencies toward a critical behaviorism later brought to fruition by John Dewey.

Santayana also is aware that despite James's acceptance of the validity of necessary *a priori* truths in experience, developed in the famous last chapter of the second volume, this does not mark a radical break with empiricism but only with those varieties of the empirical tradition which make man as a learning animal completely passive. James delivers strategic blows against the spectator theory of knowledge. The environment and our sensory reports of it do not by themselves give us knowledge. What we bring to experience is more determinative of how we interpret it than mere association of ideas whether psychically or physiologically interpreted.

But can an empiricist truly believe in necessary *a priori* truths? Yes, Santayana contends, because their validity does not depend upon ontology or the structure of being but on the structure of the brain. Traditional materialism had neglected the organization of the human body and its selective, self-regulating character. Innate ideas do not exist but innate tendencies and dispositions do. Still pertinent in its bearing on the theory of innate ideas, recently sparked once more into controversial flame by developments in linguistics, is Santayana's observation:

The cause of quarrel is not so much the origin of our necessary truths as their authority. When empirical thinkers say all knowledge comes from experience, they are not so much denying that there are innate conditions of experience—the organs of sense and the structure of the brain—as they are

asserting that our natural axioms and presuppositions have the value of knowledge only by virtue of such application and confirmation as experience gives them. Our ideas may come spontaneously, but only the gradual test of experience can teach us whether they are fit and true.¹

Certain linguistic paradoxes follow from this. *A priori* necessary truths may some day become invalid although our minds, constituted as they *now* are, must find such notions unintelligible, since they determine the criteria of validity. Neither James nor Santayana pursued this further, but for both a *priori* necessary truths are not completely independent of all possible experience.

Given Santayana's desire to agree with James how does one explain Santayana's subsequent relatively harsh judgments of James? Briefly put: because of James's strong aversion towards Santayana's philosophy and Santayana's belated discovery of it when James's letters were first published. So far as I know James nowhere published any evaluation of Santayana's philosophy, but refers to it in letters to others. Santayana, however, before he became aware of these letters not only praised James but assured him that "apart from temperament, I am nearer to you than you now believe."² He even seeks to strengthen James's naturalism by proposing ways out of the theoretical difficulties generated by James's emphasis on "immediate or pure experience." Santayana suggests that James take the objectivity of "potentiality" more seriously, that it is here that we can locate "the real efficacious order" discovered by science in the "chaos of immediate experience."

Santayana played down his differences with James but he underestimated the weight of the temperamental differences between them. Always attempting to be fair, James praises Santayana's "style, his subtlety of perception and his cold-blooded truthfulness." And on the publication of one of Santayana's books, he writes that he is glad that Santayana's views "should have at last found so splendidly impertinent an expression among ourselves." But this did not alter his visceral reaction. Earlier he had confessed to an "admiring antipathy" towards Santayana's philosophy with its "perfection of rottenness" and "moribund Latinity."³

Whether James was just to Santayana's philosophy is a complex and difficult question. But he was repelled by Santayana's stance as a mere spectator of the human scene, his apparent lack of compassion, his aesthetic

religion, egocentricity, and a kind of smug wisdom that refuses to bet on anything new but awaits the outcome to pronounce a cosmic benediction upon what results as being in the order of things. Santayana had an emotional dislike of a world in change or in becoming and of its prophets like Walt Whitman and Robert Browning. This was too much for James's sympathy with the underdog and his imaginative identification with new visions of experience struggling to be born.

Commenting on Santayana's views, James writes:

Bah! give me Walt Whitman and Browning ten times over, much as the perverse ugliness of the latter at times irritates me, and intensely as I have enjoyed Santayana's attack. The barbarians are in the line of mental growth, and those who do insist that the ideal and real are dynamically continuous are those by whom the world is to be saved.⁴

Santayana learned about James's judgment of him in 1919 when William James's son published some of his father's letters. James's phrase "the perfection of rottenness," characterizing the standpoint of Santayana's *Life of Reason*, went to the quick of his *amour propre*. From that time on Santayana realized, and expressed it in several different ways, that even apart from temperamental differences he and William James were separated by a philosophical abyss.

1. "James's Psychology," *Atlantic Monthly*, 67 (April 1891), 554.

2. R. B. Perry, *The Thought and Character of William James* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1935), II, 320.

3. *Ibid.*, 252.

4. *Ibid.*, 320.

3 After The Storm

of her; the biggest boat I ever saw in my life laying there and I went along the whole length of her ^{dark in the water} (and then I went over and anchored and I had the skiff on the deck forward and I shoved it down into the water and sculled over with the birds all around me.

I had a water glass like we use spongeing and my hand shook so I could hardly hold it. All the port holes were shut that you could see going along over her but way down below near the bottom something must have been open because there were pieces of things floating out all the time. You couldn't tell what they were; just pieces. That's what the birds were after. You never saw so many birds. They were all around me; crazy yelling.

I could see everything sharp and clear. I could see her rounded over and she looked a mile long under the water. She was lying on a clear white bank of sand and the spar was a sort of foremast that slanted out of water ^{The wires for her winches were fastened to it} the way she was laying on her side. (Her bow wasn't very far under. I could stand on the letters of her name on her bow and my head was just out of water. But the nearest port hole was twelve feet down. I could just reach it with the grains pole and I tried to break it with that but I couldn't. The glass was too stout. So I sculled back to the boat and got a wrench and lashed it to the end of the grains pole and I couldn't break it. There I was looking down through the glass at that liner with everything in her and I was the first one to her and I couldn't get into her. She must have had five million dollars worth in her.

It made me shaky to think how much she must have in her. Inside the port hole that was closest I could see something but I couldn't make it out through the water glass. I couldn't do any good with the grains pole and I took off my clothes and stood and took a couple of deep breaths and dove over off the stern with the wrench in my hand and swam down. I could hold on for a second to the edge of the

Hemingway's "Metaphysics" in Four Stories of the Thirties: A Look at the Manuscripts

John M. Howell

Ernest Hemingway's style changed significantly during the Thirties, moving from the sequential pattern of syntax and plot that we see in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), to the complex pattern of syntax and plot that we see in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), whose theme of communal idealism stands in equally violent contrast to the "separate peace" of *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) and reveals an almost obtrusive concern with spiritual metamorphosis, as Robert Jordan transcends first time and then death with Maria: "Thou wilt go now, rabbit. But I go with thee."¹ Most critics call the transcendentalism of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* a new twist in Hemingway's imagination. But Jordan's "rabbit" is clearly anticipated by Harry's leopard, the enigmatic animal which Hemingway called "'part of the metaphysics'"² of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1936). Juxtaposing the dead leopard in the epigraph with the dying Harry in the story, Hemingway suggests the symbolic synthesis which I take to be his "metaphysics": Harry is like, or will be like, the leopard on the mountain. He will transcend the waste his life has become. By the same token, the time warps in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* are anticipated in a still earlier story, "Homage to Switzerland" (1933), whose three-part structure juxtaposes simultaneous and parallel actions in an attempt, Hemingway says, in his covering letter, to represent Switzerland "metaphysically."³

This letter is one of six to *Cosmopolitan* editors in the Hemingway

1. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (New York: Scribner's, 1940), p. 464. See Earl Rovit's excellent discussion "Of Time and Style" in this and other works: *Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Twayne, 1963), pp. 126-146.

2. I am indebted for this fact (as well as the many biographical details of this paper) to Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (New York: Scribner's, 1969), p. 289.

3. This is paraphrased from an undated letter that Hemingway wrote to *Cosmopolitan* editor William Lengel in late 1932.

collection at Morris Library in Carbondale. In addition to letters, there are typescripts of "After the Storm" (1932) and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (1936); and the manuscript of "a. d. in Africa" (1934), Hemingway's description of the experience which inspired the larger part of the "metaphysics" of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." I would like to explore Hemingway's symbolic syntheses, or "metaphysics," as they are revealed in this collection of manuscripts and the four stories of the Thirties which they annotated and produced. Cumulatively, the manuscripts reveal a growing emphasis on the theme of spiritual union which dominates *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Individually, they reveal symbolic intentions which have not, to my knowledge, been previously discussed.

The Paris years were over when Hemingway wrote the six letters in the collection. He had moved to Key West in 1928, and he would alternate with the seasons between Key West and the Wyoming-Montana border for the next eleven years before moving to Cuba in the spring of 1939. When he wrote the first of the letters he was staying at the Nordquist dude ranch in Wyoming near Cooke City, Montana. Dated 29 October 1930, the letter is addressed to *Cosmopolitan* editor Ray Long and is largely a catalogue of excuses for not sending stories. During these months Hemingway was hard at work on *Death in the Afternoon*, his treatise on bullfighting. But his progress was sharply interrupted when he badly fractured his right arm in a car accident,⁴ and when he wrote *Cosmopolitan* editor, William Lengel, from Key West, on 24 January 1931, he scrawled a graphic excuse with his left hand.

On 11 February 1932, however, Hemingway finally mailed *Cosmopolitan* a story. It was "After the Storm," one of his best; and *Cosmopolitan* published it in their May issue.⁵ In his covering letter from Key West, Hemingway makes the terms of publication very clear: no changes of any kind. Obviously conscious of the story's brevity—it was one of the shortest he ever wrote—he warns that no one should tell him that it is very short; he would have made it shorter if he could have. Since the corrected typescript in the Morris Library reveals no emendations other than Hemingway's, and since the magazine edition reveals no changes of significance, his admonitions apparently were followed here, as they would

4. The five painful weeks that he spent in a Billings, Montana, hospital were the inspiration for one of his best stories of this period, "Give Us a Prescription, Doctor," *Scribner's Magazine*, 93 (May 1933), 272-278. It was later retitled "The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio."

5. *Cosmopolitan*, 92 (May 1932), 38-41, 155.

not be, four years later, in the publication of "The Short Happy Life."⁶

"After the Storm" objectifies Hemingway's esthetic of the "iceberg," the art of omission which he described in *Death in the Afternoon*, published the same year.⁷ The story is based on an experience of Bra Saunders, a professional fisherman whom Hemingway had met when he went to Key West in 1928. A Spanish liner, the *Val Banera*, had sunk with over five hundred passengers in the quicksands southwest of Key West in the hurricane of 9 September 1919, and Saunders, the first to find her, had tried in vain to crack open a porthole and get the loot. Writing in the first person, Hemingway projects in the story a brutal fisherman as the narrator, who cuts a man in a fight and takes off in a skiff to escape the police. There is a temporary lull in the storm and he discovers the submerged liner—here unnamed—with only its spar sticking up out of the water.

Looking at the typescript, one sees that Hemingway's additions are largely attempts to reinforce what he calls, in *Death in the Afternoon*, "the sequence of motion and fact."⁸ At this point in the story, for example, he interjects (as indicated below by the caret and italics)⁹ the phrase "dark in the water" to echo the phrase "dark under the water," which describes the first glimpse of the ship:

. . . when I came up close to it I saw it was all dark under water like a long shadow and I came right over it and there under water was a liner; just lying there all under water as big as the whole world. . . . and I could see the glass shine in the water and the whole of her [^]*dark in the water* (MS, p. 3; *Stories*, p. 373)

This passage offers a classic example of the early Hemingway style, with its repetition of phrase ("under water") and image ("dark in the water"); and Hemingway uses the same kind of repetition as a frame, inserting images of the ship's "wire-less" before and after the narrator's futile effort

6. *Cosmopolitan* was at this time quite conservative in its editorial policy, more concerned, it would seem, with good fashion than good fiction. The typescript, which was also in this case the setting copy, reveals considerable bowdlerizing. For a detailed discussion of the textual history of this typescript, as well as its thematic implications, see John M. Howell and Charles A. Lawler, "From Abercrombie & Fitch to *The First Forty-Nine Stories*: The Text of Ernest Hemingway's 'Francis Macomber,'" *Proof*, 2 (1972), 213-281.

7. "If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an ice-berg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water" (*Death in the Afternoon* [New York: Scribner's, 1932], p. 192).

8. *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 2.

9. As noted in the text, all manuscript insertions are marked with a caret and italics. The page numbers of all guide phrases and quotations refer to *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Scribner's, 1966) and are hereafter cited in parentheses in the text.

to break in. Before he dives, the narrator looks at the liner's spar "that slanted out of water the way she was laying on her side. The wires for her wire-less were fastened to it. Her bow wasn't very far under" (MS, p. 3; Stories, p. 374). After he gives up, and after the storm is over, he returns to find that the Greeks have "stripped her clean. When we got out to her there was nothing but a bad smell in the water. They even took the wire and the glass spools off the wire-less. I found her and I never got a nickel out of her" (MS, p. 6, Stories, p. 376). Although the story has a denouement in which the narrator speculates on why and how the liner went aground and sank, and what the passengers were thinking at that moment, the action is over. And we are left with this ironic symbol of man's failure to transcend the "world" of the liner: the "wire-less."

A still more important symbol is the dead woman who floats in the liner behind the porthole which the narrator tries to crack. Unlike Harry and his leopard, or Jordan and his "rabbit," the narrator and his woman are separated spiritually as well as physically by the glass that divides them. Although the narrator does not gain the "whole world" of the liner, he loses—or has already lost—his soul anyway. It is a confrontation between two beings, one physically dead, one spiritually dead. Without any show of sympathy the narrator describes how he dives down with a wrench to the porthole: "I could see her floating plain and I hit the glass twice with the wrench hard . . ." (p. 374). Unsuccessful, he surfaces and then dives again: "I could see the woman floated in the water through the glass. Her hair was tied once close to her head and it floated all out in the water. I could see the rings on one of her hands. She was right up close to the port hole and I hit the glass twice and I didn't even crack it" (p. 375). Through repeated juxtaposition and association the woman becomes the symbolic embodiment of all the humanity in the ship. The narrator, who repeatedly says that "It was funny there weren't any sharks . . ." (p. 377), is himself a "shark," for there are, as Hemingway would say, "things" omitted. And the story has the ambience of a Freudian nightmare, from the moment the narrator says, "I took off my clothes . . ." (p. 374), until the moment he says, "They stripped her clean" (p. 376). Rather than like the leopard which Harry joins in death, the narrator is like the hyena which haunts Harry's mind in life, a moral scavenger. The glass which divides him from the woman symbolizes ultimately his division from all humanity. And thus we have, by negation, the theme of spiritual union which is at the heart of Hemingway's "metaphysics" and expanding style.

Though Morris Library does not hold the typescript of "Homage to

2 and wondering how much Buddha at that age would resemble C. Trade Stars,

Comment that though an unbeliever had been chosen as the one to bear our lord Buddha when he reborn he born again on earth. While flattened at this found the immensity of the event made it difficult to take high morning birds we finally composed by reclining against the tree and only accepting a rising shot. Thus, the coming of Buddha symptom, De Anderson describes in prolepsis

Anyway, no matter how you get it, it is very rarely cured you feel the good effects of the medicine in hours and the remedy, continued, kills the amoeba the way quinine kills the malarial parasite. Three days from now will fly back to join the outfit in the country to the south of Nyangoro where we are going to hunt giraffe. Kudu. But, as stated, there is no type; they will let you drink with two; and of the needle finds this letter you a dysentery than the young film I lay it to the combination of circumstances

The general use of this highland country is the first I have seen since I when there has been been the plain will grow and against the blue hills the way the west end of Nebraska left

Macomber took the big gun, and Wilson said:

"Keep behind me and about five yards to the right, and do exactly as I tell you." Then he spoke in Swahili to the two gun bearers, who looked the picture of gloom.

"Let's go," he said.

"Could I have a drink of water?" Macomber asked. Wilson spoke to the older gun bearer, who wore a canteen on his belt, and the man unbuckled it, unscrewed the top and handed it to Macomber, who took it, noticing how heavy it seemed and how hairy and shoddy the felt covering was in his hand. He raised it to drink and looked ahead at the high grass with the flat-topped trees behind it. A breeze was blowing toward them, and the grass rippled gently in the wind. He looked at the gun bearer, and he could see the gun bearer was suffering, too, with fear.

Thirty-five yards into the grass the big lion lay flattened out along the ground. His ears were back, and his only movement was a slight twitching up and down of his long, black-stuffed tail. He had turned at bay as soon as he had reached this cover, and he was sick with the wound through his full belly, and weakening with the wound through his lungs that brought a thin, foamy red foam to his mouth each time he breathed. His flanks were wet and hot, and flies were on the little openings the solid bullets had made in his tawny hide, and his big yellow eyes, narrowed with hate, looked straight ahead, only blinking

when the pain came as he breathed, and his claws dug in the soft-baked earth. All of his pain, sickness, hatred and all of his remaining strength was tightened into an absolute concentration for a rush. He could hear the men talking, and he waited, gathering himself into this preparation for a charge, as soon as the men could come into the grass. As he heard their voices, his tail stiffened to twitch up and down, and as they came into the edge of the grass, he made a

Switzerland," it does hold the undated covering letter, cited earlier, which is perhaps more significant for what it tells us about Hemingway's intention. Writing sometime late in 1932, he tells William Lengel that he is creating a new form—that the parallelism of scene and simultaneity of action in the story's three parts represents Switzerland "metaphysically." Each part of "Homage to Switzerland" portrays a man waiting in the cafe of a railroad station—at the towns of Montreux, Vevey, and Territet, respectively—for a train which he has just learned is an hour late. Then each man flirts with a waitress. The first man, Wheeler, offers the waitress three hundred francs and is glad when she refuses, since he is "very careful about money and [does] not care for women" (pp. 424-425). The second man, Johnson, is less obnoxious with the waitress, and thus more sympathetic. After the waitress refuses his gesture, he sits with three railroad porters, buys them drinks, tells them his wife is divorcing him, and that he is a writer. His part ends when he walks out of the cafe and stands on the platform in the snow: ". . . he had thought that talking about it would blunt it; but it had not blunted it; it had only made him feel nasty" (p. 430). The third man, Harris, flirts with the waitress even more briefly and then is joined by an elderly member of the National Geographic Society. In response to the old man's fond allusion to an issue featuring "the panorama of the volcanoes of Alaska," Harris refers to his father's favorite issue, "the panorama of the Sahara Desert" (p. 433). The old man would like to meet his father, but Harris replies that "he died last year. Shot himself, oddly enough" (p. 434). And with an exchange of address cards, the action of this part ends. Cumulatively, however, this third part is a thematic synthesis of all that has preceded it. The reader feels, though he cannot know, that Harris has lost his wife as well as his father, and that the imagery of snow outside, as well as the imagery of Saharan and Alaskan wastelands inside, are the sum total of his personal "Switzerland." Like "After the Storm," this story objectifies spiritual division and isolation. But the mechanics are clearly more complicated. And although they do not here produce a more successful story,¹⁰ they do, three years later, in the metamorphosis of character and simultaneity of action that are so beautifully realized in "The Snows" and "The Short Happy Life," Hemingway's homage to Africa.

Africa had an enormously productive impact on Hemingway's imagina-

10. Perhaps this story was too experimental for *Cosmopolitan*; perhaps too sexual. Whatever the reason, they did not publish it. "Homage to Switzerland" first appears in *Scribner's Magazine*, 93 (April 1933), 204-208.

tion, although the physical effects were seemingly inauspicious, since he almost immediately began to suffer from amoebic dysentery. But it was this illness, and the sequence of events relating to it, which inspired one of Hemingway's most amusing nonfiction articles, "a. d. in Africa," and subsequently, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," both published in *Esquire* magazine, the man's answer to *Cosmopolitan*. Arnold Gingrich had created *Esquire* in the autumn of 1933, and Hemingway had agreed to submit short nonfiction articles at \$250 apiece. "a. d. in Africa," published April 1934,¹¹ was the first of three "Tanganyika Letters" that Hemingway would send back, and it anticipated his semi-documentary narrative *Green Hills of Africa*, published 25 October 1935.

The epigraph to "The Snows" suggests that the protagonist Harry will join in spirit the leopard who lies frozen close to the western summit, which the Masai call the "House of God." "No one has explained," Hemingway says, "what the leopard was seeking at that altitude."¹² And although Hemingway does not explain Harry's spiritual transcendence either, we assume that having come to Africa to "work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train . . ." (p. 60), he has finally succeeded. But the leopard is only "part" of the metaphysics. Indeed, I suspect that the epigraph's leopard bemuses most readers, and distracts them from the story's integral metaphors of spiritual waste ("a dunghill") and transcendence ("a bird").

The inspiration for these metaphors was the experience first described in Morris Library's manuscript of "a. d. in Africa." Writing in pencil, on thin paper, Hemingway tells his *Esquire* readers that he had tried to ignore the illness for ten days. But finally, too weak to stand, he became convinced, he says, "that though an unbeliever I had been chosen as the one to bear our Lord Buddha when he should be born again on earth." It was only then that he was "flown four hundred miles to Nairobi via Arusha from where the outfit is camped on the Serenea river on the far side of the Serengeti plain. Cause of flight, a. d." And cause of Harry's flight, "a. d."

Harry is a talented writer who has given himself up to the sloth his wife's money has allowed him. Now he is dying from gangrene in the leg. Like Hemingway, he ignored an infection. Like Hemingway, he will fly to

Nairobi for treatment—if the plane arrives in time. In his dream it does, but then his pilot, Compton (or Charon) flies over "a new water that he had never known of. . . and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going" (p. 76). There, he will join the leopard. But to get there he has to fly. And he flies like a bird.

Whereas the leopard does not appear in the story, Harry projects himself as "a bird" throughout, and his wasted life as excrement: "'Love is a dunghill,' . . . 'And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow'" (p. 57). In "a. d. in Africa" Hemingway says that "if the reader finds this letter more dysenteric than the usual flow, lay it to the combination of circumstances." In "The Snows" he gives his comic metaphor a tragic resonance. It is resolved when Compton, Harry's spiritual pilot, arrives to ask "'What's the matter, old cock?'" (p. 75), and Harry flies from the dunghill that his life has become to the mountain that his life might have been.¹³

This moment is foreshadowed by the first of the story's five italicized reveries, which counterpoint the action in the present. Harry thinks of skiing in Austria, "*where they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-haus, the snow as smooth to see as cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless rush the speed made as you dropped down like a bird*" (p. 56). But now, as noted, he is a cock on a dunghill, growing crueler to his wife, Helen, by the minute, and then trying to apologize: "'I didn't mean to start this, and now I'm crazy as a coot . . .'" (p. 58). Finally, these three projections are identified with approaching death, when he says to Helen, "'Never believe any of that about a scythe and a skull,' . . . 'It can be two bicycle policemen as easily, or be a bird. Or it can have a wide snout like a hyena'" (p. 74). And as the hyena lurks, in reality, at the edge of the camp, but crouches, in fantasy, on Harry's chest, the servants lift his cot into the tent—and then it is morning, and the plane arrives, and Harry goes skiing "like a bird" on Kilimanjaro, while Helen dreams simultaneously of Long Island, and the hyena makes "a strange, human, almost crying sound" (p. 76), which finally awakens her. Then she cries out in unison with the hyena, when she discovers that Harry has gone. But she does not hear the hyena "for the beating of her heart" (p. 77); for, as most readers of the story agree, their hearts are

11. *Esquire*, 1 (April 1934), 19, 146.

12. Hemingway heard the story of the leopard from Philip Percival, his white hunter (*A Life Story*, p. 253). But Percival did not know that Richard Reusch, its discoverer, had found a mountain goat only "300 feet away from the leopard," and concluded that the leopard was chasing it and not eternity. His letter to this effect is printed in my casebook on *Hemingway's African Stories* (New York: Scribner's, 1969), pp. 99–100.

13. Carlos Baker suggests that this thematic tension between "The Mountain and the Plain" is a recurring motif in Hemingway's fiction; see his *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist*, 4th ed. (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1972), pp. 101–109; 191–196.

symbolically—or "metaphysically"—one. Noting this synthesis of Helen and hyena, Marion Montgomery quite properly asks ". . . why is there no thought of the leopard, the natural opposite of the hyena in the mind of [Harry]?"¹⁴ The answer is, I believe, that Hemingway decided to use the leopard in the epigraph sometime after he had imagined, if not drafted, the story; and that, as I have suggested, the fundamental conflict of metaphors is between Harry, a "bird," and Helen, a "hyena"; between life on a "dunghill" and life on a "mountain."

In contrast to Harry's leopard, Macomber's lion is an integral and expanding symbol.¹⁵ Macomber has been afraid all his life. Now in Africa, in front of his wife, Margot, and his white hunter, Robert Wilson, he runs from a wounded lion. And in running from the lion, he is running, as he always has, from himself. Indeed, so intent was Hemingway on building a comparison between Macomber and the lion that he accidentally typed "years" for "yards" in locating the lion in the grass. Macomber is thirty-five years old; the lion is thirty-five yards away. In a graphic example of thematic intention Hemingway typed, then corrected, the following sentence:

Thirty-five years [yards] into the grass the big lion lay flattened out along the ground. (MS, p. 19; *Stories*, p. 19)

Once again, as in the other stories, Hemingway symbolizes Macomber's ultimate transcendence of time and space as a "lion" by juxtaposing parallel scenes, images, and actions. After Macomber first shoots, for example, the lion feels a "sudden hot scalding nausea through his stomach" (p. 16), while Macomber stands, in thematic parallel, "feeling sick at his stomach . . ." (p. 16). But before Macomber can become a lion in spirit as well as sensation, he must recognize his identity of the moment: the lion's symbolic opposite: the rabbit, or hare. The thematic opposition is established here, like the cock on the dunghill in "The Snows," by the direct statement of a character. Moments before the lion charges, Robert Wilson tells Macomber that a lion will "'make himself perfectly flat in cover you wouldn't think would hide a hare'" (p. 17). Then, after he runs, Macomber acknowledges

14. "The Leopard and the Hyena: Symbol and Meaning in 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,'" *The University of Kansas City Review*, 27 (Summer 1961), 282.

15. Two of the ten trial titles that Hemingway jotted on a sheet of brown corrugated cardboard refer to the lion. Mrs. Betty M. Bruce kindly transcribed them for me in a letter of 9 July 1971: "Than a Dead Lion," "The Manner of the Accident," "Fear's End," "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," "The Tragic Safari," "The Lion's Portion," "Mr. and Mrs. Macomber," "The Maccombers," "The Macomber Safari," "The Safari of Francis Macomber."

his identity: "'I bolted like a rabbit . . .'" (p. 7). And Margot, as she is wont to do, rubs it in by suggesting that he might be afraid to shoot an eland: "'They're the big cowy things that jump like hares, aren't they?'" (p. 9).

Macomber gains the courage of a lion when he shoots three buffalo, only to learn that one is not dead, and that he will have to face it, just as he was supposed to face his lion. The ultimate irony is, of course, that Macomber does stand and shoot, like the brave matador he has become, only to die when Margot shoots "at the buffalo" but accidentally kills her husband instead.¹⁶ Harry, in "The Snows," transcends himself as a bird, and joins the leopard in death. Macomber, in a parallel metamorphosis, transcends himself as a lion, and joins the bull in death. The number "thirty-five" links him with the lion; the number "two" links him with the buffalo: shot "about *two inches* up and a little to one *side* of the base of his skull [,] Francis Macomber lay now, face down, not *two yards* from where the buffalo lay on his *side* . . ." (italics mine; p. 36).

Four years later, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Robert Jordan finds eternity in a "rabbit," his pet-name for Maria. It is a metamorphosis anticipated and defined in the manuscripts and stories which I have examined. They provide, in sum, illuminating markers along Hemingway's path toward a progressively more mystical vision of man's potentiality for spiritual transcendence in an absurd universe.

16. The typescript emendations indicate that Hemingway saw Margot as a "bitch," but not as a murderess. Wilson points up the ambiguity of Macomber's death because Margot had implicitly threatened to put him "out of business" by telling the authorities in Nairobi that he had chased the buffalo in a car—an equally ambiguous action; see "From Abercrombie & Fitch," pp. 226–228.



Graves's drawing for I, Claudius

The Robert Graves Collection: The Artist and the Personality

By Ted E. Boyle & Richard F. Peterson

This short report on the Graves papers in Morris Library necessarily directs itself to those documents which in our judgment are of obvious interest to Graves scholars and is an expansion of a paper read at the 1972 meeting of the Modern Language Association. A leisurely examination of the 28 boxes of Graves material would undoubtedly reveal much more of interest to the Graves specialist. Although the contents of the papers are not likely to revolutionize Graves scholarship, interesting evidence as to Graves's personality and work habits nevertheless does come through. His poetry, prose, and correspondence each project different aspects of Graves the artist.

POETRY

The galley sheets, typescripts, and holographs which make up the poetry manuscripts in the Morris Library Robert Graves collection reveal a basic pattern in Graves's work as poet. Once Graves received galley sheets he tended to make only minor changes which would usually involve changing a word for the sake of meaning and effect, or eliminating or adding a word to achieve a more forceful and natural sense of rhythm.

The corrections and changes in the galley sheets of *Collected Poems 1914-1941* are typical of Graves's work with the nearly finished poem. In "Sick Love," for example, "infirm passion" is changed to "shivering glory" and in "Nobody" the traditional "every man" is changed to the more prosaic "everybody." There are a few line alterations but for the most part Graves seems basically concerned with refining the effect he wants to achieve in the poem. The one unique pattern which exists in Graves's editing of *Collected Poems 1914-1941* is an expected one. He tends to make minor changes in many of the poems in the earlier sections, but in

the last few sections he makes infrequent changes. Graves's work with his typescripts generally parallels his efforts with galley sheets. His typescripts also reveal no significant alterations other than an occasional change in the language and structure of a particular line.

The holographs of Graves's poems should be the major concern of scholars. What they reveal is an artist totally immersed in the perplexing and demanding act of writing a poem. Graves's pattern is to attempt at least one major revision of each poem. In "The Arbour" and "The Awakening," for example, there are five holographs for each poem, but one particular holograph shows Graves changing the language, altering the rhythm, and even adding or eliminating entire stanzas. What is evident from this process is that Graves was seldom satisfied with his first effort, and tended to spend considerable energy in reworking the entire poem. Once Graves completed his major revision of the poem he would begin the process already discussed in connection with his galley sheets and typescripts. He would refine the poem until satisfied with it. The remaining holographs of the poem usually show Graves only slightly altering his work. As in the case of the typescripts, Graves changes a word or an expression and occasionally alters the rhythm of a line, but he seldom attempts major changes after his initial comprehensive effort at revision. The key, then, for Graves scholars interested in the creative act is the one holograph which shows Graves's process of writing and revising his poem. What they will find is convincing evidence of Graves's tendency to make significant alterations in the early stages of the poem and critical information on the pattern of changes in individual poems, and possibly a general pattern of change throughout his poetry.

PROSE

In *The Anger of Achilles* drafts, the revisions from holograph to corrected typescript are so numerous as to equal fully half the number of words in the published book. It is difficult, however, to determine that any of the revisions are substantial. Most, in fact, seem to be stylistic. Graves writes a very rough sentence initially, then revises it two or three times so that it reads elegantly. The verso of all but the last three chapters of holograph and corrected typescript are typescript and corrected typescript of *English and Scottish Ballads*, *Goodbye to All That*, poems, lectures on poetry, "Professional Standards in English Poetry," and "Was Benedict Arnold a Traitor."

The *Antigua, Penny Puce* drafts have extensive stylistic revisions of all chapters. Graves wrote W. A. Fuller, a London barrister, numerous letters to insure that the technical legal aspects of the book were correct. For *Antigua, Penny Puce* he also wrote to Harold Cooke, who investigated the technicalities of stamp auctions for him.

The Ballad: A Survey again has extensive revisions, but apparently they are merely stylistic. *But it Still Goes on (An Accumulation)* is an accumulation indeed. A "Journal of Curiosities" contains short pieces on everything from swearing to the male sexual member.

Modernist Poetry also has extensive stylistic revisions, including a few corrections of diction in a tidy feminine hand, apparently Ms. Laura Riding's. To polite questions asked in the manuscript with the same delicate hand, the replies, usually "no," come in monosyllabic masculine pencil. Hence, there was no apparent question of who was in charge. If Graves was indebted to Laura Riding for many of the major concepts of *Modernist Poetry* as some Graves experts assert, that indebtedness is not at all apparent in these papers.

Enriquillo-Manuel de Jesus Galvan (The Cross and the Sword, trans. by Robert Graves) is written on the verso of *The White Goddess* corrected typescript.

The Golden Fleece has extensive revisions of the holograph manuscript, plus extensive revisions of the typescript. *Lollia* also contains extensive revisions of the holograph manuscript.

The Old Soldier Sahib holograph manuscript indicates very well the nature of the collaboration between Graves and Frank Richards. Richards supplies the anecdotes and Graves rewrites them, being careful not to expunge Richards' enlisted soldier's colloquialisms.

Sergeant Lamb of the Ninth contains extensive revisions in the holograph manuscript, again apparently all stylistic. The same can be said for the holograph manuscript of *Wife to Mr. Milton*.

The conclusion one draws from examining these Graves papers is that he is an extremely careful planner, and knows exactly what he wants to say before he starts to write. There are no false starts or dead ends. He revises sentences, but not sections or, indeed, paragraphs. It is as though he is writing from a very detailed outline which has been very precisely worked out. If Graves is inspired by the "White Goddess," she seems hardly sympathetic to automatic writing or passionate romantic spasms of creativity. One can also hardly avoid the conclusion that Graves holds his prose in rather low repute for, even though he must have had sufficient

money at any time in his writing career to afford fresh paper, he uses the verso of both the holograph and typescript of his prose pieces with apparently complete abandon when he has new writing to do.

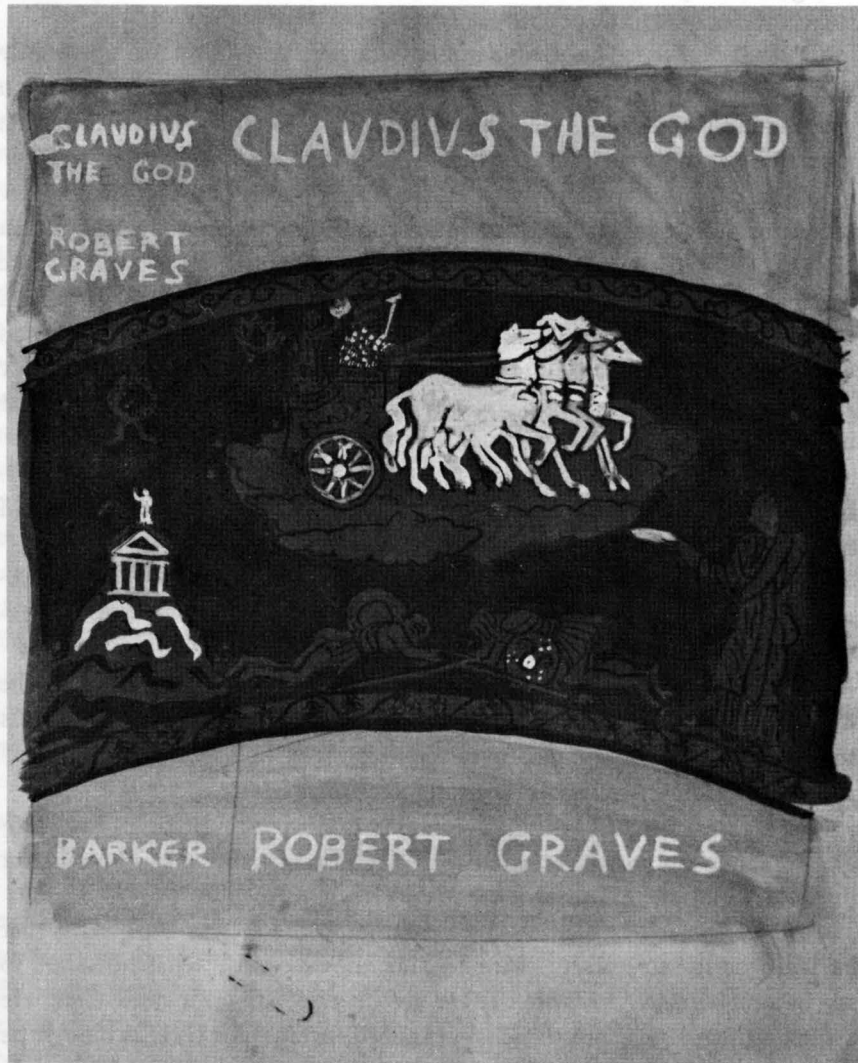
CORRESPONDENCE

Letters concerning *Antigua*, *Penny Puce* are to Harold Cooke and W. A. Fuller and indicate Graves's obsession with detail. Cooke educates him in details of stamp trading; Fuller in details of the law.

The probity and attention to detail evident in Graves's questions indicate the quality of his mind, which is obviously as much at home in the objective technicalities of the law and stamp trading as it is in the subjective realms of poetry. Though the letters cover a sufficient period for at least the most general and obvious pleasantries to have developed between Graves and his correspondents, none did. In fact all of Graves's letters are remarkable for their business-like tone.

The nature of the Graves-Frank Richards relationship is clear from the letters regarding *Old Soldier Sabib*. Richards addresses Graves with deference, obviously never able to forget he is an enlisted man speaking to an officer, a working man speaking to an aristocrat. In his letters to Richards, Graves must have gently observed that *Old Soldier Sabib* was going too slowly at times, for most of Richards' letters contain an introductory apology for not having sent more of the *Sabib* material to Graves sooner. In none of the letters is there any hint of praise on Graves's part for Richards' efforts, remarkable because Graves in this case is nothing but a rewrite man, and Richards' writing, though hardly elegant, is vital, comic, free and open.

The most interesting letters about *Old Soldiers Never Die* and *Old Soldier Sabib* are to Geoffrey Faber and F. V. Morley of Faber's firm in London. Graves clearly does not want his name or Sassoon's associated with Richards' books, although he accepts one-third of the royalties on the books. Graves says Richards should have full credit for the books, though Richards himself wants to acknowledge Graves's rewrite job. The tone of the letters, however, indicates that Graves hesitated to be associated with Richards' books not out of generosity to Richards but out of a feeling of aristocratic disdain. Richards was, in a sense, used by Graves, for although Graves made a great success writing about the war himself, it is clear Richards' enlisted-man's view is terribly foreign to Graves, as though Richards' sometimes hilarious vignettes had come from some foreign form



Manuscript cover for *CLAUDIUS THE GOD*

of life. In one of his letters to Faber, Graves apparently accused T. S. Eliot of being responsible for suggesting that a scatological segment of *Old Soldier Sabib*, referred to as the "tea buckets episode," be expunged. Faber, although he finally allowed the episode to be printed in the book, pointedly tells Graves, "Eliot is pro-tea buckets," and anyway he was "having the flu" when the decision was made to excise. It is apparent that Graves has a great distaste for Eliot, probably a result of Eliot's rather patronizing treatment of Graves's poetry.

The Edmund Blunden correspondence with Graves covers a period of eight and one-half years and is remarkable for its dullness. Only two letters are to any degree revealing. In his letter of September 2, 1919, Blunden first thanks Graves for sending him a poem. Buried in the body of the letter is Blunden's observation that his infant daughter Joy has died: "Joy's first drink of London milk appears to have poisoned her." Then Blunden passes on to a more important matter—poetry. In his letter of 17 June 1922, Blunden admits that his habits are intemperate, but tells Graves that no advice on his life style is needed. Were these letters considered alone they would stand as what might be taken as an isolated example of the cool relationship between Graves and a close friend. When compared to the other letters in the Graves correspondence, however, they reveal what seems to be a basic Graves personality trait—an aloofness and superiority which undoubtedly made it difficult for him to sustain deep and intimate friendships.

The recent controversy in Graves scholarship over the Georgian influence on Graves's early poetry and the quality or lack of quality of the poems will not necessarily be resolved by an examination of Graves's correspondence, but what does emerge from many of the letters written to Graves during the years of his development is a clear sense of Graves's own attitude toward his poetry.

The Siegfried Sassoon letters to Graves, the largest individual correspondence in the Graves collection at Southern Illinois University, are typical in the view they give of Graves as the young artist. Although the tone of Sassoon's letters is usually self-defensive and the content often chatty and gossipy, the discussions of poetry reflect Graves's self-assurance and aggressiveness in advancing his own poetry and his impatience and intolerance in discussing and evaluating poetry other than his own.

The basic premise between Graves and Sassoon is that Graves's poetry tends to be noble and romantic and Sassoon's poetry is informal and realistic, but the discussions between them reveal a striking imbalance in Sas-

soon's appreciation of Graves's poetry and his reaction to Graves's comments on his poetry. Throughout the correspondence, Sassoon is willing to accept the superior quality of Graves's poems (in one letter Sassoon describes Graves's poetry as "skill and conciseness"), and also seems willing to accept Graves's view that Sassoon's poems are "prosy diction." Although Sassoon's mood ranges from mild irritation to a low-keyed anger when Graves's disapproval approaches pity, he does seem to resign himself to a position at the foot of Graves's throne, even though his preference for the jester is evident in his admission that his mind falters at the attempt to understand the meaning of some of his friend's poems.

The correspondence between Robert Graves and Edith Sitwell, though not as bulky as the Graves-Sassoon correspondence, reveals a relationship between two poets in which a more intimate bond has been established on the basis of shared poetic ideas and feelings. Edith Sitwell praises his poetry, particularly "A Dewdrop," "The Feather Bed," and "Troy Park," and feels that Graves has a deep understanding of her own poetry. Most importantly, she feels that in Graves she has found a sympathetic soul to whom she can reveal her desire to be "swashbuckling" and "shocking" in her poetry.

She also writes to him about her fears that her health is failing, a theme which occupies a great deal of her time, and her contempt for the insensitivity and cruelty of those critics and artists that mock her poetry. The one similarity between the Sassoon letters and those by Edith Sitwell is that both reflect a desire (or resignation?) to accept Graves's poetic judgment and to praise his poems without any critical reservations. This is even more surprising in a writer of Edith Sitwell's stature and, again, seems to reinforce the impression of Graves as arrogant and self-assured in his belief in the value of his own poetry.

Of the various well established artists that corresponded with Graves the letters of T. S. Eliot and E. M. Forster offer the most interesting contrast. Both correspondences are based on Graves's efforts to enlist Eliot and Forster's assistance in publishing his poetry, but whereas Forster is helpful, personal, and emotional in his letters to Graves, Eliot prefers to remain cool, hesitant, and mildly shocked in his reaction to Graves's efforts.

Forster finds Graves's poetry properly "liberal" and not only wants to help Graves in his efforts to find publishers but also seeks an informal relationship with him. Eliot, on the other hand, does not seem receptive to Graves's poetry, and as editor of the *Criterion*, not only rejects Graves's poems but also suggests that he "send some prose." The correspondence

between T. S. Eliot and Robert Graves, never a happy one, actually reaches the point of hostility when in 1927, a few years after Graves's attempts to use Eliot as publisher and critic, Graves writes an open letter to the *Criterion* criticizing its reviewers, F. S. Flint and John Gould Fletcher, as "literary politicians." Graves's actions are the kind that we might expect from a young poet who is so insistent upon his work and so intolerant of any critical reaction except of the sort that he demands. At this stage in his career he wants help in publishing his poems and he is not reluctant to approach T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster, or the Woolfs to accomplish his tasks. If he came to reject early influences and the poetry of his early development, it is not evident in his feelings and views at the time.

The Artist as Rebel: Some Reflections on Francis Stuart

Jerry H. Natterstad

It was a cool, bright afternoon in June, 1970, when I talked with Francis Stuart and his wife in the bar of the Moira Hotel near the center of Dublin. This was the first of a number of meetings, but in a sense I had already known Stuart through his novels and through our personal correspondence, which had started a year earlier. What I saw came as no surprise, although I knew the feline stillness that seemed to wrap about him was only one part of his personality, one which partially obscured the muted rage of a talented modern artist toward the rationalism, the materialism, the mediocrity, and the spiritual emptiness of the age he lived in. Somewhere beneath that placid surface, as his books clearly revealed, there was this rage as well.

Stuart was sixty-eight then, the author of a number of poems, four plays,¹ and nineteen novels (the twentieth, *Black List, Section H*, was to be published the following year by the Southern Illinois University Press). He was still vigorous, physically and mentally, and still waiting with remarkable patience for the proper recognition of his achievements. There had been times during a career which has stretched across a half-century when he seemed assured of attaining eminence in Irish letters. His early poems had been published in the finest literary journals, including Harriet Monroe's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* and Ford Madox Ford's *The Transatlantic Review*; and his novels, which began to appear in the early 1930's, were warmly praised by, among others, William Butler Yeats and Compton Mackenzie. Indeed, Yeats once wrote, "If luck comes to his aid he will be our great writer."² But with all, widespread recognition never came. In 1970 he was probably less well known in Ireland than he had been forty years before.

1. His fifth play, *Who Fears to Speak*, was to be presented in December 1970.

2. Letter to Olivia Shakespeare, 25 July [1932]; *Letters of W. B. Yeats*, ed. by Allen Wade (New York: Macmillan, 1955), p. 800.

The fact that Stuart has not achieved renown, when such writers as Frank O'Connor and Liam O'Flaherty have, is not altogether unexpected. He was never one to be fashionable nor one to court critical favor. He wrote instead out of the deepest conviction, and what he said was not always palatable to those who read him. Not since James Joyce has Irish literature produced a writer more stubbornly independent.

"A poet must be a countercurrent to the flow around him. That's what poetry is: the other way of feeling and looking at the world."³ In these words the young poet "H," Stuart's persona in *Black List*, describes his vocation. Although Stuart's reputation will finally rest on his novels, and not his poetry, he never stopped being a poet in the broadest sense—even in his prose. He never stopped being a counterweight to the dried assumptions, the empty clichés, the threadbare moralities that cheapen and deaden life. Not only does this concept of the artist preclude popularity, it all but invites its opposite.

At a time when feelings have become suspect and man seems on the verge of losing his individuality—and probably his soul—in the glass and steel world of the corporation, it is well not to dismiss too readily a writer who presents "the other way of feeling and looking at the world," who can still affirm man's capacity for love and compassion and spiritual insight. For Stuart, life is infinitely rich, complex, and mysterious. Love on both the physical and metaphysical planes is dynamic and real. "Mysticism," he noted in his diary, "was the life of the world and must be so again if the world is to have any life."⁴ Yet what he saw rising around him were not monuments to love or beauty or God but the soaring gray monoliths of commercialism and science.

Although in an important sense all of Stuart's novels are efforts to reverse the direction he saw society taking, the prewar works in particular most clearly show the objects of his anger. His first novel *Women and God* (1931) points out the vanity of trying to find meaning in life through sensual pleasure or the icy pronouncements of science. In *Pigeon Irish* (1932) he explores more explicitly the dangers of scientific domination: "Science controlling life. Hygiene. Hygienic love. A psychotherapeutic religion."⁵ And in *Glory* (1933) and *The Angel of Pity* (1935) he echoes his concern over the ascendancy of mechanization and science. One could go on to cite other early books, like *The White Hare* (1936) or *Julie*

(1938), but the pattern is already clear: whatever diminishes man's most noble qualities must be resisted.

The disaffection from modern life so evident in these early works also motivated a turn in Stuart's life when, in 1939, his career faltering, he made the decision to accept a teaching post at Berlin University. While the reasons for his decision were very complex, it may be fairly said that it was in large part an emphatic and irrevocable act of rebellion against a society which had, he believed, failed. He was convinced that any meaningful and far-reaching form of renewal could only be achieved after the established order had been destroyed. And he saw Hitler not as a savior of mankind, but as the person most likely to accomplish the necessary destruction. Stuart stayed in Nazi Germany for the duration of the war, a witness to the holocaust and to the hardship, suffering, and death which attended it. Understandably enough the turbulence of these experiences—along with his own imprisonment by the French immediately after the war—had a profound effect on him and on his later novels.

In the early books, particularly in the best ones like *Pigeon Irish* or *The Coloured Dome* (1932), there was a clear awareness of the value of suffering in leading one away from the appearances of the physical world and toward deeper, more significant levels of perception. But Stuart had arrived at that insight, which he described in a letter to this writer as "an instinctive belief in pain, ignominy and defeat as vital in expanding and developing the consciousness,"⁶ through his reading of the mystics, and especially his reading of the Gospels. It was in large part an intellectual concept, and one senses that he had not really *felt* its truth. The years among the smoldering ruins of wartime Germany and the months of imprisonment in a grim cellblock in Bregenz prison changed that. The tragic pattern he had outlined in the early books, which described characters like Frank Allen or Garry Delea moving from security to vulnerability to intense suffering and isolation, and finally to spiritual insight, had proved to be the pattern of his own life. It is not surprising, then, that we find in his postwar novels greater understanding and feeling, as well as surer artistry.

Though the later books are different in tone and, at least superficially, in subject, they are still very much the work of a man who sees himself as "a countercurrent to the flow around him." They are less given to outright attack on those tendencies in society which seemed most threatening to

3. *Black List, Section H* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1971), p. 17.

4. Berlin diary, 11 July 1942 (unpublished).

5. *Pigeon Irish* (New York: Macmillan, 1932), p. 58.

6. Letter to J. H. Natterstad, 9 March 1970.

humanity; instead, they become subtle but effective pockets of resistance in that they present Stuart's deeply humane philosophy with a conviction that is its own answer to dehumanizing trends.

The Pillar of Cloud (1948), Stuart's first novel to appear after the war, is indicative of the change. Set in Germany in the immediate postwar period, it explores the gradual, often painful spiritual awakening of Dominic Malone, an Irish poet who like Stuart spent the war years in Germany. Through his association with Halka, who had suffered immeasurably during the war, and her consumptive younger sister Lisette, Dominic receives his first close glimpse of the reality of suffering. But only after he himself is arrested by the French as a political suspect does he become part of that reality. While being held, he comes to understand that through "real communion—not just physical contact or even friendship, but fraternity" ⁷ one can build something enduring and meaningful. After his release he eventually succeeds in establishing such a relationship with Halka and Lisette, a relationship based on shared suffering, sacrifice, compassion, and deep, unselfish love.

Ghostly ruins immersed in a cold, dark atmosphere provide the backdrop against which Dominic's spiritual destiny is worked out. They are reminders of the savagery and terror of the war, but more importantly they symbolize the destruction of the old way of life, the old diseased values which were in need of destruction. What remains is chaos, but it is a fertile chaos in which a new style of life, free of traditional encumbrances, is now possible. It is this new life that Dominic, Halka, and Lisette find together—and it becomes a circle of warmth set amidst the cold darkness, a solid human construction set among the shells of bombed-out buildings.

In his next novel, *Redemption* (1949), which along with *The Pillar of Cloud* must rank among his finest achievements, Stuart moves the scene from Germany to an Ireland which has been untouched by the long shadows of the war. Ezra Arrigho has returned to his native Ireland after spending the war years in Germany and now lives in the calm, altogether ordinary town of Altamont. Although he frequently and bitterly expresses his contempt for the conventional, passionless life of those around him, he is in fact attracted to it subconsciously and feels safe, almost comfortable, walking the town's sunlit streets. Deep down he believes he has escaped the darkness and the chaos. It takes the brutal murder of a woman—for

7. *The Pillar of Cloud* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1948), p. 76.

which Ezra himself bears at least some indirect responsibility—to make him grasp that he has not really escaped at all. Indeed, it is impossible for him to do so, for on one level the darkness and chaos are nothing less than emblems of his own poverty of spirit. In his bitterness and lack of warmth and feeling, Ezra has brought with him to Altamont the very essence of the thing he hoped to avoid. It is his slow, hesitant progress toward spiritual renewal that lies at the center of the book. And, like Dominic in *The Pillar of Cloud*, he ultimately finds such renewal in a small group bound by fraternity.

How Stuart himself viewed these novels, as well as such later ones as *The Pilgrimage* (1955) and *Victors and Vanquished* (1958), is revealed with unusual clarity in *The Flowering Cross* (1950). Although the central character, Louis Clancy, is a sculptor rather than a writer, his view of art is unmistakably the author's own. In *The Pillar of Cloud* Stuart had written that "only to those who had passed through the depths of the night and come back again would the words be given." ⁸ Louis, like Stuart, is one of those who have passed through the depths, and he works "at forming clay figures that [have] a tangible little core of resistance to the chaotic passions and lusts and miseries." ⁹ The end of art for him is not financial success or even recognition but the creation of a form containing this core of resistance to the pervading chaos. The art object, whether a painting, a piece of sculpture, or a novel, is an affirmation of creativity and order not only in the world but also beyond it. The nature of this counterforce, as it applies to Stuart's novels, is expressed by Louis when he is questioned about the sensuality of his figures:

Of course they're sensual. But not with the small sensuality of sex. . . . What we can put against the petty sensuality of the streets isn't idealism or spirituality, it's the tangible body of Christ as He stood there in the dusk by His beloved lake, come back to turn a few evenings sweet with the touch of His hands, kindling a fire or grilling a fish. That is the stilled, tender, death-embracing sensuality, and I try to make a shadow of it fall over my little figures.¹⁰

A work of art, if it deserves that name, is an act of resistance, even rebellion, and the true artist is the one who refuses to be swept along by the fashions and the common assumptions, the one who remains acutely

8. *Ibid.*, p. 161.

9. *The Flowering Cross* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1950), p. 91.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 117.

observant and constantly questioning. These are views Stuart has steadfastly maintained over the decades. "Was there no contemporary writer," the poet "H" asks in *Black List*, "of the kind of Baudelaire, Poe, Keats, Melville, Emily Brontë, Dostoevsky, Proust, or Kafka, to name a few, who because of alcoholism, sexual excess, tuberculosis, venereal disease, rejected love, condemnation, and banishment . . . had been driven beyond the place where the old assumptions are still acceptable?"¹¹ The answer is that there are some, though very few—but then there never have been many. However, Francis Stuart is one.

Progress at Morris Library: Pluses and Problems

Ralph E. McCoy

Once again we must report that Morris Library's book budget for 1972-73 was insufficient to maintain a quality research library. The \$500,000 budgeted for books this past year compares with \$625,000 spent for books the year before, \$910,000 in 1970-71, and \$971,600 in 1969-70. While book costs have risen sharply in the past three years, our book budget has been reduced by almost 50 per cent.

The \$500,000 budgeted for books in 1972-73 was scarcely enough to keep up with current scholarly publishing, especially in those fields in which we offer doctoral degrees. The purchase of older works, backfiles of journals, reprints, and specialized research material has been greatly reduced or, in some cases, eliminated. Fortunately, we have been able to maintain most of our current journal subscriptions. Since the sciences make proportionately heavier use of current journals than books, it is the humanities and social sciences that are more severely affected by the cut in the book budget.

The effect of reduced book purchases on teaching and research will not be felt immediately because we have set aside sufficient funds to take care of books needed for class assignments and current research. It is the long-range effect of the budget cut that is serious and endangers the "excellence" for which we are all striving.

There has been no lack of sympathy with our problem or lack of effort to secure additional funds on the part of the President or the Executive Vice President. They have consistently recognized the high priority of the Library in the University. The hard fact is that the total amount of equipment funds (library books are classified as equipment) received by the University for all equipment this year was less than that spent for books alone two years ago. With declining enrollment, the formula for funding the University does not produce sufficient funds to maintain a good library.

While we are not attempting to keep up with the academic Joneses, it should be noted that our book budget, with respect to the other 77 major

11. *Black List*, p. 232.

research libraries in the United States and Canada, fell last year from 23rd to 41st, the largest reduction of any university library except one.

In support of an increased book budget the Graduate Council adopted the following resolution on 12 January:

"Master Plan, Phase III provides that SIU at Carbondale is to be a center of graduate studies and research. Adequate research library and research equipment budgets are indispensable prerequisites for this goal. Both are vital for any university worthy of the name. SIU at Carbondale has been fortunate in the past in finding sufficient support to begin to build a research library and research laboratories with modern equipment. A program such as this must be ongoing. The current rate of production of books and journals is so great that a few years of neglect or inattention can do irreparable harm. In recent years the budget for new acquisitions for our library has fallen by almost half. The immediate result is the inability of the library to purchase many of the books needed for advanced graduate studies and research.

"The research equipment budget was essentially zero for fiscal year 1971-72. A continuation of such nonsupport would be disastrous. The immediate result is the inability of experimental researchers to keep up with their field, honor their grant-supported research, and provide appropriate laboratory facilities for graduate students. Since most research equipment has a limited life expectancy, depreciation alone takes care of at least 10 per cent of inventory value.

"The Graduate Council recognizes that the university administration is aware of the danger to the university which the weakening of these facilities poses. We recommend that the administration continue its efforts to restore and, indeed, increase the level of funding for the purchase of research materials which are necessary for SIU at Carbondale to develop as a major institution of graduate education and research."

BOOK BUDGET REQUEST FOR 1973-74

The University has requested a book budget of \$750,000 for 1973-74. In support of this budget request before the Illinois State Board of Higher Education and in answer to specific questions from the Board staff, the Library submitted the following statements:

What Programs Are Most in Need of Books? The graduate program of a university presents the greatest demand on the resources of the library.

At SIU-C no graduate or professional program has been undertaken without minimal library resources, as certified by the Dean of Library Affairs and the Graduate Council. In a number of fields where library resources were limited, some restrictions were placed on sub-fields. In history, for example, doctoral work was initially limited by availability of library resources to the areas of the United States and Latin America, later extended to modern Europe.

During the past decade the library has attempted to move from a minimal level of support of doctoral programs to a higher degree of excellence. Since many desirable publications are out of print and available only after diligent search and the passage of time, library enrichment is conceived as a long-range program. We were in the midst of this program last year when funds were curtailed.

The present book budget of \$500,000 is little more than is required to keep abreast of the current output of scholarly publications, leaving little for retrospective buying. The additional \$250,000 is needed to continue the enrichment program in all areas where graduate studies are offered. This involves both monographs and periodicals, and works available on paper and microtext.

How Many Books and Journals Will \$750,000 Buy? Various factors will affect the number of volumes that can be acquired with a \$750,000 book budget for Fiscal 74: the price of books, the relative number of monographs as opposed to serials, and the percentage of microtext acquired.

The average price of a library book in 1972 was \$13.25. If the recent rate of book price increases (13.7 per cent last year) is extended to 1974, the average price of a volume would be \$17.13. Assuming that 75 per cent of the purchases are for monographs (25 per cent for journals), we would be spending \$562,500 for books. This would buy approximately 32,840 volumes.

Bound volumes of serials have been running somewhat higher than monographs. Assuming an average price of \$20, the \$187,500 (25 per cent of the budget) would buy approximately 9,375 volumes.

This makes a total of 42,215 volumes.

The above figures do not take into consideration the fact that some works, particularly journals, may be available on microtext, which would reduce the price by half or more. Thus, the total number of volumes added would be somewhat greater. It should be remembered, however, that microtext is not always an economical substitute for a paper copy. Where the use

is heavy, the cost of the reading machines and their maintenance soon exceeds any savings. Furthermore, microtext is only economical when it has been reproduced in quantity. Since the SIU Library has grown into maturity as a research institution during a period when microtext was the only source for many of the older scholarly works, we have made extensive use of these forms.

Even with a \$750,000 book budget for Fiscal 74, the library will have reduced its level of book acquisition some 22.8 per cent from Fiscal 70 when \$971,000 of appropriated funds was spent for books. (In addition, that year some \$250,000 was received from federal and other sources not now available.) Furthermore, the \$750,000 will buy substantially less in books than in 1970, as the result of price increases. Thus, the total cutback in library acquisitions, even with the \$750,000, is substantial. Every effort will be made to seek outside funding, but no short-term results can be expected.

How Does the Library Rank Under the Clapp-Jordan Formula? Under the Clapp-Jordan formula for measuring the "size of minimal adequacy of academic library collections," the SIU-C Library should have 1,304,562 volumes. Our present holdings are 1,519,000, indicating that we have moved above the minimum.

The Report of the Library Committee of the Illinois State Board of Higher Education (pp. 20-22), in discussing the use of formulae for appraising adequacy of library collections, stated: "After several years' testing of the Clapp-Jordan formula [which was developed as an experiment], it is the judgment of most university librarians that it should not be considered a comprehensive tool for determining the size of library collections."

Among the weaknesses pointed out are: (1) in the field of periodicals the figures are unrealistically low for a strong collection, (2) the scheme makes the unwarranted assumption that all advanced degree fields have identical requirements in measuring the quantity of material required, and (3) it makes no provision for growth once the minimum standard has been met. When the formula was devised some seven years ago, it was tested against a group of major research libraries. The University of Illinois, one of those libraries tested, was noted as exceeding the formula by 35 per cent.

To remedy some of the shortcomings of the Clapp-Jordan formula, the State of Washington adopted a modified formula as a guide for the six state-supported universities. This formula included the provision "that

a minimum number of acquisitions per year be established equal to 5 per cent of the estimated number of units of library resources held at the start of each year."

Under the Washington State formula, SIU-C should have a minimum of 1,533,815 volumes. The 5 per cent rate of annual library growth for SIU-C would be 75,950.

The \$750,000 book budget requested for Fiscal 74 would buy approximately 42,215 volumes, far short of the 5 per cent rate. There are other factors, however, that would bring this total more nearly to the recommended rate: (1) current periodical subscriptions generate bound volumes at the end of each year, (2) some federal documents received under the depository system are added to the volume count, and (3) a substantial number of volumes is received annually as gifts. These added volumes would probably total some 25,000, making a combined total of approximately 67,000 volumes that could be added. This compares with 170,730 volumes added by the SIU-C Library in Fiscal 1970.

RECENT GIFTS AND ACQUISITIONS

Open Court Archives of Philosophy. The distinguished archival collection of the Open Court Publishing Co. that was presented to SIU-C in 1968 has been augmented by some 5,000 letters recently discovered in the Carus family home in LaSalle, Ill. The original collection contained more than 100,000 pieces, including letters from leading world philosophers from 1887 to 1920.

The additional papers were discovered by Elizabeth Carus, granddaughter of the founder of the Open Court, in a large first floor closet that had been packed some forty years ago and had not been disturbed since that time. The papers, all carefully wrapped and labeled, date from the early years of the firm and include correspondence during World War I. The latest items are dated in the 1930's.

The Open Court records received previously had been organized by two doctoral candidates in philosophy, Keith David and Hugh Muldoon. More than a score of scholars from SIU-C and from other universities have made use of the papers. The additional collection was brought back to Carbondale by Professors Lewis E. Hahn and Paul A. Schilpp of the Philosophy Department and Dean Ralph E. McCoy of the Library.

Stephen C. Pepper Papers. An important addition to the Library's

growing archives of modern American philosophers is the collection of papers of the late Stephen C. Pepper of the University of California, best known for his work in aesthetics. Professor Lewis E. Hahn of our Philosophy Department made the arrangements with Professor Pepper shortly before the latter's death, and Pepper's daughter faithfully carried out her father's wishes that the manuscripts and correspondence be presented to this University. A number of unpublished works are being arranged for SIU Press publication by Professor Hahn.

Francisco Vazquez Gomez Papers. The personal papers and correspondence of Francisco Vazquez Gomez, vice president of Mexico under Madero in 1910 and later minister of public instruction in the cabinet of Porfirio Diaz, now rest in the SIU archives. Four suitcases of historical papers were brought back from Mexico last year by Professor A. W. Bork of the Latin American Institute, after attending the funeral of Vazquez Gomez' son. This was the material remaining in the family's possession at the time of the son's death. Over a period of years the son, Ignacio Vazquez Gomez, had been arranging his father's papers and gathering supporting material, turning over the organized papers to the SIU Library, through his friend, Professor Bork. The papers are important because of Vazquez Gomez' role in the Mexican Revolution and his close association with leading Mexican political and cultural figures of the day.

Ames and Tufts Manuscripts. The Library's collection of letters and manuscripts of philosophers Edward Scribner Ames and James H. Tufts were augmented by gifts from Van Meter Ames through the good offices of Professor S. Morris Eames of the Philosophy Department.

Erwin Piscator Diaries. An important missing segment of the Erwin Piscator theater archives at SIU-C, Piscator's diaries, has recently been found. The diaries have been in the possession of the Akademie der Künste in East Berlin since Piscator's death. A request from Mme. Piscator to send the diaries to SIU-C was honored by the director of the academy, and the diaries were dispatched promptly by airmail. After some two months' delay for U.S. postal inspection, the 24 diaries arrived during the Christmas holidays. A manuscript book of Piscator's poetry was presented to the Library by Clara Mayer of New York City.

Wartime Letters. Mrs. Frank Bridges of Carbondale presented to the University Library six boxes of correspondence emanating from the project H.O.M.E. (Honor Our Men's Efforts) in which Carbondale families wrote to some 250 American service men and women during 1967-72. In addition, Mrs. Bridges presented some 75 letters written to her and her husband

during World War II by his former students at Carbondale Community High School.

Black Sun Press. The manuscripts and papers of the Black Sun Press that remained in Caresse Crosby's castle in Rieti, Italy, until her death three years ago, were acquired for the SIU-C collection from the executors of the Crosby estate. This purchase was made possible by an allocation of non-appropriated funds from the Office of the Executive Vice President. A group of additional Black Sun Press books was presented to the Library by aunts of Harry Crosby who now reside in New York. Bibliographer Ralph Bushee is completing a catalogue raisonné of the Black Sun Press and the papers of Caresse and Harry Crosby, proprietors. It will be published by the SIU Press as part of the University's Centennial.

Henry Miller Letters. An extensive collection of letters between American author Henry Miller and Roger Bloom, a federal prisoner and aspiring writer with whom Miller corresponded on literary matters for many years, has been added to the Library's Miller archives. Arrangements were made through Chicago attorney Elmer Gertz, a friend of both Miller and Bloom, who wanted to see the papers go to SIU-C.

FDR Letters. Mrs. Gilbert Mitchell of Carbondale gave the Library three letters from Franklin D. Roosevelt and two letters from Herbert Lehman, written when each was governor of New York.

Etchings of Jacques Reich. A collection of 33 etchings of famous Americans by Jacques Reich (1852-1923) was presented to Morris Library by his son, Oswald D. Reich of Laguna Hills, Calif. Included are portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Lee, Grant, Poe, Lowell, Whistler, and Stowe. They were made between 1890 and 1922. Reich was born in Hungary, coming to the United States in 1873. Much of his work was done for *Scribner's Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting* and for *Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography*.

At the time of Reich's death, the art editor of the *New York Tribune* wrote of Reich's etchings of great Americans as, "the work of a true patriot . . . also the work of a true artist. Reich was a first-class craftsman. He knew the technique of etching thoroughly and his prints show it in their ease and authority. He drew beautifully . . . As an etcher he had something of a painter's quality."

Faculty Gifts. Among the faculty members who have given Morris Library large collections of books from their personal libraries during the past year are the following: Harvey I. Fisher, Ping-Chia Kuo, Florence E. Denny, Herbert Marshall, and George Bracewell. Morris Library also re-

ceived the library of the late Rebecca Baker of the College of Education. A doctoral candidate, Carl Fonden, presented the library with some 250 volumes, largely works in the Russian language.

Contributors

JO ANN BOYDSTON is Project Director for the Center for Dewey Studies, which has re-edited and published five volumes of Dewey's early works. She also has compiled and edited a checklist of Dewey translations, and the *Guide to the Works of John Dewey*.

KAY BOYLE presently teaches creative writing at San Francisco State University. She has had a prolific career as short story writer, poet, novelist. Miss Boyle, whose first book of short stories was published in 1929, is the recipient of two O. Henry Memorial Short Story awards, and two Guggenheim fellowships. Most importantly, she is actively engaged today in most of the social/political/ethnic crises confronting all humans. Her recent books include a collection of poems, *Testament for My Students*; a group of essays, *The Long Walk at San Francisco State*, and an anthology of peace writings, *Enough of Dying*. The majority of Miss Boyle's manuscripts, correspondence and papers, from 1914 to the present, are in Morris Library.

TED E. BOYLE, Professor of English at SIU-C, has published articles on modern writers in *College English*, *Studies in Short Fiction*, *Modern Fiction Studies* and *Critique*. He has authored two books: *Symbol and Meaning in the Fiction of Joseph Conrad*, and *Brendan Behan*. He is the recipient of three degrees from the University of Nebraska, and before coming to SIU in 1963 he taught at Kansas State University.

SIDNEY HOOK is President of the John Dewey Foundation and Emeritus Professor at New York University. A distinguished philosopher, editor, and author, Mr. Hook's more recent books include *Religion in a Free Society*, and *Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy*.

JOHN M. HOWELL, an Associate Professor of English at SIU-C, has also published on Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Salinger, and T. S. Eliot. His book *Hemingway's African Stories* bears a direct relationship to the article in *ICarbs*.

IAN MacNIVEN is a Ph.D. candidate in the English department. This past year he had a Fulbright grant to teach in Costa Rica and most recently has been teaching in the English department at the Catholic University of Puerto Rico in Ponce. While on this campus Mr. MacNiven was responsible for processing and organizing the Lawrence Durrell papers.

RALPH E. McCOY is Dean of Library Affairs at SIU-C. When he came to Morris Library as Director in 1955, the book collection totaled 168,545

Contributors

volumes. Today Morris Library totals well over a million and a half volumes. Dean McCoy also is the author of *Freedom of the Press, an Annotated Bibliography*, published by the Southern Illinois University Press. JERRY H. NATTERSTAD received his Ph.D. in English from SIU-C. He has published articles on F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Butler Yeats, and W. H. Auden, and his book on Francis Stuart will be published by the Bucknell University Press in the near future. He currently is preparing to edit a special number of the *Journal of Irish Literature* to be devoted to Stuart's works.

RICHARD F. PETERSON, Assistant Professor of English at SIU-C, has published critical articles on Faulkner, Joyce, Lawrence, and Steinbeck. He received his degrees from Edinboro State College and Kent State University and has been at SIU-C since 1969.

