MUNDUS
ARTIUM

A Journal of International Literature and the Arts
Photography by Frank Salmo
DEAD BIRD
by Glen Long
MUNDUS ARTIUM
Summer 1968, Volume I, Number 3

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief  Rainer Schulte
Associate Editor  Roma A. King, Jr.
Assistant to the Editors  Thomas J. Hoeksema

ADVISORY BOARD
Glauco Cambon  Jack Morrison
Wallace Fowlie  Morse Peckham
Otto Graf  Joachim von Rintelen
Walter Höllerer  Austin Warren

Mundus Artium is a journal of international literature and the arts, published three times a year by the Department of English, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio. Annual subscriptions are $4.00; single copies $1.50 for United States, Canada, and Mexico. All other countries: $4.50 a year, and $1.75 for single copies, obtainable by writing to The Editors, Mundus Artium, Department of English, Ellis Hall, Box 89, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, U.S.A. 45701. Checks drawn on European accounts should be made payable to Kreissparkasse Simmern, 654 Simmern/Hunsrück, Germany, Konto Nr. 6047.

Manuscripts should be sent to the editors and should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with the appropriate return postage. Mundus Artium will consider for publication poetry, fiction, short drama, essays on literature and the arts, photography, and photographic reproductions of paintings and sculptures. It will include a limited number of book reviews.

Copyright, 1968.
Rainer Schulte and Roma A. King, Jr.

Design by Don F. Stout
Director, Office of University Publications, Ohio University

Richardson Printing Corp. - Marietta, Ohio
CONTENTS

JAMES KIRKUP

ROBIN SKELTON

LUCIA UNGARO DE FOX

VIVIAN MERCIER

JAN DE GROOT

PAUL VAN OSTAIJEN

UMBRO APOLLONIO

FOUR CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

The Man Who Ate Himself . . . 6
Undergrowth 9

Necropolis y Perspectivas 12
Necropolis and Perspectives

El Mal
Evil

Michel Butor:
The Schema and the Myth . . . . 16

Bejaardenhuis 28
Home for the Aged

De Zwanen
The Swans

Winter 32
Winter

Valavond
Twilight

Avond
Evening

Gedicht
Poem

Art and Organic Reality . . . . 36

Jean Dubuffet
Seymour Lipton
I. Rice Pereira
George Tooker
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author/Contributor</th>
<th>Title/Description</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMATT</td>
<td>Das Bild des Sisyphos</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Picture of Sisyphus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIERO BIGONGIARI</td>
<td>Canicola</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Canicular Days</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Geroglifico Egiziano</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Egyptian Hieroglyphic</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARIO LUZI</td>
<td>Las Animas</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Las Animas</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN</td>
<td>Discussion of Mikrophonie I,</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mikrophonie II and Prozession</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JUAN LISCANO</td>
<td>Caceria</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Hunt</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DENISE LEVERTOV</td>
<td>The Gulf</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER</td>
<td>Innenleben</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Inner Man</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Notstandsgesetz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>National Emergency Laws</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REVIEWS</td>
<td>Prize Stories 1968:</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The O. Henry Awards</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. BYRON RAIZIS</td>
<td>George Seferis:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Collected Poems 1924-1955</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HANS EGN HOLTHUSEN</td>
<td>Subtile Jagden by Ernst Jünger</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS</td>
<td></td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOKS RECEIVED</td>
<td></td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
He had fallen into the nervous habit of biting his lips — whether because of some strange embarrassment with himself, or because he wished to satisfy some spectacular inner need he could not have said. Anyhow, nobody asked him. Maybe, though everyone loved him to distraction, he felt deprived of love. Maybe — who can tell, at this late hour of the world? — maybe he loved himself so much he had to put all of himself into his own sweet mouth. “Hotlips”, he would sigh all over the mirror, gazing at that charming, ravenous hole in an innocent face that was covered with eyebrows and eyelashes fluttering and shrinking as if innumerable eyes were concealed just below the surface of his looked-after skin. On his actual eyelids, as a matter of fact, he had tight-packed little multicoloured feathers. But that’s another story altogether, and must wait for another day.

Mind you, he wasn’t just some poor crazy mixed-up kid. He courted convention and accepted institutions in order, one dateless day, to be able to kick them in the arse when they least expected it. No, he was not such a fool as he looked, and he certainly looked one. He was simply the Great Fool, and if people thought him foolish, that was their own blind loss. So he would muse to himself, often, of an evening, toy-ing with his chopped-nut granary-loaf sandwich and his glass of phantom milk.

Well, as I said, it all began with him biting his lips. His sharp little ice-white teeth would seize upon some shred of winter-hardened or kiss-blistered skin on his summery lips, and cautiously tear off a strip, like snake-skin or a fish-scale or the dog-ear of a piece of parchment. In fact, he pulled off so many shreds of faintly horny skin from his lips that he
was able to make them up into lampshades tattooed with indelible pencil marks, the vestiges of creative hesitations.

At first, he would tear his lips very gently to shreds, stripping off layer after layer like wallpaper with precise and delicate teeth. Then one day he began to use the end of a dry cigarette to collect this precious dandruff from his lips, and he went too far.

But he felt his skin and his body were limitless, that they would go on providing him with their ghostly fodder for ever and a day.

Well, the day came, and there was no dry skin left, not a morsel. But he could not curb his inquisitive teeth, those voracious, perfect demons. When they saw they were not being adequately nourished, they threw themselves upon the quivering, naked, indecently wet lips, crimson with bashfulness, and tore them up with many an appreciative little noise like: “Snack-snack! Stockpot! Snicketty-snick! Snip-snap! Knick-knack! Get that!” Soon there were no lips left, anywhere, in his charming visage — only a double-row of bared teeth, bathed blushingly in blood and bits of nerve-endings.

Now they had tasted blood, the teeth were insatiable. They longed to eat up the tongue, but they wisely decided to bide their time, and make friends with it, for they knew that something so articulate could be extremely useful, at least for a while. Yes, they trained the tongue to grow long and rough and prehensile as a monkey’s tail. Taught it to reach out like a hand that is all wrist and draw down into the mouth all the remaining head, all the remaining flesh on the head — such tasty tidbits as the richly dimpled cheeks, the cleft chin, the forehead lined like music paper, the crawling scalp, the thinker’s nape, the dancer’s nose, the clown’s gobstopping eyes, and each crisp ear, red and dainty as gammon rashers.

The teeth ate them all with relish, hair and everything, including a heavy layer of pancake make-up, that tasted like damp whitewash. The tongue sucked the warm brains like mucus down through the nasal passages. And as a final delicacy, the teeth snapped off, with barely suppressed grunts of pure greed, the tongue at its tonsilled root — swallowed it in one gulp, like an enormous scarlet oyster.

The rest, of course, was dead easy. The man, fascinated, let his impulsive teeth roam along each arm, tearing the piano-practice muscles and browsing the downy flesh away, tattoos and all, like blood-buttered corn on sound, sun-ripened cobs, crunching up the hands’ bright, bony fans and sucking at the blue wrist-veins as if they were merest straws.

The teeth, wild with ganglia, slowly sucked out, too, the long whiteish worms of marrow from the salty bones, drank water from the knee caps, ravened the leg bones with their luscious calves and outrageous thighs,
let loose the sweating deltas of the feet that were webbed with dust and dreams. It was “becoming a proper orgy”, as conventional people always say.

By now, everything had disappeared into the mouth’s vast maw except the trunk. The belly was grumbling. So the teeth, with a growl, went for each of the blood-bright nipples, badly mauling and savaging those tasty young buds. Like another oyster, steaming hot, the palpitating heart was gulped appreciatively down. The lungs were devoured in a frenzy, like giant tripes. Then came the teeth’s long love affair with the stomach, with thirty-five long, thrilling feet of bowels and guts and iridescent intestines! What gluttonous slobberings and foragings in the vivid breadbasket of our hero’s inner man!

But now he was really his own inner man, and he kept eating himself up over and over again, a ceaseless rumination and regurgitation, a perpetual chewing of his own bloody cud!

He cleaned out next, with deftly-picking teeth, the noble cage of the ribs, and let the teeth travel like mowing-machines or barbers’ shears up the smooth and fruitful lawns of his back and loins. Of those tussocky buttocks! They were gnashed away in a flash, with a final, reluctant fart like a petulant thunderclap.

Now he is nothing more than a great clot, sprinkled with splintered bones, a clot in clot’s clothing, a blot on the bloody landscape of disaster, leaving his trail of blood and lymph for the hounds to lick in the unsurprised street of furtive pillars and posts and letterboxes, in which he mails his blood, his lymphatic letter of disgust.

And here, in Kensington Gore, affronting the nursemaids wheeling perambulators slopping over with bloody babies, he essays the final, cryptic violence, the last easy stage towards a definition of vulture. “Be your own vampire!” he calls insidiously to the trollops of the Gore reading newspapers screaming LADIES! HAVE A GOOD BUST! And down on his non-existent knees and hands he performs a miracle of acrobatics, bringing his grovelling teeth down lower, lower... O, will he make it, the thing so many tried in vain to make?... down towards his tree of sex. Down! Nearer! Nearer! Near! He’s got it! And with a defiant but triumphant SNAP! off comes the whole apparatus, a swift detumescence.

They buried him at the crossroads, what was left of him. A clear case of auto-da-fé. Suicide, they said, if ever there was one. A wise old woman read the future from his mangled guts, but she kept it to herself. And there he will lie, only a little longer, that monument to the doom of western man, who in his fear is about to bite his lips once too often.
I journey backwards.  
Ahead is nothingness.  
At forty-one  
there's little in the mind  
but thoughts of origins,  
a primal speck,  
the clutching branches  
of a falling tree.

I hack my way through undergrowth.  
Some girls  
prefer an older man:  
their loves are tight,  
their nipples urgent;  
out on Clover Point  
the split moon spills  
its monies in the sea  
and through my slippery fingers.  
I can't hold  
the minute any more;  
each windscreen swipe  
rubs out the possible:  
I see her home,  
become her father  
gnashing in his grave.
What was is where you are.
Who could take on
that cluttered fury?
Dreams and limitations
choke the tangling light.
I see my first
girl staring from
a stiff-necked photograph
with pigeons at her back.
Upon his column
rigid Nelson
wets his one blind eye
nostalgically.
Yellow dusk descends.
I choke upon a
twenty-year-old fog
and stagger farther.
Here one is alone.
The ruined summer-house
remembers crimes
against the spiders;
wasps blaze in a jar
hung from the warped
suggestion of a twig,
and summer is all springtime.
Flickering here,
the images move fast;
the little deaths
reduplicate and blur;
the books become
a single story
playing out the gods'
heroic roles and masteries, 
conquering nettles 
taller than my thigh. 
I stumble, drop 
upon the warm crisp grass; 
within me, echoes 
mesh and alter; 
everything's at odds 
still in this garden world, 
though, dreaming forwards, 
energy becomes itself 
and time 
a countless multitude. 
Crowds hurry past 
on backward journeys, 
faces dark, confused, 
ridiculous. The tree's 
about to fall. 
The undergrowth is filled 
with scurrying cries.
Los niveles del desierto
y las arrugas de tu mente
cruzan interminablemente la extensión de Chan Chan.
En los adoratorios de barro
se desgarran cada vez más,
los geométricos diseños del pato y
del pescado.
En tus sueños también se van desmoronando
símbolos bien-amados.
Te veo ahí, sentado
pesando la muerte y el fracaso
como el augur moderno de calamidades
y castigos.
Pero las plagas de hoy son más sangrientas
y tu voluntad más débil
para contraponer tu incierto ruego.
Hablamos más y más, obsesionado el viento
corta lo más sagrado
de tu concepto de vida y de trabajo.
Veo venir la mancha oblicua
de tu falta de amor
en la miserable curva de las olas.
Yo creo que como en toda “huaca” de olvidados cadáveres
tu desinfectada Morgue
disecta tu estupefacta huella
casual, movible y extraviada
y tú te buscas en cada pobre diablo
que viene a ti sin nombre y sin silueta.
Patólogo de gérmenes moderno
¿Qué extraño designio te ha enterrado vivo
en este silencio pre-colombino de perpetuados
ecos mortecinos?
The wilderness levels
and the folds of your cerebrum
endlessly cross the extensions of Chan Chan.
More and more, in the mud shrines
the geometrical patterns of duck
and fish
splinter off in the rubble.
And so in your dreams the well-loved
symbols keep falling away.
I see you there, seated,
weighing failure and death
like a latter-day augur of ruins
and punishment.
But plagues are bloodier now,
and your wish, too feeble
to shore up your faltering prayers.
We talk on and on, while the wind
hacks at your dearest
convictions of living and working, like something possessed.
I watch the slant stain
of your lack-love approaching
in the miserable curve of the waves.
I think: here, as always where the dead in their tumuli
die out of memory, the disinfected morgue of yourself
cuts out a stupefied trail,
casual, wandering, lost;
and you search for yourself
in every poor devil
that comes to you nameless and shapeless.
Pathologist of modern contagion,
what odd fate has buried you alive
in this pre-Columbian silence of echoes,
wasted away, but surviving?
Lucia Ungaro de Fox

EL MAL

Del negro Antonio y su poder maligno
que huye estrepitoso en las forestas
hablan persignándose los pobres campesinos.
Y entre gritos el Invisible corta rabiosamente
el pescuezo del ruiseñor. Y se masculla
que un espejismo de muerte rodea al nauseabundo
hampón.
Qué soledad de fuego para el Desconfiado,
qué silencio de espera para el que sueña en Dios,
y entretanto, la retórica del guardia, del periodista,
del pobre agricultor se atan la cadena de las conjeturas
y tratan de interpretar el presagio
de la pesadilla honda, de cieno, del poder
del mal y su inefable huída por las riberas
del hondo riachuelo sin sol.
Talking of the negro Antonio’s maleficent power let loose in the clattering forest, the poor peasants cross themselves, a hubbub goes up, and the Invisible sinks its knife in the nightingale’s throat in a panic. Something is mumbled about a death-glow that circles the killer like nausea.

What trials by fire for all the lonely backsliders! What a vigil for those who dream of their God in a silence while the journalist’s rhetoric, the local police, and the penniless farmer tighten a chain of conjecture and try to unriddle the omens at the heart of this nightmare, the bog’s muddy bottom, the power of evil and its unthinkable flight at the edge of a deepening trickle that shuts out the sun.

tr. Ben Belitt
MICHEL BUTOR:

THE SCHEMA AND THE MYTH

VIVIAN MERCIER

In a series of interviews with Georges Charbonnier broadcast in France during January and February 1967, Michel Butor explained his need for a logical schema to underpin each of his novels. The French word schéma has primarily visual and spatial connotations and means basically "diagram." But in an aural and temporal art like literature, the most natural diagrammatic arrangement is that of a timetable. In Butor's third and most popular novel, La Modification (A Change of Heart), part of the schema is in fact a train timetable, "Edition of October 2, 1955, winter service, valid until June 2, 1956, inclusive. . . ." Like every such schedule, it translates time into space and space into time: "... this train [the one on which the protagonist travels throughout the time span of the novel] will stop at Dijon and leave again at 11:18, it will pass through Bourg at 1:20 P.M., leave Aix-les-Bains at 4:41. . . ." Furthermore, every outward-bound trip implies a return journey, so that every station on the Paris-Rome line can suggest to Léon Delmont not only some past or future journey to Rome but also the time of day at which he usually passes that station when homeward bound for Paris.

In each of Butor's three other novels we also find a schema—usually in fact containing a timetable of some sort—wherein time and place are intimately related. The characteristically punning title of his second novel, L'Emploi du Temps (Passing Time is the title of the American translation), means "timetable" as well as "daily routine" and, most literally, "use of (one's) time."
In every Butor novel, however, alongside this logical, mechanistic, workaday type of schema, we can trace the presence of structural devices of an entirely different kind: intuitive, artistic, nocturnal. Dreams, myths, rituals, works of art (real or imaginary) are used separately or in combination as analogues of the characters’ experience in what we may call the objective or materialistic or daylight world. Passage de Milan (Butor’s first novel, not yet translated into English) compresses into its punning title the locale, the catastrophe, the fact that it describes a modern rite of passage from adolescence to adulthood, and the most important mythic figure underlying the work. 15 Passage de Milan is an apartment building in Paris. The little street on which it stands is presumably named after the Italian city, but the French word milan, as we are reminded on page 8 of the novel, can mean “kite” in the sense of a bird of prey (cerf-volant is the French for “kite” in the sense of a child’s toy). The rite de passage is the coming-out party of Angèle, the only daughter of the Vertigues family, which both disrupts and focuses the lives of the tenants during the night depicted in the novel. One of the young male guests at the party has the rapacity of a kite, but in causing Angèle’s death he does more harm than he had actually intended; Angèle thus enacts the ultimate rite of passage from life to death. Furthermore, as Butor explained to Georges Charbonnier (Entretiens avec Michel Butor, p. 51), the kite was identified with Horus, one of the gods of ancient Egypt: two of the tenants at 15 Passage de Milan are Egyptologists, one of whom has a dream in which he travels by boat into the supernatural world of the ancient Egyptians. This novel also contains references to imaginary works of art: some science-fiction stories that a group of writers discuss in one of the apartments, revealing attitudes utterly alien to the ancient Egyptians, and some sketches done under the influence of ancient Egyptian painting by an avant-garde artist who also lives in the building.

The schema of Passage de Milan includes elements of both space and time implicit in the life of the apartment building: eight levels (seven stories and the basement), three channels of communication between them (elevator and front and service staircases), and the timed movements of all the tenants and their visitors from floor to floor and in and out of the building. Each of the twelve chapters into which the book is divided corresponds to an hour between seven in the evening and seven in the morning, the time that rings out from the clock tower of the neighboring convent in the last sentence of the novel.

L’Emploi du Temps has received a great deal of attention from English-language critics, probably because it is set in the imaginary English city of Bleston. As any reader is almost forced to see, it con-
tains frequent references to two myths, those of Cain and Theseus. These myths, in turn, are embodied in imaginary works of art. On the other hand, the rigidity of the schema is perhaps not so immediately evident. Once again, this schema involves both time and place.

The time element is the more significant of the two, for the book is in essence a *recherche du temps perdu*. Jacques Revel sits down at his table on May 1 to begin what he hopes will become a chronological account of his experiences since he arrived in Bleston. His feelings have reached such a pitch of animosity against the city—symbolized by his burning a street map of Bleston—that he thinks he must explore their origins by writing this narrative or else go mad. At first he sticks fairly closely to his plan of dealing with the past only, but, as time goes on, current happenings related to past events seem too important to be passed over. Instead of the past forcing its way into the present, as in Proust, we find the present forcing its way into a narrative concerned with the past. Eventually, Jacques begins to reread the earlier part of his narrative and to remember the time when he wrote it as well as the time it was written about. He thus begins to juggle three “times” (distant past, recent past, and present) instead of two (past and present). The running heads to the pages of both French and American editions keep constantly before us this multiple time scheme. Here are the running heads from a few typical consecutive pages (192-7) of the New York edition; italics indicate the month in which Jacques is writing and capitals the month or months he is writing about: “*July: DECEMBER; July: MAY; July: MAY; July: MAY, JULY; July: JULY; July: JULY, DECEMBER.*”

The spatial element of the schema is well exemplified by the sketch map of Bleston which faces the opening page of both the French and American editions. On this we can trace Jacques’s movements among what are for him the principal landmarks of the imaginary city. In one aspect, at any rate, this map translates time into space: we can find on it the eight fairgrounds encircling the city center; each month the fair moves clockwise to another of the eight.

Jacques never learns to do without his diagram of the Bleston bus routes or his street map of the city. Having burnt the old map, he has to buy a new one. At the same time he buys the ream of paper on which to write his narrative. In one sense the map is his Ariadne’s

---

1Butor pointed out to Charbonnier that *Passing Time* is constructed like a musical-canon: “in the first part one month is narrated, in the second part two months, in the third part three months, in the fourth part four months and in the fifth part five months” (*Entretiens*, 106). He also notes that the events of certain months are related in chronological order and those of others in reverse chronological order (107).
thread, guiding him through the spatial labyrinth of Bleston; in another sense his writing is the thread, guiding him, he hopes, through the temporal “labyrinth of my days in Bleston, incomparably more bewildering than that of the Cretan palace, since it grows and alters even while I explore it” (195).

Such references to Ariadne introduce the more important of the myths used by Butor, that of Theseus. This is embodied in a series of what one assumes to be imaginary works of art, reminding one of the paintings of Martin de Vere in *Passage de Milan*. (After *Passing Time*, Butor, who has written an essay on the imaginary works of art in Proust, continues to describe works of art in his novels—and even more in his non-fiction—but they are all known masterpieces rather than creations of his imagination.) The legend of Theseus is portrayed in the Harvey tapestries, on display in the Bleston Museum. These eighteen scenes, woven in France in the eighteenth century, are listed on page 161 of *Passing Time* and described in detail on the following pages.\(^2\) Jacques imagines himself as Thesus and Ann Bailey as Ariadne, whom he deserts for Rose Bailey (Phaedra). In fact, it is Lucien Blaise who turns out to be Theseus, although Jacques had cast him in the role of Pirithoüs and, later, in that of the god Dionysus who rescues explicitly by Jacques (180). Irionically, when the role of Thesus has been filled by Lucien, and Jacques has cast himself as Dionysus instead, the forsaken Ariadne. All these identifications with the myth are made James Jenkins in his turn snatches that role away. Usually, when a mythical parallel is employed in a modern novel (as in Joyce’s *Ulysses*), its existence is only hinted at and the reader is left to work out the parallel himself. By making the parallel explicit but erroneous, Butor creates a special ironic flavor unique in such employment of myth.

The second myth, that of Cain and Abel, finds its parallel not in *Passing Time*, properly speaking, but in the plot of *The Bleston Murder*, an imaginary work of art. The inspiration for the Cain-and-Abel plot of the detective story is drawn from yet another imaginary work of art, the so-called “Murderer’s Window” in Bleston Old Cathedral, which shows Cain, “dressed like Theseus,” killing Abel (71). The careful reader will not identify either Jacques or Lucien with Cain, but will remember that Cain was the first man to build a city as well as the first murderer, a significant correlation for one who hates a city as cordially as Jacques hates Bleston. Furthermore, the mid-sixteenth-century stained-glass artist “took as model [for Cain’s city] the city

\(^2\)Through a typographical error, the American edition lists only 17 scenes; the fourth scene, the slaying of Cercyon, has been omitted.
then spread before him, the Bleston of those days. . .” (74). (Similarly, the burning city of Athens in the last of the Theseus tapestries reminds us of Bleston with its many fires). But we must not forget the ironic fact that “The artist paid tribute to Cain as being the father of all the arts” (75).

The Old Cathedral once possessed other windows devoted to cities: the New Jerusalem, Babel, Sodom and Gomorrah, Babylon, Rome. Only fragments of Babel, Sodom and Babylon have survived, however, suggesting the decadence of city life exemplified by Bleston. Jacques believes not only that Bleston is fated to be destroyed by fire like Sodom and Gomorrah but that it desires its own destruction.

This rough sketch of certain aspects of Passing Time will perhaps suffice to indicate that the novel is far from plotless. On the contrary, it appears for a time to be as tightly plotted as the typical murder mystery. What seems like an attempted murder-by-automobile forms a crucial episode in the story, but, contrary to the rules of the detective novel, we never learn who drove the hit-run car or whether he did in fact intend murder. In spite of this and other unresolved ambiguities, Passing Time contains enough plot to make one feel that the other structural devices, schema and myths alike, are not absolutely necessary. Whereas Joyce's Ulysses must appear diffuse and plotless to a reader unaware of the overall parallel with the Odyssey, Jacques Revel’s adventures in Bleston, if recounted in strict chronological order without overt mythic parallels, would still keep the average reader in suspense for most of the narration.

Both of Butor’s first two novels have a plot: indeed, that of Passage de Milan is most elaborate and depends upon a number of minute coincidences. Furthermore, that other traditional pillar of the novel, characterization, is not entirely absent from the first book, while in Passing Time the main characters are all firmly drawn and intriguing—the more so because they remain enigmatic to a greater or lesser degree throughout the book.

In his third novel, A Change of Heart, the characterization of Léon, the protagonist, is the most elaborate and profound that Butor has yet achieved. Not content with that, he gave this novel a plot whose Cartesian logic even a Racine might envy. The three stages of its working-out are underlined by the division (unwisely omitted from the American edition) of the original French into three parts containing three chapters each. In Part I Léon is traveling happily toward Rome and his mistress, Cécile: when he sees her, he will tell her of his plans to move her to Paris and live with her there. In Part II he realizes that he lacks the courage or even a genuine desire to leave his wife and
children and their present comfortable home in Paris. Cécile is irrevocably associated with Rome in his mind, and to transplant her would be to kill their love. He still plans, however, to surprise Cécile by meeting her as she leaves her office and to spend the weekend in her apartment. In Part III the logical conclusion is forced upon him that he had better not let Cécile know that he is in Rome at all, since he cannot tell her the reasons why he has made this journey without alerting her beforehand: symbolically he decides to spend the weekend in the hotel where he and his wife stayed during their honeymoon.

As we have already seen, besides this tight plot A Change of Heart includes a schema; it also contains a mythic element, though one that does not have the same structural importance as the myths in Passing Time. This nocturnal component is a continuous dream that Léon, each time he falls briefly asleep during his uncomfortable and exhausting night on the train, takes up at the point where he had left off on being awakened. This dream or nightmare somewhat resembles an initiation ritual: Léon is undergoing an ordeal, but more and more he comes to feel that he is on trial; toward the end of the night, the dream becomes a vision of judgment. It is easy to trace some of the motifs from waking experience that have been incorporated into this dream. While he thinks of the train passing the Forest of Fontainebleau, Léon remembers the legend of le grand veneur (The Great Huntsman), a giant figure who stops wanderers in the forest and asks them, “M'entendez-vous?” (Do you hear me?) (95). As Léon struggles with himself, he imagines the Huntsman putting more and more embarrassing questions, such as “Qu’attendez-vous?” (What are you waiting for?) (114). Eventually he realizes, as he remembers his honeymoon journey, that it was probably Henriette, his wife, who first told him of the legend:

... the Forest of Fontainebleau full of young green shoots (and wasn’t it she who told you, at that point, how she used to walk there as a child with her sisters, terrified as soon as dusk fell of meeting the Great Huntsman, who would challenge them and carry them off?)... (198).

No wonder the imagined questions become more and more reproachful!

It is hard to say precisely where the dream begins, since at first Léon seems to be imagining the contents of a book—either the one he has bought in Paris and keeps with him throughout the journey without opening it or even glancing at the title, or else one that he will buy in Rome to read on the return journey—“a book... which ought to be about a man lost in a forest that keeps closing up behind him, so that
he can't make up his mind which way he ought to go. . . ." At first we see parallels to the Great Huntsman legend, but soon (184-5) the lost man has become Aeneas in Book VI of Virgil's *Aeneid*, seeking the way to the Underworld. Charon (189) asks the same questions as the Great Huntsman. The road through Hades eventually leads to the outskirts of Rome, to a statue of Janus, the two-faced god, and to the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. For a time the nightmare takes on a more modern, Kafkaesque quality. A newcomer to the compartment seems to ask all the unanswerable questions:

"Who are you? Where are you going? What are you seeking? Whom do you love? What do you want? What are you waiting for? What are you feeling? Can you see me? Can you hear me?"

(219).

Eventually the dream reaches its climax in confrontations with the Pope, with the prophets and sibyls and the King of the Last Judgment from Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel, and with a procession of the gods of ancient Rome, culminating in Venus.

Waking up for the last time, Léon remembers how he and Henriette visited the Temple of Venus and Rome during their honeymoon:

Suddenly, sitting on the bench, in the heady evening air, she asked you, "Why Venus and Rome? What's the connection between the two?"

(234).

This is perhaps the most unanswerable question of all, at least for Anglo-Saxons who are accustomed to associate Venus and her pleasures with Paris rather than Rome. But Léon understands that he is a victim of the myth of Rome as the center of the known world: center of the Empire first, then of the Church. Our world now lacks a center, but the prestige of Rome, which has cast its glamour around Cécile, is also paradoxically forcing Léon and Cécile apart, in so far as the Roman Catholic Church still provides the ultimate sanction for family life in France.

*Degrés* (*Degrees*, first published in French, 1960) is Butor's fourth and most recent novel. I regard it as its author's most ambitious and original work in the genre—and, at the same time, because of its very ambition and originality, as an artistic failure. Although it does in fact come to an end in less than four hundred pages, it seems—and in one sense actually is—interminable. In an interview with F. C. St. Aubyn (in French, *French Review*, XXXVI, 12-22), Butor has admitted this:

In *Degrees* there is set in motion a sort of descriptive machin-
ery. This machinery is fundamentally incomplete. It cannot come to an end. One can continue indefinitely to enlarge the contexts methodically, but then the book would turn out to have thousands of pages, millions of pages (20).

The only solution Butor finds to the problem of bringing the machinery to a stop is that of killing off his narrator, or rather, of having his narrator collapse under the magnitude of his self-imposed task, as Jacques Revel almost did. The employment of this device seems to me an abdication of the novelist’s artistic function. The death of Angele in Passage de Milan can be excused, particularly in view of the mythical context—Horus, the kite, and so on. But in Degrees it would surely have been better simply to let the finite part suggest the infinite whole and then to break off abruptly.

To translate the title Degres by the English word “degrees” alone is to be content with an approximation at best. In an academic context—the novel centers on a lycée—one’s first association in English might well be with academic degrees. In French, however, this would be among the last associations to arise. The primary meaning of degré in French is “step,” referring to a staircase or ladder; obviously this meaning opens the way to a wide range of rather trite metaphoric references. Another meaning that operates very effectively in the particular context is “degree of relationship,” since the narrator compiles his document for the benefit of his nephew; he might not have started work at all if he had not been struck by the unusual number of blood relationships between teachers and students in his lycée. But, most significantly, the narrator specializes in the teaching of history and geography. The class hour about which the whole book pivots is concerned with the discovery of America, and another class is devoted to the explanation of latitude and longitude. Both of these last, of course, are measured in degrees, and this fact perhaps gives us the clue to the unique structure of this novel. The narrator constantly harks backward in time and follows a character forward from his summer holidays until his life intersects with those of his classmates/colleagues and teachers/students during the fall term, the intersection being accompanied by the passing of one or more “landmark” dates on the calendar. It is as if the story Pierre Vernier is trying to tell were the surface of a sphere—or at any rate a segment of one—which he tries to catch in a net of lines of latitude and longitude. One might think of each individual’s “story line” as moving east to west along a line of latitude and each date as a line of longitude intersecting all these parallel lines.

On this matter of titles and names, it is worth adding that Pierre Vernier was also the name of the French mathematician (1580-1637)
who invented the vernier, or vernier scale, a device for indicating fractional parts of divisions (such as degrees); it forms an essential part of the sextant, as well as of other navigational and surveying instruments.

The fictional Vernier's discussion of "projection," the ways in which the spherical surface of the earth may be represented on a flat map, is relevant also, both to this book and to the whole problem of narration in general, the conversion of life into literature:

I was trying to explain that it is impossible to represent the earth exactly without distorting it, just as it is impossible to represent reality in speech without using a certain kind of projection, a system of points of reference whose shape and organization depend on what you are trying to show, and, as a corollary, on what you need to know

(this latter, obviously, I didn't tell you in class, it's an idea that came to me as I was writing),

and that our habitual representation of what is happening in the contemporary world, and of universal history, is constantly distorted by the primacy, in our minds, of the cylindrical projection, the so-called Mercator projection. . . (N. Y. ed., pp. 48-9).

In his interview with F. C. St. Aubyn, Butor revealed one important and precise schema, that for the detailed treatment of the 42 school characters, 31 students and eleven teachers:

In the first part [the novel is divided into three parts] there are seven divisions. In each division three new characters appear, making 21 characters in all who have come on the stage, eleven teachers and ten students. In the second part there will be two new characters who come on the stage in each of the seven divisions, which makes fourteen more students who have entered the novel in the second part. In the third part, in each division there is a new character, a new student, who appears. Consequently there will be seven divisions. Thus we have all the students appearing at least once by the end of the book (French Review, XXXVI, 21).

One quick way of confirming this statement is to turn to the first division of each part, which is very short, less than a page. In Part I, although in fact nine names are called by Vernier from his roll, the significant characters are "I," "you, Pierre [his nephew and namesake, Pierre Eller]," and "your uncle Henri Jouret, on the other side of the wall. . ." (7). At the beginning of Part II, although three other names are briefly mentioned, Philippe Guillaume and Bruno Verger are drawn to our attention for a longer moment (109). At the beginning of Part III, we note the name of Denis Régnier, who has received a lot of attention.
already, but the remark "Bernard de Loups is scratching his auburn hair" constitutes, if memory serves, all the information we are vouchedsafed about this character besides his name and the position of his seat in class (257). In the longer, but fairly short, second division of Part III, which chiefly concerns Michel Daval, an important character among the boys, we eventually find three other boys' names, those of Alain Mouron, Maurice Tangala, and Jacques Estier. Now Mouron is another important character, and Tangala, the Negro in the class, has been dealt with in Part I, but we have not really heard anything of Estier up to now: we find that he "plans to be an engineer" (261).

Behind this schema lies yet another—a more objective one, so to speak—which is once again a timetable, or, rather, two timetables. The first is the schedule that Vernier establishes for himself in order to fit in his class hours, his class preparation, his study of the textbooks used by his colleagues to teach his nephew, his compilation of the notes we are reading, and his private life—if any. More important and vaster is the master schedule of all the class hours and room assignments of all the teachers in the Lycée Taine on all the floors of the building. And behind this looms the whole centrally organized system of secondary education in France, a byword for standardization since the days of Napoleon I. In moving thus from schema to schema, we are following the process which Butor, one remembers, called "enlarging the contexts methodically."

And behind this last schema lies another schema—call it Culture or Education with a capital letter—that is so vast and indefinite as to rejoin the world of myth. In Butor's other novels we could draw a hard and fast boundary line between the schemas and the myths, but in Degrees we can no longer do so. This notion of a culture that can be transmitted to the next generation, of a standardized education that can be imposed upon the individual, is the underlying myth of Degrees. Obviously we are using "myth" in a different sense from that in which we spoke of the myth of Theseus in Passing Time. Nevertheless, as we read passage after passage describing what secondary education actually consists of in the classroom, we feel that we are watching the enactment of inexplicable rites, sanctioned by a body of myth that everybody takes on trust. In the literature courses, much of the material studied is in fact mythical: Homer's Odyssey in Greek; Virgil's Aeneid in Latin; Dante's Divine Comedy in Italian; Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel (expurgated, of course) in French. Occasionally a bewildered boy wonders what the text is all about, but none seems to wonder why the text is being read in the first place. This is what you do in high school in order to graduate—and in France, failure to pass the dreaded
bachot or baccalaureate examination at the end of the lycée course is tantamount to failure in life as a whole, for members of the middle class at any rate.

Often, the factual material transmitted in non-literary courses raises even more baffling questions. Take, for example, the following geography quiz:

1: What is an isotherm?
2: What are the hottest and coldest points of the globe, and why?
3: What is an inversion of temperature? (162)

Vernier sets this; Eller answers the first two questions and gives up on the third after looking at his neighbors’ papers and finding they don’t know the answer either. Neither asks himself why it is deemed necessary for a non-specialist to know the answers to these questions in order to be called a cultured or educated person. Vernier does realize at one point that he has forgotten most of what he learned or was supposed to have learned in tenth grade. Perhaps the real reason why his task overwhelms him is that he fails to grasp the educational process as a meaningful whole. Who could succeed when the process is such a patchwork of examined and unexamined tradition, intelligent innovation, and wrongheaded change for change’s sake? It is just as well that the students resist the process in all the traditional ways: cheating, loafing, swapping stamps or reading science fiction in class, and so on.

Scattered through the text of Degrees we find a large number of quotations from the European literature that is being studied—chiefly by Eller’s class, but also by other classes. Butor himself speaks of the “stylistic color” (texture) that these quotations impart to what might otherwise be too monochromatic a text (Entretiens, 149). Besides the authors already mentioned, there are quotations from Montaigne, Racine, the Duc de Saint-Simon, Montesquieu, Marco Polo, Shakespeare, Coleridge and several more. One cannot help feeling that a James Joyce would have chosen the quotations so craftily that each would be a comment on some event or idea described in the novel. Butor would probably object to such a practice as being too pat, but from time to time his quotations are very apposite. A chapter heading from Rabelais, for instance, “How Gargantua was so disciplined by Ponocrates that he did not waste an Hour of the Day” (203), reminds us keenly of poor Vernier’s self-imposed schedule.

Degrees resembles Passage de Milan more than it does the two intervening novels. Although not all of the later novel takes place in the school building, we do see parallels between the many-storied lycée and the apartment building. In both books, Butor is trying to handle
the relationships of a large number of characters in space and time. In both, the portrayal of individual character is subordinated to the achievement of an overall effect and an overall structure, though the characters in the earlier book are considerably more interesting and more successful in arousing our sympathy. In both books there is still a plot, but the catastrophe, which is inadequately prepared for, completely overshadows the other elements of the plot.

In Degrees Butor has created a doctrinaire example of the *nouveau roman* in which everything else has been subordinated to an essentially arbitrary structure that bears little relation to the rudimentary plot. This structure is, as he has said, a sort of descriptive machine—and furthermore a machine that, like some of Queneau’s novelistic structures and some examples of contemporary sculpture, destroys itself. Butor himself has spoken (Entretiens, 135) of “Cette organisation fixe en train de se détruire, d’exploser dans un livre comme Degrés…” (“This rigid structure in process of destroying itself, of exploding, in a book like Degrees…”). Yet the machine has succeeded in describing in a unique way—though not the only possible one—that immense and growing area of Western Society that we call “Education.”

In all of these four novels we find a determined attempt to adapt form to content. In a number of critical articles and in the series of interviews with Charbonnier, Butor has insisted that new literary techniques make possible the discovery of new subject matter and, conversely, that the discovery of a new subject matter demands the evolution of a new technique to deal with it. Also, his seemingly rigid schemas are instruments of discovery which serve to “provoke inspiration” (Entretiens, 113). It is curious that in the whole course of his interviews with Charbonnier Butor never once makes direct reference to his own use of myth. In a sense, a myth too is a schema, a structure borrowed from the past instead of the present, but it is a less rigid structure than the true schema—open to all sorts of interpretations and containing many ambiguities. The dialectic established between the schemas and the myths, especially in Passing Time, is Butor’s most original contribution to the practice of the novel and provokes some of his most evocative writing.
Jan De Groot

BEJAARDENHUIS

Het huis is jong maar desondanks bejaard.
Het telt tweehonderd monden, open gaten,
waarin de stroom ebt van een doelloos praten,
van hijgend ademen dat soms de dood bedaart.

Op blind spoor aangeland, alleen gelaten,
weerloos gepakt, weerloos bijeengegaard,
veranderd tot een nummer op een kaart
met namen, kwalen, hemd- en schoenenmatten.

Een huis met ladekasten menselijk schroot.
(de liefde stierf al voor de hoek der straten)
een huis vol samen wachten op de dood.
Een huis vol opgezameld, zwijgend haten.

De laatste tand werd in een grijns ontbloot
toen vlammen, rood en geel, hun botten vreten.
Jan De Groot

HOME FOR THE AGED

The Home is new but also worn with age. It feeds two hundred mouths, or open holes wherein the ebbing wave of prattle rolls, wherein the panting fights the final stage.

Blind alley people, driven from the fold, without defense collected and encaged, brought back to be statistics on a page: the name, the sizes, frequency of colds. . . .

A house with cupboards full of human scrap (love died before the corner into old), a house of waiting turns for final taps, a house collecting silent vitriol.

But their hidden molars bared in grinning gaps when orange flames devoured their bones like coal.
Jan De Groot

DE ZWANEN

De zwanen op de vijver zijn gestorven.  
Het water was tot op dre grond bedorven.  
Men vond ze ver uiteen aan d'overkant  
door pijn gejaagd en van elkaar verzworven.

Hun vikingschepen zullen niet meer varen,  
hun tulpenlijf met toegesloten blâren  
zal niet meer doodstil op het water staan  
als zij, de kop omlaag, hun voer vergaren.

De Gemini-capsuul kan mij niets schelen;  
de maan mag rood aanlopen of vergelen,  
maar dat mijn tweeling krimpend is vergaan,  
dat is mijn wond die nimmermeer zal helen.

Mijn zwanen op de vijver zijn gestorven  
door pijn gejaagd ver van elkaar verzworven,  
wanneer zul jij, wanneer zal ik vergaan?  
Al ’t water van de wereld is bedorven.
THE SWANS

The pond is empty. Both the swans have died.  
Each cubic inch of water had been sickened.  
We found them: far apart, on the otherside,  
pursued by pains they had been terrorstricken.

Their vikingvessels shall no longer cruise,  
nor shall their tulipt bodies be misleading:  
be still as death afloat while in the ooze  
the lowered heads are busy with the feeding.

The Gemini-capsule doesn’t break my heart;  
the moon may have a fit in red or yellow—  
but that my twins were tortured, killed, apart,  
that is a wound which shall remain a hollow.

The pond is empty. Both my swans have died.  
And when shall you and I be terrorstricken  
and perish far apart on the otherside?  
The waters of the world have all been sickened.

tr. FREDERICK TAMMINGA
Paul van Ostaijen

WINTER

De witte weg zucht
venster een stil leven
met de twee geraniën
achter de ruit
waar ook leggen tans
mijn ogen

   op de bloemen
   die zij schiepen
   dauw

VALAVOND

Nu is van Kalifornies goud de tijd;
De sterrevende zon vergaart
Haar krachten voor een verre vaart,
De laatste van die dag, ter aardewaart.

Daar heeft de zon een laatste maal
Haar stervensweee gouden praal
Verzameld in een glazen tremportaal.
Paul van Ostaijen

WINTER

The white way sighs
window a still life
with the two geraniums
behind the pane
where also lay now
my eyes
    on the flowers
    they created
    dew

TWILIGHT

Now time is of Californian gold;
The dying sun gathers
Her strength for a far journey,
The last of that day, earthbound.

The sun has there as a last resort
Her fatal death pangs' golden splendor
Collected in a glass tramdoor.
AVOND

Ach, m’n ziel is louter klanken
In dit uur van louter kleuren;
Klanken, die omhoge ranken
In een dolle tuin van geuren.

GEDICHT

Snijd van de struik de seringen
stel de bloemen in een aarden vaas

Zoals de aarden vaas draagt
glad juweel van geworden kennis
van zijn kleien oorsprong de herinnering
sluit gij met het laatste doen van uw handen uw verlangen
in de vereniging van de bloem met de aarden vaas
Paul van Ostaijen

EVENING

O, my soul of pure sound
In this hour of colors' essences;
Sounds, tendrils mound
In a mad garden of fragrance.

POEM

Cut from the bush the lilacs
array the flowers in an earthen vase

Just as the earthen vase carries
smooth jewel of formed knowledge
of its clay origin the memory
you close with the last deed of your hands your longing
in the union of the flower with the earthen vase

tr. E. M. Beekman
Although art in the past has been an act predicated upon its relationship with itself, today it displays a much stronger determination to develop relationships with reality. True enough, form creates form, art springs from art. It is for good reason that all art is rejected as impure and unsuitable which discloses purposes that are not artistic, that are derived from or influenced by considerations other than specifically artistic ones. Thus, if the medium is violated to produce artistic results beyond its innate capacity, then the results must be false or at best ambiguous. Consequently, if the symbol has several meanings in an ordinary context, it also has a number of meanings within a specific discipline. In the latter case, however, the symbol undergoes changes only as a result of the manner in which it was selected and used, considering that it is removed from outside corruption. If such an assumption is justified, it appears logical to admit that the symbol, the word, receives a different meaning in different contexts, suggests one meaning over another, without ever breaking the basic artistic framework. This is equivalent to establishing a linguistic term, which objectifies the relationship between the finite and the infinite: this is one of the possible relationships between the existential and the common world. Thus in communication a convergence of the numerous meanings of the symbol must be achieved in order to avoid misunderstanding and confusion, and its limits should fall within the boundaries of consciousness. In art, this could be compared to the traditional distinction between poetry and non-poetry by emphasizing in each
case the original conception and its accurate expression. The individual symbols as well as their syntactical context are values well before they become patterns. A pattern on the other hand can easily assume a traditional or even innovative external form.

The concept of value on the contrary remains linked to an order of constituent, internal relationships and, since it also refers to an original, dimensional structure, it can extend its meaning indefinitely. A pattern is always dangerous since it invites imitation. A value instead begins to function as soon as it interacts with a given structure, and the very same interaction is capable of producing still other values which are, at the same time, akin. The pattern can only be repeated exactly, or else it loses its value.

Now, to return to our original proposition, it is well to observe that the relationship with reality — as is evidenced by the more established and convincing aspect of contemporary art — is not carried out on a descriptive nor a metaphorical plane, but manifests itself as a structure. It looks to a methodological procedure, and this, in fact, leads to the discovery of intrinsic values. We are convinced that by an organized approach to the essence of things one can discover their characteristic nature, one can capture their fleeting sense of reality, and even though this does produce mere representations of them, these nevertheless will help to throw light upon the basic process and its function within the overall mechanism. Furthermore, since only examples of this process can be given, it is not entirely unfitting that the expression of the aesthetic activity be described as projected sequences: projections which are really given hypotheses designed — according to what set of examples are employed — either to create an image which interacts among multiple objects or to disclose a transcendental function. The nature of a sequence implies method, and method implies ordination, as is encountered in every disciplinary system, be it science, psychology, economics, history or another. It would be absurd, and contrary to history, if art and only art were excluded from those principles that govern the whole existence of the modern spirit which proclaims that it cannot accept any arbitrary action, especially if the action attempts to isolate itself into an attitude of mere anarchistic rebellion. But a definition is needed at this point: one should not confuse the arbitrary with the unexpected, since the unexpected is the immediate result of an experimental exploration. In the case of an arbitrary action, based upon a preconscious plane, what occurs is no more than an accident, however suggestive it might be. The entire modern world tries to achieve through organization and determination a possible objectivity. It seems therefore that even within the frame-
work of artistic activity, it is no longer a matter of a particular and individual view of the world which is preestablished and systematized, in the sense that similar conditions demand techniques of interpretation. Moreover, as in the case of any act that requires interpretation, it can give rise to variations and oppositions that derive from the mental and sentimental constitution of the individual observer. As has long been established, it is certainly true that the collaboration of the receiver is essential to all communication, but his contribution must not superimpose itself upon what is offered to him. Indeed, he must perceive and receive the latter without making additions of a personal nature. To reach that level of consciousness the act of the creative artist can only be an act of participation or, to borrow a term from the theory of communication, an act that decodifies a message. Things then must be looked upon as they are. Obviously, they must not be regarded as the toothpaste tube itself or for itself, which is nothing more than a container to the naked eye — in other words looked upon as a concrete object and its use—, but they must be seen through the abstract aspects of their formal structure which is after all the specific product of the individual act. Therefore, when objects from practical reality are put into action, even if they are distorted, the outcome in no way differs from the approach which proposes an exact transcription of the impressions of tangible reality. A plaster figure or a drawing of human form, even when it is closely portrayed, does little more than simulate the common experience. Therefore, the kinetic nature of gesture, characteristic of a certain mode of expression, in spite of all its possible implications, is removed with far more aesthetic effectiveness and relevance from any extra-contextual associations.

As has been my intention from the start, I wish to indicate that the contemporary artistic activity — especially those directions which seem to me the most far-reaching into the future — seeks to discover, hence to affirm the complex structure of reality. What then is observed has merit only if it reveals a logical order where eventuality and variability interact in order to create a tension rich in inflections and harmonies. And can we find any better example of a system governed by a logical internal order that is always in movement, always in flux, while its substance remains identical, than in nature itself? Nature as it happens is in constant growth; indeed more than anything else it displays progressions from stability to instability, and denies neither because it is an aggregate of inseparable elements which among themselves are relevant and arranged on a synchronic scale to the extent that they cannot be displaced from their order. Thus a new meaning is now given to the classical saying *natura artis magistra*, which is no longer
a more or less exact imitation of appearance, but is now a representa­
tion of a fixed state which has its own laws and which from time to
time regenerates itself. Art belongs to a different realm from nature
but many of their laws are almost identical. They present two uni­
verses, two classes of beauty. Still they have much in common
through these linking relationships and above all through the similarity
of the harmonic totality of each. They are two realities that are akin
in their identities and in their particular capacities to provide the means
of passing from the visual to the conceptual. Hence ars addita naturae.
When Malevic wrote Die gegenstandlose Welt as far back as 1915, he
was aware that the works of a creative artist are new facts which “are
no less important than nature.”

The dispute about the use of nature as a model, the outward ap­
pearance of which is now to be repeated, is an old one and it is irrele­
vant to call up again the arguments in which it was expounded and
debated. It is of greater importance to avoid the consequences provoked
by a merely contemplative view of natural phenomena, which are ex­
tremely superficial, and to seek effective results that spring from a view
that singles out the various formative energies of this natural phe­
nomenon and observes the reason and manner of their interaction within
the body of nature. This method of penetration into the dialectical
reality, never static in the natural world, was fostered and supported
by speculative systems. Concurrently this same method has ascertained
that the secret of nature’s vitality and infinity is to be found in the
molecular and mathematical structures that govern it: a system fully
crowded with orbits and strict order. In 1907, shortly before Princet’s
suggestions made during his conversations with the cubists and one year
before Hermann Minkovski conceived his theory of the fourth dimen­sion,
Henry van de Velde pointed out in his Vom neuen Stil that
psychological problems were being worked “almost by a living and
masterly mathematical method.” But it should be noted that the attri­
bute “mathematical” was understood in a very wide sense. Furthermore,
it is also common knowledge that De Stijl, Vantongerloo as well as
Mondrian considered the mathematical factor to be indispensible not
only in explaining the intimate nature of the phenomenon, but also in
forming the basis for determining an objective aesthetic. From this
comes the establishment of the aesthetic object upon a modular basis
and its orderly disposition in a series of elemental units. In this con­
nection it is interesting to know what Enzo Mari recently has written
to clarify the basis of his works:

All phenomena of nature of any kind, complexity, and di­
mension, beginning with the ones that are directly visible to man
(i.e. its mineral, vegetable and animal phenomena) and ending with the ones that are physically invisible or that are assumed either by postulation or intuition, are always organized according to a series of numerous, equal particles that take concrete form in modular structures which vary gradually, in keeping with very elementary plans until they form new modular units. These last units are in turn restructured, bringing about a change to a greater or lesser degree in the original plan. Thus the progression is, for example, from the sub-atomic particle to the atom, to the molecule, to the cell, to the arteries of leaves, to the branches, to the trees, to the forest. At each of these levels the series of particles tends to follow as closely as possible the most elemental scheme which distinguishes it without ever changing. When, however, two or more different orders of particles by chance intersect, each series varies to a degree necessary to re-establish its initial balance. These variations, which can be 'thematic', are the cause of those small differences between the particles of the same series. Indeed, they are the individuality of the particles.

The plastic works of various Italian artists show an analogous source, although they do not always have quite the same vertical configuration. The most outstanding of these artists are Alviani, Colombo, Castellani, Biasi, Costa, Boriani, Varisco, Massironi, De Alexandris, Morandini, Scheggi, Anceschi, De Vicchi, Dadamanio.

Such an orientation composes no small part of the rationale in creative behavior. The cubist experience, not to mention the futurist, was reached through the use of a controlled process, which obviously had been developed rationally. By a closer study of the history of the phenomenon, one could conclude that a more or less theoretical background (the poetics?) had always been the basis of artistic expression. In the modern era this basis continues to acquire another special value, almost on the strength of having rejected other motives (i.e. psychological, symbolical, emotional, sentimental), replacing them with motives that are cognitive, cognitive, analytical, experimental as well as those of research, structurization, and insular relationships (coibenza relazionale). In 1930 Van Doesburg wrote in the manifesto of concrete art as follows: "A work of art is not created by fingers and nerves. Emotion, sentiment and feeling have contributed to art’s progress toward perfection. . . . The evolution of painting is nothing more than an intellectual search through the light of truth by a trained eye." Van de Velde too, with remarkably sharp intuition, already warned almost sixty years ago that “Sentimentalism characterized the art of the past. This attitude gave value to sentiment in art. Now, however, logic and reason direct the mentality of our age. What the present mentality

40
values in art is founded on the logical and rational use of materials and of media suitable to all arts.” In 1920 Gabo and Pevsner, in their manifesto, spoke of the realism of works constructed “with the precise spirit of a compass” and explained that they were given expression “as a mathematician works out the formulae of the orbits.” A similar observation was to be formed again in the *Holländische Architektur* of Oud, published in Munich in 1926. It points sharply to the new principles that inspire art also in the light of what they have taken from the knowledge of science: “The demands of numbers and of measurement, of purity and of order, of regularity and of interaction, of perfection and accomplishment are all intrinsic qualities of the very organs of modern life, technical knowledge, of business, of hygiene; indeed they are qualities inherent in our social structure, in our economic condition and in our means of mass production, of all this cubism was the particular forerunner.” And the step forward is quite meaningful because, even coming from an architect and perhaps for that reason, it sums up the fundamental points upon which modern plastic art is based. This is also true for the implications of the source of the new way of life and of the epistemological connotations, apart from their historical origins. Moreover, Van de Velde was already certain that “all that makes up modern life contributes to establishing a new rhythm and a new harmony” and that the most intimate essence in all things is, in fact, their rhythm. The formulation of aesthetic communications occurs therefore in the more noteworthy efforts of today’s artists, the ones, let it be understood, who belong to the “new tendency” or to “programmed art.” This rests upon a scientific basis or it takes place by adopting all the aids offered by theoretical speculation and by the use of technology, precisely because “art, like science and technology, is a matter of organizing life in general” as stated in *De Stijl*, and precisely because, according to the 1924 prediction of Vantongerloo in *L’art et son avenir*, “the moment is not far off when art and science will form a homogeneous union.” In this respect the aesthetic activity is a constant search which, at the very moment it is about to discover a certain fixed reality (which is therefore valid beyond any existential circumstances), envisions the widest range of media taken from everyday life as an inherent value. This is to be understood in the sense of wishing to create a global environment that can exist on an aesthetic level, as indeed the MID group in Milan is trying to do more explicitly than others. In fact, the efforts that they have exhibited up to now are notable for being among the most responsible and best qualified in such a wide range of possible uses. They are highly regarded as examples of serious teamwork and research.
Experimentalism, research, systemization and rationality are all terms that cast suspicion upon the peevish arrogance of persons with supposedly good sense. But, as is well known, intellectual shortsightedness is too widespread and insufficiently corrected to distrust it as readily as, e.g., when a fault is proclaimed a virtue. As far back as 1917 Oud proclaimed in De Stijl that the machine was more precise than the hand. Of what importance is it that precision, accuracy are achieved by means of one instrument rather than another? What indisputable and already demonstrable law requires us to accept such high authority? Important is the active principle which produces a certain result, the force which connects the past and the future so that the present becomes only a transitory stage between one and the other. In this processsearch the contemporary aesthetic experience manifests itself in its correspondences to an organic reality which is capable of giving man an environment of interacting aesthetic essences.

tr. Giovanni Previtali-Morrow
FOUR CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

JEAN DUBUFFET

SEYMOUR LIPTON

I. RICE PEREIRA

GEORGE TOOKER
"Papa Loustic" (November 1967)

Material: Vinyl base paints on lacquer-coated styrofoam
Height: 130 centimeters
Width: 54 centimeters

Jean Dubuffet
Tasse de thé V (January 1966)
Material: Vinyl on tile
Jean Dubuffet
“Scroll” (1959)
Nickel-Silver on Monel Metal
43 inches long

*Seymour Lipton*
Photography by Geoffrey Clements

“Gateway” (1964)
Bronze on Monel Metal
76 inches high

Seymour Lipton
"The Primordial Blaze of the Absolute" (1961)
56 inches by 50 inches

I. Rice Pereira

48
"The Wind Stood Still" (1961)
56 inches by 50 inches

I. Rice Pereira
"Window No. 1"

From the Walker Art Center Collection

George Tooker
"Guitar"
From the collection of Mr. Oliver Jennings

George Tooker
DAS BILD DES SISYPHOS

FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMATT

THE PICTURE OF SISYPHUS

FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMASS

Chance had led me that winter to a village in French Switzerland, but the lonely period I spent there has remained in my memory only in a dreamlike fashion. To be sure, I clearly see the undulating white hills, but the few cottages have contracted into a ghostly nest of stairs, corridors and unfriendly rooms, through which I hurry agitatedly to and fro. Only one experience out of those lost weeks has remained in my mind, rather as a lurid patch of colour remains for a long time before our eyes after we have unexpectedly looked at the sun. At the time I looked out from a winding staircase, that vanished somewhere in the darkness, through a window half frosted over in a brilliantly lit room where everything that happened was distinct but entirely soundless. Thus every detail stuck in my mind, and I could state the colours of the clothes which the children were wearing at the time; in particular I remember the fiery-red, gold-embroidered jacket of a fair-haired girl. On a round table the children built a large house of cards, and it was curious to observe their extremely cautious movements. But then, when it was finished, they began to destroy the building. They did not destroy it with a violent movement, however, as I had expected, but by taking one card carefully away from the next until, after a great effort, exactly equal to the labour of building it, the house of cards had disappeared. This strange incident reminded me of the downfall of a man who had lived long before. As I looked out from my place of concealment at the
dem Verborgenen nach den Kindern sah, war es, als ob hinter dem
ruhigen Bilde, das sich mir in der Stube darbot, ein zweites hervor-leuchten würde, dunkler und seltsamer als das erste, aber doch mit ihm verwandt, verschwommen zuerst, dann immer deutlicher, und wie ein Verstorbener durch geheimnisvolle Handlung beschworen wird, trat jener Unglückliche in mein Bewusstsein, an den zu denken ich so lange nicht gewagt hatte, durch das Spiel der Kinder hervorgerufen, aber nicht schreckhaft, sondern durch das Zwielicht der Erinnerung gedämpft, mit scharfen Umrissen jedoch, denn sein Wesen war mir auf einmal im Bilde offenbar. Wie der hereinbrechende Tag uns bisweilen zuerst die Linien des Horizontes, dann aber die einzelnen Dinge enthüllt, tauchten die verschiedenen Züge dieses Menschen in mir auf. Auch wurden die dunklen Vermutungen in mir wach, die sich um seine Person gebildet hatten. So entsinne ich mich, dass mich damals die auf dem Tische liegenden Karten an das Gerücht gemahnten, das ihm eine geheime Leidenschaft zum Spiel nachsagte. Ich pflegte dies lange für eine Legende anzusehen, die sich um den absonderlichen Menschen gewoben hatte, wie vieles andere auch, ohne von der entsetzlichen Ironie zu ahnen, die ihn bestimmte. Mich hatte damals der Umstand getäuscht, dass er sich mit Dingen umgab, die nicht dem Augenblick unterworfen waren, doch hätten mich seine Worte warnen müssen, denn er liebte oft zu sagen, er verstehe mehr von der Kunst als wir alle, weil er dem Augenblick verfallen sei und sie darum so ruhig betrachten könne wie wir die Sterne. Dann scheint es mir heute wesentlich, dass mir selbst sein Name entfallen ist, doch glaube ich mich zu erinnern, dass ihn die Studenten den "Rotmantel" nannten. Wie er zu diesem Namen gekommen sein mochte, wenn er ihn je führte, ist mir verschwunden, doch mag seine Vorliebe für die rote Farbe eine gewisse Rolle gespielt haben.

Wie es jedoch bei Menschen oft der Fall ist, die eine grosse Macht über andere besitzen, lag auch der seinen ein verstecktes Verbrechen zugrunde, dem er sein riesiges Vermögen verdankte, über das wir märchenhafte Dinge hörten. Solche Verbrechen werden selten aus eigener Schlechtigkeit heraus begangen, sie sind ein notwendiges Werkzeug dieser Menschen, mit deren Hilfe sie in die Gesellschaft einbrechen, die sich ihnen verschliesst.

Das Verbrechen des "Rotmantels" aber war seltsam, wie alles, was er unternahm, und auch die Art seltsam, wie er daran zugrunde ging, doch kann ich hier nicht verschweigen, dass es mir schwer fällt, die äusseren Ereignisse in meinem Geiste lückenlos herzustellen, die zu seinem Untergang führten. Es mag dies im Wesen der Erinnerung liegen, die uns Dinge, die wir in der Zeit erlebt haben, nun von aussen und zeitlos
children, it was as though behind the tranquil picture presented by the room a second shone out, darker and stranger than the first and yet linked with it, blurred at first, then more and more distinct; and like a dead man conjured up by some mysterious rite, that unhappy man came into my consciousness of whom I had for so long not dared to think, called forth by the children's game, not terrifying, however, but softened by the twilight of memory, yet with sharp outlines, for his essential nature was suddenly revealed to me by the scene. As the dawning day sometimes reveals to us first the lines of the horizon and then individual objects, so the various traits of this man rose to the surface of my mind.

The dark conjectures that had formed around his person also returned to me. Thus I remember that the cards lying on the table reminded me of the rumour crediting him with a secret passion for gambling. For a long time I regarded this as a legend that had sprung up around this strange man, like many others, unaware of the ghastly irony that lay behind it. I was deceived at the time by the fact that he surrounded himself with things which were not subservient to the moment; but I should have been warned by his words, for he was in the habit of stating frequently that he understood more about art than any of us, because he was addicted to the moment and therefore could contemplate it as calmly as we contemplated the stars. Also it seems to me important today that I myself have forgotten his name, but I think I remember that the students used to call him "Red Cloak." How he acquired this name, if he ever bore it, has slipped my mind; but his predilection for the colour red may have had something to do with it.

As is often the case, however, with people who possess great power over others, his power too was based upon a hidden crime to which he owed his vast fortune, about which we heard fabulous things. Such crimes are rarely committed out of the individual's own wickedness; they are a necessary tool in the hands of these people, who with their aid break into society that has shut its doors against them.

But Red Cloak's crime was singular, like everything he undertook, and so was the manner in which he perished of it; but I cannot conceal here that I find it difficult to re-establish in my mind, free from gaps, the outer events that led to his downfall. This may be due to the nature of memory, which presents to our eyes as though from outside and timeless things that we have experienced within time, so that we are seized by a feeling of uncertainty, since we sense a mysterious dis-

crepancy between our recollection and what really happened. Also we never remember all the episodes of an action with equal clarity; some hide in impenetrable darkness, others shine out with extreme distinctness; hence we too often make mistakes regarding the chronological order of individual events through arranging them according to the degree of lucidity and thus inadvertently deviating from reality. Thus the night on which I first felt the force of the maelstrom that was to drag Red Cloak into the abyss also appears to me in a ghostly light.

We were gathered one evening towards the end of autumn in the house of one of the wealthiest and unhappiest men of our town, who only a few years ago died in the bitterest poverty. I can clearly see myself going with the doctor who tended me at that time during my long illness into a small side room with a strange vaulted ceiling, whose walls muted the sounds of the festivities into a mysterious music. It also seems to me as though we had had a very involved conversation in keeping with the nature of my interlocutor, in which I sought to refute some objection that he kept on raising in the form of a remarkable assertion which now escapes me. It was a tiring dialogue that moved in a hopeless circle. We fell silent only when we caught sight of a picture in a heavy frame hanging on the wall, on which on a small area of paint I saw the name of the Dutchman Hieronymus Bosch. We looked with great astonishment at the little picture, which was painted on wood and depicted hell with its most horrible and mysterious torments, disturbed by the curious way in which the colour red was distributed in its composition. I felt as though I were gazing into a blazing sea of fire, whose flames formed countless and ever new shapes, and it was only after some time that I began to trace the laws underlying the picture. Above all I was horrified to find that my eyes, guided by devices employed by the enigmatic painter, kept returning to a naked man who, almost concealed by the countless multitude of the tormented, was rolling an enormous stone up a hill that towered menacingly right in the background out of a sea of dark-red blood. This could only represent Sisyphus, who is credited by tradition with being the most cunning of mortals. I recognized that here was concealed the picture's focal point, round which everything else revolved as though round a sun. At the same time, however, there arose in me the feeling that the old master's painting portrayed the fate of Red Cloak, as though in hieroglyphics, which at the time I should not have been able to decipher. It is possible that the masses of red colour in the picture aroused this suspicion, which was intensified to absolute certainty when Red Cloak entered the room.
gebe das Schicksal des "Rotmantels" wieder, in einer Bilderschrift gleichsam, ohne dass ich sie damals aber hätte entziffern können. Es ist möglich, dass die roten Farbmassen des Bildes diesen Verdacht erweckten, der sich zur vollen Gewissheit steigerte, als der "Rotmantel" das Gemach mit dem Gastgeber, einem Bankier, betrat. Sie kamen, ohne zu sprechen, nicht in Masken, wie die meisten, sondern in Abendkleidern, mit der vollendeten Gelassenheit zweier Weltmänner, aber ihre Augen blickten starr. Ich erkannte, dass sich zwischen beiden etwas Entsetzliches vollzogen hatte, das sie zu Todesfeinden machen musste und durch einen mir unbekannten Grund mit dem Bilde verknüpft war.


Der Rest des Gesprächs ist mir wie ein schwerer Traum entschwunden, auch weiss ich nicht mehr, wie wir uns trennten; vom Feste, das bis zum späten Morgen dauerte, sind mir nur einige koboldsartige Masken in Schwarz und leuchtendem Gelb erinnerlich, die damals von Tänzerinnen getragen wurden.

Dann war es der Arzt, mit dem ich meiner Wohnung zu ging, lange vor Ende des Festes, durch meine Krankheit zu frühem Aufbruch genötigt, durch den dichten Nebel hindurch, der manchmal weiss aufleuchtete; auch wurden die räumlichen Verhältnisse zerstört, und wir bewegten uns wie in einem Keller, in den wir heimlich gedrungen waren. Das Gefühl der unmittelbaren Gefahr wurde dadurch verstärkt, dass vor uns ständig der Umriss eines Mannes zu sehen war, den wir hartnäckig einzuholen versuchten, da wir in ihm den "Rotmantel" vermuteten, für den der Arzt seit langem ein immer wachsendes Interesse zeigte. Unser Unternehmen scheiterte aber regelmässig daran,
with our host, a banker. They came in without speaking, not wearing
masks, like most of the guests, but in evening dress, with the complete
nonchalance of two men of the world; but their eyes were staring
fixedly. I realized that something horrifying had happened between the
two of them, something which rendered them deadly enemies and
which, for some reason unknown to me, was connected with the picture.

All this lasted only an instant, however. The banker walked back
with the doctor into the reception room, and Red Cloak involved me in
a strange and dark conversation about Sisyphus that opened up more
and more menacing regions, into which the mind penetrates only un-
willingly. Also it seemed to me that glowing beneath his words was that
fanaticism which we find in people who are determined to sacrifice the
world to their idea. Although only parts of our conversation remained
in my memory, I do remember being convinced at the time by his
words that a violent and singular love impelled him towards this picture,
from which he never once took his eyes throughout our conversation.
I have only a vague recollection of mysterious parallels which he hinted
at between the torment of Sisyphus and the nature of hell. Then he
spoke scornfully of the irony inherent in the torments of hell, which as
it were parodied the guilt of the damned, so that in a horrible way his
torment was doubled.

The rest of the conversation has vanished from my mind like a
bad dream, nor do I remember how we parted. From the festivities,
which lasted till late in the morning, nothing remains in my memory
but a few kobold-like masks in black and brilliant yellow worn at that
time by women dancers.

Then I recall walking home with the doctor, long before the end
of the festivities, compelled by my illness to leave early, through the
thick mist that at times glowed whitely. Distances were distorted and
we moved as though in a cellar into which we had surreptitiously
penetrated. The feeling of imminent danger was intensified by the
fact that we could constantly see in front of us the outlines of a man
whom we stubbornly tried to overtake, because we surmised that it
was Red Cloak, in whom the doctor had for a long time shown an ever-
growing interest. Our attempts were regularly frustrated by the fact
that the figure behaved differently from what at each moment we ex-
pected, so that we were always in an eerie way deceived. As we walked
dass sich die Gestalt anders verhielt, als wir in jedem Moment erwarteten, so dass wir immer auf eine unheimliche Weise getäuscht wurden. Indem wir so weitergingen und ängstlich nach dem Voranschreitenden spalthen, der uns bald fast entschwunden, dann aber plötzlich wieder greifbar nahe war, begann der Arzt sehr leise vom "Rotmantel" zu berichten, wie einer, der fürchtet, gehört zu werden. Die hauptsächlichsten Punkte seiner Darstellung entwickelten sich aus dem Umstand, dass der "Rotmantel" mehrere Male versucht hatte, das Bild in seinen Besitz zu bringen, wie der Arzt erfahren hatte, aber stets am Bankier gescheitert war, der die grössten Angebote von sich gewiesen hatte. Daran knüpfte der Arzt eine Vermutung, die er zuerst nicht näher begründete, indem er ausführte, der "Rotmantel" werde zu jedem Mittel greifen und auch nicht vor einem Verbrechen zurückzuschrecken, das Bild des Sisyphos zu gewinnen. Ich suchte ihn zu beruhigen und erinnere mich, eine gewisse Verärgerung darüber empfunden zu haben, dass jedes Gespräch mit dem Arzt die gleiche Wendung ins Ungewisse nahm, da er nie auf reale Gegenstände hinwies, sondern stets in dunklen Vermutungen und Ahnungen wie auf Schleichwegen sich erging. Der Arzt, an den ich noch mit grösster Dankbarkeit zurückdenke, war im Besitze einer virtuosen Fähigkeit, das Fragwürdige jeder Erscheinung aufzudecken, und er liebte es, die Dinge nur dann zu zeigen, wenn sie sich vor dem Abgrund bewegten. So entwaffnete er mich vor allem mit dem Argument, der "Rotmantel" sei vor Jahren schon einmal im Besitze des Bildes gewesen, und er habe dieses für eine riesige Summe verkauft, nachdem er es bei einem Trödler für einige Geldstücke erworben habe, auch seien Gründe vorhanden, die dafür zu sprechen schienen, dass er vorher sehr arm gewesen sein müsse. Bevor ich mich in meine Wohnung zurückzog, bemerkte der Arzt, der mich bis zu meinem Haus begleitet hatte, mit einem Lachen, das mir heute mehr und mehr höhnisch erscheint, ich dürfe ein Gerücht nicht übersehen, das Anspruch darauf habe, einiges Licht in die dunkle Vergangenheit des "Rotmantels" zu werfen. Es werde behauptet, dieser sei in seiner Jugend ein Kunstmaler von nicht unbedeutendem Talent gewesen, und es dürfte nicht ausgeschlossen sein, dass der Gewinn, den er mit dem alten Bild erzielt habe, für ihn der Grund gewesen sei, die Kunst zu verlassen, es seien gewisse Anzeichen vorhanden, die eine solche Auffassung bestätigten.

So endete dieses Gespräch mit düsteren Vorzeichen, um so mehr, als eine ernstere Wendung der Krankheit mich längere Zeit auf mein Zimmer verwies. Ich schreibe es daher meiner damaligen streng abgeschlossenen Lebensweise zu, dass mir der grausame Kampf so lange ver-
on like this, anxiously peering after the man in front of us — who at one moment almost disappeared from view and then again was suddenly near enough to touch — the doctor began to speak of Red Cloak in a low voice, like someone who fears to be overheard. The main points of his statement developed out of the fact that Red Cloak, as the doctor had heard, had several times tried to gain possession of the picture, but had always been thwarted by the banker, who had refused the biggest offers. To this the doctor added a conjecture, for which at first he gave no reasons, that Red Cloak would now employ any means, and would not shrink from committing a crime, in order to acquire the picture of Sisyphus. I tried to pacify him and I remember having felt a certain anger that every conversation with the doctor took the same turn into the vague and obscure, because he never referred to real facts but indulged in dark surmises and premonitions as though treading secret paths. The doctor, upon whom I still look back with the greatest gratitude, was a virtuoso in discovering the dubious element in every phenomenon, and he liked to draw attention to things only when they were poised on the edge of an abyss. Thus he disarmed me above all with the argument that years ago Red Cloak had already been in possession of the picture once, and that he had sold it for a vast sum, after buying it for a few coins from a second-hand dealer; there were also reasons for believing that prior to this he must have been very poor. Before I retired into my house, the doctor, who had accompanied me to my front door, remarked with a laugh which today seems to me more and more mocking, that I must not overlook a rumour which claimed to throw some light on Red Cloak’s dark past. People asserted that in his youth the latter had been a painter of not inconsiderable talent, and it was not impossible that the profit which he had made on the old picture had been his reason for giving up art; there was some evidence to support this supposition.

Thus this conversation ended with sombre forebodings; all the more so, since the serious turn taken by my illness confined me for a longish period to my room. I therefore ascribe to my strictly secluded life at the time the fact that I remained for so long ignorant of the cruel struggle for possession of the picture fought between Red Cloak, who had just celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and the banker. Moreover, the doctor kept silent for a long while in order to avoid upsetting me.
borgen blieb, der sich zwischen dem “Rotmantel”, der damals sein sechzigstes Lebensjahr erreicht hatte, und dem Bankier um den Besitz des Bildes abzuspielen begann. Auch schwieg der Arzt lange, mit der Absicht, mich nicht zu beunruhigen.

Es war ein Kampf zweier Gegner, die es lieben, im Verborgenen zu handeln, wo jede Willkür herrscht. Es war ein langes und vorsichtiges Ringen, phantastisch nur, weil es um den Besitz eines Bildes ging, in welchem mit den feinsten und verstecktesten Waffen gekämpft wurde, wo jeder Angriff und jeder Rückzug mit einer unendlichen Überlegung ausgeführt werden musste, und jeder Schritt das Verderben bringen konnte, ein Kampf, der sich in Kontoren abspielen mochte, die in ewigem Zwielicht lagen, in den Vorzimmern der Departemente und schlechtgeheizten Bureaux, in Räumen, in denen man nur zu flüstern wagt, dort, wo sich jene Dinge abspielen, von denen wir nur hin und wieder unsichere Kunde erhalten, wie von allen Vorgängen, die unter der Oberfläche entschieden werden und die kaum das Antlitz jener bewegen, die an ihnen am tödlichsten beteiligt sind. Auch waren sie ebenbürtige Gegner, soweit wir die äusserste Entschlossenheit in Betracht ziehen, welche die Voraussetzung für die Form dieses Kampfes bildet, doch hatte der “Rotmantel” den Vorteil des ersten Zuges, der unter solchen Konstellationen oft entscheidend zu sein pflegt. Auch fiel ihm in diesem gespenstischen Duell die Rolle des Angreifers zu, der Bankier hingegen sah sich stets in die Verteidigung gedrängt, auch dadurch im Nachteil, dass die Triebfeder seines Handelns in seiner Eitelkeit lag, die ihm verbot, vom Bild zu lassen und sich so zu retten, des “Rotmantels” dämonische Gier nach dem Bilde aber entsprang einer dunklen Macht, die ihre Wurzel im Bösen selber hatte und daher mit ungebrochener Kraft zu handeln fähig war. So zog sich dieser Zwei­kampf eines Grossindustriellen mit einer Grossbank, der immer weitere Truste gegeneinanderhetzte und schliesslich eine Wirtschaftskatastrophe nach sich zog, viele Jahre hindurch, gleich einer schleichenden Krank­heit, die zum Tode führte, und lange blieb der Sieg ungewiss. Langsam aber brach das riesige Kapital des Bankiers zusammen, denn der “Rotmantel” ging wie jene Schachspieler vor, welche die grössten Verluste nicht scheuen, wenn sie dadurch in der Lage sind, einen winzigen Vorteil zu erreichen, und indem er sein ganzes Vermögen opferte, gelang es ihm, dasjenige des Bankiers zu vernichten und das Bild in seine Gewalt zu bringen.

Was er nun für Gründe gehabt hatte, sich an mich zu wenden, wage ich nicht zu vermuten, doch kann ich nicht sagen, dass mir seine Einla-
It was a struggle between two opponents who liked to operate in secret, in realms where arbitrary power prevailed. It was a long and cautious fight, fantastic only because it was for possession of a picture, in which the most subtle and hidden weapons were employed, where every attack and every retreat had to be carried out after endless reflection and every step might bring ruin, a fight that was fought in counting-houses that lay in eternal twilight, in the anterooms of departments and poorly heated offices, in rooms in which people only dare to whisper, where those things take place of which we only occasionally receive vague news, as of all processes which are decided beneath the surface and scarcely move the faces of those who are most mortally involved in them. Also they were equally matched opponents, in respect of the extreme resolution that determined the shape taken by the struggle; but Red Cloak had the advantage of the first move, which under such circumstances often proves decisive. Furthermore, in this ghostly duel, he played the part of the attacker, whereas the banker found himself constantly forced onto the defensive. The latter suffered the added disadvantage that the motive force of his actions lay in his vanity, which forbade him to relinquish the picture and thus save himself. Red Cloak's demonic greed for the picture, on the other hand, sprang from a dark power that had its roots in evil itself and hence was capable of acting with unbroken vigour. Thus this duel between a great industrialist and a great banker, which continually roused more and more trusts against one another and finally led to an economic disaster, went on for many years, like a creeping sickness that is bound to end in death, and for a long time victory remained in the balance. Slowly, however, the banker's vast capital collapsed, for Red Cloak proceeded like those chess players who do not shrink from the greatest losses if they are thereby placed in a position to gain a tiny advantage, and by sacrificing his whole fortune he finally succeeded in destroying the banker's and getting the picture into his power.

What reasons he had for turning to me I dare not surmise, but I cannot say that his invitation came as a surprise to me; I accepted it rather as something inevitable.
dung unerwartet kam, ich nahm sie vielmehr wie etwas Unabänderliches hin.

It was one of the last walks I went for in our town, shortly before
I had to leave it (under circumstances which I shall recount later). I
had walked down long streets on the outskirts, through the workers’
quarters, which appeared to me like curiously jagged primeval land­
sapes, with deep ravines and geometrical shadows that lay sharply out­
lined on the expanses of asphalt. It was late at night; only a few
drunkards were staggering about, bellowing wild songs, and somewhere
there was a brawl with the police. Then I reached his house, down by
the river, surrounded by riverside bushes, allotments and in a wide,
rising semi-circle by blocks of flats, a long building with various roofs,
consisting of what had originally been four houses of unequal height
that had been joined together and had their separating walls demolished.
Its windows were gleaming in the moonlight. The main door was open,
which disquieted me all the more because in order to reach it I had to
climb over heaps of potted plants that had been knocked over; but once
inside I did not at first find the disorder I had expected. I strode through
huge rooms lit only by the moon, which flickered in through the
window panes, I dimly perceived on the wall pictures of inestimable
value and smelt the scent of rare flowers; but everywhere I saw through
the silver dusk the tickets of the bailiffs, which were stuck to every
object. I also apprehended, as I groped my way forward — the electric
current had been cut off, for I tried several times in vain to switch on
the lights — the nature of the labyrinth that conceals in its entrails the
moment of the greatest horror, which is conjured up by gradual, regular
intensification of fear and then occurs when, immediately after a sudden
bend in a corridor, we come upon the shaggy Minotaur. Soon, however,
it became more difficult to proceed. I had entered parts of the building
that had only small, barred windows situated high up in the wall;
furthermore, here the carpets had been rolled up and the furniture
displaced. Hence, in this growing disorder, I soon lost all sense of direc­
tion. It seemed to me as though I had several times come back to the
same room. I began to draw attention to myself by shouting, but no one
answered, only once it seemed to me as though I heard a laugh in the
distance. At last I found the way, after mounting a spiral staircase. I
entered a kind of loft like a large barn with a plaster floor, as far as I
remember, with beams going in all directions supporting the roof; the
floor was on various levels and the different sections were linked by fixed
iron ladders. Here too the owner of the house had had everything ex­
quisitely furnished and by skilfull arrangements had made the place
habitable, although the purpose of such a loft was not clear. From the
background, against a fire-proof wall, a red glow flickered across to me.
I climbed laboriously up various ladders and down others. There were
no windows to be seen anywhere, so that apart from the open fire there
was no light; but the ladder was behaving irregularly, at one moment
it flared up so strongly that all the objects in the loft came clearly into
view, the posts, beams, furniture, and wild shadow figures danced over
the walls and over the roof, which one could see from inside, at another
it almost went out, so that I found myself in deep darkness on one of
the floors or on one of the ladders somewhere within the obscurity of
the room. I drew closer and closer to the firelight. After I had climbed over
a jumbled heap of fallen bookcases and thick tombs, I reached the fire­
place. Beside it sat a wizened old man in torn, dirty clothes that were
far too big for him, unshaven, a tramp, as it seemed, his bare skull lit
by the flames, a horror-inspiring apparition in which I only gradually
recognized Red Cloak. On his knees he held the Dutchman’s picture, at
which he stared unmoving and to whose frame a ticket was also stuck.
I greeted
him
and after a long while he looked up. At first he seemed not
to recognize me; I wondered whether he was drunk, because there were
a number of empty bottles lying about on the floor. At last he began to
speak, in a hoarse voice, but I have forgotten what he first spoke about.
They may have been scornful words which he stammered, words that
proclaimed his downfall, the loss of his estates, his factories and his
trust, or the necessity of leaving his house and our town. But what fol­
lowed, I first fully understood as I watched the children in the room
build their house of cards and then equally laboriously destroy it again.
He slapped his right thigh impatiently with his skinny old hand.
“Here I sit in the filthy clothes of my youth,” he suddenly cried furious­
ly. “In the clothes of my poverty. I hate these clothes and this poverty,
I hate the filth, I left it and now I have sunk back again into this
sticky morass,” and he hurled a bottle at me, which, because I ducked,
smashed to pieces in the depths somewhere behind me. He grew calmer
and looked at me with strange, piercing eyes. “Can one make something
out of nothing?” he asked intently, to which I shook my head distrust­
fully. He nodded sadly. “You’re right, fellow,” he said. “You’re right.”
And he tore the picture out of its frame and flung it into the fire. “What
are you doing?” I shouted in horror and jumped to pull the picture out
of the fire. “You’re burning the Bosch.” But he pushed me back with
such strength as I should not have thought the old man possessed. “The picture isn’t genuine,” he laughed. “You should know that. The Doctor knew that long ago, he always knows everything long ago.” The fire flared up dangerously and poured its flickering, dark-red light over us. “You forged it yourself,” I said in a low voice. “That’s why you wanted it back.” He looked at me threateningly. “In order to make something out of nothing,” he said. “With the money which I got for this picture, I made my fortune; it was a fine fortune, a proud fortune, and if this picture had come back into my possession I should have created something out of nothing. Oh, an exact calculation in this wretched world.” Then he stared into the fire again, sat there in his torn, filthy clothes, senselessly as poor as in the old days, a gray beggar, motionless, burnt out. “From nothing something,” he whispered, again and again, in an undertone, scarcely moving his pallid lips, ceaselessly, like the ticking of a ghostly clock: “From nothing something. From nothing something.” I turned sadly away from him, groped my way back through the distrained house and as I stepped out into the street took no notice of the fact that people were suddenly hurrying towards the house from all sides with wide-open eyes filled with horror, eyes that I felt I was gazing into for the first time as the frost drew together over the window-pane through which, years later, I had been looking at the children, at their cards and hands on the round table, so that only the window-frame floated before me in the dusk, motionlessly enclosing an empty space.

tr. Michael Bullock
Piero Bigongiari

CANICOLA

Viviamo sulla tua memoria come
su una nebbia che forse non dirada,
ti è a fianco un vuoto colmo di città,
di fari lenti, stillicidio d’occhi
intenti a distinguerti, ad estinguerti,
e la mano ora tocca una contrada
magnetica frugando verso il viso
che a tratti sbocca contro siepi azzurre
o lungo le polverulente strade
di questa dura estate che imperversa;
l’ago versa ogni orizzonte, ogni lato;
come una risacca il tuo corpo va
e viene, verso tutte le promesse
che non puo mantenere.

Non saprai
mantenere troppo oltre le parole,
tu sei come un odore di viole
sulla pietra, e nel cuore non affonda
che il tuo ultimo errore a consolarlo,
le tue forze ruotanti intorno a un tarlo
tempestano in un vitreo orizzonte immune.
We live remembering you as if
on a cloud that perhaps will never clear,
in a great emptiness of city,
of dull lampposts, searching eyes
intent on distinguishing and extinguishing you,
and the hand now touches a magnetic
road rummaging toward the face
that now and then breaks out against blue hedges
or along the dusty roads
of this cruel raging summer;
the needle points toward all horizons, all sides;
like an ebbing wave, your body comes
and goes, toward all promises
it cannot keep.

You cannot hold out
much longer beyond words,
you are like violet scent
over stone, and in your heart, only your last
error sinks deep to console it;
your strength whirling round a maggot
storms an immune glass horizon.
La sigaretta nutre ancora un poco
l'ignoto presupposto dei pensieri,
quando andarsene era solo un gioco.
Ma ora te ne vai
senza distanza come questo verde
che rinverdisce su altro verde, e perde
per sempre. Sei un colore che fiorisce
e sfiorisce, la vita che non esce
dalla terra. Non so se solo sei
il mio dolore, oppure se con te
qualcosa che ti perde hai portato.

Ma non credere alla fonda luce
dei vicoli del Cairo, tra i minareti
dove con la mano screziata camminerai,
pei tanti segreti, stringendola disperata.
The cigarette still holds
the mind's blind notion
that leaving was only a game.
But now you leave
without distance like this green
growing greener on other greens, forever
at a loss. You are a color that blooms
and withers, a life that does not rise
from the earth. I don't know if you are only
my grief, or if you bring
something that fails in you.

But do not believe in the deep light
of Cairo's narrow streets, amid the minarets
and the many labyrinths through which you will walk
desperately clutching your bruised hand.

tr. Dora Pettinella
Mario Luzi

LAS ANIMAS*

Fuoco dovunque, fuoco mite di sterpi, fuoco sui muri dove fiotta un'ombra fievole che non ha forza di stamparsi, fuoco più oltre che a gugliate sale e scende il colle per la sua tesa di cenere, fuoco a fiocchi dai rami, dalle pergole.

Qui né prima né poi nel tempo giusto ora che tutt'intorno la vallata festosa e triste perde vita, perde fuoco, mi volgo, numero i miei morti e la teoria pare più lunga, freme di foglia in foglia fino al primo ceppo.

Da' loro pace, pace eterna, portali in salvo, via da questo mulinare di cenere e di fiamme che s'accalca strozzato nelle gole, si disperde nelle viottole, vola incerto, spare; fa' che la morte sia morte, non altro da morte, senza lotta, senza vita. Da' loro pace, pace eterna, placali.

Laggiù dov'è più fitta la falcidia arano, spingono tini alle fonti, parlottano nei quieti mutamenti da ora a ora. Il cucciolo s'allunga nell'orto presso l'angolo, s'appisola.

---

*Cosi, mi dice Jorge Guillén, chiamano in Spagna il giorno dei morti.*
Mario Luzi

LAS ANIMAS*

Fire everywhere, the gentle fire of brushwood, fire on the walls where a feeble shadow flaming hasn't the strength to imprint itself; fire rises even beyond the pinnacles and sinks to the hill across a length of ashes, fire in flakes from the branches and trellises.

Here not before not later but at the proper time, now that everything about the festive and sad valley loses life and fire, I turn round; I count my dead, the procession seems longer, trembles from leaf to leaf as far as the first stump.

Give them peace, eternal peace, carry them to safety away from the ashes and flames of this whirlwind that presses strangulated in the ravines, is lost on trails, flies uncertainly, vanishes, makes death what it is, no more an end, struggle done with and lifeless. Give them peace, eternal peace, quiet them.

Down there where the cutting is thicker they plow, push vats to the springs, whisper during the stilled mutations from hour to hour. In a corner of the garden a puppy stretches himself and dozes.

* Note: Jorge Guillén told me that in Spain the day of the dead is called Las animas.
Un fuoco così mite basta appena,
se basta, a rischiarare finché duri
questa vita di sottobosco. Un altro,
solo un altro potrebbe fare il resto
e il più: consumare quelle spoglie,
mutarle in luce chiara, incorruttibile.

Requie dai morti per i vivi, requie
di vivi e morti in una fiamma. Attizzala:
la notte è qui, la notte si propaga,
tende tra i monti il suo vibrio di ragna,
presto l’occhio non serve più, rimane
la conoscenza per ardore o il buio.
A fire so gentle is hardly enough,
if enough to illuminate as long as
this undergrowth under life may last. Another,
only another could do the rest
and more; to consume these spoils,
to change them to light, clear and incorruptible.

Requiem from the dead and for the living, requiem
for the living and dead in one flame. Poke it:
night is here and overspreading
stretches its quivering cobweb between the mountains;
soon the eye will no longer serve; what remains
is awareness for light or the dark.

tr. I. L. Salomon
DISCUSSION OF MIKROPHONIE I, II
and PROZESSION

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN

MIKROPHONIE I and MIKROPHONIE II

In the following two texts I will try to summarize briefly the processes I invented and used for two of my recent works. At this time, the sober description of the technical procedures seems to me more informative than a discussion of my aesthetic goals.

Through the use of modern technical processes of sound amplification and sound transformation, I have renewed banal things like a tom-tom (one of the oldest musical instruments which was used in Asiatic music), or an electric organ together with choral singers whose sound effects and musical possibilities seem to be known to everyone, and thus made possible heretofore unknown musical experiences.

Thus, when I describe how I have experimented and articulated in my composition the results of the experiments, I am conveying my attitude toward everything that surrounds me: to transform and bring into a new context with the help of the techniques of my epoch what seems to be old, banal, in order to make free again the magical power that is inherent in every “instrument,” above all every old one, and in time is buried alive, and thus to reawaken areas in us which have long been asleep and seemed to be dead.

What I have done in Mikrophonie I, Mikrophonie II and other works in the last years anyone can transpose into the area in which he is active: even into the office, even into the arrangement of an apartment, into cooking, the sex life, etc.

In the first work in which I united instrumental and electronic music, Kontakten for electronic sound, piano and percussion, from 1959-60, a four-track tape of electronic music is played over a loudspeaker during the performance of two instrumentalists. The tape runs through uninterrupted from beginning to end; the musicians read the score, where the electronic music can be followed exactly, and they play the instrumental part, which is also noted in the greatest detail. At that time, after several rehearsal attempts during the preparation for the performance, I had to drop my original plan to have the musicians react to the electronic music in a way that would vary from per-
formance to performance, and also to make the reproduction of the electronic music dependent on the actual performance of the instrumentalists by stopping and starting the tape recorder, by variations of the dynamics, by closing and opening single channels. I was not satisfied with the results, and decided on a score I would clearly determine in all details. Since then, however, the thought of uniting electronic music and instrumental music even more closely has not left me, perhaps even to find a solution in which an insoluble fusion and regeneration between the two realms would take place.

I had already formulated theoretically several times since 1960 the separation and supplementing of a sound generation by instrumentalists and a simultaneous sound transformation by electronic apparatus also attended by musicians, with a simultaneous reproduction over loudspeakers, as a possible synthesis of instrumental and electronic music. In recent years there has been quite a number of attempts—especially in the realm of light music—to strengthen instruments with the help of contact or normal microphones, and thus to alienate the sound-colors, to distort them, provide them with an echo, etc. Musicians performing light music call such results, appropriately, "gags." I always found such effects superficial, since they only add to the arsenal of the usual instrumental colors a few new variants which again, after a short time, seem just as banal, just as obvious, as the previously used instrumental sounds. Such purely quantitative expansions of instrumental effects have a fashionable character like the seasonally determined "gags" of the merchandise industry; and whoever wants the sound expansion in electronic music understood as simply a matter of increasing the usual sound-color palette by a few thousand new sound variants is, in my opinion, missing completely the actual qualitative significance of structural sound-color composition. I have never been able to do anything with the argument that a sound or certain sounds were "used up," "worn out." Now, as always, it is a matter of the relationship, already felt by Schoenberg, to be worked out between the inner structure of a sound used in a composition and the structure of the work this sound is fitted into; it is a matter of the function of a sound-color in the organism of a composition.

The goal of my considerations was clear to me: instrumentalists should produce a structured initial material, differentiated in all musical characteristics; the instrumentation here would be, at first, of subordinate significance, provided that it contained a sufficient complexity for the transformations intended for it. The specific musical qualities of this material would be provided by the fact that the per-
formers would be professional interpreters who employ all their musicality and performing experience in the interpretation of this initial material, including the expansion of their individual realm of decision and reaction to each other on the grounds of experience with ambiguous instrumental compositions of latest development. These already thoroughly worked out musical structures should, in a second, autonomous process, be re-articulated in all sound qualities, and again, by musicians who should modulate the sounds recorded by microphones with appropriate electronic apparatus. In the summer of 1964, I composed two works: first the Mixtur for orchestra and ring modulators, in which five instrumental groups of a normal orchestra are recorded, singly, by microphones during the performance, the microphones are connected with ring modulators, and in these modulators, by means of sine generators which are attended by musicians according to the indications in the score, are changed into sound-colors, rhythm, volume and pitch, and then, simultaneously with the orchestral sound, are reproduced over five loudspeaker groups.

After the completion of the score of Mixtur for orchestra, four sine generators and ring modulators (1964), I tried as far as possible to compose also flexibly the process of the microphone recording. The microphone, which up to now had been used as a rigid, passive recording device for the most accurate sound reproduction possible, had, in addition, to become a musical instrument and, by its own service, influence all the sound characteristics: thus be able to produce, autonomously, pitch in harmony and melody, rhythm, dynamics, timbre and spatial projection of the sound, according to the composed indication.

My next work after the score of Mixtur was Mikrophonie I for tomtom, two microphones, two filters and regulator. A few years before, I had bought myself a large tomtom for the composition Momente, and set it up in the garden. In the summer of 1964 I made a few experiments by agitating the tomtom with the most varied instruments, which I collected in the house—of glass, cardboard, metal, wood, rubber, artificial materials—and connected a hand-controlled, strongly directional microphone to an electric filter, joined the outlet of the filter with a volume regulator, and made its outlet audible over loudspeakers. My collaborator, who was in the living room, at the same time improvised changes of the filter setting and the volume. Simultaneously we tape-recorded the results. The recording of this first experiment is for me a discovery of greatest importance. We had made no agreements; I used some of the collected instruments as I saw fit and thereby listened to the surface of the tomtom with the microphone, the way a doctor listens to the body with a stethoscope; the technician
also reacted spontaneously to what he heard as the product of our common activity.

On the basis of this experiment I then wrote the score of *Mikrophonie I*. Two performers activate the tomtom with the most varied materials, two more palpate the tomtom with microphones; in a corresponding notation, the distance between microphone and tomtom (which influences dynamic and timbre), relative distance of the microphone from the point of activation (which determines the pitch, the timbre and above all the spatial impression of the sound between far distance, faded, and extremely close), and the rhythm of the microphone movement are prescribed to them. Two additional performers each attend an electric filter and a volume regulator, and they again shape timbre and pitch (by the adjustment of the filter), dynamic and spatial effect (by the combination of filter adjustment and volume regulation), and rhythm of the structures (by the prescribed temporal alteration of the two apparatuses).

Thereby, three processes of sound structurization, dependent on each other, reacting to each other, and at the same time autonomous, are united, which were composed synchronous or temporarily independent, homophonous or in up to sixfold polyphony.

The score consists of thirty-three independent musical structures, which for a performance are combined by the musicians according to a prescribed scheme of connection. This scheme indicates the relationships between the structures. Three musicians (a tomtom player, a microphonist and a filter-and-volume regulator attendant) are one unit, and play at any given time one of the aforementioned thirty-three structures. At a certain point, they give the other group their cue to begin the next structure; the latter group returns the cue after a prescribed time, and so forth. The relationships between these structures are determined at any given time in three ways: the subsequent structure, in relation to the preceding, must be similar, different, or opposite; this relationship should remain constant, increase, or decrease; the subsequent structure (which usually already begins during the preceding) must have a supportive, neutral or destructive effect in respect to the preceding one. The scheme of connection, then, gives three indications for every combination of two structures; e.g. similar ones are to support constantly, or opposing ones are to destroy increasingly, or different ones are to be neutral decreasingly, etc. According to these prescribed criteria, then, the musicians select the sequence of composed structures, which are themselves composed according to such points of view. Although the relationships between the structures, the scheme of connection, remain the same for all performances, in order to guaran-
Mikrophonie I

The technical principle of sound composition is as follows: the circuits of the four microphones are connected to four so-called ring modulators, and the electric outlet of the Hammond organ is also connected to all four ring modulators. In these ring modulators, now, the sounds of the chorists and the tones of the Hammond organ are modulated so that the frequencies fed in are suppressed, and the sums and differences of the frequencies come out of the modulators. One music modulates the other. Transformed sound arises only when both—organ and chorus—produce sound simultaneously. The sound mixed in the four modulators is conducted through volume regulators whose outputs are connected with four loudspeaker groups. The loudspeakers are
behind the chorus on the podium, thus the original sound of chorus and organ mixes with the modulated sound coming simultaneously from the loudspeakers. At the premiere in the large broadcast hall of the Kölner Funkhaus, I attended these regulators from the gallery of the hall. Here I had to open or close the four loudspeaker inputs, according to the score, and I could influence the ratio of the mixture between natural and transformed sound. It is important to me that in *Mikrophonie II*, the transformation of the choral sound takes place in different degrees, and that often untransformed and more or less transformed levels are mixed at the same time; or there are transitions from natural to artificial sound, and vice versa. In comparison with purely electronic music, music like *Mikrophonie II* offers directly perceptible possibilities to compose relationships in a scale from natural to artificial sound, from the familiar (nameable) to the unfamiliar (unnamable).

One of the most important reasons to follow such sound composition is—as with all new, above all electronic, music—to compose a unique, unmistakeable world of sound, and not to uphold any longer the old contrast that says that in composition it doesn’t depend so much on the *what*, for example the material (in this case chorus- and organ-sounds), but only on the *how*, on what one composes with such sounds. In a work like *Mikrophonie II*, the “what” cannot be separated from the “how”: I never would have composed the way I composed, if the “what” didn’t already have quite specific characteristics, valid only for this work, which led to certain kinds of “how,” e.g. when using ring modulators, one must compose quite definite kinds of structures: as simple superimpositions as possible, many controlled notes, easily perceptible, not too fast levels, since the ring modulation makes very dense symmetrical spectra out of simple sound-processes, and thus can easily lead to a preponderance of noises or to stereotyped articulation of the sounds. The notation in the score changed often in the course of the work, above all during the rehearsals, since many mutual effects between natural and transformed sound were unforeseeable. Finally a score resulted which makes it possible for every single chorist and the organist to react to each other according to context. There were extraordinary demands on the chorists. Every one had not only to sing well, but also, proceeding from my instructions, to himself invent melodic, rhythmic and dynamic articulation in different variations. The organist had to determine from the context the moment and the degree of the electronic transformation through volume change.

From this kind of notation with words and few notes for the singers and the organist, a lively exchange among all the members can arise, if one finds inspired musicians and above all a chorus director
like Herbert Schernus, who rehearsed the work *Mikrophonie II* for the Cologne premiere. The sopranos were Mimi Berger, Meta Ackermann, Frigga Ditmar, Ulla Terhoeven, Helga Hopf, Monika Pick; the basses Arno Reichardt, Dietrich Satzky, Hermann Steigers, Peter Weber, Friedrich Himmelmann, Werner Engelhardt. Alfons Kontarsky played the Hammond organ. Johannes Fritsch was the timer. Chorus director Herbert Schernus took care of rehearsals and direction; Hans-Georg Daehn was conductor. The work is dedicated to the American Judith Blinken. As text I used "Einfache grammatische Meditation," 1955, by Helmut Heissenbüttel (Walter-Verlag, Olten and Freiburg/Br.), supplemented by linguistic "insertions" I found in everyday speech. In a few places in the composition, reminders of my earlier compositions *Gesang der Jünglinge*, *Momente*, *Carre* appear in the distance (reproduced in performance by loudspeaker). The premiere took place in a public concert "Musik der Zeit" in the large broadcast hall of the Kölner Funkhaus on June 11, 1965.

**PROZESSION FOR TOMTOM, VIOLA, ELECTRONIUM, PIANO, FILTER AND REGULATOR**

I composed *Prozession* in May 1967 for the ensemble I regularly make concert tours with: Fred Alings and Rolf Gehlhaar (tomtom), Johannes Fritsch (viola), Harold Boje (electronium) and Aloys Kontarsky (piano).

The tomtom—as in my composition *Mikrophonie I*—is picked up with a microphone, and the viola has a contact microphone. These two microphones are connected with two electric filters and regulators that I attend during the performance; the two regulator outputs lead to four loudspeakers in the four corners of the hall, so that I can have the filtered sounds of these two instruments wander back and forth between two loudspeakers each.

The score formulates a musical process with methods similar to those I have already used in *Plus-Minus*, *Mikrophonie I* and *Mikrophonie II*. The musical events are not notated in detail, but rather are variants from my earlier compositions, which the performers play from memory. Specifically, the tomtom player and the microphonist call upon *Mikrophonie I*, the violist calls upon *Gesang der Jünglinge*, *Kontakte* and *Momente*, the electronium player upon *Telemusik* and *Solo*, and the pianist upon *Klavierstücke I-XI* and *Kontakte*. I play filter and regulator with a technique similar to *Mikrophonie I*. 

84
In the score of *Prozession* the degree of modulation is prescribed for every player with which he reacts to the event that he himself just played, or to an event that one of the others played. Thus an “oral tradition” is formed between my earlier music and this *Prozession*, as well as from one performer to another, in the moment of performance.

After the players, in the first rehearsals, reacted mostly to themselves and constantly brought new events into play, we have now—after several performances—arrived at a framework in which the players react very strongly to each other, whereby single events run through chain reactions of imitations, transformations and mutations, and often all the players unite for long periods of time into a single musical net of feedbacks.

The instruments for *Prozession* are prescribed in the score; they can, however, be replaced by other appropriate ones, and draw on the additional compositions of the authors as sources.

The premiere was on May 21, 1967 in Helsinki. Other performances followed on the 24th in Stockholm, the 26th in Oslo, the 29th at the Bergen Festival, June 1st in Copenhagen, June 3rd in London. In connection with the following performance on August 26, at the “Internationalen Ferienkursen für Neue Musik,” Darmstadt, the first recording was made there for Vox-Turnabout, New York, on September 2. During this recording we played three versions; we chose the third. It was played uninterruptedly. The stereo recording is—without cuts and without the slightest change—a record of the live performance. This record is just as important as the score; it should serve as study—or informational material for future performances of other ensembles in the same way as the printed text, which aims at a newly beginning oral tradition.

*The work is dedicated to Judith Blinken.*
CACERIA

¿Viste a la madre solicita
inclinarse sobre el hijo,
    velarlo amorosa,
refrescar sus fiebres,
envolverlo en su sombra ondulante
—anillos que se encogen, aflojan, aprietan—
y acercar su boca hasta el cuello húmedo
y chupar con lentitud reflexiva
esa vida que fue suya?

Mira pelear a los amantes
entre sábanas, entre exasperados besos:
están cubiertos de cardos,
barajan naipes grasosos y gastados,
se apoyan en el leproso muro de los recuerdos
y gritan colmados de horror o de amor hacia ellos mismos
hacia los otros, hacia nunca, hacia nadie.

Inminencia del crimen.
En la rosa se esconde una espina envenenada
como se esconde el disparo mortal
en el quieto paisaje lacustre
por donde se alzará al amanecer
el vuelo de los patos salvajes.

El rostro enmascara el rostro
del que acude puntualmente
a la hora de matar.
Vela el dardo de la raya
en las aguas dormidas, pacíficas.
La malaria aparta los juncos de la laguna
y mira al niño.
Juan Liscano

THE HUNT

Have you seen the solicitous mother
Lean over her son
Guarding him lovingly,
Cooling his fevers,
Wrapping him in her undulating shadow
—bands that contract, fall loose, tighten—
And then approach her mouth
To his moist neck
And suck slowly, reflectively,
The life that was hers?

Look at lovers
Fighting under the sheets, amid exasperated kisses;
They are covered with thistles
They shuffle greasy, worn cards
Leaning on the leprous wall of their memories;
They shout, heaped with horror or love toward themselves,
Toward others, toward never, toward no one.

Imminence of crime.
The rose hides a poisoned thorn
As the deadly shot
Hides in the lake countryside
Where at dawn
Wild ducks will take to flight.

A face masks the face
Of the one that arrives punctually
At the hour of the kill.
In the mild, somnolent waters
The dart of the ray-fish awaits.
Malaria pushes aside the rushes by the pond
And looks at the child
que está mirando un lirio de agua.
Cada quien afila sus cuchillos
a la hora del sueño
viola a su compañera de trabajo,
estupra a la niña de enfrente,
fornica en forma incestuosa,
violeta las joyerías,
suprime al cónyuge o al jefe de oficina,
dispara desde una torre
c contra todo el que pase,
degüella a sus vecinos con delicia,
arrasa la ciudad para quedarse solo.

Mientras pasa la jauría,
mientras disparam los cazadores,
mientras huele a sangre derramada;
escondete en mi huella
mientras yo me escondo en tu ausencia.
Looking at a water-lily.
Everyone sharpens his knife
At the hour of sleep,
Violates the girl next-door,
Rapes his co-worker,
Fornicates incestuously,
Forces open jewel shops,
Eliminates his spouse or his boss,
Shoots down pedestrians
From a high tower,
Joyously cuts his neighbour's throat,
Burns down the city to be alone.

While the pack passes,
While the hunters shoot,
While there is the smell of spilt blood;
Hide in my shadow
While I hide in your absence.

tr. Ana Maria Nicholson
DENISE LEVERTOV

THE GULF

Far from our garden at the edge of a gulf,
where we calm our nerves in the rain,

(scrabbling a little in earth to pull weeds
and make room for transplants—
dirt under the nails, it
hurts, almost, and yet feels good)

far from our world, the heat’s on.
Among the looters a boy of eleven

grabs from a florist’s showcase (The Times says)
armfuls of gladioli, all he can carry,

and runs with them. What happens?
I see him

dart into a dark entry where there’s no one
(the shots, the shouting, the glass smashing
heard dully as traffic is heard).
Breathless he halts to examine

the flesh of dream: he squeezes
the strong cold juicy stems, long as his legs,

tries the mild leafblades — they don’t cut.
He presses his sweating face

into flower faces, scarlet and pink and purple,
white and blood red, smooth, cool — his heart is pounding.
But all at once an absence
makes itself known to him — it’s like
a hole in the lungs,
life running out. They are without
perfume! Cheated, he drops them.
White men’s flowers.
They rustle in falling,
lonely he stands there, the sheaves
cover his sneakered feet...

There’s no place to go,
with or without his prize.

Far away, in our garden he cannot imagine,
I’m watching to see if he picks up the flowers
at last or
leaves them lie.

But nothing happens.
He stands there,
he goes on standing there,
useless knowledge in my mind’s eye.

Nothing will move him.
We’ll live out our lives
in our garden on the edge of the gulf,
and he in the hundred year’s war ten heartbeats long
unchanging among the dead flowers,
no place to go.
INNENLEBEN

es schmilzt uns es blutet uns es lacht uns im leibe
wir tragen es auf der zunge
wir schütten es aus
wir machen ihm luft
wir grüssen von ihm
wir essen es in aspik

es ist steinern es ist weich
golden halb brennend gespickt
hart leicht tief gut oder schwer
gebraten gebrochen erweitert verfettet

wir bringen etwas darüber und tragen etwas darunter
wir legen die hand darauf
wir schliessen etwas darin ein
wir drücken etwas daran
wir nehmen uns etwas dazu
wir haben etwas darauf
wir hängen es an etwas hin

es hat klappen blätter und damen
es hat fehler schläge gründen beutel gruben
anfälle kammern und lüste

wir lassen uns etwas daran wachsen
und etwas darein schneiden
und etwas daran greifen

ein stein fällt uns davon herunter
wir machen eine mördergrube daraus
wir haben es auf dem rechten fleck
Hans Magnus Enzensberger

THE INNER MAN

it melts it bleeds it leaps with joy
we wear it on our sleeve
we pour it out
we open it up
we send wishes from the bottom of it
we eat it in aspic

it is stoney it is soft
golden half fiery larded
hard light whole good or heavy
roasted broken enlarged fatty
we don’t have it to do it we carry it under it
we cross it
we shut something up in it
we press and
we take something to it
we have something lying on it
we set it on something

it has valves throbs and queens
it has failures beats its reasons pericardia and corners
it has attacks chambers and desires

someone has a special place in it
one thing pierces us to it
another enters deep into it

we make a battleground out of it
we have a weight off it
we try to keep it
in the right place
Hans Magnus Enzensberger

NOTSTANDSGESETZ

nie und nimmer
nur über unsere leichen
unter gar keinen umständen
grundsätzlich nicht
nur im äussersten notfall
später vielleicht
in beschränktem umfang
gegebenenfalls
unter vorbehalt
auf widerruf
trotz schwerster bedenken
unter dem druck der verhältnisse
ausnahmsweise
wohl oder übel
nach reiflicher überlegung
bis auf weiteres
im üblichen rahmen
nach massgabe der geltenden bestimmungen
in diesem historischen augenblick
mit vereinten kräften
weisungsgemäss
selbstverständlich
mit allen mitteln
mit eiserner entschlossenheit
rückhaltlos
fanatisch
bis zum letzten mann
restlos
absolutely never
over our dead bodies
on no condition
definitely not
only in the direst necessity
later perhaps
to a limited extent
if the occasion arises
with reservations
subject to cancellation
despite the gravest qualms
under the pressure of circumstance
just for once
willy-nilly
after long deliberation
until further notice
within the customary framework
according to current regulations
at this historic moment
with strength united
in compliance with orders
naturally
by every means
with iron determination
without restraint
fanatically
to the last man
to the bitter end
BOOK REVIEWS

PRIZE STORIES 1968: THE O. HENRY AWARDS
Edited with an introduction by William Abrahams
Doubleday and Co., 1968. $5.95.

O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) died in 1910 after a decade of extraordinary popularity and considerable literary prestige. In 1918 the Society of Arts and Sciences, wishing to pay tribute to his memory, decided to offer “two prizes for the best short stories published by American authors in American magazines during 1919.” This led to the publication of an anthology, the first of a series of which the present volume is the forty-eighth. (No volumes were published in 1952 and 1953, after the death of Herschel Brickell, who had been editor for ten years; otherwise this would be the fiftieth.)

It is ironic that O. Henry’s reputation had begun to decline before the establishment of the memorial. By 1920 H. L. Mencken, then a leader of the avant garde, was ready to preach his funeral sermon: he denounced “such cheesemongers as [Richard Harding] Davis, with his servant-girl romanticism, and O. Henry with his smoke-room and variety-show cleverness. . . . In the whole canon of O. Henry’s work you will not find a single recognizable human character.” It is even more ironic that an O. Henry has rarely been given to a story that showed O. Henry’s influence.

For a long time, however, he had a large and enthusiastic following, and perhaps he still has. In 1953 The Complete Works of O. Henry was published in two volumes, with an introduction by Harry Hansen, and I reviewed it for The New York Times Book Review. I began by saying that in 1919, as a college freshman, I had named O. Henry as my favorite author. Soon after, I explained, I began to learn better. (To some extent it was the reading of Sherwood Anderson’s Winesburg, Ohio, then recently published, that gave me a different and higher standard.) Although I tried hard to do justice to whatever virtues O. Henry had had, my review enraged many readers and I received a surprising collection of abusive letters.

96
The eclipse of O. Henry is a dramatic example of changing literary taste in America in the past fifty years, but it is only one of many. Most of these changes have been accurately reflected in the forty-eight volumes of the O. Henry Awards. (I have looked at most of these volumes, read or read in a good many, reviewed several.) Whether the stories have always been the best could be argued endlessly, but all the editors have examined many magazines, some of them quite obscure, and have usually come up with a dozen or more excellent stories. The current editor, William Abrahams, lists 89 magazines that he consulted in choosing the seventeen stories that make up the volume.

Where did Mr. Abrahams find these stories? He found three of them in *The New Yorker*, and since this is not the first time that *The New Yorker* has been the leader, something should be said about the influence the magazine has had since it was founded in 1925. The charge has frequently been made that *The New Yorker* has an injurious effect on American literature because its editors have insisted upon—and paid well for—a certain kind of short story. There is some justice in the charge, for, it is possible to recognize something that can be called a typical *New Yorker* story. Harold Ross, the founder, partly defined the *New Yorker* type by saying that stories should show the way people live. He meant, of course, upper-middle-class people, the kind who buy the magazine. He wanted his contributors to be knowledgeable, in the way John O'Hara was and is knowledgeable, about automobiles, home furnishings, clothes, clubs, restaurants, and so forth. In the second place, he wanted the tone to be sophisticated—certainly not sentimental, not very emotional in any way, sardonic, even mildly cynical, never euphoric.

What has to be taken into account, of course, is that *The New Yorker* has always published many stories that are not of this type, and in recent years has published more and more. Three collections of stories from *The New Yorker* have been published, and an examination of the tables of contents shows that the magazine's record, though mixed, isn’t too bad.

The first volume, covering the period from 1925 to 1940, contains nothing by Hemingway, Faulkner, or Fitzgerald, the best short-story writers of those years; but we do find stories by Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Wolfe, Erskine Caldwell, and others not ordinarily thought of as *New Yorker* writers. There are, however, more stories by writers who are so thought of: James Thurber, Nancy Hale, E. B. White, Robert Coates, Sally Benson, Wolcott Gibbs, James Reid Parker, etc.

The third volume, covering the fifties, shows a significant change.
Among the authors represented are Vladimir Nabokov, J. F. Powers, Philip Roth, Elizabeth Bishop, Saul Bellow, Tennessee Williams, Mary McCarthy, Jean Stafford, and Elizabeth Hardwick. There are also stories by authors who have written a good deal for *The New Yorker* and sometimes in its characteristic vein but usually go beyond anything that deserves to be called *The New Yorker* type—John Cheever, for instance, John Updike, and J. D. Salinger. Two of the best contemporary short-story writers—Bernard Malamud and the late Flannery O’Connor—are not represented, but I can think of no other important omissions.

Of the three stories from *The New Yorker* that are included in *Prize Stories*, only one seems typical of the magazine—Nancy Hale’s “The Most Elegant Drawing Room in Europe.” Miss Hale, a veteran contributor, writes knowingly about American innocence and European rudeness. One of the other stories, and the one that received first prize, is Eudora Welty’s “The Demonstrators.” In recent years most of Miss Welty’s too infrequent stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*, but no one would ever think of calling her a *New Yorker* writer. The third story, Paul Tyner’s “How You Play the Game,” a portion of his novel, *Shoot It*, is even more surprising to find in *The New Yorker*, for its characters are mostly bums and its denouement is violent. A fourth story, John Updike’s “Your Lover Just Called,” one of his double-edged domestic comedies, might perfectly well have been published in *The New Yorker*, though in fact it appeared in Harper’s.

Updike’s, it is worth noting, is the only story drawn from what used to be called the quality magazines. There were at least five of them in the late twenties and early thirties: *Atlantic Monthly*, Harper’s, *Scribner’s*, the *Century*, and the *Forum*. They had been highly proper in the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth, but after World War I they began to change. The *Atlantic* stirred up a lot of talk by publishing Ernest Hemingway’s “Twenty Grand,” a story of prizefighting, in 1927. Harper’s and the *Forum* published some of Faulkner’s best, and several of the leftwing writers of the thirties were taken on by one or another of these hitherto conservative monthlies. Innovation, however, did not save them, for all but Harper’s and the *Atlantic* perished in the depression. These two have devoted themselves in the last decade or two rather to journalism than to fiction, but from time to time they publish distinguished short stories—for example, one of Bernard Malamud’s finest, “The Man in the Drawer,” in the *Atlantic* for April, 1968.

Probably the most important tendency revealed by the anthology is the growing influence of the quarterlies. In the twenties and thirties
it was the so-called “little” magazines that were most receptive to new talents—the Dial, Seven Arts, the Little Review, transition, Hound and Horn, Pagany, Broom, Secession, This Quarter, Clay, and others. Many of these magazines withered away in the depression, but their place was taken in a sense by politically tendentious magazines such as New Masses, Partisan Review, Anvil, Blast, Left Front, and Dynamo. The leftwing magazines were destroyed or drastically changed or made ineffective by the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939, the drift toward war, and the return of prosperity. By 1950 the strongest influence on contemporary writing came from four quarterlies—the Sewanee Review, the Kenyon, the Partisan, and the Hudson. Sewanee and Kenyon had academic connections; the other two did not. Partisan had begun as a Communist organ, had then become anti-Stalinist, and had finally taken shape as a literary magazine with occasional political articles. (Partisan has sometimes been a quarterly and sometimes a bi-monthly.) Hudson, founded in 1948 by a group of young men who had some money and high ambitions, has been literary from the start. Many other quarterlies have been founded or resurrected in recent years.

Nine of the seventeen stories in the O. Henry volume are drawn from magazines of this sort. Two are represented by two stories each, Texas Review and Epoch. Most of the quarterlies publish many long critical essays, but Epoch has from the first given most of its space to short stories and has published many good ones. The Texas Review, comparatively new and enormous, has lots of everything. Forty magazines with academic connections are among those consulted by the editor.

Then there are the slick magazines, which do not fare as well in this volume as they have in some earlier ones: we find one story from the Saturday Evening Post and one from Mademoiselle. The Post’s record is interesting. Although most of its stories for the past fifty years have been aimed at amusing or flattering the middle class, it published some of Faulkner’s finest work and quantities of Fitzgerald’s bad stories, but some of his good ones too. In recent years it has made an effort to get hold of some of the writers approved of in highbrow circles; it published, for example, a section of Bellow’s Herzog. The Post story in this volume, by James Baker Hall, deals in an up-to-date manner with academic life.

The fashion magazines have played a strange part in the development of the short story. The pioneer was Esquire, which Arnold Gingrich founded in 1933, at the bottom of the depression. Intended to appeal to men who had money to spend, it managed to survive in a time when money was scarce and men were supposed to have weighty matters
on their minds. Gingrich never forgot that nothing interests most men more than women, and *Esquire* was primarily a glorified girlie magazine. On the other hand, it published stories and articles by Dreiser, Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Steinbeck, and Farrell. As Gingrich put it in his preface to *The Armchair Esquire* (1958): “Until the marriage of Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe there had never been such a surprising combination of intellectual and pictorial elements as was represented by the teaming up between the same covers of *Esquire’s* words and its pictures.” Although Gingrich was more concerned with names than with literary quality, and published a great deal of casual journalism by such well-known and ostentatiously masculine writers as Hemingway, a goodly number of first-rate stories did appear. There was a falling off in the forties, but in the fifties, after Rust Hills had become fiction editor, many distinguished members of the postwar generation appeared in the magazine: Saul Bellow, John Barth, James Jones, Norman Mailer, Wright Morris, Mark Schorer, and others. Mr. Hills once told me that, since the quality of the fiction seemed to make no difference one way or another in the sale of the magazine, he had seen no reason why *Esquire’s* good money shouldn’t go to good writers.

In the forties some such cynicism seems to have guided the editors of certain women’s magazines, particularly *Harper’s Bazaar* and *Mademoiselle*. Alice Morris, fiction editor of the former, was hospitable to the early work of Carson McCullers, Truman Capote, Jean Stafford, Flannery O’Connor, and others. How many women bothered, as they leafed through the magazine at the hairdresser’s or wherever, to read the pages of text distributed thinly among the gaudy advertisements will always be a question, but good stories did get published, and their authors were better paid than they would have been by the little magazines or the quarterlies. Brock Brower’s “Storm Still,” which appeared in *Mademoiselle*, is one of the better stories in the present collection.

Rust Hills left *Esquire* and went to the *Saturday Evening Post* as fiction editor, where he pursued the policy of publishing highbrow writers but with less conspicuous success. *Playboy*, which has taken advantage of the new freedom possible both in pictures and in language and has thrived, has always published stories of some merit, by such writers as Herbert Gold and Bernard Malamud. Now that it has lured Robie Macauley away from the unfrivolous *Kenyon*, I expect there will be more stories of distinction. The pictures of naked young women are distracting—how does one choose between Bernard Malamud and Miss Nude Universe?—but the stories are published and the writers are paid.

There are also collections of short stories by individual writers, in
spite of the well-known reluctance of publishers to take a chance on such a book unless the author has a big name. At least half a dozen such collections have appeared in the first five months of 1968. The case of Grace Paley's *The Little Disturbances of Man* is unusual: first published in 1959, it was highly praised, as it deserved to be, but did not sell. Now it has been reissued by another publisher, and though it obviously isn't having a runaway success, I believe it will come to be regarded as a modern classic. William Gass's *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country* exemplified the usual course of events, for it followed the appearance of a much admired first novel, *Omensetter's Luck*. Several of the stories in William Peden's *A Night in Funland*, including the title story, have won O. Henry Awards and other prizes. Hope Hale Davis's *The Dark Way to the Plaza* is her first book, and *Washington and Baltimore* is Julian Mazor's. Most of his stories and some of Mrs. Davis's first appeared in *The New Yorker*. So did many of the stories in Donald Barthelme's *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts*, his second collection of short stories and his fourth (very small) book.

Short stories, then, do get published. Of what kinds? Three major types are represented by the three winners of O. Henry prizes. Schlomo Katz's "My Redeemer Liveth," which came third, is a good example of what is usually called the "naturalistic" short story. The author relies altogether on facts, facts that are what they are and nothing more. He tells in exact and cold detail what happens to an old woman who is placed in an institution by her son. A number of other stories belong pretty much in the same category; for instance, Paul Tyner's *New Yorker* story, already mentioned, "How You Play the Game," and "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" by Joyce Carol Oates, one of the best of the young writers of fiction. None of these stories is flat; each of them rises to a significant climax; but all of them are essentially factual.

Eudora Welty's first-prize story, "The Demonstrators," is an example of what might be described as "imaginative realism." This kind of story tries to suggest more than it says, and sometimes what it says is quite different from what it seems to be saying. (Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" is a classic instance.) Anderson, Faulkner, and Hemingway have always done their best work in this manner, and Miss Welty is a master of it. In one of her finest stories, "A Worn Path," the narrative is simple and matter-of-fact, but the overtones are unforgettable. The present story is so rich in implications that one has to read it again and again.

Miss Welty has written, "A story with a 'pattern,' an exact kind of design, may lack a more compelling overall quality; that is what we
mean by form.” The patterned story is no longer much esteemed, and at the same time the conception of form has broadened. Many writers have tried various combinations of realism with myth, fantasy, hallucination, or allegory. Bernard Malamud has done wonders with combinations of this sort in such stories as “Idiots First” and “Angel Levine.” In the volume at hand Brock Brower’s “Storm Still” is remarkably successful in showing how a life may be lived in two worlds at the same time.

In all its variations the short story up to now had adhered to the principle of unity. In the past few years, however, John Updike has experimented with the juxtaposition of outwardly unrelated incidents. The titles of two stories of this kind give some idea of his method: “The Blessed Man of Boston, My Grandmother’s Thimble, and Fanning Island,” “Packed Dirt, Churchgoing, A Dying Cat, a Traded Car.” His aim is to lead the reader to a point at which he can see a thematic unity. E. M. Broner’s “The New Nobility,” which won the O. Henry second prize, is a series of portraits of young people who might be called screwballs. The six subjects are loosely related in fact, but it is a kind of spiritual relationship that holds the story together. Although this method is risky, we have already been shown that it has possibilities.

We have also had in recent years stories of the absurd, although there is none in this book. The absurd story can be a kind of long shaggy-dog joke, as in Bruce Jay Friedman’s “Black Angels.” Here an elaborate structure is carefully built of improbable materials, and then the punch line brings the silly edifice crashing down. Donald Barthelme’s absurdities are of a wilder sort, a tissue of non-sequiturs, sometimes highly effective but more often, to my taste, not. His basic assumption, of course, is that reality is absurd, and when he is successful, he makes his point.

Does the short story have a future? Many people have said that both it and the novel are moribund. Ten years ago Norman Podhoretz stated that he found nonfiction more interesting than fiction and often better written. He is not the only one who feels that way, and many magazines are now devoting less space to short stories and more to articles and essays. It is also true that the artistry of some of our journalists carries them a good way beyond what we have usually thought of as journalism. I see no reason to deplore this tendency. The more good journalism, the better. But, as I have tried to show, the short story continues to do rather well, and that too is cause for rejoicing.

GRANVILLE HICKS
Other than Nikos Kazantzakis, George Seferis is undoubtedly the best-known literary figure of modern Greece. Many of his poems had appeared in translation in a number of European and American magazines since the 1930s and 1940s respectively. The awarding of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1963 was preceded and followed by the publication, in book form this time, of most of his easily translatable poems in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Danish, and Swedish. By “translatable” I refer to Seferis’ poems written mostly in free verse and not utilizing the stanzaic and stylistic conventions of the rich poetic tradition of modern Greece.

The English-speaking public found access to the work of Seferis mostly through Professor Rex Warner’s thin volume of translations, Poems (London, 1960; Boston, 1961; also paperback). Though Warner’s edition was received well the need for a complete, and if possible, bilingual volume remained. Professor Edmund Keeley of Princeton and Mr. Philip Sherrard of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, aided by the Whitney Darrow Publication Reserve Fund, have collaborated in translating, editing, and introducing this impressive bilingual volume.

Few scholars have done so much in translating and presenting critically modern Greek poetry and prose as these two men and their group of Greek relatives and friends. The high quality of their work is manifested in this book too. The original has been transcribed correctly en face of the translation. A brief but incisive foreword helps the reader understand Seferis’ straddling position between the Greek and the Western poetic traditions. A selected bibliography, a list of explanatory notes, and biographical data complete this scholarly and almost luxurious edition.
Keeley and Sherrard are creative writers as well, and their ability for translating Greek free verse is of the highest order. What they achieve astonishingly well is rendering Seferis' Greek into a kind of English whose tone and flavor closely reflect the Seferian idiom and style. On the other hand, this English is equally acceptable to audiences on either side of the Atlantic. This is something that other translators of Seferis have not always achieved. For example, one of the lines of "In the Manner of G.S." is translated by Rex Warner, "I met old John. He stood me an ice." Keeley and Sherrard avoid the British idiom and translate, without changing the punctuation, in more general English, "I met Yianni and he treated me to an ice cream." This line sounds as well in America as it does in England; moreover, it is more faithful to the Greek since it does not contain the adjective "old" which Warner had to add to "John" to make it correspond somehow to the familiar Greek "Yianni." On the other hand, the term and title "Myth of our History," suggested by Lawrence Durrell and G. Katsimbalis first and reiterated by Kimon Friar in 1953, is more successful than "Mythistorema," which may sound too Greek to those who are not capable of immediately discerning the words myth and history in it. Keeley and Sherrard, however, often seem to prefer to render a modern Greek name or term in its phonetic form rather than its English equivalent; they prefer "Syntagma," "Yianni," "Agonia," to Warner's "Constitution," "John," and "Agony." And, in my opinion, their versions sound more poetic than his, and of course communicate the Greekness of the poem more directly.

In his work Seferis shows a unique understanding of the cultural inheritance of the modern Greek intellectual. As a poet of Greece Seferis writes about himself, his people, and his land but not in a strictly national and ephemeral spirit. The characters or personae he presents (who seem to derive from classic, Byzantine, or contemporary Greek situations; or from French symbolists and surrealists; or from T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and even Pirandello) remain exponents of issues and feelings which transcend the limits of Greece, or of Europe; and their messages reach Everyman—not just the Greek—everywhere and at any time.

The perennial significance of most of Seferis' themes can be best experienced in "The King of Asine," one of his greatest poems. With Olympian, and more specifically Apollonian, serenity and clarity the poet explores the meaning of the futility and brevity of human glory and existence. This theme is as old as the world. The Biblical authors (in Ecclesiastes), Shelley (in "Ozymandias"), François Villon (in Le grand testament), Victor Hugo (in Les misérables) have spoken,
among many others, philosophically, nostalgically or bitterly about it. Seferis, however, succeeds in creating a powerful feeling of void, both personal as well as universal, by dramatically staging the “action” of the poem at the ancient ruins of the Homeric Asine. At the edge of the rock, where the sea eternally touches the hanging vines and branches, the conscience of time loses its value; present and past fuse into one. Nothing in the area suggests anything about the King who once ruled here. A gold death mask in a museum may represent him or, indeed, any other ancient monarch. But this mask is empty and cold. Similarly, the dryness, ruins, and emptiness of the unchangeable landscape offer the poet an opportunity to examine the meaning of his own existence against this timeless background. The result is the same. The search for the forgotten King and for the self of the poet concludes with the realization that “Under the mask a void,” and “... the poet a void.” Seferis thus fuses the confessional with the universal element in the poem, and reaches his conclusion in a subtle and faultless way.

In a more recent poem, “Helen,” inspired by Euripides’ eponymous drama, Seferis expresses the feeling of the futility of war. At that time (early 1950s) he was Ambassador of Greece in the Middle East and in this capacity he visited the troubled island of Cyprus repeatedly. One might expect the Greek poet to have written about the island in a nationalistic spirit. Yet Seferis, with the wisdom and worldliness of a professional diplomat, in this poem obviously deplores this conflict indirectly—as he states the tragic futility of all wars. Thus, once again, he succeeds in fusing the personal with the universal as he concludes his reflections on the myth concerning the beautiful Helen of Troy. 

“On sea-kissed Cyprus,/ consecrated to remind me of my country,/ I moored alone with this fable,/ if it’s true that it is a fable,/ if it’s true that mortals will not again take up/ the old deceit of the gods;/ if it’s true/ that in future years some other Teucer;/ or some Ajax or Priam or Hecuba;/ or someone unknown and nameless who nevertheless saw/ a Scamander overflow with corpses,/ isn’t fated to hear/ newsbearers coming to tell him/ that so much suffering, so much life,/ went into the abyss/ all for an empty tunic, all for a Helen.” In this version one also sees that the translators prefer the latinized form of classical Greek names, unlike, for instance, the classicist Richmond Lattimore who prefers transliterations of the originals (Teukros, Aias, Hekabe, Skamandros, etc.).

This edition is a must for the serious reader of modern poetry—not just the admirer of modern Greek culture. And it will remain the standard volume of Seferis for a few years. I say a few years for two main reasons. First, this Collected Poems 1924-1955 was, it seems, not
originally intended to be a volume of "collected" poems. As an afterthought the earlier and rhymed poems of Seferis were added, in an appendix, to the later collections in free verse. This almost arbitrary breaking of the chronological order mars an otherwise almost perfect work. The reader has to do research within it in order to follow the chronological development of the poems and the various phases which the poet went through before finding his "final" idiom and style. Thus, three of the rhyming poems of Turning Point (1931) have been omitted completely, and six from Book of Exercises, Logbook I, Logbook II, plus all of The Cistern have been taken out of their proper sequence and placed in the appendix. All of the appendix poems (some 20% of the whole) have been translated almost literally without any attempt at approximating the rhythm and rhyming pattern of the originals. This is a shame, because Seferis' early work is not that of a novice. With its half-rhymes, off-rhymes, ellipses and other devices, Seferis' early work acquires a certain aura and poetic quality reminiscent of Emily Dickinson's. A number of these poems have been set to music by competent composers (like Mikis Theodorakis), and at least one, "Denial," has become widely known all over Greece. The free-verse rendition of these conventionally structured, disciplined, and rhymed poems leaves much to be desired. Perhaps Keeley and Sherrard and their team ought to have invited the assistance of one of these poet-translators, in this country or overseas, who have demonstrated their ability to imitate or recreate the rhyme schemes and musical effects and various originals, without deviating substantially from the intended meaning and form. Richard Wilbur, Michael Hamburger, Barbara Gibbs, and even Robert Lowell are names that come easily to mind in this respect.

The second reason why this volume is destined to be superseded before too long comes from the fact that Mr. Seferis (born in 1900) is now retired from the diplomatic corps of Greece and has more free time than before. In 1966 he published a new collection consisting of three long sequences, Three Secret Poems. This thin volume has not been included in Collected Poems 1924-1955, though the translators mention it in their bibliography and a note. One can expect more poems to be written by Seferis in the next few years, and a "Complete Poems" will be in order. But for the time being the Keeley-Sherrard edition has met the need for a more complete and responsible presentation of Seferis' work and easily supersedes Rex Warner's pioneer effort.

M. BYRON RAIZIS
The expression “delicate search” has been known to those familiar with Jünger for decades. It is a catchword for one of the author’s oldest inclinations, his avocation, collecting and investigating the world of insects. There may have been readers who have seen in his excursions into this area nothing more than the expression of a pleasant whim, a minor theme which does not appear to be of much importance when compared with the significant problems presented in Abenteuerliche Herz, Marmor-Klippen, Strahlungen. Jünger’s new book just published by Klett can set them straight. It is titled Subtile Jagden and the central theme is the entomological passion.

It is the work of a person who is concerned with science, but of course it is not a scientific work. It is a new representation of Jünger’s “Summa”: world and time in the light of Jünger’s imaginative power; world as the theme of an extremely conscious contemporaneousness, seen with Jüngerian eyes, reflected through with Jüngerian categories, taken up on quite definite days of the Gregorian calendar: April 14, 1957; September 13, 1963; May, 1967; etc. The “delicate search” appears here as the path of a journey through life and through the world, which on one hand leads around the entire planet, and on the other penetrates the depths of time, not just the individual life but the entire history of mankind including the earliest proofs, which in addition incorporates the concluding eons of earth’s history. It is the organizing principle of an order which is united less logically than magically, in which everything which the author has to say finds its place: the autobiographical reminiscence as well as the travel experiences of the later years, the encounters with contemporaries (friends, chess partners, colleagues, archivists, cosmopolites, etc.), as well as philosophical and culture-critical meditation.

Jünger’s conception of authorship is that of a coining, adapting, highly systematizing ability which integrates elements of quite different types into a harmonious whole. This tension between unity and diversity has always been part of the particular adventurousness of the readings of Jünger. Its most perceptible expression is found in the composition of the book at hand, which seemingly risks the utmost in free will.
and in temporal and thematic confusion, but in truth demonstrates only the secret harmony of dissonants. The selection "Collyris", for example, tells among other things about a visit to an American military cemetery in Manila in the early sixties and moreover contains reflections about the "Bios" and its frightening aspects, and about the "Demiurgos" and its strange deviations from manifest models of creation. "Tollyrius" is followed by a chapter which is superscribed Steglitz and begins with the words: "In the winter of 1933 Berlin became inhospitable." Transitions of this type—according to the principle of the knight’s move, as Jünger would say—belong to the suggestive artifices of this master of prose, who as no other (except Benn) has elevated the essayistic flourish of the representation to poetic honor.

It is an ironically vexatious terminology with which Jünger attacks us: Buprestidae, Cetoniidae, Cantharidae, Cincideles, Cellemboles, Silphides, and Scarabaeidae are some of the names of the minor heroes of his book. In their name the men whom the author allows to participate join together in brotherhood: the rector from Goslar, Professor Murphy in Singapore, the French general Dejean "who amassed prodigious collections during the Napoleonic campaigns and later as commander in Algiers equipped every platoon with an alcohol flask for capturing insects", also the anonymous person who captured a rarity, the red cucujus, at a time when the troop was surrounded. In its name the holy fathers are designated: Linne, Darwin, and the great Fabricius, who is portrayed in a delightful anecdote, as he, obeying an overpowering impulse, steals from an innocent schoolmaster a winged curiosity. "All entomologists are brothers" was the parting cry in Singapore. Transformed into a sententious formula, that means as much as: "The thing binds stronger than the thought" for which instead of thought one can substitute sentiment.

Here a relationship to Goethe seems discernible, to that old Goethe who sighed so gratefully when Professor Heinroth of Leipzig avowed to him that his thinking "did not differ from the objects, that my view is in itself thinking, my thinking is a view" ("Significant Advancement Through a Single Ingenious Word", 1823). Objective thinking in this sense is for Jünger as for Goethe as far removed from sentiment as from the impulses of the specialists of whom it was once said, "Less and less can you find among them people with whom you can socialize." His innermost stimulus is the "great astonishment"; it is the devotion for the phenomena and their higher stages: the reverence for that which is impenetrable, "That which is meant by animal". Jünger can say, "We will not be able to divine its creative thoughts, even if we explore billions of years. That remains ‘inside of nature’."
Now, one hasn’t heard about something like this for a long time. It has been forgotten in the turmoil of political and sociological affairs which have kept us busy for years. Jünger well knows how to make his point, if he sometimes says: “One way to overcome the feeling of constriction, which overwhelms you, is the tender consideration of the small things; then the world flows into parcels.” Constriction: that is the “ever denser colonization, the rapid traffic”: that is the system of freeways, giant airports and Hilton Hotels. World: that is the summation of experiences, entomological and botanical, geological and mineralogical, anthropological, archaeological and theological experiences, which result if one travels over the earth on the tracks of the small animals and it connects various points such as Lindos and Kuala Lumpur, Dalmatia and Khartoum, Steinhuder Sea and Cape Formentor. Here it concerns islands, seas, deserts, forests, types of stones, and endless (in the Goethean sense) “most worthy” subjects: such as grand relationships, depth of vision, and ancient traditions. The center of gravity of Jünger’s map of the world is found in the Mediterranean. Sardinia, San Pietra, Cagliari, have been his summer headquarters for a long time. Thus it is a region of the highest distinction concerning its natural condition and its historical, mythological, and cultural-historical reminiscences: it could be said to be the most civilized of all seas; the African Senghir has called it the navel of the world. Here Jünger studies the indigenous population, enjoys the society of fishermen, shepherds, innkeepers, and drifters; describes their life pattern in which he detects along with the old stone age customs, also the pressure to go to Germany as guest workers. He differentiates political characters (conversative and syndicalistic) because he comprehends them, not without humor, as the ever returning varieties of the human species.

The tone of the discourse is consistently merry, good-humored, indeed comfortable, even though not at all gemütlich, because one of the Jüngerian constituents is pain, and the idea of pain. The person who moves day in and day out among angry and enraged people, among dissidents and social hypochondriacs, will find this strong, inflexible, male serenity of Jüngerian speech refreshing. “The sea goes flat, the round stones follow it with a subdued eddy. The cry of the gulls: it was always so.” That is the world as “reappearance” seen as creation, as a mysterious manifestation of the creator, whose thoughts the author will never tire of contemplating.

But it is also the world “of which only one thing is certain; that one day we will leave it behind.” All men of this book appear, as it were, transitory, their presence and being is less narrated than resumé as sketches of fate, as an aphoristic abbreviation, as anecdotal points.
“Our rising and waning dance in the light of the world.” Thus Gottfried Keller defined these perspectives in *Dem grünen Heinrich*. For Jünger it is the light of our mortality, and here lies, as has long been known, the strength of his authorship: in the affirming devotion, indeed in the fervor of his language in the presence of death and the transitoriness of all things. Thus he speaks of the “searches blown off course by a breeze and of their fortune”; thus he describes in the end of these sketches the death of the collections, when the needles rust and verdigris grows from their brass buttons and even “the light assists in the quietly persistent decomposition”. The fact that death and immortality belong together is once more affirmed here: “They will glow in heaven’s brilliance.”

One may assume that Jünger knew to what type of public this book is directed. It can be perceived in a few incidental spots, when he designates as the first enlighteners the grave robbers, with whom even the kings of the old Byblos reckoned. With such a notation he decrees from the beginning the impossibility of bridging the gap between himself and the prevailing mentality. The new enlightenment is in fact neither interested in the mystery of creation nor concerned with the precipitous astonishment of our presence in death. This enlightenment, in its most intelligent form, orients itself on the principle of natality (Hannah Arendt). Jünger’s book will provoke attack, it will be denounced. Already some have wanted to explain his entire work on the basis of an “escape complex”, because they no longer understand him (*Der Spiegel*, November 11, 1967). But Jünger is an author who can not be dismissed with psychological platitudes. He moves in the realm of a freedom which owes nothing to the enlightenment and therefore is not bound to its psychological premises. It is the freedom of one who in a lull in a battle (1917) returned to his reading (“of course I had posted sentries”), or looked for beetles, of one who risked a rendezvous with death on the beach of Sardinia when he was almost seventy. It is, as regards the intellectual style, the freedom of the chess player: “The chess game,” so he expresses himself, “has the advantage that the power of the mind is attested to as in no other field, and indeed through a series of exhibitions which can only be disputed through other exhibitions. Thus it maintains a happy medium between the dispute and the strategic action”. At a time when the North-German enlightenment threatens to degenerate into Marxist-Maoist paths through necessity, even through violence, this author shows which older forms of the enlightenment have been kept inviolable: the fearlessness, the casual detachment of an independent, completely self-sufficient individual.

HANS Egon Holthusen

110

tr. CHARLES P. RICHARDSON
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

UMBRO APOLLONIO is curator of Archivo Storico d' Arte Contemporanea at the Venice Biennale. He has written extensively on contemporary art, and presently serves as editor of La Biennale di Venezia.

E.M. BEEKMAN is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst where he plans to establish a program in Dutch Language and Literature in 1969. He has published numerous short stories and poems, and in the recent special issue of Contemporary Literature his essay appeared on the Dutch critic Menno Ter Braak.

BEN BELITT is an American poet and translator who was awarded prizes in the Brandeis Creative Arts Award competition in 1962, and the National Institute of Arts and Letters contest in 1965. He has translated Neruda, Alberti, Lorca, Machado, and Guillén.

PIERO BIGONGIARI is an Italian poet who resides in Florence and teaches modern and contemporary literature at both the Facolta' di Magistero and the Academia delle Belle Arti. His published works include six books of poetry and criticism, translations of Shakespeare, and a full-length study of Leopardi.

MICHAEL BULLOCK is an English poet and translator who has published translations of leading contemporary German poets and novelists. He is also the editor of the English poetry journal Expression.

LUCIA UNGARO DE FOX has published four volumes of her poetry: Imágenes de Caracas, Ensayos hispanoamericanos, Redes, and Tragaluz. A volume of her translations of contemporary American poets will be published by Editorial Losada in 1969. She and her husband, poet and writer Hugh Fox, will teach one year at Michigan State University beginning September, 1968.
JAN DE GROOT has published twenty volumes of poetry, four novels, and five plays. He is a past editor of *Het Vrije Volk*, a board member of the Dutch chapter of PEN (Poets, Playwrights, Editors, Essayists, Novelists), and has edited several anthologies. In 1946 he was awarded the Amsterdam Poetry Prize.

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER is a German poet, translator, and essayist who has published several volumes of poetry and an anthology of modern poetry, *Museum der Modernen Poesie*, which includes selections of poets from twenty different countries. A great part of his poetry reflects his personal disillusionment with present social and political systems.

FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMA TT is the author of numerous plays, detective novels, radio plays, and movie scripts. His dramas, *The Visit* and *Romulus the Great*, have been produced on Broadway. His most recent play is *The Physicists*.

HANS EGGON HOLTHUSEN is a German poet and critic who has published several volumes of poetry, studies on Rilke, and numerous essays on modern German poets. He was recently guest professor of German Literature at Indiana University. He resides in Munich.

GRANVILLE HICKS has written for the past ten years a weekly page, “Literary Horizons,” for *Saturday Review*. For two quarters in 1967-68 he was a visiting McGuffey Professor of English at Ohio University.

JAMES KIRKUP is a British poet, playwright, and prose writer who resides in the Far East, chiefly in Japan where he currently teaches at the Japan Women’s University of Tokyo. His latest publications include two books of poetry: *Refusal to Conform: Last and First Poems*, and *Paper Windows: Poems From Japan*. He has published translations of French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Japanese poets in major journals.

DENISE LEVERTOV is an American poet whose work reflects the influence of Stevens and W.C. Williams. Her best-known poetry collections include *The Double Image, Here and Now, The Jacob’s Ladder*, and *O Taste and See*. 
JUAN LISCANO is a South American poet who lives in Caracas, Venezuela. He has published several volumes of poetry, Nuevo Mundo Orinoco, Tierra Muerta de Sed, Carmenes, and is the editor of the literary journal Zona franca: Revista de Literatura e Ideas.

MARIO LUZI is an Italian poet and translator. Several of his books have been published under the title Il Giusto della Vita; his book of essays is titled L'inferno e il limbo. He is a frequent contributor to Italian literary journals, Il Frontespizio Litteratura and Campo di Marte.

VIVIAN MERCIER is Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Colorado. He is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition (Clarendon Press), and has published widely on Joyce and Beckett. The Butor article in this issue forms part of his forthcoming book on the nouveau roman that is scheduled to appear in 1969.

DORA PETTINELLA has published her own poetry in English and Italian in many magazines, and has translated works from the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French.

ANA MARIA NICHOLSON has been Assistant Professor at Queens College since 1967. While working toward her degree at the University of California at San Diego, she studied under Professors Casaldueiro and Guillén. She is working on a critical edition of Altazor by Vincente Huidobro.

GIOVANNI PREVITALI-MORROW is a specialist in the field of the Spanish American and Brazilian novel, and modern Spanish poetry. He has published many articles on Hispanic and Italian literature, and modern methods of teaching foreign languages. He is presently a member of the Department of Modern Languages at Ohio University.

M. BYRON RAIZIS has published reviews, essays, and translations in major journals. He contributed verse and prose translations to the volume The Voice of Cyprus: An Anthology, and recently completed a book on the Prometheus theme in English-American verse. His translations of George Seferis will appear in a forthcoming number of The Southern Review.
CHARLES P. RICHARDSON is Professor of German at Ohio University. He is the editor of the NALLD (National Association of Language Laboratory Directors) Newsletter.

I.L. SALOMON recently published the bilingual edition Dino Campana: Orphic Songs. He has also written and edited Unit and Universe, Carlo Betocchi: Poems, and is currently working on Alfredo de Palchi: Sessions With My Analyst. He has translated individual poems by Sereni and Valeri.

INGO SEIDLER is Professor of German at the University of Michigan. He has written articles on modern German, English, American, and French literature, and has published numerous translations of English and German poetry.

ROBIN SKELTON is co-editor of the international quarterly Malahat Review which is published by the University of Victoria. He has published six volumes of poetry and four major critical books. Mr. Skelton is presently director of the creative writing program at the University of Victoria.

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN is a German composer, conductor, and pianist whose works have been performed under his own direction in several countries. He has made extended tours in the United States giving lectures and concerts. He has composed twenty-five major works and is particularly known for his support and promotion of electronic music. Recordings of his works have appeared with Time Records, Columbia, Deutsche Grammophon, Philips, RCA Italiana, VEGA, and Vox.

FREDERICK TAMMINGA is presently teaching at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia where he is writing his thesis on the poetry of Margaret Avison. His translations of De Groot have appeared in Prism International, Makar, and The Malahat Review.

PAUL VAN OSTAIJEN was a Flemish poet who died in Belgium in 1928. His published works include five volumes of poetry, three volumes of prose tales, which he called "grotesques," and two volumes of critical and polemical writings. His Collected Works has been published in four volumes in the Netherlands.


UNICORN FRENCH SERIES
2 New Titles
Spring, 1968

PIERRE REVERDY
translated by Anne Hyde Greet

GUILLEVIC
translated by Teo Savory

COMING, FALL, 1968

SEGALLEN
translated by Nathaniel Tarn

CHAR
translated by Thomas Merton

UNICORN PRESS
El Paseo, Studios 126, 127
Santa Barbara, California 93101

Publishers of UNICORN JOURNAL (appearing twice a year; subscription 4.00), Unicorn FOLIOS (issued four times in each yearly series; subscription 15.00), and VIET NAM POEMS by Nhat Hanh (1.00).

Unicorn Press is sole American distributor for the publications of DELTA/CANADA, publisher of the finest contemporary Canadian poetry.
Two eclectic issues which include Jean Hagstrum on THE RHETORIC OF HOPE AND FEAR, Tony Tanner on HENRY ADAMS AND HENRY JAMES, Robert Duncan on H. D., Susan Sontag on E.M. CIORAN, Harry Levin on INTERNATIONAL REALISM, Richard Ellmann on MICHAUX, Vivian Mercier on JONATHAN SWIFT, E. Z. Friedenberg on NORMAN O. BROWN, David Reisman and Christopher Jenks on GRADUATE EDUCATION.

PLUS special sections on PORNOGRAPHY PAST AND PRESENT by Peter Michelson and Felix Pollack, CONTEMPORARY THEATER by Richard Schechner and Leslie Epstein, MICHAEL ANGELO ANTONIONI by J. Dudley Andrew and Annie Goldmann.

PLUS TRANSLATION SECTION FEATURING NEW WORK in Russian, Vietnamese, Bengali, French, Italian and German Poetry.

A LARGE COMPLEMENT OF CONTEMPORARY POETRY, including John Berryman, W. D. Snodgrass, May Swenson, Karl Shapiro, John Hollander, Edward Field, Philip Booth and many others.

Each issue 250 pages $1.50.

Coming with TRIQUARTERLY 12 - - - TRIQUARTERLY Supplement 2 - - - WILLIE MASTERS' LONESOME WIFE by William Cass - - - free to subscribers or $1.50 otherwise.

Northwestern University
101 University Hall
Evanston, Illinois 60201
Announcing Publication of

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING

Accuracy, variant readings, scholarly annotations, and completeness—all in thirteen volumes of readable type and attractive format—characterize this new edition which, for the first time, presents all of Browning’s known works.

BOARD OF EDITORS
Roma A. King, Jr., General Editor
Morse Peckham
Park Honan
Gordon Pitts

Vol. I Containing: PAULINE — PARACELSUS

Late Summer, 1968 — 320 pp. — $15.00
ZONA FRANCA

Revista de Literatura e Ideas

Director: Juan Liscano

IV Ano

Apartado 8349. Caracas

Venezuela

---

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

I wish to enter my subscription to

MUNDUS ARTIUM
Department of English
Ohio University
Athens, Ohio 45701
U.S.A.

$4.00 for one year

Name

Address

City________________ State________________ Zip____
A SPECIAL INVITATION

People interested in helping to promote the objectives of *Mundus Artium* are invited to become patrons. A patron subscription is $50.00 for one year or $100.00 for three years. The list of patrons will be published in future issues.
A Special Announcement

Future issues of MUNDUS ARTIUM will include parts of the first English translation of Hugo Friedrich's book THE STRUCTURE OF MODERN POETRY to be published by Pegasus Press in 1969.